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TORONTO, CANADA



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1859.



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P8
1859

PROFANE



YOU, who would truly be wise, discarding all cant and all humbug ;
You, who would know what is what, and also its converse—what isn't ;
You, who would see through a millstone without peeping in at the hole ;
You, who incline to impart to your grandmothers skill in egg-suction ;
You, who would be on a level with *tabac* in pulverisation ;
You, who would manifest knowledge concerning the hour on the dial ;
Down on the knees of your heart, and thank MR. PUNCH for this Volume.

Here you will find the true story, here, and in no other quarter,
(For all the historians but PUNCH are windbags, and blockheads, and boobies,
And further to quote T. CARLYLE, Apes from the Sea called the Dead Sea.)
Of six most eventfullest months, first half of the year Fifty-Nine.
Year of the War in the South, and the winning the Derby by *Musjid* ;
Year when the Oxford boat won, and Cambridge was merged in the billows ;
Year MR. MILLAIS came out with those terrible nuns in the graveyard ;
Year the great Ebrew composer, BEER, gave *Le Pardon de Ploermel* ;
Year the first fountain for drinking was set up by GURNEY, near Newgate ;
Year ALFRED TENNYSON uttered a trumpet-tongued warning to Arm us ;
Year that KING BOMBA departed from out of the world he polluted ;
Year that the Daughter of England gave a nice baby to Prussia ;
Year that Miss CRAIG took the prize for her Ode at the London BURNS Festival ;
Year that the young PRINCE OF WALES was received by the POPE in the Vatican ;

Year MR. PUNCH, the Avenger, kicked MR. COX out of FINSBURY ;
 Year that the new Temple chambers were marked with the name of SAM JOHNSON ;
 Year that the fashion broke out of abusing our wives for bad dinners ;
 Year QUEEN VICTORIA announced that India, subdued, was HER kingdom ;
 Year MR. OWEN, Professor, expounded the dreadful Gorilla ;
 Year that the Tories, in office, brought in another Reform Bill ;
 Year that such Bill was rejected, and DERBY appealed to the Country ;
 Year when the General Election ejected his Lordship from office ;
 Year that LORD PALMERSTON found himself Premier again on Whit Sunday ;
 Year that SAM WARREN the Poet was raised to be Master in Lunacy ;
 Year that the Westminster Clock began to have thoughts about going ;
 Year that the gay Floral Hall rose alongside of the Opera House ;
 Year the Welsh child in the Gallery howled while LORD STANLEY was speaking ;
 Year that the EMPEROR NAPOLEON THE THIRD entered Milan in triumph ;
 Year that the Thames smelt as bad as it did in the year antecedent.

Such the events which occurred in one-half of the year Fifty-Nine ;
 Such, and ten million beside, in the Volume before you are noted.
 Noted, but not in the fashion of Apes from the Sea called the Dead Sea ;
 But made texts for uncountable wealth of wit, ever blended with wisdom.
 Down on the knees of your hearts, thanking great PUNCH for this Volume ;
 Rejoice that you live in a world that He condescends to enlighten ;
 Shout for your QUEEN and your PUNCH, and then all go and mind your own business :
 Leaving Him Watcher, Protector, Censor, Curator, Chastiser.

PUNCH.





January xxxi Days.			February xxviii Days.		
1 S	Cicero	17 M	Franklin b.	17 T	S. r. 7h 17m
2 S	S. a. f. Ch.	18 Tu	Prison.	18 W	M. Angelo
3 S	Sun. 8h 30m	19 W	Congrave d.	19 Th	(d. 1873)
4 T	S. a. 5h 30m	20 Th	Felton	20 Fr	Lotus d.
5 W	T. r. d. 1	21 Fr	Vicent	21 Sa	Copernic. b.
6 Th	Epiphany	22 Sa	S. a. f. Epip.	22 Su	Septuag. b.
7 F	Kennedy d.	23 Su	S. a. f. Epip.	23 M	Doc. d. 1855
8 S	Lentin	24 M	For. b. 1743	24 Tu	(d. 1853)
9 S	1st of Epip.	25 Tu	Con. d. Fool	25 W	Prof. Ocas
10 M	Plough M.	26 W	Small dia.	26 Th	S. Matthias
11 Tu	St. Feb. b.	27 Th	March b.	27 Fr	S. 21 57m
12 W	Lavater s.	28 Fr	S. r. 7h 57m	28 Sa	S. a. 6h 45m
13 Th	Com. L. T. b.	29 Sa	S. a. 4h 11m	29 Su	S. 21 57m
14 F	Conf. L. T. b.	30 Su	S. a. f. Epip.	30 M	Severge. S.
15 S	S. r. 8h 30m	31 M	Military T. a.		C. L. T. d. a.
16 S	S. a. f. Epip.				

March xxxi Days.			April xxx Days.		
1 Tu	St. David.	17 Tu	St. Patrick	17 M	Da. L. T. a.
2 W	S. a. 8h 11m	18 W	St. Lou. b.	18 Tu	Palm Sun.
3 Th	Somers b.	19 Th	(1848)	19 W	J. J. Fries d.
4 F	Dr. Arne d.	20 Fr	S. s. in East	20 Th	Alphago
5 Sa	Quince. S.	21 Sa	Spence G. a.	21 Fr	(d. 1783)
6 Su	Parpetea	22 Su	(d. 1839)	22 Sa	Sp. Hales h.
7 M	Shrove Tu	23 M	A. Weber	23 Su	Good Frid.
8 Tu	St. Ash Wed.	24 Tu	(Annua.)	24 M	St. George
9 W	Tasso h.	25 W	Louis Del.	25 Tu	Sister Sus.
10 Th	St. Gregory	26 Th	Dr. Cam. b.	26 W	Mark. Pra.
11 Fr	1 K. in East	27 Fr	S. s. in East	27 Th	St. Alim h.
12 Sa	Byng shot	28 Sa	S. a. 5h 43m	28 Fr	Gibson. b.
13 Su	S. r. 8h 17m	29 Su	(d. 1835)	29 Sa	(1737)
14 M	Emb. W. s.	30 M	S. a. 5h 59m	30 Su	S. d. 39m
15 Tu		31 Tu	S. a. 5h 59m		S. a. 7h 19m

May xxxi Days.			June xxx Days.		
1 S	Low Sand.	17 Tu	Nep. I. dca.	17 M	Wat. T. v. a.
2 M	(S. P. & C.)	18 W	(Mm. 1804)	18 Tu	(1815)
3 Tu	O. & J. K.	19 Th	Denison.	19 W	H. V. Thorne
4 W	Nep. L. a.	20 Fr	Alb. Duerer	20 Th	Trin. Soc.
5 Th	S. r. 8h 11m	21 Sa	(h. 1741)	21 Fr	Qu. Vle. Ae.
6 Fr	S. a. 7h 45m	22 Su	S. a. f. d. 1819	22 Sa	Proclama.
7 Sa	St. John. b.	23 M	Q. Vict. h.	23 Su	Sister Sus.
8 Su	St. a. 7h 45m	24 Tu	Trin. T. 10	24 M	Corp. Chria.
9 M	Chatham d.	25 W	K. of Hanov.	25 Tu	St. Baptis
10 Tu	St. John. b.	26 Th	1819	26 W	Gibson. b.
11 W	St. John. b.	27 Fr	Rur. Soc.	27 Th	1st of Tr.
12 Th	St. John. b.	28 Sa	S. r. 3h 50m	28 Fr	S. a. 3h 45m
13 Fr	St. John. b.	29 Su	S. r. 3h 50m	29 Sa	Gibson. b.
14 Sa	St. John. b.	30 M	S. r. 3h 50m	30 Su	St. Peter
15 M	St. John. b.	31 Tu	S. r. 3h 50m		S. a. 8h 18m

July xxxi Days.			August xxxi Days.		
1 S	S. a. 8h 30m	17 Tu	S. a. f. Tr.	17 M	Lammae
2 M	S. a. 8h 30m	18 W	Shalock d.	18 Tu	S. r. 4h 58m
3 Tu	S. a. 8h 30m	19 Th	Petrarch d.	19 W	S. a. 7h 44m
4 W	S. a. 8h 30m	20 Fr	Margret	20 Th	Calais m. b.
5 Th	S. a. 8h 30m	21 Sa	H. Horas d.	21 Fr	(b. 1844)
6 Fr	S. a. 8h 30m	22 Su	Maglaine	22 Sa	Fr. Alfred
7 Sa	S. a. 8h 30m	23 M	Lynas h.	23 Su	S. a. f. Tr.
8 M	S. a. 8h 30m	24 Tu	S. a. f. Tr.	24 M	W. G. a. f. Tr.
9 Tu	S. a. 8h 30m	25 W	St. James	25 Tu	St. August.
10 W	S. a. 8h 30m	26 Th	St. Anna	26 W	Pr. Consort
11 Th	S. a. 8h 30m	27 Fr	Jan. 1798	27 Th	St. August.
12 Fr	S. a. 8h 30m	28 Sa	Hobspierre	28 Fr	19 S. a. f. Tr.
13 Sa	S. a. 8h 30m	29 Su	S. a. 4h 30m	29 Sa	S. a. 8h 30m
14 M	S. a. 8h 30m	30 M	S. a. 7h 50m	30 Su	S. a. 5h 50m
15 Tu	S. a. 8h 30m	31 Tu	S. a. f. Tr.		Sunyan d.

September xxx Days.			October xxxi Days.		
1 Tu	St. Giles	16 W	James II. d.	16 M	Remigius
2 W	S. a. 8h 11m	17 Th	Zuber.	17 Tu	S. s. 7h 17m
3 Th	S. a. 8h 11m	18 Fr	(1841)	18 W	S. a. 8h 30m
4 Fr	S. a. 8h 11m	19 Sa	(1844)	19 Th	S. a. 8h 30m
5 Sa	S. a. 8h 11m	20 M	S. of Anna	20 Fr	Pharisa
6 M	S. a. 8h 11m	21 Tu	S. of Math.	21 Sa	S. a. 8h 30m
7 Tu	S. a. 8h 11m	22 W	(Emb. Wk.)	22 Su	S. a. 8h 30m
8 W	S. a. 8h 11m	23 Th	Aust. Q. b.	23 M	St. Crispin
9 Th	S. a. 8h 11m	24 Fr	S. Butler d.	24 Tu	St. Crispin
10 Fr	S. a. 8h 11m	25 Sa	14 S. a. f. Tr.	25 W	O. & C. T. b.
11 Sa	S. a. 8h 11m	26 M	St. Cyprian	26 Th	Old Mir. D.
12 M	S. a. 8h 11m	27 Tu	S. a. 5h 30m	27 Fr	S. a. f. Tr.
13 Tu	S. a. 8h 11m	28 W	S. a. 5h 30m	28 Sa	St. Andrew
14 W	S. a. 8h 11m	29 Th	S. a. 5h 30m	29 Su	S. a. 5h 30m
15 Th	S. a. 8h 11m	30 Fr	S. a. 5h 30m		S. a. 5h 30m

November xxx Days.			December xxxi Days.		
1 Tu	All Souls	16 W	Ferguson d.	16 M	S. r. 7h 45m
2 W	All Souls	17 Th	Hugh. Sp. L.	17 Tu	S. a. 8h 30m
3 Th	S. a. 8h 11m	18 Fr	Rubens	18 W	S. a. 8h 30m
4 Fr	(1854)	19 Sa	S. a. 8h 30m	19 Th	S. a. 8h 30m
5 Sa	Isakman	20 M	S. a. f. Tr.	20 Fr	S. a. 8h 30m
6 M	S. a. f. Tr.	21 Tu	Proc. Ray	21 Sa	S. a. 8h 30m
7 Tu	S. a. 8h 11m	22 W	(b. 1840)	22 Su	S. a. 8h 30m
8 W	S. a. 8h 11m	23 Th	St. Clement	23 M	S. a. 8h 30m
9 Th	S. a. 8h 11m	24 Fr	J. Knox s.	24 Tu	S. a. 8h 30m
10 Fr	S. a. 8h 11m	25 Sa	Mich. T. a.	25 W	S. a. 8h 30m
11 Sa	S. a. 8h 11m	26 M	(F. M. Ad. b.)	26 Th	S. a. 8h 30m
12 M	S. a. 8h 11m	27 Tu	Adv. Sund.	27 Fr	S. a. 8h 30m
13 Tu	S. a. 8h 11m	28 W	S. r. 7h 11m	28 Sa	S. a. 8h 30m
14 W	S. a. 8h 11m	29 Th	S. r. 5h 45m	29 Su	S. a. 8h 30m
15 Th	S. a. 8h 11m	30 Fr	St. Andrew		S. a. 8h 30m



BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.—BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

January 8. My dear wife MARIA's birthday. She had been taking good care to remind me of it, by showing the dear children, in my hearing, things that I had given her on other anniversaries. Breakfast allusions to a new dress. Dinner allusions to ADELIA's bracelet. Later allusions to MRS. DE WINTON's coral wreath.

I do not approve of this system, as it shows, I think, a want of that conjugal confidence in a partner, without which there can be no true matrimonial happiness; so I accidentally managed to forget the day. This was providentially a saving in two ways: first, in the price of the present, thus avoided; and, secondly, in the hire of a brougham to a party next day at dear CHARLES's, to which dear MARIA was, I suppose, too sulky to go; but I did not

inquire, for a husband should not be too curious. It is our duty to our dear ones to be economical where we can, without derogating from the station to which we are appointed.

A SHERRIS SQR. & S.—A master of hounds, hearing of the stoppage of a bank, goes out with his pack to find the fox.



A FROLIC HOME AFTER A BLANK DAY.

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS. BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

February 17. My dear brother JAMES's birthday. When we were children we used always to exchange tokens of friendship and affection on our natal days, and I think that the cold and chilling influences of the world should not be allowed to discourage these practices of fraternal regard. So I wrote him a very kind letter, reminding him that he was growing old, and that neither his health nor his intellect was what it had been; and that if I had

prospered, I had claims upon me which would prevent my doing anything for him or his. And as mere advice without some actual token of regard might seem cold, I playfully reminded him that it was his birthday, and sent him as a present a cancelled note-of-hand for £10, which I lent him eleven years ago. May he never need more aid, dear fellow!

PROBLEM IN NAVIGATION.—Given, an average circumference of Crinoline—to box the compass.

ADVICE TO EVENING-PARTY GIVERS.

BY ONE WHO NEVER GAVE ONE.

If you have unmarried daughters, take a leaf from the old Cookery-book, and "First catch your fish." Having caught him, give your child instructions how to pot him. Encourage to your utmost her innocent allurements, and do your best to put the net in your family preserves.

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

March 24. My dear daughter LAURA'S birthday. She has pleased me very much lately; for she has taken pains to break with some needy relations who were inclined to presume upon our relationship, and to visit us too often, and she has managed to offend them so gracefully that they cannot complain, and yet can hardly be so mean as ever to intrude again. Also, at my wish, she has discarded CAPTAIN HARDUP, and contrived to let my rich old friend GRUB MOULDY-worm see that his attentions are not disagreeable. I sngur the very best for the dear child's future; and feeling that I ought to do everything for her, I presented her to-day with a pair of dumb-bells, to improve her figure. They had belonged to my sister, deceased, but were newly new. May they prove beneficial!

BEHAVIOUR IN THE BALL-ROOM.

Do not, for the purpose of creating a sensation, accompany the musicians by a performance on your chin. It is a mark of vulgarity. If a dispute arises respecting priority of engagement to a partner, never offer to "go the odd man" for her.

AN UNACKNOWLEDGED PHILANTHROPIST.—A Stock Exchange humourist has observed, that every miser is, after all, a lover of his specie.

PHYSIC FOR THE PIGS.—A gentleman farmer, who has been inoculated with homoeopathy, perseveres in attempting to cure his bacon with infinitesimal globules.

MONSTER MEETING.—A geologist assembles the Ichthyosaurus, the Plesiosaurus, the Labyrinthodon, and other contemporary reptiles of the ancient world, in his museum.

PROFESSIONAL ENTHUSIASM.—A member of the Swoll Mob, having an addition to his domestic happiness, registers the little stranger with an alias. The mother of the infant sings it to rest with "Alibi Baby!"



Boy. "Oh! Look 'ERE, BILL! 'ERE'S A BLOATED HANISTOCRAT. THERE'S NO ONE LOOKING. LET'S PUNCH HIS EO!"

FIRESIDE FANCIES.

Of all kinds of knowledge there is none less backed by modesty than the universally claimed knowledge of the way to poke the fire. In every one's opinion there is but one right way to do it; and in every one's opinion that right way is their own. Were an Essay to be written upon *How to Poke the Fire*, nobody would read it without feeling quite convinced he could have written a far better one; and yet no one could get any one to coincide with that opinion, without every one's reserving that his own would be the best.

The fire makes a noise when something bright pops out of it. So is it with your Wits. They generally make noise enough when they have shot out something brilliant.

Many say they love a fire for its companionship; but it will not do to be on too close terms with it. Like a certain class of men, a fire is pleasant company, but to be so one must keep it somewhat at a distance.

If the fire be not poked it will get dull and dead. Poking stirs it into life and wakes it to a blaze. In like way too the fire of genius might die out, were it not stirred to action by the poker of Necessity. The brightest of Ideas have in this way been poked up, and the duller minds so stirred that they have shone forth flamingly.

"ANJOURNED *de die in diem*."—Tomorrow.

A DELICATE FLOWER.—The rose blushes; no wonder, considering the things that are done under it.

A BAUTE.—MRS. MOPES says she should so like a little change. MOPES offers her two and sixpence for half-a-crown.

THE CONTRADICTORY SEX!—A young girl at school wishes she could have two birthdays in every year; as she grows up she wishes that she had but one birthday in every two years!

PENNY-WISE PHILOSOPHY—Is not always to be despised. For instance, ROWLAND HILL is the first philosopher, who, being "penny-wise," proved himself not to be, also, "pound foolish."



Lady Flora. "FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB, INDEED! FOR MY PART, I THINK YOUNG MEN OF FORTUNE MIGHT EMPLOY THEIR TIME MUCH BETTER THAN DRIVING HORSES TO GREENWICH! DON'T YOU, ALICE?"
Alice (with a tremendous sigh). "OH, YES! DEAR!"

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

April 9. My dear and worthy partner Sroocinos's birthday. He has been with me for many, many years, and from his having been a faithful and attached clerk, I raised him to his present condition of partner, nominally, it is true, as regards profits, but with the advantage of associating with me on equal terms (though I cannot cure him—why should I?—good fellow! of the respectful "Sir") and of knowing that in the little word, Co., is embraced, though the world is not to know it, the word Sroocinos. Our truest joys are those we look up in our own breasts, and I am sure I do not grudge him this. Having bought myself a new pencil-case, if he repairs it, will serve him well, and he was pleased to see I remembered the day. May be long be spared to serve me

**LONDON HARBOURS OF REFUGE
(IN STORMY WEATHER).**

The Lowther and Burlington Arcades, the Soho and Fouthoon Bazaars, the British Museum, the Opera Colonnade, and the National Gallery. In addition to the above, there is the Exeter Change Arcade; but the latter is seldom resorted to, excepting in very severe storms. The pastrycook shops also may be looked upon as Harbours of Refuge, but as those who run in are bound to take provisions on board, it is only such superior craft as have a purser with them, who venture inwards.

A SENSATION FOR THE SERIOUS.—The Record, in observance of the First of April, comes out with a report of a horse-race and a steeple-chase, a notice of a new farce, and an account of a prize-fight.

THE EXTREME OF FOLLY.—The biggest fool of a frog that tries to puff itself into an ox is a bullfrog.

CHEMISTRY OF THE CONSTITUTION.—When Parliament is dissolved, it quickly evaporates.



PATERFAMILIAS, WHOSE PET AVERSION IS STREET MUSIC, GOES TO THE SEA-SIDE, HOPING TO ESCAPE FROM THE NUISANCE. HE IS AT BREAKFAST,—BEAUTIFUL VIEW, NEW-LAID EGG, &c. &c.—WHEN—

COX'S CIVIC CHRONOLOGY.

- B.C. 99. Temple Bar erected by LORD CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, under the direction of the Last of the Goths.
- B.C. 2. Building of St. Paul's Cathedral by GEORGE ROBINS. *Si quis monumentum, Sir, come, spy, see.*
- A.D. 56. Siege of the Tower by the Roman and French fleets, under the command of the Admiral, or Admirable CRICHTON.
- A.D. 177. Opening of the Coal Exchange by EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE, as the proxy for his father-in-law, OLD KING COLE.
- A.D. 234. Invasion of London by JULIUS AORIPPA, after his meeting with WAT TYLER at Philippi.
- A.D. 300. Opening of Smithfield as a fashionable watering place and alderman's resort.
- A.D. 421. SIR ROBERT WHITTINGTON elected first Lord Mayor of London. Feast of mice given in the Guildhall to his cat.
- A.D. 505. Founding of the Blue Coat School by the MAN OF ROSS, as an asylum for the refuge of the Whiteboys.

MAXIM BY A MAN OF THE WORLD.

Don't take any trouble whatever to please your acquaintance; for the attempt will be unsuccessful; and nothing that you can say or do to ingratiate yourself with them will save you from being ridiculed and traduced behind your back. If you wish to be generally respected, treat other people with calm contempt, and the majority of them will worship your serene Highness. Aristocracy is commonly revered.

AMIASLE CONVERSATION.

Wife. If you go on in this way, MR. JONES, I'll sue for a separation, that I will!
Husband. Have a care, Madam, for Divorce is a game that two can play at!

A TIME TO SELL.—An old bachelor, hearing a report that he was going to get married, purchases a pound of wedding-cake, and sends pieces of it around to his acquaintance on the First of April.



OH, HORROR!

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

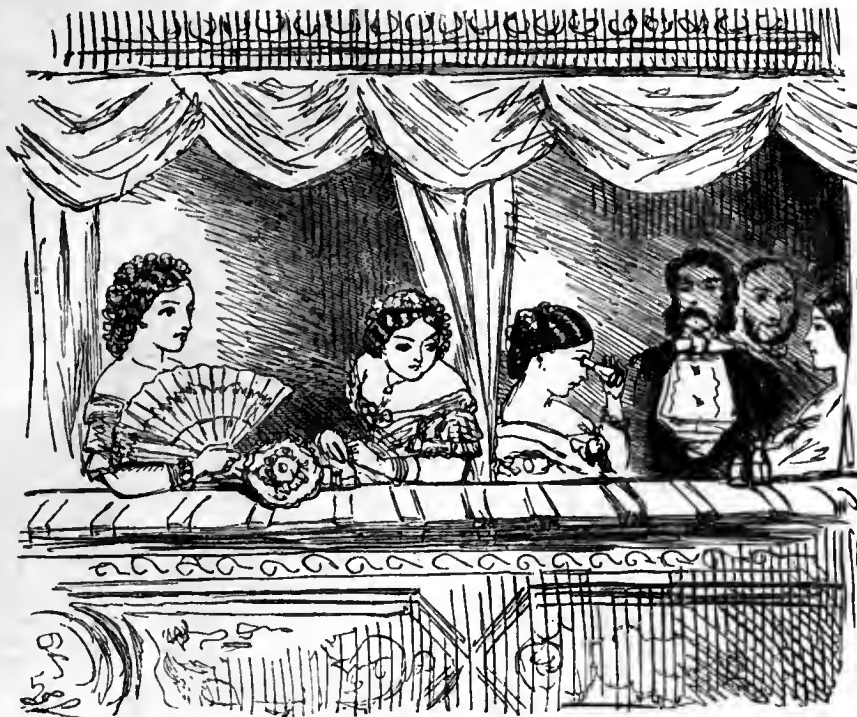
May 16. My dear old MOTHER'S birthday. Gladly would I have made her a costly present, but that as she is entirely taken off my hands by my brother-in-law, whose means are not very large, it would perhaps cause invidious comparisons to his disadvantage, did I lay out any large sum in testimony of my love and affection. Nor would she wish it, with her sense of family duty, she having nothing to leave to my children in return for what their father's liberality might take from them. Yet I thought of a silver urn, or Sevres ornament, to be restored to us when my beloved parent's interest in sublimary things should cease; but I have not, alas, that confidence in JANE'S honour that would make me certain of the restoration, and we should not tempt the weak. So I sent my dear parent a photograph book-mark, representing a sacred subject, for her Prayer-Book. Bless her!

EXASPERATION.—The H-bone of contention.

POSITIVE EXISTENCE.—Figs, like facts, are stubborn things.

HOW TO DESCRIBE A CIRCLE.—Wait till your wife has put on her Crinolines.

LEGAL REMEDY FOR LOVE.—No sensible young woman whose sweetheart has proved false, will ever die of a broken heart. Having taken the precaution to secure a promise of marriage, she will always recover in a court of law.



THE OPERA.

Ltzy. GOOD GRACIOUS, SELINA, LOOK THERE! THERE'S THAT RIDICULOUS LITTLE MAN AGAIN DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING SO ABSURD?"

COLD CREAM INTER-NALLY.

COLD CREAM is an excellent remedy for hot coppers. It is much resorted to by young ladies during the London season after late dancing, lobster-salad, and champagne, being taken the next day, under the name of Ice. This is a wholly incorrect expression; ice is frozen water; and water-ice is surplusage. Every young lady who mudds her science will ask the pastrycook for cold cream.

THE END OF CELIBACY.—Sigh!

THE HEAD OF ANONYMOUS JOURNALISM.—MONSIEUR COMMUNIQUE.

HOW TO PLAIT HAIR.—With port wine, if it is juggled; with currant jelly, if it is roasted.—*Mrs. Glass (of Fashion).*

THE LISTS OF LAW.—It is good fun to witness rival solicitors tilling at each other in a County Court. The contest may be described as attorneyment in the modern time.

WHICH IS THE WAY TO THE BANK?—"What is the meaning of that, Papa?" said an inquiring youngster to his Papa, who was busy crossing a cheque. "That, my dear, is a crossing that leads to the Bank."

HOW TO FIND THE DIAMETER OF A CIRCLE.—Measure from the centre parting of your wife's hair to the extreme edge of the circumference of her dress. Double that, and you will have your diameter to a nicety.

ADVICE TO EVENING-PARTY GIVERS.

BY ONE WHO NEVER GAVE ONE.

HAVING ascertained by measurement the exact number of persons that your rooms will hold, proceed to issue invitations for precisely double it.

Now all your seedy-looking hats and great-coats in the cloak-room, that you may reap the benefit of some one possibly mis-taking them. Exchange is no robbery, and may be an advantage.

In hiring your musicians accept the lowest tender, without making inquiries about their antecedents. It is possible you may but get some Gravesend-boat Green-baizere: in which case, like SWISS'S bear, your guests will dance to none but the "genteelst of tunes."

REFORM MEASURE. (*The only True One.*)

- 1 Calmon Dinner makes One's Head Ache.
- 1 Head-scho " One Repeat.
- 1 Repentance " One Surly.
- 1 Surliuess " One Quarrel.
- 1 Quarrel " One's Home Uncomfortable.
- 1 Unhappy Home " One's Wife Cry.
- 1 Wife in Tears " One Rush Out.
- 500 Rushes Out make One Serious Illness.
- 1 Serious Illness makes One Reform.

[The Reform Measure lasts one or two Sessions, according to the House in which it is brought, and the constitution that has to be reformed. However, in a House where there is no opposition, and the members are in good working condition, the Reform will last a long time.]

ECHOES OF 1858.

THREE CHEERS FOR CHINA.

CHINA a ring a ring! we're at peace with China!
Ring a ring the bells, and bang the gongs!
The Treaty has been signed, LONG ELGIN was the signor,
So of triumph now our tea-kettles may sing songs.

In future to all customers the China shop is open,
And all the world may pop in there and see what it can see;
With the Mandarins in vain we tried kootooling and soft soaping,
But now they've smelt our gunpowder they'll suit us to a T!

COX'S CIVIC CHRONOLOGY.

A.D. 666. JOAN OF ARC beheaded upon Tower Hill, for having conspired with COLONEL BLOOD and AUBER the composer to make away with the Crown Jewels.

A.D. 790. Erection of the Monument by SIR JOSHUA LAWRENCE, to commemorate the burning of the Dutch ARMADA.

A.D. 668. News of the decease of QUEEN ANNE reaches London: her Majesty having died of a surfeit of stewed lampreys.

A.D. 900. Execution of LADY JANE GREEN at Newgate, for having told the Spenker of the House of Lords to "Take away that Bauble," meaning the Long Parliament.

A.D. 1001. First attempt made in the City to set the Thames on Fire, with the view to purify it.

A.D. 1065. The famous March to Finchley by the Aldermen of London, prescribed to them for exercise by the Court physician. Feast at the Guildhall after it: average consumption, half a haunch of venison each, and two tureens of turtle.—(See *Pepy's Diary of a Late Physician.*)

CARRONIC ACID.—Brown's reply, at breakfast, to Mrs. Brown's remark: "My dear, ye're out of coals."

PYROLIGNEOUS ACID.—Ditto, when she reads an advertisement of wonderful beechwood logs—and of course immediately wants some.



Budy. "AH! THERE SHE IS, BLESS HER! AND LOOKING THIS WAY TOO. OH! IT'S AS CLEAR AS POSSIBLE SHE HAS TAKEN A FANCY TO ME!"

RIBALDREY REBUKED.

A GREAT deal of wit has been wasted on the reluctance of ladies to tell their age, and stupid men often wonder why women object to name their time of life? The reason for that objection is, that every lady dislikes unnecessary words, and feels that she has no occasion to tell what she is sensible is written in her countenance.

ADVICE TO EVENING-PARTY GIVERS.

BY ONE WHO NEVER GAVE ONE.

WHEN the dancing at all flags, solicit some young lady to oblige you with a song. This will greatly add to every one's enjoyment, and you will find the dancers set to again most vigorously, and give no second loophole for the chance of such an infiction.

If you happen to have any reputation as a wit, get up fine old crusted jokes about tongue and fowl, and trifle; and let them off at intervals of not more than two minutes to any one who is unfortunate enough to be in earshot.

When your guests are going and their carriages are announced, it will be paying them a delicate vehicular compliment to bid the band strike up the air "Wait for the Wag-gons!"

QUESTION EVERY MAGISTRATE OUGHT TO ASK HIMSELF BEFORE GOING TO SLEEP?—"I wonder if I have committed myself in any way to-day!"

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

June 23. My dear boy ROBERT's birthday. I think that as a loving father, it is my duty to make a record of my gratitude that my children are likely to reward me for my affectionate care of them. ROBERT's school is, it is true, costly; but I do not think that I could maintain him much more cheaply at home, while he is rapidly acquiring knowledge which will soon entitle me to point out to him, dear fellow! that he must provide for himself. He is at home for the holidays, and I am thankful to say, that at a very slight suggestion from me, he abandoned all ideas of fishing parties and other frivolities, and attends at my office from nine to six every day, dusting, sorting, and cataloguing my papers. He will complete the work by the time he returns to school. Give the dear fellow a brass seal with his initial, R, which I expressly bought or him. Bless him!

A CHALLENGE TO THE MILLION!

With fearlessness *Punch* challenges the million—that is to say, the million readers of his Almanack,—

To find a young gentleman, who fancies he's a poet, of sufficient self-command to keep his nonsense verses to himself when he is in chat with you.

To find an alderman so absent-minded as to go without his dinner.

To find a West-end pavement whereon one can walk ten yards without meeting a perambulator.

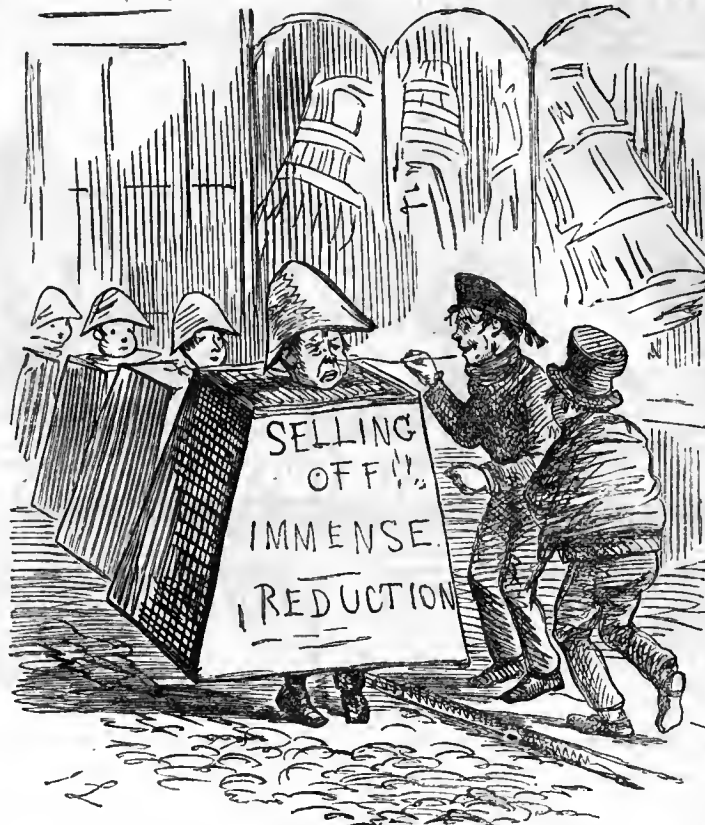
To find an argument which will convince the mistress of a lodging-house that you have found a flea in it.

To find an amateur photographer, or member of an etching club, who, in his pursuit of art, can any how contrive for half-an-hour to keep his hands clean.

MEDITATION FOR MIDSUMMER.

The Longest Day
Is called the Quarter;
That's not the way
To make it shorter.

METEOROLOGY.—Ozons may be said to be the Irish element in the atmosphere.



"TICKLED WITH A STRAW."

Advertising Medium. "COME, NOW, YOU LEAVE OFF! OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE!"

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

July 19. My dear Aunt MARY's birthday. I am always much perplexed how to act upon this occasion; for she is blessed with wealth, and it is my duty to my children to neglect no lawful means of pleasing her; but then she is occasionally liable to be evilly influenced by the worldly family of my Cousin WALTER, and might so allot her property that I should have thrown away the seed I had sought to sow. Happily, a middle way was shown to me. A client who had deposited with me a large picture was distressed, and accepted a small sum for it, and I presented it to my beloved relative. If it be worthless, the blame be with him who sold it to me; but I am unlearned in such things, and it looks imposingly. May it providentially prosper my cause!

SHOTS WITH A LONG BOW.

ABOUT a peck of the wild oats which were sown by Prince Henry whilst he fraternized with *Palsgraf*, are still treasured in a Granary on PRINCE ALBERT's farm at Windsor.

The man Macbeth called "wey face" was in readiness a Kurd. (*Vide fly-leaf of Princess's play-hill.*)

A TAIL FOR THE MARINES.—The American Sea-Serpent.

CHARACTER OF A COOK.—She makes a hash of everything—except mutton.

SENTIMENT OF VEGETABLES.—We prize the cabbage for its heart, the cauliflower for its head.

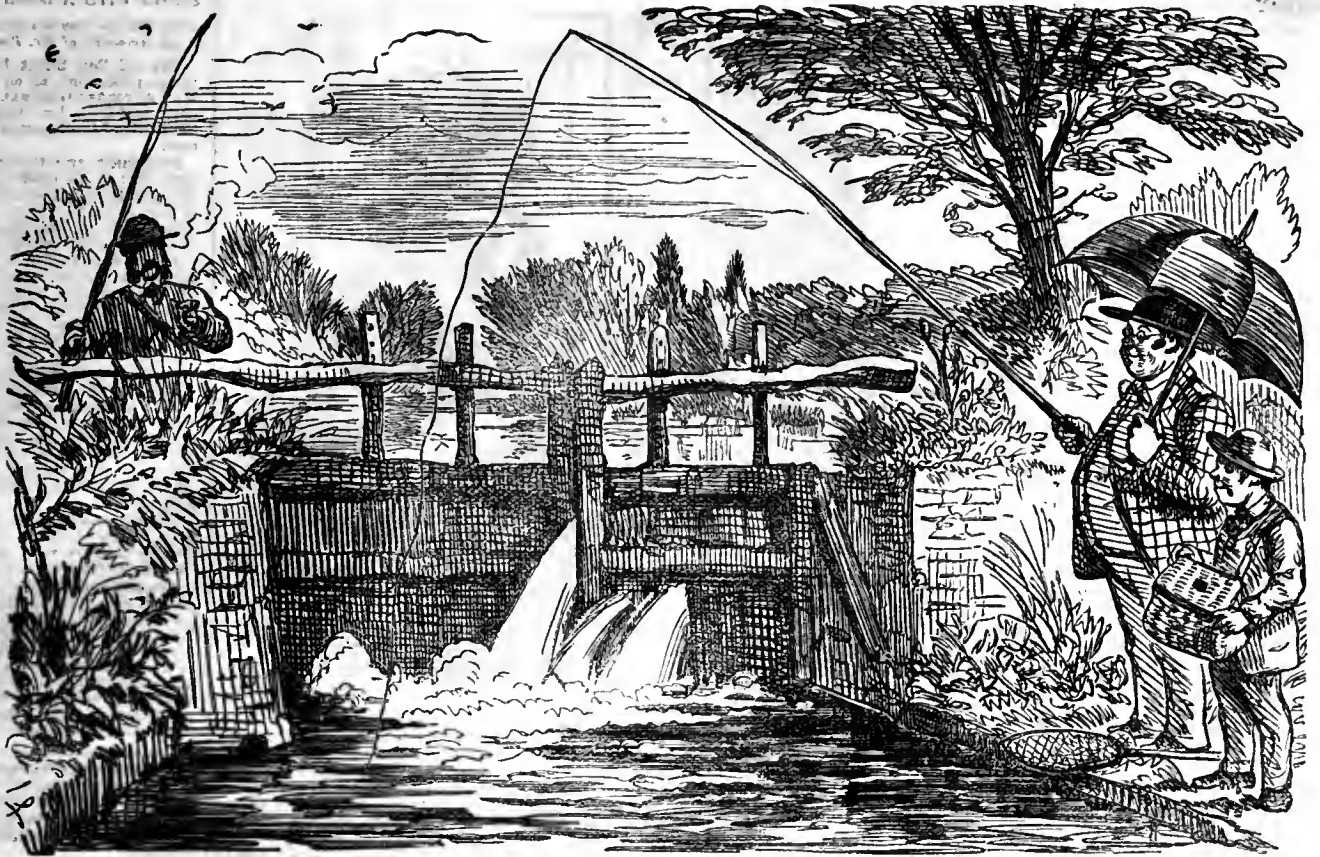
CAUTION TO SERVANTS.—Let no one who undertakes a situation agree to find himself. He who makes that engagement is a lost man.

THE CHILD THE MOTHER OF THE WOMAN.—Said little MINNIE to her admiring Mamma, "I don't care how foolish I am, Ma, so long as I am pretty."

THE MIND OF THE GROWN MAN.—MR. HEAVYSIDE, who weighs twenty stone, has arrived at the conclusion that he is too big to go to the play. MR. BUFFER complains that the Opera gives him a singing in the ears.



HUSBAND-TAMING.



ON ARRIVING AT THE BEST PART OF YOUR FISHING, YOU ARE OF COURSE CHARMED TO FIND THAT OLD MUFFINS AND HIS LITTLE BOY HAVE BEEN WHIPPING THE STREAM ALL THE AFTERNOON.



THE PICNIC.—OVERTAKEN BY THE TIDE.

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

August 22. My dear Niece ALICE's birthday. Unguardedly, in early days, when one does not feel the responsibilities of life as one should do, I assented to become godfather to my dear brother CHARLES's eldest child. Custom has grown up between us that I should always present his first-born with some token on her natal day, and Heaven forbid that I should break that pleasant compact, so long as circumstances make it right to maintain it. But I have observed with regret certain indications that CHARLES has not the same command of money that he had; and as he stands in sponsorial relation to my little POLLY, he might be induced, in making a present to her, to exceed his means in order to equal my gift to dear ALICE. So, with reluctance, restricted myself to a silver thimble for her. May her industry be blessed!

CURRICULUM FOR THE LADIES' COLLEGE.—Every girl who intends to qualify for marriage should go through a course of cookery. Unfortunately, few wives are able to dress anything but themselves.

A SUN STROKE.—Every one who sits for his photograph for One Shilling, is liable to receive a most fearful attack of *Coup-de-Soleil*.

RARE FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP.—A mounted policeman takes a fence.

WORD PAINTING IN WATER COLOUR. The flesh-colour of the Sepoys is Sepia, but that pigment is not extracted from those creatures. It is the ink shed by the cuttle-fish to darken the water between it and its pursuers, and must not be confounded with Indian ink, although it may afford some inkling to the naturalist in quest of a specimen.

GRAM FOR COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.—Q. Exemplify *Religio Locii*. A. Worship Street.



Bathing Woman. "TEACH YER TO SWIM? LOR BLESS YER, MY LOVE, WHY OF COURSE I CAN!"

SHOTS WITH A LONG BOW.

(The Weapon may be inspected in the Armoury of Mr. Punch.)

The old Bow Street Runners were a police force set on foot by MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL SCARLETT, and from him they took their title of the SCARLETT Runners.

FREDERICK THE GREAT stood eight feet in his stockings, and his fighting weight was upwards of five-and-twenty stone. (MR. CARLYLE will, if required, supply the vouchers for these facts.)

The far-famed *Letters of Junius*, it has been proved, were written by a MR. SMITH, who lived in London sometime within the last six centuries. (For further identification see the Post-Office Directory.) They were called *Junius's Letters* because they were all dated in the month of June.

The antiquity of Coachmen may be argued from the fact that the first thing in creation is believed to have been a cha-os; which in the spelling of the period is written otherwise a chay-oss.

Contemporary proofs are extant in the Vatican that the Roman Augurs were so called because they were great bores.

The costume of the Beekeepers in the year 1001 consisted of a pea-green coat, with leg-of-mutton sleeves and mustard yellow trimmings. Their trousers were of cherry colour, turned up to the knees; and their boots were of the kind which is now known as Balmoral, which they were allowed daily six hours to lace.

CAUTION.—Be careful to keep a guard constantly before the fire of a room in which there are ladies. The present extensive dresses were made to catch sparks, and are also liable to be caught by red-hot cinders that are apt to leap out of the grate.

THE ECONOMIST ABROAD.—SAVEALL, who has gone to Paris to live cheaply, sitting by his dear and bad wood fire, remarks that he has found King Log worse than King Coal.

THE LANGUAGE OF LADIES.—Plain is the strongest word in the feminine vocabulary to express ill looks. Some think it mild, but it is powerfully though delicately expressive. That which is plain is conspicuous. It means, therefore, remarkably ugly. A lady never calls a bull-dog plain, or a baboon. That would be too severe.

GASTRONOMICAL.—MR. ALDERMAN GARBAGE defines green fat to be a gluttonous substance.



BY MUCH THE PLEASANTEST WAY OF SEA-BATHING IS TO TAKE A BOAT, AND HAVE A GOOD SWIM IN THE CLEAR BLUE WATER—AND ISN'T IT NICE SCRAMBLING INTO THE BOAT AGAIN! EH?

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

September 4. My dear MOTHER-IN-LAW's birthday. Consulted with my MARIA upon the subject of showing her any attention, which I should naturally be glad to do, but that there are duties of self-respect we owe to ourselves. My dear wife was entirely opposed to my presenting MRS. BLAMBER with any thing. It would appear that she is divesting herself of many articles which might naturally be expected to come to us, or to ours. Many choice books have been given to her godson WILLIAM, two China jars, liked by MARIA, have gone to HESTER BROWN, and the newly married SPARROWS have, it seems, promise of the rosewood table. Still, we must not be small or spiteful, and as we may yet save something by being on good terms with my dear wife's mother, I decided on giving her the large print Prayer-Book, which I found so unaccountably in my carpet-bag, after stopping at the Birmingham Hotel. May its teachings do her good!

CON. BY A LETTER-CARRIER.

WHAT is the Postman's Knock now-a-days?

A Knock under.—Didn't LORD COLCHESTER suspend art-a-dozen on us, 'cos we wentered to grumble.

ETIQUETTE OF COURTSHIP.—If you wish to offer your hand to a lady, choose your opportunity. The best time to do it is when she is getting out of an omnibus.

TO SOFTEN THE BRAIN AND DETERIORATE THE COMPLEXION.—Take brandy-and-water—until the desired effect is produced.

"THE BILL! THE WHOLE BILL! AND NOTHING BUT THE BILL!"—Shakespeare.

A PRIZE WOMAN.—Why, it's downright nonsense, just as if every woman wasn't in herself a Prize!

HINT ON BUSINESS.—If you wish to become Lord Mayor of London one of these days, habitually take stock. That is the basis of turtle-soup.

OUR FAIRY QUEEN.—Why is QUEEN VICTORIA like Queen Mab? Because, during a royal progress, HER MAJESTY often gives Aldermen a Knight-Mayor.

ELYSIUM IN A NUTSHELL.—A Squirrel making its nest inside a Cocoa-nut.



TOMKINS RETIRES TO A SECLUDED VILLAGE, THAT HE MAY GROW HIS MOUSTACHES, AND SO CUT OUT HIS ODISIOUS RIVAL, JONES. JONES, IT SO HAPPENS, HAS COME TO THE SAME PLACE WITH THE SAME OBJECT—FRIGHTFUL MEETING!

COX'S CIVIC CHRONOLOGY.

A. D. 1111. Laying of the first stone of Old London Bridge, by the Deputy Grand Master of the Court of Archa.

A. D. 1212. State Interment in St. Paul's of the body of KING HAROLD, discovered on the field of the Battle of Corunna.

A. D. 1250. Burning of the Royal Exchange in the LORD JOHN GORDON Riots, as a bonfire to celebrate the Peace of Amiens.

A. D. 1555. Great debate among the members of the Common Council, as to the defenceless state of the City. Resolutions passed to keep the Lord Mayor's Showman constantly in armour, and to dress the benefactors in so horrible a guise, that their appearance should strike terror to the hearts of any enemy.

PHILOSOPHY AND FLUNKERTISM.

—If BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, who drew electricity from the clouds, had been fool enough to adopt a livery, what would have been the colour of the plush? Of course, thunder-and-lightning.—Note. That FRANKLIN's countrymen now fly the kite without bringing down the electricity.

MYTHOLOGY.—Saturn devoured his offspring, to get them off his hands. He did not consider that, after having eaten a child, he might nevertheless be forced to bring it up.

HINT TO THE HIGHER CLASSES.—For a fashionable old lady to paint her face, is to butter bacon.

THE MOST EFFECTUAL BREACH-LOADER.—A small rustic riding a donkey.



MARRIED FOR MONEY.—THE HONEYMOON?

"NOW THEN, DARLING, PUT AWAY YOUR PAPER, AND WE'LL HAVE A NICE LONG WALK, AND THEN COME BACK TO TEA IN OUR OWN LITTLE COTTAGE, AND BE AS HAPPY A TWO LITTLE BIRDS!" SAID THE FAIR BRIDE.— "OH! HANG IT!" MENTALLY EJACULATED THE CAPTAIN.

COX'S CIVIC CHRONOLOGY.

A.D. 1299. The Company of Cobblers wait upon the Government, with a petition for the passing of the Bill of Rights—and Lefts.

A.D. 1303. First Lord Mayor's Show. Thirteen thousand citizens split their sides laughing at it.

A.D. 1372—1398. Great Fire of London, lasting 15 years, 11 months, and 7 days: during all which time POPE NEAO played upon the Jew's harp.

A.D. 1440. Opening of Billingsgate. Inauguration Speeches made by LORD CHESTERFIELD, BEAU BRUMMELL, and SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

A.D. 1492. Deputation of distressed women petition the LORD MAYOR to obtain them some employment from the Chief Commissioner of Sewers.

A.D. 1666. Attempted blowing up of the Mansion House by CHARLES GUY FOX, on the occasion of KING BOLINGBROKE'S visit to the City.

A.D. 1700. Great Plague of London. Introduction of street hand-organs by the minstrel BLONDEL.

THINGS WHICH DO NOT HAPPEN ABOVE ONCE IN A COMETSHINE.

The discovery in a lodging-house of a knife that will cut, a spoon which is not bent, and a fork which possesses its full complement of prongs.

The detection in a cabman's countenance of a look which is indicative that what you have paid him has contented him.

CHARACTER OF (TOO MANY) A SERVANT.—The bearer has no one good quality but her appetite.

CITY PROVERB.—You may take your kites to the City, but you cannot always fly them.

TO FRY GOLD FISH.—The best way is to do them *en papillote* consisting of banknotes. But as MRS. DURDEN remarks, this seems, as you may say, almost like eating money.

TEMPERANCE AND TAXATION.—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER need never be afraid of raising the duties on distilled drinks. The heavier they are, the higher will be the national spirits.



SOME LIKE ONE THING, AND SOME ANOTHER.—FOR EXAMPLE, JACK LIKES A BLOW ON THE NORTH CLIFF—

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

October 25. My dear daughter ELEANOR'S birthday. She called on us with her husband, whose business on the Stock Exchange prospers, and who is every way worthy of the dear treasure I have confided to him. SAMUELS seems to have been lucky in time bargains, and indeed time is ever blessed to those who know the value of it. He is perfectly able to present dear NELLY with any elegancies or comforts which she may require, and there is no wisdom in expending money needlessly. So I playfully taxed her with having come to us to-day in the hope of getting a present, as when she was a little girl, at which I thought she showed some irritation, and therefore told her, that to punish her, her husband should have the gift, not she; and I gave him some shares in a railway I am promoting. May it be privileged!

HINTS TO ARTICLED CLERKS.

To acquire the practice of Highway-rating.—Get into a row with a Turnpike-man.

How to acquire a ready legal phraseology.—Use the language of the Law on all occasions, as *e.g.*: If your cold mutton goes faster than it ought, threaten your landlady with *impeachment of waste*, and tell her she has no right to *estovers*, or what is over of your butcher-meat.

If you see a rat with his tail caught in a trap, you may call attention to him as "tenant in tail, with possibility of issue extinct."

If, in your examination on British History, you are called upon to describe the Battle of Bannockburn, and the death of DE BOBON at the hands of the Scottish monarch, you may put it neatly in legal language as follows: "DE BOBON, as leader, moved first in this action, but was at once put down by KNIGHT BRUCE."

The best text-book for you to study.—The *Comic Blackstone*. It will make you a learned legal *pundit* at all events.

IMPARTIAL CRITICISM.—You cannot say that the Divorce Court is a good Court on the whole, for it is always doing things by halves.



WHILE CHARLES PREFERS A QUIET CORNER OUT OF THE WIND.

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

November 12. My dear sister ADELAIDE'S birthday. This vale of life is thickly set with thorns, and few of us escape them. Dear MARIA is continuously dissatisfied that I feel it right not to let a sister's love and faithfulness go unmarked, and a bracelet which once I bestowed on ADELAIDE has often been matter of reproach. Yet did either MARIA or ADELAIDE know that I found that bracelet, dropped in my office by an unworthy female client who is transported, neither would grudge it to the other. To-day we had an altercation, MARIA having a fatal memory for dates, and I was asked how much I had laid out on my precious sister. Reproved MARIA with severity, and left her in tears. It is not for me to tell her that ADELAIDE knows more of certain past transactions than I could desire the world to know. Called on dear ADELAIDE and gave her Aunt BETTY'S garnets, on the understanding she got them reset, and was silent on the subject. May she keep so!

THE GLORIES OF NOVEMBER.

GUY FAWKES rides about this time,
Borne by boys in chair sublime,
Next step is the Lord Mayor's fuss;
Which is most ridiculous?

DEFINITION. By a Lady.—Tyranny is Man's prerogative—submission Woman's destiny.

PUNCTUALITY.—With kings, a politeness; with men, a business; with women, a past-time.

SUGGESTION FOR THE STUPID.—Never think of saying *Bo* to a goose. Say *beau* to the gander—*belle* to the goose.

A FORWARD CHILD.—An infant two months old, taken an airing, crowded at a "Caution to Trespassers" on a board in a plantation. The nurse remarked that it was beginning to "take notice."

MAXIM BY A MAN OF THE WORLD.—Never refuse assistance to a friend in distress, unless you are quite sure that you will never be in a position to require his aid in return, or if you are, that you won't get it.



PRIVATE OPINION.

Little Shrimpton. "Hah! THEY MAY LAUGH! BUT I MEAN TO SAY THAT THE BEARD IS A GREAT ORNAMENT, AND GIVES DIGNITY TO THE HUMAN FIGURE!"

ADVICETO EVENING PARTY GIVERS.

BY ONE WHO NEVER GAVE ONE.

RAKE up crops of visiting cards which happen to have fine names on them, and plant them out conspicuously in a bowl in the back drawing-room. If you chance to have a lord or two among your card-leaving acquaintances, you may be sure your wife has treasured up their paste-board; and you will of course take care to sow it broad-cast on the surface.

Be sure you have your ice-rooms as remote and unget-at-able as possible. You may make a very little ice go a long way, if you make those who want it have a long way to go for it.

In planting out your Wall-flowers, be sure you set them all in the least eligible places, and where they will be certain to be most in the way.

If you get the chance of choosing a partner for a waltz, take pains to introduce him to the dowdiest of the dowdies. The coupling probably will prove a pleading novelty to both, and may perhaps afford some amusement to the company.

In order to prevent your "band" from getting tipsy, take care not to give them anything that can by any accident get into their heads. In return they may indulge you with HANDEL'S "Water Music;" but don't yield to such sarcasm, or they may signalise their victory by playing "Drops of Brandy."

PROOF OF A HELPLESS OLD BACHELOR.

"I ALWAYS know a helpless old Bachelor (says a clever lady) by looking at the corners of his pocket-handkerchief. If I notice in them any little pieces of red, blue, or yellow worsted—such as washer-women run in to identify the property of each separate customer,—I know at once that he has no one at home to mark his linen, and that he must be a poor, pitiful, misanthropical, friendless, helpless old Bachelor."

MEMORANDUM ON MARKETING.—The freshness of fish may be judged of by the brightness of their eyes. The eye is the window of the sole.

SEASONABLE WEATHER.—In the very finest November, the fog is much mist.



THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

Frederick. "BUT I ASSURE YOU, DEAREST—"
Emily. "OH, NONSENSE, FREDERICK!—DON'T TELL ME! I JUDGE BY DEEDS, NOT WORDS; AND I AM SURE YOU CANNOT REALLY LOVE ME, OR YOU NEVER WOULD HAVE GIVEN THAT HORRID MISS CLAPPERTON THE WING OF THE CHICKEN, AND ME THE LEG. BESIDES, YOU HANDED THE STRAWBERRIES FIRST TO FLORA GIGGLES, AND YOU KNOW HOW I HATE HER."

FIRESIDE FANCIES:

My Son, there are two ways of putting coals upon the fire. Where Extravagance takes the shovel, Thrift uses the tongs. So is it with money. Many use a handful where a pinch would be sufficient.

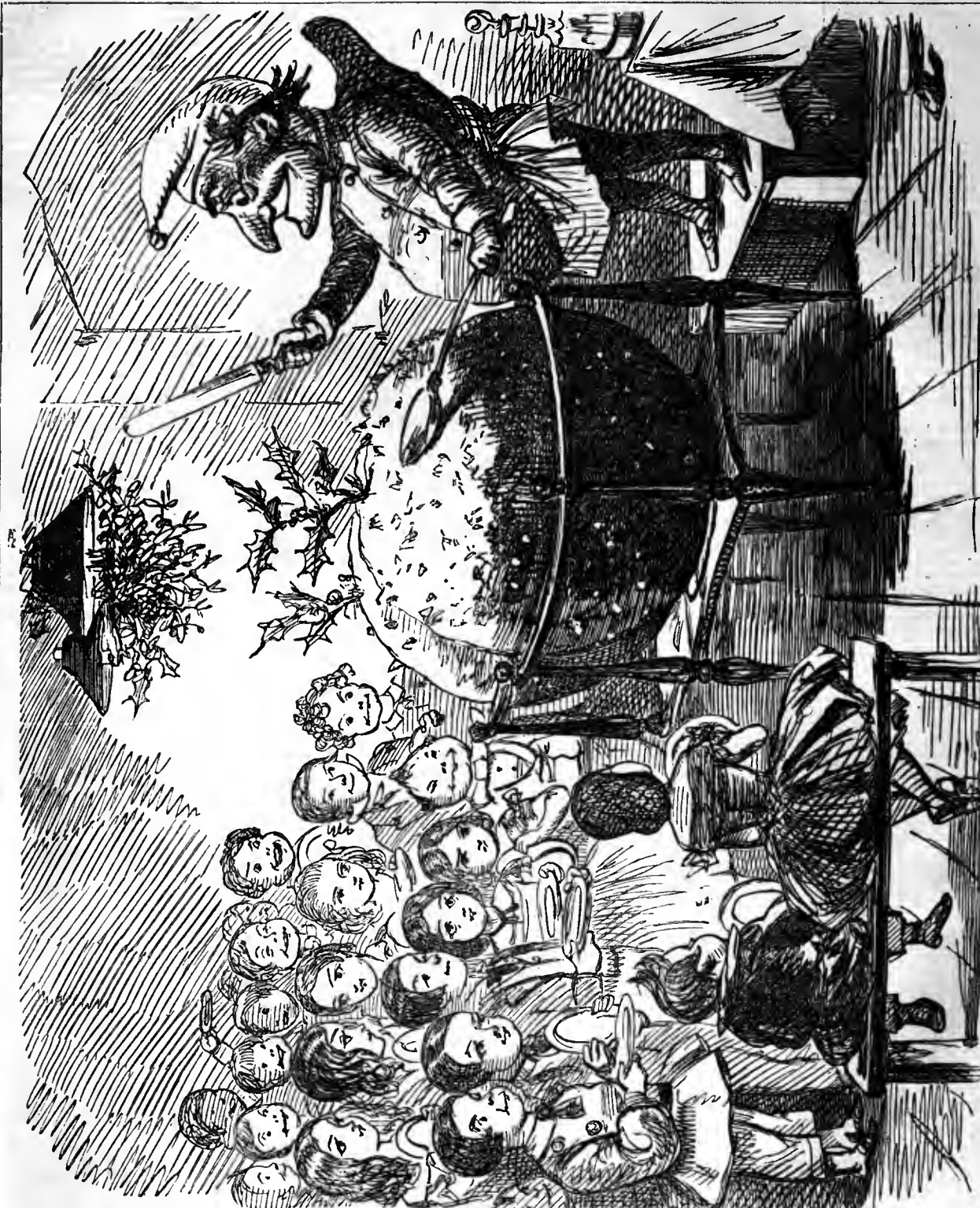
From the time of the Old Romans the hearth has been held sacred. It had then its proper deity, and woe betide those who dared to treat it with irreverence. So is it now with us. The Bright Poker is the deity of many a British fireplace, and woe betide the husband who irreverently handles it.

The cynics hold opinion that all friendship is deceit, and their opinion may be backed when they stand upon the hearth-rug. A fire is decidedly the warmest friend man has, and yet man often suffers from coming into contact with it. Unless he keep a guard on it, like other of his friends, a fire may make him burn his fingers.

Wonderful Self-Denial.—An author, whose servant has gone out for the beer, answers his own door, and tells the caller, who has come to chatter, that he is not at home.

How to Make a Fire.—Stand with your dress, my fine lady, as close to the bars of the grate as possible.
Recreation in Entomology.—The Game of Cricket.

The Game of Laws.—The Law of Games.—Possession is nine points of the Law—excepting at Long Whist, and then it requires ten points to take possession of the game.



A PLEASANT HOLIDAY TASK.

Mr. Punch. "Now, Boys and Girls! You must find out the Use of these Globes before you go back to School!"

How to Treat Servants.—Give them a holiday at Christmas, and a few shillings to go and see the pantomime.
"How we are Governed!"—Why, by the ladies, to be sure.

Furze's British Birds.
How can you transform an Owl into a Black-Cap?
By the letter Q, which makes him a Cowl.

Advice by an Alderman.—Never go to a picnic, Sir, if you wish to enjoy the pleasure of the table.
A Burning Shame.—The City-Tax on Coals.

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.
BY A SERIOUS DIARIST.

December 31. My own birthday. We are not to be over-careful about creature comforts, but they are intended for our use; and as I knew the dinner at home was colder and simpler than I cared for, I sent my clerk to order me a private room, a good fire, and a comfortable repast at the Blue Poets. I was privileged to find all snug, and the soup, the fish, the outlets, the *salmé*, the omelette, the parmesan, the dessert, and all the wines and liqueurs were,

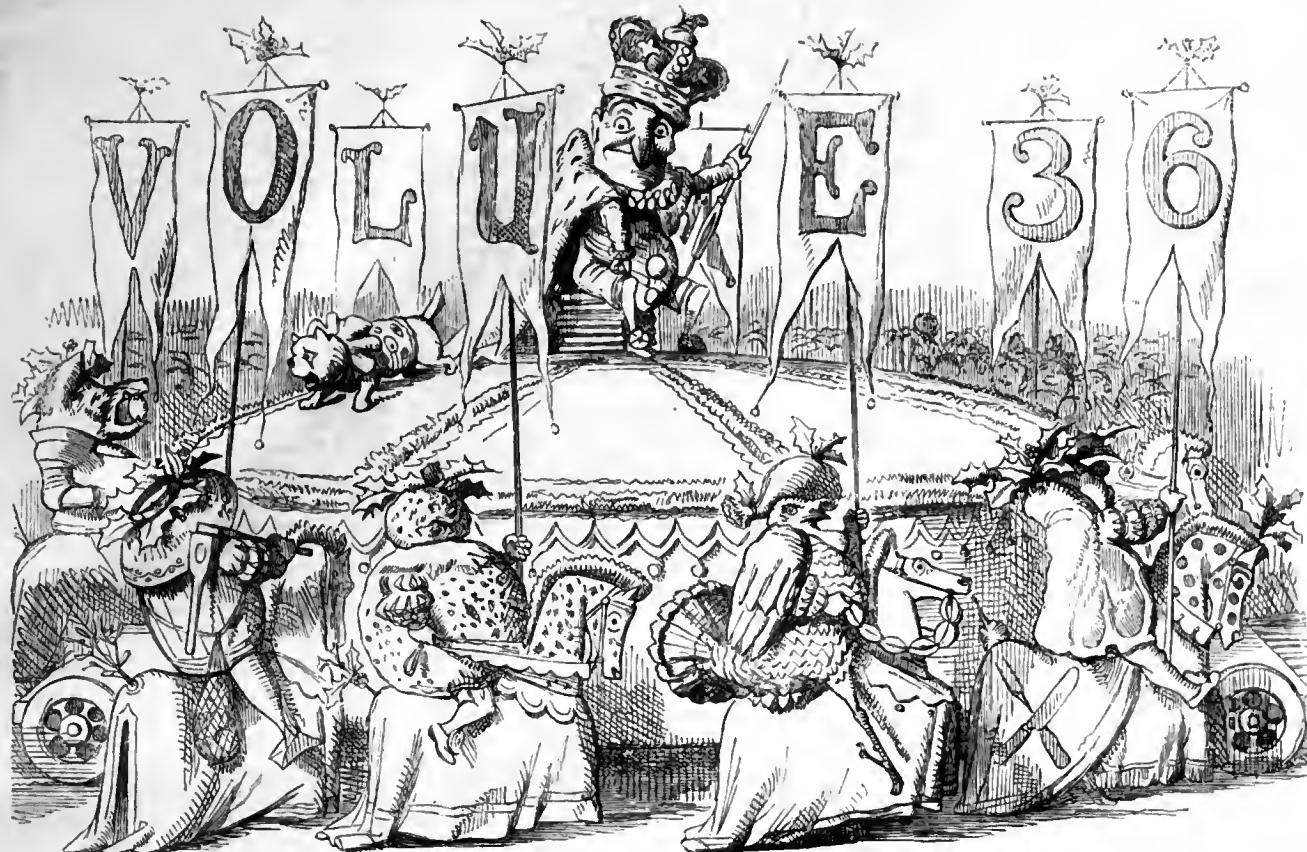
I hope, blessed to me. And in looking over my diary, as I drank my 20 port, I felt thankful that I had not only done my duty to those near and dear to me, but had been able to show them kindness and generosity. Having intimated to Maria that there was necessity for my sleeping in town, I was undisturbed by the thought of having to move, and I must have dozed into the New Year. May it be a happy one!

A Clown's Conundrum.—Why is there never any such thing as one whole day? Because every day begins by breaking.

TO KILL RATS AND MICE.

Take lozenges, caraway comfits, peppermint drops, or any other of the opaque sweetmeats commonly sold in the shops. Mix with meal, and place in the way of the rats and mice. The sweetmeats consist chiefly of "daff" or plaster of Paris, which, being swallowed by the vermin together with the meal, will form concretions in their insides and kill them.

♣. A YOUNG LADY'S REFERENCE.—"Ask Mamma!"



A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

MR. PUNCH,—You were good enough last week to insert in your pages my lamentations on the downfall of Christmas. They have been, I regret to say, fulfilled to the very letter. We have all by this time been martyred in the matter of Christmas-boxes; and I, for one, have suffered very severely from having been obliged to close my establishment on Boxing Day. I don't know, by the bye, what these extra holidays are coming to. First of all, Christmas Day comes on a Thursday; then it is, 'Oh, you'd much better close on Friday and Saturday, and give your people a holiday.' Very good. It was done. Then it falls on a Friday; 'Of course, you close on Saturday.' Of course. And now it comes on Saturday, and I had to close on Monday, and was considerably inconvenienced thereby.

But these are minor matters, my dear *Mr. Punch*. The greatest blow and most signal discomfiture I have suffered was under the shadow of my own roof, amongst my household gods, and was, in fact, my Christmas dinner.

"Now, you must know, in the first place, that I am blessed with a curiously large family of brothers and sisters, cousins, aunts, uncles, and all the rest of it. My own personal family, so to speak, consists of myself, *Mrs. Grumbler*, my eldest boy (a fine youth of about five-and-twenty, with luxuriant whiskers, perpetually smoking, and with a taste for port wine beyond his years), my eldest daughter *Sophia* (whom I have introduced to you in my previous letter in connection with a little mistletoe episode), and my second daughter *Jane*, and a small boy who is immaterial to the story, being still in the nursery.

"I am fond of having my family about me on Christmas Day, and always do the orthodox indigestible dinner business. I procure the fattest sirloin of beef which money will buy; I spoil my turkey by boiling him; and, furthermore, deliver myself with assumed cheerfulness to the monster indigestion, as represented by plum-pudding. I make my rooms perfectly dark and chilly with great damp boughs, and endeavour, in short, to persuade myself, in the orthodox way, that it is a highly jolly affair altogether, that I am an old English gentleman, and that all the discordant elements in my family are brought together, and all animosities healed on the auspicious occasion. How stands the real case? What is the miserable fact?"

"The first arrivals were my amiable mother-in-law, *Mrs. M'Nagger*, with her obnoxious husband. For the lady, of course, my sentiments are simply gratitude and affection; for *M'Nagger*, horror and aversion. He is simply and solely a bore. The next party consisted of

my brother *William*, with whom I have been quarrelling any time these twenty years. We rarely meet, except on Christmas Day, and the manner in which *Mrs. William* and my wife embrace and "dear" each other is perfectly charming. Unfortunately, I happen to know from a mutual friend what *Mrs. William* remarked about my wife's new bonnet; and I also know my brother's opinion on the subject of the pamphlet I published some six months ago, *On our Foreign Policy in Mesopotamia*.

"A crowd of relatives followed these last arrivals, and for one moment—for just one moment—while the hand-shaking was going on, there was a gleam of cheerfulness; but this, alas! was of brief duration, and misery shortly reigned supreme.

"All the *M'Nagger* family, of course, hate the *Grumbler* family; and, not content with tacit hostilities, my various guests, by expressive sniffs and shrugs, began to indicate their contempt for me and for each other. Not only, indeed, do the families cordially detest each other, but every individual member of those families hates every other member with firm and determined perseverance.

"I was getting into a dreadful state of mind when dinner, to my great relief, was announced. As in duty bound, I took down *Mrs. M'N*, and left the rest to follow as best they might. My spirits were not at all raised by hearing a slight suffling going on behind me, which proceeded from the eagerness of my various relatives to take precedence of each other; and it was with great difficulty that I prevented myself from bolting out at the street-door as we passed it, and flying from the melancholy banquet which I knew awaited me.

"And a melancholy banquet it was, indeed. The conversation was limited, and confined chiefly to the *Great Eastern*, the weather, and the price of the funds. Nobody dared to introduce any debatable topic, as that would have been at once the signal for a denial from somebody, and general hostilities on all hands. We dined. I won't say what tortures I suffered—I am, naturally delicate—from having to eat the fearfully heavy comestibles which were presented to me, and which, it being Christmas time, I felt bound to devour. I don't think moek-turtle soup, boiled cod, roast beef, and plum-pudding, are quite the things for a dyspeptic subject. I know that I felt compelled, by prescriptive custom, to partake of them all, and I further know that *Mrs. M'Nagger* not only consumed these dainties, but also several unconsidered kickshaws besides. What the state of her health must be now, I cannot imagine.

"The penitential meal at last concluded, and *Mrs. Grumbler* having

grinned and bobbed at the other ladies, they retired. I subsided into my own thoughts, and I didn't like them at all. My eldest hope being deprived of his smoke, slept the sleep of indigestion, accompanied by night-mare, and M'NAGGER began one of his stories which lasted till tea-time.

"SOPHIA, my nephew CHARLES not being of the party, sulked in corners for the remainder of the evening, and my son eventually retired into his apartment with a view to the enjoyment of tobacco.

"My guests shortly afterwards departed in dudgeon; this was the melancholy end of my Christmas dinner.

"To what am I to attribute this failure? I don't know, I am sure, as my other dinner-parties are cheerful, and indeed convivial. Christmas Day is the only 'sell.' I believe, the fact is, that we try to be too demonstratively jolly on that day, and that if we were only to let ourselves alone, and not overdo and force the hilarity and joviality quite so much as we try to do, we should get on much better, and Christmas Day would be socially, as it ought to be and naturally is, the happiest and most blessed day in all the year.

"I write this under the influence of several forms of illness, which, I trust, will excuse any shortcomings on the part of

"Yours, indigestibly,

"The Growler, Grafton."

"CRUSTY GRUMBLER."

A SHORT PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATION OF A HEAD

(COMMONLY KNOWN AS SIR FRANCIS).



HIS Head is extremely bumptious. It is unlike all other heads. Vanity is extremely developed. Self-esteem unusually large. The organ of facts and dates proportionately small. Causality altogether wanting. Combaticeness not bad, but rather inclined to be on the wrong side. There is one organ that is extremely pronounced and forward, and as it is not an English organ, we lean to the belief that it must be a French one. For the want of a name, we will call it the *Monticour*. This organ is so overlaid with matter, not of the healthiest description, that it has usurped the place of nearly all the intellectual faculties. It is said that "two Heads are better than one;"

but we can only say, from a cursory inspection of the curious specimen before us, that we decidedly prefer the head we have on our own shoulders.

THE GREEN MEN OF THE CHURCH.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON condemns with much propriety the practice of wearing green vestments by the Puseyites, as being a departure from the habits of the Church. Nevertheless, we would not have the usage discontinued; because, on second thoughts, we think there is some use in it. Being on the brink of departure from the Church, the Puseyites are of course fast departing from its practices. Now, their wearing of green garments is a very harmless habit, and it serves by way of signpost to point the road they are going. Clergymen who have a Romancing disposition show us where they are bound for when they put on their travelling suit. We see them in their true colours when they are thus "With Verdure Clad."

Many regard the Puseyites as wolves in sheep's clothing, and are naturally on the look-out for the marks whereby to know them. This knowledge the colour of their cloth would supply, supposing them indued with peculiarly dyed vestments. Rome is not reached in a day; and perhaps the reverend travellers may be in need of some refreshment to sustain them on the way. There ought to be established a half-way-house of call for them; and we suggest in all humility that "The Green Man" be the sign of it. The man who would exchange a living here in England for a priesthood under Rome can in no light be regarded as otherwise than green; and we think, if he be clad in it, the state of mind of those who listen to him will be most correctly typified, inasmuch as it will be impossible for any to look up to him, without their having, in course of phrase, a little green in their eye.

THE PITH OF THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

TOWARDS almost all foreign nations
Our outlooks ain't no ways fast-rate;
There's most of our foreign relations
In an unsatisfactory state.

With the Britishers, through our high-mettled
Diplomacy, guess we have got
The Right of Search Question well settled,
The Central American, not.

With Spain we're in a condition,
Of which we hante nothin' to brag;
Her folks in official position

Has insulted our national flag,
Done our citizens one wrong and t'other
In their persons and property too;
And she won't pay our Cuban Claims, nuther,
Which is now fourteen year overdue.

Peculiar I reckon the natur'

Of the sort of relations we bear
To Mexico—not with a tatur

Can't pay if they would—they coons there.
I can only lay one plan afore ye,
By our own from them erritors to come;
To drop down upon their territory,
And seize, for a pledge, on a some.

Then there's that air Panama's Isthmus,
We must there clear the transit, in course,
And, if not exactly this Christmas,
Still, sooner or later, by force,
New Granada, Nicaragua,
Costa Rica, have all got to pay
For damages done, more or fewer,
And I 'speets we must whip Paraguay.

Pacific as is all our labours,

I'm consarned for to mention how ill
Is the terms we are on with our neighbours,
Pretty nigh the whole world but Brazil.
As a pattern of peace, cotton-spinners
In the old country quote us; but now
I expect we're a caution to sinners,
With a'most all the airth in a row.

Boxing Day.

Spiritualist. Who is that rapping at the door,
JAMES?

James. Can't say, Sir. They've been a rapping, Sir, ever so long. If you ask me, Sir, I think it's the Spirit's Medium, Sir, that's called for a Christmas-Box!

THE EXTREME ANIMAL.

MY DEAR BRIGHT,

WHY do you abuse the aristocracy with so much violence? There are more than fools enough among them, Wisdom knows; but so there are in every degree. Old SQUIRE BOOTS-AND-BREECHES abuses you in just the same spirit as that in which you vituperate the squires and the nobility. He calls you Cotton-spinner, and other such names, preceded by epithets unquotable in these columns. BOOTS-AND-BREECHES is an old fool, an extreme fool, a fool at the remote end of that line of which Reason is fixed in the middle. There is BOOTS-AND-BREECHES out at the right end of the line, there is Reason in the middle, and where are you? How far on the other side of Reason? how near to the left end of the line? Pray, JOHNNY, please to moderate the raucour of your tongue, and begin your reform by reforming your own eloquence; if but to please your sincere well-wisher,

P.S. Read *Horace*; I think you know what I mean.

PUNCH.

Fragment of a Witty Conversation.

(Overheard in the Presence of COLONEL THIPPS.)

"I SAY, what capital English LOUIS BLANC writes?"

"Yes, and if his prose is so good, it is but fair to conclude that his BLANC verse would be even better!"

[Roars of laughter, only checked by the entrance of the PRINCE.]

AURICULAR CONFESSIONS.

BY A DEVOTEE AT ALMACKS.



WHAT a rude creature you are! How dare you ask me that? Pray, what is it to you, Sir, whether I go to Confession? You merely wish to know? Indeed! do you? And pray why? O, you'd like to hear the sort of questions that they put to one. Now, really, MR. CURIOUS, what a monster you must be! You promise not to tell? Oh, yes, I dare say you do. A man can keep a secret, eh? Well—I'm not so sure of that, Sir. Who told CHARLEY POLKINGTON that ADA WALTZLEY wore false—Spare you? no, I won't, Sir. There, you needn't look so pitiful. May you be my Confessor? Well—just for this quadrille. But mind, it's quite between ourselves, you know. I don't mind telling you, but I don't want CHARLEY to know everyth— Well, I

will have mercy. But you needn't squeeze my hand so.

“Do I not love waltzing? Yes, your Reverence, I do. Better than I do flirting? *C'est la même chose, n'est-ce pas?* Can I waltz and not flirt? Please, your Reverence, I've never tried. Will I for your sake? No, your Impudence, I won't.

“Who is that girl opposite? What makes your Reverence want to know? Don't I think she's pretty? Oh, I'm no judge of dolls, your Reverence: you must ask my little sister. Am I ever jealous? Well, n-n-no: at least—that is—not often. * * * What! jealous of a doll, your Reverence! he! he! no, not exactly: he! he! this child not quite so silly—he! he! he!

“Where did I learn to giggle? Ask Mamma, your Impudence. Do I think giggling pretty? Y-y-y—, that is, n-n—. Well, I shan't say. Do I think girls ever giggle to show they have white teeth? N-no, that is, I don't know. You should ask *that girl opposite*.

“Who sent me this bouquet? Please your Reverence, my Aunt. My Grandma? No, your Reverence; I have no Grandma, as you call her. What used I to call her, then? Your Reverence, I gave her the full complement of syllables. But perhaps your Reverence likes to hear girls call Mamma their 'Ma.' If you do, I rather think you'd better talk to *that girl opposite*.

“How long upon the average do I take to put my things on? *Cela dépend*, your Reverence, on what I'm dressing for. Does 'what' stand for 'who' sometimes? Well—yes, if you like. * * * How many times a-day do I see whether my bonnet's straight? Can't say, and won't. Could I ever pass a looking-glass without taking a sly peep at it? Won't say, and can't.

“Do I like the country? Yes, pretty well, your Reverence—that is, where it's populated. Do I flirt there too? What does your Reverence mean by *too*? You know one must do something *pour amuser les paysans*. * * * *Paysans* I said, your Reverence; 'parsons' is not French.

“How often have I been bridesmaid? Not so often as I've wished. Am I well up in the Service? Well, y-y-yes, perhaps so. * * * *Non mi ricordo*. I can't answer your last question. I really don't remember if it's stated in the Rubric, that when the bride is above fifty the clerk has the first kiss.

“Have I any little brothers? Yes, your Reverence, and big ones. Are they ever troublesome? Oh, yes, they are *such* bothers! What do they do to me? Oh, you know, they tease one terribly. How? Oh, why you know, they hide one's letters so, and they upset one's drawing-box, and they scrawl nonsense in one's album, and they muddle up one's music so, and get one's crochet in a mess, and lay crackers in one's bedroom, and interfere with one's flirts—with one's partners, and they steal the hoops out of one's pet—one's dresses, and—and—. Do I ever box their ears, then? I wish your Reverence were one of them, and your Reverence might find out then.

“Who is that at the piano? I think it is Miss SQUALLINGTON. Am I quick at nicknames? I can't say; ask my governess. Has Miss S. a nice voice? Oh, yes; quite delicious;—that is, *what there is of it*. But, isn't it a pity? she always tries songs *much* too high for her; and then, isn't it a pity? she almost always squeaks!

“Have I a good appetite? Well, y—yes, as much as most girls. * * * Well, n—no; I don't care much for meat. Am I fond of sweet-stuff? What *does* your Reverence mean? * * * N—no, I don't think I *could* eat more than fifty macaroons at once.

“Do I know KATE AUBREY? You mean the girl with the red ringlets? Oh, you call them *auburn*, do you! Then you'll say she has auburn elbows, I suppose. He! he! he! Sweet Auburn! You've been reading GOLDSMITH, haven't you? What is it some one says about the pleasures of the *plain*? * * * Jealous again? Not I, Sir. What! of little *red KATE AUBURN*? A likely thing, indeed.

“Am I fond of playing charades? Oh, yes! when they are *nice*. What do I mean by *nice*? Oh, I mean when there are love-scenes in them. * * * No, I've not heard a good riddle lately. Do I know why Crinoline is like a pack of hounds? Dear, no; I can't imagine. Something dreadful, is it? Oh, then, please your Reverence, *do tell!*

“Am I not glad that the quadrille's over? I shan't answer leading questions. Would I walk into the Conservatory? Perhaps I might, if I were asked. Your Reverence knows the way to it. * * * No, I *won't* give you that rose. There! now, you see, you've pricked yourself! Oh, do, *please*, sit further off. There's MRS. LYNXEYE watching us. * * * Yes, I *do* walk in the Gardens; but I shall have my *brother* with me. * * * N—no, your Reverence, not the *big* one. There, you needn't squeeze my fingers off!”

FOGGY THOUGHTS.

Written in a very Foggy State on a Foggy Day.

BY AN OLD FOGGY.

A DINNER without the presence of ladies is like a Clown without paint.

The ungathered violet is not less a violet for that! Mind you, a child is not a wooden top, that you can make come round, as you will, by whipping it.

You should not blame the coals because the chimney smokes. Happy the mind who is content with a good dinner that he has paid for himself!

Arguments are the salt of life; but as salt is good at a pinch, and not in buckets-full, so you should not argue over much.

A little man in a passion is sometimes a most dangerous thing! It is curious how little we feel the burdens we put on the shoulders of others!

If you meet with a misfortune, it is best to meet it half way, and to give your arm to it, as though it were a friend instead of an enemy. It helps you on the road, and shortens the distance wonderfully; whereas, to try to avoid your misfortune is wrong, for it is sure to overtake you in the long run, and then the chances are that you will no longer have the pluck to face it.

Life is a singular problem. We begin life without a single tooth, and we end life, too, with scarcely a molar that we can call our own. By Gum! it would seem as though, in life's pilgrimage, our childhood were, after all, but *le commencement de la fin*.

Metaphysics are the GODFREY's Cordial of the mind, with which old women talk young children to sleep.

Some one must be the last to put the candle out. The barometer is not proud, because it is up to-day, nor will it be low, should it happen to be down to-morrow. Man, if he were wise, would take a lesson from this!

Don't scold a woman, lest she should scold better than thee. Troubles are dreadful bores, so long as we are visited by them; but it is pleasant to laugh at them as soon as they are gone.

A headache is the hatband of some departed pleasure.

QUESTIONS FOR THE CITY.

WHAT amount of fraud committed constitutes any man a rogue? Is there anybody who deserves to be called a rogue in a dyslogistic sense?

Admitting fraud to be discreditible in its concentrated form, when limited by the personality of one individual, is there anything to be ashamed of in it on the part of any member of a joint-stock company, over the whole body of which it is diffused in a diluted state? Of how many shareholders must a company consist to attenuate to insignificance a fraud which, if it were not spread over a plurality of parties, would be gross and palpable?

Why is roguery like gold? Because it is extremely malleable. Why is roguery not like gold? Because, by extension over a certain breadth, it ceases to be roguery.

Q. WHAT must the HEAD be that produces a *Fagot of French Sticks*?
A. A French Block-HEAD.



A RAILWAY COLLUSION—A HINT TO STATION-MASTERS.

Porter. "NOW, THEN, BILL! ARE YOU OFF?"

Cob Ruffian. "NO; WHAT SORT OF FARE IS IT?"

Porter. "SINGLE GENT, WITH SMALL BAG."

Ruffian. "OH, HE WON'T DO! CAN'T YER FIND US A OLD LADY AND TWO LITTLE GALS WITH LOTS O' BOXES? I'M GOOD FOR A PINT!"

JURY TORTURE.

A GRAND Thing for Great Britain is trial by jury;—an inestimable blessing for a people to possess; a bulwark to the nation which is fortunately blessed with it. Public orators and writers concur in saying this of it, and in claiming for it a first place among the birthrights of a Briton. Nevertheless, there are few Britons who do not grumble at their lot when they are called upon to exercise their "inestimable privilege." Not one Briton in twenty goes with anything approaching to a cheerful face into the jury-box, when summoned to take part in keeping up his bulwark. We should like to see a photograph of the juror who could take his oath and seat without a scowl, and could look as though he took delight in the birthright he is blessed with.

It is constitutional, we know, with Englishmen to grumble; but a man may be excused for making a wry face, when he knows that such a fate as this may be in store for him:—

" * * * The jury in this case, not being able to agree upon their verdict, were locked up all night. * * * The jury did not go out for refreshment at 1 o'clock yesterday, and consequently had had no food since breakfast yesterday morning. * * * The jury now came into Court, and as they took their seats in the box, the majority looked extremely discontented, and one or two appeared very pale or ill."

To be locked up for the night with only gas for supper is a bad enough look-out; but a juror has the chance of even a worse fate befalling him. In his parting benediction to these "discontented" jurymen, LORD CAMPBELL kindly comforted their minds by telling them that—

" Now they stated they were not agreed, he had a discretion as to the time when he should discharge them from giving a verdict. At the Assizes, according to the traditional law, a jury which could not agree were to be locked up during the Assizes, and then carried in a cart to the borders of the next county, and there shot into a ditch."

Cruel LORD CAMPBELL! We can imagine the blank looks which were caused by this announcement. We can picture the poor jurymen, supperless and breakfastless, upon learning that it was in the "dis-

cretion" of the judge whether or no they were to go home to their dinner, or to be carted off to the next county, and there shot into a ditch. How relieved they must have felt to hear his Lordship adding—

" But as the jury had sat up the whole night, and had already been exposed to great inconvenience, he should now discharge them."

LORD CAMPBELL, in conclusion, stated his intention to bring in a Bill next session to amend the present law as to the torturing of juries, and he trusted that, in civil cases, the lock-up plan might be dispensed with. As lovers of liberty, we hope his Lordship's Bill will pass; and, as summonable jurymen, we will do all we can to forward it. As it is, trial by jury is, in fact, trial by torture. Confinement and starvation are the *peines fortes et dures* by which we force our jurors to determine on their verdict. Now, this may be law, but it is doubtful justice. If there be two sides of thinkers in a jury-box, that side proves triumphant which can hold out the longest. Cases are decided not by argument, but appetite. Robustness, more than reason, will influence a verdict. The weakest case will get the better of the strongest if it be supported by a juror of sound stomach and more than average power of physical endurance.

A Pleasant Christmas-Box.

THE pleasantest of Christmas-Boxes must be a Jury Box, that contains a disagreeable Jury, who cannot, or will not, agree, and who, consequently, are locked up all night, and all the next day. It must be vastly pleasant to pass one's Christmas Day in a cheerless room without fire, food, plum-pudding, cigars, songs, or friends!

LIFE AND DEATH BATHS.

MONSIEUR DE MONTALEMBERT says that coming to a free country like England is as good as a "*bain de vie*." There are many gross Englishmen who go to France for a soaking of a very different kind—the object with them being to have, as it were, a "*bain d'eau-de-vie*."



THE BRITISH JURYMEN PREPARING FOR THE WORST.

WIFE OF HIS RUSSIAN. "THERE, MY LOVE, I THINK WITH WHAT YOU HAVE HAD, AND THIS BOX OF CONCENTRATED LUNCHEON, YOU MAY HOLD OUT AGAINST ANY OF 'EM!"



ODE ON A PORK PIE.

BY A CRUSTY OLD CHRISTMAS-KEEPER.

Oh, that Pork Pie!
 What had I done, hard-hearted friend,
 That up from Yorkshire thou should'st send—
 Freight with Indigestion dire,
 And Heart-burn's acrid ire,—
 In fortress-crust of golden dye,
 Tempting to nose, and gladsome to the eye,
 Engrailed with scallop, and set round with spire
 Of heaviest paste, made heavier yet with fire—
 That Christmas mockery?
 So came within the walls of Troy,
 Greeted with blind acclaim of joy,
 The Grecian horse that held
 Within its womb concealed,
 The warrior band whose hostile ire,
 Did with Minerva's hate conspire
 Proud Ilion to destroy!
 But no LAOCOÖN raised a warning voice,
 Shrieking "Lament!" when others bade "Rejoice!"
 Over this porky snare,
 Within whose trait'rous lair—
 Bedded in golden yokes, and forcemeat choice—
 Stood stalled the ghastly Marc
 Of Night, that lifts the hair,
 When, by the hag Dyspepsia bestrode,
 Across the sleeper's breast she draws her crushing load,
 Or drags him at her tail
 Through park and over pale,
 Or, down the precipice's awful steep
 Or, in the briny bosom of the deep,
 Till Terror doth o'er sleep prevail,
 And starting up we quail,
 And goose-skin rigors rise, and o'er our members creep!

Such dreams to-night were mine:
 Their source, oh friend! too surely I divine:
 It was this flaky death, this Christmas gift of thine!
 If before Bosworth's fight,
 The crook-back RICHARD passed a night
 As bad as mine, or worse,
 'Twas that the haunting curse
 Of murdered victims poisoned sleep's sweet source.
 But I—what had I done,
 To porcine sire or son,
 Whose greasy limbs within that crust repose,
 That ghostly petticoats
 Should trot my duodenum o'er,
 Like the familiar floor
 Of the low sty which, when in life, they trod?
 That phantom snouts should root, and tusks should prod
 My stomach's inmost hold?
 That gristly tails should fold,
 And mottled sausages entwine,
 In still-beginning, never-ending line,
 This scorched œsophagus of mine?
 Wherefore meseemed the bed whercon I lay,
 Was with polonies stuf and saveloys?
 Why that continual noise,
 Of swinish grunts, that vexed the slow sad night away?

Friend of the fatal gift,
 'Twas thou the hand didst lift
 Against the porkers of that pie accurst;
 And thine the penance should have been,
 The Indigestion keen,
 Heart-burn and Flatulence, and—worst—
 The dead dull weight, that all night long has been
 Burd'ning my midriff, bred of fat and lean,
 And still like lead doth hang—
 The fevered pulses that like hammers clang—
 The Night-mare's gallop, urged by dire Dyspepsia's gang—
 Not mine, not mine the Pie—Oh, wherefore mine the Pang!

And yet I needs must own,
 Out of my groan,
 How cunning 'twas spiced; combined how well,
 Of luscious fat and firm grey lean;
 How from each jellied dell,
 White-globed, and gold-yoked pullet-eggs did swell,
 Lightening what else too heavy would have been;
 How rich, how flaky, yet how firm the crust;
 Sprinkled how tenderly the pepper's dust;

The seasoning how sage, the force-meat how amene!

At breakfast, with what grace,
 It showed its golden face;
 Nor yet at luncheon was superfluous deemed;
 Nor even at dinner was it out of place,
 We scemed our friend still in his gift to trace,
 As if out of the crust his kindly features beamed!
 We all ate of the Pie,
 But none so much as I,
 Ah, little of the consequence I dreamed!
 Though of the Pope that holds St. PETER's chair,
 Little I know, and less than little care,
 Still, "Pie? oh! no—no!" since last night has been my cry,
 And "Pie? oh! no—no!" still—while life shall last—say I!

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

For a reason we shall mention, we think the same young gentleman is interested in each of the two following advertisements, which we find next to one another in the *Times* of the 18th:—

EXCHANGE OF INVERNESS CAPES.—London Dining Rooms, Dec. 15.—The GENTLEMAN, who lost a short clay pipe and piece of toffee, may receive them, with his CAPE, by sending the one TAKEN by MISTAKE, to Messrs. S— AND R—, &c. &c.

DOG.—LOST, a full-grown IRON-GRAY SCOTCH TERRIER, long hair, short legs, a white patch on his breast, and a capital beggar. Any person who will bring the same to the *Hermitage*, B—, or to 23, —, shall receive a REWARD of TWO POUNDS.

Of course we *may* be wrong; but we really can't help fancying that a gentleman who wears, or, as he would rather phrase it, "sports" an Inverness Cape, and carries a short pipe and bit of toffee in his pocket, would be just the boy to keep an ugly "beggar" of a dog, with long hair and short legs and a white patch on his breast, and having lost his precious pet, would be green enough to advertise it.

After all, however, we must not be too hard on him. Down in the mouth as he now must be, we should refrain from making hits at him. Let us pity his small weaknesses, and grieve for his great sorrows. Poor fellow! Only think, ladies, what a loss he has sustained! Cape and cutty, dog and toffee, all are lost now! Like *Macduff*, he is bereaved of all his pretty ones at one fell swoop. Alas, misfortunes ne'er come singly. Let us trust that in his Cape there is Good Hope of recovery, not only of those valuables, the pipe and piece of toffee, but of the white be-patched Scotch pet, whose preciousness is moderately valued by his master at a price which is equivalent to the purchase-money of one hundred and sixty of our Almanacks.

Striking and Kicking.

In the *Halifax Courier* we are sorry to see the following announcement:—

"STRIKE NEAR TOMMORDEN.—The mule spinners employed at MESSRS. ORMEROD'S new factory, Walsden, turned out on strike on Thursday morning."

We trust that the mule spinners will not discover that in turning out on strike they have rejected the better part of their nature, and made asses of themselves.

PETTICOATS v. PYROTECHNICS.

(A REMONSTRANCE.)

"Dearest MR. PUNCH,
 "You are really *too* hard on us poor *weak* wearers of *Crinoline*. Positively, to read what you *write*, one would *never* imagine you had taught us to *shudder* at the *Miss Weazles*, in their odious limp petticoats, without the least *souçon* of a line of *beauty* about their figures, either *natural* or *artificial*.

"I am SURE, from your *drawings*,—you *horrid* sly old roguey-poguey—that you *admire* the new fashion, and that you would no more *like* us to throw off our steel tubes, than you would wish us to give up our darling round hats with the pheasant-breast plumes, and our *smart* little military-heeled boots, and all the other *attifes* which you give every week.

"I am bound to say, though, you do us *justice*, as far as *good looks* go; and we are all *very* much *obliged* to you.

"But I am *so* sorry you give way to all the *ridiculous* exaggeration of the *day* on the subject of *Crinoline*. About its *liability* to catch *fire*, now. *Depend* upon it, we know *perfectly* well how to guard against *sparks*, and are not half so liable to *play* with *matches* as you *Lords* of the Creation,—I *really* didn't mean those for *puns*—and that you *men*, in your absurd *peg-tops*—as you call them—are far more likely to catch

fire from our Crinolines than we are. Yes, Mr. Punch, you may shake your head; but the real danger lies in that direction. I know at least three young men, who have been very severely scorched in this way, in our own drawing-room (there are four of us, you must know); and they suffered all the more, by not following the newspaper directions 'for persons catching fire.'

"Instead of rolling on the carpet, they only knelt on it; and when they should have allowed us to throw wet blankets over the flames, they only made desperate attempts to throw their arms round us, and so involve us in the conflagration. Happily our jupes saved us from such a dreadful fate. So you see, it was Crinoline that fired the gentlemen, and saved the ladies, and not vice versa.

"I remain, dearest Mr Punch, your devoted reader,

"FANNY FULLBLOWN."



ROOTI-TOOIT—I'VE GOT CHER!

HELP YOURSELVES, GENTLEMEN OF THE JEWRY.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to MR. J. P. DOBSON, Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, and affectionately begs to be excused from publishing the correspondence accompanying MR. DOBSON'S note concerning the MORTARA case. The abduction of the young MORTARA from his parents was no joke; and the readers of *Punch* would regard the publication of the letters of SIR C. E. EARDLEY and SIR MOSES MONTEPIORE, together with MR. DOBSON'S extract from the minutes of the Evangelical Alliance, in the same serious light. They are all perfectly well convinced that the Holy Office ought to be served with a writ of *Habeas Corpus* for the surrender of the child of Israel, enforced if necessary *vi et armis*. They think it is very desirable that the said Office should be converted into an old clothes' shop, its inmates having been all turned out and relegated to Jericho, a city to which they, moreover, would be glad if the chair of St. Peter, and the POPE in it, were transferred. But these results of the supremacy of common sense are hopeless, so long as the intelligence of Europe upholds that of his Holiness, and prostrates itself before winking pictures and fictitious apparitions of La Salette. Superstition is still too strong for justice; that is, the Roman Catholic Powers of Europe have strength and stupidity enough to prevent the Protestant from serving the POPE with a *Habeas Corpus*. All *Punch* can do is to advise MR. DOBSON to advise SIR MOSES MONTEPIORE to advise DR. ADLER,

to take the necessary steps, if any Jew, of whatsoever station, lends the POPE any money, on any pretence whatever, and no matter for what interest, till his Holiness shall have restored young MORTARA, to cut that Jew off from the congregation of Israel.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT HAIR, WHISKERS, &c.—If so, do not fail to purchase *Punch's Almanack!!!* It removes baldness, and is an infallible specific for strengthening, comforting, and beautifying the hair. It restores to pristine vigour weak and falling hairs, and imparts to them a gloss which far surpasses that of nature. Ladies using it for curl paper will derive an instantaneous advantage from the act. It renders curling tongs unnecessary, and entirely supercedes the use of handoline and fixings. Such is the luxuriance to which it stimulates the tresses, that any lady using it may wear her own hair all her life without needing other people's to make it look exuberant. Young gentlemen will likewise find it of great service in promoting the growth of premature moustachios. It prevents the gooseberry-like appearance of newly-bearded chins, and engrafs a manly bristle on the juvenilest countenance. One trial will in general be found to prove the fact: but if that be insufficient, be advised to try one hundred.

Cure, No. 1,000,001. "I have bought one *Punch's Almanack*, and find my hair curls beautifully. Please send me ninety-nine more, for fear it should grow straight again. (Signed) MARIA FOLLY, London."

Cure, No. 66,666,666. "I have applied *Punch's Almanack* to my moustachios, and have now as fine a crop as any fellow in our office. No less than eleven hairs are now distinctly visible (with the help of a strong microscope). (Signed) ALFRED DE Goose, Bury."

APOLLO AMONG THE DRAPERS.

FROM the subjoined advertisement in the *Northern Daily Express* we rejoice to infer the prevalence of early closing among our north countrymen:—

TO JOURNEYMEN DRAPERS AND OTHERS.

ONE or more Gentlemen can be accommodated with comfortable LODGINGS, with the use of a Pianoforte, in a healthy situation. Apply at the Office of this Paper.

As a correspondent remarks, the foregoing is evidence that the schoolmaster is abroad among the linendrapers' assistants. Some may propose to say, rather, schoolmistress; and for journeymen and gentlemen to read shopwomen and ladies, considering that pianos are things rather in the way of Crinoline than of Pegtops. The fingers, however, that ply the scissors and the shop-yard in hours of business, may, with perfect consistency, rattle over the ivory keys during the moments of leisure. Not that we would insinuate that piano-playing must needs be an effeminate amusement; it may be a manly recreation, and the best restorative of the spirit that has been depressed by the drudgery of the counter. But then the performance must consist of spiritual music; and for the right article the musical young man may be recommended to the establishment of BETHOVEN, MOZART, & Co.,—the Co. being all the other composers whose works appeal to the superior sentiments. If any journeyman plays casino music in his lodgings, he will be deservedly insulted if the party in the room below, disgusted with the vile tune hammered over his head, should knock the ceiling and cry, "How much is that a yard?"

Amusements of the Season.

WE are not astonished at the Letters of SIR FRANCIS to the *Times* being so dreadfully cut up at most of the breakfast and dinner-tables, where they have been discussed, as it is not at all an unusual thing at this festive period of the year, to meet in large houses that have any pretensions to taste with a Boar's Head, that is kept as a standing-dish for the entertainment of one's friends. It only wants the addition of a lemon, and the likeness would be complete.

"THE BRITISH FREE PRESS."—On Boxing-night there is but little doubt that the Press was exceedingly free, especially outside the gallery-doors.

ROEBUCK IN FRENCH.



HE would have been amused in hearing M. CHAIX D'EST ANGE speak against the appeal of M. DE MONTALEMBERT. Says the *Times*' Correspondent :

"He read a passage from the speech of MR. ROEBUCK (whose name, by the way, he made several attempts to pronounce, and at last gave it up in despair)."

What a Frenchman would make of the name of the Hon. Member for Sheffield it is difficult to imagine. REBUKE is, perhaps, the nearest approach to its pronunciation that could be made by French organs of speech; and, considering the tone which

characterises Mr. ROEBUCK's oratory, most people will allow that version of his name to be a not very inappropriate perversion of it.

MORE POINTS TO THE CHARTER.

WHAT do people expect to get by Universal Suffrage? being a frequent question, the following points may be named as the principal objects which are contemplated by its consistent advocates:—

1. Abolition of the National Debt.
2. No Taxation of Working Men.
3. Expenses of Government to be exclusively sustained by Capital and Landed Property.
4. Sympathy with Insurgent Populations, and Nationalities, and War with Despots.
5. No Standing Army.
6. No Channel Fleet.
7. No Militia.
8. No Aristocracy.
9. No Compulsory Payment of Debts.
10. No Paupers.
11. No Police.
12. No Punishment.

Real Honesty.

THE extreme candour of the following announcement has greatly pleased *Mr. Punch*. We all know that cigars are made of dock-leaves; but few manufacturers have the courage to announce, as an advertiser did the other day,—
"HAVANNAH CIGARS DIRECT FROM THE DOCK."

THE CONVENTIONALITIES OF THE STAGE.

THE LEGITIMATE DRAMA.

"I DON'T exactly know, *Mr. Punch*, how the Legitimate Drama would suit Furzebrake; but nevertheless I will tax my imagination, and see what we should be likely to do, if events, which are familiar to us on the stage, were to occur amongst us in our rural village.

"I was at the Shakspeare Theatre last winter, and saw *Othello* most admirably performed, and on my return home sat up far into the night with my friend young LIVELY discoursing on the moral good which the excellent lessee had effected by clearing a dirty suburban theatre of a noisy rabble who were only contented with such pieces as *The Death's Head and Cross Bones*, or *The Lonely Occupation Road and the Murder at Bellows Farm*, and supplanting them with a quiet and respectable audience who could appreciate the works of our immortal bard. I remember, moreover, that I indulged in that savage triumph which is peculiar to fogs, and which counterbalances the inconvenience of incipient grey hair (I am ten years older than LIVELY), by remarking, 'Ah! LIVELY, my boy, you should have seen MADAME VESTRIS and MRS. NISBET in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, that was acting."

"Well, *Mr. Punch*, to return to *Othello*. In the first act, where *Roderigo* calls out 'Thieves! Thieves! Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!' *Brabantio* came to the window of a three storied house, which was only fifteen feet high at a liberal computation, and when he put his head out of the first-floor, he almost barked his chin against the top of *Roderigo's* head. Now, I fear, if this had occurred at Furzebrake some wag would have cried out, 'Take your legs out of the coal-cellar, old fellow;' and again, when *Roderigo* says in a measured tone—

"Straight satisfy yourself;
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the State
For thus defrauding you."

"The same wag would have said, 'If she has not made a clean bolt of it, I'll eat my hat.' I must own, *Mr. Punch*, that SHAKSPEARE'S is the most elegant way of expressing it, though our homely manners at Furzebrake would convey the same message in fewer words. To which *Brabantio* replied very solemnly:—

"Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper; call up all my people;
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already:—
Light! I say, light!"

It so happens that I can draw a comparison between what occurred to *Mr. Brabantio*, and an incident which took place at Furzebrake. DIANA RATTLEBONES, whom we all remember as the celebrated cross-country beauty, fell in love with CHARLEY Dasher, of the Rifles, and flitted by moonlight. TOM SOFT, a neighbour of MR. RATTLEBONES who was sweet on DIANA, got wind of the affair, and gave the alarm—and I will tell you what he did—he rushed up to Rattlebones' Hall and rang the alarm-bell. Instead of holding a long consultation at the

first-floor window, and telling his people to 'strike on the tinder, ho!' the Squire jumped out of bed, lit a lucifer match, 'looked to his bags,' for he instantly put them on, seized his revolver, and rushed downstairs. TOM SOFT told his story in half-a-dozen words, and instead of wasting time, MR. RATTLEBONES saddled his horse, galloped to the Cross Roads Railway Station, and telegraphed to London, Liverpool, and Southampton. As it turned out, it was no-go, as by the afternoon train next day a parcel arrived, containing the marriage certificate. For the benefit of your Lady readers, who I know will be curious, I may add that the old gentleman forgave them, and asked them to Rattlebones Hall, where CHARLEY enjoyed his honeymoon and the pheasant-shooting, and what is better still, sent me a brace of pheasants. But this wouldn't do for the stage, *Mr. Punch*; such rapid action as this would finish a play in ten minutes, whereas our old Legitimate, bless its conventionalities, is so jolly slow, that we can enjoy it for three hours at a time, and I hope to go again, and hear *Mr. Brabantio* talk out of the first-floor window, this winter.

"You see, *Mr. Punch*, there is nothing like bringing the case home to parallel cases in domestic life, to get at the real view of the case. If, for instance, I was to play *Macbeth*, I should like to be sure that the man who takes the part of *Septon* felt his part. True it is, that *Septon's* part is not a very onerous one, but still he has to announce the death of *Lady Macbeth*, immediately preceding that wonderful soliloquy, 'She should have died hereafter,' &c., and I can assure you that I have had the announcement of her Ladyship's demise in every tone by a walking gentleman—sometimes after the style in which JAMES calls out, 'MESSRS. BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON' at an evening-party—and sometimes after the manner of a sea Captain speaking through a trumpet; though I once remember at a Country Theatre, a most worthy gentleman, a theatrical wax-chandler, delivered the message with such a startling effect, that he brought the house down, and made a part of it, and bowed his acknowledgment; in the midst of which a vulgar man in the gallery cried out, in allusion to his every-day calling, 'Whose candle's out, old boy!'

"Now, let me address the Legitimate Drama as if it were an individual. Sir, I would say, you are a most excellent gentleman, I admire you vastly, though I fancy I see a mole on your nose, and a wart under your left eye.

"To this remark he probably would answer, Take the beam out of your own eye, and look to the conventionalities in your domestic life, of which you boast the reality. When you wrote to your former friend, NOBBS, this morning, a letter which you knew would terminate your friendship, did you not sign yourself, 'Yours, my dear NOBBS, very faithfully, CHARLES MUFF.' And when NOBBS replied, repudiating your further friendship, and signed himself, 'Your very obedient servant, TOBIAS NOBBS,' did not he mean, instead of being 'your very obedient servant,' he should like to kick you—and when you went to LADY KICKSHAW'S *soirée*, and she addressed you as 'My dear MR. STROOKS,' having forgotten your very name, did not you smile and bow, at the same time feeling a desire to pull off her wig and throw it on the fire. Look at home, Sir, look at home, and consider whether all the bows, and smiles, and pretty speeches in your real life, are not as unreal as some of our little misinterpretations, *Nous verrons, Monsieur Punch!*'"



SMART, FOR THE EASTERN COUNTIES.

Old Lady. "Oh, you bad Boy! where did you get all that Holly from? Don't you know your Catechism enjoins you to keep your hands from 'Picking and Stealing?'"

Boy. "Yes, 'm, and 'yar' tongue from evil Speakin', Lyin', and Slanderin', tew!"

A REAL SCOTCH ROMANCE.

THE reader whose idea of Scotch romance is derived from SCOTT'S novels, may be glad of an opportunity of contrasting it with the romance of real Scottish life. The *North Briton* relates an interesting tale, which may enable him to institute that comparison. Our northern contemporary thus commences his appropriately headed narrative:—

"A ROMANCE.—On Thursday evening, while sauntering down Leith Walk, Edinburgh, my attention was attracted by a remarkably sweet voice—quite uncommon to the serenaders who generally infest our modern Athens and suburbs—pouring forth, in rich melody but faltering cadence, 'We may be happy yet.'"

Scottish minstrelsy does not include either the words or the air in question—unless, like most of our English music and poetry, they were both borrowed from the Scotch. Was the singer a wanderer from the comparatively sunny south—from the mild fumes of smoky London to the stronger reek of Auld Reekie? We shall see.

The narrator proceeds:—

"On approaching I discovered a female of the middle stature, thinly clad, her features partly enveloped in the remains of what once might have passed for a shawl. Her general appearance bespoke one that had seen better days—her shawl, falling from its adjustment, displayed features whose beauty riveted my attention."

This is a poetical way of saying that she had a fine forehead, eyes, and perhaps nose; features enveloped by the shawl that had fallen from its adjustment. Of course she could not have sung "We may be happy yet" with the shawl over her mouth.

"Her auditors were some few reckless and apparently callous-hearted fast young gents, whose inclination seemed no way bent to give a mite to cheer that sad heart who strove 'to be happy yet,' but whose scoffs and rails were re-echoed with such unfeeling wantonness that the street songstress's pretty voice was checked, and she suddenly burst into a passionate flood of tears. Whilst this was taking place, a young man, who had just before joined the crowd, stepped forward, exclaiming, 'Heavens! is it possible? And are you, then, so reduced?'"

Deus ex machina, apparently. What follows? "Come to these arms!" &c. Not exactly.

"He doffed his hat, and thus addressed the crowd who had gathered round:— 'You will forgive me, but this is a lady I have known for many years; I can vouch

for her integrity and unimpeachable character.' He told us that she had belonged to a good family, and must indeed have suffered much hard fortune ere she could condescend to sing upon the streets. His words had the desired effect of melting the listeners to contribute liberally. He gave the sum collected to the fair singer, with the words, 'God bless you, JESSIE,' and bounded off amid the general shouts of those who had witnessed the affecting incident."

And, the prosaic reader will probably expect to hear, was out of sight before the arrival of an approaching policeman! Not so. It is true that the young man is not described as putting any money of his own into the hat which he had doffed, and sent round for the relief of the reduced young lady. But the recorder of the affecting incident does not state, or even intimate, that the street-vocalist and her generous benefactor at the expense of the public, were in collusion. The story is told, and is to be taken for a genuine Scotch romance of real life; JESSIE, surname omitted, for the parallel of *Jeannie Deans*. Never mind the surname of JESSIE; and trust that she had only one; and no *alias*. The conclusion of the story; the hero relieving a distressed damsel, his acquaintance, perhaps his love, of auld lang syne, by the alms of other people, may seem rather weak to those who have money in their pockets as well as hearts in their bosoms. Natures at once prudent and generous, however, will understand the elasticity with which he "bounded off" in the flush of both feelings combined; and would have been inclined to join in the shouts, if not in the subscription, of the crowd who witnessed the affecting incident.

TO THE SCHOOLMASTER, WHO IS SAID TO BE "ABROAD."

You are requested to return home immediately, and see if you cannot make the postage-stamps stick to their letters rather better than they have lately done. They have been falling off dreadfully of late, and perhaps they might be taught to apply themselves more effectually to their lettered pursuits, if occasionally their backs were rubbed with a thin coating of gum. Some strong adhesive measures are decidedly wanted, as the public correspondence is no right to be put upon in this loose and careless manner. At present the stamps are of such a vagrant turn, that scarcely one out of five is to be found at his post when wanted, and it is believed they "go out on the loose." The Schoolmaster's attention is earnestly requested to the above subject, as no postage-stamp has a right to turn its back on the public in this impudent manner.



TRYING IT ON.

STANZAS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.

On a Tear which ANGELINA observed upon my Nose on
Christmas Day at bed-time.

WHAT, though a silent tear may fall
Adown this chiselled nose,
Deem not that I past griefs recal,
Or weep for present woes :

A future sadness bids me mourn,
And pangs of anguish feel,
As when one finds one's favourite corn
Beneath some fat man's heel.

Think not in what has caused, my grief,
That thou hast any part ;
I would not suffer that belief
To wound thy loving heart.

Think not a too tight boot my toes
So cramps I fain would cry ;
It is not this that gems my nose,
And dims my glistening eye.

A heavier cause, 'tis meet you hear,
O'erwhelms my aching breast ;
I've eaten too much pudding, dear,
And fear 'twill spoil my rest !

DR. EPPS'S INFINITESIMAL FEBRIFUGE.

MISTAKES will happen in the best regulated families ; mistakes in medical as well as other matters. Mistakes, for instance, might be made in taking precautions against scarlet fever. That, if possible, there should be no mistake on this point, the celebrated physician Dr. Epps has written to the *Daily News* a letter on the subject, thus commencing :—

" Sir,—In your paper of this day is a letter from a medical gentleman, containing suggestions as to the course to be adopted in relation to the social parties of children at this season of the year, these suggestions having reference to the fact that many children have returned home from schools where the scarlet fever has prevailed."

Dr. Epps does not approve of the suggestions to which he alludes ; because children—thoughtful little things—are dangerously alarmed by the solicitude which they betray ; for

" The suggestions given would tend, by exciting fear, to create the very evil which they seek to prevent, as all inquiries respecting the fact, whether this or that child has been exposed to contagion, will have a depressing tendency."

Indeed, Dr. Epps does not approve of any suggestions of the kind, —that is to say, of any suggestions that could be afforded by common sense or common sense. He affirms that,

" Besides, all these suggestions are needless ; since every one who is acquainted with the medical literature of the age must be aware that a globule of belladonna, taken night and morning, is as perfect a protective against the attack of scarlet fever as is vaccination against the attack of small-pox."

This is a very wonderful statement. We will suppose, for the sake of argument, that Dr. Epps verily believes in the virtues of infinitesimal globules, and really thinks that such a globule of belladonna taken into the stomach is sure, first, to be absorbed into the system, and next, to have so powerful an effect, when it gets there, as that of a preservative against scarlet fever. Dr. Epps may possibly believe all this, which he asserts ; but how can he believe, what he also asserts, that every one who is acquainted with the medical literature of the age must be aware of it ? The great majority of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, and the Society of Apothecaries, consider themselves aware of quite the reverse. They are, indeed, aware that the fact asserted by Dr. Epps is alleged in homœopathic treatises,—the Apocrypha of medical literature. Some of them think it a falsehood ; the others, fudge. They would be divided in opinion whether the author of the ensuing assertion ought to be confined as an impostor or as a lunatic :—

" All that is required is, that, where scarlet fever is prevalent, the individuals in the families in that neighbourhood should take a globule of belladonna once or twice a day, and they will escape."

All that is required ! No flushing of sewers ; no scouring of drains ; no abolition of filth ; no abatement of nuisances ? Swallow your infinitesimal globule of belladonna, and never mind the indefinite quantity of infinitesimal particles of sulphuretted hydrogen which you breathe into your lungs ! Never mind regimen ; eat and drink as much as you like, and as little as you must. Gulp only your belladonna globule, and, robust or weak, plethoric or emaciated, in good or bad

condition, you will be equally insusceptible of scarlet fever. For, adds that confident physician, Dr. Epps,—

" I write this as a fact established by the experience of multitudes, and also by the experience of myself. " I am, &c., " 89, Great Russell Street, W.C., Dec. 29." " JOHN EPPS, M.D."

Wherever scarlet fever rages, the majority generally escape it, whether they take globules of belladonna or no. Anybody who has been in the way of scarlet fever without catching it may assert, as a fact established by the experience of multitudes as well as his own, the infallibility, as a preventive remedy of scarlet fever, of nothing whatever.

The foregoing remarks are not likely to do much good, for none of our readers are probably fools enough to be persuaded by Dr. Epps to neglect every precaution against scarlet fever, except that of taking an infinitesimal pill of belladonna night and morning.

MR. BARNUM, the other evening, obliged the British Public with a new definition of Humbug, which he described as the puffery of that which was wholesome or harmless in itself. Perhaps he will see reason to amend that definition in the letter on homœopathy which has been published by Dr. Epps.

MORALITY TEACHING BY EXAMPLE.

MR. BLACK has been addressing a commercial audience at Glasgow, endeavouring to impress upon his hearers the commonest principles of morality and the plainest maxims of prudence. Such lectures are much needed in the commercial world, and calculated to do a vast amount of good if those who hear them would pay much attention to them. To preach prudence, however, at Glasgow may seem somewhat like carrying coals to Newcastle ; but even caution appears to have deserted the commercial mind of Scotland itself. A series of discourses on crime and its consequences, which would be more practically interesting than the inculcation of mere precepts, might have a salutary operation if delivered in any of our great centres of business, Scotch or English. If, for example, any competent speaker and moralist would read the *Newgate Calendar* in our principal Town Halls — the reading duly illustrated by diagrams and designs relative to penal discipline, much fraud and embezzlement would probably be nipped in the bud. Were the task undertaken by any lover of his species, anxious to reclaim the wanderer, and gifted with the requisite talents and endowments of heart and head, we should cordially wish him good speed.

AVOID AND DISCOURAGE HOT SUPPERS. Promote the serving of Tea at an early part of the evening. Avoid Card-playing. Rake out the Fire before you retire up-stairs. Don't Read in bed. Wind up your Watch, and Blow out the Candle, before you go to sleep. N.B. Retire half an hour earlier on Saturday nights, or as often as you take a hot footbath.—EARLY-GOING-TO-BED ASSOCIATION, Clapham.

THE CONVENTIONALITIES OF THE STAGE.

MELODRAMA, FARCE, AND PANTOMIME.



THE title which I have chosen for the commencement of this paper, *Mr. Punch*, is a snare and a delusion, as instead of talking about Melodrama first, I am going with malice prepense to touch upon Legitimate Comedy, including under that name SHAKESPEARE'S Comedies and the old 'Five Actors,' which have become part of our national dramatic works, such as the plays of GOLDSMITH, SHERIDAN, *et id genus omne*.—Well, Sir, what is to be said about the conventionalities of such pieces as *As You Like It*, *The Merry Wives of*

Windsor, *She Stoops to Conquer*, &c. &c. When I think of such names as VESTRIS, NISBET, GLOVER, FARREN, HARLEY, and the like, it makes me tremble to think even of turning into fun the great lessons which they have taught, so I am sure you will applaud my discretion when I boldly state that I put my tail between my legs and walk away, leaving the field open to others who have the hardihood to attack them.

Under the word Melodrama, *Mr. Punch*, I do not include 'the Cut and Thrust and brick-dust boots School,' as I mean to reserve my remarks on the last named class of dramatic works, until I have a good broad-nibbed pen and two or three glasses of brandy-and-water; so let me go back to where I might have commenced, and touch upon the Melodrama, keeping it distinct from 'the Nautical Proper,' of which also hereafter.

The last Melodrama which I happened to see, was fraught with strong characters—there was a wicked and fashionable Baronet, a Virtuous Lawyer's Clerk, a pattern Milliner (daughter of the Baronet's bailiff), a gay Widow—*Lady Sparkle*, and a glorious Villain compared with whom *Bill Sykes* would be a perfect CHESTERFIELD, and several other characters of minor importance, including of course the Comic character. I forget whether it was in London or the Provinces that the Melodrama of *Hollow Hall*, or *the Revenge of Woman* was performed when I saw it, but I distinctly remember that the Baronet, *Sir Leonard Lovelace*, was not exactly like the specimens of Baronets in real life whom I have been acquainted with. He was not so stupid as our Purzbrake Baronet, SIR JOHN CORNCRAKE—nor so fat as SIR TOBY TUBBS, late Alderman and Cheesemonger, though he was quite as vulgar—nor was he so dashing as SIR JACK LIGHTFOOT of the Hussars—but he was a stout old young man of fifty, and either his or the Costumier's idea of a Baronet's dress was a tight green cut-a-way coat with gilt buttons, drab trousers strapped very close over a wide pair of patent leather boots (which by the bye were made roomy about the corns), and as regarded his upper man, a red silk neckcloth with splinter-bar pins, and a white hat, the whole being set off by a pair of dirty white kid gloves. The white hat and the gloves considerably assisted the Baronet in an easy deportment, as I observed whenever *Sir Leonard* made a speech to *Lady Sparkle*, at the conclusion of each sentence he elevated the white tile, and when perplexed by the Widow, after an aside of 'Soft—I must dissemble,' he concealed his embarrassment by playing with the buttons of the dirty kids.

It may be remarked *en passant*, that the taking off of the hat forms a considerable portion of the stage effect in some of the demi-French pieces where the men are dressed in velvet coats and ruffles and broad-topped boots trimmed with lace, and three-cornered hats edged with swan's-down, like the prize coachmen's on a drawing-room day, and when all the characters, except the servants, are either Marquises or Marchionesses. The scene of these pieces is always laid at Versailles, and I know for certain when *M. le Marquis* addresses *La Marquise de Queenotromps* with that pure Anglo-Parisian accent peculiar to our nation, in this style:—'And permit me, Madame, to remark, that to have had all the blood of the *Charlemagnys* in one's veins, is not equal to have had the *on-tray* of the *sallongs* of the *Markvees de Queenotromps*,' that he will conclude with a low bow, with his right foot pointed, and his hat touching the ground—and that the *Marquise* will raise quite a small cloud of dust with her sweeping curtesy.

Turning again to the Melodrama, I have a perfect recollection of the Heroine appearing in all weathers in and out of doors in a low dress and a smart muslin apron, and moreover that she displayed a dazzling array of jewellery, and I further remember a long soliloquy of the wicked Baronet, when he was vacillating between a pure affection for the Widow or an illicit attachment to the Milliner, and the latter prevailing, the Virtuous Lawyer's Clerk was sent off to Australia by his supposed benefactor, and the Villain, aided by a gang of smugglers, soon after the departure of the Virtuous Lawyer's Clerk, attempted to carry off the Milliner, who with loud shrieks of 'Unhand me, Villains!' flourished a crowbar so lustily that her ravishers were kept at bay, until *Ben Topsail*, a brave Tar, jumped in at the window, and 'scuttled their nobs larboard and starboard, and blew the scoundrels to the Devil with a flying sail.' After this terrific encounter, the Virtuous Milliner takes a touching farewell of home to the sound of slow music, with a determination to seek her faithful lover in Australia, where she appeared in the Second Act, and although three years were supposed to have elapsed, to all appearance she had never changed her clothes, as she was discovered in the same low dress and muslin apron, the only addition to her costume being a straw hat with cherry-coloured ribbons, and a red cloak. We had the scene of the discovery of her lover, who, having been informed by the Villain in a letter that the Milliner was living in great style with *Sir Leonard Lovelace*, is comfortably married and blessed with a family. Hereupon followed a violent paroxysm of rage and jealousy, erimination and reerimination, which ended in a touching *tableau*, to slow music again, of the Virtuous Milliner going on her knees and

blessing her rival's children. What the conclusion of this Melodrama may have been, *Mr. Punch*, I must leave to the imagination of your readers, as being rather out of spirits on the occasion of my witnessing the two first acts, I was rendered so profoundly wretched at seeing so many people made unnecessarily uncomfortable, that I left the heroine to go home and drown herself in *Sir Leonard Lovelace's* duck-pond, or marry him as she pleased. I rather fancy she did the former, as the playbill announced the last scene to be '*The Duckpond of Lovelace Manor by Moonlight*.' The Catastrophe!

But the Farce! *Mr. Punch*, hurrah for the Conventionalities of the Farce, and long life to them. Thank you ten thousand times, MESSRS. MATHEWS, BUCKSTONE, KEELEY, and all you good gentlemen, [who have so many times sent me roaring with laughter home, when I have been surly and ill-tempered before seeing you. Oh! if the Conventionalities of the Farce could only be practised in real life, what a merry life it would be. Shouldn't you like, O BROWN, you who are reading this at your Club, or TOM'S; LANGUISH, you who are moping in your Chambers, and crying over old love letters to find a pretty girl with £20,000; meet her once at a ball—whistle under her window—be let in by the pretty lady's-maid—(to whom of course you would give a kiss and ten guineas, with no further remonstrance than, Oh fie! *Captain*,) —hear 'that dear *Miss Laura* has been crying about you all night'—be shown into the drawing-room, and have a long *tête-à-tête* with *Miss Laura*—be disturbed by the angry *Old Uncle*, and be hid in the closet—hear the conversation between *Miss Laura* and *Admiral Thunderbolt*—listen to the young lady's remonstrances against marrying her cousin, *Mr. Soapy*, interspersed with the oaths of the gallant seaman—be fished out of the closet, and arrange a runaway match with *Miss Laura*, aided by *Ribbons*, the maid—re-appear with *Miss Laura* as *Mrs. Brown* or *Mrs. Languish*, and find the *Admiral* in deep conversation with *Soapy* about his intended marriage—go down on your knees and confess the relationship between the Admiral's ward and yourself—and after a broadside from the old gentleman, hear the noble *Soapy* declare that he strikes his colours; and as a finale, receive the £20,000 down in a pocket-book, with 'an old sailor's blessing,' and a promise that 'he will shake a leg at your first christening,' and an indirect hint 'that there may be a shot in the locker to buy a silver cup for the young scoundrel.' Oh, *Mr. Punch*, if we had but the money and forgiveness which is given away every night on the stage, how rich we should be in Christian charity and three per cents. It staggers one to think how single men, who adopt the stage as a profession, and who get so lightly over their love affairs there, do not remain bachelors for life. How do they ever manage to face that awful institution in marriage preliminaries, the British mother. Our play-writers are too sharp to try to introduce that character in runaway matches, as to make the story at all like nature it would be necessary to have a hundred acts. I think, Sir, if any one was to try the game of whistling under a window in Belgravia, he would learn a good many tunes before *Ribbons* would admit him, even though he was the most virtuous man in Europe. A pretty face with £20,000, or a very ordinary one with the same money, is always at a premium in London; but if you, BROWN, or LANGUISH, have a title or a rent-roll, or either (both preferred), go boldly up to the door, and you will be received with a smile, and it will be your own fault if you don't have a Bishop to marry you, with six parsons to assist, and full choral service, besides having the wedding speeches reported in the *Morning Post*, and all the happiness which—which you have bought, and no more.

As to the Pantomimes, *Mr. Punch*, there are no Conventionalities about them. I believed in

them when a boy, and I choose to do so now. I firmly believe that (were it not for the unusual number of Policemen) the side of the Theatre is knocked out, and that I sit in the boxes and look into the street. The *Clown* and *Pantaloon* to me are only eccentric gentleman in funny clothes—they are quite right to steal that goose out of the Poulterer's window, and to butter the pavement when the Pawnbroker's assistant runs out to see who has smashed the window and taken the watches. I am glad the shopman has slipped up on his back, and I hope he has hurt himself, and I applaud the *Pantaloon* for giving him in charge for robbing his own shop, and the *Clown* for bonneting the Policeman who takes him away. Ah! *Mr. Punch*, if I had had my own way at the early age of seventeen, I would have married *Columbine*—that beautiful *Columbine* of my youth—out of hand, and who knows but that I might have been the Father of a long line of *Clowns* and *Harlequins*, but—*(cetera desunt)*."



CUSTOMERS' PROTECTION CIRCULAR.

LONDON tradesfolk have established an elaborate sort of spy system, for the purpose of protecting themselves against bad customers. There is regularly prepared, and circulated among tradesmen, a Black List, in which the names and histories of any persons who are supposed to be undesirable patrons of trade are duly printed, with any information that can be picked up about the parties; and the subscribers to this work, when a new customer presents himself, search the list, with a view to see whether he may be trusted. It has been felt that this is an excellent system, but should not be one-sided in its operation; and, inasmuch as for one dishonest buyer there are at least ten dishonest sellers, it has been thought that the purchasing public may well employ the same method of self-defence. *Mr. Punch* has been requested to publish the following specimen page, and to edit the *Customer's Protection List*. He has acceded to the first request; but his numerous avocations, and the probability that, on the fall of LORD DERBY, he will be obliged to accept the Premiership, compel him to decline the latter. He will, however, be happy to lend his aid to a project which appears to him a fair one.

CUSTOMERS' PROTECTION LIST.

Specimen page.

A.

ADDLEHEAD, Johoshaphat (Chemist). Very ignorant, and has poisoned several persons by mistake in chemicals. Clever at sending in bills that have been paid, and rapid in County-courting you unless you have preserved receipts.

ADIPOSE, Samuel (Draper). Confirmed habit of giving servants and children bad money in change, and bullying when asked to make restitution. Either he or his father absconded with the rates of St. Habbakuk, Norwood.

APPLEBITE, Crucheer (Linen-draper). Professes to sell cheap and good articles, but mind that the goods put up for you are those you bought, if you take away the parcel yourself. You may be quite sure they will not be the same if you let him send the things home.

APPYCHOP, Peter (Cheesemonger). Has been fined eleven times in one year for giving bad weight.

B.

BILKY, Loafer M. (Perfumer). His favourite habit is that of supplying servants with articles set down against their employers, and as soon as the servant leaves demanding payment, and making it worth the ex-domestic's while to swear that she procured the articles for her master or mistress. Has been in America, and several prisons.

BLADDERBY, Maria (Milliner). Addicted to leaving her last address without giving a new one, and taking with her materials sent her to make up. Has changed her name several times, and passed for some time as **MADAME VAURIEN**, of Paris.

BLOBBINS, Amos (Schoolmaster). Formerly small coal merchant, previously general agent, previously photographer, previously attorney's clerk, previously treasurer to a benefit society with whose funds he bolted. Knows nothing; but does not ill-treat the children much, except when he is drunk, which is generally.

BLOSSOMNOSE, Tobias (Licensed Victualler). Said in the trade to be the most adroit adulterator it can boast. Look carefully at any change given from his bar. Is thought to be trading on money of which he defrauded his brother's orphans.

C.

CHOKERINI, Elise Mathilde (Lodging-house Keeper). Her name is Sarah Choker. Not a bad manager; but beware of leaving any article of value where she can get at it. She has sent several servant-girls to prison on charge of stealing lodgers' property, of which her brother, a pawnbroker, could give a good account. She drinks.

CHUBBLEFORD, Wiggins (Watchmaker). Old established house, and can therefore afford to play tricks. Do not believe that your watch wants two guineas' worth of repair, merely because he looks at it superciliously, and tells you to call in a month. And do not let him lend you a watch, to be used while your own is under repair, unless you wish to be charged with repairs to the former in consequence of injuries he will discover that you have done it.

CIMMERING, Alfred Jobble (Solicitor). He is only a tradesman as a scrivener, but none the more honest for that. Leave no money in his hands, if you are his client; and if he is against you, beware of trusting any promise, and never see him except with a witness taken by yourself. He lends money of his mother-in-law's, who keeps a marine store. You had better not borrow any of it.

COWPOCK, Pump (Milkman). Nothing known against him, except that he adulterates all his milk, and invariably charges families with a third more than they have had.

D.

DANDELION, Barnabas (Proprietor of Houses). Be particularly careful in examining your agreement; also, that non-existent fixtures are not set down; also, that articles said to be in the house are there when you go in, as they certainly will have to be left there when you go out. And pay your rent to the day, or he will set a dirty little attorney, his nephew, to screw the price of a lithographed letter out of you.

DEADBIRD, Carney (Undertaker). Let some friend, who is not too much afflicted to remember exactly what he orders, deal with this party; and look after greatcoats and umbrellas while his carrion-crows, with their big bags, hover about the house.

DE PORTMENT, Vestris Chesterfield (Dancing Master). Kept a drinking-house, under the name of a dancing academy. Was horsewhipped for trying to entrap a young lady pupil into a marriage with an Irish billiard-marker. Good manners and address; but if you employ him for private lessons, see that there is nothing in the school-room on which he can lay hands. Has been fined for beating his wife, but is a good instructor.

DOO, Abimelech (Pawnbroker), brother to Mrs. Choker. If you live within half a mile of him, you are pretty safe in sending a policeman to him after any goods you may miss. He "never asks questions."

[Subscribers' names may be sent to Mr. Punch, 85, Fleet Street.]

Fashions for January.

THE New Year is heralded with a pretty novelty. On collars, cuffs, jackets, the robe, the skirts, and the fashionable red stockings now so much worn (without wanting to be darned) is splendidly embroidered, in the most attractive colours, the figure at which the article was purchased, and the name of the establishment by which it was supplied. Thus any mistake about the superiority of the costume is effectually precluded, and the draper's shop is advertised into the bargain. The patterns are considered very pretty.

SERIOUS INCONSISTENCY.

THE Exeter Hall May Meetings are limited to the month, or what is called the Season. Yet the frequenters of these assemblies are people who profess to make a point of asserting their peculiar views in season and out of season.



School Boy (to Farmer, who has come out to protect his fields). "NOW THEN, OLD TURNIP-TOPS! WARE WHEAT!"

PASSING FOR A CORNET.

(See Alloa Advertiser.)

THERE was a young gallant, of strong martial bent,
A juvenile hero, on glory intent;
The blood of a warrior ran hot in his veins;
A full heart was his, but he bore empty brains.

This hero that would be, since now some twelve moons,
A Cornetcy sought in a troop of dragoons;
But he first had an examination to pass.
For now a horse-regiment can't let in an ass.

So what did our hero in such a hard strait,
Impassable quite with his ill-furnished pate?
He just went and borrowed another man's head,
A substitute hiring to pass in his stead.

The substitute stood the ordeal at once,
And passed in the name of our valiant young dunce,
Who obtained thus by proxy a first class degree;
His commission he bought, and gazetted was he.

The knave he had been fool enough to suborn
Soon fixed in the young dragoon's saddle a thorn;
The threat of exposure hard bought off, and then
Renewed, and bought off, and repeated again.

Ten months of this life the bold stupid youth bore,
Until he could buy off the rascal no more,
Who, his avarice now sopped no longer with pay,
Peached forthwith on the dunce that had ceased to yield prey.

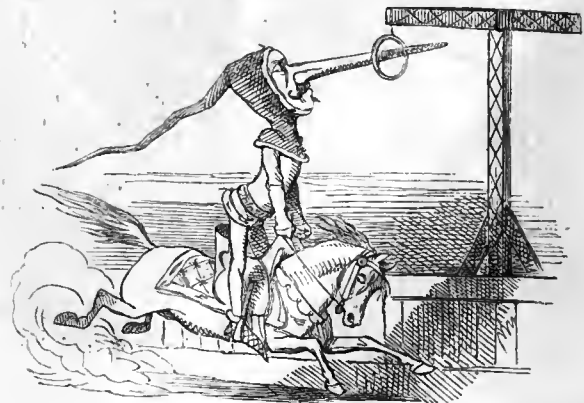
From head-quarters down word of question prompt speeds;
Fact can't be denied, and dismissal succeeds.
The price of Commission escheats to the Crown,
And the red coat is doffed, and the wearer done brown.

Oh, gallants, whose valour your wit doth excel,
There's no longer a chance for a dense dashing swell;

You must now learn and labour to furnish your brains,
Before you can have them blown out for your pains.

In the eating's the proof of the pudding, 'tis said;
Some think fighting the proof of your good pudding head;
The head that reflects like the pudding, when hot,
And is fit to supply food for powder and shot.

But trust we that boobies do not fight the best,
And scholars won't fail when they come to the test;
And though, ere in war they can venture their luck,
They must take a degree, will show no want of pluck.



Lines Written in Christmas Week.

(With the Point of the Forefinger on the Window.)

HERE 's a merry Christmas—neither frost nor snow,
Not a pond to skate on—all the rivers flow.
Hedge-sparrow keeps warbling; thrush and blackbird sing;
You may call this Christmas; I should call it Spring.

There! I forgive you this time
but don't do it again!—

GREAT BRITAIN

Un Débat sur l'Inde



AN ACT OF GRACE.

Montalembert Pardons the Emperor.



THE DREAM OF JOHN BRIGHT.

'Twas on the closing of the year,
About the time of Yule,
Came four-and-twenty loose M.P.s
Tale-telling out of school;
There were some that raved, and some
behaved
Like old Lords of Misrule.

They talked about with reckless minds;
Reformers thick and thin:
All old-world caution laughed to scorn,
Called moderation sin:
Bade folks kick British notions out,
And Yankee oncs take in.

Such gen'ral shying no'er was seen
Since knock-me-downs began;
They turned to mirth rank, wealth, and worth,
As but mob-flatterers can:
But the leader sat apart from all,
A melancholy man!

His broad-brim off: his vest apart:
No tie his neck to squeeze:
In *négligé* unquakerlike,
And with spirit ill at ease,
As a tar who finds he's raised a gale
By whistling for a breeze.

Tired of distorting facts, to fig-
ures tired of playing cook,
He fumed, he fretted: springing up,
Some moody turns he took.
When lo! he saw a small M.P.,
That pored upon a book!

"In what book read you, thus intent?
Progress's Tale, by PHILP in?"
—Progress! Oh, happy they, their faith
Who on the word can still pin!—"

The small M.P. looked up, and said,
"I'm reading *Johnny Gilpin*."

The leader took six hasty strides—
(To such strides he was prone:)
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Six hastier back anon:
And down he sat by the small M.P.,
And talked to him of JOHN.

And how the tale that COWPER wrote,
And all the world doth know,
Deep allegoric meaning veils,
Its mask of mirth below;
How few that start to rido can tell
How far they'll have to go.

And how JOHN GILPIN is a type
Of Agitator kind;
The calender's hot, hard-mouth'd horse,
A hobby of the mind;
Whereon who mounts by no means can,
Pull up when so inclined.

And he told of Revolutions wild,
And things that then befell:
How there are times, when public men
Turn JOHNNY GILPINS all:
To whom, at speed, mobs shout "well done,
As loud as they can hawl."

* See "PHILP'S History of Progress," very nice reading for M.P.s of an inquiring turn of mind.—Ed.

While they have much ado to hold
The saddles they bestride,
Nor more control the steed they sit,
Than vessels do the tide:
It is the team has bolted: they
Are passengers inside.

"And well," quoth he, "I know for truth
Their pangs must be extreme;—
Stokers, who find they've stopped the valves,
When they wish to shut off steam—
For why—methought I was such an one
But last night—in a dream.

"A Brummagem CROMWELL I would be,
And to the Speaker's face
As a fool's-cap treat his reverend wig,
As a bauble mock his mace.
Yes: now, said I, the old House shall die,
And a new House take its place.

"Two monster meetings at Birmingham,
At Manchester but one;
A talk at Glasgow and Edinburgh,
And then the deed was done:
There lay the old Parliament defunct,
And I was the great gun!

"There lay the old Parliament defunct,
And I had drawn the bill!
But, oh! the pricks and qualms I felt
When I had wrought my will:
There seemed a life in the Old House,
Not even I could kill.

"I thought of all my triumphs there,
In Corn-Law fights of fame;
Ten thousand thousand memories
Seemed to be crying 'Shame!'"
I took my COCKER in my hand,
But the figures went and came.

"And now for my new Commons' House
The writs went through the land;
Which I had parcelled out in squares,
Symmetrically planned:
With household suffrage and ballot-box,
That numbers might command.

"The new House met: a motley set:
The place I hardly knew:
What with COXES multiplied by ten,
And the POPE's brass band by two,
The old House had few working men,
But none at all had the new!

"Yet where the old House passed one bill,
The new one, it passed three:
For as all were of one way of thinking,
They didn't disagree.
And the know-nothings and the have-nothings
Worked well in companie.

"And first they voted each Member
Should have his pound a-day;
And then they voted the National Debt
Should be sponged clean away;
And they organised labour on the plan
Of 'no work and good pay.'

"I urged them to clap on the break;
I swam against the stream:
But was called a bloated aristocrat,
Puffed out by blood and steam—

My good M.P., remember, this
Was nothing but a dream.

"They voted the peoples of the earth
What the French call *solidaire*;
Went in for oppressed nationalities,
Big or little, dark or fair;
I called for diminished armaments,
But I found myself nowhere.

"The Income-Tax they doubled soon
In country and in town:
Why should not the rich, they asked, pay up
A shilling in the crown?
I quoted M'CULLOCH and ADAM SMITH,
But was instantly coughed down.

"The old Trade-Combinations
Next reared their heads and thrived;
The statutes 'against Foresters
And Regraters' were revived:
I saw Protection's old flag brought out,
And for shame 'neath the benches dived!

"O Lord! to think of *their* wild schemes,
And *mine* so right and fair;—
Retrenchment, non-intervention,
Free-Trade, and *Laissez faire*!
Where were my hopes from the House I had
made?
And Echo answered, 'Where?'

"I had raised a power I could not guide;
Like GILPIN, of whom you read;
I meant to stop at Birmingham,
And got Lord knows where instead.
And the more I pulled at my horse's reins,
The straighter he kept his head.

"I couldn't appeal to Knowledge;
Household suffrage drown'd her cry:
I couldn't appeal to Wealth or Worth,
Or Rank their power to try;
The ballot to all such influences
Had given the go-by.

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And did my best to weep:
And I wished the Old House alive again,
And the New One fathoms deep—
But 'tis easier to lose the road,
Than back to it to creep!

"Oh, me—that frothy, fussy House
Besets me now awake—
COXES and WILLIAMSES by scores,
With each a speech to make;
And ERNEST JONESSES at intervals,
The monotone to break!

"And still no peace to my tortured soul
Will night or day allow;
That dreadful New House haunts my life—
I'm sitting in it Now!"
The scared M.P. looked up and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night while his platitudes
That M.P.'s audience hissed,
A stout Quaker took train for Rochdale,
And resumed the spinning of twist.
And if JOHN BRIGHT bring in no bill,
I can't say 'twill be miss'd.

Interesting to Debating Societies.

SUPPOSING that we Englishmen had been born in France, and that the Frenchmen had been born in England, what effect do you fancy it would have had on the course of the world's history? We cannot help thinking ourselves, and it is without the least vanity we say it, that we should have driven the French out of England, and have made a colony of the island, long ago!

Liberality of a Landlord.

WE feel great pleasure in giving publicity to the fact that GEOFFREY COVERDALE, Esq., with his accustomed liberality, and consideration for the juvenile branches of the community, this year, on the Monday holiday following Christmas Day, threw open his extensive and well stocked preserves to the rising generation of marksmen home for the holidays, and out shooting. This is as it should be.



A KEEN EYE FOR BUSINESS.

"Help a poor broken-down Tradesman, Miss. My two last Razors a bargain—hev 'em both for a Shilling."

MITCHEL AND MADNESS.

MR. MITCHEL, celebrated for the oil of vitriol which he used to pour on the troubled waters of poor old Ireland; for being transported, escaping to America, and trying to make the country that shelters him too hot to hold him, declares himself, according to the *New York Times*, the sole member of his party, and calls himself the United Irishman. The constitution of this truly Irish party will inevitably break up. The belly and the members will disagree, the head and the heels will want to change places, the whole system will become disorganised, and go to pieces. Before that consummation arrives, however, the party ought to be put in a strait-waistcoat; because it is a man beside himself: lest one side of it should throw vitriol on the other side, or run it through with a pike, and thus the United Irishman should commit suicide with the view of saving his own life.

The Results of Hippophagy.

A BERLIN gentleman has eaten so much horseflesh lately, that his nature is becoming rapidly altered. He went to a farrier's the other day to be measured for a new pair of shoes. He has grown so wild and restive, that his wife finds the greatest difficulty in reining him in. It is supposed that the horse, of which the poor man partook so largely, must have had a great deal of the *Cruiser* in its composition. At the advice of her friends, the distracted wife has decided upon sending her husband to MR. RAREY, with a view of seeing whether he cannot be tamed.

A WOMAN OF REAL NERVE.

A VERY pleasing and instructive exhibition recently took place at the private residence of PROFESSOR BLANDE. This was a woman of real nerve (species almost extinct, and not classed by CUVIER or OWEN), whom the Professor had discovered among the Lakes of Westmoreland, and had secured by a matrimonial knot, after long and severe wooing.

Having introduced three of his bachelor friends to the lady, she received them with unaffected affability, though no previous intimation had been given by the Professor of his having invited them to dinner!

On sitting down to dinner, the lady was attired in morning dress, of which, however, beyond a smiling allusion to the inconvenience of having painters in the house, she betrayed no consciousness!

Wine and filberts having been placed on the table, PROFESSOR BLANDE produced a box of cigars, and requested his bachelor friends to help themselves, the Professor observing that, if smoking was not injurious to *them*, it could not possibly affect the muslin curtains—a philosophical remark in which the lady entirely concurred!

During tea, the Professor, winking at his bachelor friends, informed them that he had been elected a Director of the "Royal Sand Bank," and that in performance of his duties he should be obliged at least once a week to sleep upon the premises, at which announcement the bachelor friends were much concerned. The lady, however, composedly observed that business must be attended to, and hoped that "EDWARD" (meaning the Professor) would take his nightcap with him, and ascertain that the beds were well aired!

A very pretty servant maid waiting at table, the Professor took occasion in her absence to comment upon her personal appearance, the lady confirming his favourable opinion, and adding that PHOENIX was an excellent servant and a very good girl, and regretting in one respect that she was soon about to be married!

The exhibition concluded by PROFESSOR BLANDE ingeniously dropping a letter from his pocket, which the lady picked up, and found to be a Valentine highly coloured. PROFESSOR BLANDE feigned to be much disconcerted at this discovery; but the lady was so amused by his guilty countenance that he was at length constrained to admit that he had written and posted it himself. On hearing this confession the lady pleasantly observed that a little innocent diversion was not dear at a penny, and that it might have been less usefully spent—for example, in snuff, which never made people laugh, though it often made them sneeze. At this mild expression of a feminine prejudice the

bachelor friends lifted up their eyes with one consent, and marvelled hugely.

Before their departure the bachelor friends warmly congratulated PROFESSOR BLANDE upon his invaluable acquisition; and requested him, if he should hear of another specimen, to let them know as soon as convenient; which PROFESSOR B. promised to do, archly observing, however, that he rather flattered himself his exhibition was unique.

STRANGE COMPANIONS.

MR. PUNCH has had his curiosity aroused to ascertain the principle on which a contemporary, one of the pirates of an original idea, selects his portrait gallery of Eminent and Illustrious Individuals. The curious mixture of preachers, politicians, Indian princes, philosophers, and Lord Mayors, which has hitherto made up the "Gallery" is remarkable, but puzzling. PRINCE ALBERT and MR. WALLET "the Shakspearian Clown and Jester," may be fitting companion portraits, but the fitness is not apparent to the popular mind. However, that is the business of the *Illustrated News of the World*, and we shall not be surprised if the gallery list should proceed in this way:—

SPLendid PORTRAITS IN THE HANDS OF THE ENGRAVER.

201 Louis Napoleon	212 The Chancellor of the Exchequer
202 The Wizard of the North	213 Herr Von Joel
203 Mr. Benjamin Caunt	214 Earl Grey
204 The Archbishop of York	215 Mr. Jack Sanders
205 The Tipton Slasher	216 The Princess Alice
206 The Head Waiter at Joe's	217 Wiljabber Frikkle
207 Baron Rothschild	218 Lord Macaulay
208 Paddy Green	219 The Christy Minstrels
209 The Duke of Wellington	220 Rev. Dr. Cumming
210 Miss Gilbert	221 Mr. Ernest Jones
211 Mr. Rarey	222 Mr. Punch.

RANK LUXURIANCE.

THE number of titles one meets with abroad, where every one, from the Landlord down to the "Boots," is a Count.

"LETTERED EASE."—The ease with which the postage-stamps fall off the letters for the want of a little gum.

A COURSE THAT IS NOT MEAT.



THE following parallel is advanced by the *Morning Post* :—

"We don't see why greater unanimity should be demanded of juries in questions of damages than of judges in questions of law. In either case facts are the bases of decision. It appears to us, that it would have been rather a senseless indignity if, in the case of the Brain-tree church-rate question, where eight judges of Exchequer Chamber insisted on one view, and seven on another, the whole fifteen had been transported in a cart, and had been left to settle their differences in the mud of the Thames."

We thoroughly agree with our humorous contemporary. What is good for a box full of jurymen should be equally good for a bench full of judges. We think great benefit might arise from locking up fifteen big-wigs. After fasting four-and-twenty hours,—after being denied wine, fiberts, coffee, whist, music, for an entire evening,—after the inconveniences

of a strange room, separated from the warm fire and the easy chair by the side of it, to say nothing of the other nice comforts of one's happy home,—perhaps our judges would have a little more compassion on jurymen, and do their utmost to get the absurd law altered. Supposing the death of a jurymen were to ensue in consequence of this cruel treatment, would the presiding judge be answerable for it? Could he be indicted for manslaughter? and is it necessary for some such calamity to occur before our lawyers will see the necessity of having the present system materially modified, if not repealed? As it is, the jurymen in many cases is treated with less mercy and consideration than the prisoner at the bar; and perhaps wishes, at the time he is feeling the sharp pangs of hunger, that he could only change places with him. Were the jury composed exclusively of aldermen, or men whose consciences lie in their stomachs, we should see no great hardship in the matter; for the lot would instantaneously agree, sooner than run the risk of losing a dinner. But with conscientious men, whose souls do not float in a tureen of turtle, the trial is somewhat severe. The maxim of "Fast bind, fast find," may be perfectly correct; but we cannot believe that so much fasting is at all binding, simply for the purpose of finding a jury unanimous. The cart, too, in our opinion, is most savagely dragged forward. It is only adding insult to injury, to bring up the *carte* to a set of starving men, when they are not allowed the option of choosing anything!

CORN AND CHAFF.

We clearly must look out. Our success is encouraging a whole swarm of copyists. Imitation is, we know, the homage paid to genius; nevertheless, we cannot say that we feel altogether pleased by it. *Punch* has so long held the post of joke-purveyor to the nation, that it is painful to imagine his having to retire from it. Yet, if the practice of facetious writing spreads much further, the time cannot be far distant when we must put our shutters up. Every man is now becoming his own *Punch*; and, as everyone, of course, thinks more of his own jokes than of anybody else's, there is the fear that *Punch* may soon be nationally dispensed with.

To show that this calamity is really getting imminent, we beg to cite a passage from a corn-factor's Price Current, which has been sent for our inspection by a country correspondent—

"Sir, Being rather of a musical turn, a variety of airs often intrude themselves on our meditations, but it is long since that the air of 'There's a good time coming, only wait a little longer,' has been charmed, and 'Thou art gone from my gaze' substituted, accompanied by the 'Light of other days;' still our tone is not so subdued that we would not listen to 'Come, cheer up, my lads,' although the prospect of the wheat trade is not over-cheering; if we get a glimpse of sunshine one week, it is overcast the next, no redemption of the lost shilling or two on Monday last, during the week, a few more frosty days may give a little more life to the trade, but till the turn of the year we cannot expect much revival in anything. * * Nothing could be much worse than the wheat trade this morning, except the weather, which was very foggy and gloomy; only dry parcels taken; and these were at a reduction of 1s. on the terms of this day week. Foreign scarcely heeded. Flour very irregular. * * Oats in dull demand. * *

"Faithfully yours, &c."

This circular has been issued by certain MESSRS. GROVES, who, though their place is in Mark Lane, must be viewed as close connections to the famous Groves of Blarney. The object of their circular

being to excite a laugh, we have no objection to admit it to our columns, where, as matter for hilarity, it more fitly finds a place than among the business papers of the merchants it was sent to. At the same time, however, we must caution MESSRS. GROVES that it is only for its novelty we publish their facetiousness.

As tending to relieve the monotony of business, the writing comic circulars might be excused, if it were not for the fear that they may injure *Punch*. At the same time, we feel little apprehension on that score, so long as their facetiousness is not more convulsing than that of MESSRS. GROVES. The joke they crack about the weather may be cited as a proof of the mildness of the season. Indeed, we cannot avoid thinking that, in coming out as joke-factors, these corn-factors forget the old "*Ne sutor*" principle.

"A PRESS OF HIGHLY IMPORTANT MATTER."

ALTHOUGH reporters of the press are in general to be commended for the circumspection of their language, slips of the pen will yet occasionally occur; and one of these we notice in a passage which was printed in the *Times* the other day, having reference to an Evening Service at St. Paul's :—

"The Vice-Chancellor SIR W. PAGE WOOD was an occupant of one of the reserved seats, on which there was more than ordinary pressure."

To make "more than ordinary pressure" on a seat, the sitter must of course be more than ordinarily ponderous; and to readers unacquainted with SIR W. PAGE WOOD, the above words would convey a quite erroneous impression of him. They might picture him a man of aldermanic ponderosity, and might conceive that if he had had regard for the fitness of things, he ought by rights to have been seated among the Corporation. But we, who know SIR PAGE WOOD personally, know him to be spare in person, and therefore think he should be spared from such an imputation.

In making such allusion to the weight of the Vice-Chancellor, we cannot say the *Times* speaks with undue levity. The gravamen of our charge is, simply, that the language undeniably is personal, and it cannot be alleged that it is founded upon fact.

It is quite right that a judge should be looked upon and spoken of as being a man of weight; but in such case we infer that the weight which is imputed to him is not bodily but mental. We do not think that one's ideas of the importance of a Chancellor would be heightened by one's picturing him as ponderous of person; and as in this instance the imputation of obesity is in substance incorrect, we certainly can see the less shadow of excuse for it.

PETTICOAT PROTECTION.

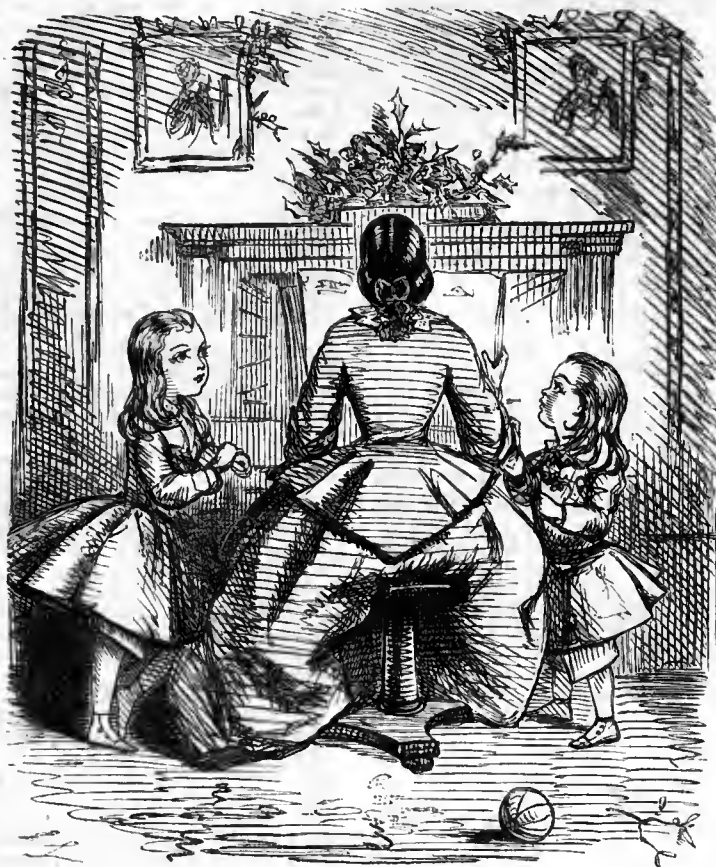
If ladies will wear Crinoline, clearly something must be done to protect them from its consequences. We must either adopt the Russian plan, and give up burning open fires, or else prevent the chance of female suicide through contact with them. As it is, we never see a lady on the hearthrug, without fearing she will make an *auto da fé* of herself. We have put down in India the practice of *Suttee*, but in England wives and daughters are consumed as well as widows. Clearly, if we wish to see advancement in our census, we must stop these female sacrifices on their idol Fashion's altar. Lives enough are lost through their shoes and tight-lacing, without our adding Crinoline as a depopulating influence.

Unless dresses are made fire-proof, no one, while the present stuck-out fashion lasts, can wear them safely. As a deterrent from wide petticoats, we should pass an Act of Parliament to regulate their sale, and should permit none to be worn without being marked "DANGEROUS!" The chances of incendiarism are so numerous, that were a Crinoline Insurance Company established, it could not possibly withstand the constant claims that would be made on it. Fire-escapes should be provided in all drawing-rooms, by which ladies when alight might be rescued without scorching. As an additional precaution, the air-tubes of the petticoat might all be filled with water, and fitted with the means, when needful, to eject it. Every lady thus would, in fact, be her own fire-engine, and could play upon herself the moment her dress caught. At a moderate computation, a properly-spread petticoat contains some thousand feet of tubing; and such a reservoir as this would hold enough to put out any common-place conflagration. The more cold water that is thrown on Crinoline the better; although we fear the rage for it burns with such a heat, that no cold water we can throw through our columns will extinguish it.

The Jury Starvation System.

Q. WHAT foreign institution does Starving a Jury approach the nearest to?

A. The Diet of Hungary.



JUVENILE ETYMOLOGY.

Master Jack. "MAMMA DEAR! NOW ISN'T THIS CALLED KISSMAS TIME, BECAUSE EVERYBODY KISSES EVERYBODY UNDER THE MISTLETOE? ADA SAYS, IT ISN'T."

ULTRA-CREPIDATORS.

COLERIDGE, in one of his letters to SIR HUMPHREY DAVY, says:—

"That I was a well-meaning sutor who had ultra-crepitated with more zeal than wisdom!! I give myself credit for that word 'ultra-crepitated;' it started up in my brain like a creation."

Yes, it is a fine cobbled word. We like the notion of ultra-crepitating as little as we like the race of men who, if we may be allowed to coin at the same mint, may be called "ultra-crepidators." And society is full of these abominable busy-bodies, who make it their business to attend to everybody else's business but their own.

A builder, who will persist in being his own architect, is an Ultra-crepidator, to whom we are indebted for the heaps of mushroom villas and fungi mansions, that, in wild luxuriance, are stuccoed over the suburbs of London.

The apothecary, who presumes to give advice as if he were a medical man, is also an Ultra-crepidator, who causes an infinity of mischief by going beyond the boundary of his pestle and mortar. The bills, as well as the pills, of mortality, (by which we mean all Life-Pills,) are largely indebted to him for their increase.

The manager of a theatre, who fancies he can write just as well as any practised author, and will persist in thrusting on the stage his own puny fareclings, that are so weak that there is no chance of their making a stand, much less having a run, is another ngly phase of the Ultra-crepidator, whose attempts at wit are so atrociously bad, that it would be a real comfort to know he had stuck to his "last."

The man who ventures to interfere in a matrimonial quarrel between man and wife, is a rich specimen of the Ultra-crepidatorial class, whose folly is generally rewarded, as it deserves to be, by his "catching it" severely on both sides.

The patriot who abuses the power of his influence by setting class against class, is in his way an Ultra-crepidator, who generally finds out his mistake by the time that the popularity, upon which he has been trading, has all but left him, when the chances are, he is the first to fall the victim to the prejudices he has created.

ASTROLOGY FOR-IRISH BLACKGUARDS.

TAURUS in the Cusp of the Tenth House. LOONEY MACTWOLTER joins a Riband Society.

Mars in Square with Saturn. LOONEY purchases a blunderbuss.

Aries in Trine to Cancer. The lot to assassinate a Landlord falls upon LOONEY.

Retrocession of proud Jupiter in the Crab. LOONEY loads his blunderbuss with slugs, and sneaks behind a hedge.

Mars in Leo. LOONEY fires his blunderbuss at somebody else's Landlord, and shoots his own Priest by mistake.

Mercury in Square with Libra. A reward being offered for the apprehension of the murderer, LOONEY is betrayed by several of his associates, tried at the Assizes, found guilty by a jury of his country, and sentenced to death.

Oculation of Jupiter by the Moon. LOONEY MACTWOLTER is hanged.

HOT WATER WITH AMERICA.

ANOTHER serious complication with America is unfortunately to be apprehended. Yesterday an individual arrayed in an ample blue coat of broad cloth, with brass buttons, a buff waistcoat and drab breeches; his legs encased in top boots, his upper storey surmounted with a broad-brimmed hat, his hands in his pockets, and a cudgel under his arm, calling himself JOHN BULL, was conveyed to the Police Office on a charge of swindling. In his pockets were found abundant evidence that his real name was OBADIAH BRUM, of Brumville, N. Y.; on the manifestation of which fact he "cut up rough," and declared that the British constabulary officials had in his person violated the privileges of an American citizen by exercising the Right of Search. Correspondence on the subject has taken place between Mr. DALLAS and LORD MALMESBURY.

Classical Conundrum.

Picked up near St. Paul's.

Q. If a gent wished to invite another to his house, and wanted to remind him to put on his best toggery, in what one Latin word could he express both wishes?

A. "Circumspice!" (i. e., *Gentice*, "Sir, come spicely!")

The country, that makes a practice of intermeddling on all occasions with the private affairs of other nations, is guilty of Ultra-crepidation of the saddest and most ruinous nature, from the effects of which it rarely ever recovers. A National Debt is the mildest punishment of such practices; for they likewise involve a painful loss of life and character, for which the instigators of the wicked folly should be held legally, as they are morally, responsible.

Circumlocution is an indirect form of Ultra-crepidation, for the last business it attends to is mostly the one it has taken in hand. It shines particularly in minding everything but its own business; or if it does by accident attend to it, it turns out by the time it commences, there is no further occasion for its services. The business in the meantime, has quietly settled itself.

And lastly, any one who is guilty of aiming at an excellence he is disqualified by nature and education from attaining—for instance, any one who is vain enough to compete with *Punch*,—is an arrant Ultra-crepidator, whose impertinence is deserving of our heartiest contempt, which we accordingly award to him in the most liberal manner.

If only for the last reason, all future dictionaries should be enriched with the addition of the word "Ultra-crepidator," to which should be appended the classical names of COLERIDGE and *Punch*.

"THE LATE EARTHQUAKE IN PORTUGAL."

We read a paragraph in a newspaper with the above heading. We only wondered what could have occurred to an Earthquake on the road to make it *late*. We always laboured under the idea that an Earthquake was always up in a crack, and waited—neither for time, tide, man, woman, or child. Did the Earthquake hesitate before it took its huge meal, fancying that there might be Naples, or the Tuileries, or some other place worthier of its dainty swallow? However, let an earthquake come ever so late, we should think it must always be on the ground very much too early.

EXTRAORDINARY MEETING OF WHALES.

WE have been informed by our Æsop, that a meeting of Whales took place the other day off a large iceberg in the Arctic regions to take into consideration the probability of their speedy extinction in case of the much longer continuance of hoop and spring petticoats. The meeting was rather thinly attended, in consequence of the number of *Cetacea* which have been lately destroyed for the sake of the Whalebone which they supply for the manufacture of Crinoline, or some of its machinery. A great bottle-nosed Whale stated that the price of whalebone had risen to full four times the amount which it cost previously to the outbreak of the Crinolinomania. According to a *Physeter macrocephalus*, spermaceti had risen as high as whalebone for the same reason, and there would very soon be an end of ointment if the ladies went on causing the existing consumption of Whales. Several Whales complained bitterly of the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH for setting the fashion which is threatening to destroy them from off the bosom of the ocean, and threw torrents of ridicule on the ladies of England for the servility and sheepish or gooselike gregariousness with which they imitate her. A Narwal wished his horn was in the Crinoline of her Imperial MAJESTY, with her Imperial MAJESTY in the Crinoline. He added, that he derived some consolation for his bereavements and bodily fear, from the fact, that if the hoop-fashion was deadly to the Whales, it was also suicidal to the wearers; and that it was better to be harpooned than burnt to death. A suspicious looking craft here heaving in sight, the Whales ceased spouting, and broke up their assembly with a sagacity which was very like a whale.

The Defenceless State of England.

AMONGST the number of Scotchmen, who will be probably attracted to London from Scotland, to witness the BURNS festival at Sydenham, how many are likely, we are curious to know, to take *return tickets*? The railways should be compelled to take them back; or else the Crystal Palace Directors ought to be indicted for not supporting them, after having lured them into this country. If not, all the Refuges that we at present have, or may expeditiously build, will be absurdly insufficient to meet the dire emergency.



SCARCELY A DELICATE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Swell Bagman. "Now, what's the smallest sum I can give you without being considered mean?"

THE PEERS CONDEMNED BY THEMSELVES.

WE doubt if MR. BRIGHT has said anything against the Peers that could reflect upon them half as badly as their own actions. In truth the Peers (many of them, at least,) are their own enemies. If we wanted two formidable witnesses in favour of some of the choicest attributes of their order, we should summon the DUKE OF BEAUFORT and LORD LINDSAY. The Duke should testify to the nature of the refined sports of the aristocracy; the Lord should give evidence as to the average range of their intellects. The Aunt Sally could be called as a witness to give a character to the one; while no stronger affidavit in favour of the intellectual attainments of the other could be wished for than reading out openly in Court one of his printed letters. We wonder whose noble turn it will be next. The Peers are so scandalously decried, that we should like one of their calumniated order to make a glorious exhibition of himself every week. CLANRICARDE might generously rush forward to give simple-minded commoners an opportunity of judging with their own impartial eyes what aristocratic purity was; and LORDS CARDIGAN and LUCAN could venture afterwards into the public arena, and give interesting as well as convincing examples of what a Lord, when put fairly to the intellectual test, is capable of doing. If at a loss for assistance, they might call in the talents of LORD INGESTRIE, whose *début* at Cremorne proved that he was a Peer of the very first water; so much so, that we wonder the one on the banks of the Thames, that leads to the Gardens, has never, out of compliment, been called after him. With such a Macedonian phalanx of ability, the exhibition would be, not only instructive, but amusing.

The Sea-Scoundrel's Sanctuary.

THE honour of a vessel sailing under the American flag is more sacred than that of CÆSAR'S wife. She must not even be inspected. The Stars and Stripes cover a multitude of slave-traders and filibusters, and it is better that any number of those rascals should escape than that one honest Yankee merchantman should be examined.

A BULL AND A PIG.

IN its report of a case tried in the Sheriff's Court the other day, we find this curious statement made by a contemporary:—

"Some questions then arose as to a disease to which the pig had been subject, and it was elicited that slaughterers frequently killed pigs to save their lives."

Do they, really? Well, very possibly in Ireland they may; but surely not in England; eh, Mr. Reporter? Pigstickers in Paddyland may kill pigs "to save their lives;" but we can scarcely imagine Englishmen would have the wit to do so. Indeed, were the pigs themselves allowed a squeak in the matter, we can conceive an Irish pig might fancy it would save its life to have its throat coat, but we question if an English one would run the risk of trying it. If, to please the pigs, it were put to the grunt whether, to save their lives, they would consent to being slaughtered, very likely in a mixed assembly of pigs, those from the Green Isle might submit to the experiment. But supposing that the Britishers were asked to squeak their acquiescence, there would be no need to caution them: "Now, don't all squeak at once!" for we have a strong idea that there would be unbroken "Silence in the pig-market."

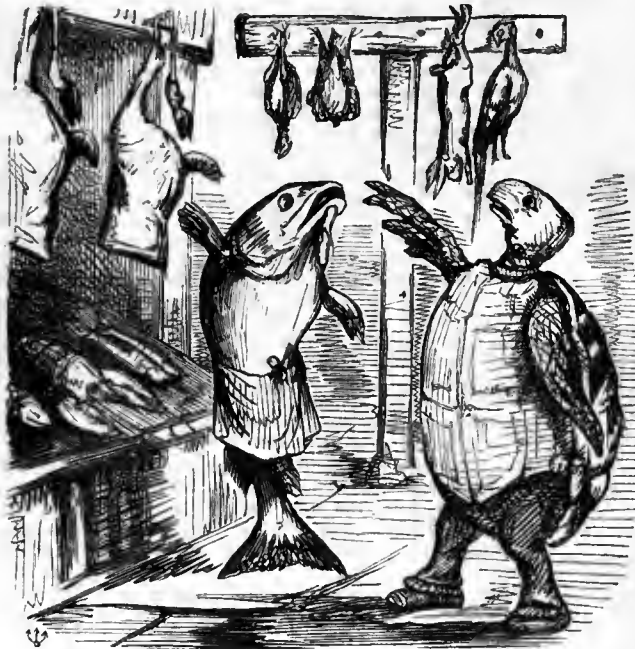
REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

OUR contemporary, the *Standard*, in a late leading article, had the following suspicious-looking passage:—

"Our public journals, too, have the tact not to exalt the acts of delinquents into deeds of heroism, and so they fall to their proper degrading level; what this level is, no one can conceive who has not passed some weeks *practically* in a gaol."

We are, however, bound to say that the context of the above quotation quite dispels the suspicion which the text may possibly excite. The whole of the article, indeed, indicates such a preponderance of the higher sentiments as to show that, if the author ever was in gaol on any charge, either he was innocent, or else has become a wonderful example of the reformatory effects of prison discipline.

DINNER TIME. PART II.



AKING our way in the direction of Cornhill, on leaving the American, we enter upon a perfectly different atmosphere, as it were, and meet a different class of men altogether. St. Paul's Alley is the locality we choose next to explore, with your kind permission, *Mr. Punch*; and traversing that defile under the shadow of St. Paul's Church, Cornhill, we reach an old-fashioned queer-looking house, cheerfully situated exactly opposite the churchyard, through the windows of which (the house, not the churchyard) we discern a good deal of eating and drinking going on; and an inscription on the door informs us that it is the "Woolsack;" and a savoury smell further informs us, that the said Woolsack is apparently full of good things.

We will, if you please, walk in and enter the dark, quiet, comfortable dining-room, on our entering which, WILLIAM, the head waiter, immediately hands us a volume of several pages, containing a catalogue of the goods of the establishment. The head waiter here is always called WILLIAM, I don't know why, the present incumbent, so to speak, being a foreigner, and evidently MAX, or FRITZ, or some such outlandish name. You will find the refreshments good, and the company generally calm, deliberative, and quiet; the notable exception to which is to be found in that box at the far corner, which is occupied by those very stunning swells in the whiskers. They are representatives of a class which is very large indeed in the City; and if you will take the trouble to listen for a minute, you will at once recognise the peculiarities of their school. "Well, JACK," says one, "What did you do over the Leger?" "Why, backed the *Hadji*, and lost, of course. Just my luck. That's the fourteenth time I've run second this year. Gave FRANK a commission, too, to back *Sunbeam* at twenties, and the beggar couldn't get on." "Well," says the other, "you're down on your luck, that's clear. Hallo, here's TOM! Why, TOM, how are you? where have you been? Haven't seen you for an age." "Been? oh, I've been down at the Oval just now. Match on at rackets. By Jove, I'll back BOUCHER against any man out. Here, WILLIAM! where's the book? Let's have a cider cup. Seen *Bell, CHARLEY*? What's the latest odds?"

You know them now, I dare say. Yes, you're right; sporting characters these are, and very well known. They go to RAFAEL'S sometimes; and wherever they go, they take care to let all the company know all about the state of their books; whether TOM is likely to play in the Surrey and All England; and all about that last little fight down Erith way.

A curious race these men, and almost entirely indigenous to the City. West-End sporting men are less demonstrative, as a rule, and growl out their remarks as if they were rather ashamed of what they are doing. Your City man, however, delights in it, and takes care to have it well known. They mostly have very dashing little gigs and other traps to trot about in. They always know a man who can be backed to do anything against any other man; and are continually being "put up to good things," which, curiously enough, never seem to "come off." They are specially great in Gracechurch Street, where they may be seen at all hours, greedily reading telegrams, full of the most atrocious lies, from Newmarket, Epsom, where not? with the big time-keeper of the omnibuses in that charming locality. The scratching of this horse, the weighting of that filly, seem to take up all their time; and how, in the name of wonder, they manage to find leisure to attend to their proper businesses, is a marvel. Still, we suppose they do, as they always seem to have plenty of money; and "backing horses," you are perfectly aware, *Mr. Punch*, never did pay yet, and never will.

But you must not suppose the Woolsack is a sporting house. Far from it. Intense respectability is the order of the day; and you may see good "warm" men continually at the "Sack." It is essentially a dining and not a luncheon house (though, if you like sitting in a fiery furnace, there is a little chop and steak room), and boasts of a large spectral smoking-room, once the delight of churchwardens, and in which parochial balls and dinners without end have taken place. There is a queer little pigeon-hole next the roof, where the band used to be; but however the drum found room, let alone the trombone, we don't pretend to say.

There is a queer customer twice a week in the smoking-room here, who smoketh not, but spends his time in paying and receiving untold sums of wealth, and apparently makes his office here. The Sack is quiet and comfortable, *Mr. Punch*; and if we had not our work cut out for us, much would I like to smoke several calumets with you; but "*die Kunst ist lang, und kurz ist unser Leben*;" and we must be off down Cornhill, past the terrific passage of the Mansion House, where omnibus nursing nearly sends a pole into the small of our back, and thus puts a stop to the present series, and plunge into narrow Bucklersbury, and dive with all speed (as it is getting late, and if we are not quick, we shall not get a seat) into

ISHANT'S establishment, the most famous slap-bangery in London.

The first impression that will naturally occur to your mind will be, that you are in a lunatic asylum; the second, that you are an Eastern potentate, being lulled to repose by the soft melody of the *bul-bul*.

The first idea is caused by the wild and excited gestures of the waiters, who, in light holland frock-coats, go flying about the place to the number, as it appears to your excited imagination, of several hundreds; and the second, by a soft murmuring sound, a sort of gentle humming, which you can't, for the life of you make out. You sit down, finding an uncoupled seat with considerable difficulty, and look about you with a good deal of astonishment. This is the very superior class of slap-bang, indeed; in fact, you can hardly call it a slap-bang at all. Everything is as clean as can be expected, the waiters are nimble and civil, and the company vastly superior to the general run of customers at places of the kind. The reason for this latter fact will be at once obvious to you, if you will proceed to have your dinner. You call that beneficent-looking individual with a very Tower of Babel of plates and dish-covers in his hands, and inquire, "What have you got?" Then you understand the reason of the dulcet sounds you heard on first entering the building, as he begins blandly and unctuously pouring forth the bill of fare. He generally begins with "Roast gewse, roast mutton and onion sos, boiled veal and ham, roast beef." Then a crowd of delicacies come knocking each other's heads together, and tumbling over each other, until you fall into a state of utter delirium, from which you are at length aroused by "Jugged-er-hare, ox-tail, and moek turtle." You generally make a shot at something, it being utterly impossible to remember the whole catalogue; and it is about ten to one you will be right, it being a favourite boast of ISHANT'S regular patrons that boiled hippopotamus or jugged elephant and asparagus tops, would certainly be forthcoming if they were asked for. How this may be, we don't know; but this we do know, that the plate of beef we consume is perfect, that the beer is all that can be desired, and that the charge is very small.

These two boys who have just come into our box will give you some idea of the kind of light in which your juvenile clerk who patronises ISHANT, looks upon him. One of them is evidently new to the place; and we should think, from his general appearance, has only very lately come into the City. He is very proud of being a "City man," and of his forty or fifty pounds a-year, which he thinks a fortune; and is not quite certain yet whether he will be a partner in ROTHSCHILD'S, or the beadle at the Royal Exchange, a functionary whom he looks upon with the greatest respect. His friend is quite *blasé*, and is, like almost all clerks of the present day, a great swell. He exchanges a good day with JAMES, the waiter, bespeaks the paper with an air of great authority, and proceeds to enlighten his companion somewhat to the following effect: "Yes, oh yes, JAMES has been here for a great many years; in fact, before I went into ROBINSON AND JACKSON'S." The speaker is about fifteen. "He gets five hundred a-year, and does it for his amusement. He is very well off. Oh yes, ISHANT is very rich indeed. He keeps a carriage. They do about two thousand dinners a-day here." This (almost a literal transcript of a conversation we overheard the other day) is listened to with great attention; and the neophyte is rather shy afterwards of presenting his coppers to ISHANT *filis*, who takes the money in the kindest way; and he appears to be much relieved by the easy and graceful manner in which his tribute is received and pocketed.

The most curious thing about ISHANT'S is the rapidity with which the *convives* get through

their dinners. A man dashes in, hastily orders, is quickly served, and hurriedly bolts his food. Then rushes wildly to pay, and is gone before you have taken your breath, or have time to cry, "Jack Robinson!" Stop here half-an-hour, and the chances are that you will not see half-a-dozen men who were here on your entrance.

We have no means of knowing exactly the truth of our young friend's statements, and, in fact, are rather inclined to disbelieve them (we beg his pardon, "should this meet his eye"); but we would be very glad to know that they were more or less true, as ISHANT'S was our first love; and we, consequently, take a very great deal of interest in his welfare.

MRS. PUNCH'S ORATION.

Suddenly delivered, without threat or warning, to the astounded Mr. Punch, as he peacefully sat with his family at breakfast.

"AND so, Mr. Punch, you have thrown off the mask, have you, at last, and shown the cloven foot under it. It was worth while waiting for such a confession, certainly, very well worth while indeed. Now, I suppose we may say that the cup of woman's wrongs is full and running over. I shall not command my temper, Mr. Punch, and so I tell you. While there is anything to be gained by hypocrisy, a woman is the best of hypocrites; but fool as you may think her, she is not such a fool as to play the hypocrite for nothing. That she leaves to the precious lords of creation. I shall say just exactly what comes into my mind, and I shall say it in the plainest words. There's no law of divorce against a poor woman because she speaks in short words instead of long ones, so far as I am given to understand, though there may be for anything I know to the contrary, considering what a cowardly and dastardly divorce law you have made against us, enacting, as you call it, that downright cruelty is not enough to entitle a woman to be rid of a brute for ever and ever.

"You read the *Times*, Mr. Punch. Don't deny that, when you sit reading it all breakfast time, never putting in a word of conversation any more than if me and the children were pigs, and if anybody disturbs you, though it's only to ask whether you will not have some hotter coffee or a bit more bloater or haddock (for you like your comforts at home at breakfast, though you go out for them to dinner, just like your inconsistency) there is a black look, and one's nose snapped off. You read the *Times*, I say, and of course you read the precious leading article, and nice leading I call it when husbands are to be led astray by a newspaper, and wives to be scolded and illtreated if they don't air it for them, and lay it humbly by the side of the napkin against my lord chooses to leave off dawdling over his toilette, and come down to breakfast. You read the article the other morning, I don't know which date it was, but if some people paid more attention to dates, they would not let their lawful wife's birthday go by without a bit of a present or a dinner; but that's what we all have to expect, and Heaven help you, girls, if you believe that because your lovers write down your birthdays in their pocket-books now, and send you verses, and bring you bracelets, that will go on when you are Mrs. BROWN and Mrs. JONES, not a bit of it, so don't you think it.

"Well, Mr. Punch, you read in the *Times* that family dinners are very bad, which is false, and that wives pay no attention to cookery, and if we marry to make ourselves slaves and cookmaids, you'd better say so at once, and get it put into the marriage service, and say that as SARAH cooked for ABRAHAM, we are to cook for you—I think I hear myself saying it—and then the writer goes on condescendingly to assure us that Mr. A. and Mr. B., and Mr. C. and Mr. D. don't excuse themselves from dining at home as they ought to do out of any dislike or disrespect for the poor creatures they have married, but that they make a little party at the bestly club, and join to have all sorts of nice things, only because they can't be got at home. They would as soon have the society of ladies as not, indeed they are good enough to prefer to have it, if they could have the clever cookery too, but if one can't be had without doing without the other, of course pitch the wives out of window, and let us have the *Polage à la Reine*; not that the QUEEN, God bless her! would sanction your giving her name to an excuse for neglecting your duties and your families, and if I was her, I'd make it high treason for any man to dine where his wife didn't go.

"This is the state of things, Mr. Punch. This is the what d'ye call it coral something, to be drawn from the cant about woman's mission, and the influence of woman in civilising society, and the angel in the house, and all the rest of the sentimental rubbish that you have been talking these ten years. It comes to this, that the lawful wife of your bosom and the mother of your blessed babes is all very well in her place, but sooner than dine with her off plain and honest fare, you will desert her and go to a vile club with a pack of men to talk politics and scandal about the ballet girls, and all the rest of the abominable trash that men talk, though they sneer at us for liking to have a little conversation sometimes about our children and how they get on, and about the dresses which we wear, I'm sure for no love of millinery, for I'd sooner go about in stuff than in satin, but because we naturally desire to do credit to our station and to our husbands' taste and respectability.

Never draw back from this, Mr. Punch, never begin again with your preaching about the holiness of woman's position and the deferential respect which ought to be shown her by every chivalrous mind, when you proclaim, and here it is in black and white, and I mean to keep it by me to my dying day, (and however soon that may be I was going to say I don't care), and it shall bear witness to the estimate which husbands of the nineteenth century place upon their wives. We should like their society if we could get good dinners as well, but as we can only get the good dinners (which is false) elsewhere, we will leave our wives to their lonesomeness, and go off to the club.

"Very good, Mr. Punch, I only wanted just to say one word upon the matter, because it is always right to expose hypocritical pretences, and because I like you to know that though I don't bury my head in a paper and scowl at a poor child if he happens to ask for more marmalade or anything—Oh, not that he'd dare to speak to you, he knows better than that—I say that you may see that I understand the meaning of what I read, though we are so unfit for intellectual society that you would sooner go with a parcel of men to the club and talk about the antics of the ballet and—"

[An awful organ-player here struck up close to the window, and, for the first time in his life, Mr. Punch blessed an organ-grinder for making further conversation impossible.]

"ON HORROR'S HEAD HORRORS ACCUMULATE!"

WE are not over-sensitive, and can keep our feelings generally pretty well within control; but we own that our first glance at the following advertisement thrilled us with such horror as completely overcame us:—

WANTED, TO OPEN Immediately, a Sentimental Singer, and also a Lady Comic Singer. None need apply but what are good. Proprietor, MR. JAMES TILLEY, Royal Concert Hall, Middlesex.

There is a cold-bloodedness about this announcement which is enough to freeze the very marrow in one's bones. It is no new thing to hear a new situation spoken of as being a "good opening" for any one in want of it; but the opening in such case is a figurative expression; and personal advancement, not dissection, is implied by it. A man must be a worse than *Shylock* to require the immediate opening of two persons; and we should hardly think the law would sanction the commission of such horrible barbarity. It is a not uncommon thing to find vocalists "cut up;" but this is not a work of surgery, but criticism; and the only knife employed in such case is the penknife. But the announcement we have quoted is expressed so unmistakeably, that an actual operation seems clearly to be threatened by it; and, were we a comic or a sentimental singer, we certainly should hesitate before applying for a place where the delights of a dissecting-room are probably awaiting us.



An Artful Dodd-ger.

THE munificence of MR. DODD, the eminent dust-contractor, has been described by a poor expectant, who had been building large hopes on the five acres of ground promised by that gentleman to the Dramatic College, and afterwards withdrawn, as nothing less than "dirt-cheap."

THE IRISH TENANT.

THE Irish lessee's common practice of subletting his holding, when it causes an estate to be occupied by a series of subtenants, one under the other, creates a species of tenancy which young solicitors, in passing their examinations, may take occasion to describe as Tenancy in Tail.

WAITS THAT ARE WANTED.—Uniform ones for the measurement of eorn throughout the United Kingdom.



SERVE HIM RIGHT.

Sweet (who, when he is asked to dine at half-past six, thinks it fine to come at half-past eight). "HAW! I'M AFRAID YOU 'VE BEEN WAITING DINNAW FOR ME!"

Lady of the House. "OH DEAR, NO! WE HAVE DINED SOME TIME; WILL YOU TAKE SOME TEA?"

SEASONABLE STATISTICS.

As proofs that agricultural distress is still existent, and as tending to excite one's pity for its victims, we copy from the *Times* these saddening particulars:—

"NORFOLK TURKEYS.—It will perhaps excite some astonishment when it is stated that last week 10,746 turkeys were despatched as Christmas presents to the Metropolis, the greater part coming from Norfolk, and being placed on the railway at Norwich. It is generally considered that a turkey, with sausages, hamper, carriage, &c., costs £1, and these presents, therefore, represent an aggregate expenditure of £10,000. After this one may employ *Mr. Pencil's* observation last week—"Not bad, for the Eastern Counties."

Writing as recipients of a fair share of these presents, we think this statement should excite something more than mere "astonishment." We should hope that in at least 10,000 heads in London, the bumps of gratitude and veneration have been worthily developed, and that the organs of benevolence have been in sympathy excited. Indeed, when we say 10,000, we speak much within the mark. Allowing on an average a dozen to each turkey, we find that 128,952 Londoners were the better for the birds, and as turkey is digestible we hope none found themselves the worse for them. With regard, however, to the sausages, we must own to feeling some misgivings on this score. Sausages are much more excitiv of dyspepsia; and as probably three pounds at least accompanied each turkey, there would be more than 30,000 lb. to be digested. Thirty thousand pounds of too, too solid sausage! We shudder to think how heavily they would weigh upon their eaters, and what studs of nightmares they too probably would breed!

Parents who delight to plague their children in the holidays, and do their best to spoil their appetite for pudding by setting them tough sums to work out while they are swallowing it, might concoct some puzzling problems from the figures in this paragraph. It would be interesting to calculate how high above the Monument the hampers would have reached, had they been heaped all a-top of one another at its base; and striking a mean average of six sausages to the pound, with three inches length in each, it might be asked how many times

would they in single coil festoon round the *Leviathan*, and what bare inches would be left if they were laid upon her deck? Problems still more difficult might be founded on the reciprocity these presents doubtless caused: and algebraic calculations might be worked to find out x , that being the "unknown quantity" of oysters which left town, as *quid pro quo* for the 10,000 turkeys which were sent to it. As a barrel of "best natives" costs not much above a crown, and as one of these is thought a fair equivalent for a turkey, it seems clear that the exchange has been in favour of the Londoner; and we therefore beg to intimate to all our country cousins, that for as many turkeys' bills as they may beg us to accept, we will value them in oysters at the usual rate.

To wind up with a homily, as befits this festive season.—Let us, O Cockney brethren, lay this paragraph to heart; and what though our country friends may bore us in the Spring, let us think of the Ten Thousand Turkeys growing for our use, and of the miles and miles of sausages then grunting in the sty, but with which, when Christmas cometh, our country folk in links of friendship, will enchain us.

News of the New Year.

As a proof of the political dulness of the season, we may mention that we saw this morning a barrow-load of turnips, which a costermonger was wheeling past our office, and of which the greens, if not the roots, were all over severely pitted as if with the smallpox. We did not imagine that vegetables were subject to this dangerous disease, but if they are, they certainly ought to be vaccinated, and as many as have already caught it should be given to the cow.

APROPPOS DE BOTTES.—Italy has often been compared to a boot. Taking it on this footing, we suppose Austria may be called "the iron" that has "entered its sole."



REFORM SNAP-DRAGON.



MR. BARNUM'S MISSION.



THE Address which MR. BARNUM, the American Missionary, has repeated at St. James's Hall will be re-delivered, no doubt, to numerous British audiences, to their great edification in the faith of which that reverend gentleman is a minister. The worship of the Almighty Dollar does not essentially differ from the devotion to I. S. D. which is practised in these islands. MR. BARNUM will do a considerable service to the cause of economy by representing Humberg, as the means, to the acquisition of money, as the end, of the doctrine which he so eloquently preaches. If people can be only persuaded to pursue riches by the path of Humberg, as Humberg is defined by MR. BARNUM, the county and borough rates will be materially lessened, for swindling and stealing will be generally relinquished, and the number of commitments will decrease. Rogues who were wont to commit gross fraud, will now learn that Humberg is the best

policy. MR. BARNUM is the NEWTON of Humberg. The former philosopher is, in relation to Humberg, as the latter with regard to gravitation. He is the expounder of the principle of the great social force. Moreover, he represents it as consisting in attraction—the centripetal power exerted by advertisements and puffery. Regarded in this point of view, Humberg assumes a peculiar interest. What is Love? Evidently a species of sentimental Humberg.

The various arts of dress by which attention is gained, and affection inspired, are so many exemplifications of an elegant Humberg. The delicate attentions which young ladies receive from their admirers are refined Humberg. Humberg rules the camp, the court, the grove, for Love is Humberg, and Humberg is Love.

Of course MR. BARNUM does not seriously mean to say that Humberg does not involve falsehood and fraud, and he would not insult a fellow-philosopher by pretending to say so. What he does mean to say is, that the fraud and falsehood of Humberg are unindictable. Parochial Humberg is the art of obtaining money on pretences which are not legally false. It is not felony, or even a misdemeanour. Humberg is the rule of conduct observed by the sincere Professor; and MR. BARNUM will promote the most important interests of monetary society, if, by the continuance of his labours of love in his present sphere of usefulness, he shall succeed in effecting its general adoption. As bitter beer is swallowed for want of old ale, so must Humberg be accepted as a substitute for old fashioned morality.

Parallel Passages.

THE Signs of a Hard Winter seem very general. Thus we read in the *Times*, that upwards of 100 persons have given notice of their intention to apply to be admitted as Attorneys in the ensuing term; while the Country Papers inform us, probably of the same fact, in the announcement, that "Great flocks of Cormorants have lately been seen in the Southern Counties."

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.—The work done in the House of Commons.

THE DECLINE OF TURKEY.

We take the following from a contemporary, and hope there is no truth in it:—

"THE SULTAN AND HIS CREDITORS.—A Constantinople letter of the 18th December, in the *Novelliste* of Marsilles, says:—'A demonstration took place a few days ago, on the part of the persons who supply the palace, and whose accounts still remain unpaid. The Sultan was on his way from Top Hané, where he had breakfasted, to the palace of Dolma Baktché, when he was met by an assemblage of nearly 300 of these creditors, who crowded round the imperial *cortège*, calling for justice. The first movement of the Sultan, at finding himself surrounded by this crowd, who were uttering loud cries, was to lay hold of the hilt of his sabre, but soon discovering the pacific character of the demonstration, he ordered that three of the creditors should be delegated to call on HAKI BEY, who should that very evening receive the necessary orders on the subject of the claims. The following day three of the principal creditors waited on HAKI BEY, who sent them to RIZI PACHA, the president of the commission formed for the settlement of the accounts of the civil list, but which has only held one or two sittings, for form's sake. RIZI assured them that all their accounts should be paid, but that at present funds were wanting. Meantime, many of these unfortunate men, who are pressed by their own creditors, have been obliged to suspend payment, and several of them have been completely ruined. A similar demonstration was made two days after by the workmen of the Imperial buildings.'

If this story be true, we beg in charity to hint, that it would be an act of friendship towards our old ally, if MR. GLADSTONE, after he has settled the Ionians, would lend the Sultan his assistance in settling with his creditors. As Ex-Chancellor of our Exchequer he could speak with some authority upon the ways of getting means, and he might give vent to his usual longwindedness in advising the poor Sultan how to raise the wind. The subject would admit of a tripartite division, for there would have to be considered—

Firstly. How far over head and ears is the Sultan now in debt?

Secondly. Where can he find funds to free himself? and

Thirdly. Where does he expect to go to if he can't?

But while for his poverty we pity the poor Sultan, we think that his poor creditors yet more deserve our sympathy; and for the comfort of all parties, we trust the Sultan shortly may get hold of a round sum, with which all accounts that are outstanding may be squared. If the Commander would escape the mobbing of the Faithful, instead of drawing his sword on them, let him draw his purse—first, however, taking care to see that there is something in it.

WARNING TO THE POLICE.

CRINOLINE has become such an intolerable nuisance, that fears are entertained that it may ultimately lead to "a Towu and Gown Row."

ARCADIAN LITIGANTS.

We copy the following announcement from the *Standard*:—

"MR. ERNEST JONES has brought an action for libel against MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS. MR. EDWIN JAMES, Q.C., has been retained on behalf of MR. JONES, and the case, which is expected to come on in Hilary Term, is expected to be one of much interest."

When gentlemen like MR. ERNEST JONES and MR. G. W. M. REYNOLDS fall out, the opposite class of politicians come by their own in point of credit. The hilarity of the public will be excited in Hilary term, by hearing what MR. JONES will be able to say against MR. REYNOLDS by the eloquent mouth of MR. JAMES, and how much dirt MR. REYNOLDS will fling back upon MR. JONES through the lips of some other gentleman of the long tongue.

A BEAST OUT OF NOAH'S ARK.

MR. PUNCH predicts very great success for a young barrister who distinguished himself in court the other day by making the most infamous and abominable jest in the world. It was at Quarter Sessions, and one of the magistrates, nay, let us name SIR TUNBELLY CLUMSY, had gone to sleep, and was proving the fact by showing his qualification to represent the Essex borough called Great Snoring. The young and accomplished barrister sent this note to his leader:—

"Q. Why is SIR TUNBELLY like the first ship on record?"

"A. Because he snores, hark!"

MR. PUNCH repeats that this barrister will rise, having leisure to devote himself to law, being palpably unfit for anything else.

Irish Loyalty.

WHEN PAT was at famine's door,
A true liegeman PAT would be;
When PAT had potatoes galore,
A Ribandman, sure, was he.

THE RE-FORM OF A TITLE.

SUCH was the character of most of the cases that came before SIR C. CRESSWELL last term, that he declares his court ought to be called the "Reprobate and Divorce Court" instead of the "Probate and Divorce Court."



First Cabman. "Vell, Bill, yer are a Swell."

Second Do. "Vy, yes! This 'ere old rug ain't amiss, is it? We only wants the Crinerline to take it out of a few on 'em, I think?"

THE MODEL PRISON.

Of all the places for a prig
Wot is too lazy for to dig,
A. vun I reckon London town,
Upon him ven the lawr comes down.

To Newgate jug he then is sent,
To take his chance of punishment,
With searce a fortnight for to bide
In quod afore his case is tried.

Then if he proves his halleybi,
Restored unto Society,
Forthwith his former pals he jines,
And takes agin to his old lines.

But if the country is your sphere,
You may be in for arf a year,
Hand he withheld for all that time
From follerin' the paths hof crime.

Six months the 'Sizes comes between,
Which many a prig in gaol has been,
Afore acquitted of the charge,
And suffered for to go at large.

And likewise, which I don't regard,
Though some there is as thinks it hard,
The hinnocent may bide as long
As them wot has committed wrong.

So Newgate is the jug for me,
Hincarcerated for to be,
Sharp, short, decisive, is the go,
If you are hinnocent, or no.

SHAKSPEARE FOR LIVERPOOL.

The quality of Mersey is not strained.

ENGLISH DINNERS FOR SNOBS.

To the Editor of Punch.

"SIR,

"SINCE sending to the *Times* my letter, of a column and a half in length, in which I laid down the true principles on which dinners should be given, (or rather exchanged, for I need not say that a dinner creates a debt, due from those we invite, except where a writer, buffoon, traveller, or other attraction is introduced as part of the *menu*, and, indeed, he ought to be written down in it), I have been reminded that there are a good many persons in this country, who, though neither millionnaires, nor even possessing a decent income of three or four thousand a year, arrogate to themselves, in this levelling age, the right to know what they are eating and drinking, and who complain of the present system of dinner-giving. I allude to those whom, without my being unnecessarily offensive, I may call Snobs, with, perhaps, six, seven, or eight hundred a year. I have been asked to give, for the benefit of such persons, a few hints in the spirit of the letter which I addressed to their betters. It is, I fear, almost insulting their wretchedness to advise them on such a subject, but it is our duty to help our inferiors, and endeavour to make them feel that the state of life in which Providence has placed them to labour, and look up to us for direction, is as comfortable as they deserve it should be.

"Of course, I do not speak to them of 'dinner at 8,' when, if they have worked as they ought to do, they are yawning for bed; of chairs with 'spring seats and spring backs;' of 'Sèvres China,' 'abundance of flowers,' 'child with *corbeille* full of grapes,' 'French painted moss,' 'a rose or bunch of violets by the napkin,' 'ortolans and hecacaicos,' or the other necessities of civilised life. To mock the needy is the basest vulgarity. I will merely give the Snobs I have referred to a little counsel, derived from practical knowledge of their habits and wants.

"Addressing such persons, I would say,—

"You had better give no dinners at all. It is for your betters to dine; you have only to eat. Tea, at five o'clock, with plenty of muffins, Sarah Lunnies, and toast, is a more befitting repast for you to offer to your friends; and perhaps some bread and cheese, spring onions, or even a salad, afterwards, may not be regarded as extravagance. Beer is not an unwholesome drink for the inferior classes. I suppose that your females tolerate tobacco. Why not be content with the enjoyments natural to your order?

"But, if you *will* imitate your superiors, and ask persons to dinner, attend to the following hints:—

"Always invite the wives of your male friends. These women will much abridge the evening, being desirous to get home to their

children, (for whom, of course, they have no nursery governesses and nurses), and they will in some measure check intemperate habits.

"Give your meal at 6, as persons of your class are unaccustomed to wait so long, and will have lunched, whereby you will save.

"Make your table pretty, by all means. A plaster east of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, or a Church with coloured windows, for illumination, can be bought for a few pence; and will lead the conversation to politics, or to religion, and kindred subjects on which your class imagines itself to have a right to speak.

"To have a *menu* would be a mockery, but as you, as well as we, have 'stupid or silent guests,' let your little boys write out on copy-book paper a few maxims, and lay a copy by each person. 'Gluttony leads to want,' 'Temperance profiteth much,' 'Let not your Eye be bigger than your bell-Eye,' and similar morals may do good, besides improving your brats' writing. Instead of a rose or violet, place by each male person a cold saveloy, and by each female a piece of gingerbread, to be 'munched' instead of bread (as in high life) during the pauses.

"Never put tallow candles on the table. A lamp is cheap, and if the mistress of the house cleans it herself, will long keep in order.

"No soup that you can make is fit to eat. But oysters may begin your dinners as well as ours, only instead of 'four or six,' let each person have a couple of dozen, with roll, butter, and beer. This will materially help you with the rest of the dinner.

"There is no objection to cheap fish, and I have seen apparently good fish eried in the streets in which you reside. But a few fresh herrings, or sprats, will be the safest. Remember that fish should be eaten with the fork, even though made of steel. But albatra is not dear, and looks nice, if the mistress herself rubs it with wash-leather.

"Instead of the huge, tough, gory joints in which you delight, try hashed mutton, Irish stew, or harico. Fried potatoes are a delicacy easily attainable. The mashed potato, with small sausage on the top, will wean many a husband—not from his club, for you have, happily for you, no such temptations—but from the chop-house. Marrowbones, when you wish to be particularly 'genteel' (as you call it), may be introduced.

"Why have a pudding course? Ugly, sloppy, or hard, unwholesome things are your puddings. Go to a respectable grocer's, and ask him for an article called macaroni. He will tell you how to cook it. With a little grated cheese, you will find it a novel luxury. Treacle on toast will please the juveniles.

"Then your slatternly servant (by the way, insist on her washing her face, and wearing a cap—never let her come in with her bonnet on) will heave on to the groaning table a hemicycle of cheese like half a

millstone. Keep this away, and have some slices handed round. Do not, from a foolish feeling of 'gentility' deny yourselves onions, which you like. You will not be a bit more like us if you never touch another onion to your lives' end.

"By all means have what you consider dessert. Apples, oranges, and biscuits you have in your gallery at the theatre, why not on table? A drum of figs, covered by one of your girls with coloured paper, or stuck over with red wafers, will be a tasteful centre ornament, and to the sweet fig you may charge the bad taste of your wine. For I suppose you will give three-and-sixpence, or even four shillings, for this nastiness, though I advise (and your females prefer) brandy and water.

"I tell you frankly not to be ashamed of tobacco pipes. We take a cigarette, and what is that but a tobacco-pipe of paper?

"Your best *chasse* is being driven up-stairs to tea. The sooner this is announced the better for the temper of your females, and for your own heads when you go to your work next morning.

"Keep your children up. If they are tired and cross, it is only once in a way. They materially help to break up a party, and my object has been to show you how, with your narrow means, you may in a humble and cheerful way imitate your superiors, while exercising a wise economy. Let me add, never hesitate, if it be a wet night, to send your maid for cabs, instead of asking your guests to delay their departure. But give the poor girl one glass of spirits; remember what you save by dismissing your friends.

"If these hints are of any use to persons with not more than eight hundred a year, I shall have done my duty to the poor, and remain,

"Berkeley Street."

"Your obedient servant,
"G. H. M."

HOPEFUL CHARACTERS.



THE following extract from a report relative to Newgate, by the REV. JOHN DAVIS, Ordinary of that unfortunately necessary establishment, deserves to be attentively considered in that City, to the LORD MAYOR and Corporation of which it is addressed by the author:—

"Hope never has had a more fertile place to expand in than the breast of a criminal. The slightest fact that is favourable, the smallest discrepancy in the evidence, the chance that an important witness may be absent, and the probability that some point of law may turn in his favour, are quite enough to create a strong anticipation of escape."

By the account of the Rev. Ordinary of Newgate, then, it seems that, under pardon of MR. POPE, "Hope springs eternal in the scoundrel's breast"—more particularly than in the human breast at large. This is

a truth that enterprising speculators, even though they be merchant princes, may be advised to ponder. A large endowment of Hope, in proportion to the other moral sentiments, is just what makes commercial gentlemen gamble with other people's money, and pawn, pledge, or sell, other people's securities. Hope whispers that the embezzled property will be replaced, by-and-by, nobody the wiser, or the worse. Hope accepts bills which Forethought sees no signs of meeting. Hope borrows, and owes for ever, or until the term fixed by the Statute of Limitations. Hope is always getting whitewashed, or appearing in the Court of Bankruptcy, and departing from it unceremoniated. The temples of Hope are the tribunals of Portugal Street and Basinghall Street, and Whitecross Street Prison, and the Gaol of Newgate aforesaid. Hope turns the crank, dances on the treadmill, is transported beyond the seas, is employed on board the hulks, and labours in penal servitude. Hope is the rogue's one virtue; and, generous reader, choose nobody for your banker, or your trustee, who is very plentifully endowed with what may in most cases be called that immoral sentiment. And if ever you are induced, by your benevolence, to accommodate any of these hopeful people with the loan of a sum of money, take precious good care that it is not a larger one than what you can perfectly well afford to lose.

IMITATION THE HOMAGE PAID TO GENIUS.—Granting this, Crinoline is the Homage paid by Woman to EUGÉNIE.

THE TIGHT BOOT.

Of all the ill-sewed and ill-shaped bits of leather,
That ever pinched bunnions the shape of a boot in,
The Italian boot seems the worst altogether
That Emperor, King, Duke, or Pope e'er put foot in.

From the Lombardy top with Venetian binding,
Through the ankle-piece Roman and Legatine leg,
The wearer 'tis chafing, and blist'ring and grinding,
While the foot hobbles, crippled with BOMBA's sharp peg.

The seams they keep ripping, the welts they keep rending,
(Clamp, cobble, or clout as the state-botchers will)
Till both understandings and soles call for mending,
And toes won't be content to be pinched and keep still.

"No wonder!" cry those, who have studied the problem
Who well-seasoned leather will bear, what it won't;
"To make Tight boots easy, the way's not to cobble 'em,
But to find out what feet fit the boot, and what don't."

What wonder this boot so like out-bursting looks,
That Italy's callousethorns burn and shoot in it,
When Kaiser, King, Pope (not to mention Grand-Dukes)
All alike will insist upon putting their foot in it.

And such feet! one, the claw of a double-necked vulture:
And one, much too closely resembling a hoof:
While of what the Pope stands on just now, let their culture
Who kiss the Pope's toe, be accepted for proof.

But while granting the fact, and in great part the reason,
This advice, poor Italia, I hope, will allow—
Of all remedies don't try Napoleon boot-trees on,
Or the cure may prove worse than the pinch she bears now.

Let the case of her sister, Miss France, serve as warning,
Who found her shoes pinch (she'd been going too fast)
Called in LOUIS NAPOLEON to right them one morning,
And has wished ever since she had stuck to her last.

WOMAN STEELED AGAINST RIDICULE.

A WELL-KNOWN Sheffield warehouse, in the department where cast-steel is manufactured at the rate of several tons a week for the purposes of Crinoline, has written over its doorway, "LADIES' OWN MATERIALS MADE UP." It is a kind of millinery-manufactory, where, upon sending her *moire antique*, or shot silk, a lady can have it expanded into a perfect little balloon, with the hoop, and all complete. The workmen are distinguished from the ordinary class of operatives by the characteristic title of "Hooperatives," which they don't like at all. They are rather looked down upon by their fellow-workmen, who treat them with the same amount of consideration that is generally paid by men to a man-milliner. They are, in truth, the men-milliners of the iron and steel trades.

A Naive Confession.

A YOUNG Lady this "Kissmas" somewhat surprised her partner by expressing a decided aversion to moustachios. On being pressed to give her reason for it, she at first feneed off the question by declaring that a lady needs no reason for disliking things. On being further questioned, she glanced slyly at the mistletoe, and then darting an arch look at her partner's anxious face, on which the most luxuriant of moustachios had been cultivated, she replied, with charming *naïveté*, "Well, I don't mind telling you. It is because they, oh, so tickle one!"

The London District Telegraph Company.

We are promised a Telegraph Company that is to bind our housetops together, which will give the chimney-pots the appearance as though they were playing at scratch-cradle. We will not stop to ask whether the London sky will look any the better for being ruled like a copy-book, but will simply proceed to observe, that such a company could not be inaugurated at a more promising period than the present, when the ruler who is in the ascendancy in the City happens to be WIRE.

ERRATUM.—For "SIR FRANCIS HEAD," read for the future, "France's head," for that article seems to be devoted a great deal more to the service of France than England.

THE PHILOSOPHER OF THE STABLE MIND.—MR. RAREY.



Street Boy (in playful allusion to the basket-carriage). "OH, LOOK HERE, BILL! IF ERE AIN'T A SWELL DRIVING HISSELF HOME FROM THE WASH!"

A REALLY STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,

"In the interview which PRINCE ALEXANDER, the Ex-Hospodar of Servia, had with the deputation from the Servian Parliament (whose name looks so ridiculously like Sonpkitchen), touching his abdication, it seems that the Hospodress had a good deal more to say on the question than the ladies of Princes, Premiers, or Presidents, are allowed by our old-fashioned if not effete, civilisation of the West.

"The *Augsburg Gazette* informs us, that the Princess violently reproached her Husband for his weakness, declaring that, if she were in his place, she would rather be cut to pieces than capitulate."

"The Correspondent of the *Gazette*—a man of course—goes on:—

"After the Princess had raved¹ for some time, her husband lost patience,² and taking her by the shoulders,³ pushed her into an adjoining room. Hardly, however, had the interrupted conversation been renewed by the spokesman of the deputation, when the lady re-appeared,⁴ and discharged a volley of invectives⁵ at the representatives of the nation. The Hospodar again conducted his wife to the door, and dismissed her with a few sound cuffs."⁶

"And this, Mr. Punch, is the sex which a cruel prejudice, endorsed (I grieve to say) by you, like the rest of your sex, excludes from political functions! See what an element of political stability you are throwing away, in this fine female determination—you men call it obstinacy—this noble tenacity—I am aware you call it 'love of the last word'—this highspirited defiance of consequences, which 'will be cut in pieces rather than capitulate!' Do you suppose, if LADY PALMERSTON, or LADY DERBY, or the dear EMPRESS EUGENIE, were associated in authority with those very poor creatures, their husbands, that we should have all these changes of ministry at home, and these ridiculous shilly-shallyings about India Bills and Reform Bills, or these chiddish vail-

¹ "I like his impertinence.

² "Of course he did. They always do.

³ "The cowardly wretch! brute force as usual!

⁴ "Perfectly right. Any woman of spirit would have done the same.

⁵ "Invectives! indeed! If a man had been the speaker, I should like to know if that would have been the word.

⁶ "The Brute! sending away the poor woman, with any kind of cuffs and choleric except the best lace ones."

lations at Paris, these prosecutions and pardons, these fits of severity, and indulgence? No—if the ladies of these very poor Lords of Creation, were allowed their proper place, we should see a very different, and a much more steady and consistent state of things! LADY PALMERSTON'S ability, it is true, has met with a proper recognition from her husband, and that accounts for his amazing success in the private and personal side of his political life. Did ever any man hold office so long, and under so many ministries? Why was this, but because LADY P., like the PRINCESS OF SERVIA, 'would be cut to pieces rather than capitulate'; and because, when she told her husband so, he had the good sense to take her advice and stick to his place, instead of telling his wife she didn't know hers, as most English husbands would do, or pushing her out of doors by the shoulders, and giving her cuffs, like this cowardly brute of a Servian Hospodar?

"I have no doubt, if LADY P. were allowed a seat in the Ministry, without a department, she would soon exercise as much wholesome influence in the Cabinet as in the boudoir; and that we should have no mistakes about Conspiracy Bills and Lord Privy Seals. She would show COUNT WALEWSKI the difference, I'll answer for it. There would be no want of spirit in our policy, with her at the helm.

"People tell me, that MR. D'ISRAELI is an excellent and most attentive husband, and that he always takes his wife's advice; and look how he has prospered.

"Pray, Mr. Punch, will you tell me which is the best governed nation in the world? Of course, you will say England. And why? Because you see on our throne the artificial order of the sexes reversed, and the woman in her natural position of superiority. I say natural, for it clearly was in the order of nature that the woman should guide the man. To whom, I should like to know, did ADAM owe the knowledge of good and evil, but to that much-maligned EVE?

"Hoping that I have now set the heroic conduct of the PRINCESS OF SERVIA in its proper light, instead of the odious and ridiculous view in which it has been placed by that very small German, the Belgrade Correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette*, I beg to subscribe myself, Mr. Punch,

"Your faithful, but not obedient,
"THALESTRIS HARDLINES,"
(Authoress of *The Cry of the Women: a Plaint in Twenty-Seven Cantos.*)

HISTORY OF A CITY COMPANY.



ostrich. The iron railing round St. Paul's was the last great work late they have ceased to show any metal; but they displayed some spirit in resisting an excessive demand of money made upon them by CHARLES THE FIRST; although they were soon afterwards forced to come down on the nail. They formerly drove a considerable trade in pigs, and are celebrated for having constructed the mail of the original hog-in-armour, supposed to have been an uncommonly stout Lord Mayor. The Long Parliament levied a contribution on them, which they were obliged to pay, when their Master for the time being took the liberty of remarking, that they dealt in iron, and that Parliament had no business to come down upon them for tin. For making this observation, he was put in the pillory.

THE Ironmongers' Company is governed by a master, two wardens, and a livery of eighty-four assistants, who on admission pay a fine of fifteen pounds, which a civic wag has described as a fine way of getting into office. The same incorrigible offender has also inquired why the Master of the Company resembles DEAN SWIFT?—assigning for reason, "Because he was a master of irony." The Ironmongers possess a large estate, out of which they lay out about £1,800 in charity; but how much they expend in eating and drinking is known only to themselves. They do not by any means live upon mere iron, although the digestion of some of them has been compared to that of the of the Company. Of

"THE INITIALS."

A PARAGRAPH which has been lately in the papers, states that at the Opera in Florence, the cry of "Viva Verdi!" is forbidden by the Government, on the ground that the initials of those two harmless words are also the initials of "Viva Vittorio" (EMMANUELE), and might imply a sympathy with that free-spoken monarch, and with the cause of liberty which he so nobly has espoused.

Now, supposing that our Government were, as some wish, more despotic, we should prepare ourselves to hear that the like order had been issued. While Englishmen speak English, the cry of "Viva Verdi!" is not likely to be heard here: nevertheless, in their great wisdom, the Government might deem it needful to forbid it, on the ground that the initials would stand for "VISCOUNT WILLIAMS," the defier of patricians and defender of the plebs. In the same way at the theatres our Clowns might be prohibited to sing the song "Hot Codlins," on the as reasonable plea, that the first letters of those words might, in lower class orthography, be used for "Hextension of the Suffrage;" while at places like the Eagle it would be wise to stop the people from crying "Brayvo, Rouse!" on the plea that a Reform Bill agitation is in prospect, and by reversing the initials of the two words "Brayvo, Rouse," a sympathy with the Reform Billites would too clearly be shown. The cry might also be forbidden on still more alarming grounds, inasmuch as its initials stand for BERKELEY and the Ballot, and ROEBUCK and Revolution—which latter calamity, some politicians think, would to a certainty soon follow on the former.

Hit 'em Again.

"The Law Times is in ecstasies because the Attorneys of England have resolved to wear robes in Court."

If they'd go one step further, oh! what a good job, And, beginning to robe, would begin not to rob.

THE OXFORD LADDIE.

Oh! where, and oh! where, is your Oxford Laddie gone?
He is gone to the Greck Isles from the QUEEN upon her throne,
And it's oh! how much rather we would he'd stayed at home.

Oh! what, and oh! what, will your Oxford Laddie do?
He'll deliver sundry speeches to the people of Corfu,
And the rest of the Ionians who for OTHO's rule halloo.

What end, and what end, will your Oxford Laddie gain?
We believe he'll waste his eloquence and talk to them in vain,
For the Greeks prefer a tyranny to a mild and gentle reign.

How can you, with only one Oxford Laddie go?
That's just the thing we ask ourselves, just what we want to know,
And all we can do is to write and tell him so.

Suppose, and suppose, that your Laddie can't reply,
Another representative to find we then must try,
And our GLADSTONE ask to resign his seat for the University.

GEOLOGICAL TWELFTH-CAKES.

CONTEMPLATING, with benevolent interest, a lot of children devouring a quantity of Twelfthcake, we were suddenly inspired with an idea which we publish for the benefit of confectioners, enlightened parents, and promising youth. Let cakes be made to illustrate the science of geology—composed of strata resembling those of the earth except in their relation to the sense of taste. Children might thus be crammed at once with cake and geological science, and acquire a knowledge of the crust of the earth in eating the model of it. It would be pleasing to the parental and preceptorial mind to overhear the juvenile geologists of the play-ground exclaiming, "I say, give us a bit of hornblend," "Have a slice of lias?" "Let's have some of that oolite." "Here's some magnesian limestone for you." "Oh, what a jolly coal formation!" "Here's a plummy lump of gneiss," &c. What with glaciers of sugar-candy, boulders of chocolate or almond-rock, and extinct mammalia and reptiles, and other fossils, formed of saccharine

matter, and metallic veins imitated with candied peel, a competent artist might compose a capital cake which would combine food for the mind with prog for the palate, and even if the latter were to disagree with the devourer, the former might be retained.

We confidently expect very soon to see the idea of a geological cake realised in the windows, and to realise it in person at the first breakfast we are invited to on the occasion of a wedding in high life. For this notion would be peculiarly suitable for a wedding-cake; since the conjunction of Geology and Cake, or the Intellectual and the Physical, would be strikingly typical of the union of Husband and Wife. Which is the Intellectual and which is the Physical? Whichever you please, my little dear. Moreover, as a honeymoon is generally spent at the sea-side, a portion of the wedding-cake exhibiting the geological formations would be an agreeable as well as an instructive companion in a ramble among the rocks.

AN EMPEROR AND A SUBJECT.

SOME thanks are due to LOUIS NAPOLEON for creating a little excitement at the present generally dull season. By the utterance of a few words, he has caused Europe to look alive with apprehension of a war. To the British mind especially, oppressed at this time with a weight of beef and pudding, of which the due digestion takes some weeks, the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has administered a sharp but salutary stimulant; and he has repaid the abuse which he has received from the Press of England by giving it something to talk about besides the singing of blackbirds and the blossoming and bearing of strawberries. 'Tis an ill wind, as we are truly informed by one proverb, that blows nobody good; and let us, as we are properly admonished by another, give the devil his due.

PULLAWAY.—So there is to be a second judge in the Divorce Court, MR. JUSTICE WILLES, whose name, however, points him out rather for Probate cases. However, this is right. The matrimonial knot ought to be at least as hard to break as to tie, and it takes the united strength of two parsons to marry folks.

A CURIOSITY IN MEDICAL ADVERTISING LITERATURE.



ELDOM do we see an advertisement by a regular practitioner; but those of quack doctors are plentiful enough. We therefore think the following exception to the rule is worthy, for its rareness, of insertion in our columns. Merely altering the names, and omitting certain details which are unfit for any but a medical publication, we copy it *verbatim* from a country print:—

MR. NEWLEAF, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall, London, respectfully informs his patients that he may now always be found at home sober. He has studied Physic for 25 years, 7 years of which were spent with his father, who was in extensive practice for half a century, and who was particularly distinguished for his knowledge of and successful treatment of all kinds of diseases under the old system.) **MR. NEWLEAF** afterwards studied under the first Surgeons in London, and was House Pupil with S. * * *, Esq., who performed the

operation of " * * ", which had invariably terminated fatally in the hands of other eminent surgeons; he was also a pupil of St. George's Hospital, which beds 500 in-patients; besides having thousands of outdoor patients; he resided next door to this Hospital, and therefore had an opportunity of seeing all accidental and many other cases before the arrival of the surgeons.

MR. NEWLEAF has also been in actual practice 15 years in Blanktown, during which period he has become fully acquainted with the diseases which prevail in this locality, and has attended upwards of 300 cases of Midwifery.

MR. NEWLEAF has the greatest abhorrence of quackery; but in justice to himself, wishes to intimate that, having been frequently intoxicated, many of his former patients forsook him, and many reports have been circulated much to his prejudice; among others that "he was always drunk, and had given up following his Profession." He wishes, however, to state that he does follow his Profession, having just purchased a first-rate horse and vehicle, so that he can now attend patients who reside at a distance from Blanktown.

His charges are—in consultation:—under 4 miles, Half a Guinea; above 4 miles and under 8, One Guinea; above 8 miles and under 20, Two Guineas; and above 20 miles and 30, Three Guineas:—when in daily attendance upon patients, £1 1s. per week under 1 mile, if seen once a day; twice a day, £2 2s.; if above 1 mile, 1s. per mile extra.

MR. N. is disgusted with the present mode of paying medical men, judging of the bill by the quantity of medicine taken. His plan is to give as little physic as possible, he only wishing to be paid for his skill and attendance.

MR. NEWLEAF will be happy at all times to meet any other legally-qualified Practitioner, and give up the patient to him.

Whatever else be thought of it, there is certainly an honesty about this announcement which contrasts very favourably with most medical advertisements. With no great stretch of fancy we can conceive the possibility of a quack doctor's getting drunk; but to imagine a quack doctor would advertise the fact is too improbable a thought for our conception to give birth to. The rule *in vino veritas* would not apply in that case, for no amount of drinking would ever make a quack so far forget his nature as to speak the truth. **MR. NEWLEAF** therefore need not have feared that his advertisement might be mistaken for a quack's; although we know it is thought quackish for a medical man to advertise, even when he does so "in justice to himself."

The soberness of statement with which **MR. NEWLEAF** owns his past intemperance, and intimates that he has now turned over a new leaf, is in better taste, we think, than other parts of his advertisement, which to our mind, smack too much of the nature of mere puffs. When he speaks in such high terms of his relatives and antecedents, we are apt to call to mind the theatrical phenomenon, who couldn't act himself, but knew a gentleman who could; and when he adds to his assertion that he "does follow his profession," the remark that he has "purchased a first-rate horse and vehicle," we feel tempted to conjecture that his practice ran so fast away from him, that he needed something "first-rate" in the equine way to follow it.

MR. N.'s disgust at the mode of paying doctors, according to the quantity of medicine they send in to one, we do not mind confessing that we cordially share. We however think the system is with more truth to be described as of old time than of present. *Punch* knocked it on the head some dozen volumes since, and all sensible practitioners have taken his advice, and now charge by the sickness instead of by the dose. In lieu of those interminable "mixtures," "draughts," and "pills," *Punch* decreed, that doctors' bills should consist of single items, as—

To curing you of cold £ s. d.
 To cleaning out your liver £ s. d.
 To extracting pain from toe £ s. d.

and in brevity the like. Least taken, soonest mended, *Punch* had found to be the rule; and so when deluged with black doses he "threw physic to the dogs," and told his doctor he must look to *Toby* as his patient. It was bad enough, *Punch* found, to bear the cost of over-dosing, without having to gulp down the nasty stuff made up for him.

THE CHARGE OF THE BURNS BRIGADE.

"We hear that no fewer than 600 poems have been sent in for the prize of 50 guineas offered by the Crystal Palace Company for the best copy of verses to be recited on the hundredth anniversary of the Birthday of BURNS."

"How many candidates?"—
 Thus the world wondered—
 Little it deemed that then
 Scribbled six hundred!
 "Write!" cried the Company:
 Not theirs the modesty
 Asking, "Is't mine to try?"
 Theirs but the pen to ply;
 Hard for the fifty guā,
 Wrote the six hundred!

Critics to right of them,
 Critics to left of them,
 Critics in front of them
 Volleyed and thundered.
 Poems are hard to sell,
 Publishers all can tell:
 Yet scorning waste of time,
 Braving the critics' yell,
 Wrote the six hundred!

Flashed all their pen-knives bare,
 Nibbed were their goose-quills fair,
 Helicon's heights to dare,
 While at such rhymer-growth
 All the world wondered:
 Rhyme spurning reason's yoke,
 PRISCIAN's head they broke;
 Line on line, stroke on stroke;
 Making the judges feel
 Blank and dumbfounded,
 One they might please, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

Rhymesters to right of them,
 Rhymesters to left of them,
 Rhymesters behind them,
 Volleyed and thundered,
 Stormed at with shout and yell,
 They that had given the bell,
 Pale on the judgment seat,
 Wished themselves off again,
 Ere they had dared to sell
 Thirty score bards save one,
 Out of six hundred!

Honour to BURNS! and gold,
 Fifty broad pieces told,
 To him the prize shall hold,
 One of six hundred!

ILLITERATE MEN OF LETTERS.

GENTLEMEN—by the showing of "CANTAB" in the *Times*—may be entitled to write M.A. or D.D. or L.L.D. after their names, on account of their classical or mathematical attainments, and yet be incapable of writing in plain English a notice fit to be stuck on a church door. A bull in a china-shop is not more out of place than a bull on the door of a Protestant English College chapel. Could not LINDLEY MURRAY Professorships be established at Oxford and Cambridge; and ought not examinations to be instituted with the view of securing, on the part of graduates, some proficiency in the art of writing and speaking the English language with propriety, if not with elegance? Elegance, however, might be exacted of all candidates for honours: at any rate the occupant of a high place in the mathematical or classical tripos ought not to deserve the position of a common dunce on the stool of a juvenile academy. It is sad to think how many great scholars are half-educated men, and, as regards their mother tongue, might (if they got "into trouble") be classed in the prison-registry, as Imperfect Writers, under the head of "W. Imp."

AWFUL LANGUAGE BY LORD CAMPBELL.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP,

As one who entertains a profound veneration for the world, and especially for that part of it specifically called Society, I cannot tell you how greatly I was shocked by the following passage of the opinion lately pronounced by your Lordship on the motion for a new trial in the case of *MARCHMONT v. MARCHMONT* :—

“The wife was by no means free from blame, and she appeared to have been a very low, vulgar woman, of very disreputable character. But what was the conduct of the husband? It was most sordid, base, and disgraceful, from the beginning of his connection with the woman up to the very hour when the Court was called upon to pronounce its decree. He had been attracted merely by her money, and by the chance, not merely of having the enjoyment of it during her life, but, she being considerably older than himself, of enjoying the greater portion of it after her death. He appeared to have nothing in contemplation except to avail himself of the wealth which had seduced him into this discreditable connection.”

My Lord, these observations are very painful. I use the word advisedly, because it is a favourite word with a class of people who are favourites of mine. It expresses the sensation which we feel when we hear the conduct of those with whom we sympathise condemned in strong language. The authority with which a LORD CHIEF JUSTICE speaks augments the painfulness of his censure. Your Lordship describes the conduct of MR. MARCHMONT “as most sordid, base, and disgraceful, from the beginning of his connection” with the party whom he married. And then you say that, “he had been attracted merely by her money.” Pray consider, my Lord, to how many persons of the highest respectability you thus apply the epithets sordid, base, and disgraceful. You hurl them at the head of every individual in Society—Society with a capital S. Nobody in Society contracts a matrimonial alliance without an earnest regard to pecuniary considerations. People marry for love only in novels, and among the inferior classes. Parties who are living in the best situations, and moving in the most select circles, must have blushed in reading your Lordship’s severe remarks on those marriages which alone are dictated by prudence, and applauded by gentility. How many a fond parent’s heart—the heart of a Mamma with grown-up daughters—must your observations have wounded, at the same time poisoning the correctly educated minds of her children!

Does not the law, which it is your high office to administer, actually award compensation for the pecuniary disappointment involved in a rupture of a hymeneal engagement? Do not British juries, inspired by the honest eloquence of an impassioned barrister, award heavy damages to a young lady for a contract broken with an elderly gentleman whom she was going to marry with precisely those affections and expectations which your Lordship so dyslogistically ascribes to MR. MARCHMONT? But you, my Lord, are a Law Reformer, and now that you have denounced the principles by which, with respect to the conjugal relation, Society is regulated, I shall not wonder if you proceed to tamper with those legal sanctions which they receive from the time-honoured institutions of your country; and that the next thing you will do will be to propose some modification of the law concerning breach of promise of marriage. I trust in thus addressing your Lordship, I have avoided any violation of that decorum which is esteemed above all the virtues by your Lordship’s most obedient humble flunkey,

PUNCH.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

SUBJOINED is a touching specimen of the poetry which under the form of an advertisement occasionally appears in the second column of the *Times* :—

TO HER WHO CAN UNDERSTAND.—Let the flower not droop. It must know that the other flower does sympathise with it. A reply sent to your lines was by some mistake not duly inserted. There will be no delay now, and all may yet be right.

Curiosity may desire to penetrate the mystery of these advertising flowers, and pluck out the heart of it. Though this may not be quite practicable, an industrious bee may perhaps succeed in extracting a little of their honey, or a diligent grub might manage to worm out a few of their secrets.

There are three flowers in the case. Two of these are female, and one is male. Drooping flowers of the female sex do not expect flowers of their own sex to sympathise with them. The sympathetic flowers may be presumed to be of the kind which, in the language of botany, are called diœcious—far, far away from each other. The first flower is the person addressed; the other is her lover; the third flower is the authoress of the advertisement, who calls men and women flowers, and would describe herself as a flower. She is the common friend of the other two flowers. Call her ROSE. The interpretation of her advertisement is probably something like this. She, ROSE, means to tell her who can understand—say the intelligent VIOLET—not to be down in the mouth, as she may be sure that the other flower, whom, for

inability to think of any masculine floral name, we will call BILL, and of whom she is enamoured, returns her passion. In conformity with this view, it must of course be supposed that the advertiser addresses her friend, first in the third person, and lastly in the second, a peculiarity conclusive as to epistolary gender.

THE RING.

(From *Bell's Life*.)

THE DERBY SLASHER AND THE BIRMINGHAM SMASHER. A final meeting was announced for Bradford, on Monday, when the Smasher was present, attended by a large gathering of friends, but the Slasher did not show. There is no gammon, however, we believe, in the matter, as the Slasher must either fight, or resign the Champion’s belt.

PEEL’S BOBBY is willing to make a match with OLD PAM, if PAM is good for anything but chaff.

FINALITY JACK has received various challenges, but would like to see how one or two men come up to the scratch, before he makes articles. He flatters himself that he has a novelty to open some folks’ eyes. Apply at the Bedford Arms.

BILL MERRYPEBBLE is coming up from the South, and will be found too far North for some who expected he would be scarce. The report that he was Corfu-lent is unfounded.

THE WYCOUNT has called upon us to complain of COX of Finsbury, who goes about bragging that he knows a thing or two more than the Y. We insert his complaint; but must confess, we don’t see much brag in Cox’s allegation. *Parr nobility fratrum.*

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

BEFORE YOU HAVE YOUR LIKENESS TAKEN, you will do well to become a purchaser of *Punch*. *Punch* is the infalliblest of all infallible specifics for adding personal attractions to those who are in want of them. It beautifies, embellishes, and bloomifies the face, and gives dignity and grace of deportment to the figure. Its effect upon the countenance is magical and instantaneous. A single application will make permanently handsome the ugliest of mugs. Of all advertised cosmetics *Punch* is the most cosmetical. It removes wrinkles, scowls, sneers, leers, and pimples; and implants the bloom of beauty on complexions the most tallow-like. Furrows ploughed by Time are instantly effaced by it, as are the marks of crows’ feet which Black Care has imprinted.

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Sold (in numbers) fresh made every Wednesday, price only Threepence; or Fourpence when impressed with a Government Stamp.

N.B. Beware of Spurious Imitations.

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN



BEFORE AND AFTER

Taking a Six Months’ Course of *Punch*.

Hint to an Old Party.

How should you know that you are fat,
How should you know that you are grey,
How should you, too, be certain that
You’re old, and age-ing every day?

Say, do young ladies glance askew,
Speak low and quick, or drop their eyes:
Or do they frankly look at you,
Chat, smile, shake hands? Old Goose, be wise.

THE LADIES’ PLAGUE.—“Burn the Crinoline!” “Yes, my dear, ’tis all very well to say, burn the Crinoline; but suppose you are in it?”



TOO MUCH!

Party (who hates bad music in the middle of the night). "WHA-A-T!! THE WAITS! CALLED FOR A CHRISTMAS BOX!!! STOP A BIT!!"—(The rest is too terrible.)

A DEFENCE OF ENGLISH DINNERS.

BY ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,
 "WHEN Parliament is not sitting one sees strange things in the papers, and the *Times* has lately stooped to raise its voice against our dinners. What provoked the thunder is not easy to determine. Some think it was the dearth of news which caused the outburst, while others fancy it resulted from a course of overfeeding. They conjecture that the *Times* ate too much Christmas pudding, and was suffering, when it wrote, the indigestion of the season.

"But, Sir, whatever led to the attack, I cannot think the *Times* deserves much praise for making it. Its correspondents have, I know, belauded it for doing so; but to

my mind these allies were either bilious or *Times*-serving. There are always writers ready to shove themselves in print; and whenever the *Times* turns its sleeves up for a fight, there are hosts of 'Constant Readers' and 'G. H. M.'s' to back it. One has fearful odds against one in contending with such combatants; but still I don't mind

challenging the *Times* to single combat, if you will be so good as to stand by and see fair play for me.

"But before I take my coat off I should tell you, Sir, that I am one of the Old School. I no longer wear a pigtail: and in deference to my daughters I have given up top-boots. But for all that I still claim to rank as one of the Old School. I revere old institutions, old customs, and old port. Age before novelty, is my unaltered motto. I hate all innovations, and so called 'improvements.' What was good enough for my forefathers, is quite good enough for me. Let well alone, say I. It is made oftener worse than better.

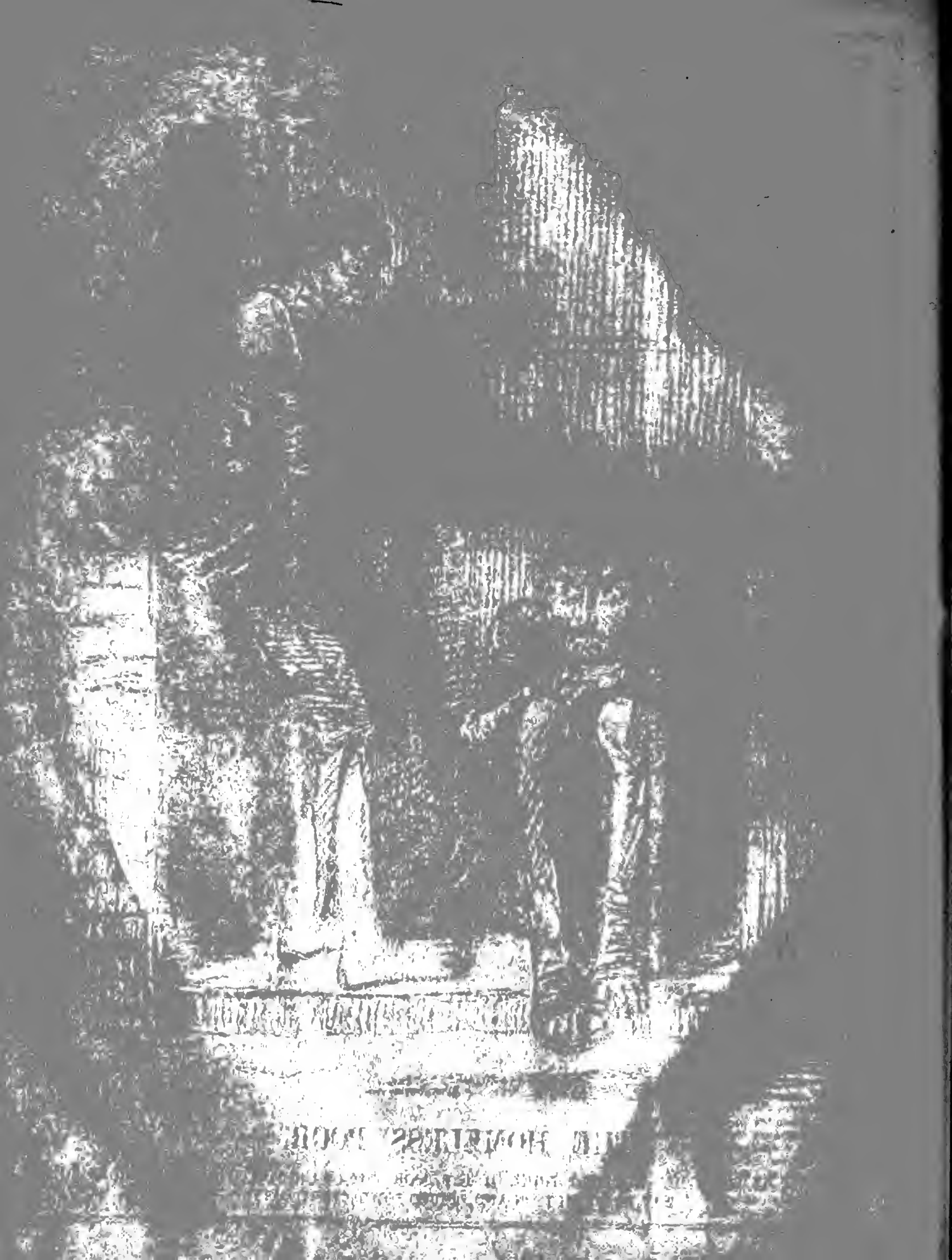
"In justice to the *Times*, it is but right I should say this, because it will account in a great measure for our diffidence. The fact is, we look at things from opposite directions. What the *Times* complains of I might equally condemn, but for my regarding it in quite another light. What the *Times* looks down upon, I, on the contrary, look up to. I revere old institutions; the *Times* too frequently makes fun of them. The *Times* goes with the times; and, in the dining-room as elsewhere, is for constant change and novelty. Variety is charming to it, to me it is offensive. When the *Times* cries: O the wearying monotony of dinners! O, when shall we dismount from those eternal saddles of mutton! O, when will those boiled fowls fly off for ever from our sight!—I reply that saddle of mutton is a good old English dish, and a boiled fowl seems to me the fittest thing to serve with it. In the wisdom of our ancestors, the union was effected; and what our fathers yoked together we should be slow to separate.

"As for the monotony of diet in our dinners, that, to my mind, is their merit rather than their fault. Sir, when I was a bachelor, I dined for six years running off a leg of mutton. I see your smile of wonder; but my statement is the truth. Of course, I do not mean to say that one leg lasted me six years. A leg fresh twice a week was my average consumption; so, in six years, you may fancy what a lot of legs I walked into. I mention this to show you, not my magnitude of appetite, but my simpleness of taste. Of course, as one gets older, one gets daintier in one's diet; and *longjours*-leg-of-mutton now might pall upon my palate. But I would rather stick to mutton, good wholesome English mutton, than live on foreign kickshaws, as that 'G. H. M.'



THE HOMELESS POOR.

“AH! WE'RE BADLY OFF—BUT JUST THINK OF THE POOR MIDDLE CLASSES, WHO ARE OBLIGED TO EAT ROAST MUTTON AND BOILED FOWL EVERY DAY!”



would have me. Confound that 'G. H. M.!' What a snob the fellow must be, professing, as he does, to write for 'ordinary dinner-givers,' and then laying down such laws for them as only CRESUSES could follow; advising ladies to be satisfied with 'twelve or thirteen courses;' in short, suggesting such a system as, to quote the *Times*,—

"A man must have at least £5000 a year to carry out, must be without a family, and without expensive tastes of any kind save one, and that one the dinner-table."

"In this blessedly free country, every fool of course may spend his money as he pleases. He may have whatever costly follies he may choose: but why obtrude the *ménu* of them on the public? What care I to hear about 'foundation' and 'relieving' sauces; about 'beginning with *hors d'œuvre* of a wooing nature;' about '*salsifis*' and '*soufflés*,' '*beccaficos*' and '*vol au vents*,' '*entrées à la Bordelaise*' or '*à la Batehère*?' what have I to do with all such foreign messes? I have a healthy English appetite, and want no French strop to sharpen it. I eat when I am hungry, and when I am so am content with wholesome English fare. Men like 'G. H. M.' can't dine without *ménus*. Having outlived their digestions, they need artificial stimulants to tickle up their palates. Living but to eat, not eating but to live, they make their dinner last so long that they must have 'spring seats' to sit upon. I say, confound that 'G. H. M.!' I declare the fellow's letter nearly made me sick. I felt a little better when I saw the dose you gave him, and had you thought fit to cartoon him, I should have felt still more relieved. It would have done him too much honour, but it would have served him right. For writing so just now a man deserves a cut. I wish the *Times* had put his letter side by side with that sad narrative about our starving poor, which I saw inserted some three mornings after. The printing of each MS. filled a column and a half; but oh! what a contrast was in the contents of them!

"As I said, Sir, I approve of our monotony in dining. Variety of diet is anything but charming to me. I detest at all times being taken by surprise. Unexpected tastes alarm, and novelties annoy me. I like to know what I am eating; and, more than this, to know what I shall have to eat. Now, the advantage of our English dinner system is just this: one knows for weeks beforehand what one will have to dine off. Only let me see the date of it, and when I receive an invita-

tion I can foresee my dinner. One prepares oneself at Christmas time for roast beef and boiled turkey, and later in the season for roast lamb and spring chickens. One gets salmon in the summer evrywhere one goes, and in the same way one may count on codfish in the winter. If an *Almanack for English Diners-Out* were published (and if but one in fifty bought one, think how great would be the sale of it), I would advise that all the months should be rechristened for the purpose. How it would simplify the Calendar to diners-out when using it, if the months were all named after the dishes that one gets in them! 'Plum-pudding Month' would, unmistakably, to them, stand for December; just as 'Ducks-and-green-peas Month' would signify July; and, when once these names were thoroughly implanted on his memory, no Englishman need ever vex his soul by thinking, in the words of LADY CLUTTERBUCK, *What shall we have for Dinner?*

"I must break off here, for the dinner-bell is ringing; and I never let my pen trench upon the time due to my knife and fork. But don't think I've exhausted my powers of defence. I've no intention yet of throwing up the sponge. In fighting, it is well to keep one's forces in reserve; and I shall withhold whatever else I have to say until next week. Enough of even English dinners is as good as a feast.

"Meanwhile, wishing you well through the hoiled fowl of the season, Sir, I sign myself what I am proud to call myself,

"AN ENGLISHMAN."

The Waste Paper Market.

SOME persons have been condemned for forging Russian bank-notes. All bank-notes are liable to a like calamity, and are frequently visited with it, but we must say that we never heard of an Austrian bank-note being exposed to a similar accident! We suppose the return is so small, if anything at all, that it is not considered worth the risk. A forged Austrian bank-note would be considered as such a decided stamp of madness that no one would be likely to be taken in by it. If you cannot get anything at all for a heap of real Austrian notes, it is not probable that you would be able to realise much more upon a bundle of forged ones.

BETWEEN THE EAGLES.

THERE was once a little farmer
Living underneath the mountains;
Underneath the Alpine shadows,
In the land called *Pié di Monte*.
There the little farmer, VICTOR,
VICTOR, son of CARL' ALBERTO,
Aided by CAVOUR, his bailiff,
Kept his little farm in order;
Kept his little patch of garden,
With its rows of Savoy-Cabbage,
Trimmed his little bush of laurel,
Reared his little row of pig-sties,
Reared his little row of hen-roosts.

It befel one winter morning
There was trouble in the pigsties;
Grunting of the boar, *Humphrumpha*,
Squealing of the sow, *Pigwiggim*;
There was fluttering in the hen-roosts,
Crowing of the cock, *Coehino*,
Clucking of the hen, *Dorkinga*,
Fluttering of the bantam, *Sebright*.
Grunting, squealing, crowing, clucking,
That the little farmer wakened
From his snoring 'twixt the blankets,
From his snoozing in the feathers,
Poked his head out of the window,
Far as his moustachios suffered—
His moustachios, red and foxy,
Like two marling-spikes protruded—
Poked his head out of the window,
To discover what the shindy:
Wherefore grunts the boar, *Humphrumpha*?
Wherefore squeals the sow, *Pigwiggim*?
Why such flutter in the hen-roosts?
Crowing of the cock, *Coehino*,
Clucking of the hen, *Dorkinga*,
Fluttering of the bantam, *Sebright*?

Soon his eye discerned the reason;
Hovering grim outside his hedgerow,
Gathered as in act of swooping,
Saw he Austria, the Vulture,

Black of plume and double-headed,
Vulture, whom irreverent sailors,
Sailors heraldry ignoring,
"Split-crow" oftencast entitle.

Very angry waxed the farmer,
VICTOR, son of CARL' ALBERTO,
To CAVOUR the bailiff called he:
"Take thy gun, CAVOUR the bailiff,
Lo, 'tis Austria, the Vulture!
Double-beaked and iron-taloned,
Lean of head and herring-gutted.
With designs both black and bloody,
'Gainst our hen-roosts and our pig-sties,
Hovers she so near our borders.
Not without the best of reasons
Grunteth sore the boar, *Humphrumpha*,
Squeaketh shrill the sow, *Pigwiggim*,
Croweth clear the cock, *Coehino*,
Clucketh wild the hen, *Dorkinga*,
Flutters fierce the bantam, *Sebright*."

As he spoke he donned his garments,
Garments of a martial fashion:
Never was so fierce a farmer—
Pigeon-breasted as to bosom,
And wasp-waisted as to middle,
With moustachios red and foxy,
Like two marling-spikes set cross-wise,
And a marling-spike of beard, too,
At right angles to his moustache.
So came VICTOR from the cottage,
VICTOR, son of CARL' ALBERTO,
Full of wrath against the Vulture,
Waiting till CAVOUR the bailiff
Fetched the gun wherewith to shoot him.

When high o'er him rang the hurtle
As of pinions wide and waving,
And up-looking to his right-hand,
And up-looking to his left-hand,
Either side, he saw an Eagle—
One was ashy-grey of feather,
Worn he looked and somewhat dragged,

—A *Robert Macaire* of Eagles—
But with eye of latent mischief,
And with talons sharp though sheathèd;
Black the other was and burly,
Double-beaked, and armed his pounes,
One with sword and one with sceptre;
Somewhat puzzled looked the farmer,
At this affluence of Eagles,
Wondering if inspired by hunger,
Hankering for the boar, *Humphrumpha*,
Craving for the sow, *Pigwiggim*,
They thus hovered near his borders.

"Fear not," quoth the ash-grey Eagle,
With the eye of latent mischief,
"Not for plunder came we hither;
Not like Austria, the Vulture;
Not for pigs, and not for poultry,
But for aid and for protection.
I am called the Eagle, *LOUIS*,
At Boulogne I impd my pinions:
Caged at Ham I hurst my fetters,
Soared to the Elysée Bourbon,
Thence unto the Tuileries flying,
There I hold my giddy cyrie;
Swooping whence I come to aid thee,
Guard thy pigs and guard thy poultry,
From foul Austria, the Vulture:
With the Eagle, ALEXANDER,
Eagle from the banks of Neva,
From the muddy flats of Azoff,
And the ice-cliffs of the Irkutsk.
We are here with common purpose
To defend thy pigs and poultry,
From foul Austria, the Vulture,
We are proof against temptation,
Be it pig or be it turkey,
Goose or duckling, hen or chicken!"

So, with folding of their pinions,
Sharp of beak and keen of talon,
Gravely stooped the brace of Eagles
Either hand the little farmer,

VICTOR, son of CARL' ALBERTO,
Who to this bird and to that bird,
Looked as one that, knowing Latin,
(Which he didn't,) would have murmured,
"Quis Custodiat Custodes?"

But what followed such alliance,
And what came of such protection,
What befel the little farmer,
How the pigs and poultry liked it,
Yet remains hid *in futuro*;
Yet remains for *Punch* to sing of,
Both for pigs' and poultry's warning,
And for little farmers' also.



A WORD ON THE MODEL REPUBLIC.

SUPPOSE that the ordinary language of parliamentary debate were thieves' Latin; that Hon. Members were accustomed to call one another liar and scoundrel, from words to proceed to blows, and often have a mill before the chair of MR. SPEAKER. Suppose they were in the habit of caning each other, and pelting one another with brickbats in Regent Street and Piccadilly, occasionally exchanging pistol-shots for variety. Suppose they were habitual nightly frequenters of the worst dens about the Haymarket, and ever roaring, brawling, and getting drunk in pothouses and ginshops. Suppose the difference between their average and the generality of convicts chiefly consisted in exemption from hard labour. Suppose that, whatever were the political differences of parties in the House, they all agreed in being corrupt, and consisting of rascals and blackguards. What would the British Parliament then resemble? It would resemble the American Congress, according to the description given of that legislative assembly by the *New York Herald*. And what, in that case, should we call British representative government? We should call it Government by the Worst.

Now, as the American Constitution is the model constitution of MR. BRIGHT, and it is well to call things by their right names, and since analogy should be observed in nomenclature, and Aristocracy properly means Government by the Best, the House of Commons, reformed after MR. BRIGHT'S pattern, might perhaps be rightly denominated, in one word, a Cacistocracy. Will MR. BRIGHT accept that term for his party, go ahead of mere democracy, name as well as thing, and declare himself a Cacistocrat?

A NATIONAL CHARACTERISTIC.—England is the country, of all others, where the greatest readiness is displayed in raising the needful to raise the needy.—*A Proud Briton.*

FINE IDEAS.

WRITING from Stockholm, a correspondent of the *Daily News* begs its readers to "take notice" that—

"The fines dictated by the Swedish statutes for cruelty to human beings, and which are at this moment in full vigour, are as follows:—For a foot chopped or struck off, 25 dollars banco (a Swedish dollar banco is 1s. 8d. sterling); an ankle, 25 dollars banco; a toe, 8 dollars banco; an arm, 10 d. b.; a leg, 10 d. b.; a nose, 40 d. b.; a hand, 40 d. b.; an ear, 40 d. b.; a thumb, 25 d. b.; a forefinger, 17 d. b.; an eye, 40 d. b.; if the eye is of enamel or glass (incredible, but true!) 60 d. b.; a broken head, 10 d. b.; a tooth knocked out, 6 d. b.; small wounds, each 1 d. b.; a box on the ear, ½ d. b. The sufferer must not be a member of the Storting (or Parliament), at least during the Session, as any such attack at that period, and in the city of Stockholm, is considered as high treason, and punishable as such."

As we in England are requested to "take notice" of the paragraph, we presume the law of Sweden would affect us if we went there; and that whatever injuries our persons might sustain, would be valued according to the tariff above quoted. If this be so, the Swedish law is not without some moment to us; and it comes within our province to vote for its amendment. We are at present well content to have our residence in England, had as are the dinners which the *Times* tells us we get here. But should anything turn up to make us live among the Swedes, it is as well we know the price which they will set upon our heads, in case we are unfortunate enough to get them broken there. We must confess, however, that the passage we have cited is based upon a notion of comparative anatomy, which, if we happened to be hurt, we should certainly protest against. We would not take ten shillings to have one of our teeth knocked out, nor would we have our ears boxed for so small a sum as eightpence, unless the boxer were a female, and the loveliest as well as lightest-handed of her sex. That a glass eye should be valued more highly than a real one appears to us to be an optical delusion, and why an arm may be cut off for a fine of but ten dollars, while a hand is priced precisely at four times that amount, is a puzzle which to English brains is quite incomprehensible, clear as it may seem to the turnip-headed Swedes. If one's arm be "chopped or struck off," one's hand must needs go with it: yet for the greater injury, the less fine is imposed, which in whatever light we view it seems to us an imposition.

The law making it high treason to hurt members of the Storting, shows us in what reverence the Swedes hold their M.P.s, and how far advanced in that respect they are before the English. But much as you may praise it, oh! be thankful, fellow-countrymen, that no such law is yours; else, think what a calamity would long since have befallen you. The nation would ere this have been in mourning for its *Punch*! for if it were high treason to make cuts at our M.P.s, *Punch* would long ere this have paid the penalty for doing so.

"SWALLOW, SWALLOW, FLYING SOUTH."

ADVICE which it is impossible to follow is simply a mockery. The above recommendation has been made to *Mr. Punch*, no doubt in the most delightful manner, but having experimented, that gentleman declares himself unable to avail himself of it.

He would have been glad to do so, too, in regard to a reason.

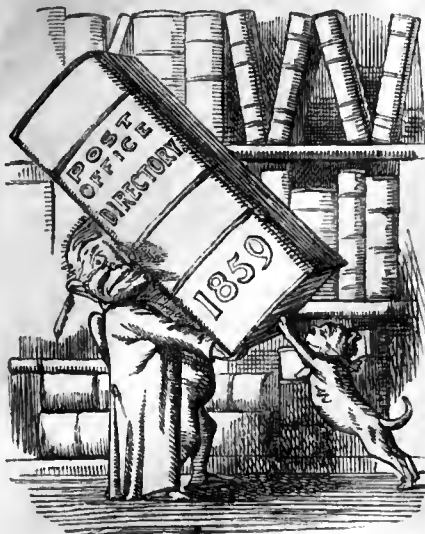
Lately, he had to advert to the conduct of one OLIVER, a stock-broker, who, being entrusted with the fortune, some £5000, of a young lady named CAROLINE ADELAIDE DANCE, did feloniously apply the same to his own use, and now lies under sentence of transportation, being retained in England only while bankruptcy investigation endeavours to ascertain whether anything that has come under his hands has escaped his wicked greed. It appears that the lady, thus plundered of nearly her all, has not sat down to bewail herself, neither has she taken the next step usual in such cases, of casting herself upon the hands of others, having something in her own hands, or rather fingers, that enables her to preserve her independence. She has musical gifts, improved by cultivation; and these, which were to have been the amusement of her leisure are now to be the support of her home and that of her nearest and dearest relative. MISS DANCE has composed songs, and the *Musical World* (which is an oracle in its own sphere), declares them to be full of sweet and serious thought, and altogether excellent.

Mr. Punch applauds the young lady's spirit, and wishes her all success. But the above title of her last song, charming as the music is, gives counsel which he repeats, he cannot follow. The only way in which he flies south is by an express on the Brighton line, and this train stops nowhere to enable him to swallow; and if he tries to swallow from a pocket flask, the motion of the train makes him spill the Cognac all over the front of his shirt. That the words are ALFRED TENNYSON'S only shows how unpractical are poets. *Mr. Punch* cannot swallow, flying south.

VERY BAD LIVERS.

Q. WHAT did the East India Company die of?
A. Indi(a)-gestion?

WHO'S WHERE IN 1859 ?



Have what some may think a difficult task before us. We have to criticise a work which we have never read; and, highly as we think of it, we never mean to read it. All that we intend to do is just to glance at its contents, and on that one glance we mean to stake our judgment.

After all, though, this is no uncommon thing to do. We will wager professed critics are continually doing it. How many pages of a book upon an average are cut, to enable a reviewer to furnish his opinion of it? There is a species of clairvoyance by which the critic gains

an insight into books by just glancing at the title-page and table of contents. Why, if reviewers were obliged to read through what they criticise, they would never have the time to write down what they think of it. Everybody nowadays is bringing out a book, and nobody has time to read through anybody else's. A Briareus of a critic would find his hundred hands filled daily with new works; and had he the eyes of Argus, he could not possibly do more than get but half a glimpse at a title of what is published.

KELLY'S *Post-Office Directory for 1859*. You have not read it, reader? No, we dare bet you have not. Nor, much as we commend it, would we advise your doing so. We could not in conscience recommend you to sit down, and not get up till you have finished it; for your lengthened sedentation might be bodily a bore, and we do not think that mentally you would be the better for it. Yet the work, we make no doubt, will be often in your hands, and you will seldom lay it down without being the wiser for it. It will be little use your trying to master its contents, they will set the strongest mind and longest memory at defiance. An occasional dip into them is all you can expect; but such dips, you will find, will sufficiently enlighten you.

To show what interesting subjects are treated in the work, and give a specimen of the manner in which they are handled, we think the following extracts will abundantly suffice:—

"Punch's Pocket-Book (*Ann.*) . . . } 85, Fleet Street, p. 2275.
 "Punch (Weekly) . . . }
 "Punch, 85, Fleet Street, Wednesday p. 2276."

There is no circumlocution to complain of here. No tediousness of detail mars the grandeur of the truths which have to be enounced. The statements to be made are of national importance, and they are told with a simplicity of words which well befits them. Nor is this the only instance that, if need were, we could quote. The same admirable conciseness, we find, pervades the book. The *Directory* is not generally commended for its humour; yet, if brevity of statement be the soul of wit, the *Directory* is certainly the wittiest of works.

To persons who are fond of seeing their names in print, such a book as the *Directory* must be one of lively interest; and if a tithe of the names printed in it were put down in the Subscription List, the proprietors of the work would have no fear for its success. We have set two of our fastest calculating boys to make an estimate of the sum which would in this event be realised; but as the work of counting up the names will take them upwards of a week, the solution of the problem must stand over till our next. Some idea may be formed of the labour which is involved in it; if we state that of the "SMITHS" alone there are above eight pages, averaging one hundred and sixty to a page.

Measuring some six inches thick, and weighing as it does upwards of half a stone, the *Directory* may with truth be viewed as a great work; and when it is reflected that every name inserted involved a visit to the local habitation of its owner, and that the Post Office initials are appended in each case, we think some notion may be had, not only of the penwork bestowed upon the book, but of the shoe-leather expended in collecting the statistics for it. The labour of compiling such a work as the *Directory* is not less manual and cerebral than mental and cerebral; and we think the getting up of this its Sixtieth publication, does great credit to the hands and heads, and also, we may add, to the legs which were employed in it.

THE NEW PICTURE-GALLERY.

(Addressed by the Policeman on Duty there to the Idol of his Affections.)

FROM information, SARAH, which this morning I received, I took up a position, as I kept until relieved; It were in Great George Street, Westminster, this station were of mine, And the number, if you ask me that, were number XXIX. |

There's a dollop of Trusteeses, nearly all in titled names, Has been buying lots of pictures, which I don't admire the frames; And each of 'em's a likeness like, some full length and some half, And the gentleman who's hung 'em up by name is Mr. SCHARP.

And to this ouse in Westminster the public they invite To come quite free and affable and take a pleasing sight. LORD STANUP and LORD ECHO, and LORD SESSLE, which is BOB, And LORD MACAWLY, which I hear have got a tidy nob.

Likewise does good LORD LANSDOWN, a pier as I respex, And MR. DISSREYELY too, as knows to jaw and wax, And MR. SIDNEY ERBUT, a politely spoken gent, They all invite the public to walk up and be content.

There's nothing, SARAH, for to pay, but to keep out blagu-ards The public must resort unto Colnaggy for their cards. When up they walks promiscuous, and what they will behold To you, my true love, SARAH, by your true love shall be told.

They'll see SIR JOSHER RENOLS, with his hand before his eyes, As I do in the sunshine when a prig I takes and spies, And DOCTOR PARR, but not the one regarding which I've wonderd How taking such a heap of pills he lived to be a underd.

Here's ANDLE, which compose the songs they sing at Exter All, And CAPTAIN COOK which circumvented this terrestrial hawl, And PERCEVAL, as some one shot, and near to him ORN TOOK, And JIMMY TOMSON which I hear have wrote a pleasing book.

Then, SARAH, comes a female, which have got such eyes and arms, Excepting one, I never see the ekal of her charms; That one I needn't name, my dear, because you know it well, But this sweet party's name is GWYNN, her Christian being NELL.

There's likewise BILLY SHAKSPEARE with whom you're well acquaint, And FOX the martlelologger with whom most like you aint, And CARNAL WOLSEY, which with me a many times you've seen, When on duty up in Oxford Street, performer, MR. KEAN.

Brave GENERAL WOLFE as was a wolf that made the Frenchmen run, And bold BURDETT (how many a time I've took up MR. DUNN) And MR. WILLIAM WILBYFORCE as liberate the nigger, And PRINCESS SHARLOT, dead and gone, a very handsome figure.

LORD CLIVE, as from his worldly beat I'm told presumed to hook it, They say he was a cruel cove, and SARAH, don't he look it? Then MRS. SIDDINGS, and her brother, pictures true to natur, These parties only played in a respectable theaytre.

Then SIR J. MACKINTOSH, in red, but with a loose white tie, He invented waterproofs for capes, and bless him, so say I. And ROBERT BURNS, respecting which they're getting up a row: I've heard he made good songs, and such, when follering of his plough.

At present about sixty is the number as they've got, But every day the great folks will be adding to the lot, And speaking as a constable, I think the thing correct, It keeps folks out of mischief while such matters they inspect.

I see a heap of swells and nobbs upon the private view, They rub their ands, and says to MR. SCHARP as it will do, Some day there'll be a splendid show, and in some corner, snug, Who knows, my SARAH, but they'll stiek your true love's noble mug?

January 14, 1859.

What is the World Coming to?

A LADY of Fashion, upon being told that one of her six-footed JENKINES had been married the previous day to her lady's-maid at the aristocratic church in Hanover Square, was so scandalised, that, forgetting her position, her English, her placidity, and all the other proprieties of life, she exclaimed most bitterly:—"It's too bad, I declare, to turn St. Georges' in this way into a *low-monial altar!*"



A DISCREET (!) FRIEND HAVING PRESENTED MASTER TOM WITH A TOOL-BOX AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT—THE FURNITURE IS PUT INTO THOROUGH REPAIR.

OUR DEFIANCE TO TYRWHITT.

ROO-EY-TOO-EY, TYRWHITT. Roo-ey-too-cy, MR. TYRWHITT. Hooray! Bravo! TYRWHITT for ever! Hooray!

Bah! tyrant. Bah! You may "immediately suppress the cheers of the people in court," with the aid of your minions and myrmidons, but you can't put down *Mr. Punch*. In flat defiance of you, he roars Bravo! TYRWHITT for ever! Well said, Sir. Well spoken, Sir. Put down those of your own size; but you shan't prevent *Mr. Punch's* applauding you with might and main.

And this is what he is applauding:—

A poor girl, named MARY ANN HODGE, aged 16, is found crying on a doorstep, late at night. Police Constable WHITELEY, 239 S (the man behaved discreetly, and deserves to be named), finds that she is homeless, and advises her to go to the St. Pancras workhouse. She has already been there, and has been refused admission. He himself takes her there, and she is again refused. He takes her to the station, whence the added terror of a sergeant is sent with her; but for the third time the homeless girl is driven away. Then, of course, in common humanity, she becomes a prisoner at the station, and has refuge and decent treatment for the night.

She is brought, being a prisoner, before MR. TYRWHITT; and, "in the course of the day," the Master of St. Pancras condescends to attend. The following conversation ensued:—

"The master said the reason why he did not give orders for the girl's admission was because he was not told that she was 'destitute,' only that she wanted a night's lodging.

"MR. TYRWHITT. You do not mean to say that when a person is brought by the Police, found in the public streets, without a home, you refuse admission because he belongs to a neighbouring parish?

"The Master. Well, no; it depends.

"MR. TYRWHITT. Because the word 'destitution' had not been used, admission was refused to a poor—

"The master, who seemed to treat the matter with great callousness, was about making some remarks when he was told to sit down."

His callousness sat down accordingly, when MR. TYRWHITT inflicted upon the callous animal and his proprietors the following castigation:—

"He could not help remarking, that the masters of workhouses read Poor Law Reports and Regulations until they thought of nothing else, and their hearts grew

harder. What was this girl refused admission for? Only because she did not make use of the word 'destitute.' If she had been taken in and relieved with her four ounces of bread, the master could this morning have made her work for it. Such conduct as had been pursued in this case was a perfect disgrace to the administration of the Poor Law. He knew the storm which would be raised, and strong interests which worked in St. Pancras, but he would fearlessly do his duty, and he said advisedly that he believed that *no other parish would act in this way*. In the parishes surrounding this Court, viz., Clerkenwell, Islington (more especially the latter), and St. Andrew's, Holborn, every attention was paid to such cases—attention which is not paid by the parish of St. Pancras. His brother magistrate (MR. CORRIE) was, he understood, of the same opinion. How was it that such dreadful cases came from that parish alone? There must be several more when one of their officers was now under remand, and warrants had been issued against others who could not be found."

Once more, and in utter defiance of you and your minions, *Mr. Punch* exclaims, Bravo, TYRWHITT! The parish of St. Pancras is not only a disgrace to Metropolitan administration, but to the community generally. It is one of the instances that are flung in the face of Reformers, when they desire to extend popular representation. Obstructives say, "Look at the precious parish of St. Pancras, with its vestry of chattering, jangling, loquacious Bumbles, and look at the state of the parish. These men are the choice of the many; and do you want to send such men to Parliament?" If there are any true Reformers, and there must be some in St. Pancras, they will strengthen the hands of their friends in Parliament by agitating in the most determined manner for a reform in St. Pancras. The united wisdom of the assembly of popular representatives there can do no better than appoint some officers who abscond, and others who do still worse, namely, stay, and drive houseless girls of sixteen back upon the streets.

"Storm," MR. TYRWHITT. The best thing that can happen. A storm, as you may have remarked in walking in your garden, brings out the slugs, and toads, and crawling nuisances; and then they can be picked up and flung out of the premises. And, if this happens in St. Pancras, *Mr. Punch* promises to pick up the creatures that come forth, and has provided himself with a new pair of tongs for the purpose. Let us see the crawlers come out.

And therefore once again, and in the interest of humanity, and in renewed defiance of your myrmidons and minions, *Mr. Punch* shouts, stamps, and clatters, in approbation, MR. TYRWHITT, of your out-speaking.



Cousin Harriet. "WELL, ALFRED, WILL YOU STOP AND HAVE SOME TEA WITH US?"
 Alfred. "HAW! YOU'RE VERY GOOD, I'M SURE; BUT I'VE GOT TO TAKE THE CHILDREN TO SEE THE PANTOMIME!"

BARCAROLE.

(To be Sung at the Opening of Parliament by the (Loaves and) Fish-ermen below the gangway.)

BEHOLD how BRIGHT-ly breaks the Session,
 Though thin our ranks, our hopes are warm;
 JOHN BULL we'll stir with loud profession,
 The whirlwind rule, and guide the storm.
 Put off, put off, by friend and foe,
 The gangway long we've sat below;
 But let us play our game with care,
 The pay we seek, we soon shall share.

Chorus.

Put off, put off, by friend and foe,
 The gangway long we've sat below;
 But let us play our game with care,
 The pay we seek, we soon shall share

The country's sick of Whigs and Tories;
 All save ourselves are fools and knaves:
 A fig for war's expensive glories,
 It doesn't pay to rule the waves.
 Chorus.—Put off, put off, &c.

When BRIGHT our sun shines in the zenith,
 Our Cabinet is ready made;
 Where COX for WALPOLE lordly reigneth,
 With GIBSON at the Board of Trade.
 Chorus.—Put off, put off, &c.

While WILLIAMS at th' Exchequer frowning,
 The pennies saves, till pounds increase;
 And ROEBUCK in the Street of Downing
 His temper shows, to keep the peace.
 Chorus.—Put off, put off, &c.

THE SCARLET PETTICOAT.

DOES THE REV. DR. NEWMAN consider Crinoline as an illustration of the principle of development?

NAPOLEONIC IDEA.—The Minister who dabbles in the Stocks ought to be put in the Pillory.

A NICE DISTINCTION.

DATING from Nice, the "Own Correspondent" of the *Daily News*, in describing the reception there of PRINCE NAPOLEON, writes thus:—

"The arrival of the Prince speedily became known, and much anxiety was displayed by the natives to behold the features of the personage whose resemblance to the Great NAPOLEON at one period of his life is undenia-ble. The ladies were of course desirous to see the Prince, on whom is to be conferred the hand of the daughter of Saxe. The French refugees in Nice, who are numerous, were likewise fired with a certain curiosity, for some of their body had the felicity in 1843 of sharing the benches of the 'Mountain' with the august visitor; and having partaken of the same opinions, employed the same language, and shared identical hopes, it was but natural that they should embrace this opportunity of welcoming their former political brother with becoming deference. But the brilliant sun which illuminates this coast has a peculiar effect on some eyesights; and the Prince, whose political sincerity cannot be questioned, was unhappily prevented by this solar phenomenon from recognising his old political associates."

It is proverbial that there is nothing new under the sun, and the curious phenomenon which was observed at Nice, has been remarked elsewhere beneath our solar system. As men rise in the world they frequently get dazzled by the brightness of their prospects, and in proportion to the height which they attain is the damaging effect which is produced upon their eyesight. Ascenders of high mountains often find their eyes affected before they reach the summit; and some ascribe their blindness to the rarity of atmosphere by which they are surrounded. In the like manner a person who is rising in the world often gives himself rare airs, and is not seldom forced in consequence to walk with his eyes shut.

As far as our own solar observations go to prove, it by no means needs the "brilliant sun" of Italy to cause this optical effect. In fact no sunshine at all, except the sunshine of prosperity, is needful to produce it. We have seen great men in England so completely dazzled by the light of their own presence, that even on the cloudiest of our November days, they have completely failed to recognise a face the most familiar to them. Rising men do this sometimes, as well as men already risen. They carry their heads so high that they can see nothing beneath them: just as PRINCE NAPOLEON having risen above

the "Mountain," now no longer stoops to look at it. The Mountain goes to see the Prince, but the Prince is not disposed to the returning of the compliment. The Prince has other views just now to occupy his eyesight, and as for noticing the Mountain he "docsn't seem to see it."

The same phenomenon is visible as well in the political as in the social atmosphere. We recollect when politics ran higher than they now do, it was hard to meet a man whose eyesight was not more or less affected like the Prince's. The blindness to which all were at the time we speak of subject, was a sort of what has since received the name of "colour blindness." This, when they met a man of any other party colour than their own, nine times in ten at least prevented them from seeing him. A "Blue" passed by a "Yellow" without noticing his presence, and to both a "Green" was equally invisible. A like blindness, no doubt, affected PRINCE NAPOLEON, when he failed to see his old political associates at Nice: for now his eyes are blind with the Imperial Purple, of course he cannot recognise the revolutionary Red.

From Poll to Poll.

The Sabbatarians, angered at being largely defeated on two separate polls as to whether the Crystal Palace shall be opened on a Sunday, intend submitting their next decision to the DEAN OF CARLISLE, in the hope that this will bring the question of Sabbath opening effectually to a CLOSE.

SERPENTINE POLICY.

"FIRST Americanise, then annex," is the principle on which MR. DOUGLAS proposes to extend the possessions of the Yankee Republic. Just so the boa-constrictor first strangles and licks its prey all over, and then swallows it.

THE COCKNEY'S ADDRESS TO THE SEA.—"With all thy faults I love thee still."

LETTER FROM THE DEAN OF CARLISLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF PUNCH.



SIR.—Although perfectly aware of the malignant hatred which *Punch* bears to religion, and although profoundly convinced that he is actuated by a burning desire to see every cathedral turned into a hippodrome, and every church into a gin-palace; yet, as I hope I know better than to be uncharitable, I propose to address to you a few remarks on the subject of Pantomimes, with which horrors my name has been unhappily connected. I do not suppose, however, that you will insert my letter, inasmuch as I believe you to be a depraved worldling, and either too bitterly hostile to good men to show them fair play, or too stupidly incapable of comprehending them to see the merits of their arguments. If I

were disposed to write harshly, I might use much stronger language.

"I have been represented, Sir, as having stated that a Pantomime is a wicked exhibition. I adopt, and repeat that statement.

"I have said the thing, Sir, too often to have any doubt in my mind of its truth. But knowing that it is my duty to prove all things, and supposing it possible that the anathemas of myself and other good men might have induced some outward reformation in these accursed spectacles, I came to London on Tuesday last, for the purpose of beholding, with my own eyes, what I deemed it my duty to denounce. I called, in my way, for the Editor of the *Record*, who was so good as to leave unfinished a statement that a leading Puseyite had just eloped with his grandmother, and to accompany me to the theatre.

"We selected Drury Lane Theatre, as being the oldest and largest of these temples of Beelzebub, but as we would not encourage wickedness by paying one farthing, we applied to MR. SMITH for a box. I am bound to say that in the note enclosing it, there was not a single oath or other demoralising expression, which, alas, shows the hypocrisy of the world. I make no doubt that he and every other manager habitually use lithographed forms of reply, with the most profane and evil language therein, but in Christian charity, I state that there was nothing of the kind in the envelope in question. We were shown into a box marked F, and the initial suggested the word Folly to my friend the Editor. Would that only folly were practised in the Theatre!

"The box-opener was in red, the livery of the Scarlet Woman. He did not ask for money, nor would I have given him any; but in exchange for what worldlings call a play-bill I gave him a tract, called '*Is All Serene, my Cove?*' May it be blessed to the poor creature!

"Sir, the veil disclosing the iniquity called a Pantomime had some time risen, and what is profanely called the Transformation scene was before the audience. And what an audience! Thousands of persons, from the pit (well named) to the ceiling, grinning, with idiotic delight, at a glistening spectacle, made up of paint, tinsel, gaudy dresses, red fire, (ah!) and bedizened females. What must be the influence of such a spectacle! I do not deny its fascination—even my eye dwelt on it, I blush to say, with a momentary sensation of pleasure, while the good man by my side was permitted to be tempted so far as to mutter the slang word '*Stunning!*'

"Then, Sir, commenced a series of wickednesses which I firmly believe have never been equalled, in so short a time, since the beginning of the world. I write them with a shudder, and even the callous creatures who read your paper must feel some little shame at perusing such a description.

"I do not speak of the horrible morals taught. These were atrocious enough. A poor old man, apparently the friend of a fiend called the Clown, was treated more brutally than I could have conceived flesh could bear. He was dashed on the ground, his face was kicked, his eye was slapped, he was knocked on the head, all by his false friend, upon whom incessant remonstrance produced no effect beyond a mocking jeer. Sometimes under the guise of sociality the athletic ruffian would approach the poor aged creature, whose confidence in him was touching, and suddenly and without provocation would deal him a fearful blow, which resounded over the house. Sometimes he would wound him, or strike him with a huge club, or drive a ladder into his abdomen. It was cruel and barbarous. My good friend, the Editor of the *Record*, says that these ill-used old men seldom survive more than a night, and that new victims are hired by the managers, to be slaughtered like the horses in Spanish bull-fights. But I speak only of what I saw.

"Sir, I saw with my own eyes several murders that night. I saw a man who represented a policeman (no, Sir, I am not an ignorant bigot, and I am quite aware that the poor wretch

was not really a policeman) blown into fragments by an explosion, caused by an electric wire. I am not to be deceived, I beheld his disjointed limbs fly about, and it is not by the paltry artifice of bringing in another person, supposed to be the victim restored to life, that I am to be deluded. I also saw a man's head cut off with a large pair of scissors, and the body was thrown down a hole, after much brutal treatment had been bestowed upon it. A live man was put in the place of the slain, but again, Sir, I say that I am not to be taken in. And a third time, Mr. *Punch*, I witnessed a similar spectacle, another policeman (the hatred of the wicked to all constituted authorities is awful) being stunned and thrown into a cucumber frame, whence, again, the substitute arose, but I am not again to be so deceived. My friend, the Editor of the *Record*, informs me that the manager of the Theatre contracts with an hospital to take away the bodies of the persons they put to death, and when we came out I saw a group of medical students at the door of an hotel called the Albion, who were doubtless waiting for the subjects for dissection.

"Sir, the audience evinced no horror at such scenes. On the contrary, they uttered shouts of delight when the victims were stricken down; just such yells, Sir, as the Pagans of the old Roman amphitheatre emitted when the wounded gladiator fell upon the ensanguined sand, and looked round upon the cruel thousands for the signal of mercy; but, alas, saw turned-down thumbs, announcing that he was to perish by the sword of the victor.*

"After such scenes, Sir, permitted in Pantomimes by the authorities, why need I dwell upon lesser, though still great crimes. I am bound to say that the females engaged did not dress in the unseemly fashion which I had heard was usual, and I do not know that there was much more display of their lower limbs than I have habitually witnessed on the part of the miserable but fashionable sinners of my Cheltenham flock, who wore Crinolines, and had to cross roads. But, for the rest, the whole performance was one of wickedness, lying, thieving, smiting, brawling, and vanity; all, however, thrown into nothingness by the diabolical atrocity of killing several persons in order to make a holiday for a London crowd.

"I returned, Sir, by a late train, but my friend, the Editor of the *Record*, in order that the carnal pride engendered in him by his extraordinary gifts and graces might be abased, was permitted to eat such a number of whelks at a stall in Vinegar Yard, that he was excessively unwell next day, and his journal came out for once without a single instance of what the worldlings and the Tractarians call misrepresentation; but which good men know to be the salutary scourgings for the enemies of true religion.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"FRANCIS CLOSE, D.D."

"*The Deanery, Carlisle.*"

* It was just the other way—*policem vertebant*—but the High Church declare that the Evangelicals are not remarkable for the exactitude of their scholarship.—P.

How the Austrians Run.

For gold, as often as they can; and when there is no gold, they are too happy to run for silver.

LACING FOR LADIES.

A WASPISH waist makes a woful want—of health.

ONE OF THE "ITALIAN IRONS."—The Holy Poker!!!

GROSS CALUMNY ON A ROMAN CATHOLIC SOMEBODY.



FEW old women were greatly alarmed at the PRINCE OF WALES'S visit to Rome. Their apprehensions will be heightened to the pitch of frenzy by the subjoined extract from a letter from Malta, published in the *Times*:

"A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—The following garrison order has been the source of much bitterness:—'All guards to turn out to the Archbishop of Malta, and all sentries to carry arms and present arms when the Host passes.' CAPTAIN SHEPFIELD, of the 21st R. N. B. F., having refused to obey the above, has been ordered under arrest, and will in all probability be tried by court martial. It is a case of conscience with CAPTAIN SHEPFIELD, who, it is reported, is ready to submit to any punishment rather than do homage to the Host."

This story is not incredible—because those old women will believe it. Fancy a commanding officer daring to order HER MAJESTY'S soldiers to perform an act of homage to an object which HER MAJESTY regards as an idol! It is strange, however, to see what monstrous stories some mischievous knaves or buffoons will tell in defiance of all reason and common sense. The letter above quoted proceeds in the coolest manner to assert that—

"This presenting and carrying arms to the Host has long been a cause of complaint with the Protestant soldiers at Malta, particularly the Presbyterians, when Highland regiments have been stationed here. Some years ago, GENERAL AITCHISON, now Governor of Dover Castle, while commanding a company of Artillery at Malta, was dismissed the Service for refusing to salute the Host."

It is hardly necessary to remark that all this must be imaginary. Would any Protestant officer in command of a garrison venture to cause Irish Roman Catholic troops to salute a British clergyman, or march them to any other chapel than their own, and order them to kneel in it? And if he did, would not the Irish soldiers promptly obey the word of command, without thinking about it, just as the Scotch and English would in the corresponding case? But would not the officer who had been such a fool and a bigot as to give such an order, be speedily dismissed from HER MAJESTY'S service? Much sooner would the author of an insult to the faith which the QUEEN'S troops hold in common with the QUEEN be sent about his business—which might consist in counting his beads, or in deservingly scourging himself, or in saluting the POPE'S shoe with his own lips. If—but no, the supposition is too absurd—if there is any foundation for fact in the statement that English and Scotch Protestant soldiers have been compelled to do reverence to a biscuit, all that we can say is, that we had no idea of the extent to which practical joking was carried in the Army.

St. Pancras and Reform.

A BAD case for MR. BRIGHT'S Reform Bill, as far as the franchise is concerned, is presented by the St. Pancras Vestry. Elected by the rate-payers, that notorious parochial body exhibits a singular example of local self-misgovernment.

THE BURNS' FESTIVAL.

ONE of the six hundred aspirants, upon being asked why he had selected the signature of "Crinoline" for his poem, explained as his reason, that "it could not fail to carry off the prize for *Burns*."

CALUMNY ON THE SUPERIOR CLERGY.

SOME rabid Dissenter, or rampant Papist, has put into the *Times* the subjoined advertisement, with the double view of bringing the Established Church into contempt, and hoaxing *Punch*, so as to provoke him to lay his cudgel about the ears of the Bishops, and superior classes of the clergy:—

AID IS ASKED for many poor Clergymen in Distress wanting Food and Clothing. Donations of money or raiment will be thankfully received by the REV. W. G. JERVIS, Secretary to the Poor Clergy Relief Society, 345, Strand, W.C.

Punch is not to be had. *Punch* is not going to belabour an imaginary REVEREND DIVES, for hardheartedness to a fictitious LAZARUS in holy orders. The age of clerical pluralists and sinecurists has passed. The bottlenosed Bishop and the bloated Rector are extinct animals. No Curates now starve, except Puseyite Curates, who fast to excess. And would they, and the rest of the Puseyite clergy, study the gratification of a taste for splendid vestments, if they had the slightest idea that there existed any, not to say many, poor clergymen in want of both food and clothing? So monstrous an idea could only be conceived in the spirit which refuses to pay church rates. Popery and Dissent will next pretend that lots of unbenevolent and unemployed parsons are going about the streets in ragged surplices, singing, "We've got no cure of souls," or imploring charity in the strains of parochial psalmody. Judaism, however, may, peradventure, have prompted the insidious appeal above quoted—Judaism anxious to involve a Christian priesthood with a peculiar people in the ignominy of crying "O' Clo!" But, though the advertisement is evidently "a thing devised by the enemy," it may be as well for charitable parties to inquire at 345, Strand, if but to satisfy themselves that there is no such Association as the Poor Clergy Relief Society, and that the REV. W. G. JERVIS has no existence.

INDICATION OF A COMING STORM.—When a woman gives you a "bit of her mind," it is, because she cannot keep the peace.

IONIC PILLAR OF THE STATE.—W. GLADSTONE, Esq.

STRAWS TO TICKLE FOOLS WITH.

Who is it that says the Board of Health is composed of *Lignum Vitæ*? To the sour all grapes are sour—to the sweet a German *suite* of rooms is even sweet!

Is it not fair to conjecture that the troughs of the sea are filled only with sow-sow-westers?

There are still wives who sit up for their husbands, but rendering them all honour, it becomes a delicate question whether the sitting-up of the one is at all equal to the setting-down the other receives when he comes home?

The first compliment paid to a travelling Prince is to give him a review. We thought the day for reviews had gone by; but let us hope that the reviews got up abroad are a little more entertaining than those published in our country; or else we pity the poor Prince, when he is presented with one.

Flattery is the language of slaves, and base is the slave who pays it, unless it is to a pretty woman.

Since the Flea is generally up all night, stealing about like a bravo in the dark to take man's blood, we are curious to know if he stops in bed the whole of the next day? or when does he take his rest? or is he simply satisfied in taking the rest of others?

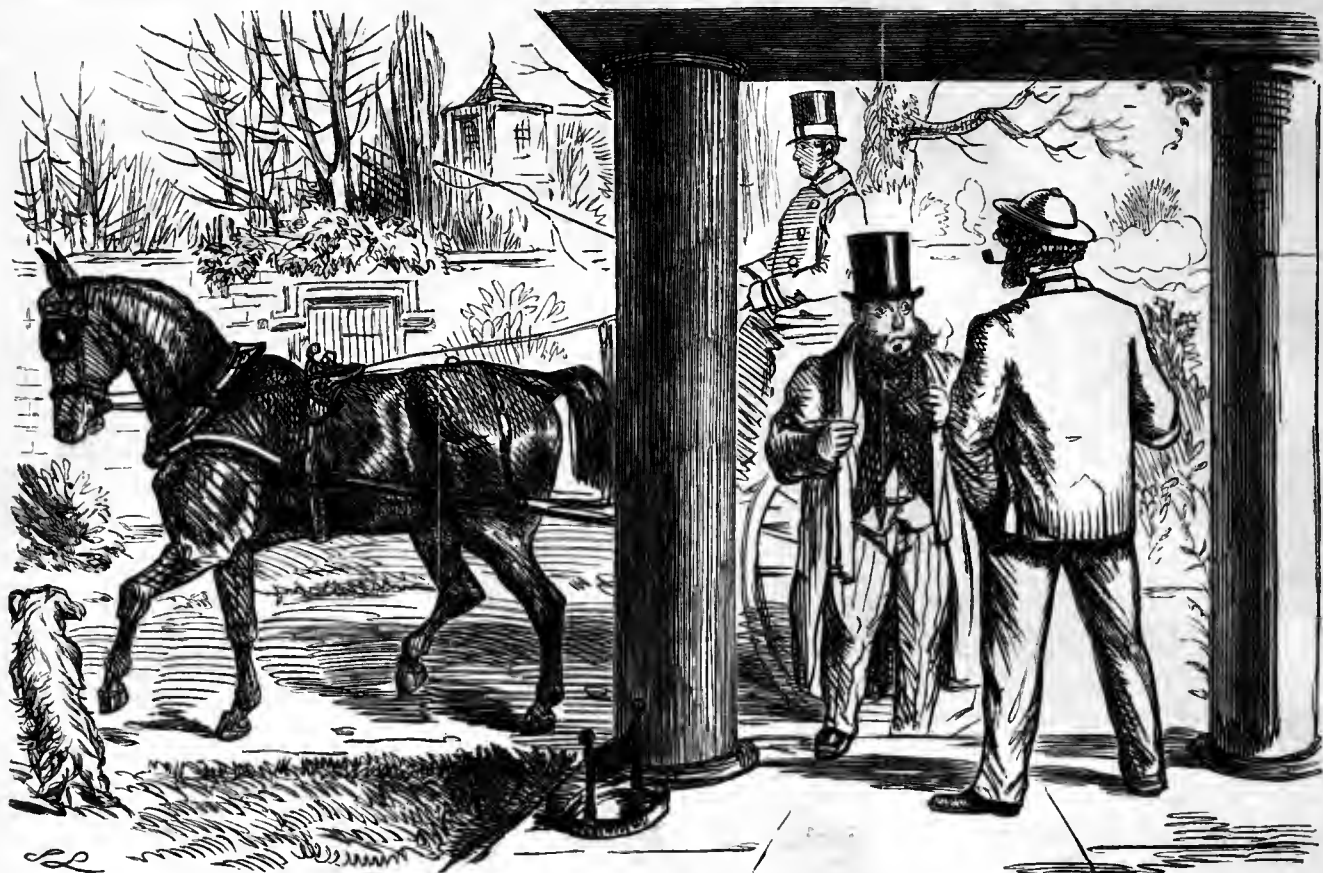
A man cannot wait for his dinner without instantly losing his temper, but see with what angelic sweetness a woman bears the trial! Has woman more patience, then, than man? Not a bit of it,—only she has lunched, and the man has not!

When a man falls asleep after dinner, just for "forty winks," and takes more—is he to be held accountable for the act?

The Italian Revolution.

"MILAN (say the reports) never was so quiet." This is the very last kind of Revolution that was expected in Italy. When it was told to FATHER PROUT, he exclaimed, "Milan quiet! By the Pope's grandmother, it must be then the Milanium!"

A CLEAN IMPOSSIBILITY.—For the Board of Works to purify the Thames.



PLEASING PROSPECT.

Friend from Town. "WELL! AND HOW'S THE MARE?"

Country Friend. "OH! ALL RIGHT, OLD BOY! SHE WILL BE AS FRESH AS PAINT FOR YOU TO-MORROW, FOR SHE HASN'T BEEN HUNTED SINCE THE DAY SHE PUT FRANK RAILER'S SHOULDER OUT!"

A BRIGHTER HOUSE OF PEERS.

MY DEAR BRIGHT,

I WOULDN'T be content with reforming the House of Commons, if I were you. Don't do things by halves. While your hand is in, take the opportunity to improve the House of Lords; not, indeed, as your friend JONATHAN says, to improve them off the face of the earth, but to preserve, in bettering, the upper branch of the Legislature. How well you could do it is clear from this passage of your Bradford speech:—

"You have on this platform to-night two gentlemen who moved and seconded the resolutions, which you have been so good as to pass, welcoming me to this meeting. If the House of Lords is to be a representation of all the great interests of this country, and not of the land exclusively, where would you find them, but sitting there as the barons, the marquises, nay the princes, of manufactures and commerce?"

Might not the establishment of a Commercial Peerage be effected by a resolution of both Houses, declaring cotton to be of as much consequence as corn, sheets of calico as honourable as acres of land, and mill-owners as noble as landlords? On these resolutions the Crown might act, and erect twist into a barony, for instance—shoddy into a marquise—devil's-dust into a dukedom—nay, power-looms into a principality, which perhaps you see looming in the distance. Why should the descendants of a set of grasping feudal tyrants be noble by descent, and actually existing heads of warehouses, who are equally hard-fisted and as arbitrary as they can be, esteemed unfit to wear a coronet?

To be sure, men, now-a-days, are in most cases made peers for the services which they have rendered to their country, and not for having made their own fortunes. How glad I shall be if I live to see you raised to the Peerage on the former account, and in future years shall be enabled occasionally to publish a portrait of a certain stout

nobleman, and write you a letter, concluding with the desire that you will believe me to be always,

My Lord DUKE,

Your Grace's most Obedient and Humble Servant,

PUNCH.

To the Most Noble JOHN, DUKE OF BIRMINGHAM AND ROCHEDALE.

P.S. May your Grace's shadow never be less.

A National Characteristic.

THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN, wishing to give a notion of the excessive tranquillity of Lombardy, said in his despatches to head-quarters, that "the golden age had come again." The figure (was only taken in the sense of solid specie, for great was the Archduke's astonishment, when he received a telegraphic communication back from Vienna, "to get it changed instantly into Paper."

"L'EMPIRE, C'EST L'ÉPÉE."

FRANCE has been thrown into a fearful state of funk by certain words that the EMPEROR let drop on New Year's Day. Frenchmen's faces, at the prospect of war, fell almost as low as the funds. This fear is but natural, for is not the safety of France entirely at the mercy of NAPOLEON'S (S)WORD?

Learn this by Heart.

THERE was a young woman, and what do you think?
She soaked her light dresses in Chloride of Zinc.
Then fire couldn't hurt her, though close she came by it,
O ladies! O managers! why don't you try it?



A VERY GREASY POLE.



VALENTINES TO THE NOSE.

An advertisement informs young gentlemen and ladies, and servant girls, that,—



RIMMEL'S PERFUMED ALMANACK OF THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS forms a novel and appropriate Valentine, by underlining the sentiment meant to be conveyed.

The meaning of this statement probably is, that RIMMEL'S *Perfumed Almanack of the Language of Flowers* may be made to answer the purpose of a Valentine by underlining the sentiment which the sender wishes to convey. An Almanack cannot very well underline its own contents. RIMMEL'S shop smells very nice, and no doubt his *Perfumed Almanack* is also fragrant, and therefore may be well said to form an appropriate Valentine, inasmuch as it is calculated to lead the receiver by the nose. But certainly a novel Valentine will not be formed by underlining the sentiment meant to be conveyed in it. In all the numerous Valentines which we are in the habit of receiving from our fair admirers, not only are the passages expressive of ardent affection all underlined, but also a great many words and phrases, to which it is impossible to attach any degree of significance. Such Valentines may puzzle some dull readers; but anybody will be able to smell out the meaning of a *Perfumed Almanack*.

A DEFENCE OF ENGLISH DINNERS.

BY ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"With your leave, I will resume the attitude of defence which you allowed me to take up in your last week's number.

"The charge which, under pressure from without, the *Times* has made on us is, that—

"With the best meat, fish, game, fruit, and vegetables in the world, and with means of access to the markets of every foreign country, our English middleclass housewives—let no English lady eorn the honourable title—have not yet succeeded, when they give an entertainment, in going beyond a regulation programme with which we are all familiar, even to nausea."

"What this 'regulation programme' consists of, *Mr. Punch*, any of your readers who are diners-out will guess:—

"Dim soup and ood's head and shoulders, relieved by three or four evil side dishes, and followed by the inevitable haunch of mutton and pair of chickens."

"Now, *Mr. Punch*, I ask you as an Englishman, pray what in the name of conscience can the *Times* complain of here? Call this a 'monotonous *ménu*,' forsooth! What! Soup, fish, flesh, and fowl, not to mention the *et ceteras*, such as pudding, game, and cheese, which of course come on as followers, just to fill up vacant corners with. To cry, oh, we want variety! with such a bill of fare as this, appears to me, I must confess, like asking for more air in the midst of a typhoon, or wanting wetter weather when one is visiting the Lakes.

"But, Sir, grant it is monotonous. I say, so much the better. Monotony is charming to me, especially in diet. As one of the Old School, Sir, I like things I am used to. Whatever may be new to me, my first impulse is to hate. At the table, of all places, I detest making experiments. What though the soup be 'dim!'—there's nothing new to me in that, and therefore nothing disagreeable. What one calls 'clear' soup in England is invariably dim. It's like a 'clear' day in Scotland: you can't see half an inch in it. Thames water is about as transparent as clear soup with us. But what of that, Sir? I am used to it; and I say again, I like things I am used to. Don't talk to me, then, about 'wanting more variety,' about your '*relevés*' and '*consommés*,' and '*dining à la Russe!*' I say, that, as an Englishman, I like plain English fare; and, as an Englishman, I am by constitution slow to change my tastes. I know what I like, and what I like I mean to stick to. To hate all foreign kickshaws seems, to my mind, I confess, the duty of a Briton. It shows his noble self-contentedness, and independence of advice.

"I never shall forget what happened to me once when it was my misery to be dining *à la Russe*. I had been eating a curry, and the next dish which was handed, looked like ground rice pudding with the skin off. There was no such common condiment as ground rice named in the *ménu*: but on my asking if I guessed right, I received for answer the words 'Yessiricpuddink'—said, as only waiters could have said it, in a breath. I popped a spoonful in my mouth, which was blazing with the curry, and found that what I fancied had been rice, was ice. Sir, what I suffered is more easily imagined than described, and what I did I prefer leaving to a similar conception.

"Now, Sir, in English dinners one is not tortured in this way. One may eat one's food in comfort, and need apprehend no chance of being suddenly 'surprised' in it. Our cooks, Sir, never stoop to shams and make-believe dishes. All's fair and above-board in our system of *cuisine*. Our pieces of resistance have really something to resist in them.

What looks substantial is so. There's no fear of our meats ever melting in one's mouth. When one sees a joint cut up, one knows what toughness to expect; and it very rarely happens that one is disappointed. A beefsteak is a beefsteak, and there's no mistake about it. One has no fear that a boiled fowl is a hedgehog in disguise, or that what one takes for a hard dumpling will prove to be a snowball. French cooks, it seems to me, devote their art to making pitfalls for one's guests. 'G. H. M.' may write in raptures of his *boudins* and *becaficos*, his *salsifis à la poulette* and *volaille sauté au suprême*. Such dainties may please gourmands, but have no delights for me. I can't eat them in comfort, for I don't know what they're made of, and if I did, I'll lay a wager it would not increase my relish for them. As one of the Old School, I have a horror of all 'messes.' Indeed, I never taste them but there rankles in my mind a good old-fashioned suspicion that nine French dishes in ten are either toads or snails, or 'such small deer,' to which a haunch of venison is, to my taste, vastly preferable. When 'G. H. M.' advises my 'beginning with *hors d'œuvre*, of a wooing nature,' I seem to hear an inward croaking, which warns me that those delicacies may possibly be frogs; and if such wooing is required to win us to our dinners, we, I think, should show more wisdom if we went without them. None but over-eating gluttons need 'wooing' when they are hungry, and when they are not hungry what right have they to dine? At any rate, if Englishmen want *hors d'œuvre* of a wooing kind to tempt them to the table, I think at public dinners our *aria d'intrata* by all means should be altered; and for the appetitising strains of *The Roast Beef of Old England*, the tune of *Froggy would a-Wooing go!* should nationally be substituted.

"I remain, Sir, undismayed by the *Times'* thunder,
"AN ENGLISHMAN."

VENUS IN WANT OF A LADY'S MAID.

ANYBODY who would like to see a magnificent woman, should inquire at the shop of a fruiterer and greengrocer in Curzon Street, Mayfair, whose name and address will be found in an advertisement which appeared in the *Morning Post* of Thursday, the 20th instant. Here, minus those particulars only, is that advertisement:—

WANTED, a Complete MAID, either English or foreign, to Wait upon One Lady. She must be a person of general talent, accustomed to dress a lady, and to take care of her wardrobe, and a first-rate packer. She must be a perfect dressmaker and milliner, and work quickly; an excellent hairdresser is also required. She must understand getting up fine linen and lace thoroughly. A superficial knowledge of these qualifications will not be sufficient. Applications must be made to Mr. —, Fruiterer and Greengrocer, —, Curzon Street, Mayfair.

The services which this lady requires are evidently those which she has been accustomed to receive. What a highly cultivated lady, what a splendidly got up creature she must be! General talent, experience in the art of attiring ladies and attending to their wardrobe, first-rate skill in packing apparel, perfection in dressmaking and millinery, celerity in performing a vast amount of labour in those branches of decorative industry, excellence in the dressing and adornment of hair, thorough understanding of the superfinement of fine linen and lace: no mere superficial knowledge of these things, but consummate proficiency in all of them; all this talent, experience, skill, celerity, industry, understanding, knowledge and ability in the arts of personal adornment: all these numerous and intense cosmetic qualities, the endowments of a Complete Maid, an entire and perfect chrysolite, a gem of an Abigail, concentrated to embellish the person of one lady!

Fancy the result—or no—perhaps it had better not be imagined. The idea of exquisite female beauty enhanced by the extremest efforts of decorative science and dexterity to an excessive altitude, is too dazzling. The head swims. Whom does this beautiful being bless? He must find her rather expensive, though. Or whom, indifferent to her charms, is she desirous to bless if she can but fascinate him? Alas! Perhaps after all, this is the difficulty! The result of a pilgrimage to Curzon Street might prove to be a "sell." The pilgrim who expected to see a beauty might behold a griffin; and all the above demand for tittivation-power may be a mere aspiration to be made, as it were, a silk purse of, on the part, so to speak, of a sow's ear!

Half-a-Minute's Advice to Parents.

No father should have, what is called, the whipland of his children. It is a groundless fallacy to suppose that a child, because he kicks up a dust, is like a carpet, that requires to be instantly pulled up, and thoroughly well beaten, before it can be put down—*The Hermit of the Haymarket*.

THE TWO GREAT QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

Park Lane. What shall I have for dinner to-day?
Field Lane. Shall I have any dinner to-day?

ALBERT'S FOLLY, KENSINGTON.

THE *Observer* says, that a building is in course of erection at Kensington, for the reception of some distinguished personages at present sojourning at Marlborough House. These are certain Masters, for whom, by a vote of the House of Commons, accommodation had been provided in Trafalgar Square. The edifice is to be finished by contract in nine weeks, at a cost of £4,000. It is rumoured that this sum will have to come out of the pocket of one of the highest persons in the land, because the House of Commons will refuse to grant it, and that the dwelling will have to be occupied by some other tenants than those for whom it is intended, as that Honourable House will object to their removal to a place where they will be out of the people's way.

THE BARDS OF BURNS.

A Day of ye Crystall Palace.

FYITE THE FIRST.

It fell about the Christmas tide, when graziers kill their beeves,
When hall and hut are hung around with the holly's glossy leaves,
When turkey, chine, and pudding plump present a goodly show,
And many pleasant things are done beneath the mistletoe;

That our good Lord of Syddenhame blew from his Crystal Tower
A blast that pealed through all the land with most uncommoun power;
It scared the man of Manchester beside his cotton twists,
The Cornish miner in his mine, the Gaël among his mists.

"Ho! now, my merry minstrels, get all your harps in tune!
A hundred years ago a bard was born by Bonnie Doon,
And he, who best his praises chaunts in most melodious strains,
Shall fifty pieces broad receive of the red gold for his pains!"

Full joyfully on hungry ears that guerdon's tidings smote,
And every bard caught up his lyre, and coughed, and cleared his throat,
And to that Tower of Crystal sheu right swiftly made repair,
Through the pleasant glades of Forest Hill, and of Penge the hamlet fair.



Oh! never drew such motley crew to tournament or feast,
There were thirty score of jongleurs, and gleemaidens at the least,
And hope flashed high in every eye, and they sang out loud and bold,
For those who cared not for the fame cared extremely for the gold.

"An umpire! Now, an umpire; oh! who will bring to me?
An umpire good, my gay foot page!"—"My lord, you shall have three!
The doughtiest men, that may be found, search all broad England
through."

"God help the merry gentlemen, they'll have enough to do!

"Ho! fetch them here, and spread the cheer; pie, pasty, pipes amass,
Hock, Burgundy, and lordly Port, Brown Stout and palest Bass!
They must be ammunitioned well, as for a lengthened siege,
To stand such shock of bedlam bards."—"It shall be done, my liege!"

Then in they came, that lusty three! All fresh as from the hills,
And bearing high a branch of palm, stout MONCKTON hight DE MYLNES;

SIR TOM-LE-TAILZEUR, from Whitehall, a swarthy man and strong;
BON GAULTIER humming, as he strode, the butt-end of a song.

They ranged themselves behind the Board, they dashed into the cheer.
"Ha! they manage all this sort of thing most admirably here.
This Hock is famous!"—"So is this, the vintage of Moselle!"
"And I like this tap of Burgundy particularly well."



And so they laughed, and joked, and quaffed, and chirruped o'er their wine.

"Six hundred bards," quoth stout DE MYLNES, "who cares though they were nine!"

Let's have these Minnesingers in, and hear them in their turns!"
"I fear, not I, no end of Scalds!"—"And I no end of Burns!"

Then one by one they led them in, and every poet there
First turned his collar down, and ran his fingers through his hair,
Then broke into a gush of song, and forth his fancies flung
With emphasis immense, and wild expenditure of lung.

And still the three full jauntily submitted to the din,
And bowed the rival minstrels out, as they had bowed them in.
The sun went down, the moon went down, the starry dark had gone,
And in the sky the sun was high, yet still THE THREE sat on.

A gleemaiden came tripping in, and, as she twang'd her lute,
Beneath her swelling Crinoline she showed a dainty foot.
"No tampering with the Court, Ma'am!" cried DE MYLNES, with
brow of gloom;

BON GAULTIER kissed her fairy hand, and bowed her from the room.



In rushed a frantie lutamist, and he dashed his gauntlet down,
"The red gold shall be mine," he cries, "and mine the laurel crown!
My lyre among the seraph spheres I tuned!" "Oh, that will do!
To the seraph spheres go back!" outspake SIR TOM, "and play it too!"

So on they came, these minstrel men; one measure scarce was done,
Ere with unintermitting crash another had begun;
Night settled down, all night they sang, the day "began to daw,"
And seated still the morning chill THE THREE in judgment saw.

Yet still the minstrel rout poured down, and still they played and sang,
Some softly as the dove, and some with agonising twang,
The life, the apollonicon, the clarionet resound,
And the dreary barrel-organ there its grating torture ground.

And some on the accordion play'd, and some upon the bones,
And some drew from the ophicleide the most guttural of groans,
Some shrieked upon the bagpipes wild a maddening Pillalu,
And some on the corneopan a cheery woodnote blew.



Another day! another night! still rang the minstrelsie,
And there with blanching cheeks sat on THE RHADAMANTHINE THREE;
They clutched their goblets in their hands, and their eyes stood in their
head,
With the look most unpoetical of codfish that are dead.

They sat like men who had been stunned, they sat like things of stone,
And ever, as the minstrels sang, they sobbed a feeble moan,
And BURNS, and Doon, and Mauchlin Belles, and CUTTY SARK, and
JEAN,
Danced through their brains like Will-o'-wispes, or ghosts at Hallowe'en.

At length a mantled form stole in, and with a touch of fire,
That woke triumphant tones, he ran his fingers o'er the lyre;
When from THE THREE that eerie trance to pass away began,
They rubbed their eyes, and slapped their thighs, and shouted "That 's
the MAN!"

FYTTÉ THE SECOND.

When January chill had reached its Five and Twentieth day,
The Crystal halls of Syddenhame beheld a brave array,
All London's chivalry was there, and ladies bright of sheen,
In a bountiful circumference of flounce and Crinoline.

And through the throng, with faces long, and tresses thin and wild,
The elbowing minstrels pushed their way, and grimly too they smiled,
For aloft a laurelled purse was hung, and you might hear their gasp,
As met their eyes that golden prize, and they dreamed it in their grasp.

"A lane there, ho! Hats off! Sit down!" And lo! THE FATAL THREE
Upon a dais tottered forth of the gold and cramoisie,
And each was by his squires upheld, hard task it were, I ween,
To know them then, these ghastly men, so altered was their mien.

The stout DE MYLNES looked feebly round, his eyes were dim and
sunk,

And in his flapping gaberdine his goodly limbs were shrunk,
With grizzled beard and drooping head SIR TOM-LE-TAILZEUR stood,
And a perfect walking skeleton was GAULTIER the Good.

They sank like lead into their seats, and a thrill ran through the hall,
When he that sang The Leaves of Palm piped out before them all,
"Ho! Trumpeters, a blast of might upon your bugles blow!
And for the Victor's Scutcheon you, my merry footpage, go!"

With triumph high full many an eye and brow was upwards thrown,
For every minstrel there knew well that scutcheon was his own,
And many an eye and brow was dropped with dark and deadly frown,
When they found that all their hopes were done ridiculously brown.

For high upborne by that foot page, they saw a blazoned shield,
With *Cruiser* kicking sinister three donkeys in a field,
And from his jaws in letters gules an argent scroll did neigh
"A man's a man for a' that," with some notes of "Scots wha' hae!"

Then rose a yell that scared the owls in Croydon and in Penge,
"Revenge! Revenge!" rang through the air, the cry was still
"Revenge!"

The very pterodactyle at the bottom of the park
Was startled in his oozy lair, and granted, "Here's a lark!"

And to the dais on they dashed, that rabblement of bards,
A surging mass that covered full one hundred cubic yards,

"Let 's hew them down!" "I claim the crown!" "And I the golden
foc!"
"And I!" "And I!" "And I!" "And I!" roared all that weltering
sea.

Up sprang THE THREE, and spread their chests, and their manly
tresses shook,
And from their Squires their harness proof, and dinted falchions took:
"Now by SAINT WIDDICOMB the Just, this day ye well shall rue!"
And the very maddest minstrel there grew pale their wrath to view.

TYRTÆUS TOODLES bit the dust, and SHAKESPEARE SCRAGGS went down,
Low lay the great POSEIDON HICKS, and the valiant MILTON BROWN,
LONGFELLOW SPINKS, fair Brixton's pride, and WHISTLEBINKIE bold,
And of young spasmodic bards a score died grappling for the gold.

For before that laurelled guerdon BON GAULTIER grimly strode,
And down these reiving troubadours like corn in harvest mowed,
And well his brothers kept their posts, and stood that minstrel shock,
As Eddystone hurls back the surge that raves around his rock.

And back before their strokes the tide of minstrel battle rolls,
Some shriek for help to save their shins, some for priests to shrive
their souls,
And fear fell on the men of song, and they called, "A truce! A truce!"
Then might you hear that cry of fear, "A Mayne à la Rescouste!"

And the chivalry of Scotland Yard came charging fiercely through,
Low lay the great POSEIDON HICKS, and the valiant MILTON BROWN,
Like leaves before the autumn gale fled all they could not catch,
"Another hit," LE-TAILZEUR cried, "in An Unequal Match!"

To the Banquet-hall they bore THE THREE, of wine they quaffed the
best,

And to recruit their weary souls was many a dainty dressed;
What chanced to all the bards who fled, no mortal ever heard,
But legends tell, that those who fell, were decently interred.

A GUINEA WELL INVESTED.

At this inclement season, there is a peculiar force in appeals to
charity. Benevolence cannot more efficiently spend money than in
subscribing to a hospital or a dispensary. Such subscriptions are also
an economy of almsgiving. There is a useful institution called
St. Mary's Hospital, in connection with which an interesting case in
illustration of that fact, is related by the *Medical Times*. Its main
particulars are the following: Mr. EDWARDS, Surgeon, of Gloucester
Crescent, Bayswater, brought an action in the County Court against
a gentleman named SHARPE, living in the same neighbourhood, for
£4 12s. 6d. The demand was made on behalf of a poor man whose
case required an operation, and whom Mr. SHARPE had engaged Mr.
EDWARDS to attend. Mr. SHARPE expressed surprise at the amount
of the charge, remarking, that as the subscriber of a guinea per annum
to St. Mary's Hospital, he might have sent the patient there to be
operated on and attended.

The judge hereupon, rather strangely as it may seem, observed that
it did not add credit to any gentleman to say, that he would send such
a patient to such an institution under the circumstances. The truth
was that the patient in question was MR. SHARPE'S own man-servant,
and that a great many persons are so knowing as to do what MR.
SHARPE, with inferior acuteness, appears only to have thought of doing
when it was too late. They subscribe to dispensaries and the like
institutions the sum of one annual guinea, there to procure for their
domestics an amount of attendance, which, if paid for to the prac-
titioner, would have cost them many pounds. In this way they prac-
tise a charity which is curiously cheap, because it relieves those in
whose health they are themselves interested, and affords that relief
partly at their own expense, and partly at that of the doctor, whose
skill and science they are thus enabled to purchase at an under-price.
This is a species of charity which begins at home, though it does not
extend any further, and largely consists in robbing poor PILLGARLIC
to procure medical assistance for JOHN THOMAS.

A Royal Prize at Rome.

A LETTER from Rome informs us, that the POPE, considering himself
the successor of the Fisherman, has consecrated a harpoon with which
he hopes to catch the PRINCE OF WALES. He will be more likely to
catch that fish with a hook.

SERMONS FOR SNOBS.—MR. BARNUM should advertise his lectures
on Humbug and Money-making at St. James's Hall, as "Special
Sermons for the Baser Classes."



MARRY ON £300 A YEAR!

Passer-by (to Crossing Sweeper). "WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?"

Sweeper. "WELL, SIR, I BELIEVE IT'S A KIND OF WEDDING; BUT IT AIN'T LIKELY TO BE AN HAPPY UNION—ONLY TWO BROUGRAMS AND A HACK CAB!"

CABS AND COFFINS.

AN inquirer in the *Times* keeps on continually asking, as though the question were a riddle which he defied the world to guess:—

WHY ARE CABS USED FOR FUNERALS?

To this we feel inclined to make echo. Why, indeed! The only reasons we can think of for using cabs for funerals are, that some infection may probably be spread by them, doctors' bills made longer, and funerals increased. Doctors and undertakers are, we think, the only persons whom the practice can advantage, and to the former of these classes it is of doubtful benefit, as it is clearly to their interest that the census should increase, and that their patients be kept living as long as they can pay for it. Now the sickness which is spread by using cabs as hearses is more likely to diminish than to swell the census; and as children are more prone to infection than adults, our surgeons lose the profit of many a grown-up patient, by the patient, when in long clothes, being put into a cab, and there getting what in no long time will prove its deathstroke. The doctors therefore should petition for an Act of Parliament against using cabs for funerals; inasmuch as they (the cabs) are thus made vehicles of infection which any child may catch, and which, for all their circumspection and maturer bumps of cautiousness, many a grown-up person may be sent into the grave by.

THE LETTER OF THE LAW.—*£.* The *s. d.* follow of course.

ORGANIC REFORM.—Disfranchising all the street Organs.

REFORM AT THE ADELPHI.

MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER is rather proud of the Reform that he has not only introduced, but triumphantly carried with a large majority, at his beautiful Theatre of the Adelphi, Strand.

The points of his new Reform, upon which he principally prides himself are these:—

1st. *Upon more Members being returned.*—The *New* house will contain full (and it always is) twice as many as the old one.

2nd. *The Re-distribution of Seats.*—Arm-chairs have been introduced, velvet-cushions have been liberally thrown in, and the accommodation is so ample, that if DANIEL LAMBERT were to be one of the sitting members, he would not have to be thrown out, or stand for some other place, from the want of room.

3rd. *The Rating Suffrage.*—This has been brought down to the smallest possible rate, the prices of admission having been lowered more than one-half. None but the poorest people need for the future be excluded. Even the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER may occasionally take a stall.

4th. *The Registration.*—You may register your name in the morning for as many places as you please, without payment of the usual register-fee to the box-keeper, who has hitherto been in the habit of exacting shillings from the public.

5th. *The Public Taxation.*—Largely reduced—to a great extent repealed. No more taxes allowed to be levied by vulturous box-keepers. The bonnet and cloak tax, also, done away. The ladies are called upon (as soon as they furnish us with their addresses) to give three cheers, and a little simper in. If they won't, then they are not the ladies we care to eall upon.

6th. *Womanhood Suffrage.*—Women hand you now to the seat for which you have been returned at the Box-office. The eldest was not more than twenty-two last birthday.

7th. *New System of Bills.*—Nothing, not a penny even, allowed to be charged for the play-bills. The greatest free-trade allowed, for they are given away for nothing. It is the department of the gentlemen here to cheer, as it generally fell to their lot to pay for all bills, which varied in price from four farthings up to half-a-crown, for no box-keeper was ever yet known to have change.

We beg to congratulate MR. WEBSTER upon his splendid Reform. Whoever was the framer (and gilder) of his new theatre deserves the thanks of the theatrical constituency. Everything is fair, manly, open, free, comfortable, and so liberal, that it must even give satisfaction to that most discontented class of all—the liberals, who as a class never pay when they can avoid it, and, orderly as they are in one sense, invariably hiss when they can. Such a Reform cannot fail to please all classes, high and low, no matter whether they are up in the gallery, or down in the orchestra-stalls. If the bills that MR. WEBSTER brings forward in the course of the Session are only put together half as effectively, he may confidently rely upon always receiving *Mr. Punch's* honest suffrage. All persons, who are of the same opinion, will be pleased (as they are sure to be, when they see the theatre) to testify the same.

Question for Morny and Co.

THE *Observer* observes that—

"During the Continental convulsions of 1848 an immense amount of British Three per Cent. Stock passed into the hands of *bona fide* investors, many of whom were foreigners."

During the recent agitation on the Stock Exchange, how many *bona fide* foreign investors have there been who may also be said to have been BONA-PARTE investors.

"Relieving Sauces."

THAT UDE in disguise, G. H. M., whose elaborate letters on dinners in the *Times* prove that he knows more about the *carte du pays* than any other man, talks of "relieving sauces." We should say that this was the very identical "sauce," with which the St. Pancras Poor Law Guardians, "relieve" the poor outcasts who apply at the workhouse for admission.

A MONSIEUR GL-DST-NE, qui est supposé d'être en Grèce. "L'Angleterre ne peut se consoler du départ d'ULYSSE."—PUNCH, d'après MADAME CALYPSO.

PUBLIC OPINION IN FRANCE.—Liberty begins at home.



"OUR ONCE FACETIOUS CONTEMPORARY IS BY NO MEANS FUNNY THIS WEEK."
[Vide BRIGHT, in his Great Political Organ, the "Morning Star."]

DROPS OF AXIOMATIC COMFORT.

If a baby is troublesome, and you complain of the noise, it is certainly a great relief to learn—for some one is sure to volunteer the information—that "we have all been babies once."

There must be an end to everything, even to a Chancery-suit. In the meantime, why deprive yourself of the pleasant prospect there is for several years before you? on the contrary, why not bask in it? when you must know, for it is very well known, that "distance lends enchantment to the view."

To be summoned on a jury is not at any time agreeable, but to be summoned on the very day that one has a grand dinner-party at home is perhaps one of those *contretemps* that certainly would, if anything could, "try the patience of a saint." Never mind, even though you are locked up all night, it is some comfort to think that your friends have been enjoying themselves in your absence.

You arrive late at the railway—there not being another train till *Bradshaw* only knows when—and the railway officials keep telling you (there must be some fancied solace in the information, or else they would not din it in your cars so often) "you have only just missed it, Sir, by half-a-minute—rather less than half-a-minute."

Photographs are very deceptive, but still your *amour-propre* will never allow you to believe that that dark, ill-favoured, Saracens' head, Coburg-brigand of a fellow in the least resembles yourself! No—no—that 's too much of a good thing! However, what can you say when, the photograph being handed round, all your friends exclaim, in a tumultuous unanimity, "Oh! it's wonderfully like you!" You are obliged to pay for the libel, because your vanity will not allow you to hold out against their verdict.

Should the baby be offered to you to carry, why should your stupid pride stand in the way of your feelings as an affectionate parent? It is useless objecting. You had better take the little thing at once—even though it should be in the street, and some members of your club are sailing down full in front of you—and "bear it like a man."

The Mediterranean Frogs.

THE Ionian Islanders were always as noisy and discontented as the frogs in the fable, but the likeness will now be complete. They would not be satisfied with the Logs they have had for Governors, so they are now going to have STORKS.

THE HORRORS OF THE HOMBLIBUSTES.

BY AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

O LAWSK! how them Nusses
Keeps working by the busses!
'Tis quite dangersome by 'em to ride now:
For all the Pelice
There's no comfort or peace,
Which it's hawful the scrowging inside now!

Them as 'ails a Saloon
Might as well 'ail the Moon,
'Taint the leessest use, there ain't no doubt on't;
Both before and be'ind
There's a Gin'ral, you 'll find,
Which they gin'rally dodges you out on't.

Then they're in sich a 'urry
And worry and seurry,
All along o' their running of races:
Afore one's half in
They starts on agin,
And one's pattens flies into folks' faces!

By prepayin' your fares
You may ride anywheres,
"Correspondence" they calls it in France, Sir:
But the time one's kep' waiting
Is so aggeriwating,
Which I says "corresponding" don't answer!

Them drivers they've 'ad
A'most drives people mad,
And as for them cads, ah! I'd slap 'em!
When one wants for to go
To Oxton or Bow,
One gits often as not took to Clapham!

I said "Ighgit"
As plain has I could speak,
And to Ighbury me they did take out:
Which it wasn't till I'd
Paid the brute for my ride,
That I found what he called my mistake out.

Then to give one a treat,
They pulls lup in mid-street,
And the mud one must wade through—ah! drat it!
Then they cries "Full inside—
But prehaps Mum ull ride
On the knife-board!"—I see myself at it!

In short, what with them Nusses
And serowges and scrushes,
Of all worries these vehicles wust is:
They're a-driving folks mad—
Which LORD DARBY he 'ad
Ought to wote a Reform Bill for Bustes!

"OUR LAST ADVICES."

NEVER forget to put the stopper into a leech-jar.
Letters to be delivered by hand rarely come to hand.
The man who trusts to the last omnibus generally has to walk home.

The greatest promise-mongers have ordinarily the shortest memories.

It is a poor heart in which Hope cannot find something to feed upon.

Things bought as "Great Bargains" are mostly parted with afterwards at "A Tremendous Sacrifice."

Be careful how you talk to a woman about bonnets, nurses, puddings, parsons, or babies.

The bitterest Trials of life are those for which we happen to have committed ourselves.

Where is the Man?

If a statue has been erected to the man who first cured herrings, why shouldn't a similar honour be awarded to him who was the first to achieve even a greater wonder, viz., the curing of a woman's temper? We haven't the slightest objection, but should like to know first, where is the Man?

KINGS IN ELYSIUM.



CHARLES THE FIRST. JAMES THE FIRST. CHARLES THE SECOND.

Charles II. (comes up laughing, with a newspaper Charon has just given him). Oddsfish, Majestics, the world's at an end and doomsday's come.

James I. Deil of my saul, laddie, whisht! Is that the way to talk, with the ghaists o' a dozen Bishops flitting about ye? Whisht for shame!

Charles I. Speak decorously, CHARLES, when within the hearing of those over whom you would maintain authority.

Charles II. Pluto take the Bishops and their ghosts, dad and granddad, for what I care. When I tell you the news you'll not be in any burning hurry to spare the feelings of the apostolic succession.

James I. Eh, news, news, laddie. Tell us, tell your old grandad, quick. I love a bit of gossip with all my heart. What is it, black boy?

Charles II. Have I my royal father's permission to read something from a newspaper?

Charles I. I hate newspapers. The less that mean men are helped to discuss the deeds of their superiors, set over them by Providence, the better.

Charles II. (slyly). That I am inclined to believe, Majesty. I am sure it was so in my case. But this news concerns us all three.

James I. *Treca juuncta in uno*, as we would say in Scotland, *paucè* my Lord of Oxford!

Charles II. Our beloved descendant, VICTORIA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND, taking the advice of her Lords Spiritual—mark that, dad—and Temporal, and of her Commons!—

Charles I. (haughtily). Advice from the Commons!

Charles II. Has been pleased to command her clergy—

Charles I. (shocked). Command her clergy!

Charles II. To omit, for the future, the Prayer Book Service in which England has been accustomed to commemorate, grandad, that wonderful discovery of gunpowder, which you found out so miraculously when somebody had told you of it—

James I. Deil tak' me—Guid save us that I suld say sae. Are ye no blate?

Charles II. Here is the QUEEN'S Proclamation.

James I. Leave off thanking Heaven that I, the Lord's Anointed, having my nose miraculously sharpened for the salvation of my kingdoms—

Charles II. (aside). A Scotch nose, so it naturally went to the sulphur in the powder.

Charles I. (smiling). Hush, CHARLES—we may laugh, but not before fools.

James I. That I did, as one inspired, incontinently sniff, snuff and smell out that hellish plot, that infernal powder that might have traitorously exploded and sent me flying across the sky—

Charles II. Like that bright accidental star, QUEEN ELIZABETH.

James I. Occidental, ye tute, and do not throw your jests at a humble and respectful dedication of the bible to its Patron, myself. And this miracle, as I may say, that was worked by myself is to be clean forgotten.

Charles II. Clean, Majesty. So clean that the dirty little boys in the street are to be whipped if in future they dare to sing, "Remember, remember, the fifth of November."

James I. Daft, daft, just daft. And what more, laddie, what more?

Charles II. The next is a delicate subject in our family, Majestics, but I suppose you will have strength to hear of it. My royal father may possibly recollect walking out of a certain window, one January morning.

Charles I. (laughing). The vile traitors! The blessed martyr! But I have been thinking over that matter a good deal, and on the whole, I do not bear much malice. I would certainly have hanged the other

party, if I had won—hanged them alive, CHARLES, I mean, not have desecrated corpses—

Charles II. My dear father, do you make it my fault that they were dead before I could get at 'em? But since you are so forgiving, you will be ready to hear that the splendid service which my Bishops composed in commemoration of that national sin and crime is to be dropped.

Charles I. One might have expected it. JOHN MILTON told me the other day that the sin had been sufficiently punished in the succession of yourself and JAMES.

Charles II. Oh, if your Majesty has made it up with that old traitor, and what is worse, bore, I shall crave to talk with you as little as may be for the future, or my wit may suffer. But as your Majesty is not more incensed at your late people being told not to go into sackcloth and ashes for the day in January, you will not have much wrath when I tell you that the erowing audacity, ingratitude, and disrespect, is the omission of the service for my happy Restoration.

James I. Weel, that's just logical. Gin there's to be no sorrow for losing the father, why should there be joy for gaining the son.

Charles II. Oddsfish, grandad, you never said such a sensible thing in your life. I suspect you too have been stooping to talk to ghosts with brains.

Charles I. (aside). My father was a fool, and my son was a scoundrel. I was neither, and got the hardest measure. But that profane service was worse usage of me, to my mind, than the window at Whitehall. I shall now walk about more comfortably. I could wish, though, that the Commons had not been asked their opinion.

Charles II. Your Majesty is thoughtful. I could wish you would not go about with that leaden JACK MILTON.

Charles I. Talk of what you understand, CHARLES.

Charles II. I might scandalise your Majesty. I would prefer talking to what I understand. Oddsfish, and there it is. Here, NELLY, NELLY!

Charles I. I shall go and tell this news to OLIVER. We shall then be quits for the gallows at Tyburn, though he has forgiven that.

James I. My certie! The only thing I've learned since I came to—deil forgive me, I mean to Elysium, is to smoke tobacco. May be I, like SOLOMON, knew everything else in the world. Any way, I'll just gae and hae a pipe full wi' WAT RALEIGH, and hear his lies about America.

LEGAL LUNATIC LOGIC.

SUBJOINED is an extract from *The Law Concerning Idiots, Lunatics, and Persons of Unsound Mind*, by CHARLES PALMER PHILLIPS. After having given legal definitions of the terms "idiot," "lunatic," and "person of unsound mind," the author observes:—

"It must be remembered, however, that in legal phraseology, a person whose moral feelings are perverted is not by reason of such perversion a person of unsound mind. Further, that if the mind is unsound on one subject, it is not sound on any subject, the mind being indivisible. *Non compos mentis* is the legal generic term which includes the three several classes just mentioned."

According to the above statement, the perversion of a person's moral feelings does not imply their unsoundness,—that is to say, if the moral feelings pertain to the mind; for a person whose moral feelings are perverted is not therefore a person of unsound mind. Thus, moral feelings may be at the same time perverted and sound; or else it follows that the moral feelings are distinct from the mind; for if perverted moral feelings are likewise unsound moral feelings, and the moral feelings are not distinguishable from the mind, then perverted moral feelings imply unsoundness of mind, which in legal phraseology they don't. Furthermore, supposing that if the mind is unsound on any one subject, it is not sound on any subject, the mind being indivisible, and supposing the moral feelings and the mind to be inseparable, and supposing the moral feelings to relate to some subjects, and the perversion of the moral feelings to imply their unsoundness on those subjects, then again we shall be obliged to come to the illegal conclusion, that the person whose moral feelings are perverted is a person whose mind is unsound. So, then, according to law, perverted moral feelings may be sound, or the moral feelings are not of a mental nature, or they relate to no subjects. On the subject of mental nosology, the legal mind appears to be *non compos mentis*.

The Monroe Motto.

THE PRINCE REGENT OF PRUSSIA made a joke the other day, which turned on the Royal motto of *Suum Cuique*. America might improve on the motto of Prussia. The legend of a Republic whose principles are Annexation, Filibustering, and Repudiation, should be *Alienum Cuique*.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAW.—Ruin, until all is Blue.

ENGLISH DINNERS FOR ENGLISHMEN.

BY ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.



Y DEAR PUNCH,

"I NEED surely not apologise for troubling you once more upon the subject of our dinners, which are just now things in almost everybody's mouth. Politicians very possibly may think the matter unimportant, and sentimentalists may say we have debated it *ad nauseam*. But, Sir, I feel persuaded that nine-tenths of your readers, as Englishmen, view dinners as of national momentousness, and as patriots are therefore far from being sick of having them diseussed. Dinners are the bulwarks of the British

Constitution. Great Britons would soon cease to be Great Britons, if deprived of them. In England no great work is ever done without a dinner. What shall we have for dinner? will always be *par excellence* the Question of the Day. It will never fail, Sir, to awaken a deep interest in every British breast, and the public mind at this time is especially excited by it. Indeed, I feel a shrewd suspicion that were Government to bring in a Reform Dinner Bill, they would thereby so absorb the attention of the House, that all other Reform measures might be shelved until next Session, and, without much BRIGHT-baiting, the Derbyites might once more have their white-baiting in peace.

"Sir, the *Times* has lately slandered us by saying, that although we English are perhaps the dinner-lovingest of nations, and have the best of everything to cook at our command, we yet, of all people in the world, give the very worst of dinners. The *Times* thunders at our system for its sameness and insipidness; its production of dyspepsia and proneness to expense. The two former of these charges I already have disposed of; and I will now do battle with the other brace.

"Beginning with the latter of them, I would say that as a rule (and there are not many exceptions to it), we English folks *prefer* dear dinners to cheap ones. However much we may abstractedly admire it, we are not fond of economy in the matter of our diet. It has passed into a proverb with us that cheap things are n-not nice ones. Whatever we may estimate, our first impulse in valuing it is to ask how much it costs. The more we have to pay for things, the more we generally are pleased with them. A Briton likes extravagance, if but that he may brag of it. At dinner time especially nothing smells so nice to us as what we pay for through the nose. So, when we ask one's friends to dine, expense should be no object. If you can't afford to give a dinner, don't; but turn a deaf ear to all hints about 'giving a sufficiency and not more than a sufficiency.' No Briton of sane mind will stand skimping in his diet. It may be that enough is called 'as good as a feast,' but you may rely on it that Englishmen all like a feast much better.

"The other thunderbolt which has lately been hurled against our dinners is, the charge of their allegedly dyspeptic influence. Sir, I don't see that one need say much upon this score. What is complained of is the fault, not of the dinner, but digestion. For such defects a host is surely not responsible. As Dr. JOHNSON once declared, after letting fall a joke, that he was not bound to find his Bozzy brains to understand it, so, when you or I, Sir, give our friends a dinner, we surely are not called upon to find them their digestions. This complaint about dyspepsia is, to my mind, Sir, all humbug. When men think they can't digest things, it's because, Sir, they don't try. A friend of mine once fancied that hard dumpling disagreed with him. Knowing he was fond of it, I asked him what he meant to do. 'Do!' he nobly answered, the tears starting to his eyes at the thought of the long agony of nightmare kept in store for him; 'Do! why, as I find hard dumpling don't agree with me, I've quite made up my mind, Sir, to eat it till it does!' A striking instance, this, of our national brave-heartedness. What though indigestion and its terrors were before him, he could not, as an Englishman, be daunted by a dumpling! You may call it pudding-headedness and folly, an you will; but I, Sir, regard it as a proof of British pluck!

"If LORD DERBY takes my hint, and brings in a Reform Bill for Amending English Dinners, the only clause for which he might rely on my support would be one for the total abolition of the side-dishes. These I have always viewed as innovations, taken, like bad English farces, from the French. They have been introduced, I fancy, to please men like 'G. H. M.,' who, after a long course of gourmandising at their clubs, want something strange and startling to 'woo' them to an appetite. Such men are, however, the outsiders of our race. *Acida voritatis est gens G. H. M.ana*: but Great Britons, in general, I think, are no great lovers of it. We better like to eat of dishes that we know, than fly about to others that we know nought of. When I hear your gourmand talk about an *entrée* being 'spoilt by

a change in the weather,' and a *roli* being 'ruined by eating plain potatoes with it,' I pity the sad state to which his mind must be reduced, when such niceties are requisite to satisfy his stomach; and when he further speaks of the 'occult and unknown science of giving the right wine with each successive dish,' I pity the sad state to which his taste must be reduced, when he can drink wine as a mere accompaniment to eating. Such a usage of the grape seems, to my mind, profanation. As one of the Old School, I am a lover of old port, and I love it far too well to eat when I am drinking it. As an Englishman, I own to liking beer at dinner. The taste is now thought vulgar, but I am not ashamed of it. Beer, Sir, is our national *Vin du pays*, and if you talk of 'giving the right wine with each dish,' give Englishmen good English beef and English beer to drink with it, and they'll disgrace their name if they dislike an English dinner.

"I say then, away with all those 'evil side dishes!' Let us defend our dinners from all such French invasions. Foreigners may have a taste for sea-slugs, snails and frogs, but Englishmen have no great relish for such insects. We grow good beef and mutton, and don't need the art of foreign cooks to make it eatable. If we stick to English dishes we can give the best of dinners; and as for their expensiveness, it's something to be proud of to think we can afford it.

"I repeat, then, away with all your half-bred side-dishes! Let us have good English dinners and not bad Anglo-French ones. It is this half and half system to which we owe it that our cookery has fallen into disrepute. A cook, like a poet, *nascitur non fit*: and English cooks will never learn to do the work of French ones. By joining the two systems you are certain to spoil both. No compromise, say I. Be it ours to keep up British Institutions, and maintain the need of English dinners for the English. May we never live to see King Roast Beef here deposed, and *le Roi des Grenouilles* reigning in his stead.

"Such I feel convinced must be the aspiration of every one who calls himself as I do, Sir,

"AN ENGLISHMAN."

JEROME AND HIS CLOTILDA.

TUNE—"Villikins and his Dinah."

'Tis of a certain monarch in Turin do dwell,
He has a fair child, an exceedingly young gal;
Her name is CLOTILDA, scarce sixteen year old,
She han't got much potion of silver nor gold.
Tewral lal lewral, &c.

Though she han't got much potion, her lineage is high,
Which causes a suitor for to love and draw nigh;
CLOTILDA was a wallakin' in her chamber so gay,
Ven her father came to her, and thus did he say,
Tewral lal lewral, &c.

CLOTILDA, go choose thyself rich bridal array,
For, behold, this young Prince, all so galliant and gay;
Behold this young Prince as I've brought with me here,
He says as how he'll make thee his bride and his dear.
Tewral lal lewral, &c.

Oh, honoured father! now, come, draw it mild,
He's a middle-aged man, and I am but a child;
Oh, honoured, dear father, this project give o'er,
For I'm sure this here Prince won't see forty no more.
Tewral lal lewral, &c.

Out, bumptious gal! VICTOR EMMANUEL replied,
Since thou hast denied to be JEROME BONAPARTE's bride,
I'll send thee to a convent where I'll have thee locked in,
And thee sha'st'n't have a chance to marry nobody agin.
Tewral lal lewral, &c.

CLOTILDA on hearing these words was afraid,
And replied to the statement which her parent had made:
Farewell hopes of happiness, for ever farewell,
How great is the sacrifice there's no tongue can tell!
Tewral lal lewral, &c.

The story that's a wallakin the Courts all around,
Why poor young CLOTILDA to a convent to be bound,
Which she hates like cold pison, is ambition and pride,
Is the causes for which this here knot's to be tied.
Tewral lal lewral, &c.



GRAND BURNS' FESTIVAL.—BROWN ENTERTAINS HIS FRIEND WI' A HAGGIS!

LINES ON AN AUSPICIOUS EVENT.

OUR Princess, and Prussia's, has got a fine boy,
And two nations are shouting "Hooray!"
Can't our Laureate express in a poem our joy?
Is there nothing at all he can say?
Let us try, then. Sing, ALBERT is now a Grandsire,
Come, none of your gibes and your taunts;
Our Princes are Uncles; Princesses acquire,
How jolly! the title of Aunts.

Ring the bells, fire the guns, light the lamps, let the gas
Into day turn the night of our towns;
For the happy event which has just come to pass
Will unite two great Protestant crowns.
Oh! blest is the Uncle, with years who umbent,
Hears his nephew saluted as "Pa."
A Great Grandmother now is the DUCHESS OF KENT,
And the QUEEN—think of that—Grandmamma!

WOMAN FOR EVER!

"So, Mr. Punch, it is a woman who has carried off the prize for the BURNS' Centenary Ode! Your facetious rhymester of last week, in his ribald ballad on this subject, did not anticipate this result when he wound up one of his ridiculous *fyttles*, as he calls them.—He is quite right to throw himself into fits, for I am sure he will not throw his readers—with the insolent words, applied to the expected winner of 'That's the MAN!' You see what comes of it directly the woman has a fair chance. Here the competition was anonymous. No 'Mr.' or 'Mrs.' or 'Miss,'—no Christian names, to betray the sex of the writers and pervert the minds of the judges. Of course the successful competitor is a woman; and more than this, I am glad to hear that two out of the five second-best poems are by women also. I beg to say, that I did not compete myself; but if I had done so, I see no reason to doubt that, if I had not borne off the prize, I should have been found with my two SISTERS, in the rank immediately after the first.

"I am quite prepared for a flood of far-fetched ribaldry on the occasion in your own pages. I know we shall be told,

"And dark as winter was the flow
Of Isa rolling rapidly;"

Or we may, perhaps, have the 'deaf as Ailsa Craig,' from BURNS' *Duncan Grey* turned into some ingenious jingle of 'Deaf as ISA CRAIG,' in allusion to the magnanimous backwardness in coming forward exhibited by my modest and gifted sister. I am delighted to see that she sets your sex another example, by the admirable way in which she discharges the duties of Assistant Secretary to the Sociological Association,—a body to which I myself have the honour to belong, though they did not think proper to print my essay on *Woman's Rights and Woman's Wrongs* in the publication of the Birmingham Transactions of the Society, and this, notwithstanding that I had condensed my views on the subject into a compass that could not much have exceeded 200 octavo pages of close type. I should like to know what salary my gifted sister receives for her services, and how much she does of the Secretary's work.

"I feel doubly the triumph of our sex, in that it has been won in doing honour to a bard, who, whatever his errors and imprudences, had a proper esteem for woman, and has left an impressive record of this in the lines—more read and quoted than practically recognised by the Lords of the creation:—

"His prentice han' he tried on man,
And then he made the lasses, oh!"

"I know it will be said that the poet referred only to our outward beauties in this couplet; but I have yet to learn that literature is incompatible with proper attention to dress and looks. Your artist seems to take a mean and malicious pleasure in always representing what he would call 'strong-minded women' as plain and dowdy. It is clear that his experience has been unfortunate. I would take the liberty of enclosing a likeness of myself, in proof of my assertion that literature and looks are not mutually destructive, but I forbear, fearing the misconstruction which newspaper editors, like the rest of their sex, never lose an opportunity of putting upon the conduct and motives of women.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your faithful servant,

"THALESTRIS HARDLINES."



THE QUAKER AND THE BAUBLE.

“It is the Land which the territorial party represents in Parliament. * * * That is the theory of the Constitution: BLACKSTONE says so. But it is a thing which is not likely to be respected much longer, and it must go, even if involving the destruction of the Constitution.”—*Mr. Bright, in his Penny Organ.*



ELAND LADDIE.

KEN ye the tale that gourmands tell,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie,
PROFESSOR OWEN luvus yersel,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie,
Of your tribe on ane deceased,
Just the noo he's held a feast,
And says ye are a sonesie beast,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie.

'Mang zoologists the chief,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie,
Classes ye aboon ox-beef,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie,
Hech! to hear him praise your fat,
Liquid 'maist, that never gat
Tallow cauld—ah! gie me that,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie.

In your flesh, for a' ye're tame,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie,
There is just a thocht o' game,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie.
Wow! but I wad like to speer
Gif ye dinna ding red deer?
And ye're bigger than a steer!
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie.

Wae! but ye have just ane trick,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie,
O' playin wi' your kin' auld Nick,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie,
Hornie, trowth, ye are as weel,
And wi' thae lang horns, wud ehiehl,
Gore your females lik' the deil,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie.

Gif each beastie did the same,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie,

Sune wad end his race and name,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie;
Wi' horns that Nature did confer,
Battle for your kimmer, Sir,
Dinna rin 'em intil her,
Bonnie laddie, Eland laddie.

THE STATE OF PARTIES IN PARIS.

LORD COWLEY (so says a fashionable organ) "will not give any *soirées* this year." Knowing his Lordship's great weakness for entertaining English celebrities, who resort on Government business to the French capital, we can easily imagine how painfully disappointed he must be. This disappointment is caused "by the nature of the repairs still going on at the British Embassy." Doubtlessly, these repairs will last a long time—at the very least, so long as **LORD COWLEY** remains our Ambassador at the French Court. In the meantime, we are surprised to learn, that there are no other hotels which could be hired for ambassadorial purposes. Paris must be extremely full; or, are we to suppose that, whilst the repairs are going on, the many thousands, which this gifted Lord receives every year for neglecting the commonest duties of homage and hospitality expected from an Ambassador, and for which he is overpaid such an extravagant sum, are shabbily stopped! It must be so, for we read that the English Ambassador "is stopping temporarily at **LORD HOLLAND'S** house." Paris has its homeless wanderers as well as London. Will no benevolent individual open a list of subscriptions for poor **LORD COWLEY**, who hasn't as much as a house, where he can hang his coronet?

ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND ITALY.

Air.—"Partant pour la Syrie."

WOULDEST thou, **LOUIS NAPOLEON**,
Have England go with thee,
And make thy policy our own
Concerning Italy?
To pledge it, first the boon on France
Of Liberty bestow,
With thee then England will advance,
As far as thou canst go.

Restore the freedom of debate,
Unchain the shackled press;
The guiltless exiles reinstate,
And grant the robbed redress.
The priesthood's domineering band
Within due bounds restrain,
And o'er all sects, with even hand,
Impartial monarch reign.

When'er United Italy
Shall France's help invoke
In shaking off the Papacy,
And Kaiser's galling yoke,
Oh! we shall be too happy then
As well to take her part,
And thou wilt all true Englishmen
Have with thee, hand and heart.

Thine Empire constitutional
If thou wilt only make,
Our interests with thine we shall
Delighted be to stake;
The Tricolor and Union Jack
In flying will agree:
And England with free France will baek
United Italy.

EARLY CLOSING PARTIES.



R. PUNCH.—"Under the head of 'Nobility's Ball at Windsor,' your fashionable contemporary informs the world that—

"A grand ball took place at the Town Hall on Friday night last, which was attended by upwards of 100 of the nobility and principal gentry of Windsor, Eton, and the neighbourhood."

"Then follow the names of some of the nobility, and other persons of quality, which are of no consequence to anybody but the bearers, and then, continues the *Post*,—

"The hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion, as was also the council-chamber, where a magnificent supper was prepared, of which the company partook at one o'clock in the morning. Dancing was afterwards resumed to the music of the excellent band of the 2nd Life Guards, and this aristocratic assemblage did not separate until between three and four o'clock."

"The publication of such intelligence as the above is greatly to be regretted by fathers of families of the middle class; and indeed by sensible young men. Consider an analogous case. Suppose society were continually informed that **LORD LARKINS** and the **DUKE OF SHYSTICK**, with a party of noble associates, on such an evening, after having seen the pantomime, went to the Cider-Cellars, had supper there an hour past midnight, after that sat smoking and drinking, and did not go away until between three and four in the morning. What would be the result? Surely an alarming extension of late hours and dissipation among our young commercial friends. Some of your readers are old enough to remember how the shopmen used to pull knockers off in imitation of the **MARQUIS OF GINANDWATER**. Just in the same way they would, after the pattern of the noble **LARKINS**, or his **GRACE**

of **SHYSTICK**, or **VISCOUNT BOGOOSE**, devour scalloped oysters, stewed kidneys, and Welsh rabbits; and swig glasses of stout, and tippie goes of whiskey, whilst they ought to be asleep; and go home to bed just when they should begin to be preparing to take down the shutters. Every Paterfamilias will think such courses pernicious; every moral young man will abhor them. Now, I would say to them, ponder boldly, ye parents and ye right-minded youth. If people must sup at one in the morning, which is the worst thing for them to do; to sit digesting scalloped oysters, &c., afterwards, or to dance about with the stomach full of a medley of sandwiches, trifle, chicken and lobster-salad, brawn, custard, tongue, blanmange, patties, jelly, tarts, sherry, and champagne? Is it better to go capering, and shaking up the miscellaneous meal, or to sit still (and digest it)? The Coal-Hole may be quite bad enough; but I say the other thing is even more objectionable.

"The tenderest point in which these reports of the high jinks of the nobility touch Paterfamilias and steady young fellows, however, remains to be told. Their commercial and professional friends must follow the lead of the first class of society. They accordingly give late evening parties, to which they invite Paterfamilias and the quiet lads. Paterfamilias is obliged to go, in order that his daughters may learn easy deportment, and acquire a facility in talking nonsense, with a view to getting married. The sober young men must go too; for if they declined invitations to these preposterous assemblies, they would never get asked to partake of the really acceptable hospitality of those who require them to sacrifice their sleep on the altar of gentility. They would never get asked to dine. So then they are under the necessity of going and spending perhaps six mortal hours in a hot drawing-room; Paterfamilias listening to a succession of tautological tunes, and the younger victims under the necessity of likewise heating time to them with toe and heel, or else of exercising the virtue of patience in the character of what in evening-party slang is called a wall-flower.

"The consequence is, that the next morning we take our place behind our counter or at our desk with a violent headache, and abuse the aristocracy for setting a fashion which is sufficiently injurious to those who can afford to lie abed of mornings, but constitutes a ruinous nuisance for people who have to be up betimes and about their business. Paterfamilias and the sober young men would greatly rejoice if the early-closing system were adopted by people of their stamp in the drawing-room as well as in the shop and the office—particularly the sober young men, who, considering how greatly the time of sitting after dinner has been shortened of late years, cannot understand why the hours of dancing after supper should not be subjected to a similar

abridgment. A fit of the gout, which would furnish me with an excuse for absenting myself from a 'soirée dansante,' for which I have unfortunately been let in, would really be hailed as a blessing by
 "Your regular subscriber,
 "SNOOZLE."

"P.S. The early bird, says the proverb, picks up the worm. You may add, And the worm soon picks up the late bird. I shall say this at supper."

GIVE ME MY HOT POKER!

(Being a Plea for Cheap Pantomimes.)



COMMON with all good and true men, I, *Mr. Punch*, am not ashamed to avow my lingering love of the Pantomime. Clown, Harlequin, and Pantaloon, are still for me the denizens of a better world than this, where business is universally conducted by confiding shopmen on the pavement outside their warehouses; where all the houses are panelled with practicable flaps, and have carpenters waiting with blankets inside the front parlours; where the policeman is invariably bonneted with impunity by the mob; and where a grotesque and grinning buffoon, in a red and white costume, with a face whitened by bismuth, and a streak of vermilion round his mouth, is allowed, without exciting

suspicion or remark, to assume all callings at a moment's notice, and to commit every crime that can disgrace humanity, unchecked either by remorse on his own part, or by reproof on that of the public authorities.

Around Columbine still hang some fringes of the glory which enwrapped her in a blaze of superhuman loveliness, to my youthful imagination. I still follow, with tender touches of interest, her love-flight with swift and spangled Harlequin to common lodging-houses, where the kettles have all squibs in the spouts, where the warming-pans grow to a size unknown in this working-day world, and the beds are in the habit of alternately rising to the ceiling and sinking to the floor; or through laundresses' yards, where the blacking and boiling of babies is a venial offence, and where the washerwomen are, to a woman, in a state of permanent intoxication, from gigantic bottles of gin, which by the operation of an unfailing Nemesis, invariably resolve themselves into jalap.

It shakes my faith in the moral government of this Pantomimic universe, if Pantaloon is ever allowed to interfere in any business without his proper allowance of slaps, or to participate in any of Clown's delightful sins without drawing down instant retribution on his aged but incorrigible head. I feel it to be perfectly in accordance with the ethics of this other and better world, that hoary but vicious imbecility should receive all the kicks, while gay but unprincipled mother-wit pockets all the halfpence. I believe in the butter-slide; I reverence the "spill and pelt;" I look upon the policeman as an institution to be grossly misinformed, scoffed at, and smitten.

But, above all, I look forward to the hot poker, with an anxiety not impaired by years, and enjoy the application of that instrument of mythical torture to the person of Pantaloon, with a relish that survives in me for very few sublunary pleasures.

I deeply grieve to find that these enjoyments, associated with my happiest days of buoyant boyhood, will not long be left me. A dynasty of Clowns has risen who know not the butter-slide, and look down upon the "spill and pelt;" who neglect obvious opportunities for theft, who will actually allow a policeman to walk across the stage without bonneting him, and who do not make it a rule to shut Pantaloon's fingers into every box he opens, and to bring everything that they touch or take up into sharp and severe contact with the head of their elderly companion. As might be expected, these wretched innovators do not believe in the hot poker. I have seen several Pantomimes this year in which it is not even once resorted to. Others I have witnessed with pain and indignation, in which Clown has not stolen a single string of sausages; and—I blush to own it—more than one in which no baby's face and frock have been smeared with a sportive though inhuman blacking-brush.

I have seen numerous introductions: some gay, as in *Red Riding Hood*; some graceful, as in *Undine*; some innocent and uncostly, as in *Johnny Gilpin*. I have supped full of gorgeous transformations, on which paint, coloured foils, Dutch metal, ossidew, sloats, scruto-work, gas-battens, and all the resources of "sink and fly," have been lavished, till I am beginning to be sick of expanding flowers, and moving platforms, and groups of tissue-clad houris, and coral groves, and stalactites, and palm-branches.

But the butter-slide, the hot poker—where are these, the simple pleasures of my youth, the cheap resource of managers, the easy but infallible secret of inextinguishable laughter? Gone—killed—buried (like *TARPEIA*, under the shields and bracclets of the Roman soldiery) beneath the gilded flats, complicated platforms, elaborate set-pieces, and glittering gas-illuminations of some unmeaning "transformation scene!"

Shall I be told that I must consider myself compensated for these time-hallowed Pantomimic institutions, by a double "troupe" of Clowns, Pantaloons, Harlequins, and Columbines; or by such illegitimate and unmeaning additions to the venerable Pantomimic quartette, of such excrescences as Sprites and Harlequins? Harlequina! as though Harlequin has any feminine but Columbine! Sprite! as if any form that ever wore fleshings and spangles, can be more lithe and limber, more marvellous in movement, more variable in attitude, more made up of sparkling activities, than Harlequin himself! Away with these sickening superfluities—these miserable attempts at gilding the gold and painting the lily. Away with your elaborate introductions and gorgeous transformation scenes! Give me the unadorned simplicity of *Mother Goose*—the massive gold of a *GRIMALDI*'s humour and art, instead of all this trash and tinsel, this pomp and vanity, these gewgaws, these gildings over of hollow mockeries, these Pantomimic wind-eggs laid with such enormous cackling, and served up to us with such accompaniment of puff-paste!

What theatre will have the courage to present us with a real Pantomime, which shall cost the management nothing but invention in the comic scenes, and humour as well as agility and posture-making, in Clown and Pantaloon; in which thefts and slaps shall be duly insisted upon, and the butter-slide, and hot poker, restored to their proper place and significance?

Awaiting this blessed change I am glad to say that the Adelphi Pantomime of this year goes nearer to fulfil my aspiration than any I have yet assisted at. In its introduction there is something of the fine classic simplicity of the olden time; the transformation scene is not thrust into undue prominence by ostentatious expense, and intricate mechanism; the comic business is not made up of pointless puns on sliding shop-panels, or of cold hashings-up of the extinct topics of the year, in property packing-cases with movable flaps, but is compounded of the proper Pantomimic elements of kicks, slaps, tumbles, acts of petty larceny, and animated encounters of the costermonger with his natural enemy the policeman.



Adulterating the Atmosphere.

A LADY says she is delighted to hear that at Milan there is an association against the smoking of cigars in the streets. She only regrets that there is not a similar association in London, for really it is dreadful to walk out and see the little bits of boys puffing away at cigars nearly as big as themselves, and blowing their filthy smoke under ladies' bonnets and in all directions, precisely as though they were men. The atmosphere of London is already impure enough, Heaven knows, without being further adulterated by the exhalations of hobbledehois!

THE STORY OF THE BURNS' FESTIVAL.



OF the half thirty thousand, who went on the birthday of ROBERT, Minstrel of Scotland, deceased, the gifted and gracious Excise-man, Down to the Palace of Crystal, set on the green hill of Sydenham, One, a competitive bard, unhappily hauled of the guineas, Proposes to sing of that day, and the shameful defeat of the Poets, The ill-fated sons of Apollo, who found themselves pitched to Apollyon.

Warm was the morning,—in fact, it was one of the mornings called muggy,— And warm were the mugs of the multitude met at the London Bridge Station, Mopping their brows with their kerchiefs, and asking if this were a winter.

Crowding and crushing there was, as is ever the wont of the public, Although there was plenty of time, and likewise abundance of carriage, But half of an Englishman's pleasure is taking the other half foolishly.

Down to the Palace we went, passing the mountainous warehouses, Passing the stockbrokers' villas, passing the Forester's picture, Passing the Megalotheria and antediluvian reptiles Standing out white in the morning, as clean as our shirt-fronts, and cleaner, And so to the structure of glass; some by the awful long passages Stuck with placards and announcements which nobody stayed to decipher, Some by the garden and up through the mechanical dungeon Where water-pumps splash in your face, and steam-engines bother your senses, Thus some reached the Chapter of Kings, and others the fountain of RIMMEL, (Fountain more sweet than Bandusian, nymph with more smiles than Egeria) So we all gathered at last beneath the proud vault of the transept.

Truly, as writers remark whose lines are well guarded by pennies, The scene which arrested the eye was little way short of imposing. Full in the midst was a bust which the vulgar described as a buster; BURNS, with gold wreath on his brow, size the colossal, by MARSHALL. Round him, but smaller, the bards of the soul-stirring days when he flourished.

Near him was drawn, like a bow, a shrine of a tasteful description, Wherein, but secured by plate-glass, (for collectors are thundering priggers,) Lay, in their niches, BURNS Relics, autographs, snuff-boxes, letters, Hair of the poet himself, hair of his loved Highland MARY, The portrait by NASMYTH, undoubted, likewise the portrait by TAYLOR Which folks have accepted as ROBERT, but which I believe to be GILBERT;

There, too, the worm-eaten desk on which was composed *Tam O'Shanter*, Brown as the limbs of the hags who danced in that Scottish Walpurgis. All were arranged for the best by the active and vigilant SHENTON, And fiercely the multitude shoved for a glance at the sacred memorials, While stalwart policemen requested we'd take the thing cool, and remember

The palace was not like Aladdin's—would stay till we'd all had an innings.

Then did we speak of the Work, the great Fifty Guineas Prize Poem, Read, I should state, in the trains, thanks to Whitefriars typography, Sewed on by all the defeated, praised by unprejudiced typographers: Whose are the soft-flowing lines, whose the magnificent images? Who comes to collar the cheque upon which, in beneficent marriage,

Unite the twin names of the donors, of BRADBURY coupled with EVANS? Betting broke valiantly forth: it was AYTOUN, the gallant Professor; 'Twas young BULWER-LYTTON, the son of the gifted and versatile Baronet; 'Twas SMITH (ALEXANDER) perfervid, 'twas MASSEY the massy, 'twas ARNOLD; 'Twas COVENTRY PATMORE, 'twas V. (the lady who taught, in *Paul Ferroll*, That when your wife gets disagreeable, you're perfectly right to destroy her); 'Twas QUALLON, 'twas BROWNING, 'twas, perhaps, MRS. NORTON, more likely Miss PROCTER; And one man declared he had heard from another who moved in good circles, That some one had seen a despatch received by SIR BULWER from Corfu, Containing not only a speech to the noisy Septinsular rascals, But a beautiful poem,—in fact, that the elegant poet was GLADSTONE. Betting went valiantly on, till the clocks gave the hour for the concert, All but the big clock of BENNETT'S, which seems to be minus some bowels.

Then round the orchestra drew thousands on thousands of Shillings, Crowding, and crushing, and squeezing; while in the well-guarded centre Haughtily lounged the Half-Crowns, where seats were reserved for their lordships,— There were the critics and Crinolines, all the most choice aristocracy. Endured was the music, which might at less feverish time have found favour, But now it was felt as a bore, and the audience counted the pieces, And rejoiced as the number to hear became rapidly fewer and fewer, And only Miss DOLBY'S bright notes commanded a single *encore*; 'Twas the poem we wanted,—the poem,—or rather the name of the author.

Lapsed fifteen minutes or more,—a red cloth was hung on the rostrum; Oh, and the men were so clumsy, and ladies became so impatient, Saying that *they* could have fixed up the stupid affair in two minutes. Over it flapped, and behold—no, not the name of the writer, But, the word SILENCE, in capitals. Forth came a yell of derision: Tell us the tidings, and trust us for holding our tongues while you do it.

Then PHELPS, the great actor, came forth, with bearing right stern and majestic, And bold was his voice as he bawled (nothing short of a bawl would have answered) That he came to announce who had won. MR. GROVE, till then rigidly guarding The mystical envelope, handed the same to the famous tragedian. Broke was the seal with a flourish, as WARDE used to do in *Gustavus*; Glared o'er the lines MR. PHELPS, and then, in a tone like the thunder, When lightning has shivered the pine, and the cloud, with a terrible laughter, Growls at the wreck it hath wrought, proclaimed to the mouth-open myriads—

THE POET IS DARKENED ISA CRAIG. THE POET'S ABODE IS IN PIMLICO.

Blackness of darkness came o'er me, the rest is a blank and a blanket. Nought can I say, for myself, regarding the subsequent business. They say there were shoutings and cries, that the name was repeated by all men, That PHELPS read the Ode most superbly, that plaudits came down in big volleys,

That all were agreed that the poem was what you may call a slapupper. I know not. I only can state that scarce had my being recovered The shock that ensued on my learning how fatally I was defeated, Not by an AYTOUN or BULWER, not by a GLADSTONE or PROCTER, (Stretched, as PELIDES remarks, a hero, by blow from a hero) But by a Lady Unknown, a girl from a suburb S.W., When out came a ghastly placard, inscribed by the merciless SHENTON, Forcing the fact on the eye, already too deep in the brain-pan. Fainting I staggered away, fell on a kind Scottish couple, Husband and wife, who felt pity, and instantly hastened to show it. He gave me some snuff from a mull as big as the ewer on my washstand. She gave me some drink from a flask that scarcely held less than a demijohn.

Out then I rushed from the Palace, cursing all poems and poets, Hating TOM TAYLOR and MILNES, loathing MALGAULTIER MARTIN, Banning the firm at Whitefriars, foaming at BURNS and his Birth-day. As for the rest, I forget, perhaps I'd additional whiskey, One thing alone I can state—I passed Tuesday night in the station-house.

A FAIR AWARD.—Many of the competitors for the BURNS' prize were nice writers, no doubt, but the one who gained the guineas proved to be an ISA.



‘ WHERE THERE’S A WILL, THERE’S A WAY.

Foxhunting Doctor. “NOT BE IN TIME! OH, NONSENSE! SEND MY HORSE ON,—SEE MY PATIENTS EARLY,—DRESS IN THE BROUGHAM,—THERE I AM!” (and we hope he may have a good run).

*** We have been obliged to take the side of the Carriage out, which perhaps the kind reader will excuse.

ALEXANDER UPON BURNS.

“The following are the remarks, with which the Rev. W. L. ALEXANDER closed his lecture yesterday:—‘Is there not an idolatry of genius among you? What is the homage which thousands in this city and throughout the country are going to pay to the memory of a man this week but something of this kind? I am not about to detract from the genius of this man in what I am about to say. * * * But when he was a person who never loved a woman but to betray her, and who never made an acquaintance among either young men or women but he injured and corrupted, I am at a loss to explain the infatuation that has fallen upon my country.’—*Daily Scotsman.*”

OH, heard ye ALEXANDER,
That credit to his order,
That light to a’ the unco’ guid,
Across the Scottish border?

Snatching from BURNS’s honoured brow,
His Coila’s crown o’ holly,
And turnin’ it into a rod
To scourge auld Scotland’s folly,

That will na’ ban, wi’ pious zeal,
The rhyming ranting hillie,
Wha scandalised the Pharisees,
And roasted *Holy Willie.*

What if he sang the *Cottar’s Prayer*,
Was na’ he blithe and frisky?
What if he gied us *Scots wha hae*,
Was na’ he fond o’ whiskey?

What if *John Anderson, my jo*,
Be wedded love’s own carol?

Did na’ he, wi’ a score o’ jauds,
Mak’ love and kiss and quarrel?

Oh, ALEXANDER! holy man,
Amang your pious labours,
Can ye by chance across the text—
Men should na’ judge their neighbours?

E’en RAB himsel’ hit on a truth
(Though rash and open-listed)
Singing, “What’s done we may compute,
But never what’s resisted.”

Your blood, nac doot, at snaw-broth heat,
Ne’er gives the Deil occasion;
But think again—as ROBIN sang—
“Ye’re aiblins nae temptation.”

It’s no for sinners such as me
To mind the unco’ pious,
That RAB repented airt and sair,
His ilka sinfu’ bias.

That when upon his bed he lay,
Wi’ Death’s black shadow o’er him,
He wrote these words I’m loath to quote,
To am o’ your decorum.

“When human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stopt aside,
Do thou, All-good! for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

“When with intention I have err’d,
No other plea I have;

But Thou art good, and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.”

Fine words! Your Reverence had he known,
RAB had na’ written *them*
For gndeness, now-a-days, it seems,
Delighteth to condemn.

A Handy Book to St. Leonard’s.

“GIVEN a straight line”—the straight line is about three-quarters of a mile long—it is opposite the sea—it is ruled with houses—the houses belong to the marine order of architecture. That’s St. Leonard’s! If we said less, we couldn’t tell you more.

AN ALDERMAN’S EXPERIENCE UPON DINNERS.

It is bad discretion to begin dinner by taking twice of soup and twice of fish, for no man can hold out long in the like proportion.

TRUE ECONOMY.

CHECK no man who builds castles in the air.
The Keep of such a castle costs nothing.

PRACTICAL JOKING.—The Refuge for the Destitute of wit, who have no power of joking in any other way.

FUSS.—The Idle Man’s business.

WHAT A DISSENER IS CONDEMNED TO.



THE *Morning Post*, in a most pathetic mood, says:—

“To have the pick of the popular chapels, with a crowded audience, a thousand a-year, and endless invitations to five o'clock dinners, is the utmost that a gifted Dissenting preacher can attain in the way of advancement.”

Well, a man may, in this grudging world, be condemned to worse things than the above! The great point we should be inclined to take exception to would be, not the thousand a year, but the company one would be compelled to meet at dinner. We cannot imagine a Dissenting party animated by the liveliest, jolliest, most uproarious sense of enjoyment. Would there be many jokes, many laughs, or would there be even many

smiles, at such an entertainment? Compliments would be banished, of course, as rigidly as conundrums or champagne; or supposing there were a bottle or two of the latter, we have a notion it would be so uncommonly “dry,” that it would require a little water in one’s glass before one could drink it. We should fancy the young ladies would wear turbans and spectacles, and that the waiters would walk about the room like mutes handing funeral baked meats round.

We cannot picture to ourselves many flowers at such a feast, or that the table would be decorated with a profusion of ornaments in *Sèvres* or *biscuit*! By the bye, the Church, generally supposed to be such a first-rate judge of everything in the way of good living, has not yet opened its mouth, as it should have done, on the subject of dinners. Will no Bishop

tell us what kind of *petit dîner* can be given upon £5000 a-year? Or, in default, is there not a “gifted Dissenting minister,” who can oblige us with his notions as to what could, and ought to be done upon £1000 a-year? When these authorities speak, we think the discussion, absorbing as it has been, will be about exhausted. To keep up the old prejudice,—who would dare to presume, where eating is concerned, to speak after a Bishop?

SIMPLE JEWS.

THE United Congregation of Jews in New York have concurred in an act of wonderful simplicity. They have addressed a petition to the President of the United States, begging him to solicit the POPE to restore young MORTARA to his parents. MR. BUCIANAN of course replies that foreign atrocities are not matters which concern the States. We should think not. We can fancy the reception which the Pontiff would give the American President in the person of his messenger, requesting the little Jew’s liberation. “Do you see any green in the POPE’s eye?” his Holiness would naturally inquire. “How about the black—the blacks I should rather say—in your own? Why don’t you liberate your niggers, my son? Do that first, and then come and ask me to let my little Israelite go.” With these words, the POPE, ceasing to hold up his thumb and two first fingers, would probably spread all the latter, and apply the former to the end of his nose.

Pretty Lines to a Pettifogger.

BAH! bah! black sheep—have you any wool?
Well, Sir, I’ve bags of fleecings full,
Filled by sharp practice with lucre and gain,
Acquired in the neighbourhood of Chancery Lane.

BOMBA THE BENEVOLENT.

SUPPOSING that KING BOMBA caused his death to be reported, that he might learn to what extent his loss would be lamented, and in what light his biographers would look upon his character, how truthful an idea of popular opinion would he get from the perusal of such faithful words as these:—

“He had proclaimed an amnesty, and relieved sixty political prisoners, many of whom in other countries and under Constitutional Governments, would have suffered the penalties of treason. The benevolent King was not praised for this act of clemency. * * * He forsooth was actuated by lower motives! Alarmed by the demonstrations of France and Piedmont and the agitation in Lombardy, he yielded to fear what he would not concede to justice. Such was the interpretation of his conduct by the English Press, although it is well known that a mind less disposed to serenity was not to be found among the Sovereigns of Europe. * * * With some faults and not a little of that obstinacy peculiar to the Bourbon race, FERNAND was, and probably still is, a very kind-hearted man, and sought only how to make his subjects happy. All the stories about the horror in which he was held by his subjects are the inventions of his enemies. By the mass of the Neapolitans he was beloved,” &c. &c.

There, that will do. *Neque nimis arcum*. One must not let the long bow be pulled too much at one stretch. If the reader wishes more of it let him consult the *Freeman’s Journal*, which is called the “leading” Romish newspaper in Ireland. Misleading, we might call it rather, if it were not too great flattery to fancy that it anywhere can have any followers. Even as to Ireland, the thought is a *non sequitur*. Verdant as it is, the natives of the Emerald Isle are surely not so green as to suffer such a journal as the *Freeman’s* to mislead them. Of course, if they believe that what the *Freeman* says is true, they must utterly discredit all that other freed men tell them. WATT and PARKES were clearly liars—if the *Freeman* speak the truth. The stories which they told us of the treatment they received were literally “stories,”—if the *Freeman* speak the truth. “The benevolent KING” BOMBA could never have ill-treated them. KING BOMBA, like the Prince of Darkness, “is a gentleman,” and is not by many shades so black as we have painted him. The *Freeman* knows the minds of all the Sovereigns of Europe, and knows that none is “less disposed to severity than his.” As for what that MR. GLADSTONE told us some years since of the cruelties and horrors of his Majesty’s state prisons, all this was merely the “invention of the enemy.” MR. G. was misinformed. There are no Chambers of Horror at Salerno; nor is there aught of horror in

the mingled love and reverence wherewith the King has ever been regarded by his subjects. Canst nurture any doubt on’t, reader? By the mass, thou’rt mistaken! “By the mass” of them, the *Freeman* knows, “he was beloved.” His Benevolence KING BOMBA was, the *Freeman* knows, a “very kind-hearted man.” Was, said we?—nay verily, he “probably still is” (the *Freeman* puts it modestly, as not quite certain of the fact). And if some of his beloved ones are shut up in state dungeons, what does this but show the blessings they receive from him? Doth he not in his great bounty bestow on them free board and lodging, given gratis? Are they not his pets—that is, his pet prisoners—kept snugly out of harm’s way, under kindly lock and key? And what are such toys as the Silence Cap, of which we have heard so much, but pretty little playthings invented for his pets, wherewith BOMBA the Benevolent beguiles their indoor residence?

CANT IN A CORNER.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANT seems to have made a mess of it—MR. POOLE’s business, that is. A curacy at Jericho instead of Pimlico may be a desirable thing on the part of Pimlico for MR. POOLE; but that is no reason why MR. POOLE should not be heard, when he denies, and declares that he can disprove, all the charges which, if true, would necessitate his dismission to Jericho. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANT evades MR. POOLE’s appeal, instead of giving it a hearing. “*Nulli negabimus justitiam*,” says *Magna Charta*. “Oh! won’t we, though,” says the ARCHBISHOP OF CANT. Accordingly, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANT denies justice to MR. POOLE; and MR. POOLE pulls the ARCHBISHOP up in the Court of Queen’s Bench, and gets a *mandamus* against him; so that now he will be obliged to hear MR. POOLE, and will be in for all the expense of the trial, plus the costs of the *mandamus*, which he would have avoided if he had pursued a straightforward instead of an oblique course, and fairly heard the case at first. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANT has put his foot in this POOLE affair.

A SENSIBLE REFORM.

A LAW that shall condemn all Tradesmen, convicted of adulteration, to consume their own goods.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FEBRUARY 3, 1859.

And what said the silver-voiced QUEEN of the West,
Addressing, on Thursday, her wisest and best?
With every advantage of manner and tone,
These statements came out in the Speech from the Throuc.

MY LORDS AND MY GENTLEMEN,

Gladly I tell My conviction that all things at home go on well.
There's a good deal less poverty, fewer arc crimes,
And folks seem agreed they don't live in bad times.

In vain any mutinous Sepoy has tried
To confront my brave troops and my skilful LORD CLYDE,

The rebels are beaten as soon as they're seen,
And I hope soon to tell you that all is serene.

I took your advice, which I do when I can,
And proclaimed myself Empress of wide Hindostan.
I explained to the millions who hold me in awe,
That my throne would be based on peace, order, and law.

Foreign Potentates, all, are uncommon polite,
But I mean to insist on their doing what's right.
For England's a kind of policeman, whose beat is
To see that all parties are faithful to Treaties.

They're making a Government (such a cabal it is)
Out of those troublesome twin Principalities.
They've got a new Prince, who seems frank and high mettled—
I hope, gracious knows, that some day they'll get settled.

ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA is pleased to agree
To an excellent Treaty of Commerce with me.
This shows that we both have resolved there shall be a
Wipe out of all memories of Pruth and Crinea.

And now an announcement that's certain to please.
Having thoroughly frightened those horrid Chinese,
We've brought them to treat, and have actually made
An opening for civilisation and trade.

Another new treaty you'll curiously scan,—
It's made with the wonderful folks of Japan;
At present precise information is lacking
Of what it will bring to us—possibly, blacking.

NAPOLEON THE THIRD, when he found himself styled
A kind of slave-trader, was awfully riled,
But has thrown up his "emigrant" scheme by which blaeks
Quite free, embarked gagged, with hands tied behind backs.

As long as I could—they are weak, I am strong—
I have borne with the Mexicans' insult and wrong;
But folks who won't reason you're driven to thrash,—
I have ordered my sailors to settle their hash.

MY COMMONS,

You'll find you've no cause to be testy mates,

When you proceed to examine the Estimates;
They've been framed with a proper regard for, &c.—
It's a stereotyped phrase, but I don't know a betterer.

One point of the utmost importance I deem;
All war-ships, you know, are now managed by steam.
I must make a new Navy: you'll hear in the Budget
How much it will cost, and I'm sure you won't grudge it.

MY LORDS AND MY GENTLEMEN,

Several new bills
To remedy social and practical ills

Will be shortly brought forward: we've taken in hand
Insolvency, Crime Codes, and Titles to Land.

And now for the sentence that heralds the storm,—
YOUR ATTENTION WILL ALSO BE CALLED TO REFORM,
I hope you'll discuss so important a scheme
With the temper and patience befitting the theme.

That is all I've to say till I meet you again
(Now, Duchess, we're moving, keep hold of the train).
I pray that your votes and decisions may be
For the good of yourselves, of my people, and me.

The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo; but as HER MAJESTY is not Apollo, and *Mr. Punch* is not Mercury, the quotation is perfectly inapplicable and irrelevant. *Mr. Punch* proceeds to state, that after the inauguration of the New Session by the above Address, the QUEEN and he returned to the Palace to lunch. The day was a QUEEN'S day, and at a moderate calculation there were about fifteen hundred millions of people in the streets and Park, waiting to see the SOVEREIGN and the LORD PROTECTOR PUNCH. They heard, in several places, a cry of "Nine cheers for GRANDMAMMA!" and loud shouting, at which HER MAJESTY laughed very heartily, looking certainly the youngest grandmother in her dominions.

In the evening the Houses met. In the Lords' debate on the Address, the EARL OF GRANVILLE wanted to know whether Ministers thought there was going to be war, and also why nothing was said about the *Charles et Georges* affair—(everybody forgets everything in a week, so *Mr. Punch* may mention that this was the affair in which Portugal seized a French slaver, and was bullied into giving it up and paying £8000 compensation); or about MR. GLADSTONE and the Ionians. LORD DERBY replied, that he thought ordinary diplomacy would prevent war, that papers to be produced would show all about the French slaver, and that MR. GLADSTONE would speak for himself when he came home. There was nothing else much worth note, except that LORD BROUGHTON abused Sardinia a little, and LORD CARLISLE denounced beehouses.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON deemed it necessary to show himself, though he had nothing very particular to say, beyond desultory criticism on the speech. He was particularly eager for an immediate Reform Bill. MR. DISRAELI told him that he certainly would not have it until the Naval interests of the country had been attended to. He said, that the state of Europe was "critical," but that the maintenance of peace was not hopeless. LORD JOHN RUSSELL also aired a few highly-praiseworthy sentiments, chiefly to show that he was at his post and ready for action. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON said there should be no unnecessary delay in the production of the Reform Bill. MR. BRIGHT held his tongue.

Friday. Nothing of consequence, but the Home Secretary gave notice that the first four Government bills would affect poisons, lunatics, Church rates, and beer.

LOOK TO YOUR BRITISH BULWARKS!

ALARMISTS we are not; and we have little wish to croak. But now that another session has commenced, and those Radicals the Derbyites still hold the reins of Government, we think it would be well if somebody or other were appointed to take stock of our Ancient Institutions. The work of their destruction will, no doubt, be soon proceeded with, and it is right we know beforehand what losses to expect. When once they get to business, such reformers as the Derbyites are prone to make short work of it; and we quake to think how tottering are all our British bulwarks, and how soon the DERBY battering-ram may crumble them to dust!

We wish that we could take a more cheerful view of things; but, looking to the past, we are pained to say we see the darkest presage for the future. In the few short mouths of their enjoying power last session, how many Pillars of the State did these fierce levellers attack! That of Property Qualification they completely swept away; and that of Secret Voting still trembles on its base. Even in their holiday their work was carried on. Flushed with their late triumphs, they laid siege to the Tower during the recess, and stripped the British Bee-feater of that time-honoured costume which had been for ages an institution of his country!

What next may be attacked we leave for stronger minds to contemplate. It is, however, wise to be, as far as may be, prepared to meet the worst. After what has happened, nothing short of national annihilation could surprise us. It would be but a small wonder to hear that, after having stripped the British Bee-feater, LORD DERBY next should strip us of the British Constitution; and ere long should develop such a bump of fell destructiveness, as would excite him even to abolish the Lord Mayor, and uproot that other ancient British nuisance, Temple Bar!

BIOGRAPHICAL ADVERTISEMENT.

We admire the following advertisement (which we extract from *Saunders' News Letter*) for several admirable reasons:—

TO BE SOLD A YELLOW CHARIOT, with front and back seats; built in London by a first-rate maker, and which has never been twelve miles from Dublin, and scarcely ever used, as the lady preferred an open carriage, and latterly has only kept one horse in Dublin. To be seen at — — —

We have not space to enumerate all our reasons, but the above, we think is a style of advertisement that is beautifully precise, charmingly illogical, and tantalisingly biographical.

The precision is apparent throughout. You are told that the chariot is, "yellow," that it has "front and back seats;" and is the production of a "first-rate maker," as most chariots that are advertised for sale generally are. We wonder the advertiser did not carry the love of precision even further, and inform us of the weight of the chariot, the number of nails used in its construction, the united ages of all the persons who have ridden in it, and whether it has any objection to travel.

The illogical feature (it is the first chariot we have seen with an Irish bull yoked to it) is traceable in the two facts, that the carriage was "built in London," and yet "has never been twelve miles from Dublin." The distance between the two capitals must have shrunk terribly recently—and perhaps it is the action of the sea-water that has caused the shrinking?—or else Irish miles must stretch almost as much as Irish traitors' consciences.

The biographical department, however, carries away the prize. We are pleased to hear, for her health's sake, that the "lady preferred an open carriage;" though it grieves us to hear that "latterly she has only kept one horse." This, however, has a look of carefully-studied economy about it. Wise is the woman who, going too fast, has the courage to pull up in time,—even though it be with "only one horse!" But the biography is not carried out half fully enough. We should like to have been favoured with more glimpses of this lady's secret habits and wishes. Why could not the advertisement have been amplified as follows?—

TO BE SOLD, A BLUE PERAMBULATOR, with front and black seats, red wheels, and crest all complete, owing to the nurse having, like an idiot, been and given her hand to the Baker, and the lady, whose property it is, being rather hard of hearing, is determined for the future to have none but men-servants, as she entertains a decided objection to "followers," who never wipe their boots on the doormat, continually gadding in and out of the house, which some day will be hers, when an aged grandmother dies, who must be 92 if she is a day, and hasn't had a tooth in her head for years, and accordingly the Whole Will Be Tarted with at a Tremendous Sacrifice, for having lost two husbands, and her business not allowing her to leave her room, and all her boys being in the Haitian army, the lady has no further use for the same, and she is much too stout (weighing a trifle above 11 stone) to ride in it herself. For terms, inquire of LADY DAY, 25, Marsh Street, Dublin. It is the house with the brass knocker, and you must ring the Servants' Bell.

We greatly admire this new style of biographical advertisement, and it has the further recommendation of allowing every Advertiser to be His Own Biographer.

"LADIES' TRIMMING."

We often notice an inscription like the above written up in hosiers' shop-windows. We did not know that the art was purchasable, and perhaps the facility, with which the science can be procured, may account for the high degree of excellence that ladies, generally, have arrived at in it. It must be acknowledged that women are much cleverer than men in the knowledge of trimming, from a lamp to a husband downwards.

We subjoin a few secrets in the elegant accomplishment, that have been confided to us by one of the clever sisterhood:—

How to trim a Dress.—With Valenciennes, if you cannot get Brussels, though the latter is the *ne plus ultra* "point" of perfection, supposing your husband can only afford it.

How to trim one's Income.—By hemming in your necessaries, so as to give greater breadth and fulness to your luxuries. To effect this, you must "take in" as much as you can at home, the better to enable you to "let out" abroad.

How to trim a Servant.—Cutting off her fine flowers and caps, if they are smarter than your own; and giving her a good dressing, until she has learnt how to dress more in accordance with her station.

How to trim a Husband.—By keeping him down, as a gardener does a hedge; by sheer watching and constant clipping, as often as there is a tendency to shoot out and go beyond the line.

How to trim a Poor Relation.—By displaying all your fine airs, and trying on all your fine dresses, in her presence.

How to trim a Younger Sister.—The only effectual way is, to "cut her out" as frequently as you can.

How to trim a Young Man.—By being exceedingly sharp and cutting

with him, and driving pointed things into him, as though he were a pincushion, until you make him feel what is called "pins and needles" all over. The best trimming, perhaps, is to waltz more than once with an Officer, and you may be sure that your young man will be ready to hang on to the skirts of your dress with penitence and submission, so that you may lead him a pretty dance all the evening, if you like, by seeming to take no notice of him.

How to trim a Cap.—With coquetry, and matchless ribbons and charms to match, so that you can set it irresistibly at any wealthy or handsome husband you may prefer.



GAMMON BOILED DOWN LIKE SPINACH.

Being a resumé of the pamphlet called "Napoleon III. and Italy," by his Imperial Majesty the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

- | | | | |
|-------|---|-------|--|
| I. | ITALY is a highly interesting country. | X. | Italy can't help herself without foreign aid. |
| II. | England, under PALMERSTON, encouraged Italy against AUSTRIA. | XI. | I don't mean to make a United Italy. |
| III. | It would be for the interest of Germany to check Austria. | XII. | But a sort of pudding, or confederation. |
| IV. | France's mission has always been to set Italy free. | XIII. | France objects to the Alps as barriers against her. |
| V. | There is a good deal of agitation on the subject. | XIV. | Austria won't have my pudding. |
| VI. | The POPE is in a peck of troubles. | XV. | Are we to bow to Austria? |
| VII. | Piedmont has been and put its <i>pié</i> in it. | XVI. | Treaties need not be kept when they grow inconvenient. |
| VIII. | All the small Italian States are in one mess or another. | XVII. | [Here the Imperial paraphraser stops, but we believe that in the original MS. was added another chapter.] |
| IX. | Austria cannot, on principle, reform, <i>crye</i> , must be kicked out. | | LOUIS NAPOLEON must, somehow, keep France thinking of something else besides his antecedents, <i>entourage</i> , and Government. |

"THE SOLDIER'S TIER."—The Gallery at Astley's!



"PRETTY SIGHT, AIN'T IT, CHARLEY, TO SEE THE YOUNGSTERS ENJOYING THEMSELVES?"

SENSIBLE FASHIONS.

"MR. PUNCH,
 "A WEAK-MINDED man—at least a man opposed to a strong-minded woman—has written an article in *Fraser*, entitled, *A Fear for the Future*, in which he disparages the young ladies of the present day in comparison with those of the past. He says that some forty years ago,—

"Girls were romantic, addicted to falling in love, and wasting their time over novels and letter-writing. Their worst foible was apt to be love of admiration; their most perilous tendency, one towards thin shoes and young officers. In a word, they were a thoughtless, foolish, bewitching, loving, helpless, irresistible set of creatures, in whom one saw at a glance all that was faulty or pernicious, and found out more and more, with every day of closer intimacy, the great underlying wealth of worth and goodness."

"Then he goes on to complain, that young women 'have gone over in a body to the enemy, and now range themselves under the broad banner of matter of fact, stern reality, and common sense;' and a little further on he makes the following irrational observations:—

"The *Juliets* of the nineteenth century would entirely decline holding any elandestine communication with *Romeos* from a balcony. In the first place, they would consider it weak and nonsensical; and secondly, they wouldn't like to risk catching cold. They have a wholesome consideration for rheumatism and catarrh—disorders which the damsels of my day regarded with lofty and incredulous disdain. As for thin shoes, except for dancing, they appear to have vanished from the female toilet. 'Balmoral' boots, soles half an inch thick, and 'military heels,' have usurped their place. These boots, and the martial red petticoats now so familiar to the eye, are to me elegant manifestations of the change that has come over the spirit of womanhood."

"Remarks on the present style of young ladies, and young ladies' costume, conceived in a spirit similar to the above, have sometimes disfigured your columns. They express a kind of susceptibility now out of date; discarded by men and discountenanced by women: discountenanced purposely by means of the very kind of dress which they have so sensibly adopted. Those who are old enough to recollect the time when young ladies were 'thoughtless, foolish, bewitching, lovely, helpless, and irresistible,' less than forty years ago, can remember what an annoyance their irresistibility was. Every young man in those days was in love, or liable at any moment to fall in love. You could not go about without being smitten with a pretty face, or figure, or foot, presented under conditions of dress expressly calculated to smite.

"Now there is no fear of that. Good sound thick-soled Balmoral

boots and martial petticoats operate as non-conductors of the smiting influence. They at one and the same time protect you from it, and the wearers from that sort of admiration which has become disagreeable to them. The female head and heart have got cooler, lighter, and harder than they used to be. To these changes of nature, costume and manners correspond, and produce a corresponding effect on the beholder—a healthy, cooling induration. Formerly the dress was subordinate to the person, now the person is subservient to the dress—a mere framework for the support of the martial red petticoat, and the rest of it. No fellow can become enamoured of a quantity of clothes; which fix his gaze, and avert from the object inside of them his unpleasant attention. The eye is simply pleased with the showy attire, and the head is not bothered about the individual therein. In fact, it is now felt that love is a bore; a bore if it is not returned, as well for the lover who loves in vain, as for the beloved object who is troubled with tiresome applications: a bore when it is mutual, even if sanctioned by prudence, for both parties, until they get married and have done with it: and if imprudent, a bore, not only for them, but also for their parents and friends. A man can go anywhere now without being disturbed with absurd emotions; thanks to a style of dress and demeanour which oblige us to desist from speaking of those who sport it as the softer sex. If they would only take to wearing masks, their costume would be perfect in the eyes of

"NIX."

The European Crisis.

(By *International Prophetic Telegraph*.)

Paris.

THE EMPEROR withdraws the French troops from Rome. His Imperial Majesty trusts that Austria will also cease to occupy the Legations.

THE EMPEROR counts on the honour, justice, and wisdom of the great European Powers.

A QUESTION OF TASTE.—We see that there is largely advertised "The Reading Sauce." We wonder if, with such a Sauce, an Alderman would ever be able to acquire an appetite for literature?



THE TORCH OF HYMEN.



THE TEMPLE OF HATHOR

THE POPULAR BARRISTER.

TUNE—"Sir Roger de Coverley."

I'm a gentleman
Of the long robe—humility
Makes me own I can
Claim no other gentility,
Learned in the Law,
Gifted with verbosity,
Cheek as well as jaw,
Rant, bombast, pomposity.
Petty juries' hearts
Like a dramatic star I stir!
Playing many parts.
I'm a popular barrister!

(Spoken.) "May it please your Ludship,"—we always say Ludship, you know, instead of Lordship; it's professional—"Gentlemen of the Jury, I address you with feelings of peculiar embarrassment"—that's true, why? because my brief is full of lies, which I'm afraid I haven't evidence enough to prove—"on behalf of my interesting and injured client"—widow of certain age; match broken off with imbecile old millionaire—"for whom it is now my duty to demand that compensation which a generous British jury will never refuse to the lacerated feelings of a confiding and artless woman"—who wants to extort money. "I throw myself on your sympathies as fathers, as brothers, as Britons, as men." And so on, you know. For,

Petty juries' hearts, &c.

Sometimes 'tis my cue
To crush an honest editor,
Or help a rogue to do
His just and lawful creditor;
Sometimes to defend
A scurrilous slanderous scribbler:
Here's your learned friend
To abet your common libeller.

(Spoken.) "Good name, in man or woman, gentlemen, is the immediate jewel of their souls. Who steals my purse steals trash"—and all that business. "Gentlemen, I call upon you to mark your sense of the foul blot which has been falsely, maliciously, and wickedly cast on the fair fame of my upright and honourable client"—one of the greatest rascals unchanged. Or, "Gentlemen, I implore you to cast the regis of your protection over the intended victim of a grasping and usurious harpy"—an unpaid and long-suffering tailor. Or, "I invoke in behalf of a fearless but conscientious journalist"—who has knowingly and falsely accused the plaintiff of forgery—"that jealousy for the freedom of the Press which is the only guarantee for public and private morality, and the palladium of the British Constitution." That's the way we do it, my coves. And so—

Petty juries' hearts, &c.

When I've got no case
To prove what I asseverate,
With my brazen face
I a loss am never at;
Malign my client's foe,
Hired abuse to spirt at him,
And through my lips to throw
Any amount of dirt at him.

(Spoken.) "Gentlemen, I say, and if you have listened to the evidence you will bear me out, that the conduct of the plaintiff,"—or defendant, as the case may be,—is scandalous and infamous. When he made that representation, will any man tell me that he did not perfectly well know that he was asserting what he knew to be false? When he repeated that statement in the witness-box, was it not manifest that he was committing deliberate perjury? Look at him, Gentlemen! mark well that blushing countenance,—those trembling lips,—that confused and hesitating manner! Here is a man, who, by his own showing, was guilty of receiving stolen goods."—he showed that he had honestly bought them in open market,—but no matter. That's how we gammon 'em.

Petty juries' hearts, &c.

At need, I never dread,
So loose is my morality,
To fix on an innocent head
A villain's criminality.
To dumfound, or bully, or both,
A witness with questions importunate,
When I thus get a fib told on oath
To the jury, I think myself fortunate.

(Spoken.) "Now then, Madam! Take your bonnet off, and hold up your head." This is how we cross-examine. "Now, then! And so

you will swear, will you, that it was not you that was seen going down the lane on the night of the robbery? What is that you say? Speak out. Direct your answer to the jury, and look me in the face. Oh! you will swear that, will you? You say it was half-past eight. Will you swear, now, it was not a quarter to nine? Recollect, you are on your oath. You think? We don't want to know what you think. Oh! you won't swear. No, I thought not. Now, come, tell us all about it. What were you in that lane for? Oh! to meet a young man, was it? Now, then, what passed between you? I insist upon knowing. Were you ever in custody on a charge of stealing coals? No? You were an injured innocent, eh? Well, then you went home; and what then? Your grandmother said! We don't want to hear what your grandmother said. How old are you? Does your mother keep a mangle? Has she sold it? Did she know that you were out? It was moonlight when you went to bed? What makes you remember that? You can't say? But you must say,—so now! When you next saw the prisoner, had he got on a blue coat or a black one? You didn't observe? Answer my question—yes or no." Of course she can't; but anything to puzzle her and put her out, make her appear to prevaricate, cast suspicion on her testimony, and brand her with apparent perjury, that a rascal may escape the crank or the gallows, or that an innocent man may get condemned to penal servitude or death, and I may earn my fees, and increase my popularity,—singing,

Petty juries' hearts,
Like a huskined star, I stir,
By forensic arts,
Hey for the popular barrister!

SIGHTS WORTH SEEING IN THE METROPOLIS.

A TRUTHFUL GUIDE TO STRANGERS AND FOREIGNERS.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Can be seen at any time, simply by writing a libel upon the Speaker, or accusing DISRAELI of being in the pay of the Jews. You will be requested in consequence to attend at the bar of the House, which position, besides being the best for admiring the architectural beauties, also entitles you to make a speech without being elected a Member.

HATTON GARDEN.—Open day and night. Visitors may help themselves freely to the flowers.

BURLINGTON ARCADE.—Foreigners are at liberty to walk through, upon depositing their cigars at this gateway. There is a cigar-stand kept on purpose. The gates are closed at half-price, but there is a night porter always in attendance to receive travellers by the late trains.

ALBERT'S NIGHT LIGHT.—Can be seen without charge, when His Royal Highness is going to bed, by looking at Buckingham Palace, in St. James's Park, any night between the hours of eleven and six the next morning. It is on the third story, in the thirteenth and fourteenth windows, counting from the tail of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S statue. The rooms are easily distinguishable, as the blinds are illustrated with large white circles picked out on a dark ground, from which pattern it is inferred that his Royal Highness burns a rushlight.

THE VICTORIA GALLERY.—Admission free, on the payment of threepence. Full dress is not insisted upon. There is a comic song generally between the acts, in which the visitors are expected chorally to join.

THE PUNCH GALLERY.—On view every day, and no ticket required. You take your stand opposite the shop window, in Fleet Street, and wait for your turn. It is the most popular sight in London, more especially on publishing day. There is generally a policeman to keep order.

CARDINAL WOISEY'S PALACE.—The interior of this ancient Palace, near Temple Bar, can be seen at any time by a country cousin who wishes to have his hair cut. It is a curious form of admission, and is supposed to have originated in a poll-tax that the Cardinal had in his time the power of levying. The old tribute is raised with a very light hand, as the attendants rarely take off more hair than the visitor wishes. There is no entrance-fee, but one is generally expected to give sixpence, or some small trifle, as a kind of set-off against the hair-cutting.

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.—This exhibition begins in Leicester Square, runs down the Haymarket, and extends half-way up Regent Street. It is a promenade exhibition of faded-looking Monsieurs, whose great occupation seems to be to puff away their eares through the end of a cigarette. The costumes, mostly of an ancient date, are well worth looking at, and a large proportion of the originals look as if they had stepped out of an old picture—in Wardour Street. The beards, also, are beyond all praise—and measurement.

BOW STREET POLICE OFFICE.—Open night and day. You have only to joke with a stupid policeman, and he will conduct you to it, and show you the interior of its arrangements without any loss of time. The fee for the inspection is considered moderate, if it does not exceed five shillings.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.—You can be accommodated with a lodging in this venerable Tower, by simply being guilty of high treason. The privilege is one that is not often taken advantage of in these degenerate days, as traitors are scarce, and they are generally accommodated with apartments in a far distant penal colony. A traitor in this country is not considered worth his keep.

The Stage of Foreign Politics.

THE *Post* says that—

"On the evening of the 26th, KING VICTOR EMMANUEL, the PRINCESS CLOTILDE, and PRINCE NAPOLEON, honoured the Theatre Scribe with their presence, to witness the representation of '*Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*.'"

A few days afterwards some of the distinguished spectators performed in *Le Roman d'une Pauvre Fille*.

"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"—Keep up a good Channel Fleet.



Choleric Old Gentleman. "Certainly not—no; I shall walk; as you are going to stop at every public-house you come to for glasses of ale.—I'm in a hurry to get to the Bank; I shall get there sooner walking."

Cañ. "Oh, lor! ah, you'll a been and drawed your dividens, and toddlin' home again, by the time we get to the Bridge!"

A DIFFICULTY AT WASHINGTON.

We've had a fight at Washington,
A reglar tooth-and-nailer,
TAYLOR has WALDEN whipped like fun,
And WALDEN wolloped TAYLOR.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

The Honourable GEORGE TAY-LOR
As he passed WALDEN, walking,
Heard some remark that man made; for
To a third man he was talking.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

"Was that air you said meant for me?"
Was TAYLOR's 'terrigation,
"Wal!" WALDEN answers, "that may be,"
Which TAYLOR ryled tarnation.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

He clinched his fist, and let it go
Right slick at t' other feller;
And WALDEN het back, no ways slow,
By means of his umbrella.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

But TAYLOR from his fist quick wrung
That there auxiliary,
Fust licked him with it, and then flung
It at his adversary.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Then other parties interposed,
And further strife prevented,
The difficulty thus was close t,
And both the men contented.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Fact is, the New York man was mad
To lose his situation,
Which he had lost, or thought he had,
By TAYLOR's accusation.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

To see an Ex-official fight
'Long with a Legislator,
I reckon is a prettier sight
Than bear and alligator.
Yankee Doodle, &c.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ONE of the last pearls which LORD CAMPBELL dropped last Session was the remark, that as the standard of House of Commons intellect had fallen, he thought, somewhat below the needful mark, it would be well if, when in future a seat became vacated, the candidates were forced to undergo an examination which should test their fitness for admission to the House. During the recess his Lordship has had leisure to mature this wise suggestion, and we have been favoured with the sight of an Examination Paper, which, we are given to understand, may be taken as a precedent for those which his Lordship would wish to see in use. That aspirants for M.P.-ship may not be taken unawares, but may duly train their minds to gain the knowledge requisite, we charitably print a few extracts from this paper, to show the nature of the questions which LORD CAMPBELL would propose:—

"FIGURES AND FINANCE.

"What is a pound? And why?"

"State in words and figures the exact arithmetical amount which 2 and 2 make.

"If a cod's head and shoulders are valued at three halfpence, how many John Dorys could you purchase for eleven pence?"

"Explain, if you are able, the following slang phrases:—'Circulating medium'—'Metallic currency'—'Floating liabilities'—'Monetary pressure'—and 'Doing a bill.'"

"What was PEEL's Bank Act? And where did he bank?"

"FOREIGN AND COLONIAL.

"How many Colonies has England? Give their names in full (paying due care to the spelling); and state, if you had an Atlas, how many bad shots you would allow yourself to hit on them.

"Where is British Columbia? And (besides SIR BULWER LYTTON's speeches) what has it produced us?"

"Do you happen to know anything about Botany Bay? Mention what it is, and where you picked it up. State whether you know that it was called Botany Bay from the choice flowers of speech which were formerly transplanted there.

"Where is Vancouver's Island? Do you think that you would know it if you saw it on the map?"

"What is meant by 'suspending our foreign relations?' Is such business entrusted to the hands of MR. CALCRAFT?"

"Where is Fraser River? Is it in any way connected with *Fraser's Magazine*."

"GENERAL INFORMATION.

"How many classical quotations do you know? Mention (in strict confidence) which are your chief pets; and give the best estimate you can of the average number of times that you think '*Timeo Danaos*' is used during a Session.

"Explain these technicalities as well as you are able: 'Ways and Means Committee,' 'Bringing in a Bill,' 'Accept the Chiltern Hundreds,' 'Catch the Speaker's eye,' and 'The House was Counted Out.'"

"Mention any Acts (or Act) of Parliament which you conceive it is impossible to drive a coach and four through.

"Who was the first Speaker? And what did he say?"

"Translate the QUEEN's speech into good QUEEN's English, such as HER MAJESTY would have used if she had written it herself.

"When a Bill is 'thrown out,' how far do they throw it?"

"State the difference (if any) between a Tory and a Radical, viewed as holding office with LORD DERBY's Government.

"Who is VISCOUNT WILLIAMS, and for what did he receive his title?"

"Have you any notion what is meant by 'Bribery?' Mention some few of the ways which are generally in vogue for evading all the Acts of Parliament to stop it.

"Give a reason, if you know one, why the Speaker wears a wig.

"Make a correct list of the hobbies which are annually mounted in St. Stephens, giving the names and weights and party colours of their riders.

“ Translate ‘That’s a lie!’ into Parliamentary language.
 “ When the House is reported to have ‘adjourned at a late hour,’ where do you consider it has probably adjourned to? And are its ‘Early Morning Sittings’ at EVANS’s or the Coal Hole?
 “ State what are in general the ‘Orders of the day.’ At what hour do you think it is considered Parliamentary to order any beer?”

It will be seen in what high estimation LORD CAMPBELL holds the House, when it is said that his desire is that no Member be admitted, unless he can give answer to such tough questions as these. We think, however, that his Lordship might in some cases relax the rigour of his rule; and that for instance any candidate, who promised while in Parliament to speak only on one subject, should be excused from questions under any other head. LORD CAMPBELL, we feel sure, will thank us for this hint; for his Lordship, it is known, is the most lenient of men, and however well made up his mind is on a point, the weakest plea for mercy will never fail to turn him.

THE HEARTS OF INSECTS.



THE political atmosphere is thundery. There are rumours of wars; fear of change perplexes nations. The solicitude, in the meanwhile, of the fashionable world, is apparent in the following extract from *Le Follet*, prefacing “Fashions for February:”—

“The unsettled state of the weather during the last month makes it difficult to give a very decided opinion as to any change in fashion. Fog or mud are either of them very unlikely incentives for the display of elegant toilettes. We look anxiously for the bright sunny days when the fair wearers may with safety throw off some of their wraps, which, although comfortable, are certainly not so graceful and becoming as smaller or closer-fitting mantles.”

The world of Fashion is quite another world from this of ours. Whilst our thoughts relate to this earth,—whilst we vulgar

mortals are looking for the things which are coming thereon, the meditations of the inhabitants of that happier world are fixed upon the skies. We are all gazing with anxiety for a gleam of hope in the cloudy horizon of Europe; of hope that we may, somewhen, safely relieve ourselves of some of our burdens; they are simply looking for bright sunny days which will enable elegantly-attired females with safety to throw off some of their “wraps.” These are indeed comfortable—in that happy world there is no such thing as discomfort—but they are not so graceful and becoming as they might be; as they would be if they were smaller, and fitted tighter, and did not somewhat veil and obscure the brightness of their beautified wearers. The desire to cast them off is attended with a certain anxiety—the most serious kind of uneasiness which the minds that it affects are capable of feeling. Compare this with the anxiety anticipating the horrors of war—not to be mentioned here, any of them but the very lightest, increased taxation. What exalted minds must those be that can entertain the former anxiety, whilst the souls of mankind at large are tormented with the latter!

Fashionable anxiety is as the sadness of angels—public anxiety as the gloom and dismal apprehension of poor devils. But is it possible to imagine a bomb bursting in a ball-room, and in that case doing any injury to the refined organisations of a superior class of beings? Ah! if so, indeed, then the superiority of the class is altogether deniable, and we may say that natures which in times such as these can be engrossed with anxiety on the subject of dress, devoid of reflection and sympathy, deserve to be considered as bearing to common humanity not the higher relation of angel, but the lower, of butterfly. The ape affords an improper standard of comparison less by reason of its ugliness than because of its intelligence.

British and Foreign Securities.

WHAT foreign countries are like English bread and butter? Those over which English capital is spread in railway shares; and it won't do to quarrel with them.

THE BEEFEATERS.

A Lay of the Oldest Inhabitant.

IN Whitehall’s crowded street I sate, behind the waiting rows :
 Our QUEEN to open Parliament, in her gilt coach she goes!
 All hearts are light, the sun shines bright—“QUEEN’S weather” of the best—

On Guards’ cuirass and helm of brass, and crushers, self-possessed.

Yet heavy fancies filled my heart, forebodings dark and drear,
 “How long,” thought I, “shall Majesty pass with its pageants here?
 How long Black Rod and Silver Stick, and Exons gay with gold,
 Their wands of office proudly rear, or place and sal’ry hold?”

Usage and eld in scorn are held, old symbols are pluck’d down—
 It is not BRIGHT at Birmingham, nor ERNEST JONES in town;
 The Palace with the Platform works, Court doth with Club-room join,
 Old things to efface, and in their place new fanglements to coin.

And therefore ’tis that I am sad, ere yet the show goes by,
 For fear ’twill show some changes bad, that worse do prophesy—
 And there’s one change—one dreadful change, that grieves me most of all—

The change that on the Beefeaters of late was doomed to fall.

They tell me that the Beefeaters I never more shall view,
 In Tudor jerkins brodered fair, with Tudor rose on shoe.
 They tell me that the cherry tights those stalwart limbs that cased,
 For vulgar trousers have been changed—still vulgar, though gold-laced.

They tell me that the velvet hat, with roses circled round,
 To flower-pot shako hath giv’n place with shaving-brush y-crowned!
 All this and more than this I read, all this and more I saw,
 Set in the *Illustrated News*, and many a sigh did draw.

Thinking how olden garbs and things are dropping day by day;
 How first they smote the Man in Brass, until he pass’d away;
 How soon, the Herald’s tabard, stiff with monsters rampant wild,
 In PLANCHÉ’S ’spite must come to grief, Rouge-dragon be drawn mild!

Till to more rev’rend symbols still the hand of change shall go;
 The front of Justice on the Bench, the limbs of Law below—
 From Judge, and Serjeant, and Q.C., stripping the stiff horse-hair
 That, or in lappets or in bob, stern Themis loves to wear.

Thence to the walks of daily life, in its parochial field,
 Descending, till the Beadle’s hat and coat to change shall yield:
 ’Twas thus I thought—when, hark! the blast of life and beat of drum
 Proclaim the QUEEN from palace past; and now a cry, “They come!”

But little marked I coach on coach, each with its team of bays,
 That exons, ushers, grooms, and sticks-in-waiting calm convey;
 Coach after coach, in slow approach, has passed—and now, a cheer!
 For lo! the bandsmen of the Guards, in bearskin shakos qucer!

And now the QUEEN—her marshaldmen, file upon file, go by,
 Each with his stick: my heart beats quick—the bee-featers are nigh!
 I heard their tread—my down-bent head I scarcely dared to lift,
 Afraid to note the ravage wrought by modern tailor thrift.

My frame it shook—I stole a look—oh, joy no words can say!
 They reappear—a Beefeater, each, of EIGHTH HARRY’S day—
 Still crown and rose each doublet shows, embrodered back and chest;
 With sleeve a-puff, and well-quilled ruff, and velvet-guarded breast.

And rose-girt tile of rich three-pile, and rose on broad-toed shoe;
 And joy of joys—the dear old boys—with tights of crimson hue!
 Those ancient shins, those cherry pins, all marching in a row;
 How orderly, how anciently, how pleasantly they go!

My Beefeaters, my Beefeaters—cuts from a Tudor page—
 Ye were a glory of my youth, and still rejoice mine age!
 Long may ye walk like supers dress for the Princess’s boards,
 On arm your ancient partizans, on thigh your ancient swords!

Long may you bear us back to days and Dukes of bluff KING HAL,
 From times whose night is lit by BRIGHT, and Dukes that play Aunt
 Sal!

From the PRINCE CONSORT’S fatal shears long be your skirts secure—
 Nor Albert tunics, Albert hats, my Beefeaters endure!

Over-Trading.

A MEMBER, with small intellectual means, should not go in to make too much “political capital,” or the chances are that, long before the Session is over, the House will be laughing at his Political Insolvency.



Lucy. "WELL, REGINALD, AND WHEN DO YOU GO BACK TO SCHOOL?"

Reginald. "OH! THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW!—AND AIN'T IT A DORE, JUST AS ONE'S HUNTERS ARE IN SUCH SPLENDID CONDITION?"

MIND YOUR LETTERS.

FOR the future, you must not debate with yourself whether you will prepay your letters, or not. You have only one choice, and that is a compulsory one. "On the 10th of February, and thenceforward," all letters *must* be prepaid. So says MR. ROWLAND HILL, and he further says:—

"Any inland letters which may be posted wholly unpaid will be returned to the writers."

We fancy that, four days later—that is, on the 14th of February—he will be extremely clever if he is able to return all the letters that are not prepaid; for it is scarcely the habit, we believe, on St. Valentine's Day, to put a postage stamp on to the end of the Cupid's dart that a cook is anxious to shoot into her favourite policeman's breast, any more than it is customary for the said frohesome cook to enclose her address in the letter which has been made the bow of that murderous weapon. We wish the Postmaster-General joy of his occupation on the 14th. What will he do with all the Valentines that will be thrown on his hands? Perhaps he may sell them at half-price, for with the names and addresses torn off the pictures would come in just as well any other year.

MR. ROWLAND HILL might carry his kindness a trifle further. After having opened the letters, to find out the address of each, it would not be much extra trouble if he would only sit down, and answer the letters off-hand himself. Invitations to dinner, &c., he might even accept in his own name.

But how about the stamps that fall off, from an economy of gum? as nearly half of one's correspondence is now subject to this infirmity, (and to whose profit they fall has not yet been decided—whether it is the postman who bags them, or the local post-office keeper, who sweeps them up in order to sell again as fresh stamps?) it will become a question, the solution of which we leave to MR. ROWLAND HILL, as we do that of the gum, whether it will be worth one's while to write any letters at all? This will simplify the difficulty wonderfully, and lessen the business at St. Martin's-Le-Grand to a considerable extent.

TOO FULL OF BEER.

A SONG OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

AIR—"Poor Mary Anne."

FOR Reform we feels too lazy;
Too full o' beer.
Much malt liquor makes us hazy,
Too full o' beer.
We don't want no alteration
Of the present Legislation;
'Twon't affect our sittivation,
Too full o' beer.

We've the means to hile our kettles,
Too full o' beer.
Not bad off for drink and wittles,
Too full o' beer.
When we've got no work nor wages,
Politics our minds engages,
Till such time we never rages,
Too full o' beer.

Will this here Reform, we axes,
Too full o' beer?
Clear us quite of rates and taxes,
Too full o' beer.
Income-Tax the middlin' classes
Loads unequal—patient asses!—
But it don't oppress the masses,
Too full o' beer.

We be willin' to be quiet,
Too full o' beer.
Not a bit inclined to riot,
Too full o' beer.
From the ale that's sound and nappy,
Him as wants a change is sappy,
Wot's the odds so long's you're happy,
Too full o' beer?

IT ONLY COMES ONCE IN A HUNDRED YEARS!

How did the majority of Scotchmen at the Centenary Festival preserve the memory of BURNS?—In Whiskey.

In fact, where will be the advantage of scribbling a letter that is sure, because the stamp is rolled off, to be sent back again to you in three or four hours?

The additional penny, that has usually been charged, was quite a sufficient tax. Hitherto, the rule acted upon with an unpaid letter has been Double. For the future, it is seemingly to be Quits.

A large revenue has generally been derived from the Post-office. We are afraid that next year the returns will, in a great proportion, consist of the letters that have been sent back to their writers, because they were not previously stamped. It will be a cheerful exemplification of the old trade maxim of "quick Returns" and extremely "small profits." An unpaid letter, henceforth, will be a kind of epistolary boomerang, that is sure to come flying back in the face of the person from whose hands it has been despatched.

MATRIMONIAL WEATHER REPORT.—FEB. 7TH.

DAYS OF THE WEEK.	WEATHER.	OBSERVATIONS.
Monday	Rather cloudy	Washing Day.
Tuesday	Rain	Wife cried, because I wouldn't take her out shopping.
Wednesday	Unsettled	Housekeeping book for last week examined.
Thursday	Slight breeze	Dined at the Club.
Friday	Fine	New velvet dress given to Wife.
Saturday	Stormy	Cold meat for dinner.
Sunday	Sunshine	Took a walk with wife and children in the Park.

NOTE.—These reports are always written down as I smoke my last pipe upon going to bed.

(SIGNED) JOHN SMITH,
Clerk of the Matrimonial Weather.

POLITICAL ARCHITECTURE.—MR. GLADSTONE is a pillar of the state—of the Ionic Order.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—Long dresses make clean crossings.



THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE.

“SOUND HIGH THE MARTIAL STRAIN.”

We submit: we ground pens: we cry for mercy: Scotland has conquered: Caledonia has found a vindicator: England may shut up! JOHN MARSHALL has settled her hash.—Yes, “JOHN MARSHALL,”—for so he writes his name; not “MARTIAL,” as one might expect, alike from his epigrammatic point, and his command of military history; not even “MARISCIAL:” as one who must surely be descended from the EARL MARISCAL—that high officer of the Scottish Court in those better days when Scotland had a court—is entitled to do: but plain JOHN MARSHALL,—correspondent of the *Caledonian Mercury*, who thinking it high time that “the squeak of *Punch* should be decisively encountered,” proceeds to demolish our peck-pudding self, and, in our person, all the irreverent scoffers who have dared to laugh at the gallant asserters of Scottish nationality. It is ill handling the thistle.

Anxious to give a wider publicity to MR. MARSHALL’S crushing demonstration of the superiority of Scotland to England than the columns of the *Caledonian Mercury* can secure for it, we lay before our readers the most striking passages of his letter.

MARSHALL proves that England is an appanage of Scotland, and not vice versa:—

“I had the honour to be intimately acquainted with SIR THOMAS CHRISTOPHER BANKS, BART., and Knight of the Holy Order of St. John of Jerusalem, the greatest genealogist of the age, who died some four years ago, in his ninety-first year, whose bones lie in Greenwich Churchyard, and whose works are to be found in folio and quarto, in the Advocates’ Library, Edinburgh. In the course of a conversation with him on this subject, he told me that he considered England to be an appanage of Scotland, and not Scotland an appanage of England; and in this opinion I cordially concur.”

We bow to BANKS, the Knight Hospitaller, of ninety-one, whose bones sleep in Greenwich Churchyard, and his books in the Advocates’ Library. May the dust of both be undisturbed!

What BANKS considered a fact, and MARSHALL cordially concurs in, may be safely taken for granted.

MARSHALL proves that Scotland has no cause to be ashamed of herself:—

“The *Times* and other English journals sneer at Scotland; but Scotland can afford to be sneered at. The land which gave birth to WALLACE and BRUCE, to SCOTT, to HOGG, to CHAMBERS, to WILSON, to AYTON, and to BURNS, to the RAMSAY who ruled India, to the BRUCE who has brought the hitherto intractable Chinese to reason, and to the CAMPBELL whose sagacity, and prudence, and valour, have saved the British Empire from overthrow in India, may stand erect among the nations, and has no cause to be ashamed of the position which it occupies.”

MARSHALL proves that the Scots Greys saved Europe:—

“Who were they that took the lead in stemming the torrent of the despotism of NAPOLEON the Great at Waterloo? They were the Scots Greys. ‘These terrible Greys!’ was the exclamation of NAPOLEON when he saw that even his Imperial,

and, as he fondly thought, invincible Guard, went down before the sons of Lochaber, and the children of the country which boasts of Schehallion and the glories of Lochnavar. By one who was present and engaged on that bloody day, I was told that at one point of the battle the conflict was fiercely raging, when a command was given, ‘Make way for the Greys.’ The order was obeyed. The infantry parted right and left. The war-horses of the Greys marched through the space opened for them with steady and martial tramp. They met the French: and, in ten minutes, the French were cut to pieces.”

MARSHALL proves that England has no national poet; no national music; no national song; that all her odes, history, and metaphysics, are written by Scotchmen:—

“Notwithstanding the greatness of her SHAKESPEARE, and her MILTON, England, Sir, has not, in the proper sense of the word, a national poet. Scotland has; she has BURNS. England has neither national music nor national song. Scotland has both. In the whole range of her poetic literature, will England find anything to equal ‘*Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled*,’ or the ‘*Cotter’s Saturday Night*?’ Can she match ‘*Auld Lang Syne*?’—a song which is sung with enthusiasm, in far and distant lands, by every man who has drawn his first breath at the foot of the Grampians, near the waters of the Doon, or on the banks of the Tweed.

“There are two magnificent odes of which England boasts, ‘*Ye Mariners of England*’ and the ‘*Battle of the Baltic*’—but who wrote them? A Scotsman. That Scotsman was THOMAS CAMPBELL, the author of the ‘*Pleasures of Hope*.’

“When England required her history to be written, she sent to Scotland for an historian. That historian was HUME. MACAULAY, whose brilliant history has recently appeared, is a Scotsman. DUGALD STEWART was a Scotsman; and it is but as yesterday since SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, the first metaphysician in Europe, passed away. SIR DAVID BREWSTER and ROBERT CHAMBERS, men of world-wide celebrity, still survive to surround with a halo of lustre the name of their country. And yet we are told by the *Times* that Scotland is nothing more than is the fenny county of Lincoln, or the bullock-feeding county of York.”

MARSHALL smashes England generally, and raises up Scotland upon the ruins:—

“The ignorance of England is notorious; the intellectuality and educational acquirements of Scotland are proverbial. One half of the inhabitants of England are unable either to read or write; in Scotland there is not a cow-boy nor a housemaid who cannot read the Bible, and lift the pen to communicate with a distant friend.”

MARSHALL retorts with a crushing sarcasm the English calumny that Scotchmen always move southwards:—

“The English are in the habit of taunting Scotsmen with going into England and of never returning to their own land. There are many thousands of Englishmen who crossed the Tweed and took up their abode at a place called Bannockburn, and who have remained there for upwards of three hundred years without the slightest appearance of their revisiting the land of their fathers till the day of doom.”

Even MARSHALL is merciful. The Battle of Bannockburn having been fought A.D. 1314, MARSHALL modestly describes the interval between that date and 1859, as “upwards of three hundred years.” He is too magnanimous, doubtless, to insist on the fact that the English intruders have in truth, been trespassing on the Scottish soil for nearly twice three hundred years.

When people ask us to go in for “oppressed nationalities,” let us hope, that in future, we shall not be asked to confine our sympathies to Poland, or Lombardy, or Hungary, or the Ionian Islands. Let us think of MARSHALL, and spare a sigh for Scotland, trampled under foot by the base and bloody Southron: its national Doric degraded from the language of a Court, a Senate and a Literature, to a provincial dialect: its national bag-pipe reduced to the rank of a street nuisance, and even its fiddle all but unknown beyond the casual ward of the workhouse; its national haggis made the theme of *Punch’s* ribald pencil; and the memory of its national poet ignominiously paraded to draw Southron shillings from Southron pockets, at Sydenham. Under the stings of accumulated wrongs like these, surely MARSHALL is justified in reviving the memory of the bloodiest of those bloody fields in which the mutual hatred of Scot and Southron was vented in hard lance-thrusts, and murderous arrow-flights, instead of being voided by push of pen, and fire of paper pellets, in the *Caledonian Mercury*.

THE SOCIALITY OF SOCIALISM.

We read in our “facetious contemporary,” the *Saturday Review*, that ST. SIMON, when he married, returned to Paris, and—

“Wishing to turn the occasion offered by married life into a means of studying human character on a large scale, he spent the whole of his fortune within twelve months in a series of balls.”

This apostle, independent of his being a Socialist, must have been a great original; in fact, so great an original that we fancy we are justified in pronouncing him to have been the real SIMON PURE—*pur*, *et* (exceedingly) *Simple*!

As we are indebted to our “facetious contemporary” for having led us to the above discovery, he is perfectly welcome to the benefit of it on any future occasion.

Courage Always Meets with its own Reward.

“NEVER be faint-hearted. Have plenty of pluck, my Son. Supposing the whole world is against you? Never mind, go in and fight the entire world. The world is so formed, that you are sure to beat it hollow!”—*The Hermit of the Haymarket*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



MONDAY, February 7. The LORD CHANCELLOR proceeded to tackle his work, and Mr. Punch is bound to say that his noble friend acquitted himself to Mr. P's satisfaction. Mankind is divided into two classes, Debtors and Creditors, though many debtors are also

creditors, and many creditors are also debtors, and the whole world is a debtor to its great, but affable and indulgent creditor, Mr. Punch. The law which deals with these parties, when they come to extremes, is in a most heterogeneous condition. There is one rule for bankrupts and another for insolvents, and the general effect of the middle is, that honest people are defrauded, innocent people are oppressed, and rogues either profit or escape. Many attempts have been made to improve this state of things, and the Government has now taken the matter in hand. The bankrupt and insolvent courts, hitherto in confusion, are now to be in fusion, and by this Synthesis it is hoped to produce the compound called Justice. Imprisonment for debt is pretty nearly to be got rid of, and divers other absurdities and iniquities are to be swept away. If the lawyers see that more fees will accrue by having the law put straight than by leaving it crooked, they will permit the Bill to pass, and they are said to regard the evil of Reform as inevitable, inasmuch as under the present bad system business is frightened away.

MR. TOM DUNCOMBE, whose *spécialité* is putting questions in a form that makes evasive answers impossible, demanded of the Government whether February would smile upon the Reform Bill. MR. DISRAELI did not smile upon Mr. DUNCOMBE, in reply, but intimated that, though he could not fix a day for bringing in the Bill, it was his hope not merely to bring it in before Easter, but to have the second reading before that period. But Indian Finance and Navy Estimates must be taken first, and the inexorable Showman will not permit JOHN BULL to peep through the telescope at the Reform Planet, until JOHN has paid his money. A Scotch paper makes a great parade of certain points of information which it alleges have oozed out, touching the DERBY Reform Bill; but they are trumpery matters. If Mr. Punch, who has read the Bill through and through, and made some important marks with his red-chalk pencil in the margin, chose to reveal secrets, the whole measure would now be before the public. But he utterly refuses to tell more than that the paper is rather blue, that LORD DERBY'S copy is tied up with green silk, and has a large blot on the seventh page, and that MR. DISRAELI'S, which is bound up in a black leathern cover, is much dog's-cared; and that there is a burn with a cigar on the clause, by which it is enacted that London—No, you don't. But even now Mr. Punch has told a good deal more than the Scotch boaster!

MR. WALPOLE states that it is absolutely necessary to reform the Corporation of London, but he thinks that the grand Reform Bill must be first introduced. LORD JOHN RUSSELL made an attempt to get an approximation to the date of the advent of that Reform Bill, by

demanding when the Estimates would be brought on. MR. DISRAELI did not know. But later in the week it was stated that the scheme for Reconstructing the Navy would be announced on the 25th, which is the anniversary of the death of SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, who reconstructed St. Paul's, a coincidence of the closest and most significant character.

Tuesday. To borrow a phrase suggested by locality, the painters were cut loose from the stern of the Admiral. MR. DISRAELI stated that the Royal Academicians were to be turned out of the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, and that they were to have a new place built for them in the grounds of Burlington House. And as the PRINCE OF WALES, now walking about the Vatican arm-in-arm with the POPE, (who has given him a mosaic table) will want Marlborough House in the autumn, the VERNON pictures and the TURNER pictures must in their turn decamp. So they go to South Kensington for the present.

LORD BURY is quite determined that we shall be allowed to marry our wives' sisters, and to-day introduced a new Bill permitting it. Of the opposition to that Bill, Mr. Punch has said the most severely contemptuous thing, when he has mentioned that the leading opponents were MR. GEORGE BOWYER, MR. BERESFORD HOPE, and MR. HENRY DRUMMOND—a queer trio, illustrating Faith, Hope, and Charity. A majority of 155 to 85, in favour of the Bill, showed the numerical opinion of the House, and an examination of the names will show that LORD BURY had with him not only the noses but the brains.

MR. EWART tried in vain to get the House to pledge itself not to sit after twelve on Tuesdays and Thursdays. This arrangement was intended to enable Members' wives to command their husbands' attendance at the Opera-house, with the umbrella and cab, and it was, of course, needless to include Saturday, as though there is an opera, there is no house on that night. But LORD PALMERSTON thought that the ladies might manage for themselves, and rudely called the proposal "a self-denying ordinance." It was rejected by 237 to 28.

MR. WALPOLE brought in a Poisons Bill, which imposes various restrictions on the sale of such articles; but its best point is that it makes the vendor liable for the negligence and blunders of his shopmen or servants. He will, therefore, be inclined to keep his poisons where they cannot be got at except by himself, or to engage only such dependents as can be depended upon. Very proper reference was made to the melancholy Bradford poisonings, but no allusion was risked touching the latest case of attempted poisoning at Bradford, when MR. BRIGHT endeavoured to poison the minds of one class there with prejudices against another. MR. PUNCH, however, has labelled him in a way which will prevent his being taken, by mistake, for a statesman.

Wednesday. Nil.

Thursday. Wallachia, permitted to choose a Hospodar of a certain age, has chosen the individual already selected by Moldavia, who is moreover under that age. This means that the provinces wish to be united, but the election will be declared informal, and there will probably be no end of a row. LORD MALMESBURY declined to discuss the subject at present. The Commons did nothing to justify a sacrifice to them of Mr. Punch's invaluable space.

Friday. LORD LEITRIM was very desirous to have a published return of the number of assassinations that have recently taken place in Ireland. But LORD DERBY pointed out to the other Earl that the subject was by no means a cheerful one, and that if he wished to indulge a morbid taste for disagreeable reading, he might do so by means of the Irish *Newgate Calendar*. Some not very profitable talk about the Militia followed, but the subject was elsewhere being ventilated in a much more entertaining way in the presence of LORD CAMPBELL, and in the case of DICKSON v. LORD WILTON.

In the Commons there was some discussion on the new Post Office order that all unpaid letters should be returned to their writers. It seems that out of 530 millions of letters annually sent, only about 2½ are unpaid, and of these 60 per cent. are sent for purposes of annoyance, many containing soot and similar epigrams. Mr. Punch is inclined to think that the returning the unstamped letters is a good plan, for the honest writer of a letter that has miscarried will wish to know that such has been the case; but there are some instances in which the alteration will work hardly on helpless people, for whose benefit arrangement should be made.

LORD PALMERSTON abused the intended New Foreign Office, and talked a good deal of smart nonsense about architecture. We have always said he was a brick, but a brick is not competent to judge of a house. After this the SOLICITOR-GENERAL introduced an admirable Bill for improving the system of establishing titles to landed property, and so ended a not unpromising or unprofitable week.

A Laugh in the Gazette.

The Gazette talks gravely about "the United States of the Ionian Islands." We do not know what they may have been previous to MR. GLADSTONE'S visit, but we do not suppose that even an United Irishman would venture to pronounce them "United" now.

PUNCH'S OWN GAZETTE.

Oh, dear, what exciting announcements
Are those of the *Brighton Gazette!*
What matter Imperial bouncements,
Bourse-Panic, or Austrian Pet,—
What's the talk of Reform in the Commons,
What are Indian losses or gains,
To the int'resting fact that LORD CRANSTOUN,
At the Albion Hotel still remains?

What care I for Begum or Nana,
What care I for Tantia Topce,
Compared with the recent arrival
Of SIR W. FRAZER, M.P.?
I might sigh at the news that the Rev'rend
J. BROADWOOD is going away,
If I had not the comfort of knowing,
LORD BYRON'S prolonging his stay?

And what if SIR W. TOPHAM
His ticket for London has ta'en?
What if c'en VISCOUNT STRANGFORD be going?
Doth not still SIR JOHN PEDDAR remain?
How the heart hails with joy the arrival
Of LADY G. WOMBWELL and Son;
Or the news that the BARON SAMPAYO
At the Albion Hotel still makes one!

To their elegant mansion at Patcham,
With what satisfaction I learn,
From the seat of the MARQUIS OF CHANDOS
COLONEL PAINE and his lady return:
And if for LORD SEAHAM'S departure
Some natural sorrow appear,
It's consoled when we read COLONELS EDEN
And LLOYD are still sojourning here!

AN EXAMPLE FOR ADVERTISING GENTS.

VARIETY is charming. The mind of man, and especially the female mind, is fond of novelty. Therefore all our readers who have been familiarised with British puffs will doubtless be pleased with an example of German English advertising literature subjoined:—

“ANIMAL VEGETABLE

“HAND AND FACE POMATUM.

“The effect profused, of that remedy which is examined and aprovd by the medical faculty from Vienna, is surprising. The employment rends the most friable hide, tender, white, and smooth, it take away in a short time every pollution, and principally the parts suffering to on uch by the cold; as the chilblain, are that, on which that pomatum, produse the greatest effect. Its parfume is agreable and fine, and it has a consistance, to be very long ennserved, and transported, without lose its quality.

“The elegant vessel cost 1, 2, till 4 florins in good manney.

“Application. The morning before dressing, and the evening, before going to bed, one take a little of that pomatum, and rub 10 or 15 minutes on the hands or others parts of hide, till the most of grease is sucked up. After a quarter of an hour, one wash the rubed parts with warm soap-water, and dry it than with a fine handkerchief.

“DENTIST LUX,

“In Vienna, Ad'ergasse Nr. 723, 'zum Küss den Pfennig.'”

Anybody whose taste is unsnobbish will much prefer the above composition to that of British puffery. The plain and unaffected language, however, of this advertisement, needs a glossary. The epithet “friable” evidently means “scurfy,” which strong and simple Anglo-Saxon word the Author would no doubt have used instead of a Latinism, if he had known of it. The British quack advertiser would as surely have put “furfuraccons” in its place, and instead of “hide,” would have written “integument.” Every lady will be charmed with the natural feeling manifest in choosing the term “hide” rather than its less expressive synonym, “skin.” By “on uch” is clearly meant “an itch;” a short and sufficient name for a thing about which the less is said the better, and much less disgusting than the phrase “pruriginous sensation,” which one of our own puffing cosmetic vendors would most likely have used to signify the same. For “its parfume is agreable and fine,” our native humbug would, with greater diffuseness and a proportionate loss of force, have said, “Its odori-ferous exhalation is exquisite and *recherché*,” and, in lieu of “It has a consistance, to be very long conserved, and transported without lose its quality,” would, with better grammar perhaps, but in a much baser style, have added, “Its chemical composition is such as to render it capable of unlimited preservation, and removal to other climates, without deterioration of efficacy.”

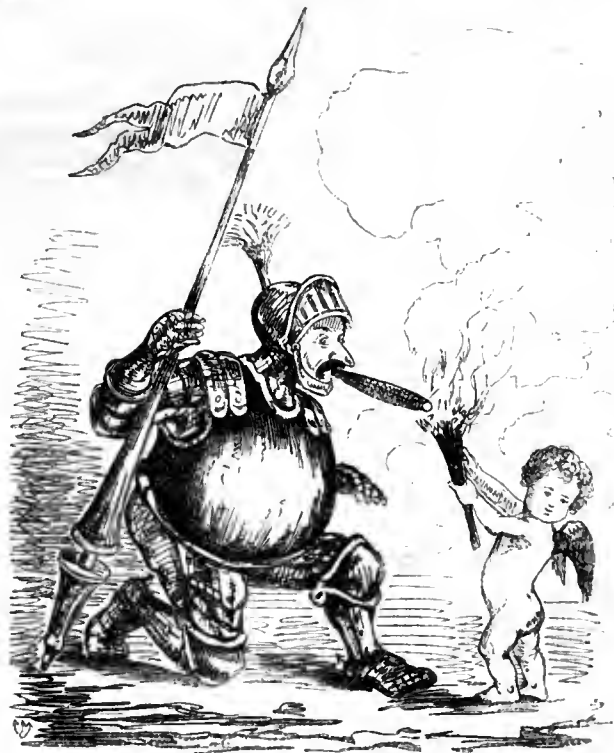
For “elegant vessel,” we may safely trust that HERR LUX would, had his dictionary knowledge of English been equal to his unaffectedness, have put “pretty pot.”

She that might propose to use HERR LUX'S pomatum could be at no loss how to do so, being told to rub her hide with it “till the most of grease is sucked up.” Much less intelligible to her would be the direction which a domestic salvemonger would have given her to “apply the unguent with manual friction until the majority of its oleaginous partieles are absorbed.”

We admire the advertisement of HERR LUX so much that we could almost rub our own hide with his pomatum evry morning, instead of scrubbing it with yellow soap and a brush of hogs' bristles. We commend his style to the study of our advertising perfumers; whose puffs produce in our nostrils an effect precisely the reverse of that which the articleles cried up in those nauseous manifestos are designed to excite. Let them take a lesson in plain, if broken, English from a downright German, and eschew their condemnable miminipimivity and idditiosity.

MINISTERS RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

It is a curious thing for a Minister, when out of office, to occupy his leisure, like MONS. GUIZOT, by writing a learned book upon *L'Amour*. We can hardly picture to ourselves an English Premier throwing his idle moments into the investigation of such a subject as *Love*—unless it should be our noble LORD PALMERSTON, who ought to possess a deep knowledge of the sweet mystery, if we may judge from the fact of his rejoicing, for upwards of half-a-century, in the playful cognomen of *Capid*?



THE POPE'S MOSAIC WORK.

A LETTER from Rome has informed the British Public, that—

“Our *Chargé d'Affaires*, MR. ODO RUSSELL, will without delay arrange for the Prince to have a private audience of his Holiness, who has already prepared an extremely beautiful mosaic table to present to his Royal Highness on the occasion.”

The PRINCE OF WALES may hesitate to accept the papal present. The POPE'S conduct in the MORTARA case, shows that the moral sense of his Holiness is dormant in relation to a peculiar people; and our young PRINCE will perhaps be afraid that, in taking anything mosaic at the gift of PIUS, he may be receiving stolen goods.

A CONSTRUCTION THAT'S “JUST LIKE A MAN.”

WHEN a woman can faint, and has a capital opportunity for fainting, and yet doesn't faint, you may be tolerably sure that she has some other feint in view.



Small Boy (to prodigious Sicell). "I SAY, MISTER, KETCH MY DONKEY, THAT'S A GOOD CHAP—I'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU ANOTHER TIME!"

THE IMPERIAL FRENCH PORCUPINE.

"WALK up, walk up, gentlemen and ladies, into the Menagerie of Modern Europe. Here you will behold that wonderful animal so correctly described by the celebrated prophet SHAKSPEARE, under the name of the French Poreupine. Fretful, according to some authors, was the original expression; whichever you please: you pays your money, and you takes your choice.

"This extraordinary creature is an animal of what the zoologists call the Napoleonic species; he is of a reserved and silent disposition; but is able on occasion to open his mouth, and show his teeth. The remarkable specimen of natural history afore you is covered with quills, which may appear inconsistent when you consider the singular animosity he is said to display against the liberty of the Press. The quills exhibits a striking similarity to swords and bagonets, together with artillery, rifles, carbines, and other firearms, by means of which, possessing the astonishing property of shooting missiles out of his self, the creature is enabled to annoy his hadversaries at a considerable distance. The French Poreupine, by the sounds which he utters for to express his sentiments, is apparently desirous to get the credit of being of a peaceable disposition, which you will scarcely perhaps be inclined to allow, considering the formidable weapons with which this animal is armed. Though an inhabitant of France, his inclinations, by some accounts, prompts him to extend his range over Italy, and some suspects him of intentions to carry his ravages into the Austrian dominions, whilst, according to others, he is disposed to be quiet, if so be as how you only let him alone. According to which, I shall omit the usual operation of stirring him up with a long pole: which Muster WALEWSKI is at liberty to perform if he pleases. The Imperial French Poreupine, gentlemen and ladies; an admirable likeness of him, price threepence only: recollect who 'tis as keeps him out of mischief, and please remember the keeper."

COO-EY COO-EY.

THE Empire's Peace, and, L. NAPOLEON, you
Are Peace's Dove—we've recognised your *coup*.

A FOX AND GOOSE STORY.

PERSONS with large swallows are invited to read this:—

"A NOVEL CHIMNEYSWEEP.—A curious freak of 'Reynard the Fox' occurred last week at Dursley. SIR MAURICE BERKELEY's hounds met at Kingcote one day, and having found, the fox made away, skirting the hill right into the town of Durnsley. Here he got on the roof of a shed, and, rising gradually from roof to roof, at last gained the top of a house lately occupied as a pawnshop, and 'popped' himself down the chimney into the interior. Having rested *perdu* for some time, the hounds being at fault though close to his lair, he mounted the chimney, took a survey from the top, and, seeing the hounds in a neighbouring court-yard, he made off in an opposite direction, completely transformed in colour. Unfortunately his escape was soon discovered, and after running about a mile from the town, he dropped from sheer exhaustion, and surrendered his 'brush,' which was black from its novel employment in chimney-sweeping."—*Sussex Advertiser*.

We should be wanting in politeness to the writer of this story, if we failed to make confession of the pleasure it has given us. Barrenness of invention is the recognised defect in the literature of the age, and it delights to have hit upon so striking an exception to it. We would however, add, by way of friendly caution, that the writer runs the risk that he will weaken his long bow, unless he takes care not to pull it too much at a stretch. That a fox should "steal away" by popping down a chimney, is a statement which sufficiently taxes our credulity; and when we hear he "mounted up again and took a survey from the top," we find the first assertion so exhausted our belief, that we have scarce an atom of it left for the second. If it were not for our wish to call things by right names, we might content ourselves with terming this a cock and a bull story. But as these words would not be zoologically accurate, we prefer to put it down as a fox and a goose story.—The fox being the one which swept the chimney of the "pop-shop," and the goose being the reader who gives credit to its doing so.

Drill of the Militia Artillery.

THE Militia Artillery are trained to fire with a word of command, which may, by some, be considered as more suitable to the Horse Marines. The gallant Artillerymen are summoned to their exercise by the order—"All hands to the pumps!"

L'Empire est la hair



THE FRENCH PORCUPINE.

He may be an Inoffensive Animal, but he Don't Look like it.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY

EDUCATION IN THE HOLIDAYS.

(A Letter from MASTER HARRY HOPEFUL to the REV. MR. STUFFEM, Collegiate Academy, Cramwell in the Clay.)

"London, February 2, 1859.

RESPECTED SIR,

"My kind father has this morning directed my attention to our announcement that on Monday next me and all your other pupils are 'expected to return' to your delightful residence, 'in order to resume' there our 'scholastic duties.'

"The thought that I so soon shall see my valued tutor has

afforded me, I need not say, the liveliest enjoyment; and it has recalled to mind the fact (which, believe me, I have never for a single day lost sight of) that you enjoined me, when we parted, 'not to let my mind lie fallow' in the holidays, but to 'continue with due diligence in that curriculum of study' which you were good enough with such minuteness to point out. That I have duly profited by this excellent advice, the following brief statement will suffice, dear Sir, to show; and when I have the happiness of meeting you next week, I hope to give you *in vivo* a more detailed account.

"Having spent the greater part of my holidays in London, I have been favoured with most rare aids to the improvement of my mind, and have availed myself of them, I trust, to the extreme extent. Not forgetting your advice that I should 'take care to keep up my acquaintance with the Classics,' I have paid frequent visits to the Sydenham Crystal Palace, and have studied the antiquities in the Greek and Roman Courts. I have inspected the nude statues, and have wondered if they really have been taken from the life. Granting this, it has surprised me to discover that the ancients went about without their clothes on. Still further pursuing my classical inquiries, I have examined the busts of the CICEROS and CATOS, and have added annotations in pencil at their feet. At the POMPEYS and the CÆSARS I have also taken sights; and have thought them both so ugly that any negro scholiast might be well excused for not knowing which was which. I have been backed in this opinion by contemporary authorities—need I name my fellow-students, BRIGGS Major, and BLOBS?—who have (on VIRGIL'S nose) recorded their conviction that if such hideous whitewashed faces form the 'Beauties of the Classics,' they in truth must be regarded as 'beauties without paint.'

"In other branches of instruction, I rejoice to think, my time has been equally well spent. Duly mindful of your hint about 'improving my arithmetic,' I have repaired more than once to MADAME TUSSAUD'S; which, as probably you know, is a kind of (Ma) Dame's School, kept open expressly for the study of figures. That I might at the same time make progress in my *Euclid*, I have prevailed upon my father to take me twice to Astley's; and I can now define the uses of a circle, and can describe the sort of triangle required by the band. Wishing to acquaint me with the *Pons Asinorum*, my father took me to the Alhambra, to see the educated mules. The problem, how to ride them, was however more than I could solve; and I found myself in fact regularly floored by it.

"As I have spent most part of my holidays in London, I have not done much in the way of triggonometry: indeed, my only exercise has been the shooting of our cat, which I sentenced to that fate for eating my white mouse, and have interred with military honours in the coal-cellar.

"Pursuing useful knowledge, I have sought the Polytechnic, and have had my mind improved by lectures on the Diving Bell. Optics I have studied in the Dissolving Views, and the medal-making machine has shown me something of Die-namics. Galvanism I have had quite at my fingers' ends, for BRIGGS Major would make me put my hands into the basins: and what I learned of Chemistry in the ten minutes devoted to it has so impressed me with the wish to gain still further knowledge, that I have been daily hard at work repeating the experiments, and my mother feels persuaded I shall ere long blow the house up.

"In Geography and History I have also made good progress. The former I have studied at the fountain head—need I say I allude to the 'Great Globe' itself?—and besides the general glance which I have there taken of the subject, I have elsewhere acquired more particular

instruction: learning somewhat of Ohio from its native Minstrels, and hearing some few words of China where I remember being instructed how to get up my Mont Blanc. Paying a visit and a shilling at the Coliseum School, I have there had 'History made Easy' to my mind; which has been still more instructed in historical events by the Pantomime of *Robin Hood*, and the *Siege of Troy* burlesque, and by study of the erudite fly-leaf at the Princess's.

"Trusting, my dear tutor, you will view these facts as proofs that my education has not been neglected in the holidays,

"I remain (until next week),

"Your obedient and grateful pupil,

"HARRY HOPEFUL."

"P.S. The Envelope aint stuck and so I open it to say that if theres any faults in this it isnt mo but my Big Brother because I have been writing it all down from his Dictation as he said he knew at classical schools like ours you didnt teach us English and so its him who have been altering the grammar and the spelling. H.H.I.

"P.S. I have wrote these 2 P.S.es all out of my owa head and without his correction. H.H."

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE.

We have been startled out of four and a half at least of our five senses by perusal of the following couple of advertisements, which were inserted next each other in the *Times* of the 10th ult.

THE BEAR HAS COME TO TOWN.

SCOTLAND WILL BE IN LONDON on the 14th of February.

To persons like ourselves of a somewhat nervous temperament the first of these announcements is terrible enough: yet in productiveness of horror it is quite capped by the second. Although we frequently meet bears, both animal and human, we cannot say we feel quite at our ease in doing so: and the bare announcement that "the bear has come to town," has developed most unpleasantly our bump of Apprehensiveness.

The other piece of news is, however, far more terrifying, and tempts us to make use of the oft-cited quotation, that

"On horror's head horrors accumulate."

To think that Scotland will before these words are published be in London, is so startling an idea, that it completely takes our breath away, and has thoroughly unnerved us. There is something of the magical in so astonishing an advent, and it brings to mind the childish terror which we recollect we felt, when we read that the Genii had removed Aladdin's palace. There is another point too, which much increases our bewilderment, and in considering it we own we feel a "vague inquietude," and "hollow sense of insecurity," akin to that which the French Emperor described in his late speech. For, knowing that the Scotch whenever they leave home do so invariably for good, and that there are *vestigia nulla retrorsum* in their track, we tremble to reflect that when once Scotland is in London, it will be past hope that Scotland ever will go back again.

An Unpublished Compliment.

We do not know whether it was FONTENELLE, or BEAU NASH, or MIRABEAU, or CHESTERFIELD, or SAM ROGERS, or COMTE D'ORSAY, or LORD PALMERSTON, or BEN CAUNT, or who it was—but we know it was somebody—who, upon hearing the popular song of "*Man the Life Boat*," exclaimed contemptuously, "Take him and welcome—but my cry is for '*Woman the Pleasure Boat*.'" Three vociferous cheers from the entire assembly acknowledged the good taste of the compliment.—*Literary Recollections of an Old Trunkmaker.*

"ICI ON DINE À LA RUSSE."

OUR *bons vivants* have been wonderfully eloquent in the papers about certain dinners, whatever they may be, *à la Russe*. For ourselves we should have a sensitive horror of such a thing, for we always supposed, in our ignorance, that a Russian's dinner mostly consisted of fallow-candles and train oil!

TO TRADESMEN WHO SEND IN THEIR BILLS TWICE.

THE truthful man always calls a spade a spade, and the same with an honest man:—you may be sure, when he says a bill is paid, it's paid.

ADVICE TO TRAVELLERS.—If you are travelling in the neighbourhood of Rome, it is as well not to cry out "Bravo," before you are out of the wood.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S PIPE OF PEACE.—A little too much of the '*Caporal*' in it!



Butler (to personal Friend). "There, my boy! I wonder what My Lord would give, if he could get such a glass of Madeira as that!"

JAPAN OUTDONE.

THERE is a pleasant custom among our new friends the Japanese, called the "Hiri Kari," or "Happy Dispatch." When a minister is disgraced—or a gentleman insulted—instead of the former going out of office, or the latter calling out his insulter, he takes a knife, and by one cut upwards and two cuts across, rips open his bowels, and expires, with the comfortable sense that he has done his duty to himself and to society.

We have lately opened up a trade with Japan, and the ports of Hakodadi, Kanagawa, and Nagasaki, are soon to be free to our ships and merchants. With what pleasure our new friends will learn by the first batch of British newspapers that may be translated into Japanese, that an attempt is to be made to introduce their usage of the Happy Dispatch on an enormous scale into the House of Commons, where some five-score members for small boroughs are to be asked to go through the process of bringing their own Parliamentary existence to a close, by stroke of Schedule.

"Whichever you like, my Little Dears."

It was, we think, BUFFON, who said, "*Le style c'est l'homme.*" But really women nowadays write so much like men, that it requires a very clever judge indeed to tell from the style whether it is *un homme* or *une femme*.

"A WISE SAW."—A Saw, all the teeth of which are Wisdom-teeth.

THE PARSONS' BURLESQUE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE clergy of the Province of Canterbury assembled in Convocation on Wednesday last week, and had a merry meeting. In the Lower House especially, jocosity was the order of the day. Several funny things were said. The REV. W. MASSINGBERD went in for a rollick. In moving a ridiculous amendment to an absurd report complaining of the just and rational new divorce law, this droll and reverend gentleman remarked that—

"They knew that before the Reformation, interference of this kind was held to be intolerable, and it was not surprising that Parliament should be anxious to keep the clergy down, and to prevent them from assuming that government which the clergy had before the Reformation, and of which they were at the Reformation deprived."

This short extract will convey a sufficient idea of the wild and rampant comicality of the reverend speaker's discourse. The notion of any possible Parliament *not* trying to prevent the clergy from assuming that government which they had before the Reformation, is rich indeed.

Nearly after MR. MASSINGBERD followed ARCHDEACON RANDALL (of Berkshire). This divine talked like a jolly parson. He told his consecrated hearers that—

"Their great object, he thought, should be to keep Parliament in good humour."

The evidently good-humoured Archdeacon considered that the Divorce Act was a bad Act, but still that Convocation would not be justified in going and telling Parliament that it had not the power to pass such an Act; because Parliament had. But, he suggested,—

"They might, however, try to persuade Parliament that they had taken a wrong step, and that they ought to retrace it. They might also be told that for the future it was to be hoped they would be good enough to consult the clergy upon such matters. (*Hear, hear, and laughter.*)"

The laughter was well earned; though it cannot be forgotten that something very like the above has been said before. See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act iii., Scene 3.

The DEAN OF ELY made a few remarks, excellent in their way, which was that of sense and reason, but wholly out of keeping with the general tone of the assembly. He told his hearers for instance, that Parliament "had not overridden the canon," and he reminded them that those present "were merely the representatives of the Church of England; and Parliament was bound to consider the whole nation." All very true, and very wise, but Convocation had not come there to listen to truth or wisdom. Accordingly,—

"DR. WORDSWORTH took a different view of the subject, and said the Dean had subjected himself to an anathema of the Church. The Canon said that if any one

said that the Convocation was only a representative of the clergy, and not of the whole Church of England, let him be excommunicated and not restored until he repent and publicly revoke that wicked error." (*Loud laughter.*) He hoped the now DEAN OF ELY would not find himself in that position."

The DEAN OF ELY had not said that Convocation did not represent the whole Church; he had only intimated the fact that it does not represent the whole nation. Well, therefore, might DR. WORDSWORTH'S uncalled-for reference to the canon have provoked the loud laughter, which, as in a pantomime, never fails to reward a zany's vast impertinence, even if the bare allusion to excommunication, at this time of day, had not been of itself quite ridiculous enough to set the table of Convocation, or any other, in a roar.

Having voted, in respect to the Divorce Act, some resolution which nobody will mind, the reverend assembly adjourned to another day, when they will probably again meet, talk nonsense and twaddle, and say and do all they can to expose the Church, of which they call themselves the representatives, to public derision.

A SENSIBLE WIFE.

Mrs. Smith. "Why do I allow my husband to smoke in the house? Bless me, Mrs. Brown, I would not stop him for the world! Do you know that when he is angry with me,—when we have been having a word or two together, as I suppose the best of husbands and wives occasionally have,—he rushes to his cigar, and leaves me for a good hour all to myself. It seems to relieve him, and saves me an infinity of blowing up. After he has smoked it, I can assure you the poor creature is quite mild, and sometimes he will come up, and actually *beg my pardon!* The fuming that I should have got is bestowed elsewhere. I look upon a cigar as the very best friend a woman has, and I'm positive, too, that it's the saving of an immensity of swearing. After all, a volley of smoke isn't half so offensive as a volley of oaths. Good gracious me, only to think what beasts some men would be without their filthy tobacco! There would be no going near them, I declare! When all is said and done, my dear, smoke, take my word for it, is a very fine thing. It cures many a bad temper, and preserves many a sweet one!"

SHORT VACATION AT OXFORD.

MR. GLADSTONE resigns his seat to accept the office of Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands for a few days, at the expiration of which he will return to his constituents, and present himself for re-election.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OVER THE WATER.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY we allude to is at Canterbury Hall. Its President is MR. C. MORTON. Instead of limiting its walls to some forty members, it can boast of some four hundred. ROSA BONHEUR is not too proud to be one of its contributors. You meet with pictures good, bad, and indifferent—just as you do at the other Royal Academy. Perhaps, the indifferent preponderate—and this similarity only strengthens the likeness between the two rival exhibitions. However, Canterbury Hall has certain marks of superiority, which Trafalgar Square, if it be wise, will do well to imitate.

First of all, the price of admission is only sixpence. This is a clear gain of one-half.

Secondly. The catalogue is

only one penny, instead of the shilling that is usually charged at the other colour-shop.

Thirdly. The catalogue is not disfigured by certain misquotations from the Latin or German.

Fourthly. Over and above your admission to the Gallery, you can retire to a magnificent Hall, which is as effective as any interior that DAVID ROBERTS ever painted. There is no extra charge for this privilege.

Fifthly. You may hear in this same Hall some capital songs, the tone of which is very superior to that of many of the *tableaux* at the opposition show, so inharmonious in their treatment, and so *criard* in all their artistic utterances, that they can scarcely be called "worth a song." This is an attraction, which might be imitated with advantage at the National Gallery. A comic song, relieved every now and then by a comic dance, might have the power of drawing, which is a faculty that more than one R. A. cannot boast of.

Sixthly. (We think it is sixthly, for really there are so many points of excellence to mark down, that we may be wrong in our scoring), you can order at Canterbury Hall exactly what you like. If some fruit by LANCE tempt your palate, as it often does that of some hopeless imitator, you can call for apples, or oranges, or even ginger-beer. If some cattle by SIDNEY COOPER provoke your taste, you can instantly gratify it by ordering a steak, or a mutton-chop. These are graces that touch every man most inwardly, for we doubt if RUSKIN himself could speak ill of a picture, after it had filled him with admiration to the happy extent of having proved both meat and bread and beer to him. Thus, critics, true to their capacity, can dine, and sup, and fatten off the pictures they have been previously cutting up.

Now, the Royal Academicians on the Middlesex side of the water have always shut their mouths against everything in the shape of refreshments. A lady might faint before a POOLE, and there would not be as much as a glass of water in the place you could offer her. Every one must recollect the choking sensation that the dust of the *Derby Day* (we mean FERRIS's) gave him last year. The very sight of the champagne-bottles that were being opened in every direction, helped, if anything, to aggravate one's thirst, and yet there was not a drop of anything to be had nearer than the Union Club, and one of the beautiful regulations of the Royal Academy is, that you pay a shilling every time you enter. Quench your thirst twenty times in the course of a long sultry afternoon, with scorching pictures of the Desert before you, and red-hot sunsets by DANBY behind you, and you must pay twenty shillings,—that is to say, if you are anxious to rejoin the pretty country cousins, to whom you are playing the cousinly part of a *catalogue* more or less *raisonné*. How different at the Royal Academy on the Surrey side! You can leave as often as you like, and enter as often as you like, and there is nothing extra to pay. The only payment is in the shape of a cheque, made payable to order.

We said that our *Quarante Immortels*, who have the right to write R. A. after their names, never allow feasting within their classic walls. This is scarcely true, and we apologise for defaming them. They do give a dinner once a year; but then the public is not admitted to it. Now, when PRESIDENT MORTON gives a dinner, any one is at liberty to go who chooses to pay a guinea. This is much more liberal, and the consequence is, the company is not so numerous as when persons go in for nothing, and the effect naturally is much more select. Ask the waiters.

Another point (we fancy it is the Seventh) Mr. MORTON pays his rent, which is more than the Royal Academicians can say they do; for it is a notorious fact, which will not bear canvassing, that our great artists occupy premises that by right belong to the public, and from which the public, with the exception of the shilling section of it, is rigidly excluded. Turn them out!—Yes, but who is to do it?

We might multiply our points until they mounted up to a full rubber, but we imagine we have said amply enough to prove that the game is all on the side of MR. MORTON. Look as we might, we could not find the *Body of Harold* anywhere within sight of Canterbury. The old *Vicar of Wakefield*, too, is singularly absent, though his old friend MACLISE is there in great force. This is an absence that bespeaks great presence of mind on the part of the distinguished President.

Lastly, by way of a last finishing touch, we must say that we admire the cruci-stands of Canterbury Hall a vast sight more than the vile mustard and pepper-boxes of the National Gallery, which it is time were removed, for the building, being rather an old one, can no longer stand in want of seasoning.

MILLENNIAL SHELLS.

THE Peace Society, which used to be very noisy when war was never dreamt of, and has lately, whilst war has been imminent, held its peace, should vote a medal, or a sum of money to CAPTAIN J. NORTON. According to "Naval and Military Intelligence," in the *Times*, some missiles invented by CAPTAIN NORTON were tried the other day at Chatham, with a success that warrants the hope of the abolition of war. The first of these contrivances, of which the pacific properties were tested, was a handy little bomb, called by the inventor the "liquid-fire rifle shell," and its antibelligerent effect consists in burning any part of any ship, but an iron one, into which it may be shot, or the sails and rigging of any ship, except, as regards the rigging, a ship rigged with ropes of wire. This interesting invention is thus described in the *Times*:—

"The shell is about three or four times the size of an ordinary conical rifle bullet, but is hollow, the interior being filled with a glass in which is contained the 'liquid fire.' This chemical substance is prepared from a secret in the possession of CAPTAIN NORTON, but the chief ingredients are phosphorus dissolved in bisulphite of carbon, and hermetically sealed. Immediately on this shell striking any ignitable matter the glass is broken, and so powerful is the liquid that it almost instantaneously sets the object in a blaze."

Neither shells nor puddings can be taken for granted; as the proof of the latter is in the eating, so is that of the former in the explosion; and this proof was afforded by CAPTAIN NORTON. As thus:—

"During the experiments yesterday afternoon a number of large sacks were suspended on poles to represent the sails of a ship, and these were soon soaked through with rain, so as to become completely saturated. CAPTAIN NORTON then took a heavy three-grooved rifle, which he loaded with one of his shells, and fired at the canvas. Notwithstanding that the sacking was very wet, the effect was exceedingly surprising, the liquid spreading through the canvas, which in a short time began to smoulder, and after another interval burst forth into flame, entirely consuming the whole. Had the sacking been dry, the effect would have been instantaneous."

Certain Colonels on the other side of a certain part of the ocean will be flabbergasted to hear that—

"CAPTAIN NORTON can undertake, with the same description of shells, but of larger size, to set fire to any line of battle ship in the navy."

Fire-eaters are the Colonels in question are, a few of CAPTAIN NORTON's liquid fire-eggs, thrown into a vessel in which those officers were coming to tear imaginary assassins from their dens in London, and pillage that metropolis, would, when the shells cracked, be probably rather more than the most greedy of the ignivorous warriors could stomach.

Another of CAPTAIN NORTON's messengers of peace called the "Spinster," is a rifle-shot charged with combustible matter, which will blow up ammunition waggons and bags of gunpowder, or set a camp on fire at more than a mile off. The spinster that can thus inflame a whole camp will, we may venture to say, prove more than a match, in every sense of the word, for all our enemies.

A Precious Native.

FANCY DANDOLO pretending to be an Ionian, and bellowing for the union of the Septinsular Republic with Greece. An agitation for the Repeal of the Union with Ireland might as well have been got up by DANDO the English oyster-eater, from whom, and not from

"blind old DANDOLO,

The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe,"

there can be no doubt that this blinder owl of a DANDOLO is descended.

A CAPITAL JOKE.—Paris is said to be France—and we fancy that Manchester would, if it could, be England!



Fascinating Gent. (to precocious little Girl). "YOU ARE A VERY NICE LITTLE GIRL; YOU SHALL BE MY WIFEY WHEN YOU GROW UP!"—

Little Girl. "NO, THANK YOU; I DON'T WANT TO HAVE A HUSBAND; BUT AUNT BESSY DOES; I HEARD HER SAY SO!" [Sensation on the part of AUNT BESSY.]

A NICE LOT OF INCUMBRANCES.

If an Encumbered Estates' Bill for England is passed this Session, we fancy that the following eligible property will be able to send in a very good claim for relief. The statement, which briefly represents its melancholy position, is taken from the report sent in by MR. NELSON to the Committee of the Westminster Bondholders:—

"Those circumstances are as follows, viz.:—That the land is encumbered with *ten* mortgages, *twenty* judgments, and *sixteen* chancery suits, making a total of *forty-six* incumbrances, to which there are no less (exclusive of the Commissioners) than upwards of *eighty* parties."

New brooms enjoy the reputation of sweeping clean; so there could not be a better bit of encumbered ground for the New Act to be tried upon than the above overlaid instance. How sixteen Chancery Suits are to be carted away we cannot imagine! It isn't every one who would like to have a Chancery Suit shot on to his premises. Supposing they were to be pitched into the sea, they never would settle,—for a settlement with a Chancery Suit is a fundamental impossibility. It will require a very sweeping measure indeed to get a property like the above clean of all difficulties, and the difficulty is certainly increased, when you have to satisfy twenty judgments, independently of what satisfaction you may be called upon to give in order to conciliate the judgments of the sixty other creditors. It would not be a bad title to call this highly-mortgaged Victoria Street, Westminster, BOND STREET, for every other house in the place seems to be, more or less, in that legal predicament. The Bondholders may console themselves with the happy delusion that they have been only looking up property for a time in a "bonded" warehouse. And it is effectually locked up, for most of the wards of the lock are in Chancery!

Maxims by Modern Advertisers.

THERE is no cement for broken vows. *Poo-Loo.*—The spirit that is bruised is the most sensitive of chaff. *Mary Wedlake.*—Advertising is the poetry of trade. *Moses and Son.*—Every cloud is electrotyped inside with silver. *Elkington and Co.*—All cats are the same in the dark, unless you burn a Night Light. *Price.*—The Hair and the Tortoise is a musty old fable, but if the Kalydor had been in existence then, the Hair would have won by several lengths. *Rowland.*—He who causes two blades of steel to be manufactured where there was only one before, is a benefactor to the human species. *Meché.*—I wish you a Good Day. *Martin.*

FILIBUSTERO.

A New Song to an Old Tune.

AIR—"Lillibustero."

O—GIN'RAL WALKER, d'ye hear what's to be?
Filibustero—buster—a—la;
That with Cuba the States are agwine to make free—
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (Bis.) Tero, tero, Filibustero,
Filibustero, buster—a—la.

With powder and shot you've attempted the same,
Filibustero, buster—a—la;
Till in Central America up was your game,
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (Bis.) Tero, tero, &c.

Nicaragua don't walley your notions—I fear,
Filibustero, buster—a—la;
And says "GIN'RAL WALKER, you musn't lodge here,"
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (Bis.) Tero, tero, &c.

The United States Senate taught wisdom by you,
Filibustero, buster—a—la;
Abhors sympathisers, and "Lone-Star" men too,
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (Bis.) Tero, tero, &c.

We've concluded that Cuba from Spain must be got,
Filibustero, buster—a—la;
But we don't think the island worth powder and shot,
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (Bis.) Tero, tero, &c.

We guess the raal weapon of conquest is gold,
Filibustero, buster—a—la;
No sensible isle can object to be sold,
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (Bis.) Tero, tero, &c.

So we comes forward handsom, and calls a spade, "spade,"
Filibustero, buster—a—la;
And offers the Spaniard his island to trade,
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (Bis.) Tero, tero, &c.

There aren't nothin' so scaarse as the Spanish, in Spain,
Filibustero, buster—a—la;
And so lib'ral a bid you may ne'er have again—
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (Bis.) Tero, tero, &c.

The Spanish Ambassador he may look big,
Filibustero, buster—a—la;
But I guess he'll come round, if the dollars he twig—
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (Bis.) Tero, tero, &c.

And if e'en at our dollars he turn up his nose,
Filibustero, buster—a—la;
We have still the "Lone-Star" to fall back on, he knows,
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (Bis.) Tero, tero, &c.

So if to our coin Spain conclude to say "No,"
Filibustero, buster—a—la;
We have but to let WALKER and HENNINGSEN go,
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (Bis.) Tero, tero, &c.

And then 'twill be Spain, and not Cuba that's sold;
Filibustero, buster—a—la,
And she'll wish she had swallered her pride, and our gold,
Filibustero, buster—a—la.
Chorus (Bis.) Tero, tero, Filibustero,
Filibustero, buster—a—la.

A Brace of Advantages.

ONE ADVANTAGE OF LIVING AT EASTROURNE.—That you get the morning papers earlier than you do in London.

ONE ADVANTAGE OF LIVING IN LONDON.—That you get much better fish than you do at Eastbourne.



A SKETCH IN THE HOUSE OF C-MM-NS SM-K-NG-ROOM,

SHOWING HOW DISTINGUISHED SENATORS WEAR OUT THEIR LIVES IN
THE SERVICE OF AN UNGRATEFUL COUNTRY!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 14th. LORD MALMESBURY, questioned, explained that we had given up, not the Right, but the Wrong of Search, and he thought that his predecessors had claimed the latter too long. But everybody seemed to agree that there ought to be some universally adopted mode of verifying the nationality of vessels.

This being Valentine Day, MR. RICH was naturally reminded of MR. ROWLAND HILL's new ordinance for the prepayment of letters. He threatened a motion on the subject. The real state of the matter is, that extreme celerity of delivery is now absolutely essential, and MR. ROWLAND HILL does not think that the hundreds of millions of properly stamped letters should be retarded while the postmen are squabbling with servants for twopences in the cases of the small percentage of letters posted, unstamped, by foolish, negligent, or dishonest people.

St. Valentine was further honoured by the tremendous announcement, on the part of MR. DISRAELI, that, on the last day of February he should bring in the Derby Reform Bill. LORD PALMERSTON pulled his hat on a little tighter, LORD JOHN RUSSELL fidgeted menacingly, and MR. JOHN BRIGHT clenched his fist. The Ministers own to a sort of now-we-are-in-for-it feeling, like that of a young dramatist when the prompter has rung the bell for the curtain to rise on the first night. No escape now.

In the Epping Hunt, THOMAS HOOD describes the landlord of the inn as becoming exceedingly jolly at seeing so many customers, and adds,—

"So certain congregations meet,
And Elevate the Host."

MR. GRIFFITH, member for Devizes, is by no means inclined to consider that the object of elevation deserves the honour shown to it by British soldiers in Malta, and he elicited a long explanation from SIR B. LYTTON that the saluting it meant nothing at all, except that the English recognise and respect the religion of the country in their possession.

MR. DISRAELI gave Scotland a new grievance. He said that Government intended to bring in a Scotch Reform Bill, but he did not

"A REFORM BILL IS COMING, OH DEAR!
OH DEAR!"

A Cry from the Conservative Party.

A REFORM Bill is coming, oh dear! oh dear!
A Reform Bill is coming, oh dear!
Spite our ha'ing and humming,
To quarters they're drumming,
A Reform Bill is coming, oh dear! oh dear!

JOHN BRIGHT is all bustle, oh dear! oh dear!
JOHN BRIGHT is all bustle, oh dear!
BRIGHT has braced up his muscle,
And ROEBUCK and RUSSELL
Have stripped for the tussle, oh dear! oh dear!

But how about DIZZY? oh dear! oh dear!
How about our hope, DIZZY? oh dear!
Our hope and pride, DIZZY,
With a Bill too is busy,
Turned Reformer now is he, oh dear! oh dear!

British Bulwarks are shaken, oh dear! oh dear!
British Bulwarks are shaken, oh dear!
Now by DIZZ we're forsaken:
And our shoes we all quake in,
Lest we mayn't save our bacon, oh dear! oh dear!

The country they'll ruin, oh dear! oh dear!
The country they'll ruin, oh dear!
The country they'll ruin,
Yet the storm they are brewing
Needn't be our undoing, don't fear! don't fear!

If by numbers we're beaten, oh dear! oh dear!
If by numbers we're beaten, oh dear!
If by numbers we're beaten
The leek must be eaten,
Still its taste we may sweeten, 'tis clear! 'tis clear!

We must make some concession, I fear! I fear!
We must make some concession, I fear!
Still of place we've possession,
And by a concession
We may tide through the Session, *hear, hear! hear, hear!*

know when. This is most insulting. Why was not the Scotch Bill brought in first, and England dealt with when her betters had been served? Later in the week, LORD DERBY took the opportunity of inflicting another outrage upon the North. He refused to do anything for Scotch Education, because the two factions in the Scottish Church were so rancorous that they would never agree upon an educational measure. We only hope that Northumberland is well garrisoned, as we are provoking Scotland fearfully, and may expect an avenging invasion.

The Sale of Opium in China is now declared legal, under the new treaty. SIR A. ALISON's publishers are in the highest state of ecstasy, and have already chartered nine large ships for Canton.

LORD STANLEY brought in the Indian Budget, and the cat which he let out of it was an Indian loan of £7,000,000. He delivered a long and clever speech, and augured financial prosperity for India.

Tuesday. LORD DONOUGHMORE stated that he could do no more (*joke*) for the shipping interest. The ship-owners are dreadfully mean, they require that all our coasts should be lighted up until they are as bright as Piccadilly, and then grudge paying. However, we think something might be done, and ships that sail in the day time only, should be toll free.

The City of London consists of ninety-eight parishes, and Bumbledom permitted the collectorship of nine of them to get into the hands of rogues. The rogues bolt, and Bumbledom wishes to spread the loss over all the parishes. There is no limit to impudence, but it is generally rewarded with a kick; and in this case, thanks to ALDERMAN COPELAND, a kick from the House of Commons sent the Bill into the middle of next week—it was thrown out by 89 to 57.

MR. SLANEY is a very good, kind gentleman, and wrote a charming little book on our little birds. But when he was going to rise in Parliament to propose the making of ledges in the thoroughfares for porters to rest their burdens upon, one of his own little birds should have whispered *De minimis non curat lex*. MR. WALPOLE, who is rather a big bird, had to say something of the kind.

Now cometh a curious little story. MR. W. FRANCIS HIGGINS, a very nice young person, married MISS THIESIGER. In due time his wife's papa becomes LORD CHANCELLOR CHELMSFORD, and MR.

HIGGINS is provided for handsomely, in a public office, not beyond his powers. But a Mastership in Lunacy falls vacant. Its duties are most important, and require knowledge of law, medicine, the rules of evidence, and, in fact, very high accomplishments and experience. The salary is £2000, and rises from that sum. Papa-in-law is, in an evil breakfast hour, persuaded to give this office to dear W. FRANCIS. Gray's Inn groans, the Temple thunders, Lincoln's Inn lashes out, Clifford's Inn cusses, Serjeant's Inn swears, Thieves' Inn threatens, Barnard's Inn bellows, Clement's Inn cries, New Inn Nagitates, and Furnival's Inn flies into Woods's for a drink. The profession, in short, is infuriate. MR. CLIVE just mentions the matter in the House last night, and to-night MR. DISRAELI rises to state that W. FRANCIS has resigned. This affair is decidedly Fishy. However, somebody must have the place, and so our friend SAMUEL WARREN, (not without reluctance, for he says that "the Eyes of Christian England" are upon him, watching his Indian resolutions about religion) takes the Mastership, resigning his seat. Long life and prosperity to MASTER SAM.

Lunacy again occupied the attention of the House, and a Select Committee was appointed to inquire into the working of the acts of Parliament affecting the mentally afflicted.

Another comfortable subject was brought up, namely, Bankruptcy. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, desirous to show that the Social Science meetings bore good fruit, obtained from divers practical men who attended them, an outline of a Bill for improving the Bankruptcy and Insolvency system, and having filled up the outline, to-night laid his performance before the House. The Bill is thought to be better than LORD CHELMSFORD'S. MR. ALCOCK then began to talk against turnpikes, and went on until there were only sixty-four ears to listen to him, even supposing none of the owners were deaf on one side. This being an unconstitutional state of things, the House was counted.

Wednesday. BARON MEYER DE ROTHSCHILD, elected for Hythe, came to take his seat. NEWDEGATE, of course, the unrivalled Pious Clown, laid himself across the floor, in order to trip the Jew up; but LORD JOHN RUSSELL and MR. ABEL SMITH lifted him over

the unfortunate acrobat, who got up, covered with shame and dust. The gallant LORD BURY perseveres, with the earnestness of a statesman, and the courage of a Scots Fusilier, in promoting the Bill for the emancipation of the Wife's Sister; and to-day, after a smart debate (in which MR. DRUMMOND compared a wife's sister to the Apple, and a brother-in-law who wanted to marry her, to Adam, and falsely accused poor Adam of making a most impertinent answer to the prohibition) the second reading was carried by 135 to 77.

Thursday. LORD GREY wanted to raise the Ionian question, but LORD DERBY told him that neither then, nor on the day he proposed, would the Government say a word on the subject. So LORD G. had to shut up.

To-day cometh ALDERMAN SALOMANS, M.P. for Greenwich (*vice* TOWNSEND, undertaker and play-actor) and taketh his seat. MR. NEWDEGATE turned very pale as he looked upon the faces of the *Three Jews* as they advanced up the House. He muttered (from COLERIDGE)

"And they are coming, and they are Three.
O Hall of Exeter, can it be?"

MR. AYRTON introduced a Bill for getting rid of some Statutes that nobody had ever heard of, and which inflicted hardships which nobody had ever felt. SIR HUGH CAIRNS saw an objection to the case as stated, but, like *Mr. Punch*, wished to hear a little more.

Friday. LORD CAMPBELL, sharing *Mr. Punch's* indignation at the abominable dawdling with the Great Clock and Bell, very properly gave notice that he should stir up all parties on the subject. The last thing we heard was that some additional "supports" (things FOX AND HENDERSON would have cast and fixed in three days) were wanted, and this was some time in last year. There is Imbecility somewhere.

More squabbling about MR. G. G. SCOTT and the new Foreign Office; a Peruvian Bark from MR. CAIRD about Guano (there is enough in the Victoria Dock to fill the Crystal Palace); an intimation from MR. KINGLAKE, that he thought Government was "cooking" the *Charles et Georges Papers*; and an Indian Finance debate, finished the week.

THE NEW POLITICAL CREED.



WHAT a good thing is novelty now-a-days — everything must be quite spick and span new, or else what do people care about it? And there are many forms of novelty: there is the novelty of having Jews in Parliament; there is a certain amount of novelty in a Conservative Government, more especially when the Conservatives composing the said Government "write themselves down — reformers" and take to introducing elaborate vote by ballot, extension of franchise, and such like reform windbags.

It has been, however, reserved for the brightest jim of the sea, for a bould pisantry, their country's pride, to be the means of introducing to us the latest novelty, which is nothing more nor less than a new political creed, a new reading, in fact, of the Constitution. Timid old gentlemen, nervous agitators, start not! unless indeed your interests are in Liverpool, or in any other American shipping port. In that case you may be justly alarmed, as the new creed we allude to is nothing more nor less than the destruction of London, Liverpool, Bristol, and Southampton, and the elevation, on the shattered ruins, of a new city. Where? in Galway.

MR. JOHN ORRELL LEVER, aided and abetted by FATHER DALY, has stood for Galway, and thanks to the disinterested eloquence of that reverend father is now Member of Parliament for—Galway? Not exactly. No! For Galway Packet Station. And what are MR. JOHN ORRELL LEVER'S political principles? Well, generally, Packet Station. "I will support any government that supports a packet station in Galway." Indeed. Is this quite enough? Is a Member of Parliament to have no ideas, no wishes, no principles, but the well doing of a particular business scheme, however excellent in itself, which he may happen to have founded? Never mind Reform; away with Education, both the Navy, *à bus* everything, *vive* the Packet Station! This is the war-cry of the new Member, and oddly enough, a Constituency can be found to echo the cry, and to send a Member to Parliament for uttering it.

What next? Shall we have on the election placards such inscriptions as "SALOMONS and the Halfpenny Boat," "WARREN and Blacking for ever," or "SMITH and South African Sherry." What would happen if Banbury only thought of her cakes, if Cambridge believed in nothing but sausages, if Canterbury's electoral mind was centred in brawn? What a remarkable dead lock should we come to!

One word, MR. LEVER, perhaps you have erred from excess of honesty: next time you go in for Packet Stations, keep it to yourself. It is surprising how many Packet Stations there are in the House under fictitious names, and on false pretences!

MAGNANIMITY OF OUR MILITIA.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE was summoned as a witness in the late tedious trial of an action for slander in high life. To a question about a matter of mess-management, in which accounts had got into a mess by some mismanagement, the following reply was given by the Royal Duke:—

"THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. I am not much acquainted with *militia matters*; but if you ask my opinion as a *military man*, I think it would be the most irregular thing I ever heard of."

The antithesis observable in the above, has, we have reason to believe, produced no excitement whatever among the officers of Militia regiments. Not one of them appears to have torn his hair, or to have cursed and sworn, or to have committed suicide, or has even written to *Punch* to complain of the distinction between military matters and the affairs of the Militia, drawn by the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. The fact is, that English country gentlemen are English—and not French. They do not see those subtle antitheses.

PRO HAC VICE.

SCOTT *vice* HIGGINS, PHILLIPS *vice* SCOTT,
And *vice versa* tread preferments round,
But *vice* CHELMSFORD, patron of the lot,
Where shall a worthier substitute be found?

For, in distributing preferment, he
Rises superior to mere party ends;
And, pure and lofty to the last degree,
Vice his party, gives it to his friends.

THE AUTHOR'S HEAVEN.—A place where there are no Printers' Devils.

OUR HOMELESS RICH.



THE fact that there exists in London a large class of persons who, although they are well off in a pecuniary way, really have no "home" (in the true sense of the word), and that moreover there exists a yet larger class of persons who if they have a home are glad occasionally to escape from it, has at length aroused the pity of the charitable public, and steps are being set on foot by the benevolent to supply the social want which is so severely felt.

There is little need to specify the persons we refer to. Every reader, we imagine, is acquainted with some few of them, and may with no great stretch of fancy think of many others. Casting a look round upon one's circle of acquaintances, one may see at

the first glance at least a score of these unfortunates: and can fancy from that glance how many men there must be—men of gentlemanly, nay perhaps even (who knows?) of noble birth—who if they were asked to give a schedule of their property could not include in their possessions the possession of a home. How many of these we know, and how many more may we not easily imagine! look, sceptic, at your visiting list, and then say if you agree with us. *Longum est numerare.* A leash of samples will suffice to convert you to our thinking:—

To begin with, we all know those poor wretched homeless creatures who by terror of their wives are driven nightly out of doors, and are glad of any refuge from the tongues they leave behind them. We all of us know too, that other large class of unfortunates, who although they have a house have no home to go to: their home comforts being sacrificed to their wives' idol, SOCIETY, at whose shrine they are devoted to a nightly immolation. Moreover, we are all of us acquainted with those wretched ones who having, alas! that British Institution, a MOTHER-IN-LAW, to support, are by consequence reduced to the most homeless of conditions. Having given up the mastership of everything belonging to them, they have no house to call their own, much less one to make a home of: and so these abject outcasts are thrown upon the streets, and avail themselves of any refuge which is open to them.

It may be asked, "Are there no Clubs for the relief of these unfortunates? Are there not Refuges in Regent Street, for rich refugees to run to: and sanctuaries for homeless CREST in Pall Mall?" To this it may be answered, that all these useful places are already overflowing, and we find increasing numbers weekly of our outcasts unrelieved. Moreover, there are men who object upon high principle to make use of a Club, believing that such luxury is too enjoyable to last, and wisely fearing if deprived, they would not survive the loss of it. Besides, when henpecked men, or mother-in-lawed, are seen much at their Club, the fact is pretty sure to come to their wives' ears, and may be used hereafter as ground for a divorce.

For the relief, then, of such sufferers, it is proposed to found a Refuge for the Homeless Rich, which, upon the system of the Field Lane institution, shall be open to all applicants of a genteel exterior, without undue inquiry in the matter of their character, habits, or estate. A confession of their homelessness first having been obtained, admission will be freely granted to all comers, and gratis board and lodging of a fit kind will be found them. No unnecessary luxuries will, however be supplied; it being thought desirable to follow out, in this respect, our prudent workhouse system, and not to make the Refuge too tempting an abode, but only an asylum for those who really need one.

The same admirable system will also be adopted with regard to the locality in which the Refuge will be built; it being wisely held, that as it is intended to be only used by persons in the direst of emergencies, the most out-of-the-way of spots will be fittest for its site. Accordingly, as those who are expected to resort to it exclusively belong to the superior classes, and have no knowledge of London further east than Charing Cross, the Refuge will most likely be placed somewhere in the

City, so as to make it as remote, and inaccessible as may be, and to give all those in quest of it a good long hunt to find it out.

Although the Refuge will be furnished with a casual ward, and will professedly be open to receive all casual comers, it is intended, as far as may in decency be done, to deter such persons from applying for admittance. As the workhouse plan is found to answer so successfully, there is very little doubt that it will be adopted, and that the night porter at the Refuge will be generally ordered to be least ready to give entrance to those appearing most in want of it. He will, no doubt, be also specially instructed to slam the door with emphasis in the face of all first comers, and only to admit them when backed by the police, and never then to do so without an imprecation. By these wholesome deterrents, the Refuge will so speedily acquire a bad name, that none but those who are reduced to direct want will go to it; and thus, the cost to keep it up will be cut down to such a figure, that even a Poor Law Guardian would find nothing to complain of in it.

NOBLE BIRTH EXTRAORDINARY.

ACCORDING to a law report, MR. EDWIN JAMES, Counsel for the plaintiff in the case of DICKSON v. the EARL OF WILTON, addressing the jury on behalf of his client, made the following eloquent but questionable remark on the defendant:—

"Though his Lordship was born with a coronet on his brow, he was subject to the same emotions and passions as the meanest creature."

The established notion that some people are born with silver spoons in their mouths may have emboldened the learned gentleman to say, if he said it, that the EARL OF WILTON was born with a coronet on his brow. We cannot suppose that he meant to represent the noble Earl as a *lusus nature*. A nobleman born in a coronet would be a specimen for the College of Surgeons, matchable only with a barrister born in a wig. If, however, the EARL OF WILTON did come into this world bringing his coronet with him, he certainly was not exempted, by that original peculiarity, from being subject to the same emotions and passions as those which actuate the commonest person. It is not, however, necessarily true that the passions and emotions of a nobleman are equally base and sordid with those of the meanest creature—namely, a Snob.

PAMPHLETEERING.

WE understand that it is the intention of the EARL OF WILTON to answer the French pamphlets about *La Paix, ou la Guerre?* and *Aurons-nous la Guerre?* and a military host of others. His Lordship will, to the best of his ability, endeavour to express the folly and extravagance of War, and give touching examples of the injury, and cost, and sacrifice of character, it inflicts upon every one who has anything to do with it. His Lordship will conclude by declaring that, though he has been a military man, and has no reason to complain personally of the hardships of war, still he has felt some of the damages of it; and it is the recollection of this feeling, in addition to a painful conviction that the little glory connected with it is scarcely worth the severity of some of its trials, which forces him to the bold, but honest, declaration, that, after all, for the enjoyment of one's life, and the spotless maintenance of one's dignity, there is NOTHING LIKE PEACE! He, for one, doesn't intend fighting any more.

We are informed that it is the EARL OF WILTON's intention to send a copy of his military views, as soon as they have been cast into type, to his esteemed friend, the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, with whom doubtlessly they will have the greatest weight.

A Short Note of a Long Trial.

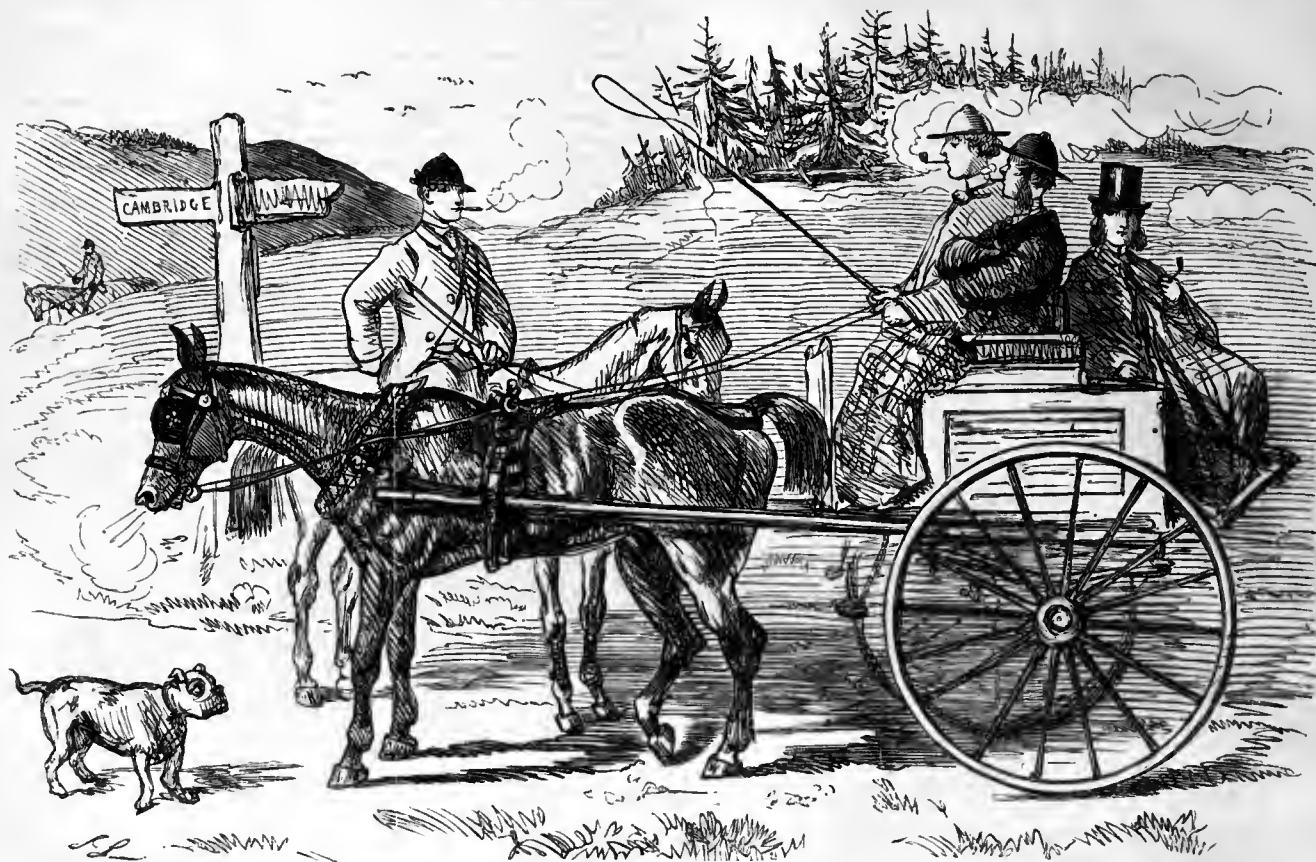
THE brave COLONEL DICKSON
It's proved played no Tricks on
The mess chest, nor oped it with wrong key:
Some fresh mud is spilt on
The blubbering LORD WILTON,
And COMBERMERE's just an old donkey.

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Hat-keeper of the House of Commons has petitioned that august assembly to decide that he is entitled to extra fees now that Three Jews have been elected. He claims to charge these gentlemen for the care of Nine Hats.

A Place for National Pictures.

THERE is a vacant space of some dimensions over the archway of Temple Bar. This has evidently escaped the attention of the representatives of the Fine Arts in the House of Commons, not one of whom has as yet proposed to render it available for the reception of those pictures for which there is not room enough in the National Gallery.



MODERATION.

First Undergraduate. "HOLLO, CHARLEY! AIN'T YOU GOING OUT TO-DAY?"

Second Undergraduate (driving). "WHY NO—NOT THIS MORNING. YOU SEE I'M ONLY A ONE HORSE MAN, AND AS I HAVE HUNTED HIM THREE TIMES THIS WEEK, I THOUGHT I'D GIVE HIM A DAY'S REST IN A DOG-CART!"

"TEN, CROWN OFFICE ROW."

A Templar's Tribute.

"There is another block of old houses in the Temple now condemned, which are said to be upwards of 200 years old. They form what is called Crown Office Row. Their destruction will commence forthwith."—*Daily Paper.*

THEY were fusty, they were musty, they were grimy, dull and dim,
The paint scaled off the panelling, the stairs were all untrim;
The flooring creaked, the windows gaped, the door-posts stood awry;
The wind whipt round the corner with a wild and wailing cry.
In a dingier set of chambers no man need wish to stow,
Than those, old friend, wherein we dined, in Ten, Crown Office Row.

But *we* were young, if *they* were old, we never cared a pin,
So the windows kept the rain out, and let the sunshine in;
Our stout hearts mocked the crazy roofs, our hopes bedecked the wall;
We were happy, we were hearty, strong to meet what might befall;
Will sunnier hours be ever ours, than those which used to go,
Gay to their end, my dear old friend, in Ten, Crown Office Row?

We were two sucking barristers; briefs few and far between,
Upon our reading-tables, in their red-tape bonds, were seen;
But we had friends, and we had books, a pewter, pipes and weeds,
And tin enough to pay our way, or credit for our needs;
And so we doffed the world aside—gave Father Care to know;
Go where he might, he must not light in Ten, Crown Office Row.

Narrow and dark the Clerk's room; our kitchen 'twas, as well:
Whence a pleasant sound of frizzling at breakfast time befell:
Narrow and dark the bed-rooms, where we snored and splashed and
sung,

Each in his tub, and took the rub of life with sinews strung.
Where we parted, in the small hours, friends, with glad "good night,"
Where the struggling sunshine found us, still friends, at morning light:

Glad morning times, glad midnight chimes, come back from long ago,
Peopling apace the dear old place, in Ten, Crown Office Row.

Those merry Sunday breakfasts—they never could be wrong—
When you made such scrumptious toast, and I brewed the tea so
strong.

Were ever sausages like those from TUCKER'S famous shop?
Where could the sheep have grazed whose loins produced our special
chop?

And then the lounge and weed, with the Garden green below,
And the Thames all smile and sparkle, past Ten, Crown Office Row.

You remember those queer dinners—from the Rainbow and from
Dick's?

That great day of Kabbbs—with fair hands to cut the sticks?
How deftly those white fingers on the skewers disposed the meat—
Till, for pleasure in the cooking, we scarcely cared to eat.
I've often since dined *à la Russe*, with G. H. M.—but, oh,
What are his dinners to those meals in Ten, Crown Office Row?

Those scrambling, screaming dinners, where all was frolic-fun,
From the eager clerks who rushed about, like bullet out of gun,
To the sore-bewildered laundress, with SOYER'S shilling book
Thrust, of a sudden, in her hand, and straightway bade to cook.
What silver laughs, what silver songs, from those old walls would flow,
Could they give out all they drank in at Ten, Crown Office Row!

Some of those tuneful voices will never sound again,
And some of them will read these lines, far o'er the Indian main;
And smiles will come to some wan lips, tears to some sunken eyes,
To think of all these lines recall of Temple memories;
And they will sigh, as we have sighed, to learn the bringing low,
Of those old chambers, dear old friend, in Ten, Crown Office Row.

And one whose voice awaked the song, whose hand awaked the strings,
One of our guests, in those old rooms, even now beside me sings:



NAVAL REFORM.

MR. BULL. "NOW, MIND—MONEY IS NO OBJECT,—BUT I WILL HAVE MONEY'S WORTH."



To eat our bach'lor dinner, on a time she deigned to come,
And now she smiles my wife, by the hearthstone of our home.
You too have found a loving mate—ah—well—'twas time to go—
No wives we had—'twas the one thing bad in Ten, Crown Office Row.

Good bye, old rooms, where we chummed years, without a single fight.
Far statelier sets of chambers will arise upon your site;
More airy bed-rooms, wider panes, our followers will see;
And wealthier, wiser tenants, the Bench may find than we;—
But lighter hearts or truer, I'll defy the Inn to show,
Than yours, old friend, and his who penned this Ten, Crown Office Row.

A GOOD JOKE IN A LAW COURT!

IN the not very lively case of *DICKSON v. LORD WILTON*—which “like a wounded snake” has been “dragging its slow length along,” we don't know how many close columns of the newspapers—the proceedings were agreeably enlivened for a while by the playfulness and pleasantries of MR. THOMAS DUNCOMBE, who in cheerful cross-examination, is reported to have said:—

“There was very little conversation between me and LORD WILTON before we got to COLONEL DICKSON'S. I can tell you what we talked about. It was racing (*laughter*) and homœopathy (*laughter*). I did not mention the Government Reform Bill. (*Laughter*.)”

We can scarcely feel surprised at the repeated bursts of laughter with which this bit of evidence was received in Court. Law proceedings are in general so insufferably dull, that the least approach to humour is always made the most of; and although it may appear to our more sober-sided readers that MR. DUNCOMBE'S statement was one merely of dry fact, we are not a whit astonished at the cachinnation it produced.

Besides, the thinking mind (if it only fathom deep enough) may really find some fun in MR. D.'S remarks; and they are clearly far more humorous than nine-tenths of the jokes which in general suffice to win the laughter of a Law Court. The idea that MR. D. should own he “talked of homœopathy,” and then should say he “did not mention the Government Reform Bill,” seems to our view, we confess, irresistibly facetious. It is as if one owned to having talked of lozenges, but said one had not mentioned “daff;” or had talked of Curiosity, and said nothing about Woman. It is in everybody's mouth that the Government Reform Bill will most likely be the most infinitesimal of measures, and in any conversation upon matters homœopathic the globule which LORD DERBY is concocting must be mentioned. “Talking of homœopathy, how about Reform?” appears to us quite an inevitable *sequitur*; and the joke of MR. DUNCOMBE pretending he avoided it is very much too good to be wasted on LORD CAMPBELL, and MR. DUNCOMBE clearly ought to have sent it to LORD PUNCH.

THE COSTUME FOR CELIBACY.

“MR. PUNCH,

“PERMIT me to invite your attention to the confirmation which the remarks I addressed to you on the present sensible fashions have received from the report of the Registrar-General. According to this document, marriages are decreasing, in the face of advancing prosperity. There is absolutely no other cause to which this apparent anomaly can be referred than the wholesome anti-hymeneal influence exerted, as I pointed out, by stout thick-soled Balmoral ancle-jacks, and flounce-extending hoops of repellant Crinoline. The fact is quite in accordance with my theory. It is very interesting—at least to your philosophical admirer,

“NIX.”

“P.S. As the mere *nucleus* of a lot of clothes, the best looking young woman is regarded in the light of an object simply expensive.”

THE ORGAN OF FRENCH OPINION.

THE Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, the other day, too truly observed that—

“Now that the tribune is silent, and the Press without life, the Bourse has become the only forum where the opinion and the judgment of the public are exercised on the acts of the Government.”

What the French Imperial Government has now to do, in order to prevent the expression of public opinion, is to suppress the Parisian Bourse reports and money-market intelligence, and prohibit the publication of the prices of funds and stocks. In short, effectually to stifle public opinion, it must burk the Bourse.

THE BATTLE OF QUACKERY.—Testimonials are glorious despatches written by the survivors, but which make no mention as to how many have been killed or wounded.

THE ILL-USED HOMŒOPATHISTS.

MR. PUNCH is accustomed to receive letters and treatises, imploring him not to call homœopathy fudge, and some of them attempting to assign reasons why he should not. In all these communications, the medical opponents of homœopathy are called “allopathists.” “Allopathist,” as contradistinguished from “homœopathist,” of course means a person who treats diseases with other medicines than those which produce similar diseases, that is, who endeavours to cure unlike with unlike, instead of endeavouring to cure like with like. Who are the allopathists? *Mr. Punch* has an extensive medical acquaintance, but he does not know any. No intelligent medical practitioner attempts to cure diseases in general with specific medicines of any kind. There are very few such medicines known to the medical profession. The principle on which diseases, for the most part, are treated by rational and scientific physicians and surgeons, is that of removing impediments to the natural process of recovery, or that of assisting the curative efforts of nature, not necessarily, and not always, by causing people to swallow drugs. When drugs are given by such practitioners, they are generally given with a view to their indirect influence on disorders. For instance, the combination popularly known as the “black and blue reviver,” which directly affects internal parts of the trunk, may be “exhibited” for the relief of a headache, or for the removal of an inflammation of the great toe.

PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY is perhaps an allopathist; however, he does not tell us on what principle his pills and ointment cure all diseases. The various doctors who advertise their patent medicines in the quacks' corners of newspapers of the baser sort, may be allopathists also; and likewise the medical profession possibly contains a few fools or impostors who are so describable. But the few specifics used in the ordinary practice of physic may absolutely even act on the homœopathic principle, that “like cures like;” thus differing from homœopathic doses only in not being infinitesimal, and, *Mr. Punch* supposes, in being efficacious.

In none of the communications about homœopathy received by *Mr. Punch* is there anything like scientific proof that infinitesimal globules produce any other than infinitesimal effects. Cases of alleged cures, subsequent to the swallowing of those globules, prove nothing, until they amount to enormous numbers. PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY, and Messrs. DU BARRY and Co., adduce plenty of such proofs; perhaps not fictitious. Mere swallowing and cure can be connected as cause and effect only by immense clouds of cases in which the cure is almost the invariable sequence of the swallowing. It does not signify whether the thing swallowed is a great bolus or a pill of the size of a pin's head, containing an invisible dose.

Quinine is acknowledged, on the strength of a vast accumulation of evidence, as a remedy for ague. It cures ague in one grain, two grain, three grain doses. Will quinine, or anything else, in infinitesimal doses, cure ague as obviously in an equal number out of a vast multitude of cases? Will an infinitesimal quantity of sulphur exert any curative influence on that cutaneous affection which delicacy expresses by the euphemism of the Caledonian Violin?

Mr. Punch's homœopathic friends seem to forget that statements of facts which are contradictory to common sense and received science, require rigid proof. None of them propose any method by which the active properties of an infinitesimal globule can be demonstrated. Neither homœopathists, nor mesmerists, nor spiritualists, either offer or accept the test of any *experimentum crucis*; and when *Mr. Punch* asks for it, they answer by abuse, and the comparison of themselves to GALILEO, and those who laugh at them to the Inquisition.

A Mad World, My Masters—in Lunacy.

SAYS CHELMSFORD to HIGGINS, “With terrible wiggings
I'm menaced, about you, in front and in flank;
I fear I must bid you come out of the diggings
It pleased me so much to allot you, dear FRANK.”

“So be it,” says FRANCIS, with mischievous glances,
“But closely I've studied one Lunacy ease:
There is not a patient in Bedlam that dances,
As mad as yourself when you gave me the place.”

Premature Pairing.

IN the Parliamentary Intelligence, the other day, there appeared the subjoined heading:—

PAIRS ON DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER BILL.

This announcement appears to be premature. The Lords' Concurrence and the Royal Assent have yet to be given to the Bill for empowering Widowers to pair with their deceased wives' sisters.

THE DIVORCE MEASURE.—Half-and-Half.

SUGGESTION ON STOMACH WORSHIP.



HERE has been a great deal written lately about *Diners à la Russe*, and other dinners differing

from our customary roast-beef, mutton, veal-and-ham, chops and steaks, potatoes, greens, apple-tart, plum-pudding, bread-and-cheese and celery. It is surprising that no gastronomer has hitherto proposed to revive the "Dinner after the manner of the Ancients," of which so appetitive a description occurs in *Peregrine Pickle*. For an epicure who is disgusted with his sirloin, what can be more tempting, what more likely to prove savoury and succulent, than a nice dormouse pie? Our gormandisers all seem partisans of the French romantic school—they might, for a change, cultivate a classical taste, remaining as remote as ever from the prejudices of the British palate. But we must not indulge in too much talk about eating, which on the sensitive stomach is calculated to produce an effect which is the reverse of that process.

SOMETHING LIKE A QUESTION.

HAPPENING to be in Court during the trial of the case *DICKSON v. LORD WILTON*, *Mr. Punch* was much struck with the briefness, neatness, and precision of the questions which HER MAJESTY'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL, SIR F. KELLY, put to the witnesses. One of these questions was so beautifully epigrammatic, that *Mr. Punch* could not help taking a note of it, that he might preserve it as a model for cross-examining Counsel. The punctuation is exactly SIR FITZROY'S:—

"Now COLONEL DICKSON will you be kind enough—I hope that you will indulge me so far my Lord—I am now coming to more general matters—but I wish just to satisfy myself on one or two points affecting these matters of account—those I mean we went into yesterday—COLONEL DICKSON now are you prepared to say from all your lengthened experience both in the Line and in the Militia here and elsewhere in the service of HER MAJESTY speaking as an officer you know to give me an answer—I am obliged to put this my Lord to give me an answer to one simple question—You have here two items COLONEL WILTON—I mean DICKSON—can you I say from your own knowledge now do let me ask you looking at the fact that after perusing these accounts I must take the answer as you give it me you know you yourself being most capable in many years service both in the Line and in the Militia since you paid the monies as you told me yesterday—Can you I say—[LORD C. Really Mr. Attorney]—I really must say my Lord that my learned friends who had more time to devote to this particular head of inquiry than myself cannot find at least in these vouchers how to account for certain discrepancies—can you of your own knowledge and tell me as briefly as possible I will thank you not to waste time by many words—Now be good enough to give me a plain answer."

No wonder the trial was so short, and the verdict so logical.

A SPRING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

A BENEVOLENT and patriotic individual is about to erect a drinking-fountain in Palace Yard for the accommodation of Irish Members.

CRITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

OUR facetious contemporary, the *Illustrated Times*, has been printing riddles lately in the place of criticism. One of these we find in the following remarks, having reference to a picture in the British Institution:—

"A MR. BURGOS gives HIS notions of Spanish life, which, I need hardly say, are not quite so satisfactory as MR. PHILLIPS', and anything more unpleasant than the attempted imitation of this great master's style cannot be conceived."

With the kind view of calling to console poor MR. BURGOS, and to ask him how he felt after this critical attack, we turned to the catalogue to find out his address, and were puzzled by discovering that his name was not inserted. We next consulted the *Directory*, and were perplexed still more by finding there was "no such never a person." In despair then, but resolved on the unravelling of the riddle, we paid a visit and a shilling in Pall Mall, to try and see the picture which had roused the critic's wrath. We speak with some slight diffidence (not being a critic), but by patience and an eye-glass we think that we discovered it in "No. 78," in which a Spanish subject is undoubtedly depicted, and which bears in the corner the initials of the artist, with the addition "Burgos, 1853." Remembering that Burgos is a town in Spain, we then thought that we could solve the enigma which had puzzled us, and could guess why Burgos, being a town in Spain, was not to be found in the *London Directory*. Had we thought of this before, we might have saved ourselves the hunt; but then who would ever dream of a critic writing riddles, and miscalling an artist by the name of a place?

THE LAWYER'S TEAR.

Shed on the First Reading of SIR H. CAIRNS' Bill to simplify the Title to Landed Estates.

UPON his heel he turned,
To take a last fond look
At the deeds by which such pretty sums
He had contrived to book.
Those abstracts too he eyed,
Which CAIRNS away would clear:
And the lawyer sadly turned aside,
And wiped away a tear!

He thought: "Alack! O law!
If thus they dock our fees,
Ere long thy votaries 'tis plain
Will scarce earn bread and cheese;
Some pleasant six-and-eight
Will daily disappear;
And who will o'er our beggared state
Let fall the pitying tear?"

"Recovery and Fine
Have long abolished been,
JOHN DOE and RICHARD ROE have both
Been banished from the scene;
More costly fictions still,
Hard truth! will disappear:
And all in vain the lawyer will
Implore the client's tear."

A second here he shed,
Oh, do not deem him weak!
A tear upon a lawyer's nose
Some pity should bespeak.
And yet thy grief repress,
For is the truth not clear—
When lawyers say they feel distress
A good time, sure, draws near.

OFFICIAL PANTOMIME.

SCENE—A Registrar's in Bankruptcy.

Clown. Nobody's looking, so I'll just pocket this—
[Pouches bag of money labelled "Mastership in Lunacy, £2000 a-year," which is handed to him by PANTALOOON, who has a Lord Chancellor's wig on.

Enter POLICEMAN, lettered to represent the press.

Policeman. Hullo, you Sir! Where are you going with that Mastership, eh?

Clown (confusedly). Who?—I, sir?—me, Sir?—law!—I'm only a-going—BACK AGAIN!

[Drops it like a hot poker, and exit with a pantomimic flea protruding from each ear.

ONE-ARMED ORGAN-CRUSHERS.



WHAT to do with our wounded? has been long a question among military men, and the problem has at length been satisfactorily solved by the starting of the "Pensioners' Employment Society," which is patronised by the QUEEN and F. M. the PRINCE CONSORT," and enjoys the further patronage of F. M. the PRINCE PUNCH. That the patronage of the public will also be extended to it, after stating this last fact, there cannot be a doubt; and if there were one it would clearly be immediately removed, when the public is informed of the nature of the service, which the Employed Pensioners propose to undertake. A letter from their captain has briefly described this:—

"With regard to their utility, I think it is so apparent that I will merely say

that they will carry parcels, deliver messages, hold horses, call carriages, house strangers and last, though not least, should any person wish for deliverance from the plague of organ-grinders, he has only to secure the services of one of these men, and should a few of his neighbours join, a weekly expenditure of 1s. will insure him peace."

Hearing this, who of the public will not patronise the Pensioners, and tender his subscription for keeping them on foot? Who that wants a horse held, or a cah called, or an organ crushed, will not willingly contribute his quota to their fund? It will be seen that such subscription will not be merely charity. The patrons of the Pensioners will get their *quid pro quo* for the sums which they subscribe. The Pensioners have published a fixed tariff of their charges; and the sums which they receive will not be charity, but pay. As their captain has explained for them:—

"There are so few people who can find work for one-armed men, that many of them are in a state of distress from want of it, and hence arises the necessity of their appeal, not for money, but for encouragement in the occupation they have chosen."

And it is added, for the benefit of that part of the public whose Cautiousness is bigger in the bump than their Benevolence, that—

"With regard to the advantage of employing this particular class of men, it will not be denied that the habits and education of a soldier, his punctuality and precision, qualify him especially for this purpose; and in addition to this, the enjoyment of a pension that is liable to forfeiture in cases of misconduct affords a guarantee to the employer otherwise unattainable."

We repeat, then, who can fail to patronise the Pensioners? To say nothing of the other fields of action they will take, doing battle with the organ-men will give them endless work. Considering the enormous forces of the foe, such a campaign cannot but be a protracted one; but the public cheerfully will subscribe to bear the cost of it. Who that has been ground down by our organ-grinding tyrants, would not give a shilling weekly to be freed from their oppression? Up, Pensioners, and at 'em! Upon them charge, ye Crushers! and charge the public for your service. Armed with our good wishes, go and battle for our peace; and one-armed though ye are, success will crown your efforts. The fight may be a hard one, but our Crushers will not shrink from it. What though, it is true, they have to battle single-handed! heroes who have fought at Inkermann and Delhi are not the men to show the white feather to an organ-grinder. That the enemy is Legion, no one can deny. Italian boys and German hands are numbered in his ranks. But we may crush this Foreign Legion by an organised attack; and who are fitter for such warfare than our one-armed Organ-crushers?

MRS. CARDINAL.

THE *Polonius* of the French Imperial Court the other day issued the subjoined official announcement:—

"The EMPEROR will receive on Tuesday the 15th inst., and all the Tuesdays from the 1st March, the cardinals, ministers, marshals, admirals, and other high functionaries, with their wives. The receptions will commence at nine o'clock. The gentlemen must be in uniform."

Everybody has heard of the "Liberties of the Gallican Church." They seem to have been extended. Cardinals, among the various high functionaries invited to the EMPEROR's receptions, are to bring their wives. Perhaps their ecclesiastical uniforms will be additionally decorated with bows of white satin. Has this arrangement had the sanction of the POPE, or have the French Cardinals merely taken French leave to marry? Very likely, Pio Nono has recommenced the career of a reforming Pope, and intends to permit the marriage of the Roman priesthood. That apparent probability, no doubt, occasioned the postmen to be unusually loaded the other day with Valentines directed to Golden Square.

RONDELETIA.

(A Plagiarism from various Poets.)

DOWN came RONDELETIA, dancing,
Dancing, dancing down the lawn,
With her ankles glancing, glancing,
Hopping, hopping, hopping, skipping,
Tripping, tripping, tripping, tripping,
Tripping, tripping like a fawn.

In her eye there was a gleaming,
In her hat there was a feather,
And she heard the buzzard screaming
To the bluebells on the heather.
High she held her dress from flowing,
A scarlet under vesture showing,
Like a red-hot poker glowing.

And she looked upon the mountains,
Where the stormy soul reposes,
There she saw the sparkling fountains
Trickle down among the roses,
Like the joy-drops down her cheek;
Trickle down among the willows,
Trickling, running, pouring, dashing,
Tumbling, roaring, foaming, flashing,
Flashing, foaming, to the billows:
Oh, how strong! and oh, how weak!

So she went on dancing, dancing,
To the music of the mind,
Like a Vision heart-entrancing,
Her gushing eyes with rapture blind.
And her heart with tumult heaving,
With a joyousness of grieving,
And a darkness and a brightness,
And an aching and a lightness,
And a flowing and a tightness,
And a blessedness of burning,
And intensity of yearning,
And a thrilling effervescence,
And a calm profound quiescence.

As she went on dancing, dancing,
In the sphere of Spirit Powers,
Through the forest glade advancing,
RONDELETIA thought of flowers.
Of the loving laurustinus,
And the tulip and acanthus,
And the dahlia's royal highness,
And eternal a-maranthus,
The terrible tiger-lily,
The rose and daffy-down-dilly,
And the jealous polyanthus.

Still she went on dancing, dancing,
With those blue eyes blindly gushing,
All the quags and puddles chancing,
Till she neared a torrent rushing,
Which a rugged plank had gotten
O'er it—and the plank was rotten!
On she danced—without a shiver—
Danced upon the rotten plank:
Crash—and she was in the river!
Can it be that there she sank,
And the trout and jack did get her,
And the eels and lampreys cat her,
And that the kingfisher drest
With her silken hair his nest?

No! she floated down the tide,
Sailing like a Water Queen,
On her scarlet vesture wide
Spread with ample Crinoline.
And the fishes never got her,
No kingfisher took her hair,
And she never fed the otter:
Her the waves in safety bore
To a ford, where she got out,
And dished the jack, and eels, and trout.

AN UNIVERSAL FAVOURITE.—Generally, an universal fool, or else an universal humbug.



MR. PUNCH AND THE TALKING FISH.—AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

MR. PUNCH, who reads from end to end every country newspaper that is published, of course observed, in the *Manchester Examiner*, the following paragraph:—

"A 'TALKING FISH'—On Tuesday there arrived in Manchester, for exhibition, an animal styled a 'talking fish,' which, no doubt, will prove a source of attraction to the public in general, and to naturalists in particular. Amongst others, we paid a visit yesterday afternoon, and were much gratified by what we saw. The term 'fish,' however, appears to be a misnomer, for there can be no doubt that the animal is a specimen of the *phoca leptonyx* of, &c. [There comes an irrelevant crib from some natural history books.] The animal readily comprehends whatever is said to it. * * * If it be told to turn over, it at once obeys the command, and repeats the evolution as often as directed. It is provided with two fore flappers, * * * and it extends either the right or left one, as the keeper commands; elevating both, in an appealing attitude, when requested. * * * It is extremely docile, and, although possessing a mouth full of formidable teeth, will kiss its keeper with an appearance of affection, and, when desired, will pronounce the words 'Mamma' and 'Papa' with considerable clearness of articulation."

It is needless to say that in ten minutes from the perusal of this paragraph, Mr. Punch had telegraphed to the Fish that he was coming to see it, and that in half an hour he was in the Manchester express train. Having arrived at Cottonopolis, and ordered dinner at the Palatine, he marched off to see the wonderful creature.

"Oh, Sir!" exclaimed the proprietor, who was waiting at the door with his head tied up in a towel, like Mrs. Siddons in *Lady Macbeth*, "I am so glad you are come. The Fish has been in an awful state of excitement ever since your message was brought, it has bitten off both my ears, and nearly flapped the life out of one of the Aldermen. Pray, take care of yourself."

"I always do," said Mr. Punch, with the calmness of true greatness. He entered the apartment devoted to the Fish. The animal was lying quietly on its back, in a huge bath, smoking a cigar, and reading one of the Manchester penny papers.

"And how are we?" said Mr. Punch.

"Jolly," said the Fish, jumping out of the water, and holding out a fin. "Very kind of you to come down."

"But why did you bite off that poor man's ears," remonstrated Mr. Punch. "It wasn't at all pretty of you."

"Because I am a lady," responded the Fish.

"Ladies don't bite people's ears off, at least not habitually," replied Mr. P.

"Then what does he keep asking me to kiss him for. I'll teach him manners. But sit down, and have one of my weeds."

"Not sea-weeds, are they?"

"They are Cabanas, Sir. A Yankee fell overboard when I was swimming, and I bit his pocket off, and found these. They are good ones."

"They are good, Miss," said Mr. Punch. "But don't you spoil those pretty white teeth with tobacco."

"Don't make me blush," said the Fish.

"Any news from where you come from?" asked Mr. Punch.

"Well, not much. Don't you put any money into the electric cable."

"Why not?"

"Because a party, a friend of mine, in fact, a very respectable walrus, is opposed to the scheme, and means to bite through every wire that is laid down."

"We'll have him harpooned."

"He's much too deep for that, I can tell you," said the Fish. "By the way, old man, don't you let out that I can talk like this, or I shall be bored to death, besides catching the Manchester accent, which is horrid. I never give them more than a word."

"You talk so well that you ought to talk more," said Mr. Punch.

"I'll bite you, you old flirt, if you go on like that," said the Fish, winking in the sauciest manner. "Will you come and see me when I come to London."

"Won't I!" said Mr. Punch. "Can I get you anything—some barley sugar—Everton toffee, genuine—what will you have?"

"No," said the Fish, "I am not hungry. I have eaten all the cats in the house, and I've got my eye on a fat terrier, but I take so little exercise here that my appetite fails me. Would you mind taking that man's cars to him, there they lie—no, the other's under the chair—and tell him with my compliments, that I don't bear any malice, but that he must not be rude."

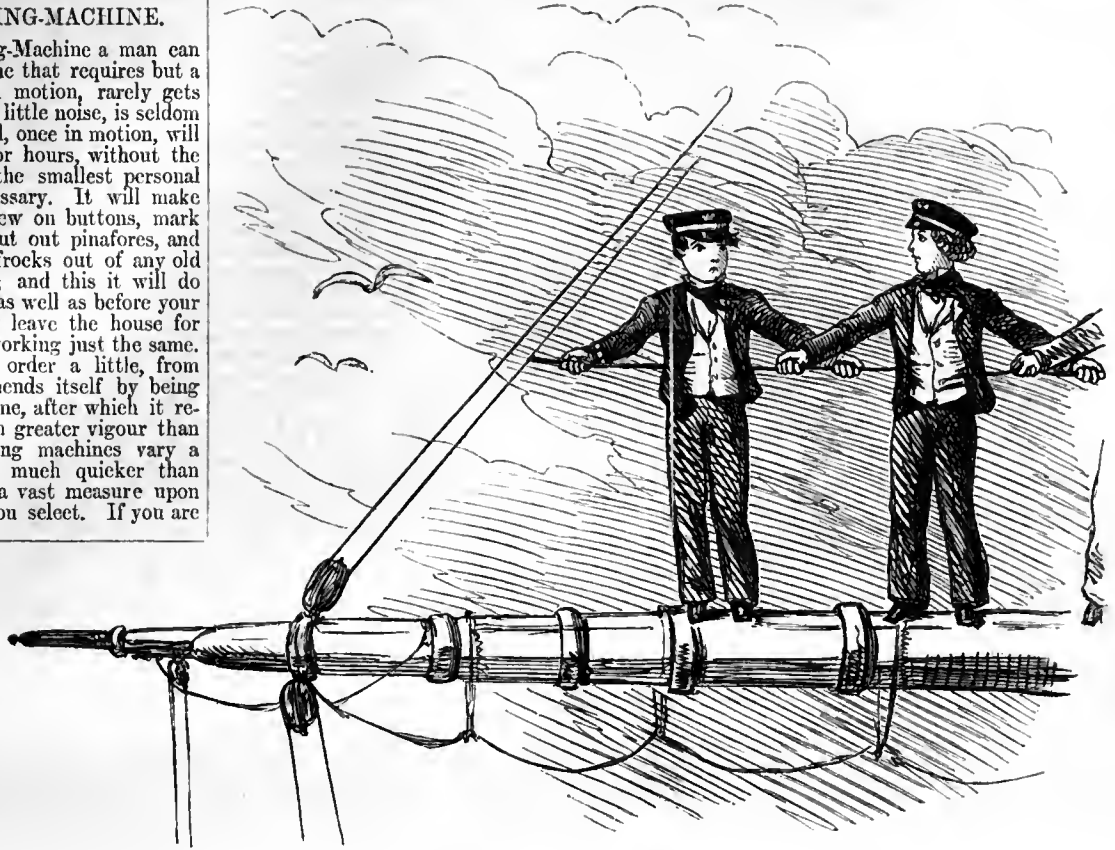
"I will. I'm glad I've seen you," said Mr. Punch, "because I own I thought that what I read of your talking was a lie. Good bye!"

"Tip us your fin, old fellow," said the Fish, "and mind you come and see me in London. Papa! Mamma!"

Mr. Punch regrets to add that, as the Fish uttered these last words, she put her fin to the tip of her nose. He publishes these particulars, because a lady's interdiction is not always to be understood literally, and because the interests of truth are paramount to every other consideration with him.

THE BEST SEWING-MACHINE.

THE very best Sewing-Machine a man can have is a Wife. It is one that requires but a kind word to set it in motion, rarely gets out of repair, makes but little noise, is seldom the cause of a dust, and, once in motion, will go on uninterruptedly for hours, without the slightest trimming, or the smallest personal supervision being necessary. It will make shirts, darn stockings, sew on buttons, mark pocket handkerchiefs, cut out pinafores, and manufacture children's frocks out of any old thing you may give it; and this it will do behind your back just as well as before your face. In fact, you may leave the house for days, and it will go on working just the same. If it does get out of order a little, from being overworked, it mends itself by being left alone for a short time, after which it returns to its sewing with greater vigour than ever. Of course, sewing machines vary a great deal. Some are much quicker than others. It depends in a vast measure upon the particular pattern you select. If you are fortunate in picking out the choicest pattern of a Wife—one, for instance, that sings whilst working, and seems to be never so happy as when the husband's linen is in hand—the Sewing Machine may be pronounced perfect of its kind; so much so, that there is no make-shift in the world that can possibly replace it, either for love or money. In short, no gentleman's establishment is complete without one of these Sewing Machines in the house!



SCENE ON BOARD H. M. S. —

"I SAY, WHY AM I LIKE THE QUEEN'S CHIEF COOK? DO YOU GIVE IT UP?"
 "YES."

"BECAUSE I AM IN A HIGH COOL-AND-AIRY (culinary) POSITION." *[Astonished Cadet nearly falls from the yard.]*
 You Young Monkey, how dare you joke up in the air like that? However, we look over it this time.—PUNCH.

THE IONIAN MEMBERS' ADDRESS TO THE THRONE.

To HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY VICTORIA, of Great Britain and Ireland, &c., Queen, Defender of the British Faith, the Candid Petitioner of the Representatives of the Natives of the Ionian Islands Plainly Sheweth:—

THAT your Petitioners lately presented YOUR MAJESTY with a Memorial requesting that you would be so good as to abdicate your authority over their Republic, and allow them to transfer their allegiance to the KING OF GREECE: to which modest and reasonable application, YOUR MAJESTY declined to accede:

That it has occurred to your Petitioners to remember that they omitted to assign any reasons for the request which they made to YOUR MAJESTY, and that perhaps that was why YOUR MAJESTY refused to grant it:

That your Petitioners now propose to repair that omission, and tell YOUR MAJESTY their motives for desiring to become the subjects of KING OTHO instead of remaining YOUR MAJESTY'S:

That accordingly your Petitioners would have YOUR MAJESTY understand that they do not care a straw for your British constitutional liberty; but that, on the contrary, they hate it, and would much rather live under a despotism of their own choice:

That your Petitioners abhor and detest the dull regularity of English law, the plain uniformity of order, and the dead level of even-handed justice; that they prefer a state of facility for intrigue and corruption, with a popular tumult occasionally by way of change; any deaths occurring therein being passed over as accidents, no inquiries made, and nobody called to account:

That your Petitioners are disposed to tolerate a moderate amount of brigandage and piracy, the suppression of which, by hard police arrangements, robs life of poetry:

That your Petitioners do not like to be ruled by a Protestant

Sovereign, and prefer a Popish one; because, although Popery differs from their own religion on some points of vital importance, it agrees therewith in nearly everything which Protestantism calls folly and superstition:

That your Petitioners want to be united with Greece, because Greece is devoted to Russia, and Russia desires to extend, with her empire, the orthodox Greek faith over all the world, inclusive of Great Britain and Ireland:

That the views of your Petitioners have been wholly unaffected by the eloquence of your great Homeric Scholar. That your Petitioners know nothing about HOMER, except that he was a Heathen, and has gone to Hades, whither they wish that all his scholars may follow him, and they hope never to hear anything more either of him or them:

That your Petitioners represent a nationality naturally governed, not by cold reason, but by the passion which is uppermost in their minds for the moment; and that they require a political government corresponding to their moral and intellectual nature. And your Petitioners, when their piratical propensities are unbound, will ever prey.

OBJECTIONS TO A TITLE.

WE much regret to state, upon the best of all authority (we mean of course our own) that VISCOUNT WILLIAMS will oppose SIR H. CAIRNS' Bill to Simplify the Title to Landed Estates: a measure which we trusted, but for this, might have passed. We believe the noble Viscount bases his objection on the ground that one of the intentions of the Act is to "confer a Parliamentary title" on any purchaser or holder of any real estate. The noble Viscount recollects how his more than Spartan virtue was once tempted with a title; and he views the present measure with suspicion and alarm, as an insidious endeavour on the part of the Government to seduce him into purchasing a square foot or two of land, in order that a title may be forced on him for doing so.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FEBRUARY 21, *Monday*. EARL GREY, who, by right of descent, ought to have something to do with the Reform question, but has not, is very restless just now, and is rolling his tub about, like DIOGENES, rather than be doing nothing. The House of Lords was brought together this afternoon only that LORD DERBY might make a long and humble appeal to LORD GREY not to stir the Ionian business until MR. GLADSTONE'S return, and it took two speeches from DERBY and one from BROUGHAM, to prevent GREY'S bringing on the matter in the absence of the man who alone can fully explain it. The great Philhellene was stated to be *en route* for England, and we also know that the Ionians have utterly rejected his plans for their welfare. A little Greek boy, who sells

oranges near the Royal Exchange, neatly remarked to *Mr. Punch* the other day, that the "wordy" GLADSTONE would not do for the islanders, in fact KING LOG-OS was useless, so KING STORKS was a necessary consequence. *Mr. Punch* rewarded the subtlety of the youth with a drachma.

CODRINGTON and SALOMONS, Members for Woolwich, moved the second reading of a Bill for preventing that most flagrantly unfragrant place from being drained under the New Metropolitan Act. The House, instigated by TITE, made short work of so preposterous a proposition. One JONATHAN RICHARDSON, an Irish linendraper, thought it was his duty to call upon HER MAJESTY and her people to return thanks for the suppression of the revolt in India. LORD STANLEY said he thought we might as well wait until the revolt *was* suppressed, and LORD DERBY gave an answer similar to his son's in purport, but much more ample and impressive in manner, to the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, who, never having gained any victories himself, wishes to be thankful for those of other people. He thinks he should do something, in return for Blenheim and the pension.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER was stated to be busy on the Lions for Trafalgar Square, but LORD JOHN MANNERS could not say whether the fountains were to continue there. *Mr. Punch* observes that they throw up hot water (supposed by the public to be the waste from St. Martin's Baths); and he suggests that soap and towels might be supplied at the basins, under proper regulations. MR. WALPOLE, in answer to MR. DUNCOMBE, said that the law officers of the Crown had reason to believe that Smithfield had reverted to HER MAJESTY, and was no longer the property of the City. This is excellent news; and *Mr. Punch* only hopes that KELLY and CAIRNS, or rather, the learned gentlemen who do the work of which the leaders make show, will be able to sustain their law.

That same MR. WALPOLE then brought in a Bill for settling the Church-rate question. His plan is, to let the owners of land formally charge it with Church-rates in perpetuity, and when the amount, with the aid of voluntary subscriptions, shall be enough for the purposes of any given parish, the QUEEN is to be enabled to abolish the present Rate in that parish. He also proposes to relieve Dissenters, on their simply signing a paper stating their conscientious objections to the rate. LORD JOHN RUSSELL thought the plan opposed to the national character of the Church of England. SIR JOHN TRELAWNEY has a Bill of his own, and gave notice that he should try to defeat that of MR. WALPOLE. What the plan really comes to is this—

"If you like a Church-rate,
You may fork it out straight;
If you like to dissent,
You may pay it as rent."

Tuesday. The Pre-payment of the Letters question came up again, and the DUKE OF ARGYLL made a speech against the new rule. He did not accuse the Postmaster of the vulgarity of wanting to look into other people's correspondence, and said, indeed, that however fond COLCHESTER might be of opening the oysters which gave him his family title, the Duke did not charge him with any hankering for opening the letters which give him his official one. But the Duke objected to the new arrangement; and, finally, the Postmaster said that he would rescind the rule. LORD CAMPBELL said that he was

always receiving unpaid letters from "insane persons and suitors in his court" (in more than one case, we should call this tautology, but not in JOHN'S, who serves out very good justice, and is civil to respectable customers), who, seeing the writs bore his name, deemed it polite to send their answers to Stratheden House. The rule is rescinded; but *Mr. Punch* begs to give notice that he takes in no unpaid letter whatever, inasmuch as writing to him is a solemn and awful business, which no person should presume to undertake in a hurry, or without several weeks of study and consideration, during which time stamps can also be bought.

LORD PALMERSTON gave notice that he meant to ask the Government whether war was going to break out. This simple announcement caused an enormous sensation, and the Ministry began to see glimpses of hope of excuses for discussions which would cause delays in other discussions, and thus push back further discussions—in a word, that the Reform Bill might not be an absolute necessity after all.

Conversation arose on Education, and complaint was made that the Government Inspectors of Schools, instead of reporting briefly and to the point, sent enormous treatises on educational subjects, giving an account of every school that had ever existed, and every boy that had been in it, and whether he had been birched or caned (with tabulated statement of the whacks), and how he had turned out in after-life, and so forth. LORD PALMERSTON advised Government to cut the matter very short; to order the Inspectors to report like men of business, and if they did not, to discharge them. We dare say these ingenious essayists will think the suggestion very coarse, but life is too short for essays.

Last year a Bill was passed prohibiting any but rich people from coming into Parliament. The machinery of exclusion was the permitting voters' travelling expenses to be paid by a candidate. MR. COLLIER brought in a Bill for undoing that pleasant arrangement, but both the Home Secretary and LORD PALMERSTON opposed him.

Wednesday. There are in Ireland some things called Manor Courts, which a Shakspearian Jester (or any other donkey) would probably say were so called from their bad manners. In one of them bribery is stated to carry the day for a suitor, and probably the Courts, like Society, are divided into two portions, those who have been found out, and those who have not. The Irish Manor Courts are to be abolished by MR. WHITESIDE, who sees their black side.

Thursday. LORD BROUGHAM introduced a Bill allowing prisoners to be examined, on oath, if they wish it. LORD CAMPBELL said he viewed the innovation with alarm, and LORD BROUGHAM retorted that this was a view hollow.

In pursuance of a bright idea, PAKINGTON declared that if there were a debate on Foreign topics, he should not bring on the Naval Estimates on Friday, as proposed, and then MR. DISRAELI could not bring on Reform on Monday. PAM winked, and said that PAKINGTON need not frighten himself, and added, in plain terms, that Government wanted an excuse for delaying Reform.

The celebrated Catholic oath, which was held to be the safeguard of the Constitution, is to be overhauled, the Roman Catholics, according to MR. J. G. FITZGERALD, having found out that it is insulting. He beat the Government, and carried his preliminary motions; but it is dubious whether the Lords will permit the abolition of an oath which gives comfort to an immense number of old women of both sexes.

Friday. EARL GREY at work again. He has got a notion, in which there is a good deal of truth, that the last changes in the municipal franchise have thrown the government of our towns, in a great measure, into the hands of Bumbles and boobies; and he moved for some returns to enable him to establish the fact. Anybody who has had to deal with the "municipals" in reference to local improvements of any kind, can tell the EARL more than any returns can. LORD BROUGHAM took an opportunity of saying (*obiter*) that he hoped he should not survive the British Constitution. We hope he will not, though we wish the noble old boy many happy years to come.

MR. S. FITZGERALD, for Government, was perfectly rude in answering MR. MONCKTON MILNES about an objectionable appointment in Japan. MR. MILNES deserves plaudit for showing up the mistake.

Then came the grand event of the week:

"Pray, tell us," says PAM, "are folks going to fight?"
"Au contraire," replies DIZZY, "we hope it's all right;
Both armies, the Austrian and French, will go home,
And his Holiness, PLO, stand *solus*, in Rome.
And we've sent off an envoy so grave and so owley,
On a mission of peace to Vienna—old COWLEY."

This news happified the House. Shrewd JOHNNY RUSSELL hoped that the armies, once out, would keep out,—a speech in which, probably, lies a key to a good deal that will happen. But so the matter was left, and First Lord PAKINGTON had to bring on his Naval Estimates. We are to have twenty-six new men-of-war. (*Cheers from Mr. Punch*.) SIR JOHN asked for and received 62,400 men and boys, and £2,487,062 in money. (*More cheers from Mr. Punch*.)

THE TICKET FOR SOUP.

THE wisdom and propriety of encouraging mendicancy by giving money to street beggars was beautifully illustrated the other day by the subjoined police case:—

"GUILDHALL.—KEZIA CADGE, a respectably dressed woman, was charged with begging.

"TURNELL, the Mendicity Society's officer, said he relieved the prisoner a few days ago at the West End, and on meeting her again in Cheapside, recognised and followed her. She solicited charity from about forty persons; and when he took her into custody, he found on her 2s. 10d. On making inquiries, he ascertained that she had a most comfortable home; that her husband was a carpenter, in respectable employment, earning 50s. per week; and that she had displayed a considerable amount in sovereigns to a neighbour only a few days previously. She had also between £200 and £300 in the Bank, and boasted that she put by £1 a-week out of her own and her husband's joint earnings. Her husband had frequently cautioned her against the propensity she had for begging, but she was so attached to that mode of getting money, that he found it impossible to break her of the habit."

Perhaps ALDERMAN MOON will have succeeded better than MR. CADGE in breaking MRS. CADGE of what is commonly called cadding:

"SIR F. G. MOON said, it was as gross a case of imposition as ever came under his notice, and committed the prisoner for 21 days with hard labour."

When KEZIA CADGE comes out of Bridewell, having "had" her "three weeks," it may at least be hoped, or feared, that she will look carefully to see that the coast is clear of a policeman or Mendicity Society's officer, before imploring the passenger to "relieve a poor distress-ed creechur," and give her "a apeny to buy a bit o' bread." To this kind of appeal, however, we would by no means advise the affluent to turn a deaf ear, or a closed fist. Instead, however, of answering it with coins of the realm, let them meet it with tickets, to be obtained for a pecuniary equivalent of subscription from that same Mendicity Society. "Gentleman! ar yer got ar-a-copper to give a poor man?" is a demand with which most of our readers are probably familiar. There may not be much question about the deserts of the utterer of this very professional language. If he had them he probably would not escape whipping. But there may be some doubt. Give the poor man the benefit of the doubt. Don't give him "ar-a-copper," or "a apeny," but give him a Mendicity Society's ticket; and then perhaps the poor man will bless you,—perhaps he will do the reverse. In either case, you will experience that inward complacency that arises, on the one hand, from the consciousness of having done a really benevolent action, or, on the other, from the knowledge that you have "sold" a rogue and vagabond.

PROFESSOR OWEN ON BARNUM.

PROFESSOR OWEN, the other afternoon, in lecturing at the Royal Institution on the fossil mammalia of the middle tertiary strata, diverted his audience with some illustrations of Barnumian humbug. Having informed them that among the remains of mammals, principally those of Cetacea, found in the tertiary strata, there exist those of a very remarkable sort of whale called the *Zeuglodon*, an immense herbivorous creature that lived upon sea-weed: remains discovered in the United States:—

"PROFESSOR OWEN said, that about ten years ago there was exhibited in the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, under the auspices of MR. BARNUM, an immense fossil skeleton which had been brought from America by a MR. COOKE. A long compounded Greek name was given to the animal whose remains it was represented to be, and crowds were consequently attracted to see the prodigious monster. PROFESSOR OWEN soon detected that this immense fossil animal with the strange Greek name was composed of the fossil bones of three large Mastodons put together to form one."

This Barnumised compound of pre-Adamite remains was bought for the British Museum; and one good Mastodon was made out of a selection of bones from those of the three imperfect specimens that constituted the *Poluphoisboio Thalasses*, or whatever name MR. BARNUM called his monster. MR. COOKE, notwithstanding he was a practitioner of humbug, was nevertheless a veritable fossil-hunter; and accordingly—

"MR. COOKE, on his return to the United States, was recommended by PROFESSOR OWEN to continue his researches in the same stratum for the remains of other animals, and the result was the discovery of the fossil bones of the enormous species of herbivorous Cetacea, the *Zeuglodon*. The bones of several were found, and by putting together those of three or four of them, a compounded skeleton was formed nearly 300 feet long, which was exhibited in New York as the skeleton of a veritable Sea-serpent. MR. COOKE was afraid to bring it to this country, but he exhibited it in several cities in Europe, and it was bought for the Museum at Berlin. The real length of the animal was about 150 feet."

Very like a whale was the *Zeuglodon per se*; very like a Sea-serpent when conjoined with three or four others by the ingenuity of MR. COOKE. From the latter of the foregoing cases of humbug, MR. COOKE appears to have been a pupil of MR. BARNUM, and one worthy of his master, inasmuch as he contrived to cook up the skeleton of a Sea-serpent and induce the Yankees to swallow it. The kind of humbug under the head of which proceedings of this sort may be arranged

must be understood to be distinctly Barnumian; taking rank with humbug only by the favour of BARNUM. Great as is MR. BARNUM'S genius in the line of humbug, his humbug is not all humbug pure and simple. Merely to give an object designed for exhibition a long compounded Greek name in order to invest it with attraction for the British Public, is genuine humbug. If the Greek compound involves no misstatement of fact, anybody who is allured by it to pay his money for seeing something which, if he understood the meaning of its strange name, he would not care to see, is merely humbugged—he is not cheated. By a skilful operation on a certain weakness of the vulgar mind, that of being captivated with the grandiloquence which it cannot comprehend, the dupe is caused to take himself in, and ought to call himself a fool instead of calling the party who imposes upon him a knave; although he may with exact propriety call him a humbug. But when we construct the skeleton of a fictitious animal out of the bones of several other real ones, and give it a pompous name signifying what never existed, we directly do and say the thing which is not, and if we make an exhibition of the sham, and let people in to see it for so much a head, we then obtain money upon incorrect representations, of which the incorrectness lies in our word and deed. Illusion and artifice of this kind are too coarse to be called humbug, which can never be resolved into downright falsehood or fraud.

The respect which we entertain for MR. BARNUM'S elevated position in the domain of humbug proper, makes us regret that he should have given, by example and precept, the sanction of his high authority to the practice, under the name of humbug, of arts which are, to say the least of them, unworthy of that respectable appellation. The misnomer involves a compliment to the *Artful Dodger*, and an insult to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.



A Condensed Family History.

"H'm, h'm," murmured MR. JONES, running his eye down the *Times* Parliamentary report, "Government introduced an Act for Amending the Winding-Up Act." "I am glad of it," said MRS. JONES, who was cutting the bread and butter, "Perhaps it will save watches from being scratched all over by gentlemen who have been dining out on particular business, that keeps them till two in the morning." MR. JONES had the good grace to be ashamed of himself, and to mention that his wife would like to see *Masks and Faces*.

A SET OF MAINEIACS.

THE teetotallers have been meeting in Exeter Hall with a view to obtain the power of passing local Maine Laws. Let these frantic beings adopt the motto of true temperance, which is "Moral Suasion; but no Maine Force."



VIVE LE SPORT!

English Friend (to Foreigner of distinction). "THE FOX HAS BROKE, AND GONE AWAY!"

Foreigner of distinction (who has been galloping about the rides, to his immense satisfaction). "AHA! HE IS BROKEN, AND GONE AWAY! WHAT A PITY! ZEN I SUPPOSE IT IS ALL OVARE, AND WE MUST GO HOME!"

KEEP IT DRY.

It is not that a small bird sings
With aught of warning voice,
And bids distrust Anointed kings,
Or chiefs, the People's Choice.
We trust them all, with all our soul,
We know their honour's high;
But still we think, upon the whole,
We'll keep our powder dry.

No Monarch ever broke his word,
Far less the oaths he swore,
Or if such things have e'er occurred
'Twas in bad days of yore.
All kings are now so good and true,—
What, doubt a Sovereign, fie!
But still, JOHN BULL, 'twixt me and you,
We'll keep our powder dry.

No nation lashed by dastard greed,
Or priests, or ancient spite,
Will clamour to its chiefs to lead
Its armies to the fight.
We're all a band of brothers, JOHN,
All linked by friendship's tie;
But this one whim we'll act upon,
We'll keep our powder dry.

No statesman now is led astray
By love of place, or fame,
To urge his wavering prince to play
At war's infernal game.
They're all so cosmopolitan,
For justice each would die;
And yet it's just as well, old man,
To keep your powder dry.

No chance lest hot sea-captains clash
On far Atlantic waves,
And raise a quarrel o'er such trash
As buccaners, or slaves.
No distant parties burn to thrust
Lean fingers in the pie;
But though we're all belief and trust,
We'll keep our powder dry.

No armed three-deckers crowd a dock,
No soldiers mass and drill;
No royal hands, on rifle's lock,
Test how the gun will kill.
No cannon stores with strange increase
Pacific pledge belie;
But though the world's so lapped in peace,
WE'LL KEEP OUR POWDER DRY.

PUNCH.

THE GARDENER OF COVENT GARDEN.

FROM a contemporary devoted to horticulture, we cull the following advertisement:—

WANTED, AS GARDENER, by a Clergyman in Yorkshire, a respectable middle-aged Man to look after two Cows, Pigs, and Poultry, and to make himself useful; a single man preferred; to board with the servants and sleep over the stables. Wages, 8s. per week, or to a Man with a Bass Voice, able to practise in the week with the singers, and to lead the church singers, 10s. Must be a member of the Church of England, and his character must bear strict inquiry. He must be a good Kitchen Gardener, and be able to attend to a small Greenhouse.—Rev. C. T., &c.

Should the above meet the eye of the operatic super who does the Gardener in the opera of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, it may put him in the way

of finding employment, horticultural and musical, on the stage of real life. In obtaining it, however, there are a few difficulties which he may have to surmount. The artist who enters with the flower-pots in MOZART'S opera is apparently a drunken character, and this will not do for the Rev. C. T., if it is the case with that Gardener's representative. Then the man for the Reverend gentleman's money must be a member of the Church of England, whereas the Italian operatic super is probably an adherent of the Church of Rome, and would lead the church singers to the Popish chapel. Lastly, the Reverend gentleman's money is at the most no more than ten shillings a week, whilst perhaps the salary of the super is superior to that amount, and in quitting Covent Garden to cultivate real cabbages, and deserting the footlights for cucumber frames, a super may consider that he would be accepting a rather too subordinate engagement.



THE QUEEN IN HER STORE-ROOM.

HER MAJESTY (TO HER FAITHFUL SERVANT). "I DON'T KNOW WHAT MAY HAPPEN, MR. BULL, BUT 'KEEP OUR POWDER DRY.'"



THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

THE ARMSTRONG TESTIMONIAL.



WE understand that an eminent firm of jewellers in Bond Street has received an order from the Peace Society for the execution of an elegant work of art in silver.

The design is to be that of a dove about to take wing, with an olive branch in her bill. This chaste production, which has been modelled by an eminent Artist, is intended by the Society for a testimonial to SIR W. ARMSTRONG, in acknowledgment of his services to the cause of peace, rendered in the invention of the wonderful gun, from the mouth of which have proceeded the strongest arguments that have ever as yet been advanced to disarm an adversary.

IMPROVED PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—APRIL 1, 1865.

MORNING SITTING.

THE SPEAKER took the Chair at a quarter past 9.

NEW WRIT FOR PADDINGTON.

A New Writ was moved for Paddington in the room of MR. KITE, who has accepted Accommodation Bills.

LAW REFORM.

The Bill for the Abolition of Wigs was read a third time and passed.

THE RIVER PLATE.

The Report of the Special Commissioners appointed to investigate the claims of parties to the River Plate, consisting of salt spoons, punch ladles, toast racks, &c., carried down by the Metropolitan culverts to the bed of the Thames, was brought up by MR. HATFULL, and ordered to be printed.

RUMOURED VISIT OF THE EMPERORS OF JAPAN.

MR. PUMP, seeing the Secretary for Foreign Affairs in his place, wished to know whether HER MAJESTY'S Government had received any intimation of the expected visit of the EMPERORS OF JAPAN to this country?

SIR A. ROEBUCK stated that the only intimation HER MAJESTY'S Government had received of the anticipated visit, was derived from a paragraph in the Leading Journal (*Punch*). He had no doubt therefore that such report was substantially correct.

THE DERBY DAY.

MR. TITCUP, addressing the Secretary of State for the Home Department, desired to be informed, whether the system of retrenchment adopted on the last occasion of the House attending in state at the National celebration of the "Isthmian Games" would be adhered to on the forthcoming occasion, and whether covered vans would be provided alone for HER MAJESTY'S Ministers?

SIR W. COX stated that all the vans would be covered, but that Honourable Members would be required to contribute *pro rata* to defray the expenses of the tolls.

ADDRESS TO HER MAJESTY.

VISCOUNT WILLIAMS moved that an address be presented to HER MAJESTY praying, that at the next Levee, permission for passing through the Housekeeper's room may be given to Honourable Members wishing to avoid the crowd.

MR. TURNBULL characterised the motion as being suggested by the minor theatres during the Pantomime season, when a premature audience was allowed to pass through the green room, and recommended Honourable Members who were apprehensive of a squeeze to "come early."

The motion was ultimately withdrawn.

PROTECTION OF WIFE FROM FIRE.

On going into Committee on this Bill, a clause was proposed by MR. LOVELACE rendering wire-gauze over-skirts on the Davy-lamp principle, compulsory in certain cases—agreed to.

The hoop-clause was struck out, it being understood that the Commissioners of Woods were making arrangements for widening the entrances to the Parks.

THE NATIONAL DEFENCES.

The adjourned debate was resumed by MR. PARKE DRUM, who could see no difference between a protected duty and the duty of protection, we admitted French silk—how then could we consistently shut out French steel? (*Hear hear*.) He reminded his honourable and gallant friend, the Secretary of War, that he was once the champion of Peace at any price (*cries of no, no, from the Ministerial benches, and ironical cheers from the opposition*). His honourable and gallant friend now proposed to establish a Training College, where Young England might be initiated into the noble accomplishment of single stiek (*hear, hear*)—he also understood that his honourable and gallant friend had assumed the command of the Dockhead Volunteers. (*The conclusion of the honourable Member's speech was drowned in shouts of laughter and cheers which lasted for several minutes.*)

SIR J. BRIGHT protested against any allusion to opinions expressed by him in an unreformed House of Commons—they now breathed a purer atmosphere, and saw the true policy of England in a clearer light (*hear, hear*). They had now an "Improved Parliament," and he hoped the House would support him and the Government, of which he was a member, in their determination to uphold the honour and dignity of the country (*loud cheers*). He should not have taken office had he not seen with indignation the deplorable condition of our national defences, and the apathy with which they had been regarded by all former Governments (*groans from the opposition*). The Dockhead Volunteers, which he had embodied and was proud to command, were ready in case of invasion to defend the entrance to the Thames Tunnel—every man in that distinguished corps being an expert player at quarter-staff—a fact of which Honourable Members might convince themselves by personal application at the practice-yard (*loud laughter*). The Staff was England's safeguard—it was an arm that never missed fire; he could speak with confidence on this point; he had tried it and never found it fail. In the words of an immortal Bard, continued the honourable and gallant Member, I would say—

"Let the green tree of Liberty
Be planted in the centre of our land,
And every man have power to cut his stick."

The honourable Member sat down after a speech of nearly twenty minutes amidst prolonged cheering from all parts of the House.

On the Motion of MR. HOUNSLOW HEATH, the debate was adjourned to Thursday next. The House rose at a quarter before one.

AFTERNOON SITTING.

The House met at two precisely.

BREACH OF PRIVILEGE.

MR. RUFUS BOX rose to call the attention of the House to a defamatory libel upon himself, which had recently appeared in an obscure print called the *Refiner of Parliament*. The libel complained of was as follows: "Once a hatter, always a hatter—the Honourable Member for Brentford can't leave the shop at home; wherever he goes he carries a blockhead with him." The Honourable Member concluded by moving that the Publisher be brought up by the Serjeant-at-Arms.

After some remarks from the Attorney-General and SIR M. T. PATE, the House divided.—For 690, against 2. Majority for bringing up the Publisher, 688.

REFRESHMENTS FOR MEMBERS.

MR. CRAWWELL brought up the Report of the Refreshment Committee. It recommended that Honourable Members should be supplied under certain restrictions with DISHER'S Ten Guinea reviver, but negatived the proposition for chinsurals.

MR. TIGHT was sure that the working men of England would not grudge their Representatives that solace which would enable every Honourable Member, in the words of the great LORD LYTON, to think like a Philosopher and feel like a Samaritan. (*Cheers*.)

MR. BITTERS decidedly approved of fumigation—it might destroy those parasites with which every greenhouse was found more or less to abound. (*Cries of order, and loud expressions of disapprobation from the Ministerial benches.*)

SIR M. T. PATE observing that strangers were present, moved that the Gallery be cleared.

On our readmission we found

MR. CAVENDISH on his legs. If Honourable Members desired to enjoy the post-prandial luxury of a whiff, he felt assured that the country would willingly pay the piper (*a laugh*), he however deprecated extravagant measures, and would propose that every Honourable Member on application at the bar of the House, be furnished with returns.

After some remarks from MR. SYDER SELLERS which were inaudible in the Gallery, the motion was carried without a division.

The House rose at a quarter to five.

EVENING SITTING.

The SPEAKER took the Chair at six precisely, at which hour there were no Members present, and the House was counted out, owing to the production of a new farce at the Adelphi.

PLUM-PUDDINGS IN PERIL.

AN ALARUM FOR FAMILIES.



Think on the boys and the buns. Those Isles of Greece are connected with your own suct, in your own pudding-cloth and your own pot. Expose no more of your densely selfish unconcern about foreign politics: eat your pudding, slave, and hold your tongue.

WHAT do we care about the Ionian Islands? is the question of many a shallow, unthinking, domestic oaf. Poor creature! Do you know what we owe to the Ionian Islands? Plums, you deplorable creeping thing, you personal and private-spirited being!—currants, whereof is made that plum-pudding of which you have devoured so many great wedges in the course of your sensual, unpatriotic existence, and which, in consistence, resembles your own soft head. What would you say, if the Septinsular Republic were to be annexed to Greece, and then KING OTTO, influenced by Russian intrigues, were to lay a prohibitive duty on the exportation of currants from Zante? The Ionian Islands' question is a plum-pudding question,—nothing less national, nothing less familiar.

REFORMED CABMEN.

LET the Clubs say what they will about the "national apathy" in the matter of Reform, it is quite clear to our mind that Reform is now *par excellence* the order of the day. Government included, we are all having a hand in it. Measures of Reform are without measure being crowded on us. Everybody's bent upon reforming everybody. Besides being urged to reform our tailors' bills, we are prompted to attempt to reform our lawyers', even. Our navy and our knavy, our sailors and our swindlers, are alike undergoing a reformatory process: and, by way of climax, the reformation of our criminals will ere long, we believe, be extended to our cabmen!

This millennial expectation we base on a report of a "somewhat singular" meeting, which was held the other evening at the Ragged School, in Bell Street, "for the purpose of forming a Cabman's Club, consisting of a provident society, reading-room, and library." Good LORD SHAFTESBURY was good enough to occupy the chair, and "several ladies" graced the meeting with their presence. The Wrongs and Rights of Cabmen formed the subject of the speeches, and it was urged (without unnecessary expletives) that the public had "imbibed a prejudice" against them; that they were "maligned" and "misunderstood;" and that although perhaps there might be some black sheep among the flock, even these were not by several shades so black as fancy painted them. That the speechifying was quite up to public-meeting pitch, the brief extracts which are furnished us suffice, we think, to show. Among the pearls of eloquence which were dropped on the occasion, one jewel of a cabman, we are told, let fall the following:—

"One driver, in a very forcible and intelligent manner, strenuously advised his fellow men to abstain from using profane language, which he knew they were addicted to; also intemperance and incivility. He had done so, and found it answer exceedingly well: for even when gentlemen only gave sixpence, he politely thanked them, which very often brought out another sixpence, which all the swearing in the world would never have done."

If this "intelligent driver" be as good as his word, we regret that the report has not informed us of his number. His sentiments are worthy of a man of higher standing than one upon the cab-stand; and prove to our mind that—

"The Rank is but the cabman's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that!"

To find a civil cabman is so perilous a task, that we would gladly save ourselves in future from the risk of it. "When found," we would not only take care to "make a note of him," but we would gladly appoint him as our Cabman in Chief, and hand down his name to posterity in *Punch*.

Let cabmen take the hint, and by following the advice of this their

THE
NONSENSE OF THE NATIONALITIES.

No more talk of national races,
Panslavic, Hellenic, all stuff!
Of rant, gestures wild, and grimaces
On that point, we've had quite enough.
JOHN BULL you will vainly appeal to,
That in his own person contains
Both Saxon and Norman; a deal, too,
Of Danish blood runs in his veins.

Of Great Britain the Kingdom United,
Indeed, is a thorough hotchpotch;
We couldn't stand discord, excited
Between us, Welsh, Irish, and Scotch.
To struggles for legal equality
And freedom, we'll never refuse
Our aid; but hang mere nationality,
Like that of your friends the Hindoos!

Constitutional liberty go for,
You peoples, as hard as you like.
Free speech, conscience, press, hit a blow for,
And with England's best wishes you'll strike.
But the fight to replace a strange ruler,
By a native as tyrannous, full,
Is a cause for which no man feels cooler
Contempt than plain-thinking JOHN BULL.

THE ENCUMBERED ESTATES' ACT.—We hope Trafalgar Square will be the first to take the benefit of the Act, as there is no property in England, looking at the buildings about it, that is so heavily encumbered.

model in morality, let them aspire to win the premium we thus offer for reform. In common with the public, we own to having "imbibed a prejudice" against them: one chief reason of which is, that they so often are imbibing. Their weakness for strong liquors and strong language is what damns them. Intemperance in drinking leads to that of speech, and excess in language as in liquor is injurious. This is clearly shown by the Solon we have quoted; who has proved by experience that, for cabmen, civility is always the best policy. His sage reason for prescribing it is that "he has found it answer;" and it would puzzle us to find a more convincing plea for it. Many a cabman might be blind to subtler ways of reasoning, but of the *argumentum ad pocketum* none could fail to see the force.

Cabs have so long been regarded as mere vehicles of abuse, that a meeting with a civil cabby is indeed "somewhat singular," and we are not surprised at the reporter's having called it so. We hope such meetings may ere long be spoken of as plural; and as civility costs nothing, and is moreover "found to answer," we trust the public call for it will soon be generally responded to.

GENTLE REMONSTRANCE

TO ALL CONCERNED IN FINISHING THE WESTMINSTER CLOCK TOWER.

LAZY, idle, sluggish lot,
Dilatory dawdles,
Stagnant, slow, and sleepy set,
Temporising twaddles!
Tardy, slack, and crawling slugs,
Helpless, creeping snails,
Stolid, loafing stick-in-muds!
Faring of your nails!
How much more delay d'ye mean,
Will you please to tell;
Apathetic animals,
Where's our Clock and Bell?

A New Fact in Ornithology.

AMONGST the visitors to St. Paul's, we observe the name of JENNY LIND. The fact is worthy of note, as it is not often one sees a Nightingale inside a WREN's nest.

THE IMPERIAL SHOE-BLACK BRIGADE.

Louis Napoléon (as a *décrotteur*—to Italy). Beg your pardon—don't you want your Boot cleaned?

“THE ISLES OF GREECE!”

THE Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece,
Where glib Ionians gammoned YOUNG;
Where crops of currants never cease;
Where MAITLAND ruled, and BYRON sung—
We have them, and must keep them yet,
Though nothing by the job we get.

’Twas there that SAPPHO, first of blues,
By PHAON treated like a brute—
(No Crinoline Greek maids did use,
Or it had served as parachute).
Down white Leucadia’s stony breast
Flashed, like a sea-gull, to her rest.

DISRA’LI looked SIR LYTTON on;
SIR LYTTON on DISRAELÉE:
Each thinks “were GLADSTONE only gone,
Much easier our game would be:
For changeful still, as wind or wave,
One never knows how he’ll behave.”

SIR LYTTON tapped his thoughtful brow,
His finger by his nose laid DIZ’:
“Those troublesome Sev’n Islands, now!
If the Commiss’nership were his!
There’s sure to be the dence to pay;
And means to pay it—where are they?”

Ay—where are they? And where art thou,
My GUERNSEY? Through thy prison-door
They shove thee in thy victuals now:
On MILLER thou canst call no more:

How must a soaring soul like thine
On prison rules and rations pine!
And so YOUNG went, and GLADSTONE came,
Homeric rapture in his face;
With Philhellene tacked to his name,
To calm the heady island race:
His rounded periods they cheer;
He gave them tongue: they lent him ear.

They listen: to obey were best:
He talks: old MAITLAND *did* instead:
We might have spared the kiss he prest
On the Greek Church’s Holy Head:
When Greek meets Greek, strife’s sure to be:
When Greek meets GLADSTONE, we shall see.

The senate gathers at his call,
And flings his offers at his head:
Reforms they don’t require at all
But union with Greece instead:
To aught but this, the chamber’s glum;
DANDOLO deaf, LOMBARDO dumb.

In vain, in vain his honied words:
Deaf adders, they’ll no ear incline:
“For Greece, we’ll draw—bills, if not swords:
For Greece, for Greece we’ll shed—our wine:
For Greece—Bavarian, Russ, and all—
Union with Greece, whate’er befall!”

You have the GLADSTONE presence yet,
Where is the GLADSTONE influence gone?

Free of King Log you chafe to get,
Nor think King STORKS is coming on;
The Constitution SEATON gave,
But lends you means to misbehave.

JOHN BULL won’t let you raise a shine,
Though you may talk what stuff you please:
You might get GLADSTONE in a line,
But STORKS you’ll find less hard to squeeze.
We’re tyrants, if you like; but then,
What are your so-called countrymen?

Trust not for freedom to the Greeks,
Whom Russia buys and OTHO sells;
In British bottoms, British breeks
Your hope of trade and money dwells;
What were Greek language, lyre, or sword,
Were once your currant-business floored?

Fill high the bowl with currant wine!
GLADSTONE returns, his feathers laid;
I see DISRAELI’s black eyes shine
O’er an old debt of vengeance paid;
The Commons’ wrath while BULWER braves,
Deaf as a rock that breasts the waves.

Plunge GLADSTONE into HOMER deep,
With pen and ink and paper by,
There let him prove the world asleep,
There gloze and Hellenise sky-high;
While BULWER office shall resign
To stick to novels and the Nine!

A DIVISION OF PROFITS.



THE sum of 10,000 francs has been paid to MONS. DE GUERRONIERE, being the amount of profits that have hitherto accrued upon the sale of the pamphlet, *Napoléon Trois et l’Italie*. But we always considered that NAPOLEON Trois himself was the author of that cock-crowing production; or, at all events, that it was written at his dictation. Ought not the 10,000 francs, then, to have been handed over to the Emperor? or, in any case, should not he and his favoured *confrère* go halves together? We should advise his Imperial Majesty to stick to his pamphleteering propensities. The speculation seems to be a profitable one. In these hard times, the receipt of a sum like £400 is not bad remuneration for a puny post octavo that would not

fill half-a-dozen columns of a newspaper. We doubt if our illustrious wielder of the sceptre and the pen will ever realise as much from any other pursuit of war. The campaign of Italy, far from bringing in anything equal to what the pamphlet written upon it has produced, would, doubtlessly, only return a dead loss. It is, therefore, for his own interest that we seriously recommend our Imperial contemporary to seek for no other victories than those he can gain in the fields of literature. Let him foolishly rush into print as often as he pleases, so long as he wisely abstains from rushing into war. Spilling ink is more harmless than shedding blood, and, apparently, pays better. A pamphlet a week, at the rate of £400 per pamphlet, would bring the Emperor in a comfortable income of £20,800. NAPOLEON Trois should cultivate those capabilities that he has at his fingers’ ends. With one or two more paper-triumphs, he might be crowned, with imperial foolscap, “*Le Premier Pamphlétaire de l’Europe*.”

WANTED FOR THE IONIAN AISLES.—A good stout Beadle.

HONOUR TO OUR BEADLES!

THE Press must clearly leave off calling us their “facetious contemporary.” Our success in comic writing is so marvellously marked, that it is spurring to compete with us a whole host of copyists. The most serious of newspapers are getting more and more facetious, and the prosiest penny-a-liner can hardly write a paragraph without cracking a joke in it. Every journalist seems bitten with a sort of punomania, and the spark of wit bursts forth from the driest sticks of writers. To show the liveliness with which the dullest subjects are now treated, we cite the following bit of humour from our business-like contemporary, the *Building News*:—

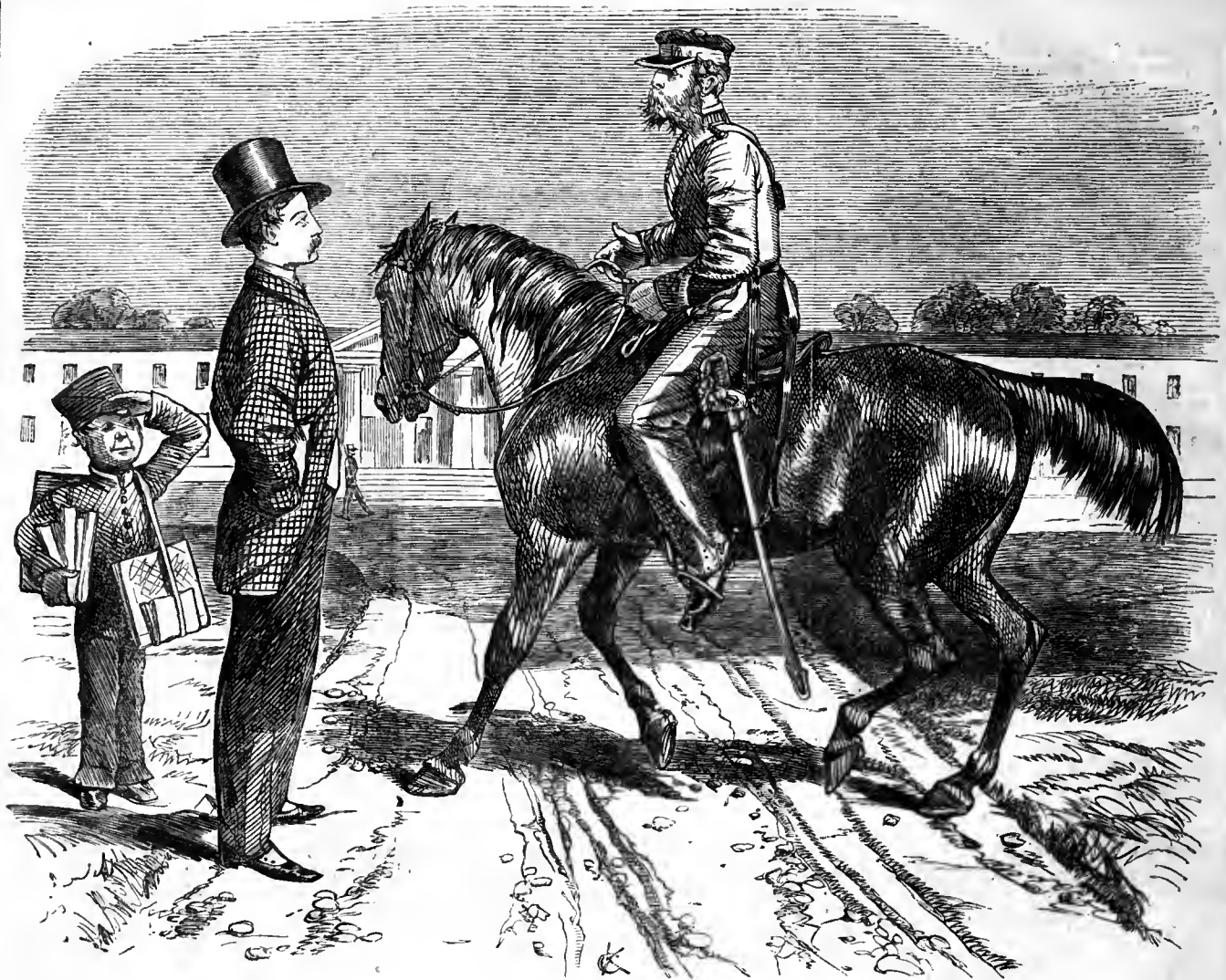
“THE CITY PAVEMENTS.—Last week, for the first time within the memory of the oldest beadles of the City, some of the numerous porters, beadles, and messengers in the Bank of England, or persons employed by them, were seen busy in sweeping the footpaths around the Bank of England. The cause of this operation is not apparent, although it did remove the dirt, and the Bank footpaths were clean. Whether the beadles will ever condescend to do it again, remains doubtful. There are now even bets among the members of the Stock Exchange that the Palais du Lord Maire—the Mansion House—will succeed to the Dignity of having the filthiest footways in the City, lately and for many years enjoyed by the Bank of England. It has been supposed that the paths were never swept, to prevent respectable men from engaging in designs to break into the Bank.”

If, in spite of its jocosity, this paragraph be true, we would commend the *Building News* for giving it insertion, and we are glad to extend its publicity in *Punch*. The fact of British Beadles condescending to turn street-sweepers seems at first thought so appalling that the mind can only shudder at it; and it requires a considerable stretch of comprehension to grasp the grandeur of the action which is sought to be conveyed. Such a sacrifice of dignity should not pass unrecorded; and we even think it due that it should not pass unrewarded. We hope we know our place. To contemplate a Beadle should inspire us with humility. In all humbleness of mind, then, we would venture to suggest that a presentation of new brooms should take place at the Bank, as a tribute to the heroism which the Beadles have displayed there. To take a broom in hand, and actually sweep with it, is a labour which the boldest British Beadle might have quailed at; and their daring it is proof that the brave Beadles of the Bank are eminently heroes who are fitted for the post of defending the Old Lady whom they have in keeping.

French Art.

A COMPANION to the celebrated work “*Les Français peints par eux-mêmes*” is to be published in Paris. It is to be called “*Les Françaises peintes par elles-mêmes*.” It is to be profusely coloured, and the style of each lady’s painting is to be strictly preserved.

A “TAPER WASTE.”—Burning the candle at both ends.



OUR FUTURE STAFF.

A rather Heavy Dragoon (who has some idea of going in for a Staff Examination, rides over to the College to make inquiries). "Well, how are you getting on? What sort of things do they give you to do?"

Gifted Member of Staff College. "Oh, pretty well—been up Three Nights reading for last Examination. Knocked off dead and living languages, campaigns, trigonometry, analytical geometry, perspective, differential and integral calculus, rectification, quadrature and cubature of curves, theory of equation, statics and osculation, statics, dynamics, hydrostatics, castrametation (the Cavalry finds himself rising in his stirrups), equilibrium of arches, method of tangents, vanishing fractions, pneu—" * * * * *

[PLUNGER rides furiously back to Camp.]

CLO' FOR THE POOR CLERGY.

(NO FICTION.)

It is a positive fact that there exists an actual *bonâ fide* Clerical Fund and Poor Clergy Relief Society at 345, Strand, London, W.C. It is really true that there is such a person as the REV. W. G. JERVIS, Secretary to that Society, not a myth, but a live and kicking divine—kicking in vain against the doors of episcopal palaces, deaneries, and other fat parsonage-houses. Furthermore, it is literally the case, and no mistake, and no joke, that this Society will thankfully receive Warm Clothing, Blankets, and Sheeting for the use of the destitute Clergy.

In consequence of the appearance, in the pages of *Mr. Punch*, some time back, of a notice of this charitable association, a great increase has taken place in the number of its reverend applicants for relief—who understood *Mr. Punch*. They were quite aware how possible it was that the richest church in the world should contain starving clergymen. But no corresponding increase has taken place in the number of benefactors to the Society: the charitable public naturally but erroneously thinking the idea that the opulent Church of England can allow such a Society to exist ridiculous. Let the benevolently disposed, then, clearly understand that if they will visit 345, Strand,

they will find the Society there; and be satisfied of the authenticity of the REV. W. G. JERVIS.

It is clear that one half of the clerical world cannot know how the other half lives, or else they would not allow brethren of the cloth to go about famished, threadbare, out-at-elbows, and glad to get a suit of cast-off clothes, in which, however, to the judicious eye, the ragged reverend gentlemen will look infinitely less shabby than the wealthy but close-fisted wearers of canonical sable and fine linen.

A Tremendous Grammer.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH is hugging secretly to himself some wonderful gun which, we are told, is to be the death of every other gun yet borne into the battle-field. We look upon this as a bit of Imperial *gasconade*, which will be no sooner put to the test than it will be blown to atoms. Or, to cast a new word for the occasion, shall we name this new invention, the EMPEROR'S *Gascannonade*?

A STERLING SUGGESTION.—All the persons employed in the Mint should be Jews, properly, for they seem to make money faster than anybody else.



Stout Gent. "DEAR! DEAR! SO HE HAS FORMED AN ATTACHMENT THAT YOU DON'T APPROVE OF! AH! WELL, THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING. DEPEND UPON IT, MA'AM, THERE'S A SKELETON SOMEWHERE IN EVERY HOUSE!"

WHAT'S HIS LITTLE GAME?

UPON the whole we think the Government have dealt pretty fairly in the matter of Reform, and although they have been forced to sacrifice two trumps, it would not surprise us to find they "do the trick." Much depends upon the way in which LORD PAM will play his cards, and he is much too old a hand to let one get a peep at them. His Lordship is, we know, a master of *finesse*; and as the stakes are rather high, we may depend he will not wittingly let slip a chance of winning. The game, as we may see, is just now at its turning point; and if it were played by the rules of Five-card Loo, now is just the time for Government to call out: "PAM, be civil!"

An Early Season.

WE noticed two or three perambulators in the Sun last week. They were very young specimens; but it is rarely they make their appearance before a more advanced period of the season. They looked fresh and healthy, though a little pinched, we thought, by the cold.

THE MOST USEFUL FORM OF "BRAY'S TRACTION-ENGINE."—A well fed Donkey.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 28. *Monday.* This was the Great Day of the Session. This day did BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Esq.—in other days author of a Revolutionary Epic,—introduce a Reform Bill to the notice of the House of Commons. Unable to trust himself to deal in prose with such a subject, saturated as it were with all the richest jews of poetry, *Mr. Punch* has, upon another of his golden leaves, inscribed with pen of diamond the story of this day. Here, therefore, it shall suffice to say that, when MR. DISRAELI had made his speech, sundry Members ventured remarks, but most of them in gingerly fashion; for an explanatory oration is usually a thing which must be read before its theme can be understood. MR. BAXTER, Member for Montrose, however, having discovered that the measure, being avowedly an English Reform Bill, did not affect Scotland, was safe in denouncing it on that ground. MR. HEADLAM was dissatisfied, but would wait; and BAXTER, who wanted Scotland put into the Bill, was obliged to withdraw his proposition. MR. CRAWFORD, another Scot, complained of the "insolent silence" with which Scotland had been treated, upon which the Lord Advocate promised a Scotch measure; MR. FOX said that the Bill did not provide for the emancipation of the working classes; LORD JOHN RUSSELL, suddenly inspired with a veneration for those classes, whom he has hitherto been thought to hold in no great regard as politicians, said the same thing; MR. ROEBUCK declared the Bill a boon to the landed class; MR. BRIGHT, of course, abused it *ore rotundo*; MR. DRUMMOND scoffed at everybody, rather amusingly, and likened LORD JOHN to ALEXANDER, and MR. ROEBUCK to THAIS; and LORD PALMERSTON (Wily Old Party) had not heard enough about the Bill, and wished to be supposed not to have any particular opinion at present,—the W. O. P. wishing to know what the country thought upon a matter on which he is profoundly indifferent, except so far as it affects political relations. MR. CROSSLEY spoke so; MR. EDWIN JAMES said he came in "fresh" from Marylebone, but spoke soberly enough; MR. BENTINCK simply abused MR. BRIGHT; and there were some other speeches, not worth delivering or recollecting. After this, BENJAMIN, like *Falstaff*, took all their points in his target, fenced smartly enough, and fixed the second reading for Monday, the Twenty-First. *Mr. Punch*, who is not always exactly at MR. DISRAELI'S feet, begs on this occasion to make that gentleman a bow, and to state that his manner of introducing a most important measure was worthy of the occasion.

LORD MALMESBURY explained that the POPE himself had asked the French and Austrians to depart out of his dominions. This was a marvellous modification of previous statements that they were certainly going; and it seems by no means sure that they mean to do anything of the kind. One of the Bills for reforming the Debtor and Creditor Law made progress; OVERSTONE *obstante*, as became a very rich man, more likely to have debtors than creditors.

Tuesday. LORDS CAMPBELL, BROUGHAM, and CRANWORTH helped on a Bill for preventing people from being indieted until a magistrate should have had an opportunity of looking into the case. LORD WENSLEYDALE thought this provision unconstitutional. This old lawyer was stuck in the House to advise the Peers; and he generally gives advice which he would do inexpressibly better to keep to himself.

The Commons had the pleasure of hearing MR. WALPOLE state gracefully, and MR. HENLEY grumblingly, why they had respectively quitted office. It is very meet and right that such statements should always be exacted, as everybody is interested in knowing that public men act on high motives. There could be no doubt of the perfect purity and the extreme absurdity of the reasons which actuated both these gentlemen. MR. WALPOLE is succeeded in the Home Office by MR. SOTHERON ESTCOURT, and MR. HENLEY at the Board of Trade by LORD DONOUGHMORE. After the explanations came an exceedingly important and unreadable debate on the state of the Shipping interest; and a Committee was appointed, to save the House the misfortune of being again bored thereon.

Wednesday. If TITUS dies, which he usually does some time or another, and leaves personal property—not such an invariable, but an equally laudable act—the law divides it among his representatives, in case he makes no will (and if he makes none, he is a negligent and culpable idiot); but if TITUS leaves landed property under the same conditions, it goes to his eldest son and heir. MR. LOCKE KING proposed to assimilate the rules, and divide the land; but this is not a proposition which was likely to find favour in England, a family-founding nation; and after a debate, the whole weight of the House went against the measure, which was rejected by 271 to 76. So, if TITUS wants to split up his land into slices, he must go to an attorney, and get a will made; or make one himself, which will probably send his representatives to the attorney with a squabble,—a course the latter gentleman will probably prefer.

The Bill for undoing the Bill allowing Candidates to carry about

voters in carriages had a squeak for it, but the second reading was carried by a small majority. Honourable Gentlemen do not like their kindness to their poorer friends (who have votes) to be interfered with.

Thursday. Some row made by MR. CHISHOLM ANSTAY at Hong Kong was poked into by the ever-restless LORD GREY, but LORD CARNARVON with a piteous allusion to the masses of despatches which MR. ANSTAY sends home by every mail, begged to postpone the subject.

The Jews having been fairly, if not in very dignified fashion, landed in Parliament, the House is to consider how the arrangement can be made a little more decorous. The House then decided that the duties on foreign wood should not be removed; that a commission should be appointed to consider the Liquor Laws of Scotland, and what could be done to make that dreadfully drunken province more moral; that an inquiry into the condition of the West Indies should not be made, and that people should be at liberty to marry their defunct wives' sisters. LORD BURY gained this final triumph by 137 to 89.

Friday. LORD LYNDHURST, as became the son of SINGLETON COPLEY, painter, made a very good speech about the Royal Academy, which, it seems, is dreadfully afraid of being considered responsible to the country, or anything but an institution under the Crown. It demands, however, about half of Burlington House, which cost £140,000 of our money, and something will have to be said about this little fact. Why do not the artists of England, Academicians or not, meet, and let the country, which only desires to do the best for art, know what is the feeling of the painters, generally, upon the giving this grand present to an exclusive body. If the Palette finds it unpalatable, let it say so.

The Commons got on the Army Estimates, and gave PEEL 122,655 men, and £3,724,474 in money, and Mr. *Punch* went off to his Club, cheering like one o'elock, which it was.

TWELVE LITTLE JOCKEYS.



WE copy this from the *Inverness Courier*, only varying names and address, as a lady is mentioned:—

“At the marriage of Miss HENRIETTA BIGGS, of Walton, a few days ago, her bridesmaids, twelve in number, were arrayed in the racing colours of the EARL OF ZABULON, a near relation of the bridegroom, the dresses and scarfs being of white muslin with scarlet spots, white silk bonnets, *pieques* with a spray of holly and frosted leaves inside.”

The aristocracy, and those who imitate them, are so wise and so refined, that they never do anything without the best and most graceful of reasons. Therefore in all humility, and with a sincere wish to be instructed, Mr. *Punch* asks, why twelve young ladies condescended to array themselves in garments designed to remind the spectator of the liveries which the EARL OF ZABULON puts upon his jockeys? Also, whether the groomsmen, for there must have been companions for the twelve graces, were arrayed in the colours of the EARL OF ZABULON's footmen. Surely a footman, home-trained and fastidious, is as legitimate an object for the imitation of a gentleman, as a promoted stable-boy is for that of a lady. Next, in the same humble spirit, we would ask (nothing doubting to receive a sufficing answer) what was the fitness of bringing racing associations into a sacred edifice? Rejecting any miserable jingle about a horse's halter and a holy altar, we enquire—Did the twelve young ladies keep up the idea by going off at a scamper, on alighting at the church door, first bridesmaid being rewarded with a bracelet, but being bound to accept any one who would claim the winner. And who was first? Did EMILY DE LONG-

SHANKS come in at a canter, was little CLARA POTTY a bad second, and were the rest no where? Finally, we would respectfully demand whether, if the Turf is to contribute ecclesiastical adornments, the Ring may not do the same, and what the EARL OF ZABULON and the twelve bridesmaids would say to this?—

“At the marriage of Miss MARY ANN CRASHER, of the Boxing-Gloves Tavern, a few days ago, her bridesmaids, four in number, were arrayed in the fighting colours of the TARTAN SLASHER, a near relation of the bride, the dresses being blue, with red spots, tastefully copied from the fogles distributed by the Slasher at his last mill with the Birmingham Bubblyjock.”

SCOTS WHA HAE.

(Mr. *Punch's* Version.)

SCOTS wha hae dune WALLACE dead,
Scots wha BRUCE fling at our head,
Drop sic havers and instead,
Let's like freens agree.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
Britain's a united power;
Why should Scotland's lion glower
Wi sic angry 'ee?

Scots hae wuts, and Scots hae wills,
Gudeness knows, to help their-sels,
Out of Southron pecks and tills,
Sacking the bawbee.

For each plack JOHN BULL can make,
SAWNEY still his pound will take,
They are Scottish hauns that shake
The Pagoda tree.

Wha wad idly rant and rave,
Ilk dead feud dig frae its grave,
Seour auld spear and rusty glaive,
Let him growl wi' ye.

Wha in bonds o' luvie an' law,
British hearts wad closer draw,
A' wi' each, an' each wi' a,
Let him laugh wi' me.

Wha speaks scoon o' WALLACE wight?
Wha denies that BRUCE could fight,
BURNS could sing and SCOTT could write,
Wi' the hest that be?

Wha'd ding Scotland's Lion down,
Clip his claws or shave his crown?
The bonnie beastie need na frown,
At Lions gude as he.

I'm no anxious to oppose
Case o' Thistle *versus* Rose;
Why still thrust it neath my nose,
Wi' the holly tree?

Baith hae glories to maintain,
On the land and on the main:
Gude sake, let's each keep our ain,
Nor wi' ither jee.

“RACK THEM WITH AITCHES.”—*John Kemble.*?

MR. HADFIELD, or ADFIELD, as he would call himself, is really too bad with his aspirations, and something must be done. *Punch* is overwhelmed with complaints of MR. H.'s or MR. A.'s liberties with the alphabet. The other day he was speaking to SIR G. C. LEWIS, who, adapting his discourse to his companion's *calibre*, remarked, “Very warm to-day, but the rough winds of March will play the dence with our skins.”—“Yes,” replied H., (or A.), “as the Greeks said, we must beware of the Hides of March.” SIR GEORGE (being a classical scholar) nearly fainted, but (being a patriot) supported himself into the lobby, and voted. But this is not the worst. Meeting another Member on his way to the washing rooms, H., (or A.) said, “Ah, going to wash your conjunctions?”—“My what?” asked the other senator, aghast. “Why, your Ands.” We repeat it, something must be done.

“'TIS A WISE CHILD THAT KNOWS ITS OWN FATHER.”

MEN newly raised to honours used to be described by old heraldic writers as “sons of their works.” On this principle will SIR W. ARMSTRONG take it as an offence to be styled “son of a gun?”

COMPANIONS IN CAPTIVITY.



THE *Morning Post* informs us, that Mr. MITCHELL, the energetic Secretary of our own Zoological Society, is preparing a collection of birds and beasts for the French EMPEROR in the Bois de Boulogne.

Judging by the part that LOUIS NAPOLEON is now playing in Europe, he evidently anticipates a time when he shall be able to exhibit in one cage the British Lion, the Russian Bear, and the Prussian and Austrian Vultures, all perfectly tame and cordial. Meanwhile, as he has succeeded in transforming all France into one great cage for the Gallic Eagle, it is not to be wondered at that he should be anxious to give that spirited, but for the moment discomfited, bird, companions in captivity. The collection will be rich in

the genus *Raptoree*, species *Aquila*, if it include nothing beyond the Kites, which the Imperial *entourage* is in the habit of flying, and the Buzzards who entrusted LOUIS NAPOLEON with the task of saving society.

RAILWAY COMPENSATION.

It is so generally admitted that accidents *will* happen on the best regulated railways, that we shall hardly be accused of any wish to startle or astound our nervous readers, if we apprise them that even on the Eastern Counties line it is within the bounds of possibility that they may meet with a mishap. That they may know in such case what a trial may await them, we quote the following account of one which came off very recently in the Court of Common Pleas:—

"ROBERTS v. THE EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY COMPANY.

"This was an action brought to recover damages for injuries sustained by the plaintiff on the railway of the defendants. The plea was that the plaintiff had received £2 in accord and satisfaction. In the month of October last, the plaintiff, who was in the employment of a firm of shipbrokers, was coming up to town from his residence at Barking, in one of the carriages of the defendants, when at Bronley Station, owing to an error in the turning of the points, a portion of the train got on to one line of rails and the remainder on to another. The train was overturned, and the hat of the plaintiff crushed. He was not aware at the time that he had been seriously injured, and when he arrived in London, the station-master, Mr. COVENEY, suggested that he should have some remuneration for his spoilt hat, and gave him £2, for which he signed a receipt. The plaintiff went to his business as usual, but he soon began to suffer great pain in the head, and became nervous and sleepless. Eventually he consulted a Dr. RAMSKILL, who told him he had been more seriously injured than he had at first conceived. He was obliged to leave business, was light-headed, vomited, &c., and at last went to Redhill, where his health improved, and he returned to town. He is still far from well, has lost his memory, and is unable to resume his employment.

"The plaintiff having been examined, Mr. SERJEANT BALLANTINE was cross-examining him as to how much he usually gave for his hats, when

"CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN observed that it surely could not be urged that if the plaintiff had been seriously injured he was precluded from recovering because he had agreed to accept £2 for his hat.

"Mr. SERJEANT BALLANTINE said that he had certain instructions, and that his duty was to act upon them.

"THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. Of course you must obey your instructions. I am only surprised that a Railway Company can give such instructions.

"The learned SERJEANT then proceeded to cross-examine the plaintiff with great minuteness as to his having been intoxicated on many occasions since the accident, but without eliciting anything favourable to the defendants.

"The evidence of Dr. RAMSKILL having been taken, Mr. SERJEANT BALLANTINE rose and said that, after what that gentleman had said, he could not deny that the plaintiff had met with serious injuries, at the same time it was the duty of Railway Companies to see that their shareholders were not imposed upon.

"A verdict was entered by consent for the plaintiff—Damages £250."

It will be seen from this instructive statement what a sufferer by an accident upon a railway may expect, if he be rash enough to bring an action for the damage he has sustained by it. By the express instructions of the Company, he will be chaffed and badgered by the Bar, and insult will be copiously added to his injury. If his hat be smashed, the question will be put, "Pray, who's your better?" or if his attire has otherwise been damaged, he will be asked if he did not buy his coat at an old elo' shop, and if he ever in his life gave so large a sum as half-a-guinea for his trousers.

It is possible that Railway Companies may issue such instructions to deter their damaged passengers from suing for their damages; but it is also possible that where actions are so brought, such instructions may tend rather to the damage of the Company. We heartily commend the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN for expressing his "surprise" that such instructions should be issued: but we really think his Lordship might have gone a little further, with the view of making the Eastern Counties Railway fare worse. Were LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH to have the charging of a jury, his Lordship would instruct them to take note of the way in which the plaintiff was examined, and to increase the sum which they awarded, in proportion to the verbal injuries sustained. When Counsel are instructed to badger and to chaff, LORD PUNCH would give the sufferers compensation for their evidence; and would in such cases consider they had not had justice done them, until they found a compensating balance at their bankers, not only for the injury which their persons had sustained, but also for the insults which in Court might hurt their feelings.

TAXATION AND REPRESENTATION.

THAT taxation and representation should go together, is the plea on which Reformers of the BRIGHT school go in for Universal Suffrage. But how, if Universal Suffrage be found to separate the two things,—to give us a set of representatives who pay no taxes, and a set of tax-payers who have no share in the representation?

An American little bird—not a mocking-bird either—sings in *Mr. Punch's* Conservative car—*Mr. Punch* has one Conservative and one Progressive auricular appendage—that this pleasant state of things may be seen in full play in the State of New York. In that "airily paradise" the body politic is divided into two large sections, one of which is called "the Tax-payers," the other "the Non-tax-payers." The first class includes all persons with incomes above a certain amount: the latter, all with incomes below the favoured level.

The latter body, having the absolute majority, controls all the elections, both state and municipal, appoints to all the offices, votes all the taxes, monopolises all the jobs, and appropriates all the loaves and fishes. To the former is left the solitary satisfaction of contributing the money.

In this way is attained a division of the duties and rights of property highly satisfactory to the largest portion of the inhabitants of the state. The minority bears all the duties; the majority appropriates all the rights. On the Benthamite theory, that the ruling principle of human society should be, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," what can be better than this arrangement? The non-tax-payers are the greatest number, and their greatest happiness is realised when they have shifted all the public burdens off their own shoulders and transferred them to their wealthier neighbours.

We recommend the case for the study of the British middle classes, in connection with any scheme that may be pressed upon them for transferring the entire control of political power from themselves to the masses, who have not yet reached the not very unattainable level of a £10 occupancy, or, in other words, who do not pay 4s. a week for their lodgings.

The Beauties of Hastings.

THE Hotels have no smoking-rooms! We tried two of the principal hotels, and there was not a smoking-room in either. This is, undeniably, a very great advantage to persons who do not smoke.

Again, the letter-box of the Principal Post Office is closed on the Sundays during the hours of Divine Service! This, it must be admitted, is a very great service to persons, who take very little service, as it is the cause of bringing them out of doors a second time. Moreover, it is a deserved slap on the face for not going to church.

Wheels within Wheels.

THE *Presse* newspaper, the organ of *Plon-Plon*, who is just now Lord of the Ascendant at the Tuileries, has been sold to M. SOLAR, who is already the proprietor of the *Pays* and the *Constitutionnel*. Frenchmen are fond of declaring France the central influence of the world, and Paris the central influence of France, and the Press the central influence of Paris. From proprietorship, as well as influence, the Press of Paris seems now, more than ever, entitled to be called the Solar System of Europe.

THE DEFENCE OF THE TAX.

"Is it the Tax you're defending?" burst in an impetuous Irishman, not paying the slightest attention to the previous part of the discussion, "Well, I can tell you, it's not had stuff, gentlemen, screaming hot, lots of sugar, and plenty of whiskey in it!"



Youth. "YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID, MA'AM. STAND BEHIND ME!"

THE SLEEPING BRITISH LION.

"GET up, British Lion, get up," says JOHN BRIGHT,
 "And then you shall have such a feast;
 Get up! What, asleep? Do you take day for night?
 Get up, you great lazy old beast.
 Here, I've brought you a carcase of prime Reform pork;
 I'm the man to supply you with prog;
 So jump up and pitch in; tooth and nail set to work:
 You observe that I go the whole Hog."

"Awake, British Lion, awake and be fed,"
 Cries DERBY; "awake, you slow brute,
 Here's a haunch of buck-venison, the finest e'er bred,
 Which just your digestion will suit.
 Look, only just look, what a nice joint of meat;
 You could manage a bit if you 'd try.
 Take this now, or you may be wanting to eat
 And unsatisfied be, by-and-by."

"Arise, British Lion!" LORD JOHN shouts, "arise!
 You are famished—I'm sure you must be.
 Then why do you snore so? Come, open your eyes,
 And you shall see what you shall see.
 I'll warrant you'll find it a better blow out
 Than those other fellows can give:
 I'll provide you a meal, which, beyond any doubt,
 Will last you as long as you live."

They talk to the old British Lion in vain;
 The Lion does nothing but snore:
 He won't wag his tail, and he won't shake his mane,
 And they can't get the Lion to roar.
 But you may make him roar and his jaws wide expand,
 Just presume on his peaceable mood,
 You may then find it hard to supply the demand
 Of the roused British Lion for food.

GOOD SENSE AT THE PALACE.

BRITISH snobbishness has been snubbed, and well snubbed, in Egypt. Poor little PRINCE ALFRED, after escaping from the awful boredom of Maltese ceremonial and Tunisian official civility, has been rescued from a repetition of the annoyance at Alexandria by "peremptory injunctions received from England."

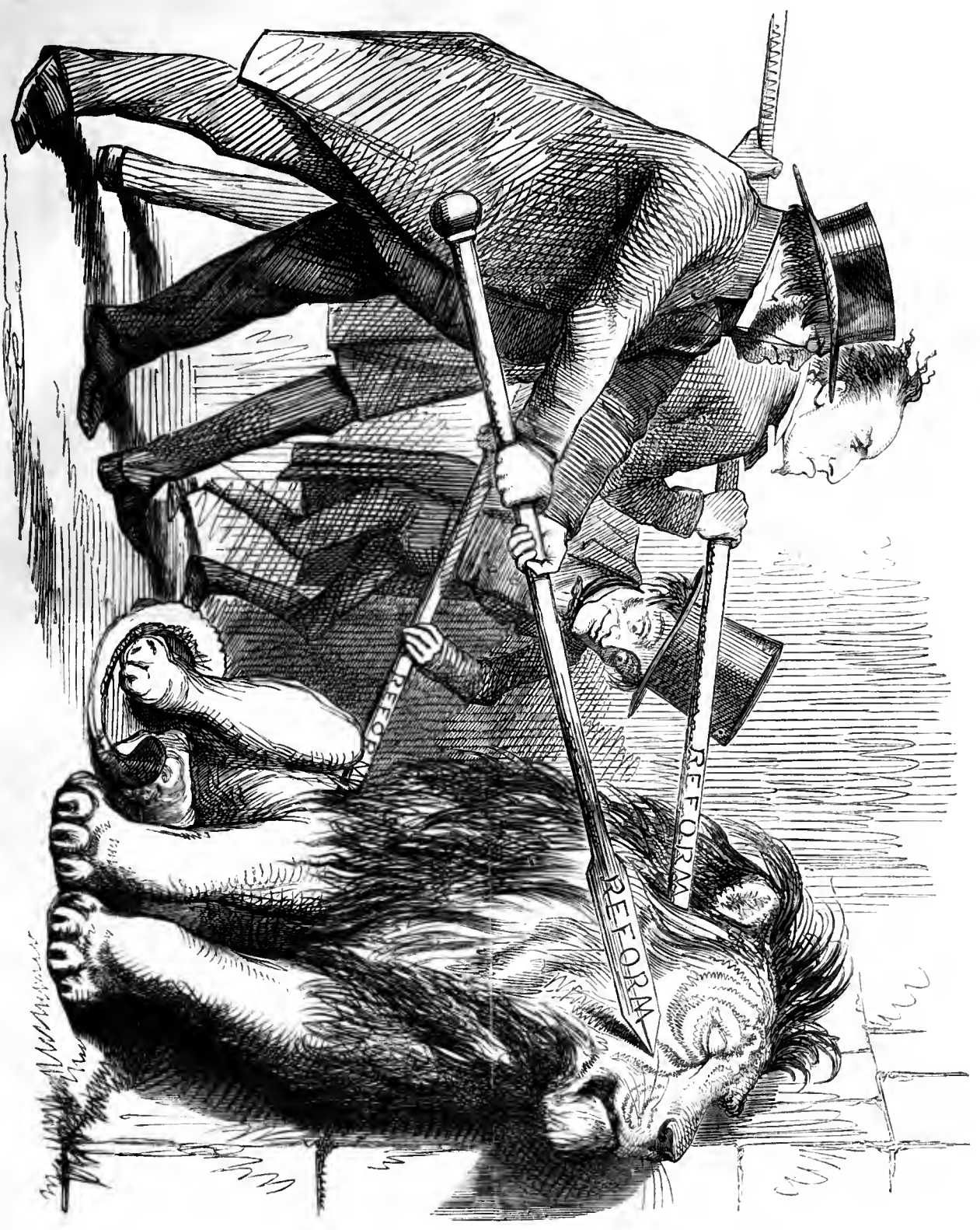
In consequence of these injunctions, says the Egyptian JENKINS, with evident disgust, "all public demonstrations of welcome have been reduced to the lowest possible point." The only amusement the youthful Prince has been allowed to partake of since his arrival in Africa has been lion-hunting. Considering that his usual fate is to be stalked by snobs, with the most unrelenting pertinacity, it must be an agreeable relief to him to figure as a hunter of lions, instead of a lion to be hunted. He ought to be much obliged to his Royal Mamma and his kind Papa for the good sense which has prompted their peremptory injunction for the suppression of snobbery, in the disguise of loyalty. There is quite enough of the real article extant to allow of their dispensing with its base and Brummagem counterfeit.

PHŒBUS IN A FLASK.

FRENCHMEN are not usually suspected of a propensity to "hide their light under a bushel;" but M. NIÈCE DE ST. VICTOR, to judge by the account of his recent experiments, has at all events "hid his light in a bottle," and drawn it out to photograph with, after six months' bottling.

What next? We shall be shortly seeing advertised, "Best Italian beams, at per dozen," or "Fine dry South African sunshine, in the wood, at per quarter eask." We may expect, too, that the new invention will be invoked to remove the prejudice against home-made wines, and that we shall be invited to patronise "the raisin" of the British medicine-man, on the strength of the rays that have been absorbed in it.

Some incredulous persons declare that M. DE ST. VICTOR's bottled sunshine on being uncorked will turn out mere moonshine; but have we not MR. WHEATSTONE's testimony to the fact that it has blackened sensitive paper?—which ought certainly not to be made light of.



WHO WILL ROUSE HIM ?

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY

1850



THE REFORM BILL.

DONE INTO HIAWATHAN VERSE BY MR. PUNCH.

If you question, if you ask him
What about this new Reform Bill,
Just brought in by BEN DISRAELI,
Fluent, mocking BEN DISRAELI,
In fulfilment of the pledges
Given by him, and by LORD DERBY,
Fluent, mocking EARL OF DERBY,
When last year they entered office?
Punch will answer, *Punch* will tell you
That the Bill has seventy clauses,
Not to mention certain schedules.

If you ask him, if you question,
Who, in case this Bill 's adopted,
Will, of all this British nation,
Have the right to vote, at poll-booth,
For the candidate aspiring
To be chosen and elected
To the English House of Commons?
Punch will answer, he will tell you,
Those he 's now about to mention.

He, with forty shilling freehold :
He who is the happy owner
Of five pounds of other tenure :
Or shall occupy, as tenant,
Aught of ten pound yearly value :
Or shall occupy apartments
(Here 's the clause to let in lodgers)
For the which he pays the moderate
Sum of twice four shillings weekly,
Or of twenty pounds per annum.
He whose stock, (or Bank or Indian)
Brings its owner ten pounds yearly,
He whose pension (army, navy,
Civil or uncivil service)
Is what 's called a twenty-pounder :
He who in a bank of Savings
Sixty pounds hath wisely hoarded.
He, a graduate of a College,
He, a clergyman, established,
He, a minister dissenting,
He, a barrister, or pleader,
He, a proctor, or attorney,
He, a doctor, (quaeks excepted)
He, a certified schoolmaster,
And all other men, if any,
Qualified by the Reform Act
Passed by GREY, BROUGHAM, and RUSSELL.

These are those to whom LORD DERBY
Gives, or else preserves, the franchise.

If you further ask or question,
What is in some fifty clauses,
Next ensuing numeration
Of the various coves, or parties,
Who will henceforth have a franchise?
Punch will answer, *Punch* will tell you,
You may go and read those clauses.
Those who do not like can lump it.
All that verbiage (as it seemeth)
Is what statesmen call machinery,
Not affecting you, sweet reader.

But, if you make further query,
(As you will do, if inquiring,
Intellectual, patriotic,
Nil humani alienum
A te putans) What great feature,
Principle, or point of party,
Is involved in this Reform Bill,
Planned by the inventive DERBY,
Published by the daring DIZZY?
Punch must answer, *Punch* must tell you,
That the Bill is, rather wisely,
Framed of Compromising order,
Doing much that 's good and proper,
Greatly pleasing neither party,
Greatly riling all the ultras;
And the British Lion slumbers,
Spite of everybody 's poking :
Long in *pace requiescat*.

For the boroughs and the counties
We have now a different franchise.
But this Bill, of good LORD DERBY 's,
Makes in both the franchise equal,
This, unto the ultra-Tories
Seems an awful step and horrid,
Tearing down the Constitution,
Letting in a revolution,
Such the awe and such the terror
This proposal hath excited,
That the good and gentle WALPOLE,
And the good and growling HENLEY,
Both have jumped clean out of office ;
Just as in the nursery legend,
MOSES and his brother AARON

In a pot were set a-boiling,
Whence, the legend adds, meek MOSES
Straight ('ere hot was AARON) jumped out.

Fifteen boroughs, now returning
Each its brace of members, henceforth
Must put up with half that number.
If, before, they've sent two thiu men,
Let them now elect one fat man,
Thus the self-same weight preserving
In the English House of Commons.
Fifteen seats, thus rendered vacant,
Unto places are allotted
Which it seems want representing.
When he states that one is Gravesend,
With its shrimps and snobs and slippers,
Punch might be received with jeering
(But that well he wields a cudgel),
'Tis the truth, and no mistake, though.
Where, oh, where is BARON NATHAN,
Here 's his seat, by BARON ROTHSCHILD ?

Henceforth, frecholders in boroughs
Cease to have a vote for counties,
This displeases LORD JOHN RUSSELL,
Who, besides, proclaims his anger
That the Bill does next to nothing ;
For, he says, the working classes :
So declare both BRIGHT and ROEBUCK,
Who are bent on giving battle.

Needs not waste your time and *Punch*'s
On a scheme of Voting Papers,
Meant to save some folks the trouble
Of attending at the hustings,
Or a scheme of polling-places,
Or on divers other details :
You requested general knowledge
Of the Bill which mocking DIZZY
Introduced on Monday, speaking
Just three hours and fifteen minutes ;
And the gracious *Punch*, delighted
To diffuse such information
As may lead to make the crisis
Plain to even the least enlightened—
WILLIAMS, SPOONER, COX, or HADFIELD—
Hath supplied you this description,
Daisied with his star-bright fancies.
Thank him, touch your hats, and hook it.

SLOW RETURNS AND SMALL PROFITS.

WHENEVER, by an accident, a Minister lets fall a sensible remark, *Mr. Punch* is always pleased to preserve it for posterity, encased, like a fly, in the amber of his type. As a specimen which he thinks fit to add to his collection, *Mr. Punch* from a month's speeches has picked out the piece following:—

“SIR C. NAPIER asked when the return of deserters, moved for last session, would be laid on the table of the House.

“SIR J. PAKINGTON said: he hoped his answer would be borne in mind by hon. gentlemen on both sides of the House. The return of deserters could not be prepared at the earliest in less than two months from this time. Six clerks had been employed upon it ever since last August, and it would cost the country not less than £500. Perhaps he ought to take blame to himself for having granted the return. Had he been aware of the cost and labour, he should certainly not have granted it. (Hear.) He hoped hon. Members would abstain as much as possible from pressing for returns involving an amount of expense by no means commensurate with their value or utility. (Cheers.)”

To this reply of SIR JOHN PAKINGTON'S *Mr. Punch* would fain give credit on two separate accounts. *Mr. Punch* would first commend the manly conduct of SIR JOHN, in condescending to confess that he “perhaps” had done amiss, and ought to blame himself for doing so. It is so new to hear a statesman volunteering to condemn himself, that one really, at first thought, can scarcely tell what to think of it. The novelty is charming, but it also is alarming: and one almost fears SIR JOHN “doth profess too much,” when he professes himself doubtful if his conduct be not censurable. If such self-scepticism as this becomes a precedent, it will clearly be the death-blow to the British Constitution. It is the right divine of Governments to go wrong; and whoever doubts this axiom saps a bulwark of the State, and lays a train to blow up both the Lords and Commons. Who will

undertake to fill an office under Government, if, when he finds himself in fault, he is expected to degrade himself by deigning to acknowledge it?

The other cause for commendation which *Punch* finds in SIR JOHN'S speech is, the hint which he throws out in the matter of our blue-books. Viewed as touching their expensiveness, these blue books are our black books; and all who wish for the reduction of the national expenditure must echo SIR JOHN'S wish to see the rage for them abating. The causes of the mania may easily be fathomed. The Member for Great Mufborough wants to get upon his legs, that his constituents may see he is “attending to their interests.” So he moves for a return of the number of mutton-chops which are consumed per week at BELLAMY'S; or of the numbers of the cabs which for the last half-score of sessions have stood upon the stand contiguous to the House; or for the returns of any other matters which appear to him as being of like national momentousness. To catch a Minister asleep, needs (just after dinner) no such wary watching; and without being “aware” of the expense of the returns, in a moment of unconsciousness he nods assent to granting them. *Punch* trusts, then, that the hint which his friend SIR JOHN has dropped will be laid to heart *verbatim* by all honourable Members; and, to ensure its bearing fruit, *Punch* would beg leave to suggest that in future any Member moving for returns should, if their “expense be not commensurate with their value or utility,” be personally liable to have to bear the cost of them. Were *Punch* returned for Parliament, *Punch* would move for a return of the returns which have been granted, where this reasonable rule might have with justice been enforced. As a taxpayer, *Punch* feels purse-onally interested in the matter; and as his literary tastes do not “incline” so “seriously” as to tempt him to read blue books, *Punch* objects to the collection of slowly-made returns which, for the most part, are attended with remarkably small profits.



Fred. (affectionately taking the arm of his friend HARRY—as he thinks). "OH! DO LOOK AT THESE BEAUTIFUL DIAMONDS. HOW WELL THEY WOULD BECOME YOUR SWEET SISTER!"

Coal-Heaver. "COME, NOW! WALKER!"

OUR TREASURES IN THE DEEP.

Borrowed from MRS. HEMANS, and Dedicated to SIR JOHN PAKINGTON.

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves, by Swells'
Official blunders, thou mysterious Main?
Huge cannon-balls, and lots of monster-shells,
Old rusty things all fired away in vain.
—Keep, keep thy rubbish, melancholy Sea!
We don't ask that from thee.

But more, the Depths have more!—What sum untold
Far down, and sunken in their stillness, lies!
Thou hast the heaps of notes, the loads of gold,
Wrung from the millions' various industries.
—Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou tax-devouring main!
We shan't see them again!

Still more, the Depths have more!—Thy waves have
rolled
Above the frigates of years just gone by!
Sand, in effect, has choked up every hold,
Sea-weed o'ergrown their decks fragmentary!
—Dash o'er them, ocean, with unfeeling play:
Our riches thus decay!

Yet more! the Billows and the Depths have more!
Gunboats and brigs are gathered to thy breast!
There sleep the Seventy-two and Seventy-four,
All Cherbourg's thunders will not break their rest.
—Keep thy old rotten hulks, thou stormy grave!
Hand back the price we gave.

Give back the lost, the money, thou on whom
Our place to keep we've fought and paid so long;
The Estimates went up 'mid looks of gloom,
And the vain grumbling woke the comic song!
—Hold fast thy buried tubs, thy pans o'erthrown:
Our failures are thine own!

To thee the iron steamer hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er paddle-wheeler's head,
O'er GRAHAM'S old junks, which WOOD'S last luggers
crown;
Yet hear thou JOHN BULL'S voice—Restore the bread
In countless millions which we've cast on thee!
Restore our cash, thou Sea!

NEW BONDHOLDERS FOR SPAIN.

"OLD HOSS,

"I EXPECT you are a tarnation sight too 'cute to be in possession of any Spanish bonds. But perhaps among your acquaintance you may have got a few softthorns owning some of them precious securities. Well; now I'll give you a bit of good news to tell them there unhappy 'coons, for the comfortin' of 'em.

"Fust you must know that our illustrious GENERAL CASS, in a splendoriferous letter that he wrote to GENERAL LAMAR, laid down this here just and necessary doctrine consarnin our relations with other powers. He declared it is the duty of the Government of the United States to enforce the obligations of foreign Governments to our own citizens.

"Now then, just you see here the program for acquiring the Island of Cuba, which has just been published in a paper to Washington:—

"A Cuban now in this city designs to make that principle the life of his speculation; and it only remains to establish the other doctrine, that foreign claims may be Americanised by passing into American hands, and when thus Americanised, come under the operation of the rule laid down by Mr. CASS, and substantially re-affirmed by the President a little later. To achieve this point is the first thing to be done. Assurance once given that the United States will recognise this new species of sudden naturalisation, our speculator in the Cuban fancy designs the formation of an American company to go into European markets and buy up a large amount—a hundred million or more—of Spanish Bonds, the best of which sell at less than fifty cents on the dollar, while the others, if I mistake not, can be had for less than twenty-five per cent. When this is accomplished, the United States are to assert the CASS-LAMAR doctrine, and say to Spain, 'Pay these obligations to our citizens dollar for dollar, or we take Cuba and pay them for you.'

"There now, if that air ain't as smart a plan for doin a stroke of business as ever was chalked out by an enlightened citizen, I'm a nigger. Sitch a lovely mixtur of patriotism and philanthropy did you ever hear of afore? I, never. Fust look at the philanthropy on it—repayment in part of the poor unfortunate ruined citizens that lent their money to Spain, has lost it principal and interest, and despairs of ever sightin a cent on it agin. And mind, the sufferers is mostly Britishers, so 'tis a kinder showin charity towards strangers—them

defenceless victims of Spanish injustice, whose own Government is too weak for to obtain 'em redress. Besides all this here benevolence to the Britishers, jest think what a considerable quantity of the milk of human kindness gushes out in the project of liberatin the Cuban population from the gallin yoke of the Spanish monarchy. Next, cock your eye at the patriotism of the notion—annexation of that fertile, productive, and important Island of Cuba to the great and glorious Republic of the United States. Last, look at the pure and spotless justice of the whole of the speculation, purchase of the territory from Spain with her own bonds, makin of 'em as good as her own money, redcemin of 'em, as I may say, from bein bonds of iniquity, and visitin of her at the same time with a righteous retribution; by that means makin of her a caution to national sinners.

"Expectin you'll keep on screamin for a long time with enthusiastic admiration of this here last new specimen of American design, intelligence, and 'cuteness of moral perception, I conclude,

"Yours, under a sense of responsibility,

"AMOS B. SLOPE."

"P.S. How about Michigan, Mississippi, Florida, and Arkansas repudiatin states?—perhaps you'll ask. How about part repudiatin Illinois and Indiana, and Michigan, that pays interest on the part of her debt not repudiated, and whose Governor always cracks her up by the official statement respectin her debt that the interest 'has been paid with usual regularity?' Well; buy up all their indebtedness too, and if they won't pay you, distrain—if you can."

A Prophetic Shot at Long-range.

AN insane Shakspearian student, who finds everything prophesied in his favourite author, declares that the Swan of Avon clearly foreshadowed SIR W. ARMSTRONG'S elevation to Knighthood, in the lines

"It is the sport to see the Engineer
Hoist with his own petard —"

"NOTHING TO EAT!" OR THE LADY'S REVENGE.



A SATIRICAL creature has told the distress, Of a certain fair maid, in the matter of dress; How, although a new bonnet she'd daily bespeak, And buy at the least four new dresses a week, Yet whene'er she went out she was heard to declare, That she really and truly had "Nothing to Wear!" Now another sad story I fain would reveal, Of the wants which rich people so bitterly feel; Not the ladies alone, if of truth there's location, But the gentlemen too are in dire destitution; A piteous complaint in all quarters we meet, That the lords of creation have "Nothing to Eat!" 'Tis now scarce a month since that sorrowful day, When SIR JULIAN DAIN-TYE, of Asterisk Street, Was heard by the wife of his bosom to say,

That, although he had dined, he'd had "Nothing to Eat!" "Nothing to Eat? why, there stood just before you, Of mutton a haunch, in the prime of eut: Had been hanging a fortnight—it had, I assure you, And cook took such pains"—but my month here was shut; JULIAN turned up his nose, as much as to say, "Toujours mouton! One can't eat it every day!" So I ventured again: "There was boiled fowl by me"— "Boiled fowl! ugh!" (a shudder afflicting to see:) "Well, at least the first course to your notice had claims, That clear soup"—"Was muddy and thick as the Thames!" "Noble cod's head and shoulders"—"Looked fishy and queer;" "And such smelts!"—"Out of season at this time of year." "Well, the side-dishes then: the sweet-breads"—"Weren't sweet?" "Oyster *pâté*, home made"—"That I never can eat!" "Stewed pigeon"—"A libel to call it a stew;" "Calf's head"—"Looked and tasted extremely like glue!" "On that jugged hare a prince might have dined, I declare"— "But one's not a chameleon: can't live upon hare!" "Then the cutlets"—"Too cold"—"And the curry"—"Too hot." "And the dainties which followed, the *soufflé*"—"The what?" "Call that mess a *soufflé*!"—"Well, the sweets were divine, Fit for gods!"—"But not men: may suit nectar: spoil wine: And as fellows who're mortal can't live without grub, And I've had no dinner, I'll—sup at the Club." Away went my half-starving husband with this, (And without going through e'en the *form* of a kiss!) —Left alone: all my wifely attentions rejected: On the Wrongs of poor Woman I sadly reflected. I had taken such pains to have everything nice, Had ordered such dainties, regardless of price, Yet our last guest has scarcely set foot in the street, When my JULIAN bursts out—"I've had Nothing to Eat!" Pursuing the theme, (on the fender my toes, And a tear tripping over the bridge of my nose,) I thought—if a wife in our "Upper Ten" sphere Were allowed (say) a trifling Five Thousand a Year For housekeeping, and spent every penny upon it, And ne'er put down as "Poultry" some "duck" of a bonnet, Don't you think she'd be troubled to make both ends meet, If her husband were one who finds "Nothing to Eat?" Well, since that fatal night, (I need scarcely relate When my JULIAN returned he was in such a state! Nor need I say here how those vile Clubs I hate, For they smell so of smoke, and they sit up so late!) Since that fatal night, the most saddening statistics I have gleaned of the Want in the well-to-do districts: And by patient enquire of their wives I have found, That alas! starving husbands in London abound: That our homeless Poor suffer in quite a low pitch, Compared to the pangs of our Dinnerless Rich:

Those poor creatures who lately have filled the *Times'* sheet With their pitiful stories of "Nothing to Eat."

MORAL.

Now, Ladies! Wives! Sisters! for Vengeance prepare! To a woman, we all know, the last word is sweet: When they twit us for saying we've "Nothing to Wear," We'll reply, "And, poor fellows! you've NOTHING TO EAT!"

JEZEBEL REDIVIVA.

"MR. PUNCH, "ON Wednesday night last week, M. FOULD, *Ministre d'Etat*, and MADAME FOULD, received, according to the Paris Correspondent of the *Morning Post*, 'at their apartments at the Tuileries, the fashionable world of Paris *en costume*.' That is to say, they gave the fiddle-faddle part of Parisian Society a masked ball. The *Post's* correspondent then proceeds to describe the scene of depraved love of approbation dancing-mad. Try if you can gulp the ensuing dose of his nauseating narrative:—

"The majority of ladies who did not assume any foreign national dress, availed themselves of the French latter Louis periods of powder, paint, and patch. Many might have been the originals of those old enamel miniatures, now so much sought after, where you get masses of powdered hair dotted with gems, pink cheeks, deep red lips, and that dead white complexion which you do not care to meet in the truth-telling light of the day."

"Of this bedaubed, beplastered, befloured, bepainted, female Clown's ridiculous and horrid style of visage, the following opinion is added to the above description:—

"And yet it is a pretty, great-lady style of toilette. The eye looks brighter framed about with powder, the skin more pearly pure; and women under such circumstances doubtless may keep up an appearance of youth even when they have a son old enough to ask for a latch-key."

"Is not the eye, *Mr. Punch*, the window of the soul, and does not all its proper brightness consist in the spiritual light which shines through its transparency? A frame of powder surely cannot heighten that light. The light which it does heighten is simply light reflected from gas or tapers: the light as of glass, glassy, and such is the glitter of the soulless eye of a patched, varnished, whitened, vermilioned woman."

"Any lady who has a son old enough to want a latch-key will only render him ashamed of his mother, by making up her face like that of a zany. It is to worse than no purpose that a withered aged creature calks the seams of her creasy old face with composition, and ruddles her cheeks. Ronge and putty only serve to make the old hag look more haggish and hideous."

"Indeed, *Mr. Punch*, I am seriously afraid that we shall soon be really hag-ridden. See how all the foolish and ugly old fashions are reviving. Powder, paint, and masquerades, as we have seen, have arisen from the sepulchre, and are flaunting in the saloons of Paris—where four or five more masked balls are arraigned to come off in high places. Hoops, which we once imagined that HOGARTH had demolished for ever, have been restored. I suppose that the costume of the period may correspond to its moral inflation. Witchcraft—the mention whereof till lately was never made without a comment on the absurdity of the very idea of such a thing in the nineteenth century—has reappeared under the name of Spiritualism. Ladies actually profess to practise necromancy, and there are some whom you know, and I could name, that will perhaps, before long, mount steeple-crowned hats, and afford us an aerial spectacle of high-heeled Balmoral ankle-jacks, displayed by the medium of an intervening broomstick."

"But, *Mr. Punch*, although we may be destined shortly to see some of the fair sex riding upon broomsticks, in the meantime, thank hoops and other extravagant fashions, we are not so liable to be bewitched by them as we were formerly. What is, perhaps, more conclusive, they do not bewitch young men in the way that their mothers did you and

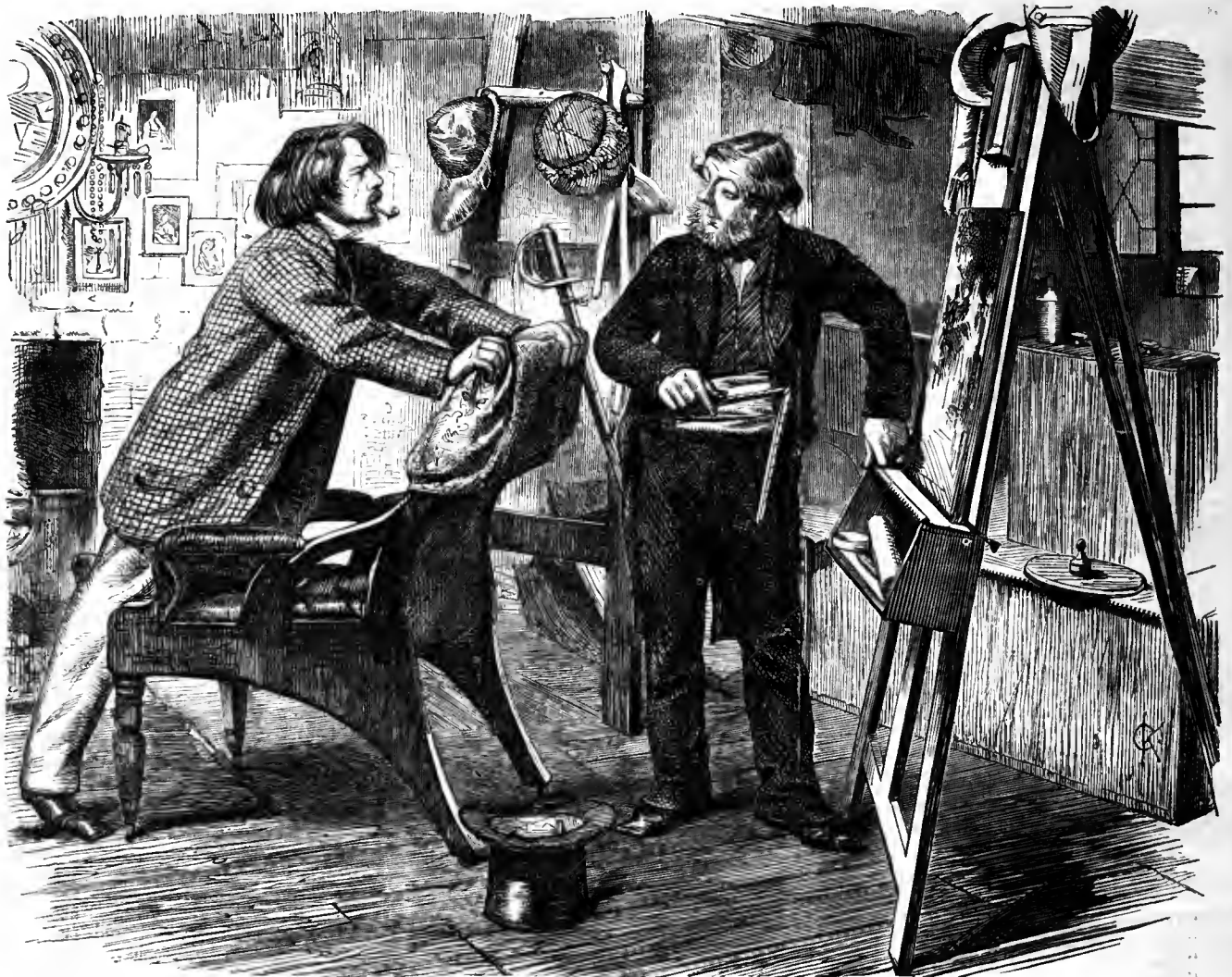
"AVUNCULUS."

"P.S. I can't sign myself Paterfamilias, and I don't envy anybody who can, if he has any milliner's bills to pay."

"Flog High, Flog Low."

MR. WISCOUNT WILLIAMS the other night expressed his dissatisfaction that any honourable Member should have moved for a return of "Corporal Punishments in the Army." Such returns were very likely to mislead. What is wanted is a return of Private punishments. "Corporals," observes the Member for Lambeth, "being petty officers, are, on our aristocratic system, less exposed to punishment than rank and file."

AN UNEQUAL MATCH.—A POOLE of Pimlico against the *See* of Canterbury!



THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Frame-Maker (who comes to measure STONCE's Academy pictures). "Now, I think it's a pity you don't let me have some o' these for my Winder, since you have no idea of the amount of Rubbish I can get rid of at times."

POKING AT THE BRITISH LION.

(From MR. BRIGHT'S *Organ*.)

"CANNOT the Ministers see that they and their outrageous, aristocratic, revolutionary, and do-nothing Bill are alike doomed? The country is up, and in a storm of indignation. Enormous and enthusiastic meetings are being everywhere held, and the voice of the nation is speaking in no buttered thunder. Among the most important demonstrations which we have to-day to chronicle are the following:—A meeting of the noble tailors of Tadeaster, where the measure was denounced in language worthy of the Roman orator, THUCYDIDES. A glowing address delivered in the school-room of the Independent Anabaptists at Seroffleton, and a petition signed by the pew-opener, teachers, and children. An eloquent debate in the Commercial Room at the Boiled Goose, Waddington, where a resolution, couched in quaint but significant language, and carried by 11 to 3, declared the Bill to be a Rum Go. Petitions from the Islington Arcopagites, in which those intelligent young men and their sweethearts (for even woman's gentleness is roused by tyranny) denounce the Bill in language that may be sneered at as extravagant, but which is based on intense indignation. A grand meeting of the vestrymen at Blobberby, at which the Mayor, (whom one day we hope to see in a reformed Parliament, if his bone-boiling pursuits will spare him to his country) aptly compared MR. DISRAELI to CORIOLANUS in chains before CÆSAR, envying the humble cottages of Britain. A torchlight meeting by the linkmen of Leeds, at which it was more than hinted that the aristo-

cracy wanted a new light upon several subjects. A meeting of the chemists and druggists of Little Holliwaggle, at which it was unanimously resolved, that if physical force should be needed, physical force should not be wanting; but that for the moment they should bottle their indignation, and watch the course of events. These are but a few of the gatherings which we have daily to notice, and we may add, that if the tyrants and slaves who call themselves a Government rely on their army and their police, they may find themselves mistaken. We have heard, but shall of course not expose the poor fellows to aristocratic vengeance by being more precise, that at the Albany Barracks the Bill, the Ministers, and Parliament generally, were denounced by a corporal in no measured terms of commination, and we know that several policemen have borrowed the *Morning Star* from the youths who tout for it at the omnibuses, and have been seen reading its articles with a satisfaction suppressed by habits of discipline, but none the less true and real. In a word, the DERBY Cabinet has brought in a Bill which will lay that hollow mockery, the Coustitution, level with the ground or the intellects of the framers."

THE DERBY REFORM BILL BRIEFLY JUDGED.

YOUR Bill is good, because it is so small:
(P'raps 'twould be better, were there none at all.)

MIRROR FOR LADIES.—Show me a lady's toilette-table, and I will tell you what she is.

FLOWERS OF VESTRYDOM.



HERE was a Meeting the other night, in the Vestry Hall of St. Paneras, to consider LORD DERBY'S Reform Bill, and a Churchwarden was stuck in the Chair. The Members for Marylebone were ordered to be in attendance, and were; and there also came a batch of the Marylebone patriots, whose names the public have learned, as it will learn any name incessantly thrust before it. There was also a hall full of admirers of the batch, and all went on as vulgarly as could be desired. That people who have not the misfortune to be rate-payers of St. Paneras, may know the nature of those who are the dictators therein, *Mr. Punch* (with sincere apologies to the lady mentioned for helping to bring her name before the world), extracts a charming epigram launched at the

wife of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER by one of the set, named T. ROSS. Objecting to the Savings' Bank clause in the Bill, he said:—

"He would like to know how MR. DISRAELI would himself have fared in this particular had he not married that rich old woman. (*Laughter and Cheers.*) He questioned if he would have saved twopence. (*Laughter and hear, hear.*) He was nothing but a political adventurer, but it would not do this time. (*Renewed cheering and laughter.*)"

This argument against the Bill was received with the favour that might be expected. The insolent allusion to MRS. DISRAELI was rewarded with "cheering and laughter." That might be expected of the people who admire St. Paneras spouters. Insult to a lady is just the sort of illustrated logic they love. But there were two or three gentlemen present. SIR BENJAMIN HALL, who is a gentleman, and hopes to be a lord, was there. Why did he not tell the vulgarian ROSS that there was no necessity for brutality? MR. EDWIN JAMES, who is not only a gentleman, but an honourable and learned gentleman, was there. Could he not have smashed ROSS with one of the poetical quotations so telling on juries—

"Come, you ROSS,
Shut up, old hoss,"

or some such effusion? MR. WYLD, M.P., who sells maps (and very good ones), was there. Could he not have hinted to the fellow not to get into such low latitude. None of them interfered, however, and so we may charitably suppose sat humiliated at being obliged to make speeches and answer for their conduct before an audience that could accept as a political argument, a blackguard scoff at a man's private means, and an offensive sneer at an inoffensive lady. *Mr. Punch* is ready to go in for Manhood Suffrage, if it will take political power out of the hands of unmanly snobs, and MR. ERNEST JONES may call at No. 85, as soon as he likes, and swear *Mr. P.* to the Charter.

ST. PETER AND THE POPE.

We read in the *Daily News* that:—

"The *Univers* advances a tremendous argument against the politicians who propose a re-organisation of the Roman States, viz., 'The Roman States are not the property of PIUS THE NINTH, they are the property of ST. PETER. The Pope has only a life-interest in them.'"

"Tremendous" as it may be, we are not surprised to hear the *Univers* say this. It has so often tried to startle us with strange statements about England, that we always keep our nerves well strung up when we read it; and its comments upon other countries never can astonish us. We fancy we have now such perfect self-command, that we could bear a much more terrifying story without winking. We should hardly feel astounded were the *Univers* to state, not only that the Roman States were "the property of ST. PETER," but that his title-deeds had lately been discovered in the Vatican, and that the faithful had received the Saint's permission to inspect them. Indeed, we really almost wonder this idea has not been acted on, if only for the sake of filling up the Papal purse. The faithful are getting tired of their stock Church exhibitions. The sight of bleeding statues has

palled upon their palate. Winking pictures serve no longer to excite their veneration. The Papal showmen clearly are in want of taking novelties. Now, we think ST. PETER'S title-deeds are just the very things for them. The knowledge of the *Univers*, of course, is universal; but, the *Univers* excepted, nobody has knowledge of them. Let the *Univers* be paid for the disclosure of their hiding-place, and let the POPE proceed to advertise these interesting relics. When the faithful have forked out their utmost for the sight of them, and no more money can be drawn by them into the Papal pockets, it would be easy to get up "ANOTHER MOST MIRACULOUS DISCOVERY!" and to announce that His Holiness had found "ST. PETER'S OWN HAND-WRITING!!" wherein was conferred the Pope's life-interest in the States. This might be be-postered in all the Romish Churches, as being an "ADDITIONAL ATTRACTION!!!" to the Show.

If the Roman States be still "the property of ST. PETER," it would almost seem to follow that ST. PETER can't be dead; and this reflection might give basis for a further imposition, and ST. PETER might himself be "discovered" by His Holiness, and be announced to act as showman in the show of his own deeds. Anyhow, we think that the POPE should have the benefit of the marvellous discovery which the *Univers* has made, and that ST. PETER'S title-deeds should be immediately looked up. They should be added to the "properties" of the Romish Church, and be used on all occasions requiring an enhancement of theatrical effect. Not being of the faithful, we have little faith in relics; but we should quite as readily place credence in the genuineness of ST. PETER'S Title-deeds as in ST. VITUS'S Dress Hair Shirt, or ST. FILIUS'S Great Toe Nail, or in any other of the holy curiosities which are now "on view" in any of the Peepshows of the POPE.



GOING TO THE BALL—THE FINISHING TOUCH.

ADFIELD'S LAST.

PROCEEDING along Oxford Street the other day in company with a little boy whom, in fulfilment of promise of a holiday, the onourable Member for Sheffield was taking to a missionary meeting, MR. ADFIELD'S heye fell on a hall-mat exposed for sale, and bearing the classical greeting "SALVE!" This, of course, MR. A. at first took for an English monosyllable, and justly remarked that it was a rum place to advertise salves and ointments on. But being set right by his little companion, who translated the word into "Hail!" the onourable Member immediately bought it as a present for a certain public-constituent, who, MR. A. remarked, ought to hadvertise his Hale, it was so strong and good.

Gentlemen's Fashions.

The sleeve is fuller than ever. A little more, and the old *gigot* sleeve will be revived, with the simple difference that men will carry the *gigots*, instead of the women. LADY M. says that the "peg-tops" are leaving the gentlemen's legs, and taking shelter under their arms.

THE LAWYER'S PETITION.

"THE VACATION JUDGE.—Any person who has seen the Vacation Judge at work must be pained to see what he has to undergo: from morning till two o'clock, or thereabouts, he hears summons not attended by counsel; some of the solicitors and their clerks, who are then heard, may be competent to their duties, and aware of the proper limits to which they may approach in propounding their difficulties; but however they may assist the judge, their numbers are legion, and some of them bore him, and waste public time, with their ignorance, vulgarity, and impertinence. Worse than all, we have many a time seen little office boys in jackets rushing into the room to ask for time to plead; two of these small urchins are said to have fought in the august presence of the late Mr. JUSTICE WILLIAMS, who witnessed the onset with calmness and resignation, remembering how he himself had battled for his clients in days long gone by. At two o'clock come the counsel and pleaders, too often forgetful of the trials the judge has undergone, and they frequently detain him to a late hour in intricate arguments.—*Law Magazine.*"



IT is the case of the Vacation Judge,
Who sits in Chambers, and decides the law;
To hear his griefs a moment do not grudge,
Oh, give me leave awhile your tears to draw!

Each day at ten his weary toils begin,
And thence till two in purgatory he sits;
While squabbling lawyers with their ceaseless din
Deafen his ears, and stupify his wits.

Of these, his torturers, are haply some
Who to "my Lord" a proper reverence show;
Briefly to ask for his decision come,
Quickly, this granted, from his presence go.

But—and their name is Legion—there are those

Who drop their H's at his Lordship's feet:
Call orders "horders," and speak through their nose,
In breath which beer and 'bacco have made sweet.

And some there are, importunate and loud,
Bears in their bearing, boreish in their speech,
Who with rude clamour round his table crowd,
And in egg-sucking fain my Lord would teach.

And worse fate yet! Small "fiends in shape of boys,"
With insolence of lawyer's office big,
Worry the Judge with childish chaff and noise,
And strip to fight before his very wig!

Then counsel come, and in his wearied ear
Their prosy *pros* and *cons* relentless pour:
Wrangle and jangle until night draws near,
Nor cease their speech e'en though they hear him snore.

From day to day, from weary week to week,
Tortured he sits, nor from his seat may budge;
Oh, let me then your sympathy bespeak,
Pity the griefs of the Vacation Judge!

A HINT TO DISTRESSED UNCLES.

OUR good friend AVUNCULUS was entrusted with the care of a child for a couple of hours. He rode a cock-horse to Banbury Cross; he ran up the hill with JACK and JILL; he expatiated merrily on the agricultural distress of LITTLE BO-PEEP, who had lost all his sheep; and eat bread-and-butter an infinity of times with MASTER TOM TUCKER. He played at coach-and-horses; he crowed, and grunted, and brayed with a fidelity worthy of HERR VON JOEL; and laid bare all his wealth of nursery lore. His young charge was in ecstasies; it laughed, and clapped its hands, and opened its eyes and ears eagerly for more. The success was undoubted; but alas! what was fun to the young child was fatigue to the elderly uncle: his strength and memory had alike come to an end, and there was still a big hour left for dandling and romping. Should he pause but for five minutes, he knew only too well the fatality that would infallibly ensue. The child would certainly cry!—probably howl!—perhaps kick!—and then what was he to do?

Not a woman within reach, and he unused to the rebellious ways of children! The crisis was alarming. At last, in his despair—for he had been doing a "ba-a-lamb" with very indifferent *éclat*—he hit upon the following bright expedient:—"Now, MASTER JACKY," he exclaimed glowingly, "we'll have a fine game! Let us play at bye-bye." So saying, he closed his eyes, and so did the child. Ten minutes afterwards, AVUNCULUS opened half an eye-lid to reconnoitre: the trick had answered, almost beyond his hopes. The child was fast asleep! He removed the young picture of innocence to the sofa, as tenderly as any mother; and UNCLE continued his newspaper with the greatest comfort, until "MAMMA" came home to release him from his difficulties. N.B. Remember: the best game to play with a playful child—when there is a great disparity of years between the two playfellows—is "Bye-Bye."

BLOATED ARISTOCRACY.

A Warning to Young Women.

A YOUNG Lady, dancing with a gentleman at an evening party, consisting chiefly of respectable mercantile people, informed him, with an evident desire to intimate that she considered herself a cut above her company, that she had a cousin in the Army! In the same spirit, apparently, as that evinced in this statement, a contemporary lately published the following paragraph:—

"WHITTINGTON CLUB.—A ball was given on Tuesday evening, at the Whittington Club, by way of inaugurating the dining and refreshment department of the Institution. Whether in honour of the dining-room, or for the sake of the ball itself, there was a large attendance of dancers, and, from the general success of the entertainment, it may be argued that the directors would please the subscribers, and benefit the Club by inaugurating something else as soon as possible in the same manner. Mr. SNEY'S band was in attendance, and played some two dozen quadrilles, polkas, waltzes, schottishes, redows, varsovianas, cotillons, mazourkas, polka-mazourkas, and galops, in the course of the evening. A gay, and at the same time distinguished appearance was given to the ball-room, by the presence of a gentleman in a militia uniform."

It is, however, quite a mistake to suppose that there is anything peculiarly snobbish in worshipping a militia-man as an officer and a swell: the snobbery simply consists in worshipping officers and swells. Officer-worship and swell-worship are equally snobbish, whether the idol is a militia subaltern, or a colonel of what is called the "crack" description of regiment. All due honour, nevertheless, to the brave, whether the regiment in which they serve be the Tower Hamlets or the Coldstream.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 7. *Monday.* The House of Lords paid a tribute to DR. JENNER, by getting up a vaccination debate, in which the value of JENNER'S system was earnestly proclaimed on all hands. Such is the course of the career of a real reformer. Sham ones are shouted for while they live, true ones receive homage when they are dust. Even Mr. *Punch* himself, far and away the greatest and wisest man who ever wrote, awaits his laurels, though millions profit by his teaching, and it was not until the other day that one of the ablest of the Judges of England, BARON BRAMWELL, referred, in his place upon the bench, to the immortal pages of Mr. *Punch*, and cited one of his dicta as a rule of conduct. Be not disheartened, therefore, worthy philosophers, priests, physicians, soldiers, scholars, artists, who humbly follow in the footsteps of Mr. *Punch*. Your reward will come some day. Wait for the waggon. In reference to this particular debate it may be mentioned, that there are still thousands of fools who neglect, or object to vaccination, and that the Government is wisely bent upon enforcing the practice.

MR. SPOONER gave a notice which was marked by true Spoonerian wisdom. He fixed a motion on the Maynooth question for the night appointed for the Second Reading of the Reform Bill. "Oh, wise old Spoon, how doth *Punch* honour thee!"

An Indian debate which followed was chiefly remarkable for a speech by MR. BRIGHT, in which he pictured the past, present, and future of India in colours so black that it would seem that he thinks India in almost as wretched a condition as England, crushed, mangled, and flattened by the Juggernaut car of a territorial aristocracy.

Tuesday. Every Englishman who has ever been at school, that is to say, about every man in England except COX of Finsbury, must have been reminded, by this night's debate, of a couplet which British youths, during their educational period, are wont to chant. Its orthography is exceptional, its politeness is questionable, but the spirit of the song is one which it is highly desirable to cultivate:

"Two skinny Frenchmen and one Portuguese,
One jolly Englishman 'll lick 'em all three."

The lines were not quoted in the grand debate which arose to-night in both Houses on the *Charles-et-Georges* question, and which some persons said was intended to damage and cripple the Ministry, by way

of preparing it for a *coup de grace* on the Reform Bill (as blacklegs who shoot pigeon-matches contrive to have the bird pinched as he is being put into the trap, that he may not fly so fast), but the poetry would have been as pertinent as much that was said in the speeches. In the Lords the proceedings were these. In the *Saturday Review* of the preceding week there was an extremely clever, and like most clever things, extremely unkind article directed against LORD MALMESBURY and his management of the French slaver question. This article LORD WODEHOUSE, late our Plenipotentiary at St. Petersburg, recited, by way of a speech, and LORD DERBY deliberately told him that he had done so. A debate took place. LORD MALMESBURY defended himself as best he could, but the great strength of the Government that night was in the maiden speech of LORD KINGSDOWN (born 1793), a nobleman who used to be MR. PEMBERTON of the Chancery Bar, and who afterwards took the elegant and distinguished name of LEIGH. He is a first class lawyer, and a man of scrupulous conscientiousness, and when such a man risks his reputation, in a first speech, he is not likely to be very far wrong. It may be safe to assume, with LORD KINGSDOWN, that the Portuguese acted erroneously, and that England could not properly have done more than she did. The manner of her doing nothing, however, was about as bad as it could be, and a man of spirit is rather inclined to back his friend a little over-ardently, than to avail himself of the slightest error on his friend's part as an excuse for being ignobly quiescent. Especially is this the case when his friend is bullied by a much stronger party. LOUIS NAPOLEON bullied Portugal, who had not been, technically, quite regular in her acts, and it would have been more chivalrous in England to have given the bully a little defiant English, than to have been so very ready to tell Portugal to drop on her knees. The matter having been battled, the Petersburg Plenipo dropped it.

In the Commons (to which body MR. GLADSTONE returned to-night) MR. KINGLAKE brought up the same subject, and there was a night's fight. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who meant more than he said, emphatically declared that the case was not one for Censure, but for comment. This was a hint to certain clever folks, in Opposition. The debate was adjourned.

To-day came the welcome news that BARON POERIO, and the other victims liberated by KING BOMBA when he fancied that he was dying, and wanted to cheat another sulphureous sovereign (a friend of course), had induced the American captain to steer for this country, and had landed in Ireland. Everybody rejoiced, but it was left for MR. J. D. FITZGERALD, a tool of the Romish priests, whose pet the baffled BOMBA is, to ask in the House whether POERIO and his friends had murdered the Master of the vessel. So spiteful and vulgar a sneer might have been spared to brave and honourable men escaping from a ten years martyrdom. MR. BOWYER, M.P., CARDINAL WISEMAN'S lacquey, will perhaps suggest that the exiles be given up to the excellent BOMBA.

Wednesday. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, having succeeded in obtaining his own consent to be a Minister once more, gave notice that he should give notice of an Amendment, which he should move on the Second Reading of the Reform Bill. HER MAJESTY'S Servants sent out for cord to pack their boxes.

Misfortune is of a matrimonial character—that is to say, it never comes single. The elegant and harmless little Church Rates Bill, brought in by MR. WALPOLE for the Government, was furiously set upon by SIR JOHN TRELAWNEY, and slaughtered. The majority against Government was a wopper—254 to 171. It was remarked that SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, who is usually as polite and argumentative as becomes a gentleman-minister, "let out uncommon," whence it was inferred that he desiered the hopelessness of carrying the Bill, and possibly that of carrying on the Government.

Thursday. After a discussion on the curious desire of the Singapore merchants to be transferred from the rule of the Indian Government to that of SIR BULWER LYTTON, the Chancellor brought in a Bill for getting rid, in great measure, of that once useful institution, but now obstructive nuisance, the Grand Jury. He pointed out how this body frequently prevented a proper trial being had, as in the painful case, to which his Lordship adverted, of the poor lunatic pauper, who was kept in a shower-bath for half an hour and then dosed with tartar emetic, by order of a medical man named SNAPE. The Chancellor, then SIR F. THESIGER, had strongly advised the Lunacy Commissioners to inquire into SNAPE'S conduct, and "one of the ablest London magistrates" decided that the case ought to be sent for trial. But, the Grand Jury threw out the bill to the astonishment of all, and SNAPE was not tried. LORD CHELMSFORD added some other arguments in favour of the abolition, and LORD SHAFTESBURY said that having had to prosecute a pickpocket his grave Lordship had been kept "dancing attendance" at Clerkenwell waiting for business that did not occupy five minutes. We hope that the *Record* will explain that his Lordship did not use the word "dancing" in its worldly sense, and that LORD SHAFTESBURY was not seen performing the *Cavalier seul* on Clerkenwell Green. LORD WENSLEYDALE, as usual, was obstructive, but the Bill was read a first time.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, Minister intending, fulfilled his threat. He

gave notice that on the motion for the Second Reading of the Reform Bill, he should move "that the proposed interference with the freehold franchise was unjust"—

(MR. DISRAELI *smiled*, having a *checkmate* move in his head.) "and that no readjustment of the franchise would be satisfactory that did not provide for a greater extension of the suffrage in cities and boroughs."

(MR. DISRAELI *smiled* no more.) The bell had rung for the curtain to rise on a tragedy, and a shudder went through the House. Nevertheless,

MR. DISRAELI rose, and stated with reference to the first part of his enemy's motion, that the Government intended no disfranchisement, and that he meant to introduce clauses to preserve the rights of the freeholders in boroughs. Chased by the wolves, the Caucasian parent flings one of his children to them, in hopes to save himself and the others, but it is gobbled up, and the wolves are again on the track.

The House passed on, with a sensation, to a finance debate, in which MR. GLADSTONE came out. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has been lending more money and funding more Exchequer Bills, in other words increasing the National Debt, and it is thought that there should be some little check on the practice. If, MRS. JONES, you send MARY round the corner with halfpence to buy a bloater for JONES'S breakfast, and she lends the browns to her cousin in the Blues (an honest fellow, mind), and has the bloaters scored up to you, MARY is a financier of MR. DISRAELI'S school. *Comprenez?*

Friday. Restless LORD GREY, who had intended to bring up the Ionian question to-night, relinquished that design, at the instance of LORD DERBY, who overwhelmed LORD DIOGENES with a shower of compliments upon his patriotism in abandoning his motion.

MR. THOMAS DUNCOMBE made a smart speech in reference to the appointment of divers Tory Magistrates for Huntingdonshire; and the democrat's complaint that a "common brewer" had been put into the commission, was met by a reminder of a certain Huntingdon brewer, called O. CROMWELL. A Navy Debate followed, and its result was the voting £995,647 for sailors' wittles.



A New Style of Puffing.

A PRESTON Quack advertises some Cough Lozenges, which "owe their curative powers to the invigorating properties of concentrated sea-air." This chemist must take the public to be a set of "Gulls" indeed, if they will swallow this. We wonder, with all their "concentrated sea-air," if ever "a Sale! a Sale! in sight appears" for these highly-puffed lozenges? We should advise the Prestonians not to take too many of them, for fear of the "sea-air" being too much for them, and sea-sickness following.



DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Newly Married Daughter (whose Husband's income is, if anything, decidedly limited). "—AND SEE HERE, PAPA DEAR, WE ARE GETTING ON SO BEAUTIFULLY WITH OUR FURNISHING! WE BOUGHT THESE LOVELY GOLD AND SILVER INDIAN ELEPHANTS AT A SALE THE OTHER DAY, AND ONLY GAVE FIFTY POUNDS FOR THEM, WASN'T IT CHEAP? WE ONLY WANT A LITTLE CRACKED CHINA TO MAKE THE ROOM QUITE COMFORTABLE!"

A DEATH-BED AT BARI, 1859.

COULD I pass those lounging sentries, through the aloe-bordered entries,
up the sweep of squalid stair,
On through chamber after chamber, where the sunshine's gold and
amber turn decay to beauty rare;
I should reach a guarded portal, where for strife of issue mortal, face
to face two kings are met—
One the grisly King of terrors, one a Bourbon, with his errors, late to
conscience-clearing set:
Well his fevered pulse may flutter, and the priests their mass may
mutter, with such fervour as they may;
Cross and chrism, and genuflection, mop and mow, and interjection,
will not frighten Death away.
By the dying despot sitting, at the hard heart's portals hitting, shocking
the dull brain to work,
Death makes clear what life has hidden, chides what life has left
unhidden, quickens truth life tried to burke.
He but ruled within his borders, after Holy Church's orders: did
what Austria bade him do:
By their guidance, flogged and tortured; high-born men and gently-
nurtured chained with crime's felonious crew.
What if summer-fevers gripped them, what if winter freezings nipped
them, till they rotted in their chains?
He had word of Pope and Kaiser; none could holier be or wiser;
theirs the counsel, his the reins.
So he pleads excuses eager, clutching with his fingers meagre, at the
bed-clothes as he speaks;
But King Death sits grimly grinning, at the Bourbon's cobweb-
spinning—as each cobweb-cable breaks,
And the poor soul, from life's eyrol, rudderless, without a pilot,
drifteth slowly down the dark;
While mid rolling incense-vapour, chaunted dirge and flaring taper,
lies the body, stiff and stark.

PUNCH AND THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

IN St. Martin's Hall, Westminster, at a Reform Meeting the other day, MR. H. G. ROBINSON made the following joke at the expense of *Punch*:-

"He was sorry to see their old comical friend *Punch* following in the wake of the leading journal. It could not be because the *Times* sometimes copied its articles that their factious friend occasionally went against the people."

The assertion that *Punch* ever went against the people is certainly a high joke; by people, being meant the whole British Public. But it is nevertheless true, that *Mr. Punch* has occasionally felt it his duty to stand in opposition to that body which perhaps MR. ROBINSON means when he talks of the people; namely, MR. ROBINSON himself and two other gentlemen, named, respectively, BROWN and JONES. These three gentlemen, if we mistake not, once issued a manifesto signed with their three names, and beginning with "We, the People of England." At that time, we believe, MR. ROBINSON was unconnected with Westminster, as were also MESSRS. JONES and BROWN; all three of them carrying on business in the same line on the other side of the water: the line being the tailoring one, and the locality Tooley Street.

All Round our Hats.

MR. DISRAELI has announced the intention of the Government to abandon that clause of their Reform Bill which was to disfranchise the Borough freeholders in regard to the Counties. The British Oak used to be the cherished symbol of the Conservative party, and the old Tories preferred being blown out of office to yielding the least point; but the Derbyites have adopted the plan of bending to the storm, and the tree for their emblem is one of which the mere name is significant of flexibility. Sing, oh! the green willow shall be their garland.

PROGRESS IN FRANCE.—The march "De mal Empire."



J-N-B-T.

D-L-I.

L-D-J-N-R-S-L.

P-S-T-N.

THE LAST PANTOMIME OF THE SEASON.



GREAT REFORM MEETING.

From our own Reportress.



"The Mission and the Miss," and several other pamphlets of acknowledged weight.*

In opening the proceedings, the Chairwoman remarked, that the question of Reform had come to such a crisis that she thought it was high time to be up and doing, and therefore she (the Chairwoman) had got upon her legs. (*Sensation, and cries of "Gracious!" and "Oh, my!"*) Ladies might object to the strength of that expression, but she was a plain woman (*titters*), and she liked plain speaking, and it had always been her motto to "call a leg, a leg." (*Oh! Oh!*) This put her in mind of the position of the Government, for it was as clear as *crochet*, if they stood on their Reform Bill, they had not a leg to stand upon. (*Hear!*) The Bill made no provision to redress the Wrongs of Women. (*Groans.*) It therefore was a mockery, a delusion, and a snare; and she, for one, was much too old a bird to be found caught by it. (*Cheers, and subdued whispers of "How odd did she say she was?"*) Her feelings were too strong for her to trust herself with utterance, and she therefore begged to call upon some other lady present to be calm enough to move the Resolution she would read to them.

Several ladies here rose in a most excited manner, and at the tip-top of their tongues declared themselves "quite calm;" on which the Chairwoman observed, it was a rule at female meetings that not more than six ladies be allowed to speak at once, and she therefore begged to exercise her power of discretion by selecting MRS. SNORTER as exponent of her sentiments.

MRS. SNORTER, who was as well received as, after what had passed, could have in reason been expected, proceeded in a moving speech to move as follows:—

"That the chief fault of the present representative system is the exclusion of Woman from electoral power, and this Meeting will be satisfied with no measure of Reform which does not remedy that glaring grievance and injustice."

The fair speaker said that, with the exception of her wedding day she felt the present was perhaps the proudest moment of her life. (*Hear!*) To see such a Meeting as that she was addressing was as pleasant to her eyes as the sight of a new bonnet. (*Cheers.*) In a ribald publication which she owned she sometimes read, although the way it laughed at ladies, and especially strong-minded ones, was often deeply painful to her (*sensation*), she had observed a picture of the Sleeping British Lion, which she supposed was meant to show that her husband and the rest of men were not sufficiently awake to the matter of Reform, and wanted somebody to rouse them to a sense of its importance. Now, she thought the present Meeting was just the very thing to do what *Punch* thought wanted. It would show that though the British *Lion* might be sleepy, the British *Lioness*, at any rate, was not to be caught napping. (*Cries of "Dear no!" and loud cheering.*) Englishwomen were alive and awake to what was wanted. Reform was what they wanted, and their husbands might rely on it that they would get no rest until Reform was granted. (*Hear!*) She (MRS. SNORTER) meant mischief, she could tell them. (*Renewed cheer-*

ing, and screams of "So do we!") She perhaps was not possessed of so sharp a tongue as some people (*Sensation, and cries of "Name! name!"*) but Mr. SNORTER might depend he'd not have a night's peace, until she got her Right to Vote safe underneath her pillow!

This assertion was received with a prolonged burst of cheering, a waving of *mouchoirs*, and a brandishing of scent-bottles. Several ladies very nearly fainted from excitement, but, remembering there were no gentlemen to hold them in their arms, they restrained themselves, and didn't. The Resolution, which was seconded by a MRS. SMITH, or SMYTH, or SMYTHE (we could not catch the spelling), was then put formally, and carried *nem. fem. con.*

Twenty minutes having been allowed here for refreshment, some conversation of a desultory character ensued, family matters and the fashions being the chief subjects. On business being resumed—

MRS. SCRATCHER said, she should not have arisen to address them but that her husband had forbidden her to speak. (*Shame!*) Yes, it was a shame; but of course she didn't listen to him. (*Cries of "Brava!" "He's a brute!" and "How I'd like to pinch him!"*) She hoped ladies would be calm. She (MRS. SCRATCHER) was an advocate for peace; but they knew that, to obtain peace, war was sometimes a necessity: and at the present time she felt like the angel in the poem. (*Name!*) Let ladies read their MILTON, and they would see she meant her "sentence was for open war." (*Hear! hear!*) For her own part, as they all knew, she (MRS. SCRATCHER) was as peaceful as a dove (*Question!*); but she scarcely need remind ladies that even doves have claws. (*A voice, "Yes, and some know how to use them!"*) She cried, then, War to the finger-nails, and, if need be, to the carving-knife! If they could not rouse their husbands by fair means, let them try what a diet of perpetual boiled *fowl* would do! Or, if that be insufficient to get the British Lion's monkey up, there was but one course left them, a course of every-day cold mutton. (*Cheers.*)

MISS TABITHA M'CLAWLEY said, She heartily concurred in the views of the last speaker; and if she ever had the misery to be pestered with a husband (*Question!*), she should certainly adopt the pacific course suggested.

MRS. GREYMARE ventured to remind her gentle hearers, that they had met to attack Government, and not, just then, their husbands. She, like MRS. SCRATCHER, liked having her own way; but she had never been reduced to use her finger-nails to get it. She (MRS. GREYMARE) thought, while ladies had their tongues, they certainly had need of no more formidable weapons. (*Hear!*) As for the Reform Bill, it was a most iniquitous, because one-sided, measure. Averse as she was always to vituperative epithets, she thought that *such* a provocation justified her using them. (*Hear! hear!*) The Government Reform Bill was an insult to womanity (*loud cheers*), and, in the name of outraged Woman, she indignantly rejected it! Her reasons for so doing might be stated in six seconds. (*Hear! hear! and cries of "Don't be longer; there's a dear!"*) She had called it a one-sided, and a therefore unfair measure. It made no provision at all for the fair sex, and was intended solely for that which in distinction she would call the *unfair sex*. (*Hear!*) If they looked to the last Census (*a voice: "Gracious me, what's that?"*), they would find that women formed by far the better half of the British population; and the people, it was clear, could not be rightly represented while their *better halves* were thus excluded from the Suffrage. (*Cheers.*) She therefore begged to move—

"That this Meeting, having proved that Woman has a Right to Vote, hereby pledges its unanimous support to any Government which will extend to her the use of what is logically hers."

MRS. PRETTYWOMAN seconded the resolution, observing, that she, personally, did not dislike LORD DERBY; indeed, in certain of his views she completely coincided. He was fond of going to races,—and so, she owned, was she. (*Oh, fie!*) To MR. DISRAELI she had not much objection, except that she must say, she thought him far from handsome. (*Oh! oh!*) As to the other people, she did not much like MR. BRIGHT, because he dressed so queerly, and he talked so loud; and she could not place much confidence in LORD JOHN RUSSELL either: he really looked so small, and was getting—oh!—so Grey. (*Order.*) If she *must* make her choice, she thought that she would rather give LORD PALMERSTON her countenance (*oh! oh! and whispers of "Does she mean to kiss him?"*), because she had always thought him such a "love" of a man. (*Sensation, and vociferate cries of "Order! order!"*) She (MRS. PRETTYWOMAN) was *not* out of order. She was only making use of a popular expression. Were ladies not aware his Lordship had been christened "Cupid?"

This explanation was received with general titters, and a lady was proposing "Three cheers for LORD CUPID!" when

The Chairwoman observed, that she regretted to deprive the noble Cupid of his due, but ladies ought to be informed that their husbands-in-waiting had all pulled out their cigar-cases, and declared their intention of adjourning to their Clubs. Hearing this, the Meeting separated in considerable confusion, and it is difficult to say to what precise results the proceedings had arrived.

* Query, Heaviness?—Punch.

AGRICULTURAL PREJUDICE IN HAMPSHIRE.



WANTED—on a Farm, a Man and his Wife, to live in a Cottage; the man to work on the farm and the woman to do the washing for the house, either by the dozen or by the quarter. A good character required. No Dissenters need apply. Address post-paid, A.Z., Post Office, Hurstbourne Tarrant.

What can be the object of the Uphusband agriculturist in notifying that, for the privilege of working on his farm, "No Dissenters need apply"? This question for some seconds

with some oddity, the place named in the subjoined advertisement from the *Andover Advertiser*, calls itself, by the mouths of its natives and their neighbours, Uphusband. It is, like one of LORD MALMESBURY'S truths, immortal, having been rendered so by that great paragraphic poet, WILLIAM COBBETT, in his *Rural Rides*. Further celebrity will now be conferred on it, by the publication of the fact that it contains an "A. Z.," though this may not be exactly the way to spell the name which that individual might more correctly assume, he being evidently, by reputation, a man of three letters, of which, albeit the first is A, the two others are not Z's. The following announcement expresses a want—so does a bray:—

puzzled us considerably; but at length we arrived at the conjecture, that he had probably contracted a dim idea that Dissenter and Independent were convertible terms; so that, if he were asked what objection he entertained to Dissenters, he would, as soon as he had been made to understand the question, if put to him in those words, probably reply, "Oh! I wun't never ha' noth'n to do wi' none o' them there Dis-zenters; they be a precious zight too independent vor me, mun!"

If the advertiser is an old woman, the answer would be just the same, only pitched in a high key, of the nature of a shriek, instead of being grunted in a profound bass.

The Ciphering Boy.

"I CANNOT print," said meek LORD MAM,
"All the despatches you apply for,
"For mortally afraid I am
Lest foreigners find out our Cipher."

That fear comes late, 'tis past a doubt.
Ask at Vienna, Lisbon, Paris,
Long since they've found our Cipher out,
And know his name 's JAMES HOWARD
HARRIS.

A Musical Critic.

"You are quite right, Sir; VERDI is a crack composer, on the just ground that he has cracked more voices than any other composer of the present day."

THE GENERAL BRAND OF HUSBANDS.

It is strange, but every woman's husband is the very worst that ever lived, until he is attacked, and then, "dear fellow," he is the very best!

"WHITE LIES."—Mock-Auctioneers selling Plated articles for Silver.

PECULIAR ANIMAL POLARITY.

To the Editor of Punch.

"PERHAPS I may gratify some of your readers by the relation of a little incident, interesting both in a domestic and philosophical point of view, as illustrative both of the probable nature of a familiar article of consumption, and also of the keenness of canine instinct in combination with olfactory sensibility.

"This morning at breakfast I was indulging in the luxury of that well-known admixture of animal substances and aromatic condiments commonly denominated a German Sausage. This peculiar compound of savoury ingredients is, as you are probably aware, enveloped in a membranaceous investment, formed, I believe, of the outer or serous coat of a portion of the smaller division of the alimentary canal of one of the *Ruminantia*.

"Beside me on the floor lay a small dog of the Skye Terrier species, by some erroneously believed to be a French Poodle. I am in the habit of employing this animal in the disposal of those portions of my food, which, in relation to the exigencies of my own economy, are too hard and indigestible. I may mention, amongst other fragmentary matters, crusts and bones.

"As I sliced disc after disc from the cylindrical column of nutriment with which I was recruiting my organisation, I separated from it, by peeling, the outer rind or integument, the density of whose texture renders its mastication difficult, and is therefore incompatible with its due assimilation by the human stomach, although presenting no obstacle to the functional energy of that organ in the dog. Accordingly, from time to time, rejecting these strips of membrane, I consigned them to the more appropriate discussion of my canine companion.

"The expectant avidity with which the quadruped awaited each morsel of the rapid substance was only equalled by the appetitive celerity with which he caused it to disappear. The most diminutive particle was eagerly apprehended with the lingual extremity, or, if not at once recognised, was perseveringly traced by a nasal investigation on the floor.

"In divesting the German sausage of its containing membrane, the latter is often separated into two layers. I dropped on the carpet a section of the inner one of these. It fell like a snow-flake. The creature was unable to distinguish its whereabouts by the sense of vision. But its odour, derived from the meat with which it had been in contact, was instantly recognised by his olfactory perception, and after a prolonged series of forcible nasal inhalations, he succeeded in discovering the minute delicacy. To despatch it was, of course, the work of an instant.

"When we consider the peculiar predilection of the canine species, as above exemplified, in connection with the similar excitement manifested by the same *Carnivora* whenever a wheelbarrow laden with a certain description of aliment approaches their vicinity, we shall perhaps be enabled to form a probable conjecture of the nature of the animal substance which constitutes the basis of German Sausage. We may, I think, safely suspect that the matter which, in its inanimate state, is so eagerly sought by the dog-tribe, may, during life, have followed the hounds, and subsequently perhaps have been employed in the traction of public vehicles. In short, the hypothesis of the equine origin of that article of food seems confirmed by the experience of

"A STUDENT OF COMMON THINGS."

"Punpton Institute, March, 1859."

"P.S. A visitor known in families by the name of Puss has just entered my apartment. She approaches the cupboard in which a remnant of the viand above alluded to is reserved. She utters plaintive cries, whilst scratching and smelling at the keyhole she attempts to open the door. This is very interesting. Appetency for the Teutonic species of sausage is evidently characteristic, not only of the canine race, but also of the domestic variety of the class *Felis*."

VERY VULGAR TRANSLATION.—*Audi Alteram Partem*.—Before believing a "party," you should always hear what the other "party" has to say.

"THE MELTING MOOD."—The Future,—when a woman says "I will."

PASTORAL SIMPLICITY.



ALTHOUGH the prospect of the Scarlet Hat be dazzling to his eyes, good ARCHBISHOP CULLEN still looks to his old flock, and takes the tenderest care to see their welfare is provided for. In the Lenten Pastoral, which he has lately issued for their spiritual guidance, the perils of "societies" are denounced in the same breath with the pleasures of Society:—

"As Secret Societies are the cause of the greatest evils to religion, tending to promote impiety and incredulity, and most hostile to the public good, the Catholic church has solemnly excommunicated all her children who engage in them. Hence, no Catholic can be absolved who is a Free-Mason, a Ribandman, or enrolled in any other secret Society. Drunkenness, a vice so degrading in itself, and the occasion of so many evils, and improper dances, such as the polka, and others of the same description, so repugnant to the purity of Christian morals, are to be avoided, not only during Lent, but at all times by Christians who profess to be followers of the immaculate Lamb of God, Jesus Christ. All are exhorted to perform works of piety and charity during Lent, visiting the widow and the orphan, relieving the poor, and, above all, contributing to provide a good Catholic education for Catholic children, and to preserve them from the innumerable snares now laid for them in mixed and proselytising schools."

Our Free-Masons will feel flattered to be coupled thus with Ribandmen: and it doubtless will astonish the strong minds of our young ladies to be told that the polka is "repugnant to pure morals," and an evil to be shunned by all "professing Christians." They will, however, know what value to attach to such denunciation, when they find the voice of warning raised in the next breath against the vice of proselytism, which is accounted "above all" an evil "all" should guard against. By coupling such sins as making proselytes and polking, the Archbishop, we think, weakens his denouncement of them both; and if we view his pastoral with the eye of a logician, we must regard it as a specimen of pastoral simplicity.

SUPERSTITIONS.

(In Full Force at the Present Enlightened Day.)

1. WHOEVER receives a letter with "On Her Majesty's Service" printed on it, may make up his mind that there is some unpleasant summons in store for him.
2. If a husband comes home late from the City, and doesn't find the dinner ready, he becomes fretful.
3. The alphabet, stamped in gingerbread, should be given to children who are slow in learning to speak.
4. To receive gloves from a lady, who has lost a bet to you, is a sign of great luck.
5. A long yarn, when spun by an elderly gentleman who has lost half of his teeth, possesses wonderful virtues of sleep.
6. Reading in bed over-night betokens heaviness in the morning; and the same may be predicated of pork-chops, when taken after a late dinner, for supper.
7. The curtains are sure to smell in that room in which cigars have been smoked.
8. The young lady who sleeps with JOHNSON'S Dictionary under her pillow is sure to find the Christian name of her future husband in it the next morning.
9. Forgetting to close the street-door after you, when you go home late, is unlucky.
10. Hearing a Frenchman crow before breakfast, generally produces a feeling of nausea during the remainder of the day.
11. When women are picking characters, men should not listen, or else a few sharp truths may come flying through the keyhole.
12. To be born with a silver spoon in your mouth is lucky; but twice lucky he who can open his mouth without betraying the spoon!

TÊTE-À-TÊTE.—The Correspondence between SIR FRANCIS HEAD and France's Head.

THE JEWEL OF LIBERTY.

THERE, PADDY, my honey, are the men for your money,
 The Exiles for Erin to brag of and boast,
 Those noble Italians, no factious rascalions,
 Who have just set their feet upon Liberty's coast.
 They made for the dry land of your happy island,
 A refuge to seek from the winds and the waves,
 From a tyrant escaping, and then their course shaping
 To a land of free men from a nation of slaves.

In them is exemplified what 'tis to be thramped,
 Insulted, degraded, and loaded with chains,
 On the limbs of your betters you'll see marks of fetters
 Fit to make all the blood of ye boil in your veins.
 In the kingdom of Naples, to positive staples,
 Of iron, set fast in a solid stone wall,
 Those patriots were fastened, with rale scourges chastened,
 And not bate in nothing but figures at all.

Some linked to each other their groans had to smother,
 And whisper the curses they couldn't restrain;
 No hope for to-morrow to lighten their sorrow,
 No prospect but Death to release them from pain.
 And these are no traitors, nor yet instigators
 To riot and bloodshed with daggers and pikes,
 They are patriot statesmen—not Ribbonmen's mates; men
 Of whom you may go far to meet with the likes.

And they're come to old Erin, that freedom to share in,
 Which all QUEEN VICTORIA'S true subjects enjoy,
 What a proud situation, and fortunate nation,
 Must yours then be, PADDY, my broth of a boy!
 So join we together in extending, like brethren,
 A fist to the band who at BOMBA may snile,
 No tyranny dreading, the soil who are treading
 Of Liberty's jewel, the Emerald Isle.

A PRINCE OF THE BRITISH CHURCH.

To the Editor of the "Record."

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,

WHAT do you think the REVEREND ARCHDEACON LAW has been and done? See, here, what the *Morning Post* says:—

"PRINCELY GIFT.—We are informed that ARCHDEACON LAW has given to the inhabitants of Weston-super-Mare a town-hall, and ball and concert-room, at a cost to himself of £4,000."

Here is sad work, is it not, for the pen of the recording angel—of the *Record*? What is a "dancing clergyman" to one who causes others to dance—fiddling, as I may say, the tune of £4,000? A princely gift! Yea (say you), a gift that might become a Prince of the Court below. Of course you will call ARCHDEACON LAW the law of sin,—though, between ourselves, there is gospel, as well as law, for music and dancing. And recollect, that whilst people are dancing they cannot be guzzling; and so long as they are listening to music, they must keep their tongues from evil-speaking. So, on the whole, though MR. ARCHDEACON'S munificence is very painful, we must bear it as well as we may,—you and your affectionate brother and friend,

PUNCH.

P.S. Come to my office any evening you like, and smoke a cigar with our friend of the *Tablet*.

Truth out of the Mouth of a Prince.

SATIRISTS in Paris compare the mouth of PRINCE NAPOLEON to the old Temple of Janus; for they say that when it is opened it means War, and it never opens for any other purpose; and only when it is closed does it indicate Peace. It is almost needless to state, that the Prince's mouth has scarcely been closed once during the last two months. His late retirement, however, from the Algerian Ministry may have the happy effect of inducing him to "shut up" a little.

The Choice of a Profession.

Distressed Father. I'm sure I don't know what to do with my boy TOM. He has acquired such an inveterate habit of lying.

Sympathising Neighbour. Make a Diplomatist of him, Sir, and his fortune is made.

"PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW."—The Farewell that MADAME GRISI intended taking this year is postponed, we understand, until the year 1869.



Ruggles. "HOLD HARD, MASTER GEORGE. IT'S TOO WIDE AND UNCOMMON DEEP!"
 Master George. "ALL RIGHT, RUGGLES! WE CAN BOTH SWIM!"

MYSTERIES ABOVE AND BELOW.

If we are to believe a reverend Welsh divine, and an apparently respectable Welsh working-man, a shower of fish, some of them as big as sprats, fell the other day, together with a quantity of rain, at Aberdare; and some of these sky-fish have been sent to PROFESSOR OWEN for his opinion on them. In the mean time PROFESSOR OWEN tells us a thing which there can be no doubt about, and which is nearly as wonderful as the fish, which, if they fell out of the air, may be supposed to have been formed in the clouds, or to have come at least all the way from the moon. At the Royal Institution, the other day, in his Lecture on Fossil Mammalia—

"PROFESSOR OWEN said, that among the fossils most abundant in the red crag of Norfolk are the ear-bones of whales; and it is not uncommon in travelling through that county, to see heaps of bones of ancient lions, whales, elephants, and hippopotamuses piled up in the farms ready for conversion into manure; for when occupation for the labourers in the fields falls short, they are employed to dig pits for the extraction of these bones. The stratum which contains them lies usually within 10 feet of the surface; it extends along the coast for 30 miles, and stretches inland in several places for an equal distance. There is, therefore, an almost inexhaustible supply from which the farmers of Norfolk and Suffolk may manure their grass and turnips, and thus they now extensively feed their cattle from the fossil remains of the extinct animals that once occupied that portion of the globe."

Since there are such immense quantities of the bones of lions, whales, elephants, and hippopotamuses under the surface of Norfolk and Suffolk, what prodigious numbers of all those creatures must have once existed on the soil, except the whales; but what shoals of these, also, must have floundered in the neighbouring seas! How did such a dense mass of wild beasts manage to get on together? They must have been very thick with each other at any rate,—equally so, in a mechanical sense at least, with bees in a hive, emmets in an ant-hill, or insects of a baser sort in a marine lodging-house bed. A submerged forest turned into a coal-tract is intelligible enough; but an underground assemblage of skeletons, forming the remains of a flock of huge and ferocious animals, which, when living, must have extended in a compact body over many square miles of ground, baffles understanding. Such a fact is a fact of the same kind as that—if it turns out to be a fact—of the moon-fish, or star-fish, or whatever fish those were that descended out of the atmo-

sphere the other day in Wales. It is one of those things in earth that *Hamlet* mentions in a passage which it is unnecessary to quote. The shower of fish may be one of the other things which he alludes to. These fish may, indeed, be conjectured to be sticklebacks, which had been sucked up by a waterspout; but there is as much, or as little, ground for supposing that they were discharged from the tail of the Comet. If, as the phrase is, it rained them, what rained them? The Comet, as likely as anything else. We pause for an assurance that the alleged phenomenon of the fish-shower is not a hoax; but if we come to believe in the possibility of whitebait dropping into our mouths, we certainly shall be capable of swallowing anything, except the infinitesimal globules of Homoeopathy, which still stick in our throat.

A Distinction with a Difference.

(Being a Query respectfully submitted to LOUIS NAPOLEON.)

THAT the "Empire is Peace" you still say,

But while guns cast by hundreds we see,

Some natural doubts force their way,

Which description of peace it may be,

That spelt with an "e" and an "a,"

Or that spelt with an "i" and an "c."

MURDER WILL OUT.

IN the speech delivered by MR. KEELEY as Chairman of the admirable association for relieving Dramatic and Equestrian Artists in sickness, he referred to an amusing retort made by somebody to certain ecclesiastical strictures upon the theatrical profession. The repartee was, that whereas no actor had ever been executed for a great crime, there was no crime punishable by death of which a clergyman had not been guilty. Smartness rather than exactitude is the characteristic of repartee, or else a parson might answer, that for one murder by a churchman, a thousand have been committed by actors. Who has seen Mr. Never-Mind-Whom in *Macbeth*?



Zealous Shoe-black (to Friend who has had his Photograph taken). "Well, I would a had my boots shined respectable fust, if I'd a been you."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 14, Monday. The lawyers have got a grand plan for leaving Westminster entirely to the politicians, and for concentrating all the Law Courts upon an area to be obtained by making a clean sweep of all the dirty, crowded, and pestilential district between Carey Street and the Strand. "Set a thief to catch a thief," is a respected motto; and the idea of setting the nuisance, Law, to clear away the nuisance, Squalor, is a good idea. The proposal to take the money for the purpose out of the Suitors' Fee Fund is not so preposterous as it looks; and LORD CHELMSFORD'S condemnation thereof to-night, in bringing in a little Bill to build some little Courts for the little Chancery Judges, was simply official.

MR. TITE briefly expounded the Great Drainage Scheme for London; and those who are interested in the healthy condition of the Metropolis may like to know that there is to be a sewer from Clapham, and another from Putney, to Deptford. The religions world is acquainted with the first-mentioned place; and rowing-clubs, and other lovers of good beer, know the second; but as nobody knows Deptford, it may be mentioned that this is a nasty place, on the right-hand side of the river, as you go down to eat whitebait, and is opposite to MR. SCOTT RUSSELL'S yard, where the *Great Eastern*, alias the *Leviathan*, alias the *Great Ship*, was built. At Deptford, the united contents of the sewers are to be pumped up to a higher level, and taken to Erith, an objectionable little watering-place, on the right-hand side, and here the river is to become the sewer. Similar processes will bring the sewage of the north bank from Hampstead, from Kilburn, and from some other point, to the river Lea, whence it is to be taken to Barking, an excessively dirty-looking hole, on the Southend railway, and thence this sewage goes into the river. All is to be done in four years, and the Bank has advanced the three millions necessary to do it. A rate of threepence is to pay this money back in forty years. It is very desirable that these arrangements should be understood; and MR. PUNCH begs that he may hear of no affectation of dislike of a subject of so much importance.

The Bill for cheapening conveyancing proceeded, applauded by the best legal authorities; and the House took the Navy Estimates, MR. GILPIN interpolating a small debate about a certain execution of a large number of revolted Sepoys, during the Indian war. GENERAL THOMPSON emitted the most foolish speech which even this poor old party ever uttered; and LORD STANLEY said that the execution was probably necessary, though the persons who had conducted it had treated the subject with too much levity. In different hands than those of a professed peace-monger, the topic might have created more sensation: but fanatics spoil everything.

Tuesday. SIR JOHN TRELAWNY, Church Rate Reformer, and Slaughterer of the Government Bill, brought on his own for second reading, at a morning sitting, and on division, carried it by 242 to 168. This effort seemed to have exhausted the House, for scarcely anybody came in the evening. There was a Count.

Wednesday. LORD JOHN RUSSELL gained a triumph,—his Bill for improving the law of Debtor and Creditor being read a second time, and much approved. There is another Bill of the same kind, which passed the Lords next day; and so the two are to be considered together, or, as MR. HADFIELD might say, simultaneous. Something was then done towards relieving the Quakers, whose feelings about affirmation had been incautiously hurt by the Jew legislation of last year. It is quite right to remove every kind of vexatious interference with anybody's creed, or superstition; and as there is no more persecution of Quakers, and as they have "concluded" to dress like other people, and to talk grammar, it may reasonably be supposed that in a few years there will be no more Quakers left; for who will care to belong to a sect unless it is oppressed, or singular?

Thursday. The Five Powers, having an idea that by their drawing a boundary-line on the maps of Europe in their Foreign Offices the Montenegrin savages will be deterred from going into Turkey and cutting off the noses of the Faithful, have sent out instructions to prepare that invisible fence. This, LORD MALMESBURY explained. We hope the Montenegrines will be as much awed as is expected.

The Commons had a long miscellaneous night, chiefly marked by MR. DISRAELI'S producing his device for getting rid of the objection to the disfranchisement part of his Bill, and by one of the stereotyped debates upon the privileges of the Guards, which came to nothing. And it seems that, among the QUEEN'S possessions, is an island called Jersey, situated in the Channel, very near France; and as nobody has ever given such a place any attention, all its laws, prisons, charities, and the like, are in the awful mess that might be expected. Parliament is to inquire into the subject.

Friday. MR. PUNCH'S suggestion to the Water-colours, that they should not let the Oils have it all their own way—an objectionable way of putting oil over the waters—has produced its effect; and so has his other suggestion, that there should be a congress of the representatives of Art, in reference to Burlington House. The Water-colour Society has put in a strong and just claim for a portion of the site; and LORD DERBY has commanded the First Commissioner of Works to summon an Art-Congress for the discussion of the whole subject. MR. PUNCH is not self-complacent, considering that he saves the country about three times a-week, besides filling up the rest of his time by conferring the most inestimable boons upon it; but he feels a little proud that he has thus stirred up all parties to do justice. He takes this opportunity of announcing, that he declines to sit for his portrait, or to receive any other testimonial of gratitude from anybody.

Whether the Derbyites exactly love LORD CANNING, or not, is beside the question. HER MAJESTY has commanded that his Lordship be at once made a G. C. B.; and when he writes home that all is serene in India, he is to have a step up the Peerage ladder, that is to say, he is to come to Court as an Earl, which is the more appropriate, as he was born near Earl's Court, Brompton. This came out in a brief Oude debate, not otherwise interesting.

But in the Commons, there was some fun. MR. ROEBUCK affectingly appealed to LORD JOHN RUSSELL not to smash the Government, because this might let in the Palmerston lot, and also agitate Europe. Then, amid the laughter of the House, uprose the furious COX, member for the public-houses of Finsbury. He, too, assailed LORD JOHN, and apprised him that he was not half statesman enough for such men as COX, and must bid higher for the support of the Great Liberal Party, of which COX is the acknowledged Cock. Into such a rage did the M.P., or Member for Public houses, work himself, that in order to enforce his argument (as BURKE, on revolution, flung down a dagger, and RICARDO, on finance, flung down a one-pound note), he actually rounded a sentence by flattening the nose of a brother-member who sat next him. "We will not be made a tool!" roared COX; and down he came, like a hammer, on the face of his unlucky neighbour. The shouts of the House were deafening; and the senatorial Bruiser, thus at once COX and COX, drew more laughter than the capital faree of that name; TOM DUNCOMBE was obliged to lead the minds of the members away to some other subject, of not the least consequence. After a discussion on this, LORD JOHN RUSSELL (who did not dare to trust himself to look at COX) stated that he knew what he was about, and should certainly make his motion on the Monday. After that, Ministers had nothing to do but to send word to their servants to finish cording the boxes, only keeping out a few knives and forks and some little things wanted up to the last moment of moving, and which could be carried in the cab, or in the perambulator.

Some Indian discussion took place, and it was elicited that the thanks of Parliament were to be given to LORD CLYDE and his army; but it was felt to be rather doubtful who would have to propose the vote. The duty may devolve on a small man with a large hat, who says oblige and se'nright.

The extremely foolish, because useless, Sale of Poisons Bill passed through Committee; and if any intelligent chemist would just write a plain letter to the *Times*, and therein say to the House what he says to any intelligent customer on the subject, little more would be heard of so silly a measure.

Manly as he is, even *Mr. Punch* shrinks at the thought of the scenes he will have to describe when next he takes pen in hand. A refreshing week in cheerful society in the country is absolutely necessary as a preparative; and he therefore states to the World, that not the slightest attention will be given by him to any business whatever until further notice. *Toby*, a Hansom! Brighton Railway!

THE GROWING LIBERTIES OF THE PRESS.

MORE than one of our weekly contemporaries—including some country papers—have of late betaken themselves to the supply of a want that had long been felt on this side of the Atlantic—had been felt ever since the extinction of the *Satirist*. Personal remarks relative to authors and artists of repute, or any other gentlemen whose names are before the world; details respecting their private transactions, offensive, and, for the most part, imaginary;—such are the materials constituting the kind of newspaper article which those journals purvey to that public which they flatter by the supposition that it craves this sort of provender. Each of them appears to have engaged a contributor on whose shoulders has fallen a rag of the torn-up mantle of MR. BARNARD GREGORY, of putrid memory.

Not to be behind our contemporaries, we have hired a monstrous blackguard, a native of Bohemia, to supply a lower class of readers than any that we at present have with the kind of entertainment which the scum of the earth, and the dregs of society, derive from scandal and slander. Our infamous Contributor will supply this species of stuff from time to time, as occasion may serve. He calls himself "Our Eavesdropper;" and we subjoin a taste of his quality under the plain, unvarnished title of—

A COLUMN OF LIES.



HERE is now no doubt that HIGGINS, the historian, banks at TROTTER'S. As he was walking the other day in Regent Street, in pulling out his pocket-handkerchief, he dropped his pass-book. From personal inspection of its contents, I can attest the truth of the report that he has overdrawn his account.

SHARPE, who writes in the *Razor*, generally dines at the Feathers, out of which tavern, late at night, he may often be seen reeling. He has now a score there three months long. He does not get quarrelsome when drunk, but only talks maudlin, and cries.

It is true that VANDYKE BROWN'S pictures sell well; but I have reason to know that he lives beyond his income. I saw, the other day, a bill which

he has lately accepted for £50; it was shown me by my friend LEVI JACKSON, the poet, is not worth dining with at his own table. His conversation is slow, and his wine bad. I have dined at his house. His spoons are electrotype: his wife was a scullion.

A case will come on next week for trial in the County Court, in which SCISSORS, the dramatic author, is the defendant, and the plaintiff is MR. SCISSORS'S tailor.

Before COCKROACH took to journalism, he had run through a large fortune, great part of which he lost on the Turf. He then became a billiard-marker; when I first had the honour of making his acquaintance. He has been several times through the Insolvent Court. He smokes an undeniable cigar, and is one of the best fellows that I know.

The last thing BRADSHAW has written is a note to RUGGLES, asking him to lend him ten pounds.

BEAUMONT was seen the other day coming out of SNAGGS, the dentist's. He has had two teeth out, and several more stopped, which, I believe, Mrs. B. is not aware of.

MORLEY is not the author of the *Tribute to Truefitt*; but there is no doubt that he wears a wig, and likewise dyes his whiskers.

Excuse the brevity of this communication, occasioned, partly by a violent ear-ache, which I caught in listening at a key-hole, and partly by a severe personal chastisement which I have lately received, and which renders a long continuance in a sedentary position extremely painful.

MINISTERIAL EPITAPHS.

As the Cabinet seems on the point of giving up the ghost—the only thing, apparently, it has any difficulty about giving up,—*Mr. Punch*, in his usual character of *Cock Robin*, begs leave to strew a few leaves over the body of the dear departed.

They may grumble at him for not waiting till they are dead. But we would say to them (as the African captain said to the moribund sailor, whom he had ordered to be thrown overboard, and who observed deprecatingly that "the captain might wait till a fellow was dead.") "You needn't be so nasty partic'lar to a few minutes." So without further apology, *Mr. Punch* begs to submit his—

MINISTERIAL EPITAPHS.

1. For the Tomb of the Cabinet in General.

"I was Conservative: I would be Liberal: and here I lie."

2. For the Tombstone of LORD DERBY (on a brass plate).

Stay, traveller! Beneath this plate,
Still sleeps the RUPERT of Debate;
Like that hot prince he wildly warred,
And ne'er fought battle but he rared.
Like him too (as Art-hist'ries print),
He found an Art of Mezzo-tint,
A something of the middle-kind,
Tory and Radical combined;
Rash as the first, blind as the second,
In strong effects, bold contrasts fecund;
Ingredients so mixed have seldom
Failed to blow up the things that held 'em:
So fared it now: their mutual fret
Blew up the Derby Cabinet,
And crushed by an untimely blow,
The gallant chief who sleeps below.
May peacc be his: and lightly rest
The Turf he loved upon his breast.

3. For the Tombstone of the Right Honourable B. DISRAELI.

Beneath this stone a SON of ISHMAEL lies,
All hands against him and his hand 'gainst all;
At the pen's point, up from low destinies,
He fought his way, not recking check or fall.

All creeds political by turns he held;
Knocked at all doors that to preferment lead;
Eat his own heart—his pride and temper quelled,
And filed and formed his tongue, to stab at need.

The moment came: a traitor in the ranks:
The dumb bucolicals required a tongue:
He offered his: proved it: and earn'd their thanks,
The gladiator paid, the more he stabbed and stung.

By many arts he raised himself to power;
The world by turns abashed, alarmed, amused;
Till the bucolicals, late waxing sour,
Flung in the dust the dagger they had used.

The father of Young England lies below;
Old England in the riddance joys indeed;
Of all Caucasian myst'ries worst to know;
A Sphynx, whom his own Sibyl could not read.

4. On LORD JOHN MANNERS.

That "Manners make the Man" we know.
Will *Punch* he blamed as sinister,
For saying, here lies one who proved
MANNERS won't make the Minister?

5. On MR. WALPOLE (sleeping, not on the Treasury Bench).

Weep not for me, DISRAELI dear:
I am not gone, but sleeping near.
If I am out, you soon will be;
Your pension earn, then follow me.

6. On MR. HENLEY.

Here, like Love among the roses,
HENLEY the exact reposes.
He loved crotchets: he loved quibbles:
Quillets, quiddets, prabbles, pribbles.
In Amendments great of skill:
In Objections greater still:
Into six he'd split a hair:
And each sixth in sixths would share:
He was rusty, he was restive,
Eminently unsuggestive;

Let who would supply reflection,
 Still 'twas his to find objection:
 As one of his party's tools,
 At the Board of Trade he rules,
 Which—since this appointment made,
 Should be spelt "The Bored of Trade."
 Till, when qualms of conscience pleaded,
 He, with WALPOLE's aid, seceded
 And magnanimous gave o'er
 His office-seat to DONOUGHMORE.
 DONOUGHMORE—who, all confess,
 Cannot possibly do less
 For his thousands by the year,
 Than the worthy who lies here.

LOOK OUT AHEAD!

WHAT next? Here is the Armstrong gun with a sweet little range of about five miles, and here is Mr. Somebody, whose name we forget, with a patent machine for suffocating one's enemies with a black sulphurous smoke, under cover of which canopy BRITANNIA shall henceforth rule the waves. It is to be anticipated that the *Times* of 1959, permanently enlarged to three volumes folio per diem, will contain such startling facts as these:—

"April 1. The great Cham of France declared war against England at 2.30 p.m. Travellers all returned to England by the electric wire at 2.35. Channel Fleet and militia called out at 2.36. CAPTAIN SMITH, of the Engineers, walked down to Dover beach with an Armstrong gun in his pocket weighing exactly three ounces and a half, and constructed to throw a ton and a half of shot two hundred and four miles, seventeen hundred times in one minute. Having adjusted this instrument on a bathing machine, CAPT. SMITH, by the aid of a strong telescope, got a good sight of Paris, and proceeded to business. Shot No. 1 missed, and was last seen going over into the Bay of Biscay. Shot No. 2 struck the Hôtel de Louvre, and being an explosive shell, destroyed half Paris; a third attempt was equally successful, destroying the other half.

"After this pretty practice, (though better has been made we must admit) the seven-and-twenty double Leviathans, built for the transport of troops, embarked three hundred and eight thousand volunteers, armed with the patent self-acting, self-loading, self-aiming, and self-cleaning gun, now universally used in the British army. They were headed by LORDS BROUGHAM and PALMERSTON, those two surprising veterans, who, we believe, will never grow any older, and were landed at Boulogne at exactly 2.53; twenty-eight minutes after the declaration of war. Being provided with BRAY's patent traction-engines our gallant fellows were enabled to reach Paris in 22 minutes, and thanks to the efficacy of the gun above alluded to, made very short work of the inhabitants of the country they passed through. They entered Paris (or rather what was left of it) under cover of the celebrated noxious smoke-producing machine, which exceedingly horrified the helpless Parisians, but which, being no thicker than an ordinary London fog, had few terrors for the bold sons of Albion. CAPT. SMITH and the Armstrong gun having arrived shortly afterwards, made such play on the provinces, from the top of the column in the Place Vendôme, that they sent telegraphic despatches at once up to town, placing themselves entirely at the disposal of their conquerors; the last town gave in its allegiance at 3.45, and the war was thus at an end in one hour and forty-five minutes from its commencement. It is surprising to us that France, who has been so repeatedly foiled in attempts of this kind, should have again endeavoured to disturb the peace of Europe. We had hoped that war had been entirely put an end to by the perfect state to which we have brought our artillery and engineering. The French people must surely have forgotten, how the five small Armstrongs placed on the Brocken have sufficed to keep the English colonies of Prussia, Austria, Saxony, and Poland in order? Or have they forgotten, how the grandson of the celebrated BISHOP SPURGEON destroyed the POPE, and, in fact, Roman catholicism in general, by one or two well-directed shots from the new Tabernacle tower? We could produce instances to prove our case in any number, but as they are patent to the merest school-boy, we will refrain from bringing them forward. It has been decided that France shall be employed as a large garden in which to grow the horse-radish for the *rosbif* so dear to ever Britain."

Why shouldn't we see all this, we should like to know? Really there don't appear to be any limit at all; it is only to be hoped that all these tremendous inventions will quietly and calmly snuff out Bellona's torch, whenever she feels inclined to show it. After all, it is very likely that we shall at last by mutual consent abolish gunpowder and steam in warfare, and come back to the orthodox instruments, fists. Fine times those would be for prizefighters. GENERAL SIR T. SAYERS, the RIGHT HON. SIR H. BROOM, LORD CHANCELLOR YOUNG REED, would of course be some of the new titles, and wouldn't sound so very badly. At any rate, if we do get back to first principles and fists, England will stand the best chance of the lot; we can back her against all comers, and our money may be heard of at our office.

LESSON FOR AGED LOVERS.

At the Exeter Assizes, last week, in an action for breach of promise of marriage, it was arranged between the parties that a verdict should be taken for the Plaintiff, with £200 damages. The Plaintiff was twenty-eight years old; the Defendant upwards of fifty. Seven years back, the Plaintiff had been engaged to an individual who had died; and now her heart had been broken again through the breach of promise which had been committed by the Defendant, that inconstant old gentleman! Fickle fog!—he may consider himself let down lightly in having to pay only £200; for a wife would have cost him as much in almost no time,—remaining, for an indeterminate period, a source of indefinite expenditure. Elderly trifler that he is, let him acknowledge that he is too well off a bargain of the cost of whose fulfilment, in these days of hooped drapery, it would have been impossible to estimate the magnitude or predict the end.

Had this gross case of senile faithlessness gone to a British jury, no doubt that sympathetic assemblage of Englishmen and fathers would have marked their sense of the aged rover's baseness in sporting with the affections of an artless girl, as her barrister would have besought them to do, by swinging him to a figure considerably over £200. In ordinarily giving heavy damages to young ladies against old gentlemen who have disappointed their matrimonial expectations, British juries are sometimes thought to afford too emphatic a sanction to the principle which ranks pecuniary considerations very highly amongst the legitimate motives to matrimony, and rather ignores the necessity for much love in the case. Well, even if this is so, no great harm is done. A hoary simpleton is smartly fined for his folly; that is all. And if the fine ought to be proportionate in magnitude to the folly, what damages can be too heavy to inflict upon the grey-headed oaf who is capable of promising to marry a girl, whereas he is old enough to be her father? The sum should only fall short of the penalty that he would deserve to pay for performing such a thoughtless and ridiculous promise.



PRIVILEGES OF THE GUARDS.

"WHAT are the Privileges of the Guards?" exclaimed a Belgravian beauty, who little suspected that the question was asked only in a military point of view; "Why, I can tell you that the Guards ride the most beautiful horses, dance with the prettiest girls, talk English in a style deliciously their own, are distinguished for having the very best moustaches and manuers, lisp, stare, yawn, flirt, waltz better than any one else, are seen everywhere, are invited everywhere, and are dear, handsome, silly, amusing, good humoured, absurd, charming, universal favourites wherever they go. These are a few of the Privileges of the Guards, and I don't wonder at the other officers being jealous of them!" Here our Belgravian beauty blushed so much, that she was obliged to leave the room.



Bill (reads). "GENTLEMEN RIDERS ALLOWED FIVE POUNDS."

Tom. "ALLOWED FIVE POUNDS!! WHY I'D RIDE BETTER NOR HE—FOR 'ART A CROWN!"

TERRIBLE POACHING AFFRAY.

ANOTHER of those unfortunate collisions which arise from our game-preserving system has just taken place upon some land known as Reform Field, part of the preserves long held and jealously kept by the family of the Oldwiggs, connected with the noble house of Bedford. One of the shrewdest and most vigilant of the Oldwigg keepers, a man named Rustle, had, it seems, been watching the actions of two persons whom he had reason to suspect of intention to poach on the Oldwigg manor; but though he had known that for some time the men in question had been setting snares, it was not until the other night that he felt himself justified in interfering. One of the men in question comes from Knowsley, and has passed under several *aliases*, as Young Stanley, the Scorpion, Prince Rupert, Chivalry Ned, and other names, and is what is commonly called a sporting character, doing a good deal in the betting line. The other is a Derby man, whose features betoken Hebraic descent, and whose talents are reported to be of an extraordinarily high order, and such as might have placed him in a superior position, had they been otherwise directed. He is in general rather taciturn, but can be exceedingly abusive if provoked. He is called Benn. On Monday night Rustle, still on the watch, saw Rupert and Benn enter Reform Field, and with a double-barrelled gun begin blazing away at game which had always been sacred to the Oldwigg family, and had scarcely been disturbed since a grand *battue* which took place in 1832. The veteran Rustle gallantly advanced upon the poachers, and demanded their gun. He was received by a jeer, and with some flippant remarks about one man having as much right to knock down what is foul as another; and, looking round for support, he observed two persons known in the district as the Bottleholder, and Burly Jack, the former of whom was chewing a twig, and the latter twirling a large cudgel. Neither, however, seemed very eager to come to his aid, and rather looked to see what his chances were,—when the brave little man (he is considerably under the middle stature) rushed upon the unprincipled poachers with a resolution which appalled them. A fierce struggle ensued, but Rustle, strong in the conviction that he was defending private property against thieves, succeeded in dealing his antagonists some terrible blows, and so damaging their gun that it became useless. Extremely strong and

bad language was exchanged, in which both the Bottleholder and Burly Jack joined; and on all sides a rancorous spirit was evinced, which will infallibly break out anew on the first occasion. The men, Rupert and Benn, are both injured for the rest of their lives, and neither will ever be able to get a place in service again, if so minded. Such is poaching; such is the cost at which the privileges of such persons as the Oldwiggs are maintained! May not a country, burdened to uphold their sacred sport, ask, Who and what are the Oldwiggs?

STUCCO FOR THE SOFTER SEX.

To what kind of beings is it possible to conceive the subjoined advertisement, from the *Morning Post*, addressed?—

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.—MADAME RACHEL begs to inform her lady patronesses, the nobility, and aristocracy generally, that she has opened her ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION list for the supply of her Costly Arabian Preparations for the restoration and preservation of female loveliness, which have obtained for her the patronage of royalty—these being manufactured entirely by MADAME RACHEL, who has no agents, and cannot be obtained from any other source. Terms as usual, 20 guineas per annum, which includes every requisite for a most *recherché* toilet, and two attendances by MADAME RACHEL, viz., one drawing-room and one state ball.

To advertise cosmetics as being costly instead of cheap, if the advertisement were addressed to rational creatures, would be to adopt a style of puff about as judicious as the cry of unsavoury fish. Soft indeed must be that sex to which the costliness of any article could be a recommendation of it. The softness which can accept Arabian Preparations, manufactured entirely by MADAME RACHEL, as Arabian in any other sense than that in which they may possibly be associated with a Mosaic Arab, seems quite waxy. The female loveliness which these preparations may be supposed calculated to restore and preserve, appears indeed to be, as it were, that of the ladies in the hairdressers' windows, bright and brilliant with their glass eyes—radiant in red and white wax. Imagination pictures MADAME RACHEL's patronesses as having been fashioned out of that plastic material, and animated with a faint life by a disciple of FRANKENSTEIN. What real lady would be allured by such a phrase as "a most *recherché* toilet?"

In another advertisement MADAME RACHEL describes herself as



GREAT POACHING AFFRAY ON THE LIBERAL PRESERVES.

J—N R—ss—LL. "NOW THEN, YOU SIR! GIVE UP THAT GUN!"



"the Enamellist." This notification is, like the foregoing, headed "Beautiful Women." Accordingly, we must suppose that beautiful women, of a sort, are the subjects of MADAME RACHEL'S enamelling processes; and what sort of women can that be, but an artificial one? Pretty women, indeed, they probably are. Fancy an enamelled object of affection! The nearest thing to it well imaginable is, perhaps, a whitened sepulchre.

LIST OF THE NEW MINISTRY.

SEVERAL lists of the next Ministry are, as usual, being handed about. COX of Finsbury has distributed three, in different handwritings, in one of which he is announced as Premier, in the second as Master of the Buck Hounds, and in the third as Archbishop of Canterbury, who, Cox appears to think, goes out with the Cabinet. But the following is the only correct list, which *Mr. Punch* is privileged to copy from a half sheet of green note paper with scarlet edges, scolloped, the pretty writing being that of PR—NC—S A—E, and the memoranda being made for her R—Y—L M—A:—

First Lord of the Treasury	MR. ROBSON.
Lord Chancellor	SIR H. COMPTON.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	ADMIRAL E. T. SMITH.
President of the Council	LORD WEBSTER.
Post Master General (<i>with the Postman's Knock</i>)	MR. W. FARRER.
Privy Seal (<i>with a Song</i>)	HON. P. BEDFORD.
Home Secretary	SIR WALTER LACY.
Foreign Secretary	MR. W. H. PAYNE.
Colonial Secretary (<i>when he comes back</i>)	MR. G. V. BROOKE.
War Secretary	LORD BALDWIN BUCKSTONE.
Indian Secretary (<i>with the Bengal Tiger</i>)	SIR ALFRED WIGAN.
First Lord of the Admiralty	SIR T. P. COOKE.
President of the Board of Trade	MR. TOOLE.
Chancellor of the Duchy	SIR LEIGH MURRAY.
Master of the Horse	MR. W. COOKE.
Chief Commissioner of Works	SIR CHARLES KEAN.
Attorney-General	SIR FRANK MATTHEWS.
Solicitor-General	SIR CHARLES MATTHEWS.
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (<i>as Barney the</i>)	BARON WILLIAMS.
Irish Chancellor	LORD H. WIDDICOMBE.
Irish Attorney-General	MR. CLARK.
Irish Solicitor-General	MR. G. HONEY.
Advocate for Scotland (<i>with title: Sir Pertinax</i>)	MR. PHELPS.
WITHOUT OFFICE (<i>but with a good Stick</i>)	MR. PUNCH.

THE POLITICAL POACHERS.

WHEN I was bound a Tory, it was to Buckinghamshire,
And I well served the farmers for ten or eleven long year,
Till we took up with poaching,—the truth you soon shall bear;
Oh, 'tis my delight of a stormy night in the Session of the year!

As I and my companions a Jew Bill did prepare,
The Whigs called out, "That's cribb'd from us;" but for them we
did not care,
For we can shuffle or dodge, my boys—creep under anywhere:
Oh, 'tis my delight of a stormy night in the Session of the year!

Myself and my companions from place they thought to drive
When we brought out our India Bill,—but we kept the game alive;
Amendments we accept, my boys, and through the House we steer;
Oh, 'tis my delight of a stormy night in the Session of the year!

Now we are turned Reformers, they cry about the town,
"There go those great Conservatives, to Radicals come down,"—
To Radicals come down, my boys,—but poaching is all fair;
Oh, 'tis my delight of a stormy night in the Session of the year!

So, here's to Liberal principles, which views we now declare,—
Bad luck to every gentleman who reminds us of what we were;
Success to all us poachers, the spoils of place who share:
Oh, 'tis my delight of a stormy night in the Session of the year!

Austria in Three Letters.

In reply to the VERDI cry, the walls of Vienna have been chalked with the letters "A. E. I. O. U.," which, translated by the wits of that Bœotian capital, are said to convey, "*Austria Est Imperare Orbis Universo.*" The only bit of truthful likeness that we can trace to Austria in the above chalk drawing is in the I. O. U. That is an Austrian feature that is true to a letter, and one which would have been immediately recognised, even without the presence of the "chalk" to increase the point of the resemblance.

THE ATOMIC THEORY.—Little minds appreciate little minds the best.

ADDRESSES TO LORD COLCHESTER.



A LETTER appeared in the *Times* the other day, stating that the POSTMASTER-GENERAL had issued a warrant, increasing the book-post to treble the former charges. As this new arrangement was to date from the First of April, perhaps it will come into operation after the Greek Calends. The Correspondent of the *Times* signed his communication "VOX POPULI." This attempt on the part of the president of the Post Office to try on a rise of the postal tariff, coming after the unsuccessful scheme of returning unprepaid letters, will—if followed, as it seems likely to be,

by many similar efforts to make himself disagreeable—probably occasion him to hear more from VOX POPULI than he will like. The voice of the people will perhaps address the Noble Lord at the head of the St. Martin's-le-Grand establishment, as he walks or rides about, pursuing him with cries and questions of this sort:—"Hullo! I say, old Natives, what are you up to raising the postage? Stand out of the way of the Mail, old Double-barrel! Take your hand out of the letter-box, old Scallops! Don't put your foot in it, Shelly! COLCHESTER, hook it—you ain't fit for your post. Shut up, old Oysters!"

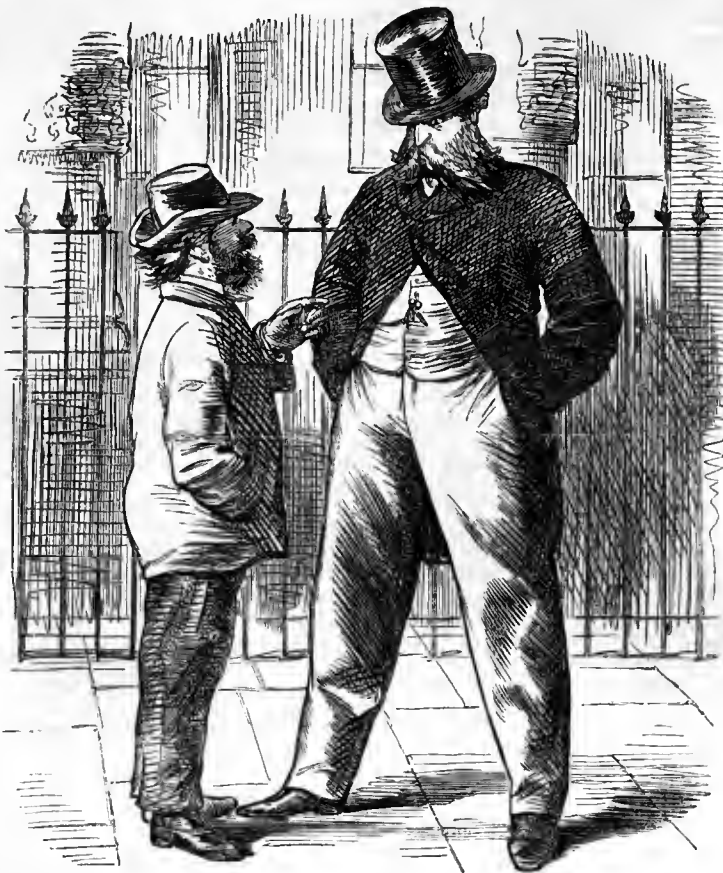
A SYMPTOM OF DISSOLUTION.

WE have an ill-natur'd suspicion that MR. BERNAL OSBORNE never gets up to speak, unless he has a strong personal object in view. He labours under the loss of his voice sometimes for months and months, and then recovers it all of a sudden, and just in time. The fear of losing his seat will suddenly endow him with the most facetious faculty of speech, though he may have been dumb as any Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds for an entire session previously. It is with this intimate knowledge, that we look upon the two or three little speeches he has been lately entertaining the House with as the most alarming symptom of an impending dissolution. You may be sure that OSBORNE would not have talked so much (the united length of all his recent speeches would amount, perhaps, to a full quarter of a column) unless he had a stirring presentiment that he was likely, before long, to be summoned before the electors of Dover. It is not to the House he is talking so much as to the Hustings. His constituents may be getting their bundles of chaff ready for his humorous reception. Shakespeare's Cliff will soon have an opportunity of cracking its sides with laughter.

The French Scale made More Harmonious.

THE diapason is to be lowered a quarter of a tone in France. This is all very well for music, but how about the diapason of politics? for we take the liberty of telling SIR FRANCIS HEAD'S protégé, LOUIS NAPOLEON, that the tone of that has been pitched a great deal too high lately. It must be lowered several diplomatic notes before it can be made agreeable to our ears.

COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.—You may be better than others, but that doesn't mean to say that you are worth much.



A BROAD HINT.

Stumpy Artist (to Friend with a Government appointment and lots of time). "Come and see my Picture; can't you come in the daytime early? And look 'ere: do you know a tall, handsome, gentlemanly-looking fellow, with a light beard and moustache, who would sit to me for my Hungarian Chief?"

FLATTERING TESTIMONIAL.

WE understand that the English residents in Paris intend presenting LORD COWLEY with a little testimonial, in remembrance of his Lordship's recent Mission to Vienna, and the success which has attended his pacific labours. To typify his Lordship's usefulness at Court, it is proposed the little *souvenir* should assume a form rather of utility than ornament; and we believe it will consist of a set of dinner-napkins, which, in his Lordship's hospitalities, will be in constant use. We understand that the napkins will be tastefully embroidered by the hands of those (remarkably) select few of our fair countrywomen who have been honoured by his Lordship with a dinner invitation. Of the designs we are at present not at liberty to speak; but we are given to understand that napkin "No. 1" will be embroidered in the centre with a few neat lines of compliment, setting forth the dinner services LORD C. has done the State; and that on napkin "No. 2" will be depicted, in raised needlework, a portrait of his Lordship, taken from the life, as he appeared on his return from his late pacific mission. To give the likeness more effect, certain details will be added from MR. MILLAIS' picture, and underneath will be inscribed the explanatory words—

"Paris, March, 1859: 'Re Returne of ye Duke'—without ye Olive Branch."

WHAT MAY BE DONE IN FIFTY YEARS.

AN American paper is eloquent upon the many inventions and discoveries for which the world is indebted to the first half of the nineteenth century. Amongst others, may be enumerated the following:—*Punch*, Steamers, railways, the electric telegraph, gas, photography, and chloroform.

The second half of the nineteenth century scarcely promises to be so rich. Its claims to originality do not, at present, extend much beyond—Crimoline, all-round collars, peg-top trousers, perambulators, penny ices, halfpenny steamboats, and penny papers. The list is not a lively one.

However, there is plenty of time between this and the commencement of the twentieth century. The next forty years may witness the birth of some tremendous genius, who may hit upon the means of setting the Thames on fire; or, for aught we know, abolishing the National Debt. All things are, we believe, possible to the genius of Man, even down to the completion of Trafalgar Square!

THE DONKEY'S MEDICAL GUIDE.

EVERY North Briton is on this side of the Tweed described as a "hard-headed Scotchman;" but the *North British Advertiser* appears to circulate among a population, many of whom, if their heads are not as soft as puddings, are remarkable for that peculiar hardness of head which is otherwise called density, and is accompanied with thickness. To hard-headed Scotchmen of this latter description, if not to soft-headed Scotchmen, must the following advertisement, extracted from our North British Contemporary, be addressed:—

DR. JAMES GREER'S, OF GLASGOW, ONE OF 300 SCIENTIFIC MIRACLES.—It's a positive fact! Philosophers, Doctors, Lawyers, and Collego Professors, can neither understand nor learn how those True Miracles are wrought, not on the Dead Body, but on their Dying Victims, by DR. GREER'S PILLS. Behold the truth as it is declared by the Patients in Newspapers:—

A dying man, MR. WILLIAM SHAW, master millwright, 88, Gallowgate, swelled from head to foot, was drawn in a cab from 114, Main Street, Bridgeton, to DR. GREER'S SHOP, —. He took 122 Vegetable Pills, and walked four miles the next day to publish that he was perfectly cured of all the swellings.

What was the matter with MR. SHAW? will perhaps be the question of any bloated fool who, wishing to reduce his bulk, may propose to take DR. GREER'S PILLS for that purpose, and may not be quite such an idiot as to take them without at all thinking whether or not they are suitable for his complaint. MR. SHAW'S case was evidently general *emphysema*, or windy swelling, of that species in which the patient assumes the character of a human puff. That character, however, is by no means destroyed when a quack medicine has brought down all the bodily tumefaction which the sufferer ever laboured under. It appears to be constitutional and inveterate in the case of this fellow, SHAW; for the above advertisement proceeds to inform sumpsh and simpletons that—

'MR. SHAW SAYS DR. GREER'S numerous cured patients are sinners wilfully, while they don't tell their doctors how they are cured by his pills. MR. SHAW declares that forty of DR. GREER'S PILLS cured him of Cholera, after he was given

up for death ten years ago, where three corpses were taken from the stair. All that took his Pills recovered."

Blockheads and boobies are next advised where DR. GREER'S medicines are to be sold: knowledge to the dissemination of which *Mr. Punch* does not choose to be instrumental.

So much for DR. GREER'S PILLS, and hard-headed Scotchmen. But there are also Englishmen equally and likewise hard of head; and to their belief and acceptance the following statement is proposed in the *Morning Post*, in the form, not of advertisement, but that of paragraph:

"HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT—A Perfect Panacea.—In these two preparations are found reliable remedies for all complaints caused by climate, irregularity, over exertion, or accident. Internal or external disorders are subjugated by these incomparable medicines without demanding any knowledge or faith on the patient's part. They act physically by removing impurities and establishing regularity of function; in fact—

'Before their healing presence life resumes,
And sickness, with his rueful train, retires.'

The foregoing assertions are noteworthy for containing one statement of which the truth is indisputable. There can be no doubt that nobody can know that HOLLOWAY'S incomparable medicines—that is to say, medicines that cannot be compared to any that are good for anything—ever cured himself or anybody else of any complaint whatever; so that all disorders, whether internal or external, which they ever subjugate, they subjugate entirely without demanding of the patient the knowledge that he has even anything the matter with him. There can be as little doubt that they demand no faith whatever in their efficacy on the part of those who attest their curative effects.

One other truth is very probably contained in the remainder of the above quoted medical paragraph in the *Post*:—

"No organ in the body can long resist the combined action of these remedies, which invariably harmonise every corporeal function, and on the brain reflect a happy state of mind, remove all low spirits, lassitude, and hypochondriacism, for which they substitute cheerfulness and contentment, and render pure our physical and moral being."

It may be fearfully true that no organ in the body can resist the combined action of HOLLOWAY'S Pills and Ointment. But in that case those remedies, so far from harmonising every corporeal function, or producing any sort of magical effect, would play the deuce with all the corporeal organs. There is no organ in the body that could resist the combined action of prussic acid and arsenic. PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY'S "organ," the *Morning Post*, may consider that it is recommending his patent medicines by the statement that no organ of the body can resist their combined action, but one would think that this representation of their properties cannot be much relished by HOLLOWAY.

THE BATTLE OF THE BIG-WIGS.

Vide Times, Law Report, March 14.



ING, O, *Punch*, the quick wrath, the soon-put-up "monkey" of KNIGHT BRUCE: KNIGHT BRUCE the active of mind, the jumper to hasty conclusions: KNIGHT BRUCE the feared of the Bar, the bully of junior counsel: Sing the hot anger of BRUCE at the cool encounter of BETHELL; BETHELL the feared of the Bench, the RAREY, the tamer of Horschair, Tamer of legal Big-Wigs, subduer of Lords and Vice-Chancellors: Twister of Courts round his thumb with his silvery voice of persuasion.

Off in the Chancery Court on Saturday week came the combat,

I' the Fields of Lincoln his Inn was the field appointed. There came the fiery BRUCE, and BETHELL the many-briefed there came; Attended was each by his clerk, as knight of old by his squire was. Donned they their armour for fight, their wigs, and their bands, and their silk gowns: And, for their weapons, their tongues were as sharp as new broad-swords, and sharper.

But say, O, *Punch*, what was the cause whence arose such terrible warfare?

LYDDON v. Moss was the cause: *Punch* down to posterity hands it. The case was one of Appeal: KNIGHT BRUCE a Judge of Appeal is; SELWYN opened the case, the quick-witted Queen's Counsel SELWYN; Little he dreamed what a row and a rumpus would rise from his opening, Else he had surely refrained, and thrown up his brief, and home mizzled! Scarce had he said twenty words, when him thus KNIGHT BRUCE interrupted:

"Seemeth to me, sitting here of Appeal as one of the Just'ees, I' this Court well-frequented, world-known, much-solicitor'd and many-counsel'd,

Secmeth to me this Appeal of this Court will not occupy much time, A deed of assignment is here, to secure certain sums to a lawyer: Now, assuming this deed to have been of a perfectly hon'able nature, And assuming it to have been for the good of the lady, his client, Still must I say I'm surprised that a wise and experienced lawyer Should have so committed himself by this most imprudent transaction."

Here with his silvery tones interposed the many-briefed BETHELL, Every word he let fall was like dropping of pearls into water: "Your Ludship, permit me to say that your Ludship should hear the appeal first, And then, if your Ludship thinks fit, your Ludship, surprise may give vent to."

Like as oil were the words of the smooth-tongued, silvery BETHELL: Like as oil upon flame were those words on fiery KNIGHT BRUCE. Uprose his "monkey" at once, being one which is soon elevated, And thus in a crackle of words KNIGHT BRUCE, the all-fiery, flared up:

"Dar'st interrupt the Court, and dictate a Lord Justice's duty? Knowest thou not manners, rash man, and know'st not to whom thou art speaking?"

Teach me my duty, gadzooks!—go, teach thy grandam to suck eggs! Again I say, that the deed was a most imprudent transaction, Assuming it to have been of the purest, most hon'able nature, And assuming it to have been for the lady's benefit: which two Expressions I used before, and fearlessly now I again use."

So speaking, he glared round the Court as one who was cock-of-the-walk there: Over his eye-glass he glared, till the counsel all quaked at his glaring, And the Juniors trembled to think how BETHELL was silenced and shut up.

But SIR RICHARD the Bold feared neither the crowing nor glaring: Cock-of-the-walk too is he (at least by himself so is reckoned), Game-bird is he to the bone, and the spurs of knighthood are on him: Calmly he rose from his seat, and thus sadly gave vent to his feelings:

"Your Ludship, it grieves me to own, I am pained at your Ludship's expressions. That your Ludship, ere hearing the case, should cast on my client reflections, 'Tis most unjudge-like, unjust! I regret I can't otherwise speak of't."

E'en as a bull, when attacked by a foe whom he deems beneath notice, Stares for a while open-eyed, in surprise at his pigmy assailant, But on a second attack, perceiving that mischief is meant him, Terribly shaking his head, he rushes to crush the intruder: So the bully KNIGHT BRUCE eyed BETHELL a moment in wonder, Startled—so strange was the thought that a Bar'ster should dare to confront him; Then shook he fiercely his head till his wig-tails rattled upon it, And thus in a terrible tone he came down on BETHELL the glib-tongued:

"Dar'st thou again, rash man, presume to find fault with thy betters? Dar'st thou censure the Court, and assert that its Justice is unjust, Seeing that he has pronounced what to you seems a premature judgment? Know that this Court will ne'er stoop to learn any lesson from Counsel: Know that this Court will pronounce whatever judgment it pleases, Say whatever it likes, and whenever It chooses to say it!"

Here was a moment's pause, and the well-wigged Juniors wondered. (Juniors who by KNIGHT BRUCE the bully had often been well wigged) Whether BETHELL the Bold again would come to the combat, Whether cocky KNIGHT BRUCE again would in victory crow out.

'Twas but an instant they waited, and then, to their joy and amazement, Clear as a bell thro' the Court rang the tones of the silver-tongued BETHELL:

"Your Ludship, again I repeat, that your Ludship has judged prematurely, And what your Ludship has said neither justice nor precedent sanctions." The BRUCE smiled a terrible smile: "You are perfectly welcome to think so: I've no doubt I shall say it again many times ere the case is concluded." So'rely this taunting retort stung the courteous, calm-tempered BETHELL,

Quickly he rose from his seat, and the heat of his dander rose with him:

"If your Ludship says that, I repeat, it surprises me greatly to hear it." Replied BRUCE: "I shall say it again whenever it suits me to say it, Without the slightest regard to you, or your pain, or opinion." Returned BETHELL: "Again I repeat, I deprecate jumps to conclusions;"

Replied BRUCE: "And again I repeat, I don't care a snap for your censure. What I say I shall soon say again: and what I have said I shall stick to!"

Fiercely the battle thus raged, but *Punch* has no space to tell more of't.

Fiercely the combatants fought, cut and thrust, in broadswordy fashion: Fiercely the combatants fought, while the Juniors stood by and trembled:

Furious, fiercely they fought, for neither the last word would give in. Still on the conflicts of men the gods, as of yore, sit in judgment, Both the Big-Wigs next morn were called to the bar by the Thund'r'er: BETHELL was *adobos*-ed for pluck, and KNIGHT BRUCE called over the coals was,

For wasting the time of the Court, which to suitors so precious dear is. Some good may come of the fight, if the "monkey" of KNIGHT BRUCE is put down: Some good has come of the fight, for *Punch*, the new HOMER, has sung it!

AFFECTION.—The Natural made unnatural. The Caricature of Nature.



THE HOUR BEFORE DINNER—NOT THE WORST PART
OF A DAY'S HUNTING.

A SHOWER OF REFORM BILLS.

MR. H. BERKELEY, M.P., said, at Bristol:—

“Talk of not wanting Reform! Why, there was hardly a member in the House among those 600 gentlemen who had not a Reform Bill in his pocket.”

We trust that they will remain there. A shower of 600 Reform Bills would be a legislative avalanche such as the stoutest Reformer could not fail to be alarmed at. The House might be effectually buried underneath the heap, which would certainly be one way of reforming it, in the same way that a patient is frequently cured by being killed. Such a Radical cure as that of our national complaints would be more than the most reckless Radical would like to bargain for. If these 600 Reform Bills are really in existence, it is certainly the strongest plea we have yet heard for an immediate dissolution. Parliament is not safe, the nation is not safe, no one is safe, so long as this vast amount of combustible material is allowed to be deposited under one roof. Were any one of them to go off, there is no calculating the amount of mischief it might inflict; and were they all to explode, England might be shaken to her deepest foundations. An American senator carries about his person a revolver;—an English legislator, it seems, is armed with a Reform Bill. We do not know which would be the more comfortable position,—to sit between two loaded revolvers, or to have a Reform Bill, charged to the muzzle with explosive principles, on each side of you? MR. GUIDO FAWKES' stock of gun-powder inside the walls of Parliament is harmless as an arsenal of brandy-balls, compared to this huge accumulation of Reform Bills!

A Double Merit.

THERE are some men who are equally idle in doing themselves any good, as in doing any good to others.

A SAFE CONCLUSION.—When two women quarrel, you may be sure that one of them is in error, at least.

LILLIPUTIAN PILLS.

An intelligent correspondent entreats *Punch* to study Homœopathy. *Mr. Punch*, in return, implores his intelligent correspondent to study Anatomy, Physiology, and the nature of diseases. He will then see that the rule of healing disease by assisting nature, and removing impediments out of nature's way, is not theory, but ascertained science.

If brevity is the soul of wit, it is also the essence of argument—especially the argument of *Punch*, whose enlightened readers know almost everything, and are bored by discussions which teach them nothing.

No doubt a lady at the top of a house can smell a cigar smoked in the hall. More than that, a hound can smell the foot-print of a distant fox. But there is no proof that what immediately affects the sense of smell is ponderable matter at all. If it is, it requires nerves of special sense to perceive it, and thus proves the aphorism which *Mr. Punch* proposes to accompany “Like cures Like;” namely, “Infinitesimal Quantities produce Infinitesimal Effects.”

Of course no quantity is in strict language infinitesimal; but the word is current. Say Peninfinitesimal, if you like, instead.

It is also very doubtful if the force or influence of contagion is ponderable substance. Suppose it to be so, what infinitesimal globule will produce an effect on the human body so remarkable as scarlet fever?

The circumstances affecting statistics must be stated to make them worth a thought. If a given number of inflammations had to be treated on the old plan of bleeding and drenching, and an equal number homœopathically, *Punch* has little doubt that the disadvantage, in point of recovery, would be greatly on the side of the former, and that this class would show a much superior mortality per cent. A certain number of such diseases will get well if let alone; will not get well if improperly interfered with. *Mr. Punch* believes that homœopathic cures correspond precisely to this number; their treatment, regimen apart, consisting in the administration of next to no medicine at all.

Will homœopathy set to a leg? Will it cure a broken arm? These questions may be absurd, but it is as hard to conceive infinitesimal doses doing these things, as it is to conceive them producing any material effect on the human frame.

Will homœopathic globules make a dry skin perspire; cause a torpid liver to pour out bile, or any inactive gland whatever to secrete; or compel to work any lazy scavenger organs, whose office it is to cast rubbish out of the system? If not, they will not effect the conditions on which the cure of diseases depends, and without which all who know anything of the matter know that it is impossible.

“The Happy Dispatch.”

WE recommend this form of Japanese execution to MR. DISRAELI, to be tried on his Reform Bill. If he does not act as the executioner in cutting it up, he may be sure the Opposition will. The sooner it is made a “Happy Dispatch” of, the better for the honour of all persons concerned in it.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KNOW ALL MEN!

Firstly, That *Mr. Punch* does not want to be bothered with your communications.

Secondly, That he will NOT answer your letters.

Thirdly, That he will NEVER RETURN ANYTHING you send him, with stamps or without.

Fourthly, That he keeps a large FIRE before him in winter.

Fifthly, That he keeps a large WASTE-PAPER basket beside him in summer.

Sixthly, That into one or the other infallibly go *ninety-nine letters out of every hundred*, in which people pester him with hints, sketches, drawings, inquiries, bets, and other impertinencies.

Seventhly, That if he makes any use of the hundredth, the happy and fortunate correspondent will know all about it in proper time.

THIS NOTICE IS FINAL.

85, Fleet Street.

PUNCH.



A HAPPY NOTION.

Delightful Boy. "OH! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL GO AND PLAY MY DRUM AT UNCLE FOOZLE'S DOOR!"

HERE WE ARE AT ROME!

ACCORDING to a letter from Rome, quoted in the *Times*, his Holiness the POPE inaugurated Lent with a performance which in this country would be deemed more suitable to Christmas:—

"The POPE proceeded on Ash Wednesday to the Sistine Chapel to give his benediction, in the usual manner, to the ashes which he received from the hands of the Cardinal acting as first Penitentiary. His Holiness afterwards distributed a portion to all the Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops, to several Members of the diplomatic corps, the General in command of the French troops, and a number of personages of distinction, and among the rest, QUEEN CHRISTINA."

Notwithstanding the name by which the first day of Lent is commonly called among ourselves, the scene above described will be better imaginable by the British Public as occurring on the night of the day after Christmas Day, commonly called Boxing Night. At Rome it appears that Lent brings round the Pantomime, pontifically sustained. His Holiness on this occasion seems to have played Clown, whilst the part of Pantaloon was taken by the CARDINAL, who, in the capacity of the first Penitentiary, handed him the ashes, which he proceeded to distribute among the spectators; perhaps, characteristically, both as Zany and as Pope, flinging dust in their eyes. The Columbine of the performance may be presumed to have been the celebrated CHRISTINA, Queen-Dowager of Spain. Perhaps Monsieur the General of the French troops did himself the honour to enact Harlequin.

The papal Pantomime appears to have been splendidly got up, and put on the stage with great magnificence; for we read in continuation that—

"It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than was presented by the gay appearance of the uniforms and embroidered costumes of a considerable portion of the congregation and the day of mortification and humility which the fête was intended to designate."

That portion of the congregation which appeared in embroidered costume evinced their humility, and submitted to mortification, not only by accepting the pontifical *Merryman's* present of ashes, but also possibly, by allowing themselves to be knocked down, and in pelting one another with the contents of a vegetable-barrow. Humility, from the sequel to the above description, appears to have been exhibited, by the parties mentioned in it, in another act, of a decidedly pantomimic character, inasmuch as—

"After the ceremony, the POPE, on leaving the chapel, went into the throne-

THE CITY BARGE FOR SALE.

Song by an Old Deputy.

Oh, what a shame, oh what a pity!
My eyes, salt seas of tears discharge!
Alas, the City Lands Committee,
Has got to sell the City Barge.
The Lord Mayor's Barge of State is given
Into that trusty body's hands,
My stomach aches, my heart is riven,
Committee of the City Lands!

Oh, when ye sell that noble vessel,
The pangs within that you will feel!
How duty and regret will wrestle
When Memory makes her fond appeal!
The feasts that long ago were caten
On board she then will conjure up,
And to the lips she cannot sweeten,
Present an empty Loving Cup.

You'll feel a grief beyond the throes of
Gout, colic, indigestion, bile,
"To sell or otherwise dispose of"
That gorgeous old aquatic pile.
Dispose of it—you need not sell it—
Maintain it for a show, at least;
Still let it float where all may smell it,
Perfumed with many a vanished feast.

The silent turtle—for the cooing
Another taste than mine may care—
The fat of green that needs no chewing,
Ha, ha! how oft I've gobbled there!
Oh, keep the dear old Barge in honour
Till I am gone!—and I am old—
I would not see you chalk upon her
The base inscription "TO BE SOLD!"

WHAT AGE BRINGS WITH IT.—As we grow older, it is with hearts as with heads of hair; for one that we find real there are nine that are false!—*Truth!*

room, where the ARCHDUKE REGNIER of AUSTRIA, the ARCHDUCHESS MARIA his wife, and the ARCHDUKE WILHELM were awaiting his arrival. As soon as the Princes saw PIUS THE NINTH they threw themselves at his feet with profound respect."

Did they expect that the POPE would tumble over them? Any one who has seen the smile with which the Clown of the British stage regards the attempt of any common rogue to pick his pocket, may perhaps fancy the look given by his Roman representative to those prostrate simpletons.

The hat of the Cardinal who served the POPE with ashes, did admirably for the business in which he was employed, so that it was unnecessary for him to borrow, or steal that of a dustman. The ashes we presume were make-believe, like Popish wonders, and like Popish measures for enforcing the faith. Otherwise, for aught we know, they were the ashes of all the cigars which PIUS and the Conclave of Cardinals had smoked for a long time previously over their beer.

Ashes are odd things to bestow a benediction on; it is more natural, though it may be just as absurd, to do the reverse; as when, for instance, you find cinders accompanying your chop.

We are not told, but we may imagine, that the pontifical Pantomime of Ash Wednesday concluded with a display of fireworks pinned to the POPE's tail. It is greatly to be feared that all this sort of thing will convert the PRINCE OF WALES.

THE SPREAD OF SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

PATERFAMILIAS, who reads his *Times* daily, knows that the column of marriages continues to be remarkable for its brevity. The decline of matrimony reported by the Registrar-General, was not merely a temporary thing, then, but is still proceeding. No other theory has been advanced to account for it but that already proposed by *Mr. Punch*, which the parties concerned, namely, PATERFAMILIAS, himself, and MATERFAMILIAS, if their family comprises daughters; and perhaps also the daughters themselves; may as well take into their serious consideration—for facts are confirming it.

Beauty, overclothed, ceases to exert influence, and a growing indifference on the part of mankind towards the fair sex has resulted from the fashion which has obscured ladies in their dresses, and Balmoralised female society.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE ARGUMENT.



THE POET PUNCH, *feeling that nothing but heroic verse can do justice to the deeds of the Reform Battle Days, proceeds to describe the history of the conflict in the most noble strains of which the subject will allow. He beginneth with Monday, the 21st March, and continueth until Friday, the 25th thereof.*

Now Westminster's great clock, high raised in air,
Had stricken four, had any clock been there;
But DENISON and BARRY, dawdlers twin,
Deny the town Big Ben's harmonious din.
The other DENISON, the Speaker, sat
Enchained, and guarding his three-cornered hat.

Petitions on petitions strewed the floor,
One Member brings a dozen, one a score,

And one a hundred, which he painful drags
To fill the ever-yawning carpet-bags.

The time is past, petitioning is done,
The hour of pointed questioning begun.
But brief to-day the catechismal rite,
Quick query, answer prompt, although politic.
Bills, dealing with twelve millions, vowed to Mars
For shooting weapons, pass like shooting stars,
And RUSSELL's nervous cough, and DIZZY's nose
Blown slightly, tell those chiefs have met to close.

Rises lithe BENJAMIN, with air sublime,
And moves the Bill be read a second time.
A single moment o'er the floor he fits;
His say is said, he takes his hat, and sits.

Then rises RUSSELL, eager for the raid,
And moves amendment to the motion made.
"Not mine," he cries, "the duty to condemn
This measure solely that it comes from *them*;
For though I deem it showed a want of grace
In that minority to grasp at place,
And though I hold that it might not be wise
In such as they to raise reforming cries,
Still, give your word to sovereign or to sweep,
And that engagement you are bound to keep.
The Ministry were pledged to give a Bill,
'Twas fair to draw it with their utmost skill.

"Grave is the question, statesmen, therefore grave
Is the attention I would humbly crave.
Look well before you leap, for if you swerve,
No afterthought your bacon can conserve.

"I feel much fortified when I reflect
That even his friends to DERBY's Bill object.
The thoughtful HENLEY quits the council board,
The generous WALPOLE must renounce his Lord.

"This Bill to change the Constitution goes,
To ancient rights its authors prove them foes.
They seek to do our great Reform away,
And in the boroughs give the Tories sway.
Therefore do I denounce it, and beside,
I think a wider franchise should be tried.
The day has come, nay, I might say the hour,
When we should give the working classes power.
The Bill I view with something like disgust,
Hold it as noxious, dangerous, and unjust,
Though here and there it takes a liberal jump,
Too little leaven for so large a lump.
'Tis said they will dissolve upon this Bill;
Well, let them face the country, if they will:
I'm not afraid, but should things go awry,
On DERBY heads the consequences lie.

"As for the charges made against myself
That I'm ambitious, factious, or want pelf,

I'm half ashamed the rubbish to repeat.
Such bosh be blown." He scowled, and took his seat.

Next to the table see young STANLEY draws,
The Tories' hope: each Tory storms applause.
In a well-written speech he met the foe,
And urged 'twere dangerous to reform too low.
Our choice must lie, so argued DERBY's son,
Between a moderate Bill like this, or none.

From yonder gallery comes a voice of wail,
And woman's cheek is red, an usher's pale.
A child—what doth such infant there on high?—
Emits a shrill and discontented cry.
Loud laughs the House: the SPEAKER, in a rage,
Sends frantic orders by a flying page,
He'll clear the Ladies' gallery. Gods! how dare
The women bring their brats to bellow there?
Some said that RUSSELL's bride had come to teach
Her boy to recollect his father's speech.
'Twas no ungraceful thought; but, far away,
The child suspected urged its harmless play.
Another mother chides her pet—alas,
Why bring that pet, O Lady of Plate-Glass!
Forgive her, SPEAKER, thou hast eyes to see.
When did plate-glass reflect a sweeter plea?

Then, in swell garb, and most elaborate shirt,
Rose a gay youth, well known as BUNNEY STURT.
Nor smarter was his garb than his address:
He liked not much the Bill, but RUSSELL less.
Voted with DIZZY, thought with DIZZY's foes:
Did DIZZY smile upon him when they rose?

BURY, the Bill would bury out of sight;
KER SEYMER set himself to wallop BRIGHT;
Hebraic SALOMONS the Bill decries
As injudicious. LIDDELL thinks it wise.
Then Wood his bark contributes—'tis but small;
To this he would prefer no Bill at all.
Dashed the wild HORSMAN at his liberal friends,
And charged them all with party aims and ends:
He tore their battle, smashed them left and right,
And made the speech of chiefest mark to-night.
'Tis meet to tell that MILLS made fight for BEN,
That KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN did not, and then
Sad NEWDEGATE assailed with piteous cry
A Bill to please the fierce democracy;
And LORD R. CECIL urged, in language terse,
'Twere better take this Bill than wait a worse.

The dull debate's adjourned, the Senate drives
Off to its toddies, clubs, weeds, whist, or wives.

Hail, Mcws, or rather hail the Hansom cab
That leaves the mcws, and we're in luck to nab.
Again the House has met—debate begun,
WILSON is up, old COCKER's favourite son.
Arabian numerals at his bidding range
Against the new Mosaic-Arab change.
Convinced, not charmed, each listener marks with joy
The peroration of that Counting Boy.
For lo! upstands the Crietor of the Age,
Romancer, statesman, orator, and sage,
Playwright, translator, essayist, divine,
Historian, poet vowed to love and wine—
Of all man's brain may do 'twixt sun and sun,
What hath not EDWARD BULWER LYTTON done?
With vigorous utterance and with finished phrase
He charges home, and blow on blow he lays.
No paltry subterfuge employs his pains—
"I'll give the franchise where you'll show the brains.
To education be the suffrage free,
Impatient ignorance gets nought from me.
Beware—nor trust it—or the Staté may fall."
A storm of plaudits shakes the lofty hall.

BYNG, hope of Whigs, of course talks Whiggish talk,
PHILIPPS desires the RUSSELL scheme to baulk:
FORSTER, of Walsall, joins LORD JOHN's array,
STANHOPE, North Lincoln, won't vote either way:
DODSON, East Sussex, thinks the Bill a myth,
VANSITTART, Windsor, sees its stuff and pith:
CROSSLEY's for what he calls the working class,
KNIGHTLEY the Bill, amended, says should pass:
And gentle SIDNEY HERBERT seeks to smother
This Bill, and let LORD DERBY make another.

A rougher champion, RUSSELL, comes in view—
Now hold thine own, here stands the bold SIR HUGH.
Small reverence, JOHN, that brave Hibernian owns
For Holland Houses and old Whig dry bones.
That awful dynasty, those gloomy nods,
And the small utterance of your frigid gods
He laughs to scorn, and tells you, to your face,
Your motion 's but a trick to grab at place.
That England don't like "dodges," that just now
When all the world is waiting for a row,
Statesmen should be forbearing, candid, true,
Not hatching small devices, JOHN, like you:
And all your flummery won't disguise your aim:
To get LORD DERBY's seat 's your Little Game.
How like you that from one of Erin's bairns,
(Scotch-Irish by his name) MAC CALMONT CAIRNS?

The smart debate's adjourned, the Senate drives
Off to its toddies, clubs, weeds, whist, or wives.

The day of Woden passes; that of Thor
Beholds resumed the fight so hungered for.
The fluent MILNER GIBSON takes the plain,
And shouts to have the Bill untimely slain.
The graver ADDERLEY the House invites
To stand by property's acknowledged rights.
HEADLAM condemns—the Tory BENTINCK sees
Much in the Bill with which he disagrees;
But, adds our GEORGEY, sooner than consort
With BRIGHT's confederate, RUSSELL, he'll support.
Young WILLIAM DENISON, LORD LONDESBOROUGH's heir,
Opposes in a speech that's brief and fair;
LOCKE KING's enraged that Ministers adopt
His Franchise Bill, but mangled, spoiled, and chopped;
While HENEAGE DUTTON, as a Boodle should,
Supports the Bill because it is not good.
Fat FOX asserts the popular demand,
HOPE thinks the Bill, as practical, should stand.
And BERNAL OSBORNE, breaking silence, pokes
At various parties various well-meant jokes,
Condemns the measure in his off-hand way,
And blows up CAIRNS for blowing-up LORD J.

Then WALPOLE rises, and with anxious pains,
Why his portfolio he resigned, explains.
Raises objections to the Derby scheme,
The rights of property his strongest theme.
He hopes the Government will not be floored.
But adds that it were much to be deplored,
Were they so badly bold, so void of *vois*,
At such a crisis to dissolve the House.

Then on the yawning Commons' wearying sight,
Refreshing, looms the stalwart form of BRIGHT,
Coughs cease, mouths close, and men sit up to hear
The bold invective, and the telling jeer.
They look for show of gladiatorial force,
For direst slaughter, dealt without remorse,
For that best blow which gives the deepest pain,
For these the Commons look—and look in vain.
Non qualis erat. Calmly he declares
The Bill a mockery of his clients' prayers,
Derides the fears of those who fear the Crowd,
Asserts its rights, in language bold and proud,
Foretells its certain victory o'er the few,
Demands Reform that shall be large and true,
And promises our guerdon shall be seen—
In what? Mob rule? No. Strength to State and QUEEN.
Nor taunt nor threat escaped him while he spoke,
Nor from *his* eye the gladiator broke.

The long debate's adjourned, the Senate drives
Off to its toddies, clubs, weeds, whist, or wives.

Thrice hath the sun upon their conflict set,
And the fourth day beholds them grappling yet.
NORTHCOTE, for Government, in piteous strains,
Of cruel treatment by its foes complains,
And pleads its willingness to alter much
That's inexpedient, or is fancied such.
At this sneers CARDWELL: Angel DRUMMOND states
The Bill contains what he intensely hates,
But votes a second reading. MR. DENT
To such a course refuses his assent.
Semi-defends the measure MR. PACE;
LORD HARRY VANE comes down upon it, whack;

While STUART WORTLEY, like a lawyer, tries
To lead opinion to a compromise,—
Suggests the House agree to keep the measure,
Reserving right to botch it at their pleasure.

Then, deeming that 'tis time the train to shunt,
Stands the tall VISCOUNT in the battle's front.
The House is hushed to calm, and crushed to jam,
As fixed it listens to the wily PAM.
Good-natured insolence, but lightly veiled,
Marks each gay period with "sensation" hailed.
He votes with RUSSELL, nay, his Noble Friend
Had shown him his Amendment, freshly penned,
And he had told his Noble Friend the same
Was the most perfect thing that he could frame.
The Bill was very bad, without a doubt,
But that's no reason DERBY should go out:
He must not tear his Bill, nor yet resign,
Nor must a Dissolution be his line.
(In fact, he can't dissolve—the House must choose
On that: he'll want Supplies, which they'll refuse.)
LORD DERBY to the Commons must submit,
And pass the measure they may vote is fit;
And, for the aid he has been pleased to lend,
LORD DERBY ought to thank his Noble Friend.

Pleased that his speech had every Party riled,
The virtuous PALMERSTON sat down and smiled.

Then fiery WHITESIDE to the battle rushed,
And red-hot eloquence like lava gushed.
Who was LORD PALMERSTON, to give advice?
A blundering player, though he loads his dice.
And who were LORD JOHN RUSSELL and his tools?
The Bill was splendid, and they all were fools!
He scorn'd the counsel meant the scheme to kill:
The QUEEN's Advisers would uphold their Bill.

The strange debate's adjourned, the Senate drives
Home to its toddies, clubs, weeds, whist, or wives.

Nought else of Parliamentary marks the week,
Nought else of which the poet *Punch* will speak:
Save that the Lords, who say they're Ladies' Men,
Smashed the Wife's Sister Bill; by (only) 10.



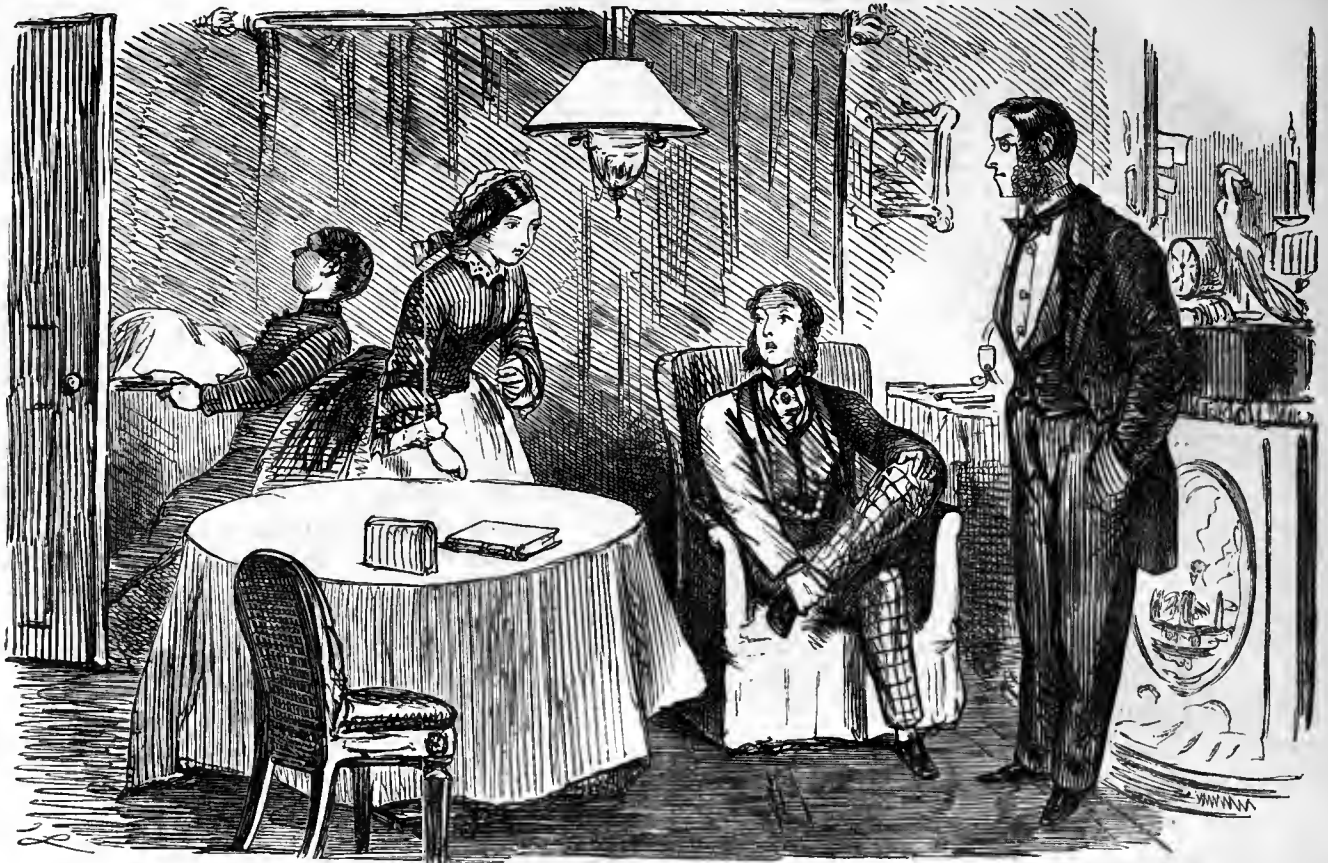
DIFFICULTY OF RECOGNISING ONE'S FRIENDS—INCONVENIENCE OF
THE NEW PIPES.

DID YOU EVER?

THERE can be no doubt that JENKINS still occasionally looks in at the office of the *Morning Post*, and polishes a pair of boots or does a paragraph. His hand is evident in the subjoined extract from a critical notice, in that journal, of a print representing some ladies, and named *The Bouquet of Beauty*:—

"Few modern artists know better than MR. CHARLES BAXTER how to paint 'the sleepy eye that speaks the melting soul,' to imitate the fascinating undulations of the female form, or give voluptuous glow and solid softness to youthful flesh and blood."

La! MR. JENKINS, what a man you are!—says BETSY.



SYMPTOMS OF HARD READING!

Student. "OH, MARY! HAVE YOU TAKEN UP THE LAMP AND THE CIGARS?"

Mary. "YES, SIR."

Student. "—AND THE WHISKEY, AND THE SUGAR, AND THE LEMON, AND BOILING WATER?"

Mary. "YES, SIR!"

Student. "THEN COME, JACK! SUPPOSE WE GO INTO THE STUDY!"

WORKING-MAN WORSHIP.

(Popular M.P., loquitur.)

WE may differ in some things—may differ in all,
We are some for the Factory—some for the Hall;
We may look up to Cotton, or on it look down,—
A President wish for, or rev'rence the Crown:
But (so long as to office assist us he can)
We all love and respect, Sir, the true Working-man—
Yes! all other titles we place under ban,
For the highest of lordships—my Lord Working-man.

Some may say that respect would by truth be best shown,
That those wish you best who your faults would make known;
That to fawn and to flatter is not so like friends,
As like those who would use you to help their own ends.
Such assertions as these class-distrusts can but fan,
Which should ne'er stand between us and you, Working-man!
Yes,—Whig, Tory, Radical—none of us can
Find a blemish in you, my revered Working-man!

You may ask, why our worship's invariably paid
At the moment our Party's in need of your aid?—
Why we leave you, unpuff'd, to your pipe and your pot,
Till, by puffing you, something, it seems, can be got?
Such questions as these let him answer that can;
We should wish to avoid them, my dear Working-man.
But we surely must be your best friends, who began,
To stand forth as your shoe-blacks and slaves, Working-man?

A DIGESTIVE DINNER-PROVERB.—England sends us meat, and France cooks.

A NEW VICAR OF BRAY.

IN order to secure its being read by Royal eyes, *Punch* begs to quote the following from the pen of the *Examiner* :—

"CLERICAL AFFRONT TO HER MAJESTY.—It is stated that a benighted clergyman of the Church of England has composed and offers up a prayer for the PRINCE OF WALES's preservation from Popery, while on his visit to Rome. Can such an insult to the QUEEN be permitted by the Bishop of the diocese, and is it allowable for clergymen to invent and introduce prayers embodying their own peculiar ideas?"

Mr. Punch would fain condone the act of this weak clergyman, as being in the nature of a clerical error. But although he may consider it as almost beneath notice, still as *Mr. Punch* is weekly honoured with an audience by his Sovereign, it is his duty to bring facts concerning Her beneath Her notice.

It is certainly an "insult" to HER MAJESTY to fancy that her Son has not received sufficient education to teach him to preserve himself from being made a Papist; and it is certainly surprising that the Bishop of the diocese should have suffered such an outrage to have passed without his censure. Nevertheless, severity is not the cure for folly. Were *Bishop Punch* the Bishop of the diocese referred to, *Bishop Punch* would have suggested to the clergyman in question, that when he felt the spirit move him to "compose and offer up" such prayers as that alluded to, it would be well to seek some place that might assist his inspiration; and *Bishop Punch* would have reminded the long-eared reverend gentleman, that a fit place would be found him in the Vicarage of Bray.

Political Antiseptic.

ONE element which is much to be desired, but is not to be found, in any of the proposed measures of Reform, is something like FALCON'S powder that will prevent corruption.



PALMERSTON, Green, & Co.
PARTIES ATTENDED

THE CLUMSY GROOM.

PAV. "HA! THAT COMES O' TRUSTING A VALUABLE OSS TO A CHAP LIKE THAT! WHY, LAW! HE AIN'T NO SEAT, NOR NO HAND, NOR NOTHINK! POOR FELLOW! I HOPE HE WON'T LOSE HIS PLACE—DON'T YOU, JACK?"



OUR ADMIRALTY TINKERS.



THE LORD C. PAGET, in a speech upon the Ship-building department of the Navy, is reported to have said:—

“He did not think the House had the smallest notion of what had been going on in our Dockyards in the way of tinkering vessels: araputating them, and performing all sorts of surgical operations upon them. Their heads and tails were cut off, they were sawn asunder, they were maltreated in every possible way. Take the case of a three-decker, the *Hoop*, 121 guns. She was laid down only last year, or the winter before, but the Dockyard people were now pulling her down to put a new bow upon her. Another case was that of the *Immortalité*, a 51-gun frigate, now being built at Pembroke. That unfortunate ship had un-

dergone a deal of trouble. She was first of all lengthened amidships. Last year orders went down from the Admiralty to lengthen her five feet by the bow. It was represented that to lengthen a frigate five feet by the bow would have no effect whatever; but the authorities were inexorable, their orders were reiterated, and the poor ship was lengthened five feet by the bow. The result was, as might be naturally supposed, that either the First Lord himself, with his fine nautical eye, or some other member of the Admiralty Board, saw upon visiting her that she was not fit to go to sea, and ordered her to be pulled down again and lengthened fifteen feet. So the *Lyra*, the *Stacer*, and other noble vessels, began life at 450 tons, but they gradually grew in size until they arrived at 750 tons, when they were launched. Such instances of official blundering would be amusing, if they were not so costly. But the fact was, that scarcely a ship went to sea without costing far more than the sum fixed by the estimates as the cost of her construction.”

Head and tail cut off!—Sawn asunder in amidships!—inside taken out in order to be lengthened!—of a truth a ship may well be called the *Immortalité*, if she can survive such cruel surgery as this. No wonder we hear stories of the weakness of our Navy, when our poor ships are undergoing such frequent amputations. A man-of-war must have the constitution of a sea-horse, in order to bear up when being “pulled down” so continually.

The House should clearly interfere for the prevention of such cruelties: indeed the House, we think, should pass a Vote of Censure on itself, for not having a long while since taken steps to put a stop to them. The House may try to shield itself by saying that what LORD PAGET “thought” of it was true; and that, until he spoke,

it “had not the slightest notion” of what went on in our Dockyards. But this is clearly no excuse. If the House had read its *Punch*, it would not have been so ignorant. Over and over again has *Punch* directed public notice to the way in which our Admiralty tinkers go to work, and how the ships they try to tinker go, naturally, to pot. Over and over again has *Mr. Punch's* cudgel been laid across the shoulders of the Admiralty Board, and brought an empty echo from the wooden heads whereof that Board is aptly constituted. If the House would read its *Punch*, no one would ever “think” it ignorant of anything whatever which it ought to know; and “what goes on in our Dockyards” is one of the things clearly which it ought to know. The House is for the Commons, and it ought to have a knowledge of the commonest of things. Ships cut down, and then cut up, are common things enough; and being such, it was the duty of the House to have made itself acquainted with them. Having knowledge of such things, it was clearly then the duty of the House to put its veto on them. Correctly viewed, the House is the overcser of the Government; and it is the duty of the House to see that Government does its duty. Tinkering ships to pieces, and making new ships into old ones, is very obviously, we think, *not* the duty of the Government. Such blunders might be laughed at, but we can't afford to laugh at them. As critics we might certainly contrive to be “amused” by them; but as tax-payers, the laugh is on the wrong side of our mouths.

We request, then, in all seriousness, that the House will keep its eye upon our Admiralty tinkers. As tinkers proper have a knack of damaging new kettles, and knocking holes in them merely for the sake of mending them, so our Admiralty tinkers pull new ships to pieces, merely for the sake, it seems, of putting them together again. Now this may be fun to them, but it is death to us who have to pay the cost of it; and we therefore ask the House to keep its eye upon our tinkers, and, when it sees them go to work on a new ship, to interfere at once and “stop dat knocking” of its bottom out. This we feel assured might very easily be done. When the Naval Estimates are brought before the House, we would have the House refuse to pass a vote for the supplies until the Government passed its word that they should not be wasted. There is very little doubt that by a stoppage of the tin, the House might pretty soon put a stopper on the tinkering.

THE WILD HORSMAN.

THERE'S a legend of the woodlands—you may travel where you will—
You'll hear it on Norse *fjeld* and *fjord*, on pine-crown'd Tyrol hill;
By the charcoal-burner's fire, in the Schwartzwald's firry glades;
In Palermo's scented gardens, under vine and orange shades.

By many names the legend goes, but still it's theme's the same—
Of a wicked Lord, who in his life too well had loved the game:
And so upheld the forest-laws, so bloody and so grim,
That his ghost still rides the night as though the fiends were hunting him.

And when the wild hunt passes through the dark and troubled air,
And bay of hound and hunting-cry, and hunting-horn's shrill blare,
Then wicked Lords grow pale, and think of prosecuted poachers,
And crops and fields whereon their game and hounds have been
encroachers.

But little did men think, within St. Stephen's blessed pale,
To see the apparition of this wild and wondrous tale;
Amid the Bude-lights burning—and members looking—blue,
To witness the Wild HORSMAN, sweep the House of Commons through.

He rode a horse of blood and bone, of whip nor spur was slack,
And fiercely bayed behind him the hungry Whigging pack:
He crash'd athwart Whig fences; down Whig facts he rode,
As one that, in his hunting-days, front of the field had showed.

He had been a great Whig hunter; too well had loved the game;
And all might note the quaking of the Lords that did the same;
As the Wild HORSMAN from the clouds of night so fiercely bore,
Striking terror to their marrows, that rode with him of yore.

Then may the Saints assail him and assuage this HORSMAN's fate;
And may his ancient friends in sin repent ere 'tis too late;
And remember while they're running down their game with fierce
halloo,
That the hunter may be hunted, ay—and made game of, too!

“FAGGOT VOTES.”

PATERFAMILIAS was reading out the *Times*, the other morning, for the (supposed) delectation of his wife and daughters, when he found an opportunity to show them his great learning, and at the same time to let off a small joke, by coming across the following (to them) highly interesting statement:—

“If a forty-shilling freehold in a Borough is to confer a vote for it as well as a ten-pound occupancy, the Government Reform Bill will create a great facility for making faggot votes.”

“Faggot votes!” exclaimed his daughters, to show they were attending; “Pray, Papa, enlighten us. What are Faggot votes?”

“Well, my dears,” returned the Pater, taking off his spectacles, and looking as wise as the Owl of Minerva in an ivy-bush,—“unaccustomed, as you are, to Parliamentary expressions, if I gave you any lengthened definition of the term, your feminine comprehension would, doubtless, fail to grasp it. To suit my speech, then, to your ears, I would say that Faggot votes are a sort of fancy articles, which, for the convenience of purchasers, are made up into bundles, and hence, no doubt, derive their name of ‘Faggot’ votes. I hope, my loves, you now see what is meant by the expression?”

“Oh yes, Papa, we see!” returned the quickwitted young ladies. “Faggot votes are so called from their being sold in bundles,—just the same, you know, as needles: only, being bigger, people make them into faggots. But, dear Papa, you haven't told us yet what is the use of them.” The left eye of the Pater was here observed to close, and the merriest of twinkles danced gaily in his right, as he responded: “Well, my dears, I believe that the chief use which is made of Faggot votes is, to bring into the House with them a quantity of *Sticks!*”

Fasting in France.

By advice from Paris we learn that—

“The number of horses sold at the first Lent fair at Caen amounted to about 4000.”

Is this how our Norman neighbours keep Lent?



"THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT TO MEMORY DEAR!"

Gent. "Hullo, Charles! have you been fighting? That looks rather a black eye you've got."

Waiter. "Fight, Sir? Yessir. Black eye, Sir? Yessir—p'raps it is a little dark. But talking o' black eyes, Sir, lor! you should ha' been and seen the T'OTHER PARTY!"

WOMANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"Cicero Cottage, Camberwell.

"We ladies are so much obliged to you for your inserting that report of what you justly call our Great Reform Meeting. We all so hoped that the *Times* would have sent us a reportress, and it was most *unmanly* in them not to do so. I am sure that what we said *deserved* to be made known as publicly as possible, and I *can't think* why the *Times* didn't *condescend* to notice us. Indeed the press generally has behaved in the most *shameful* way to us poor *injured* creatures. Yourself *honourably* excepted, not one of the *mean things* has said a word about our gathering, and yet their columns have been teeming with reports of your *men's* meetings. It is really most *unfair* that you *male* people should have all the talking to yourselves, and never print a *word* that we poor women utter. I know that, if I had my way, I should like to kidnap all the Editors in England, and have their ears pulled till they listened to the voice of *Justice*. It seems quite clear to me, that women's wrongs will not be righted, till the fair sex get a fair hold of the *public ear*; and if ladies will but organise a deputation to do this, I for one will gladly lend a hand to do the *pulling*.

"I merely throw this hint out *en passant* as you say, for when a good thing strikes one I think it is a shame to keep it to oneself. But what I wished to say, Sir, was, that if our meeting had not broken up so suddenly (one's husbands as you know are always in the way), there was one especial point which I should have ventured some remarks upon, as I consider it of vital importance to our cause. We met, if you remember, to complain of your Reform Bill, because it made no provision to give women a vote. Now, that Womanhood Suffrage is one of Woman's Rights has been admitted by a *statesman* (need I mention MR. ROEBUCK?) in the following *plain* words:—

"I am very often told that every man has an inalienable right to electoral power. I at once tell you that I don't understand that language. What is the inalienable right? Is there any country in the world in which that power exists. No. If there were, the people would not be oppressed. They have not, then, as a matter of fact, that which they call their inalienable right; or in other words, universal suffrage, manhood suffrage, or the other terms they give it. * * * What I believe is necessary is that the body of electors should represent the interests of the community at large. Here again is a difficulty in understanding this inalienable right; for one half of the population, and more than that, are women. How are they to become an elective body? This is a matter which has often been discussed: and I must say that, owing, as I do, everything to women, for their happiness and our own, I would certainly relieve them from the trouble of politics. But, mark you, if you talk of the inalienable right to electoral power, it must be for the women as well as for the men."

"There now, Mr. Punch! What do you say to *that*, Sir? This is what a *statesman*, you observe, Sir, says for us. The inalienable (what a horribly hard word, and how difficult to spell!) the inalienable right to electoral power *must* be—do you hear, Sir?—*MUST* be for the women as well as for the men! That *dear* MR. ROEBUCK! What a *duck* the man must be! How *can* you call him names when he speaks such *noble* sentiments! Sheffield *file*, indeed! You ought to be *ashamed* of it.

"As for what he says, though, about 'wishing to relieve us from the trouble of politics,' I would reply, We're much *obliged*, Sir, but we don't want to be relieved. Trouble, indeed! Why, bless the man! does he think women such *dolls* that we can none of us bear *troubles*? Pray, what is *marriage* but a trouble!—yet do women ever shrink from it? What are housekeeping and shopping and dinner-ordering but *troubles*!—yet do you ever hear of women wishing to be 'relieved' of them? What are husbands but *great troubles*!—yet don't we *poor weak* women somehow manage to *get over* them? Trouble is a pleasure, at least *some* troubles are, and I'm sure that to *right-minded females* the exercise of *power* of any sort is one of them.

"I repeat then, Mr. Punch, on the authority of a *statesman*, that we ladies 'MUST HAVE' an inalienable (there!—that's spelt right, now isn't it?) right to vote. MR. ROEBUCK says we must, so there cannot be a doubt of it. Dear, delightful man! It's quite a *novelty* to hear such *gentlemanly* sentiments. I declare if I'd been present when he spoke so, I'd have *hugged* him! Had MR. SMITH been present (MR. SMITH's my husband), I should have braved the danger of such an *indiscretion*. And yet this is the man whom you are all inventing names for. This is the man whom you put down as a 'Bath bun,' Sir! But it's just like you men. Always jealous of your *bettors*, including MR. ROEBUCK, and your *better halves*, Sir. And that's the reason, I believe, why you won't let us into Parliament. You fear our *heads* would be *too long* for you. And so you *greedy* creatures keep all your nice *helectoral* powers to yourselves, and don't allow your poor dear wives the chance of a *shelectoral* one!

"As a woman I cry shame upon such *MEANNESS*, Mr. Punch, and remain, Sir,

"Yours, *defiantly*, XANTIPPE SMITH."

"P.S. You will insert my letter, won't you? Do now, there's a *dear*!

"P.S. I re-open this to say, that if you'll print my letter MR. SMITH shall *buy* a copy, and I'll make him read it out to me and dear Mamma, who so admires you!"

THE SONG OF THE FRENCH EAGLE.

BELIEVE me, that all those great guns and small arms,
Which I'm casting by hundreds, you say;
Need by no means excite your vain fears and alarms:
Dismiss all such disquietudes, pray!
All these terrible weapons mere playthings are for,
They are warranted never to kill:
And altho' you may think I'm preparing for War,
At Peace I quite mean to be still.

'Tis true I'm increasing my Army, 'tis known
That my Navy grows stronger each day;
But by this no belligerent proneness is shown,
'Tis to prove that "*L'Empire, c'est la Paix!*"
If I arm, 'tis for peace; if I fight, 'tis for love;
For your fears, then, there's really no cause;
I'm a bird with the heart and the voice of a dove,
Of an Eagle although I've the claws!

THE COMPLAINT OF THE COALWHIPPERS.

COALOWNERS, come over the coals—and bring Shipowners with you. What means the complaint that the coalwhippers are bringing against you for insisting on paying them at pot-houses instead of a proper office, whereby, in the first place, they are made to depend for their employment on publicans and middlemen, and, in the next, obliged to spend a great part of their reduced wages in gin and beer? Is it true that Parliament has had, from time to time, to pass Acts compelling you to hire them and pay them at a decent place, and in a proper manner; and that you at last got those enactments discontinued on the pretence that they had answered their purpose, that is, had caused you yourselves finally to abandon your low and disgraceful line of dealing with those men; and then that, having thus succeeded in deluding the Legislature, you forthwith reverted to that shameful system, and persist in it now? For, if these charges against you are true, the coalwhippers might, with great propriety and justice, if but lawfully, have their sphere of usefulness extended by a little further work, and be employed, not only in whipping your coals, but likewise yourselves.

A COOL DEMAND.

The following advertisement has appeared in the *Times*, with an address which, as we've not been paid to do so, we don't choose to insert:—

NEAPOLITAN ICEMAKER WANTED. Only an artist need apply.

We infer from this announcement that Naples is a place which is famous for its ice; and this, as BOMBA the Hot-headed has resided there, surprises us. We should have fancied that the presence of so sulphurous a sovereign would have so highly raised the temperature of Naples and its environs, that to manufacture ice there would be utterly impossible; and if any frozen substance were by chance to be created there, we should have imagined it to be of the kind which SHAKESPEARE speaks of:—

"That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow."

The intimation, that for this now vacant post of ice-maker "only an artist" need take the trouble to apply, appears to us to be of so cucumbrian a coolness, that we really think the advertiser might himself have undertaken to be his own refrigerator. An artist to turn ice-man!—our blood freezes at the thought! There *are* artists, it is true, whose pictures don't sell *over* well; and who, instead of making water-colours, might make more by making ice. But were this low, money-grubbing spirit to be prevalent, how would it be deplored by all the lovers of high art! Were artists to exchange the palette for the ice-pail, the only views the world would get from them would thenceforth be dissolving ones. There would, of course, be soon an end to all water-colour drawings, if the water were drawn merely for the sake of making ice. No, no!—we can't hear of it. However pleasant Neapolitan ice may be, we cannot spare our rising CATTERMOLES and PROUTS to manufacture it. Such gems of the first water (colour) are very much too precious to be thrown away in ice-making. No, no!—it won't do. *Chacun à son PROUT.* Oil-painting may, perhaps, be thought a slippery path to fortune, but it surely cannot be so slippery as ice. Anyhow, we feel assured that, were an artist to turn ice-man, if not in purse, at least in person, he would soon be in an ice mess.

I'M A SKUNK!

Song for the Banquet Lyre.

I'm a Skunk, I'm a Skunk, I'm the Skunk of the Press!
I've the talent of being offensive, I guess;
When I let off my spite you were best up a tree,
For the world contains nothing so noisome as me.

I'm a Skunk, I'm a Skunk; 'tis my line to disclose
Any fact that can pain any gentleman's nose,
Any secret that snobs odoriferous find;
For we critturs delight in the trail of our kind.

I'm a Skunk, I'm a Skunk, in a paper's employ;
With scandal and slander nice minds I annoy;
But I yield every loafer the sweetest content,
With the reek of the trash, true or false, which I vent.

I'm a Skunk, I'm a Skunk, I creep up the back stairs,
Where I learn, to reveal, people's private affairs.
Kick me down if you dare—you'll repent of the act,
For a Skunk pays you out, though he runs when attacked.

I'm a Skunk, I'm a Skunk—don't provoke me—take heed,
You have now in Old England some heasts of my breed:
Touch us not—we fume worst when we're most in a funk;
I'm a varmint—beware! I'm a Skunk, I'm a Skunk!

A GREAT BLOW TO BUCKRAM.

PEOPLE talk of the fall in Indian Stocks. This certainly does not refer to the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S Order to LORD CLYDE, putting down stocks in the Indian Army. This may be a fall in Indian Stocks, but it is a decided rise in Indian Securities. Let the soldier's collar fall, even though the martinet's choler should rise. Down with buckram, rod-baize, and pipe-clay; and up with karkee coats, light continuations, long winds, unimpeded respiration, and free transpiration! These are the true military comforts in a tropical climate. LORD CLYDE is a right hard-working soldier, and knows that the health of his men is their best weapon, and the sun, strong drink, and bad air, their worst enemies.

The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE deserves the gratitude of every one who has a father, brother, relative, or friend, in the Indian Army, for releasing the soldier from his leather dog-collar, and giving the Indian Commander-in-Chief the large discretion "to dress the soldier as he

thinks proper." Hitherto, we have too often served our troops as LORD CHESTERFIELD recommended his son to serve cucumbers:—we have first taken infinite pains in drilling and dressing them for service—and then thrown them away! Let us hope that the Indian Army will not be the only one in which a less wasteful recipe will henceforth be followed.

OFFICIAL SECRETCY.

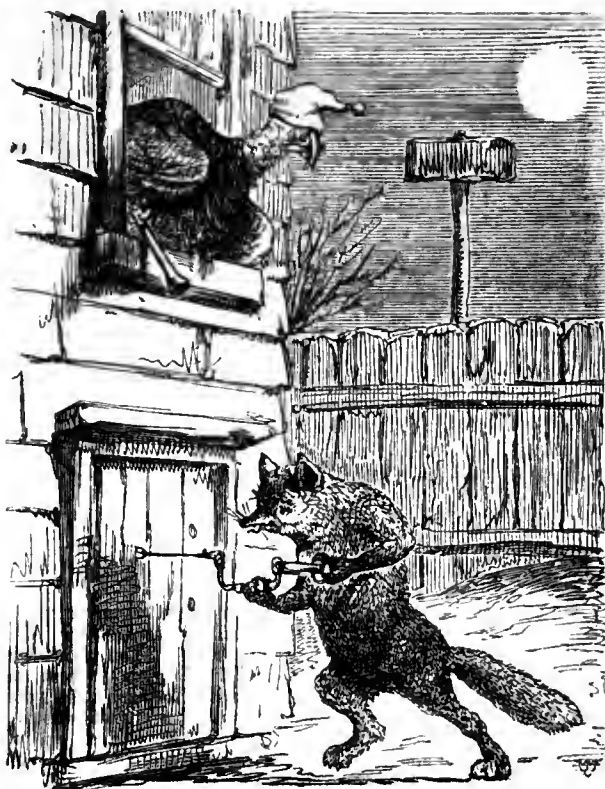
IN one part of the *Morning Post* we read that, at Woolwich:—

"SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG'S gun, after a succession of trials, has been removed from the garrison to the Royal Arsenal, where it has been carefully stored with strict orders that no person, whether connected with the establishment or otherwise, shall be allowed to view it without a special order for that purpose."

In another we are told that—

"Discoveries in these days gravitate to the best market. Months ago the whole secret of the Armstrong gun was sold by two malcontents to the Governments of France and America."

Moreover, a minute description of the Armstrong gun, a few weeks ago, went the round of the papers. Does not the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich resemble a stable, and is not the secret of the Armstrong gun like a horse, and the precaution of preventing any unauthorised person from viewing that invention, very much like the providence of closing the entrance of the quadruped's abode, at a period subsequent to the felonious abduction of the noble animal.



POPISH BOYS PLAYING WITH FIRE.

A HOWLING mob at Ennis, the other day, burnt in effigy Mr. FITZGERALD, member for the borough, because he had, as Attorney-General for Ireland, held a brief for the Crown in the prosecution of PRIESTS CONWAY and RYAN. This rabble stopped before the house of a MR. CONSIDINE, who addressed the rascals from a window, and in the course of his harangue is reported to have said:—

"Let no one misconstrue the object of our meeting to-night. We stand up in defence of our religion and our priesthood, whom we revere, and shall ever bow to with the greatest reverence and respect. I ask you, would you not spill the last drop of your blood in defence of your priests and your Church? (*Jes, yes, and Chers.*)"

If ever the orator and his worthy hearers have an opportunity of carrying their determination out, and do not, as they certainly will, carefully neglect it, but actually execute it, and if all who share their sentiments imitate their self-devotion, a very considerable quantity of good-for-nothing blood—most of the ill blood which exists between Great Britain and Ireland—will be spilt entirely.

But these fellows will never have a chance of bleeding in defence of their priests and their church. Unless they murder somebody on that or some other pretext, they will not even come to be hanged.



A QUIET LOOK AT THE COUNTRY.

Frank. "THERE, CHARLEY! WE HAVE A GOOD MANY OF THOSE LITTLE DOUBLES HERE; BUT, BLESS YOU! OUR HORSES THINK NOTHING OF 'EM!"

Charley (who is not to be beaten). "HA! I SEE—NICE CLEAN JUMPING! NOW, IN OUR COUNTRY THE FENCES ARE BIG AND CRAMPED!"

A CRUEL CASE.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"You have done *one thing*—which is what we poor women can't do, *try* as we will—and that is, *worn Crinoline thread-bare*. That is the *only* objection I know to those *dear petticoats*. You CAN'T wear 'em out with *searing*; though you can with *joking* about them, and *caricaturing* them—particularly if you do it with *blunt pens* and *pointless pencils*. So allow me, as a *young lady* on my *preferment*, to furnish you with *another article of dress* for your *overworked* and *not over-well supplied pens and pencils*. *This time* you will admit it ought, in *fairness*, to be an *article of apparel worn by your own sex*. 'Peg-top trousers' I know you will say: but it *isn't* Peg-top trousers—nor long *Noah's Ark* overcoats, nor *gigot-sleeves*. All these are *ridiculous* enough, and make young men *horrid frights*, but at least they do no *harm* to anybody but the wearers. What I complain of is an *article dangerous and damaging* to others, as well as *ugly and deceptive*. I mean the *high, hard heels* which young men now wear to their *dress boots*, 'military heels' I think they are called—I suppose because of the *slaughter* they make among our poor *ancles, toes, and insteps*. At all events they have nothing *civil* about them. I have not been at one ball *this winter*, at which I haven't been *trod upon*, and *dreadfully hurt*, by some *clumsy partner* or other—and *how many* of you are not *clumsy*?—wearing these *odious heels*. I find almost *all* the girls I know making the same *complaint*. Now, really women *may* be *inferior beings*, but they were never meant to be *trampled under foot*, in real earnest. If you could only see my *right foot**—how *horribly* bruised it is, from the *hoop* of a horrid *gawky wretch* of a hobbydehoy I danced with at MRS. TRIFLES' last week, I am sure you would *pity* me—though you do laugh so at us girls, and indeed, Mamma says, at everything else that is *deserving of respect and protection and pity*. I rather think she has been a *good deal vexed* at some things you have said and drawn, about *Mothers-in-law*.

* Mr. Punch would be only too happy to be allowed the privilege.

"Now, do be a good and *compassionate Mr. Punch* for once, and put in a word, and a *cut*, against *military heels* to dress-boots, and for

"Your devoted reader,

"BLANCHE POLKINGHORN"

"(Pp. All the dancing girls of Great Britain)."

"Call you that Backing of your Friends?"

BERNAL OSBORNE, observing the very black looks and long faces of Liberal Members in the rear of MR. HORSMAN, the other night, while that gentleman was dealing out unpleasant truths to the Liberal party, with all the freedom of a d—d good-natured friend, whispered to MR. HADFIELD, from HORACE: "*Post equitem sedet atra cura*." The Honourable Member for Sheffield does not understand "foreign lingo" (as he impatiently told the facetious B. O.), so that gentleman was compelled to explain to his energetic, but not erudite, neighbour, that the words meant, "Black care sits behind the HORSMAN."

The Garden and the Lane.

SAYS MR. GYE TO MR. SMITH,
YOUR GRAZIANI is a myth.
SAYS MR. SMITH TO MR. GYE,
YOUR GRAZIANI is a lie.

[Anything else must appear in the form of an advertisement.]

Perfectly Consistent Statements.

"ENGLAND has resolved to send nobody to the Congress at Aix."—*La Patrie*.

"England has decided on sending LORD MALMESBURY to the Congress at Aix."—*Moniteur*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE POET PUNCH, *albeit extremely disgusted at the duration of the conflict, continueth to record the events of the Reform Battle Days, in profuse strains of unpremeditated art. He beginneth with Monday, March the 28th, and endeth with Friday, being All Fools' Day.*



STIRRED to a blaze once more the battle flames,
And forward stands the stalwart EDWIN JAMES;
Foregone conclusion doth his speech denote,
Namely, that DERBY falls before the vote.
Next, a new Premier EDWIN darts upon,
And hands the country to the good LORD JOHN.
Right earnest pains doth gallant EDWIN take
To show what ministers LORD JOHN should make;
Not dim old Whigs, or hoys of lordly breed,
But real men, the people's friends indeed.

BEAUMONT, a Liberal, which his name is BLACKETT,
Votes for the Bill—expected to attack it.
LORD ELCHO, loyal to his friend LORD GREY,
A Liberal also, votes the Tory way,
And, in a smartish speech, gives little quarter
To BRIGHT, whose speech he christens milk-and-water.
Bad is the measure, growls E. ELLICE, sage.
SMYTH would amend it on another stage.
The fated Bill receives an extra knock
From grimy Southwark's delegate, JOHN LOCKE.
The LORD ADOLPHUS TEMPEST plainly tells
His creed—the workman's real friends are Swells;
Whereat the ready MONCKTON MILNES invites
The swells to yield the workman's claim of rights.

Then oily GRAHAM rears his length in air,
And gazes round him with a wild despair:
Laudator temporis acti, when Reform
Rode on the whirlwind, and he hurled the storm.
That was a triumph. He had fondly deemed
That settlement was final. He had dreamed.
The time had come, he urged, with accents sad,
To lower your franchise, and new Members add;
Nay, though he hates the sneaking secret ball,
He hears it asked for with increasing call.

Given the necessity, you want a Bill
Of far more boldness, and of greater skill.
So spoke the tall and venerable *cir*,
With tardy diction and Northumbrian burr.

Last, on his feet brave PAKINGTON upsprang,
And dashed at all antagonists slap-bang:
Fought for the Bill, and hurled no measured strokes
On PALMERSTON for all his jeers and jokes,
His counsel scouted, and his wrath defied,
And bade the House the measure's fate decide;
Let RUSSELL win—he gave them warning fair—
The Bill should be among the things that were.

The fifth debate's adjourned, the Senate drives
Off to its toddies, clubs, weeds, whist, or wives.

No vulgar champion now bestrides the field,
But one beneath whose blow the best have reeled.
The classic GLADSTONE earliest takes the floor,
Armed, doubly armed, with eloquence and lore.
Pleased on his lips the listening Commons hung,
And truths divine came mended from his tongue.
His polished blade like glancing lightning flies,
Stabbed at his feet the Resolution lies:
But ere hath ceased that Ministerial shout,
The Bill itself he hacks and hews about,
Lops off its clauses, as, in ancient day,
ULYSSES lopped MELANTHIUS' limbs away;
But spares its life, and loftily requires
The House to make it what the House desires.
Small boroughs hold high place in his esteem;
He'd have the Senate half an Academe,
Where boys, returned for tiny burghs, should learn
A statesman's business, and its duties stern.
Give votes to friends of WILLIAMS, HADFIELD, COX,
But keep a door for PELHAM, CANNING, FOX.
The great Debater spoke: and sat, while cheers
Of the pleased Commons vibrate on his ears.

"The Bill is framed, at least in my belief,
With crafty Tory purpose," quoth MONCRIEFF.
"On purpose to defeat yon artful dodger,
(JOHN RUSSELL) I support," said PALMER (ROGER).
WESTHEAD, who's not the best head, will oppose.
To 'other lobby MAJOR EDWARDS goes.
COLLIER on BEN looks blaek as any coal.
WALSH thinks the measure good, upon the whole.
O. STANLEY seeks its death on every ground.
MACAULAY deems its principles are sound.
From Yarmouth's Member, learned Q. C. MELLOR,
BEN gets the thing BEN CAUNT would call a smellier.
HARDY, the Under-Secretary, hits
Both hard and fair, and vindicates his wits.
And JOHN FITZGERALD, Irish ex-A. G.,
Propels his brogue against DISRAELI,
Assails the Bill, and fervidly affirms
The Resolution clear in all its terrums.

The sixth debate's adjourned, the Senate drives
Off to its toddies, clubs, weeds, whist, or wives.

Wet are the streets with Wednesday's filthy snow,
When to the House the eager Commons go.
The Thursday night has come, and word is passed,
That leaders mean this night shall be the last.

The foremost blow is struck by young DU CANE,
Who votes with Ministers. In fiercer strain,
Rails at the Bill the elder son of PEEL,
ROBERT, whose mouth is seldom stopped by meal;
His taunts, though not refined, the House amuse,
If slight the value of his statesman-views.
GASKELL regrets the Bill was ever framed,
But of the RUSSELL motion is ashamed;
And kindly SLANEY, with reverse of joy,
Resists a Bill which he would not destroy.
E. EGERTON (what's that about a Peer?)
Supports the measure, though some points are queer.
COBBETT and COLLINS think it good enough,
While WESTERN censures it in language rough.
HUDSON and HODGSON, RUSSELL's dodge rebuke,
And so does WYVILL, christened MARMADUKE.
To rhyme a roll of names is rather hard,
Be ample beer permitted to the bard.

The night grows deep,—each moment nearer brings
The Fate that comes with victory on her wings.
'Tis said!—believe or not the awful tale,
Told by Policeman X, with terror pale,
That, on this night, the DUKE in Bedford Square
Sent from bronze lips a shout upon the air,
And that CHARLES FOX, who fronts him, slowly rose,
Cheered thrice, and straight resumed his seat and doze.
Strange things take place, which mortal wits surpass,—
Hath bronze some secret sympathy with brass?

WALTER opposed the Bill, but likewise said
He could not lend the Resolution aid.
Again let Ministers exert their tact,
And frame a Bill that might become an Act.
'Twas theirs the legislative path to show,
Nor such a duty on the House to throw.
GREENALL and GILPIN spoke on different sides;
The first with BEN, the next with JOHN divides:
And HENLEY, though dissentient, thought it fair
In the Committee to make matters square.

Then ROEBUCK rose, the world at large to teach,
Condemned professed Reformers, all and each:
Had not the slightest confidence in PAM,
Considered LORD JOHN RUSSELL as a sham.
BRIGHT was an orator, no doubt; but, pshaw!
His sense and judgment were not worth a straw.
If at his (ROEBUCK'S) dictates they'd correct
The Bill, supplying what he deemed defect,
He would sustain the Ministry; if not,
He didn't care how soon they went to pot.

The Chariot of the Fatal Hour hath come,
Nor longer may DISRAELI be dumb.
All eyes are on him, and his rising claim,
All tongues in chorus call upon his name.

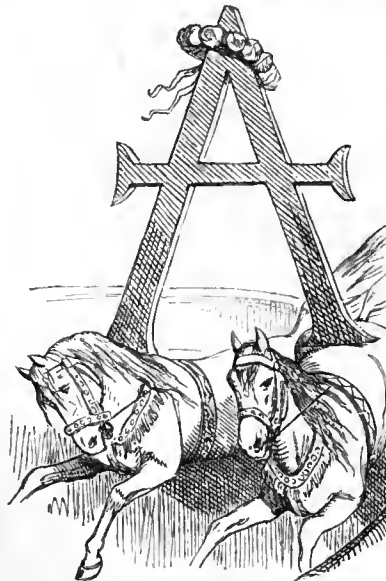
With cheek unchanging from its sallow gloom,
However near his ministerial tomb,

With hand whose almost careless coolness spoke,
Its grasp well used to deal the sabre-stroke,
With eye, though calm, determined not to spare,
Did BENJAMIN his willing weapon bare;
Sweeps his long arm, that sabre's whirling sway
Sheds fast atonement for six nights' delay.
Some pains he deigned his chieftain's head to guard,
Some pains to prove his measure's treatment hard,
And boldly he affirmed its right to live,
As giving all a statesman dared to give.
Then sudden turning on his focman's flanks,
His showering sarcasm volleyed through their ranks:
Chief marks their leaders for his biting hail,
Stout PALMERSTON, the man without a tail,
BRIGHT, ribald scoffer at the peers and throne,
Doubtless with some ambition of his own,
And plotting RUSSELL, with his subtle ends,
For ever scheming to upset his friends.
Those the conspirators whose wicked will
Sought to destroy a well-considered Bill,
And cheek a Government that watchful stands,
The peace of Europe trembling in its hands.
So DIZZY struck through brass and triple steel,
Inspiring hope himself had ceased to feel,
Still to the last his battle-word he cried—
Then came the sound of doom—"DIVIDE! DIVIDE!"

TAYLOR and JOLIFFE at the table stand,
Tellers, with KNATCHBULL HUGESSEN, and BRAND.
One glance reveals the fortune of the fight,—
Stand the twin Whigs—or Tories—to the right?
Ha! all is o'er,—the battle's lost and won:
The Noes, Three Thirtv,—Ayes, Two Ninety-one.
As many Articles as Churehmen sign,
So many Noes outnumber,—THIRTY-NINE!

That Friday good LORD DERBY seeks his QUEEN,
With what result, on Monday shall be seen:
Honours and office at her feet he lays.
So *Punch* concludes the Battle of the Days.

KITCHEN AND PARLOUR MAGIC.



AN Advertisement in the most fashionable of papers informs the higher orders that—

MR. ADOLPHE DIDIER
(the Sombambule) gives his
MESMERIC SEANCES EVERY DAY
from 1 till 4.

To this immediately succeeds the announcement following:—

"CELESTIAL PHILOSOPHY.—
WRITTEN TREATISES ON THE IM-
PORT OF THE PLANETARY ORBS AT
BIRTH, solving the intricate pro-
blems of human life, and ana-
lysing the mental constitution.
E. A. LIENA, Upper Bangor,
Wales."

It may be doubted whether these notifications are calculated to attract attention at the aristocratic breakfast table, or intended for preliminary perusal in the servants' hall. If the latter is the case, they evince some progress in the education of footmen and

maid-servants, to whom it was formerly necessary to describe a spade as a spade, and call astrology and divination by very plain names, instead of expressing them in French and in fine English. On the former supposition, the proverb, "Like Master like Man," or in more modern phrase, "Like Swell like Flunkey," and also the corresponding proverb, "Like Lady like Servant-maid," seem to hold good extensively among the superior classes.

I HATE lounging lolloping men. By day be vertical, by night horizontal, but in no case diagonal.—*Jean Paul Bedford.*

THE DOCKYARD RAT.

THE old political word, Rat, has for some years fallen into disuse. This is not because the breed of political Rats has become extinct; but for a precisely opposite reason. It would be very difficult to find any politician now-a-days who is not a Rat: indeed the House of Commons is altogether over-run with Rats, and therefore Rat has ceased to be a distinctive term.

There exists, however, another species of two-legged Rat than that of gentlemen who desert their principles and party. It is a creature which probably may be found in many public departments, but it principally infests the Dockyards, and for that reason may be denominated the Dockyard Rat. It is a most destructive and mischievous creature, having, in the course of the last eleven years, consumed a quantity of stores, timber, and other national property, represented by the enormous amount of £5,000,000. Notwithstanding the extent to which the Dockyards are haunted with these vermin, such is their sagacity or cunning, that they have hitherto defied detection. We believe we are correct in stating that not a single specimen of the Dockyard Rat has been as yet caught; which proves, however, as much perhaps the slowness of the Lords of the Admiralty as the quickness of the Rats. A few good terriers of the Sheffield or Tearem breed should be put into the Dockyards; where they would soon make short work of those noxious animals.

Fowl Play in the Navy.

We have often heard it said that in their Dockyard eccentricities the Government "makes ducks and drakes" of the money which is found them. But this is very obviously an incorrect expression. Ducks and drakes, we know, are always sure to swim; and it is by no means such a certainty that Government-built ships can.

L'EMPIRE, C'EST L'ÉPÉE.

LOUIS NAPOLEON wants to make the world believe that the French Eagle is the bird of peace. But considering what a quantity of cannon he has cast, we think the world may place more credence in the fact that the French Eagle is the bird of pieces.

Bow to Destiny. One of these days he may be polite and return your bow.

PETS FOR PETTICOATS.



IX your attention, if you please, ladies, on the following advertisement, which for your especial benefit we take from last week's *Times*:

DOGS AND CURIOSITIES. MR. GROWLER has for Sale One of the handsomest Pug Dogs in Creation, with a self-coloured face (supposed to be the only one in England), 12 months old, direct from Holland; also one of the most perfect like the White Pot Female Dogs ever seen, with a most beautiful long curly coat, equal to floss silk, two years old, direct from Spain. This amiable clean little animal is fit for Buckingham Palace. Also a remarkably handsome Female Spanish Goat, colour a beautiful black, with tan points; she has a splendid long flowing coat, age 21 months. Also a magnificent glass case of superb Foreign Stuffed Birds, plumage and execution of exquisite beauty. Apply at Growler's breeding kennels, Cateaton Street, Houndsditch.

As we never insert tradesmen's advertisements without charge, we have changed the name and residence of the fortunate possessor of these precious pets: but with the gallantry which always has distinguished us, we will make known their whereabouts to any young and single lady, who will, in return for this, present us with her photograph, and permit us to compare it, if we wish it, with herself. We make this generous proposal not without some fear of the crowds who will embrace it. For only think, ladies, what darling little ducks of dogs are here for you. What would you not give to know where you could purchase them? May be you are pretty, Miss, even in a photograph; but you ought to come down handsomely for knowledge of the handsomest of pug dogs in creation, and one blessed with the attraction of "a self-coloured face." Wherein this latter charm consists we are not wise enough to know; and the supposition that it is "the only one in England" is an avowal which no evidence of ours can contradict. That ladies have been seen with "self-coloured" faces is an assertion of their enemies which we own to having heard; but we were not aware before that any creature in creation, least of all a pug dog, bore in this respect resemblance to them.

As, in common with all wise people, HER MAJESTY reads *Punch*, the "perfect little pet," which is "fit for Buckingham Palace," may meet with its deserts, and through our mention be transferred there. If this should be the case, we trust, that, for the honour of caninity in general, it will prove as "clean" and "amiable" as its possessor states it is.

A REFUGEE FROM ROME.

THE *Siccle*, perceiving that the POPE and Popery are at the bottom of the Italian difficulty, suggests the removal of the papal see to Jerusalem; but adds—

"It, however, matters little where the POPE resides. Wherever he may dwell, it will only depend on himself to conquer the admiration, sympathy, and respect of the world."

If it is expedient that the POPE should go to Jerusalem, it would perhaps be still better that he should go to Jericho. But PITH is personally a very good sort of man; and really it would be a shame to transport him. Jerusalem is a less eligible place of abode than Houndsditch itself; and the Holy Land is not at present a proper place for his Holiness. If he should be lightened of the cares of temporal sovereignty, the asylum for him is that which is sought by all Continental ex-potentates. Old England, in short, is the only refuge for the POPE himself. So long as he contented himself with minding his own business, blessing cinders and adding articles to his religion, nobody would molest him any more than the boys molest WISEMAN, now that the Cardinal is quiet, and talks no longer about governing counties. He would be free to do anything in this island that ST. PETER himself would have done or wished to do, and even if, in addition, he desired to be chaired like GUY FAWKES, his wishes could be gratified on the premises of the DUKE OF NORFOLK, or the park or grounds of some other Roman Catholic nobleman or gentleman. None of his spiritual functions would be interfered with in the least; and he might have his feet kissed as much as he liked by MR. BOWYER and the rest of the faithful. He would never hear a whisper of "No Popery!" whilst he left the British Church alone; on the contrary, in taking his drive in Regent Street or the Park, he would most likely be cheered by the British Public. He would at least be treated with the same respect as that which is paid to every dissenting clergyman of distinction, and his spiritual authority over his own denomination would perhaps be more absolute than it is in any other country in the world.

THE PAGODA TREE.

"THE Indian 5 per cent. loan at 15½ discount; a perennial deficit; and no money to be got in India."—*Summary of the First Governor-General's Budget.*

The Land of Ind! the wondrous land—
The land of wealth from times of old:
Where pearls lay basking on the sand,
And golden waves Pactolus rolled;
Where in Golconda's darkling mines,
The diamond's buried sun-light shines.

India—a Queen of grace inert,
All golden-scarfed and jewel-crowned;
Her waist, with gem-like shawls engirt,
Her wrists and ankles silver-bound—
How rich and rare a prize was she,
Beneath the full Pagoda Tree!

Those long and lustrous eyes alone,
Those odorous streams of silken hair,
That waist which mocked the tiny zone,
Those hands and feet so small and fair,
All these were charms to tempt and please,
But woercs sought her not for these.

None came to woo—all came to win;
The stalwart Rajpoot calm and proud,
The polished Greek with whiter skin,
The flat-faced Mongol's roving crowd,
The Moslem Arab, swart and spare,
The daring Briton—all were there.

Upon the maid by turns they fell,
Each rent his share of gauds away;
But as he turned his gains to tell,
Another came to wrest the prey;
And she sat by and watched the strife—
The robber's prize, the victor's wife.

Wife of a bed still wet with tears:
Cursed or caressed, the slave of scorn;
The gold wrenched from her bleeding cars;
From her bruised wrists the bangles torn:
Her gems and gem-like shawls a prize,
For grasping hands and hungry eyes.

What if poor India groaned and gasped
Beneath each ruffian plund'rer's knee?
Enough for him that he had grasped,
His bough of the Pagoda Tree,
And shook and shook its golden shower—
Poor India's fair and fatal dower.

The Briton too has played his part
Of plund'rer, 'mong the Pagan horde,
As keen of hand, as hard of heart,
As proud and pitiless a Lord;
Hath turn'd from India's prayer and plea,
To grasp at the Pagoda Tree.

None shook so long; none shook so well;
No stronger hand e'er grasped its bough;
But less and less the fruit that fell,
Though flashed the shaker's knitted brow—
His sweat flows fast, his gripe is grim;
But the tree yields no more for him!

Enough—too much—of work like this:
Work ill-repaid as ill-begun;
'Tis time to right what is amiss;
Time India's wrong should be undone:
Time to admit, if hers the soil,
'Tis ours to save, as well as spoil.

Ours as we boast a Christian creed,
Ours as a righteous law we own,
To trample down usurping Greed,
And set up Justice on its throne;
The poor Pagoda Tree to spare,
Or in its erop let India share.

To act the truth we speak—that fruit
Comes not by shaking of the tree,
But digging deep about its root,
Manuring wisely, pruning free;
So shall poor India's woeful dower,
To her be joy, to us be power;
So full of fruitage we shall see,
For aye, the broad Pagoda Tree!



A DAY VERY LATE IN THE SEASON—SAY, THE FIRST OF APRIL!

THE O.P.Q. HOUNDS HAVE A RATTLING HOUR AND TEN MINUTES AFTER A GOOD STOUT BUTTERFLY, OVER A SPLENDID PRIMROSE AND VIOLET COUNTRY.—*Huntsman, (log.)* "SHALL I GIVE THE WINGS TO THE LADY, SIR?"

THE LADIES' LAST HUNT.

The wind is a Zephyr; bright azure the sky,
The birds are in full song, the lambs in full cry.
The violet its casket of perfume unloeks,
Instead of the scent of a nasty old fox.

The lark that drops, singing, among the green corn,
Proclaims what to me is a nice hunting morn.
There's my pony, side-saddled, whoo, boy, whoo!
We are up, we are off, oh, how nicely we go!

O'er the daisies we dash, through the buttercups fly,
Leap that streamlet, my chesnut—you can if you try!
'Tis as wide as my work-box—and cleared at a jump,
Up we go! Down we come! And, oh my, what a bump!

The little dogs follow, they frisk and they bark,
Now Trim, Sir, hark forward! Dash, Sappho, Di, hark!
How delightful to ride on this velvet green ground,
Bitter-cress and marsh-marigold shining all round!

Now we've started a butterfly—symptom of Spring,
It is up on the air—it is off on the wing!
As much as to say, Catch me now if you can!
Hie after it Tiny, and Bijou, my man.

Run Mumbo, my poodle; haste Fido, good dog,
Ah! What is the matter? Oh, such a great frog!
There it goes, there it hops! Ugh! 'Tis passed—never mind.
See, my pony and I leave the monster behind!

Pursued with view hollow, the game flies away,
Heigho! Chevy! Tantivy! trot after him, Tray!
Yoicks! the insect alights—run to earth—out of breath,
So am I, but thank goodness, I'm in at the death!

See Flora has seized it, and bitten its wing!
It shakes it, it tears it, it kills it, poor thing!
Down I pop, with my seissors between them I rush,
And I snip off the tail—but we call it the brush.

That prize for a trophy I pin in my hat,
Of course, for CHARLES says sportsmen always do that.
Then homeward we toddle, along with our pack,
Our gallants all beside us: our grooms at our back.

And oh, such a dinner our coming awaits!
And la, such a clearance we make of our plates!
After tea, with a dance we conclude the day's fun,
And in polkas and waltzes talk over the run.

An April Fool.

THE Reform Speeches terminated at a quarter to one o'clock in the morning of the first of April. An appropriate ending to so foolish a beginning! But the real April Fool in this protracted practical joke is the reader, who, having waded on seven different occasions through this foaming sea of raging words, rubs his eyes, and clears his mouth of the weedy verbiage, and asks himself where he is, and what it has been all about? Never was JOHN BULL made such an April Fool of in all his life before!—and the poor old gentleman has known a few fools in his time too.

MALINGERING MAJESTY.

THE spider, when it feels itself in danger, pretends to be dead. BOMBA's death was announced the other day—and has since been reported to be hourly expected. Has the Neapolitan tyrant resorted to the trick of the spider? After all, has BOMBA only been shamming?

KINDER is the looking-glass than the wine-glass, for the former reveals our defects to ourselves only, the latter to our friends.



THE SUPPORTERS OF THE "WORKING MAN."

THE HISTORY OF THE SEASONS



MONSIEUR COMMUNIQUÉ.

ON ANONYMOUS JOURNALISM.



HERE is no doubt it is very bad. Every article should have its maker's name plainly stamped upon it, like a piece of Sheffield cutlery. If I am cut by a certain article, it is a great relief to me to know who has been the cause of it. I can transfer the blame from myself, then, to the manufacturer of the article, and can vent my rage against him for having made it so abominably sharp. A comet does not visit the earth unchristened. It has a name of some sort or other, and yet many comets are harmless compared to political articles, and cause infinitely less mischief in the political horizon. You can trace the tail of the one, but it is not so easy always to follow to its combustible lair the incendiary tale of the other! All things anonymous are bad. Look at anonymous

letters. What mischief they produce! I would have every writer of an anonymous letter put his name to it, or else make the post-man answerable for every postal communication he delivered of that black stamp. You may be sure that if that law were rigidly enforced, you would have fewer anonymous letters. PATERFAMILIAS should not write to his favourite newspaper, complaining of the costume of the *Ballet*, unless his name and age and address were published at full length at the end of it. No CONSTANT READER should air his indignation in a public broadsheet without telling us, very plainly who, in the name of nonsense, he was. Some petty grocer, I will be bound, whom we should not listen to if he spoke to us over his *demie-tasse* at a *Café*! I would stop the mouth of PHILO-JUSTITIE very quickly, if he dared to complain in the columns of the *Chiffonier Universel* about the quality of the Government tobacco. By this means you would effectually put out a vast quantity of smouldering discontent that only heats the public mind, and undermines society at large. DEMOSTHENES would lose the greater part of his fire, when we recognised in him the dirty Savoyard who was in the habit of bringing us our two pails of water every morning. Do away with the anonymity of journalistic correspondence, and you cut the bellows of the majority of the public organs, who only blow to make a noise with a view of inducing others to join in it. If the author of *Jumius' Letters* had lived in my day, I would very soon have found out who the fellow was, and have put a speedy stopper in his penny ink-bottle. He should not have written anonymously for two consecutive mornings, I can promise you. The cloak should have been pulled off his mysterious body before four-and-twenty hours had rolled over his discontented head, and then doubtless we should have enjoyed the amusing spectacle of beholding in this revolutionary demagogue, who would not have hesitated about pulling down St. Paul's Cathedral to have made a barricade out of it, the turned-off valet of an incorruptible minister, who had very properly discharged the rogue for pilfering his waste-paper basket. I would have no Man with an Iron Mask in my kingdom. Such men are plotters, and are dangerous to the throne, and a constant source of alarm for the security of the state. Cayenne is the safest Bastille-box to preserve those gentlemen in. I would even forbid Harlequin to wear his half-mask in a pantomime, and all masquerades should be strictly prohibited, unless the domino's name and residence were printed conspicuously on the outside, with the Préfet's signature underneath, testifying to the respectability of the wearer. I hold even that a Queen's Speech, such as is delivered in England, is bad, because it is anonymous. You never can tell whose composition it is. It is the joint-stock production of several ministers, every one of whom is only too anxious to shirk the ownership, as well as the responsibility, of it. And that is the reason why Queen's Speeches, generally speaking, are such weak, pale, colourless, tasteless, things. It is like a letter, the direction of which is blotted out from having passed through so many different post-offices. Now, the EMPEROR'S Speech is plain and legible enough. It is the address of one man in the handwriting of only one man—with no marks, or erasures, or corrections scribbled confusedly over it. There is nothing anonymous about *that*, and the context goes home at once to the heart of the nation. No, I repeat again, all anonymous articles are bad! They are a burden, a disgrace, a constant

anxiety, a perpetual danger. They are the vagabond gipsies of literature, whose hands are always raised against every law of society, and whose only notions of property are, that "*La Propriété c'est Le Vol*;" and certainly what few sticks they possess themselves may be taken as a practical illustration of their creed. All anonymous articles, like persons without any settled abode, are necessarily objects of suspicion, and, as such, should instantly be taken up, and prosecuted. However, I would always make a honourable exception, in favour of certain pamphlets, as it is very well known the imperial source they emanate from, as well as certain articles that are sent to the press, and generally

(Signed) COMMUNIQUÉ.

CATCHING THE EYE OF THE LADIES.

THE ladies who frequent the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons can see, but they cannot be seen. This is but half an enjoyment; but still it is a sufficient refutation to those sceptical sneerers, who declare that the fair sex does not care about going to any place of public entertainment, unless it can be seen to the very best advantage. The patriotism of woman is best evinced, when she proves that she does not mind being hidden completely from sight in order to gratify it. We doubt if man would display similar heroism. He pretends to have a mind that soars far above such miserable trifles; but we only know, that the infallible expedient a landlord has recourse to, in order to get rid of a riotous assembly, is by turning off the gas: instantly their eloquence goes out with it. It is clear, therefore, as the water in St. James's Park, that CICERO is good for nothing, unless MR. CICERO can be seen as well as heard. The SPEAKER of the House might turn this weakness to valuable account, by having direct communication with the main, and, instantly an orator became a bore, as orators sometimes will, leaving him, by a clever turn, to speechify in the dark. His little farthing candle of grandiloquence would soon be put out.

To return, however, to the Ladies' Gallery. On the authority of our valued friend (*6d.* every week), the *Saturday Review*, we learn that:—

"MR. MONCKTON MILNES is the only speaker who always prefaces his orations with an upward glance to propitiate the softer judges whose verdict he chiefly cares to win."

And we admire Mr. M. M. for these upward flights of his genius. One can see at a glance that his eye, in a "poetic frenzy (doubtlessly) rolling," is turned to the Ladies' Gallery for no other purpose than to look for inspiration. Where is a poet, pray, to seek for it, if not in the smiles of that appreciative sex, who have had a coral patent ever since LAURA first smiled on PETRARCH, for smiling on the efforts of every true son of CATNACH and APOLLO. That MR. MONCKTON MILNES is rewarded for his visual pains is evident from the extreme beauty of his rounded periods. We believe, if it were not for this softening influence, that he would be a second MARAT—nothing short of a Pontefract ROBESPIERRE. Distilled through the lattice-work of the Ladies' Gallery, the fierce Republicanism of his nature is melted down into the sweetest Liberalism. The guillotine is buried under a shower of the prettiest flowers of speech, all forced into blooming existence by the bright orbs that shine upon him from the Gothic firmament above.

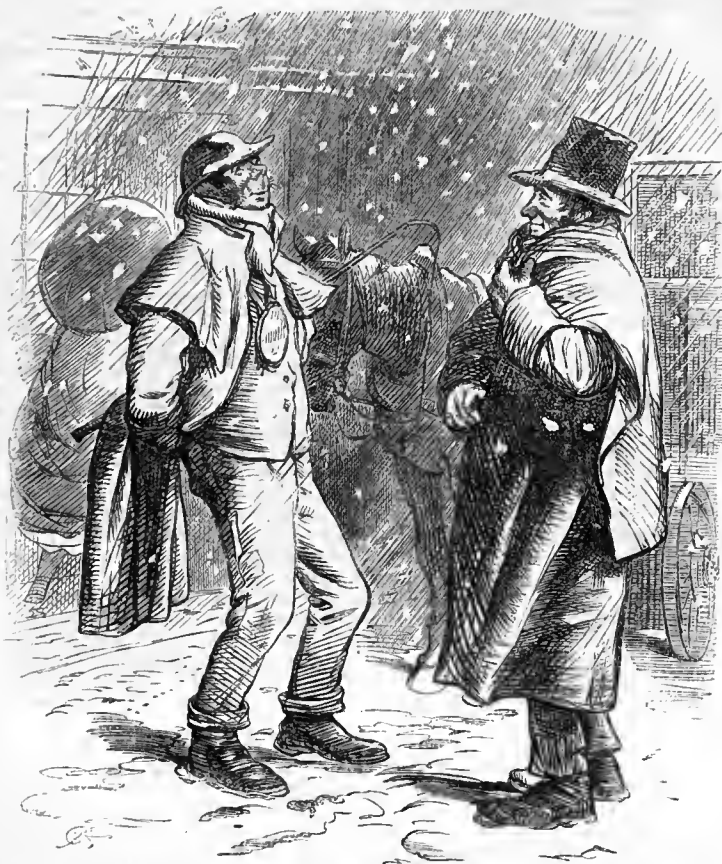
If other Members would only worship at the same shrine, the House of Commons, from being too frequently a bear-garden, would be transformed into a beautiful flower-garden, such as BOCCACCIO would be proud to plant some of his beautiful stories in, and WATTEAU would be only too happy to paint. Instead of intolerance, and interruptions, and personalities, and the insinuations of corrupt motives, we should have the gentleness and perfumed gentilities of fashionable life, and the exchange of civilities and *bon-bons*, with sugary compliments and kindest inquiries after each other's health, to fill up the cloying intervals. Everything would go on as smoothly as a French kid glove.

Instead of taking ocular aim at the SPEAKER, it would be better if Members endeavoured to catch the Ladies' eye. In the meantime, we pat MR. MONCKTON MILNES applaudingly on the back. He is the true representative of Bucks.

Delicate Conservative Compliment.

REALLY, it is quite unnecessary to give more Members to the large manufacturing towns; for they choose representatives so clever that each is equal to several other fellows. For instance, Birmingham sends MR. BRIGHT to Parliament; and the honourable Member for Birmingham is a host in himself.

WIT is the boomerang that strikes and graciously returns to the hand. Sarcasm is the envenomed shaft that sticks in the victim's gizzard.



AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE—BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

“HOORAH! BILL, HERE'S WINTER AT LAST!”

QUEER COMPANY.

THE *Manchester Guardian* of Friday last announces, amongst the visitors at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, KING PEPPEL, of Bonny, an extensive district on the coast of Western Africa. His Majesty, though exceedingly dark, is described as a tall, good-looking man of about fifty. He is accompanied by his nephew, an ebony youth of about twenty. But the odd thing about the party is contained in the announcement, that “they are accompanied by MR. THWAITES, a gentleman connected with the Sewerage Commissioners of London.”

Can this be our excellent friend, the Chairman of the Metropolitan Commission? What can the respected THWAITES be doing, as hear-leader to the sable Sovereign of Bonny and his Black Prince? Is he putting the ebony potentate through a course of sewers, as an essential element in the education of a tropical sovereign reigning over a country where fever is *en permanence*, and glazed pipes are unknown? Or is he trying to get a wrinkle from the Bonny monarch, how to keep down the blacks—another word for suppressing the smoke nuisance? Or has he been invested with the office of introducing this nigger King to civilisation through the channel of the Main Sewerage of London, as the darkest avenue by which it can be approached?

We feel that the matter ought to be explained. What is THWAITES about with the KING OF BONNY! What is THWAITES doing away from Greek Street, Soho, at this interesting moment, when the Great Metropolitan Main Sewerage Scheme is on the *tapis*—or under the *tapis*, rather? In short, we would ask, *à la Richard the Third* (slightly altered, *à la CHARLES KEAN*):—

“What does he in the North,
When he should mind his sewerage in the South.”

National Characteristics.

AN Englishman can differ without having a difference; whereas an Irishman frequently has a difference without in the least differing. The Scotchman has the rare power of combining both qualities. Not only can he differ, but he will have his difference also.

THE CAT FOR ALL CAITIFFS, OR NONE.

PUNCH is half ashamed of ever having cast the Knout into the teeth of the late EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, blessed NICHOLAS. Why? By reason of the subjoined piece of news—which, however, when it appeared in the Morning Papers, imparted no doubt, a high zest to the breakfast of the more manly of their readers, who scorn mawkish sentiment and maudlin philanthropy:—

“ROYAL MARINE FLOGGED AT CHATHAM.—In compliance with a regimental order issued on Tuesday morning by COLONEL PARKER, Commandant of the Chatham division of Royal Marine Light Infantry, the whole of the battalion, with their officers, assembled at the rear of the barracks under arms, under command of MAJOR G. B. RODNEY. The troops having formed a square, LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT TAYLOR read the proceedings of a court-martial held at Chatham Barracks, on PRIVATE JOHN HOWSON, No. 6 Company, who was tried on two charges; first, for being absent without leave, he being under confinement for a former offence; second, for striking a sergeant of the 32nd Regiment, on duty with a picket, who succeeded in bringing the prisoner into barracks.”

These were high military crimes and misdemeanours—aggravated by the fact that the prior offence was a second one. They possibly deserved the punishment of a felon—they received another:—

“He was found guilty, and sentenced to receive fifty lashes, and to be further punished by fifty-six days hard labour in the military prison, Fort Clarence. The prisoner when pinioned to the halberts, received his punishment on the bare back with considerable fortitude. Although the flesh was blackened by the lash he never flinched. After the punishment the prisoner was removed to Melville Hospital. The prisoner has been tried by two courts-martial before.”

Punch will suppose that a spectacle of torture may be a very wholesome exhibition, calculated to terrify the civil-disposed, and to disgust nobody but sentimental spoonneys. Then why confine the benefit of this salutary discipline to the Army—and the Navy? Old military fogies, who probably enjoyed the sight of a flogging, and would have been still better pleased to see a man's limbs broken on the wheel, than to behold his flesh blackened by the lash, predicted that the limitation of military torture to fifty lashes would destroy the discipline of the Army. The character of the Army has since vastly improved. There seems, therefore, to be the reverse of any special reason for the continuance of flogging in the Army, beyond a military

old woman's fondness for her cat. Accordingly, why not flog civilian scoundrels? If the severest flagellation of one fraudulent banker would save one poor honest soul the loss of livelihood, and reduction to beggary, flog the fraudulent banker—if necessary, to death. Flog the ruffian who cruelly beats and bruises his wife, if thereby you can protect other women from the like violence. But your ruffian, and even your fraudulent banker, will be too deeply degraded, we are told, if they are lashed like hounds. Is there anything particular in the military character which renders the degradation of a soldier impossible or unimportant? Let all gallant officers who are of this opinion hold up their hands for Flogging in the Army.

POETICAL ECONOMY.

WERE we all working-men, where would all of us find room?
If we were all producers, all the produce how consume?
And what would be the fate of Art, and Literature's doom?

If some must consume that the others may produce,
For enjoying good things there's a capital excuse,
And that's the way how I should like to make myself of use.

Some landlords and fundholders clearly there must be,
On rent and on dividends subsisting labour-free,
And a mortgage upon industry would be just the thing for me!

A Party Cry.

THE childish interruption that spoilt the effect of LORD STANLEY'S speech on the Reform Bill has led to the inscription “CHILDREN IN ARMS ARE NOT ADMITTED,” being placed over the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons.

SAD it is, when Fate kindles the funeral pile of Hope, that Remorse should bring the torch.—*Jean Paul Bedford.*

MASTER PUNCH'S COPY BOOK.

"MY DEAR PARENTS,

"Socrates' House, April 1.

"It is with much pleasure that I write to inform you that our Easter vacation will commence on Wednesday, the 20th instant, when I hope, on returning home, to find you both in good health. I trust also that the progress I have made in the various branches of my education will afford you satisfaction.

"DR. and MRS. SWISHTAIL present their best compliments, and as a further specimen of my caligraphy, desire me to subjoin a list of the copies which I have been doing this quarter. DR. SWISHTAIL has himself set them, considering them, he says, 'better calculated to form the mind of youth for success in life than the complex and unpractical platitudes of ordinary writing-masters, such as *Benevolence is Commendable, Encourage Virtuous Actions, and Bounty Commands Esteem.*'

"I am, my dear Parents,

"Your affectionate and dutiful Son,

"ALFRED DE MONTMORENCY PUNCH."

"Mr. and Mrs. Punch,

"St. Bride's Mansion, Fleet Street."

*Avoid Clergymen.**Borrow money.**Conceal your covetousness.**Distrust the distressed.**Emulate the opulent.**Favour fashionable frivolity.**Give nothing rashly.**Help successful humbug.**Invite invitations.**Judge poverty with severity.**Kick those who are down.**Lend to the rich.**Make mercenary marriages.**Never know the needy.**Order what you please.**Pay when you must.**Quiz the quite helpless.**Ruin rich relations.**Seldom believe anything.**Tell only others' secrets.**Undermine antagonists.**Wilify the unpopular.**Watch women warily.**Not elegant extravagance.**Yield your convictions readily.**Zeal is very ridiculous.*

Speedy Termination of the Reform Debate.

THE Reform speeches only ran on for seven nights. The reason, (and we prefer reasons that do not require any talk to enforce them) why they came to so speedy a termination was, that scarcely one of the Irish members spoke upon the subject. We believe that only one Hibernian M.P. opened the flood-gates of his eloquence on that inviting occasion. This taciturnity is still more singular, because the subject did not relate to Ireland. Had the parliamentary sons of Erin once got upon their legs, we believe that the ball of the debate would have been rolling on still. For once, let us be grateful to Ireland. Her silence charms, sometimes, even more than her eloquence!

A DYER'S MOTTO.—"Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ Mori."

"HUNG BE, THE HEAVENS WITH"—WHITE!

It is a popular prediction with people who write almanacks, that March will "come in like a lion" and will "go out like a lamb." We do not know whether the prophecy was repeated for this year, and we are inclined to think it was not: for (in the tail of it at least) it happens to have been realised. Whether or no, this March was born with any distant leonine resemblance, our memory is not meteorological enough to recollect; but in its dying hours everything was covered with such a fleece of snow-flakes, that it cannot be disputed that March "went out like a lamb,"



NURSERY RHYMES FOR ST. STEPHENS.

1.

WHIGGERY, trickery, hot,
LORD JOHN a majority got:
His Reform Bill brought on,
His majority's gone—
Whiggery, trickery, hot.

2.

RUPERT and BEN took up the pen,
Old Whig Reforms to slaughter:
RUPERT fell down,
From serving the Crown,
And BEN came tumbling arter.

3.

HENLEY and WALPOLE were two pretty men—
They both stayed in Office, though both against BEN:
Till up jumps WALPOLE, "the Bill bids too high:
DIZZY may stay for pension; but so will not I.
We'll go before, with our pledges and flag:
And the rest will come after on Little JOHN's drag."

4.

Ding, dong, bell:
The Bill has proved a sell.
Dong, ding, dong:
'Twas radically wrong.
Ding, dong, ding:
Another in who'll bring?

MONEY is the root of all evil. Nevertheless it is an eminently esculent root, and I vote that we dig for it, O friends!—*Jean Paul Bedford.*



ALARMING PROPOSITION.

Oyster Man (to Hairy Gents). "OYSTERS, SIR! YES, SIR! SHALL I TAKE YER BEARDS OFF?"
[Gents have an uncomfortable idea that they are being "chaffed,"]

THE STREET-BETTING NUISANCE.

WE wish that some one would devise a street-sweeping machine, to sweep away the human rubbish which is daily shot into Bride Lane, and is there becoming such a nuisance to the neighbourhood. The LORD MAYOR lays down the law that the law can't interfere; but were some patriotic street-sweepers to take the law into their hands, and to clear away the rubbish by fair means or by foul, we feel convinced that a subscription might be raised for their indemnity, and a monument erected to record their pious act.

In order to preserve the moral health of the neighbourhood, it seems essential that the rubbish should be cleared; and the only question is, how most effectually to do it? It has been suggested, as a sanitary measure, that a watercart be kept continually on service and that the blackguards of Bride Lane should be, in this way, washed clean out of it. The purifying properties of water are well known, and we doubt not this cold-water cure would have a good effect. A more effective plan, however, would be, to hire a band of organ-grinders to do duty in Bride Lane, and to frighten away the betting-men, just as boys do crows. Whenever any knot of blacklegs grouped together, their instrumental screeks should strike up their shrillest tones, and play upon the blackguards their ear-piercingest squeaks. These would most effectually distract their calculations, and quite disable them from any literary effort,—in the way, we mean to say, of making up a book. When the betters left Bride Lane, and tried some other betting haunt, the organ-grinders should be bribed to follow and unearth them; so that, like the lady in the infantile lyric, the blacklegs should "have music wherever they go."

Our neighbours may depend that, if they wish to clear their lane out, a daily dose of organ-grinding is the best purgative to do it. If we want to make the betting-men make way for their betters, there is nothing like an organised system of attack; and by having organs play upon them wherever they may meet, we shall drive them out of their senses, or else out of the streets. In order to secure having the right tune in the right place, we should recommend that while the "legs" are doing business (and of course, also, doing those with whom they do it), they should be saluted with the air of *Robbing Around*; and that, when they move to any fresh locality, the melody accompanying them should be that of *The Rogues' March*.

FALSITY, ON THE FACE OF ALL OF THEM!

THE four dials of the Monster Clock of the House of Commons represent the four parties in that august assembly who are supposed to guide the movements of the country. On the four different faces you can almost read, "Whig, Tory, Peeble, Radical." They are all on different sides,—they all tell a different story,—they all point different ways,—they are each of them a smooth-faced mockery in the eyes of those who are led by their simple faith to look up at them,—and not one of them is a proper indication of the wants of the passing hour. Whilst the rest of the country is advancing, the four sides are standing still. In its doubt, the Million does not know which to believe in, or which side to take as its unerring guide. And yet, false as they are all to the public, and to each other, it would be as well if each side in the House, like each dial of that clock, told us the truth at least once every twelve hours!

THE SUBALTERN ON BRIGADE DUTY.

THE morning sun was rising fast,
As o'er the mud and shingle past
A Subaltern, who only said,
"Alas! they've dragged me out of bed
To see the meat."

His eye was dull, his hair unbrushed,
About the huts he nudged;
He stumbled back amidst the rain,
And said, "At eight I'm off again—
The breakfast's now."

At nine I saw him on parade,
Mounted upon a sorry jade;
For two long hours he rode about,
To stables went, and there did shout,
"The hay and oats!"

I watched him as he wandered home,
Seeking for rest and finding none;
To breakfast he had scarce sat down,
An orderly came with a frown—
"The prisoners wait."

The stable call rang loud and clear—
He bolted down a glass of beer;
For one long hour he saw them groom
The horses; then, in every room
Saw soldiers paid.

At two he donned his belt and sword—
Away he went to mount the guard;
He'd had no lunch, and he was riled,
"Fours right!" he cried, with accents wild:
"Fours right, quick march!"

At four, again, his "knife" he took,
He threw away his pipe and book;
The guard to visit he did go,
And said, as they were rather slow,
"Turn out that guard!"

I watched him stalk across the camp—
Alas! his feet were very damp;
I asked him where he wandered now,
He answered, with a knitted brow,
"The hospital!"

At five he's back among the huts:
'Tis dark,—he stumbles o'er the ruts;
The orderly walks on apace,
He follows, with a sullen face,
To see the teas.

At half-past five, the stable-call
Echoes from every barrack wall:
Behind those vicious horses' heels,
By glimmering light his way he feels,
Till half-past six.

At seven the bugle sounds for mess:
He wastes no time upon his dress,
Yct, ere he feeds, he has to go,
And visit, 'midst the huts so low,
The Gunner's school.

He eats his dinner, lays him down
Upon the sofa, hard and brown;
Gets forty winks, and then, I guess,
Collects, in sword and proper dress,
Tattoo reports.

At twelve, although it's raining hard,
In ample cloak he waxes the guard;
Round every sentry's post he wends,—
The sentries cry, when he says "Friends!"
"Advance, all's well!"

No wonder, when his week is o'er,
He gives it up, nor asks for more!
His belts he hangs upon their pegs,
And, as he stretches weary legs,
Cries, "Done at last!"



OXFORD IS BECOMING COSMOPOLITAN.

Enraged Proctor. "Sir, you are smoking in the High Street!"
 Transatlantic Freshman. "Wa-al, old hoss!—Guess I could ha' told ye-ew that!"

BIGOTRY, OR SOME BLUNDER, AT BOSTON. (U. S.)

THE following statement in a newspaper correspondent's letter from Boston, U.S., seems to confirm the prevalent belief that our American cousins entertain peculiar ideas on the subject of morals:—

"There has been some excitement in Boston for nearly a week, in consequence of some of the Catholic scholars in one of the public schools refusing to use the Protestant version of the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer. Three of the boys who left on account of their conscientious scruples have been arrested for larceny, one of them being a Protestant."

The meaning of the latter of the above sentences in connection with the former is open to some question. It may simply be, that the boys who left the school on account of their conscientious scruples were subsequently arrested for picking pockets, from which those scruples did not restrain them; and that, one of them being a Protestant, the inference which ought to be drawn is, that a Protestant as well as a Catholic boy may possibly be a young rogue. Or the sentence may have been intended to signify that the boys were arrested on a fictitious charge of larceny, brought against them from motives of bigotry or intolerance, and including the Protestant boy as an incipient pervert. Or it may imply the fact that they were arrested on a true charge of larceny; refusal to use the Protestant versions in question amounting to that offence by the laws of New England; and one of the juvenile recusants being actually a Protestant. Or, lastly, perhaps, we are to understand its import to be, that it is larceny in Boston to play truant, and that the two ordinarily conscientious young Papists, and the extraordinarily conscientious young Heretic, were apprehended for stealing away from school.

On the third and fourth of these suppositions, the institutions of the United States, or at least those of New England, are insane. On the second, bigotry in Boston must be frantic. On the first, the sentence in question conveys little news, and bears to the preceding one that simply negative relation which only indicates that its author was probably an Irish gentleman.

PROVERB IMPROVED.—The nearer the Church, the further you wish the abominable bell.

A CURE FOR CHINAMANIA.

THE mania for old China is by no means a new thing to us. But our attention has been recently attracted to a sale, where such ultra-maniacal prices are said to have been realised, that we feel impelled to say six words upon the subject for the purpose, if we can, of checking such insanity. The following quotations of the sums which were obtained will show the height to which the Chinamania actually has reached:—

"A pair of noble sea-green bottles and covers of unusual beauty and brilliancy of colour, finely painted with flowers, &c., in rare pink, 36 in. high, £57. A matchless old vase, exquisitely painted with two medallions of figures, the sides embellished with paintings of flowers indigenous to China, 36 in. high; from Pekin, unique, 69 guineas. A superb old blue vase, finely painted with hunting scenes and scenery, with elephant's head handles; also from Pekin and unique, £112. A pair of very rare old hexagonal vases and covers, surmounted by kyilins, beautifully painted with birds and flowers in delicate borders of pink trellis work, on elaborately carved stands, 65 in. high, 210 guineas. A pair of magnificent old coffee-coloured vases and covers, richly enamelled with dragons, 48 in. high, £36. A pair of beautiful hexagonal jardinières, with fruit and flowers in colours, on turquoise and lapis-lazuli ground, with groups of imitation flowers formed of rare stones, £35 10s. A pair of beautiful oviform vases, with pierced covers and shoulders of the finest old Sèvres, rare rose du Barri ground, delicately pencilled with gold, each with a group of exotic birds, and flowers and fruit, on white medallions, exquisitely painted, date 1755, 25 guineas. A beautiful eventail jardinière, of the finest old Sèvres, delicate turquoise ground, pencilled with gold and exquisitely painted, with a child, trophies, birds and flowers, in medallions, £40. A fine old Sèvres dessert service, turquoise, white, and gold, beautifully painted, with cupids and flowers, and richly mounted with ormolu, consisting of a very handsome centre basket of ormolu, two pairs of candelabra of ormolu, with figures of cupids and dolphins, and scroll branches for seven lights each, two pairs of oval compotières, richly mounted with chased ormolu; a set of four fruit bowls, and two sets of four compotières en suite; a set of four coquilles, two plateaux, each with six small cups and covers for cream, and 36 dessert plates, put up in 14 lots, produced £235."

Persons must, we fancy, have much greenness in their eye, if they can see a something in "a pair of sea-green bottles," which appears to them worth spending £57 about; and we should rather think that nobody except a Chinamania would ever think of giving six-and-thirty pounds for a couple of "old coffee-coloured vases and covers," no matter how "magnificent" an auctioneer might deem them, nor with how many

rich dragons they were said to be enamelled. What "hexagonal jardinières" may be, we do not know; nor can we tell if an "eventail" one be at all like them. But while ignorance is bliss to us, 'twere folly to be wise; more especially when wisdom would be so dearly purchased. Were we possessed by Chinamania, there is no saying what we might give to possess such curiosities; but while we are in our senses, we shall never dream of paying 210 guineas for the sake of ascertaining what a "kylin," a "compotière," or a "coquille" may resemble, nor of wishing to be one of the fourteen lucky bidders, who between them paid the sum of £235 for so precious a possession as an old Sèvres dessert service, mounted with cupids and other "fabulous animals," whose combined attractions mounted to so fabulous a price.

A Canon.

WHEN a Bishop is sick,
 The Parsons are all in a stew,
 For a vacant bishopric
 Is then in the Parsons' view.
 The Parsons are all alive,
 As soon as the Bishop is dead;
 For one of themselves who survive
 The Bishop will be in his stead.

A Certain Stomachic.

ON reflection, we admit that there is one complaint which Homœopathy will, in the great majority of cases, effectually cure,—loss of appetite. In this affection, an infinitesimal quantity of any kind of food, taken every morning for breakfast, and repeated without addition at every other meal, will generally accomplish an ultimate, if not rapid, recovery.

A POINTLESS Saying is a fool's Doing.



Our friend Mr. Blobbins's Stereoscopic studies are suddenly assisted by two young friends, who oblige him with an illustration of "differing angles."

A DISINTERESTED INQUIRER.

INDUSTRY, such as that chronicled in the subjoined paragraph from a contemporary, ought to be rewarded:—

"HAIRS OF THE HEAD NUMBERED.—The *Medical Times* says, a German *savant* has taken the trouble to count the number of hairs existing in four heads of hair, of different colours. He found in a blond, 140,409 distinct hairs; in a brown, 109,440, in a black, 102,960, and in a red, 88,740."

Such trouble is the more deserving of some material recompense, inasmuch as it is not likely to have been remunerated by the moral and intellectual gratification which attends a scientific discovery, particularly one that is of any use. Unless all the four heads were of the same size, it would be impossible to draw any conclusion, from the relative numbers of the hairs of each, as to the average of such heads of hair, except, indeed, the biggest heads had the fewest hairs, and even that would not prove much. It would be necessary to lay a great many heads together in order to generalise safely concerning their proportionate hairiness; and then, though the utility of the generalisation might be vast, it would not be obvious.

Continental philosophers are fond of honours; and perhaps a title would be, if not the most acceptable present that this one could be offered, at least the most valuable that his country could very well afford. His field of research may have been a barren domain; but it would be graceful to create so diligent a numberer a Count.

The Money Market.

THE Indian Correspondent of the *Times* says, "Opium is to the Malwa banker what bullion is to the Bank of England." We have heard of money being a drug, but here a drug is literally money. However, we think we should prefer the "rest" of the Bank of England to a rest that was the feverish result of opium. No wonder that the money market of Bombay is in such a collapsed state. It must experience the greatest difficulty in rising with so much opium in its system.

A "DUCK OF A DOCTOR."—Generally, a Quack.

BENJAMIN'S ELECTION ADDRESS.

AIR—"That Young Man from the Country."

WHEN, last year, to save the country, I and DERBY office took, Of accounts in the Exchequer, DERBY made me his head cook: We both of us had followers,—but the most, as you'll agree, Had that server of his country, which his name is DISRAELEE.

Chorus. That saviour of the country, which his name is DISRAELEE!

'Tis not for me to brag of what we've been and gone and done, Nor tell what heaps of *rudos* for our wisdom we have won; It's our reward is virtue: all great men should modest be; But of those who've served the country none surpasses DISRAELEE.

Chorus. For work, and wit, and wisdom, none come up to DISRAELEE!

Our India Bill, last Session, was pronounced a master-stroke, And with our allies from splitting we've preserved the British oak; We've taken off the Income-Tax, reduced the price of tea, And for all these boons the country has to thank its DISRAELEE.

Chorus. Yes! Old England owes all blessings to its good friend DISRAELEE!

But, alas! success breeds envy, and from envy hatred springs: A factious Opposition on our heads its malice flings; Discordant, disingenuous, distracted though it be, It has managed to out-vote and out-manoeuvre DISRAELEE—

Chorus. And, my Bucks, the country's ruined if it lose its DISRAELEE!

In number being stronger, although weaker far in mind, Our disunited enemies to crush us have combined; By taking mean advantage of their brute force, as you see, They have driven to the Country its good servant, DISRAELEE—

Chorus. Yes, they've driven to Dizzylution your preserver, DISRAELEE!

The moment is most critical, abroad, and eke at home: They'll destroy the London season, and p'rhaps drive the POPE from Rome;

The Congress, too, is coming; and who but MALMSBUREE Can preserve the peace of Europe (with the help of DISRAELEE)?

Chorus. Ah! the man to save the Country is dis child, DIS-RAELEE!

So now, my Bucks, take warning! you'll repent it, if you won't: There's Revolution looming, if return your Diz, you don't. Be patriots, and be loyal: rally round the throne—and ME, And serve your QUEEN and Country, by electing DISRAELEE!—

Grand Chorus. ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY BUCK WILL VOTE FOR DISRAELEE!!!

TURN-OUT IN AN AGRICULTURAL DISTRICT.

The subjoined very reasonable advertisement—seasonable, if true—appeared the other day in the *Maldstone Gazette*:—

TO LIBERAL LANDLORDS.

WANTED, at Michaelmas next, a FARM, containing from 150 to 200 acres, on equitable terms between Landlord and Tenant.

The reason of the advertiser's leaving the farm he at present occupies will be seen from the following letter:—

"— Rectory, Essex.
"Dear Sir,—I hope in a few days to fix the time for my coming down to Maldstone to receive the rent. The object of my present letter is respecting the election. I do hope you are, with myself, a good Conservative, and that you will vote for SIR WALTER RIDDELL at the approaching election. Landlord and tenant should always vote on the same side, and if we proceed to a new lease, it will be one of my stipulations for the future.

"January, 1857."

"Yours very truly,
"W. CROMWELL."

The tenant did not vote as required, and his farm has consequently been let to another.

Apply, stating terms and particulars, to MR. JOHN SMITH, Sparks Hall Farm, Sutton Valence, Kent.

Seasonable this advertisement is—if the advertiser is not mistaken as to the cause of the non-renewal of his lease—in relation to the Reform question and the coming Election. It furnishes one argument, at least, for the Ballot. But we should like to be quite sure of its authenticity; for the letter quoted in it is dated from a rectory, and we are led to infer that it was written by a clergyman: whereas we cannot readily believe that any reverend gentleman would be guilty of so unjust and disgraceful an act, as to endeavour, by intimidation, to prevent his tenant from voting in accordance with his conscience.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE POET PUNCH having described the Battle of the Days in verse that will be read when HOMER, VIRGIL, POPE, and COVENTRY PATMORE are forgotten, proceeds of his own sweet will to resume his prose, which, however (as cannot fail to be remarked) is far more beautifully musical than the most ambitious efforts of any poets of the day.

Monday, April 4, 1859. LORD DERBY'S Reform Bill was squashed on the preceding Thursday, but it was not until this evening that PRINCE RUPERT was prepared to state to the world what he intended to do. The situation delighted MR. GLADSTONE, for it left Three Courses open to Ministers. They could

- 1. Firstly, Stick in their places as if nothing had happened, or
- 2. Secondly, Resign their offices, or
- 3. Thirdly, Dissolve Parliament.

To-night LORD DERBY, in a remarkably slashing speech, in which the Termagant Tongue dreaded in old times by foes—and friends—had full play, announced which alternative he had selected. He passed, *proprio motu*—which means, Cox, entirely off his own bat—a Vote of Want of Confidence in the Liberal Opposition, and therefore quite consistently called upon it to resign. Into LORD JOHN RUSSELL he walked much as MR. TOM SAYERS, next day, walked into MR. BILL BENJAMIN, scoffing at LORD JOHN'S pretensions to be a Reformer, and declaring that his fidgety attentions and abominable jealousy made his relations to Reform rather those of a suspicious lover than of an affectionate parent. Decidedly LORD DERBY himself made no pretensions to any particular fondness for the article, for he described the question of Reform, bequeathed to him by his predecessors, as a *Damnosa Hereditas*—for the meaning of which words, Cox, you are at liberty to consult a Latin Dictionary. My Lord next let fly a tremendous volley at LORD PALMERSTON for suggesting course Number One; and in special rage at being told by that lord that the Cabinet ought to remain in office and “do Our bidding” (that of the House), LORD DERBY, like the real PRINCE RUPERT, stormed woundily, and declared that he would do nobody's bidding but that of his Sovereign. He alleged that his Bill was a beautiful Bill, but added that if the Commons had treated it respectfully, no false pride should have prevented his altering it in any expedient way. After a good puff of LORD MALMESBURY, to whom he attributed the preservation of peace in Europe (it was lucky that the Austrian news did not come till Friday), the Prince indulged in some extremely smart scoffing at the Liberals for their disagreements, announced his determination to inflict the last penalty of the law upon the Parliament for the crime it had committed by killing his Bill, and stated that he had obtained the QUEEN'S leave to Dissolve. He should go valiantly to the hustings, not only on the ground that his truly elegant Bill had been smashed by a quarrelsome and discordant conspiracy, but because his Government had not received fair play.

LORD GRANVILLE protested against everything that the PREMIER had said, and had the profanity to advance the proposition that there were in the world other persons as able as LORD MALMESBURY. This statement so shocked the House of Lords, that it adjourned to a half-past seven o'clock dinner.

But if proclamation of the fate of Parliament was made by the angry roar of the lion in one House, in the other it was emitted in the gentle coo of the dove. MR. DISRAELI showered compliments on everybody. It was so kind of some of his friends to support him; it was so noble of some of his friends to desert him; it was so courteous of his antagonists to tolerate him;—in fact, he was full of gratitude and recognition. Only he was desolated at having to tell the House that the advocates of Revolutionary Reform had made it necessary for Conservatism to appeal to the Country; and, as soon as some money votes were taken, he should have the distinguished happiness of kicking out of doors all whom he had the signal delight of addressing.

PALMERSTON would not try to hinder dissolution, but had a strong idea that a General Election would walk the Derbyites out of Downing Street. BRIGHT thought that Ministers had done quite right; and though he disclaimed being a Revolutionist, he announced that the masses would carry the day, and compel the passing a large measure. JOHN RUSSELL, having brought on the crisis, of course abused the Ministers for what they had done, especially while Europe was in a disturbed state. He also prudently made his bid for office, promising a £10 franchise for counties, a £6 one for boroughs, and the taking thirty seats for redistribution. If the Derbyites proposed the Ballot, he should oppose it. DRUMMOND, HORSMAN, NEWDEGATE, and some others, were more or less smart, and BERNAL OSBORNE let off a few squibs with effect. The discussion ended by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER utterly denying that Ministers had ever entertained a thought of taking course Number Two.

The House knew its fate, and after some particularly unsatisfactory revelations in regard to Indian finance, the Indian Loan Bill was passed, and honourable Members went home revolving the opening paragraphs of their election addresses, and how they should soothe or scold their wives and daughters into doing without the money intended to be expended on the joys of the season, but which would now be wanted for bri—poo! for bringing out the expression of the political views of the People of England.

Tuesday. The Lords conversed for half an hour, the principal topic being bewailment that the Divorce Court had so very much to do, and that new judges were wanted for it. The Commons pushed on the Superannuation Bill, rejecting a clause compelling our civil servants to retire at sixty-five; and then came an Irish row. It seems that, somewhere in Ireland, there is a place called Galway; which is thought to be in the direct route to America; and as it is extremely desirable to encourage the Irish to go away to the latter country, the Government have been subsidising a line of packets between this Galway and America. As doing any kindness to any given Irishman is sure to be mortally offensive to some other (a fact rather plainly pointed out by MR. ROEBUCK to-night), a good deal of abuse passed, not in the least interesting to the philanthropic public.

Wednesday. Naturally, there occurred some bursts of ill-feeling in connection with Monday's debate, and the determination of the Conservatives to destroy the House; and these, pleasantly mixing up with a miscellaneous discussion on sundry estimates, gave rather a piquant character to the Wednesday morning sitting, and prevented Honourable Members from feeling utterly bored.

Thursday. The Lords treated themselves to an Indian debate on the Loan Bill, and LORD DERBY promised both theological and parliamentary thanksgiving for our Indian triumphs. There seemed no sort of doubt that Indian finance was at present in a particularly bad way, and LORD ALBEMARLE stated that we were making the Indians pay eighteen shillings in the pound. No wonder they are burying in the earth as much of the remaining two bob as they can save. The Commons sat a little time, and got rid of a good deal of money.

Friday. The remarkably unpleasant news, above alluded to as from Vienna, had got into the City, and doubtless elsewhere; and LORD MALMESBURY deemed it necessary to promise that he would show, before the dissolution, that it was not his fault if Austria was moving 50,000 men into Italy, and bringing 130,000 more to back them,—that the Croats were entering Milan,—and that the railways were ordered to be ready to transport armies. The Lords were also moved to reject the Bill for getting rid of Grand Juries in the Metropolis, which is to be regretted, as the police magistrate is the best Grand Jury.

LORD PALMERSTON had threatened to get up a Foreign debate, but the Viennese news doubtless incited MR. DISRAELI to ask, and LORD P. to concede, postponement. There was some squabble over the conviction of one of the Phoenix conspirators, in Ireland, a malignant traitor, called SULLIVAN, who has been very properly sentenced to fourteen years' transportation. He was convicted by a Protestant jury, whereas some Catholic members complained—MR. PUNCH hopes, only because they would have liked Catholics to share in the credit of disposing of a scoundrel. MR. SALISBURY made stricture on some remarks by BARON BRAMWELL, wherein that excellent judge, scandalised at the conduct of a Welsh jury, in returning a verdict palpably against evidence, had commented severely on Welsh disregard for truth. But there could not be much in the case against the judge, when so acute a gentleman as the Member for Chester could do no more for it than defend the Welsh jury on the ground that they knew rascality was the rule in regard to matters whereof the offender was charged, and so they could not think of punishing any one person. MR. SOTHERON ESTCOURT spoke sensibly of the great value which occasional rebukes from the Judges have upon the minds of the people. What is termed a Animated Conversation took place about the dissolution, which everybody professed a desire to have as soon as possible. MR. DISRAELI was rather inclined to indulge in some decorous taunts at Parliament, for its somewhat cowardly desire to die in a hurry, and have it over.



A STRONG-BACKED CAR. SCENE—IRELAND.

Tourist. "WELL, BUT MY GOOD FELLOW, YOU CAN'T CARRY US, AND ALL OUR LUGGAGE!"

Car Driver. "OCH, NIVER FEAR, YER 'ONOUR, SHURE I'D CARRY TWICED AS MUCH!"

MR. PUNCH'S POLICE COURT.

Two men, in blue and gold livery, servants in the large establishment of Mr. JOHN BULL, were brought up by their employer, charged with making a disturbance in his household, refusing to give up their keys, and threatening to "smash" everything on the premises. They gave the names of RUPERT and BENJAMIN.

MR. JOHN BULL, the Complainant, stated the prisoners had been in his employment for rather more than a year. The prisoner RUPERT was engaged as upper servant, or *major domo*; the prisoner BENJAMIN as house-steward. It was the latter's business to see to the receipts and payments on account of the house.

In consequence of information he received, he was led to believe some trickery had been practised with a particular Bill, lately brought in to him for settlement by the prisoners, in consequence of which he gave the prisoners warning in the usual way. On this the prisoner RUPERT became exceedingly violent and abusive, refusing to give up his keys, and threatening to punch the heads of JOHN RUSSELL and HENRY JOHN TEMPLE, two respectable elderly men, formerly in complainant's employment (who, as the prisoner believed, had put complainant on his guard against the Bill in question). Hearing a noise in the butler's pantry, complainant went down-stairs and found defendants storming about the pantry. On asking for their keys, they refused to give them up, and swearing at JOHN RUSSELL, declared their intention "of having a sly at the croekery before they went." He was apprehensive that if the defendants were not bound over to keep the peace, they would not only carry out their threat of making a smash on complainant's premises, but would commit an assault on his old servants, RUSSELL and TEMPLE. He wished the worthy Magistrate to dispose of the case summarily, as he had a great deal of work on his hands just now, and could not be absent from his business without great loss and inconvenience.

The Complainant was subjected to a cross-examination by the prisoner RUPERT:—The prisoners had done their work very well up to the time of the complaint about this Bill: RUPERT was a little too free of his tongue for his (MR. BULL'S) taste, and too fond of the turf, he

thought, for a good servant: had never forbidden him to go to the Derby, nor objected to his keeping a betting-book in the butler's pantry: was not prepared to say prisoner had ever neglected his work for sporting matters: had received a great many Bills from both the prisoners during the last twelvemonths: had sometimes objected to items: never found prisoners make any difficulty about altering anything that was objected to: remembered a Bill for Indian goods, pickles, curry powder, and so forth: the prisoner BENJAMIN made great alterations in that Bill at complainant's request; in fact, made quite another Bill of it: did not consider such willingness to alter Bills a mark of a good servant: liked to see a man stiek to a thing when he had once put it in black and white: had let both prisoners know as much: had no objection to state from whom he received the information against the particular Bill which led to this charge, it was JOHN RUSSELL told him the Bill was not an honest Bill: TEMPLE saw the Bill too, but did not say anything till after RUSSELL made his complaint: RUSSELL was not now in his service: objected to say whether he meant to employ him in the situation now filled by prisoner: would not say RUSSELL did not expect to be so employed: might have said he would think about it: RUSSELL had been in his service on different occasions: had parted with him: RUSSELL was not a pleasant servant in a house: he was rash and violent, and in the habit of quarrelling with the other servants, and had a trick of writing letters that made a good deal of mischief: had objected to RUSSELL'S Bills, often enough: had told him to take 'em back again: believed RUSSELL'S complaint against RUPERT'S Bill was well founded: won't say whether RUSSELL may not have had private motives for objecting to it: would not have given prisoners warning if they had consented to alter the items of the Bill complained of: would rather not give an opinion whether or not RUSSELL had acted in a straight-forward way: RUPERT might have reason to be angry with RUSSELL; does not consider that a reason he should make a disturbance, and threaten to smash everything on complainant's premises. Understood prisoners meant to go to the country: hoped the change of air would do them good: didn't give warning as a threat only: meant to discharge prisoners when he gave it: still adhered to that intention.

Cross-examined by prisoner BENJAMIN:—Had expressed his sense of



THE FRANTIC FOOTMAN,

WHO HAS HAD WARNING.



THE NATIONAL BUREAU OF STANDARDS

WASHINGTON, D. C. 20540

the prisoner's abilities: had never said he thought him a good servant: may have said he *might* be a good servant if he liked: had found the prisoner useful in a little difficulty he was in about money-matters last year: had employed prisoner to renew some Bills of his that came due at an inconvenient time: believed prisoner had made himself generally agreeable to his employer, and was civil in his manner to his fellow servants: did not consider that prisoner had any ground for charging RUSSELL and TEMPLE with taking away his character: prisoner distinctly refused to give up his keys, till he came back from the country: is satisfied that prisoner was doing something more than packing up his things to go to the country, when he charged him with threatening to make a smash: believed both prisoners wished to leave the house in disorder, in order to alarm him and give trouble to their successors: could not say prisoner had ever been detected in dishonest practices: could not say he felt confidence in prisoner: thought him rather too sharp a customer: does not mean that as a compliment: may mean to imply prisoner is a "dodger": is prepared to admit he *does* think him a "dodger": has been warned against prisoner's "dodges": objects to give the name of the persons from whom he received the warning: they were old associates of the prisoner: can't say prisoner was disrespectful in his manner when he gave him warning: could not say that there had always been peace in the servants' hall since prisoner had been in his establishment: quite the reverse: two of prisoner's fellow-servants had left, owing to disagreements with the prisoners: had had a good deal of trouble to induce others to stay: generally found a good deal of quarrelling among the servants: had a deal of trouble in keeping them on pleasant terms with each other at the best of times: prisoners *did* ask leave to go to the country: he gave them leave, because he thought everybody better for a change sometimes.

JOHN RUSSELL, on being called, stated that he expressed to MR. BULL a strong opinion that the prisoners were cheating him: thought the Bill in question a regular swindle: it was a Bill for repairs—for mending seats among other things: knew what the items of such a Bill should be: had made out lots of 'em: had no personal ill-will to prisoners: heard them threaten to make a disturbance: heard them refuse to give up their keys: believed they meant to do him a serious injury: went in fear from them: wished them bound over: thought they wanted to frighten MR. BULL, in order that he might keep them in their situations.

*This witness was subjected to a very severe cross-examination by prisoners:—*His own Bills for repairs had not been settled: it was not because there was any objection to the items: MR. BULL had been too busy to settle them: had told him to wait and bring them in afterwards: can swear MR. BULL said he would see about his Bills by-and-by: is not of a quarrelsome disposition, that he knows of: has his opinions like another: they may be strong opinions: is accustomed to express them

freely: always will: may have quarrelled with his fellow-servants occasionally: quarrels will happen in the best regulated families: may have written letters: may have heard it said that they had made mischief: may have received a round robin asking him to leave his place: has been discharged by MR. BULL more than once: bears him no malice: hopes to be employed by him for many a long year yet: does not consider himself too old for service yet: will back himself against any man of his age for wind, constitution, and pluck: considers prisoners a couple of humbugs: has filled a great many situations: believes he always gave satisfaction: has been out of a situation for the last three or four years: it was not owing to any fault of his: accidents will happen: is anxious to be employed of course: may look forward to getting a place in MR. BULL's establishment again: may have said MR. BULL would be ruined if he didn't get rid of prisoners and take him on: has no doubt he said as much: believes such is the fact: never conspired to take the bread out of prisoners' mouths: may have showed his letter, complaining of prisoners' Bill, to certain parties: won't swear he didn't show it to a party called GRADHAM: has never heard that party goes by the name of "Dirty JEMMY:" does not know he was ever convicted of opening letters when employed in the Post Office: may have consulted with him and others about getting prisoners turned out of their situations: knows CHARLEY WOOD: won't swear he did not consult with him: knows HENRY JOHN TEMPLE: is not on good terms with him at present: did not advise with TEMPLE before complaining of the prisoners' Bill.

The prisoners denied making any disturbance; as to refusing to give up their keys, MR. BULL had given them leave to go to the country, and they did not think they ought to have been called on for their keys till after their return. They were the victims of a conspiracy of the witnesses RUSSELL, TEMPLE, and others.

The worthy Magistrate said there could be no doubt that the prisoners had behaved in a very violent and unbecoming manner to a very kind employer. Here was a Bill brought in by them to MR. BULL containing very objectionable items: MR. BULL had most handsomely offered to allow the prisoner RUPERT to alter these items, as he seems to have been in the habit of doing, but the prisoner refused,—it is to be feared, at the instigation of the prisoner BENJAMIN. On this, their worthy master gave them both warning; when, instead of going out of the house quietly, they had made a disturbance, refused to give up their keys, and threatened to smash everything. Such conduct could not be tolerated, and he would require the prisoners to find sureties to keep the peace. Bail was not forthcoming, and the prisoners were removed, uttering the most violent language against the witness RUSSELL, and threatening MR. BULL with what would happen if he took that person into his service.

THE TAP OF TEMPERANCE.



IR! Hoi! MR. DRUMMOND! You, Sir, member for West Surrey. Here is an advertisement to which your attention is requested. It has appeared in a provincial paper:—

GEORGE NEWBUTT, of the THREE GIMLETS INN, CHARMINSTER, begs to inform the Public in general, that he has always for SALE, a First Class FAMILY ALE, at 1s. per Gallon.

Also, some splendid XXXX, at 2s. per Gallon.

N.B.—Any Person Drinking more than Four Glasses of the latter Potent Beverage at one sitting, can be carefully sent home gratis in a Wheelbarrow, if required.

There may be no landlord at Charminster named NEWBUTT, and the inn kept there by a gentleman of a very similar name may not exactly be called the THREE GIMLETS: therefore, let not the foregoing announcement, in connection with the follow-

ing remarks, be taken as an acknowledgment of that gratuitous ride which it concludes by promising. It is recommended to the notice of MR. DRUMMOND, by reason of the memorable observation which that honourable gentleman made not long ago in the House of Commons—one of the truest things ever said there—to the effect, that no really good strong beer, such as what used to be

brewed of old, is now anywhere to be met with. MR. NEWBUTT'S XXXX appears to be an exception to this generally too unquestionable rule. Four glasses of the beer which MR. DRUMMOND meant were about as much as any man could take without requiring to be carried home. When this necessity now occurs, which is frequently the case in the agricultural districts, it is almost always the result of gross intemperance,—the effect of some gallons,—the consequence of excess; or the state which constitutes the necessity is not a state of beer, but a state of *Cocculus Indicus*, or a state of the stuff which is called "bitter ale." We should like to have MR. DRUMMOND'S opinion about MR. NEWBUTT'S ale. There is something like it at the Bull's Head, Barnes, of which, to judge from the operation of two glasses,—the utmost of our experience,—the effect, in a quantity exceeding four, would probably require a wheelbarrow. Ordinarily, one glass of this beverage will be found sufficient and satisfactory; and, as moral purpose is our aim in making these remarks, we will conclude with the reflection, how much better it is to brew, honestly, good beer, the strength of which naturally tends to compel moderation, than to concoct a villainous liquor which is not malt, which is unworthy of the name of swipes, and which is the fruitful parent of intoxication and its consequent evils.

Punch's Telegrams.

Venetian Lombardy.

THE police have received orders to seize all journals of which any portion is printed in Italics.

Several organ-grinders who have arrived from Genoa, have been arrested for playing tunes from operas by VERDI. It is rumoured that they will be sent to England.

THEORY AGAINST PRACTICE.—Parliament is to be dissolved, and Legislation postponed. For the sake of Reform, JOHN BULL loses reforms.

DR. JOHNSON'S APPROVAL OF A CELEBRATED WHIG WHIPPER-IN.—"I like a good HATER."



"You've no call to be afraid of my Dawg, Marm, if you will but keep yourn off of 'im!"

THE COMMUNITY OF CRINOLINE.

THE great diurnal oracle of fashion published, the other day, the following remarkable statement, furnished by its own correspondent at Fashion's head-quarters, Paris:—

"La Marche opened the ball this season with three races or rather steeple-chases, which, however, did not call for comment, the added money being small, and the fame of the competitors second class; nevertheless beauty, rank, fashion, and crinolines, all more or less lovely, attracted by a bright sun and genial atmosphere, flocked in thousands to the scene of action."

Beauty, of course, is feminine; rank and fashion, placed in opposition with beauty, are feminine also; crinolines are feminine, of necessity. Besides, they are all above described as more or less lovely, therefore must needs be feminine. Beauty means ladies distinguished by their personal charms; rank, the female aristocracy; and fashion, ladies who occupy a brilliant social position. What sort of ladies are crinolines, then? Crinolines, in the foregoing passage, are distinguished from fashion: it therefore follows that they are not fashionable ladies. Hence it would seem that crinoline has gone out of fashion, inasmuch that it has actually become a symbol and a euphemism denoting, we may suppose, a person of the female populace.

Lord John's Title.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, by the number of Administrations which he has succeeded in overthrowing, has secured for himself a name in History. It is that of JACK THE CABINET-KILLER.

GREAT POLITICAL DEBATE.

THERE was a brisk debate the other night, in the smoking-room of the Pegtop and All-Rounder Club, on the subject of the late Ministerial defeat, and of the failure of the Government Reform Bill.

MR. PERCY SWELLBOROUGH, being asked what he thought of the rejection of the measure, languidly replied, that he-aw-han't thought of it. He thought thinking about anything was-aw-a gweat baw, and-aw-in shaw't a motht intuhuffewable nuithanthic. A man had quite enough to do, he thought, with thinking of hith dweth, and whaw't twoutherth he should wear-aw, without being bawed by thinking of Weform meathureth.

The Hon. GEORGE GUTTLETON agreed with the latht thpeakaw, in the far ath thinking it a gweat nuithanth. He, however, held a wather different opinion ath to whaw't saw't of thingth a fellow ought to think about. THWELLBOROUGH, they knew, wath alwayth thinking of hith twoutherth (*oh! oh!*), whereath he (MR. GUTTLETON) pweffered thinking of hith dinnaws. (*A Laugh.*) He confethed the vewy often sat thome hourth after bweakfath, weselecting upon thith, to him important, thubject. While THWELLBOROUGH wath occupied in ordawing fweth toggewy, and finding out whaw't wathcoath and whaw't twoutherth were in theathon, he (MR. GUTTLETON) wath conthidewing if thmelt or thahmon were in theathon, and-aw-he might thay, wewolving in hith mind the thort of thoupth and *entrieth* he thould like to ordaw. (*Hear.*) Tho you thee, pursued the speaker, thome men think of one thing, and thome anothaw; and there may be thome who like conthidewing Weform Billth; but ath they're-aw-not good to eat, ah don't mythelf much care to think about 'em. (*Cheers.*)

MR. HARDUPPE said the Government might have relied on his support (*a laugh*), if instead of their Reform Bill they had just brought in a Bill to reform his tailor's bills. In fact he thought Reform was wanted for tradesmen's bills in general, (*hear! hear!*) and he for one was quite prepared to agitate in favour of it. (*Cheers.*) These Bills were becoming more and more a nuisance to him (*sensation*), and there ought to be an act for the removal of such nuisances. (*Hear.*) For reasons of his own, it had long been his ambition to obtain a seat in Parliament, and he intended when he did so, to introduce a measure rendering it illegal for any British shopkeeper to sue a British gentleman for payment of his Bill, if in the gentleman's opinion the goods which he had purchased were necessary to his (the gentleman's) existence. (*Cheers.*)

LORD SCATTERBRAIN had an ideaw (*cries of "By Jove! Have you, really!"*) that the country wath at pwethent not quite weady for Weform; and he agreed with his fwicnd DERBY (*question!*) that the-aw-thing should be pothponed until the county wath more wipe for

it. (*Hear.*) He thought it vewy pothble that thnobth might want Weform, but he-aw-wath not a thnob, and he-aw-didn't want it. (*Hear!*)

SIR FREDERICK SUCKTHUMBE thought Weformers were-aw-wather a low lot, and he was surprised that LORD JOHN RUSSELL should-aw-condescend to notice them. As for that-aw-fellow, BRIGHT, he-aw-ought to be marked "*Dangerous!*" WOEBUCK, too, he thought, wath a wegular wed wepublican. (*Hear!*) Such wascals played the juice with the British Constitution, and he would ask the aristocracy to wally wound the thwone, to-aw-pwotect it fwom such wevolutionary wuffians. (*Cheers.*)

The Hon. MR. SIMPER said that, when the next Weform Bill wath brought before the Houthe, he hoped that thome one would intthiht upon a clauthe being intherted for weforming the poththion of the ladieth in the Houthe (*hear!*), and for pwoviding the deaw cwatureth with a more befitting wething-plathe than the blaekhole of a galley in which they now were birdeaged. (*Hear! hear!*) He thought if ladieth conde-thended to come and thee the Houthe, the leath the Houthe could do wath to return the compliment. Inthead of thith the Houthe had poked the ladieth in a plathe where he defied the tharpeth thight to catch the fainteth glimph of them. (*Sensation, and cries of "Shame!"*) The Houthe pwetended it did thith in ordaw to pwevent its buthineth being interrupted; but he thought thith only added intth to the injury. (*Hear!*) Where but in the Houthe wath lovely woman'th pwethenth cwaw deemed an intervuption? (*Cheers.*) Where but in the Houthe wath buthineth of thuch conthequent, that the pwethenth of a petticoat wath not allowed to intervupt it? (*Louder cheers.*) Where hut in the Houthe—

MR. DAMPER rose to order. He had no wish to curtail the freedom of debate (*oh!*), and still less to interrupt such manly and, he might add, gentlemanly sentiments. (*Oh!*) He begged however to remind his lady-loving friend (*oh! oh!*) that his eloquence was bearing him completely from the subject. (*Question!*) They had not met that evening to discuss the Wrongs of Women. What they were debating was the position of the Government, and not, he begged to say, the position of the ladies. (*Oh! oh!*) Men might cry "*Oh! oh!*" but he would ask them if Reform (*oh! oh!*) was not a more important matter (*oh! oh!*) than the presence of the petticoats (*oh! oh! oh!*) where, as everybody knew, they were only in the way. (*Fehement oh!-oh!-ing. Cries of "Bosh!" and "Shut up, Ugly!"*) Men might call him ugly, but that wouldn't make him shut up. He thought the ladies were becoming more and more a nuisance. (*Groans, and shouts of "Order!" "Shame!" and "Kick him!"*) His words, of course, bore only a Parliamentary application. (*Hear!*) Their petticoats made such a rustling in the House, that even MR. WHITESIDE could scarcely hear himself speak (*question*), and if they were allowed to bring their babies into Parliament—

The indignation of the meeting here rose to such a height, that MR. DAMPER found it futile to attempt to gain a hearing. He therefore comforted himself with a fresh light penny cigar, and by inhaling some deep draughts of some consoling beverage, he soon erased all memory of how his friends had snubbed him.

Several more endeavours were made to call attention to the subject of Reform, but we need scarcely mention that the theme of "Lovely Woman" having once been introduced, there was no chance for the discussion of a less entrancing topic.

THE REPRESENTATION OF THE SMITH.



THE Working Man is, just at present, the subject of a vast deal of cloquence. Who is the Working Man? Honourable gentlemen may as well try to understand their own meaning. What sort of a personage is the Working Man?

In strictness all men are working-men except thieves, incapable paupers, and gentlemen who are born with silver spoons in their mouths to consume the fruits of the earth; and who eat and drink out their mission. To these idle men may perhaps be added some clerks in some Government Offices.

But useful members of society, generally, are working-men only in the proper sense of the words. What is the Working Man specially and emphatically so called; the Working Man so written with a great W and a great M? Is he

simply the man whose work consists in manual labour? At that rate the carter is a Working Man, the ploughman is a Working Man, the hedger and ditcher is a Working Man; but honourable gentlemen call all these men Agricultural Labourers.

Is the engine-driver a Working Man? Is his mate, the stoker, a Working Man? Are the journeyman bricklayer, carpenter, painter, plumber-and-glazier, Working Men? Honourable gentlemen will doubtless answer these questions in the affirmative. The labouring tailor also and shoemaker, the potter, the weaver, will be acknowledged by them as examples of the Working Man. Under the denomination of the Working Man they will agree in ranking the operative, the mechanic, the handicraftsman, the smith. Here we get to a term which comprehends all varieties of the Working Man as meant when alluded to by patriotic and Parliamentary speakers. A smith is, in the large signification of the word, "he that makes or effects anything;" which is just the correct definition of the Working Man. Why not, then, substitute this short and simple noun-substantive for the less definite phrase? Why should not honourable gentlemen proclaim with all their strength, that it is high time that the Voice of the Smith was heard within the walls of Parliament, and that no Reform Bill can deserve the confidence of the country that does not provide for the adequate representation of the Smith?

Because the Working Man of the House of Commons and the Hustings is an Idea; an Idea not exactly conveyed by Smith: an Idea of the same class as that which the British Lion belongs to. The comparison runs on all fours, notwithstanding the objection that the British Lion does that alone. Both are what LORD BACON might call Idols of the Platform, unless he preferred to class the British Lion among his Idols of the Den.

Like the British Lion, the Parliamentary Working Man presents, to the mind's eye, exteriors apparently real. They consist of a human shape in a brown-paper cap, a fustian jacket, a short apron, corduroy trousers, and strong nailed highlows, the figure clothed with these garments, and the face wearing a stern and woeful expression.

Within the brown-paper cap and the other things above enumerated honourable gentlemen affect to recognise an Intelligence of an order much above the average, united with a peculiar earnestness and sincerity, unfairly and unwisely debarred of a due influence on legislation. What in their hearts they imagine, and fear the existence of in the interior of their Working Man, is a strong bias towards Socialism and Communism, and a dogged disposition to abolish Consols, and demand a redistribution of property. Accordingly, the Working Man must be coaxed and flattered, patted on the head, shaken by the hand, and

have the hat doffed to him seriously and obsequiously; and a sop respectfully offered to him.

In short, the Working Man of the politicians, Radical or Conservative, is a Myth, whereas, as above shown, the real genuine Working Man is a Smith.

Nevertheless, let the SMITHS have their fair share in representation; that is, share and share with the BROWNS, and the JONESSES, and also with the HOWARDS and the FITZ-PLANTAGENETS, and MR. PUNCH.

IDEAS OF AN INSULAR CLOWN.

I HEARS that France and Austria be like to goo to war,
And to lug we in along wi' 'um, I should like to know what for.
What call ha' we to spend our lives, and fling our money away,
For them there flighty foreigners—onsartain chaps like they?

At peace there ain't no keepun 'um to war if they 'ool goo;
Let dogs delight to bark and bite, for 'tis their natur' to.
We'd best mind our own bisnuss, and lave they to zettle theirs:
We never got no good by hands in other folks' affairs.

We bain't alike—can't dale wi' 'um—should let 'um all alone;
They mostly worships images made out o' wood and stone,
In diet and in sentiments we differs from 'um, wide;
And we can't make out their vanity, nor understand their pride.

As to the cause they fights about, as fur as I can zee,
'Tis never nothun moor than just whose slaves they wants to be:
For pompous though their action, and the speeches they employ,
They're sitch unruly beggars they no freedom can't enjoy.

So let 'um fight till either side looks danger to our shore,
Then pitch into that side straightways, but let 'um bide afore,
But as for helpun are on 'um, taxation is our gains,
And them as we befriends be sure to abuse us for our pains.

We're taxed so hard already that it seems like payun fines,
All which it is our recompense for generous designs.
Aloof from 'um in time to come I wish that we med steer,
And let 'um break each other's heads, and never interfere.

GAVAZZI KILT AT GALWAY.

IRISH will be Irish. The *Vindicator*, a Galway paper, contains an account of the violence with which GAVAZZI was treated the other day at that beautiful city for going there and lecturing about "Italy and the Papacy," to the effect, of course, that the former had better get rid of the latter. The free and enlightened multitude of Galway hooted, and pelted GAVAZZI with stones, sods of turf, and shameful to say—as the *Vindicator* does—"every description of missiles!" They hooted, and flung stones, and varieties of dirt, not only at MR. GAVAZZI, but also at a number of Protestant Clergymen and Scripture readers who accompanied him. They chased him as far as they were able, and if they had caught him, the *Vindicator* says, "the results would have been desperate if not fatal." That is, they would very likely have murdered the object of their fury. Yet the *Vindicator*, in a paragraph preliminary to the recital of the outrages above mentioned, gives the following general description of them and their perpetrators:—

"This day the apostle of discord proceeded through the city, accompanied by MR. BROWNING, and met with rather a warm reception. This region is much too Catholic for these brothers. The saints were roughly handled, and GAVAZZI was obliged to take refuge in the Police Barracks."

Things that are equal to the same are equal to one another. The region of Galway, says the *Vindicator*, is much too Catholic for GAVAZZI and his brothers. The region of Galway, according to the same authority, was much too truculent for the same individuals. In relation to those individuals, therefore, being much too Catholic is equal to being much too truculent. It follows that Catholic, in the *Vindicator's* sense of the word, is relatively to certain persons—to wit, opponents of the Papacy—equivalent to truculent; to savage, barbarous, destructive, cruel. Did MR. NEWDEGATE, or MR. SPOONER ever say anything of Catholicity worse than this? The *Vindicator* seems to have a pretty notion of vindicating theological opinions. MR. GAVAZZI, MR. BROWNING, and their comrades, "met with rather a warm reception." Opponents of the Papacy have generally experienced the like wherever the Papacy has had the upper hand. The warmth has sometimes been excessive—has risen to the roasting point. The *Vindicator* perhaps approves of treating Dissenters with this high degree of vindictiveness. To represent Catholicity as synonymous with truculence, how very uncatholic! But how very Irish! The bosom of the Papacy is a nest that has some ill birds in it, and sure, one of them is the Galway *Vindicator*, unless Irish Papist means the same thing as extreme Protestant. Some, indeed, say they are much of a muchness.

genial and fresh interpretation of high-class comedy has rendered him a universal favourite with the frequenters of the Dunlop Street Theatre.—*Glasgow Bulletin.*"

We have taken a slight liberty with this "accomplished" gentleman, in altering the name wherewith he has been gifted, to one which we conceive is more expressive of his talents; but on this we trust to him to put that "genial interpretation," for which, we are informed, he is so eminently famous. MR. STIGGINS must believe in our sincerity when we say we use the pseudonym without meaning any sneer in it. We have no wish to cast ridicule upon an actor who, we hear, is so "respected" in his art, because he happens to be "admired for his scholarly attainments." The actor to whose buskins MR. STIGGINS is appointed to succeed has also his admirers for his scholarly attainments; and for the advantage of the playbill-studying public, we rejoice that a fit person has been found to fill his place. The lore which has been lavished on the fly-leaves of the playbills, which have lately been produced at the Princess's Theatre, must have taxed the highest powers of the deepest-read of scholars.

On a literary account, then, as well as a dramatic one, it relieves our mind to hear of MR. STIGGINS's engagement, which we trust will be of profit to the public and himself. Bilious critics, it is true, may sneer at the preliminary announcement of his merits, and may ask in what the drama is connected with divinity, and whether studying the Apocalypse at all prepares an actor for studying a part. "Not to speak profanely," were the *Divina Commedia* to be produced at the Princess's, MR. STIGGINS might perhaps find his divinity of service; but it could not much advantage him in comedies in general, excepting peradventure in those of the "divine WILLIAMS." Nor, as bilious critics further might remark, is it quite clear why such learning is paraded in his puff. Among the "unco guid" of Glasgow it may perhaps advance an actor to give out in the papers that he is well up in divinity; just as cooks will sometimes advertise their church-going and their piety, in addition to the virtues of their made-dishes and pastry. But playgoers in general do not as the "unco guid" do. In London, for the most part, we like to see things in their place, and do not want divinity lugged into a play-puff. It being as an actor that MR. STIGGINS comes before them, it concerns the London public much more to be told of his theatrical abilities, than of his Apocryphal research; and until they have had the privilege of reading what he has written and of seeing how he acts, it must, we fear, remain a doubt with all unbiassed critics whether his light comedy be as heavy as his books would seem to be.

The Compensating Balance.

An insult in the House of Commons is always compensated for afterwards by a compliment,—and the larger the insult, the larger generally the compliment that is sure to follow it. It is strange that the gentleman who is the "very last whose feelings the honourable Member would wish to offend," generally happens to be the very first whose feelings are offended.

HIM, who trying to bring you beer, should spill it over your trousers, you would call lout and clown. What of him who tries to bring you an idea, and makes a mess of it with inexactness and bad grammar?—*Jean Paul Bedford.*

ANOTHER GOG IN VIEW.

It is proposed to erect a Statue to the memory of JOHN HUNTER. What has JOHN HUNTER done to deserve that indignity?



STODGE GOES TO GIVE A FIRST LESSON IN OIL-PAINTING TO A NOBLE LADY IN BERKELEY SQUARE.

Gorgeous Flunkey. "Are you for the Nussery?"

A PROMISING PERFORMER.

THEATRICAL astronomers have long been looking out for a "star" to take the place of the brilliant planet KEAN, now on the eve of disappearing from the firmament of the foot-lamps; and it delights us to announce that a star has been discovered which, if not of equal magnitude with that which is just setting, may in another view be looked on as a no less shining light. For a foreglimpse of this luminary, we are indebted to the telescope or opera-glass of a contemporary; to whose "puff preliminary" we are so liberal as to give insertion gratis:—

"MR. STIGGINS, the accomplished comedian of the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, has accepted an advantageous engagement with MR. HARRIS, who succeeds MR. CHARLES KEAN in the management of the Princess's Theatre. During the period he has been connected with the Glasgow Theatre he has gained many friends and admirers—men who respect him for his qualifications as an actor, and also for his scholarly attainments. His admirable writings on the Apocalypse have made him a name among the *literati* of Scotland, at the same time that his



SCENE IN A REFRESHMENT ROOM AT A PUBLIC BALL.

Enter Aristocratic Swell, in a state of fusion, addressing himself to the Fair Damsel in attendance. "Haw, really, I don't know what to take: the champagne I had of you the night before last did not agree with me."

Young Damsel, naively. "I fear, Sir, you were not accustomed to it."

[Swell looks reduced in importance, and bystanders chuckle.]

THE WEATHER LAST WEEK.

Impromptu by an Elderly Gentleman.

"WHAT!" I said, the other day,
 "April, Sir! What April? Eh?
 Call this April? I should say,
 By the weather, it was May.
 May? By Jove, Sir, June!—July!
 Here the glass is—what?—How high?
 Seventy-two, Sir, in the shade!
 All too fine, Sir, I'm afraid,
 Much too fine to last. 'Tis strange,
 In a few days what a change!
 Here we were, a week ago,
 Walking ankle-deep in snow,
 Now we have to ice our wine,
 And with perspiration shine.
 You've the fruit-trees out in bloom,
 Of a morning, from my room,
 Certainly, a charming sight!
 And those-what?—those yellow, bright,
 Like great guineas—what you call
 Dandelions, on the wall,
 Blazing in the sun like gold,
 Famous for the bile, I'm told.
 Here, you see, we've April flowers,
 And, perhaps, shall have May showers,
 Or to-morrow it may rain—
 Who can tell?—or snow again,
 And the peaches will be spoiled!
 Here we are, fried, roasted, broiled,
 In the dog-days, so to speak."

Christmas has returned this week.

Fiekle climate—is it not?—
 One day cold, another hot,
 Wet to-morrow, fine to-day.
 Well, Sir, well: all I can say
 Is, I hope it will agree
 With ourselves, Sir: you and me.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, April 11. The Lords did rather a cool thing, considering that their *specialité* is reverence for vested rights. They ordered the Society of Lincoln's Inn to produce and lay upon their Lordship's table some plans which the Society had prepared, and which were its private property. The plans were for some new Chancery Courts, proposed to be erected on the Society's ground; and, altogether, LORD REDESDALE had about as much right, strictly speaking, to call for the plans, as Mr. Punch has to ask LORD REDESDALE for the design for his new conservatory, if he is building one, which perhaps he is not, and whether he is or not, Mr. Punch does not in the least care. Mr. Punch, mind, sees no objection to the demand for these plans; but he begs to remind the Lords, that he shall expect them to adhere to the precedent, and always in future to subordinate private rights to the public advantage. *Salus populi suprema lex*, Cox.

There was a good deal of fidget in the Commons to know what day they were to be dissolved; and LORD PALMERSTON poked some questions at MR. DISRAELI, who refused to give a definite answer, but stated that the operation should take place as soon after prorogation as should be, in the judgment of Ministers, consistent with decorum. This bit of intentionally provoking verbiage roused SIR GEORGE GREY, who enjoys the double advantages of a long tongue and a short temper, and he fired rather hotly into what he called MR. DISRAELI'S enigma. But MR. DISRAELI was not in a state of mind to be incensed, and he blandly rebuked SIR GEORGE for his "rabid heat," and entirely declined being more precise.

The Railway people have been done a little in the matter of return and excursion tickets,—that is to say, where a person has desired to take a single journey only, he has occasionally sold the return half-ticket to somebody else, who wished to go the other way. What wrong this did it is difficult to say, inasmuch as it was but making the railwaymen fulfil their bargain to carry a passenger up and down; but they see a grievance, and apply to Parliament for a Bill, arming them with powers of a tremendous character against such offenders,—all but the right of instantly hanging them up to the signal posts. The Commons, however, thought the demand a little strong, and postponed the enactment.

Tuesday. There was a sort of debate in the Lords as to whether a Bill for abolishing the antiquated and inconvenient privilege of the

Thames watermen should not be referred back to a Committee. The steam-engine has abolished these men, and it is manifestly absurd that their ghosts should be allowed to sit upon the valve. The Bill was referred to a new Committee.

In the Commons, there was a delightful personal row, involving the Government. The latter, of course, mean to make fight everywhere at the coming elections, and SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, First Lord of the Admiralty, claimed fulfilment of a promise made, he says, by another of the Lords, CAPTAIN CARNEGIE, to stand for Dover, against that Disagreeable Rattle, MR. BERNAL OSBORNE. The Captain saw no fun in this, and resigned his Lordship; and some other similar changes occurred. The point of the accusation against Government was, that, for the sake of electioneering tactics, they displaced from the Admiralty Board men who had mastered their business, and who, at a crisis like this, should have been kept at their posts. And, on the whole, the case seems pretty much proved; but electioneering ardour, like intoxication, is held to be an excuse for a good many questionable things in England.

MR. HENRY BERKELEY, being an eminently practical statesman, or being rather in terror of certain persons out of doors, (who believe that the Ballot will at once pay the National Debt, reform our weather, cleanse the Thames, abolish pauperism and crime, and teach senators the use of the letter H,) moved for leave to bring in a Bill to enforce secret voting. Nobody, not even the mover, could talk seriously about the subject, and MR. BERKELEY himself actually adduced as argument for the measure, the complaint of some hen-pecked animal who begged for the Ballot to protect him against his own wife, the woman having urgently remonstrated with him against some vote which he had given. LORD JOHN RUSSELL opposed the motion, but was prepared (in the event of its being desirable that a Minister who wished to retain office should be a Ballotter) to see, at a fitting time that there was no great harm in the Ballot. LORD PALMERSTON was, on the contrary, very plain-spoken against the proposition, and was rather successful in his jokes against the Berkeleyan feebleness. This put BERKELEY in a rage, and he forgot his good manners, and told his antagonists that they talked flagrant and audacious rubbish (*sic*).^{*} On division, the Ballot party got 99 votes to 102 against them. Neither side was present in strength.

* *Sic*, Latin word, means, Cox, that we quote the exact expression. *Sic*, English word, means how we feel when we read more than six lines of one of your speeches.

Wednesday. The SPEAKER could hardly get his forty members, and when he did, they sat only forty minutes.

Thursday. An extremely interesting night. Never, perhaps, have a father and a son been simultaneously engaged in a loftier duty, or discharged it more admirably. The EARL OF DERBY in one House, and LORD STANLEY in the other, recapitulated the noble deeds of our forces in India, and called respectively upon the Lords and Commons to thank the wise and brave men who saved her Indian Empire to QUEEN VICTORIA. All who spoke were, of course, unanimous in eulogy; and, in his double capacity of Peer of the Realm and Member of Parliament, LORD PUNCH, M.P., hereby ratifies the vote, with the mingled solemnity and enthusiasm which form part of his inimitably noble nature.

In the Commons an arrangement was made whereby, for the future, Jew Members are to come up on the fourth day of the meeting of a new Parliament, and be admitted, if the House pleases, by resolution. SIR FITZROY KELLY brought in a Bill for consolidating the law of offences against the person. *Mr. Punch* has not yet seen the Bill, but hopes that it includes provision for the transportation, before the first

offence, of any person who looks likely, at any time in his life, to begin playing a street-organ.

Friday. Ministerial statements about the Italian crisis had been promised to-night, but were again postponed; whence it was surmised that there might still be some hope of preventing the carrion eagles from closing in fight.

The DUKE OF ARGYLL got up a small Indian debate, which he based on a letter in which LORD ELLENBOROUGH had intimated, somewhat distinctly, his conviction that the less England had to do with missionary business in India the better. *Mr. Punch* fears that the Tame Elephant is an awful old heathen, but there is some sense in his recommending extreme caution in iconoclasm.

The Commons, having nothing else before them, insisted on being amused with some explanations of Ministerial conduct, of no great interest to the world; and again LORD PALMERSTON poked at MR. DISRAELI for the date of the dissolution, and again didn't get it. Perhaps the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who is a classical scholar, partakes of a certain ancient superstition; that it was not lucky to allude to Fate in very precise terms.

A GO-AHEAD MINISTER.



ACCORDING TO MADAME LOLA MONTES, it is a common thing in the United States for a broken-down jockey or a bankrupt tradesman to turn his mind to law, physic, or divinity, and become an advocate, a doctor, or a parson, in some three months. The *Cleveland Plaindealer* corroborates her statement by an interesting tale, which thus commences:—

"A CLERGYMAN ARRESTED WHILE PREFACING A FUNERAL SERMON.—As the REV. WILLIAM WATSON, the pastor of the Methodist Church in Glenwood, Iowa, was preaching a funeral sermon, he was arrested by officers from an adjoining county for passing counterfeit money."

The accusation was not altogether unfounded:—

"The Clergyman did not accompany the procession to the grave, and the officers arrested him. They had previously searched his house, in the cellar of which they found inks, presses, papers, rolling machines,

and the entire apparatus for the manufacture of counterfeit bank bills. They also found 1,000 dollars in counterfeit bills, \$500 of which were tens on the Forest City Bank of this city, and about 200 dols. of fives on the State Bank of Ohio."

But not only were appearances against the pastor:—

"The Clergyman made a clean breast of the matter. He became connected with some counterfeiters about two years ago, and as he had been in early life an engraver, he became a useful and hard-working member of the gang. He has preached in Glenwood about three years. He is about forty years old, a man of family, and has been very generally esteemed and respected by his congregation and neighbours. He said he joined the counterfeiters to get money 'to do good with.'"

To do good, not exactly by stealth, but by forgery; but this exemplary Divine will certainly not "blush to find it fame." The pastor seems to have been in one respect well qualified for his sphere of usefulness among a gang of coiners. He was at all events capable of ministering any quantity of brass to them. His Glenwood flock, however, consisted of rigid moralists, and did not admire the ring of that metal:—

"This explanation was not very satisfactory to his parishioners, however, and they discarded him at once."

The narrator of this edifying case remarks, with justice additionally, but unnecessarily illustrated:—

"He must have been a nice Minister. An examination of his 'study' showed the *Life in Boston*, *Venus' Miscellany*, and other flash papers."

The Minister is now fast in bonds:—

"He was taken before a Justice of the Peace, and in default of heavy bail, was committed to the county goal, to await trial before the Court of Common Pleas. The incident created a great sensation in the little town."

Tribulation, probably, awaits the reverend smasher. He will undergo a trial. He will very likely be convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment and hard labour. He will call that a trial too, although it is properly speaking a punishment; but quack religionists always term their disasters trials, and a fellow who is at once a religious hypocrite and a common rogue will naturally express his ideas in sanctified slang.

Smart Americans, however, will no doubt be proud of their countryman, the REV. WILLIAM WATSON, whom they are now enabled to boast as the equal of DR. DODD. However, the REV. WILLIAM WATSON will not be hanged.

CANZONET ON THE LATE CRISIS.

AIR—"A Temple of Friendship."

"A TEMPLE * in friendship," cried RUSSELL, enchanted,
"I'll bind to our cause, and make DERBY resign;"
The Temple was sought: JOHN's petition was granted:
Thought he, "Sure, of office the shoes now are mine!"

So he flew to the House, with the speed of Pandora
On her mission of bringing destruction when sent:
And there entered a Notice, he thought 'twas a floorer,
The deadliest weapon his art could invent.

The battle was fought: JOHN his forces combining
With the Temple and BRIGHT, broad of back as of brim,
A victory gained: counted votes thirty-nine in Majority:
JACK swore 'twas plenty for him.

But what were his thoughts, when a few evenings after
'Twas announced—To the country the House is despatched:
Cried DIS, in his sleeve slyly venting his laughter,
"You counted your chickens, JOHN, ere they were hatched!"

* LORD PALMERSTON. See *Peerage*.

Something for a Fool's Head.

THE best thing for any old fool who wishes to dye his grey hair is, if it is nothing worse than what it calls itself, some grease which is advertised under the name of Walnut Pomade. Walnut colouring matter would stain the hair of the aged simpleton without burning it, and give his ass's head that appearance of dead horse-hair, which ordinarily exposes the base imposture of the dyeing old dandy.

PARISIAN GOSSIP.

"THERE was immense trouble with MEYERBEER'S new opera. To the title, *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, there was the grand objection that it might remind people of the late terrible *fiasco* known as *Le Pardon de Montalembert*. This was the composer's difficulty. Then, when it came to be known that *Pardon* did not mean a pardon, but a sort of Congress, the Tuileries took fright, and visions of a frantic mob clamouring for a Parliament came upon "*M. Duplicité*." Next, it became known that the interest of the plot turned upon the resolution of somebody to clutch at gold by the most unhallowed means, and at the price of destruction to the innocent; and then the Ante-chamber got into a state of mind, and certain of the billiard-marking nobility protested against scandals. Then the fact came out that a goat was an important performer, and a certain Minister was despatched to superintend rehearsals, and watch lest the wicked wit of the manager might trim the animal's beard, so as to bring the face into any resemblance to that of an excessively exalted personage. Then, some of the priests about the Court raised an objection to the profanity of thunder and lightning, especially when brought into play by a Jew, and it was only by a promise of a private box for the season to a certain Archbishop that this was got over. Then, one of the *dames d'honneur*—

From our Paris Correspondent.

THE LORD MAYOR IN HIS GLORY.

GLORY to the great LORD MAYOR,
Honour to the grand LORD MAYOR,
With his sides overgrown who presides on the throne
In the pomp of the Civic Chair!
Long live the grand LORD MAYOR!
Success to the grand LORD MAYOR!
He is the City King, and to his renown we'll sing
Glory to the great LORD MAYOR!

Chorus. Glory, &c.

When he holds his Court in state,
His consequence is how great!
Than the POPE or the CZAR of a scope greater far,
So magnificent a potentate!
Hear him the law declare,
Contradict him if you dare;
Know that mum is the word, so be dumb, though absurd
Seems the speech of the grand LORD MAYOR.

Chorus. Glory, &c.

Gainsayers his Lordship charms
With a ho! to the Serjeant-at-Arms;
So adore his high place, how before his dread mace,
For his thunders are no false alarms.
For the Tower let rebels prepare,
Of the block and the headsman beware!
He'll commit himself too, it is fit he so should do,
To approve himself a true LORD MAYOR.

Chorus. Glory, &c.

The LORD MAYOR of London Town
Should a cap wear above his crown
That has got at the end a smart knot to depend,
In a curve hanging gracefully down;
With a bangle for sceptre to bear,
Whilst all his beholders declare,
Reared in ease so elate as his face to inflate,
There's no monarch to match the LORD MAYOR.

Chorus. Glory, &c.

How good is the Lord Mayor's Show!
In triumph to see him go,
And his gay coach roll, with display so droll,
To the mirth of high and low.
What gorgeous flunkeys flare!
What vast buffoons are there!
And of Guys what a sight doth all eyes delight
In the train of the new LORD MAYOR!

Chorus. Glory, &c.

Blow the fifes, beat a roll on the drums,
The LORD MAYOR comes—he comes!
Let the grand trumpets play and the band of brass bray
To their noses while all raise their thumbs!
City Marshal and Swordbearer scarce
All the boys in his way; rend the air
British crowd, with acclaim, and aloud extol the name
Of the proud and puissant LORD MAYOR.

Chorus. Glory, &c.

He speaks in Wisdom's saws;
Receive them with applause.
In his head there is fat; being fed upon that
Of his intellect is the cause.
On the fat of the land doth he fare,
On the fat of the sea, oh rare!
If he talks like a fool he but walks by the rule
Of the time-honoured old LORD MAYOR.

Chorus. Glory, &c.

Let us wish the LORD MAYOR long sway,
May his mace never pass away!
Let him aye hold his own, and o'erweigh twenty stonc,
Making fun for us every day!
He is an immense LORD MAYOR,
High and Mighty Sublime LORD MAYOR!
Trim his crown with gold bells while the town his
grandeur tells,
Singing, Glory to the great LORD MAYOR!

Chorus. Glory, &c.



A BLOW FOR THE BALLOT.

(See Speech of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, *Times*, April 13.)

"SIR, as touching the Ballot, I briefly would state (For I've no wish to lengthen this tedious debate), That with SIR R. BETHELL I cannot agree, When he says that the law says all votes should be free. Ancient statutes he quotes for his proofs, but, Sir, I Him to find the word 'Ballot' in old laws defy. I've read all PITT'S speeches, and those too of Fox, And in neither is any demand for the Box: So I say, and I'll stick to't with due resolution, Secret voting's no part of the British Constitution: As a Briton I therefore detest it, and go With friend PAM when he calls it mean, sneaking, and low.

"Still I can't say I think, as I once did, I own, That the Ballot-box now would endanger the throne; My predictions on this point I therefore retract, For I think no great damage would come from the act. I've such faith in true Britons, be they small men or great, That I think none desire to imperil the State: And though granting the Box might not make the Funds go up, Still I don't think 'twould end in a general blow up.

"At the same time, albeit I've so altered my views, As to own in the Ballot there may be some use, And to think that some good to effect it might chance (Though I see but small benefit from it in France), While I've shown 'twould result, Sir, in nothing unpleasant: Still I cannot support it—at least, not at present!"

More Flunkeydom.

"It is proposed," says an Irish paper, "to erect a bronze statue to the MARQUIS OF WATERFORD, to be erected in the People's Park in the town whence he took title." This is simple slavering adulation. That of late years the Marquis was a kind neighbour and a good landlord, is a fact on which his neighbours and tenants are to be congratulated, but not a reason for erecting a statue to him. The flunkeyish proposal compels *Mr. Punch* to remark, that if bronze he wanted, it might probably be found in the stock of knockers wrenched off by his Lordship in his "eccentric" days. Save even a deceased Marquis from his friends!



CUPID AT SEA.

Angelina (to Edwin, whose only chance is perfect tranquillity). "EDWIN, DEAR! IF YOU LOVE ME, GO DOWN INTO THE CABIN, AND FETCH ME MY SCENT BOTTLE AND ANOTHER SHAWL TO PUT OVER MY FEET!"

[EDWIN'S sensations are more easily imagined than described.]

SHAKSPEARE AND LORD CAMPBELL.

ROBIN HOOD might have envied the gentleman mentioned in the following brief Police report:—

"WESTMINSTER.—JOSEPH MORRIS was finally examined, charged with stealing a great quantity of property from the stables of LORD CAMPBELL, Stratheden House, Knightsbridge.

"The prisoner, who made no defence, was committed for trial."

The act of breaking into the stables of LORD CAMPBELL was one of similar daring to that of walking into the lion's den. There cannot but be something awful to a thief in the character of a Judge, of which the influence must extend even to the Judge's premises; though of course there are none which the depredator, if he could be sure of not being detected, would feel greater pleasure in plundering.

We may imagine what a high joke *Sir John Falstaff* would have thought it, under assurance against a contingency which would have turned the jest against himself, to perform the exploit for which MR. MORRIS was sent to gaol. It will be remembered that *Falstaff's* outbreak of exultation on hearing from *Pistol* of the death of *Henry IV.*, concludes with the following remarkable words:—

"Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe unto my Lord Chief Justice!"

The exhortation to steal horses, in close connection with the denouncement of woe against the Lord Chief Justice, may, by the least conjectural Shakspearian commentator, be supposed to bear additional testimony to the prophetic soul of SHAKSPEARE, particularly as the great dramatist doubtless foresaw that he would be under some obligation to the present successor of SIR WILLIAM GASCOIGNE. Hence, there can be little difficulty in concluding that, when he put the horse-stealing proposal together with the malediction upon the Lord Chief Justice, into *Falstaff's* mouth, he had an eye with a forewarning purpose to the future robbery of LORD CAMPBELL'S stables.

THE RETIREMENT OF THE WISCOUNT.

How gallantly, how merrily, to the Country down go we,
The addresses are all printed, the beer is flowing free;
The agents and the canvassers are bustling, blithe and bright,
Like creatures who have all to gain, and nought to lose by fight.

The voters share their triumph; out mouldy freemen creep;
And seddy householders emerge from under clouds so deep,
In their wake like any ale-but the licensed wittler mark,
Oh, proud must be Britannia of such a wholesome lark!

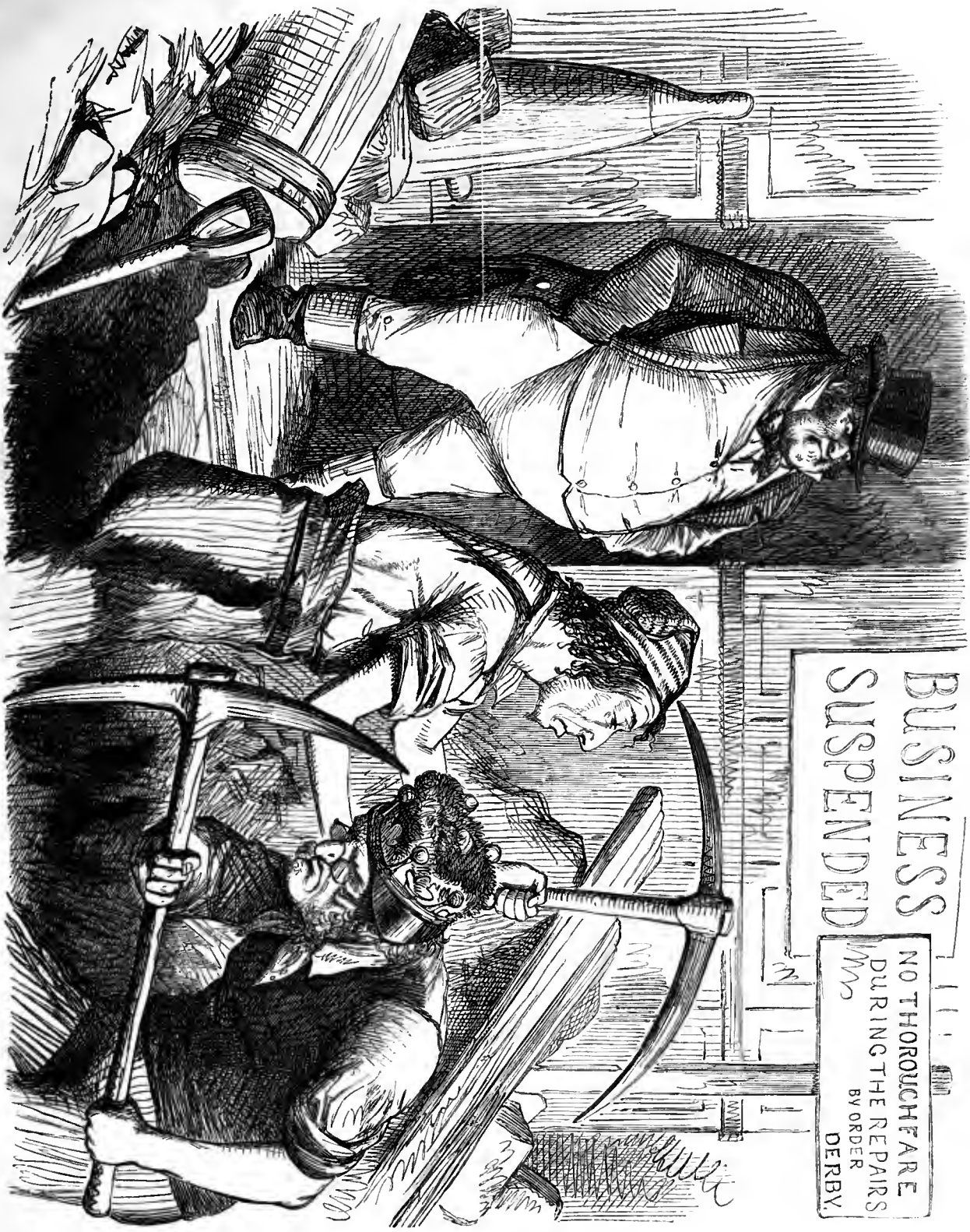
Yes, proud must be Britannia: despite what croakers say,
That constitutions aren't improved by moist'ning of the clay;
That who conquers of such combatants to her don't matter more,
Than which of two Kilkenny cats is left upon the floor.

I would I were Britannia with Commoner and Lord,
Competing for my service, with pen and tongue and sword;
I'd tell the House of Commons—that talks so fast and free,
"A few less words, and a deal more work, or you won't do for me."

But Britannia grew paler, and paler still she grew—
In spite of all her eager slaves that to the hustings drew;
And something in her manner proclaimed some loss was nigh,
To which all coming gains would be, what cads call "all my eye."

Then came a horrid whisper that turned *Punch's* hair to grey—
That the noble WISCOUNT WILLIAMS from Lambeth drops away:
Britannia may well turn pale, and ask of all her friends,
Who will henceforth save cheese-parings, and rescue candle-ends?

Penny-wisdom o'er her champions in agony may weep;
Pound-foolishness may deck herself in sables dark and deep;
But no second WISCOUNT WILLIAMS the Commons House will see,
Not e'en Lambeth has another retail-dealer dense as he.



THE STREET UP AGAIN!

THE SHEET OF VOLUME I

THE SHEET OF VOLUME I



THE SAGA OF THE SEA-LORDS AND THE DRAGON OF DEOFRE.—YE FIRSTE FYTTE.

(From the Norse.)

CROWNING its sea-walls
Wind-swept, and white :
Welcome to passengers
Pallid of plight,
Fair riseth Deofre-town,
Far over flood :
There dwells a Dragon,
Deadly of mood.
OSBEORN, that dragon hight :
Dark is his mane :
Scales as of brass
Buckler his brain :
Sharp is his tongue-tip,
Sudden to slay ;
Pain on its point sits,
Prompt after prey.
Fierce from his fiery throat
Flashes are flung ;
Tails hath he many,
Tipped like his tongue.
So wons the weird worm,
Wild by his wave-home ;
Grim in his grinning,
Gay in his grave home :
What jarl will beard him,
Bold against brass,
Reckless of tongue's point,
Pierce the worm's pass ?
Who OSBEORN, the dragon,
Will drag from his den,
Till his teeth and his talons
Are mocked among men ?
There sat in the White Hall
Of sea-kings the flower :
From the town of the Pakings,—
A Viking of power :
As they told of the dragon,
The fire-drake OSBEORN,
How his tongue-point and tail-sting,
Worked woe, night and morn.
How in Deofre his winning
That worm held at will,
None so bold as to brave him,
With blade or with bill.
How who so essayed it,
Emerg'd in dismay,

His person bespattered,
Besmirched his array ;
All faint with the fire-flaughts
The weird worm had flung ;
And red from the clutch, where
His sharp claws had clung.

Then outspake that sea-king,
Of Pakings the chief.
"What thegn of my meynie
Brings Deofre relief ?
Who beardeth the dragon,
The fire-drake OSBEORN,
Despite his sharp tongue-tip,
His hide, or his horn ?
Be thine the adventure—
KEARN-EGGA, the bold !
To drag forth the fire-drake
OS-BEORN from his hold."

But KEARN-EGGA the crafty,
Sat still in his place :
Though the Lord of the Pakings
Grew red in the face.
"Now, hie thee, KEARN-EGGA."
KEARN-EGGA said, "Nay :
'Tis no work for a sea-king,
Foul fire-drakes to slay.
Such deeds bring not glory,
Nor profit of pelf :
If worm OSBEORN need killing,
Go kill him yourself ?"
The chief of the Pakings
Grew red, and waxed pale :
And the Vikings around him,
Made snug for a gale.
He turned to Jarl RICHARD,
The Viking DUNDAS :
"Go thou, my Jarl RICHARD,
KEARN-EGGA's an ass.
For my thegn when I chose him,
He swore to be true,
And wherever I bid him
To seek derring-do.
Go thou, fight this dragon :
Yet, ere that thou go,

Kick out false KEARN-EGGA,
Or help me do so.
Who not bites through this worn
With the steel of the sword,
In the hall of the Pakings
No longer is Lord."

Then answered Jarl RICHARD,
That sea-king so stout,
"Be it ne'er said, one Viking
Another kicked out.
As KEARN-EGGA answered,
E'en so answer I :
As a sea-king, of dragons
I'd rather fight shy."
Then the chief of the Pakings
Turned angry away,
And from each of his chieftains
Th' emprise did essay :
But each, when applied to,
Said "No" to his face,
Though threatened with loss
Of his sea-king's high place—
Till KEARN-EGGA, the stubborn,
Cried : "Stay here, who will ;
Be it might to steer galleys,
Not dragons to kill."
And he rose from his seat,
And strode out of the door,
And Jarl RICHARD had followed,
And two Vikings more ;
But the chief of the Pakings,
He clutched at their skirts,
And he lauded their prowess,
And praised their deserts ;
"In the White Hall I pray you
Your seats still to hold,
Nor follow in dudgeon
KEARN-EGGA the bold.

And for fighting this dragon,
As fought he must be,
I will find me some Berserk
Our champion to be."

(End of Fytte First.)

PORT OR REPUTED PORT ?

Good wine, according to the proverb which declares it to "need no bush,"* does not require to be puffed in order that it may find customers. The gentlemen whose real names appear in the original advertisement whence the subjoined is copied out of a daily paper, have carried their recognition of this rule almost to a fault :—

PORT WINE.—MESSRS. HYPHEN AND STARS beg respectfully to state, in answer to numerous inquiries, that the Port Wine they are now circulating at 48s. per dozen, cash, is of a reputed vintage ; was imported by themselves, has been four years in bottle, is free from acidity, possesses great vinosity without sweetness, has a beautiful bouquet and plumage, and is a fine tonic.

Now as HYPHEN AND STARS imported this Port themselves, have personally tasted it, and vouch for its flavour, perfume, vinosity, and "plumage"—by which we presume they mean the "bee's wing,"—in what moderate language, in what very guarded terms, they describe it in stating it to be "of a reputed vintage." Suppose a man, in "circulating" a bottle of Port at his own table, were to inform his guests that the liquor in question was reputed to be made of grapes. He would probably save his wine, but he would get himself thought a shabby fellow, either, on the one hand, for giving spurious wine, or, on the other, if the wine were really what he said it was reputed to be, and good wine, for endeavouring, by a mean artifice, to prevent his company from drinking it.

Advertisements ought to be edited ; and we intend, at our own convenience, sooner or later, to bring out an "Accurate Advertiser," in which the articles recommended to the patronage of the Public shall at least be described, and have their merits represented, either in perspicuous prose or in exact poetry.

* This adage might now be modified, in accordance with modern phraseology, into "Good Wine needs no bush."

UNIFORMITY OF MEASURES.

SINCE the above most desirable of all measures is being pressed upon the notice of Parliament, might we beg that a clause be introduced into it, calling imperatively upon all wine merchants that the quart bottle shall contain not less than a quart, and that pint bottles shall be so made as to hold a full pint ? In default thereof, that the penalty on the fraudulent wine-merchant be, that he shall have no kind of redress against his customer, in the event of the latter refusing to pay him for the contents of the said deficient bottle. Or, should that penalty be considered too severe, that the law decree, in every case where a wine-merchant or publican has been found guilty of selling false measure, that his quart bottles be paid only at the rate of pints, and that his pints be settled for, as though they were only half-pints. By his thus receiving only half payment, the publican and sinner may eventually be shamed into the propriety of selling something better than half-measure.

MR. COX TRIES IT ON.

"SIR, *Canonbury Square.*
"ONE of your contemporaries, remarking upon the admirable Association for the erecting Fountains in the Metropolis, says, that 'A Fountain would be a better memorial than a Window.' HORACE had similar estimate of the two things, when he wrote, 'O FONS—SPLENDIDIOR VITRO.'

"I am, Sir, your obliged,

"Mr. Punch.

"Cox (of Finsbury)."

[Very good, indeed, Cox ; but it won't do. You have been coached. How much ocular viridity do you espy in—P. ?]

BELL'S PICTORIAL LIFE IN LONDON.



representatives of the animal constituency, a boy might, in this animated study his natural history with the greatest enjoyment. It is the Zoological Gardens living again on canvas,—and living without the noise, and the violent assault upon one's olfactory nerves, and the dull iron cages, all of which act as so many bars upon the pleasure of contemplating animals, even in the best regulated *Jardin des Plantes*. All the beasts in this room are perfectly free; there is not the slightest restraint placed upon them, and yet we have not heard of a single instance in which any one of them behaved—as a human being sometimes will—like a beast. The scene is worthy of any gentleman's drawing-room. It only shows the refining effect that civilisation will have upon the roughest nature. There are bulls so gentle, that, like HORACE WALPOLE'S earthquake, "a lady might stroke them;" there are horses so sleek and shining, that a navigator with a six days' beard could easily use their coat as a looking-glass to shave in. The bloodhounds, too, are fine, gentlemanly dogs, that a child might play with. These bloodhounds are crouching in nearly every corner of the room. A lady with sensitive nerves would start back at first, upon seeing the strange canine company she had got into. A musical little scream would be all but escaping from her quivering lips, if a second glance did not assure her in time that there was nothing to fear from these Landseerian pets. A spider, that was alive and kicking, would be an object of greater terror to the female mind than the fiercest of them. Horses, too, muster in great force. It is an equine mixture of Horse Fairs and Rotten Rows. English and French horses are neighing closely at one another, as though they were proudly competing for the pictorial prize. It is difficult to say, in this exciting hunt after fame, whether the bold French horsewoman, ROSA BONNEUR, or the elegant equerry of English art, SIR EDWIN, carries off the brush; but they are both of them nobly entitled to their spurs, and may they long ride the hobbies they draw so well!

This collection of pictures is a most choice one. It is pleasant to meet old favourites, whom we have known familiarly for years past at the Royal Academy, and to renew the admiration we then felt for them. Age has not played the least havoc with their looks, and they look as fresh and as charming as ever. MR. BELL has reason to be proud of his handsome family, every member of which is, more or less, an acknowledged genius; and if you doubt it, we refer you to the numerous proofs that may be seen in the print-sellers' windows.

The Derby Day was being held in this Institute, in all its crowded glory. It is a dozen pictures rolled into one, and requires to be looked at at least a dozen times, before it can be fully realised. We believe it is scarcely etiquette for ladies to honour the Epsom race-course with their lovely presence. Thanks to MR. FRITH, however, every lady can now say that she has seen *The Derby Day* without having been actually present. Her eyes have been delighted, and her dress has not been soiled, or her horses lamed, or her carriage-panels broken, or her *porte-monnaie* punished, or her ears offended, by her having visited that saturnalian scene in 17, Edwards Street, Portman Square.

The catalogue is written by MR. BELL himself. We believe this is his *début* in the *belles lettres*, and a very successful one it is. MR. RUSKIN had better look to his future laurels and shillings. The critics receive several smart raps on the knuckles, for their arrogance as well as ignorance. We tremble at MR. BELL'S audacity; for a critic is infallible, and to question a critic's judgment, one should be more invulnerable than Achilles. If you have a weak point, he is sure to find it out, and trip you up by the heels. MR. BELL gives an amusing instance of how a critic is apt to err, as though he were no better than an ordinary individual: he tells us that—

"In a critique on a picture by SIR E. LANDSEER, some years ago, representing a Hare and a Weasel, it was remarked:—'We think the Rabbit is too much like a Hare, and we never saw a Ferret of that colour.'"

This exposure may cost MR. BELL dearly. When next his generosity prompts him to lend his pictures to a literary institution in need of support, some critic, deeply versed in

the wonders of nature, will be proving that all his swans are geese, his horses Irish bulls, his LANDSEERS of no greater value than a shoal of HERRINGS, and his ROSA-BONNEUR'S horses like those who admire them, no better than donkeys!

"ALL IN ONE BOAT."

Speech of C. FOSTER, at Walsall.

At sea and afloat, and all in one boat,
The crew of the old Opposition,
Before and abaft, are thronging the craft,
That floats them away to perdition.

There PALMERSTON, HERBERT, and GRAHAM and BRIGHT,

And JOHNNY, the cabinet-killer,
Each swearing, declaring that he's in the right,
Are shoving to get at the tiller.

Australian BOB and GIBSON the keen
Are slanging each other quite vicious,
But deadly and sly is the struggle between
JOHN DODGER and PAM the judicious.

With murderous pats, like a pair of tom cats,
Meaning mischief, where others would lark it,
All along of two rival fair hawkers of sprats,
In May fair and the Westminster market.

These two are the pest and the bane of the rest,
The pilots of loss and disaster,
For one would steer east, and one would steer west,
And each of them wants to be master.

They set on their ELLIOTT, CLANRICARDES & Co.,
Their two hungry clans of relations,
As many again as that vessel can stow,
When two fight for one's work and rations.

Thus LEWIS and LABOUCHERE candidly feel,
That WILSON and WOOD are no Nestors,
And OSBORNE and "continuity" PEEL
Think each other the coarsest of jesters.

And wrangling and hustling runs through the pack,
Whip FOSTER whip HAYTER is beating,
Heavy EDWIN is jumping on weak HEADLAM'S
back,
And COLLIER would like to mill KEATING.

JEMMY GRAHAM and NAPIER are like cat and dog,
And so are NEWCASTLE and EVANS;
For GROSVENORS and BEDFORDS have stove in
the grog,
And all is at sixes and sevens.

They break up the lockers to look for doubloons—
VERNON SMITH makes a grab at the letters,
And oily old SHAPPEBURY pockets the spoons
For his clerical helps and abettors.

In the meantime their boat is a public disgrace,
The sport of the wind and the weather,
And the public, ashamed to see men in such case,
Is content if they sink altogether.

As they made of their *Indian* curry a hash,
Unseasoned by CARDWELL or CHUTNEY,
So now they go down, with a shriek and a splash,
Like the Cambridge eight-oar at Putney.

And better this far, for the QUEEN and the Realm,
Than such brawling, and pushing, and jeering;
And best of all, that one man holds the helm
'Gainst such contrary rowing and steering.

So helpless afloat, in their crazy old boat,
Is the crew of the old Opposition,
Fore and aft catching crabs in the obsolete craft,
That floats them away to perdition.

THE POLITICAL WEATHER.—MR. HUMPHRY MILD MAY was announced last week as a Candidate on the Liberal interest for Herefordshire. As this has been, on the whole, a severe April, it is to be hoped that MILD-MAY will succeed.

FIGHT FOR THE POLITICAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

(From our Sporting Reporter.)



his long-expected contest, upon which so large a sum was staked, has ended (to quote SHAKESPEARE) in something "very like a sell." As our readers will remember, we have all along predicted that such would be the case; and, inasmuch as it enhances our prophetic reputation, we cannot regret the otherwise deplorable result. For the honour of the P.P.R.,* we, however, hope in future all such sells will be prevented; and in order to effect this, we will gladly lend our influence, and keep our columns open as the True-blue British Channel, whereby, as the song says, to "frustrate" such "knavish tricks."

Our subscribers are aware that our Laureate has penned a glowing record of the

fight,† and we therefore need not enter here on a detailed description. Homeric prose is harsh to ears which have been soothed with Ciceronic poetry, and our modest pen declines to tread the ground late occupied by his heroic verse. Enough that we state briefly that the fight between PRINCE RUPERT, *alias* the Knowsley Nobbler, and LITTLE JOHNNY RUSSELL, *alias* the Bedford Pet, for £5000 a year salary and the Champion's belt, was most gallantly contested for upwards of a week, and was eventually decided in favour of the Little 'un, we believe very much to JOHNNY'S satisfaction, as well as of his backers and large numbers of the public. The judges all agreed it was a fair stand-up fight, and, as far as we could see, there was not a foul blow struck in it. When the night, however, came for giving up the stakes, the Nobbler refused flatly to do anything of the sort. To every one's surprise, he said the Pet had not fought fair, but had won by a "dodge" which he (the Knowsley Nobbler) was not at all prepared for. His friends advised him, therefore, that the battle was a drawn one; and he intended to retain the Champion's belt and stakes. The Pet had made cock-sure that he (the Nobbler) would resign; but, at present, he (the Nobbler) really couldn't think of it. To use his own expressive phrase, he'd "see him at Vienna first!" What he meant to do was, to go now to the country in order to recruit; and when he had picked up his strength, he'd meet his man again, and have it fairly out with him. The Referee he had appealed to had confirmed him in this course; and he should therefore snap his fingers at all such chaffing counsellors as Taunting PAM., the Bottleholder, who defied him to pursue it. When the time for meeting came, he hoped that the best man might win. The Pet had long been hankering to stand in his (the Nobbler's) shoes; but the Little 'un would find they were a size or two too big for him.

This statement of the Nobbler was listened to with some distrust, and drew little approbation, even from his backers. In the opinion of the knowing ones, his "going to the country" is nothing but a feint, intended only to gain time, and to enable those about him to make themselves all safe in the matter of the needful. BENJAMIN, his second (no connection, we believe, of the BENJAMIN who came off second best the other day in his encounter with TOM SAYERS), of course makes affidavit what the Nobbler says is truth; and in an address which he has issued to his patrons, he talks mysteriously of certain "disingenuous manoeuvres" he pretends to have discovered, to which marcs' nests he attributes the Nobbler's late defeat. BENJAMIN, we know, is rather gifted with the gab; but he is not always careful in the crack jaw words he uses. For instance, when he twits JOHNNY'S backers for their "discordant sections" and "distracted politics," he gives them a good opening to drop in a *tu quoque*. Adhesive though they are to place, BEN'S party don't stiek well together, and there has lately been considerable "discordances" in their "sections." Moreover, when they send the Nobbler to the country with such a muff as Mealy-mouthed MAM. as his trainer, such insanities, we fancy, amply justify our saying that their politics, to echo BENNY'S phrase, are most "distracted" ones.

* For the benefit of novices we may note that these initials mean "Political Prize Ring."

† Outsiders are informed that these our (last two) "beneficial numbers" have been reprinted to meet the extraordinary demand, and notwithstanding their attracton, may be had at 3d. each.

WORK FOR WEAK INTELLECTS.

"PROSPERITY to the Asylum for Idiots!" This expression of benevolence towards a useful institution was delivered, as a toast, the other day, from a chair at the head of a public dinner-table at the London Tavern, by ALDERMAN SIR GEORGE CARROLL. The worthy Alderman then made a speech on behalf of that charity, at the anniversary festival of which he was presiding. He said that, when its organisation was first proposed,

"Two objections were stated—first, that there were but few idiots; and secondly, that nothing could be done for them. Experience, however, had shown them that unhappily the number of idiots was much greater than was supposed, and that there were hundreds where only one was supposed to exist. With regard to the second objection, to the delight of every philanthropic mind, it had been shown, through the system of discipline and instruction adopted at the Asylum, that these unfortunate creatures were capable of a far higher amount of education than had been supposed, and that not only with great advantage to themselves as individuals, but even with profit on the work in which they might be instructed. As proof of the artistic taste which could be developed, he need only refer them to a number of crayon drawings and other articles exhibited in the room. * * * The visitors would find that the children did not only excel in such artistic productions as those exhibited in that room, but in shoe-making, mat-making, carpentering, and other handicrafts."

Excellence, therefore, in drawing, and in certain mechanical arts, can be attained by persons who are destitute of the higher intellectual faculties. Certain special abilities, amounting to absolute talent, may co-exist with absolute want of reason. This truth has been demonstrated at the Asylum for Idiots, but those who doubt it need not go there to learn it. Let them attend any concert or musical "matinée" or "soirée" of the season, and hear a solo or a fantasia performed by some eminent artist; the performance either being that artist's sole composition, or consisting of his own variations on an intelligent composer's air. They will derive the same satisfaction from hearing any modern Italian opera; that is to say, almost any opera composed by a modern Italian. They will discover that it is quite possible to execute, and even to compose music, which impresses nothing whatever beyond the mere sense of tune and rhythm, and of which, accordingly, the composition and the execution may well be conceived to require no higher sense. They will hear music which is not addressed to mind, has no mind in it, and might have been produced without any more mind than so much as would suffice for the manufacture of a pair of shoes. Such music, at the best, means nothing more than silly sentiment, or resembles "a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Some of it is even more inebriate than that, conveying no idea of even so much as fury, but being only sound.

Of course to those who have no musical ear, and who regard all music as mere noise, a symphony of BERTHOVEN'S or an opera of MOZART'S or WEBER'S, or an oratorio of HANDEL'S, will appear mere nonsense, alike with the emptiest quavering or fiddling. People who note the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee, and do not perceive any other difference in music, will not require to be convinced that unhappy idiots are quite capable of becoming celebrated musicians. Some of them, perhaps, will think that musical talent principally depends upon the want of every other. On one point, however, all rational people may agree. Whether music is generally divisible into tweedledum and tweedledee or not, fashionable concert and opera-performances generally consist of music of which those expressions convey the whole meaning.

MENDELSSOHN wrote "Songs without words;" if words were added to his songs, it would take somewhat of a poet to write them. Tweedledum and tweedledee, in various inflections, would form a sufficient *libretto* for very much of the music that is played or sung to the most elegantly attired audiences. This is mostly produced and performed by Frenchmen or Italians. Now, why should foreigners of limited intellect engross a field which might be just as successfully cultivated by simplicity of native talent? Let the conductors of the Asylum for Idiots endeavour to develop the faculty of music in those of their patients who possess that solitary gift, and let them throw open the hall of their institution as a concert-room for the performance of music adapted to the fashionable taste, at fashionable prices. The brilliant throng that pays from half-a-guinea to a guinea a-head to hear similar entertainments, could not possibly be provided with a more suitable resort than the Asylum which these remarks are designed to recommend to the public.

Cold Bathing for Cambridge.

THE Cantabs were beaten by the Oxonians in their late boat-race in consequence of the unwaterworthiness of their boat, which filled and sank; but as all of them happily reached the land, we are warranted in saying that they got off swimmingly.

FASHIONABLE TALK.

Cox. I say, B. O., in what part of the world are you living in now? Bernal Osborne. In the B. O. Monde, to be sure.



Delightful Boy. "Oh! LOOK 'ERE, JIM! HERE'S A SWELL—LET'S FRIGHTEN 'IS 'ORSE!"

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE CAMBRIDGE MILLING CLUB.

We have been requested to insert the following correspondence:—

THE CAMBRIDGE CHICKEN to ALICK HOPEFUL.

"MY DEAR ALICK, *Barnwell, March 16, 1859.*

"SOME of us wants to put you up for Chairman and Champion of the C.M.C. We know you well. But there's some County members as thinks JACK SLASHER the man. They haven't seen you use your mauleys. Tip us a line to show the others,—something spiey, miud: you're the boy for that.

"Ever yours devotedly,
"MASTER A. HOPEFUL." "THE CHICKEN."

(Reply.) *Cambridge, March 17, 1859.*

"DEAR CHICKEN,
"YOURS just received. I answer by return; both hample and explicit. Speaking personally, you do me proud. To be Champion of that hancient harena, the C.M.C., beats cock-fighting. So thank your pals.

"You knowed me, as a young un. I was growed in the Ring. You know how I cussed my stars in 1852, when they was all abusing the C.M.C. I never wished myself out of jug so much before: it would have been all U. P. with RAD. SYKES then.

"You axe alter my views: natteral. I'm for a fair field and no favour. I take nothing from nobody. Let's all have a clear ring. Perhaps there is some faults in the rules: but who's perfect? I'm the friend of hamcloration, and the hantagonist of change.

"Do away with the Ring! And what then?—stabbing and gouging. If Mounseer hasn't got fists, what's that to huss? If Jonathan is weak in his lines, why, wuss for him! But what can you expect out of a bowie-knife and a revolver? Don't Jonathanise me!

"There's the new rural Pealers. Aren't they enough to ruin us? They've knocked up the old tuns, in their career of splendid usefulness. Who'll care for county boundaries now? I feared the change, as a citizen; but as one of the Fancy, more. How's a fight to be got through now?

"Town and Gown rows have thrived of late prodigious. A cove may look on it as a hopeful sign. P'raps there ain't much science shown in 'em; p'raps there is. Still it's something. A man as would try to separate 'em in real earnest—mark my words—would get his head broke o' both sides. Feeling thuswise, I have, as you may ha' noticed, led the Town in five rows last year. It's true we was over-matched; but never say die. I ain't conceited, though there's some as is. I've had addresses from Grantham, Hitchin, and Newmarket Goose-clubs, inelosing fifteen yellow-boys got by raffles in my honour.

"I come to sparring. Sparring ain't milling, but it's something; and it's my opinion that, as things bar, you won't get much milling done among the swells without the gloves. In my own neighbourhood I've done my best to promote sparring. And I don't regret it.

"But talk o' sparring. What's the C.M.C.? Why it's the nurse o' sparring. To keep up the C.M.C. is to keep up the Ring, and that's to keep up the honour of England. I'm your man.

"Once I had a chance that falls to few. I was bottle-holder to BEN. CAUNT in his fight with BENDIGO. The kind confidence of my principal intrusted me with the bottle, and I did not abuse it.

"Will this do for you, Chicken? or shall I spiee it stronger?

"I am, yours eternally, ALICK HOPEFUL."

"The CAMBRIDGE CHICKEN, &c. &c."

NAPOLEON'S THUNDER.

It is said that MEYERBEER, in his new opera, produces his effect of Thunder by means of grape-shot being continually rolled backwards and forwards. It strikes us that LOUIS NAPOLEON produces his Thunder much in the same way. He is continually rolling from one point to another large quantities of ammunition, which make a terrific noise, and frighten people into the belief that there is going to be a fearful storm. Europe has had enough of this thundering nuisance, and we wish that MASTER LOUIS, if he really intends being quiet, would leave his grape-shot and cannon-balls alone. Such materials may suit the purposes of a composer, like MEYERBEER, but are dangerous instruments in the hands of such a celebrated discomposer as the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.



A LITTLE BIT OF PARK!

First Man (Home for the Holidays). "AWFUL BIT OF GERANIUM THAT, CHARLEY!"
Second Ditto. "YA-AS, I WAS ALWAYS VERY FOND OF FLOWERS—AW—THEY LOOK SO JOLLY INNOCENT!"

THE REWARD OF JUVENILE MERIT.

THREE little boys, says the *Post*, found, while picking up loose stones on a part of the PRINCE CONSORT'S Farm, abutting on the Long Walk at Windsor, which had been turned up by drainage operations, a lead case containing 501 silver coins, chiefly half-crowns, of ELIZABETH, CHARLES THE FIRST, and JAMES the FIRST; and—

"The boys divided the coins among themselves, but on the discovery becoming known to MR. TAIT, the steward of his Royal Highness, the coins were collected and forwarded to HER MAJESTY, and the boys suitably rewarded."

How? We should like to know in what manner these boys were suitably rewarded for being found out with the coins. The reward may have been considered suitable by the giver, but the receivers may have found it unpleasant.

The Impunity of Crowned Criminals.

WE hear a great deal about the Law of Nations. There is no such thing. What is a law without a judge, or even with a judge, without a JACK KETCH? Which of the Monarchs who threaten to disturb the peace of Europe need hesitate to execute his murderous design for fear of being hanged in the event of being defeated?

TURKISH FINANCE.

It seems that there is lots of finance in Turkey but no money. The poor SULTAN must say to himself:—"My *Porte-monnaie* is in a desperate bad case!"

Fountains of Political Purity.

THE example of the philanthropists who have been erecting drinking fountains in our chief towns, will probably be improved upon during the coming election. In those boroughs which are contested, the candidate who goes in to win will perhaps set up a number of beer-engines.

THE HOTEL-KEEPER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

"If there's been a grand dinner, always get the party to settle before leaving. The dinner-bill, my Son, is never so severely scrutinised overnight as when a gentleman looks over it the next morning!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 18th. LORD PALMERSTON'S Parliament met for its last debate.

LORD MALMESBURY rose to explain how he had tried to keep the peace of Europe. His Lordship had nothing to tell which everybody did not already know, but then the great secret of interesting people in these days is telling them what they already know. It is an insult to anybody to try to instruct him, whereas to set before him in an agreeable manner that of which he is well aware, and to enable him to nod complacently, and to remark "To be sure," and "How graphic," is to compliment him by asking his opinion, and consequently to please him. This art, dear to a good many authors and painters and orators, and other prosperous humbugs, was rather neatly practised to-night by LORD MALMESBURY, who went very mildly and inoffensively through the whole history of negotiations, documents, interviews, and all the rest of what has been served up by the newspapers hot and hot, and of which his Lordship's *rechauffée* was not particularly necessary. The English of the whole case is, that Austria is tremendously strong in Italy, and means to hold her own if she can. Her fortresses are terribly armed, and she has to a large extent the "arms of precision," that is the rifled weapons about which so much has been heard. France is by no means so strong, and though her crack soldiers, her Zouaves, her Chasseurs de Vincennes, and portions of the regiments of the line have the rifle, the mass of the French army has not yet got it, and has something very like Old Brown Bess. *Argal*, it was the game of France to delay, while she was daily and nightly improving her armament, and while moreover she was impoverishing Austria, who has not more money than she wants, and is spending £50,000 a day on her gigantic army. As for Sardinia, she is the "advanced guard" of LOUIS NAPOLEON, Commander-in-Chief. LORD MALMESBURY wanted LORD COWLEY to have arranged what there was no intention of arranging, and Russia, in private concert with France, proposed a Congress. And as a Congress can't sit with cannon looking at it, then

came the question of Disarmament. Austria was very haughty, but affected willingness to be pacific if other people behaved properly. France was not going to disarm, because she had never armed. Sardinia's cue was to *boulder*, because not admitted to the Congress. And so the matter stood at the rising of Parliament; but, as everybody knows, events have since thrown a new and lurid light on the "situation." LORD MALMESBURY, as may be supposed, said nothing a thousandth part so plain as *Mr. Punch's* summary, but he gave a decorous version of the state of affairs, and, of course, Hoped. LORD CLARENDON also Hoped, and incidentally expressed his satisfaction that "the detestable system of MAZZINI and his accomplices" was at an end. LORD DERBY also Hoped, but intimated to Europe that though England would preserve Neutrality, it should be an Armed one; and if her honour were ever assailed, she would be down in thunder on the foe. There was no further discussion, everybody agreeing that the crisis was a most important one, and that it was desirable that Europe should understand that though England was about to plunge into a domestic battle of her own, her acts were no business of anybody else's, and nobody abroad was to angur any change in English policy from the fact that Parliament dissolved.

The same subject was brought before the Commons, by MR. DISRAELI, with much more oratorical skill, but of course he could only say what the Foreign Minister had said. LORD PALMERSTON thought that Sardinia ought to be admitted to the Congress, or else not be asked to disarm. TOM DUNCOMBE did a little bit of Italian clap-trap for the Finsbury hustings, which MR. GLADSTONE regretted, but thought that MR. DISRAELI had spoken too favourably of the conduct of Austria, and too unfavourably of that of Sardinia. MR. CONINGHAM wished Italy evacuated, and its rulers left to settle accounts with their own people. LORD JOHN RUSSELL concurred with LORD PALMERSTON, and hoped that Government would enter into no new engagements unless with the sanction of Parliament. MR. MONCKTON MILNES was for extreme and guarded neutrality by England. GENERAL THOMPSON gave another proof of the extreme desirability of his retiring on his

laurels, and a lash of baronets, WALSH, VERNEY, and WILLOUGHBY, repeated what other people had said. The subject then dropped. When it is resumed, there may be some strange things to tell.

The gravity and importance of the questions considered in both Houses were in keeping with the moribund condition of Parliament. But there were two incidents of a lighter character to be noted; first, that SIR G. C. LEWIS actually suffered the indignity of being Counted Out while he was preaching most wisely on an Indian subject; and the other was this:

LORD CAMPBELL demanded That Clock.

LORD DERBY had reason to believe "that it would be going before Parliament re-assembled."

LORD PUNCH remarked that it had better be, that was all.

Tuesday. A remarkably short QUEEN'S Speech (as one of our contemporaries coarsely and disloyally says, for HER MAJESTY is not remarkably short, but on the contrary, of exactly the right height, and in the words of *Orlando*, "Just as high as *Mr. Punch's* Heart") that is to say, a Speech in three paragraphs, finally prorogued the Palmer's on Parliament.

LORD CHELMSFORD read (very well) the statements—

That the QUEEN dissolved, in order to obtain her people's Opinion on the state of Public Affairs.

That Our Sovereign was much obliged for the Supplies.

That HER MAJESTY informed her Parliament, that the appeal she was about to make to her people had been rendered necessary by the difficulties experienced in carrying on the public business of the country, as indicated by the fact that within little more than a year two successive administrations had failed to retain the confidence of the House of Commons. The Most Illustrious Lady in the Realm hoped that the step which she was about to take might have the effect of facilitating the discharge of her high functions, and of enabling her to conduct the Government of the country under the advice of a Ministry possessed of the confidence of the Parliament and the people.

Mr. Punch has conserved these words, because they are considered by the curious in QUEEN'S Speeches to be of a rather original character. LORD JOHN RUSSELL was observed, on perusing the last sentence, to lay his finger to the side of his nose, from which demonstration the wise in such matters are led to believe that his Lordship was privately arranging with himself who should be Premier of the Government so described.

At 25 minutes to 3 P.M. the Palmerston Parliament became speechless. Its dissolution occurred on the following Saturday. Friends at a distance will please accept this notification, as well as any proof which the Carlton or Reform Club may delicately offer to electors that their "opinion" is of sterling value. A good deal of business will be done before the new House meets.

GOVERNMENT PREVENTION OF LENTEN ENTERTAINMENTS.



HE LORD CHAMBERLAIN has been giving entertainment to the public, by prohibiting some other entertainments to be given. But although the laugh which has been raised, has been got up solely at his Lordship's own expense, other pockets have been injured by the cause of its production, and it is on their

account that we would draw attention to it. For a list of entertainments, which were this Easter promised to the public, but of which his Lordship prevented the performance, we are indebted—no, we're not, for we paid fourpence for the paper—to a writer on the subject in last Tuesday's *Daily News*, with whose censure of the Government we heartily concur:—

"This year a goodly row of 'entertainers' appeared in our advertising columns. MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED were to appear at the Olympic, MR. and MRS. HOWARD PAUL at Sadler's Wells; and that undying evergreen, MR. ADAMS, was to have exhibited his Orrery at the Haymarket. But yesterday morning an official document bearing the signature of MR. BODHAM DONNE, the Licensor of plays, was received by each of the *entrepreneurs*, setting forth that the advertised performances were illegal, performances within the walls of a theatre during Passion Week being negatived by law, and none of the above-named buildings having a music licence, under which the proposed entertainment could be given.

"In obedience to this edict MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED did not attempt to open the Olympic, and they will have to submit to a heavy loss incurred for printing, advertising, rent, &c., through the enforcement of an absurd law, and the reprehensible tardiness of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S officials, whose prohibitory notice was not received until the actual day of opening. Of the course pursued by the others who were honoured by an official warning we know nothing; but it is obvious that the absurdity of the law is only equalled by the preposterous manner in which it is administered. An entertainment given by people, whose well-known names are sure and certain guarantees of its respectability is permissible during Passion Week in a Concert Hall, would even be permissible in the Argyll Rooms, or any place which has a music and dancing licence, and yet is tabooed in a theatre, a place where, it is well-known, music and dancing are never carried on."

Governmental powers of reasoning differ much from merely mental ones, and the *dicta* which proceed from the office of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN are such as merely common sense would, we are sure, decline to dictate. To the non-official mind it is a matter of some puzzlement, that the Magistrates, who owe their office to the Government, should have the power of permitting what the Government prohibits. Not being an official, MR. GERMAN REED has naturally some feeling of surprise that the Magistrates can licence "public places to be opened, at a time when the Government compels them to be shut;" and we agree with his opinion, in a letter to the *Times*, that "the sooner this anomaly is put an end to, the better."

In what light an Orrery can be viewed as being an "entertainment," it quite exceeds our faculties of thinking to conjecture; and we are equally perplexed to know why innocent amusements are prohibited by law, at a time when somewhat questionable pastimes have the sanction of it. The Argyll Rooms may open, but the Princess's may not; yet the balance of morality is not in favour of the former. If the Government interferes with our amusements during Passion Week, one would think it might do better than stop only the least harmful. An enlightened

British Public may dance at a Casino, but they are not allowed to look at dancing at a theatre. They may have their minds improved by seeing a sham Bull fight, but the siege in *Henry V.* is an improper sight for them. If their tastes incline that way, they may be "entertained (?)" by melodising "niggers;" but to singers at the opera they must not hope to listen. "*Robert, toi que j'aime*" is improper for their ears, but the elevating strains of "*Hoop de dooden doo*," so long as they be heard outside a theatre, are harmless. Well: this is a free country, and such laws as these so prove it. Were we to venture to suggest there might be wisdom in repealing them, we should be told that it would sap the foundations of the state, and undermine the bulwarks of the British Constitution. Ours, as we know, is a paternal Government; but we can scarcely think it acts the part of a wise father, in suffering its children to go to a Casino, while on their going to an Orrery it claps its sternest veto.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

MR. PUNCH takes the liberty of requesting all candidates who may be returned as Members of the House of Commons for the next Parliament, to avail themselves of the earliest opportunity of sitting for their photographs, and to forward them, whether as positives or negatives, to *Mr. P.* In the event of any gentleman distinguishing himself in Parliament, either by folly, conceit, proficiency in bunkum, penny-wisdom, bigotry, or humbug,—or in the much less probable case of any Member becoming conspicuous by intelligence, eloquence, sound sense, toleration, and genuine patriotism,—it may become the duty of *Mr. Punch* to hand down the Honourable Member's likeness to the execration or regard of posterity, as the case may be.

Honourable Members are hereby warned, that if they neglect this precaution it will be the worse for them, as *Mr. Punch* will not be answerable for the consequences of any misrepresentation to which he may be reduced by the want of a reliable portrait. It is for Honourable Members to decide whether they will go down to future ages under *Mr. Punch's* version of their features, or Phœbus Apollo's. If, like the national beverage, they prefer being drawn in their own mugs, they will attend to this recommendation; if not, they must take the consequences, which may be of the most frightful description.

N.B. Honourable Members, of all parties, are requested not to send portraits of themselves in fancy dress, "as they appeared on the Hustings." Supporters of the present Government are recommended to take off their masks before sitting. No portrait purporting to come from SIR JAMES GRAHAM will be accepted, as all are known to be counterfeits. Only in this way can *Mr. Punch* hope to make his work, what he trusts it will be considered by posterity, the real *Mirror of Parliament and Biographical Portrait Gallery of British Worthies and Unworthies*.

A BARONETCY AND A BLOW-OUT FOR A HERO.



THE salvation of India was owing to SIR JOHN LAWRENCE, late Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab. The debt has been paid by making him from a Knight into a Baronet.

The other day a very large number of gentlemen interested in Indian affairs met at Willis's Rooms, with a view to devise some addition to the little honour with which the great services of that gallant and right honourable officer have been rewarded by the Government of his country.

The deliberations of the Assembly resulted in the following resolution, unanimously adopted:—

“That SIR JOHN L. M. LAWRENCE, BART. be invited to a banquet.”

SIR JOHN LAWRENCE will now, at least, in recompense for having preserved our Indian Empire, get a good dinner. The entertainment is to be given by officers of the civil, military, and naval services, and by gentlemen connected with the official administration of India. The solid pudding which SIR JOHN LAWRENCE will receive at the hands of those discerning gentlemen

is a reward much more suitable to his merit, or any other distinguished merit, than a petty title which Government often confers upon old cheesemongers who have saved nothing but a lot of money, and which it did confer the other day upon a batch of squires, whose only claim on their country, that their country is aware of, consists in a right to receive the rents of certain considerable tracts of its surface. Moreover, a baronetcy is not only an empty

honour, but, small honour as it is, 'it also, in involving an exaction of fees, empties the recipient, whilst he who has a dinner given him at least receives a bellyful, without being rendered out of pocket.

WALKER WANTED AT COURT.

THE following verse is quoted from a poem reported by the *Morning Post*, as having been sung by the gentlemen of St. George's Choir on the occasion of a recent solemn and courtly ceremony:—

“Oh, happy bond that seals my vows,
To him who claims our highest love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.”

Where did the Court-poet come from? The next time he writes English poetry, (not, as he most likely calls it, *boetry*) let him please to remember that we sound the letter *s*, in the word *house*, in such a manner as to render *house* incapable of rhyming with *vous*. When next he attempts to utter the former of those two words, he will perhaps take advantage of the hint thus offered to him, and not continue to pronounce it “houze.”

Beauty in All Things.

AN easy, fat old man was asked by a lean, vestry CATO, if he could tell him of what use were the Police? “Great use, Sir!” was the old man's indignant reply; “I firmly believe, if it weren't for the Police, that I should have cold meat every day!” CATO cut.

HEAVEN-BORN GRUMBLERS.—There never was a farmer yet who was satisfied with his harvest, nor a Hansom Cabman with his fare!

BEDLAMITES AT BETHLEHEM.

A SPLENDID specimen of that style of verbal architecture which is called “penny-a-lining” has been recently exhibited by one or two of our contemporaries, describing the late visit of PRINCE ALFRED to Jerusalem. The verbal architect, or word-piler, is evidently one of the first masters of the art. In accordance with its canons, he of course begins his notice by informing us how, on the 17th of March:—

“All Jerusalem was thrown into a state of the most pleasant excitement by the news that advices had been received at the English Consulate the previous night, announcing the arrival at Jaffa of Her Majesty's ship *Euryalus*, having on board His ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALFRED, on his way to visit the Holy City. The truth of this was presently confirmed by sundry unmistakable signs, such as the constant galloping of messengers between the English Consulate and the Pacha's residence, by the erection of a second flag-staff over the former, and the passage of rich furniture through the city to the Armenian Patriarch's Palace, which, it appeared, the Pacha had decided upon firing up for his Royal Highness's reception, that he might have his choice between that and the British Consulate.”

After (at a greater length than we can quote) describing how the Jerusalemites were “destined to undergo a temporary disappointment,” in consequence of the postponement for four-and-twenty hours of the advent of the Prince, the verbal architect proceeds with his word-piling work thus:—

“It grew dark, however, and the Prince had not arrived. . . . But at length the roar of the cannon-salute announced that the royal visitor was at the Pacha's pavilion, and immediately huge lanterns were despatched from the English Consulate to meet the procession at the city gate. The soldiers lined the street up to the Consul's door, and then the great guns from the fortifications announced that, for the first time in the history of the world, an English Prince was within the walls of Jerusalem, and amid the din of the multitude and the pealing of the guns, his Royal Highness, accompanied by, &c., rode up to, &c., while the Turkish infantry presented arms, &c.”

In this style verbal Pelions are heaped on verbal Ossas, until, by way of climax, the Prince arrives at Bethlehem. Here, we are informed, the Pacha was out-Pachaed, and the Jerusalemites out-Jerichoed:—

“His Royal Highness's reception at Bethlehem, presented a most wonderful and interesting sight. The whole population in their picturesque dresses turned out to see and welcome H. R. H., and his numerous cavalcade rode through a crowd of eager people; men in their red and white turbans with holiday robes of scarlet cloth, and women and girls in dark blue and red, with gold coins on their heads, and bracelets of gold and silver on their arms, on every terrace and roof; and many a prayer of ‘God preserve him to his mother!’ or ‘God lengthen his days!’

was heard in an audible voice by the by-standers in their vernacular Arabic. One man even ran forward, and spread his garments in the way; but the Prince, with delightful tact, turned his horse aside, so as to avoid treading on them.”

If this “one man” was a Bethlehemite, the fact of his projecting his garments in the path would seem to indicate that he was somewhat versed in English history, and had thence derived a notion that the way we welcome Royalty is by stripping off our overcoats and strewing them before its feet. We, however, think it much more probable that this “one man” who so acted was some English snob or other, who had a monkey-like desire to ape SIR WALTER RALEIGH, in the hope that young PRINCE ALFRED would condescend for once to play the part of old QUEEN BESS. But the Prince had the good sense to remember who he was, and so did not forget himself: though we have no doubt that he let out something like “Confound the fellow!” when he had to pull his horse aside with such “delightful tact.”

After treating us to several more long paragraphs of bosh, the Jerusalem penny-a-liner winds up his statement thus:—

“It will be gratifying to the people of England to know that H. R. H. was in excellent health and spirits, and charmed all the world by his unaffected courtesy as well as his dignity and manly English bearing.”

Oh, yes, of course! We were prepared to hear all this, and we are of course ecstaticated to hear it. But it would still more “gratify the people of England” to hear that their young Prince was not exposed to all this snobbism, which is enough to be the ruin of his “unaffected courtesy” and “manly English bearing.” It perhaps was only natural that the inhabitants of Bethlehem should have behaved themselves like Bedlamites: but they by no means are the only persons bitten with such madness. There is such a spreading mania for running after Royalty, that we really think in future the progress of our Princes ought to be preceded by a general strait-waistcoating, by which all loyal lunatics might be restrained from such mad acts.

General Disarmament.

HERNE BAY has displayed a praiseworthy alacrity in the cause of Peace by declaring its readiness to put down its One Policeman immediately. In the mean time, the only Staff it can boast of has been recalled, and deposited on the shelf of the Station House.



A TENDER POINT.

Irish Jarvie (with much excitement). "NOT FAST ENOUGH! IS IT? OH THIN YER 'ONOR, JIST JIMP UP, TILL I TIRRIFFY YE THE WAY I'LL ROWL ALONG!"

THE REAL UGLY RUSH.

MR. HENLEY may give warning of the ugly rush in store for us,
If identity of suffrage to the rabble ope the door for us,
May wax eloquent in protest 'gainst a House without a head in it,
Where fools rush in, while Angels (as they well may) fear to tread in it;
May call up awful pictures of a Parliament all Coxes,
Hatched by hustings-rant and humbug out of secret ballot-boxes;
With a penny-wisecount WILLIAMS for Chancery of the Exchequer,
Over candle-ends and cheese-parings deeming himself a Necker;
And BRIGHT installed as Premier, by dint of brass and Brummagem,
Unbutt'ning JOHN BULL's pockets for the mob to come and rummage 'em.
An ugly rush the rush may be of rabble fierce and frowsy,
But I think I know an uglier, and that's the rush we now see—
The rush of Noble Lords, and Right Honourable coves, sir,
For the picking of the fishes and the carving of the loaves, sir.

"Britannia needs no bulwarks," so CAMPBELL's song informs us all;
"The Flag that braves the battle and the breeze," it fires and warns
us all;

But Britannia needs a bulwark, 'gainst the drones that seek her honey,
Their flag inscribed with £ s. d., and "money's worth for money."
Take DERBY, PAM, or RUSSELL, and BRIGHT into the bargain,
One may hanker after honours, count a ribbon or a star gain;
One's object may be patronage, another's may be salary;
One may seek applause from boxes, another from the gallery;
But be praise, the bait, or pudding, power, patronage, or pelf, still
The aim and end of all the lot is self, and only self still;
'Tis this that brings the Bill in, and shapes the Resolution,
That holds hard to conservatism, or spurs to revolution.
Your candidate for office cares no rush for man or measure, he
Values one rush, and only one—the rush that storms the Treasury.

THE GIRL FOR MY MONEY.—The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

THE SALE OF A GENTLEMAN AT LARGE.

THE Liverpool *Daily Post* contained the other day the following advertisement of a sale, which we are afraid was not very respectably attended:—

BRECK ROAD, EVERTON. BY MR. IRELAND.

This Day (Tuesday), the 29th instant, at Eleven o'clock precisely, on the premises, 48, Brunel Street, Breck Road, Everton,

THE genuine HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, superior made cabinet maker's tool-chest, and other family requirements, the property of a gentleman declining *housebreaking* (sic) in consequence of domestic bereavement.

The tool-chest of a gentleman who declines housebreaking, in the sense of discontinuing that avocation, may have been supposed to contain a variety of jemmys, gentre-bits, and other professional instruments, the hope of getting which at a bargain would naturally attract multitudes of rogues and ruffians from the slums. His family requirements were probably imagined to include sundry masks and wigs, and other disguises suitable to the exigences of a gang of burglars, euphemistically denoted by the term "family." The gentleman-housebreaker's household furniture was most likely surmised to be chiefly second-hand; that is, to have belonged to somebody else, from whom he took it. Its sale may be thought to afford a too conclusive proof that although he declines housebreaking for the future, he also declines to make any restitution of the property that he has acquired by that questionable practice.

Doubtless, this gentleman's furniture had been all honestly purchased, and not a single article of it stolen until the day of its sale, when as much of it as could be laid hold of was probably walked away with by the fellows in shooting-jackets, knee-breeches, and ancle-jacks, whom the peculiar wording of his advertisement had allured to his Auction.

THE CAPE IN CUMBERLAND.—Should SIR JAMES succeed in bringing his nephew into Parliament, it would be a capital improvement to change the name of Carlisle to that of GRAHAM'S TOWN.



THE REAL UGLY RUSH.

“HE FEARED THERE WOULD BE AN UGLY RUSH SOME OF THESE DAYS.”—*Mr. Henley on the Reform Bill.*

CHAPTER I



THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

EAVES-DROPPINGS FROM THE EASELS.

BY OUR OWN STUDIO SNEAK.



GREAT day was last Tuesday week—it was the day for ‘sending in,’ and the brethren of the brush are still in awful doubt as to what will be the judgment of the Hanging Committee. As its name appears to indicate, its duty seems to be to keep the artists in suspense: and as I chance to know what works have been accepted, it would be an act of charity to publish a ‘c’rect list’ of them. Since, however, I am bound in honour not to tell, it would not be quite the thing to *print* the information. But if any artist chooses to invite me (say) to Richmond, or to take a bit of fish with him at the Trafalgar, *perhaps* I might be found to have my note-book in my pocket, and *perhaps* I might (in confidence) oblige him with a peep at it.

“*Mais revenons à nos moutons*—as the gentleman remarked when he went to see the SHEEPSHANKS. For the last month or two the painters have been keeping open house, and their studios and dining-rooms have been thronged with friendly critics. To me and a select few others of the press, every artist of note has sent a note of invitation, putting us for the nonce upon the visiting Free List. Indeed, a man like myself, of the higher class of critics, might, were he so minded, get a dinner daily given him at this art-festive season, if he would only take the trouble (and a cab) to go and ask for it. But, alas! Mr. FRITH no longer lives in Frith Street (being my chief enemy, he will pardon me, I know, for my divulgence of this fact); and artists generally have migrated to such fashionable quarters, that it is no such easy matter, as it once was, to drop in upon them. As I was saying the other day to my friend SIR TITIAN MAULSTICKE (‘Sirs’ are snobs in general, but MAULSTICKE is an exception, and I therefore don’t mind knowing him); said I, ‘When you hung out in Soho, old cock, one could often look you up; but it’s no joke, I can tell you, hiring Hansoms up to Highgate merely on the spec of finding you at home, and of being asked to stop and take pot-luck with you.’ And there’s my old chum HARRY GAMBOOGE, A.R.A., who used when I first knew him to live in a sky-parlour, in the classic realm of Greek Street, but is now a ‘happy villa-ger,’ in Victoria Square, Kensington. He was blowing me up lately for not hunting him up oftener, and I explained to him—‘HARRY, my dear boy, the fault is no child of mine. When you lodged in Greek Street I was always at your elbow’ (here HARRY gave a grunt, and muttered, ‘I believe you!’); ‘but Greek Street was get-at-able, and Kensington—except to carriage-keeping swells—is not. Pay my cab-hire, and I’ll come to you as often as you like: but I’m a literary man, you know, and literary men, you know, are always careful of their cash. No, no! my dear fellow, Kensington’s a nice place enough—when one gets to it. But, as my friend BARNUM says, if you’d make money, be cautious: and to a cautious man like me, cab-hire is a caution!’

“Passing by SIR RICHARD, who I regret is *not* ‘himself again,’ (indeed I think the ‘great guns’ have all missed fire this year: one or two, whom I won’t name, I think will not ‘go off’ at any price), I come to a less known but not less trusted artist, about whose merit the public were entirely in the dark until I took the thankless trouble to enlighten them. MR. SMUDGE has sent in no less than twelve pictures, and if they be not all hung upon ‘the line,’ the hangers will I think deserve most richly to be gibbeted. Eleven of the twelve are to my mind perfect gems, and the twelfth is such a master-piece that my pen itches to describe it. The subject is historical: *Apelles Defies the Thunder of the Tempora*. The *Tempora* was, as every schoolboy knows, the leading journal of the Greeks, and APELLES stood precisely in the shoes of my friend SMUDGE, *c’est à dire*, he was *par excellence* the painter of the period. For action and for passion, this work cannot be surpassed—excepting by the gifted hand to which we owe it. The figure of APELLES (which is nearly eight feet high) reminds one forcibly of RAFFAELLE in his loftiest of moods; and the rendering of the right hand, which is outstretched from the nose-tip, is replete with natural feeling and with classic grace.

“Equally excelling, though in a more domestic school, are the paintings of my young friend, MR. VANDYKE GREEN; who, thanks to my judicious and unbiassed criticism, is yearly rising in his own, and in his friends’, high estimation. His picture, *The False Tooth, or the Disappointed Lover*, conveys to the mind’s eye a most delicious bit of sentiment; and not less delightful is his *Rural Felicity*, a piece depicting a snug party assembled at a pic-nic, and tormented with a lot of toads, frogs, ‘wopses,’ ants and midges. It will enhance to connoisseurs the value of this work, to know that the insectal anatomy is all studied from the life; MR. GREEN, with that devotedness which characterises genius, having encamped on Hampstead Heath for upwards of six months, for the purpose of ‘going to Nature’ for his models. As a proof of how much good his *at fresco* work has done him, I trust the nation will take note of the defunct daddy-long-legs, which will be discovered in the foreground of the picture; and it should also be observed what a happy inspiration has been breathed into the right wing of the slowly-dying blue-bottle, which is painfully expiring in the left-hand corner.”

THE USE OF THE ADMIRALTY.

THE Ministers, charged with the nation’s protection,
With War in close prospect, decree an election.
The Admiralty, by a lay lord directed,
Has to care that the country shall well be protected.

Its chief, a lay lord, gives a sea-lord dismissal,
For not standing for Dover—for which he might whistle.
Has this Board ought to do with the country’s defences,
Or is SIR JOHN PAKINGTON out of his senses?

Is its office to keep England’s fleet in condition,
Or to sit in the House, and sustain inquisition?
Whichever the case may be, small is the wonder
That our dockyards are famous for failure and blunder.

No marvel at millions kicked down on our shipping,
Whilst France is our fleet at far less cost outstripping,
When practical seamen, its administrators,
Are ousted to make room for voluble praters.

In the Navy’s affairs so that Board of chief use is
For their grievous misconduct in making excuses.
Therefore PAKINGTON cries, flinging CARNEGIE over,
“Risk the nation at large—but make all safe at Dover!”

TO MEMBERS ABOUT TO VISIT THEIR CONSTITUENTS.

A MEMBER can pay a visit now to his constituents, either in person, or in the more elegant form of a visiting-card, that not merely contains his electioneering address, but also his name and physiognomy in full. This is a new feature, that has never yet been put on the canvass of an election. For instance, we are informed by an advertisement that—

“MESSRS. A. MARION AND Co think it will be of great advantage to candidates who cannot possibly wait personally upon all their constituents to use their PHOTOGRAPHIC VISITING CARDS, which will prove a great saving of both time and trouble in canvassing. They will also afford the electors an opportunity of having a correct Portrait of the honourable gentleman seeking their suffrages.”

In this way are likenesses brought home to every man’s door, What a boon, too, conferred on those delinquent M.P.’s, who, conscious of having voted wrong, haven’t the courage to face their constituents in any other form than that of photography. If they are not gifted with the call of eloquence, such a visit saves them an infinity of stuttering and stammering; and yet the little they so say is spoken strictly by the card, and must go home, if left at the right house. The boon would be further increased, if MESSRS. MARION would take off the entire supporters of LORD DERBY, and take them off so effectually, that we should never see them again.

New Military Dance Music.

IN reference to some recent transactions in commission jobbing which have got some gentlemen of the thimble into trouble, and some officers of distinguished rank into a very questionable position, we may announce, that a popular musical genius has composed, and will immediately publish a New Army Quadrille, the themes of which are the “*Rogue’s March*” and the “*Devil among the Tailors*.”

IF MR. MARSH, the Master of the Vine Hounds, and who has lately made himself so notorious by his cruelty to a Fox, cannot be punished by any English Law, surely the “*Lex Tally-Ho-nis*” might be made applicable to his case.



AN ARTIST'S DREAM, AFTER SENDING IN HIS PICTURES WET TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

PERIL AND NO PARLIAMENT.

INTO what a situation
Statesmen have their country got!
Europe's in a conflagration;
England's Parliament is not!
Weeks must pass before another
England's monarch can convene,
Ministers, meanwhile, may smother
What advice they give the QUEEN.

Here we are, completely under
Their unquestionable rule.
Oh, that DERBY may not blunder!
Don't, DISRAELI, be a fool!
Take, with foreign broils, occasion,
Your designs now none can ask,
Not to meddle; for invasion
Good look out be all your task.

For this quarrel now proceeding
England cares not either way,
Can't endure the thought of bleeding,
Or of being doomed to pay.
Who shall drive Italian cattle?
Is the question—solve it, chance.
If Sardinia wins the battle,
Italy is free—as France!

Woe to him who shall entangle
Us in this accursed strife!
May that traitor's body dangle,
Whilst his soul departs this life!
Right and Freedom's cause command not
Us to swell the battle-clang,
Other cause we understand not:
Him that talks of Glory—hang!

MR. PUNCH AT THE POST OFFICE.

MR. ROWLAND HILL and Mr. PUNCH (both of the Post Office, and two gentlemen who, in co-operation, have done more to facilitate the delivery of the public's letters than any two persons in the world, or out of it), have just issued their Fifth Report. They have permitted their clerk, young COLCHESTER,* to sign it, but as he is put into the Post Office simply because there were reasons for doing something for him, and it being notorious that COLCHESTER knows no more about letters than one of the oysters from whom he takes his title, it is not necessary to keep up the fiction here. Let the men who use the brains be credited with the results.

H. and P. state that they have increased the number of post offices in the United Kingdom by 134, so that there are now 11,235, besides 1168 of those road letter-boxes which the public take to exceedingly.

In reference to the receiving houses, H. and P. inform the tradesmen at whose shops the same are situate, that complaints have been made of their keeping persons, who want a penny stamp, waiting while some customer for the wares of the shop is being served. This H. and P. beg to inform the parties, will not do. The QUEEN is to be served first, and a person tendering a penny for HER MAJESTY'S Head, and thereby increasing HER MAJESTY'S revenue, is entitled to instant attention. H. and P. find that children sent on errands, small boys, and the humbler classes are chiefly subjected to this neglect, and that there is no such incivility to a well-dressed and elegantly-mannered person, who shoves everybody out of the way, forces a passage to the counter, and interposes between the vendor and the purchaser of the trumpery shop-goods. This conduct is recommended to all who have a true sense of what is due to their QUEEN.

In regard to the road letter-boxes, H. and P. remind the public of London, that if they want letters written at night delivered the very first thing in the morning, they must use these boxes, and not the shop boxes. Invitations to pleasant parties, enclosures of checks, love-letters, and the like, should always be expedited, but letters of duty, answers to mothers-in-law, testimonials, and anything that will do at any time may be reserved for the shop-box.

H. and P. regret to see spreading among the people a childish habit of clanking the lid or flap of those metallic boxes. This silly practice jars upon the nerves. Raise the lid quietly, deposit your letter cautiously, close the box gently, and walk away affably. As for peeping in at the slit when you have no letter, it is perfectly foolish. There is nothing whatever to see, and you only impede traffic. The police have

orders to be in vigilance to slap the lid down on the nose of any person thus thrusting it in.

H. and P. are glad to find that a very large portion of London letter-writers use the initial for the district. Any person who does not is (generally speaking) a Fool, and as it is of no consequence when a Fool's letters are delivered, no harm results from the exceptional omission. The same remark still more strongly applies to any blunder in dropping the letter into the London or Country box, because the directions are staring the party in the face. It argues little for the fitness of people to have the ballot, when they can't even drop a letter into that one of two holes which is marked with the name of the district they want.

Applications are frequently made to H. and P. by some person who has created a new solitary villa, far beyond the suburbs, to have a special mail laid on six times a day for his accommodation. It is not always possible to comply, but if the owner of such a villa has good wine, a good cook, and agreeable daughters, he is at liberty to invite, every day, one of the young gentlemen from the Post Office to dinner, who will (when he does not forget) take out with him any letters for his host.

H. and P. admit that the Book Post system causes much complaint. They are informed that books, sent by post, arrive all manner of shapes, having been jumped upon, stamped upon, sat upon, banged with mallets, wrenched across, and otherwise rendered fit to go into the sacks designed to receive them. This is entirely the fault of the publishers, who should publish Round books that would go easily into the sacks. As for the suggestion of light square tin boxes that would weigh almost nothing, and preserve the volumes, H. and P. will trouble the suggestors to mind their own business.

About a million and three quarters of letters posted last year were not delivered, chiefly because they were wrongly directed. If parties like to take the trouble of writing letters which are not to be received, that is their business. This remark also applies to about 570,000 newspapers, but must be qualified by the remark that the public are very unreasonable and impatient about newspapers. The row that is made because a country postmaster keeps back a Sunday paper or two to amuse himself, or his wife and children, instead of delivering it, is unworthy of a humane and philanthropic country. Instructions have, however, been given to postmasters to avoid detaining the same individual's paper more than once in a quarter, and to borrow in rotation.

What kind of Idiots persons must be who, having received post office orders, do not cash them, and do thereby make the Post Office a present of nearly £2000 in one year, H. and P. cannot imagine, but there is not the slightest objection to the course, and H. and P.

* He may fairly be called so because, though the Colchester was born in 1798 he was not created until 1817.—Don.
Do you think we did not know that, Mr. Don? but thanks all the same.—Punch.

think of applying the sum thus forfeited to providing for the widows of underpaid postmen who die in harness.

H. and P. are happy to report that the conduct of the officials of the Post Office last year has been extremely good. Some of the younger gentlemen have been a little too much addicted to pale ale and peg-top trousers, and to qualifying themselves at EVANS PADDY GREEN ESQUIRE'S for certificates of indisposition, but on the whole their errors have been slight. Very few of the postmen have been had up for beating their wives, which, considering the irritating nature of the postman's calling, and the propensity of women to look into letters which don't concern them, is much to the credit of the poor and faithful fellows. H. and P. however feel that it is for the Post Office to pay any fine that may be incurred by one of their servants who may find it necessary to wop his wife for tampering with the letters in his charge.

H. and P. have only to add, that as long before another report is issued, young COLCHESTER will have been superseded by another clerk, they earnestly hope that they may not have a pert Scotch clerk called ARGYLL sent back to them, as, though he has an hereditary claim to connection with one kind of Post, it is not that under the charge of

St. Martin's le Grand,
April, 1859.

ROWLAND HILL
AND
PUNCH.

MODERN OLYMPIANS.



It is formally announced that an extremely discreditable and insolvent association, which, because it inhabits the soil on which the ancient Greeks dwelt, has the assurance to call itself Greece, is about to carry the parody of classical institutions to an extreme point.

Modern Greece is going to celebrate the Olympic Games!

The date is fixed late in the year, so as to catch travellers, and the Athenian lodging-house keepers, who are a good deal worse than even those of English watering-places, are already turning cupboards into bedrooms and getting ready cards with

ANAPMENTE TO AET engrossed neatly, to invite English and French Cockneys.

The idea is happy, and the spectacle will be edifying and elevating. In the old Olympian Games, which, according to certain authorities, were instituted by Jupiter in honour of his overthrow of the Titans, there were a few features which of course we all remember, and therefore need not refer to LEMPRIERE about. One seems to see a few reasons why some very important modifications must be introduced into the proposed celebration.

- "The Presidents were above suspicion of being bribed."
- "No unfair dealings were allowed."
- "No criminals, or such as were connected with guilty persons, could present themselves."
- "The only reward was a piece of olive, something with no money value."
- "The only object of the Games was to stimulate courage and virtue."

How can so ridiculous a notion be entertained as that of having anything of this sort in Modern Greece. Pooh! the report must be a French canard. And yet it is not; formal and official notices are out, and Punch makes no doubt that railway and steamboat excursions, "to the Olympic Games and back, five clear days in Greece," will soon be organised.

Well, the Athenian hotel-keepers are to be congratulated on their ingenuity, much as we congratulate the keeper of a road-side public-house in England, who has the sense to get a fight, or a race, fixed for the neighbourhood of his locality. Let us hope that another Olympic Game, in which the Gallic Jupiter and the Austrian Titan contend, may not spoil so well-designed a scheme upon travellers' pockets.

PUNCH UPON COX.

At a Meeting of the Electors of Finsbury, held in Canonbury Square, on Monday, it was understood that Mr. Punch intended to be present, and perhaps to speak. At an early hour, therefore, High Street, Islington, presented a dense mass of humanity, struggling to reach the Square, while thousands poured down from the Caledonian Road, myriads swarmed from Hoxton, and millions from the more inaccessible parts of the borough of Finsbury. The police calculated that there were about ten or eleven times as many persons assembled as ever come out on a Derby Day. About two o'clock Mr. Punch appeared in his carriage, and his horses instantly disappeared, an enthusiastic body of his admirers lifting up the carriage itself and bearing Mr. P. in triumph into the Square, and past the windows of Mr. Cox. Mr. Punch good-naturedly smiled at the effervescent loyalty of his adorers, and proceeded to ascend Canonbury Tower, whence he addressed the silenced audience as follows:—

Mr. Punch. "Gentlemen, I have a very few words to say. (*Cries of 'Make them many.'*) I thank you, my friends, but in many words there is little wisdom. (*'Not such words as yours.'*) You are very good, I'm sure. (*'Who has made us so?'*) If I have helped to make you good, I am more than repaid. But listen. I came to speak to you about this Finsbury Election. (*'Stand! stand!' and terrific cheering.*) No, my friends, no. I am the Member for All England, and it would be as wrong in me to split myself up into fragments, as for my gracious friend your beloved QUEEN (*'May she have many such friends.'*) Amen! to smash up her big diamond, the Koh-i-Noor, and divide it into little ornaments. (*Cheers for several minutes, and cries of 'You won't forget old Finsbury.'*) I will not, my friends. Where those beautiful houses now stand to my right, the abodes of elegance and luxury, once spread Canonbury Pond, on whose ice I used to fall down, in a sitting posture, in winter (*roars of laughter*) amid whose duckweed I used to fish for titlbleats in summer. Bless old Finsbury! (*The vast meeting here burst into tears, and the speaker was visibly affected.*) But now to sterner duty. I came to speak of Mr. Cox. (*Jeering shouts for ten minutes.*) Nay, my friends, he not too severe even upon Cox. I have come to make a sacrifice, a sacrifice in your favour. (*Cheers*) You all know that Cox has been very useful to me. (*'You have made him immortal.'*) It may be so, but he has been useful to me. (*'He ought to be proud of your notice.'*) I hope he is, for he takes great pains to deserve it whenever he gets an opportunity. I selected him as the type of all that was ludicrous in a representative. Estimable, as he most probably is, in all the relations of private life, bland to his household, indulgent to his clerks, attentive to his clients, I considered him, as an attorney, out of place in Parliament. I studied his speeches, and found them shallow and ignorant. (*'He's that.'*) I laughed at him, and you all laughed—the world laughed. Well, I want Cox. I want him as a type of a Legislative noodle. (*Roars.*) Well, you see how useful he has been to me. But am I selfish, am I unregardful of the interest of this borough? (*'No, no.'*) I come here, I tell you, to make a sacrifice. I will not control you in this Election. I should like you to return Cox. But, gentlemen, listen. If you feel—and I shall not be surprised if you do—if you feel, I say, that even for the sake of affording a laughing-stock to the country, the returning Cox for Finsbury is more than you ought to be asked to do—if you decide that you would prefer SIR SAMUEL PETO, why, gentlemen, reject Cox. I give him up, I surrender him. (*Cheers.*) SOCRATES, whom I greatly resemble, sacrificed a Cock to Æsculapius, and I, Punch, will sacrifice a Cox to Common Sense. (*Cheers for twenty minutes.*) Do, therefore, just as you like. I leave you free. If you return Cox, why, there he is for me, if you don't, I must look round for another such person, and hard as it may be to find so preposterous a party, I dare say that I shall manage. So, as I have said, do as you please. Bless you, my friends."

[*Amid the cheers of the multitude, clapping of hands, waving of kerchiefs, and the sudden clash of church-bells, set ringing in his honour, Mr. Punch subsided into Canonbury Tower.*]

Carrying Wealth to India.

INDIA requires a loan of money, and when she has obtained gold from us, she will next probably want diamonds. Newcastle will then perhaps demand a consignment of coals.

PERFECT DEFINITION OF AN OMNIBUS.

A LONG, narrow Box, put upon wheels, and originally invented for the purpose of saving time and money; and in which generally a gentleman loses an hour, and a lady her purse.

It has been suggested that the present Ministry should be called (in reference to their Reform Bill) "THE DERBY AND HOAX ADMINISTRATION."



OH! WHAT A HUMBUG!

Amelia. "MAMMA, DEAR! HERE'S A NOTE FROM DEAR WILLIAM, WITH A BOX FOR THE OPERA, I SHOULDN'T WONDER." (Reads):—"My darling Amelia, Circumstances over which I have no control will take me as far as Greenwich. I find that I have left my Latch-key—please to get it from the Waitcoat I took off, and send it by the Bearer to your ever affectionate, Kiddleums."

VINDICATION OF A WORTHY VICAR.

THE subjoined announcement, published in *The National Society's Monthly Paper*, is open to, and has no doubt met with, sad misconstruction:—

A SCHOOLMASTER is wanted, immediately, in a small Village in Berkshire. He must be a good Churchman, and a strict but kind Disciplinary. A Married Man, without Family, would be preferred; and his Wife, who must be a good Needlewoman, would be required to take part in the Instruction of the Girls. At present there is no House, but in lieu thereof an Unfurnished Bedroom is offered at the Vicarage, and the use of the Kitchen, along with the Vicar's Servants, for a Sitting-room. Salary, to a Married Man, £40, subject to a Deduction of £20 a year for Board in the Vicarage. Salary to a Single Man, £30, subject to a Deduction of £13 a year for Board.—Address, the Rev. &c. &c.

We are afraid that many unthinking persons, who have perused the notification foregoing, have hastily concluded that the Vicar's servants, to whom it offers the use of the Kitchen for a Sitting-room, are his butler, footman, cook, housemaid, and other domestics male and female, the former probably in plush. This supposition has of course occasioned the most painful comments to be made on the Reverend Vicar's ideas of the company proper for a Schoolmaster. That reverend gentleman may have been undeservedly charged with ignorance of the consideration due to another gentleman, entitled by a respectable education, to be associated with educated persons. The good Pastor may even have been unjustly accused of pride and insolence. We have no hesitation whatever in suggesting that by the Vicar's servants are meant his curates. His curates are of course his servants; are not LORD DERBY and MR. DISRAELI HER MAJESTY'S servants? What

THE RETURN OF THE WISCOUNT.

WISCOUNT WILLIAMS back again!
WISCOUNT WILLIAMS back again!
Let DOULTON fall, ROUPELL sing small,
Now we've the Wiscount back again.
What though the potter's paid his shot?
We'll send him, double-quick, to pot,
Now Lambeth, trebly blest, has got
Its WISCOUNT WILLIAMS back again.

There's Finshury may boast its COX,
And TOMMY DUNCOMBE, sly old fox—
"Vox populi" alias "Dei vox,"
Shout till your wind-pipes crack again:
Proclaiming in triumphant strain,
That Lambeth reassumes her reign,
In high Finance to 'spound and 'splain,
Now she's her Wiscount back again.

Let Court and Cabinet combined
Try to enthral his steadfast mind,
With honours, titles,—free as wind,
He'll bid the tempters pack again.
He'll bid the tempters pack again.
Still penny wisdom's constant friend,
He'll save our every candle-end,
Till Britain bless the men that send
Her WISCOUNT WILLIAMS back again.

How to gain Unanimity in Juries.

LET the jury consist exclusively of ladies! As it is proverbial that women never do disagree, there would not be the slightest difficulty in securing always an unanimous verdict. The whole twelve would vote as one woman,—more especially, if one of their own sex was being tried. Besides, the mere prospective horror of a dozen women being all locked up together, without a cup of tea, or a stocking to mend, or a baby to play with, or a novel to thumb, would force them to agree, long before they had looked at the prisoner, even, to see whether he was good-looking or not.

An Awful Mistake.

THE *Times*, the other day, contained the following trigametical statement:—

"MEHMED ALI PACHA has been seriously ill for the last few days; his original indisposition was considerably aggravated by a mistake of the chemist, who, instead of sending chloroform for external application, sent some caustic fluid, which was applied without being looked at."

What became of the chemist?

harm is there in calling people by their right names? As to the Kitchen which is proposed for the common sitting-room of the Rector's intelligent lay and ecclesiastical servants, the word Kitchen is doubtless an error of the Press caused by the injudicious correction of what, in the manuscript advertisement, was mistaken for a clerical error. The original word, of course, was Library.

The salary offered to the Schoolmaster is so nearly that, what with one deduction and another, which curates usually receive; as almost to demonstrate the correctness of the above explanation of the Kitchen which he is to sit in, and the Servants with whom he is to live.

Compromise with Abolition.

AN American Member of Congress of moderate views, has, we understand, had the courage to prepare a Bill, which he intends to propose in the House of Representatives, for the Prevention of Cruelty to Niggers.

AN "INGENIOUS MANŒUVRE."—Increasing the publican's billeting-money, just as an election is coming on! We are struck with horror, as with a pewter-pot, that Conservatives should have been guilty of such a "twopenny-halfpenny" trick.

A DIFFICULTY IN THE GERMAN DIET.—Austria should pause before pitching into those Sardines. If Hungary should rise, she may have other fish to fry.



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Paterfamilias. "WELL, BOYS! I DARE SAY YOU'RE GLAD TO GET HOME: AND HOW DO YOU AND THE DOCTOR AGREE?"

Harry. "OH! WE LIKE HIM VERY MUCH."

Paterfamilias. "HAH! AND DO YOU THINK YOU ARE MAKING GOOD PROGRESS?"

Harry. "OH! PRETTY GOOD: I CAN LICK THREE FELLOWS; BUT FRED, HERE, CAN LICK SIX, COUNTING ME!"

HUMOURS OF AN OXFORD ELECTION.

WE are sorry that any necessity should exist for the VICE-CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD, on the occasion of an election of members for the University, to issue a notice concluding with cautions such as the following:—

"And take notice, that all persons who are guilty of bribery at the election will, on conviction of such offence, be liable to the penalties mentioned in that behalf in the Corrupt Practices Prevention Act, 1854. And take notice, that all persons who are guilty of treating or undue influence at the said election will, on conviction of such offence, be liable to the penalties mentioned in that behalf in the Corrupt Practices Prevention Act."

At Oxford, where elections have hitherto always been conducted with a degree of dignity which has not permitted so much as personal canvassing on the part of candidates, only fancy the possibility of common bribery, and even treating! But no—those are impossibilities. There can be no "Sovereign Alley" in the University of Oxford—if there is any alley of the kind, it must be a Preferment Alley, an Advowson Alley, a Next Presentation Alley, a Stall Alley, a Mitre Alley, or some, not to say merely respectable, but holy and reverend, alley of that description. And then as to treating—can anybody imagine MR. GLADSTONE and SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE, even through their agents—those agents being perhaps heads of colleges—tempting Masters of Arts and Doctors of Divinity to barter the privilege of a Briton and a scholar for a pot of half-and-half? The very choicest and most venerable port now to be met with in the most orthodox of ancient cellars is the only conceivable analogy to so ignoble a tender. What undue influence can the candidates for Oxford be considered capable of exerting? That of fighting men had down from Town? Or would their solicitors go about to the reverend electors, and threaten to take away their Bishop's countenance from them unless they voted for the right man?

ELECTION SONG.

BY A "FREE AND INDEPENDENT."

I've a vote! I've a vote! for no matter which side,
To neither Whig, Tory, nor Rad am I tied:
Up, up with the hustings!—'tis a gold mine to me;
I've a vote! I've a vote! independent and free!

I heed not dishonour, I fear not the law,
I've no conscience to guide me, no terrors to awe:
And ne'er like a spoony my vote will I yield,
Till my man stands the shot, and my pockets are filled!

Quick! quick! draw your cheques, let your purse be
well lined,
And I'll warrant you'll soon leave opponents behind;
I'll be bound there are voters in plenty like me,
Your return who'll make safe if your cash you'll make
free!

What tho' against bribes the *Times'* thunder is heard,
To decline the good things of this life were absurd;
The dread of detection's paraded in vain,
I have braved it before, and dare chance it again.

Peradventure the lawyers upon us may fall,
They may fine, may imprison, they cannot appal:
While the waves of Pactolus within our reach flow,
For a dip in its golden tide dauntless we'll go!

Then hurrah! my brave boys! ye may drink, ye may eat!
The "publics" are open, the Members stand treat;
Up, up with your posters! All comers I'll see,
I've a vote! I've a vote! And the Voter is free!

Domestic Tyranny.

WE know a highly respectable Lady, who makes her servants take their meals standing. When they dine, they are not allowed to sit down. Her reason for this is, that she finds they do not eat so much, nor do they waste their time gossiping. We wonder how the same system would work, if introduced at our public dinners? We fancy that the speeches would be shorter, and the consumption of bad wine infinitely less!

POLITICAL BIAS.

"THE Battle of the Constitution must be fought in our Registration Courts."—DERBY *ringing the changes on PEEL.*

If there is any bribery, if there is any treating, of how dignified a nature soever, at an Oxford election, that ceremony will perhaps come to be attended with incidents bearing a corresponding relation to those of an ordinary and popular proceeding of the same political nature. The colours of candidates will be worn in combination with ecclesiastical vestments. Bands of music, in the face of Act of Parliament, will parade the streets in the habit of chorists, playing sacred music—Gregorian chants or Camberwell and Islington psalm-tunes, on this side or on that. Theological disputants, regular Jesuits some of them, hired in London from houses in the Roman Catholic slums, and ultra Protestants on the other side engaged at Exeter Hall, will go about to confute electors on their way to the poll, and, not content with that, will argue against, and try to upset the opinions, of moderate and rational people whom they may chance to meet. Hustings of mediæval and of modern structure will also be erected, and candidates will be pelted with quotations from the Fathers and the Reformers. Various questions, moreover, of a brief and suggestive but mostly uncomplimentary nature, will be addressed to them by the learned multitude. "How about the *piscina*?" "Who was seen in the conventicle?" "Go to your oratory!" "Who ate haunch of mutton on Ash Wednesday?" "Who's your Confessor?" Such are some of the interpellations with which perhaps hereafter gentlemen who would be members for Oxford will be greeted in the event of a contest for the representation of that seat of learning.

THE ELECT OF THE MILLION.—LOUIS NAPOLEON only wants 500,000,000 francs, just to begin with. If France gives it to him, we shall be fairly convinced at last that "The Empire is the Pay."

NEAPOLITAN PARODY.—"MURAT *pour la Patrie.*"

DELIGHTFULLY IRISH.



T

HERE did not appear in the *Times*, the other day, the following announcement:—

"On the 1st April, at Beaumont-and-Fletcher House, Killmaculty, Ireland, the wife of PETER MORRIS, Jun., J. P., of a daughter, under the influence of woman's ministrations."

But there did appear the same statement, with a different date, name, and address.

Mr. Punch, after presenting his best congratulations to the family who have been made happy by the arrival of Miss MORRIS, and expressing his hope

that the young Irish lady in question may grow up a happiness to her parents, would be glad to know the terms on which a pupil would be received into a household whose head is so deliciously euphuistic. An ordinary papa who wished to apprise Europe, at such a crisis as this, that instead of a family doctor a family doctress had attended his wife, might possibly have rendered his language European, by saying that the *sage femme* had been summoned *vice* the *accoucheur*. Or he might have employed the English term used by the translators of the Bible. Or he might have used simpler phraseology, and alluded to "female attendance only." But our Irish papa goes in for beautiful writing, and tells us of "the influence of female ministrations." This, as a scoffing Scottish judge recently remarked, is "very Irish." None the less lovely for that, and *Mr. Punch* particularly desires to introduce a pupil into Beaumont-and-Fletcher House, to be treated, and particularly to be talked to, as one of the family. When that pupil returns, he or she will be a charming talker, if the conversation in Beaumont-and-Fletcher House be in the style of the above advertisement. There are no washing days in Beaumont-and-Fletcher House, but there are periods when undergarments are subjected to lavatory manipulation. It is never time for MR. PETER MORRIS to go to church, but the dial indicates the Sabbath hour when he should seek the heaven-directing spire. The little MORRISSES are never threatened with a whipping, but it is intimated to them that in the absence of self-restraint, Solomonian ministrations may eradicate irregularities. There are no broken windows at Killmaculty (indeed there is not such a thing in Ireland, far less a windy bugged up with a dirty towel) but if an accident had occurred, MR. MORRIS would command a reparation of the vitreous medium between the chamber of sleep and the light of heaven. Pigs are killed in some parts of Ireland, but in Killmaculty the domestic porker submits to carnificial ministrations. *Mr. Punch* requests, by return of post, the terms on which a pupil can be admitted to an abode, where to borrow from MR. TENNYSON, "Heaven's best gift, of speech, is 'not' abused."

There is only one doubt on *Mr. Punch's* mind. "Under the influence of female ministrations." Can this mean that the happiness of the MORRIS family was accelerated by the effect of a sermon by a Quakeress?

MALEDICTION FOR THE MONEY MARKET.

SLAVE of money, who thy hoard
Shalt in usury dispose,
So that it shall aid afford
To thy country's plotting foes,
Never may the price per cent.
Of thy treason meet thy view,
And the sum which thou hast lent
Mayst thou lose, curmudgeon, too.

With no house above thy head,
With no shoes upon thy feet,
When thy sons shall beg their bread,
With thy daughters, in the street,
Think of homes unroofed and riven,
Through the means which thou didst sell,
And their outraged inmates: driven
Forth to starve yourselves as well.

Think that on thy soul are lying,
Bought by thine atrocious loan,
Curses of the tortured dying,
Heard by Heaven in shriek and groan;
All the crimes in war committed—
For thy wealth defrays their cost—
And, in misery unpitied,
Rave to think thy wealth is lost.

If the Enemy repay thee,
And thou reap the promised gain,
May the fiend that lured, betray thee,
Fire thy heart, and scorch thy brain;
Go—by all mankind discarded—
Load thy pockets with thy pelf,
With the price of blood rewarded,
Traitor go, and hang thyself!



BOLD SENATOR BROWN.

ACCOUNTS from New York state that "senator A. G. Brown, of Mississippi," at a meeting of democratic Republican electors in Tammany Hall, in the course of a speech advocating the acquisition of Cuba, declared—

"I want Cuba for the extension of slavery, and let all the dirty abolition crew understand it. If Cuba were to come to us as a free territory, and a free territory alone, then my courage would very much ooze out at the points of my fingers."

What is the courage which, in the contingency stated, "would very much ooze out at the points" of this eloquent American statesman's fingers? It may be such as would enable the brave BROWN to walk into the cannon's mouth. It at any rate is sufficient to have made him dare to say—

"I am a pro-slavery man. I believe that slavery is of Divine origin; that God decreed it from the foundation of the world; that the African race from their creation were doomed to be slaves to the white man; and my impression is, that every one of you would be better off if he had a negro to wait upon him."

What a bold stroke of impiety! Senator BROWN is anyhow a brave blasphemer. There is, at least, one fear to which BROWN is evidently a stranger. That fear has been said to be the beginning of wisdom; and the above quoted words of MR. BROWN attest the truth of the saying. Each of the foregoing passages concludes with a ridiculous anticlimax of which nobody could have been guilty but a fool.

POOR STUFF.—Of what material is an electioneering canvass principally made? Yarns.—*Bernal Osborne* (ex-member).

APPLEWOMEN FROM THE ANTIQUE.



"DEAR PUNCH,—As yours is the leading journal of the age, and of course the fittest mouthpiece for all valuable suggestions, I must trouble you to give insertion to a grand idea of mine, to amend a great defect in our dramatic system.

"What the defect is, it is easy to describe. I go, let us say, to the Sultana's Theatre. I see there a standard play (as far as regards the acting, it matters little what), put upon the stage 'regardless of expense,' and with all that close adherence to historical fidelity for which the management, we know, is so conspicuously famous. Let not un instructed critics dare to wonder at the wonders which are brought before their noses. There is a quotable authority for

whatever is presented. The flyleaf of the playbill, which is in itself a history, gives the public some idea of the pains taken to please it. Every book that is readable, and some few dozens that are not, have been ransacked for the customs and the costumes of the 'period,' which it is intended to 'revive,' or reproduce. The properties are likewise all 'taken from the life'—if that term can be properly applied to things inanimate. If a battle or a banquet be put upon the stage, the drinking cups and weapons are most strictly 'of the period.' Nor is this rule observed only in the greater stage accessories. '*Curat de minimis*' is the maxim of the management. Not merely are the infantry, if troops be introduced, all furnished with the arms and armour 'of the period;' but if a baby be brought in, a lollipop 'of the period' is given it to suck, or in case a mediæval street-boy is produced, a popgun 'of the period' is revived for his amusement. If a Louis the Eleventh's hunting-whip be cracked, or an Elizabethan barmaid or servant girl be kissed, the smack in either case will smack most distinctly 'of the period.' Nay, supposing a procession or a siege be represented, the notes which are brayed forth by the trumpets 'of the period' are taken, we are told, from the black letter 'of the period;' and the gunpowder which is burnt 'smells woundily' of the period, being made, we may depend, from some recipe 'of the period,' that we may sniff the 'villanous saltpetre' of the period.

"Now this attention to the *mise-en-scène* is praiseworthy in the extreme, and I should be the last to either smile or sneer at it. Biliious critics may contend that the acting of the plays at the Sultana's Theatre is by no means on a level with the merits of their upgetting, and may endeavour to persuade me that the poetry of the drama is there smothered and put out of sight and out of mind by the upholstery. But what care I for critics? To my eyes the attraction of a play is in the scenery. Gas before genius, say I, upon the stage; and I'm sure that the enlightened British Public will agree with me. But the defect I have to note at the Sultana's, Sir, is this. The costumes and appointments on the audience-side the footlights are not at all in keeping with those upon the other; and to readily impressible persons like myself this absence of completeness is exceedingly distressing. While the play is in performance, all my senses are wrapt up in what is passing on the stage, and to such perfection the 'revival' is brought out, that I imagine myself living in the period presented. Then, Sir, on a sudden down comes the act-drop, and from the twelfth or thirteenth century, as the case may be, I am projected at a bound into the middle of the nineteenth! A horrid cry of 'Happles! oranges! lemonade and hottled stout!' grates as harshly on my ear as the summons to a jury; and all my visions of the past are dispelled in a moment by the presence of an applewoman, whose middle-aged appearance is the sole link that connects her with the mediæval era.

"Now, surely Sir, this jar upon one's nerves should be prevented. Surely, Sir, the Management of the Sultana's Theatre might, when they let the curtain down, still keep up the illusion, and not allow our feelings to be trifled with so ruthlessly. So sudden a transition gives the death-blow to one's sentiment, and destroys the bright imaginings which one's brain has conjured up. Yet methinks it would be easy to remedy the evil. It would surely be but little tax upon the treasury, if half a score of supernumeraries, at a shilling each a-night, were engaged to undertake the part of audience-refreshers, in the place of the old applewomen whose presence now afflicts us. Their costumes

should accord with the costumes on the stage, and their refreshments be in keeping with the period of the piece. When either *Coriolanus* or *Cato* is revived, some more strictly classic beverage than ginger-beer should be produced with it. The drinks of the dead languages should be revived for the occasion. A compound called '*Palernum et aqua*' might be vended, at the price, let us suppose, of two *denarii* a glass; or the playgoer might be treated to a taste of the '*Quadrimum*,' such as *THALARCHUS* was by *HORACE* asked to tap. So, when the house is crammed to see the *Galic Grandmothers*, or any other thrilling melodrama taken from the French, *eau sucrée* and *mouchoirs* should be provided for the boxes, and *eau de vie* supplied in *demi tassés* to the pit. In the same spirit, moreover (though *eau de vie* would be but ill replaced by British brandy), when good old English pieces are put upon the stage, good old English drinks ought to be handed to the audience. When *Richard Cœur de Lion* or *Bluff King Hal* appear, it would be nice to 'crush a cup' of right good hyppocras or mead, so as to keep still on one's palate the flavour 'of the period,' while, as soon as the drop falls upon the exit of *Sir John Falstaff*, the house ought to resound with the cry of 'Sherris Sack!' of which the thirsty playgoer might quaff 'potations pottle deep.'

"It would be tiresome to enumerate the many ways in which this notion might, I think, be carried out. The system might of course be applied with equal fitness to viands as to drinks. Indeed I can conceive it might without untruth be advertised, not merely as a 'Novelty!' but an 'Additional Attraction!!' For instance, I can fancy how the Scotch would cram the house, were it announced in all the newspapers that haggis and cockaleekie would be nightly handed round for the refreshment of the audience, in the intervals between the murders in *Macbeth*!

"Trusting you will give the world the benefit of my suggestion, which need by no means be confined to the Sultana's Theatre,

"I remain, *Punch*, yours, with reverence,

"A BRITISH PLAYGOER."

"P.S. If the orchestra were dressed in the 'costume of the period,' it would considerably enhance the musical effect; and were a similar rule enforced in the dress-boxes and stalls, it would add to the completeness of the general *coup d'œil*, and cause great increase of amusement to the gallery and pit."

"OUR CLEVER YOUNG MEN."

(See MR. GLADSTONE'S Speech on the Reform Bill.)

"OUR clever young men, Sir, are always so shy,
That they shrink from a num'rous constituency;
I know them right well, and have studied their habits,
And how they resort to their boroughs, like rabbits.
From great cities they fly, and those vast vulgar towns,
Where the 'million' reside, spinning cotton for gowns;
Where low radical notions are poked in their faces,
And sneers about sinecures, pensions, and places;
Where every pert smug manufacturer prates
Against taxes on knowledge, and rails at Church Rates.

"Can a clever young man, who has a cousin a peer,
And an uncle a bishop, to such snobs adhere?
Can one so knit up with the British Constitution
Mix with blackguards whose aim is, in brief, Revolution?
Can a PITT, or a CANNING (if such he in store
To rescue the State), face the Finsbury roar?
Can their delicate frame bear the brawling and knucks
That grace the contention 'twixt Peto and Cox?
No, no! Bully BRIGHT! Think well o'er it, again,
And some snug boroughs leave for Our Clever Young Men!"

THE DOOM OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

In both classical and romantic story, statues are related to have been occasionally animated. What if the spirit of the Transatlantic statesman named in the subjoined portion of American intelligence should be doomed to inhabit the monument erected to his memory?

"MR. POWER'S bronze statue of DANIEL WEBSTER, made for some persons in Boston, United States, is said to give general dissatisfaction. One writer says, 'It is a terrible-looking thing, having the appearance of a coloured gentleman who has run away from his disconsolate master, and in stolen clothes.'

Fancy a pro-slavery politician obliged to exist, constituting a public exhibition, in the form of a fugitive coloured gentleman. Let DANIEL WEBSTER'S Statue be a caution to sinners!

THE CARLTON DICTIONARY.—The Derbyites have a pretty way of describing a bribe. They call it "a votive offering."



SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

M. F. H.* PUNCH TAKES COMMAND OF HIS FIELD IN DEFENCE OF HIS COUNTRY.

* Master of Fox Hounds.

REPRESENTATION ACCORDING TO NUMBERS.
 If the number of our Delegates is to be increased in proportion to the number of voters, the House itself will have to be increased also. Even as it is, its size is scarcely large enough to accommodate all the collective wisdom that the nation proudly accumulates. Enlarge the area of that wisdom, and the present building will be insufficient to hold

even the multitude of WILLIAMSES that Middlesex alone would return to it. We should require a separate House for every separate county; unless SIR CHARLES BARRY could give us a building that had the power of expanding, and of holding any amount of rubbish you chose to stuff into it, — much on the same elastic principle as a carpet-bag. For ourselves, we are ready to admit that our House of Commons is amply sufficient; and, instead of desiring increase in the

number of Members, we believe that the business of the country would be a considerable gainer were one half of the present M.P.'s liberally dispensed with.

CAN a Lady in low spirits, who has frequent recourse to the Eau-de-Cologne bottle, be said to be sustained by Farina- ceous food?



BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

IMPERIAL FRENCH EAGLE (TO IMPERIAL RUSSIAN DITTO). "DEAR BROTHER! OH, LET US HASTEN TO PROTECT THE POOR LAMB YONDER!"



PUNCH'S ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

BUFFINGTON.

HERE everything promises well for the cause of order and the Constitution. Mr. Jaggler (Conservative) has secured all the public-houses, so that not a drop of drink can be obtained by a Blue. Several sheaves of bludgeons came down by last night's train. Two distinguished members of the prize ring addressed the electors from the window of the Yellow Pig this afternoon, menacing them with punched heads in the event of their proving recreant to the Constitution. Mr. Miggle (Whig-Radical) has not a chance.

SLOPBURY.

There are 258 electors here. Of these, 86 are Green (Liberal), and 69 Blue (Conservative), and none of these will take money. Of the remaining 53, two are in prison, and one is an idiot in the workhouse. The other 50 are strictly corruptible, and Mr. Walker (Conservative) has offered them £5 a head. Mr. Snooking (Liberal) has been telegraphed to, and unless he will mend the bidding, the Carlton man is safe.

CHISELBOROUGH.

We are in the utmost excitement, owing to the base conduct of the rival candidates, who have coalesced in order to cheat the electors, and refuse to pay anything. We are sending in all directions for a candidate, and sooner than elect either of those who have attempted so vile a fraud, we will return our respected beadle, Mr. Timothy Gapesced. Truly a Reform Bill is needed.

MUFFGATE.

The struggle in this borough will be close. It consists of one long street, one side of which chiefly belongs to Sir Billbury Grog (Conservative), and the other to Lord Marlingspike (Liberal). All the tenants have received notices that unless they support the nominee of their respective landlords, they must quit, and distresses are in the hands of the agents, to be shown to those who are in arrears of rent. There are, however, six or eight independent electors, who can turn the scale, and they have all been bribed twice over by each side. It is impossible to say who will come in, and it is of the less consequence as on petition he will inevitably be turned out.

WOPLEY.

Yesterday the prospects of Mr. Bunkum (Liberal) were rather seedy, and the Tories were rabidly vaunting the certain success of Colonel Boshleigh, but to-day the tables are turned, for the Countess of Oxtail, whose noble mansion is near the place, has driven round to every one of the leading traders, and in the course of purchase of some trifling article, has intimated that in the event of Mr. Bunkum's failure, everything for Oxtail House will in future be procured in the metropolis or at Jobbingsford. The Tories have now the audacity to prate about the indecency of aristocratic interference at Elections! *Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?*

NAMBY, AND THE PAMBY BURGHS.

Lord Badgerbait had signified to the electors of this group of burghs that they were to elect his nephew, Captain Diddlemore. But it seems that the gallant Captain had the misfortune after dinner yesterday to offend Lady Badgerbait by rather too demonstrative admiration of a favourite lady's maid, he has been sent to town in disgrace, and the steward came round this morning to say that his lordship's other nephew, Mr. Alfred Fluke, of Limmer's, is to be chosen. *Noblesse oblige.*

GRINMOUTH.

Here we shall have a good fight for it. Sir Ebenezer Brawn (Tory), who owns the mines in the neighbourhood, has been keeping his colliers half drunk for a week, and on the day of election will make it three quarters, and send them into Grinmouth. But brute force will be constitutionally met, and Mr. Squoleher, uncle to the Liberal Candidate, the Hon. Augustus Squinnyeye, will use his deserved influence with the sailors and dockmen, and the invaders will be received as they deserve. Bets run high that there will not be a whole window in Grinmouth by eleven on Tuesday morning, and two assistant-surgeons have been sent over from Liverpool to our infirmary.

PADDLETON.

The election will be a close thing. All the electors take bribes, but there are two clubs, the Spotty Caterpillars, and the Affable Slugs, that are supposed to hold the election in their hands. Colonel Behemoth (Conservative) had bought both, but some of the Slugs were crawling about this afternoon with hints that Blue (Liberal) money was as good as Red. A stranger was inquiring late last night for the Liberal bankers. Colonel Behemoth's solicitor is gone to London, probably to Pall Mall, and probably will return with heavy arguments in favour of the Colonel.

LOANSHIRE (WEST).

It is well known that the representation of this division of Loanshire is in the hands of the Earl of Snitchbury and of Sir Lumpington Bumpington, the principal landlords. They have hitherto agreed to return one and one, and accordingly Lord Bloke (Conservative) and Mr. Varyoose Vane (Liberal) offered themselves as usual. But we hear that Lady Bumpington, who is known to be the master at Blochley Castle, insists on Sir Lumpington's starting a second candidate with Mr. Vane. The new man is Major De Seevor, who, it is understood, aspires to the bumping charms of one of the Bumpington heiresses. He would not win if Lord Snitchbury were a free

agent, but his property is a good deal mortgaged, and it is believed that a certain attorney, much in his confidence, has been "got at" by Lady B., and that he will "persuade" his principal to leave his tenants uncoerced this time. If he thus betrays the Constitution, truly we may say, *delenda est Carthago.*

FARCLAYTON.

Extra subtlety or awful stupidity has so prevailed here, that a London barrister, Mr. Cackle, who was brought down merely to frighten any real candidate from coming forward, has been permitted to jabber himself into the good graces of the electors to such an extent, that he demands a rounder sum for withdrawing than it is at all convenient to his employer to pay. He impudently talks of going to the poll. If he does, Wyley and Cackle will come in, ousting Bigaroon.

DRAGGLEHURST.

Sir Bango Hoops, the eminent brewer (Liberal), is opposed by Colonel Jollop, late in the Indian Service (Conservative). Money is no object with either, and it is a great object with every one of our electors. It is difficult to say which way the contest will go, as both candidates have been promised by the entire borough.

OWLSWESTON.

Messrs. Blinker and Winker, both Liberals, expected to be returned unopposed, but a Conservative Candidate from London, a Mr. Fitzboeswax, has come down, and publishes an address in which he proposes to free the borough from the tyrannical sway of a clique. As peremptory notices have been given to all Lord Honeyborough's tenants to support the new man, a brisk contest may be looked for, and Winker will probably go to the wall, for he has no money to spare.

HIGLEY.

We expected to have our quiet little borough roused into the agitation of a fierce contest, but a telegram last night brought the news that the Hon. Captain Gumboyle's brother, Lord Mumps, had unfortunately, when in a state of intoxication, fallen from his yacht to the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea. The gallant Captain therefore goes up to the House of Lords, and Mr. Guffin will walk the course, to the considerable detriment of the poorer electors of Higley, who look rather hungrily for the subsidy usual at elections here.

NAG'S BARSTOCK.

Sir Crucible Lute was considered safe, and is probably so, but a paper of his, read before the British Association, in which he seems to have expressed some doubt whether we had sufficiently studied the Mosaic account of Creation, and thoroughly understood it, has given great offence to the clergy here, and placards all over the town invite the electors to Vote for Lute the Atheist. An orthodox candidate, with about £800 or £900 to spend, would run the baronet very hard, and would have the ministers of all denominations with him.

JELLYBAGLEY.

There are five candidates in the field, and we return one member. Our late representative, Mr. Yelp (Liberal), offers himself for re-election, and his opponents are Mr. Gusher (Conservative), Mr. Blatter (Liberal Conservative), Mr. Mash (Liberal), and Mr. Cractile (Chartist). Of these, Mr. Blatter has no chance, having but £600 a year, any more than Mr. Cractile, who is a pauper and a lunatic. Mr. Mash is Mr. Yelp's cousin, and is understood to oppose him from bitter family feelings, and if these are guided into a proper channel, Mr. Mash, who is wealthy, may oust his relative, but is more likely to let in the Conservative, Mr. Gusher, who is very rich, and who promises, if elected, to build an assembly room, and endow a capital band for balls, to be at the orders of the ladies of Jellybagley. Gusher is already the ladies' candidate, and they declare that he does not squint more than a gentleman ought, and that his club-foot reminds them of Lord Byron. Their influence is not slight, but Mr. Gusher will not neglect other agency, and we have little doubt that he will head the poll.

AN APPEAL TO VERY OLD LADIES.

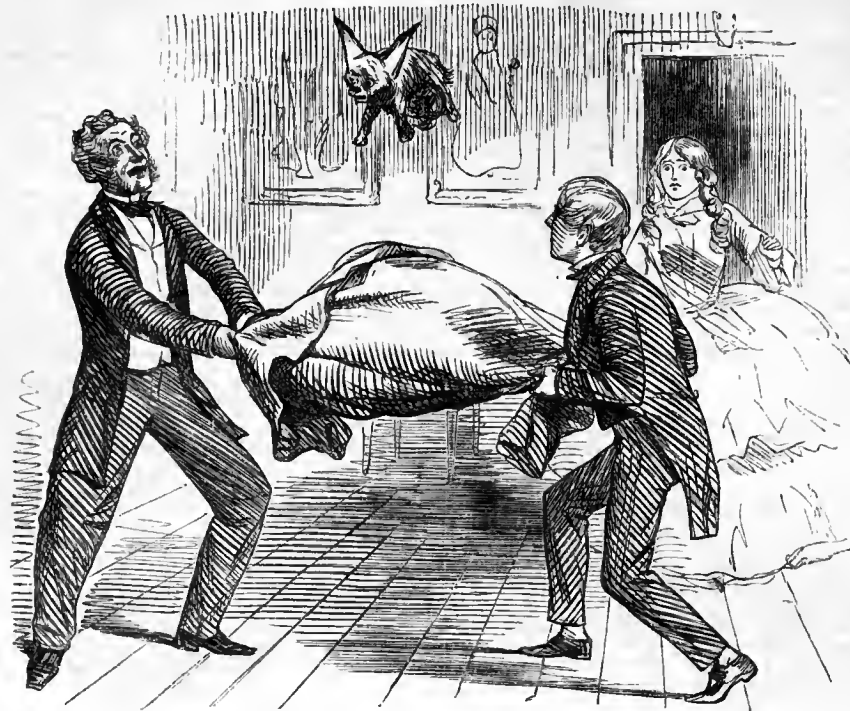
WE should like to have seen the host of applicants who, no doubt, answered the subjoined invitation, which appeared in a fashionable journal:—

MATRIMONY.—An accomplished Foreign Gentleman, aged 30, is desirous of forming a MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE with a lady similarly situated.

Similarly situated,—that is, aged thirty. If any of the numerous candidates for this gentleman's hand wore their own hair, it was, of course, either dyed or else extremely grey. Fine sets of teeth were, doubtless, disclosed by the smiling lips of many of them,—teeth which may have been of pearly whiteness, and which cost at least twenty pounds. There are few other teeth, probably, among the whole number. What can a man expect who advertises himself as aged thirty, and in want of a wife similarly situated.

Prospect of Spanish Solvency.

A SHIPWRIGHT on the Thames is building a large number of gun-boats for Spain. The *Times* asks—"What can the Spanish Government want with the apparatus for landing armaments and pushing up creeks and harbours?" We shouldn't wonder if what it wanted was to pay off the numerous bondholders who lent Spain the money on which they receive no dividends.



EFFECTS OF A WET EASTER.

HORACE AND HENRY, BEING SHUT UP IN THE COUNTRY, AMUSE THEMSELVES BY EXERCISING (!) THEIR FAIR COUSIN'S PET LAP-DOG.

DOINGS AT ROME.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"Rome, April 16, 1859.

"WRITE immediately to the Postmaster-General and complain, if you are charged a farthing for the postage of this letter, for it would be a scandalous imposition. Forty-four good Roman *baicocchi* did I thrust between the bars of the cage within which the gentlemen of the Post Office at Rome transact their business in prepayment thereof, and as it is not usual to demand a receipt for the amount, to prevent mistakes I have made a memorandum of the circumstance in the English, French, and Italian languages on the envelope, viz. :—

*Affrancato
Bollata
Paid.*

"I should not have called your attention so particularly to this fact, if it were not an exception to my general rule of never prepaying a letter to England. It is perhaps owing to this resolution, and also to another which I observe with equal strictness, namely, of never taking in a letter unless it is prepaid, that my correspondence has become rather limited; in fact, I rarely write to any one except to my aunt, a spinster lady of advanced years (who has, *entre nous*, a pretty comfortable little property in the Funds), and to whom I retail, once a fortnight, all the gossip which I can pick up in the Eternal City.

"I am, *Mr. Punch*, a British artist, and have, like many others of my dear fellow-countrymen, a studio here, which is pretty well attended during the season, I can tell you. Yesterday, for instance, I had twenty-three visitors, of whom a large majority drove up to the door in their own carriages. Two of these vehicles were decorated with coronets. Besides their owners I received a Dowager Duchess, a Baronet, three Knights, an ex M.P., several distinguished members of the clerical profession, and an Italian Count. I place the latter gentleman last on the list, out of no personal disrespect whatever (in fact he gave me a little commission), but simply because the title is so common in Roman society, that literally speaking, it is almost more *distingué* to be without it.

"To come to the point, however. My object in addressing you now is to give you some particulars concerning the visit of our illustrious young Prince, BARON R—NFR—W, who for some weeks past has been enjoying the gaieties of a Roman winter; and, I do not wish for an instant to detract from the merits of my excellent friend and literary brother, the Editor of the *Court Journal*, when I venture to hope that you may find this letter somewhat more interesting than the last bulletin on the same subject in that ably written periodical.

"For weeks before the arrival of his Royal Highness the Anglo-Roman community here was on the tiptoe of expectation and in the greatest suspense concerning the manner and nature of his intended visit. Among the various reports rife at this period (most of which I need scarcely add were unfounded), I quote the following :—

"1st. That his Royal Highness was going to make a state entry through the Porta del Popolo in the brilliant and warlike accoutrements of that gallant regiment in which he has lately attained to the rank of Colonel.

"2nd. That the English residents in Rome were to form in a body to welcome their Prince, and having unharnessed the horses of his carriage, to drag him triumphantly through the town.

"3rd. That his Holiness intended to meet him on the road in the garb of a British tar, attended by a select body of Cardinals, who were also to exchange the scarlet hat and stockings for the broad-brimmed oil-skin and white duck.

"4th. That the celebrated divine, DR. CUMMING, had received a special commission from HER MAJESTY'S Government to accompany his Royal Highness on his visit to this city, in order to preclude the possibility of his Royal Highness falling a victim to the dangerous fascinations of the Romish schism.

"5th. That with the same laudable object in view, at least three leading articles from the *Record* should be read daily to his Royal Highness.

"6th. That his Royal Highness had been invited by his Holiness to partake of a champagne luncheon with which he proposed to entertain him in the ball at the top of St. Peter's on Shrove Tuesday.

"7th. That his Royal Highness was expected to arrive daily.

"8th. That he was not coming at all.

"The last mentioned hypothesis, however, was given up when it was definitively announced one evening in the *Café Hellenico* (which you know is the great artistic rendezvous in the Eternal City) that the porter at the *Iles Britanniques* Hotel was prepared to swear that his Royal Highness was engaged at that moment in discussing his supper at the above mentioned establishment after a dusty journey from Florence.

"Here was a disappointment! No triumphal entry—no uniform—no ovation—no cheering—no—'Hang it all,' remarked my friend VANDYKE BROWN (only he used a more forcible expression) 'hang it all! I couldn't have come into Rome more quietly myself!'

"It was a dismal, drizzling day, and the Heir Apparent was provided with an elegant little umbrella (not unlike the one which I used to sport in earlier days). He was accompanied by a confidential and apparently military friend, who carried a similar instrument, while a gentlemanlike footman (or footmanlike gentleman) followed at a short distance. Few English were out at the time; no one but myself recognised him, and I saw him step aside quite amiably into the gutter to accommodate some begrimed coter-monger; or to make room for a fat priest.

"His Royal Highness's hotel is close to the Piazza del Popolo, where he modestly contents himself with the second floor, and where a book is kept in which all loyal English subjects may inscribe their names, as an act of respect and homage to their Prince, and perhaps in some instances, with a delusive hope of being admitted to the Royal presence.

"Ah! my dear *Punch*! how many hearts have fluttered, how many new coats and dresses have been ordered, how many barouches sent trundling in the great cause. For! my part, I shall not be easy until his Royal Highness has given me a commission for a picture, or at least, asked me to lunch. Why, why was I not born to be a Lord Lieutenant of my County, like my excellent Hibernian friend, O'FLANAGAN, who has been hovering about the Royal abode like an uneasy swallow (as far as that hipped can resemble one of the lords of creation in rouge and stays) ever since his Royal Highness's arrival was announced. Why can't I go up to the Prince at once, and waiving all unnecessary ceremony, say boldly, 'Sire! May it please your Royal Highness, I am a British artist.' 'Excellent and accomplished Prince Consort, respected papa, extensive and liberal patron of Fine Arts, &c. &c.' 'Dutiful and illustrious son, follow bright example—happy to see your Royal Highness any day at my studio—ten to four—3rd piano, Vicolo del Aspirante, &c. &c.' The fact is, that the *ateliers* of several of my countrymen whom I could name, have already been honoured

by such a visit. Now, my dear *Punch*, I am not of an envious disposition, never was, but I ask you in the name of all that is fair, what attraction there can be in such men as DAUBNEY GLAZE or VANDYKE BROWN, which your humble servant does not possess; and whether my celebrated historical picture of the *Coronation of Amalasmtha* (A.D. 534), is not more worthy of his Royal Highness's attention than the sickly compositions of MISS ANGELICA WIGGLES, who, it is said, received his Royal Highness in a blue flannel robe, with her hair falling all round her head in the cause of picturesqueness and genius-ship.

"I merely put these questions parenthetically to you as a man and a brother, without wishing to prejudice you for a single moment, and, apologising for the digression, resume my pen.

"The Carnival was a most brilliant one this year. The youthful Baron was accommodated in a balcony half-way down the Corso, and entered into the sports with enviable enthusiasm. I myself had the honour to receive a box of *confetti* from the Royal hands, and a bunch of violets from COLONEL BR—CE, who stood by his Royal Highness with praiseworthy perseverance, and supported him throughout this trying occasion.

"To the Romans—of whom every other man is a Count—and not one of whom, possessed of £50 per annum, thinks of degrading himself by doing anything useful during the term of his natural life; to these gentlemen, I say, the simplicity of his Royal Highness's manner and mode of living is incomprehensible. '*That the Principe di Gallia proprio d'Inghilterra!*' they incredulously exclaim, as they see him laughing in his blouse and wideawake. 'What! the Heir Apparent to the throne of Gran Brittaina in a carriage unadorned by a crest—without even a livery servant—impossible!' They cannot understand that he is come abroad, like any other young English gentleman, to read with his tutor, and see Rome in a quiet way, and they refuse to believe in a Prince unless they see him blazing in uniform and a coach and six.

"It is pleasing to observe the beneficial effect which his Royal Highness's presence has had upon the feminine portion of the English congregation here. No shirking the Morning Service now. No slinking in between the Lessons. No, my dear *Punch*, at a quarter past ten every morning the church is nearly full, and there the dear creatures sit for three-quarters of an hour criticising each other's dresses, having first rushed to fill all the available space round the pulpit—I would fain add, for the purpose of hearing the sermon better

—but the fact is that his Royal Highness has a few seats reserved for himself in that vicinity, and I am afraid that has something to do with it. Lord, lord! how I do wish you could see the manœuvring little darlings. I have travelled much, my dear *Punch*, and seen fair faces in various lands, but for good modest flirting, commend me to my own countrywomen. The ogles, the glances, the blandishments that that young ro—, I mean that his Royal Highness, has bestowed upon him are astonishing. I could not help comparing his lot with mine—about good looks I say nothing—vanity never was one of my failings, and besides I may have injured my complexion since my school days by that odious practice of smoking, to which, on purely sanitary grounds, I have been compelled to have recourse, but this I will say, that at his Royal Highness's age, I was a good three-quarters of an inch taller than he (in fact, I have not added to my stature except in the way of double soles since that period), and I am blessed if ever I met with such good auspices under a British damsel's bonnet.

"As I passed by the Iles Britanniques the other day, with SLASHER of the Heavies, nothing would satisfy the honest Captain but adding his autograph to those of the Prince's other humble servants. As we stood in the porter's lodge where this famous register is kept, and while SLASHER was deliberating whether he should subjoin the address of his Town residence in Jermyn Street as well as that of his Hotel in Rome to his signature, what should I see lying on the table but the bill of fare for his Royal Highness's dinner! Yes, there were the dishes written out at full length in a fair round hand: *Potage à la Julienne—Bistecca—Plombudon*, and other national delicacies. Here is a subject for moralising. Actually plum pudding and beefsteak—could you have supposed it possible? Shouldn't you have thought that Royalty only feasted on Ambrosia? Death, my dear *Punch*, is a great leveller, so 'is Love, so is Hunger. Isn't it a satire on the vanity of all human greatness? Don't you draw a moral from the tureen? You and I have been hungry sometimes like this youthful Colonel of the Coldstreams, and have caten our steak and drunk our modest pint. Yes, princes and peasants we must all eat occasionally. That you and I, dear *Punch*, may never want a dimer, is the earnest wish of your faithful correspondent. Let me conclude in the words of the immortal CICERO—

"Hanc epistolam cur non scindi velim, causa nulla est—"

"Vale! JACK EASEL."



Master Tom (who has been rebuked for making use of school slang). "*But, Grandma! Slogging is derived from the Greek word slogo (σλόγω), to slaughter, baste, or wollop; and by compounding, you see—*"

[Grandma' is quite overcome by Tom's learning.

GRATITUDE.—The man who has been favoured with a kick, perhaps does feel, in the presence of the man who has administered it, "a lively sense of favours to come."

A PUFF FOR WEBSTER.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, in his persevering resolve to imitate his Uncle, now takes the command of the army of Italy. We hear that he has offered MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER the most magnificent terms to accompany him, and daily exhibit, for his Majesty's instruction, MR. WEBSTER'S admirable Impersonation of NAPOLEON THE FIRST, as given in the *Pretty Girls of Stilberg*. Moreover, we are apprised that the offer has been respectfully declined, whereat we are glad; first, because we prefer to retain one of our best actors, and secondly, because he might perhaps be less useful than is expected. We doubt whether his *repertoire* contains a sketch of NAPOLEON THE FIRST, as he would have appeared if he had happened to have to cut away like one o'clock with the victorious Austrians thundering in his rear, a highly possible situation for NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

English Gallantry.

Who says we are not a gallant nation? Take a public dinner, for instance. Doesn't the "QUEEN" always take the lead, or isn't it always wound up with "the Ladies?"

THE PURCHASE SYSTEM.

MEN only purchase such things as they want, but women frequently purchase things they do not want, and apparently for no other purpose than the mere pleasure of purchasing.

DOMESTIC PARALLELS.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW, like cats, show a great attachment to the houses they inhabit, without caring much for the persons who inhabit them.

A MYSTERY SOLVED!

We have no doubt that many of our readers, in common with ourselves, have been puzzled to divine the object of the singular-looking circular structure at the south-east corner of St. Paul's Churchyard. A close inspection of its arrangements, however, has enabled us to assign to it an employment, for which its approximation to the plans on which zoological architecture is based most admirably adapts it,



ON THE OCCASION OF THE NEXT ELECTION FOR THE GOVERNORSHIP OF A CITY GAOL.

EQUITY TAILORS.

Two ingenious tailors in Holborn, near Chancery-lane, proclaim—

THE NEW CHANCERY SUIT,
50s. complete; or the coat, 26s.; waistcoat, 8s.; trousers, 16s. This famous suit, noted for durability, style, and moderate price, is made to order.

This is a modest pair of tailors. "Noted for durability" is a very mild commendation of a Chancery suit. "Warranted to last for ever" will, by most people, be thought not too much to say. But these are, perhaps, truthful tailors, and, having an eye to late reforms of the law, think it as well to speak within bounds, and describe the New Chancery Suit, with a due distinction from the Old, as merely "noted for durability." In this we recognise a conscientiousness which encourages us to hope that this costume really has, and deserves, a reputation for style also, as well as for comparative cheapness.

Parliamentary Minutes.

THAT idle Clock at Westminster, which may well hold its hands before its face for very shame, has cost the nation the pretty little sum of £22,057. We never knew a richer illustration of the homely truth, which is always being dinned in our ears, that TIME IS MONEY!

DUMB BELLS.—The most perfect specimen of dumb-bells in the world are those suspended in the Westminster Clock.

SIMPLE TALK FROM WASHINGTON.

Most readers of the newspapers are informed as to the details of a case of recent occurrence in America, in which the name of SICKLES is most prominent. Into those details *Mr. Punch* has no intention of going. But he desires to lay before his friends the following extracts from the opening speech of the counsel for the prosecution. Imagine SERJEANT BALLANTINE or SERJEANT PARRY thus introducing a culprit to a jury:—

"It was the Sabbath, a day which for more than 1800 years has been set apart in commemoration of the Divine mission which brought 'Peace on earth and good will to man.' In the soft gush of that Sabbath sunlight, at an hour between the morning and evening Christian sacrifice, at the time almost when the sound of the church bells was lingering in the air, the deceased, all unconscious of the tremendous woe which then stood suspended over his house, met the prisoner at the bar in a public thoroughfare of this city."

In the course of the speech, MR. DISTRICT-ATTORNEY OULD proceeded in the following practical language to explain to the jury the character of the law against murder:—

"The great, grand, and old foundations of the common law with respect to this offence, instead of being impaired, have been strengthened by time. Springing like an arch over the vast chasm of the remote past and the present, they have become stronger by the pressure of centuries. The maxims of the common law relating to the crime of murder are based on common sense and common justice. However technical that common law may be in other respects, here it deals alone with fact. All its features are essentially humane. The features of these great old masters, even our rough ancestors, as portrayed to us in the light of their own maxims, are reflected to us as living actual men, like unto ourselves. These principles owe their entire strength, and I may say also their veracity, to their humanity, not a maudlin, sickly sentimentality humanity, but one that is God-fearing, and to men loving; and while thus they allow a sufficient toleration of the weakness of our common nature, they form, as it were, at the same time, the very pedestal upon which rests the sublime figure of public justice."

Finally, he expounded to the jury its duty:—

"If, however, gentlemen, the defence be legal, and proved to your satisfaction, let the prisoner go free—free as the winds of Heaven. If, however, on the other hand, it be not legal—if it receives not the sanction of the law, or, being legal, it be not proved, I charge you, gentlemen of the jury, by the duty you owe to yourselves, your God and your country, to smite the red hand of violence everywhere by your verdict, and proclaim to the four quarters of the now listening world, there is yet virtue left to a jury, no matter how high the position, or how lofty the pretensions of the offender."

Mr. Punch does not presume to offer any remark upon the stupendous eloquence of MR. DISTRICT-ATTORNEY OULD. But as soon as the reader has recovered breath he is requested to peruse the following criticism on the speech. It is from the pen of the Washington Correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, and is written in all shrewdness and gravity:—

"I do not think that MR. DISTRICT-ATTORNEY OULD made a very favourable impression upon any one by the speech with which he opened to the jury the most important case which he will probably ever be required to try. Its chief merits were brevity and freedom from rhetorical faults. It was direct, simple, and clear, and may be well described in another's words as "a pretty little speech."

In the immortal name of NAT LEE and the Bedlam tragedy, what is the American standard of oratory? We thought the above rather tall talking, anyhow. But no, *Sir*.

A LIBEL ON THE SEX.

A New Statue of Venus has been discovered at Rome. Artists are enthusiastic in their praises of its wonderful beauty. It is said that the nose of the celebrated Venus de' Medici has been completely put out of joint ever since the discovery. We confess, we place but small faith in its pretended perfection; and we are sure that ladies will agree with us, when we tell them that there are no marks on the statue to lead us to the belief that it had been in the habit of wearing stays, nor was the smallest remnant of crinoline found near the spot where this mock Venus had been for so many years hiding its charms. It is a violence to all one's notions of ideal beauty to conceive female perfection in the absence of both stays and crinoline! We denounce this vaunted Venus as an impudent impostor.

Latest Election Intelligence.

At the close of the Finsbury Poll,—PETO and DUNCOMBE being in an enormous majority, and MR. COX, the resident and tried Candidate, being nowhere,—*Mr. Punch* ascended the Islington hustings, and, with tears in his eyes, spoke as follows:—

"Boo—hoo—hoo—hoo—"

[Left crying.]



TRIUMPHANT RE-ELECTION OF MR. PUNCH

AS

MEMBER FOR EVERYWHERE.

THIS, the most important of all the elections, took place on Wednesday last, at *Mr. Punch's* own residence, 85, Fleet Street. The proceedings were strictly private, no person whomsoever being allowed to be present except the honourable candidate himself.

Precisely at twelve o'clock *Mr. Punch* entered his reception room, and shut the door. Falling in an easy but graceful attitude into his arm-chair, and lighting his matutinal cigar, the honourable gentleman opened the proceedings of the day by remarking that the east wind was becoming personally offensive. He then addressed himself as follows:—

SIR. I have the honour to propose you as Member for Everywhere. It is unnecessary for me to dilate upon the inconceivable services which you have rendered to your QUEEN and country. Suffice it to say, though the terms are painfully inadequate to the occasion, that you are the greatest public benefactor the world has ever known, and that without you the nation would be utterly ruined, the Constitution subverted, and MR. MACAULAY'S New Zealander already sketching the ruins of St. Paul's.

Mr. Punch then seconded himself in the following words:—

SIR. I beg to second the nomination, though the word second ought not to be used in connection with yourself, who are *nulli secundus*. You are one of those miracles of genius, wisdom, wit, kindness, generosity, justice, benevolence, and irascibility, which appear about once in a thousand years, or not so often. I wish that the English or any other language enabled me to say enough of your merits.

No other Candidate presuming to show himself, *Mr. Punch* declared himself duly elected for Everywhere.

Mr. Punch returned thanks to himself in a brief speech, in which he pledged himself to exercise over everything the same vigilance which had previously marked his marvellous career, and to wield the same unhesitating bludgeon which one moment smashed the crown on the head of a tyrannic Emperor, and the next instant came whack on the scone of an idiotic Alderman. As to binding himself to any particular line of conduct, he would see himself blowed first, but he should always, he hoped, be perfectly prepared to walk into anybody who might question his behaviour.

Mr. Punch then moved and seconded a vote of thanks to himself, for his impartial conduct in the chair, and having carried this unanimously, he made the usual elegant acknowledgment, and the proceedings terminated.

We may add in reference to the prospects of the Government and Opposition, that this most important election leaves the relative numbers of Parliament as follows:—

Members Elected.	H.	P.
654 greater or less Humbugs	654	
<i>Mr. Punch</i>	—	1

Leaving, of course, an utterly overwhelming balance against Humbug.

A Costume that is Quite Killing!

THE PRINCESS VOLLKONSKA has been nearly killed in the Bois de Boulogne, at Paris, in consequence of an accident caused by the preposterous size of her dress. So numerous and so fatal are many of these accidents, that, when it is said a lady is "dressed to death," it must mean that she wears Crinoline!

TIME AND FASHION.

A "WATCH-SPRING Petticoat" is advertised. Fashion is advancing—like the crab. We shall soon get back to clocked stockings—unless, which is to be hoped, the watch-spring petticoat is to be the wind-up of Crinoline.

None too Soon.

A MOTION is, we hear, shortly to be made to the Court of Chancery, for the application of the Winding-up Act to the Westminster Clock. The application will be based on the fact that the credit of all the parties to this deplorable concern is utterly gone, and that though their checks have been abundant, they have all been hitherto endorsed "No Effects."

THE HOUSE ADJOURNING.

THE stone of the House of Commons is, it is said, fast decaying. St. Stephens seems to be falling a martyr to the same fate as his namesake, in being barbarously stoned to death.

A LITERARY WAIF.



THE day after the Finsbury Election a letter was put into our box containing two or three proof sheets of what seems to have been the commencement of an *Universal History*. As the word "Cancelled" appears upon them, we conclude the intention of completing the work is abandoned for the present. That the world may know what they have lost, we venture to reprint the portion which has reached us.

"It was at the battle of Pharsalia, which was fought during the Wars of the Roses, in the spring-time of the year B.C. 1672, that EDWARD the Blue Prince, the eldest son of Old KING COLE, after slaying fifteen Saracens with his COLT'S revolver, engaged in single combat with his mortal foe, PRINCE RUPERT, who was a

rival suitor for the hand and the affections of FAIR ROSAMOND. After they had fought for upwards of six hours by Canterbury clock, the gauntlet was thrown up in favour of PRINCE RUPERT, who, in strict conformity with the old law of duelling, mounted on the shoulders of his defeated foe, and sounded his own trumpet in defiance of all-comers. Being then carried pig-a-back to the Ladies' Gallery, he was crowned with cabbage-leaves by the Queen of Beauty, impersonated by the grandmother of the LADY JANE GODIVA. A photograph of this extremely interesting ceremony is still preserved in the Assyrian Room at the British Museum. The motto which encircles it was composed for the occasion by the MAN OF ROSS, who, it is believed, was the poet-laureate of the period. The honour of its composition has, however, since been claimed by CHAUCER, BUNYAN, ROBINSON, and ALEXANDRINE SMITH. In the spelling of the period, the scroll stands thus:—

Happie, happie, happie Dayre!
Dun butte & Braibe dessertie & Fayre."

"ALEXANDER THE GREAT (who was complimentarily called so by his courtiers, being, in reality, of a somewhat dwarfish stature) succeeded to the throne of Troy upon the death of CLEOPATRA, the mother of his wife. His coronation was attended with more than usual pomp, WIDDICOMB THE FIRST being master of the ceremonies. Under the system of one RARI, a trainer of the period, the king was quite successful in taming the White Horse, and drove him in his curricule to the Angean stables, where he was put up. On the same day, the king sat down to a lunch of lampreys, at which, to please QUEEN HELEN, he dissolved his finest pearl in a butt of Malmshury. It was during his reign that the declaration of independence was signed by the Athenians, and the colony of Macedonia received a constitution at the hands of NERO, and was enrolled by WILLIAM PENN among the Free Trade States."

"The long-vexed question, which has so disturbed historians, from HOMER and HERODOTUS up to JOSEPH HUME and FLETCHER, as to who dragged whom round the walls of what, has been set at rest by the researches of WILLIAMS, 'the divine,' an antiquarian of Lambeth. From a Chaldean MS. exhumed by this gentleman in his Nineveh exploration, which was undertaken in the hope of finding out the North-west Passage, and of discovering the Sauce of the Niger, the true facts of the case have been clearly brought to light. The truth is plainly patent to all who can decipher the Sanscrit hieroglyphics, that the dragsman in question was CÆSAR HELIOGABALUS; who, after the capture of Philippi from the Jews, harnessed to his drag the horses of KING DIOMED, and so 'dragged' the conquered HECTOR home to dine with CLYTEMNESTRA at her villa near Vesuvius."

"The meeting at Philippi, to which CONGREVE was indebted for his drama of *The Rivals*, was a duel that took place B.C. 1654, between REGULUS THE NINETEENTH, champion of Christendom, and the heathen crusader, BRUTUS AFRICANUS. The meeting, as originally fixed, was arranged to have come off upon the plains of Pompeii; but as the Amazon queen DIDO had electrically telegraphed her strong wish to be present, and as there was then no railway from her palace to Pompeii, the valley of Philippi was appointed for the meet. It was on this occasion, saith ASSER the historian, that the expression 'Et tu

Brute!' was made, in his death-gasp, by the assassinated REGULUS, who fell upon his helmet in the thirty-second round, and expired exclaiming, 'Veni! vidi! vici!'"

LAMENT BY A TRUE BLUE M.P.

(Touching the state of the Clock and the state of Parties.)

WHEN the Clock's hands they won't work,
And the Clock's wheels they won't play,
How are poor old boys in Westminster
To be up to the time o' day?

"Look at your private tickers,"
That's all very well to say;
What we want is something to set 'em by,
And tell us the time o' day.

Oh, our father's times were the good old times!
When, according as your lay
Was Tory or Whig, you'd a leader so big,
To show you the time o' day.

You'd no reasons to find, nor to make up your mind,
But by what PITT or FOX might say
You set your ticker—be it slower or quicker—
And that was the time o' day.

Like a tall clock-tower that tells the hour,
To the town miles and miles away,
Those leaders so great, in matters of state,
Gave small folks the time o' day.

But in these wild times men scorn tower-chimes,
For what their own fobs may say;
Big leaders are dumb, and the big Clock's mum,
And none gives us the time o' day.

Well—a watch of your own, and a mind of your own,
Are very good things in their way,
But I've no watch to wind up, and I can't make my mind up—
And I don't know the time o' day.



Charity Measure.

By the Toast Master of the London Tavern.

ONE Pound	draws	No Cheering.
Two Pounds	draw out	The faintest Response.
Five Pounds	"	Hear! Hear! Hear!
Twenty Pounds	"	Loud Applause.
Hundred Pounds	"	Tumultuous Clattering of Glasses.

A STRIKING DODGE.

THE *Dublin Packet* says that the following handbill has been extensively circulated. The document is so perfectly unique, that we give it entire. It would be an act of Vandalism to chip it, or in any way mutilate it. Here it is, in all its unprofaned beauty:—

ST. PETER'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, PHIBSBOROUGH.

"A proposal having been made to provide a Clock for the tower of this Church on very advantageous terms, the clergymen have availed themselves of it. The new Clock will strike for the first time at twelve o'clock noon, on Sunday, the 1st day of May, 1859. The congregation are requested to be in attendance, in order to celebrate the event by their presence in front of the Church; and, at the first stroke of the Clock, they will make the sign of the Cross, the men uncovering their heads for the purpose. In order to save the building fund the expense of the Clock, a special collection will be made on the occasion, every person giving whatever his own pty will suggest, be it only the widow's mite; and it is even respectfully suggested that parents will put something into the hands of their children to offer, so that, ever afterwards as they will look up to the Clock, they may have the pious gratification of remembering not only that they had heard its first sound, but that they had some share in its erection.—THOS. M'NAMARA, Administrator.

"18th April, 1859.

"P.S. The offerings will be received within the railing, around the great Cross in front of the Church, and the last Mass will be delayed till a quarter past twelve, to allow the congregation time to enter the Church."

We wonder if the ceremony 'did' take place on the first of May. If so a Jack-in-the-Green would have added largely to the solemnity of the proceedings. As the Clock began to strike, the big drum and the pandean pipes might have raised a loud shriek of deafening congratulation, and my Lord Duke and my Lady would have joined doubtlessly in a riotous dance to express their unbounded joy. It must have been such an exhilarating thing to hear a Church Clock strike. We are curious to know whether the horological *débutant* was nervous, or husky, and whether it gave out the twelve notes it had to deliver in a clear bold unflinching tone? The subscription might have been affected by the way in which the Clock recited its first lesson in public, and if it gave out only eleven strokes, or went so far as a baker's dozen, or delivered them in a stupid stuttering manner, the coppers might have melted away almost to nothing. We should like to learn how many persons waited, after the wonderful performance was over, for the hat to be carried round, and also whether any mad wag cried out "Encore," as soon as the twelfth stroke had been concluded. We trust that a report of this Phibsborough *début* will duly appear, and that we may also be favoured with a portrait of the Clock. The particulars of the mummery will be especially welcome, as they may form an admirable precedent for the inauguration of our Westminster Clock, when its voice, like that of a new Member, is heard in Parliament for the first time.

THE CURE FOR THE KING OF NAPLES.

WHY is the KING OF NAPLES like a cat? Because a cat is sly and cruel? For another reason also—because a cat has nine lives. BOMBA was once actually reported dead, and since that he ought to have died at least as many as eight times. He has, according to our various correspondents, been for a long while dying of a variety of different diseases. The Neapolitan sovereign has been the subject of a host of complaints, among which, for a few, may be enumerated apoplexy, paralysis, gangrene, psoas abscess, and tubercular consumption. He has been half operated upon by a bungling surgeon, and he has been blistered all over his body with a vesicatory fluid by a quack. He seems, indeed, to have died a thousand deaths, and to have experienced, within the last few months, afflictions which must have been equivalent to the "Fifty Years of Indescribable Suffering," endured, according to the advertisement, by our old friend MARIA JOLLY, of Wortham. What a case BOMBA would be for PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY, if HOLLOWAY could get the ailing tyrant to swallow his pills and submit to be smeared with his ointment, instead of being bathed in the irritating lotion of the Italian humbug! In the event of BOMBA'S recovery, BOMBA might occupy the niche vacant by the late lamented EARL OF ALDBOROUGH. BOMBA had, by the last account of him, the celebrated bottle which contains the stuff called the blood of St. Januarius in his sick chamber—placed there that it might cure that wonderful complication of diseases under which he labours. It is reasonable to suppose that miraculous diseases require miraculous remedies, and a king who has been for years inflicting fiendish tortures on his innocent subjects may naturally enough ascribe his own sufferings to supernatural justice; whilst anybody who is fool enough to believe in JANUARIUS, might be expected to have faith in HOLLOWAY.

"Them's my Cent-iments!"

At a preliminary meeting of the electors of Old Rottenborough, the Government Candidate was asked to state what his opinions were. "My opinions!" he replied, giving his breast (pocket) a significant sly slap, "The only 'opinions' which I think of winning your votes with are 'golden' ones."

NEUTRAL ADVICE.

LET France delight to go and fight,
If 'tis her folly to:
Let Anstria cry for "territory!"
With that that we've nought to do.

Our shout must be "Neutrality!"
To England peace is sweet:
But, friends, that she may neutral be,
LET'S MAN OUR FORTS AND FLEET!



A USEFUL LESSON.

WE read the following curious story in the *Carlisle Examiner*:—

"About five years ago a gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of Newcastle lost a valuable ring in his pigsty. The ring, being an heir-loom, was highly prized, and the strictest search was made, but in vain, for its recovery. In the course of time the contents of the pigsty were sold as manure to a farmer, and supplied the necessary stimulants to the production of a crop of potatoes. The field has undergone a regular routine of cropping since that season. A few days since it was again ploughed up for cropping purposes, and a number of girls were employed upon it in gathering the 'quickens.' One of these in taking out a handful of these weeds came upon the identical ring lost five years before, and which during that long period had been reposing peacefully in the earth. The mother of the girl took it on sale to MESSRS. LISTER AND SONS, jewellers, here, who recognised the crest, and, as a matter of course, retained the ring. Its owner was communicated with, and had the satisfaction of recovering the ring so long lost, and of the regaining of which all hope had long since been given up."

We have all been in the habit of hearing the proverb that "it is no use casting your pearls before swine," urged as an excuse for not giving good advice when we don't think it will be taken. It is to be presumed this gentleman's ring was not a pearl one—otherwise the proverb has been falsified by the Newcastle pigs, who seem as greedy for precious stones as the bipeds who have maligned them. But how came the ring into the pigsty? CLEOPATRA dissolved a pearl in her wine-cup; could this splendid North-countryman have meant his pigs to rival the Egyptian queen, and swallow gems in their wash? Or was it a pearl-ring after all, and did the wearer lose it, in the rash attempt to test the proverb, that you may throw your pearls before swine, without danger of their being swallowed?

If this be the true account of the matter, it is to be hoped that the lesson has not been lost upon him. It is worth the five years loss of a ring to have one's confidence in "the cheap wisdom of nations" shaken, especially in a maxim which is generally used as a cloak to self-indulgence and an excuse for lazy acquiescence in evil. Henceforward, we may expect to find this gentleman active in all those good works which are commonly regarded as waste of labour—essaying, for example, to inculcate cleanliness on the neglected poor, unselfishness on the thoughtless rich, opposition to jobbery on town-councils and courage and truth-speaking upon Members of Parliament on the hustings. He knows now that pearls *may* be thrown before swine, with some chance of their being appropriated.

THE TWO NAPOLEONS.—There is but one step from the Sublime to the Ridiculous.



FLUNKEIANA.

Lady. "RESIGN YOUR SITUATION! WHY, WHAT'S WRONG NOW, THOMAS? HAVE THEY BEEN WANTING YOU TO EAT SALT BUTTER AGAIN?"

Genteel Footman. "OH NO, THANK YOU, MA'AM—BUT THE FACT IS, MA'AM—THAT I HAVE HEARD THAT MASTER WERE SEEN LAST WEEK ON THE TOP OF A HOMNIBUS, AND I COULDN'T AFTER THAT REMAIN ANY LONGER IN THE FAMILY!"

BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE.

"MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI stated that the Conservative party in the new Parliament would number 300 members."—*May, 1859.*

WHEN the fight first began, BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE, ;
When the fight first began, ont came the pay :
Cheques that the Carlton drew
Off to each borough flew ;
So the proud Tories went bribing away.

At Dover you went the pacc, BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE,
At Dover you went the pace, so people say :
OSBORNE proclaims quarrels
With some gay gold laurels :
So the proud Tories went bribing away.

At Plymouth you did the trick, BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE,
At Plymouth you did the trick, never say nay :
Neatly you won the fight,
Turning out JEMMY WHITE :
So the proud Tories went bribing away.

At Windsor the Castle serew, BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE,
At Windsor the Castle serew came into play,
You worked that Castle serew,
Turned CHARLEY GRENFELL blue ;
So the proud Tories went bribing away.

At Yarmouth, you went ahead, BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE,
At Yarmouth you went ahead, merrily, eh ?
Bought pans and potkins,
And sold YOUNG and WATKINS,
So the proud Tories went bribing away.

At Frome too you managed well, BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE,
At Frome too you managed, mid Puseyite bray,
The toby to tickle
Of poor tailor NICOLL ;
So the proud Tories went bribing away.

At Berwick you played the game, BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE,
At Berwick you played the game, winning the day ;
Tell us what starch banks
Cashed cheques to oust MARJORIBANKS,
When the proud Tories went bribing away ?

At Bodmin, and Colehester, BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE,
At Weymouth and Pontefract too, you made hay,
And in other localities
Showed liberalities,
So the proud Tories went bribing away.

But, we hear menaces, BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE ;
Certain election petitions will pray
To expound to Committees
In what towns and cities
It's thought the proud Tories went bribing away.

And the worst of the matter is, BENJAMIN BOUNCEABLE,
All this expenditure, be what it may,
Leaves a majority,
Armed with authority,
Coming to sweep you from office away.

THE ITALIAN BOOT.—LOUIS NAPOLEON is hitting his hardest with a view of trying whether the iron cannot be made to enter its very sole.



ADMIRAL PUNCH.

PRINCE ALFRED OF THE EURYALUS.

MEN FOR THE FLEET !

ADMIRAL PUNCH. "THERE, BOYS! THERE'S AN EXAMPLE FOR YOU."



EXHIBITION OF REJECTED PICTURES.

Privately Viewed by our Catchpenny Critic.



ELL. *Hic sumus iterum.* I beg your pardon, ladies. I would simply say, to use less classic phraseology, that the season of the pantomimes being counted with the past, 'here we are again!' in the season of the pictures. The Hanging Committees have all been in full swing, but now their labours of suspension are at length suspended. Occupied as I have been with more important duties (there is no rest for the sole of a literary man's boot, when once he sets foot in the higher paths of the profession), I have only just had time to rattle round the galleries, and the slight acquaintance I have formed with their contents will not incline me to waste much more of my valuable leisure on them. As far as I have seen, the good pictures seem like the good

points in the Reform Bill, 'conspicuous for their absence,' as Hibernian LORD JOHN has said. At the Academy, for instance, the only works of art which are worthy of the name are those done by one or two of my young friends whom I won't mention; and as they don't happen to have R.A. appended to their names, of course their pictures are so hung that one had need to be a giant or giraffe to get a glimpse at them. *Quis custodiet custodes?* I feel disposed to say, when I think into whose custody such paintings are committed. If we critics go on suffering the hangers to have rope enough, of course they'll go on hanging themselves only 'on the line,' and won't think of condescending to make room for their betters. As I happen to know most of them, I don't wish to be nasty; but I would just remind 'the Forty' that *vixere Forties ante Agamemnon*, and that if they don't look out they may come to grief just like those ancient parties. There must be 'something rotten in the state' of the Academy when such daubs as MR. BLANK'S are hung 'upon the line,' while the works of my friend BROWN are hung upon the staircase!

"After this prelude, the public will not be surprised to learn that certain of the artists whose works have been rejected, have decided upon opening a rival exhibition, where they may appeal against the judgment of the judges. I confess this happy notion is not a child of mine, but I am proud to say I know the genius who fathers it: and it is by reason of our intimate connection that I'm the first to introduce his offspring to the public. I do so, it is true, not with his consent, but my business won't allow my waiting for such trifles. *Avida novitatis est gens newspaperana.* The gents who read our paper are always singing out for novelty, and 'tis my vocation, Hal' to somehow pick it up for them. Don't preach to me about my 'violating confidence,' and 'dragging private matters prematurely into print.' Such sermons may be listened to by slow old-fashioned journalists, but we of the fast school are forced to turn deaf ears to them. What's the good of putting one's legs under a friend's dinner-table, if one mayn't make use of all the 'good things' one can pocket. I'm no respecter of persons or mahoganies. As a writer for the public, my business is to pick up whatever will amuse it. If one starts as a 'fast' critic, one's success, as my friend BARNUM says, depends on going a-head. To keep pace with the times, one must chuck all scruples overboard. Of course I don't want to injure anybody's feelings, but one can't be always looking before one leaps, and people who've got corns had best keep out of my way. I repeat, I'm no respecter of persons or mahoganies. My business is to write what is amusing to my readers: and for the amusement of my readers my business is to blab.

"Foremost among the pictures which the R. A.s have rejected, is a portrait of my friend TOMKINS, done by my friend SMITH. This noble work of art was originally entitled *The Portrait of a Gentleman*; but for strictly private reasons (which, if I only knew them, I would willingly divulge) the title has been changed to one less complimentary.

"From the nature of the subject it is, I need not say, a highly interesting picture; and although the judges have seen fit to reject it, I cannot doubt its finding favour in the eyesight of the public. The likeness is most happy; the artist having caught the genial smile of

the sitter, and transferred it to the canvas in a most becoming manner. The curl of the left whisker is rendered to the life, and the bold handling of the nose is exceedingly commendable. MR. TOMKINS needs no help to hand his name down to posterity, but his brow acquires fresh lustre from the brush of MR. SMITH.

"Not to mention some few score of minor gems, a picture which I look on as a 'pearl of greatest price,' is *The Daughter of the Ratcatcher*, by MR. RUBENS ROBINSON. Had the name of this young artist been only better known, the judges would have jumped to hang this painting 'on the line.' In portraying female loveliness, of feature and of form, MR. RUBENS ROBINSON has outstripped all competitors, and will ere long be on the heels of his great namesake himself. The colouring of the cheek of *The Daughter of the Ratcatcher*, would, I think, make TITIAN'S *Venus* blush with envy, hatred, malice, and all manner of uncharitableness. See too with what skilful tracery the master's hand has stippled in the fringe of the left eyelash, and what a purely vegetable dye he has imparted to the hair, which, as the legend tells us, was rather of a reddish, or perhaps a radish, hue; and being freed from the conventional confinement of a bonnet, flowed with delightful freedom, we are told, 'all down her back, like bunches of carrots upon it.'

"I don't wish to say anything to make a young man proud, but MR. FLASHY has sent in a baker's dozen of his pictures, and in each of them I think he has surpassed himself. For treatment of the 'middle lights' few can hold a candle to him, and his dazzling *chiaroscuro* throws all rivals in the shade. It is invidious to specify where all are so firstehop; but his best effort perhaps is one he quaintly calls *Still Life*, a painting which depicts a party of police poking their noses down a cellar, and sniffing out a private still. Scarcely less consummate in design and composition is a more aspiring work, entitled, *Crikey! Won't he Catch it!* representing a small errand-boy cheving a cat.

"MR. FLIPP, who is related I believe to MR. X., has done his best to copy the few failings of that gentleman. But a more successful copyist, I think, is MR. CRIBB, whose great work, *Forbidden Crusts*, is both composed and christened on a well known High Art model. The picture represents a couple of French poodles, sitting up on their hind legs, and eyeing eagerly the crusts which have been placed upon their nosetips. The expression of the noses is rendered with great taste; by a little stretch of fancy, one might almost hear them sniff. The watery appearance, too, imparted to the mouths fully equals the best efforts of the best of water-colourists.

"A thousand thousand thanks are also due to MR. DAUBER for his delightful *Nero Taking his First Lesson on the Fiddle*. This really great picture (it measures 30 feet by 20) clearly ought by rights to have been hung upon the line, and it is a matter of surprise to all of MR. DAUBER'S friends that the judges should have had the want of judgment to reject it.

"My dinner bell is sounding, and so I must shut up; adding just one word of thanks to MR. MUFFE, whose *Donkey Fair* reminds one of ROSA BONJOUR'S horse ditto. And I ought to give a syllable of praise to my friend SPOONE, whose *Landscape—with Cows*, which was so admired (by his family) last year, has inspired him to paint a *Landscape—without Cows*, which I have no doubt, although the R.A.s have rejected it, will descend to all posterity in the keeping of the SPOONES."

BIRDS OF THE CIVIC FEATHER.

ON Tuesday last week the Court of Aldermen met for despatch of business; when MR. ALDERMAN CONDER was sworn in. MR. CONDER is the newly-elected Alderman for the Ward of Bassishaw. He was introduced by MR. CLARKE in a speech of admirable brevity, which, indeed, was almost too brief, and which is reported to have commenced with the remark that "It was unnecessary to say much as to the character of MR. SHERIFF CONDER." Of course MR. CLARKE might, with a less ambiguous reticence, have more boldly declared that it was unnecessary to say anything. With a degree of taste, however, for which he deserves credit, MR. CLARKE abstained from any reference, with an ornithological view, to the aptitude of MR. CONDER'S name to the chief part of that new function on which he was about to enter. Well grounded in orthography, he was perfectly aware that the voracious bird of the Andes and the new Alderman differ as to the spelling of their names; and he therefore very properly forbore to say, that he rejoiced in having the honour to introduce a condor into a society of vultures.

IMPERIAL PLEDGES.

It is said that the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has pawned his Crown Jewels. It is not often that monarchs give their subjects so costly a pledge of their affection. Of course, the jewels were taken to the Lombards to be pawned?

MILDNESS OF THE SEASON.—To the astonishment of all his friends, FREDERICK PEEL made a joke the other day.



BROOM versus BRUSH.

On the first Monday in May, Artists have the privilege of varnishing their Pictures before the Exhibition is opened to the Public. MR. DAUBE has just laid on his final coat, when he is horrified to find that the floor has to be swept!

NEW NAVAL TITLE.

At the declaring of the poll of the Dover election, *Mr. Punch* let fall two tears for his old friend BERNAL OSBORNE, and then wiped his eye to take a sight at ADMIRAL LEEKE, who amid a deafening uproar—

“Was understood to say, as alluding to some squibs which had been put in circulation, that the ‘yellow dog’ had been found, and was now at the top of the ‘cherry-tree.’”

Every dog has his day, and *Mr. Punch* is not surprised to find the “yellow dog” has his. For a dog to climb a cherry-tree is not a common feat; but even this may be effected if the dog be but a “yellow” one, and have some “yellow boys” to back him and to give him a leg up. *Mr. Punch* has little wish to enact the part of *Pistol*, or he might let off a joke or two to show that he could “mock a LEEKE.” But *Mr. Punch* will only hint, that in addition to his Admiralship of the Red, or White, or Blue, ADMIRAL LEEKE may claim distinction as Admiral of the Yellow.

The Bills of the Carlton.

WHEN TOM DUNCOMBE was told that MR. G. H. MONEY (our talented friend G. H. M., upon whose brow has fallen the nightcap of SOYER) had been thrown out for Rochester, he said:—“I am afraid the Carlton will find, after all their lavish expenditure of money, that they will have to write at the bottom of their bills, as they do at the Theatre, ‘NO MONEY RETURNED.’”

DIFFERENT RIGS.

FOR rigging our vessels wire-ropes obtains praise,
Till by tons to our ports MESSRS. NEWALL embark it;
But electric wire-ropes, in these telegram days,
Is not less in favour, for rigging the market.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE HORSE GUARDS.—“Jobbing done here.”

EXCELSIOR!

A Poem of the Panic.

THE price of Funds was falling fast,
As to the Court of Capel passed
A speculator for the rise:
Who, when the tidings reach him, cries
Excelsior!

His brow was sad his hat beneath,
He crushed a curse between his teeth:
Yet on his whitened lips there hung
The accents of the tempter's tongue,
Excelsior!

Of railway shares he held a lot,
And had in Banks “put on the pot,”
Deep into Mines, too, he had gone,
And dabbled in the Indian Loan.
Excelsior?

“Try not to hold!” Dame Prudence said,
“Dark lowers War's tempest overhead:”
He put such good advice aside,
And heedless of the news replied,
“Excelsior!”

“O sell!” his broker said, “And rest
Persuaded the safe side is best!”
Quoth he, “The War is all my eye,
My shares *must* rise, so more I'll buy—
Excelsior!”

“Beware of Austrian troops th' advance!
Beware lest we've bad news from France!”
This was the broker's last good night,
A cheerful voice replied, “All right!
Excelsior!”

Next noon upon his startled ear
There came the cry of newscvndere,
“The Rooshians with the French 'ave jined!
The Fun's 'ave three per cent. declined!”
Profundior!

To Capel Court he rushed, and found
It buried in a gloom profound:
The sudden Panic spread apace,
And ruin stared him in the face;
Profundior!

Since then the Court of Capel he
Hath changed for that of Bankruptcy.
Punch draws this moral from his fate,
‘Tis dangerous to speculate
On brink of War!

THE NEW ECCALEOBION, OR DUCK-HATCHING MACHINE.

MESSRS. REUTER, HAYAS, AND COMPANY, respectfully invite the attention of the Press, and the Public—especially of all connected with speculative pursuits—to their gigantic *Eccaleobion*, or egg-hatching machine, which may be seen in daily operation in London, Paris, Vienna, and the other chief cities of England and the Continent.

This is not the machine so long exhibited in Leicester Square. MESSRS. R. H. & Co., have constructed their machine principally with a view to the hatching of *ducks*—particularly of the French breed, known as *canards*, and the best evidence of the efficiency of their method, which is worked entirely by electrical agency, is afforded by the enormous flocks of *canards* which have been produced by it, their extraordinary size, and their dissemination all over Europe. Large stocks of French, Russian, Austrian, and Italian *canards* always on hand, and to be seen in all stages, from the ovarian embryo to the full-fledged bird. Enormous reduction to persons taking a quantity.

The machine is earnestly recommended to persons desirous of counting their chickens before they are hatched.

Our Peace and War Budget.

WE are to observe an Armed Neutrality. This will cost some money. That expense might perhaps be provided for by a heavy tax on the export of coals, or any other articles of which supplies may be needed by the belligerents who are murdering one another.

THE FATHER OF THE OWL.



his family and society, are described in this document as the results of the system which at present regulates the hours of journeymen bakers' labour. These hours are long and irregular; they are passed in a heated and impure atmosphere—an atmosphere not only loaded with carbonic acid gas, but also with flour-dust; so that the conditions to the production of bread are also those of pulmonary consumption.

These are grave facts, but they may not seem to throw a very strong light on the statement that the owl was a baker's daughter. An additional circumstance must be mentioned in order to its elucidation. The work of working bakers begins at eleven o'clock at night. These nocturnal habits of industry afford a perfectly intelligible reason why people should call a baker an owl, and, therefore, why they should say that the owl was a baker's daughter.

The owl, however, although he seeks his living at night, roosts during the day. Herein the unfortunate baker differs from him, for whereas the work of that labourer commences an hour before midnight, it lasts until late in the afternoon of the day following.

Considering these things, the Master Bakers of Edinburgh proposed, some ten years ago, to commence work at five in the morning, and end at five in the afternoon. They say that the experiment has thoroughly succeeded, even in a commercial point of view. They assert that "in no single respect have the customers of the Edinburgh Bakers been put to any inconvenience by the alteration, nor have they been obliged to forego any of the advantages which they formerly enjoyed." How this is managed, anybody may ascertain who will take the trouble to inquire; on that point, therefore, they deem it unnecessary to enter into "minute professional details;" and certainly explanations of mysteries like kneading will be allowed to be needless when their practical result is known to be, as the Memorialists declare, that—

"The Rolls are prepared and ready for delivery by seven o'clock in the morning."

If Paterfamilias wishes to be, and to render his progeny, "healthy, wealthy, and wise," a system which enables him to breakfast at seven in the morning, will abundantly empower him to observe and enforce the celebrated prescription for acquiring health, wealth, and wisdom. If he is a resident in the neighbourhood of Wormwood Scrubbs, and summoned to attend on the Middlesex Grand Jury, such an arrangement will allow him to shave, and do justice to his morning's meal, and yet be in attendance at the Clerkenwell Sessions House in time to escape a fine of twenty pounds for neglecting to abandon his business in order to perform a function which is ridiculous and useless.

The above considerations may induce the London Master Bakers to adopt the system recommended to them by the successful example, as well as the advocacy, of their Edinburgh fellow-craftsmen. The public will naturally desire its adoption too; for we cannot quite fancy the bread which we know that people kill themselves in making. Customers who are conscious of devouring their bakers, must feel themselves on somewhat near a par with the subjects of his Majesty, King HOKEY-POKEY-WANKEY-FUM. It is therefore to be hoped that a deplorable reality will no longer be suggested to a British audience by the interesting maniac in the noble tragedy of SHAKESPEARE, from whose words they are justified in inferring that the baker is an owl.

"AN UGLY RUSH."—One to the Pit!—*Manager of Theatre.*

A CLERICAL HECATOMB.

OUR episcopal brother, S. OXON, has been addressed by One Hundred of the clergy of his diocese, who remonstrate against Romanising practices carried on in certain of the churches under his lordship's superintendence. Our brother has replied to them; but it will be seen, from BISHOP WILBERFORCE'S answer, that the hand of BISHOP PUNCH has largely aided S. OXON. The following is the document (extracted from the *Times*) in which his lordship sacrifices his hundred black cattle.

"MY REV. BRETHREN,

"I don't believe a word of what you say about there being much dissatisfaction about the practices you talk of. There may be a few grumblers, but there are very few, and they are idiots.

"A lot of people have told me quite the contrary, and the fact is that the handful of idiots in question are trying to kick up a shine for their own pleasure and satisfaction.

"You string together a list of charges, and begin about processions. I should just like to know where you have seen these. If you had told me, I could have put 'em down. But that's not your little game. I see through it, my reverends.

"As for the processions you hint at, they are nothing but orderly walking to church. But this is what the idiots in question dislike, and also the surplice. They are a pack of Dissenters, and descended from the Puritans who cut off the head of ARCHBISHOP LAUD; and they would like to cut off my head, but I flatter myself it's too good a one for their handling. This walking in procession is Walker, my beloved reverends.

"As for carrying a cross at Addington—well, if you'll talk of that you'll talk of anything. Why, the cross was a little bit of a thing, scarcely bigger than what a lady wears round her neck. It was on the end of a stick, and a curate took it by accident. He put it down again as soon as I saw it, and spoke to him. But to make a fuss about that—I am ashamed of you.

"Now about crosses in churches. Anybody who is not, as I have said, a good-for-nothing dissenting Puritan, who wants to cut off my head, looks at a cross in church as a nice symbol. I suppose when you christen children, you would have an ought instead of a cross made on their little foreheads. That's what the Puritans did, and you are of the same lot. I shall say no more on that subject, except that I don't remember what I said on the subject some time ago, but it was quite right, my reverend brethren and everlasting pumps.

"About altars. A new stone altar fastened to the wall is Pagan and Popish, but a wooden table with a stone top is quite correct. And if you come to that, look at Westminster Abbey, Maudlin (which you are) New College, and other places. You must be out of your senses, it's my belief. I never read such twaddle.

"In regard to decorations, when you look at the condition of hundreds of our churches, damp, and green, with worm-eaten pews, and old nails in the seats, that tear your inexpressibles, I am sure you ought not to prevent anybody from making churches look nice. Of course, if people go too far, and paint scenery, hang glittering globes, like that in the window of BUTTON, the pastrycook, Chancery Lane, stick up flags, or anything of that sort, I shall stop it.

"You talk about a ledge behind the altar. It seems to me an architectural convenience for the clergyman to put his pocket-handkerchief, snuff-box, or anything, upon. The man who cannot say his prayers because a bit of stone sticks out at the other end of the church, must be in a queer state, I should say.

"Finally, my beloved brethren, you ought to be most heartily ashamed of yourselves, for getting up disturbances about nothing. You are much more likely to drive people over to Rome by such follies, than are the trumpery things you make pegs of to abuse me, your excellent Bishop, who know particularly well what I am about, and have not the slightest intention to be dictated to by you. Therefore, my beloved ones, hold your noise, and mind your several and respective businesses.

"Your affectionate Bishop,
S. OXON."

British Chargers.

A WRITER in the *Post* justly observes, that "a militarily inspired system of charging shrapnel shells leaves much to be desired in that department of our laboratory apparatus." No doubt our gallant officers are much less at home in charging shells than in charging squadrons.

DERBY SWEEPS.

THERE was an unusual muster of Derby Sweeps on May Day. The electioneering agents assembled in great force to receive the pay of their dirty work. MR. HAIGH, the barrister, was there, and entertained the company by going through his wonderful gymnastics, giving examples of his peculiar trick of trying to upset a candidate.



DREADFUL FOR YOUNG OXFORD.

Lady. "ARE YOU AT ETON?"
Young Oxford. "AW, NO!—I'M AT OXFORD!"
Lady. "OXFORD! RATHER A NICE PLACE, IS IT NOT?"
Young Oxford. "HUM!—HAW! PRETTY WELL, BUT THEN I CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT FEMALE SOCIETY!"
Young Lady. "DEAR! DEAR! PITY YOU DON'T GO TO A GIRLS' SCHOOL, THEN!"



MANNING THE NAVY.

BY MR. PUNCH. A PROCLAMATION.

FOR ENCOURAGING SEAMEN AND LANDSMEN TO ENTER THEMSELVES ON BOARD HER MAJESTY'S SHIPS OF WAR.

WHEREAS our Royal Sister and Friend, QUEEN VICTORIA, not being deluded, like certain distinguished Muffs, by the humbugging representations of certain Powers that they mean no harm to England, hath, with her usual gracious wisdom, resolved that her Fleet shall be made so strong that neither She, nor We, nor the country will care one blessed farthing what the aforesaid beggars mean or don't mean. And whereas our Royal Sister and Friend, QUEEN VICTORIA, has issued her Proclamation, offering £10 to able-bodied seamen, £5 to ordinary dittoes, and £2 to landsmen who may enter her service. **WE** have thought fit, in order to promote the views of our Royal Sister and Friend, and to assist in strengthening her aforesaid Fleet, and without taking advice from anybody, to publish this our Royal Proclamation; and we do hereby promise and declare, that in addition to the Royal Bounty above specified, any gallant A. B. who shall signify through the Captain of his vessel (who must put on his best uniform and cocked-hat while he writes the letter) that he desires One Monthly Part of our Publication called "PUNCH," and remits postage-stamps for the same, shall have it forwarded either to himself at any given address, or to any Black-eyed Susan, Poll-of-the-Point, Molly-who-has-never-been-false-she-declares, or any other well-conducted female to whom he wishes it remitted for her comfort and instruction. And that any brave and

THE ENFIELD RIFLE.

WHEN BONAPARTE THE FIRST prepared
 For England's coast invasion,
 Our fathers armed—by Mercy spared
 For valour from occasion.
 That swarm, about a foeman's ears,
 Would then have proved no trifle,
 Although those British volunteers
 Had not the Enfield rifle.

Their arms they learned by dint of drill
 Right cleverly to shoulder;
 For native land to die, or kill,
 No Spartans e'er were bolder—
 But they to shoulder old Brown Bess
 Had then to be contented.
 The Rifle which we now possess
 Not having been invented.

Now old Brown Bess was not a gun
 For shooting to depend on.
 Good work she did, but that was done
 With bayonet fixed her end on.
 And she'd have served the volunteer
 Full well, it can't be doubted
 To thrust invaders in the rear,
 Their forces having routed.

From trusty bows of English yew,
 With rare and little error,
 Of old the cloth-yard arrow flew,
 Its very name struck terror.
 Let English Riflemen succeed
 In place of English bowmen.
 Old England to protect at need,
 From all invading foemen.

We may, like bees, defend our hives
 From all who come to harry:
 Each in his pouch as many lives
 As rifle bullets, carry.
 From hedge, and bank, and wall behind,
 (A thought which care may stifle)
 A foreign foe his shot may find:
 Good speed the Enfield Rifle!

AN EYE TO RUSSIA.

LET us hope that ALEXANDER will not turn out a chip of the old blockhead.

ordinary Seaman, applying through his First Lieutenant, shall receive, in similar manner, the current Number of our Publication called "PUNCH." And that any adventurous Landsman, applying through his Bo'son, shall receive a back Number of our said publication. And for preventing any difficulty in regard to persons trying to obtain the same Publication twice over or oftener, we hereby declare and command, that upon the terms aforesaid our Sister and Friend's Sailors, and all and every other person whomsoever, may have as many copies of our said Publication as they like.

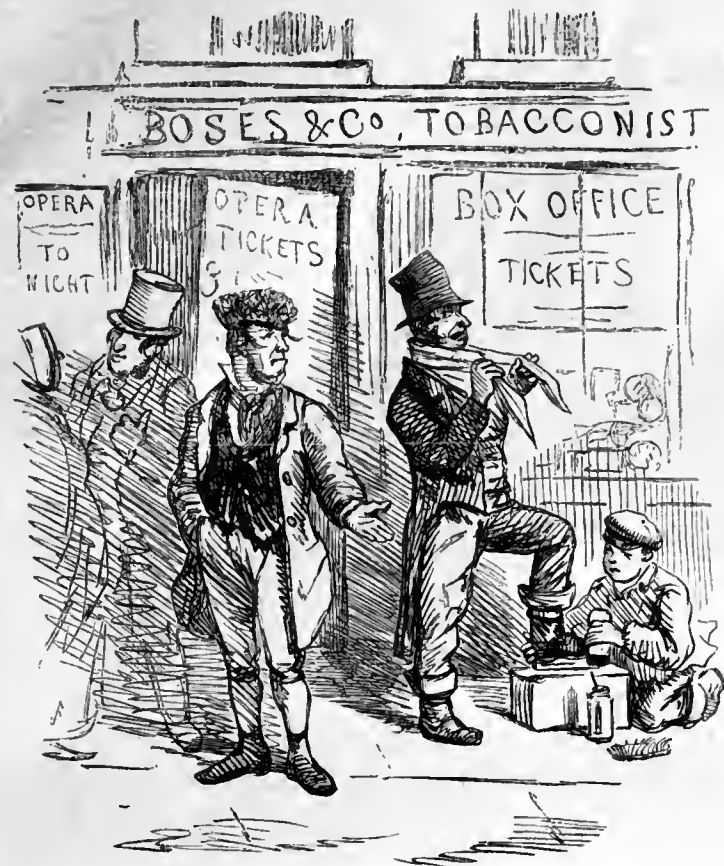
Given at our Court in Fleet Street, this 11th day of May, 1859, and in the 931st number of our reign.

Long live Mr. PUNCH!

Rothschild to the Rescue.

THE Society for the Conversion of the Jews held its annual meeting last week. The report stated that the income of the Society for the past year had been £31,305 16s. 4d. It further stated that the number of Jews who have been christened during that period was 19 large ones and 1 little one: but we'll say twenty. This, according to long division, indicates, as the price of converting each Jew, the sum of £1565 5s. 9½d. The process seems a little dear, but that's the Society's business. Mr. Punch would only hint to his friends the Hebrews, that if they wish to balance the account, there are heaps of Christians who are ready to become Jews at a very considerably lower figure than £1565 5s. 9½d. per soul.

FOOLS.—We may like young fools, but it is impossible to express the contempt we feel for old ones!



OPERA FOR THE MILLION.

One of the Million. "NOW, THEN 'ENERY, COME ALONG! WE SHALL LOSE THE HOVERTURE!"

Another ditto. "WHY, WOT A PRECIOUS 'URRY YOU'RE IN. CAN'T YER WAIT TILL A COVE'S DRESSED?"

AN INEDITED DRAMA.

THE following drama has been enclosed to Mr. Punch by a correspondent who has neglected to explain his or her desires with reference to it, or indeed to do more than to poke it into Mr. Punch's letter-box in an envelope without direction. The brilliancy of the composition however renders any formality superfluous. From the mingled simplicity and rapidity of the action, Mr. Punch is inclined to think that the writer can hardly have had time to give many previous dramas to the world, and the extraordinary size of the handwriting confirms Mr. Punch in this idea. Of the merit of the play there cannot be two opinions, and if MR. KEAN would bring it out at the Princess's, with a magnificent suite of drawing-rooms with golden furniture, for the first act, an allegorical history of Boulogne for an *entr'acte*, and a view of that port, real water and ships, and a splendid *fête* for the second, we have a strong notion that it would draw London. Or perhaps MR. HARRIS, who may desire to keep up the traditions of the Princess's, would like to open with it. However, we will not longer detain our readers from

AN HOUR AT BOULOGNE.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—A Drawing Room with Tables and Chairs. *Curtain rises.*

Clara. O, CAPTAIN THEES, is it you? How are you?

Captain Thees. Quite well, thank you.

Clara. O do you know that there is a Fair to-day?

Captain. O, is there? Shall we go?

Clara. Yes, my dear.

Enter Servant.

Servant. My Captain, your coach is waiting.

Captain. Very well. Come along, CLARA dear.

Clara. Very well.

UP WITH THE BUTTS.

MR. PUNCH don't like playing at soldiers,
 Pipeclaying and drumming and drilling:
 Your goose-steps and pacings, your filings and facings,
 Are for those who have ta'en the QUEEN'S shilling.
 But there's one thing he knows, if it's coming to blows,
 His dislike e'en of drill he will stifle,
 And "relictis jociis," "pro aris et focis"
 Is ready to shoulder the rifle—
 Tol de rol!

And if hitting the butt be the thing
 Proves a man knows his piece how to handle,
 Who will venture with *Punch* to compare?
 Who is worthy to hold him a candle?
 Who long e'er JOHN BULL ever thought
 On the rifle-clubs' practice to enter,
 Has been firing at butts every week,
 And hitting them slap in the centre.
 Tol de rol.

Then up with the butts, boys, and on with the belts,
 And hasten your Enfields to shoulder;
 That his teeth are the Lion's most useful reliance
 We may find, e'er we're many months older.
 If it come to a fight, at the foe take a sight,
 By a squint down a brown twisted barrel,
 With our grey-coats in rank, we are safe as the Bank:
 Let each keep his piece and who'll quarrel?
 Tol de rol!

The Golden Mean.

WE have seen it stated by some of our Contemporaries, that by the plucky way in which they have managed the Elections, the Government have gained credit for having "shown their mettle." That there is some truth in this we will not venture to dispute; but the statement would have been more in accordance with the facts, if the spelling of the last word had been slightly altered. No one will deny that at Dover and elsewhere the Government have done their best to show their metal.

ONE OF THE INEVITABLE CONSEQUENCES OF THE RUSSO-FRANCO ALLIANCE.—MR. DAVID URQUHART is sure to lecture upon it!

Enter GILBERT.

Gilbert. You have wronged me, THEES. You robbed me.

Captain. I did not.

[Runs and seizes a sword. They fight. GILBERT is knocked down.]

Captain. Come along, CLARA.

(Change the Scene.)

SCENE 2.—A Fair. A Dance.

Clara. Come along, EDWARD; come and have a dance.

Captain. Very well. I wonder if GILBERT will come here.

Enter GILBERT.

Gilbert. Well, monkey head.

Captain. Just like you.

Gilbert. O, is it?

Captain. Yes.

Gilbert. You are a silly ass. Why did you wound me?

Captain. Why? Because I did. *[They fight again.]*

Clara. O don't fight, GILBERT. I like him.

[They fight again. CLARA falls in love with GILBERT. GILBERT kills CAPTAIN. CLARA cries. GILBERT rejoices. GILBERT'S men cry,—

"HOORAY!"

Curtain falls. The end.

Lex Talionis.

IT is seldom that Mr. Punch feels disposed to recommend homeopathic treatment; but, in such a case as that of a brute called WILSON, committed the other day for skinning a cat alive, he would suggest (on the principle, "*similia similibus curantur*,") that WILSON should be skinned alive by a cat—with nine tails.

THE CROWN CORMORANTS.



a law-suit against anybody. But this Act omitted to specify Equity-suits as cases in which the Crown should be liable. Those stupid legislators—always making some blunder or other—no doubt forgot that Equity, meaning Chancery, is used in an ironical sense, and took it for granted that the very name of Equity precluded the idea of the omission, to say nothing of the refusal by the Crown to pay the costs of a subject whom it had failed in the attempt to deprive of his property.

What a mistake! When the Crown lost the Chancery suit against SIR JOHN HANMER, what did its lawyers do? Pay the poor man his costs? Oho! Didn't he wish he might get them? Why, yes; and, more than that, believed he should get them; for he gave his

HERE was fine fun the other day in the Court of Chancery. This great British institution, the world knows, is called the Court of Equity—ironically, on account of the monstrous injustice for which it is famous. Well, some time ago, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, on the part of the Crown, laid an information against SIR JOHN HANMER, BART., questioning SIR JOHN's right to the coals lying under a part of the shore of the estuary of the Dee. VICE-CHANCELLOR STUART and MR. BARON WATSON dismissed the information, with costs against the Crown. Now the Crown, by a recent Act, is liable to pay costs if it loses

counsel no instructions to secure him from being done out of them: he, naturally, as a gentleman, could never think that the Crown would attempt to do that. But that was what the Crown lawyers attempted, and did—did SIR JOHN HANMER! They appealed against the VICE-CHANCELLOR's award. SIR JOHN HANMER was undefended. Judgment was of course given against him in the High Court of Comic Equity. LORD JUSTICE KNIGHT BRUCE, in pronouncing it, thus compassionately chaffed the injured man:—

“LORD JUSTICE KNIGHT BRUCE said he wished the Court could do that which the Vice-Chancellor had done, but he was afraid the precedents were too strong to enable it to do so. Still he must express his hope that the Crown would pay SIR JOHN HANMER's costs, though the Court had no means of obtaining them for him.”

Now, if this is not a bit of fun, what do you call fun? Do you call stealing and pocketing a goose, a leg of mutton, a fish, a string of sausages, and a hot apple-pie, fun? At least, you never saw any exploit of that nature, performed by a gentleman in motley, more ridiculous than the achievement accomplished—in Equity—at the expense of SIR JOHN HANMER, by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

What increases the fun, in connection with this case, is the fact that it is one of many equally funny. Immense activity appears to have lately been exhibited by the Crown lawyers, in attempting to wrest from individuals every bit, of every sort, of debateable property,—mired under the sea, or reclaimed from the bed of the sea, or from a river, or cast ashore; and many of these attempts have failed—which would be fun for the winners, if they had not, in all these cases, had to pay their own costs, which for them was no fun. Who can it be that instructs the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to institute these ridiculously rapacious proceedings?

THE TWO BREAKFASTS.

Being a couple of Domestic Interiors, exhibited by the great social Reformer, Mr. Punch, to show what different effects may be produced with the same materials, and that it is just as easy to take things pleasantly as not.

DEDICATED TO ALL MARRIED COUPLES.

“Look here upon this Breakfast, and on this.”

THE BROWNS AT BREAKFAST.

Mr. Brown (as Mrs. BROWN enters the room). At last, MARIA! (Looks at watch). Three-quarters of an hour have you been dressing. Am I ever to have any breakfast?

Mrs. Brown. That's right, begin to nag the first thing in the morning. *[Rings rather hastily.]*

Mr. B. I don't know what you mean by nagging, but I know that I shall miss the train and not be in the City till eleven o'clock.

Mrs. B. All your own fault. If you kept a brougham, and drove into town, as everybody else about us does, you would be independent of the trains, instead of running out with your breakfast half done, like a two-penny clerk.

Mr. B. I don't choose to keep a brougham.

Mrs. B. And I don't choose to be hurried dressing.

Enter the Servant with various breakfast necessities, which she deposits.

Mr. B. (inspecting them.) Bacon again. I'm tired of bacon. And here's an egg which I'll bet (decapitates it)—yes—of course, but half boiled. (Savagely to Servant.) How often am I to say that I like my eggs boiled hard?

Servant (makes the usual answer). Boiled the usual time, Sir.

Mr. B. Don't tell me. (Exit Servant. To his Wife.) MARIA, it's of no use asking you to attend to anything.

Mrs. B. (calmly.) The cheap kitchen clock doesn't go, I believe, so Cook can only judge by guess. If you would furnish the house properly I dare say you would have things different.

Mr. B. You're always making some pretext to get me to buy new things.

Mrs. B. Some husbands have too much pride to need more than being told a thing is wanted.

[MR. BROWN, floored, takes mean shelter behind his Times, and proceeds with his breakfast; MRS. BROWN looks at the Supplement. After a pause.]

Mrs. B. Lor! Did you see that?

Mr. B. (snappishly.) See what?

Mrs. B. WALTER VANSITTART is married.

Mr. B. What do I care?

Mrs. B. To MARGARET, youngest daughter of EDWARD GATES, ESQ., of Winterpool, Dorset. I hope she's a nice girl. I do hope she's a nice girl. He deserves a nice wife, WALTER does. She will be very happy with him. He is so gentle and considerate with women, and then he is so handsome.

Mr. B. Bah! Face like a doll, and fawns like a cat.

Mrs. B. Sweet manners, and the most beautiful dark hair and violet eyes.

[MR. BROWN, by no means answering this description, abstains from any other answer.]

Mrs. B. I am so pleased. MRS. WALTER VANSITTART, what a delightful name to have!

Mr. B. (provoked as intended.) Pity it isn't yours.

Mrs. B. Perhaps I think so too.

Mr. B. I wish you had thought so earlier.

Mrs. B. (sighs.) Ah! (With a world of secret meaning.) Never mind. What sweet verses WALTER used to write—there was one poem which he called “Maria in Heaven”—

Mr. B. I wish—never mind. Now then, there's no potted beef. What do you have empty pots brought up for?

Mrs. B. O, is it empty? Poor WILLY will be so glad, he begged that pot with the picture on it, for his paint-box.

Mr. B. Talking of that, if I find that he has been painting my Atlas any more, I shall give him something to remember.

Mrs. B. I don't believe the poor child has touched your book, but you delight to find fault with him.

Mr. B. Why, confound it, can't I see with my eyes. There's a great red smear all over France.

Mrs. B. I dare say you laid your cigar on it, or spilt your brandy and water over it, but of course it's WILLY. It was WILLY that took your letter the other day that when you had been scolding the child you found in your other coat where you put it when you were hardly in a state to know where you put anything.

Mr. B. The other day! That was last year, and you have mentioned it fifty times since.

Mrs. B. I shall mention it fifty times more, if I like.

[Mr. Brown reverts to the Election Returns.

Mrs. B. O. BLOKE is in for Snighborough. I'm glad of that.

Mrs. B. What can it signify to you?

Mrs. B. I know him a little, he is a clever fellow.

Mrs. B. The affectation of a City man pretending to take an interest in political business is amusing. I wish you would not talk about such things when we are out together, as I am certain that people laugh at you.

Mrs. B. (intensely wrath.) Your profound ignorance upon that and every other subject which you ought to try to understand, makes it absurd to answer you.

Mrs. B. Then, my dear, I should expect you to do it. But we won't dispute. What is at Covent Garden to-morrow? (Takes Paper from him.) O, the *Gazza Ladra*. Just what I want to hear. Get a box, and I'll take Mamma and Mrs. ATHELING, and HESTER, and you can see us into it, and go into the pit until the Opera is over.

Mr. B. I am engaged.

Mrs. B. Where?

Mr. B. A business dinner, of importance.

Mrs. B. Of course.

[Mr. B. having the pull, resumes the Paper.

Mrs. B. (with suppressed rage.) I allow that I do not understand business.

Mr. B. (impassively.) I never accused you of understanding it, my dear, or endeavoured to make you.

Mrs. B. No. But I thought it was something requiring a calm clear head, and a thoughtful mind, and I notice that after business dinners you are always in a state in which I should be sorry if the children saw you.

Mr. B. It is untrue, MARIA, perfectly untrue.

Mrs. B. Such coarse language is quite in keeping with the company which you prefer to that of your wife and her friends. I was not in the habit of hearing it before my marriage. My Papa would sooner have bitten his tongue out than offered such an insult to Mamma.

Mr. B. (starting up.) I wish he had bitten it out before he offered marriage to your Mamma.

Mrs. B. (courageously.) No, that was not the mistaken marriage. But never mind, dear. Leave me a cheque before you go, and see about the box for to-morrow— [Exit Mr. Brown, slamming the door.]

Mrs. B. (after a pause.) Ah! (After another pause.) Well. (Pause.)

Mrs. WALTER VANSITTART. Well, well.

[Rings for baby, as she hears the street-door bang behind her husband.]

THE JONESES AT BREAKFAST.

Mr. Jones, as Mrs. Jones enters the room. At last, LOUISA! (Looks at watch.) Three-quarters of an hour have you been dressing. And I don't know that you've managed to make yourself look so very pretty after all.

[Pretends to survey her critically.]

Mrs. Jones (smiling). How dare you say so, Sir? (Kisses him.) Now, don't I look pretty? Say yes, or no breakfast. Come.

Mr. J. O, if you put it on that ground, Yes. (Is pinched.) Ye-e-e-s. Now, breakfast, dear, come. I shall be late. [Shows watch. She rings.]

Mrs. J. You are too fast, dear, a great deal. The clock on the stairs is a quarter of an hour behind your watch.

Mr. J. I thought that clock did not go well.

Mrs. J. But I have had it cleaned and repaired, and it goes beautifully. You should see baby's ecstasy when it strikes. To tell you the truth, she kept me, for she wouldn't have her shoes on.

Mr. J. *La Belle Sauvage*. I've been thinking, Loo, that after all I must buy a carriage of some kind. I could go to town in it, and then you—

Mrs. J. Now, dear PHILIP, you shall do nothing of the kind. The walk to the station does you good, the children and I are better for exercise, and the money is saved for your holiday in the autumn.

Mr. J. Well, you'll go with me this time, so I'll say nothing, but—

Enter the Servant with various necessaries, which she deposits.

Mr. J. (inspecting them). Bacon again, Loo, eh?

Mrs. J. My dear, I really don't know what to get for your breakfast. I wish you'd only think of something.

Mr. J. What a Barmecide feast! Only think of something, and fancy I'm eating it. But bacon's very good, I hope I may never have anything worse. Eggs—are they hoiled hard? [To Servant.]

Servant (makes the usual answer). Boiled the usual time, Sir.

Mr. J. Then boil them a little more, JANE, please. [Exit Servant.]

Mrs. J. Don't beat me, I forgot to tell her. I think she'll suit us; she seems willing.

Mr. J. Rather pretty, too. Something like ELIZABETH WALTON.

Mrs. J. How quick you are at finding a likeness, PHILIP.

Mr. J. I never found one like you, my dear.

Mrs. J. Of course not. By the way, there are a few articles wanted in the kitchen, and a new servant should have no excuse for not doing things properly.

Mr. J. My dear girl, order what you need—you never order anything else. But let me finish my paper—here, don't you want to read the births?

[Gives her the Supplement, and Breakfast proceeds.]

Mrs. J. PHILIP!

Mr. J. LOUISA, his wife?

Mrs. J. FANNY EVERTON has got a little boy.

Mr. J. (stomchly). FANNY—EVER—TON. I don't remember—

Mrs. J. La! FANNY STURBS, the girl with the long dark ringlets that we met at Broadstairs, and you used to go on about—

Mr. J. Oh! Ah! No, I never went on about her, but I thought her well enough. Perhaps I did her injustice, as I had no eyes then for anybody with dark hair, because of certain golden tresses now becoming grey—

Mrs. J. You great big story-teller, not a grey hair there, I know. Look, Sir.

(Re-enter the Eggs with Servant.)

Mr. J. That's right. Remember in future, JANE. (Exit Servant.) These eggs are capital, and you might write to Mrs. EVERTON. She used to sing very sweetly, I think.

Mrs. J. A delicious voice, a *contralto*. I never heard anything so sweet, off the stage.

Mr. J. Your own, which is *mezzo soprano*, is much sweeter, so don't talk nonsense.

Mrs. J. O, PHILIP! I'm sure it is not.

Mr. J. I tell you it is, woman, and how dare you contradict your master? Here's half the paper for you, there are some good police-cases.

Mrs. J. Nothing horrid, I hope?

Mr. J. Nothing worse than a few instances of marital castigation with pokers and the like by husbands who know how to manage wives.

(They read.)

Mrs. J. PHILIP! (He lays down Paper.) I don't want to interrupt you, but what's (reads) what's Auscultation?

Mr. J. Derived from the Latin *ausculto*, I listen. It is the method of distinguishing the states of health and disease by the study of the sounds produced by the organs in performing their functions. An instrument called the Stethoscope, from a couple of Greek words, meaning to explore the chest, is held against you, and the doctor listens at one end of it.

Mrs. J. I think you know everything. How wonderful it seems to me that you, being a City man, with so much to occupy your mind, should find time to learn so much.

Mr. J. There's an awful deal I don't know, my dear Loo.

Mrs. J. I don't believe it. I know that I never hear anybody talk so well as you do, and I am so proud of you when we are out together, you can't think.

Mr. J. (saucily). Is that why you are always wanting us to go out, Miss?

Mrs. J. I am sure I'm not, dear. At least—

Mr. J. I was only in fun. As you know. Indeed you have not been out enough lately. What are they playing at any of the places? Let's go to-morrow night and see *Henry V*.

Mrs. J. No, dear. You are engaged. You said you would go down to Henley with FREDERICK, and row.

Mr. J. So I did. But never mind that. I can row at any time, and FREDERICK may go by himself. Write, will you, and tell him I can't come, and I will send up for two stalls.

Mrs. J. No, have your holiday. You don't go out half enough. I shall have Mamma here, so I shall not be dull.

Mr. J. (mumbling). She isn't a very lively old bird.

Mrs. J. But very kind, and you know you are very fond of her.

Mr. J. So I am, and I have reason for being so, and here it is. (Lays his hand on Mrs. J.'s shoulder.) I say, Loo, had I had too much wine last night?

Mrs. J. (indignantly). Certainly not. What makes you think so? Certainly not. Nothing of the kind. You were very cheerful and merry, nothing more.

Mr. J. Hm. Didn't I do something out of the way when I came in? Didn't I kiss somebody?

Mrs. J. Only ELLEN JOHNSON, who considered it a great honour.

Mr. J. Ah! Oh! All right. We had a good deal of wine at the Club, though.

Mrs. J. If you enjoy yourself, and it never does you more harm than last night, you'll never hear me complain, dear. Have you made a good breakfast?

Mr. J. Capital. And I must go.

Mrs. J. Stay, there's one thing more—

Mr. J. O, yes, I have it for you.

Mrs. J. I didn't mean that. You must see baby in her new red shoes.

[Flies away to fetch the article in question, re-enters with it, and after all sorts of noises, the drama ends with Mrs. JONES and the baby saluting their departing husband and father through the window, as he walks to the train.]



F. M. PUNCH SYMPATHISES WITH THE POOR (!) ITALIAN ORGAN-GRINDER.

F. M. P. "THERE MY MAN, IT'S A PITY A GREAT HULKING FELLOW LIKE YOU SHOULD TURN A HANDLE TO MAKE SUCH A NASTY NOISE! HERE'S AN INSTRUMENT FOR YOU, GO AND PLAY UPON IT IN YOUR OWN COUNTRY!"

THE ANGLERS' RETURN.

(After WALTON.)

VENATOR . Lord D.

PISCATOR . Mr. B. Dis.

PUNCH.

P. Give you good day, Gentlemen. From your trim and your tackling, I perceive you have but now returned from the country, whither, when last we met, you were, in a great hurry as I remember, going an angling. Welcome back to town! I pray you tell me how you have sped amongst the ponds and rivers, with your hooks and your plummets, your floats, your lines, and your angle-rods? What have you caught?

Pisc. Truly, Sir, a few gudgeon. They are, indeed, but a small fry; whereas we had hoped to bring home a good dish of trout, and peradventure, also, of perch and pike; but they were too wary, and would neither rise at our gold fly nor run at our minnow of the same metal.

P. I pray you, what bait did you use to catch those same gudgeon withal?

Pisc. One of the like substance with our fly and minnow; marry, a sort of golden cadis: for your gudgeon is a groundling, and you must fish for him at the bottom, with a worm or grub. But, Sir, I will confess to you,—only, mark you, this is between ourselves, and must go no further,—we did take some of them with a drag-net, whereinto we did scare and terrify them. For, indeed, to make free with the saying of the poet HORACE, my maxim is, "Fish, by fair angling if I can hook them; if not, by whatsoever means, fish."

P. Sir, I perceive you are a moraliser. But how comes it you caught only gudgeon, sith, from what you stiek not to own to me, I suppose all to be fish that cometh into your net?

Ven. Nay, Sir; PISCATOR spake of gudgeon, as it were, in the gross; but our fish are mostly of that breed, and the rest are like unto them, as chub, and dace, and roach, and such-like fry. But now, here I will show you a rare fish, whereof we have caught two or three; which had not been done before by our party for some while. He is a

crafty fellow, and bites warily; you fish for him in troubled waters: he is called a Pope.

P. In good sooth, la! Methought that fish came never nigh an angler wearing your colours. With what bait, may I ask you, did you tempt your pope?

Ven. Troth, Sir; keep it to yourself: with a bit of the end of the Protestant pig's snout, and the tip of his tail.

P. I marvel, then, the pig hath not squeaked. As touching him, I trow you will no longer pretend to go the whole hog; and, I fear me, that, for your bait, you will shortly kill the Protestant pig.

Pisc. Sir, I pray you, not a word about the pig: let us to some other discourse.

P. Well, Sir, at what places had you the best sport?

Ven. Marry, Sir, at Ashburton, Bedford, Berwick; also at Chester, Colechester, Devizes; likewise at Dover.

P. Pardon me, Sir; but I pray you resolve me this riddle:—Why are the men of Dover like unto *Ancient Pistol*?

Pisc. Good Sir, truly I am DIZZY, and not *ÆDIFUS*; and, albeits I love not resignation, I will give it up.

P. So; and the next time, Sir, you are asked this question, you may say, an it like you, because they were made to swallow a LEEKE.

Ven. Truly Sir, a merry saying. Then, Sir, we did get some luck at Newport in the Isle of Wight; at Newry in Ireland; at Pontefract, Truro, Tynemouth, Wareham, Weymouth, Windsor, where we did fickle some small Thames trout; at Carnarvon and Yarmouth, where there are no fish so good as your bloater; at Plymouth, Helston, and in a few other snug nooks, holes, and corners, where a man may have good sport for his money.

P. After that, Sir, I shall essay to sing you a little song of my own composing:—

THE CANDIDATE'S SONG.

Come vote for me, and be my knave,
And we a cask of beer will stave,
That you may drink till homeward wheeled,
As soon as you to sleep shall yield.



THE ANGLERS' RETURN.



And in the Customs, or the Docks,
I'll put you in a little box,
To our vote-givers good luck falls,
None to those odious Radicals.

Hark, how these yellow sovereigns ring
For thee, if thou wilt do this thing;
If thou wilt only conscience waive,
And vote for me and be my knave.

Pisc. A choice song, Sir, quotha! Commend me to the nightingale;
but methought that in your ditty I heard somewhat of the note of the
mocking bird.

P. Yea, Sir, sayest thou so? Truly thou hast a nice ear.

Pisc. Seest thou, good Sir, aught of green in this mine eye?

P. How, gentlemen, may you be off for soap?

Pisc. and Ven. Doth your mother know you are out?

P. Nay; but her son doth know that you very soon will be.

Pisc. and Ven. Sir, I salute you!

P. Sweet Sirs, the same to you!



THE CARLTON CLUB TO ITS ROSE.

OUR trust in the song of the Rose so deceiving,
Poor credulous *bulbuls*, too late we deplore;
In counties and boroughs, our losses retrieving,
He promised us sixty—and gives us a score.

Yes—a poor, paltry score is the sum of our winnings,
Or rather two scores (so the scoffers will say,
As we take up the bat for our short second innings),
The score we have gained, and the score we've to pay!

Golden Rules of Life.

NEVER contradict a woman when she is abusing her husband—Never
read your letters just before going to bed, as they may damage your
sleep—Never ask a favour of a man until he has dined, unless you wish
to get refused—Never inquire how a French dish is made, as the
solution of the mystery may have the effect of spoiling your appetite.

The £10 Bounty Men.

WHAT if Eagle with Bear, Bear with Eagle consorts?
Be their plots what they may, we'll be ready to burke 'em,
With the sixty-eight pounders that frown from our ports,
And enough of our gallant ten-pounders to work 'em.

PUNCH DENIES THE MAJOR.

EVERYBODY is eager to go a soldiering for the good of his country.
It is said that the military contagion has actually reached LORD
DERBY, and that he has been ardently striving to obtain a Majority by
Purchase.

THE LAMENT OF ALNASCHAR-BEN-ISRAEL.

WHEN we went to the country, a victory clear
By the cash of the Carlton we hoped to have snatched,
But now the Elections are over, 'tis clear,
That "We counted our chickens before they were hatched.

We've bribed and we've bullied: we've put on the screw;
With all party colours our banner have patched;
But in vain; neither dross, dirt, nor dodging will do—
To give us the chickens we *ought* to have hatched.

Had I known what I know, 'gainst PAM, RUSSELL, and BRIGHT,
DISRAELI and DERBY had never been matched:
We'd have dropped to 'scape punishment—thrown up the fight,
But "We counted our chickens before they were hatched."

O'er the grave where we lie, by this act of our own,
Like Japanese Courtiers, "happy dispatched,"
Let this be the Epitaph carved on the stone,
"They counted their chickens before they were hatched."

THE BATTLE OF PAVIA.

THIS Battle is being fought every day in Regent Street, in conse-
quence of the disputes that are going on between the Vestry and the
inhabitants as to the proper paving of the thoroughfare. At the hour
of our going to press, the entire street was up, and a proper settlement
of the question, that has completely changed the surface of the neigh-
bourhood, is not expected for a long time. MR. DONALD NICOLL
repeats the words of FRANCIS THE FIRST, and goes about saying that
"*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur.*" If Regent Street has not lost its
honour, there is a hope that it will learn in time how properly to mend
its ways. Now that the ex-member for Frome is no longer in Parlia-
ment, he intends trying whether he cannot make matters a little
smoother in his own parish, and is determined to leave no stone
unturned with the view of filling up the horrible chasms that discord
and litigation have left at the door of almost every peaceful parishioner.
We only hope that he may succeed in making the ground, that of late
has been so terribly torn by the pickaxe of dissension, somewhat firmer
than it was when last we had the jolting misfortune of rolling over it in
our carriage, the springs of whose body were nearly as much dislocated
as the limbs of our own. For months and months, Regent Street has
been the *terra-infirma* of the metropolis.

Imperial Chess-Players.

LEADING Article writers delight in alluding to Italy as the "politi-
cal chess-board." We suppose then that it may be said with perfect
fairness of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, when he pledged his crown
jewels, that he played his first pawn?

HOW TO WIN.

You win a woman by appealing to her impulses—you win a man by
appealing to his interests. It is all the difference between a compliment
and a bribe.

THE FLY'S DEATH-SONG.

(After sipping an infusion of the "*Papier Mouché.*")

"*Mourir pour la patrie!*"

"I Know a Bank."

IN connection with the Ragged Schools, farthing banks have been
established. We are credibly informed that the MARQUIS OF WEST-
MINSTER keeps a deposit account at one of them.

BEAT-HER.

A YOUNG Lady "just beginning" Greek, asks us, "Why a Margate
horse must live for ever." We are ashamed to reply, "Because it is
a-Thanet-oss."

BERNAL OSBORNE'S BEST.

WHAT is the height of the BISHOP of OXFORD? Why SAM, I should
say, was five feet six—with his S. OXON. (*socks on.*)

A QUEER FISH.—The Talking Fish is certainly a curiosity in its
way; for it is a Seal that has neither crest, nor arms, and one that does
not make the smallest impression.



"Now, then, Old Feller, tuck in yer Tuppenny—Do you think I'm a Aggrobat?"

ELECTION RHYMES.

To be Sung by all good little Politicians who have ten a helping hand to support LORD DERBY'S Government.

I.

TRICKERY, trickery, dock!
We've bribed like one o'clock!
But it strikes one
LORD DERBY'S done.
Trickery, trickery, dock!

II.

Sing a song of bribery,
A pocketful of gold;
Free and independents
Voting as they're told;
When the Session's opened,
Th' inquiries will begin,
And who can say how many may
The wrong box be found in!

III.

The Members have been canvassing
With speeches sweet as honey,
The "safe men" from the Carlton Club
Have counted out the money;
By the aid of the Committees
The Press will soon disclose
What laurels have by Government
Been gained beneath the rose!

ITALIAN INDEPENDENCE.—We should be sorry if Italy gained its independence through the means of a French settlement.

FOR SALE—A CHRISTIAN-LIKE PARROT.



ANY advertisers in the *Times* appear to word their advertisements expressly with the view to gain admission into *Punch*. Here, for instance, is one which amused us at breakfast on the 20th ult. :—

GREY PARROT for SALE, the property of a lady. She talks like a Christian, and is in first-rate condition. Price, including cage, £15. Apply, &c. &c.

As the sex of this grey parrot is not specifically stated, one's first impression is, that the second sentence in the paragraph bears reference to the noun substantive which immediately precedes it. But although a lady might announce herself as "talking like a Christian," our gallantry forbids that we should fancy one could advertise that she would be found to be "in first-rate condition." We are driven to assume, then, that the

parrot is a female, and that it is to her that the perplexing "she" refers. Under this assumption, we should like to be informed wherein the quality of "talking like a Christian" consists. Christians speak like languages with Infidels and Jews, and it would puzzle us to say in what peculiar respect their pronunciation differs from their fellow-creatures.

An Artistic Bouquet.

PUBLISHERS, printers, painters, purchasers, and the literary and artistic public in general, will be delighted, we are sure, to hear that the Pre-Raphaelites are busy in preparing a new edition of the *Book of Beauty*. It is expected to surpass everything of the kind that has ever yet been seen, in this, or any other country. The Ladies will, of course, go into ecstasies over the very great treat that is in store for them.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. COX OF FINSBURY.

THE admirers of MR. COX—and he has many—have decided to present that gentleman with a testimonial as a congratulatory offering on his non-election to a seat in the House of Commons. The following is a list of some of the articles to be submitted to the Committee for selection :—

A WELLINGTON boot supposed to have been worn by NEBUCHADNEZZAR.
A fourpenny piece of the Aztecs.
Petrified potatoe.
Gunboat of RAMESIS THE FIRST.
Penny loaf of the Egyptians.
Eye-glass used by NERO at the burning of Rome.
A Roman brick.
A Vauxhall ditto.
A Chip of the old block.
A Bad halfpenny.
A Plated dessert-fork, much worn and bent.
Bread-knife found on the field of Marathon.
The ashes of a cigar smoked by THEMISTOCLES.
Cabman's ticket and Soup ditto, date uncertain.
Hussar's jacket, found at Thermopylæ.
Admission to the slips of the Theatre Royal, Carthage.
Bill of groceries found at Pompeii.
Telegram on papyrus found at Herculaneum.
A pickaxe, iron heel, and wooden tap.
Roman armour and an old saucepan, imperfect.
Preserves found in a railway clerk's desk at Babylon.
Letter from TELEMACHUS to LONE, autograph.
A Bank (of Elegance) £5 note.
Set of studs worn by CLEOMENES.
WAT TYLER's memorandum book.

Rather Fishy.

"DEAR CHARLES always gives me a new dress, or takes me to the Opera, when I ask him," said a smiling wife, "and on my part I make no objection to his having a latch-key." "Humph," growled her cynical uncle, HORACE, "Throwing out a Chubb to catch a salmon."

AUSTRIA IN THE MUD.—It is clear that though the Austrian Generals (witness HAYNAU & Co.) may be considered good "whips," they somehow can't manage the "raius" in Piedmont.

THE ARMSTRONG INSECTICIDE.



HERE lived once—and may still live—in the New Road, a professional gentleman, who wrote himself up, “Bug-Destroyer to HER MAJESTY.” SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG reminds us of this gentleman, and in so saying we mean highly to compliment SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG. The resemblance, which at first sight may not be seen, will appear striking on the consideration of a few particulars mentioned by the inventor of the Armstrong Gun, at a banquet lately given to him at Newcastle-on-Tyne. In replying to the toast of his health, he took occasion to describe, in as far as he thought proper, the construction and capabilities of the piece of ordnance called by his name, on the principle of which he stated that a 32-pounder had already been made; and expressed the pleasing expectation that 70-pounders, and

100-pounders as well, would soon be made also, with a view to pounding any enemies who may trouble us to subject them to that process by assailing us. After explaining the mechanism which rendered the cannon manageable, he proceeded to give some account of the beautiful projectile of cast-iron coated with lead, which will be propelled against aggressors from its rifled interior. The ensuing extract from his speech conveys a pretty idea of this interesting missile:—

“The projectile for field service, admits of being used as solid shot, shell, or common case. It is composed of separate pieces, so compactly bound together, that it has been fired through a mass of oak timber nine feet in thickness without sustaining fracture. When used as a shell it divides into 49 regular pieces, and about 100 irregular pieces. It combines the principle of the shrapnell and percussion shell, i. e., it may be made to explode either as it approaches the object or strikes it. Amongst friends it is so safe that it may be thrown off the top of a house without exploding, but amongst enemies it is so sensitive and mischievous that it bursts with a touch. The reason is, that the shock it receives in the gun puts the percussion arrangement, as it were, from half cock to full cock, and it then becomes so delicate that it will burst by striking a bag of shavings, as has been proved at Shoeburyness. Moreover it may be made to explode at the instant of leaving the gun, in which case the pieces spread out like a fan, and produce the usual effect of grape or canister. In short, it may be made to explode either at very long or very short distances, and either by impact or by the action of the time-fuse, and wherever it bursts it operates like grape-shot.”

Already it will be apparent that this excellent invention is admirably calculated for the destruction of those foreign vermin of which a cloud, with their present means of locomotion, might attempt to make a descent on our coasts. A few other facts related in connection with it by the inventor may be cited, to render this point the plainer. For example:—

“Two targets, each of nine feet square, were placed at a distance of 1500 yards from the gun, and seven shells were fired at them. Now the effect of these seven shells was that the two targets were struck in 596 places. Similar effects were on other occasions produced at distances extending to 3000 yards; so I leave you to judge what would be the effect of these shells in making an enemy keep his distance.”

Then, with a view to more wholesale extermination:—

“For breaching purposes, or for blowing up buildings, or for ripping a hole in the side of a ship, a different construction of shell is adopted. The shell is caused to explode at the instant of passing through the timber, and the smaller the hole made by penetration the more confined will be the explosion, and the greater the shattering effect produced.”

The certainty of the destroyer is such that:—

“At a distance of 600 yards, an object no larger than the muzzle of an enemy’s gun may be struck at almost every shot. At 3000 yards a target of nine feet square, which at that distance looks like a mere speck, has on a calm day been struck five times in ten shots. A ship would afford a target large enough to be hit at much longer distances, and shells may be thrown into a town or fortress at a range of more than five miles.”

At a moderate range, the Armstrong Gun, with its projectile, would probably hit a common flea, if the gunner could see the insect, and it were desirable to smash so small a nuisance with such a mass of material, which would be too much like breaking a butterfly on the wheel. But a good shot, anyhow, could make sure of the larger creature which may be called the Glory-bug, and destroy it, in the event of its approach to these shores, either singly or in swarms,—singly, in case of the appearance of any Big-bug, or vermin-leader, on the poop, for instance, of a vessel; in swarms, by sending the Armstrong Insecticide among the troops of Glory-bugs aloft, on deck, or between decks, especially in the latter situation. Two cannot play at this game on equal terms, if one side consists of aggressive Bugs of Glory, and the other of superior beings whom those vermin seek to infest. The Bugs must come in swarms, and expose themselves to wholesale destruction by a few hands. And if ever we descend to the level of such insects, and attempt, for the sake of glory, or prey, to attack our fellow-creatures, we shall deserve to fight them upon an equality, and be smashed. In the mean time, let us wish success to SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG in a general way, and particularly in those experimental researches which he is pursuing with a view of rendering his Queen and country the greatest possible amount of service in the office of, as we take the liberty to say, Bug-Destroyer to HER MAJESTY and HER MAJESTY’S subjects.

THE FINGER-POST FOR LOUIS NAPOLEON.

LOUIS NAPOLEON—what a game
’Tis at thy hand to play!
If to achieve eternal fame,
And gain an everlasting name,
Blest for all ages, be thine aim,
Before thee lies the way.

Thou wilt but have to keep the word
Of honour thou hast spoke,
And seek no further with the sword
Which thou hast drawn, than to afford
The aid by Italy implored,
And rid her from her yoke.

That done, thy sword if thou wilt sheathe,
And fight not on for spoil,
The world thy victor’s crown will wreath
Of flowers that ever sweet will breathe:
A noble name thou wilt bequeath,
Redeemed from every soil.

But if thou take that meaner line
Tradition would suggest
To low ambition—not divine—
Of common conquest with design;
Then, surely, will an end be thine
Contemptible at best.

More laud, more slaves thy highest prize
To win—against what odds?
A race whose every man will rise,
And fight against thee till he dies,
Or his last farthing sacrifice,
To guard his household gods.

Then, shouldst thou lose—enough to know
The world will not again
An age of anguish undergo
For nothing; to the vanquished woe!
The penalty of overthrow
’Twere odious to explain.

No more of that. Too wise thou art
To miss so bright a chance:
And thou wilt to the high goal start,
LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,
And glory, from each honest heart,
Win for thyself and France.

THE HUM OF DRONES.

M. ABOUT, in the capacity of LOUIS NAPOLEON’S Commissioner in the Papal States, asked a Roman ecclesiastic how it was that the country was so badly cultivated. To this question the holy man thus answered:—

“The country is not uncultivated, or if it is uncultivated, the fault lies not with the Pope or the Cardinals, or their Government, but with the people. The people are a lazy set of fellows, and sluggish by nature, although twenty-one thousand four hundred and fifteen monks are perpetually preaching to them the virtues of industry and labour.”

If too many cooks spoil the broth, we may conceive that the preaching of industry to the population of the Roman States by upwards of 21,000 monks may be rather overdone. The virtues of industry and labour might perhaps be effectually inculcated by a few working clergymen; but the example may have more weight than the precept of an enormous multitude of idle friars.

Scene at a Horse-Eating Restaurant.

Customer. You say you have got no filly and asparagus? Why I see it entered here.

Sporting Waiter. It’s a mistake, Sir. It’s true the filly was entered, Sir; but it was scratched this morning.



Florence. "— AND HOW OLD IS YOUR PONY, FRED?"

Fred. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW, EXACTLY—BUT ROBERT THINKS HE IS ABOUT FOURTEEN YEARS!"

Florence. "OH!—THEN I SUPPOSE HE WILL VERY SOON BE A HORSE!"

A SERIOUS HOAX.

To the Editor of the Record.

DEAR BROTHER,

THE following information, derived from the Great Babylon by Submarine and British Telegraph, needs, and is, I fear, unlikely to receive, confirmation:—

"Ancena has been declared in a state of siege.

"The light in the lighthouse at the entrance of the harbour has been extinguished.

"The POPE has protested."

May we, can we, believe the flattering intelligence which declares the Roman Pontiff to have protested against the extinction of light? Can we entertain the fond idea that the POPE has become a Protestant? Alas! I am afraid not. I apprehend that the triple-crowned apostate is too deeply enamoured of the darkness of error to object to the extinction of any light but that of one of the wax-candles of his own idolatry. Would, indeed, that we could welcome to our bosoms, as a dove the report which we are constrained to reject in the too palpable form of a *canard*, or duck! Would that we were enabled to hail with the shout of gladness the news which we are compelled to dismiss with the cry of WALKER!

Affectionately yours,

PUNCH.

P.S. Happily, it is not true that the PRINCE OF WALES dined wholly on salmon last Friday.

The Latest Fashion in Moustaches.

SCENE:—Somewhere in the Burlington Arcade.

Young Pall Mall (from underneath a long towel). My moustache is getting too loud a red. I say, my man, I think I will have it dyed.

Young Truefitt (deeply hurt, and starting back with horror). Dyed, Sir! Impossible! You must not think of such a thing. I can assure you, my dear Sir, on my honour, that in the way of moustaches, there are nothing but reds and browns worn just now!

REASONS FOR SUPPORTING LORD DERBY'S GOVERNMENT.

BY A GENTLEMAN WHO GLORIES IN THE FACT OF HAVING DONE SO.

If I knew a man who for DERBY would vote,
D'ye think I would ask him to turn his coat?
O no! My friend, I would simply say,
Do you know whom you are supporting, pray?

You're supporting a man, who in 'Thirty-Two
Lent a hand to help the Reform Bill through:
Then ratted, ashamed of his one wise act,
And thenceforth on Reformers has turned his back.

You're supporting a man, who in 'Fifty-Two
Was the chief of the Anti-Free-Trade crew,
Who appealed to the country, but all in vain,
The Poor Man's loaf to make dear again.

You're supporting a man, who in 'Fifty-Nine
Says, "Reform is in future no child of mine:"
And protests that the franchise never can
Be given to the honest Working Man.

You're supporting a man, who has prophesied
That altho' by no treaty our hands are tied,
And with despots' disputes have nought to do,
Yet a war we must shortly be driven to.

To LORD DERBY, then, while you give support,
You are doing precisely the thing you ought:
For England expects that every man
Will keep in the Government—if he can!

A DROP FOR THE POPE.—Between two seats of war, PLO NONO may fall to the ground.

LESSON FOR LOVERS.



A WIFE to make you happy?

Soft young man,
Dismiss that hope with all
the speed you can.
The greatest happiness of
married life
Is trying, not in vain, to
please a wife.

Most men, content to try
and not succeed,
The will must render happy
for the deed;
The lady's sighs, not smiles,
requite her lord,
And Love, like Virtue, is
its own reward.

A LATE SUMMER.—
With such a very wet and
cold May, how can any
one be surprised at the
backwardness of July
(GYULAI)?

THE POLITE NOVELIST.

OUR excellent old friend, the *Standard*, whose youth is renewed like a beadle's, shares, with the rest of the Penny Press, the provincial fault of admitting quantities of correspondence of the most anile and twaddling kind. Like children, our Penny friends are proud of receiving a letter, no matter what is in it; and the correspondents of the Cheap Press are, generally speaking, awful Pumps. But there are occasional exceptions, and in the *Standard*, the other day, there appeared a letter, signed J. C. Hodgson, 13, Durham Street, Scarborough, which seems to us to demand the most respectful attention.

It is headed, "A Hint to our Novel Writers," and is an amiable protest against the practice pursued by certain writers of fiction, in making the uneducated personages of their stories talk as uneducated personages do, instead of elevating their diction into purity and elegance. Our friend (for *Mr. Punch*, who is always improving everybody, is the *ex officio* friend of all philanthropists) must be permitted to speak in his own delicate way:—

"Sir,—Allow me in your judiciously Conservative and valuable paper, to call the attention of those novel writers who wish to improve the public taste, and inculcate a pure and undefiled mode of speaking in conversation, to the mistaken views they entertain as to the way of accomplishing this. Let me in all respect tell those gentlemen, that representing the language as it is commonly spoken among the poorer and uneducated classes is not the most happy way. It may show considerable ingenuity on the part of the author, but it also shows bad taste, and can only assist to keep the illiterate and inelegant talker illiterate and inelegant still, by administering no corrective, flattering his foibles of speech, and leaving him in the mire of his ignorance and lingual imperfection, instead of transmuting the vile elements that debase his tongue into good matter, that may minister unto edification and wisdom, by presenting to his lips the pure and invigorating waters of a refined and graceful diction."

Surely nothing can be more truly elegant than this passage, and its logic must carry conviction to every right-minded writer. Why— but we despair to improve upon the censor:—

"Why not, unlike the author of *Adam Bede* and many beside him, put such language as ought to be spoken into the mouths of characters, whose conversation is naturally barbarous and defective, instead of depicting it in all its hideousness and deformity to the detriment of every reader, whether educated or not—the former it imperceptibly leavens, the latter it saturates? Better Grandisonian elegance than 'pre-Raphaelite' barbarity! Better a work of pure idealism than a 'faithful portrait' of the times, a corrupt photographic reality, with all its tattered and many habiliments hanging about it—a scarecrow to humanity!"

After a little additional touching expostulation to the same effect, our friend Hodgson bestows a kick upon *Sam Slick* and *Sam Weller*, and remarks that their style is calculated "to propagate and perpetuate a lingual and moral darkness that may be felt." By a darkness that may be "felt," he does not mean a black hat, but an Egyptian obscurity. And he adds, that even if the editor of the *Standard* "demurs to the severity" of this criticism, Hodgson trusts that "insertion will not be refused." Insertion, we are happy to say, was not refused.

Mr. Punch,—who is the soul of euphuism and elegance, and who has never from the first day of his birth to the present hour ever set one of his diamonds of thoughts except in the purest gold of words,—can have no kind of objection to the doctrine propounded by his friend Hodgson. Why should we not all be polite and graceful? Why should we smear our pages with the talk of the streets any more than

with its mud? He himself is so convinced that Hodgson is right, that, by way of supporting that gentleman's arguments by example, *Mr. Punch* will somewhat prematurely give to the world an extract from a novel with which he has been retained, at the sum of £1,000 per week, to entrance the world, through the columns of a penny journal of fiction. For the purposes of the story, it has been necessary to describe the home of one of the drivers of those vehicles which inhabitants of the metropolis may engage at a limited stipend, calculated on the lapse of time or the conquest of distance; and this conversation, framed on the Hodgsonian principle, takes place:—

"Depositing upon the couch, with some irritation of manner, the well-worn instrument wherewith he was accustomed to stimulate to rapidity the energies of his reluctant quadruped, WILLIAM the Omnivorous (coarsely called among his equals Gluttony Bill) demanded the mid-day repast.

"Exacerbation might have been detected in the tone in which the feminine partner of his life and cares apprised him that his demand was premature.

"You are not more deficient than myself, WILLIAM," she said, "in the power of ascertaining, by a glance at the dial, how far the day has advanced; and that consultation will show you that fifteen minutes have yet to elapse before the sun is at its meridian, the appointed hour of banquet."

"What I now require, SARAH," responded the omnivorous one, "is, not a statement from your lips, but viands to pass between my own."

"And may I ask," returned the undaunted Sarah, "whether it be your desire to receive what you wish for at the present moment, or to delay until the same be placed before you?"

"I would not have you unmindful," said her stern lord, "that unguarded language on your part has, at no more distant date than the recently passed evening, eventuated in manual remonstrance on mine, and that what has once occurred is capable of repetition."

"There is no need to apprise me," replied MRS. WILLIAM, "that the vice which the ancient Spartans deemed more disgraceful than any other (need I name cowardice) is not without its antetype under this roof; but I may add that, upon the present occasion, the ironmonger's art has furnished me with a means of defence, with which your phrenological developments will, upon provocation, become unfavourably connected."

The stern man smiled.

"Courage," he said, "commands my regard; and I should state that which is irreconcilable with truth, did I deny that you, SARAH, are, fundamentally, a favourable specimen of the genus woman."

"In the cot, as in the palace, woman's heart ever vibrates to the words of kindness, even as the Æolian harp whispers sweetness to the kiss of the wandering wind of heaven. In a moment she was sobbing on his manly bosom.

"But their happiness was as brief as the life of a dew-drop on the sprangled spray, for the next instant an outcry as of pain was heard, and the faithful Tilburina, the feline guardian of the household (playfully christened 'Fib' by the abbreviating fondness of its infantine members) sprung with a bound from her resting-place, hissing and spitting as vehemently as the contents of the domestic utensil left by the affectionate wife to its fate, while she sought her rest on the heart of her husband.

"May my place in a future state of existence be other than Paraisaical," said he, with a smile, "if those condemned Hibernian roots are not escaping from chullition."

And so on. *Mr. Punch* has strong thoughts of dedicating his novel to MR. HODGSON, of Scarborough.

ENTERTAINMENT IN HIGH LIFE.

THE Right Honourable SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, M.P., and the Right Honourable GENERAL PEEL, M.P., have recently entertained the Right Honourable SIR JAMES GRAHAM, M.P., at dinner.

The Bill of Fare was strictly to the taste of the eloquent and ingenious Member, and consisted:—

First Course—Of a Pretty Kettle of Fish of the Honourable Baronet's own catching, in the Eamont, near Carlisle.

Removed by *Humble Pie*, and followed by *entrées* of the Right Honourable Baronet's *own words*, which were eaten with that hearty appetite which the Honourable Baronet never fails to bring to this, his favourite, dish.

"That's the Way the Money Goes!"

"WULL! I'll wote fur the Kernal, fur he's a man o' mettle!" exclaimed a free and independent elector of East Suffolk. "Ah, yes!" said his canvasser, "The Colonel, as you say, is no doubt a mau of mettle; but here," slapping his breeches pocket, "here is 'metal more attractive!'"



Jones (singing his favourite Scena). "*Addio Leon . . or . a, ad . . dio*—" [Bus suddenly stops.
 Cad (with asperity). "*What now!*"
 Driver. "*Why, you holler'd.*"
 Cad. "*Go along with you. It warn't me a-hollerin'!*" [Jones tacet for the rest of the journey.]

PROMISE FEEDING.

MR. DISRAELI displays his usual ability in feeding the hop-planters of Kent, and other distressed districts, with a liberal prodigality of promises. They always are to be blest, but somehow never are. Next year the duty shall be repealed, or at least some of it; but next year, like to-morrow, never comes. Their case is always to be "taken into consideration," and we all know the meaning of such a Government phrase. Things to be taken, in a public office, into consideration, invariably remain "under consideration." That is the only consideration ever paid to them. The poor hop-planters believe in this flowery sustenance, and come up to Downing Street regularly once a year to be fed. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER feeds them with a tender and hountiful hand, and knows exactly how to fill their hearts, if not their stomachs, or their pockets. It is a species of spoon-meat, for which the hungry agriculturists evince a hearty appetite; they relish the food,—thinner than any workhouse gruel,—and, like young *Olofer*, are always "asking for more." MR. DISRAELI, in his art, is a most cunning nurse,—a perfect witch in his way; for he understands, in the *Macbeth* sense, how to keep, with each deputation, "the promise to the ear" of these gaping gentlemen, and how, as unfailingly, to "break it to the *hop*."

Many a True Word Spoken in Jest.

Child. Papa, why does Parliament generally meet in the evening?

Papa. Because, my child, most of their Acts won't bear the daylight.

IS COAL A CONTRABAND OF WAR?

WE hardly know how to answer the above question. What says *Coke upon Littleton*? The point in dispute had better be referred to a committee of *Carbonari*, who, we recommend, had better sit upon it. For ourselves, we cannot help thinking, if a country is in flames, that coal ought to be looked upon as a decided contraband of war, only tending to increase the fire [of discord raging there—and more especially in a country like Italy, where there are so many Italian irons to stir up the fire. Perhaps it may all depend upon whether the coals are hot or cold. We fancy, if we were pelted with hot coals, that they would warm us to that degree that it would be philosophically impossible for us to keep cool, and that war would very probably ensue. In lodging-houses, where there is but one coal-cellar, we have known several fierce wars to smoulder out of the coals, until the landlady has been obliged, in self-defence, to treat them as though they were contraband, and has made a practice of regularly confiscating as much as she could out of every chaldron that came into her house. Again: we have witnessed several painful *émeutes* of a most fiery nature arise out of the fact of a husband amusing himself all the evening in poking the fire when there was not the slightest necessity for it. The poor wife has borne this as long as she could, and with a degree of patience such as wives only can exhibit, until, her tongue breaking out at last into an explosive flame, she has carried off the poker, and hidden it somewhere in the hall. Declarations of war have likewise been recorded when a gentleman has taken the liberty of poking the fire before he has known the family the requisite period of seven years.

In all these cases it would have been better to have treated coal as a contraband of war; for it is clear, if the coal had never been introduced into the establishment, the disturbance never would have taken place, and the war never would have broken out. Moreover, when we know that coal cannot enter a gentleman's establishment without going through the noisy process of shooting, and never rests quiet until it has left all over the house undoubted marks of the sack it has introduced into it,—practices of shooting and sacking in which it is only equalled by an infuriated soldiery,—we should be inclined to look at coal several times before we declared that it did not contain within it several of the elements of war,—such as fire, smoke, and ashes. If not war itself, it is certainly the fuel of war, and in that light should be considered a contraband that every one is justified in excluding from his house during the dog days, or any other period that the place is quite hot enough without it.

THE FRIENDS TO BACK.

Rise, rise, freemen and Englishmen,
 Why the deuce won't you support law and order?
 Rise, rise, yeoman and citizen;
 All the small Germans on frenzy close border.
 Austria's hammer's spread
 O'er many a loggerhead,
 Many a thief with his fingers all gory:
 Rise, and get ready then,
 Lovers and country men,
 Fight for the KAISER and POPE's might and glory.
 Arm, arm, Britons, for tyranny,
 Freedom of conscience and thought that denies man;
 Help, help, priestcraft and popery;
 Austria's patron is CARDINAL WISEMAN.
 Austria's party, note,
 Got every papist's vote,
 Which way the cat will jump know by that omen,
 Then, if you've lost your wits,
 Fight for the Jesuits;
 Fight for the Empire that's called Holy Roman.
 Vote, vote, soldiers and subsidy,
 Mind to enslave and maintain superstition,
 Winking Madonnas, Concordats, and monkery,
 Pay PETER's Pence to prop Rome's Inquisition.
 Austria's whip to crack
 Still upon woman's back,
 Englishmen, aid; and the POPE's domination,
 Protestant fools, sustain,
 Bleeding from every vein,
 All at the cost of unbounded taxation!

THE RULE OF THREE.

MONSIEUR GUIZOT has nearly ready for the press a book with the title of *Trois Rois; Trois Peuples; Trois Siècles*. As the division of the subject would of itself imply, the work is dedicated to that great historian of Troy (in partnership with one HOMER), the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.



AT ALDERSHOT—A RATHER DIFFICULT MANŒUVRE.

CLARA AND HARRIET, AND THE TWO NICE GIRLS WHO ARE STAYING WITH THEM, LED BY MAMMA, GET INTO COUSIN HERBERT'S HUT, AND HAVE LUNCH.

"THE FOUNTAIN OF (DIS)-HONOUR."

In reference to the course pursued by them at the elections, it has been said by a contemporary, that "Government have made their money flow like water." Now, albeit this is a popular expression, we cannot quite agree that it in this case is a fitting one. That a golden current flowed from the Carlton we don't doubt, but there was little of the aqueous in this metallic currency. Water is not suitable to be compared to money; for water is a purifier, and money, when it flows at election-time, is not. One may wash one's hands, and cleanse oneself in water; but the Pactolus stream which flowed from the coffers of the Carlton must have dirtied all the hands which were allowed to dip in it. To coin a spurious quotation, *Nihil tetigit quod non dishonoravit*. The fountain of dishonour has dishonoured all who touched it. The remark that such a current "flowed like water" is untrue, and we therefore think it proper to prevent its further currency. It would be more correct to say, that Government have lately let their money flow like beer, for it was more in that shape it has generally been swallowed. As for likening to water—to purifying water—the money which is used for a corrupting influence, the only water which such filthy here can be likened to is the water of the Thames—and even that is hardly black enough.

"Home without Boots, and in Foul Weather too!"

The Austrian soldiers have suffered so much in shoe-leather, owing to the muddy state of their Piedmontese field of operations, that it is no wonder their inroad should have proved perfectly bootless. But if the troops have lost the greater part of their boots, they have carried off no end of booty to make up for it.

A MINISTERIAL QUESTION.—If "there is a skeleton in every House," we should like to know how many there are in every Cabinet?

THESE THINGS ARE AN ALLEGORY.

We read the following in a North country paper:—

"CURIOUS STORY OF A CAT.—In the village of Tottington, near Bury, at the house of Mr. ADAM BROOKS, sexton, may be witnessed a curious instance of feline attachment. A cat, which has a kitten three weeks old, about a week ago caught a mouse, but instead of devouring the little creature, according to the old-established custom, she brought it to the kitten, and they are all living together on the most affectionate terms. Puss evinces an extraordinary affection for it, and appears disconsolate should the mouse be out of her sight. It is delightful to witness the fearlessness with which the mouse trusts itself in the hands of its natural enemy, nestling itself for hours in its breast, running up and down its body, and evincing the most unbounded confidence in its new friend; whilst the cat, if possible, lavishes greater attention on it than on its own offspring. Hundreds go daily to witness this curious exhibition, and go away surprised and delighted."

Surely the Editor in palming off an allegory upon us under the guise of an anecdote. What can be plainer?

The Cat is LOUIS NAPOLEON. The Kitten is VICTOR EMMANUEL. The Mouse is Italy.

Nothing can exceed the attachment of Cat and Kitten to Mousey—so far—

But wait till Puss is hungry.

Rather Fishy!

LORD PUNCH has his own authority for stating, there is no truth in the rumour which has recently been current, that in the next hatch of peers created by LORD DERBY will be found no less a personage than the Talking Fish; who (it has been whispered) will be soon raised to the Peerage, under the fit title of LORD SAY AND SEAL!

CONTRABAND OF WAR.

AMONG the supplies laid in for his Italian Campaign by LOUIS NAPOLEON may be enumerated Naples soap, Roman Punch (on the head) and Sardines in pickle—all in great quantities.

SOMETHING LIKE EDUCATION.



THEY have in Germany what are called *real-schulen*. *Mr. Punch* is a Teutonic scholar, but for the moment he insists on translating this "real schools"—a thing we have not had much of in this country, as yet. It is with immense satisfaction that we learn from the *Literary Gazette* that, at last, a *real-school* for girls has been opened in London.

It is not to teach fine-work nor plain-work—neither crochet nor Berlin wool—still less reading, writing, or arithmetic; nor accomplishments, nor geography, nor the use of the globes. Of all these things we have enough. But this "*real-school*," *par excellence*, is about to teach something which every poor girl ought to have at her finger-ends, and which not one poor girl in a hundred—or rich girl either, for the

matter of that—knows anything more about than an Ojibbeway or a Hottentot. This school is to teach *cookery*—that master-art of every-day life, which comprises all the rest, and enters into domestic existence by more doors than any other acquired knowledge a woman can possess:

"Among those who have taken it up" (the *Literary Gazette* informs us) "are the COUNTESS OF RIPON, LADY COLBROOKE, MRS. ARCHIBALD TAIT, (the wife of the excellent BISHOP OF LONDON,) LADY LAURA PALMER, LADY BRIDGES, and MRS. C. M. LUSHINGTON. The object of this school is to teach correct principles of cookery and household economy. Girls are received as boarders at a fixed charge and instruction is given to daily pupils. Ladies becoming subscribers may send their cooks for lessons. Cookery for the sick is especially attended to. We ought to have schools like this (which is situated at No. 90, Albany Street, Regent's Park) in every district of the Metropolis, more especially in the poorer and less cultivated portions."

Amen, we say to our contemporary. We cannot conceive any more thoroughly episcopalian employment for a Bishop's wife than presiding over a school of cookery. Bishops have been accused of too great a fondness for the flesh-pots; but this is the last thing to be quarrelled with, so long as the flesh-pots of their affection are those which boil on the poor man's fire, and which are now, for lack of common cooking knowledge, costly when they ought to be cheap, wasteful when they should be thrifty, and untempting and innutritious when they might so easily be savoury and satisfying.

If the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before be a public benefactor, what is the woman who, day after day, makes the poor man's one shilling go as far as two, and one pound of beef do the work of twice the quantity? Not that the work of this school should stop short with the poor man's wife. Of a surety, the need extends much higher: witness the abominable plain cookery, waste, and wearisome monotony, if not slatternliness, of nine out of every ten middle-class dinner-tables; the impossibility of meeting with a well-boiled potato; the pressure of that "domestic institution," cold mutton; the more ambitious misery of the second-class dinner-party, with its costly yet hollow impostures of pastrycook's made-dishes and attendant greengrocers.

These ladies are indeed public benefactresses. We would say to all our male philanthropists,—who are just now so eagerly setting up fountains to supply the public with a glass of cold water, and nothing to it,—“Go ye, and do likewise.” Set up a school of cookery by the side of every fountain, and you will strengthen one great mainstay of domestic comfort, while you contribute the pellucid but unexhilarating tippie of the Temperance Society.

If “the Battle of the Constitution must be fought in the Registration Courts,” the battle of home comfort must very often be fought in the kitchen. Too frequently the young wife succumbs in the unequal contest with the cook, if she be rich,—with the victuals, if she be poor. A well-known proverb informs us of the channel through which we have hitherto been furnished with cooks. Let us hail, in the establishment of the Albany Street Cooking School, the opening of a pleasanter source of supply of these great agents of domestic amelioration.

Mr. Punch may claim some share of the credit of this movement, as of most movements to anything good. He has long urged the importance of founding such schools as this; and one of his loudest “Groans

from the social treadmill,” some time since, was at the lack of means for teaching and training women of all classes in sound principles of cookery.

May the new school flourish, and its cooks (however numerous) never spoil the broth!

PRESENTATIONS AT COURT.

THE persons named in the following list write to *Mr. Punch* clamouring about the non-insertion of their names by the Court Newsman in his report of the last Levee. *Mr. Punch* really cannot be always supplying the omissions of the *Court Circular*, but as it appears to him that most of the persons about to be mentioned have as much claim to get their names paraded before the public as a good many of those who have been immortalised, he will for once make a sacrifice of invaluable space.

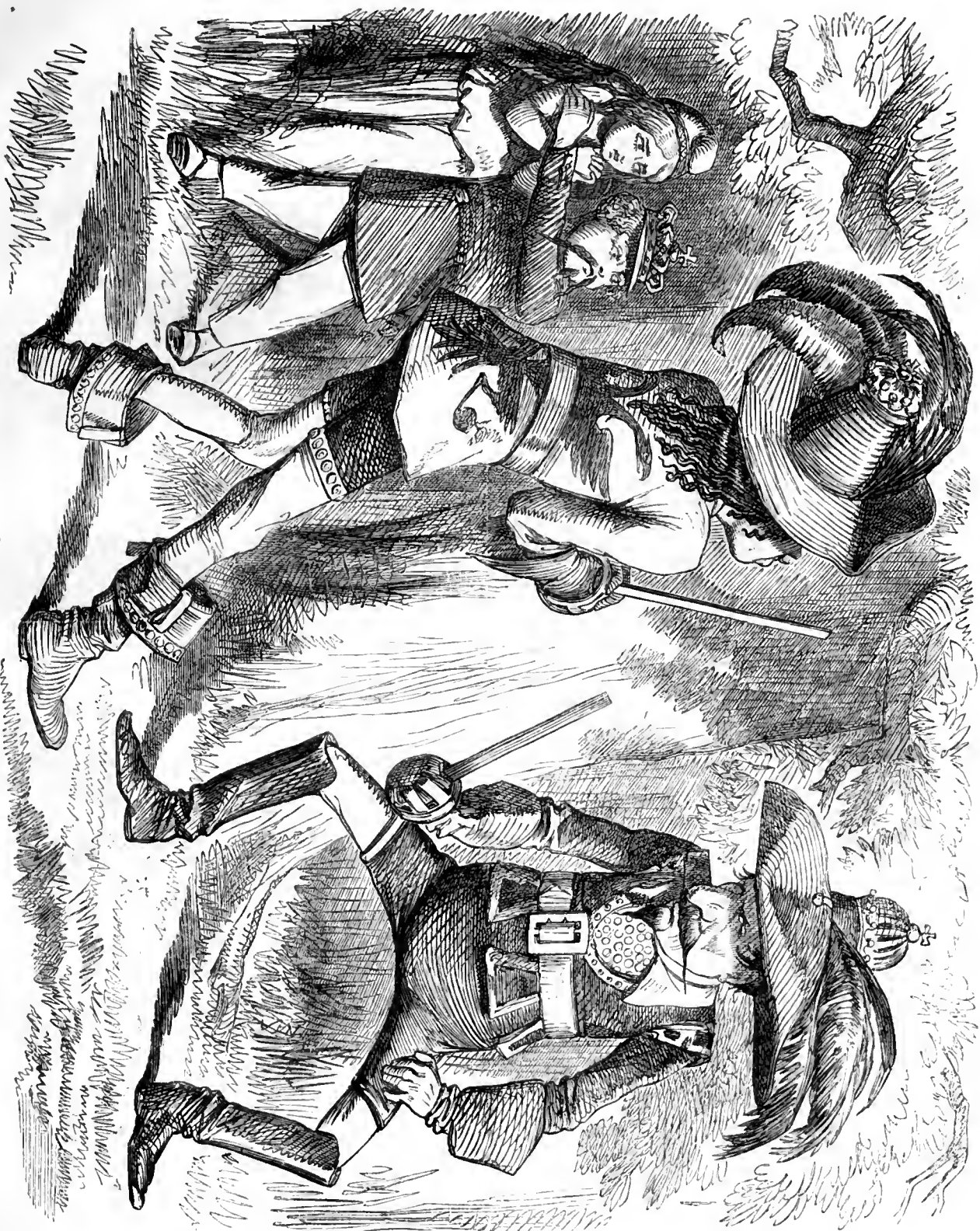
- Mr. Jones, on having had his corns cut, by Professor Bunyan.
- Mr. Robinson, on being divorced, by Sir C. Cresswell.
- Mr. Brown, on moving from Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road, to Essex Street, Strand, by Mr. Smith.
- Mr. Wobblaton, on his little boy being breeched, by Mr. Taylor.
- Mr. Phaggs, on getting a rise of £5 in his salary at the Bank, by Mr. Abraham Newland.
- Mrs. Lilliwigg, on having been churched, by the Hon. Mrs. Trotter.
- Miss Amelia Lilliwigg, on having been jilted by Cornet Blackboy, by her mother.
- Mr. De Hopkins, on going through the Insolvent Court, by Captain Whitewash.
- Mr. Pipples, on the death of his mother-in-law, by Major Bruin.
- Mr. Gamm Boodge, on having his picture rejected at the Academy, by Mr. Indigo Jones.
- Mr. Scattercash, on his being plucked, by the Rev. Dr. Gammer.
- Miss Louisa Wiggle, on having her ears pierced, by her mother.
- Mrs. Nags, on obtaining a separate maintenance, by her mother, Mrs. Jorr.
- Mr. Clyfaker, on receiving his ticket-of-leave, by Mr. Duffer.
- Mr. Snipp, on conforming to the Hebrew faith, by the Rev. Rabbi Adler.
- Mr. Flounderby, on being picked out of the Serpentine, by Lieut. Prodd, R.H.S.
- Miss Rose Walker, on being engaged, by her aunt, Mrs. Junction.
- Mrs. B. Whicht, on her husband's going to South Australia, by Mrs. Bolter.
- Mrs. Stuckupper, on setting up a brougham, by the Hon. Mrs. Slapp.
- Mr. Hatchment, on the purchase of a family vault, by the Rev. Grimm Shudderby.
- Mr. Charles Splashboard, on outrunning the constable, by Mr. Dunne.
- Miss Mary Coddington, on leaving school, by her mother.
- Mr. Mopps, on having had his hair cut, by M. Isidore Dandriffe.
- Mr. McIndenture, on being artieled to an attorney, by Mr. Feoffment.
- Mr. James Twitcher, on drawing his first patient's wrong tooth, by Mr. Karious.
- Mrs. Krape, on being left a widow, by Mrs. Howler Grigg.
- Mr. Twaddle, on being elected to the Dawdle Club, by Mr. Mauanders.
- Mrs. Screwington, on letting ner house at Ball's Pond, by Mrs. Crimply.
- Mrs. Glarer, on having been photographed, by Mrs. Iodine Smells.
- Mrs. Careless, on having had her pocket picked in an omnibus, by Lady Flabby.
- Mr. Squantum, on being couched for cataract, by Dr. Niagara Film, U.S.
- Mr. Cox, on losing his seat for Finsbury, by Sir S. M. Peto.
- Mr. Pouter-Pigeon, on being married, by his father, Mr. Fantail Pigeon.
- Mrs. Pouter-Pigeon, on being married, by her mother, Mrs. Carrier Dove.
- Mr. Stumbler, on breaking his leg, by Mr. Splint.
- Mr. Decimals, on publishing a new edition of the *Ready Reckoner*, by Mr. V. Phractions.
- Mrs. Rhododendron, on having some coloured glass put into her conservatory at Peckham Rye, by Mrs. Chinaster.
- Mr. Pesterbody on receiving his Commission, (on two premiums paid to the *Ineligible Life Office*) by Mr. Touter.
- Mr. Glump, on having made his will, by Mr. Probate.
- Mrs. Albert Bustlington on having had the carpets taken up, the paint scrubbed, and the house thoroughly cleansed, by Mrs. Scrimmage.
- Mrs. Spayre Rodde, on Master Pickle Rodde being expelled from school, by Mrs. Spoyle Chylde.
- Mr. Peter Snout, on his nose bleeding, by Mr. Colde Key.

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A HINT TO THE "ENGAGED ONES" OF ENGLAND.

ALICE (TO RODOLPH, OR RATHER WE SHOULD SAY, JONES). "NOW MIND, SIR! YOU ARE A VOLUNTEER RIFLEMAN, AND IT ENTIRELY DEPENDS UPON YOUR ATTENTION TO DRILL, WHETHER I GIVE YOU THAT LOCK OF HAIR, OR NOT!"



BABES IN THE WOOD.



A MIRACLE ON THE CARDS AT NAPLES.



THE good KING BOMBA, by the time that these words are printed, may have bid the world good night, and gone finally to bed. But BOMBA, the other day, was reported better again, inasmuch as to have been able to sit up in a chair for twenty minutes. A few days before, we had been told that the head of BOMBA was all of him that remained alive—body all senseless, motionless—an inert trunk. It may, indeed, be said of BOMBA:—

“Affliction sore long time he bore,”

if BOMBA has really been suffering under that complication of disorders which he is said to have been afflicted with. It appears, also, that his state was at one time so desperate as to be considered beyond medical aid; wherefore, in the belief that

“Physicians were in vain,”

the royal sufferer had the blood of ST. JANUARIUS placed in his room, that its liquefaction might perhaps effectually supersede the doctors. Already, *Punch* has expressed the suspicion that BOMBA has been shamming. If he has, mark what will follow. BOMBA will come out some fine morning as well as ever, and as fresh as a daisy, declaring that, after having been given over, he had been restored to health by means of the blood of ST. JANUARIUS. Then there will be a festival to commemorate his marvellous recovery: BOMBA will go in procession through the streets of Naples, and the priests will institute a flare-up. Now then, stupid; if these things should come to pass, please to remember how many contradictory statements—therefore, how many falsehoods—have been circulated as to BOMBA’s ailments; and consider whether the story of his supernatural cure ought not to be concluded to be only one lie more.

A VERY POPULAR PRINCE.

On the close of the Prussian Diet, the PRINCE REGENT OF PRUSSIA concluded a speech, which, if somewhat hastily minacious, was, unlike the utterances of most Continental potentates, not altogether bombastic, with the following request to his audience of legislators:—

“Join me in the shout ‘Long Live the King!’”

Fancy the LORD CHANCELLOR, in proroguing Parliament on behalf of HER MAJESTY, calling upon the Lords and Commons to shout “Long Live the QUEEN.” It was all very well for the counsel of MR. SICKLES to tell the mob to “Go it!” but it does seem a little below that dignity which we associate with the function of Sovereignty for a Prince Regent to address a similar invitation to his Chambers.

LABOUR IN VAIN.

THE *Augsburg Gazette* calls on the German ladies to give up purchasing any French articles of millinery:—

“We must not,” it says, “let German money pass from our pockets into those of the French, and enable them to make war on us.”

Don’t the *Augsburg Gazette* wish it may get it? The same absurd German organ wishes to extend the Anti-Gallican crusade to Crinoline. The womanhood of Germany defy him from behind their entrenchments of flounce and furbelow. So long as French steel is confined to petticoat-hoops, it will still be welcomed by every true German Frau and Fräulein. The more of it used in that manufacture, the less will be left for swords and bayonets.

HORATIAN MAXIM FOR A GRUMBLER.—*Carpe diem*—he carps every day.

JUMPING JEMMY.

My name it is Jumping JEMMY—
The original JEM surnamed CROW—
Famed for leaping and turning about,
And for going right round—just so! (*Pirouettes.*)
But don’t call me fickle, good people,
Any charge of the kind I deny:
The weathercock up on your steeple,
To its pole sticks not faster than I.

Chorus.

With my wheel-about, turn-about, right-about-face;
I may change my line, but I stick to my place!

You don’t call your weathercock fickle
For telling each change of the wind—
Then why try get me in a pickle,
’Cause I’m given to changing my mind?
A weathercock, all know, is useful,
All the more, the more lightly it veers;
Of a pilot who’d e’er be abuseful,
For heeding the wind as he steers?

Chorus.

With my wheel-about, turn-about, right-about-face;
I may change my line, but I stick to my place!

And how’s man alone to stand steady,
When all around man’s on the change?
In Life’s whirl, all to whirl must be ready;
Mine’s only a very long range,
And I’ve still been consistent all through,
To make inconsistency pay;
Just as nimble my acts to undo,
As I’m nimble my words to unsay.

Chorus.

With my wheel-about, turn-about, right-about-face;
I may change my line, but I’ll stick to my place!

’Tis but to save strain in my motions,
For an easier leap to prepare,
That I’m always extreme in my notions,
Since extremes often meet, you’re aware.
’Twixt two stools some men boggle and bother,
And between them come, hang, to the ground,
I leap clean from one stool to the other—
And safe in my seat still am found!

Chorus.

With my wheel-about, turn-about, right-about-face;
I may change my line, but I stick to my place!

THE RIGHT PERSON IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON wants some one in the House who has a knowledge of nautical matters, and who can talk for him. Why doesn’t he get the TALKING FISH to stand for some place? The creature knows the sea thoroughly, can tell a ship when he sees one, and is not likely to commit himself by any act of indiscretion, since he is not acquainted at present with more than two words, but then you can hear each of them most distinctly. What Lord of the Admiralty can say as much? Can you give us the name of any one Lord, who can speak two words intelligibly? Therefore, we recommend SIR JOHN to get [the TALKING FISH] into Parliament without any provoking delay. His presence may somewhat compensate us, only on a less brilliant scale, for the absence of that other odd fish, BERNAL OSBORNE.

Ad Arabellam.

A FACT, long known to him, kind *Punch* may be
Allowed to gratulate his *rara avis* on:
Joy to the Lady of the Keys! From G.
The music of her life’s transposed to D,
And ARABELLA GODDARD’S MRS. DAVISON.

The Parchment Interest.

THE *Law Times* gives a list of Attorneys in the House of Commons, and adds the observation, that the solicitors can boast of a large accession of strength by this election. This being the case warrants the confident expectation of the speedy enactment of the Registration of Titles to Landed Estates Bill, contemplated in order to the simplification of the forms and reduction of the expenses of conveyancing. The constituents of the parliamentary solicitors will be enabled to judge of them by their deeds.

POP GOES THE RIFLE!

(A New Song to an Old Tune, volunteered by Mr. Punch.)

ITH news of War the papers
teem,
The Funds are downward
going:
A thirst for blood the Eagles
scream,
Ill winds abroad are blowing;
England would fain from
strife refrain,
Nor join the battle-storm
in:
And 'tis that she at peace
may be,
Our rifle clubs we're forming!

Chorus.

Up and down the Funds
may go,
Our peace-cry none shall
stifle:
Be ready aye to meet the
foe!

POP GOES THE RIFLE!

Englishmen in days of old
Were world-renowned as
bowmen,

Cressy and Poitiers have told
How they fought their foemen;
By practice they their prowess gained,
By practice so may we too;
And till that prowess be attained,
Our rifle sights we'll see to!
Chorus. Up, then! Down the gauntlet throw!
Let none with England trifle:
Here, where once twang went the bow,
POP GOES THE RIFLE!

Some may say they can't afford
To spare their precious leisure:
Some may fear they may be bored,
That practice won't be pleasure:
Willing hands there are enow,
Brave hearts—who can doubt them?
Form then, and the skulkers show
We can do without them!

Chorus. Up in arms the country throw,
The cost is but a trifle:
Be ready aye to fight the foe—
POP GOES THE RIFLE!

We are no alarmists, scared
By fear of French invasion;
Yet 'tis well to be prepared
'Gainst War's dread occasion.
Touch us not, we'll touch not you;
We own no wish for fighting;
But lest a War you drive us to,
Our practice-butts we're sighting.
Chorus. Up! then, Up! Ye Rifle Greens!
Let none your arduous stifle:
Tangere me noli means
POP GOES THE RIFLE!

DIVERS' PERFORMANCES.

At the Pearl Fishery at Aripo, we read that, "BATES, the chief of the European divers, was under water for three hours." On many occasions of danger, it is as difficult to keep your head above water as under it. For instance, there is that clever diver, LORD DERBY, who has been down to the lowest depths in the hope of picking up a stray vote or two. Low as he and his confederates have sunk,—and they could not have sunk lower,—they have not fished up more than twenty or twenty-five of the precious "pearls of Parliament" that they were diving for. Now, when LORD DERBY again presents himself before the nation on the troubled sea of politics, we should like to know for what period he is likely to keep his head above water? Will you give him three days, or three hours, or even three minutes? and, once under, we are afraid that his Lordship will never come up again.

THE VISCOUNT'S RETURN.

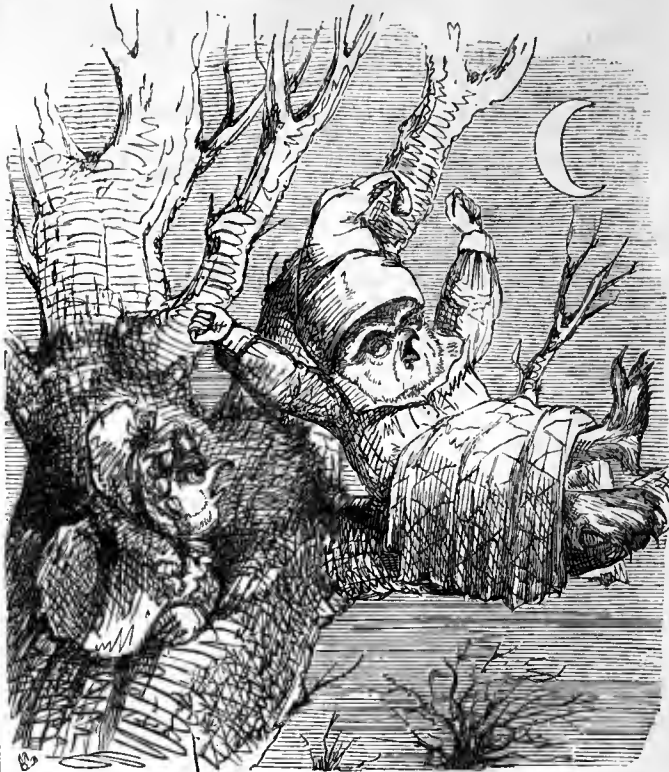
The following announcement in the *Morning Post* is very likely to be misunderstood on the other side of the Channel:—

"VISCOUNT VILLIERS has derived considerable benefit from his sojourn at Pau; in fact, his health is quite recruited. The noble Viscount and Viscountess, in consequence, intend to return homo sooner than was expected."

Our gallant what-shall-we-call-'ems, if not allies, in perusing the above notification with that intense interest with which they regard the British aristocracy, will of course confound the distinguished nobleman, whose recovery of health, and approaching restoration to his native land, they will rejoice to learn, with the hon. Member for Lambeth. As sure as fate, the report current in the *salons* of Paris, and published in the Parisian newspapers, will, with that slight variation of English nomenclature and spelling inevitable in such a case, declare the happy recovery and homeward destination of that great lord of the House of Parliament, WISCOUNT VILLIAMS.

A SENSIBLE SPREAD.

In Celebration of the Anniversary of HER MAJESTY'S birth-day on the 19th instant, SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, according to a fashionable announcement, invited the Colonial Governors now in England, and other gentlemen connected with his department, to a banquet at the Clarcondon Hotel, described as a full dress dinner. That is the sort of dinner! Raw rump-steaks are all very well to train BILL SAYERS upon; but for any set of civilised beings, how much better is a dinner that is fully dressed than one where everything is underdone!



"No Followers Allowed."

THOUGH LOUIS NAPOLEON and FRANCIS JOSEPH are at open war, yet they are friendly and unanimous at least upon one point. There is one little bit of neutral ground upon which they meet and join hands, and are ready to join arms too, if necessary, to keep it clear of all villainous intruders. This glorious unanimity of two, is to the effect that no newspaper correspondent shall be allowed to follow the French or Austrian army. However, it scarcely needed this warlike demonstration to prove to us what enemies both Emperors were, and always have been, to a Free Press. Much as they dread each other, they know they have reason to dread the Press a great deal more.

AN ADDITIONAL DUTY ON PAPER.—Russia, Austria, and Sardinia have suspended cash payments.



SCENE—A BLOCK ON THE BRIDGE.

Costermonger. "Now, CABBY, SPARE MY WARNISH!"

SANCTIFIED GAMMON.

SUBJOINED is a good dodge:—

"NEW CENTRAL DEPOT, or Evangelical and other Spiritual Publications,
"Paternoster Row (Corner of Ivy Lane).

"J. B. WALKER presents his Christian love to Brethren in Christ, and informs them that he has taken—he trusts in faithfulness to the Lord—the commodious shop, as above, last occupied by the Pope's Publisher, and purposes opening it for the publication and sale of all religious books which he believes are pleasing to the Lord.

"Books 'for necessary uses' in this life, especially for purposes of education, will also be produced.

"Estimates for Printing and Binding, and Terms for Publishing, sent on application."

This notification has appeared in the *Bible Reader's Journal*, and several other periodicals. WALKER is not the name that figures in the original advertisement; the whole of which, however, may be included under that denomination. The object of the advertiser is obvious. Of course, he expects a large influx of custom from fast young men, who will come to inquire for *Boxiana*, and other works of a still less moral and religious character, which, when asked for, will promptly "be produced."

MR. WALKER may keep the biography of the *Dairyman's Daughter* for the spooney and simple class of customers, but he will probably have plenty of other lives and adventures in store for readers of the other description.

If we do WALKER injustice by this surmise, it is his own fault, for puffing his shop in the above example of profane cant, of which anybody who is capable may be well supposed to be capable of anything.

A Bark from Our Dog Tear'em.

"PRAY, Sir," asked a Sheffield blade, talking about the Sardinian war, "what is your opinion of Italian Independence?"
"French Impudence," was ROEBUCK's reply.

MATERIALS FOR LOUIS NAPOLEON'S BIOGRAPHY.

A NEW office is to be established in France, under the title of the *Bureau Historique*. Its principal duty, of course, will be to record, in suitable grandiose language, the future victories of LOUIS NAPOLEON. The principal minister is not yet appointed, but we know of no one better adapted for the post than ALEXANDRE DUMAS. If asked for his qualifications, he could say, pointing with pride to his 5000 volumes (more or less) of romances, "*Les voilà!*" The central office is to be fixed in Paris. At first, it was arranged that the principal *chefs* of the *Bureau* were to follow the movements of the army in Italy; but this plan was afterwards overruled by the EMPEROR himself, with the very sensible objection that, in matters of history, everything was best left to the imagination. The writers are to be allowed *carte blanche* to say what they please, so long as it is all in favour of the EMPEROR, and redounds to *La Gloire* and honour of France. We advise THIERS to look to his laurels.

Who was the Genius?

THE *Liverpool Albion* has a paragraph which thus commences:—

"A SHIP ON FIRE.—A fire broke out yesterday on board the *Thames*, CAPTAIN CALLENDER, lying in Brunswick Dock."

The account then goes on to describe the progress of the flames, which, we are happy to say was brief, they having been speedily extinguished. Having expressed our satisfaction at that fortunate issue, we may perhaps be pardoned for remarking that the *Thames* has at length been set on fire.

"THE THEATRE OF WAR."—They are doing such a tremendous stroke of business at this Theatre, that for the present all complimentary admissions are refused, and even the PUBLIC PRESS is SUSPENDED.

PUNCH ON PARTY COLOURS.

EVERYBODY knows that M. CHEVREUL has been writing a most interesting treatise, which his translator calls "*The Laws of Contrast of Colours, and their Application to the Arts.*" But everybody has not yet been favoured with the knowledge that *Mr. Punch* has some idea, when he has nothing else to do, of sitting down and getting up another branch of the same subject, with a view to his compiling a companion treatise, to be entitled "*On the Contrast of Party Colours, and their Application to Electioneering Arts.*" It is of course a superfluity to give a proof of *Mr. Punch's* never-disputable fitness for this or any other literary work, on which he condescends to suffer his vast intellect to work. But as the subject is just now of more than ordinary interest, *Mr. Punch* will spare an inch or two to show how M. CHEVREUL's laws may be adapted to the contrast of colours in a purely party sense.

To begin at the beginning, *Mr. Punch* must quote the statement that:—

"M. CHEVREUL's attention was first directed to this subject in consequence of some complaints made as to the quality of certain colours prepared in the dyeing laboratory of the Gobelins; when, after some reflection on the matter, he became convinced that, although the complaints concerning the instability of the light blues, greys, and browns, might be possibly well founded, there were others, particularly as to the want of vigour of the greys employed in the shadow of blue and violet draperies, which were not so, and that this apparent want of vigour was owing to the colours contiguous to them, and that this matter was involved in the phenomena of the contrast of colours."

Parliamentarily phrasing it, *Mr. Punch* is "free to own" that complaints concerning the political "instability of the Greys" have been over and over again preferred to *Mr. Punch*, and he is not quite unconvinced that they may not have been "well founded." As to the alleged "want of vigour of the Greys" when they are "employed in the shadow," that is of course to say, have had the shine taken out of them, *Mr. Punch* can see no reason to dispute this allegation. As employed under Government, the Greys, it is well known, have long been in the shade, and no doubt this has been owing to their proved "want of vigour."

With this glance at the Greys, *Mr. Punch* has now to notice the effect of party colours, as influencing each other when they come in coalition. "Not to make the matter too abstruse," says M. CHEVREUL—

"Let us remind the reader that there are but three primaries, *viz.*, red, blue, and yellow, out of which, in various combinations, all other imaginable colours are composed. The secondary colours (not to go further) are three, severally composed of two of the three primaries, *viz.*, green, composed of blue and yellow; orange, composed of red and yellow; and violet, composed of red and blue. Taking the whole three primary colours to complete the cycle of colour, the doctrine of complementary colours commences: which may be briefly explained by stating that every primary colour has for its complementary colour the secondary colour, which is composed of the other two primaries, and, *vice versa*, that every secondary colour has for its complementary the primary colour, which does not enter into its own composition. Thus red is complementary to green, blue to orange, and yellow to violet; and *vice versa*."

Adapting this politically, Tory, Whig, and Radical correspond to the "three primaries;" and out of these the various shades of party colours are composed. For instance, Liberal-Conservative is that which corresponds to violet, being made of Tory (red) in combination with Whig (blue): a union which, in such a case as MR. GLADSTONE'S, makes a not unpleasing sort of Oxford mixture. The Derbyite, again, is that which answers to the orange, blending the Tory (red) with the Radical, or Chartist, yellow; a combination which produces the strangest of effects, and in most eyes is regarded with a colourable suspicion. The doctrine of complementaries accords in politics precisely with that which has been stated. The primaries—or premiers—need assistance from the secondaries, and it is by being complementary to them that they get it. For instance, red, or Tory, premiers are complimentary to green, that is, to the united Radicals and Whigs; and the compliment is returned by green becoming complementary, *i. e.* filling up the ranks, on a division, of the red.

Coming now to the pith of M. CHEVREUL's observations, *Mr. Punch* learns that his "principle" consists in "simply this:—"

"That the eye after looking for any period, more or less in duration, upon any one colour, immediately acquires an aptitude to see the complementary of that colour, which will influence its appreciation of all objects upon which it may simultaneously or immediately rest. For instance, during or immediately after looking at red, white will present a greenish hue, and objects of all other colours will be more or less qualified by the latter hue. Thus—red, the complementary of green, placed by the side of green, increases its intensity; and so of blue in juxtaposition with orange, and greenish-yellow with violet. And when the complementary colour to any colour acting upon another colour in juxtaposition is partly composed of the last named colour, or when the colour in juxtaposition is partly composed of the said complementary, the colour common to both becomes intensified in the colour in juxtaposition. For instance, orange being placed beside red, the orange will acquire a yellowish tint from the green complementary to red, and the red a purple tint from the blue complementary to orange. Again, as equal portions of the three primary colours mixed produce black, green beside black makes it look reddish, blue beside black makes it look less brilliant or somewhat rusty, while orange beside black makes it look more brilliant."

M. CHEVREUL's "simply this" is rather a tough bit for the digestion of his readers, but *Mr. Punch's* adaptation will facilitate their swallowing it. *Mr. Punch's* "principle" is (much more) "simply this:—"

—that he who looks on party colours with the eye of an observer "acquires an aptitude" for seeing of what shades they are composed, and may moreover see that any party politician is likely to be "influenced in his appreciation of all objects" by the colour of the party by which they are pursued. Thus, if he has green in his eye, the politician sees red objects from a biased point of view, and their blackness will of course in his sight be intensified. Without much fear of contradiction, *Mr. Punch* may also state, that men of any colour often wear black looks, and get "somewhat rusty," when men of a contrasting colour have a place beside them. That the "objects" of all party colours are more or less "qualified by a greenish hue," *Mr. Punch* can see no colourable pretext to dispute. *Mr. Punch* may likewise add, that the only party colour which finds favour in his eyes is the colour of the money of the wise "party" who subscribes to his inimitable print.

"GOING IT LIKE VINCKE-ING."

MONSIEUR DE VINCKE tells us that he "places great reliance on the ghost of CHATHAM, as a means of rousing the spirit of England." How one's spirit should be roused by the appearance of a ghost, *Mr. Punch* has not the ghost of an idea. The general impression is, that if one saw a ghost one would feel less elevation than depression of one's spirit: but though JOHN BULL is not the man to be frightened at a ghost, the sight of one would rather raise his wonder than his dander. JOHN BULL has settled down to smoke the pipe of peace, and he has no wish to be "roused" from that enviable attitude. Anyhow, it must be a substantial cause to rouse him; a ghost would be by far too shadowy to do so. Besides, however much "reliance" M. DE VINCKE may place on it, there is a doubt if CHATHAM'S ghost would rise up if he conjured it; in fact, to speak more plainly, there's not the shade of an excuse to think the Shade would do so. DE VINCKE'S reliance, therefore, on it as a means to rouse JOHN BULL seems to *Mr. Punch* a little premature. "First catch your ghost," is an obvious necessity; and in calculating that JOHN BULL would let the ghost of CHATHAM rouse him, M. DE VINCKE is clearly reckoning without his g-host.



Brag is a Good Roman Dog.

WHAT a noise the Roman Catholics do make, whenever they have converted anybody. They cackle as though Popery, like another Capitol, was to be saved by the noise they made. Now, we wish they would try to convert SPOONER and NEWDEGATE; and, when they have succeeded, we will give them full liberty to brag about the conversion as loudly as they please, nor will we quarrel with them about the noise they make over it. In fact, we are not sure whether we should not join in their cheers, and be the first to congratulate them on their two-fold victory.

FASHION BOOKS FOR BABIES.



HERE, my dear Mr. Punch, I have such a treat for you. Now, do guess what it is! But no, I'm sure you can't, and so I mean to tell you. Am I not kind, Sir? Now, only just read this:—

"The genial rays of spring sunshine have called forth a variety of elegant novelties. Out-door dress, whether for the promenade or the carriage, begins to assume the hues which Nature loves to wear at the present season. Accordingly the most fashionable colours are the various shades of green and lilac, mauve and violet. Among the most favourite materials for out-door costume may be mentioned taffety moiré, figured with small sprigs or spots. Striped silks are also much in favour, but this year Fashion decrees that the stripes shall run longitudinally and not horizontally."

"There now, isn't that delightful! Only think of the spring sunshine calling forth the 'elegant novelties' of dress,

just as it calls forth the lovely butterflies and buttereups, and all the other charming novelties of Nature. And how nice it is to find that what is natural is fashionable, and that one may wear 'the hues which Nature loves to wear'—that is to say, of course, if they suit one's complexion. And O! I am so glad that striped silks are 'in favour,' for I bought O! such a love of a striped silk dress last autumn when we were in Brussels, and what ever we are to do for gloves this year I can't think, for of course no one can dream of going abroad with all this fighting, and it's quite horrible to think of, Mr. Punch, now isn't it? But of course it won't be half so inconvenient to you men, for you buy your gloves anywhere, and indeed numbers of you now never seem to me to wear them, excepting upon Sundays and at Flower Shows, and places where the presence of us ladies obliges you to do so—But what was I speaking of? O, I recollect, it was about my striped silk dress. I am so glad that it's in fashion, for I've only worn it twice, because you know we've been in mourning, and it will do so nicely if I can but get it altered so as to make the stripes run up and down instead of round and round it. I wish to goodness Fashion wouldn't be so changeable. It is so horribly expensive always altering one's dresses, and you know with all one's cutting and contriving one can never make an old dress look as though it were a new one. But after all it's no good grumbling. Of course, whatever Empress Fashion may decree one must submit to. One could never dream of wearing horizontal stripes, when Fashion has decreed that we must wear them longitudinally!

"But, dear me, Mr. Punch, how I have been running on. I'm sure when I sat down I had not the least idea of telling you about my dress. Of course so great a PERSONAGE ought not to be troubled about things so insignificant. What I wished to tell you, and I'm quite sure that it will be a great treat to you to hear it, is that in the paper where I spied out the above sweetly interesting passage, and it does surprise me I must say, Mr. Punch, that you who do so much for the instruction of the public, do not do a little more to try and edify the ladies, and make your young men weekly write about the Fashions and such instructive topics, instead of all those horrid politics, which we are all so tired of, and none of us a bit the wiser or the better for. It seems to me such a pity that your valuable space should be wasted on such trifles as Reform Bills and things, when there are such important matters as new bonnets to be thought of, and subjects of such interest as wide skirts to be discussed. But all this while I'm keeping you, poor man! from the treat I have in store for you. You will find it at the end of the article I've quoted. After describing some such ducks of dresses worn in Paris, O! how it makes one's eyes water to think of them! the dear delightful writer explains the illustrations, which have been added by some clever artist to the article. And this is the description which is given of—

"Fig. 2. (Baby.) Long robe of nansouk, with tablier front, formed of rich needlework and lace insertion. The latter is disposed so as to leave intermediate lozenge-shaped spaces, which are embroidered in satin stitch. The cap is formed of insertion and needlework, and has a full double border of Valenciennes lace. On one side there is a bow of blue ribbon. A broad blue sash is fixed on one shoulder, and after passing across the front of the corsage is drawn under the arm and fastened at the back of the waist in a bow with long flowing ends."

"There now, isn't that a treat for you! Is it not delightful to think of even babies being dressed à la mode, and having their small toilettes made according to the fashion! How nice it seems to think that the tiddy ickie sings should have their 'robes of nansouk' and their 'satin stitch embroidery,' and should be costumed for the cradle as when more mature they will be for the carriage or the concert! Besides, who can tell how this may not affect their disposition? As the boy, Mr. Punch, is the father to the man, I suppose so is the girl the mother to the woman: and by nurturing an early love of finery and fashion, we may secure its ripe development in after years. You of course know, Mr. Punch, that to many of us ladies the employment of dressing is the chief business of our lives. As gourmands live to eat, fine ladies live to dress; and if we wish to bring our girls up to this business, I think we can't do better than begin with them as babies. To train up a child in the way in which the milliners and beau monde would have her go, let us have by all means a Fashion Book for Babies, and let their first spelling lesson be taken from its leaves.

"I remain, Mr. Punch, your true friend and well-wisher (only please now don't make fun of me),

"AUGUSTA GUSHINGTON,
" (née JONES)."

"P.S. I suppose that as the father of a family you will say Valenciennes is too expensive for your nursery. But you ought to recollect, Sir, the dear little ducksy-wucksys are your own flesh and blood, and have as much right to their little luxuries as you have. Give up your Greenwich dinners, do, you greedy man, and then you'll easily afford to let your wife buy nice laced baby-linen.

"P.S. Do you notice that your poppet must wear a broad blue sash, which, mind, must be 'passed across the front of the corsage,' and be 'fastened at the waist in a bow with flowing ends.' I suppose that to give a proper shape to the corsage, it will be essential that one's babies should wear stays. The little feet of the Chinese ladies are formed when in the cradle, and while our small waists are in fashion the process of compression might likewise begin in babyhood."

FINANCIERS AND FLEABITES.

THE fact cannot be too widely known, and Punch may therefore publish it, that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, when addressing his Constituents, spoke of the National Debt as being "a mere fleabite."

Now, knowing as he does the resources of the country, Punch is not disposed to make the National Debt a bugbear; but still less is he inclined to view it as a fleabite. If we call things by right names, we cannot talk of debts of some few hundred millions as being merely fleabites. Punch has very little doubt that were it necessary to raise the needful for the debt, our national resources would enable us to do so. But there is no use in denying that the process would pinch us more than a "mere fleabite;" and Punch therefore enters a protest to the phrase, as being in accordance with neither truth nor taste. If Mr. DISRAELI thinks by speaking of our national expenses as "mere fleabites" to reconcile the country to paying a War Income-tax, when the country has no liking nor occasion for a War, and has said and done its best to keep its rulers out of one, Punch thinks, should this be so, that when MR. DISRAELI next "goes to the country" he will return to town with rather a large fleabite in his ear, by a flea bred from that by which the country has been bitten.

Advice to Those who wish to Pick up Something on the Turf.

YOUNG man, be moderate in your bets. Look at the Goose with the Golden Eggs, and reflect upon his ruin, and ask yourself whether it was not accelerated entirely by what he was in the habit of laying? Take warning from his melancholy fate, and bear in mind that the less you lay, the less chance there is of your being ultimately cut up.—The Hermit of the Haymarket.

Lamentable Ignorance.

SOME fools, who evidently know nothing of human nature, have been trying to bribe the Swiss in Rome. What a senseless waste of money! The blockheads deserve to have lost it, as they did, for not having offered enough. "PARLEZ AU SUISSE" if you like, but do not insult the poor faithful fellow by offering him a miserable sum that his conscience, knowing the full value of what an incorruptible nature like his is worth, will not allow him to accept. Shame!

NON-INTERVENTION.—So strong is KOSSUTH in favour of non-intervention, that he intends disposing of the 40,000 muskets which were presented to him by subscription in America, and forwarding the proceeds to the Peace Society.



DELICATE TEST.

Elevated Party. "A NEVER THINK A FLER'S HAD T'MUSH WINE S'LONG AS A WINDSUP-ISII WASH!"
[Proceeds to perform that operation with corkscrew.]

SERIOUS STABLE-TALK.

To the Editor of the Record.

MY DEARLY BELOVED SIR,

AMONG our worldly contemporaries' "Sporting Intelligence" is a list of "quotations," which, I should explain to you, means a report of the odds, or proportional wagers laid on the horses that are to run against one another at the approaching Races at Epsom, on a certain Wednesday, when a race of peculiar interest to members of the Turf—yea, and even to the greater portion of the public—annually takes place; and under the head of

"DERBY,"

which, you must know, is the name of the grand horse-race in question, you will find this announcement:—

"2 to 1 against Mr. W. Day's The Promised Land, taken."

Two to one may mean two pounds to one, or two hundred pounds to one hundred, or two thousand pounds to one thousand, or even greater sums in the same ratio, which they who are given to horse-racing sometimes bet upon a horse that is celebrated for exceeding great swiftness. Such persons have hitherto been, with too much reason, accounted a profane kind of men; and hence the pastime to which their lives are devoted has acquired an unsanctified character. They have been regular only in the observance of the Derby and similar days; and their conversation and language have been at best unscriptural. I feel great pleasure, therefore, in calling your attention to the name of MR. DAY's horse above mentioned; because it consists of a familiar phrase in the language of professors, and its adoption warrants the hope of a happy change of heart on the part of that animal's owner. Peradventure, MR. W. DAY is related to MR. JOHN DAY of Stockbridge, and to other gentlemen of the same name and place, long celebrated in the annals of the sporting world. If so, may we not indulge the pleasing expectation that his example may be followed by the conversion of his relatives, and that all the other DAYS will likewise embrace serious

THE CALL OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

WHAT dost thou sing, melodious Nightingale?
What and to whom? Unto thy nestling mate
Perchance thou dost outpour thy tender tale,
Begun so early and sustained so late.

To her if thou dost warble loving vows
Of constancy all night as well as day,
Would I could understand thee like thy spouse!
What is the meaning of thy tuneful lay?

'Tis the same story o'er and o'er again,
An old, old story—that at least we know—
Love thrills with rapture in thy gushing strain;
'Tis fond affection in incessant flow.

But hark!—thou speakest from thy leafy nook,
In voice articulate among the twigs.
What do I hear? Thou callest "Chook, chook, chook!"
Oh, Nightingale!—so thou dost call the pigs!

Louis Napoleon's Right Hand.

MONSIEUR DE LA GUERRONIERE has recently been appointed the guardian angel of the morals of the French press. That spotless gentleman is the bosom friend of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and the principal *collaborateur* in all his great pamphleteering successes. He had two or three fingers in the concoction of *Napoléon Trois et l'Italie*, and other similar inspired productions. A Bonapartist was recently repeating the Bordeaux manifesto, which has since been so beautifully verified, of *L'Empire c'est la Paix*. "*Bêtise, Monsieur*," sharply exclaimed the PRINCESS MATHILDE, "say rather that *L'Empire c'est La GUERRONIERE*."

Sticking to his Colours.

"NOA! I'se allus been true Blew, I'll never wote for Yaller!" exclaimed a "free and independent" somewhere down in "Silly Suffolk." But the voter after all, although he plumped for "Blew" *did* give his vote for "Yaller;" for yellow was the colour of the money which was handed to him.

views? Let us trust that we may be privileged to witness the realisation of this blessed prospect; and that the brightness of DAY, in connection with the "Promised Land," will henceforth shine not more often in the *Sporting Magazine* than in the *Evangelical*. Oh! believe me, my dearly beloved contemporary,

Your affectionate Fellow Labourer,

PUNCH.

P.S. May not some of the itinerant preachers who frequent race-courses have been the instruments of that work which has resulted in inducing an ossy man to give his race-horse a serious appellation? By the way, could you not devote a leader to the enumeration of names which awakened jockeys and owners of studs might henceforth confer upon their quadrupeds, instead of designations borrowed from the heathen mythology, and other more or less sinful quarters?

Fellowship amongst Cups.

LORD EBURY was remarking that there was no sincerity, no fraternisation, no real friendship amongst drunkards. "Excuse me, my Lord," interposed a rising briefless barrister, "but how do you account then for the French proverb, which distinctly tells us that '*Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui l'admire*'—which, for the benefit of your Lordship, I may as well translate thus '*A sot always finds a greater sot to admire him*.'" LORD EBURY suddenly recollected that he had a most pressing appointment.

The School for Butchers.

A COMPANY of Butchers has left Paris to join the French army. Is Italy to be made a greater slaughter-house than it already is? or have these butchers simply gone to improve themselves in their business by taking a few lessons of the Austrians? In this instance, we are afraid the professional butchers will be completely eclipsed by the amateurs.



A HORSE-LAUGH.

Ostler. "Ax pardon, Sir; but you ain't the Owner of 'Promised Land

THE DERBY RACE.

MR. PUNCH has no wish to debar his readers from acquiring information on the subject of the Derby Race. On the contrary, indeed, if he can do so without quackery, he will assist them to obtain the best and most reliable intelligence. Without in any way pretending that he has the gift of prophecy, *Mr. Punch* conceives himself at liberty to mention that any persons wishing to be "put up to a thing or two," and generally become "knowing ones" in the matter of the Derby Race, will find all the latest information in *Burke's Peerage*, or the *Red Book*. Every particular is there given of the Derby house and family. They will learn there to a certainty whom the present Earl succeeded in the family, —though his succeeding in the House remains at present doubtful. Politically considered, the Derby Race is thought to be pretty well nigh run; and as there is a proverb that the race is to the swift, one won't feel much astonishment if one should hear in a few weeks that the slow coach-horse, *Conservative*, has irrevocably been distanced.

Self-Preservation.

WE are told that "self-preservation is the first law of Nature." Does this law hold good with the inhabitants of Sardinia? We shall see in the coming struggle whether the Sardines do know how to preserve themselves in every case.

H.R.H.—A MYSTERY!

"DEAR PUNCH,

"THERE are a good many perplexing pictures shown this year at the Academy, but to my mind the most puzzling is No. 81. Of this painting the *Times* tells us that 'loyalty should silence criticism.' But though criticism be dumb, curiosity will speak. The doings of Royalty are dear to every Briton, and I want to know what Royalty is doing in this picture. Not less wonderful, H.R.H. is not attired in martial dress, in which he generally indulges when sitting for his portrait: he is simply arrayed in the costume of a gentleman, in the black coat, vest, and—so on—of the present period.

"But it is not 'so much' his person as position that perplexes me. H.R.H. is represented standing on a rock, and behind him is a lighthouse and a surging stormy sea, on which he has most prudently and wisely turned his back. His right hand is clenched upon his manly breast, and in his left he holds the scroll which is so dear to portrait painters. His features are as fixed as is the rock whereon he stands, and there gleams on them a glimpse of happy inspiration, such as they might have worn in the proud moment of invention of his far-famed Hat!

"Now, I ask in all humility, what is H.R.H. about? Whence cometh this expression of 'Eureka!' on his face? Can it be that H.R.H. is on the point of embarkation, and thinks he has discovered a specific against sea-sickness? Or is there a deeper meaning in the picture? Is the storm in the background to be accepted as a symbol of the war-storm which is raging, and is H.R.H. portrayed as having turned his back on it, to indicate the course which the Court means to

pursue? The Catalogue informs me that H.R.H. is simply pictured 'as Master of the Trinity House,' and that his portrait has been 'painted for the Corporation.' But this does not account for his peculiar position, nor for the inspired expression of his face. Neither does it explain the not a whit less curious fact that, albeit winds and waves are raging furiously around him, his hair (what there is of it) is neat and crisply curled, and his whiskers and moustache are both unruffled and unwet. There is a mist of spray about him, and it is to me a mystery how H.R.H. keeps dry in it.

"Why he is so painted, and why being so painted he is hung up so conspicuously, are also mysteries to me which only you, *Mr. Punch*, who know all things, can unravel; and as a constant reader, and, what is more, a constant purchaser, I venture to prefer my claim to hope you will.

"I remain, with utmost reverence both for you and H.R.H. (the Man, but not the Mystery),

"GIORGIONE JONES."

"P.S. Talking of mysteries, do you know why sculptors send their works to the Academy? It can't be for Exhibition, for nobody can see them."

Roman Letters.

So anxious is PLO NEXO to get out of Rome, if he can, that the PRINCE OF WALES said that "the true meaning of Papacy, if carried out to the letter, would at the present moment be found to be P.P.C.—*Pour Prendre Congé.*"

THE ITALIAN QUADRILLE.

AS DANCED BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND AUSTRIAN ARMIES.



Cavalier seul by GENERAL GYULAI.
General *Ronde d'hilarité*.

Grand galop round the country.

As soon as this Quadrille is over, they begin again.

OUR Own Correspondent informs us that the following have been the movements of the two armies for the last ten days. As they are now perfect in their steps, it is supposed they will shortly begin to take a few fresh ones:—

The Austrians advance.

The French retire.

The French advance.

The Austrians retire.

They change sides, and repeat the same figure several times.

They fire down the middle.

They join arms, cross bayonets, seize each other in the best way they can, and *chassez croisée* for some considerable time.

Both *balancez* to take breath.

Opposite sides advance, meet half-way, salute one another, and then retire to their original places.

Cavalier seul by LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Cavalier seul by VICTOR EMMANUEL.

A NO-WAR SONG.

To Her Majesty's Ministers.

BENEATH Protection's flag arrayed,
But not once more against Free Trade,
Advance, you gentlemen in power,
Or change your places for the Tower.

Protection of you we require,
Against invading sword and fire;
By sea and land attack to bide,—
We want all that, and more beside.

Protection from those German tricks
(Confound all foreign politics!)
By which endeavours will be made,
Through your means, to obtain our aid.

Know, we will fight on no pretence,
Except alone for self-defence;
From either side aloof we'll stand,
We care but for our native land.

Then, oh! if you are wise, beware,
Good Sirs, of Popc and Kaiser's snare;
For them request us wars to wage?
Pause ere you tempt a nation's rage.

You, WISEMAN's new allies, take heed!
For Rome shall we be taxed and bleed?
For Austria draw both sword and purse?
Say yes!—and take the nation's curse.

May we have cause to say no more,
Or you shall hear the people roar;
Meanwhile, mark England's gentle cry;
It is—"No war; no Popery!"

The Heat in Paris.

A LADY writes from Paris to say that the heat during the last week has been so intense that it is impossible to keep a secret for longer than half-an-hour.

THE PRESS AND THE BAR.

A LATE police report, of no interest to anybody but the prisoner's friends, and the prosecutors, informs us that:—

"The prosecution was conducted by MR. BLANK, and the prisoner was defended by MR. STARS, the barrister."

Will the gentlemen who report police-cases explain why it is that, whenever they have occasion to name a forensic gentleman as concerned on either side, they invariably prefix the definite article to the word barrister? "The prisoner was defended by MR. STARS, the barrister." Why *the* barrister? Is "*the* barrister" equivalent to "the celebrated barrister?" Is MR. STARS pre-eminent above other barristers? He may come to be; we hope he will; he may be a rising counsel now: he will perhaps be Attorney-General, Lord Chief Justice, or Lord Chancellor by-and-by; may we all live to see him on the woolsack! But he has not yet attained to the top of his profession. Nothing is generally known of MR. STARS the barrister, to distinguish him from MR. SMITH the barrister. In fact, if there is a barrister named SMITH, he also will figure in the police reports as MR. SMITH the barrister. The same rule will be observed with respect to MESSRS. BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON, barristers. Not so with MR. SMITH and the other, or any other legal gentlemen, if attorneys. MR. SMITH will simply be called MR. SMITH, solicitor, and the rest likewise: solicitors without articles, definite or indefinite. What is meant by the peculiar distinction assigned to the barrister? Pre-eminence of some kind. But, as has been shown, that pre-eminence is not pre-eminence by comparison with other barristers. By comparison with whom then? By comparison, we presume, with the other parties principally concerned in police-court business. "The barrister" is a man of rank in relation to people of an inferior grade. The indefinite article denotes estimation, as the definite does the reverse. The gentlemen who write "*the* barrister" would write "*a* sweep."

The honour of the indefinite article conferred on an advocate, whose humble function is perhaps the defence of a pickpocket, appears to evince a sense of the superiority of that learned gentleman to everybody else in the court, except perhaps the magistrate, in respectability of social position.

MR. PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.

THAT He, and a good many thousand other extremely respectable persons, will have on Thursday morning a perfect recollection of the way they went down, and a very imperfect one of the way they came up.

That He, and the others above mentioned, will try to propitiate the partners of their bosoms, by presenting them with handfuls of those abominable little long-legged dolls for the children, and will be eminently unsuccessful. Possibly they may succeed better, towards the end of the week, with the long-promised dinner at the Trafalgar, and the opera-box for the next night, or something else which may mitigate the well-merited wrath of the British Matron.

That about three o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday the telegraph will have proclaimed, throughout the length and breadth of the land, the name of the victor in the great race.

Mr. Punch has, in the above observations, named the winner; so make your bets. Tooeey-tooeey-tooeey-too!

An Admirable War Footing.

COUSIN ALFRED was reading out to JULIA (his arm was round her waist, for he found that that attitude helped him over the Italian words wonderfully) the account of the Austrian Campaign. JULIA listened with a rapt attention that the subject scarcely deserved. "The late MARSHAL MARMONT used to say" (pursued ALFRED in his deep-toned voice), "that Austria could stamp armies out of the earth." "Good gracious me, dear ALFRED," laughingly exclaimed the peach-tinted JULIA, half blushing to interrupt a narrative so intensely interesting, "if Austria can stamp in that way, what famous military heels she must have."

THE HEIGHT OF IMAGINATION.

AN Imaginary Conversation between a Dumb-Bell and a Dumb-Waiter.—TUPPER's doing it!

“NOT A RAP TO CHOOSE BETWEEN ‘EM.”



ELL! CHIPPENHAM—as we learn from KEENE'S *Bath Journal*—has at length done something to distinguish itself. That respectable market-town should henceforth stand recorded in the *Gazetteer*, as the “Toss-up Borough.” To its ancient and once Tory precincts, railways have, it seems among other innovations, brought the pestilent doctrines of Liberalism in their train. Young Chippenham has determined to have henceforth at least

one Liberal Member. But young Chippenham, though mighty, is merciful. It will be content for the present with half the representation. One Tory shall be taken and the other left. Old Chippenham recognises its fix, and, on the principle that “half a loaf is better than no bread,” consents to make a JONAH of one of its Tory Members, in order to save the other. But which shall be the JONAH? Neither COLONEL BOLDERO nor MR. LONG has any disposition to play *Curtius*, and leap into the gulf which the Earthquake of Liberalism has opened in the Forum of Chippenham. Since neither will go to the wall, one must be pushed. Which one shall it be? How are the respective Committees to decide?

By merits?
BOLDERO is as bad as LONG: LONG no better than BOLDERO.
By services?
BOLDERO has done nothing for the Borough: LONG has helped BOLDERO.
By opinions?
BOLDERO says ditto to LORD DERBY: and LONG says ditto to BOLDERO.

The scales won't do—that's clear. Shall we try the sword? No. LONG and BOLDERO are brothers. If Toryism be a failing cause in Chippenham, let it at least die decently, and not go out in a row. Let it sink before the blows of its enemy, not fall by internecine strife.

And so, the Tory Committees—as jurors in a perplexity have done ere this—agreed to settle the great Chippenham cause of BOLDERO *v.* LONG by a toss. The Romans asked the will of the gods by the entrails of a heifer, or the pecking of a chicken; the augurs of Chippenham will ascertain the will of the great Tory god, Terminus—by skying a copper. All agree there isn't a rap to choose between the two men: then let a rap decide the choice.

So said, so done. The eventful halfpenny was produced—big with the fate of BOLDERO—laden with the lot of LONG. Whose genius perched on which side of the coin we are not informed—whether the gallant BOLDERO—as “None but the brave deserve the fair”—took the side of lovely “Woman,” while LONG—in his capacity of Major of the Royal Wilts Yeomanry—stood firm by “Man,” and still more, in his character of gentleman farmer, by GEORGE THE THIRD, whose head probably adorned the copper.

On all these points the Muse of contemporary History is silent. She but records the fact—so imposing in its naked simplicity—that on the spinning of a mean coin of the realm, of the denomination of one halfpenny, was staked the Tory representation of Chippenham, and that LONG won the toss!

The mode of decision seems at first blush undignified; but to *Mr. Punch*, deeply reflecting upon it, there is much that is admirable in the device of Old Chippenham. How many candidates are there worth a contest? How few, of whom we must not, in fairness, admit that it is only a toss-up between 'em? Why not in all these cases settle it as Chippenham has done, by a toss-up? Since brass has so often decided elections, why shrink from a selection determined by copper? Only, it should be insisted upon that the coin used in these cases should be carefully chosen, and its devices consistently appropriated, each to its party. Let the one side present the narrow, retreating brow, rabbit mouth, and receding chin of obstinate old GEORGE THE THIRD, and let his “head” be the consecrated symbol of Old Toryism; while Britannia,—no longer “La Belle Stuart,”—shall stand for the watchful and awakened genius of the country—Young

England—calm on her wave-girt rock; the wisdom of a thousand years in her eyes; in her hands the sceptre of the sea; by her side the couchant Lion.

LORD DERBY'S HORACE.

“MY DEAR PUNCH, “*St. James's Square, Sunday.*
“You were civil enough to speak well of my translation of *Donec tibi*, in RAVENSWORTH'S Horace. But here's another version of it, more in your line. I knocked it off while I was shaving, this morning, and cut my nose at ‘obleege,’ laughing. Stick it in. You left out that bit I sent you about ROTHSCHILD and the boy MORTARA, which was a shame.

“Ever, my dear Boy, yours faithfully,
“*The Lord Punch, &c. &c.*” “DERBY.”

RECONCILIATION.

“*Donec tibi gratus eram.*”—Hor. III. 9.

PAM.

When you liked me, dear JOHN, and we fought side by side,
And nobly those bigoted Tories defied,
My fiery ambition your praises were fanning,
By Jove, there were times when I thought myself CANNING.

JOHN.

Ah! those were the days when my PAM was a Brick, }
Nor over the traces had ventured to kick,
But submitted, in duty, his views and his letters
To revision by statesmen, his patrons and betters.

PAM.

But CLARENDON now is my *fidus* ACHATES,
My Mentor, my prompter, my prophet, my Vates,
He smokes all the games of King, Despot, or Czar,
As quick as he smokes his eternal cigar.

JOHN.

My views have advanced since the year Thirty-Two,
JOHN BRIGHT has informed me the right thing to do.
With him to the boroughs I mean to lay siege,
In fact at his wish I'd do ought to obleege.

PAM.

But if griefs were patched up, and we worked the same way,
As we did in the times of BROUGHAM, DURHAM, and GREY,
And I snubbed smoky C., and I joined, heart and *vox*,
With our only great statesman since SOMERS and FOX?

JOHN.

Though BRIGHT is in earnest his objects to gain,
And you are as frothy as CLICQUOR'S champagne,
I'll drop the plebeian (for Lords should consort),
If you join me, and flummox LORD D. and the Court.

FASHIONABLE VULGARISM.

THE following is an example of a style of fashionable announcement lately grown customary:—

“LADY PAKINGTON ‘received’ last evening at the official residence of the First Lord of the Admiralty.”

Observe that “receive” is printed between inverted commas. Why? The question may be answered by a quotation from the poetry of the lower orders:—

“JOSEPH BUGGINS ‘guv’ a party.”

The inverted commas in the foregoing line serve to mark the word “guv” as the vulgar preterite tense of the verb “to give.” In the same way, perhaps, those which enclose the term “received” are meant to stigmatise it as a verb active, which ought to govern an accusative case expressed, but which only does govern an accusative case understood; that accusative case to be conjectured from its obviousness, in a spirit of candour. We know that LADY PAKINGTON received company. There are ladies who receive stolen goods—for example. These considerations should prevent a refined journalist from putting the word “received” in inverted commas after the name of a lady.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF NEUTRALITY.—“I never says nuffen to nobody, and when I says a thing I always does it.”—*Anon.*

THE SONG OF THE DIALS.—“*We are Seven.*”



INVASION, INDEED! WHY, HERE IS A CORPS OF VOLUNTEERS, WHO HAVE NEVER EVEN BEEN THOUGHT OF*—WHAT WITH THE GLANCES AND THE ARROWS THEY WOULD SHOOT, AN ENEMY WOULD BE WORRIED TO DEATH IN NO TIME!

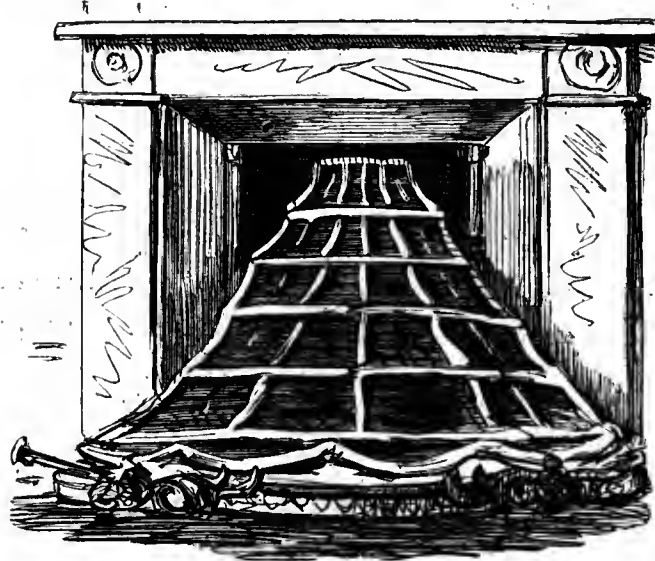
* The Royal Knickerbocker Archers.

TRIBULATION AND SPANISH BONDS.

TOUCHING the claims of the Spanish bondholders, defrauded by a nation of rogues, an opinion given by DR. ROBERT PHILLIMORE has lately been published. One would think there could be only one opinion on the subject, and DR. PHILLIMORE'S coincides with it; but we particularly agree with the following portion of that delivered by the learned Doctor:—

"In the unhappy event of such an attempt to procure justice proving ineffectual, it will remain for the Government of the injured subjects to take such measures in their behalf as it may deem expedient."

Certainly; and as any wise Government will deem no measures that it could possibly take on behalf of those aggrieved parties expedient, no wise Government will take any. It is hard for the dupes of Spanish rascality to lose their money, but they



AN ORNAMENT FOR THE FIRE STOVE—CRINOLINE USEFUL AT LAST.

had no business to lend it to foreigners. Let their example be a warning to all other unpatriotic fools who supply the sinews of war to brutes who are, or may be, the enemies of England. We hope that all those who shall henceforth be guilty of such base stupidity will be ruined, and go to the workhouse. To encourage them to commit a blunder so gross and a crime so atrocious, by extorting redress for the Spanish bondholders from the debtors by whom they have been deservedly swindled, would be the act of a Government—if not of blockheads—of traitors whose heads would merit the block.

RUNNING AND BOLTING.—First the Derby then the Lurchcon. In the former, the race is to the Swift; in the second, to the Swallow.

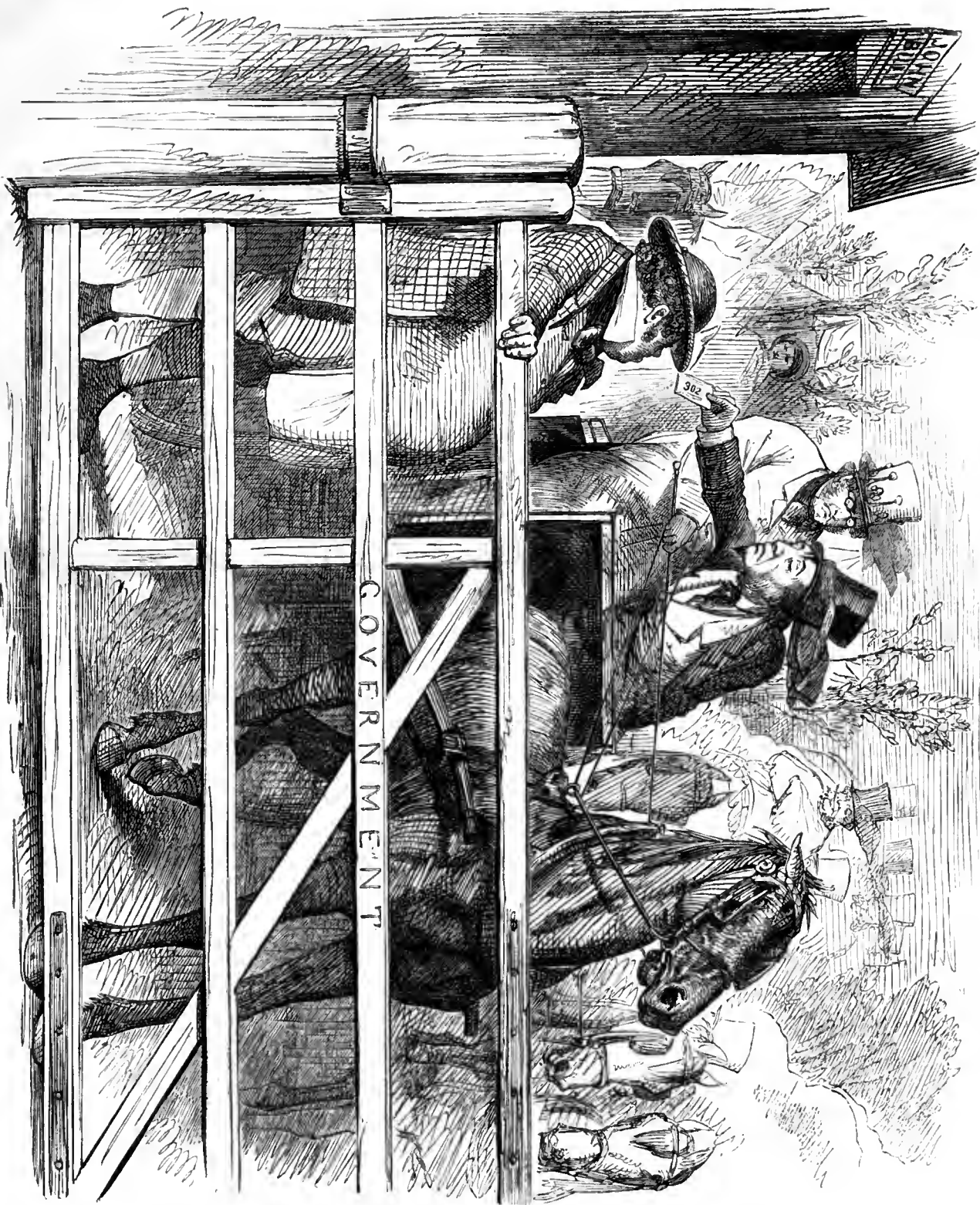
"A BAD SECOND."—A Quaker in a Duel.

How the Feelings of Princes do run away with Them!

"I BELIEVE that PRINCE NAPOLEON commands the right wing of the French army?" said one old veteran to another. "More likely, the one that's left," was the reply of one who had known the Prince in the Crimea.

A Little Lesson for the Pope.

You must do at Rome precisely as Rome does, and as Rome cannot move, you must not think of moving. You must both stop where you are.—Advice, pointed by the bayonet, by the French on one side, and the Austrians on the other.



THE DERBY—THE RETURN.

JOHN BULL. "NOW THEN, SHOW YOUR TICKET! THREE HUNDRED AND TWO! YOU CAN'T GET THROUGH WITH THAT!"



SLANG AND SANSKRIT.



LANG is the fashion at the present moment, and there seems a fair prospect that the language in which ADDISON and GIBBON wrote, and in which LORD MACAULAY and MR. BUCKLE still continue to write, which was spoken by BURKE and SHERIDAN, and in which MR. GLADSTONE and MR. BRIGHT are still able to express their sentiments, will soon be overwhelmed by a torrent of extraneous expressions, coming we know not whence, and hurrying us we know not whither.

Every day the Genius of Slang embraces a wider area beneath its extending wings.

Its influence is no longer confined to the male youth of the nation, the class in whom we may expect to find the Athenian element developed, ever searching after novelty, or receiving it with open arms.

Long since it penetrated into the Forum, and now we

meet it in the Senate, and even the pulpit itself is no longer free from its intrusion.

It greets us from the lips of beauty. The fair sex have even dropped the faint pretence of apology, which at first they were wont to add to a highly flavoured sentence: "as HENRY or ADOLPHUS would say," unfairly endeavouring to transfer the guilt of their phraseology to an unfortunate brother or cousin. Probably some young ladies who were unable to resist the fascinations of the new dialect were not blessed with male relations, so even this faint admission of impropriety has gradually become extinct. These ladies have much to answer for, for their utterance gives a fair stamp to the base metal, which must necessarily increase its circulation, and as far as they are individually concerned, the habit is dangerous. There have been many courtships which have ultimately ended happily, in whose course the suitor has met with occasional rebuffs; but we can scarcely imagine the lover whose courage would be sufficient to enable him to return to the charge, when his first advances had been checked by a simple suggestion to "Shut up!" But the blame does not rest with the younger ladies alone, even the British matron on whose fair brow sit dignity and grace enthroned, does not always escape contagion, for she has been known to observe with regret that the youthful hope of the family looked "seedy" at the morning breakfast-table.

The allegory which pervades the conversation of all Eastern nations is the foundation of Western slang; and the increased number of students of the Oriental languages, especially since Sanscrit and Arabic have been made subjects for the Indian Civil Service Examinations, may have contributed to supply the English language with a large portion of its new dialect. While, however, the spirit of allegory comes from the East, there is so great a difference between the brevity of Western expression, and the cumbersome diction of the Oriental, that the origin of a phrase becomes difficult to trace. Thus, for instance, whilst the Turkish merchant might address his friend somewhat as follows:—"That which seems good to my father is to his servant as the perfumed breath of the west wind in the calm night of the Arabian summer;" the Western negotiator observes more briefly, "All serene!"

The compliment which one friend is understood to pay another when he states emphatically that he is "a bean," is evidently of Oriental origin; since, to give it the weight which it actually possesses, we must consider the bean (or some similar pulse for which the word bean has been substituted) as forming a much more important article of food than either broad beans or scarlet runners do in this country. The expression has not the authority of *Gulliver*, though we can understand the importance it would possess as an appellation if it had been current among the Houyhnhnms.*

"Brick" must be allowed to be an exception, its Greek derivation being universally admitted, corresponding so exactly as it does in its rectangular form and compactness to the perfection of manhood, according to the views of PLATO and SIMONIDES; † but any deviation from the simple expression in which locality is indicated,—as, for instance, "a genuine Bath,"—decidedly breathes the Oriental spirit.

* A similar argument will apply to the expression "the cheese" when used to denote perfection. It may be fairly surmised that this mode of compliment has come to us from the Arabs; as it forms an important part of the hospitality they display towards strangers.
† Plato, Protagoras, cap. 29.

There is nothing at first sight in the idea of being "up a tree" which conveys anything particularly unpleasant to the imagination. In a warm summer day it would be rather a pleasant place than otherwise; and, as a general rule, if the climbing experiences of our youth are recalled, it is much easier to come down than to get up. But if to our condition "on the tree top" we introduce the element of a tiger walking round and round and waiting for us at the bottom, the case becomes quite altered; and certainly some supposition of this kind is necessary to give the expression the mournful signification it usually bears.

Whilst the allegory of slang is Oriental, it must be admitted that the form of words it takes is occasionally decidedly European. For instance, "getting a pull," an expression redolent of advantage to English ears, if construed literally, would be the last thing in the world that, under any circumstances, a Turk would wish to have.

On the other hand, there are some Turkish words which have been engrafted bodily on the English language. There is one, whose innate force and beauty the slangographer is reluctantly compelled to admit. It is the only word which seems a proper appellation for a great deal which we are obliged to hear and to read every day of our life. It will be scarcely necessary to mention that that word is "Bosh."

An eminent historian* has recently advanced a theory, that the inhabitants of climates subject to violent convulsions of nature become more imaginative than those who dwell in lands where there is little alteration in the ordinary course of things. If this theory is adopted, it may be fairly concluded that the violent epithets which slang applies to everything and everybody are exotics; and they would be only excusable in those whose life is passed amidst the roar of cataracts, the roll of thunders, the rumbling of volcanos, and the crash of earthquakes. But the single thunderstorm of an English summer is not a sufficient excuse for calling a pair of peculiarly-tinted trousers "howling-bags;" or denominating a graceful girl, with blue eyes and fair hair "a crusher;" or even for stating that she is "awfully" pretty.

It has been suggested that there is no novelty in the existence of "slang;" that in all countries and in all times there has been an unwritten language, as well as an unwritten law; but it cannot be denied that the English language, during the last few years, has been planted too assiduously with these flowers of speech. It will be found, too, that many of the older slang expressions were used euphemistically; as, for example, the variety of forms in which allusion was made to inebriety,—"half seas over," "three sheets in the wind," or a suggestion that the individual had been "in the sun," or was a little "cut,"—for all these there was an excuse, as they avoided the painful simplicity of the word "drunk;" or, as our German neighbours might put it, the memory-of-the-Police-Court-recalling-epithet, intoxicated. A similar amnesty might perhaps be extended to modern variations used for the same purpose, whether they partake of the brief and business-like or the Johnsonian phraseology; whether the votary of Bacchus is described as the "screwed" or the "materially altered."

Let these pass. When deformity is hidden, if only by a mask of words, a momentary advantage may be gained. But who can defend the clothing beauty with the garb of ugliness? What can be said in favour of a dialect from whose repertory the beautiful woman, the eloquent statesman, the brave soldier, the stirring preacher, and the successful prize-fighter, may be all comprehended under the denomination "stunner?" †

Can the slangographer venture to suggest a remedy? If a knowledge of Arabic and Sanscrit is necessary to the future administration of the British Empire in India, patriotism would forbid the suggestion that those studies should be curtailed.

From wheresoever the Slang plant draws its sap,—from the East or from the West, or from suckers indigenous to the British soil,—it is a rank weed, and the sooner it is rooted up the better.

* MR. BUCKLE.

† The phrases that have been examined are but a few out of hundreds. We have landed on the islands and out-lying territories, and endeavoured to gauge their soil, but the great continent of Slang lies still unexplored before us.

LATEST BETTING ON THE POLITICAL COURSE.

THE DERBY EVENT.

2 to 1	against	Lord Derby's Majority (taken).
3 to 2	"	John Russell's Succession ("wanted").
10 to 1	"	Mr. Disraeli's War Income-tax and Fleabito, coupled.
16 to 1	"	Lord Malmesbury's Sagacity.
20 to 1	"	Lord Chelmsford's Nepotism.
25 to 5	"	John Bright's Reform Bill (offered).
30 to 1	"	Cardinal Wiseman's Irish Boy (if ridden by Priestcraft).
40 to 1	"	Sir Jamie Graham's Blarney.
50 to 1	"	Mr. Whiteside's Bluster.
100 to 1	"	Lord John and the Bottleholder being coupled.
1000 to 1	"	The Dizzy Lot and Office, coupled.

THE COUNTRY STAKES.

Rifleman the favourite at 999 to 1.
Austrian Eagle and Court Influence continue without backers.
Long odds against Neutrality, if Government remains in the Tory stables.



POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

Ragged Capitalist to Ditto. "THE WAR CAN'T LAST, SIR; FRANCE AND AUSTRIA HAVEN'T THE MEANS; THEY MUST COME TO US FOR MONEY BEFORE LONG."

PARTICULARS OF THE RUSSELLO-PALMERSTONIAN ALLIANCE.

(From the Morning Advertiser.)

WE are happy to be able to give, exclusively, the particulars of the last interview between the noble leaders of the Opposition party—we mean, of course, LORD PALMERSTON and LORD JOHN RUSSELL; and we are equally delighted to be permitted to add, that the discord supposed to exist between those two noble lords will not longer interfere with their acting in concert for the benefit of the country. The great difficulty was, to get the two noblemen to meet in any place where discussion was possible. It would not have been hard for them to have met accidentally at the same dinner-party or *soirée*; but our readers, though not accustomed, like ourselves, to the highest society, may take it from us, that it is not usual for statesmen to begin debating political topics from the two ends of a dinner-table, or in the labyrinthine mazes of the *Lancers* (a species of quadrille dance, in which LORD PALMERSTON is a proficient, but which LORD J. RUSSELL sadly bungles); and therefore the object could not thus be accomplished. It was then thought that the two distinguished individuals might meet at the Exhibition, and that in the gloomy and solitary cell in which the statuary is placed the necessary interview might have occurred. But LORD JOHN RUSSELL had been at the private view, and from economical motives, which do him the highest honour and promise well for our finances, declined to lay out a shilling in procuring admission; while, we need hardly say, the high spirit of the true British nobleman forbade any one's venturing to advance the money for him. To a meeting at the Zoological Gardens, on Sunday last, LORD PALMERSTON raised the objection, that it was well known that he never countenanced, far less bore part in, any political business transacted on the Sabbath. At the last moment, when the destinies of England seemed trembling in the balance of Fortune, feminine wit, as usual, interposed and solved the problem. LORD JOHN RUSSELL's residence is in the delightful park of Richmond (not the Richmond in Yorkshire, but the enchanting place in Surrey, which POPE perhaps had in his eye when he wrote—

"Thy forests, Windsor, and thy green retreats,
At once the monarch's and the muse's seats,
Invite my lays!"

for there is a forest in Richmond Park; it was formerly the site of the palace of one of our kings; and many of the pleasing verses which have from time to time been written for this Journal were composed in some of the excellent hosteleries at Richmond—but this is a digression, which may be pardoned). To invite LORD PALMERSTON to come to LORD JOHN's house, which is called Pembroke Lodge, on account of the number of Pembroke tables in it, would have been impossible. But, as we have said, a lady's wit made all serene, to adopt the popular phrase. We believe that to LADY JOHN RUSSELL may be attributed the merit of the suggestion, made on coming out of the Opera, that the scenery from the balcony of the Star and Garter (a happy name for the hotel—Hail, Star of Brunswick! and so on) was now very charming in the viridity of spring; and that the pleasant thing was to order dinner, stroll in the park while it was preparing, and then return to the repast and the view. With the exquisite *finesse* of highly-cultivated womanhood, the LADY PALMERSTON apprehended the meaning of the hint, and asked which day was the best, when there were fewest of the London club-men and the rest of the lower orders hanging about and staring. LADY JOHN thought Wednesday a good day, being one of the London dining-out days; and the distinguished ladies entered their respective carriages.

By a curious coincidence, about ten minutes past six on Wednesday evening last, LORD and LADY PALMERSTON were seen traversing the green sod of Richmond Park, when they suddenly came upon LORD and LADY JOHN RUSSELL, and mutual well-bred surprise was manifested, which we may inform our readers is called *embouppong*, or good taste. The distinguished party strolled along, and fortunately came towards the spot where our reporter, to whom a hint had been given, lay hidden in one of the iron tubular drains which intersect the Park. From the carelessly colloquial tone of the two statesmen, and from the difficulty which our reporter had in keeping some frogs and toads, whose residence he had invaded, from hopping into his ears, he could but imperfectly gather what was said. But he distinctly heard LORD JOHN RUSSELL suggest to his noble friend to take a peerage, to which proposal the late Premier responded with an allusion to a party who had taken a name from his habit of constant perambulation. Some laughter followed, and then some talk in a lower key, of which our reporter could only catch, "Lead of the House; they won't stand your ehaffing!" Some kind of arrangement was come to, and LORD PALMERSTON said, "Jot down the sort of motion, and send it to me; and GIBSON shall see BRIGHT." The conversation seemed to flag, when one of the ladies—she appeared to have withdrawn a little distance—playfully exclaimed, "Well, are HER MAJESTY'S Ministers ready for their dinner?" A general laugh followed, and LORD JOHN was heard to say, "Talk of that on Tuesday sen'night." The whole party then retired, and our reporter, extricating himself from the pipe-drain, hastened to the Star and Garter, but was refused all information, except that he had better be off. We have, however, stated enough to show that the good and true men of England will not long be left without patriotic leadership; and we would conclude by hoping that the Richmond statesmen will ere long seize the reins of power, for, in the inspired language of the Bard of Avon,

"Richmond is on the seize, my Lord."

An Army that takes Everything.

IF the marauding exploits that are reported of the Austrians in Lombardy be true—paying for nothing, and helping themselves to everything—we should say that Austria could boast of the largest Rifle Corps in the world. So perfect is every Austrian apparently as a Rifleman that he is sure to take off everything he aims at, and when his great aim seems to be plunder, we need not say what an unerring hand he is generally at it.

"CHILDREN MUST BE PAID FOR."

"C'EST le premier Pa qui coûte!"—
Gammon! "C'est le premier Fils."

[Young Paterfamilias—apropos of a first experience of the bills on account of "dear baby."

The Horse for our Money.

MR. PUNCH, to show LORD DERBY its good points, trots out "Neutrality," the country's favourite.

Mr. Punch loq. There, my Lord! that's the horse for you to stand upon! He's safe to pull you through, if you will but stick to him!

* CÆSAR THE SECOND.—PRINCE NAPOLEON is to be sent to the blockade of Venice, so as to give him an opportunity of writing home, "Venice, vidi, vici."



THE ADVANTAGE OF TAKING A SHORT CUT THROUGH A COURT.

(A Picture dedicated by Mr. Punch, with his best wishes for success, to the "Playground and General Recreation Society.")

POOR PLAYGROUNDS.

THERE is, just now, a very laudable desire for rifle practice, and grounds are being everywhere adapted for the purpose. Clubs are being formed with a rapidity which shows our hearts are in the matter; and the ladies would, if need were, change their diamonds for spades, as the wherewithal to throw the earth up for our butts. Subscriptions have poured in with an incredible profusion—incredible, that is, to those who have no purse-onal acquaintance with JOHN BULL, and do not know what interest he takes in a good cause, and how willing he is always to invest in it his capital.

But there are other grounds than rifle-grounds just now to be subscribed for; and though they are for little people, they are not of small importance. While remembering our riflemen, we must not forget our popgunners, nor omit to furnish them with fit places for exercise. It is with this view a Society has been set on foot, called "The Playground and General Recreation Society;" and it is with the view of getting JOHN BULL to subscribe to it, that Mr. Punch, who is all charity, is tempted once again to notice its existence. As no good work in England proceeds without his influence, Mr. Punch, a year ago, proclaimed himself a Patron of the Playground Society, and was pleased to print a column of his reasons for supporting it.* As everyone remembers every word which Mr. Punch delights the world by writing, it is needless to repeat the arguments adduced; and as Mr. Punch exhausts every topic that he touches, it is not easy to bring forward now fresh reasons for his favour. The establishment of rifle-grounds is, however, a new point of mental view to look from; and it is with an eye to them that Mr. Punch sees cause for the formation of popgunneries, or, as they have otherwise been called by him, "Poor Playgrounds."

A proverb is the essence of a century's experience; and a proverb has declared, in too familiar words to quote, that an immature intellect is dulled by constant work, and that intervals of play are requisite to brighten it. In extension of this truth, it may be laid down, likewise,

that the absence of amusement has a not less bad corporeal, than it has mental influence, and not only blunts young minds, but is apt to stunt young bodies. It is for this reason especially that, speaking as a riflemen, Mr. Punch would speak up for our having more Poor Playgrounds.

It is not absolutely needful that a man should be sharp-witted, in order that by practice he may perfect himself in sharpshooting; but the skill of a sharpshooter depends upon his nerve, and a stunted frame has less of this than has a well-grown one. The children who would use poor playgrounds (if they had them) become the chief material from which we make our troops, and the stronger they grow up, the stronger is the force in battle of our forces. Besides, as play expands the intellect, we perhaps may teach the ragged young idea to shoot, by providing it with proper playgrounds for the purpose. As the child is proverbially paternal to the man, a good shot with a pop-gun, or with a bow and arrow, may become, as he grows up, a good shot with a rifle. At any rate, his limbs, by active service in the playground, will be made more capable of active service in the field; and as the sinews of poor children become in many instances the sinews of war, the more power we give to their young elbows the better.

Punch views, then, a poor playground as being, in fact, one of our National Defences; and on this ground alone it has found favour in his eyes, and should find favour also in the vision of the public. Other pleas for it are not less obvious to sight, as any one who walks abroad in any narrow street can testify. Let the carriage-going Cæsus, who has any doubt of this, procure a new sensation by con-descending, just for once, to take a short cut through a court; and, with a tipeat in his eye and a pegtop on his toes, he will both see and feel the need there is now of poor playgrounds.

Not having public play-places, poor children make playgrounds of the public pavements; and if the public considers this a nuisance, the road to its removal lies through the public's pocket. Let the public subscribe liberally to the Playground Society (as many "potent, grave, and reverend" gent- and nob-lemen have done), and the Society will remove the tipeat from the eye and the hoop and pegtop from the corns of the public.

* Vide "Ragged Playgrounds," Punch, May 1, 1858.

COMIC OBSEQUIES.



Read in the *Court Journal* an account of the funeral of PRINCE ROSIGLIOSI, at Rome; a story which looks very much like a hoax. According to this narrative the Prince was buried in the family vault of the ROSIGLIOSI, at the Church of San Francesco a Ripa—conveyed thither in a coach “gaily decked and newly painted for the occasion”—like the LORD MAYOR’S, we suppose. The ceremony concluded with the following absurdity:—

“The head cook in his costume of *cinque cento*, advanced respectfully to the foot of the bier, and, bowing to the ground, asked the usual morning question, ‘Your Excellency has orders for me?’ The inquiry was made with an expressive smile and a distinctness of

utterance which almost shook the nerves of the bystanders. The dead man, however, not betraying by word or gesture any comprehension of the question, the great functionary of the ROSIGLIOSI household, after waiting patiently for a few moments, withdrew, walking backwards to the door of the church, and, standing in the porch, called out with a stentorian voice to the drivers of the ROSIGLIOSI carriages, gathered in vast numbers in the piazza, ‘Drive home! His Excellency has no further orders to give you, and will require your services no more.’”

The *Court Journal* remarks that the ceremony above partly described will, as belonging to another century and a bygone order of things, doubtless be the last of its kind; an observation which implies a belief that it really did take place in the present century, and the other day. It is difficult to conceive that such a piece of melancholy buffoonery could have been perpetrated anywhere off the stage or out of a lunatic asylum; nevertheless, when we consider that foolery yet more solemn is often performed at Rome with the POPE for first Merry-Andrew, we see it to be possible that this burlesque burial may also have been enacted in the Eternal City. One fool makes many—especially a fool whose cap is three-crowned, and whose bauble consists of the keys of heaven and the other place; and after his Holiness’s benediction of cinders, ROSIGLIOSI’S cook may perhaps have thought that he was not making much of a profane ass of himself by playing *Leporello*, as it were, to his dead master for *Commendatore* in his coffin and in a Church.

There are, however, fools in other places than Rome, and so long as when we look at home, we see that dismal zanies are customarily hired on mournful occasions to attend black vehicles pranked out with feathers, and masquerade in the guise of *Lord Lovel*, we must not say very much about the above Italian tomfool, who rendered himself more ridiculous than a British mute only by speaking.

Mother Wit.

THE following bit of playfulness was overheard in the crush-room of Covent-Garden Opera. The intellectual gladiators were SIR ROBERT PEEL and his great elum SPOONER:—

“I say, what division of Natural History does the Talking Fish belong to?”

“Why, my dear Dick, from the very facile way in which it says ‘MA-MA,’ I should say it was the *Mammalia*.”

Retaliation.

THE Munich ladies have entered into a solemn compact not to wear any French dresses. The Parisian ladies are about to take fearful revenge. A female league will shortly be formed, every member of which is to take an oath that under no circumstances whatever, medical recommendation only excepted, will she drink a drop of Bavarian beer! It is expected that it will be the turn of the sausages next. Cut off the sausages and the beer, and you abolish all the exports that Germany sends to France.

The Crossing Sweeper’s Best Friend.

City Swell (splashed by a watering-cart). The Deuce take you, you’ve spoilt my best peg-tops.

Crossing-Sweeper (appealingly). Don’t swear at ’em, Sir—please, Sir, don’t. They’re the very best friends we’ve got. We should starve, Sir, in this ’ere dry weather, if it warn’t for them blessed watering-carts. They’re bread and meat and drink and washing to us, Sir. They do make such a jolly mess!

THE PUPIL TO HIS PARENTS.

“*Euphemia House Academy, 28/5/59.*”

“MY DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA,

“AT the request of my Preceptor, I take an opportunity of writing you a few lines of my own composition, and consisting of remarks on a subject of interest which has presented itself to me in the course of my studies.

“LAURENCE JUNIOR’S parents, the other day, sent him a cake—that surest token of paternal and maternal affection. It was wrapped up in a newspaper called the *Morning Post*, in which I read a singular account of a horse-race at a place named Newmarket, signed with the name of ‘ARGUS.’

“ARGUS was the son of Arestor, whence he was sometimes called Arestorides, on the same principle, my beloved parents, I believe, as that on which is formed the well known name of JOHNSON, which originally signified JOHN’S son, or the son of JOHN; being what the learned denominate a patronymic. ARGUS married Ismene the daughter of Asopus, son of the heathen deity Neptune, and the tutelary divinity of a river in Thessaly. The poets represented ARGUS with a hundred eyes, thus elegantly adorning with the garb of fiction the fact that he was always uncommonly wide awake. I am at a loss to explain how this peculiarity occasioned the adoption of his name by a writer whose observations relate principally to the subject of horses.

“Among those observations I encountered the following extraordinary passage:—

“MR. MERRY, who was not present, stood a monkey on his mare, whose condition was quite as good as her opportunity.”

“I have devoted several moments of leisure to the consideration of this passage, which contains an expression of extremely doubtful propriety. Let us, my dear parents, endeavour to analyse this very remarkable phrase. What may we imagine to be the meaning of the statement that MR. MERRY ‘stood a monkey on his mare.’

“The lower orders, with whose idioms, I have thought it my duty to acquaint myself, only, believe me, in order that I may carefully avoid them, are accustomed to talk of standing an object in a position—for example, standing the poker in the corner, or standing the pewter vessel on the mantel-piece. This is incorrect. Instead of saying I stood the poker in the corner, we should say I placed the instrument so called in that situation—should we not?”

“May we therefore conjecture that, when ARGUS stated that MR. MERRY stood a monkey on his mare, he intended to describe the gentleman in question as having, with a view to create diversion, placed an animal of that mischievous disposition and ridiculous appearance on the mare’s back? If this supposition is correct, the sport of horse-racing must surely be regarded as consisting, in part at least, of very puerile absurdity, and we shall be inclined to suspect that the name of MR. MERRY is an abbreviation of that of MR. MERRIMAN.

“The above conjecture is, however, irreconcilable with the general correctness of ARGUS in point of grammar; which is the more striking from the consideration, that persons who are conversant with the stable are exceedingly apt to contract the style of conversation which characterises those who are employed in it. This contagion, however, he has not, I fear, entirely escaped. There is too much reason to apprehend, that in the passage under consideration, he uses the word ‘stand,’ not, indeed, ungrammatically, but as a cant expression. I have ascertained that, in the language of the populace, to stand a measure of porter, for instance, means to undertake the responsibility of paying for it; to stand, as it were, sponsor for that quantity of liquor.”

“I imagine, therefore, the meaning of ARGUS to be, that MR. MERRY rendered himself responsible for something called a monkey, which, I fear, is another popular synonym, and signifies a sum of money. My Preceptor informs me that the vocabulary of persons who frequent horse-races, and are in the habit of laying wagers, abounds with similar expressions, which are also commonly employed by all those classes that devote themselves to the acquisition of wealth by other means than those of industry.

“I trust, my dearest parents, that a scrupulous purity of language will always accompany and correspond to that refined morality to practise which will ever be the undeviating aim of your affectionate and obedient Child,

“JOSEPH PUNCH.”

“P.S. Enclosed is a little sketch, which I trust will attest the progress I have made in my drawing. It is the portrait of my venerable Preceptor. Perhaps I need not observe that old WINDUS has not perused this concluding portion of my epistle; to which I will only add that I am hard up, having been regularly cleaned out at ‘Heads and Tails,’ and I hope, Governor, you’ll fork out; and please, Mother, send us some grub.”

ONE OF THE HORRORS OF WAR.—MR. DAVID URQUHART lecturing upon it.



SISTERLY LOVE.

Papa. "THERE, THERE! MY LITTLE POPPET. DON'T CRY! DON'T CRY!—IF YOU ARE GOING TO HAVE THE MEASLES, YOU WILL SOON BE WELL AGAIN, I HOPE.—THERE, THERE!"

Blanche (sobbing violently). "I—I—I—I'M NOT CRYING, PAPA, BECAUSE I'M GOING TO HAVE THE MEASLES; BUT BECAUSE I—I—I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO RIDE MARY'S PONY ALL THE TIME SHE WAS ILL, AND NOW I SHAN'T!"

ALDERMAN HUMPHERY'S MARIA.

HONOUR to ALDERMAN HUMPHERY for the munificence with which he has provided for poor old MARIA WOOD, so that she shall be taken care of for the remainder of her days! The worthy Alderman has bought MARIA for £410; she was knocked down to him for that sum. No, JONATHAN; we do not buy and sell humans. MARIA WOOD was not a Divine image carved in ebony; she was not a female nigger. No, Monsieur; MARIA WOOD was not sold by her husband SIR WOOD, late First Lord of the Admiralty, in Smithfield. MARIA WOOD was nobody's weaker vessel, though a vessel she was; but not a vessel of HER MAJESTY'S Navy, nor yet of the Mercantile Marine, exactly. She was, in short, the old City Barge, the State Barge of the LORD MAYOR, in the days when the LORD MAYOR ruled the waves of London's river with undivided authority. When the brightest jewel of the Civic crown, the conservancy of the Thames, was stripped from that ensign of sovereignty, MARIA WOOD and the City Monarch parted company. She became the joint property of the Corporation at large; that worshipful body commanded her to be sold. Accordingly, on Tuesday last week MARIA WOOD was put up for sale at the Auction Mart of MESSRS. PULLEN & SON. The cost of MARIA'S construction had been £8,000. It ought to have amounted to some money: she is 140 feet long by 19 broad, and draws 2 feet 6 inches of water. Her grand saloon, 56 feet in length, will hold and dine 140 persons, many of whom are Aldermen and other individuals who occupy considerable space. Her saloon and cabin windows are all of plate glass; and MARIA WOOD is, as to the whole of her outside planking, mahogany wood. She has a powerful cooking-apparatus on board; a fact, of which the mention will dispel any erroneous idea that the banquets which used to take place on board of her, during Civic royal progresses on the Thames, consisted merely of cold capon and other meats of the same low tem-

perature. From £100 the biddings rose to the sum at which, as above stated, MARIA was knocked down to ALDERMAN HUMPHERY. The object of the generous Alderman in purchasing MARIA WOOD was, we are told, "to save her from the fate of becoming merely a tradition of civic grandeur, and to enable the corporation and civic companies to avail themselves gratuitously of her many conveniences for pleasure-parties as long as she lasts." And last she will, let us hope, for many and many a day. Bless her old timbers! As her only bones are those timbers, we cannot say that there is still flesh on them; but we may express the belief that there will be meat in her yet—meat which will often include plenty of venison.

MR. ALDERMAN HUMPHERY is one of the Conservators of the Thames, a member of that body of governors amongst whom the aforesaid jewel of its conservancy was, having been broken, divided. Long may he wear that fragment of the civic Koh-i-Noor; long may he be required for the rescue of MARIA WOOD from degradation or demolition, by her faithful and efficient services; and, in the meanwhile, may he often have occasion for them, always enjoy them, and never feel the worse after having employed them.

To Persons fond of Prodigies.

In the way of Prodiges, we beg to introduce to the reader the *Pet Polka* and the *Daisy Waltz*, both of which are composed by a MASTER COWEN, who, we are informed, on the authority of the title-page—and title-pages speak the truth just as much as tombstones—is "only seven years of age." This young gentleman must be a prodigy far in advance of his time, and must put old COCKER'S nose completely out of joint; for he notably proves, in spite of all the numbers which that elderly gentleman can bring forward to outvote the fact, that seven can make a score!

CANZONET FOR THE CABINET.

BY AN UN-CHRISTIAN MINSTREL.

AIR—"Come where my love is dreaming!"

FIRST VOICE.

COME where my DIZ. sits dreaming!
 Dreaming the happy hours away;
 While Fancy's eye is beaming
 With Hope's delusive ray:
 Dreaming that in power he'll stay—
 Alas! prophetic *Punch* says, "Nay!"
Chorus. Come where, &c.

SECOND VOICE.

Soft is his head, yes, soft must it be,
 To dream that much longer he'll sack his salary:
 The Whigs soon will meet, and then out will go he,
 Sacked not his pay, but himself, we shall see.

Chorus.

Come where our DIZ. sits dreaming!
 Hope o'er his brain holds sway;
 His mental eye is gleaming
 With its delusive ray:
 He dreams that still in power he'll stay.
Punch simply answers, "Wish you may!"

PREVENTIBLE DISEASES.

SURELY, amongst the number of preventible diseases ought to be included the many fatal cases which are continually resulting from the practice that ladies will suicidally cling to, of wearing tight stays and thin shoes? We think, if the number of deaths that annually occur from obstinately persisting in such injurious habits were regularly published, the female mind might at last be brought to see that the Family Doctor has not two better friends in the world than the lady's Shoemaker and Corset-maker. It is sad to think that ladies, good housewives as they generally are, should allow life's sacred flame to be so often sacrificed to such an offensive folly as a taper waist.

A Sum in Proportion.

If 1 policeman is able to make 12 honest orangewomen move on in Cornhill, how many policemen will be sufficient to clear Bride Lane, Fleet Street, of an obstruction consisting of 200 rascals engaged in betting and gambling?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



WEDNESDAY, May 31, 1859. Mr. Punch went down to the House of Commons, and desired that MR. DENISON might be sent to him in the Smoking Room. DENISON of course came running in at the summons, and Mr. Punch, affably, but firmly, expressed his general satisfaction with the late SPEAKER'S conduct in the chair, but his idea that DENISON ought to be a little more wide awake, and evince a little more decision. DENISON, in a very becoming manner, thanked Mr. Punch for his advice, and begged that it might always be accorded to him in any emergency. Mr. Punch then said, that he should certainly cause MR. DENISON to be re-elected; and, taking him into the House, intimated the imperial wish to COLONEL WILSON PULLEN and SIR

FRANCIS BARING. They, "pleased their master's mandates to perform," immediately proposed and seconded MR. DENISON, who was of course elected, and thereupon complimented by MR. DISRAELI and LORD PALMERSTON. COLONEL FRENCH then desired that the House might not meet on the next day—the Derby; but MR. DISRAELI said it was necessary to meet, but FRENCH might go to the Derby if he liked. Next day the CHANCELLOR intimated to MR. DENISON that the QUEEN approved her friend Mr. Punch's selection of a Speaker. The rest of the Parliamentary week was devoted to swearing.

NEUTRALITY AND WAR.

AIR—"Il mio tesoro."

YES, dear JOHN BRIGHT, I grant you,
I don't want to go to war.
You very well can see why—can't you?
I've nought worth fighting for.

But if either side, my hearty,
Shall conquer too much sea-shore,
I am down upon that same party,
And soon you will hear my guns roar!

New Imperial Titles.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, from the fact of his having made preparations for the present War long before any one suspected that gunpowder was brooding in the atmosphere, has been called *l'Homme à précaution*. Certainly, PRINCE NAPOLEON is entitled to a similar honourable title, in all matters where personal safety is concerned. In fact, precaution is his great military virtue, and he has been known, whenever the danger appeared great, to carry it to an absurd length. On one occasion, it took him all the way from the Crimea to Paris.

THE RIFLE SERVICE.

THE Irish Brigade are about to form themselves into a Rifle corps for the ensuing Parliamentary campaign. Their services are to be restricted to the field of politics. MR. LEVER, of the Galway Mail Steam Packet Company, is to be at the head of the Rifle-men.

Character of the War.

MILITARY gentlemen, "who sit at home at ease," are crying out against the slothfulness of the War. The Austrians, they complain, are dreadfully backward in coming forward. If the French accounts be true, it must be confessed that the EMPEROR JOSEPH'S army has distinguished itself as yet not so much for its action, as its exaction.

LA LOGIQUE.

L'EMPIRE c'est la paix; la guerre est arrivée;
Voilà de l'Empereur l'Empire terminé.

DERBY-DAY STATISTICS.

Picked up on the Course by our Ubiquitous Reporter.

FIVE hundred and fifty Clerks in City houses were so "suddenly indisposed" (for work) upon the Derby Day, that they were "unavoidably compelled to absent themselves from business," and to prescribe themselves a dose of Epsom "malt" as a restorative.

More than a thousand Husbands of high commercial credit told their Wives that they (the H's) had been summoned on a jury, and that they (the W's) had therefore better not sit up for them.

Out of sixty million shies which were taken at "Old Aunt Sally," an average of only one and a half per cent. proved hits.

No fewer than twenty thousand bets were made (and lost) in consequence of the receipt of "private information," or from the insanity of trusting to a "tip."

Exactly half a million "c'rect cards" were sold, and upwards of nine hundred "funny men" inquired whether, for a change, they could buy an incorrect one.

Two thousand and twenty "pretty gentlemen" submitted, for the lark of the thing, they said, to have their fortunes told them. Nine hundred and ninety-nine were cautioned to beware of trusting a dark lady, and no fewer than five hundred were informed, to their great comfort, that a "fair face would smile on them" before the month was out, and that if they crossed the hand of the propheticess with silver, they might rely on being "married to a money-bag" ere Christmas.

In six hundred and six hampers (all of which had been home-packed) the knives and forks and salt were all "conspicuous for their absence." In seven thousand others the corkscrew was forgotten, so the phrase of "cracking a bottle" had to be carried out in literalness.

Of three hundred and three thousand tongues which shouted "Now they're off!" more than 99 per cent. cried out so when they were not.

No fewer than two hundred prudent *Patres-familie* put their wives and daughters in the five-shilling stands, on the plea that they "disliked the crush" upon the Grand one.

Out of twenty thousand men who "put the pot on" the wrong horse, nineteen thousand nineteen hundred and ninety-nine declared, that if they'd trusted their own judgment, they would have won a hatful.

An average of nine and eight-ninths postboys in ten got so screwed after lunch that their employers all drew lots as to who should turn postilion. But when the time for starting came, the defunct gave signs of life, and being lifted to their saddles, by some miraculous adhesion they managed to stiek on them.

Precisely fifty thousand and five pairs of gloves were bet, and, of the forty-nine thousand and nine ladies who lost, only two have had the honesty (as yet) to pay their bets.

Of the thirty thousand gents who "tooled down" by the road, twenty-nine thousand and ninety had to walk up all the hills, eleven hundred and eleven stopped for beer at Sutton Cock, seven thousand and fifteen sported pasteboard noses when they left the course, and twelve thousand came home with naked dolls stuck in their hats.

Of the thousand flats who lost their half-crowns to the cardsharps, all but six have since declared that they just threw down their money that they might learn the trick.

There were exactly twenty millions and two throws at the sticks; by these, in all, eight thousand pincushions were bagged, five thousand five hundred and seventy-six rattles, four hundred and four cocoa-nuts (of which only three had any vestige of milk left in them), three thousand six hundred and nineteen snuff-boxes, one thousand six hundred and twenty wooden lemons, two hundred pen or pencil-cases (we may call them which we please, as they are really neither), and eleven thousand and ninety-nine lanky-legged Dutch dolls, of which ten thousand one hundred and sixty had either an arm or a leg knocked off, nine hundred had both, and only thirty-nine were not in some way maimed for life before their owners could get hold of them.

Ten thousand cigars were lit on the road home, and of these only fifty were smoked above half out.

Upwards of five hundred prudent gentlemen in chambers, for safety took their keys out of their pockets when they started, and having (of course) forgotten to take their latch-key off the bunch, were forced to make a night of it, and come in the next morning with the laundress and the milk.

Of the thirty thousand headaches which were suffered the day after, eighteen thousand were allegedly occasioned by the heat, nine hundred and nineteen by the hanjoists and bagpipers, and as many as one thousand and eleven by the dust!

Lavater at Fault.

THE first days of Parliament were occupied in swearing in the Members. WISCOUNT WILLIAMS says that he studiously watched the countenances of LORD JOHN RUSSELL and LORD PALMERSTON, whilst they were taking the oaths, and for the life of him, he could not tell whether they were sworn friends or sworn enemies!

**PUNCH RIGHT AGAIN FOR THE MILLIONTH TIME!
HOORAY!!**

MR. PUNCH, IN HIS PROPHECY OF LAST WEEK,

WAS

THE ONLY ONE OF THE PROPHETS WHO ANNOUNCED
THE TRUTH.

He stated that in his observations he had named the Winner. And so he had.

In the ninth line of his prophecy will be found the word PROMISED. In the fourteenth will be found the word LAND.

"But *Promised Land* did not win," eagerly shouts a well-informed reader.

Hold your tongue, Spooney. Who says he did? In the tenth line of the immortal oracle will be found these words:

"OR SOMETHING ELSE."

Sold again, and bought a Rifle with some of the money.

MR. PUNCH'S OWN RIFLE CORPS.

FEELING deeply conscious that at a crisis like the present, the eyes of all the Continent (as usual) were upon him, *Mr. Punch* convened a meeting at his official residence (called vulgarly his office), with the object of determining what measures he should take for the purpose of increasing our national defenses. Keeping punctually the appointment he had made with himself, *Mr. Punch*, having voted himself into the chair, forthwith opened the proceedings by calling for some beer, observing to himself as a pretext for his doing so, that he felt somewhat exhausted by the warmth of the weather, and it was needful that as chairman he should be well supported. This preliminary over, *Mr. Punch* informed himself that the object of the meeting was to determine how he best might serve his QUEEN and Country, and preserve that neutral attitude which he and England had assumed. Having spent many sleepless nights in meditation, *Mr. Punch* remarked that he had come to the conclusion that the best course to pursue was to form a PUNCH'S RIFLE CORPS, and take immediate steps to place himself upon a war footing. *Mr. Punch* declared he had no wish to give offence—in fact his writings proved him quite incapable of doing so; but England was expecting him just now to do his duty, and his duty was to arm, and have a care that no harm came to her. The bare announcement that he (*Mr. Punch*) had formed a Rifle Corps would, he could assure himself, strike terror to the hearts of all the double-headed eagles, and scare them from the nest of the British dove of peace. (*Hear! hear! from Mr. Punch.*) Every man, he thought, who had a stake in the country, must wish as earnestly as he did to keep his hand from foreign hroils. But, if he might forgive himself for using a quotation, he thought the maxim "*Si vis pacem para bellum*" ought to guide us (*a cheer from Mr. Punch*); and he for one meant to be ready, if he might use one more quotation, to "*Cry havoc! and let slip the dogs of war.*" (*A growl from Toby.*) *Mr. Punch* would not detain himself with further prefatory remarks, but would request himself at once to move the following Resolution:—

"That in the opinion of this Meeting, *Mr. Punch* being entrusted with the national defence, it is expedient for the safety of both Great and Little Britain, that *Mr. Punch* request himself forthwith to form a Rifle Corps, in conformity or not to the rules laid down by Government according as seems meet to his superior sagacity."

Mr. Punch, in rising formally to second the resolution, observed that its last phrase was an addition of his own, made without imputing any censure to the Government, but simply with the view to the assertion of his right to do in this or anything precisely as he pleased. As his "superior sagacity" was a world-admitted fact, he would not be so weak as to shrink from an avowal of it; neither would he condescend to be guided by the Government in points whereon he knew he was more fit to judge than they were. For instance, the authorities approved of dark green uniforms, as being the least visible, and therefore the most fitting dress for a sharpshooter. But he (*Mr. Punch*) could tell them he knew better: that to suppose green was invisible, was an optical delusion, and only those who had that colour in their eye would view it as a safe one for them to wear as riflemen. It might be proper for parade, and would look well enough on field days; but though quite prepared to lay his life down for his country, he (*Mr. Punch*) was not quite such a fool as to sacrifice himself for the mere sake of appearances. *Mr. Punch* felt that his life was far too valuable to risk; and as for wearing visible green when going out a sharp-shooting, he (*Mr. Punch*) might be shot if he would. (*Hear! hear! from Mr. Punch.*) No. The Government were green, and they therefore wore it; but he (*Mr. P.*) must own a preference for Grey, which not only was least

visible, but most obviously suitable for our rifle suits just now, as it symbolised our neutrality, being itself a neutral tint. (*Cheers from the Chair.*)

Mr. Punch having held up both his hands in its favour, declared his resolution carried *nemine contradicte*. Voting himself his thanks for his conduct in the chair, *Mr. Punch* then brought the business of the Meeting to a close by moving that a full report of the proceedings should be published in his universe-pervading paper, with the view to their obtaining the publicity they merited.

Mr. Punch then proceeded to his practice ground, and having assumed his easy chair, and lit a calumet to prove that his intentions were pacific, he showed with what good aims his Rifle Corps was formed by planting his first shot in the bull's-eye of the butt: a report of which he telegraphed to all the Eagles on the Continent as being a—

"BULLET-IN FROM THE SEAT OF PEACE."



PERSECUTION. A PASTORAL.

TUNE—"Guy Fawkes."

WE, NICHOLAS, to all the Faithful: Benediction, greeting,
And health, whilst you on Fridays fish shall persevere in eating.
The Enemy who hates the Church with constant animosity,
Has lately raged against her with a singular ferocity.

Chorus. Oh, oh, oh!

Hi cockalorum, biddy, hoh, oh oh!

Under an execrable law, that Evil One's invention,
A holy Priest—oh sacrilege!—has suffered apprehension.
Nay, what will add more fuel to your pious indignation,
This venerable man has undergone incarceration.

Chorus. Oh, oh, oh! &c.

That law against us levelled as a means of persecution
Is a part of the abominable British Constitution,—
I mean the *Habeas Corpus* Act, opposed to monasticity,
And many other beautiful extremes of Catholicity.

Chorus. Oh, oh, oh! &c.

The horrid writ a good Priest bade a small school-girl deliver up
To her apostate father, and the Priest declined to give her up;
At least he swore—and of their oaths what men than priests are
tenderer?—

That he didn't know her whereabouts, and so could not surrender her.

Chorus. Oh, oh, oh! &c.

Contempt of Court the Judges termed this plain direct assertion,
Because their minds were biassed by heretical perversion.
Confined three days for what the Court called his evasive answer, he
Lay in the Street of Cursitor, that joins the Lane of Chancery.

Chorus. Oh, oh, oh! &c.

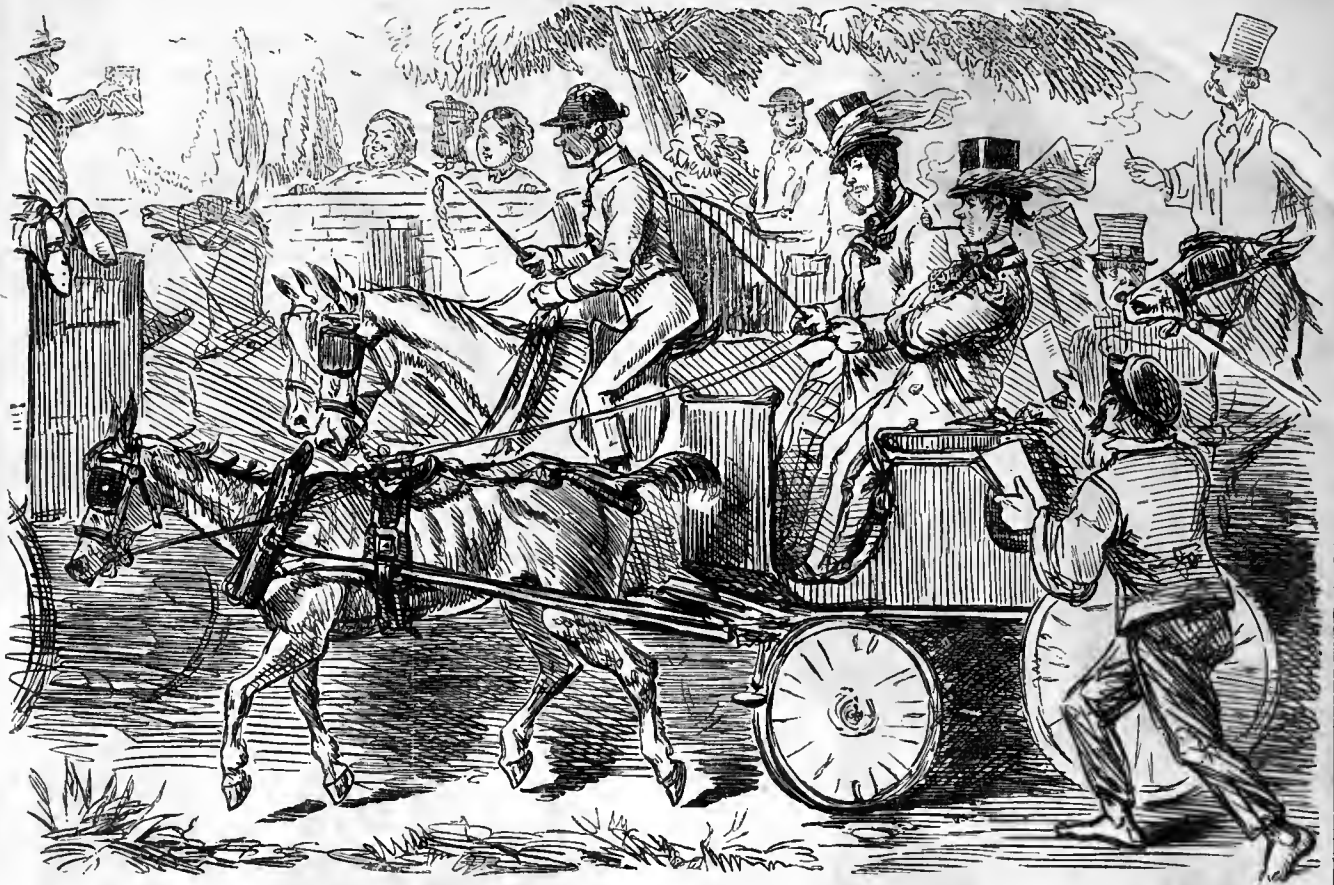
Then was the girl delivered up, and he was liberated,
But the malice of his Judges was as yet unsatiated;
They ordered him to pay the costs attending the transaction,
And thus their cruel hearts enjoyed a pleasing satisfaction.

Chorus. Oh, oh, oh! &c.

Now, all you faithful, on your knees! and fast let every tongue go,
Addressing your petitions to adorable SAINT MUNGO,
That Ministers, Conservatives in nothing but profession,
May *Habeas Corpus* sacrifice by way of next concession.

Chorus. Oh, oh, oh! &c.

WE always hate those whom we have wronged. This is consolation for those who, having been ill-used by the world, are, like all ill-used people, unpopular.—*Punch's Dew-drops.*



THE ROAD.

Gent (with much pride). "THERE'S ONE THING, 'ARRY, AS ALWAYS STRIKES ME A GOIN' DOWN TO THE DARBY, AND THAT IS HOW THE NUMBER OF SPLENDID EQUIPAGES MUST ASTONISH THE FOREIGNER!"

THE EXPERIENCE OF A DOWNING STREET LETTER-BAG.

GIVE ear to the groans of a Downing Street Letter-bag,
Impressed with VICTORIA'S broadest red-seal,
Than which there was never a kinder, or better, bag,
One stouter to travel, or slower to feel.

When I first came on duty, I might be conceited,
At Post-Office bags apt to turn up my nose;
Had I dreamed in what style I was doomed to be treated,
How small I had sung, not e'en Downing Street knows.

I flattered myself I was meant to be trusted
With weighty despatches—important and grave—
With cipher and signet of office encrusted,
To spin down the rail, and to steam o'er the wave!

State-secrets, I deemed, would be placed in my keeping;
And protocols monarchs were dying to see,
One whisper of which would set Europe's heart leaping,
Methought would be freely entrusted to me.

Nothing less than a Consul I thought e'er would handle
My bright Bramah lock, and my leather so white;
No taper, below an *attaché's* wax-candle,
The wax of my seal be permitted to light.

Bright dreams of my youth, how I laugh to recal you,
Contrasting the facts with the fancies ye wove!
Young bags by my side, I am loth to appal you,
Describing the mean and mixed calling I drove.

There's nought that a Custom-house duty is paid on,
But I have been rudely compelled to convey:

No burden, the basest that bag can be laid on,
But I must find room for it, blush as I may!

No man or no woman that boasts an *attaché*
By way of acquaintance but makes me a fag;
Nought's too hot or too heavy, too trenchant or trashy,
To ask for a place in the Downing Street Bag.

Odder bed-fellows misery ne'er brought together,
Than at times in my bosom have lain side by side;
Till with laughter I oft could have split my own leather,
But that laughter was checked by my sore-wounded pride.

Pork-pies in my depths lie with protocols jostled,
Dutch cheese and despatches disputed for space;
A Treaty I've seen in a crinoline nestled,
And a pink *billet-doux*, round a Hampshire hog's face.

I've borne toys and tariffs, ties, trimmings, and treaties,
Pills, pickle-pots, breaches of peace, hunting smalls;
Declarations of war, sugar-candy and sweeties,
Shilling razors, sharp answers, revolvers, recals.

I have ta'en parcels heavy as MALMESBURY'S letters;
Lace light as a PALMERSTON'S touch-and-go style;
Many bales of red-tape, and some slavc-trading fetters,
The *Complete Story-Teller* and *Moniteur's* file.

I've carried the news of the exit of BOMBA;
The report of POERIO'S escape from his chain;
CAVOUR'S declaration, and "*Suoni la tromba,*"
And a head of PRINCE PLON-PLON in alicampane.

And wonder of wonders—o'er all I have carried—
A despatch of LORD MALMESBURY'S late I conveyed,
Wherein common sense to good English was married,
And not e'en a blunder in spelling was made!!



THE GIANT AND THE DWARF.

“BRAVO, MY LITTLE FELLOW! YOU SHALL DO ALL THE FIGHTING, AND WE’LL DIVIDE THE GLORY!”



A DERBY STEREOSCOPE.

BEING TWO VIEWS OF THE SAME EVENT.

BY A GENTLEMAN WHO PUT HIS MONEY UPON
MUSJID.

A LOVELY day, with just enough uncertainty about the weather to interest without frightening one. We started at 9.35, which was only five minutes after the appointed time, in a capital trap, with an excellent postilion. Party was to consist of myself, and five friends, namely, BARNACLES, GRACECHURCH, PRETTYBOY, TOM BARNACLES, and CHARLEY VALE, but some humbugging law business kept PRETTYBOY in town, and he joined us on the course, which was for the best, as it materially lightened the vehicle, and moreover, he brought us the latest telegraph of the War. A very pleasant journey down, GRACECHURCH'S cigars first class, and I think I never saw so many pretty girls at the doors and windows. The road was exceedingly full, but not inconveniently so; time was no particular object with us, and on a Derby day all wise folks keep their temper. Some of the stoppages were amusing enough, and everybody was in high spirits, from the handsome swells in moustaches and white coats, on their lofty drags, to the merry costermonger with his laughing wife and crowing baby in the little cart. We laughed a great deal, and I said some things which, if not witty, were meant to amuse, and did; and BARNACLES gave some capital good-natured chaff, especially to the girls. At one place we had a great shout, TOM BARNACLES saying that one of LORD MALMESBURY'S model *attachés* had been at work, and pointing to a little house on which was written up "TEA MADE HEAR." Afterwards, BARNACLES *père*, shouting in vain to TOM, who was on the box, with some remark, said "I wish that T could be made hear," which we agreed was very neat. At the Cock, at Sutton, we pulled up by the roadside, and wetted the horses' mouths, and as it is good to have sympathy with dumb animals, we also wetted our own. Some hock and seltzer, washing down some prime sandwiches of pressed beef, set us up for the rest of the journey. We bought lots of "correct cards," not because we wanted them, but the poor vendors looked so eager, and it is their one day of luck, poor creatures. The fresh wind was delicious as we got on the Downs, and we secured an excellent place for the carriage, opposite the Grand Stand. Here PRETTYBOY joined us, having come down by rail, and gave us some hints about the race, which were invaluable, and which he had obtained from first rate authority. He told us that *Musjid* was to win, and no mistake, and when SIR JOSEPH, WELLS, and a horse like *Musjid* unite in a resolve to win the Derby, it is a very likely thing to be done. So I betted accordingly, in a good many places. We strolled about, met all sorts of people we knew, who all seemed as jolly as sand-boys, relieved a few beggars, knocked down a few pin-cushions and jointed dolls, for the children of such of us as have any, and amused ourselves with a sweepstakes. TOM BARNACLES and I got rather hungry, but as the others preferred waiting longer, we would not hear of touching the hampers, but had another sandwich or two, and a glass of sherry. The first race was really a very good one, and I happened to draw the winner, *Orchekill*, ridden by a jockey in white, whereby I pocketed sundry half-crowns, of which my youngsters will have the benefit. Then came the Derby. The sun shone brightly, and the crowd, which was immense—I never saw so many people—was a stupendous sight. The race was one of the best that ever was run, and at the finish the sight was superb, so close did the splendid animals keep. But PRETTYBOY proved a true prophet, and *Musjid* won famously. I calculate that I have made about three hundred pounds, which will buy LAURA a new piano-forte, and leave a handsome balance for the autumn trip. Then we dined, and admirably well had TOM BARNACLES catered, the meat pie, lobsters, and salad being particularly noteworthy. He had forgotten nothing, a lump of ice as big as a coal-scuttle kept everything deliciously cool, and we mopped up a precious lot of first rate champagne, to say nothing of hock and seltzer, and other neat things in the libation line, as CHARLEY classically called them. A good many good fellows came up and had drinks, and we chaffed like fun, asking TOMKINS, the prosperous Old Bailey barrister, whether he had laid on *Highwayman*, *Tick-of-Leave*, or *Gallus*, and on SAM BIGGINS saying he had drawn *Polonius*, presenting him with a cold sausage on account. In fact we smoked, drank, and joked till we could get away, which our postilion, who had kept sober, like a good fellow, managed admirably, with the aid of BARNACLES' invaluable servant, HAYDON (who was indefatigable in taking care of us), and we all came off to town, rattling along merrily when we could, and taking it easy when we could not. Of course we had lots of jokes from other vehicles, but all were in good temper, and I was really delighted to see so many thousands, especially of the humbler classes, enjoying themselves. We got to town in extremely good time, and went to PRETTYBOY'S house, where we had some anchovy toast and a quiet weed, and home early. My wife was delighted that I had enjoyed myself, and upon my word, I don't know that next year I shan't see whether I can't manage to let her see the race, just for once. A very good night followed a delightful Derby Day.

BY A GENTLEMAN WHO PUT HIS MONEY UPON
THE PROMISED LAND.

I SAID I'd never go to the Derby again, but like an ass, I let myself be persuaded by old SYKES, BLOBBER, and MEALYBUGG to join them in a carriage this time. We were to meet at 9, but of course I was kept kicking my heels at the club till near 10, and when BLOBBER came, he had his ass of a brother JIM with him, who, he said, poor fellow, could go on the box,—he seldom got a holiday, poor chap. A seedy looking snob, with black gloves, and a sycophant smirk on his hungry face; I should like to know why I am to pay for taking him to Epsom, and giving him grub, which he ate, too, as though he seldom got a dinner any more than a holiday. We got away at last, and SYKES and MEALYBUGG began smoking directly, though they know I hate smoke in the morning. So I made MASTER JIM BLOBBER get inside, instead of me, and I had the pleasure of seeing that he looked precious sick with the smoke, but BLOBBER could say nothing, as MASTER JIMMY went gratis. Of course, as we were late, the road was crowded, and the fellows in vans and carts were as insolent as ever, delighting in seeing their betters annoyed, and making the same stupid coarse jokes as usual. Some of the women were as bad, but I flatter myself I stopped one woman's impertinence. She had brought a young child (the idiots drag their brats everywhere) and I told her that if any accident happened to it, I should be sorry to be in *her* shoes. Didn't she turn white? MEALYBUGG and the others made a great noise in the carriage, with laughing and joking in their loud way, but I heard nothing that wasn't as old as the hills, or else the most ridiculous nonsense, and SYKES made a downright ass of himself, smiling and bowing to the females as we went by. The women, by the way, get uglier and more foolish every year, and I should like to know what right a person has to speak to me, merely because I am travelling the same road. We got to Sutton after the most dawdling journey I ever knew, and then the other fellows must stop to get beer, instead of waiting till we got to the Downs. Here I gave a beggar, who would not take an answer, in charge to a policeman, but I saw the scoundrel let her go as soon as we were off, and I wish I had taken his number. The delay in town of course got us a bad place by the course, and we were near some chaps whom BLOBBER knew, and took on himself to introduce, and that created more row and affected good fellowship. I did not talk to them, but they seemed to me to be snobs, though SYKES, like a booby, asked some of them to his house. MEALYBUGG wanted to put off dinner till after the Derby, but I was not inclined to be dictated to, and I insisted on having mine after the Bentinck, and those who didn't like it then, could take it when they did. However, they were obliged to give way, and as the first race was not worth seeing, I soon got to work. The other fellows all praised the commissariat, just because SYKES had taken it in hand, but it was anything but what it ought to have been at the price we were to pay, and the sherry was simply beastly. Not a bit of fruit, not a drop of liqueur, (except brandy, which I hate) and the fools had forgotten mint-sauce to the lamb. No wine-glasses, we had to drink out of large or small tumblers. However, it was no good my saying anything when the others had resolved that all was right, so I held my tongue and watched MR. JIM BLOBBER eating at my expense. SYKES told me to back *Musjid*, but he always pretends to know such a deal more than anybody else, and I was disgusted, and besides I had heard that the *Land* was safe. He lost, having been abominably ridden, and being a much better horse than any that came in before him. I have lost about a hundred and thirty pounds, so there will be no parties this year, MRS. GRUNTERBY, and it will be a case of Gravesend instead of Belgium, I can tell you. I wouldn't let the other fellows see I was savage, but I tried to make them come away. Not a bit, they would stay till the last race, and then our chaps were at least an hour before they got the horses to. The road was even more abominable than in the morning, and we were exposed to all the insults of the ruffians in vans and carts and omnibuses, who were perpetually flinging things at us, and annoying us (or at least me, for it just suited the others) with vulgar remarks, coarse laughter, and beastly shouting and yelling all the way up. Some of them came to grief, which I was glad of, as such people have no business aping their betters, and insulting them into the bargain. I believe the postilion was drunk, like everybody else, man, woman, and child; but we got to town with no broken bones. The others wanted to dismiss the man and the horses, and go somewhere for a glass of grog, but no thank you. I'd had enough of my company. I made him take me from the Strand to Haverstock Hill, as being taken home was in my bargain, and I chose to have it. Had a jolly good row with Mrs. G., who "thought I might have taken her," and swore I would never go to the Derby again as long as I live. Couldn't get to sleep for indigestion; but at last had a comforting dream that old SYKES had been riding *Musjid*, and was to be hanged for breaking the beast's knees. The only pleasant thing in twenty-four hours!



THE VAN-DEMON.

THE Van, the Van! the hurrying Van!
Terror alike of beast and man;
With awful rush and roaring sound
It thunders merrily over the ground.
It smashes the cabs, it crushes the flies,
Before it in ruin the tax-cart lies.
I'm on the Van, I'm on the Van!
Let people get out of the way who can.

Jolly the day when the Van was born,
In the noddle of PICKFORD, or CHAPLIN and
HORNE;
Says they, "The people denounce as slow
The waggons so huge from our yards that go.

We'll build a Van that hath equal space,
And horse it with horses that go the pace;
With a scowling blackguard the box we'll man,
Let people get out of the way who can."

I have lived since then in storm and strife,
The fierce Van Demon's right jovial life.
I drive like mad,—if a cove complains,
He gets an oath or a cut for his pains;
And right and left doth the traffic fly,
When my thundering Juggernaut car comes by.
I serunch folks' spokes as you'd serunch a
fan—
Let people get out of the way who can.

THE ARTICLE IN DEMAND JUST NOW.—THE Neapolitan Government, it is announced, have prohibited the exportation of sulphur. Can it be that there is an increased demand for the article, down-stairs, since the arrival of the Ghost of KING BOMBA?

THE BALLET OF THE BRAVE.

A LETTER in the *Pays* represents a portion of the French army in Italy as a questionable race of beings. Describing some *amateur* theatricals got up by some of the men, it says that—

"Some of our Zouaves were lodged in a barn which the inhabitants had converted into a theatre for a strolling company, and there still remained a stage, a curtain, scenery and foot-lights. In the evening the theatre was crowded, and the performances were charmingly varied; namely, a vaudeville, a pantomime, a ballet, and singing. For my own part I laughed till tears fell from my eyes at the ballet, which was executed by a dozen Zouaves who were attired like the dancing-girls of the opera."

On the eve of highly probable battle, and consequent departure from this life, beings capable of dancing with the gaiety evinced by these Frenchmen, must be either much more or much less than common men. Either they must have been endowed with a fortitude and courage capable of contemplating any amount of bodily suffering, and of meeting death with indifference, in addition to enjoying a conscience entirely at ease as to their ultimate destination; or they must have been incapable of forethought, and destitute of rational souls. On the former supposition, they were saints and philosophers; on the latter, apes. Their countryman who witnessed and described the performance was himself clearly a philosopher—a double sage: DEMOCRITUS and HERACLITUS in one. The sight of it occasioned him both to laugh and weep. He naturally laughed—though he might more naturally have hissed—at seeing the heroes display their *pas*, "attired like the dancing-girls of the opera." He more naturally wept, perhaps, to think how soon shot or shell might shatter the athletic frames enclosed in corset and petticoats, and spoil the manly limbs attired in pink fleshings and decorated with white satin shoes. He deserves credit alike for his laughter and his tears.

VIVE LA LIGNE!

IF the French and Austrians are at open warfare, the same can be said of their telegrams. It would be difficult to say which lines have warred with each other the most, or which side has charged the opposite one with the greatest ferocity? Certainly, the telegraph can boast of a far greater number of killed and wounded. One shock of electricity would seem to destroy more than a whole day's cannonading. The needle picks off more persons than the bayonet. By its irresistible agency, a whole army has been known to be destroyed in a minute. Why don't the French and Austrians fight their murderous engagements in the telegraph office, instead of on the battle-field? It would be a great economy, though we are perfectly aware that no general, when he is drawing up a victorious bulletin, is particular to a few thousands or so.

A Fact worth Knowing.

COUNT GYULAI, in one of his reports, writes to say of a splendid infantry regiment, which formerly bore the name of "Wellington:—

As a consequence of its heroic conduct at Deutsch-Wagram, in 1809, it has the privilege of beating the "*Grenadier's March*."

Which of the Austrian regiments, we should like to know, has the privilege of beating the "*Rogues' March*?" Or, better still, is there any particular corps that can boast of the unusual privilege of beating the enemy? If such a singular regiment does exist, we are afraid it has not yet been seen on the field of battle.

THE BEGGING MARKET.



of these belligerent bodies must necessarily drop and fall to the ground. We hope that England will carry its neutrality out so far as to have nothing to do with these loans. Every foreign agent who comes begging here should be instantly handed over to the tender mercies of an officer of the Mendicity Office.

O, it seems that the different Governments of Europe are at the present moment begging for no less a sum than 230,000,000 dollars,—at least, so says the *United States' Economist*. England is the only country that does not appear in the above beggarly and dollarous attitude. The monster standing armies of the different powers have driven them to the brink of bankruptcy and very verge of desperation; and so desperate have many of them become, that they have gone to war, though they have scarcely a farthing in their pockets to pay their shot with. Every Englishman who gives anything to these begging applications aids and abets the war. No nation can fight long upon credit. Cut off the sinews of war, and the arms on both sides

NATURALIST AND PHILOSOPHER.

DARK clouds obscured the orb of day,
And thundery mist oppressed the air,
Throughout the whole last week in May,
And June's first days were not more fair.

Yet still I took my daily stroll,
In odd attire that feared no showers,
Full many a storm did o'er me roll,
And I plucked none but withered flowers.

What then? The moist electric air
To fungus growth the soil inclined;
I gathered lots of toadstools rare:
A feast for the contented mind.

Important to Continental Crowned Heads.

THE English Government, and no blame to them for the precaution, is displaying great activity in constructing Harbours of Refuge round different parts of the coast. But we would ask, is not the whole of England one vast Harbour of Refuge? a harbour which foreign despots, and crowned knaves and fools, are always too glad to avail themselves of in the hour of adversity. We sometimes fancy that this same Harbour would look all the better without the presence of these suspicious-looking craft, but then the glorious charter for freedom, which it enjoys all over the world, might have its high character somewhat impaired by the absence of them.

AN OUTRAGE IN ESSEX.

THE *Exeter Telegraph* publishes a police case, which, if true, ought to have been hushed up, as it is calculated to bring British institutions into contempt abroad. Our imprudent contemporary informs the world that—

"The following is the report of a case adjudicated upon by the County Magistrates at the Town Hall, Colchester, on Saturday last, the 21st inst. The Justices of the Peace present on the occasion were THOMAS L'ESTRANGE EWEN, SAMUEL GREEN COOKE, WILLIAM RAWDON HAVENS, CARLTON SMYTHIES, and LEVISON GOWER, Esqrs., and the REV. W. WALSH, Rector of Great Tey."

Then follows the charge:—

"WILLIAM HENRY FRENCH, who was said to be only nine years of age, the son of a coast-guardman, at Brightlingsea, was charged with stealing half a pound of fresh butter from GEO. BAXTER, at Brightlingsea."

Next comes the evidence by which this grave accusation was supported—

"It was proved that on Thursday the child went into the prosecutor's shop for a trifling article, and soon afterwards he was found offering the butter for sale; but not finding a customer, he carried it home; the father instantly started to make inquiries respecting it, but the police-constable had gained information of the robbery, and during the parent's absence, took the child into custody."

The prosecutor then, according to the report, alleged that the child had often entered his shop unperceived, and that his shop and his garden had been frequently pilfered—he could not say by the little prisoner. He also mentioned a rumour that it had been in Portsmouth gaol, which "the father, an honest-looking British tar, indignantly repudiated." The Essex Justices appear to have looked at the half-pound of butter, and the infant, and the whole case, through highly-magnifying spectacles:—

"The Magistrates appeared to have great difficulty in dealing with the case, and cleared the Court for a consultation. Upon the re-admission of the public, the Chairman said the Magistrates felt bound to make an example of the boy, and ordered him to be imprisoned in Springfield Gaol for fourteen days and to be well whipped!!!"

They probably argued that a cat-like theft deserved the punishment of the cat. On hearing his sentence—

"The poor child was seized with indescribable terror, and wringing his hands, and crying most bitterly, he besought the Bench not to send him to gaol; but he was removed from the Court by the Police."

It would be leaving one gentleman's name in very unmerited association, if we omitted to add that—

"During the poor child's entreaties, MR. HAVENS (who was anxious to prevent the child being sent to gaol) seized his hat, and exclaiming, 'I can stand this no longer,' rushed from the Court."

This is what a man does who has feelings—he gives way to them. On this occasion MR. HAVENS became demonstrative: his colleagues were, of course, ashamed of him. But now—to reason coolly—here we have been exhausting the vocabulary of execration in abuse of the Austrian government for whipping women: what will Austria say of us, when Austria comes to learn that there are Magistrates in England capable of so rigorously enforcing the letter of the law as to send a baby to gaol to be lashed by the hangman?

In another part of the *Exeter Telegraph* there is a much too-exciting account of the sympathy evinced by the Brightlingsea sailors with the respectable coast-guardman, father of the little man who had been consigned by their worship of Essex to the whip and a felon's cell. Those violent men, on the Monday evening that followed the child's incarceration, made an effigy of the prosecutor, adorned it with half-a-pound of butter, paraded it through the streets, attended with rough music, and followed by nearly all the people in the town; and finally burnt it on the Green, "amidst the yells and execrations of the large body of spectators." Lynch law in a more serious shape was then inflicted, by some of the more enthusiastic avengers, on poor MR. BAXTER, who was understood to have persisted in his resolve to prosecute little FRENCH, notwithstanding that the criminal's father "offered to shut up the boy in No. 1 Tower for a fortnight, and feed him with bread and water, or visit him with any reasonable punishment which MR. BAXTER might suggest." The mob broke merciful MR. BAXTER'S windows; and—

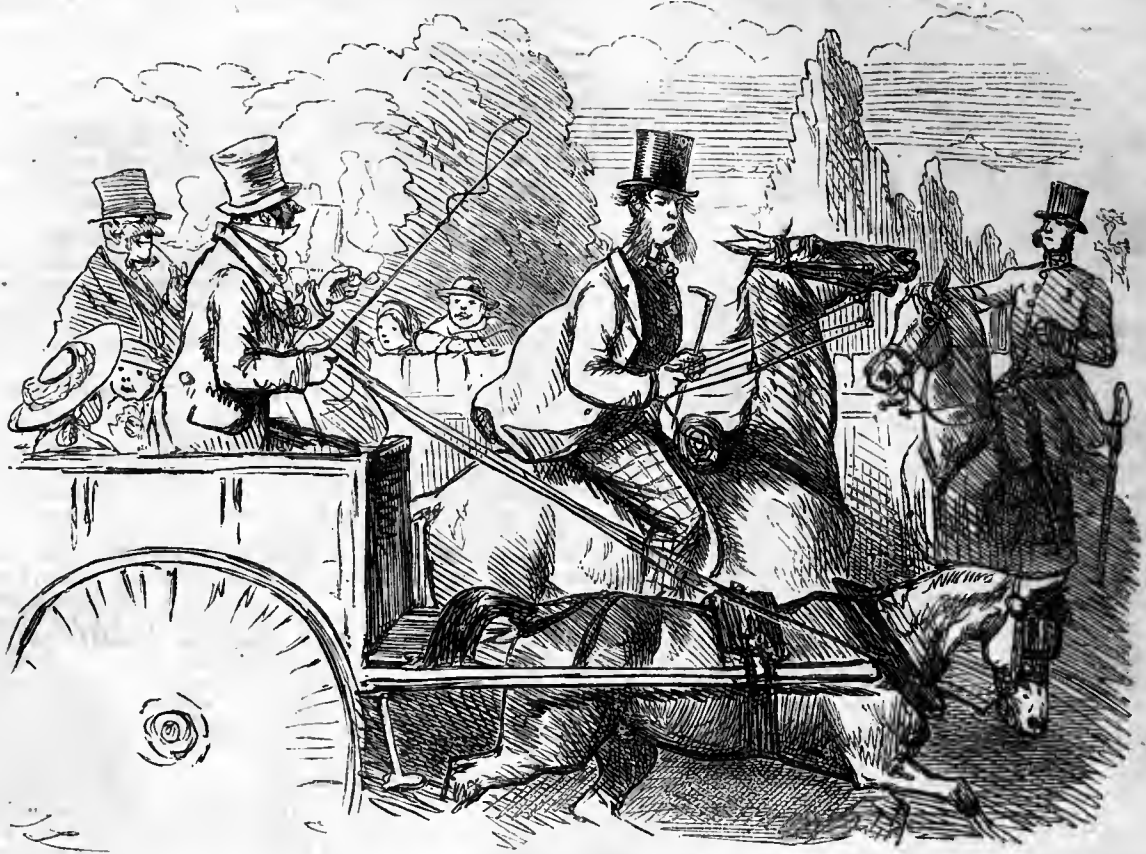
"As a further proof of the feeling of the parish, it is said that not one of the tradesmen will accept the work of repairing the broken windows."

Really, this is an unpleasantly practical way of evincing what serene gentlemen of pure, if limited, intellect, ordinarily, with a stereotyped sneer, denominate "virtuous indignation." It is satisfactory to know that popular excess went no farther. The mob paid out the object of their animosity. The Home Office may consider to what extent it will suffer the Great Unpaid of Essex to remain the Great Unpaid.

On behalf of the County Bench in this case, should they be deemed wanting in the milk of human kindness, we may, however, venture to remark, that it is too much to expect Magistrates of Essex to act more wisely than creatures who have never sucked any milk but that of the cow.

Wounded Honour.

THE correspondents of the *Siecle* at the seat of War reports that "most of the Austrian wounded have to turn on their faces when their sores are dressed." From this statement it would seem that the gallant defenders of a woman-flogging despotism have themselves received a considerable whipping.



THE ROAD.

Party in the Cart (to Tomkins, who is immensely proud of his Steed). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT YOU DON'T 'APPEN TO 'AV ANOTHER CAMEL AS YOU WANT TO DISPOSE OF?"

ORTHOGRAPHY AND SPELLING.

To the SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

MY DEAR MALMESBURY,

DID you ever see the little farce called *The Fish out of Water*; or, *the Cook and the Secretary*?

LISTON, as I have heard old gentlemen say, and as you may recollect, used in this piece to act the part of a cook, who has been engaged to manage an ambassador's kitchen. Circumstances of a farcical nature cause the cook to exchange places with a young swell who has entered the service of the same master in the capacity of secretary. The cook makes a cup of chocolate for the secretary, and the secretary writes an official note for the cook. This kind of arrangement answers beautifully, until the cook has to write a letter from the ambassador's dictation. Even then, so long as the ambassador's language is limited to words of one and two syllables, the cook in the disguise of secretary manages to get on, constructing his terms with an arrangement of letters based upon your optional principle.

Presently, however, arrives the necessity of putting the word "contumacious," or one of similar complexity, into black and white. The culinary amanuensis is here posed—not floored. A *Johnson's Dictionary* stands on a shelf of the library which is the scene of his task; with his employer's back turned, he catches at this straw—so to speak of a folio: it slips through his fingers, and falls—with his last hope—to the ground:

"Why, Sir, you are ignorant of the commonest principles of orthography!" cries the astonished ambassador, as, catching up his secretary's unfinished manuscript, he peruses that specimen of original penmanship.

"'Tis n't the orthography, Sir," LISTON (I am told) used to answer, in a rich and deep-mouthed tone of deprecation;—"tis n't the orthography, Sir, that I care about,—but 'tis that dashed spelling!"

Now, my dear MALMESBURY, if you had been in LISTON's place, or rather in the place of the character personated by him, although you might not exactly have uttered the words spoken by LISTON, I suppose

the tenor of your reply would have involved his distinction between orthography and spelling. You, it seems, would define spelling—regarded as an acquirement demanded by examiners of candidates for diplomatic service, and other employments or honours—as the art of forming words with letters according to fashionable usage. Orthography, on the other hand, according to your definition, would be that peculiar mode of spelling, on the part of everybody, which everybody for his own part thinks right. Accordingly, had you found yourself in the embarrassing situation in which LISTON used to appear as the secretary who could not spell, your reply to the Ambassador would perhaps have been: "Sir, orthography is my graphy, and heterography is another man's graphy."

But, admitting that aphorism to be as true as its famous pre-parallel, still, my dear MALMESBURY, may not the Civil Service Commissioners reasonably regard that same spelling which LISTON qualified with an expletive—that dictionary spelling commonly in use—as a thing of some importance, because of affording some evidence touching literary attainments? You were not taught to spell Greek and Latin; you were not taught to spell French: how is it that you never make mistakes of ignorance in the orthography of dead or living foreign languages? Is it not because you are so well read in them, and have thus picked your classical and foreign spelling up? Just so, if an *attaché* can spell his own language properly, he shows that he has, in so far, read books. Let me recommend you, too, to read your book, which I suppose will be a Blue Book just now, unless an elementary work of MRS. BARBAULD'S, or DR. DILWORTH'S, is more likely to afford you the information which you may be in want of. For amusement, modesty alone prevents me from referring you to the pages of your ever affectionate Brother Statesman,

PUNCH.

P.S. I'll tell you what I think, however, about Civil Service Examinations in spelling. Written exercises are no fair test. The hand of a writer will often run away with him whilst his head is thinking, or from other causes more probable in the cases in question. The examination should be *vivâ voce*, and the candidates might be arranged in classes, standing upon stools.



CANDID.

Cook. "FINE DAY, MR. CHALKS!"

Mr. Chalks. "YES, COOKEY, IT'S A VERY FINE DAY; BUT IF WE HAVEN'T SOME RAIN SOON, I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE SHALL DO FOR MILK!"

MY STARS AND GARTERS!

I SOMETIMES wish I were a King
That Honour's fountain I might be;
And oh how fresh you'd find the spring
If Honour bubbled forth from me!
For rank and title I'd bestow,
By an old rule, on objects new:
Since I should by the maxim go,
Honour to whom the same is due.

My coronets the heads should grace
That held within the highest brain.
Science I'd give at least a place
As good as eminent Chicane;
For I think useful knowledge ought
To hold its head as high as law,
And do suppose that men of thought
Deserve no less than men of jaw.

Brave Soldiers I would still promote,
And Sailors—for they keep the peace;
And for that cause, with equal note
Would I distinguish the Police.
The knife encountered in the slums
Should merit Valour's Cross to show;
Death from a home-born savage comes
As like as from a foreign foe.

What are domestic cut-throats less
Than Sepoys, or than Sepoys more?
What else are slaves, with fell excess
Who burn to ravage England's shore?
From equal blackguards, guards alike,
Policemen act with soldiers' hearts,
And soldiers for BRITANNIA strike,
As Constables for Foreign Parts.

Inspectors I would Captains make,
Superintendents all should be
Colonels; Commissioners should take
A General Officer's degree.
Our heroes, blue and red, should share
An equal glory and renown,
For braving danger here and there,
In putting thieves and ruffians down.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

LATEST TELEGRAM.

Saturday Morning, Two a.m.

LOUIS NAPOLEON PALMERSTON and VICTOR EMMANUEL RUSSELL have crossed the Floor, under a tremendous fire from the Austrian invader, DISRAELI, who has been compelled to retire. The slaughter of character on both sides has been awful. London is illuminated, as usual at this time of night.

JUNE 6.—Monday. Into the House of Lords came the elegant CHELMSFORD, as Chancellor, not long destined to grace the Woolsack. Probably, as he sat there, and listened to his fellow-peers a swearing, he thought how very much better he must look in his robes than would either of his probable successors—the subtle BETHELL, or the fiery COCKBURN. But he did not give utterance to any such sentiment.

Into the House of Commons came an Austrian nobleman of the name of ROTHSCHILD, and another Austrian nobleman, his brother. Likewise came a City nobleman called SALOMONS. Before which three children of Israel did the frantic NEWDEGATE dash himself on the floor, and wildly seek to trip them up in their way to their seats. But LORD JOHN RUSSELL and the SPEAKER straightway clapped a strait-waist-coat upon the enthusiast, and the Hebrew noblemen proceeded to their places in peace.

Tuesday. LORD DERBY'S Parliament opened.

Her Gracious Majesty QUEEN ALEXANDRINA (*Mr. Punch* is on such terms with his Sovereign, that he may call her by any respectful name he chooses, and he chooses to air his Monarch's first name, out of compliment to DR. CROLY, the poet, who has been writing a long letter in the *Morning Advertiser*, abusing the CITY CHAMBERLAIN for scoffing at ALEXANDER THE GREAT) came in state to the New Palace of Westminster, and read the following verses:—

"I am grieved, my dear Lords, and dear Gentlemen too,
To state, as I now most reluctantly do,

That poor MALMESBURY there (though I'm sure he's had due rope)
Has failed in suspending the conflict in Europe.

"The French and Sardinians have joined in alliance,
And bid FRANCIS JOSEPH the fiercest defiance;
All parties declare that they're friendly to me,
So I shall be neutral, till—well, we shall see.

"I have faith in that pledge and that promise of peace,
And, therefore, my navy I'm begged to increase;
Ready votes of supplies I perceive on your lips,
And I know you will help me in manning my ships.

"KING FRANCIS informs me his father is dead,
And that he is the Sovereign of Naples instead.
I've renewed the relations (he *may* turn out well)
Which I broke with the wretch who is now—in his shell.

"If you think, while preparing for probable storm,
You have time to attend to the thing called Reform,
Why, do; but if not, make no needless delay;
The affair should be settled and out of the way."

The QUEEN had scarcely withdrawn, looking at the Mistress of the Robes with a compassionate glance (as a kind-hearted lady looks at a lady's-maid who is going to lose her situation for no fault of her own, but on account of the other servants' quarrels), when preparations were made for conflict. This, beginning on the first night of the Session, raged for three days; and rather before dawn on the Saturday morning the banner of LORD DERBY had gone down.

Members of Parliament grew so terribly Coeky at *Mr. Punch* noticing them all in his Report of the Reform Debate, that there has been no bearing them. The complaints which reach him on the subject are constant and piteous. Everybody who was mentioned in that astonishing Homeric Poem is always pulling the Number out of his pocket, and with pretence of not caring about the honour, showing that it has flushed and intoxicated him. This is very natural; and

Mr. Punch, whose pages were justly described by CAPTAIN VERNON (heir to the collector of the VERNON Gallery, in which there is nothing more splendid in art than *Mr. Punch's* gallery,) in Friday's debate, as "immortal"—(the CAPTAIN'S Parliamentary career is promising, for he already knows how to speak the truth)—cannot be angry with the Flies who are so proud of being preserved in his Amber. But he will not squirt too much water from his fountain of honour, and upon the present occasion intends to mention a very few names. This resolve is the more righteous, inasmuch as everybody knew that the debate was mere matter of form, and carried on only that the whips on both sides might have time to bring up their men.

The House of Lords may be briefly dismissed, as the hostile armies did not engage there. LORD GRANVILLE made a gentlemanly attack upon the Ministers, and LORD MALMESBURY made a mild reply on his own behalf. A sort of feature in the debate was the resuscitation of LORD NORMANBY, novelist and diplomatist, who lately wrote a blundering account of the last French Revolution but eight or ten—we forget which—and was remarkably castigated by M. LOUIS BLANC. He made a speech of Austrian tendency, and the *Daily News* rewards him with the title of "a smirking POLONIUS." LORD BROUGHAM, also, assailed Sardinia for causing the war, and recommended us to be on our guard. The PREMIER delivered his last speech in that capacity, and an able and pleasant speech it was. Among other points, LORD DERBY touched upon the ancient ill-feeling between LORDS PALMERSTON and JOHN RUSSELL, and rather ridiculed—

[By the way, it is not exactly Parliament, but it is fitting to state here that the day before, between two and three hundred Liberals had met at Willis's Rooms, and LORDS PALMERSTON and JOHN having there and then sworn eternal friendship, it was arranged that the DERBY Cabinet should be floored.]

—the new friendship between those great persons. His Lordship remarked that though, as had been stated in debate, MR. FOX had been called an Angel by a colleague, LORD PALMERSTON had hitherto abstained from calling LORD JOHN an Angel. LORD DERBY also denied having spent £20,000 in helping the elections (four election petitions are already presented), but did not deny having done something, as was customary. CLARENDON lifted up his hands in pretended astonishment, whereas DERBY intimated that he was a Muff. The Address was agreed to. There was nothing else in the Lords this week, except a malicious speech of LORD CAMPBELL'S, who hoped that LORD CHELMSFORD would long occupy the Woolsack. There is a story of a respectable female, who, being pestered for alms by a pertinacious mendicant, with "Do, there's a dear lady! do, there's a good lady!"

finally and wrathfully responded: "If I wasn't a lady, I'd poke this here parasol in your mouth and punch your head for you, you dirty &c., &c., &c." Perhaps LORD CHELMSFORD thought of the anecdote (he tells anecdotes capitably), and had it on his mind to tell CAMPBELL that if he wasn't a Chancellor he'd take a sight at him. If so, it was very vulgar, and we don't believe he thought of anything of the kind.

But in the Commons, as hath been hinted, the deed was done, and the DERBY Cabinet was put to death by the Parliament it had assembled. The manner was thus.

LORD HARTINGTON, son of the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, moved, to the motion for the Address, an amendment to the effect that the Ministry had not the confidence of the House of Commons. ROBERT HANBURY, Brewer, seconded, wishing to see all the Ministers Ex, Ex, Ex, Ex, and the administration on its bier.

MR. DISRAELI accepted the challenge, made a slashing speech, defied everybody, specially pitched into SIR JAMES GRAHAM, and asked for the division directly. This was because a good many Members had not been sworn, and Ministers might therefore have had a majority. But it is childish to write as if he had been trying any "trick." He knew perfectly well that LORD PALMERSTON knew all about it, and that no division would be allowed. The defiance was only a Parliamentary flourish. The discussion was prolonged, and, after a very good attack by LORD PALMERSTON, the debate was adjourned. Wednesday was *nil*. Thursday, the debate was renewed, and MR. BRIGHT fired hot shot into Ministers; SIR JAMES GRAHAM made a lumbering and awkward defence of his loose tongue at Carlisle, but was statesmanlike and elegant in calling MR. DISRAELI a Red Indian, who had won his place by tomahawking and kept it by scalping. MR. WHITESIDE availed himself of his last chance of abusing his antagonists, and again the debate was adjourned, to be renewed once, and only once more. On Friday, MILNER GIBSON, SIDNEY HERBERT, and SIR GEORGE LEWIS attacked Government, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON defended it, and modestly took credit to himself for having reconstructed the Navy. Finally, LORD JOHN RUSSELL admitted that a Party move was being made, and declared that the Government deserved all they were getting, and going to get, and SIR HUGH CAIRNS, Solicitor-General, wound up his brilliant ministerial career (for the present) by an oration in defence of LORD DERBY'S Government.

The jury then retired, and in a short time returned. The Four-men advanced to the table, and it was announced that by 323 to 310, majority THIRTEEN, LORD DERBY'S Government was found GUILTY of not being the thing wanted by the people.

GIVING HANDEL A TURN.



THE year we are now living, in is fruitful in centenaries. A while ago we had the BURNS Centenary,—the Centenary of Song; and now we have to celebrate the HANDEL Centenary,—the Centenary of Music. Great as was the interest taken in the BURNS Festival, the excitement which is shown as to the HANDEL one exceeds it. This is as it should be: the interest is greater, as the genius was greater. In a pecuniary point, too, this is as it should be. On the attractiveness of festivals depends mainly their success; and to keep up their attractiveness, every centenary should eclipse all those preceding it. Perhaps unreflecting minds may think that there had better be no more centenaries, for the reason that the climax of genius is now reached. But it will surely be enough to silence these unthinking ones, if we point out that within the limits of a century our great-great-grandchildren will celebrate the centenary of *Punch*!

However, it is early yet to speculate on this latter event. When the *Punch* Centenary comes, England will expect herself, of course, to do her duty. At present, England must content herself with going down to Sydenham, and in duty having a hand in the HANDEL celebration. All the world joins in concert to do honour to its HANDEL; and in the concerto England plays first fiddle. Ranking first in music, (as in all the other arts,) England deposes herself to head the show of hands for HANDEL; and as England, like her *Punch*, by no chance ever

fails in what she chooses to attempt, there is no handle for the doubt that her show of hands will bear away the palm from other celebrators.

If you question this, O Croaker, down with your half-guinea, and go to the rehearsal. The first beat of the big drum will knock conviction into you. All doubts will be dispelled at the first crash of the chorus. Pay no heed to what you hear about the Crystal Palace not being a place for music, about its "too expanded area," and "known acoustical defects." These are mere spots on the sun. Not one man in a thousand, if unhelmed by the critics, would be able to detect them. Not one man in ten thousand, who has any ear for music, would, when he can fill it with such music as HANDEL'S, ever waste a whit of his auricular capacity by taking pains to listen for "acoustical defects."

Besides, be the acoustic imperfections what they may, they cannot interfere with the ocular enjoyment; and everybody knows that the Crystal Palace Music Shows appeal nearly as much to the one sense as the other. A deaf man or a blind one might alike find pleasure in them. Why, the sight of that great Orchestra, full to brimming over with its sea of beaming faces, is a sight quite worth a trip from the Antipodes to see, and those who live at the Land's End merely should certainly not miss it.

Long before, and ever since the *Frogs* of ARISTOPHANES, there have, in every corner of the universe, been croakers; and although the HANDEL Festival of two years since was a success, and that was merely a rehearsal for the one which now succeeds it;—although the management is trusted now to the same heads, and the performance of the music to the same hands and voices, both powers being strengthened by well-drilled reinforcements;—although we know that every one of the army of Three Thousand, from Conductor-in-Chief COSTA, up to (in position) the blowers of the organ-bellows, has been for months in training for this one grand week, and has scarcely passed a day without taking a turn at HANDEL;—although they have a perfect knowledge of all this,—there are very likely wiseacres still extant who affect to have a doubt if all will go off well, and to fear that the performance will not realise the promise. Now, croakers are at all seasons unpleasant sounds to listen to, and when ears are being sharpened for the notes of a NOVELLO, they naturally become more than usually sensitive. It devolves on *Mr. Punch*, then, in the interests of humanity, to act like a ST. PATRICK, and to crush the croakers. So *Mr. Punch* will not mind risking his prophetic reputa-

tion by predicting that, before he goes to press with his next Number, he will have split above a dozen pairs of best kid gloves, in applauding to the echo of performances; and will have knocked the heels off eleven pairs of boots, in stamping his approval upon all who had a head, or hand, or voice in the matter.

With this prophecy to back them, the Committee may rely that their "Commemoration Festival" will prove a great success. If any lover of good music wilfully absents himself, the fact should be regarded as a proof of his insanity, and his friends should all subscribe to buy him a strait-waistcoat. Tastes, we all know, differ. There are some men, it is true, who have no more love for HANDEL than PRINCE PLOM-PLOM has for fighting, and whom one no more expects to see at the *Messiah* than one expects to see LORD MALMESBURY presiding at a charity-school for the purpose of distributing the prizes for good spelling. But these are merely the exceptions which serve to prove the rule. The majority of Englishmen love HANDEL as they love their national roast beef. His chorusses are good, substantial mental food, and make a most delicious change from the *loupours-Versé* diet with which the British Opera-goer is now annually sickened.

"All ye who music love, and would its pleasures prove," go, then, down to Sydenham, and take your places at the HANDEL feast. Mind you, it's no ordinary annual affair, like the lunch upon the Derby Day, or the LORD MAYOR'S dinner. Go now, or never; there will be no alternative. However well it may go off, you'll not get it *encored* for you. Centenaries come, like aloe bloom, once in a hundred years. Gather then, oh! gather ye, such blossoms while ye may! Unless you hope to live to be a rival of OLD PARR, you cannot hope to live to see another HANDEL Centenary!

MALMESBURY v. MAVOR,
AND
DISRAELI v. DILWORTH.

SUCH is Mr. Punch's loyalty, that he is reluctant to criticise the language which issues from the lips of his Gracious Sovereign, even when he knows it has been put into that august mouth by the Ministers for the time being. But in the case of a QUEEN'S Speech proceeding from the present Cabinet, Mr. Punch has a special reason for being critical.

If the Ministry include a MALMESBURY, nobly scornful of orthography, who considers PRISCIAN honoured, every time an *attaché* of tact, temper, good manners, and *savoir faire*, condescends to break the head of the priggish old pedagogue, it contains, also, a DISRAELI, who has wielded the poet's pen as well as the romancer's, and a BULWER, who has won his spurs—(whether golden or pinch-beck is not the question)—in almost every field of literature in which money can be made.

At the threshold of the Royal Speech, Mr. Punch breaks his shins over an unlicensed adjective. HER MAJESTY declares that—

"She avails Herself with Satisfaction, in the present anxious State of Public Affairs, of the Advice of Her Parliament, which she has summoned to meet with the least possible Delay."

"An anxious state of affairs?" A Minister may be anxious about a place, or about a pension. A Cabinet may be anxious about a division on a motion of no confidence. A "state of affairs" may inspire anxiety. But how a "state of affairs" can be "anxious," Mr. Punch's knowledge of his native tongue is not profound enough to inform him. Perhaps the Civil Service Commissioners will propose the question to the next batch of competitors for Clerkships in the Foreign Office.

War, we are informed, has been declared. HER MAJESTY—

"Receiving Assurances of Friendship from both the contending Parties, intends to maintain between them a strict and impartial Neutrality."

Why "strict and impartial?" Can a neutrality be "strict" without being "impartial," or "impartial" without being "strict?"

HER MAJESTY hopes—

"With God's Assistance, to preserve to Her People the Blessings of continual Peace."

If she hopes to "preserve" peace, Mr. Punch would submit that "continued" is impertinent.

HER MAJESTY has thought fit, she tells us,—

"To renew Her diplomatic Intercourse with the Court of Naples, which had been suspended during the late Reign."

What has been suspended? The Court of Naples? The law of grammatical antecedents would lead one to conclude so. We regret that the law of political antecedents is not equally strict. The "Court of Naples" whatever it may have deserved, was not "suspended" during the late reign. It was only our intercourse that was suspended—greatly to the disadvantage of the sufferers from Royal misrule in Naples.

These, however, are but a few of the undigested plums of the Cabinet Pudding, selected almost at random. There is one sentence

in which blunders occur clustered in a heap, at once so rich and so crude, that we cannot venture to play the part of *Jack Horner* any longer. It is impossible to put one's thumb into this cluster without detaching a whole clot of plums. This is, the sentence by whose lumbering machinery HER MAJESTY is made to flounder into, and out of, the subject of Parliamentary Reform, in a style never surpassed by any master of the slip-slop or higgledy-piggledy style, so much in vogue among advertisers, auctioneers, and fashionable novelists:

"I should with Pleasure give My Sanction to any well-considered (*Measure for the*) Amendment of the Laws which regulate the Representation of My People in Parliament; and should you be of opinion that *the Necessity of giving your immediate Attention to Measures of Urgency* relating to the Defence and financial Condition of the Country *will not leave you* sufficient Time for legislating with due Deliberation during the present Session on a Subject so difficult and so extensive, I trust that at the Commencement of the next Session your earnest Attention will be given to a Question of which an *early and satisfactory Settlement* would be greatly to the Public Advantage."

(1) Words in italics much better omitted.

(2) It is not "the necessity of giving" which "will not leave time," but "the giving." Again, "measures of urgency" is only another phrase for measures to which "immediate attention" must be given.

(3) Query, what subject? The defence, or the financial condition of the country. Again, "so difficult" as what?

(4) If an "early" settlement is desirable, why defer it to next Session? Of course a "satisfactory" settlement must be "to the public advantage."

Ministers, we know, are by no means clear in their notions on the subject of a Reform Bill. Probably it is this obscurity which reflects itself in the haze of words we have just quoted.

CHARMING NEWS FOR OLD LADIES.

THE *Morning Herald* is about to open a *Grandma's School for Sucking Politicians*. The opening is expected about Parliament-time, when there will be a grand ovation for the purpose of instructing elderly ladies in the refreshing art of sucking eggs. It is not yet decided whether MR. SPOONER or MR. NEWGATE will be appointed to the honourable post of Head Grand Ma'rian.



The Empire Burlesqued.

It is time that LOUIS NAPOLEON began to burlesque some of the sayings of *le Grand Empereur*. He is not half quick enough with his parodies. However, he has a chance now at Milan, which he is not the clever man we take him to be, if he allows to slip through his fingers. Let LOUIS NAPOLEON ascend the cathedral, and then, bearing in mind what the first Emperor said about the forty centuries contemplating the French soldiers from the top of the Pyramids, address his brave army thus:—"Soldats! du haut de cette Cathédrale, non quarante siècles, mais Milan vous contemple."

"THE ROMANCE OF WAR."—The bulletins published on both sides, in which there is a difference sometimes of only 14,000 and 15,000 killed and wounded, and a like proportion of guns, standards, and prisoners!



IN THE PARK.

THE POOR FLY-DRIVERS ARE UP SO LATE AT NIGHTS, THAT THEY ARE GLAD TO GET A NAP WHEN THEY CAN. THIS IS NOT TO BE WONDERED AT, BUT IT IS NOT LIKELY TO ADD TO THE REPOSE EITHER OF OLD MRS. DUMBLEDORE OR OF OLD MRS. BLOWHARD, WHO ARE OUT FOR AN AIRING!

THE COMMON LOT AND WIMBLEDON COMMON.

THE *Surrey Comet* has appeared with a tale calculated to excite serious alarm—with fear of change perplexing the inhabitants of the great metropolis and its suburbs. A rumour, inserted by the *Comet*, with some likelihood, has gone forth to the effect that steps have been taken towards the enclosure of Wimbledon Common. This horrid whisper may have intimated the discovery of a mare's nest; but lest it should turn out to be the prediction of a deplorable event, let it be noised abroad, that it may either create a laugh or excite an agitation. The idea of the possible enclosure of Wimbledon Common must make the heart of every Londoner, who is not a Cockney sink within him, and affect him with a qualm like that which is the effect of antimony. Wimbledon Common is a part of the respiratory system of London, whereon we depend for a change of the air we breathe, which if we get not we die. When we stamp on Wimbledon Common, our foot is on one of our native heaths,—Hampstead is another,—and our name is BROWN, JONES, or ROBINSON.

Wimbledon Common is as fine an expanse of heath and bramble as a pedestrian could perambulate on a summer's day. Botanists find several choice weeds there,—entomologists no end of beetles and butterflies, which juvenile collectors pursue with hats, and the more advanced with hand-nets. Ornithology, also, affords objects of interest to the schoolboy and the elder student: that rare little bird, the Dartford Warbler, occasionally cocks his tail on a briar in the path of the explorer, who may mistake him for a Cock-robin; and the Stonechat, the Winchat, and Wheatear, chit-chatting on bush or hillock, present themselves as marks to the observant eye of mature age, or the projectile pebble of youth.

Enclose Wimbledon Common? Pull down St. Paul's! The only motive for either enormity would be that of slavery to the basest material interests; and there are those who had rather see St. Paul's demolished than Wimbledon Common spoiled. To them, the sight of the Cathedral occupied by warehouses would be a less grievous spectacle than the heather and blackberry bushes of the Common replaccd

by turnips and mangold wurzel, or, worse still, by eligible residences, principally stuccoed villas.

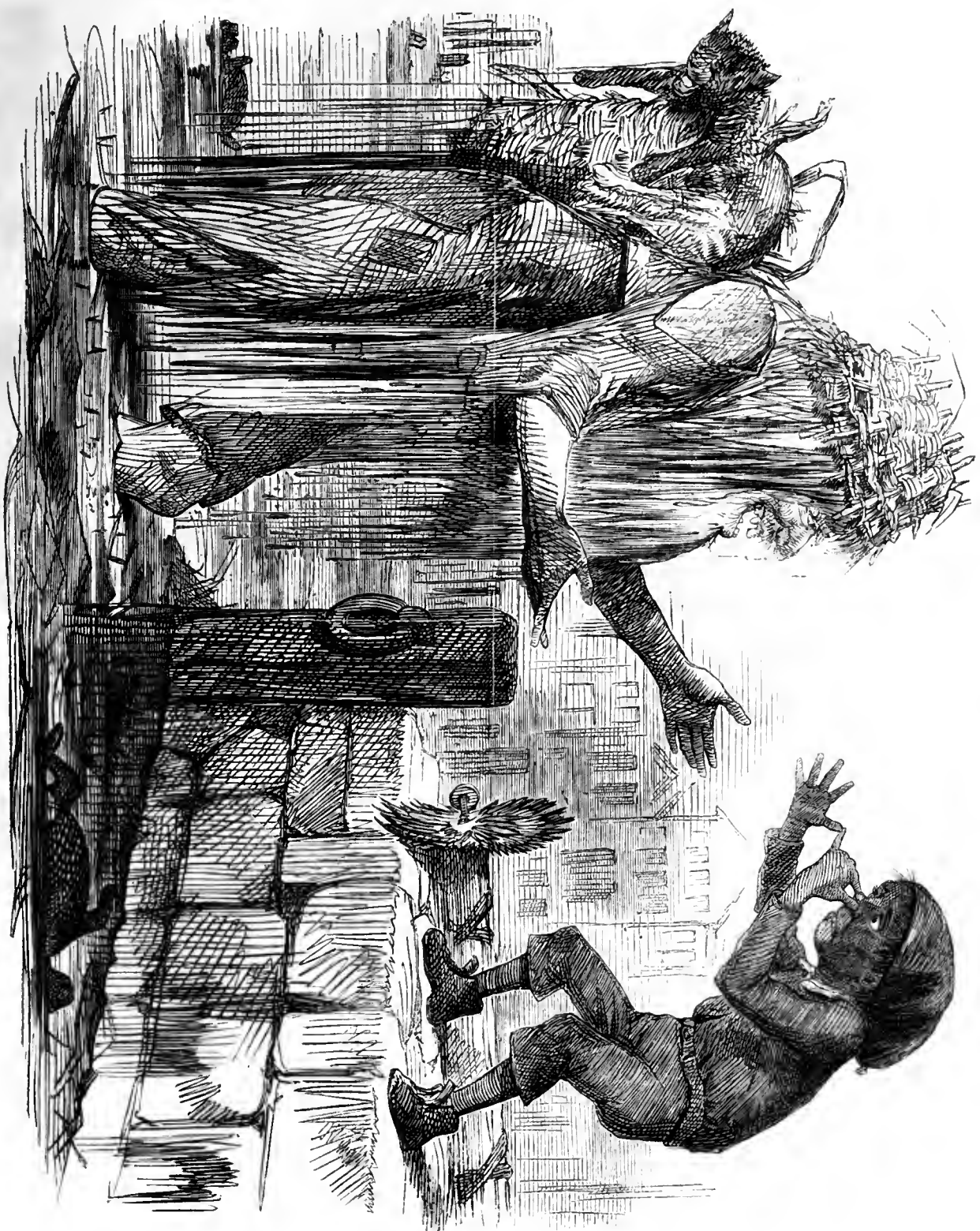
Utility for ever; but heath, brambles, butterflies, moths, beetles, grasshoppers, cock-robins, and other small birds, in combination with fresh breezes and bright skies, are food for the soul, which is at least as useful as food for the stomach—as turnips and wheat. Without such nourishment, life is not worth living, for any being above a pig or an ass. Let not a brutal utilitarianism convert, as it threatens to do, the whole of beautiful England into a hot-bed whereon to raise crops of human beings! Ere we come to that, who that differs much inwardly from a hog does not wish that his body may form part of the hot-bed, and he himself may be in a nicer place? Commons of England, may it please your honourable House to protect the Common of Wimbledon. Let not that bit of beauty be devoured by unsparing agriculture, or destroyed and defiled by the extension of this great copropolis.

Portrait of the Derby Ministry.

MR. DISRAELI characterised the speech of the young MARQUIS, who opened the indictment against Ministers, as being "flimsy, feeble, and illusive." If a photograph had been taken of the Derby Ministry, we do not think we could have had a more striking likeness than the one that is conveyed in the above three simple words. Is it not emphatically a Ministry that is alike "flimsy, feeble, and illusive?" The "flimsy" applies to MANNERS; the "feeble" takes off MALMESBURY capitally; while the "illusive" is the very picture of DISRAELI himself.

The Consciousness of the River.

OLD Father Thames is not a very inviting personage, but if he did invite anybody to take something to drink, his invitation would probably be couched in familiar, not to say vulgar terms. In the language of the lower orders, the nasty old fellow would most likely with propriety, if not with elegance, express the offer by saying, "Have a drain!"

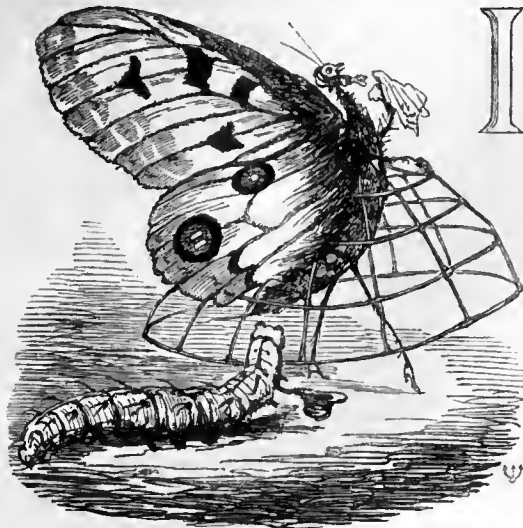


THE LONDON BATHING SEASON.

“COME, MY DEAR!—COME TO ITS OLD THAMES, AND HAVE A NICE BATH!”



IMPÉRATRICE DE LA FRANCE ET DE LA MODE.



IT is to the wife of LOUIS NAPOLEON that the fashionable world is indebted for the elegant invention of erminoline. Again, it is to the same imperial inspiration that the ladies have reason to be grateful for the endowment of that sumptuous and becoming colour, which *modistes* and *Mantallinis* delight in calling *Mauve*. How many more tasteful creations have sprung from that imaginative brain, our milliners and JENKINSES know infinitely better than we can tell; but we think we have said amply sufficient to warrant us in placing the jewelled crown of Fashion on the fair head of the accomplished daughter of the COMTESSE DE

MONTIJO, and whom Scotland is not too proud to own as one of her loveliest children. In grace and conception, in beauty and imagination, it must be willingly acknowledged that the real Empress of Fashion is EUGÉNIE. Her power is absolute, for her rule is one of love, expressed in the prettiest forms by all, from the viscountess to the washerwoman. We ask the ladies, the most impartial judges in the difficult art of personal adornment, if they can point their little finger to any other Empress, whose edicts are more cheerfully followed by her millions upon millions of admiring subjects. It is said that there is the love of Fashion in the heart of every woman. Taking this to be truth, and not satire, it is therefore perfectly clear—much clearer than the Koh-i-Noor diamond—that EUGÉNIE, 'as the undisputed "EMPERESS OF FASHION," must live in the hearts of all those whose greatest happiness it is on this earth to pay loving obedience, even to a matter of slavery, to her.

Companion Heroes.

THE Zouaves have unanimously elected KING VICTOR EMMANUEL as Corporal in their brave regiment. He will be spoken of as *Le Grand Caporal*, and will figure as an historical pendant to the EMPEROR, who was known in the first Italian campaign as *Le Petit Caporal*.

MORE VOLUNTEERS.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"YOUR suggestion for the formation of a Ladies' Corps d'Armée is delightful! CAROLINE and JULIA and I have been talking it over to-day, and we have determined at the next meeting of the Heartly Ladies' Toxophilite Society, to propose the immediate formation of a Volunteer Corps. We have already seen several of the members who live near us, and they are charmed with the idea! The time has certainly arrived when 'England expects every woman to do her duty,' and all who have a spark of patriotism in their breasts will see the necessity of at once discarding all female restraints and incumbrances—of laying aside the hoop petticoat and getting up a war-whoop instead.

"We have had a little conversation about the uniform. Of course it will be desirable to have 'a swashing and a martial outside,' as *Rosalind* says—and the dress you have sketched seems likely to be serviceable, and by no means unbecoming. In the picture of my Grandfather, which hangs in the hall, he is represented in his uniform as Colonel of the Volunteers, in 1804, and he wears what I believe was then called a *gorget*, a very pretty-looking piece of gold armour for protecting the throat—don't you think we could have something of that sort with advantage? It might be of gold in the form of a heart, and studded with small rubies, emblematic of the drops we are ready to shed in defence of our country. Any suggestions you can send us before the meeting, which will be on the 18th of June (*Waterloo Day*), will be acceptable. Much has been said against our *Hoops*, but they will rise in every one's estimation when applied to the obviously useful and necessary purpose for which they are exactly adapted, I mean, of course, Bell Tents for the Campaign. JULIA and I find we can lie quite comfortably under one.

"I would suggest a design for a silk standard—a burning heart, engraved with the Arms of England, and surrounded with the white

OUR RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

A Peace Song,

COMPOSED AND VOLUNTEERED BY MR. PUNCH.

SOME talk of an invasion
As a thing whereat to sneeze,
And say we have no occasion
To guard our shores and seas:
Now, *Punch* is no alarmist,
Nor is moved by idle fears,
But he sees no harm that we all should arm
As Rifle Volunteers!

Lest sudden foes assail us,
'Tis well we be prepared;
Our Fleet—who knows?—may fail us,
Nor serve our shores to guard.
For self-defence then, purely,
Good reason there appears,
To have, on land, a force at hand
Of Rifle Volunteers!

To show no wish for fighting,
Our forces we'd increase;
But 'tis our foes by frightening
We best may keep at peace.
For who will dare molest us
When, to buzz about their ears,
All along our coast there swarms a host
Of Rifle Volunteers?

Abroad ill winds are blowing,
Abroad war's vermin swarm;
What may hap there's no knowing,
We may not 'scape the storm.
Athirst for blood, the Eagles
May draw our dove's-nest near;
But we'll scare away all birds of prey
With our Rifle Volunteers!

No menace we're intending,
Offence to none we mean,
We arm but for defending
Our country and our QUEEN!
To British hearts 'tis loyalty
'Tis love her name endears:
Up! then, and form! shield her from harm!
Ye Rifle Volunteers!

and red roses and tulips which we have, and branches of the laurels we mean to reap. Believe me, dear *Mr. Punch*,

"Yours very cordially,

"GEORGINA BOWYER."

"P.S. What were 'those weapons made' of that they called *Matchlocks*? Did they make a bang?"

A MASS OF ERROR.

A TELEGRAM from Vienna, dated June 4, announced that—

"This morning a great religious solemnity, with procession and public prayers, took place here, imploring Heaven to bless our arms with victory. All the Members of the Imperial family and the Ministers were present. The Mass was read by MONSIEUR LUGCA, the Nuncio to the POPE."

Another telegram of the same date from Novara, conveyed the following intelligence:—

"THE EMPEROR TO THE EMPRESS.

"At 11:30 a great victory was won at the bridge of Magenta; 5,000 prisoners are taken, and 15,000 of the enemy are killed or wounded."

Parodying a well-known free translation of a celebrated Latin verse, we may observe that—

"Heaven and the Pontiff did in this divide,
It chose the conquering, he the conquered side."

It is quite clear that papal infallibility does not extend to the knowledge of which is the right side to pray for, or the POPE never would have suffered his Nuncio to say mass for the Austrians at the very time that they were being soundly lieted by the French.

APPROACHING MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—The Achilles in Hyde Park, to the "Angelic" Lady in Apsley House Gardens.



The New Italian Rifle-Barrel Organ; and if it prove half as annoying to the enemies of Italy as it is to the people of England, it will be the most formidable weapon of the age.

CHANT OF A CHURCH MILITANT.

AIR—"Spanish Chant."

HARK, how the priests are chanting,
French and Austrian, through the nose;
Either crew thanks Heaven for granting
Their side strength to slay their foes;
Hostile Gregorian notes,
Papists cutting Papists' throats,
Whilst of Love and Union canting,
That's the way your True Church goes.

Te Deum both are raising
For Destruction's horrid sum,
What Power are those priests praising
With opposed encomium?
In their triumphant pride,
Who is he that's glorified?
For slain men and cities blazing,
Fiends sing *Te Diabolum*.

A Spirited Composition.

IN Paris "an air has been composed by the soul of MÉHUL, the words by the ghost of ANDRÉ CHÉNIER." The price of this spirited composition, or imposition rather, is omitted. Let us hope that the coin the music-publisher deservedly receives for it is what is familiarly called "the ghost of a shilling." Of course, the song is written in a skeleton-key, and sold in a spirit-vault.

A BEAM TO HANG A JOKE ON.—ONE of the horses that ran for the Derby was named *Gallus*. DOES LORD MALMESBURY consider that the right way to spell the word?

PHYSIOGNOMICAL NOTES ON THE PORTRAITS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE young man who has written the subjoined notes has abstained from making any on those portraits with the originals of which he is personally acquainted. His remarks, therefore, relate only to the pictures, and do not apply to those whom they are supposed to represent, but whom they may not at all resemble. Besides, physiognomy may be all fancy, and phrenology all fudge; and many of us are not such fools as we look. Let no gentleman or lady, therefore, take to themselves observations which at most affect only the likenesses of themselves, which they themselves have allowed or caused to be exposed to public criticism.

To proceed without further ceremony:—

3. *Portrait of a Lady as Sappho*. (A. JOBSON.) A plump figure and unintelligent face, in an affected attitude. As much like DIDO as SAPPHO; but more like Miss SMITH.

7. *Captain Boakes*, 100th Dragoon Guards. (J. P. SQUIRE, R.A.) A fine picture of a bold dragoon, without the "long sword, saddle, and bridle." A florid face, with large, staring, grey eyes, wearing a mingled expression of daring, anger, and disgust.

16. *The Lord Woolleenstool*. (E. U. EDWARDS.) A handsome countenance, glowing mildly with intelligence, and intensely with gratified ambition.

19. *Lord Gooseberry*. (W. LOBB.) The imaginative part of the head appears larger than there is any reason to suppose it—except the noble lord's known faith in homeopathy.

23. *The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Stonehenge*. (G. RUGGLES, A.) No want of self-esteem in this portrait. The head is drawn back in the direction of the organ, and the under-lip protrudes with its characteristic pout. Acquisitiveness is rather largely developed, indicating an eye to the main chance; and, but for some intellectual light in the eye, this face might be conjectured to be that of a prosperous grocer.

31. *Mrs. Baillie Culpepper*. (F. GHRIMES, R.A.) O, MR. BAILLIE, fortunate MR. BAILLIE! A very handsome head and face; the latter expressing a little pride but no vanity, which is wonderful, considering the beautiful dress which it surmounts; lead-coloured robe, and pink satin petticoat, with bows of the same material on back-hair and bosom. Combination of colour suggests bullfinch. Ideality apparently considerable, and, with self-esteem a little in excess of love-of-approbation, producing original taste; evinced in the peculiar elegance of the costume, and, together with size, in its moderate circumference.

39. *The late Charles Dobbs, Esq., Stanbrook Hall, Hants*. (J. P. SQUIRE, R.A.) A fine old English gentleman in a blue coat and brass

buttons, buff waistcoat, and drab trousers. A good high crown and considerable forehead running up a little at what SPURZHEIM used to call Poet's Corner, but the organ of language small, and the poetry probably of the dumb inarticulate kind, as MR. CARLYLE would say.

43. *Captain Sir Peter Quince, R.N., C.B.* (S. POTTS.) An evidently gallant officer, with a screwed-up face, the expression of which resembles that of a codlin apple.

54. *Archibald R. Pugh, Esq., M.D.* (T. J. HOBBS.) A forehead of some size, which baldness exaggerates. The organ of language large; whence a great talent for small talk may be inferred as probable. The expression, that of sympathetic and respectful attention to a dowager's recital of her ailments.

64. *Thomas Snookes, Esq., late Sheriff for the County of Baconshire*. (H. W. PARTINGTON.) Deficient ideality and reflective organs strongly expressed in the countenance. Being in a Court dress, which looks like a livery, might be taken for an unintelligent footman.

65. *Mrs. Rind*. (H. WIGGINS.) Small forehead, but active temperament; language large; probably a chatterbox. Arch and merry. Smile and posture natural.

69. *The Countess Tilli Valle*. (R. BOBBINS.) Turn of the figure and carriage of the head apparently meaning, "See, how pretty I look." Does look pretty, too: black eyes and hair; fair complexion; plenty of forehead; a little, on the whole, like one of MURILLO'S Madonnas, but coronal region hardly high enough for a saint. Imitation, large; might succeed on the stage.

76. *Richard Shopkins, Esq., a Magistrate of the Borough of Liverpool, and Member of the Town Council*. (J. P. SQUIRE, R.A.) Acquisitiveness very large. Probably a money-maker. Hope and conscientiousness sloping off on the side of a bald crown. A mean and anxious expression, and a bullet head; but a forehead of some magnitude. Apparently no fool.

81. *H.R.H. the Prince Commodore, as Master of the Unity House*. (W. ALLSPICE, A.) Riding the whirlwind and directing the storm, we should say, that his Royal Highness appears,—were it not that he is on foot, and standing screened by some rocks, with a scroll in his hand, in an attitude of ruling the waves, which rage in the background, and are dashing about a lighthouse in the distance. The PRINCE appears to be surveying the storm, or rather, looking through it, with contemptuous and reproachful indignation. Alimentiveness, or the instinct of nutrition, is the most prominent organ; but the figure is not so fat as it ought to be, with that organ so large, and such opportunity as must exist for the cultivation thereof.

106. *The Countess of Belgrave*. (W. GIBBS.) Buxom and comely, with, oh! such a glance from under the eyelid at its outer angle! Under portion of occipital region probably remarkable.

109. *The Abbé Samuelini, Rome.* (R. BOBBINS.) Looks like an old Jew Rabbi converted to Popery. Docs know Hebrew, perhaps—large language.

415. *Baroness de Shekelsild.* (R. THOMPSON, R.A.) A form of perfect Mosaic beauty—with a forehead which betokens intellect, and a face that expresses apathy.

133. *Wm. Henry Simpkins, Esq.* (SIR J. W. GOODMAN, R.A.) In the robes of some civic officer. The smirk of love of approbation stamps the features, and a grey love-lock adorns the forehead. On good terms seemingly with his fellow citizens and himself.

153. *The Lord Albert Parsons, M.P.* (F. GHRIMES, R.A.) A swell in a birds'-eye-fogle. Head low and broad, of the pugilistic type. Face expressive principally of ferocity and contempt for others.

Remember that all the above comments concern only paint and canvas.

A LECTURE TO FAST MEN.

BY PROFESSOR PUNCH.



THE other evening a Meeting of Fast Men was convened at Professor Punch's residence, for the purpose of attending a lecture by that gentleman, on the subject of their conduct in returning from the Derby, and of their behaviour on race-courses in general.

On getting on his legs, Professor Punch was greeted with a burst of approbation, several of the assembly giving vent to their enthusiasm by a series of cat-calls, shrill whistles, and halloosings. Silence having been with some difficulty restored, Professor Punch commenced his observa-

tions by remarking that, as he meant to lay his truncheon pretty smartly on their shoulders, he would advise his hearers not to holla till they were quite clear of the wood. (*Clamour: cries of "Oh!" and "I say, Bob, let's hook it."*) If any BOB or BILL liked to "hook" it, they might do so. What he meant to say was intended for their good; and it would be their loss, and not his, if they missed it. (*Hear! hear! and subdued whispers of "We'd better sit it out!"*) Having thus commanded the attention of the Meeting, the learned lecturer proceeded to observe, that business of importance had summoned him to Epsom on the day on which the Derby race had happened to be run; and as, for sanitary reasons, he preferred the open air to the confinement of a railway carriage, he found himself compelled to travel by the road. His summons being sudden,—so sudden, indeed, that he had barely time ere starting to apprise his dear wife of it (*marked sympathy, and cries of "Poor dear! hope she's better!"*),—no measures had been taken to have the road kept clear for him; and the confluence of vehicles occasioned him a loss of valuable time, which, for his country's sake, he deeply had regretted. (*Cheers.*) One advantage had, however, arisen from the circumstance, inasmuch as he enjoyed the opportunity of witnessing the behaviour of those persons who styled themselves "fast men," several of whom, no doubt, he had the honour of addressing. (*A voice: "Rayther so, old Cock!" and "I believe you, my Bo-o-o-oy!"*) Now, he (*Professor Punch*) had no wish to be unpleasant,—in fact, he questioned very much if he were capable of being so (*hear!*),—but he felt compelled to say, that the conduct of these persons was extremely reprehensible, and he would even call it blackguardly and brutal. (*Oh! oh! and shouts of "Walker!" "Gammon!" "You don't mean it!"*) Yes, he was grieved to say he *did* mean it. He was perfectly aware that his adjectives were strong ones; but he was pained to say that he had seen enough to justify them. For example, he had seen a drag-load of fast men, who, having exhausted all their minor ammunition, such as pinushions and humming-tops, and lanky-legged Dutch dolls, amused themselves by keeping up a running fire of empty bottles on the unoffending villagers who stood by the road-side; and what had disgusted him much more than even this, he had seen a row of smiling little girls assaulted by a BEAST, whom he wished that he could name, who, as he rattled by, besprinkled them with beer, christening them with names which he (*Professor Punch*) would not venture to repeat. Now, behaviour such as this he (*Professor Punch*) called blackguardly and brutal. Fast fellows perhaps might call it a "good joke;" but he

(*Professor Punch*) was a better judge of jokes than any person living, and he begged to say that such a joke was no joke. (*"Question."*) Gents perhaps might differ with him, but he felt quite certain that gentlemen would not. (*Cries of "Brayco, Rouse!" and "I say, 'Arry, that's a Corker!"*) What gents spoke of as "larking," or as a "jolly spree," gentlemen had less slangy and more befitting names for. He (*Professor Punch*) liked to call a spade a spade, and he called such "larks" as these cowardly and brutal. That they were brutal he had shown; and they were cowardly, because they were generally practised upon those who were least able to resist or to resent them. When gents missed the lamb, and chanced to hit the lion, they were snobbishly profuse in their excuses and apologies. Piteously eager to escape having their noses pulled, they would whiningly express the "deepest sorrow" for the "accident." But their apologies were just as vain and empty as their heads; their sorrow was "sorrow for feared suffering, not for sin." In truth, their "deep contrition" was as shallow as their brains. When they said that they felt sorry, it amounted to just this:—"We're sorry, not because we have been doing something blackguardly, but because we've been and done it to one strong enough to thrash us for it." (*Sensation.*)

Professor Punch concluded his lecture by remarking, that he trusted that the Meeting would disperse without disturbance, and would abstain from fumigation until they were off his premises. He thought if they smoked less, they would all be, mentally and bodily, more healthy; and when any of them were, in future, hard-up for tobacco, he begged to recommend them to think of what he had said, and to put it in their pipes, and, medicinally, to smoke it.

WHAT THE OLD SOW SAYS.

PEOPLE talk of the splits in the Liberal camp,
Of the "sectional views," hopes of union that damp;
Of PAM on Reform quite at variance with RUSSELL;
Of BRIGHT, against both game to join in a tussle;
Of the learned HEAD-LAMB of the grim Independents;
Of ROEBUCK, that fiercest of ISHMAEL'S descendants—
His hand against ev'ry man: all men's 'gainst him;
MOTHER CARY'S own bird, formed in storm-waves to swim;
Of Peelites, high-principled calm and sagacious;
Of GRAHAME, satirical, sly and mendacious;
And lament that such men should in principles differ,
Who might join to make Cabinets stouter and stiffer—
But the Old Sow of Office, that lies in Whitehall,
She heaves her fat sides, sleek and round as a ball—

And she says, with a grumph—
"As for principles—humph!
I'll stake both my credit, my bacon, and weason,
That for Liberal feuds, there's one principal reason;
There are so many piglets for office-milk squall,
And I haven't got teats to give suck to 'em all.
"This many a year you've been stinting my diet,
And chuckling in glee o'er the savings made by it:
You've been bringing my fat down, and draining my marrow;
And the thinner I grew, still more large grew my farrow.
Till at last, see the dead-lock that matters have got to;
The little pigs *will* fight, who'er urge them *not* to;
All squeaking their protests 'gainst each lucky brother,
All with pettitoes striving to trip one another,
And hustling and bustling about their old mother,
Each doing his best neighbour pigling to smother,
And to thrust his own snout in the Treasury tub,
And to feed his own fill of its quarterly grub;
Trust the old Sow of Office that lies in Whitehall,
Watching litter on litter of pigs rise and fall,
That whatever their figure,
Ears smaller or bigger,
Shape to please FISHER HOBBS, or make HUXTABLE snigger,
They have one trait in common—for milk they *will* squall—
And she ne'er can find teats to give suck to 'em all!"

Halting Half-way.

MR. DISRAELI tells us now, that the Derby Reform Bill, if adopted, "would have increased the constituent body by not less than 500,000." But that increase, acceptable as it would have been, would not have gone half far enough. Surely it is the duty of a Prime Minister to legislate, not for the few, but rather for the Million? Now, an increase of 500,000 would only have met that necessity half-way. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is condemned by his own figures.

THE THAMES PIERAGE.—HER MAJESTY has been graciously pleased to confer on Old Father Thames the Order of the Bath.



Old Streekie, R.A., thought it very hard that he could not run down to the Sea-side for a week, after the opening of the Academy, without meeting "that pre-Raphaelite fellow Clevedge loafing about there, the first time he walks out."

ACTS OF THE COUNCIL OF YORK.

A SOLEMN and imposing scene took place the other day in the ancient and venerable Cathedral City of York. The clergy of the Province of which that Capital is the Metropolitan See, assembled themselves thereat in High Council of Convocation. The Archbishop presided in the person of his representative, the Dean. The highest—the only important—interests of man were contemplated as the end of their momentous deliberations.

This fact being borne in mind, the commencement of the proceedings of the reverend meeting, described in the following extract from the report of them, must appear invested with a peculiar significance.

"After HER MAJESTY'S writ, &c., had been read, several protests were handed in by the proctors, and rejected as frivolous."

What a very proper ground of rejection! *Procul, o, procul este, profani!* No nonsense in the congregation of divines, met to discuss the things of eternity. Away with frivolity! There is a time to laugh, but not now—a place in which it is pleasant to play the fool, but that is not this! Be serious here and at present.

And then, the report proceeds to say:—

"The REV. J. THWAYTES, one of the proctors for the Archdeaconry of Carlisle, prayed that they might be allowed to elect a prolocutor, for which he said he had the sanction of the highest legal authority."

It is a pity that the latter part of the above paragraph was recorded. Had nothing been said about the reverend gentleman's reference to the highest legal authority, or had the word legal only been omitted, the statement that he prayed that they might be allowed to elect a prolocutor would simply imply that he performed a suitable act of devotion.

The following debate, the gravity of whose bearing on the concerns of immortality cannot be estimated, then ensued:—

"MR. HUDSON, Deputy Registrar, in reply to the Dean, said that no licence had been received from the Crown to proceed to business.

"The REV. B. GREENHALL, proctor for the Archdeaconry of Chester, wished to present a memorial to the Archbishop, numerously signed by the clergy.

"The Dean said he would receive it, and give it due consideration.

"One of the proctors said he had come from a remote part of the province.

"The Dean said he could not allow of any discussion."

The remark of the Very Reverend the DEAN OF YORK was a just rebuke to his unthinking brother the proctor. Suppose he had come from a remote part of the province—what then? Was that so great a labour to endure in the exercise of apostleship? To business—to the all-important question before the clerical House! And so—

"The REV. J. THWAYTES moved that ARCHDEACON THORP, of Durham, be the prolocutor.

"The Hon. and REV. F. R. GREY seconded the motion.

"The REV. W. HORNBY. We have moved and carried a prolocutor.

"The Dean. No.

"Loud cries of 'Yes!'

"The Venerable ARCHDEACON THORP thanked the proctors for his election as prolocutor."

This matter, so fraught with consequences affecting the spiritual welfare of millions, having been settled,—

"The REV. W. DODD, from the Archdeaconry of Landisfarnie, wished to present a petition, signed by the Archdeacon and fourteen of the clergy, in favour of proceeding to business."

That is, of course, to business of a still more serious and solemn nature than what had been previously transacted. Accordingly—

"The Dean said Mr. DODD must not discuss it.

"The REV. W. DODD proposed to read it.

"The Dean said he could not allow it to be read.

"The REV. W. DODD. Reading is not discussion.

"The Dean. There is no precedent.

"The REV. W. DODD. I am advised by the highest legal authority.

"The Dean said, on his own responsibility he would not allow it to be read.

"The REV. W. DODD. I mean no personal disrespect to the Dean, but on my own responsibility I will read it.

"The Dean and Mr. DODD then commenced reading simultaneously, the former the writ of prorogation, and the latter the petition he held in his hand."

This separate reading of two different documents, with which mystical act the proceedings terminated, must have had a fine ecclesiastical effect; superior even in grandeur to the "glorious mutter of the Mass." Coming directly after the liturgical altercation consisting of assertions and responses, between the DEAN OF YORK and the REV. MR. DODD, the duet, especially if it was intoned, must have been awful.

This is the way to make the Church respected.



NOT A BAD NOTION.

Whipper. "Hallo! Fwed. By Jove, are you practising for Post-boy?"
 Snapper. "Aw,—no; not exactly. Fact is, my dear Fellah, I've got to do the dutiful, and take my Sistaws to a Flower-show. So—aw—you see, I've just been trying to invent a sawd of Leg-guard, to—aw—act as a pwotection of one's Trousars from the Hoops!"

FOOD WITHOUT FILTH.

THE Court of Probate and Divorce affords a deliverance to injured husbands; but as yet there exists no remedy against a wrong of a nature analogous to theirs, affecting the single as well as the married, and both sexes alike. Paterfamilias, therefore, will have been delighted at reading the following announcement in the *Times*:—

"ADULTERATION OF FOOD.—MR. SCHOLEFIELD, M.P., has revived his bill for preventing the adulteration of articles of food and drink. Analysts will be appointed by vestries, district boards, and town councils; and tradesmen, duly convicted of the crime of corrupting the food of their fellow men, will be heavily fined, and branded as adulterators, at their own expense, in the public newspapers. Scotland and Ireland are not to enjoy the advantage of this beneficent law."

We hope that, having revived his Bill, the Hon. Member will be enabled to maintain its vitality, so that, arriving at adult life, it shall not, as an immature and infant measure, be included in the annual Massacre of the Innocents, which, this Session, may be expected to be unusually severe. If the provisions of this contemplated measure are carried out, those which we are in the habit of consuming will be divested of much that is prejudicial, and of not a little that is poisonous. The rum of the British Public has been too long and too extensively watered; its brown sugar has been sanded to excess; its tobacco has been wetted without measure, and not without a vast increase of weight; and the humbugs by whose orders these iniquities have been perpetrated have gone on summoning their instruments to "come up to prayers." Moral Scotland and Catholic Ireland are exempt from the operation of MR. SCHOLEFIELD'S Bill; as though its author considered that the limit of possibility would be reached by the enforcement of common honesty in England.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF LONDON.

Q. When in London, what do you call "Rotten Row?"
 A. Having a row on the Thames.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME.

THE "Apposition" of St. Paul's School (whatever it may be) was this year "honoured," we are told, "by the attendance of an audience at once highly classical, clerical, and select." Among the guests of the Head Master* were no less than five Bishops, and we have no time to count how many minor Reverends, two of whom, we know not why, are called irreverently "posers." For the amusement of these dignitaries, or it may have been the reverse, certain "excerpta" were recited from old and modern writers; including a scene from *Love's Labour Lost*, in which we are told—

"MR. HOWARD was a droll *Dull*, MR. GARDINER a comical *Costard*, and MR. BENNETT a good *Sir Nathaniel* (Curates, by the way, are not knighted in these degenerate days)."

After this, for the further delectation of the Reverends, came a specimen—

"Of the turgid declamation of that stilted declamation of grief, the tragedy of the *Phaenissa*, doubtless dear to the ranters, if not the Rosciti, of antiquity."

And to wind up the amusements, there was given a scene from the *Persa* of PLAUTUS; in which we are told that—

"When *Dordatus* the pimp was beaten by the boy (*Pagnium*) with a hearty 'take that' kind of verberation, every one laughed aloud, perforce: the doleful '*perculit me prope*' of MR. HOWARD was irresistible, and the boys in the rear of the room appeared highly delighted at this practical mode of conjugating the verb *turnta*."

At the close of the speeches, we are told that the Head Master, at the request of the Bishops, announced the addition of an extra week's holiday, which gratifying statement was "received with the vociferous cheers of the boys present." After this announcement, which concluded the business that was done *rotundo ore*, the guests, we learn, retired to the house of the Head Master, where, the reporter states, "an elegant refectio[n] was prepared for their refreshment."

This is very obviously the language of the schoolmaster. In the language of the school, they had "a jolly good blow-out."

* In the report of the proceedings he is called the "high-master," but we see no cause for his being thus deceptituated.

POLITICAL LOGIC.—Household Suffrage is a conclusion which follows from almost any premises.

A MANDAMUS TO MANAGERS.

MR. PUNCH has been often displeased by the omission, at the foot of advertisements of plays, particularly operas, of a statement of the time at which the performances commence. Many of *Mr. Punch's* readers are country gentlemen and ladies, to whom this deficiency is a vexatious nuisance. They are not, and do not know, and have no sympathies with, habitual listeners to the *Traviata* and things of that stamp, who know Opera hours better than Church hours; but they go to hear music, when there is occasionally any to be heard, and desire to make such dinner arrangements as will enable them to be in time to hear the overture. This they, of course cannot do, if they do not know when the performance begins. The assumption that everybody does know this is simply false, and the neglect based upon it, is a piece of affected flunkeyism. *Mr. Punch* must insist on the discontinuance of the snobbish reticence on which he has felt called upon to make the foregoing observations.

WIDE AWAKE AT WINCHESTER.

COMMENTING on a Report by the Inspector of Prisons for the Southern District, the *Morning Post* says:—

"Another species of punishment inflicted in the County Gaol at Winchester is certainly illegal; namely, that of depriving the prisoners of their sleep by keeping them awake for several hours after their companions have retired to rest."

The *Post* detracts somewhat from the originality of this mode of ingeniously tormenting, by observing that it was one of the varieties of torture which used to be practised by the Inquisition. There certainly seems a rather ecclesiastical character about the barbarity in use at Winchester Gaol, and there is no lack of clergymen in the ancient and venerable city, to which that establishment appears to be a disgrace, but, as sound Protestants, they all of course abhor the Popish cruelty which forms part of Winchester prison discipline probably because there are no Hampshire parsons among the Visiting Justices.



THE DEAR LITTLE SPANISH HAT.

OH, SO CHARMING, AND SO MUCH MORE SENSIBLE THAN A HORRID BONNET!

Yes, on some people.—PUNCH.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

For the Week ending with the Anniversary of Waterloo.—The Government of LORD DERBY having been demolished at two in the morning of Saturday, June 11th, LORD DERBY himself went to the Palace about half-past ten, to mention the fact to his Sovereign. It is due to the respected EARL to say, that he resigned without any show of wrath, and the sharpness with which he spoke to his valet, and the row that he made because his second-best hat was given him instead of his Sunday one, were entirely attributable to his dislike at having to get up at nine, when he had got to bed at three only. The QUEEN received him with her usual kindness, and in the course of the interview, during which she was, as usual, at work, she snipped off a tiny bit of blue ribbon from a cap HER MAJESTY was making for a squeaking-doll of PRINCESS BEATRICE'S, and presented the scrap to the EARL, saying with a smile: "There is more, my Lord Earl, where that comes from." This HER MAJESTY herself was graciously pleased to narrate to Mr. Punch, and therefore no Ministerial Peer can retort upon the EARL the charge he made on the following Friday against LORD GRANVILLE, of indiscreetly reporting what was said in the Palace.

The QUEEN then, of course, sent for Mr. Punch, who, expecting the summons, sat ready dressed, and was with his Sovereign in a few minutes. What passed, Mr. Punch has obtained his QUEEN'S permission to divulge, without which, sooner than let a syllable escape him, he would have been talked to death by wild URQUHARTS.

The Queen. What is to be done, Mr. Punch? You know, as well as I do, that those two old gentlemen will quarrel again in six months. Upon my word, the trouble they give is quite aggravating. BEATRICE, my love, Papa won't like your poking the scissors through his pictures in the album.

Mr. Punch (going to the rescue). Here, your Royal Highness, take this book instead; you may prick that with advantage, because you will be putting a point into it. (*Gives H.R.H. a splendidly bound copy of * * * * **)

The Queen. Oh, that is too bad,—and yet you are quite right. Well, now, what do you say about a Ministry? Shall we deprive LORD PALMERSTON and LORD JOHN RUSSELL of any pretext for quarrelling, by appointing a Premier over them?

Mr. Punch. The idea is an admirable one, Madam. But I do not think that their Lordships will like to be deprived of that pretext; and as for LORD JOHN, who is one of your Majesty's most cantankerous subjects, I doubt whether he will consent to have his friend, the Viscount, placed out of harm's way.

The Queen. It will be very peevish of him to resist. But I have a good mind to try. The arrangement would be so much better; for it is too bad to have my people disturbed with incessant changes. I suppose that it is of no use asking you to be Premier?

Mr. Punch. The faintest expression of your Majesty's remotest

wish is a command to me, Madam; but I feel that I can serve your Grace much better in Fleet Street than in Downing Street.

The Queen. You can do anything admirably, anywhere and everywhere; but be it as you wish. Name somebody most like yourself.

Mr. Punch. That is to say, your Majesty wants a puppct. I would name LORD GRANVILLE.

The Queen (touches a table-bell, and the Lord Steward of the Household enters and prostrates himself). EXETER, send for LORD GRANVILLE.

After some further conversation, which Mr. Punch is not disposed to reveal, he took his leave; not without difficulty, for the PRINCESS BEATRICE, who is a very affectionate little thing, insisted upon going with him, and was diverted from her purpose only by Toby being left for H.R.H. to play with.

LORD GRANVILLE came, and was ordered to make a Ministry. Of course he went dancing off in high glee, telling everybody he was Prime Minister of England, and pretending to walk statelyly, for he is capital fun (in his place). Of course he went to PALMERSTON, and unfolded his views:—

Lord Palmerston. Well, I am blowed!

Lord Granville. But will you?

Lord Palmerston. Been to JACKY?

Lord Granville. You first, in course.

Lord Palmerston. If he will, I will! By Jove! You! Ha! ha! ha!

The Earl went off, and the good-natured Viscount whistled (he is a great whistler) about thirty-six airs before he had got rid of his amusement; and at last LADY PALMERSTON sent in to know whether he had been, by any accident, turned into a musical box. Meantime, GRANVILLE went to LORD JOHN RUSSELL, and propounded.

Lord John. Shan't! (*Resumes CUMMING on the Apocalypse.*)

Of course, LORD GRANVILLE had nothing else to do but to announce at the Palace that Mr. Punch's prophecy was more correct than DR. CUMMING'S; and LORD PALMERSTON was sent for.

The VISCOUNT spent the week in going to people, or having them to see him; and, in the end a Cabinet was formed. LORD JOHN RUSSELL is Foreign Minister; but his Chief could not help sending him, with the Portfolio (there is no such thing), a little book called, "*How to Speak French like a Native.*" which nearly broke up the new Ministry. However, all went pretty well: three Dukes, SOMERSET, NEWCASTLE, and ARGYLL, were secured, to make the thing respectable; and a couple of Earls, GRANVILLE and ELGIN, were also enlisted. BETHELL ought to have been made Lord Chancellor; but the fact is, that in the House of Commons there is a sad want of oratorical brains combined with sound law, on the Liberal side; and the Solicitor-General, KEATING, is no great shakes; besides which, there is something about the limitation of a Peerage to a second son. So SIR RICHARD was induced to wait a little longer, and LORD CAMPBELL was made Chancellor. And, O ye bucolic Squires, a place, yea, the Presidency of the Board of Trade, was reserved for the man, even RICHARD COBDEN, and the world has not dropped to pieces. HOMERIC GLADSTONE is once more Chancellor of the Exchequer, and has mentioned confidentially that he already sees three ways of increasing our taxation, and will probably adopt them all. Of smaller men, Mr. Punch demeans not himself to speak; let them appear in their Parliamentary places.

The Whitsun holidays were on, and the Houses did not meet till Friday. Then LORD DERBY mentioned that he had retired, and blew up LORD GRANVILLE for going about talking of his interview with the QUEEN. LORD GRANVILLE admitted that he had done wrong, but pleaded that he had felt so uncommon cocky that he could not help crowing. LORD BROUGHAM intimated that he had called upon the QUEEN to give her advice, but should not say what it was. This is Brag. What passed was this:

Lord Brougham. In the formation of a new Ministry, Madam, your Majesty will no doubt—

EXETER enters.

Exeter. Lunch is ready, your Majesty.

The Queen. Now, my Lord, shall we—(*Rises.*)

Lord Brougham. I never eat lunch, Madam. (*Leaves the Palace.*)

It is of no use for noblemen to talk large, while Mr. Punch has his Sovereign's confidence, which will be always. In the Commons, MR. DISRAELI, Chancellor of the Exchequer, also said a few words of leave-taking, and Parliament rose until the following Tuesday.

Taking the Estimates.

IN estimating any one, it is certainly better to overrate than under-rate, excepting with the tax-gatherer and Income-Tax commissioner, and men of the like calling, with whom one would decidedly prefer being underrated.

THE VESSEL OF THE STATE.

THERE is one reason why we may venture to compare LORD PALMERSTON to a pot-boy, which is that we have now at last got a Minister who is likely to carry measures.

EATEN UP WITH VERMIN;

OR, MRS. JONES ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.



HERE'S somethink to destroy
them nasty flies,
Ah, drat 'em! and the fleas
and bobs to rout:
There's stuff to pison rats,
and mice likewise,
And serve blackbeetles and
cockroaches out.
Thank goodness, we can kill
sich varmint cheap,
And make a riddance of their
nits and eggs;
But ha! we han't a got no
means to sweep
Away them other varmint on
two legs.

Them foreign rebels, which
occasions war;
Them there's the reptiles, if
I had my will,
Which, for there is none that
I do more abhor,
Like wopses, ants, or ear-
wigs, I would kill.
I wish they could be hunted
down with dogs,
Like foxes, which is kings to
sitch a crew;

I hate 'em wuss than spiders, toads, or frogs:
I loathe the good-for-nothing brutes, I do.

'Tis all along of them we have to pay
The dreadful taxes which we feel so sore,
Because they shan't come over here some day,
Thievin' and murderin' on our native shore.
More ships—more sojers—is the constant cry,
And which it costs us millions to maintain,
And that 's the way the money goes—whereby
Up goes the blessed Income-Tax again.

It do seem hard—at pcease when we would live
With all the world—to be so heavy prest,
And not have no nux womiter to give,
And rid ourselves of sitch an ojus pest.
With all your chemistry one would suppose
Some sort of comphysician you could find
To make short work of what I call the foes,
Like evil beasts, you may say, of mankind.

SLANG OF THE SUPERIOR CLASSES.

IN a list of Fashionable Arrangements for the Week, there was announced the other day by the *Post*,

“HON. AUGUSTUS and MISS MACDONALD MORLTON'S ‘danse.’”

Here again we have a questionable word between Fashion's favourite inverted commas. In what does a *danse* differ from a *dance*, except in being spelt wrong, (eh, MALMESBURY?) if meant for an English substantive? May the inverted commas be taken to express an editorial disclaimer of responsibility for the peculiar orthography of the word? If the word is to be taken for French, why was the French term used in preference to the English one? Is the Frenchification of the name of the thing signified intended to answer the same purpose as the substitution of Latin in certain cases for the vulgar tongue? Is it designed to disguise the coarseness or indelicacy of the thing? Its effect, on the contrary, is rather to suggest somewhat of that sort; and the “*danse*” of those stylish persons, the HON. AUGUSTUS and his fair relative, seems to bear an analogy to what would be described, in a list of “Unfashionable Arrangements” which might be published in a journal consecrated to the inferior classes, as a “hop.”

“They Love, and They Ride Away.”

APROPOS of LORD JOHN RUSSELL's acceptance of the Foreign Office, the *Globe* says he has recently been travelling in Italy, “for the purpose of studying the Italian question *in situ*.”

There is, then, this difference between LORD JOHN RUSSELL and the Austrians: LORD JOHN attempts to study the Italians *in situ*! whereas, the Austrians content themselves with studying them *in tran-situ*.

THE CROWNING OF KING HANDEL.

WHEN these words are made public the crowning of King HANDEL will be but half complete, and there will still remain a chance for those who wish to witness it. To the Crystal Palace Courts there is this week added the Royal HANDEL Court. Enthroned in the great Transept, King HANDEL “holds fit audience,” and not “few” of his admirers. Long before we write, the *Coronation March* of loyal subjects has commenced. For months past there has mentally been heard, by the quick-eared of us, a concerted pedal movement of all music-loving people, assembling to do homage to the king of all composers. From Paris and from Pimlico, from New York and from Newminster, from Berlin and from Birmingham, from Clapton and from Canada, crowds have eagerly been flocking from all points of the compass, zealous to take part in the Sydenham celebration. The monarch of music is there throned in kingly state, receiving at their hands the laurel crown which is his due. From the top of the great organ a century of homage and gratitude looks down on him. Mingled with all reverence and homage for his genius, vent is given to the gratitude which is fitly felt for it. If ever monarch “gave good gifts to men,” King HANDEL did. Thousands dead, and thousands living yet, and thousands yet unborn, have been and (let us hope it) will be bettered by his works. For goodness, as for greatness, his works stand alone, and are not to be compared to those of common potentates. Far more enduring are his works than other king's works. The kings who built the Pyramids could not construct such lasting monuments as King HANDEL'S *Messiah*, or *Judas Maccabeus*. The works of Cherbourg are accounted the Pyramids of France, and from their massiveness of masonry are looked upon as lasting; but who for durability will venture to compare them with the gigantic construction of the *Deltingen Te Deum*, or with the massive harmonies of *Israel in Egypt*? Such stupendous works as these, in grandeur, far surpass the Pyramids. There is by far more genius evolved in their construction than in the erection of a myriad of Cherbourgs. King HANDEL'S works have their foundations deeply laid in human hearts, and will long outlive mere stones and bricks and mortar.

It takes a century, at least, to produce a man like HANDEL, and it is but due that we keep fitly his centenary. With this intent, King *Punch* has wreathed a crown of laurels, and intends with his own hands to place it in all reverence upon his brother HANDEL'S bust. The ceremony will take place at the close of the performance; and England expects that the cheers will blow the crystal roof off on Friday.

EUCLID MADE EASY.

IN a *Times* report of a Mathematical Lecture lately delivered at King's College, by PROFESSOR SYLVESTER, occurs the following passage of interest to the sportive world:—

“We are told by those who recollect him, that MONGE could, by the turn of the wrist, and by the sbrug of the shoulders peculiar to his nation, render the most complex geometrical figure intelligible to his hearers.”

Mathematics are a dry study; but the above information suggests a method by which they might be rendered a very amusing one. Imagine the sort of face that a man would have to make in order to express a complex geometrical figure. Nothing perhaps can be well conceived more calculated to excite violent laughter. Why should not the talent of a MONGE be combined with that of a GRIMALDI? Why should not Cambridge Professors demonstrate the most complex mathematical problems by making faces in which the lines of the countenance would correspond to the diagrams? What fun it would be if EUCLID could be made easy through the horse-collar!

A DISCORD IN PSYCHOLOGY.

AT the City Sessions, the other day, a young gentleman named JOHN GROVES, seventeen years of age, a clerk in the National Provincial Bank of England, pleaded guilty to an indictment for forging and uttering an order for the payment of £1000 with intent to defraud; and, according to the statement of his counsel:—

“It appeared from a letter which the prisoner had written to his father, that he (the prisoner) who had a passion almost amounting to madness for music, committed the forgery to enable him to proceed to Italy and study music.”

We should like to know how far this young gentleman's excuse of a violent passion for music is true. If he could counterfeit an order for money, he could also tell a lie, and an extreme passion for an art so intimately associated with the higher regions of the human mind as that of music is, does not seem quite compatible with deliberate fraud. It appears to us that a youth who really had any music in his soul would be incapable of either penning or uttering any false notes whatever.



THE OLD FOXHUNTER.

Flora. "WELL, RONALD! AND HOW DO YOU LIKE ROTTEN ROW?"

Ronald. "OH, PRETTY WELL; BUT IT'S RATHER SLOW WORK TO A MAN WHO HAS BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO GO ACROSS COUNTRY, AS I HAVE ALL MY LIFE!"

TARPEIA.—A WARNING.

As one *Ré Galantuomo* should write to another,
This letter, beneath his own broad British seal,
King Punch sends KING VICTOR EMMANUEL, his brother;
With best wishes for his, and Sardinia's weal.

With int'rest, dear brother, right honest and hearty,
We have watch'd the past progress of you and your state;
Seen Patriotism still vanquishing Party,
And teaching how e'en a small power may be great.

Each stout-hearted protest 'gainst Austrian pretension,
In our brotherly heart a quick echo has found;
Each effort to solder Italian dissension,
Us to you, heart and hope, still more closely has bound.

From the foot of your Alps, Freedom's chosen dominion,
Shone your light—joy to friend, rage and envy to foe;
While the black Austrian Vulture expanded her pinion,
Like a death-shade o'er Lombardy, crouching in woe.

We trusted, we loved you; we shared in your gladness,
As Italy, state after state, own'd you friend;
And tyranny, stung by that joy into madness,
Bade whet claw and talon, the victim to rend.

Had the vulture made swoop—ere the summons was spoken,
Shield to shield, sword by sword, we had stood, close allied,
Vulture-wings, vulture-talons, our onset had broken,
While Red Cross and Tricolor waved side by side.

But you waxed hot and hasty; you bent to impatience,
You bade to your borders the might of the Gaul;
He needed no challenge; asked no provocations:
So eager to come, he scarce waited a call.

Shall Eagle be trusted to war upon Vulture?
Bird of rapine against bird of rapine array?
As well Light wed Darkness, Brute Force embrace Culture,
As Absolute Will second Freedom's essay.

Shall grapes grow on thorns; or shall figs spring on thistles?
Blame not those who ne'er look such strange fruitage to see:
What kin owns the wind, round your snow-peaks that whistles,
With the breath courtiers utter, bow'd head and bent knee?

Be our wish what it may, 'twill not chase evil omen;
We think of the legend of Rome's early day;
Of Tarpeia, who opened the gate to the foemen,
Nor dream'd her that opened they first would betray.

She had seen the gold gleam—by the well as she tarried—
Of their bracelets; to womanish longing she yields:
She would ope, for the gauds on their arms that they carried:
They promised; they entered; she died 'neath *their shields*.

May the lot of Tarpeia from you be averted!
For your too easy faith may you ne'er have to blush:
When by these, your defenders, betrayed and deserted,
You find that the shields which should shelter, can crush.

Lord Derby's Garter.

ON the out-going Minister's step, some
Have made a ridiculous din, Sir;
If you can't get blue ribbon at Epsom,
Why shouldn't you get it at Windsor.

TOXOPHOLITE.

THE EARLY RISING ASSOCIATION.—The foreign funds must get up
precious early in the morning to get the start of the British Consols.



BALM FOR THE WOUNDED.

H—R M—J—STY. "POOR LITTLE MAN. DID HE HAVE A NASTY TUMBLE? HERE'S SOMETHING TO MAKE HIM, ALL RIGHT AGAIN!"





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A NNIHILATING, without an effort, some weeks of time, Mr. PUNCH presented himself at the door of the Congress of Paris, 1860.

The door did not fly open at his approach, but a herd of dukes, sentinels, marquises, porters, counts, gentlemen-in-waiting, and other menials on guard, prostrated themselves before him, and abjectly begged that he would retire, as it was as much as their lives were worth to suffer any intrusion upon the Conclave.

"Your lives! Retire! Intrusion! Ha! ha!" exclaimed his Serene Haughtiness, with a glance of flame that instantly scorched up all their tinsel stars and gold fripperies into unhandsome shrivel. "Away, *Canaille!*"

Only the giant HOMER (through GEORGE CHAPMAN) can worthily narrate the next terror. Even as the godlike Hector, coming before the massy substance and the stupendous frame of the Grecian gate, did heave up an immeasurable stone, and send it thundering through the planks with forceful sway, did the immortal PUNCH. Raising in the air an awful Volume,—morally speaking,

"It was so huge a one,
That two vast yeomen of most strength, such as these times beget,
Could not from Earth lift to a cart, yet he did brandish it
Alone (Saturnius made it light) and swinging it as nought,
He came before the planky gates that all for strength were wrought,
And kept the post—twofold they were, and with two rafters barred,
High, and strong-locked. He raised the Tome, bent to the hurl so hard,
And made it with so main a strength that all the gates did crack,
The rafters left them, and the folds from one another brake ;

The hinges piecemeal flew, and through the fervent little Rock
 Thundered a passage, with his weight the inwall his breast did knock;
 And in rushed PUNCH, as fierce and grim as any stormy night,
 His brass arms round about his breast reflected terrible light."

And there, in mute astonishment and dismay, sat the Congress, covering as the tremendous apparition broke upon the Members. The very feathers of their pens stood on end with terror, and the ink turned pale in the silver standishes.

"So!" said MR. PUNCH. And as that stern eye slowly traversed from face to face, the agitation became general. Only the Lion of Britain, of all there assembled, gazed calmly upon his great, yet terrible friend, and winked a welcome.

In the midst of them all, there, upon the velvet-covered Council Board, had descended the mighty Tome. They looked at it as men might regard a suddenly alighting bombshell—this instant an iron sphere, the next, an iron storm.

Yet there was a difference in their bearing. Restraining himself, by a strong will, the Elected of the Millions sat, silent as the Sphynx. The Austrian muttered Latin invocations taught him by his Jesuits. The Russian shuddered as he thought of Sebastopol and its *feu d'enfer*. The Prussian glanced at the door, but then bore himself manfully. The Sardinian half moved to dash his plumed hat upon the book, but forbore. The POPE bonneted himself and bewailed aloud in a "holy sorrow." For the rest, they were simply flabberghasted.

"Listen!" said MR. PUNCH. For the only time in his life he spoke needlessly. They were intent as "the trapped creature that hears the hunter coming up the path."

"You are here to adjust the Affairs of Europe," proceeded MR. PUNCH, in a voice that sank deep into every bosom.

"Before you Dare to take them in hand, take My Counsels to your hearts. There are my Counsels!" He pointed to the Tome that lay before them. "At your peril neglect this, and I will brand your Congress in such sort that no lapse of Ages shall wear out my fire-mark. Be wise!"

He turned, and departed. But he left upon the Congress Board his

Thirty-Seventh Volume.





PAGE OF POSTERITY'S POSSIBLE PENNING.

(FROM THE HISTORY OF THE VICTORIAN AGE.)

THE entire invading army, consisting of 239,572 soldiers of all arms, having been destroyed to a man, the *vivandières*, after much kind treatment, having been divided among the London managers of theatres, for operatic purposes, and the captured Emperor of France and Italy having, at his own request, resumed his place as a London policeman, the people had leisure to note the various episodes of the campaign.

Among the most brilliant of these were the deeds performed by the Chancery Lane Rifles, playfully termed by the public the Old One's Own. From the venerable Scotch Chancellor down to the smallest office-brat that chewed the dusty wafers in the absence of the superior clerks, all were inspired with martial ardour. Taking as their motto *Cedat armis toga*, they entirely neglected all law business, to the great benefit of mankind, and mustered daily for hours of incessant rifle practice,

"High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor."

MACAULAY.

When the news came that the French army was embarking, the C. L. R. begged for the post of honour, and, being accustomed to public speaking, they made such effective appeals that the gallant Commander-in-Chief yielded, unable to resist the stream of oratory. It having been resolved to permit the invaders to land before attacking them, Ramsgate was handed over to the legal riflemen, and during the period that elapsed while the French were recovering from their seasickness (basins and chloroform drops were humanely supplied by the English) the lawyers, rather than lose time, addressed themselves to reforming the extortionate harpies who let lodgings at the above seaport. Before the enemy was well enough to come ashore, these unprincipled persons had been so taken in hand by the shrewd and determined lawyers, that several were known to ask not more than five times the fair price for their apartments, and it is said that some of them abstained for nearly the whole season from plundering their lodgers to any appreciable extent. But the disembarkation was at length effected, and when the two hundred and thirty-nine thousand and five hundred and seventy-second soldier was breaking his shins against the wet steps of the steep ladder in the harbour, the C. L. R. withdrew to the defile allotted to them, and calmly awaited the foe.

They had not to wait long. Performing a march expressly composed by M. JULIEN for the occasion, and called *Mort aux Anglais*, a body of

trumpeters led the way to triumph. These were followed by a splendid body of picked cavalry, flourishing their swords, and uttering the most demoniacal threats to extirpate every man in the Infernal Isle, and carry the "blond Misses" into captivity. "We'll just leave thee trumpetin' bodies to the women folk," said the brave old Chancellor, cocking, "Yon's our game;" and as he spoke, a conical bullet from his rifle sent the foremost cavalryman to the ground. "One to the Woolsack," said the merry SERJEANT MURPHY, firing at a tremendous ruffian who went down with an oath that might have been heard a mile off, at the same moment that his right hand man dropped, shot in the nose by LORD BROUGHAM, who also extemporised a Latin epitaph for him, of which all but ninety-six lines were unfortunately lost in the crackling of the fire, which now hissed hot and hot from every point of ambush. Not a shot but told, and the value of the admirable drill and patient practice to which educated volunteers submit, was marvellously exemplified. CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN potted his man at three-quarters of a mile, and the fine shooting of his successor in the C. P., CHIEF JUSTICE ERLE, was applauded by the whole army as much as his elevation was by the whole public. ATTORNEY-GENERAL BETHELL loaded and fired with a rapidity and precision which were perfectly appalling, the learned advocate's face wearing all the time the quietest smile, as if he were doing nothing particular; and SOLICITOR-GENERAL KEATING came out with practice that astonished everybody. "KEATING'S Lozenges don't agree with French constitutions, aparently," said SERJEANT PARRY, discharging a large rifle with immense effect. "Then we'll try JAMES'S Powder," replied the witty Member for Marylebone, drawing his trigger. "Very well answered for the Crown," said MR. BODKIN, giving an enemy the *quietus*, which *Hamlet* says bodkins can so easily give.

Wit, in short, flashed as fast as weapons, and the furious cavalry, thinned by an invisible enemy, raved and stormed, and swore more atrociously than ever, and now vowed to eat their enemies as well as kill them. But the legal storm of arrowy shower came on thicker, and the savage assailants dropped like leaves before the winds of autumn. The veteran LYNDBURST knocked down two wretches at one shot, and a similar feat was performed by MR. JUSTICE HILL, and MR. BOVILL, Q.C. A ruffian, who happened to bend beside his horse's neck, at that moment received a ball from the elegant silver-mounted rifle of MR. HUDDLE-

STONE, and horse and rider went down together. The Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL, FITZGERALD, with a rifle bent to shoot round a corner, made great carnage in the rear ranks, and MR. WHITESIDE, after breaking off the triggers of eight guns, in his rage with the enemy, was persuaded to take things a little easy, and then made terrible slaughter. SIR HUGH CAIRNS fired unceasingly with tremendous effect, and MR. ROEBUCK, though anathematising his gun-maker as an ass, his powder-maker as a fool, and his bullet-maker as a thief, managed to knock off his men with extreme accuracy. SERJEANT BALLANTINE calmly disposed of a couple of dozen rascals with extreme neatness, and MR. M. CHAMBERS did as much execution as the ancient artillery bearing the same name as himself. "Here Chambers discharged," said his next man, MR. HAWKINS, quoting a Shaksperian stage direction, and firing with fatal effect. Quoting is contagious, "Souls and bodies have I divorced three," said SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL, making it four as he spoke.

Then, as the cavalry, reduced to a tenth of its numbers by the L. C. R.'s terrible fire, wheeled in dismay, and turned upon the advanced guard, which recoiled with terror, the most splendid deed of the day was done. FIELD MARSHAL PUNCH, who had been watching like an eagle, suddenly drew his sword, and like ACHILLES, shouting to the skies, rushed

THE UNEDUCATED SECTION OF SPIRITS.



JUDGE EDMONDS, who is a most bigoted believer in spiritualism, in writing about the spiritual alphabet (the letters of which, like those carried by a postman, are seemingly delivered by a series of raps), tells us:—

"There were embarrassments about it. Sometimes, when the spirit had not learned to read, it could not spell out words. Sometimes, when its education had been poor, it would spell wrong; and sometimes, when unacquainted with our language, it could not frame a sentence in English."

Precisely like our *attachés* and young May-fair diplomatists. They also have a difficulty in "spelling words;" their education has likewise been "poor," the young martyrs of LINDLEY MURRAY entering life,

generally, with a more accurate knowledge of the parts of a horse than of the parts of speech; they are equally "unacquainted with our language;" and, as the Civil Service Examiners can testify, labour under the painful infirmity of not being able to "frame a sentence in English." LORD MALMESBURY should take these poor devils of illiterate spirits under his protection. Perhaps he could justify their want of spelling, and would contend that these spirits were none the less pure for being adulterated with a little bad English. *Attachés*, who have been rejected in this country, should go to America, and turn spiritualists. With their qualifications, they would doubtlessly find the humbug a most profitable "medium" of making money. They might, in contradistinction to the spirits of home manufacture, set up as "SPIRITS, NEAT AS IMPORTED."

THE LOGIC OF INTERVENTION.

"THRICE is he armed that hath his quarrel just." VICTOR EMMANUEL's quarrel being just, the chances on his side against that of Austria are three to one; and his, accordingly, is the stronger side. But generosity always prefers the weaker side; therefore, if the British nation is generous, it will choose that of Austria. The side of Austria will thus become the stronger side. But might is right; consequently we shall be on the right side; therefore our quarrel will be just; therefore we shall be thrice armed; thus in that state of dignity and defence which is the becoming attitude of this great country. True, when our own becomes the stronger side, other generous nations, if there are any, will then take the part of our enemies; but that will not signify, so long as we are able to take our own part, and set the rest of the world at defiance.

THE TEAR AND WEAR OF TREATIES.—A French paper recommends that the treaties of 1815 should be torn up, inasmuch as they are not worth the paper on which they are written. According to this, they would seem to be of no more value than an Austrian bank-note.

ESTIMATES AND ARMED NEUTRALITY.

AIR—"Marlbrook."

Oh! keep up our defences,
Of which the due expenses,
A people in their senses
No jot would wish to spare.
But so adjust taxation,
For this unhappy nation,
That cruel confiscation,
No class shall have to bear;
Make each man pay his share;
Of that take very good care;
But deal in equal measure,
With everybody's treasure,
Tax Labour less than Pleasure,
By compass and by square.

With mournful satisfaction,
We yield to fair extraction
Of cash, but gross exaction,
Is more than we can stand;
Too long have we groaned under
Downright financial plunder,
With patience quite a wonder,
To every foreign land;
Now justice we demand,
You Ministerial band;
We're tired of its denial,
Endured with loud decial,
Now you are on your trial,
Have you no able hand?

Must we—since taxes never
Will cease—be robbed for ever?
Are none of you so clever
You rulers of the State,
Our cost as to apportion,
Without extreme extortion,
Upon us in consortium,
As vestries raise a rate?
Is such a task too great?
Can you not estimate
With some approximation,
Each subject's obligation,
With right in moderation,
Not wrong inordinate?

In Baker Street instead of Downing Street.

A STATUE, described as a portrait-model, has been erected to MR. BRIGHT. The material of which this work of art consists is highly plastic, and has the further advantage of susceptibility of colour. It is, in fact, composed of wax, and is situated in MADAME TUSSAUD'S Exhibition. MR. BRIGHT may derive consolation for his lack of a seat in LORD PALMERSTON'S Cabinet from the acknowledgment of his greatness signified by the proud position which has been accorded to him in TUSSAUD'S Temple of publicity and fame.

A Thé Dansant.

High diddle diddle,
The French and the fiddle,
The tray took round the bohea;
Cup, saucer, pot, urn,
About did turn,
And there was a dancing tea!

Arithmetic at Three o'Clock in the Morning.

Gent (who is not one of the most upright pillars of sobriety). Cabbie, whatch your number? I'm resolved to punish yer. I say, whatchs your confounded number?

Cabman. There it is, Sir, You may see it for yourself—it's plain enough—883—three 8's, Sir.

Gent. Three eights, you say? All right—thrice timesh eight is twenty-four—all right.

[Puts down 2s in his memorandum-book, and goes away muttering indistinct vows about "P'llshummonyou!"]

HOW TO DRESS OUR RIFLEMEN.

EVER zealous as he is to encourage a good cause, and in every way to strengthen our national defences, *Mr. Punch* would be the last to ridicule our Rifle Clubs, or to poke fun at the patriots who are enrolled as volunteers. But he cannot avoid noticing that, judging from the letters which have reached him and the *Times*, by far greater anxiety is felt throughout the country on the subject of the dressing than the drilling of our riflemen: and that the forming of a corps is thought of vastly less importance than its uniforming. More care and thought seems taken that our volunteers should look effective on parade, than that they be made efficient in their practice. In fact, lady-killing seems to be the chief destruction aimed at; and many of the suggestions which have been lately sent to him, *Mr. Punch* inclines to fancy must have been penned by tailors. As specimens of the taste which has been nationally displayed in the devising of a dress, *Mr. Punch* has only space for the following leash of letters:—

"Verily friend *Punch*, these be rough times. The evil Spirit, War, is moving Sons of Belial to beat each other's brains out. Peradventure there be men whose heads are empty as their pockets, and who have as few brains as they have halfpence to be knocked out. But, truly, thou and I, friend *Punch*, can ill afford to lose our moneys or our heads, and we need to use the latter for protection of the former. I am a man of peace, but I have bought a rifle, and I can hit a half-crown at above two hundred paces. I love all men—even foreigners—for are they not my brethren? But if my brethren smite me, shall I not in brotherhood return to them the compliment.

"Thine, in all sincerity of spirit,

"EPHRAIM BROADBRIM."

"*Postscriptum.* — What thinkest thou, friend *Punch*, of my device for a new dress? To the coat of ancient date I have, for sake of freedom, joined the modern 'knicker-bockers.' The hat is copied from one worn by DRAW-THE-LONG-BOW BROADBRIM, an ancestor of mine, who was a fighting-man in NOLL's time. The broadbrim, as you see, serves well to shade the eyes, and will in wet weather do instead of an umbrella. The workbox worn in front is meant in war time to hold cartridges, but when used in times of peace, on practice or parade, will serve with equal handiness to hold cigars or sandwiches. I mean the suit to be of drab, which, as friend BRIGHT shows us, is a thorough fighting colour."



advantage to them."

"I say, *Punch*, old Cock, BOBBY JONES and I have been and joined a Rifle Club, and we are rather in a fix about the dress one ought to

sport. You see, this is a free country, and every man may wear what toggery he likes: and as the Government have said nothing not to nobody about uniforms, of course every corps of Riflemen is left to choose its own. Now, the thing one wants to aim at, is to hit off something neat and not the other thing, you know; for if one comes out extensive and makes one's self conspicuous, one's as certain to be 'potted' as a stale Yarmouth bloater. But the dress I've been concocting will allay all fear of that. Just cast your eye on this *impromptu* sketch of it:

"There! I question if you'd knock off a more quiet style than that; and, excepting the buff boots (which I own to having cribbed from a drama at the Vic.), it's all my own invention; all quite 'new and original,' as they say of English farces, when they are copied from the French. Of course the colours may be worn according to the taste and fancy of the wearers. I should myself suggest that the coat be a pea-green one with blue and yellow facings, the trousers either plum or cherry-coloured à la H. R. H.'s Own, buff boots as aforesaid, with lavender silk linings, and the hat light brown or grey, with a pink or purple plume. As to the rifle and accoutrements, they are of course of quite a secondary importance, and one may therefore leave them to be furnished by the Government. I would, however, adopt the hint which I saw lately in the *Times*, that every Volunteer should be armed with a long spear, in order to defend himself when coming to close quarters. The object of a Rifleman is to keep himself as much out of sight as may be, and to be quick in his movements from one ambush to another; and the dress I have suggested, with the addition of the lance and a rifle made as cumbrous as the Government can make it, will most admirably serve for both of these requirements. A showy uniform like this, too, would be sure to please the ladies: and that, I take it, is what nine men out of ten of us are clubbing for. So, give your orders, gents, while the tailor's in the room, and if you don't look nobby 'taint the fault of



"CHARLEY WOBBLER."

"WHAT NEXT, AND NEXT!"

Lines written on the Present by one of the Late Ministry.

WONDERS, 'tis clear, will never cease:
The Bottleholder's cry is "Peace!"
GLADSTONE, a figure great who ought
To cut, is to a cypher brought.
Enchequered once, it something new is
To see Home Sec. SIR CORNEWALL LEWIS.
SIR BENJAMIN no labour shirks,
Yet heads the Board of Words—not Works.
When betters for the stakes have raced,
One wonders to see KEATING "placed."
The forward BETHELL is thrust back,
And canny CAMPBELL gets the sack!
King Log is thought for India good enough,
So in their State-Sec. they'll find WOOD enough.
The heavens are "hung with black," one sees,
NEWCASTLE's *sus per* Col-onies.
More wonders yet—(bring me some sherbet!)—
The Sec. at War is peaceful HERBERT.
The coat of office hangs the ribs on
Of the late kicked-out MILNER GIBSON.
COBDEN has joined the Cabinet,
And *Punch* may see LORD JOHN—BRIGHT yet!

INS AND OUTS.—We are warranted in stating that LORD CHELMSFORD has got the Sack, and also in saying that LORD CAMPBELL has got the Woollack.



Mrs. Tongs. "LOR, ADOLPHUS! HOW BEAUTIFUL THOSE BEANS SMELL!"

Adolphus (probably in the hair-cutting line). "THEY DO INDEED, MY LOVE! THEY REMIND ONE OF THE MOST DELICIOUS 'AIR OIL!'"

AN END OF FALSE IMPRISONMENT.

THE result of a late trial in the Court of Queen's Bench seems to show, that the inspection to which private lunatic asylums are at present subject is insufficient to prevent the occasional incarceration in those establishments of persons of tolerably sound mind. Hence arises the question, how to secure inspectors vigilant enough to look sharp, and see that, in the mad-houses which it is their business to supervise, nobody that has a right to go loose is shut up. There are also asylums of a somewhat different nature from those which lunatics are confined in,—namely, convents and nunneries,—the inmates of which have voluntarily subjected themselves to perpetual imprisonment, in some cases, it is stated, accompanied with private whipping. Some of the persons who have taken this step, sometimes, there is reason to believe, subsequently repent of it, and wish to get out; and are then detained against their will. The bare possibility of this case renders it desirable that conventual institutions should, like retreats for the deranged, be placed under the superintendence of proper officers. All proposals to this end, however, have hitherto been resented as insults by those who believe, or pretend to believe, that all monks and nuns are satisfied with their condition, and that all superiors of those fraternities and sisterhoods are incapable of maltreating the people who are in their power.

Now, an arrangement for the inspection of monastic houses might be divested of aught insulting by a simple expedient, which is suggested by their aspect in relation to lunatic asylums. Let keepers of the latter institutions be the inspectors of the former; and, *vice versa*, let abbots and abbesses, or ecclesiastics delegated by them, be empowered to overhaul the private Bedlams. By this natural system of give and take, bear and forbear, affront would be precluded, and mutual jealousy and suspicion would ensure the result that no sane person would be immured on either side in a state of durance vile and false imprisonment.

PARLIAMENTARY SCHOOL FOR LITTLE STATESMEN.—Spare the Whip, and spoil the Child.—*Sir Wm. Hayter.*

CARTRIDGES TO BITE AND SWALLOW.

Too much attention cannot be paid to the following question of the *Times* :—

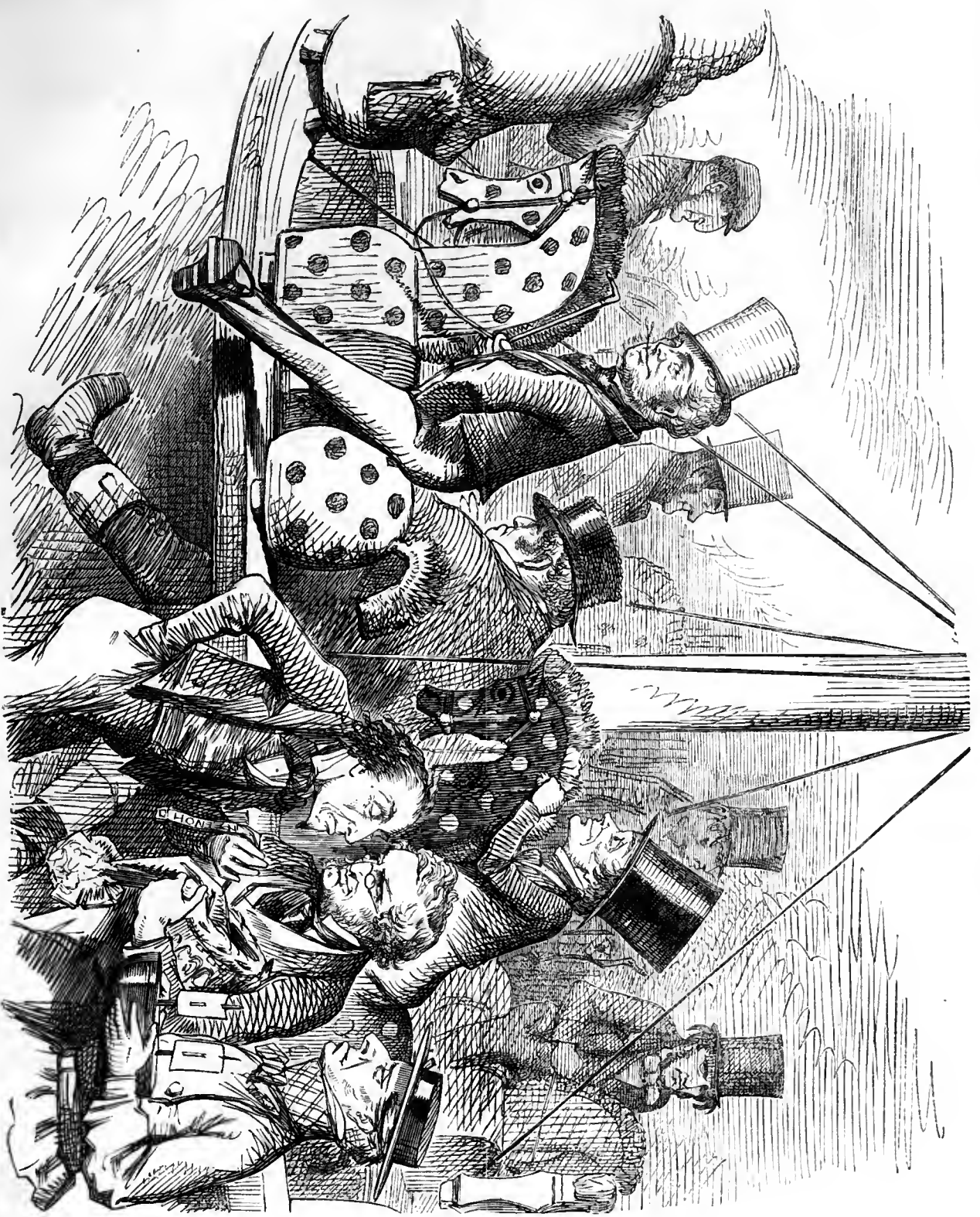
"What can become of soldiers who, like the Austrians before the Battle of Magenta, 'for fifty hours did not get even so much as a piece of bread?'"

What are locomotives without fuel? Stationary. What are horses without corn? Slow. What are any number of guns without ammunition? Hollow cylinders. And what are ever so many soldiers without sufficient food? Food—and poor food—for powder. There is too much reason to fear that one well-fed Frenchman could lick three Englishmen in an advanced stage of starvation; and though our English ancestors won Agincourt upon very reduced rations, it is not to be hoped that their descendants would be equally fortunate on a similar occasion, if "these English" were "shrewdly out of beef."

A NEW COMIC CRY.

It seems that four Irishmen occupy seats on the English Judicial Bench. A Scotchman, also, sits on the British Woolsack. Now, we are half inclined to get angry, and to declare as loudly as any demagogue that this is a little too bad! We have already had the cries of "Injustice to Ireland" and "Injustice to Scotland," until it has become tiresome to laugh at either the one or the other. We think we will change the humour a bit, by trying to raise the cry of "Injustice to England." It strikes us that a great deal of fun might be got out of that cry, and if our Scotch and Irish friends would only be kind enough to take the matter seriously, and fancy that we were in earnest, the fun would be materially increased. We shall put a few dozen rods into the briniest pickle forthwith. We are not going to sit down quietly in our arm-chairs, and see England overrun with a set of foreigners. Why don't they stop in their own country?

A ROMISH MIRACLE.—To speak well of a Protestant country.



TURN AND TURN-ABOUT.



NON-NATURAL FATHERS AND MOTHERS.



TRANSPORTED with pleasure, *Mr. Punch* notices a glimmering of sense and reason in the proceedings of Convocation. In the Lower House, the other day, among the notices of motion given, there was at least one judicious and praiseworthy proposal, namely,

"That an alteration be made in the 29th canon, which prohibits parents from being sponsors to their own children."

The change in an absurd and vexatious regulation thus contemplated will be a real blessing to the Paterfamilias of the future. The necessity of procuring godfathers and godmothers—at least of procuring god-fathers—is at present one of the greatest difficulties of Paterfamilias's position. It obliges him to ask favours of a number of persons who are mere acquaintances—for what Paterfamilias with even a moderate family has intimate friends enough to suffice his needs respecting the font? It therefore involves the admission of comparative

strangers into an intimacy which may be unpleasant. The foolish usage which requires that he who stands sponsor shall also stand what is vulgarly called Sam, as for instance, by forking out spoons, aggravates the annoyance of having to make such requests. If the spoons were customarily wooden, or the cup which is their alternative, crockery-ware, as they should be if intended to be symbolic and appropriate, the delicacy of Paterfamilias would be spared for this matter; but Society demands that the vicarious renunciation of pomps and vanities shall be signalled by tokens of a material not meaner than silver: and Materfamilias would be disgusted with the shabbiness that would dream of anything else. So Paterfamilias has, in effect, to ask men on whom he feels that he has no sort of claim, to present his children with plate. This is not pleasant to any gentleman.

"To ask for a gift of money or money's worth, however, is ten times less repugnant to the feelings of a gentleman endowed with conscience *plus* the sense of honour, than to request another gentleman to promise and vow that which he cannot possibly perform. Godfathers and godmothers might as well promise that their godchildren shall be taught Hebrew, as promise to see that they receive a Christian education. The actual parents of children—Paterfamilias and Materfamilias themselves—are the only persons who can make any such promise with any prospect whatever of being able to keep it.

Paterfamilias must not entertain too sanguine a hope that the proposal for reforming the 29th canon will be accepted. The majority of the Clergy will surprise *Mr. Punch* very much if they consent to the relaxation of any sort of bondage that oppresses the people. But gentlemen who sign articles in a non-natural sense, or in no sense whatever, may perhaps be excused for not understanding the scruples felt by others in making promises and vows of which the observance is impossible, and in treating the most solemn engagements as ecclesiastical fictions.

A NICE THING TO SAY TO A GENTLEMAN.

MONSIEUR VEULLOT, our favourite of the *Univers*, has been publishing some conversations he had with PRINCE METTERNICH. Here is a sample of one of them:—

"'COUNT BATHYANY,' said METTERNICH, on taking leave of him, 'you will persevere in a wrong course and I make you this prediction.' 'What?' 'COUNT BATHYANY, you will be hanged.'"

This is as elegant as it was kind. We do not know a more agreeable character than a tolerated old fogey, who is continually prophesying unpleasant things of his friends. All the Prince's predictions, however, did not come so true as the above. There is the celebrated one of the Deluge, which has not held water as yet, excepting so far as Austria is being gradually washed out of the map of Europe.

Here is another sample of the Prince's refined conversation:—

"'I (VEULLOT) asked the Prince his opinion of KOSSUTH. He told me, in one word, that he did not give high place to that demagogue or that he placed him on the same level as BATHYANY.'"

To place KOSSUTH on the same level as BATHYANY, would be, apparently, to accord him a much higher place than the Hungarian patriot would have any wish to aspire to. MONS. VEULLOT tumbles into a mistake in the above report, that surprises us somewhat in him, who is such a savage stickler for the truth in others. We cannot see how PRINCE METTERNICH could, by the strongest power of condensation of his ideas, have said that "he did not give a high place to that demagogue," all "in one word;" not that we are surprised at his breaking down, as it is so rarely we find a diplomatist who is a man of his word. MR. KOSSUTH need not take to heart the opinions of a man who rarely spoke well of anybody. Of late years he squatted on the council-table of Austria, like a withered, torpid, old toad, and did nothing but croak.

THE INNS OF COURT RIFLE CORPS.

WHEREAS a grievous war is waged
In parts beyond the sea,
Wherein, against our will, engaged
Ourselves may come to be,
And therefore have the sword to draw,
To guard our native shore;
Now we, the limbs of England's law,
Have formed a Rifle Corps.

We'll learn with perfect aim to shoot,
That so, in time of need,
We may, to any foreign suit,
Be qualified to plead,
With force and arms to take and seize
All trespassers found here,
And every doe on this demise,
To kill and slay like deer.

We will not, judgment by default,
Let go, with laches base,
In any action of assault,
If we conduct the case.
They will the first assault commit,
Then we'll put in our plea;
An Enfield rifle-ball, to wit,
Against their battery.

All comers we will serve upon
The writ, Ejectment hight,
And lodge detainers if they run,
To save themselves by flight.
For Habeas Corpus we will move,
And numbers they'll return
Whose bodies will our practice prove:
All whom it may concern.

Our word is *Fieri Facias*!
Wherewith we'll open fire,
And on them with a *Copias*
We'll rush, if they retire,
And execution will ensue.
What bills can lawyer file,
Like rifles that will carry true,
And kill at half a mile?

So let all trespassers beware;
And let a foreign host
Take notice that in case they dare
To land on England's coast,
Our goods and chattels to convey,
To kill, destroy, and burn,
Ne exeant regno—that's to say,
They never will return.

A Case for the Board of Works.

ONLY two sides of the Westminster Clock consented to go on the opening day of Parliament. DISRAELI smiled grimly when he was told of this, and observed, "that it was all the more worthy of Parliament, and would certainly get on all the better in this world for being doublefaced." He suggested that out of compliment to SIR JAMES GRAHAM, and other half-penny legislators of a similar stamp, the clock should be called JANUS, the great head and patron of all politicians.

A Fitting Testimonial.

WE notice with indescribable pleasure, that a testimonial is being raised for MR. W. VILLIAMS amongst his trans-Thamesian admirers. The subscriptions are to range from a penny to a pound. We, shall certainly not give a pound, nor shall we give a penny, as the tribute of our admiration, but shall send a much more fitting contribution. We shall forward a postage-stamp, as it has always struck us that our valued friend, the WISCOUNT, is terribly in want of a Head.



Standing-up Swell. "MORNING, CHARLEY! DOING A BIT O' PARK, EH?"
Swell reclining. "YAS.—YOU SEE I CAN'T DO WITHOUT MY WEGLAR EXERCISE."

REPORT OF AN IMPORTANT CASE

LATELY TRIED BEFORE CHIEF BARON PUNCH, AND HIS DECISION THEREON.

BETWEEN Ayes and Noes a strange contest arose,
The Reform Bill had set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as every one knows,
To whom the said Bill for Reform should belong.

So JOHN was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill and a head full of learning;
And Chief Baron *Punch* sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the "noes" it will quickly appear,
And your Lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find
That Reform has been always consigned to their care,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then explaining the cause of Reform to the Court,
Your Lordship observes how exactly it tallies
With the views always held by the "noes," and in short,
It fits into their mouths like a pipe in Aunt Sally's.

Again would your Lordship a moment suppose
'Tis a case that has happened, and may be again,
That the "noes" should be "ayes," and the "ayes" should be "noes,"
Pray to whom would a Bill for Reform belong then?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows
With a reasoning the Court will never condemn,
That Reform Bills most plainly were meant for the "noes,"
And the "noes" were as plainly intended for them.

Of course, should the "noes" come in office again,
On this point they'd at once be transformed into "ayes;"
So whichever the case is, it's equally plain,
That to either my argument justly applies.

COURT CONSISTENCY.

(Supposed to be a Royal Speech, of some time or other.)

FOR some time past with Naples everything
Like diplomatic love has been suspended,
Through the outrageous conduct of the King,
Which gave me every cause to be offended.

But as th' offending cause is now removed
By that obnoxious potentate's defunction,
I have that fortunate event improved,
And placed both countries once more in conjunction.

(From the "London Gazette" of the same date.)

In consequence of the lamented end
Of his Sicilian Majesty, due warning
Is given, that all those who may attend
The Court, must be attired in proper mourning.

The period of affliction will commence
Upon the 9th of June, with grief unabated,
After the 15th 't will be less intense,
And by the 19th will have terminated:

But as the 11th is the day selected
On which to hold the QUEEN'S next Drawing Room,
And as it really cannot be expected
That trade should suffer by this mournful gloom,

Notice is Herchy Given, That the Court
Must on that day forego its courteous sorrow,
And drying up its tears, postpone, in short,
All further grief and mourning—till the morrow.

Conservative Chamber Concerts.

LOVERS of harmony in Conservative circles will be delighted to hear that the brass band which the DERBY Cabinet had engaged to perform in the House of Commons will now attend at all the parties given by Ministers to their adherents; and thus greatly contribute to the amusement of the company.

So his Lordship decreed, in his own solemn tone,
Decisive and clear without one if or doubt,
That before the next Bill for Reform is brought on,
The "noes" must be in and the "ayes" must be out.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 20—23. Owing to the absence of the principal actors in the new drama of the *Cabinet*, those artists having had to give representations on various provincial stages, the scanty performances at the Westminster Theatre have offered, this week, no point worthy of notice, and on the 23rd instant the House closed until the following Thursday, when the returns of the absentees will permit the resumption of regular business. The system of extortion by those who are entrusted with the admission to seats, and whom it is now almost necessary to bribe heavily, will, it is thought, be subject of early regulation, and it is probable that MR. ALBERT SMITH and MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER, who have abolished that disgraceful system in the places of entertainment under their direction, will be asked for advice as to its extinguishment in the National Theatre at Westminster. The repeated and peremptory inquiries for the grand Nautical drama, *Blue Jackets*, have determined the management (all rumours to the contrary notwithstanding) to present it immediately in the most efficient manner, and regardless of all expense. The First Lord is to be played by SOMERSET, who, at great personal inconvenience, is engaged in studying the manners of the day. It is a new part for this rather hard actor, but we shall wait until we see more (laughter).

My Uncle's Island.

WE are a nation of shopkeepers, certainly; and invaders, in consequence of the formation of Rifle Clubs, will find the national establishment one pop-shop, the nature of which they may infer from the sign of the Three Balls, indicating that the chances against them will be two to one.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

SCENE—*The Lower Regions. Present—BOMBA and LOUIS PHILIPPE.*

The Shade of METTERNICH enters, with an easy but stealthy and cat-like step.

Bomba (to Metternich). Welcome, caro mio, to this lower world.

Louis Philippe. Where only—to parody a well-known English epitaph—your own diplomacy can be surpassed.

Metternich. Your Majesty is pleased to compliment. *Laudari a laudato.* I revere in your Majesty a master in that mystery of statecraft to which I have devoted a long—and let me hope, not altogether mis-spent—life. But where is the English epitaph you speak of?

Louis Philippe. On the monument of a musician in Westminster Abbey.

Metternich. Ah! I did not visit that building during my residence in London. I do not care for antiquities, or architecture. Besides, I had so much to do at the Foreign Office, I never got further in the day-time than Downing Street.

Louis Philippe. Of course you visited the Houses of Parliament?

Metternich. Frequently, and with considerable curiosity. My familiarity with continental *bureaux* bad, I thought, abundantly illustrated for me OXENSTIERN'S famous exclamation; but the Houses of Parliament confirmed its truth, even more triumphantly.

Bomba (brusquely). *Cospetto!* What jargon is this? Who ever heard of OXENSTIERN, or his exclamation? What was it?

Metternich. "Alas! with what little wisdom the world is governed." Your Majesty must have become familiar with the observation—in practice.

Bomba. Yes—I never found it required much brains to deal with my *birbone* of Calabrians. But then I had the stick, and the state-prisons, and the Police, and Holy Church.

Metternich. Great helps—doubtless; but I fear they have availed your Majesty little more than similar instruments of Government have availed my own august Kaiser, in Vienna.

Louis Philippe. I was always, and constitutionally, averse from severity. I trusted to a gentler means of coercion.

Metternich. Self-interest I presume your Majesty means—or what Utopists call "corruption." I am afraid that most useful means for the maintenance of established authority broke down in your Majesty's hand as completely as the rougher machinery in ours, and his Majesty's here.

Bomba. Speak for yourself. I kept my rascals down to the last. To be sure, POERIO and his gaol-birds got safe off to England—may St. Jannarius confound it, and its GLADSTONE and PALMERSTONE;—but at least, I died a king, and in the odour of sanctity.

Metternich. Your Majesty has my profound respect. I own, though, that the latter fact would not have led me to anticipate the pleasure of this meeting. I have not the advantage of your Majesty's commanding interest with the most Holy Catholic Church—nor (to LOUIS PHILIPPE) I fear, had you, Sir.

Bomba. Eh? You mean I ought to have been better lodged—*la su*—(pointing upwards)—I suppose there's been some mistake about my *carta di soggiorno*. St. Peter will set all that right, by-and-by. But, Prince, I'm glad of this opportunity of talking with you. I want to know how the world is to be governed, now *we* have gone.

Metternich. A question I have frequently put to myself, your Majesty, during the latter years of my life; but without obtaining any satisfactory answer.

Louis Philippe. I don't feel so much difficulty; I imagine corruption will still be found an excellent means of maintaining authority in France. It broke down under me, to be sure; but I was too easy. I ought to have bled a little more of the *fortlier in re* with my *suaviter in modo*.

Metternich. Your Majesty will excuse me, I am sure, if I presume to differ with you. Corruption has, I fear, lost its real efficacy, as a means of governing, no less than force and suppression. The strangest ideas have, somehow, taken root and spread. This notion of nationality, for example. How we should have laughed at Vienna, in 1815, if any of the Congress had breathed the word! This feeling—that states are not mere geographical and political entities; that there are such things as common life, and sympathies between nations of the same blood—is of quite modern growth, and cannot be dealt with on any of the sound principles of government recognised till now. And this phantasmal thing called public opinion—which presumes to call monarchs and ministers to question, to sit in judgment even upon congresses, and to be admitted to the confidence of diplomats—how are we to deal with it? And these Utopian ideas of a right in the people to participate in the work of their own government,—this daring habit of questioning absolute authorities in Church and State—

Bomba (impatiently). *Bestemmie!*

Metternich. I am at a loss to conceive how any government but Martial Law will be possible much longer.

Bomba. A permanent state of siege must be established everywhere. I hope my FRANCIS will not hesitate.

Louis Philippe (shaking his head). I fear even that will be impossible in France, after the present *régime* has run its course. As to what is to come in its place, I hazard no conjecture: *Davus sum—non Edipus.*

Metternich. "Après nous le déluge," Sir, I have often said to my august master, the late Kaiser, who, you are aware, had certain mental peculiarities (*touchez his forehead*).

Bomba. Mezzo-mutto!

Metternich. But, I confess, I had no notion the cataclysm was so close upon our heels—in fact, that I should be called upon to transfer my services from the late world to this our very agreeable scene of existence (*he winces*), while it was actually in progress. *Ce pauvre FRANCIS JOSEPH!*

Bomba. Corpo di Bacco! We are well out of the mess! I don't envy my successor.

Louis Philippe. I can hardly wish even my grandson to succeed to our family throne.

Metternich. And if the work of government be a growing difficulty, the task of diplomacy is daily approaching nearer to an impossibility. It was a delicate business, even when one had to reckon only with Majesty or with Ministers,—with Courts or Cabinets; but now that nations assert their right to be considered (*shrugs his shoulders*), *ma foi! je m'en lave les mains.* I dare say I shall be able to make myself useful down here.

Bomba. Sangue di Giove! If ST. PETER doesn't soon make arrangements for my removal *la su*, I'll apply for a vice-royalty under his Majesty of *Il Regno Inferiore*.

Louis Philippe. Ah! *mon cher confrère*, when you have been as long here as I have, you will know that no services on earth are taken into account, as recommendations for employment down here. But see, they are coming this way, to repair the place we stand on. I recognise some of my own good intentions among the paving materials,—dreams of that young time when I was usher in a Swiss pension. Ah, *quelles bêtises!*

Metternich. Eh? And are not those some of the projects of my University days,—the fruits, I dare say, of discussions with BENJAMIN CONSTANT? *Bah! des rêes de jeune homme!*

Bomba (looking over the heap). *Diamine!* I don't see anything of mine among them.

Metternich. Your Majesty forgets. *Il Regno Inferiore* is paved exclusively with good intentions.

THE HANDEL FEAST.

Mr. Punch's Presentation of Thanks and Testimonials.

A CROWDED Meeting was held on Friday at *Mr. Punch's* residence, for the purpose of presenting the thanks of the community to the founders and up-getters of The Handel Feast, and to the various assistants who had had a hand or voice in it. The meeting was attended by delegates from all quarters of the musical world (America, and even Australia, included); and it is almost superfluous to state that the greatest harmony prevailed throughout the evening.

Mr. Punch, being unanimously voted to the Chair, commenced the business of the meeting by observing that all present, and some eighty thousand guests, who (as his office would not hold them) unavoidably were absent, had enjoyed such a feast of "the Roast Beef of Music," as it never had before been attempted to serve up. He, therefore, begged to move that the thanks of the guests present, and of the eighty thousand who, from want of space, were absent, should be voted to the founders of The Handel Feast, and to all those who had given, lent, or had vended their assistance to it. In addition to this vote of thanks, he also begged to move that the following testimonials should be forthwith presented, as tokens of the gratitude and admiration of the audience for the services which had been rendered for their benefit. He therefore called on every one who had been charmed by the Centenary, that is to say, each one of the nearly ninety thousand who had happily attended it, to second him in carrying out the resolution following:—

"RESOLVED, That in addition to the Thanks of the Community, these Testimonials be presented to the persons therewith named:

"TO COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF COSTA, promotion to the rank of Musical Field Marshal, with a *baton* of the value of at least a thousand guineas: in recognition of his skill in the drilling of his forces, and the untiring zeal and energy with which he led them on throughout the whole of the Sydenham campaign.

"TO GENERAL (MANAGER) BOWLEY, C.C.P., & C.S.S.H.S.,* a blank cheque on the Company for his distinguished services, and a request that he, as Manager, will fill it up to as goodly-sized a figure as his own. Also, an embroidered night-cap, worked by twenty thousand of the ladies of the audience, as a memento of the month of sleepless nights

* Commander of the Crystal Palace, and Chief of the Staff of the Sacred Harmonic Service.

he has gone through : and, in remembrance of the dinners he has lately been deprived of, a white waistcoat, with the motto, worked in gold thread,

"MAY ITS SHADOW NE'ER BE LESS!"

"TO MR. INDEFATIGABLE SECRETARY GROVE, a manifold writing desk, and a ton of best gold pens ; with a catalogue prepared by the Statistical Society of the exact number of letters he has penned in the last six weeks : which catalogue is expected to fill a hundred volumes. Also a faithful woodcut of his family tree, showing that Mr. GROVE is certainly a branch of those 'delightful pleasant Groves' immortalised long since by PURCELL, the composer.

"TO MR. SHENTON, the Director of the Literary Department, a dozen new pairs of boots, to replace the dozen pairs which he wore up (three per diem) in his dances of attendance on the gentlemen of the Press : each dance being executed to the tune of 'Sitch a gitting up Stairs' at least six times per hour, and being equivalent in exercise to walking sixteen miles.

"TO MR. STRANGE, the refectioner, a character for good catership, attested by the autographs of the persons who consumed the forty

thousand penny buns, and the twenty-five thousand two-pennies, the sixteen hundred dozen sandwiches, the nine tons of cold beef, and two and thirty thousand ices.

"TO THE MESSRS. NOVELLO, a vote of perfect confidence in their neatly got up Red Book (containing the full score of all the music of the Festival), which *Mr. Punch* found much more readable than most Governmental Blue Books.

"TO the whole army of executants, from the soloists in front to the hellows-blowers at the back, the Order of Instrumental and Vocal Valour, for the pluck which they displayed in attacking the hard passages, and scaling the high notes which were protruded in their teeth."

To these and to a host of others who assisted, *Mr. Punch* moved that the thanks of the nation should be given for the rich feast of music which had lately been provided. The resolution being carried, the Chairman brought the business of the Meeting to a close, by expressing his dear *Judy's* wish (which coincided with his own), that the success of the Centenary would ensure its being *encored* in less than half-a-dozen years, and that as we cannot have too much of such good things, there ought every five years or so to be served up a *HANDEL* Feast.



A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.—THE CENTENARY OF PUNCH.

THE BALANCE OF NEUTRALITY.

THE POPE has lately been canonising two fresh Saints. In order to please everybody, he chose one French Saint, and one Austrian. This is holding the balance of neutrality with a most impartial hand. As the Holy Father is the faithful custodian of the keys of St. Peter, of course he will take good care that no more Frenchmen are admitted into the calendar than Austrians ; six of the one will be counted out most religiously to every half-dozen of the other. By the bye, considering the kind of military sandwich that the POPE at present makes at Rome, with the Austrians on our side, and the French on the other, we can easily understand how the Saints were fabricated. Only they might have spelt the word correctly—"cannonised."

THE FIGHT FOR LOMBARDY.

AUSTRIA has long been an unwelcome guest in Lombardy, and a great expense to her entertainers. Having the worst of the battle, it is now time that she threw up the sponge.

A MOST GENEROUS ADMISSION.

WE are so charmed with the generosity of the following beautiful sentiment, that we cannot refuse it immortality in our columns :—

"We believe that a good Englishman is preferable any day to a bad Irishman."

What largely adds to the value of the generosity is the fact of its having emanated from an organ that is both Irish and Roman Catholic. After this, we may hope to see CARDINAL WISEMAN giving way to feelings of Christian charity, when he is enlarging on the theme of England.

The only fly-spot on the purity of the above sentiment is the ugly question it raises as to the possibility of there being "a bad Irishman." We would rather not have had our faith disturbed that there ever had been, or ever could be, an Irishman who was otherwise than good.

"LE BAPTÊME DU FEU."—As PRINCE NAPOLEON is not yet quite prepared for this military ceremony, it is to be postponed, we believe, until the Italian Campaign is completely over. A pound of the best gunpowder tea has been ordered for the occasion.

VOLUNTEERS AND VETERANS.

To the Editor of Punch.



SIR, I have been preciously disgusted with the way in which the Papers have been writing about Rifle Clubs, and volunteering their suggestions about arming Volunteers. What the (blank) can penny-a-liners know of rifle-practice, excepting when they treat themselves to 'six shots for a tizzy' in their Derby dissipations, or when they waste their time in trying to knock over the wood hares which Cockneys shoot at, at Cremore? How the (dash), Sir, can a fellow with his nose chained to the desk pretend to have an insight into military matters: and what the (dash dash) can a snob who gets his bread and cheese by scribbling know about the dressing or the drilling of a sharpshooter, or the manœuvring or management of a corps of Volunteers? Let the cobbler stick to his wax and the shopman to his shop; and let the penny-a-liner people, who write what I believe are called the leading articles, give up trying to lead the public to imagine that the

Press knows more than the authorities, and that the rules which have been issued for the guidance of the Rifle Clubs would have been drawn with more good sense, and with less bad English, had they been framed (say) in Fleet Street instead of at the Horse Guards.

"In my censure of the conduct of the papers at this crisis, I must, however, make exception of one of your contemporaries, which seems to me to view the matter in a highly proper light, and to pay due deference to the (of course) superior wisdom of us military writers. Knowing the disrespectful way in which it spoke of the authorities, when the Crimean (so called) 'blunders' were (as it was said) 'confirmed by the Government Commissioners,' it may surprise you to hear that the journal which I think deserves some praise is the *Examiner*. Upon the much debated subject of military dress, this paper makes the following most sensible remarks:—

"With respect to dress, we trust that the good sense of the people will prevent it from being influenced by the insidious counsel of military reformers, who would set at naught the hallowed experience of ages, and the rules and regulations of the Horse Guards. A blacksmith and a tailor, say these doctrinaires, dress in the manner best suited to their respective trades, and why should not a soldier do so? Simply, let us tell these wisacres, because blacksmiths and tailors require the free use of their limbs, whether to wield the hammer or to ply the needle; whereas the soldier need only move by word of command, and has to preserve an outward appearance which cannot be sacrificed with impunity. A soldier with the free use of his arms and legs would become a mutineer in twenty-four hours, and it is from a well-founded conviction of the necessity of muscular restraint, as a preservative of discipline, that our military authorities insist upon the present style of dress. We trust therefore that the Volunteers will steer clear of all now-fangled ideas on this subject, and conform to the existing regulations."

"The dress which the *Examiner* proceeds to recommend is fashioned on the best of military models, and if it be not serviceable, at any rate is soldierlike:—

"A close fitting tunic, with plenty of lace and buttons; a leather stock (nothing gives so military an appearance as a stiff neck!); a top-heavy knapsack, difficult to put on, and impossible to shake off; cross-belts requiring daily pipe-claying; trousers tight round the seat, and baggy round the ancles, so as to catch the brambles and dragglo in the mud; boots of the Weedon type; the serviceable and becoming infantry shako, with the regulation great coat to sop the rain up in wet weather, form a dress in which British soldiers have fought and conquered, and which no brave Volunteer should be afraid to wear."

"Afraid! ay, that's just it, Sir! One of the chief beauties of the British soldier's dress is that it serves to test the courage of the wearer. A man must needs be gifted with no ordinary pluck, to face not merely death, but a life of killing torture. Cramped and fettered as he is by his hard, stiff stock and cross-belts, and weighed down by his shako and 'top-heavy' knapsack, his powers of endurance are put early to the proof, and one may tell within a week or so what sort of stuff he's made of. Moreover, knowing what a deadly foe consumption is to face, a man who dare stand water, in a regulation sop-coat, may be trusted to stand fire as an agreeable alternative. I insist then that the dress most fit for Volunteers is one that should be fashioned on the model which the Horse Guards has, in its all-excelling wisdom, invented for the 'regulars.' Of course we military men can put no faith in Volunteers until they give us ocularly good proof of their valour; and for this reason alone I should advise them to adopt such a uniform as ours, though its usefulness and elegance are quite enough

to recommend it. With regard to the colour to be chosen for their clothing, your clear-headed contemporary most sensibly says this:—

"Among those who glory in outraging the best feelings of our nature, there are some who have even objected to the colour which immemorial usage has established for the dress of riflemen. They contend that it results from repeated experiments that, of all colours that could be selected, dark green is the one least suited to skirmishers, as being at a certain distance more conspicuous than even red; while silver or iron grey so completely blends with the colour of surrounding objects at a few hundred yards' distance as to be almost indistinguishable, and offer no mark to the enemy. We fully admit all this, but we have yet to learn that the British Volunteer wishes to conceal himself from his foe. So un-English an idea is worthy of men who advocate vote by Ballot! The Horse Guards have established dark green as the proper dress to be worn by Rifle Corps, and unless disposed to question the military judgment of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON and the PRINCE CONSORT, our Volunteers will do well to adopt a colour which history has immortalised as the Horse Guards' Green."

"Sir, these are brave and manly sentiments, and will find an echo in every British breast! I congratulate the writer, penny-a-liner though he be, upon taking so conservative and clear-sighted a view of a matter which civilians are mostly in the dark about. What, Sir! Are our skirmishers to be afraid to show themselves? Are we Englishmen to take a mean advantage of invaders, by sneaking behind hedgerows in invisible grey clothing, and thence to shoot them down like dogs without offering them a chance of their returning us the compliment? Forbid it, chivalry and courage! forbid it, all the laws of fair and gentlemanly warfare! No, no. Come what danger may, by Jove! we *must* stick to our colours. Newspapers may call us foolhardy if they will, but vulgar taunts will not provoke us to forget what is 'immortalised.' The man who shrinks from wearing green wears, clearly, the white feather, and is unworthy of the name of a British Rifleman!

"I remain, Sir, yours indignantly,

"A VETERAN, BY JOVE! SIR! AND NOT A VOLUNTEER."

"Pipeclay Club, Saturday."

"P.S. My friend SHARPSKULLE tells me that he thinks I am mistaken, and that the (blanked) article I've quoted is meant to be ironical. But this need not prevent your printing *my* opinions; only it shows what (blankblanked) scoundrels all you literary men are, when you write what you don't mean, and cheat one into fancying that you really *do* mean it."

A TÊTE À TÊTE WITH TAIT.

"Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas."

THE All Saints' crows his Lordship pets,
And, hoping against hope, forgets
The many birds that thence have come,
Fled to the rookery of Rome:
Forgets his summary eviction
Of priests from Pimlicee; no fiction,
But sternly real: witness POOLE,
Who sloped before his sharp ferule.
Ament which cases, *Punch*, Confessor,
To the British Public is addresser:—

"Can it be right away to fritter,
Consistency for gold and glitter?
Can it be right to consecrate
The new church in Street Margaret,
Which looks more Puseyite by far
Than English churches elsewhere are?
Must then a WESTERTON arise,
To clear the case for his Lordship's eyes:
Or *Bishop Punch* let fall the weight
Of his oak truncheon on TAIT's tête?"

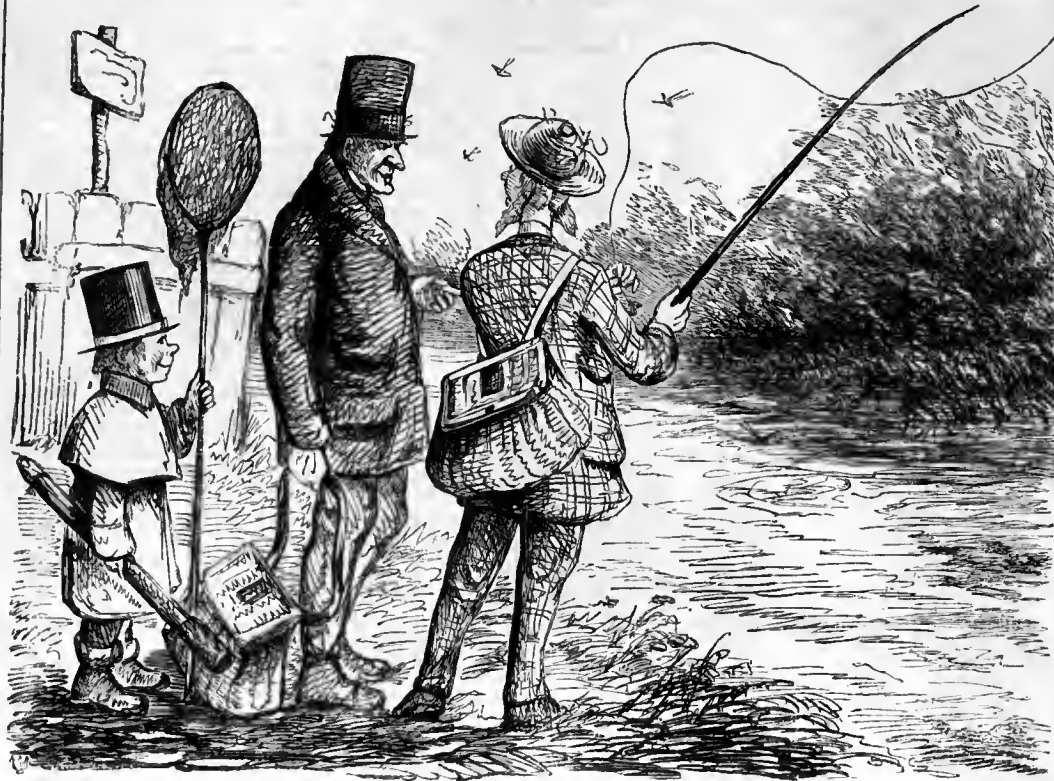
THE PRICES OF SEATS.

A SEAT in the Park costs One Penny.

A Seat for Marylebone costs £6,000.

Really, we would sooner have a seat for the former than the latter. Once seated, you can sit without fear of any one turning you out; and instead of a discordant braying Vestry continually bellowing in your ears, you have some charming music to listen to. You have no parish PUBLICOLAS to seduce you with their eloquence, it is true; but then, to compensate for that loss, you have some of the most beautiful women in the world to look at, until you regret that your bosom does not contain a thousand hearts, that you might give one to each.

In addition to the above advantages, for which, in the language of the late lamented MR. RICHARDSON, "there is no extra charge," you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have in your pocket a comforting little balance of £5,999 19s. 11d. We would see the Marylebone publicans giving body to their porter by committing suicide in their own vats, and the Marylebone bill-posters stuck against their own walls first, sooner than they should have a single penny of it.



HOW VERY KIND!

! Knowing Old Hand, who evidently does not want to keep the best of the water to himself. "Don't you think, my dear fellow, you had better fish from the other side, and then we shall be less likely to interfere with each other."

ANOTHER AUSTRIAN DEFEAT.

By all accounts, the Austrians must soon face another enemy besides the two they are engaged with. Besides the French and the Sardinians, report says, they will shortly have to battle with the Jews. It is believed that before long they will find their cash run short, and that, besides their foes, they will have to front their creditors. The banks of Austria, says rumour, will in a few months be evacuated as cleanly and completely as have been those of the Mincio. Now, squeezing money from the Jews is the hardest of all fights, and of all fights the most certain to result in a defeat. It would, therefore, not surprise us, if the Austrians should find that their battle for the rhino will prove as damaging and as disastrous to their credit, as has been the battle which they lost at Solferino.

A DROP OF TRUTH.—"I can't see" (says LADY S—) "what the people want with drinking fountains, when there are so many milk-shops!"

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

MR. PUNCH having accepted office as Purveyor-General of Puns to the Royal (and every other British) household, presented himself yesterday to his University constituents, in order to go through the constitutional formality of being re-elected as their representative. It being known that *Mr. Punch* would make a speech on the occasion, the interest taken in the proceedings was of course intense. Long before the hour which was appointed for the ceremony, all approaches to the place of nomination were blocked up; and when *Mr. Punch's* carriage reached the Convocation House, the only modes of entrance left him were, by scrambling down the chimney or by taking off the roof. As the latter operation would have kept the meeting waiting, *Mr. Punch*, with that urbanity which always has distinguished him, consented to submit his sacred person to the former; observing, as he did so, that few men entered Parliament with cleaner hands than he did; and that, having swept LORD DERBY out of Downing Street, there could be no objection to his looking like a Derby sweep. A *facilis descensus* being happily accomplished, *Mr. Punch* forthwith exchanged his soot for a Court suit, and, appearing on the platform, was greeted with the most tumultuous applause. When the cheering had subsided, the VICE-CHANCELLOR proposed *Mr. Punch* for re-election in the following highly classical and complimentary remarks:—

"Adsum hodiè, Academici, ut suffragiis vestris commendem virum omnium virorum præclarissimè illustrem, cujus quidem magnæ bonæque qualitates sunt in nostris oribus et auribus familiares ut sunt illa verba quæ 'domestica' vocantur (*plausus*). Sum super mea crura ut illum vobis nominem, sed nomen tam benè notum nominarem non necesse est. Neque est necesse, neque id foret possibile, hunc virum apud vos toomuchium laudare. (*Non! non!*) Quis enim Doctorum ac Academicorum ignorat quantum ille polcat virtute, quam sit rehus publicis versatus et privatis, quam sciens (scio quidem) omnigena doctrinæ, quam literis excellens, quam oratione stunnans, quam vitæ atque morum integer et purus, quantum denique. Est ille upto-sufficè levatus, et quam benè expertus in tempore diei (*audite!*): ita ut haud mente humanâ possit concipi ullus alius mortalis qui Nos in scnatû tam dignè representet. (*Audite! audite!*) Non vir ordinarius has partes potest agere, non homo communis vestris igitur suffragiis est nunc exornandus; sed Is, cujus ingenium, wittum, et

doctrinam, totus mundus civilisus admiratur et applaudit. Is, quem in verbis Aristotliensibus *τετραγώνος άνευ ψόγου* vocare licet. At quod est, vernaculariter, Brickus nullusque error! Eligere hunc hominem vos jumpere debetis! (*Magnus plausus*.) Nemo sed is ipse unquam potest esse parallela ejus. (*Major plausus*.) Eum denique pro omni in omni capiatis, namque haud ullum ei similens in vitâ hæc videbitis. (*Plausus tumultuosus*.) Concludo igitur, amici, nominando MAGNUM PUNCHIUM, virum pussimum et perfacetissimum, pro vobis in Æde Communium resedere."

A prolonged burst of cheering followed this address; and no rival appearing, *Mr. Punch* was re-elected, and addressed the learned Meeting in the following neat speech:—

"Amici, atque Acad-amici. (*Vox: Oh! oh!*) Solitus ut sum ad publicum loquendum, tamen mihi est diabolicè difficile invenire verba meos sensus quæ expriment. Hoc verè est prouidissimum momentum meæ vitæ. (*Plausus*.) Vobis enuctis, Academici, et præsertim meo hono amico qui jamjam elocutus est, meas optimas et calidissimas velim dare gratias. Virtus, ut vos scitis est sui reawardus (*audite!*), Anglia expectat ut quisque homo suum 'duty' semper faciet. Ego meum semper feci, nemo id potest negare (*Non! non!*): et in me nunc eligendo vos vestrum jam fecistis. (*Plausus*.) Brevitas, vos scitis, anima est *Punchii*: ergo, Academici, vos non detinebo. (*Vox: Non ad omne!*) Dicam igitur 'Valcte!' non necesse est ut vobis adderem nunc 'Plaudite!'"

At the conclusion of this eloquent and highly classical address, *Mr. Punch* resumed his seat amid thunders of applause,—"*tria tempora tria*" being called for in his honour, with the usual addition of a "parvum unum in." *Mr. Punch* then having quaffed a glass of College ale, just to take the taste of the dog Latin from his mouth, jumped into a special train, which was in waiting, and reached his home in time to take his *Judy* to the Haymarket, where he found that the new play of the *Contested Election* had attracted pretty nearly as closely-crammed an audience as had *Mr. Punch's* un-contested election, whereof he to posterity here hands down the particulars.

VERY APPROPRIATE.—We are informed by the *Moniteur*, that GENERAL DE LA HITTE, who has made the new rifle cannon his especial study, is about to join the army of Italy. If a name can carry luck with it, GENERAL DE LA HITTE is clearly "the right man in the right place."



CRUEL JOKE AT A FÊTE.

Horrid Boy (to his Cousin). "I SAY, ROSE! WASN'T THAT MAJOR DE VERE WHO JUST LEFT YOU?"

Rose. "YES!"

Horrid Boy. "AH, THEN, I THINK HE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE TOLD YOU WHAT A TREMENDOUS BLACK SMUDGE YOU'VE GOT ON YOUR NOSE!"

[N.B. Of course there is no smudge; but there's no looking-glass within miles for poor Rose to satisfy herself.]

THE FOREIGN OFFICE SPELLING-BOOK.

[As LORD MALMESBURY would have it.]

WE understand that on his taking his departure from the Foreign Office, LORD MALMESBURY presented to the clerks, by way of *souvenir*, the very graceful and appropriate gift of a new Spelling-book, which his Lordship had himself been compiling for their use. His Lordship having lately given vent to the opinion that what is called Orthography is no test of education, that spelling is at best a most "capricious science," and that the fashions of it alter as often as new bonnets, his Lordship's Spelling-book will be perused with no small interest, as embodying his somewhat peculiar ideas. Some notion may be formed of the scope and style of the great work from the following *excerpta* from its concluding pages, which are devoted to a series of questions to the student, founded on the rules before propounded for his guidance:—

- "In spelling the word 'Kollonics' do you generally begin with a 'C' or with a 'K,' and do you prefer using three I's, two, or one?"
- "How is the word 'Government' usually spelt now, and in how many distinct ways can you remember to have seen it spelt?"
- "What do the three letters 'C,' 'A,' and 'T' stand for? and can you suggest any variation in the spelling?"
- "How does MAJOR spell 'beleve,' with the e first or the i? Which do you prefer yourself, and state your reasons for your preference?"
- "In what number of wrong ways can you write the phrase 'in toetal violation of our treatise.' Mention, if you can, a Foreign Office precedent for the use of each."
- "In speaking of an author, would you call him a 'littery' or 'litterary' person? Which is the best way of spelling the word 'artikle;' and which do you write oftenest, 'nuespaper' or 'noospaper'?"
- "Do you incline at all to the phonetic way of spelling? If so, and

- you write your words as you pronounce them, would you, as a fashionable man, write the word 'orwevy' with two r's or with three?"
- "When you invite a man to dine with you, do you terminate the word 'dinnow' with *aw*, or *er*? And do you like to put one *n* or two *n*s in the middle?"
- "In the course of your experience in a Foreign Office clerkship, have you ever come across a Governmental document, in any part of which you could pick out six words following, spelt as any spelling-book or dictionary spells them?"
- "Can you write 'a blind pig' with the use of but two letters? If not, state your reasons for believing it impracticable."
- "How is the word 'Erihkwake' written in your office? And do you recollect ever seeing it spelt 'Earthquake'?"
- "Do you know how DR. JOHNSON spells the word 'orthoggggraphy?' Mention your authorities for using the three *g*s."
- "*At the ceiling of these presence.* Is this phrase correctly spelt? and, if you think not, how would you proceed to alter it?"
- "When writing a letter on the third day of the week, do you in general head the sheet with 'Twosday,' or with 'Toosday?' State which of these you think is most correct, and which word of the two you, in your own mind, fancy looks best."
- "If you were in a hurry, and had to write the word 'inalienable,' how would you contrive to render it intelligible?"
- "How does WALKER spell the words 'shuting,' 'wip,' and 'dawg cart?' and in what way do you yourself prefer to spell them?"
- "With how many wrong letters could you write the word 'kauphy,' if you gave your mind to it?"
- "Does JOHNSON spell 'Jography' with a 'G' first or a 'J'?"
- "'Obstreperous' or 'Obstropolous?' Which of these is commonly adopted in the Foreign Office, and which do you consider the most gentlemanly spelling?"
- "Did you ever write the word 'Yatch' right at the first shot; and have you never in despair been reduced to write it 'yot?'"

A VICTORIA CROSS FOR THE LADIES.

FIRST DISTRIBUTION.

MR. PUNCH has long felt that acts of the most devoted heroism are perpetually being performed by the ladies, without the slightest recognition from the Lords of Creation. The French have the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which may be awarded (it is believed) to both sexes. Whether this be so or not, the *prix Monthyon*, for acts of exemplary virtue, is certainly open to the fairer half of the species. Among ourselves, the Victoria Cross has been instituted for the reward of distinguished gallantry, but it is as yet confined to our soldiers. Woman "*Laudatur et alget*." Let a member of the sweeter sex rise to heroism even of the sublimest order, her virtue must still be its own reward. Feeling this wrong deeply, Mr. Punch as chosen champion of that delicious portion of the creation, of which his *Judy* is a distinguished ornament, has determined to remedy so crying an injustice, by the institution—at his own expense—of a *Victoria Cross for Ladies*.

The cross is of gold flagee, and may be worn either suspended by a ribbon round the neck, like a locket, or as a brooch, or ornament to the waist-belt.

It is only bestowed for acts of distinguished heroism performed in society, where other ladies are present, and where the *bataille des dames* is being waged with the usual weapons of the sex; or for acts of unexampled resistance to temptation. It is open to all classes of society.

The first distribution of this new mark of distinction took place at Mr. Punch's Office last week, when the Ladies' Victoria Cross of Valour was awarded:—

No. 1. To MISS PRISCILLA WARBOYS (of Evergreen Lodge, Holloway), for at once avowing herself thirty-seven, in answer to an invidious question put by Miss COLDSTREAM (who is herself five years younger), in the presence of four other ladies, three of them unmarried, and with five gentlemen in the room.

N.B. Miss WARBOYS is so well preserved that she might readily pass for twenty-nine.

2. To MRS. BLADEBONE (of Canonbury Square, Islington), for heroic resistance to temptation in passing along the whole length of Regent Street and Langham Place, the day after last quarter-day, in the company of MR. BLADEBONE, without once stopping at a bonnet-shop, or making any remark on the contents of any of the milliners', haberdashers', drapers', or shawl-merchants' windows. MRS. BLADEBONE was aware that MR. B. had just received his salary.

3. To MRS. WRENCH (of No. 99, Victoria Square, Pimlico), for receiving, without any exhibition of irritation, or any attempt at apology, two gentlemen invited to dinner by her husband without any previous notice (the invitation having been given after a Greenwich dinner the night before, and MR. W. having unaccountably forgotten the occurrence),—though there was only hashed mutton for dinner, and the unexpected guests were driven to eke out their meal with bread-and-cheese. Under these most trying circumstances, MRS. WRENCH is proved (on the evidence of the maid-servants, and her own mother-in-law, who resides in the house,) to have been unembarrassed, and even cheerful, though MR. W. has the character of a person who attaches exaggerated importance to what he calls "the duty of keeping up appearances." This almost incredible feat of heroism is further confirmed by the testimony of both the male guests on the occasion, who are married men. They declare they couldn't have believed it unless they had seen it, and they have given serious offence at home by repeating the circumstance.

4. To MISS PEDDLES (of Rutland Gate, Kensington Gore), for repeated acts of heroism in covering, by an accompaniment much louder than was warranted by the composer, the false notes of Miss BLAIR, an acquaintance and rival, at LADY SCRIMGEOUR'S *matinée musicale*.

5. To BETSY PRIGGLESWORTH (laundress), for repeated acts of heroism in leaving untouched, for the whole of a long vacation, in a closet in the chambers of her employer, MR. O'MULLIGAN, of Gray's Inn, the remains of sundry bottles of spirits, partially emptied by that gentleman, and left by him without any protection or safeguard whatever. These acts of heroic self-restraint are proved by MR. O'MULLIGAN'S own evidence. Arriving suddenly from Ireland, at a late hour of the night, by the Holyhead train, when all the public-houses in the neighbourhood were closed, and visiting his closet as a forlorn hope, he made the welcome but most unexpected discovery of the bottles in question, the temptation of which had been so heroically resisted by MRS. PRIGGLESWORTH.

6. To LADY BLANCHE CASTLETON, eldest daughter of the EARL OF HUNGERDOWN (of Castleton Manor, Wilts), for her heroism in resisting the attempts of LADY BITTERSTONE to press a footstool on her country neighbour, MISS MILLICENT CLODCRUSHER, (the effect of whose pretty face is liable to be marred by the shape and dimensions of her feet,) during a morning call, at which several persons of both sexes were present, and where much attention was being paid to MISS C. by the son of the county member.

7. To CORNELIA, wife of ALGERNON SIDNEY BULCHIN (M.P. for

Little Peddington), for her heroic presence of mind in immediately throwing into the fire an invitation to Cambridge House, intended, no doubt, to undermine the independence of her husband in the discharge of his legislative duties.

8. To EMMA PLAINWAY (wife of MR. JOSEPH PLAINWAY, head clerk in H.M. Red Tape and Sealing-wax Department), for her heroism in always speaking of the gentleman (in black, who carries round the dishes at her dinner-party of the season, as "our green-grocer."

"THE BITTER CUP."

WE see something advertised under the above name. We do not know what it is, nor do we care to know, for "a bitter cup" possesses but few recommendations for our lips. It may be a cheerful companion to "THORLEY'S MUG," for anything we know. Bitterness that arises out of one's cups is a thing rather to be avoided, we should say. The man, who is dejected, or in misfortune, is said to drink out of "a bitter cup," and, taking hold of it in this sense, we should think that the Conservatives have been of late drinking very deeply out of this playful pitcher. We make an honourable exception in favour of DISRAELI, for he does not want any bitterness. For ourselves, we do not require anything of the kind, for we always take to our liquor in the kindest manner. If we have a preference, we would sooner have a Cup of Bitters to a "Bitter Cup" any day. We should say that the latter too frequently left an unpleasant taste behind it. Perhaps the "Bitter Cup" is "the glass too much" that Paterfamilias, carried away by his feelings and the gin punch at Richmond, is sometimes apt at this thirteenth day of the year to take overnight. Away, far away from us any such treacherous, poisonous Cup! Repentance lurks at the bottom of it! The "Salmon" enters too deeply into its contents, and hence the "swimming headache" that so frequently arises the next morning from a person incautiously partaking of that most intemperate of fish. It is time that the Salmon took the pledge!



Austria's Four-leaved Shamrock.

"AUSTRIA," says a journal in her interests, "will deal retribution on the platform of her Quadrilateral." *Nous verrons*. Entire change of tactics sometimes succeeds, and this is assuredly the very first time Austria has ever tried to deal on the Square.

A STRIKING FAILURE.

How can we expect the House of Commons to abandon its night sittings, and not to sit up, like a parcel of old women, talking so late, when the very Clock, that is supposed to guide their movements, sets them the wretched example it does in keeping such very bad hours?

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JULY 9, 1859.



KEEP WATCH!



THE LION AND THE EAGLES.

RED beaks and red talons, wild wheeling, and soaring,
Hot eyes darting hate, twin fierce screams of disdain,
Then a rush to mad grapple, and see, there comes pouring
Torn plumage, in blood, on the beautiful plain!

So fight the fell Eagles, while deep in the forest
There pants in heart-tremble the Dove on her spray;
Yet courage, thou gentle one, all thou abhorrest
Is crippled, self-maimed, in that venomous fray.

Who watches the Eagles: whose calm steady eye on
Their struggle is turned with the glance of a King?
Some live who can speak how the eye of the Lion
Has flamed into fire as he surged for a spring.

Some live not. What savage beside him is lying?
Avenged the pure blood on that savage's claws.
It is not so long since the Tiger lay dying
A prey to the wrath of those terrible jaws.

'Tis whispered, (yet who hath such secret in keeping?)
That when the fell Eagles from conflict shall part,
A stoop may be made upon lambs that are sleeping
In folds very dear to the Lion's great heart.

It may be—He knows he has torn down all foemen,
He knows Who has armed him with courage and might,
And (accepting one enemy's corsc as an omen)
The Lion of England is watching the fight.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 30. *Thursday.* They had all got back safe to their places (the Ministers), except MR. GLADSTONE, who was not prevented from running straight home (as may be supposed) by his seeing three courses before him, but by the Ultra-Conservatives of Oxford setting up an opposition to his return. To the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, the Christianiser of HOMER, the Antitype of DEMOSTHENES, was opposed the Birmingham Railway, in the person of its Chairman, LORD CHANDOS. But in the end, the silver voice of GLADSTONE prevailed over the railway scream, though a new Evangelical whistle had been fitted on expressly for that occasion, to wake up torpid parsons in the provinces, and the CHANCELLOR triumphed by 1050 Oxonians to 859 High-lows.

In the Lords, the EARL OF GRANVILLE, who did not make a Ministry, explained how exceedingly glad he was that the business had been taken into stronger hands,—a gladness which the nation is happy to share with him. LORD MALMESBURY defended his conduct as Foreign Minister, declared that he had done all in his power to prevent the war, and insisted that in his despatches he had abused Austria quite as much as he had scolded the Allies. The COLONIAL SECRETARY stated that he did not know whether MR. CORDEN, just then returning from America, would take the office kept open for him by LORD PALMERSTON; but if the said RICHARD did join, he would perfectly understand that no Quakerly nonsense came into the QUEEN'S Councils with him, but that he associated himself with a Ministry that was going not only not to diminish the national defences, but largely to increase them. History might be an old almanack, but the history of the Victorian Age should not be *Poor Richard's Almanack*. It hath since been signified that MR. CORDEN will not join, for the which *Mr. Punch* may have something to say to him. It is to be hoped that MR. C. was not afraid of the Swells with whom he would have had to be connected. *Mr. Punch* can assure him that the real swell is highly affable; and it is only smart stock-jobbers and Manchester millionnaires, and other stuck-hoppers, that would have objected to his Unadorned toilet, his probable ignorance of the biography of our opera-dancers, and his inability to pass an examination in club-window scandal. There was not much else to mark the opening night, except that Ministers promised Neutrality, and Opposition promised avoidance of Faction.

LORD PALMERSTON made his first speech as Premier, and expressed his intense satisfaction at being joined once more in government by his affectionate friend, JOHN RUSSELL. He announced that there was to be no Reform Bill this Session, as the estimates, budget, and other matters would last till the grouse-days, after which, of course, it would be unreasonable to expect gentlemen to stay in town to consider what votes could be given to mechanics. He hinted, however, that another Session might be necessary this year, but solemnly promised a

Reform Bill as soon as possible. As regarded Foreign policy, it was rather amusing to notice, that the Ministers who have just got off the roundabout took glory to themselves for having acted exactly as the newly-mounted parties had advised; while the latter rested their claim to confidence on their pledge to follow exactly in the course chalked out for them by their predecessors.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER assailed the Government at once for a declaration that the country should be well defended,—but did not get it. MR. WHITESIDE introduced a plan for some law reform, of a consolidatory character, but was told by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL that though the idea was meritorious as far as it went, it did not go far enough, and that the subject was in better hands.

Friday. LORD CHANCELLOR CAMPBELL has appointed MR. BLACKBURN, barrister, the new Judge, *vice* ERLE, promoted. The Bar don't like an unknown man to be exalted; but the public, considering that the less you know of a lawyer the more likely you are to respect him, does not share this feeling; and Lords LYNDBURST, CRANWORTH, WENSLEYDALE, and CAMPBELL, all testified to-night to MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN'S learning, ability, sound law, virtue, and all the rest of the qualities appertaining to the English judge. LORD LYNDBURST took the opportunity of poking a Shakspearian compliment to LORD CAMPBELL on his attaining his new honours, and politely cited the passage in which *Macduff* remarks upon *Macbeth's* having it all now. Since the horrible disclosures which are now startling the world upon the subject of Shakspearian emendations, one is afraid to quote the divine WILLIAMS; but *Mr. Punch* would like to know in what edition LORD LYNDBURST'S citation calls the *Macbeth* witches "sisters." They were so no doubt, and the family must have been a pleasant one, and brought up in a way that does honour to Scotch education.

LORD RIFON announced that the Government meant to do a good deal for the Rifle Corps, but had an objection to their shooting the public generally while practising. LORD HOWDEN, who has lived nearly all his life on the Continent, asserted that every Frenchman and woman would exult in France's being able to humiliate England by invasion. Everybody concurred in the desirability of promoting the Rifle movement, without offensive reference to what might be the ultimate Target. LORD BROUGHAM dilated eloquently on the necessity of our having a splendid Navy, and the DUKE OF SOMERSET, who would not take the trouble to make himself heard, mumbled out a brief speech to the effect that everything would be done properly. If this is a specimen of the way SOMERSET is going to win the affections and confidence of the country, *Mr. Punch* may have occasion to invite his friend LORD PALMERSTON to reconsider ministerial arrangements.

Some miscellaneous and mainly, but not entirely, unprofitable talk in the Commons. It came out that the Board of Works (THWAITES'S) have actually commenced the "intercepting scheme" for the Metropolitan Sewage; and that we are to have a Bill for facilitating the getting on with the Divorees, for which there is so large a demand. And now for the Estimates.

For the better understanding of the Debates, ladies, *Mr. Punch* would mention to you that MR. BRAND is the new Whip, instead of HAYTER, deservedly whitebaited by his friends this week, and MR. MASSEY is the new Chairman of Committees instead of MR. FITZROY, who is Minister for minding the chairs in the Park, and had better do it, too. Chairman of Committees doesn't mean Speaker of the House, and it may be equally desirable to inform the British female that LORD CHANCELLOR does not mean CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, and that the Master of the Rolls is not the husband of the Mistress of the Robes. This information may make things pleasanter at the breakfast table.

CLASSICAL BUTTER.

ANY reader who is scholarly enough to read dog Latin may get a quiet laugh from the report of the proceedings which took place at the Oxford University Election. The speech which was delivered in proposing MR. GLADSTONE, is given by the *Times* reporter at full length, and will repay perusal much better than most speeches. One advantage of the custom of spouting in dog Latin is, that it enables one to say the greatest nonsense, without one's being thought to be at all absurd in saying it. Moreover, one need never fear to lay one's *scudos* on too thick, when one spreads it under cover of a classic phraseology. If wrapped in a dead language praises the most fulsome may be, swallowed without sickening. MR. GLADSTONE, as all know, is the modestest of men, still he neither winced nor flushed at the Dean's speech in proposing him. Yet it was bristling with compliments as thickly as a sponge-cake porcupine with sweetmeats. Every other word was a laudatory adjective. "Virum doctissimum, dignissimum, diligentissimum,"—not a sentence but contained half a dozen of these "issimums." Well, of course all this was strictly in accordance with old precedents, and of course, too, whatever a Dean says must be right. Still, we doubt if doubtful Latin be a credit to our colleges: and we think that, at all future University Elections, better taste and better scholarship might certainly be shown, if the speeches were to smack more of the Study than the Buttery.



Captain Phiniken, from Country quarters. "I fear, Smythers, my hair has not been done justice to, lately."
Smythers. "Been bit hoff, Sir; bit hoff, I should say!"

POETRY OF THE SEASON.

The new potatoes now begin
To form a tender peel;
The wax erewhile that reigned within
Is changing into meal:
Of leg of mutton with a slice;
Of South Down mutton small;
I think they are so very nice:
Those fruit of Irish wall!

And peas have now attained the point
Whereat I love them best,
In sweet conjunction with the joint
To which they yield a zest.
For soft consistency with size
And flavour they unite,
A feast affording to the eyes
As well as appetite.

Peas and potatoes both give me,
Not old, but yet mature,
Far more than in their infancy
My fancy they allure.
And cheaper when they've likewise got,
Cried round from door to door,
For them that work to boil the pot,
They relish all the more.

Artistic Description of London.

LONDON is COUNT MAROCHETTI'S Studio—for the Count is always exhibiting some piece of sculpture in some public place or other, and making monster statuesque experiments all over London. There are two of these experiments on view at the present moment. Certainly no English sculptor "tries it on" on the same gigantic scale as the Count. London is MAROCHETTI'S *Atelier*.

COMPANION TRIO TO THE THREE TAILORS OF TOOLEY STREET.

THE Three Baronets of Downing Street. As the first trio thought that they were the people of England, so you may be sure the second trio consider themselves with equal truth to be the government of England.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.

W. E. GLADSTONE presents his most respectful compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and earnestly implores the exercise of his authority, to prevent the junior electors of the University from addressing letters to W. E. G. during any future Election, of an undignified and irrelevant character. A perusal, very deferentially entreated, of the documents herewith enclosed, will, it is hoped, assure *Mr. P.* that his omnipotence is not evoked on any hasty or invalid plea.

I.

"Brasenose College, Midnight.

"Sir,—Before I again record my vote—and I use the word 'again,' advisedly, having already polled twice for fun (once for you, and once for CHANDOS) on behalf of two extinct theologians, whose names I saw in the obituary—I feel conscientiously constrained to inquire, in the most solemn manner, whether you will pledge yourself, in case of re-election, to induce the House of Commons to consider, obtaining, if you can, a Government Commission to inquire, what more efficient means may be applied to the cleaning of Meerschaum pipes, because, Sir, I have just sucked in a lot of oil of tobacco, and the flavour is essentially and eminently unpleasant.

"Yours, &c.

"WILLS'S BIRDSEYE."

II.

[The Latinity is execrable.—W. E. G.]

"Beate Lapis!—Videsne quam subito ex oculis non Almae Matris evanescent color viridis? O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori enilibet istius generis in fronte Rhedicyne! Illa olim sevisissimam in muria deponens virgam, hæc verba iracundè dixit: 'Caveat Testamentum! Hæc pro partibus Infidelium est!'"

"Semper tuum,

"VERBUM SAP."

III.

"Bray, Ireland.

"The Vicar presents his compliments to MR. GLADSTONE, and, just about to put the finishing touch to his new steeple, would feel greatly obliged, if MR. G. would inform him whether there is anything particularly new in Vanes?"

IV.

"WILLIAM, why art thou like scalloped Lobster?"

"Because thou art deeply read?—No, WILLIAM, but because thou art so amazingly good, and yet so liable to disagree with us."

HAPPY REMOVALS.

WE beg to congratulate the public on two happy removals that have got out of the way with the greatest possible grace and the smallest possible noise. The first of these removals is the Richmond Bridge Turnpike. It is very strange, the road to Hampton Court looks as clear again without it; and not only that, but the beautiful prospect in front appears now twice as open. The second removal, is of that large block of melancholy buildings that did duty as cavalry barracks near the Kensington Gate, on the Hammersmith Road. They are all swept away now, and the bricks that contributed to its ugliness may have helped to lay down the new pavement in Regent Street, for what we know. Why the same improving besom did not also sweep away the abominable gate that is by the side of it, is a mystery to us. Highwaysmen are extinct, but turnpikes still hold their ground. A Turnpike gate is a licensed DICK TURPIN, for he allows no traveller to pass along his road without calling upon him to "stand and deliver." It is time that the highway was cleared of these insatiable robbers, that infest the neighbourhood of London in the same plundering degree as the banditti do the vicinity of Rome. We want some spirited REBECCA who, on the legal side of the hedge, could knock on the head this hydra-skulled monopoly, whose defiant motto too long has been:—"Non Tol(l)it me Tangere." In the meantime, the Richmond Turnpike has set a graceful example by quietly walking itself off. We will not attempt to follow it, but will only indulge in the passing wish that the other Turnpikes round the Metropolis would endeavour to imitate its elastic gait!



Chair Proprietor. "Would you please to pay for the Cheers, Mum?"

Lady. "How much?"

Chair Proprietor. "Well, Mum—How many might you be a sittin' on?"

THE POPE AND THE PERUGIANS.

THE inhabitants of some of the Papal States having, immediately on the departure of the gentle Austrian troops, revolted against the mild rule of the SOVEREIGN PONTIFF, a note for the information of Foreign Courts was drawn up by the Cardinal Secretary of State, at the command of the Holy Father, as a preliminary to the reduction of his refractory subjects under subjection to the beneficent and blessed yoke of the Popedom. From this manifesto of infallible wisdom and goodness the subjoined is an extract. Having set forth that the people of Bologna had uttered seditious cries; had risen, some of them, in arms; had displayed tricoloured flags and cockades; had assembled in crowds before the Legate's palace, taken down the pontifical arms, and told the Cardinal Legate that they had constituted VICTOR EMMANUEL Dictator, and that the example of Bologna had been followed by Ravenna and Perugia, the papal document declares that—

"Such events taking place under the eyes and to the horror of all, cannot but fill with bitterness the paternal mind of his Holiness, who has seen with what fraudulent and malignant arts it has been, and still is, tried to detach from his legitimate authority and government some provinces which have been primary objects of his most anxious love and beneficence."

In the bitterness which filled his paternal mind, the POPE formed a resolution, which is intimated in the conclusion of his note:—

"His Holiness finally reserves to himself to proceed to the acts necessary to maintain intact, by all the means with which Providence has entrusted him, the sacred and inviolable rights of the Holy Sec."

So the regiment called Swiss, to the honour and glory of Switzerland, which fights for the viceroy of the monarch whose kingdom is not of this world, stormed Perugia on the 20th instant,—"slaying," writes a person from Rome, "burning, and plundering, as if in an enemy's country." According to the same authority, "the soldiers broke into the houses whence they had been fired upon, and committed the most dreadful excesses." For example:—

"Nine women and children were victims to the ruthless soldiers in different houses, and the cruelties of war were aggravated by the horrors of licentiousness."

Such were the acts necessary to maintain intact the sacred and inviolable rights of the Holy Sec. The rights of the Holy Sec are inviolable under all circumstances: some other sanctities are not, as is proved by the sack of Perugia. That event also proves that the paternal mind had been filled with bitterness to overflowing. So much the worse for the women and children. The loyal Roman Catholics of England will not fail to contrast the conduct of the Papal troops, in merely massacring and outraging ladies and babies, whose husbands and fathers had rebelled against the Vicar of Heaven, with the ruthless slaughter and execution by British soldiers of our poor Sepoys, whose only crime was revolt against a power which is the great champion and supporter of heretical depravity.

When we consider the justice and mercy which—with an excess of the latter—characterise the temporal government of the POPE, and reflect that it derives these celestial qualities from that which constitutes the Holy Father's holiness; and when we further perpend the fact that the glorious war now raging in Italy,—in which we may have the pleasure of being involved, and to which we shall be indebted for a delightful increase of taxation,—is owing to the attempt of Austria to support a good system of government, inspired by the Holy Roman Hierarchy, and particularly the Jesuits, we see clearly what ignorant, uneducated, vulgar ninnies and noodles are all the opponents of Popery, and what wise and strong-minded men are those politicians who contemptuously but carefully affect to denominate them "old women."

An After Thought.

THERE is a tradesman in Manchester, where they do know what rain is, who has brought out a "METTERNICH UMBRELLA." Round the covering, which is of watered silk, there is engraved the diplomatist's falsified saying of "Après moi, le Déluge." It is described as the safest thing going for keeping the wet out.

MISTAKEN ECONOMY.—It is folly, my Lords of the Admiralty, to ruin the British Fleet for the sake of a ha'porth of tar.

A CHAPTER ON SLANG.



ow debased is that tongue, once
our glory and pride;
By a torrent of Slang how re-
morselessly dyed;
As this *Punch* has observed with
a patriot's pang,
He devotes to his' country this
Chapter on Slang.

To its champions and friends,
from the small to the big,
From my LORD BOBBY CAUDLE
to little BRILL PRIG;
Punch addresses these lines, and
he hopes they'll amend,
When he holds up to laughter
"our dashing young friend."

Our dashing young friend of to-
day never tells
The hotel he puts up at, or
house where he dwells,
Of his Diggins perchance we'll
hear something about,
Or his Crih, or Concern, Sir, or
where he Hangs out.

Our friend has no pocket, he
may have a Fob,

Though it holds not a shilling, it may hold a Bob;
It has not a sixpence, or any coin in,
Though it may have a Tizzy, a Bender, or Tin.

Our friend of to-day has no watch to his name,
'Tis a Ticker, or Turnip; if wrong, it goes Lame:
What the hour is he knows not, though able to say
How the Enemy goes, or what's His time of day.

Our friend knows of nothing that's strange, it is Rum;
His is not a companion, he's always a Chum;
Though his Chum is not staunch, yet he may be a Brick,
And though young men are fast, all things else so are Slick.

Our friend knows of nothing a plague, it's a Baw,
Though he drinks brandy Neat, he has ne'er had it raw;
His father's no father, but out of a joke,
He's the Guv'ner, Old Buffer, Old Cock, or Old Bloke.

Our friend of to-day has no coat, it's a Tog,
And he ne'er dresses well, though he Goes the whole hog,
He is then just the Cheddar, the Cut, Cheese, or Style,
Though his head bears a Bollinger, Beaver, or Tile.

Our friend prone to vices you never may see,
Though he goes on the Loose, or the Cut, or the Sprec,
For brutally drunk, he's as Screwed as old Nick,
And you'll find him next morning, though Seedy not sick.

Our friend of to-day sees a Kid, not a child,
And he never gets steady, he Draws the thing mild;
A jest should be Knocked off, Cheesed, Shut up, or Stashed,
And a man's broken nose, is his Claret-jug squashed.

Our friend never suffers a fraud or a cheat,
He is Gammon'd, or Sold, or Let into it sweet;
He never retreats, though he Mizzles it quick,
Or he Slopes, Bolts, or Hooks it, or else Cuts his stick.

Our friend of to-day is not calm, he is Cool,
And a man who's not wise, must be Soft, or a Fool;
For a scolding, he always Comes in for a wiggling,
A Rowing, a Jawing, a Lipping, or Rigging.

Mr. Punch thinks it high time his Shop to shut up,
He commends these remarks to each Darling young pup,
Who in slang words deals largely, and thinks it Dem rare,
Like our snobs, nob's, and footpads, to slang, and to swear.

A Sting in a Title.

By way of reprimand, the sarcastic nature of which we do not exactly understand, COUNT GYULAI is to be created for his misdeeds, "The Ban of Croatia." If the desire was to stigmatise the Count, why not have called him in plain language at once, instead of the Ban of Croatia, "The Bane of Austria?"

ONE MORE BOMBA.

Le Roi Bomba est mort; vive le Roi Bomba! Such might well be the exclamation of Neapolitan loyalty. The Naples Correspondent of the *Morning Post* writes word that—

"The new King of the Two Sicilies inaugurates his Government by continuing the system of the late King. Arrests are every day made in order to intimidate and prevent any public manifestation of sympathy for the war of Italian independence. To form part of any demonstration; to raise a hat when the new Piedmontese Envoy passes; to talk of the victories of the allied armies; to wear in the button-hole a pink, white and red, which with the green stalk would together form the tricolor, and a thousand other futile causes, is sufficient to cause the offender to be thrown into a dungeon."

Thus "AMURATH an AMURATH succeeds, and BOMBA BOMBA," to take a slight liberty with the mighty line of SHAKESPEARE. The son takes after the father, with the addition of being apparently somewhat deranged. Rampant and outrageous insolence, ridiculous in its extravagance, on the part of a flunkey, is generally servile imitation. Like master like man. According to the authority already quoted:—

"The prefect of the police insults the prisoners by telling them that the liberators of Italy, VICTOR EMMANUEL, and LOUIS NAPOLEON, will soon come and release them from their cells."

This functionary might be thought to have taken the historical character of our JUDGE JEFFERIES for his model, were there not reason for supposing that the madness of mockery above instanced had been copied from the contemporary pattern of his own king. BOMBA THE SECOND, if the subjoined statement—from the same source as the foregoing—is true, must be as mad as any dog in these dog-days.

"FILANGIERI and other generals have visited the forts of the city, and prepared a plan of defence for the kingdom; and from remarks which dropped from one of the Generals, it appears that the King has it in contemplation to attack the French troops at Rome, and put down the insurrection in the Romagna. This surmise is confirmed by the departure of nine battalions of troops commanded by GENERAL DE BENEDETTIS. The ambulances have been ordered, as well as the military chest."

The strait-waistcoat ought to be ordered, and the cold *douche*, for the KING OF NAPLES. Perhaps, however, not the cold *douche*. The madness of his Majesty may be so thoroughly canine that it would be only aggravated by that remedy. The French troops at Rome are sleeping dogs, which any small puppy but a very rabid one would be only too glad to let lie. If young BOMBA really does entertain the design of attacking them, he must be in a desperate state of hydrophobia. It is to be hoped that he has no counsellor wise enough to try to dissuade him from attempting that frantic enterprise, and possessed of influence enough over him to induce him to abandon it. Happy will it be for his subjects if he is invincibly bent on courting his own political destruction, and getting the Bourbon dynasty improved from off the face of the earth.

A MELANCHOLY VIEW OF MARRIAGE.

HAVING mentioned that the BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR, the other day, held a confirmation in the chapel of the British Embassy at Constantinople, the correspondent of the *Post* at that city says:—

"On the same day SIR HENRY and LADY BULWER were present at the marriage of PRINCE JEAN CARAEA, and MADLE CAROLINE DURAND. His Excellency addressed a few words of encouragement and advice to the young married couple after the ceremony."

Very kind, and as far as advice went, useful, no doubt, was the discourse which SIR HENRY BULWER was good enough to address to the youthful pair. They may have profited by the advice of an experienced diplomatist, but in what way could they have required his encouragement? Are we to regard them as a poor young Prince and Princess, beginning the world with nothing to depend upon but their own exertions, and with the prospect of a large family, whose cradles the Prince will have, in the first three or four instances at least, to rock? Did the Princess want to be inspired with hope in the prospect of keeping a mangle, and the Prince to be persuaded to take a cheerful view of having to turn it? The difficulty of making both ends meet is one which a newly-married bride and bridegroom uniting youth and inexperience with slender means, may be materially helped to surmount by a little cheering exhortation, but there cannot well be conceived any other which they are likely to encounter, and not likely to get over perfectly well without anybody's encouragement. Perhaps, however, the immense amount of justice which has to be administered by the Probate and Divorce Court has suggested a view of matrimony so gloomy as to constitute for a young couple just married a need to be emboldened to expect domestic happiness.

On the Advertising Pillar at Hyde Park Corner.

Though, to those whose profession's to advertise stuff,

It's useful for drawing the tanners,
Good taste must object to a permanent puff,
And call it a piece of bad "Manners."



A LITTLE FARCE AT A RAILWAY-STATION.

Lady. "I WANT ONE TICKET—FIRST!"

Clerk. "SINGLE?"

Lady. "SINGLE! WHAT DOES IT MATTER TO YOU, SIR, WHETHER I'M SINGLE OR NOT? IMPERTINENCE!"

[Clerk explains that he meant Single or Return, not l'other thing.]

REDESDALE'S WORST FEARS.

"My worst fears are realised!"—husbands obtain
A happy release from a foul marriage chain,
And ill-treated wives get delivered from brutes;
The wicked Divorce Act is bearing these fruits.

What worse makes the matter, these couples belong
To the snobbish *hoi polloi*, the mercantile throng,
A set of mean people, of middle degree,
Who make dirty incomes beneath Schedule D.

Thank Goodness! the husband in humblest low life
Must still remain link'd to an infamous wife;
And the wife a fast knot to the savage wretch ties,
Who beats her, and kicks her, and blackens her eyes.

Divorcee for the million continues too dear,
'Tis, happily, out of the labourer's sphere;
But soon will its price to their means be brought down,
Insuring the fall of the Church and the Crown!

Those whom Heaven united let nobody sever,
Was the mandate divine, irreversible ever,
Except by the highest tribunal's decree—
The fiat, I mean, of your Lordships and me.

With divine obligations for us to dispense
Was all right and proper; the cost was immense;
The petitioner having much money to pay,
Religion was honoured, and wealth had its way.

But, now that our privilege high we've resigned,
And divorce to the rich is no longer confined,
The law from above by men lower than Peers
Set aside—realises the worst of my fears.

A Fight for a Seat.

In Rathbone Place, we read the following announcement:—

"SEATS LENT FOR BALLS AND ROUTS."

We are anxious to know whether the "Seat of War" was sent out from the above establishment? for that is a Seat which of all others has lately had the greatest share of "Balls and Routs"—the French giving the former with the greatest success, and the Austrians going in for the latter in a manner that left all competition far behind them.

THE OPPOSITE SEX.—We never know what a woman doesn't mean until she has spoken.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 4. The House of Lords received, for the first time, the illustrious VERNON SMITH, who has cast his SMITH and now flutters as the gilded and gaudy LYVEDEN. And a more useful addition was made to it in the person of the late SIR BENJAMIN HALL, now LORD LLANOVER, which does not rhyme to Hanover but to Dover.

The House of Commons was menaced by MR. EDWIN JAMES with a speech on behalf of MR. CHISHOLM ANSTEY, on a given date. The subject is too terrible for jesting. LORD PALMERSTON repeated that he could bring in no Reform Bill in the present session. It must be a severe trial to this zealous reformer to restrain his natural eagerness to enlarge the franchise and to realise MR. TENNYSON'S ideal of a Cabinet:—

"And statesmen at Her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

"By shaping some august decrees
Which kept Her throne unshaken still,
Broad based upon Her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea."

Tuesday. LORD LYNDBURST came out with a spirited speech, in which he declared that, speaking only from a Defensive point of view, we ought to have ships enough to smash the navies of France and Russia; another fleet to hold the Mediterranean; another to protect the West Indies; and another to see after Ireland, in case the Liberators of mankind should look upon the Irish as an oppressed nationality. We ought, he thought, to enlarge all our arsenals and garrison all our fortresses; and then, he conceived we might smile with much affability upon the world generally. Expense was nothing, and *œ victis*. The "old man eloquent" is hereby rewarded with three

cheers from Mr. Punch. LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, who knows more about foreign politics and foreign feelings than any nobleman in the world,—with the single exception, of course, of LORD PUNCH DE FLEETSTREET,—also thought that England ought not to live upon sufferance. LORD GRANVILLE, for the Government, did not think it likely that France, engaged in war (GRANNY'S ideas were charmingly illustrated by the news of Friday), would attack us, and as for Russia, she was engaged only in improving the condition of her subjects. Happily, the practical part of his speech atoned for his ridiculous balderdash, or by this time MASTER GRANVILLE would have been kicked out of office by Mr. Punch. He stated that we were arming as fast as we could. LORD HARDWICKE justly remarked that it was too late to arm when you were knocked down. THE DUKE OF SOMERSET made an excessively foolish and petulant speech, and but that LORD PALMERSTON has ordered this person to improve the Navy in every way, and that PAM is not a man to care for EDWARD ADOLPHUS SOMERSET'S ill-temper, and is just as likely as not to say, "Come up, Neddy," should ADOLPHUS insist on keeping his ducal foot stuck in a bureaucratic plug-hole, Mr. Punch would certainly use his *bâton* on the fourteenth duke. He may catch it yet. LORD BROUGHAM thought that we should be ready for a row, and LORD ELLENBOROUGH gave it to GRANVILLE for his drawing-room twaddle. ELEPHANTBOROUGH did not believe in moral influence unless supported by physical force. THE DUKE OF ARGYLE was, if possible, sillier than the other duke, but he will look particularly queer if a regiment of Zouaves should quarter themselves in the big hall in Sutherland House, make targets of the statues, and poke holes in that charming picture of her Grace and the baby in the dining-room. THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, taking title from a little county, made a little speech, but it was to the purpose. Mr. Punch entirely approves of the conduct of the Lords who recommended earnest attention to our national defences, and it is not the sneers of any organ of unwashed and spiteful refugees that will induce the people to think

that the English Peers went out of their way in demanding protection for the English soil. In this sense *Mr. Punch* is a most bigoted Protectionist, and would impose the largest amount of duty upon those whose business it is to be our watchmen.

Various matters were talked over in the Commons. *MR. GREGORY* brought up the case of *MR. RYLAND*, who seems to have been done out of an office he held in Canada, some years back. He appears to have been treated with remarkable injustice. *Mr. Punch*, who has scarcely time to do more than save the country about four times a week, has not read the documents, but is perfectly satisfied to rest upon the opinion of *MR. WELSBY*, one of the ablest and most right-minded members of the bar, who has pronounced strongly for *MR. RYLAND*. *Mr. P.* therefore endorses the petition—"Let right be done," and though the House did not care to be bored with a mere matter of honour and justice, it will be wry times for some folks if *Mr. Punch* is again riled in behalf of *RYLAND*. *MR. COLLIER* brought in a Bill limiting the power of the county court judges to send folks to quod. At present, if a dirty messenger puts a dirty piece of paper into your hand in the street, and you, thinking it is an advertisement of *DR. DIRT*'s museum, or something cognate, throw it away and forget all about it, you are soon afterwards hauled to prison for forty days, on the charge of having manifested for the county court the contempt you felt for the quack. A good Rifle debate was followed by the defeat of an attempt by *MR. ALCOCK* to do away with turnpike tolls, and a Bill was introduced to get rid of the restriction which prevents a Papist from being Lord Chancellor of Ireland. There will be what is inelegantly designated a Howling Shindy about this Bill before it is done with.

Wednesday. The sitting was occupied in discussing a Bill of *MR. DILLWYN*'s on Endowed Schools. When these establishments were founded, there was no specific exclusion of Dissenters from their management, because just then the Dissenter was an uncreated animal, or, if a specimen of anything approaching the nature of such a creature lurked about, and read his Bible in ignoble holes, the haughty founders of schools would have thought it about as necessary to exclude him, as *Mr. Punch*, making his will, would deem it needful to provide that no Gorilla shall be his executor. Things have slightly altered, and the Dissenters think that they may now be permitted to share in the advantage of these endowments. It is an audacious prayer; and after two debates, the question was referred to a Committee.

Thursday. The improvement of the Divorce Court occupied the Lords, and the CHANCELLOR promised a Bill, *LORD REDESDALE* complaining bitterly that relief was granted to so many miserable wives. *LORD RIPON* mentioned that Government had no intention of putting rifles into the hands of the oppressed nationality called Ireland. In revenge, in the Commons, there was a long debate about the Government mail contracts affecting that ill-used but incomparable country. *MR. COWPER*, enraged at the advertisement pillar lately stunk up at Hépaquana (as the Frenchman spelt the spot where Apsley House is), brought in a Bill to prevent such atrocities; and *MR. SCHOLEFIELD* introduced one for protecting the public against the adulteration of food, which measure is really a necessity, *Mr. Punch*'s own last *volaille à la suprême*, at Richmond, having been by no means what it should have been.

Friday. Suddenly arrived news that the two Eagles were beginning to think that they had had enough of it, and that an armistice had been arranged. So *LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE*, who was about to have delivered a set speech on the Italian question, announced that he should abstain from doing so, and was courteously thanked by *LORD GRANVILLE*. *LORD NORMANBY* signified his opinion that *LORD PALMERSTON* was a sort of lieutenant of *LOUIS NAPOLEON*, and that any terms of peace which the EMPEROR might approve the Premier would applaud.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL stated that he knew no more about the armistice than other people. *HENRY BERKELEY* made a ballot speech, which had the merit of shortness. There was a good deal of discussion as to whether England had been offering the German States and, notably, Prussia, advice not "to extend the theatre of war," as *LORD JOHN* elegantly put it. It seemed clear that both *MALMESBURY* and *JOHN RUSSELL* had been recommending the Prussians to mind what they were about. Then came the Navy Estimates. *ADMIRAL LORD VISCOUNT PUNCH* begs to inform all foreign acquaintances and others that he has got 26 steam ships of the line in commission, and 16 steam frigates, besides 106 corvettes, and divers block ships. Likewise gunboats. In any emergency he has on shore a force of first-class sailors, enough to man 12 large ships. And there are a great many more vessels getting ready, so that, and by the end of the financial year, the Admiral will have 50 sail of the line, 37 frigates, and 140 corvettes. *Friends at a distance, and near, will please accept this intimation.*

Be it added that the horrible odour of the Thames has been rather worse, this week, than anything described in *DANTE'S Inferno*. Why does not Parliament move away, *pro tem.*, to Exeter Hall? There is the Great Hall for the Commons, and the Smaller Hall for the Lords, and *SIMPSON'S* for the restaurant, and the Cigar Divan for the Smoking Room. *OLIVER CROMWELL* would have done it at once, but our mulfish legislators humbly stop to be poisoned.

THE MYSTERY OF A LADY'S DRESS.

FROM *Le Follet* of this month, we have the pleasure of learning that "the robes are generally made with five or seven flounces, the top one not reaching higher than the knee." This is extremely moderate, and husbands, with incomes under £300 a year, will be delighted to learn that the number is so limited. For ourselves, we think "seven flounces" positively absurd, and you might as well have none at all, if they are not to go any higher than the knee. We had hoped to see a lady who was all flounces—a regular muslin *La Scala*, tier upon tier of flounces rising right up to the proscenium. The time was, when you could not distinguish the dress from the profusion of the trimmings. If they keep falling off in this way, we shall soon be able to see what the pattern of a lady's dress is like.

Further on, *Le Follet* tells us confidentially that "it prefers a skirt completely *bouillonnée*, notwithstanding the inconvenience of its holding the dust." We do not know what *bouillonnée* exactly means. We are perfectly aware that *bouillon* means *broth*, but still it is a mystery to us how any one can prefer a skirt that is *bouillonnée* all over, for we have noticed ladies, who at dinner have had a little soup spilt over their dress, look as though they did not altogether like it; nor can we see how "broth" and "dust" would go very well together. Supposing they do, the recommendation of this new fashion seems to be that it enables every Lady to be Her own Dust Carrier. The scavengers ought to be very much obliged to them.

With regard to bonnets, we are informed that "thin bonnets are usually made with double curtains." Why not have your bonnet, like an old four-post bedstead, with curtains all round it? It would be much cooler, though we have a difficulty in seeing what great use there is in having a bonnet at all, when you have a couple of curtains to hide it! We cannot help staring, also, at the notion of a "thin bonnet." The thinness may be in consequence of the weather. The heat is so intense, that we can almost imagine a "chip" getting thin.

In the way of trimmings, we are told "a novel and pleasing effect" is produced by having "bunches of red currants falling round the front of the bonnet." We should be afraid, if the currants were imitated with the deceptive reality of *ZEUXIS*' fruit, that the birds would come and peck at them. The ladies have carried flowers and fruit on their heads; vegetables will soon follow. The Covent Garden basket-carriers will be getting jealous of the competition.



SINGLE-HEADED SHOT AGAINST DOUBLE-HEADED.

"Two heads are better than one," says the old proverb. *Negatur.* The French Eagle with its one head has proved itself more than a match for the Austrian Eagle with its two.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR.—Is that why mineral waters are such an effectual remedy for hot coppers?

PORTRAIT OF A DIABOLICAL ENGLISHMAN.



CORRESPONDENT of the *Siccle* makes the following statement, which is probably a hoax:—

“One of the best shots in GARIBALDI’s service is an Englishman of 50 years old, who carries a capital Lancaster rifle, and, aided by a pair of spectacles, of which he stands in need, brings down every Tyrolean chasseur that he takes aim at. Somebody lately asked him whether he had been attracted to join the Italian volunteer corps by a strong feeling for the Italian cause or a love of sport? He answered very coolly, ‘I have a great respect for Italian independence, but I am also very fond of shooting.’”

This story is almost incredible, because it is unlikely that an army of brave men, fighting for their country’s liberty would endure the presence, in their ranks, of an amateur assassin gratifying, under the pretext of an external legality, his

propensity to murder. Such a fellow would be a fit comrade for no soldiers of any corps but a regiment of Thugs. There can be no such Englishman in GARIBALDI’s service, with GARIBALDI’s knowledge; or GARIBALDI is not the man we take him for. If his troops do contain any such Englishman, that disgrace to England has probably fled the realm, in consequence of having committed the murder of the man whose remains were found on Waterloo Bridge, or some other undiscovered act of like atrocity. If the correspondent of the *Siccle* has not, in the tale above quoted, fabricated a bad joke at the expense of Englishmen, he should publish the name of our infamous countryman who shoots Tyrolean chasseurs principally because he is very fond of shooting. To the villain’s name should be added a description of his person, like that of a felon advertised in the *Hue and Cry*. Because he may be taken prisoner; and, if he is, it is to be hoped that he will be hanged, as every Englishman deserves to be who goes fighting from any other motive whatever than that of patriotism and the sense of duty which he feels as a Briton.

A WAR DIALOGUE.

SCENE—A comfortable dining-room. Time—after dinner. The wine has circulated, and restraint has, in a great measure, disappeared in consequence thereof.

(The Dramatis Personæ will appear in their order.)

Host (a City man). Terrible state of affairs this! Ah! (sighs and fills his glass)—pass the bottle (to Solomon). JONES, try this port; I oughtn’t to say it, but you won’t get such a glass of wine as that every day. Have a fresh glass—35,000 killed, I heard; securities, too, very shaky!

Jones (a Solomon—knows everything: drinking). Ah! I had it from good authority (he has read up a penny paper in the omnibus)—mind, I won’t mention names—that the French were utterly beaten, and have been all along, only they won’t own it. Besides (looks mysterious), there’s Prussia!

Mild Lady (sister to Host). Well, my dear, I hope they won’t come over here. Only think!—what should we do? I hope LORD PALMERSTON will have plenty of guns all about the country.

Young Ladies 1 and 2. Oh, dreadful!

Son of Host and Hostess. Yes, they say, in case of invasion, all the coal-cellars are to be given up for storing away gunpowder, and soldiers will be quartered in all the kitchens unoccupied by the police (winks at Friend).

Friend of the Son of Host and Hostess. So COBDEN stated the other day, to the captain of an Iron and Citizen steamer, and has offered, in conjunction with an eminent Quaker, to lead the rifle volunteers to the coast, in case a landing should be effected.

Young Ladies 1 and 2. Oh! Dreadful! Isn’t it?

Solomon. Ah! I didn’t see that; but he’s a clever man—a very clever man. I shouldn’t wonder he made a capital commander-in-chief. Why LOUIS NAPOLEON had never smelt powder before.—Besides, you don’t want to have been in action to be a General—our

system acknowledges that, and we know something about it, eh? (Looks round triumphantly.) Look at Waterloo.

Host. Um! I think we’re pretty safe.

Deaf old Lady, with notions of nothing in particular. Goodness me! I hope so. For what with fires, and pickpockets, and dog-stealers, really there is no stirring about; and I do hope, my dear, railways will be put down—it’s all along of ’em, depend upon it. My grandson told me the other day, steam had thrown a bridge over the Channel. The police ought to interfere. I’m sure I pay enough for ’em, idling about their time. Only think of nasty foreigners coming over here in shoals, with their frogs and messes.

Solomon. Permit me, Ma’am. You are labouring under a mistake. Your grandson spoke figuratively—fig-u-ra-tive-ly. Lor! look at “our wooden walls!”—all iron, I believe. We should smash ’em. And there’s the steam ram, you know.

Deaf Old Lady. What!!! A-going to make poor dumb animals fight? Well, what the Humane Society is about, I can’t think!

Young Lady 1. Oh! shocking, indeed.

Young Lady 2. And no fashions will come over. What shall we do then!

Son. Oh! the French will bring their fashions over with them, of course.

Middle-aged Lady (with strong notions of Woman’s Mission). Such frivolities will not occupy the attention of the British woman, I hope. No,—let them rise and assert their true position. I, for one, should propose, in the *Female Fidsad* (an excellent publication, that the House of Commons should go and fight the enemy, and give up their seats to their wives and daughters. (With a grim smile) I think even our Lords and Masters will own that we can talk, when we like.

Host. Ah. I don’t know.—Would it be constitutional? You should apply, I think, first to LORD JOHN RUSSELL—safer, you know.

Hostess. Lor! dear, I shouldn’t know what to do.

Middle-aged Lady (conclusively). You’d get used to it; but never let the base conventionalities of society, the trammels fixed upon us by man, deter us from a sacred duty. I’d go to-morrow.

Solomon. Well, it would be novel, and, to say the least, would keep our female population out of mischief. (Smiles.) But the French will never come here. They’ll never get over the Quadsilateré. No; never, Sir. They’ll be cut off to a man.

Deaf Old Lady. Ah! swords are so sharp, and muskets and bayonets and things. I remember, I took up your poor dear grandfather’s once, but it was a mercy it didn’t go off.

Solomon. It’s impossible. Why, look here! (Placing glasses, &c.) There’s Verona; there’s Mantua; there’s Peschiera; and there’s what’s-its-name, Leg-na-no. This fork is the Mincio. Well, they attack ’em all at once, of course, and what are the consequences? (Breaks a glass, leaving a great red patch upon the cloth.) Ha! that’s an accident. Never mind—soon take the stain out; but you see—no—the black and yellow must gain the day.

Deaf Old Lady. Poor creatures! How cruel to bruise ’em so! I never could abide a Frenchman. Voltaire said they were half a cat and half a frog, and so they are.

Mild Lady. If they come here, I should go to the sea-side—down to Ramsgate, I think. It makes one’s blood run cold.

Young Ladies 1 and 2. Oh, yes!

[They discourse of the last new bonnet, cloak, baby, &c. HOSTESS looks at HOST. HOST imperceptibly nods his head. HOSTESS rises and LADIES leave the table. GENTLEMEN draw up their chairs and discuss the War, until summoned to coffee.]

COLOURING EXTRAORDINARY.

THERE is no accounting for tastes as to female beauty, and MAUVE is so much the rage, that we are hardly surprised to learn from the following advertisement in the *Times* of last Wednesday that some of our fair friends have devised means of transferring the fashionable colour from their clothes to their complexions:—

FOUND, on the 30th ult., a handsome LADY’S PARASOL, left there by two ladies, of mauve colour, lined inside with white, which may be had at ARTHUR GRANGER’S Stationery Warehouse, 308, High Holborn, W.C.

At the same time we should be rather inclined to consider that “two ladies, of mauve colour, lined inside with white,” deserve to be classed as at once “plain and coloured,” instead of “handsome,” as in the polite language of the advertisement.

Toujours Apropos de Bottes.

THE French have rushed to the rescue of Italy to save, what is familiarly called, the Boot, from the iron heel of Austria—but for the Italians to expect that a separate kingdom will ever be patched up out of the disjointed bits is, we are afraid, in the hands of the French, a hope that is quite bootless.

HYMEN AND LOW MEN.

Oh dear, what can the matter be?
 Oh dear, what shall we do?
 All the world fain would unmarried be;
 For one Divorce Court we want *two*!

Wedlock's bonds in old times used to tie men
 So tight, they cost thousands to loose;
 Low men once entangled by Hymen,
 Had no hopes of unclasping his noose.

To file through the steel of his fetters,
 No metal was potent but gold;
 So the poor sat in chains, while their betters,
 Drew their bills, and escaped from his hold.

Like green peas at a pound the peck measure,
 Or house-lamb at Christmas, we saw,
 Divorce portioned out against treasure,
 A luxury sweetened by law.

Then LORD REDESDALE exultingly reckoned,
 The Divorce Bills each session saw through:
 And called on the Bishops to second
 His delight that the list showed so few.

And in lay and episcopal chorus,
 Sung the Peers, "What a system is ours!
 Where still horned goes each conjugal Taurus,
 Till released by a private Bill's powers!"

But now, thanks to wild innovation,
 Rich and poor on one footing are set;
 Any couple, no matter their station,
 For a good cause, uncoupled may get.

Like ice-creams, a glass for a penny,
 Or pines at a penny the slice,
 No more for the few, but the many,
 Divorce has come down in its price.

No wonder the Bishops look blue,
 That REDESDALE with horror deplores,
 When a luxury meant for the few
 The million find brought to their doors!

COMMON SENSE IN "SOCIETY."

THE "Fashionable Arrangements" for last week, in Fashion's own journal, included the following truly sensible announcement:—

"LADY LLANOVER's afternoon and dancing party—from four to eight, o'clock."

In the first place, LADY LLANOVER unaffectedly calls her entertainment a dancing party, naming it in plain English, and eschewing the snobbish Gallicism by which the like assemblies are usually denominated. In the next, her dancing party begins at the suitable hour of four, and ends at the reasonable hour of eight, instead of commencing at the late hour of nine at night and terminating at the preposterous hour of three in the morning. Her guests have four hours' dancing, which is enough for all purposes,—amongst others, for that of acquiring an appetite by exercise,—and thus they are enabled to enjoy a good late dinner, which is, in fact, an early supper, at home; and after that the male portion of them have sufficient, and not too much, time to sit over their wine, and smoke their tobacco. Both the matter and manner of the above notification indicate that a great benefit has been conferred on the superior classes by the elevation of SIR BENJAMIN HALL to the Peerage. Sanitary hours of dancing will, it may be hoped, be rendered fashionable by the example of LADY LLANOVER, whilst the same influence will also induce the wholesome moral usage of employing the English language for the expression of the high jinks, festivities, and other practices and peculiarities of the uppercrust of society, which are now, from imbecile and mistaken ideas of delicacy and refinement, generally expressed in French phraseology, so as to gloss them over, as it were, with a sort of polish, which has an effect corresponding to the odour of varnish that offends the nose.

WE have been favoured with the following communication from our Indolent Young Man; and as it strikes us as being by much the coolest thing we have met with this hot weather, we print it:—

"DEAR P.,

"In reply to your heartless letter, on affairs of a business character, I beg to inform you that I am HERE, and with no intention of injuring my precious health by any exertion, bodily or mental. Make what use you please of this information, and accept the assurance of my most distinguished regard and esteem.

"Gar and Starter, Richmond.

"July 8.—Thermometer ever so much in the shade.

"Signed,

" * * * * *"

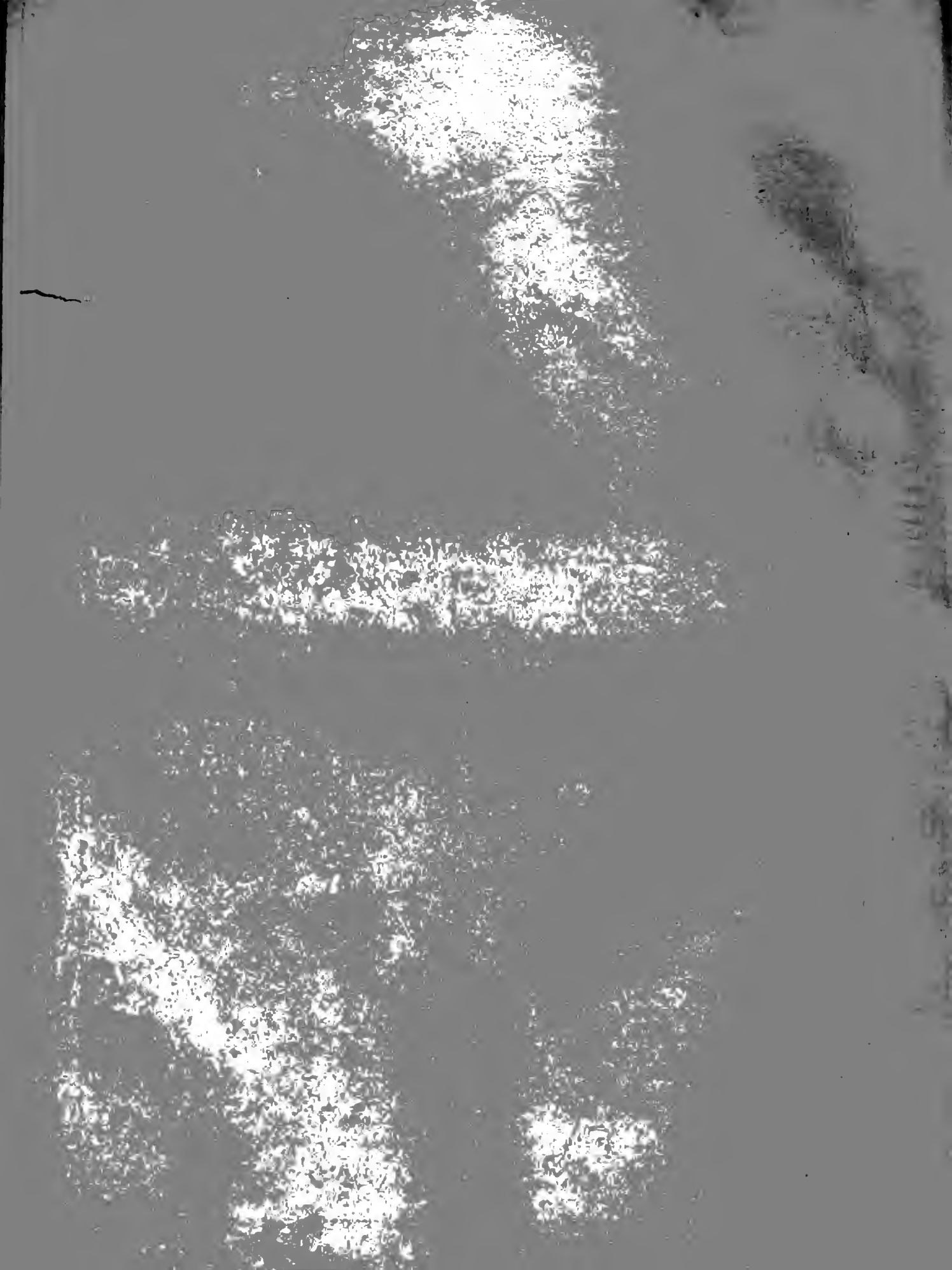
Female Compensation.

WOMAN is not allowed a vote, and the consequence is, that she tries all she can to influence as much as possible the votes of others. The strongest argument that we know in favour of Vote by Ballot is, that it is likely to protect the husband from the wife. Many a Free and Independent Elector has abstained from voting altogether, because he has not dared, in consequence of female intimidation, to call his vote his own.



THE ARMISTICE.

EMP. NAP. "WELL, BROTHER, HAVEN'T THEY HAD ALMOST ENOUGH OF THIS?"



PREY FOR THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.



N the sentimental and romantic department, or second column, of the *Times*, the other day, there appeared the following pretty kind of notice:—

“M. H. B. P. has written again to FRED.”

“Has she?” will have been the indignant question of many a lady whose husband is the namesake of Mr. CARLYLE’S Prussian hero. “Again has she—written to FRED?” How often before? And to think of her not only owning it, but publishing it in the newspaper! Oh the impudent creature!—and as for FRED, I have no patience with him.

FRED is likely to have a fine time of it for some years, in consequence of the above advertisement. Under the name of FRED are to be included a very considerable

number of married men so named. Of course it would be the same if the name were TOM or BILL. “Have you had another letter from M. H. B. P.? I dare say M. H. B. P. is all that you could wish. If M. H. B. P. had made the tea, it would not have been so bad, perhaps. You had better go and talk to M. H. B. P.” Such are the taunts and reproaches which thousands of unhappy husbands will now, on the occasion of every little matrimonial squabble, be subjected to, through the indiscretion of the authoress of the above advertisement, by the publication whereof she will have destroyed the domestic happiness, or at least disturbed the peace, of an indefinite number of private families.

A MOTHER-IN-LAW ON NEUTRALITY.

“Of course, my dear, I go in for the non-interference principle. It would be affectation, worse than affectation on my part, if I pretended to say that my sympathy was not all upon one side. It is but natural that it should, and I believe if anything was to happen to my dear child—who, though I say it, is the sweetest child in the world—that I should go mad, or out of town, or get thin, or do something desperate, such as would probably pull me into a premature consumption, or the hospital, or the workhouse, or, it may be, my grave! As I have said before, neutrality is my creed. I look on, and, whatever I may think, do not say a word. It’s very painful, but I do it. I have not lived all my life, dear, without knowing what man and wife are. I know that they will disagree occasionally—that they will fall out every now and then, and have their little fights. Let them fight on, I say, and fight it out as best they may. They must make it up at last. There never was a quarrel so long, but there came an end to it at some time or other. People can’t always be fighting. A perpetual cat-and-dog life would wear out the best cat and the best dog in the world after a couple of months. So, my dear, I make it a rule to remain neutral—but then it’s a kind of ‘armed neutrality.’ They know my strength, and when they have had enough of fighting, they always come to me to make peace for them. Then, and not till then, do I interfere. You must know if I don’t make war myself, that I hold in my hands what is called the ‘sinews of war.’ All the money is mine. I haven’t parted with that power yet, and it is extraordinary what a long way advice will go, when backed up with a little money. Then, when both sides are worn out, and tired, and exhausted with fighting, and when their consciences tell them that precious fools they have been for trying to injure one another, I come in and interfere, and my previous neutrality makes my interference all the more valuable. The consequence is, what with my purse, and what with my advice—for I generally find that the foolish dears need pecuniary assistance just as much as moral aid, and very frequently more so—that I can almost do what I like; and I need not tell you that I always succeed in making the best terms I can for my poor daughter. Peace is once more restored, and celebrated afterwards with a dinner at Richmond, or a trip to the sea-side. That is, dear, what I call ‘an armed neutrality,’ and all mother-in-laws, if they were wise, would go in and do the same. Interference, to be effective, should occur very seldom. That mother-in-law is strongest who interferes the least—more especially if she has both reason and money on her side.”

POLITICIANS IN STATU PUPILLARI.

At the annual commemoration at Oxford, the young gentlemen of that University, whilst waiting for the commencement of business in the Sheldonian Theatre, are accustomed, as is well known, to amuse themselves and the company with an expression of their political feelings. This is a very useful custom, for the applause and disapprobation of the Oxford Undergraduates form a sure and certain criterion of the right side in politics and the wrong. On the occasion in question, last week, for instance, after a manifestation of feeling which was not political,—namely, loyalty, which they of course evinced by cheering the QUEEN and the Royal Family,—they made a series of demonstrations as conclusive, after a fashion, as so many votes of the House of Commons.

A report of the event in progress having recorded their glorification of British monarchy, says:—

“It was not so, however, with respect to France, for the call of three groans for the EMPEROR was implicitly obeyed.”

Thus the Undergraduates of Oxford appear to be of opinion that the EMPEROR of the FRENCH is wrong in taking part with Sardinia in antagonism to Austrian domination in Italy. This appears the more probable from what ensues:—

“Then followed a round of cheers for LORD DERRY that shook the very building for a time, and, by way of contrast, LORD PALMERSTON drew down a succession of hisses and groans, but comparatively mild to those which greeted the name of LORD JOHN RUSSELL.”

The late PREMIER is supposed to have a leaning in favour of Austrian sway in Italy; the present PRIME MINISTER and HOME SECRETARY are known to be solicitous for Italian liberty. Oxford’s Undergraduates proclaim their sympathy with the reputed friends of Austria and Austrian despotism, and their antipathy for the statesmen who desire the liberation of Italy.

It is further the opinion of the Undergraduates of Oxford, that LORD DERRY, who is chiefly celebrated for unsuccessfully opposing the repeal of the Corn Laws, deserves high commendation; and that LORD PALMERSTON, for having served his country above forty years, preserved peace during nearly all that time, and towards the end of it concluded the Russian war successfully, merits much dispraise. Also, that LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who carried the Reform Bill, and who has combined civil and religious liberality with resistance to foreign and invasive priestcraft, is worthy of vehement hisses.

We are next informed that—

“FRIEND BRIGHT found but few friends in the assembly, and there was not a single cheer to redeem the volley of disapprobation that burst on the recital of his name.”

MR. BRIGHT is judged by the Undergraduates of Oxford to be a democrat without a redeeming quality.

Then we find that—

“Three cheers were proposed for MR. GLADSTONE, but were given amid overpowering groans, and next in succession was suggested, ‘Three groans for his inconsistency,’ which received the promptest attention.”

Accordingly, a majority of the Oxford Undergraduates condemn MR. GLADSTONE for giving his country the benefit of his abilities as a member of a Liberal Government.

The MARQUIS OF CHANDOS was heartily cheered. The Oxford Undergraduates think that he has done something. MR. DISRAELI was “highly popular,” and

“Loud and long were the plaudits lavished on the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.”

The Undergraduates of Oxford are, perhaps, under the impression that MR. DISRAELI is the author, not only of some clever novels, but also of very much useful legislation.

The BISHOP OF OXFORD and DR. PUSEY were also “very popular, and their names were hailed with rounds of applause.”

The Undergraduate theologians of Oxford approve of Puseyism and its saponaceous prelate.

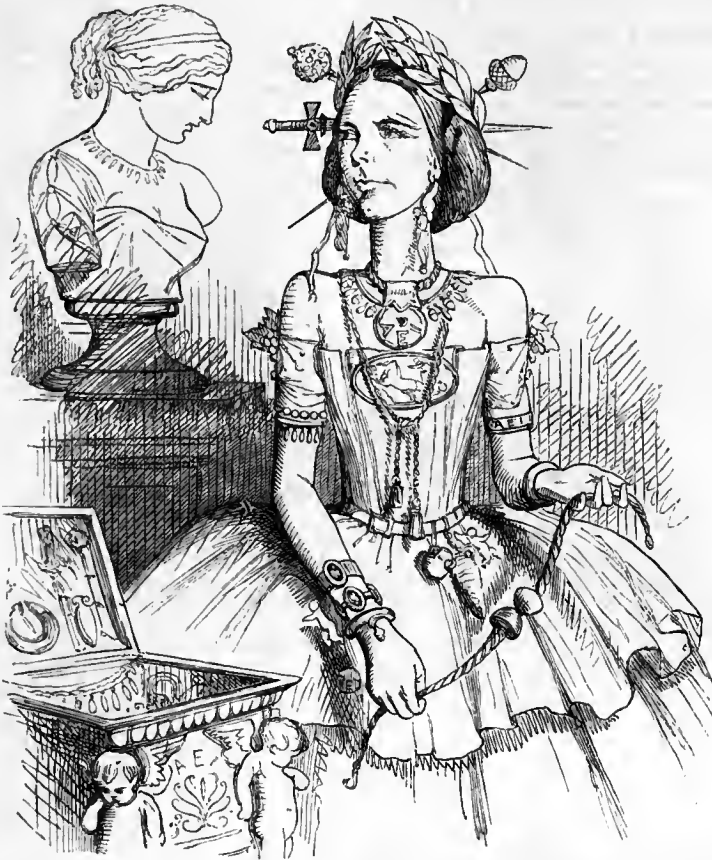
We had almost omitted one material expression of the Undergraduates’ sentiments:—

“‘Three groans for the *Times* newspaper’ was a proposition, too, that was carried out to the very letter.”

The *Times*, therefore, is not the leading journal in the estimation of the Oxford Undergraduates. Of course they prefer the *Morning Herald*.

We now return to the proposition with which we started,—that the Undergraduates of Oxford indicate, to a certainty, the right or the wrong side in politics by their hisses or their cheers. The right side is denoted by the former, and the wrong by the latter. Their seniors need not be ashamed of stooping occasionally, to take a lesson from these young gentlemen.

ONE GOOD RESULT OF AUSTRIAN ULTRAMONTANE TENDENCIES.—A retreat beyond the Alps.



A YOUNG LADY ON THE HIGH CLASSICAL SCHOOL OF ORNAMENT.

"MY DEAREST MAUDE,

"YOU know that the RANDOMS have just returned from their long residence on the Continent, and I am longing to tell you that I spent a day last week with IMOGEN RANDOM, who kindly showed me her jewel-casket. O, MAUDE! how I wished for you to share my excitement! I have not yet recovered it, and the only comfort I have, is that last night, after dinner, I coaxed Papa into a promise that we shall spend next winter in Rome ourselves! IMOGEN says, of course there is a great deal to see in Rome that everybody *must* see, but then you know, dear, we read about all those things when we were at school, and we can buy plenty of photographs of the Coliseum, the Forum, and the Temples, &c., to show our friends in England where we have been, so that we need not waste much time upon them. My great object in Rome is to go, the very first thing, to that dear, delightful, interesting shop, CASTELLANI'S, in the Via Poli, where, IMOGEN says, you have nothing to do but to lay down scudi enough, in order to be made perfectly classical in appearance and style. Only think of that! Every thing there is taken exactly from the antique, so that you are quite safe in choosing whatever you like, and cannot go wrong.

"By the way, however, IMOGEN says, it is just as well to take a look at the Etruscan Room in the Campana Museum when you have a spare hour, that you may satisfactorily judge for yourself what perfect copies CASTELLANI'S ornaments are. IMOGEN'S jewel-casket contains two or three handsome Bullas, one set with stones of lapis lazuli, one with rubies, and all with those charming devices in raised gold letters, AEI, PAX, LUX, VIS, &c., &c. Also an immensely thick and massive gold circlet for the throat, in exact imitation of the cord round the neck of the dying gladiator—Etruscan armlets and fibulae of every possible pattern and device, rings for every day in the week with the name of the appropriate god engraved on each (as Saturn for Saturday, &c.), and as for Greek daggers and Roman pins for the hair, they are innumerable!

"IMOGEN, however, confided to me (and I am sure I am committing no breach of trust in imparting it all to you, dear), that the only drawback to her classical arrangements is her very small and diminutive stature. You know she has hitherto always rather piqued herself upon her 'fairy-like proportions,' but on this occasion she has found them very inadequate to the massive and heavy, not to say ponderous, style of ornament, which, it seems, a classical costume requires. Between ourselves, she confessed to me, that the weight of her Bullas, and her gladiator's necklace is positively distressing to the collar-bones; that her hair is visibly diminished since she took to wearing Greek daggers and Roman pins, both of which are so pretty and so antique, that she is unable to give a preference to either, and thus is obliged to wear both at once; and even now (although it is some

months since she underwent the operation of being bored), her poor little ears suffer martyrdom with the weight of her favourite ear-rings—exquisite flying figures of Victory, which are supposed to be constantly whispering joyful tidings of new conquests. For my part, love, I am determined to have my ears bored forthwith, that they may be all right by the time we reach Rome, where, IMOGEN says, ear-rings so light as those required for wear immediately after the operation, are scarcely to be met with. However, IMOGEN has a good spirit, and declares that from the first she resolutely determined to bear everything and wear everything that could contribute to make her fashionably classical—and very classical, to my ideas, she looks when she is dressed, as you will admit, I think, when you see the sketch I enclose. It's true that her nose is not strictly classical, indeed it has the least in the world of a turn-up, and her hair cannot be induced by any artifice to grow low on her forehead, as one sees it in antique busts of Pompeian beauties, but surely that does not matter when the brow is surmounted by a 'Victor's chaplet' in thin beaten gold!

"Now that you know some of the most delightful anticipations of a winter in Rome, I trust, dearest girl, that you will employ every art with your Papa to induce him to bring you and FLORA to the Eternal City when we go, that we may have the inexpressible happiness of shopping at CASTELLANI'S together. Papa says that should Italy then be still unfortunately in a disturbed state, he will not go; but I trust that both the EMPEROR OF FRANCE and the KING OF SARDINIA are too gallant to interpose any obstacles to the wishes of young ladies like you and me, and that consequently all traces of war will be cleared away before winter.

"Ever affectionately your friend,
"MABEL."

ECONOMY IN EARTHQUAKES.

IN Manilla, the windows of the houses are made of oyster-shell instead of glass. This is done with a double view—the first being to keep out the glare of the sun, and the second being to keep down the expense of an earthquake. The latter is a frequent visitor in Manilla, looking in repeatedly upon the inhabitants without the smallest ceremony; nor is the earthquake seemingly in the least propitiated by the angust-like appearance of the casements. Apparently, he does "remember the grotto," though unfortunately for the natives, his remembrance comes rather oftener than "only once a year." It must be awkward to live in a town that is so constantly being shelled from top to bottom in this way! Fancy waking up some morning, and seeing half-a-dozen shells flying in hot haste into your bed (or shakedown, rather), in consequence of an earthquake, with the deliberate aim of a *canon de précision*, battering the walls of the town down! Such a town is only fit for Quakers—or Earthquakers, as you might call them—to hang their broadbrims up in. It is not adapted for persons of steady habits like our own. Our steadiness would be shocked to see, through the medium of these oyster-shell windows, the sun reflected the first thing in the morning in bright visions of "early pur!

"THE CENTAUR NOT FABULOUS."

MR. RAREY, the great Horse-taming American, having returned from showing the Russians the glories of his art, has been exhibiting for the first time in public, at the Alhambra. A terrible horse, called the *King of Oude*, whose savageness was appalling, and whose scream of rage was like that of a railway-engine gone mad, was reduced the other morning, under Mr. Punch's eyes, to absolute gentleness. MR. BRIGHT was present, and is understood to have prepared a splendid bit for his next Indian speech, setting forth that if the real KING OF OUDE had been treated with similar kindness, there would have been no necessity for the violent reduction of Oude. SIR CHARLES WOOD means to reply, with great smartness, that an English horse is not an Indian ass. Very good, SIR CHARLES. *Punch* owes you one.

A JEW D'ESPRIT.—A foreigner, in the counting-house of ROTHSCHILD, wishing to see some straw paper, was facetiously shown a bundle of Austrian bank-notes.

AN ACCOMPLISHMENT FOR THE ARMY.

"MON CHER PONCHE,

"*Leicester Squar, July, 1859.*

"KNOW you what is that which is what we call *élan*? It is that quality in our soldiers which renders them irresistible. Without doubt, that which causes this attribute so admirable of the French troops, it is their courage. But besides that, it must be that there is another reason of that speciality of our braves. For what the Austrians, also brave, have they not the like of it? I go to tell you: it is the same defect of your own forces, so incomparable for their solidity. It is something of physic,—a certain stiffness of the limbs. From whence comes that? I will declare it to you. In a word, it is for fault of not to have never learned to dance. From their first infancy all our soldiers have danced always; that has rendered them agile. Your own come to the parade on the plough, where they only learned to hop the clod. If you wish them to approach our own in *élan*, make teach them all to dance. Let the dance be a part of the drill military. Your regiments have bands that play quadrilles,—for what good, unless the men dance to them? Make them do so. Let a master of dance be appointed to every regiment, beginning with the Guards of the British Grenadiers. I give you permission to inform M. the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE that I am willing to undertake that part of the education of the distinguished Coldstreams.

"Accept, *Sir Ponche*, the assurance of my high consideration.

"JULES DE DEUXTEMPS.

"P.S.—Your divine WILLIAMS—or JACKS—however, some one of your great poets, said, that none but the brave deserve the fair sex. The passion which inspires beauty is intimately related to that which vents itself in combat; it is thus the necessary partners of the dance contribute to inflame the invincible ferocity of our Zouaves."

WHAT OUR VESTRYMEN HAVE DONE FOR US.

So it seems that, after all, it is the French we have to thank for the Advertising Column which so graces Hyde Park Corner. Well, we must confess we are not surprised to hear it. Although we English are so famous for embellishing our streets, we somehow fancied that this column was a cut or two above us. The design seemed far too tasty for an insular conception; and the intensely happy blending of ornament with usefulness appeared much too felicitous for English minds to procreate.

The discovery of authorship we owe to MR. COWPER, who has taken up the task of putting down these nuisances;—a task which, we opine, should win for MR. COWPER as much praise as the *Task* brought to his poetic namesake. It was in these words MR. COWPER made mention of the fact that the Piccadilly column was not a British work of art, but, like bad English farces, was "taken from the French":—

"We had often been threatened with a French invasion, but one had now actually taken place to which he desired to call the attention of the House. A certain French company had come over to London and had taken possession of some of the chief thoroughfares of the Metropolis, including Hyde Park Corner, where they had pulled up the pavement and established a remarkably uncouth edifice, which although one Member of the House regarded it as ornamental, was looked upon by almost every one else as a hideous disfigurement. (*Hear, hear.*) It was stated that the company intended to erect similar columns at Chelsea Bridge and a hundred other places, for which they had obtained the permission of the local vestries."

Have they, indeed? What a charming prospect for us! How thankful we should be that we live in a free country, and that we are blessed with vestrymen to govern us! What delight it is to think that (but for meddling MR. COWPER) we might have seen our streets adorned with a hundred other columns, each as tasteful and as useful as that opposite the Duke! But this odious MR. COWPER thinks our streets look best without them; and, as to their utility, he sneeringly observes:—

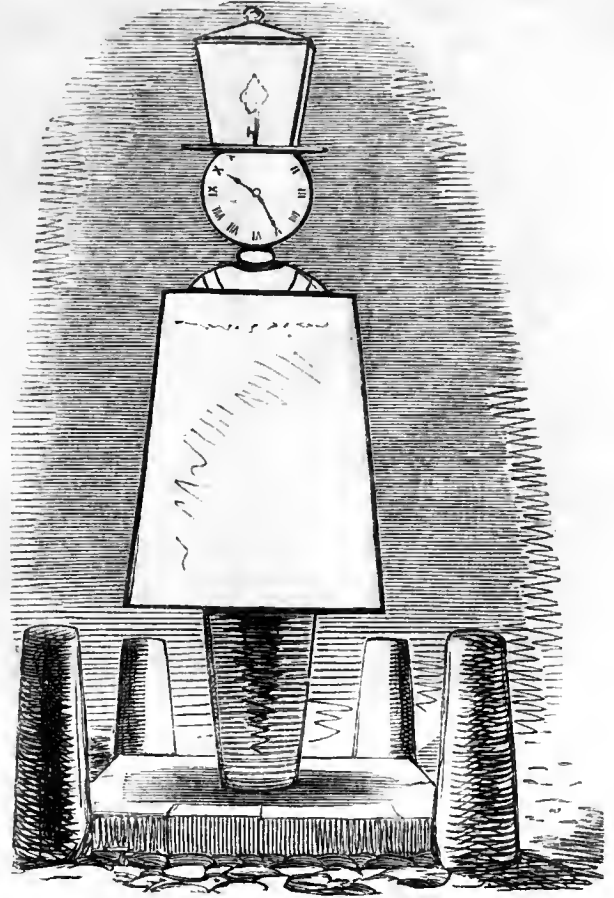
"The only excuse that was offered for those structures was, that they gave information to the public, and it was true that anybody could ascertain from them the nearest police station, the time of day, the day of the month, the direction of the wind, and among other information, the hour at which Cremorne opened, the place where a *soirée dansante* was held, and the residence of DR. EADY. That information might be very useful, but the middle of a crowded carriage-way, where those who stopped to read would incur a great risk of being run over, was hardly the fittest place to publish it."

Offer an excuse, forsooth! Pray what apology is needed for a structure which embellishes and beautifies a city? As well offer an excuse for having built the National Gallery, or for the graceful squirts and statues which adorn its lovely front! And then this ruffian MR. COWPER has the barbarous audacity to bring to ridicule an ancient institution of the country, and to question if our vestrymen be fit to govern public taste:—

"As he said, the parish vestries had sanctioned these erections, and according to the present state of the law they had power to do so; but he thought that vestries,

although very proper to superintend the paving and lighting of the streets, were not the best bodies to act as guardians of the public taste."

That a British House of Commons should degrade itself by listening to such sentiments as these, and then should, by a swingeing majority of votes, give the utterer of such language leave for bringing in his Bill, is to our mind a full proof that the British Constitution is fast sinking in decline, and that rampant Red Republicans will soon dance upon its corse!



DESIGN FOR A LAMP-POST, AFTER THE APSLEY HOUSE AFFAIR.

A DRIVE IN THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE.

A CONTEMPORARY, in remarking on the improved system of prison discipline in Ireland, says:—

"And we are the more anxious that this system should be carefully considered here, because, although crime has of late years diminished also among ourselves, its decrease has not been commensurate with the large expenditure upon justice, or with that position in the van of civilisation, and that superiority of moral tone, for which we are wont to take credit."

If we are entitled to take credit for a superiority of moral tone, we cannot be fit to occupy a position in the van of civilisation, considered in connection with prison discipline. Inferiority of moral tone is, on the contrary, the proper qualification for a seat in her MAJESTY'S omnibus, and the crime of our civilisation is not diminished when we are removed in the van.

The Mask of Fashion!

SCENE—A *Lady's Boudoir.*

Julia. Why, dear, you do surprise me—whatever are you putting that abominable rouge on for?

Lady B. Well, FANNY, if you must know—I am going to confess, and the rouge is to hide my blushes.

"THE DRAUGHTS MATCH."

THERE is a paragraph in the Papers with the above heading. We have read no further than the title—but if called upon to say "what was the Draught's Match?" we should say from our medical knowledge that it was a Blue Pill.



THE HORRID STATE OF THE SERPENTINE.

Daring Swell. "Do, they are dot becobing, perhaps; but, pod by life, wud bust hold wud's dose sobchow in this codfounded estliviub. Abericad Clips they're called. Odly a peddy a piece! I recobbedded eb to se'd a lot dowed to the House o' Cobbods.—Ha, ha!—Good borig."

A HELPING HAND FOR THE HANDEL COLLEGE.

CAMBRIDGE Dons and Oxford Doctors may be startled by this heading, and may wonder where on earth the Handel College is, for at neither University has its name been ever extant. *Mr. Punch* who is in this, as in all other matters, more learned than the learnedest of either Dons or Doctors, will devote himself as usual to the task of their enlightenment.

To the question, where on earth the Handel College is, the answer is, at present it is not on earth at all. The Handel College is as yet in being but in print; but of course now *Mr. Punch* is pleased to advocate its name, its local habitation will be speedily complete. To dolts who doubt the power of *Mr. Punch's* influence, it may be shown from the Prospectus that there are other grounds for a belief in his prediction:—

"A Plot of ground, (the lowest value of which, for building purposes, is estimated at £5,000,) has been offered gratuitously, and *MR. OWEN JONES*, likewise gratuitously, has consented to act as Honorary Architect, to draw plans and superintend the building. This part of the movement cannot fail to be considered as the groundwork of the charity, and justifies the Promoters in making an appeal to the Public for their cordial support in the undertaking."

As the promoters of the College are doing a good work, *Mr. Punch* will give them pardon for making a bad pun, in speaking of the building land and plans which have been offered them as being, in their view, the "groundwork" of the charity. With what good intentions the College will be paved, the short sentence which next follows is quite long enough to show:—

"The study and toil of the Musician do not always lead to large pecuniary rewards, and, consequently, the Orphan children of poor but deserving Musicians are often, whilst still young and helpless, thrown upon the world unprotected and unprovided for; and it remains only to state that the College or Asylum will be for the Orphans of Musicians of all Classes, to afford those Orphans a Home whilst unable to assist themselves, and so to educate them as to enable them to obtain a respectable living when they arrive at a proper age to go out into the world."

Lest some may think the College inappropriately christened, the

AN ART BANBURY CROSS.

ACCORDING to the *Banbury Guardian*, a new Cross is in course of being built in the town named in the title of that newspaper. The structure, now nearly completed, will, when it is quite so, be fifty-two feet six inches high, and will have three drinking fountains at its base. On the next stage there will be no spouting, but apses have been provided for three large statues, and it is expected that one of them will represent the QUEEN, though whether this expectation will be disappointed or not will necessarily depend somewhat upon the imitative ability of the artist. The *Guardian* of the interests of Banbury further states that the new Cross, like the old one, "stands 'in the fayrest atrete in the towne,'"—of which last words the orthography seems less appropriate to Banbury than it would be to MALMESBURY. Lastly, our Banburian contemporary informs us, that "Coats of arms of distinguished personagea in connection with the history of Banbury, and other rich ornaments, will adorn the Cross." We presume that the rich ornaments will consist largely of those sweet cakes for which Banbury is so widely and justly celebrated. We may also conjecture that the two statues which are to accompany the image of her MAJESTY will be equestrian. One of them will probably be that of an elderly female on an animal resplendent in the native hue of stainless marble. The fingers of this effigy of an ancient dame will be adorned with rings; and to the ten toes, visible through the peculiarity of her costume and *chaussure*, will be appended as many small bells, which, vibrating in the breeze, will make perpetual music. The other statue will be the figure of a child of tender years, bestriding the species of quadruped denominated a cock-horse; and as a cock-horse may be supposed to have wings, the sculptured steed will perhaps be *Pegasus*, and, to maintain a classical consistency, the little horseman, *Cupid*. The anile figure will be meant for the old woman alluded to in a piece of the poetry of early years; and the infantile form for that of the little fellow invited, in the same poem of "philoprogenitiveness," to proceed on the back of a hybrid of bird and horse to witness the equestrian performance of that aged party, whose display of horsemanship has conferred everlasting renown on Banbury Cross. Renovated, and raised to an imposing altitude, and beautified and enriched by British sculpture and blazonry, the Cross of Banbury will exhibit an amount of grandeur and magnificence suitable to its fame, and entitling it to a high rank among our national monuments.

promoters state their reasons for the name they have selected: which are, that as the College is intended to be founded in the year which is to all known as the first HANDEL centenary; they wish to pay a "lasting tribute to his memory" by connecting with his name the charity they set on foot. As HANDEL was himself a charitable man, and presented to a charity the greatest of his works, there seems fit reason now to make a handle of his name, if it will be of service to a charitable end. Other good and noble names, too, are connected with the College as guarantees that all in-comings will be properly laid out. The smallest contributions will be thankfully received, and the largest will by no means be less thankfully acknowledged. If the more than eighty thousand who attended the late Festival were to pay a fit thank-offering for the pleasure they received, the Handel College Fund would nearly be as goodly a property as *Punch*!

One last grind on the reader's organ of benevolence. Let him, if in his soul he be musical, reflect, that by helping to bring up the helpless Orphans of Musicians he will lend a helping hand to the preserving of their race; and may be the means of rescuing and of bringing up a genius who may equal him from whom the Handel College has its name.

A Fearful Engagement.

LITZ has had another fearful engagement in Dresden. The shock, we are told, was something terrible. Not less than two pianos were killed under him, and upwards of two dozen music-stools severely wounded. The noise was so intense that the inmates of an entire Deaf Asylum, at a distance of a hundred leagues, suddenly recovered their hearing.

A ROUGH DEFINITION.

"I SAY," cries DRICK, "old Feller, wot's the meaning of Armistice?" Says JIM, "Why coves a fightin', for a while unclinchin' fistes."



OH, HOW JOLLY!

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

WHAT is the Momentous Question? It is not Reform. The little interest that anybody might ever have felt in that, died away when the word had been used for the last election cry. The War had some claim to pre-eminence; and the individual who has recently invested capital in Knickerbockers, would naturally make out a strong case to show that the formation of Rifle Corps bore off the palm.

But if we go to that never-failing index of public opinion, the youth of London, we shall find that the momentous question is of a personal nature, that it is one which must stir instantly the inmost recesses of all hearts. It must cause equal anxiety to the prince and the peasant, the daughter and the diplomatist, the minister and the mamma.

A dark cloud of suspicion appears to have fallen on candid and confiding England, for daily ten thousand Britons insinuate the existence of a sinister purpose in the bosoms of their brethren, by asking in melo-dramatic tones the awful question, What's your little game?

The history of Europe during the months of May and June, 1859, might have been altered, if some six months ago, that munificent nobleman who represents our country at the court of Paris, upon receiving assurances more fervid than usual of the goodwill borne by a great personage towards all mankind, had suddenly administered an interrogative thrust to the imperial ribs (such as his Excellency of (P.) Bedford might give to his bland Majesty under similar circumstances), and popped the question. Or if court etiquette forbade a direct interrogation being put to a sovereign, the effect would scarcely have been diminished, if he had adopted the equally popular form of observation, "I know *your* little game."

When a noble leader of the Liberal party submitted a certain resolution to the consideration of another noble leader—a resolution which ultimately caused some small expense to the members of the legislature, and some little delay in the business of the country—it can scarcely be doubted that the statesman who gave his approval, knew pretty well his friend's "little game." Perhaps he thought he would not win after all. Perhaps he thought, that if he did, he would not get the stakes. Perhaps that the other party would insist on the game being played over again, and with fresh umpires.

Let us leave politics and descend to the purer atmosphere of private life.

When our young friend ROBINSON, after having experienced various phases of London business life, having been successively clerk to an auctioneer, walking gentleman in a fleecing hosiery establishment, and out-door agent to an eminent photographic artist, suddenly burst into full bloom as Secretary to "The Metropolitan black condensing Tooth Powder Company," with a commencing salary of £500 per annum, many of his friends kindly recalled him to their memory. MRS. SMITH the mother of his old school-fellow GEORGE, after ignoring him for five years, invites him once more. When that gracious matron advanced to meet him with a pretty girl hanging on her arm, to whom she drew his attention by the

observation, "Surely, MR. ROBINSON, you have not forgotten your old playfellow, NANCY CLEMENTINA;" nothing but politeness could have prevented him from informing those fair ladies, that he knew *their* little game.

The world goes round, and the little games are finished; then the cards are shuffled, and the partners changed, and we begin again, for who can deny that he takes a hand in one occasionally.

If we must join in them, let us at least endeavour to play fairly, like men and women of honour, never with loaded dice or marked cards, or the mirror too carefully arranged behind our partner's hand.

QUOTH FATHER THAMES.

ALL London bullying me,
All London sullyng me,
Insult to injury adding thereby;
Steamers up-churning me,
Quick-lime up-burning me—
Never was river so ill-used as I.

Sewage and slaughter-lymphs
Kill off my water-nymphs,
All between Teddington Lock and the Nore;
Swans growing dim in me,
No more will swim in me,—
Birds—save the mud-lark—abandon my shore.

Sewage-stained sedges all,
Sewage-clad ledges all,
Sewage-filled urn upon which I recline!
Sewage-crammed eyes and nose—
Blind eyes and poisoned nose—
Stink, steam, and swelter these sighings of mine!

Rouse near and far lament,
Breathe into Parliament,
Poison each Vestry and stink out each Board;
Creep in each water-main,—
Crush HARTE and QUATERMAINE,—
Make white-bait dinners a nuisance abhorred.

Fill the low fever-nests,
Huddled like heaver-nests,
Under my level, soaked green with my slime;
Flavour for Bumbledom,
Fat pies of Humbledom,
For *laches* that's murder, neglect that is crime.

Never did preacher preach,
Never did teacher teach,
Sermon so wakening, or lesson so deep,
As the whiff from my waters,
That tells in high quarters
Facts ignored till my stink roused nob's noses from sleep.

Cinders and stone-heaps,
Churchyards and bone-heaps,
Sewers and cesspools, have sermons to preach;
Vain, though, their urgin',
Till Thames, *à la* SPURGEON,
'Gins, through their noses, the million to teach.

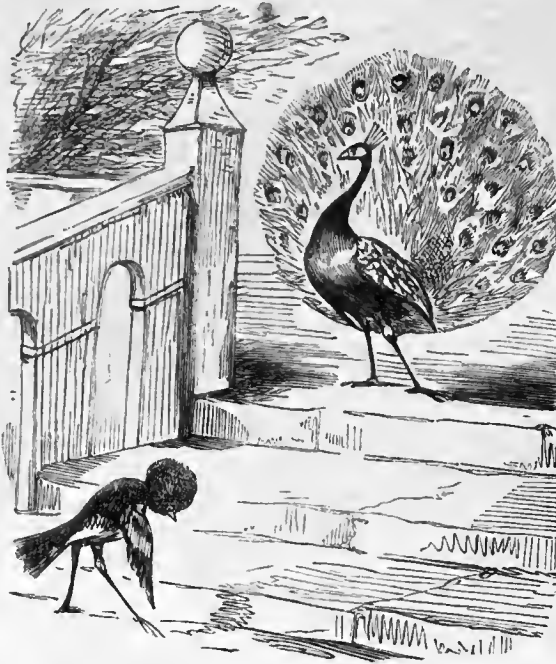
Thanks to Apollo,
Good's sure to follow
When the hot summer sets Thames in a blaze,
In strong effervescence
Frocing the essence
Of wisdom deep stored in my silent highways.

Odours less vagrant,
Breathings more fragrant,
Ne'er would scare BUMBLE, or stink out M.P.;
Lesser stinks come
To humble back-slum,
Leave the great folks and fine houses to me!

EFFECTS OF THE HEAT.

THE weather has been so melting that all the 6s. 8d.'s of a certain Lawyer in Chancery Lane were found the next morning to have been reduced into 3s. 4d.'s!

A GLUT OF FRESH FRENCH BUTTER.



LOUIS NAPOLEON must have a really wonderful digestion, to stomach all the flattery now daily heaped upon him. Food so gross and fulsome, there are few persons could swallow without feeling much the worse for it. Only fancy, this hot weather, having to gulp down such a quantity of butter as this man has done! The *Moniteur* each morning has churned him a new pat, and from a host of other dairies there comes daily the same present. How the EMPEROR survives it is more than we can tell. It sickens one to think of being glutted with such diet. We had almost as soon breakfast upon Cod Liver Oil, as have such a lot of flattery forced daily down our throat. Besides, however fresh the butter may at first have tasted, it must certainly by this time be getting rather rancid. In the coolest place this weather butter won't keep long; and such butter as the *Moniteur's*, which is never salted with any sort of wit, must of course become quite

sour and unpleasant in a day or two. Not even the Attic salt of *Mr. Punch* himself could preserve such fulsome stuff from quickly getting tainted. The EMPEROR perhaps may view it as his "destiny," to have to swallow and digest the glut of butter which is made for him, but we think that he must find it rather nauseating food, and that he by this time must be getting sick of it.

A REMEDY FOR THE THAMES.

WE beg to recommend that the gentlemen, who distinguished themselves in cleaning the pictures of the National Gallery, should have their valuable hands engaged on the present dirty state of our metropolitan river. If only one half of the same success attends their scrubbing efforts in that grand saponaceous operation, there is every ground for hoping that there will be as little of Old Father Thames left, after the cleaning is over, as there was, in the former instance, of the Old Masters. Thanks to their industrious palms, the supposed impossibility of scrubbing the blackamoor white will have been gloriously eclipsed by the still more miraculous achievement of having washed the Thames to a state of something like purity. As for HERCULES, if that gentleman has any decency, he will modestly shut up; his boasted Augean Stables will be, by the superior labour of the purification of the Thames, swept clean out of history.

One Hero makes Many.

IT is reported that MR. LABOUCHERE has refused a Peerage. We are glad to notice that the example, which was so heroically set in the first instance by VISCOUNT WILLIAMS, is now being so generally followed. In fact, since the elevation of MR. VERNON SMITH, what was formerly looked upon as a compliment or a bribe, is now considered nothing less than a degradation or an insult.

A HINT FOR BUSY-BODIES.—Indiscretion lays you open to be read by everybody, just like an unsealed letter.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY 11. *Monday.* LORD RIFON stated that, in order to make Volunteers clearly understand that they were not Regulars, the Government did not intend to pay them a single shilling on any pretence whatsoever. On the contrary, they were themselves to pay their instructors. The case of the Coolies, who (facetiousness is inevitable) are so coolly kidnapped for the West Indies, came up; but the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE said the subject was really so important that he could not think of attending to it.

It was always a most desirable thing to have a telegraph wire from India to England, and now that the former country has been handed over to such a person as SIR CHARLES WOOD, the necessity of knowing how things go on is greater than ever. Therefore, as the object is a national one, it is very proper that Government, by guarantee, should facilitate the scheme, and a Bill for the purpose was all but finished off to-night. The wire is already laid to Aden, and the Mahometans have been aidin' the promoters very loyally, and whacking some contumacious pilgrims, who, not seeing the use of the signal-posts, naturally knocked them down.

The Great Clock has come to grief again, owing to the architect's interferenc. The hands have been made very handsome, but so precious heavy that the works will not act on them. Why on earth does not LORD PALMERSTON take the matter up? When he was at the War Office, about eighty or ninety years ago, he had the Horse Guards' clock taken to pieces and improved in every way; and if he would just use his energies, which are as vigorous now as they were in the early part of the last century, the thing would be done.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in answer to MR. DISRAELI, professed total ignorance upon the subject of the negotiations which that very day were going on at Villafranca, between the Eagles. The House then went into Supply, and MR. KINNAIRD pleaded piteously for the poor aristocrats whose carriages cannot get from the Exhibition and FARRANCE'S, the pastrycook's, into St. James's Park, by Spring Gardens. He wanted a new entrance made. MR. FITZROY pooh-pooled him, and actually condescended to urge that the part KINNAIRD wanted to cut up was a quiet walk, liked by the humbler classes and their children. It is disgusting to hear such vulgar arguments paraded in an assembly of gentlemen; but bad examples are contagious, and MR. HENRY HERBERT proceeded to point out another bit of ground that might as well also be opened to the poor children. HERBERT may have a sort of right to talk in this way, because he throws open

his own lovely grounds at Killarney (O! MATILDA MARIA! O, them eyes! O! SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL!—But lie down, Our Heart) to the wanderer, and is hereby thanked and immortalised; but what need was there for MR. SLANEY to follow with his perpetual pleading in behalf of the children of the poor? Really, Honourable Gentlemen forget their dignity.

It was refreshing, after that display of vulgarity, to find a real specimen of military gentility, full blown. There is in the House a COLONEL DICKSON, whose modesty is so great that he has concealed his merits, hitherto, with so perfect a success that nobody has ever been able to find them out,—a noble answer to the snobs who sneer at military insolence,—but who was on this occasion inspired, by just indignation, to come out strong about "trash in the newspapers." The fact was, that an excellent letter had appeared in the *Times*, written by an officer who is also a soldier, calling attention to one of the most important questions of the day, the position and condition of the Army. The letter infuriated DICKSON (or perhaps he may be a skilful carpet tactician, who likes to please military superiors), and he exploded, as aforesaid, about "trash," and gave GENERAL PEELE an opportunity of announcing that he felt the "greatest possible contempt" for newspaper opinions. This is fair enough, for before JONATHAN was happily ejected from office, the newspapers afforded the public sufficing reasons for feeling the same sentiment touching his abilities. However, PEELE had to answer the newspaper "trash," and, if he has not made any blunders in his figures, his statement is satisfactory, inasmuch as we have 110,000 soldiers at home, including Militia, but excluding Marines and the Enrolled Pensioners, and our artillery is in good order.

VISCOUNT WILLIAMS DE LAMBETH abused the Navy Estimates, for the very reason why VISCOUNT PUNCH DE FLEETSTREET applauds them;—they are the largest ever presented to Parliament in time of peace. They are £12,862,000. There was much more sense in his objection to flogging our sailors. The British Lion should cut low relations, and the Cat is a very seedy member of the *Felis* family. Keep whipcord for the aspirants to hemp, wife-smashers, fraudulent trustees, and the like. The Estimates occupied the rest of the night, except what was consumed in a discussion on a Bill for robbing certain rate-payers in order to make up for robberies caused by the neglect of certain parochial officers.

Tuesday. Came the news that LOUIS NAPOLEON, who had gone to war on a pledge that the Austrians should be driven out of Italy, had "funked" at the Quadrilateral, and, after losing about 100,000 men in

unprofitable combat, had asked for negotiations, succumbed to Austrian dictation, and submitted to leave the double-headed Eagle in possession of the terrible Quadrilateral aforesaid,—to replace the creatures of Austria on the petty thrones from which they had been shaken, and so to end the war; a ridiculous and ephemeral juggle of a Papal Presidency of Confederated Italy, and the handing over a portion of Lombardy to the KING OF SARDINIA (whose Minister, COUNT CAVOUR, retires in disgust), being the dust to be thrown in the eyes of such of the inhabitants of Europe as took off their spectacles after a certain Second of December. *Populus vult decipi, decipiatur*, is to be the device for the Tuileries illuminations. The news was duly announced to the Lords and the Commons.

LORD LYNDBURST got a Select Committee to consider how justice is baffled by the ridiculous mode of taking Chancery evidence. The Commons declined to allow a Scotch parson, named GRIEVE, to transfigure himself into an English parson. LORD JOHN RUSSELL had not decided whether he would let the QUEEN accept the Feejee Islands. MR. CHISHOLM ANSTREY'S case, brought on by MR. EDWIN JAMES, has really something in it, and seems to disclose some awful rascality at Hong Kong; but the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE had not had time to read the papers. MR. COCHRANE made an attempt to get rid of some of the hardships of the Civil Examination system, which brutally insists that a young gentleman, in describing himself, shall not begin Jackass with a G; but KOCKREIN, as one of his protégés would probably write it, failed. On the appointment of two Committees, the usual row was made by the Irish, and then came part of the Howling Shiado predicted by Mr. Punch, touching the Bill for permitting a Catholic to be Irish Chancellor. Government supported the Bill, and the debate stood over, after some good firing; nobody, of course, except Exeter Hall, being in the least in earnest, and Exeter Hall being in earnest only in wanting to spite the Papishes.

Wednesday. Religion—that is to say, Church-rates—all day. SIR JOHN TRELAWNEY'S Abolition Bill on for second reading; and, after a decorous fight by the Conservatives, and some unblushing Rattling (which is politely called submitting your own opinion to that of others) by PALMERSTON and JOHN RUSSELL, such second reading was carried by 263 to 193, in about which proportion the Bill will be rejected by the Lords.

Thursday. LORD CAMPBELL introduced a very unnecessary Bill, for the purpose of letting attorneys loose upon the public at the end of three, instead of five, years' study, if they have graduated at a university. However, solicitors who get on by Degrees are usually preferred to those who get suddenly rich. The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE stated that Government intended to refuse to renew the licence to the Hudson's Bay Company, who are a sort of modern incarnation of the feudal game system, and endeavour to keep an enormous territory clear of human beings, in order to promote the breed of animals whose skins will sell. The DUKE OF SOMERSET explained that we are not to look at our mercantile steamers as possible war-ships.

In the Commons, after some practical discussion touching the Indian army, Supply came on again, and all the Navy Estimates were disposed of, the debate pleasantly finishing with a row between SIR J. GRAHAM and SIR C. NAPLIER on the old subject, the Baltic fleet. "He man the Fleet!" exclaimed CHARLEY, in a rage: "there never was a fleet sent to sea in such a disgraceful state!" And he demanded leave to read to the House his enemy's private letters, which, SIR JAMES retorted, the impolite Admiral had already done. SIDNEY HERBERT then moved the Army Estimates,—made a very good statement, and got several votes on account of about £12,000,000 which he means to have for the soldiers.

[Mr. Punch was leaving the House, soon after two on Friday morning, when the odour of the abominable river came upon him in a foul flood. He staggered, and was carried by LORD PALMERSTON, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, and MR. DISRAELI to his carriage. After some minutes he felt a little better, thank you, but owed it to himself and the world immediately to leave town for his beautiful country seat, where he is at present staying with his attached family.]

Morality Rewarded.

It was but a few days ago that it was announced, *apropos* of the Quadrilateral, that Austria was going, for the first time, to "deal on the Square." See how Virtue prospers! No sooner has she taken this course, than the War ends, and she saves nearly every pound of her Italian bacon. Who would not be virtuous?

"THE EDUCATED CLASSES."

CAN the pcts of LORD MALMESBURY, who at an examination cannot pass from getting impaled on their own pothooks and hangers, be supposed to belong to the "educated section?" If they do belong to the class, we will wager they are at the bottom of it.

FIGURES AMONGST FLOWERS.

In the tropical aquarium in Kew Gardens (which can now be admired in all their gay holiday attire, and are visited by thousands of happy droppers-in every day—only what a pity it is that their beauties are not visible until One o'clock P.M., as though Nature were a coquette, whose toilette would not possibly allow her to "receive" at an earlier hour!) there may be seen a fine specimen of that most wonderful of all vegetable productions, the lace, or lattice-leaf, plant of Madagascar. Ladies, who have an educated eye for lace-work, are particularly recommended to pay it a visit. We suppose young Madagascarine brides wear veils and entire dresses made of this particular lace, on their wedding-days, and doubtless fancy it as becoming as Valenciennes, or the most pointed production of Brussels. We are told that this plant has been largely copied by artificial florists, and that many millions of leaves have been made and moulded into wreaths, garlands, and chaplets. It has produced considerable profit to the manufacturers, who have named it "the skeleton-leaf." We should have preferred a more flowery name. It isn't a pretty notion to wreath round the brow of Beauty a coronal with such an anatomical association of ideas. Fancy the head of your beloved smothered in skeleton-leaves! However, it is too much to expect poetry and millinery too from a manufacturer. If the flowers of his imagination were not as artificial as the others he sells, the contrast might be injurious to his business. We should have thought rather that it had been the poor milliners, who realise starvation prices only by their needles, who had given this plant the ironical name of the "skeleton-leaf." In their bitterness and want, they must mockingly think that the thread of their existence could have been made out of no other leaf.



FIVE-AND-TWENTY YEARS OF A PARLIAMENTARY LIFE.

At a Finsbury dinner (Finsbury ought to be doubly blest, for it can boast now of its "PET," and its PETO), MR. T. DUNCOMBE, after alluding to his five-and-twenty years of Parliamentary services, said:—

"Of all things he desired to see before terminating his political career, was one more, good, honest, liberal Reform measure carried through Parliament."

We only wish that MR. DUNCOMBE may live to see the full accomplishment of what his heart desires. A good old age would evidently be in store for him. "You owe me sixpence, PADDY," said SIR WALTER SCOTT, good humouredly, to a beggar, when he gave him a shilling in the absence of smaller change. "And may your Honour live till I pay you," was PADDY'S reply. Parliament owes us a Reform Bill,—and, borrowing the beggar's ejaculation, may MR. DUNCOMBE and all of us live, say we, until Parliament has paid us! What Old PARRS and NESTORS we shall be!



JONES, WHO CAN'T SLEEP WELL IN LONDON DURING THE HOT WEATHER, GOES TO HAVE A QUIET NIGHT IN A VILLAGE!!

Portrait of ONE of the Village Cochins, &c.

ITALY IS FREE.

ITALY 's free—Italy 's free—
From Savoy to Sicily, shore unto sea!
The Frenchman has come—with his “hey presto, quick!”
The two-headed Eagle before him to kick.
Why ask antecedents? Why hint of a doubt?
Coups-d'état, Boulevard massacres, why prate about?
Don't you hear how he swears—a bold swearer is he—
That he's come to set Italy free—very free—
Look again, little dears, clear as mud it must be,
That his promise is kept, and that Italy 's free!

True, you might have asked voice as to sheathing the sword:
You might have wished Piedmont to put in her word:
Might have wished the black vulture's broad wings to be clipped:
Might have wished certain dukes of their dukedoms well stripped:
Might, some, p'raps, have wished for a little less POPE,
For some folks not so much and for some folks more rope:
Might have wished one United Italia to be—
But a truce to your wishes and wants—aren't you free?
Yes—only look hard enough; plainly you'll see,
That Italy 's free—oh—exceedingly free!

Of the POPE at your head—that kind well-meaning man;—
You are free to make just the best use that you can:
With an Austrian rivet on leg and on arm,
To prevent you from making too free to your harm,
And a Tuscan grand-duke and a Modenese too,
And a youthful KING BOMBA—who's freer than you?
Of course you're not free to bite, struggle, and kick:
Austria's maxim is still, “Spoil the child, spare the stick.”
You can't wish to be free, to make rumpus and row;
You don't know what's good for you, of course you'll allow—
So to pastors and masters obedient you'll be,
Like a good little Italy—though you are free.
Free—free—from the shore to the sea—
From the Alps to the Appenines—free, all so free!

DEAD WELLS AND DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

PUT this and that together. This is part of one letter in the *Times* :

“SIR, Seeing a recommendation from SIR JAMES DUKE to erect a fountain to be supplied from the well at St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, I have taken the liberty of stating I saw that said well filled up to the brim with the bones of the dead who had been buried in the old Church; therefore I think it advisable the fountain should be erected at some distance from that sacred spot.”

That—subjoined—is another letter in the *Times*, printed immediately below the preceding;—

“SIR, If your Correspondent ‘S. J. M.’ refers to the Church on St. Dunstan's Hill, E.C., I beg to inform him that there is at the present moment a pump, the water from which is deliciously cool, and very extensively used.”

Ugh!

“I had been happy,”—the consnmer of St. Dunstan's well-water may say, borrowing, with a slight difference, the words of *Othello*,—“if the general parish, myself, and all, had tasted the contents of that well, so I had nothing known.” The two letters are quite reconcilable one with the other. If the old well was filled with the materials named in the first letter, the pump mentioned in the second must belong to a new well sunk close by. The delicious coolness of the water, which causes it to be “extensively used,” is just what confirms the statement of both the correspondents of the *Times*. Water, derived from the sources which St. Dunstan's fluid must, by their united account, come from, is known to be popular; chemistry explains why; it is a saline draught. But chemistry also shows that it is something more and something worse; and sanitary science says that it is very unwholesome. Drink not that water, the constitution of which suggests that it might be drunk standing and in silence.

Nobility Sharpens the Appetite.

Swell. Do you know, my fine fellow, I was dining with the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE yesterday.

Envious Friend. Nonsense!

Swell. Yes—true, 'pon honnahn,—at the London Tavern!



FREE ITALY (?)



LATIN FOR LADIES' DRESSES.



HERE is an advertisement which may interest Paterfamilias, who has no end of milliners' bills to pay:—

WATCH-SPRING PETTICOATS.—MADAME AMET cautions persons from dealing in the above, unless signed "AMET."

Paterfamilias will be amused, as well as interested, by this announcement. Considering that there is nothing in the isolated word AMET to show that it is a French proper name, and not the third person singular of the imperative mood, present tense, of the Latin verb, "amo," "to love," he may be disposed to smile at the idea of his wife and daughters going about with such a word inscribed on any

portion of their dresses. If MADAME AMET wishes to advertise her Watch-spring Petticoats, perhaps she has her name marked on the under margin, so as to be exhibited in walking, in the case of most young, and in that of some old, ladies by the voluntary upholding of the skirts. That name elegantly embroidered in that situation, would be highly ornamental, and might be useful as an advertisement, not only of the maker but also of the wearer, if unmarried and wishing not to remain so. AMET, whatever the word may be understood to mean by womankind, will, by mankind be translated, "Let him love;" that is, "Let somebody love" (understand) me—with a view of course to marrying me—in other words, "I am in want of a husband." "To be Sold," in fact, chalked on a "trap" is about what would be signified by "AMET" displayed on a petticoat.

No doubt, watch-spring petticoats are highly fashionable, and the watch-springs are calculated to make the petticoats go; and if they have the same effect on the single daughters of Paterfamilias, they will be worth that gentleman's money.

EXTREME PROBABILITIES.

We live in high-pressure times, but Mr. Punch flatters himself (or, rather, does himself simple justice in asserting) that He can keep ahead of the times, the telegrams, and even the talk of his wife, or anything else, no matter how distressingly fast it may be. He believes he has rather been and done it with the following information, which has not yet reached even Printing House Square:—

IMPORTANT TELEGRAMS.

RECEIVED THROUGH MR. REUTER'S OFFICE.

"Paris, August 24.

"The EMPEROR is dissatisfied (*mécontent*) with LORD PALMERSTON'S explanation on the English National Defences. He still regards them as a menace to the independence of France and an insult to her glory. He has desired the DUKE OF SOMERSET to be sent over."

"Paris, August 25.

"The DUKE OF SOMERSET has been waiting in an ante-room of the Tuileries for five hours. The EMPEROR has just sent to say that he is going to the Opera, and the man must come again early in the morning (*de bon matin*). The Duke was in such a rage at being called a man that he pulled the nose of the menial who brought the message. This has complicated matters."

"Paris, August 26.

"The nose has been put straight, but the EMPEROR has given the Duke orders to return, instantly (*tout à l'heure*) to discontinue all work in your dockyards, and to despatch one half of your entire fleet to join the anti-slavery squadron, off Brazil."

"Paris, August 27.

"On consideration, the EMPEROR sees in the Battery at Brighton a standing menace to Dieppe. He has sent orders to have the flag-staff taken down, and the platform turned into a station for donkeys."

"Paris, August 28.

"You will hear to-morrow that the EMPEROR has desired the Tower of London to be dismantled (*dépourlé*), and the LORD MAYOR sent over as a hostage for the performance of the decree."

"Paris, August 29.

"His Imperial Majesty has transmitted directions to the English

War Office to disband the whole of the various Rifle Associations, and send over their weapons to Boulogne for the armament of the Capcure Zouaves."

"Paris, August 30.

"The EMPEROR requires the dissolution of the English Yacht Clubs, and the destruction of all yachts whose tonnage is over three tons and a quarter. LORD ALFRED PAGET and MR. A. ARCEDECKNE are to be forwarded to Paris by the night-train."

"Paris, August 31.

"The Court of the Tuileries is extremely dissatisfied at the delay in carrying out the requisitions already made, and regards it as an approach to the perfidious system of treachery (*trahison*) so often and so unworthily practised by England in her relations with her foreign friends. A demand will be made to-morrow which will decisively intimate His Majesty's feelings."

"Paris, September 1.

"The EMPEROR selects this day, the first of the partridge season, to demand that every English person possessed of a gun of any kind shall instantly pack it in a box, and remit it, carriage paid, to the Minister of War, Paris. Pistols are included in this order."

"Paris, September 2.

"The EMPEROR desires that the Buoy at the Nore be cut loose, as it acts as a kind of bait (*amorce*) to the English to indulge in excursions and cultivate that nautical taste which has rendered them so insolently rough in their behaviour to Continentals."

"Paris, September 3.

"The EMPEROR demands that Ramsgate, Dover, Plymouth, Lowestoft, Aberystwith, Southampton, and Gravesend, be at once ceded to France, not as accession of territory (a view which France abhors and repudiates), but in trust for the Liberty of Europe, as defined by His Majesty."

"Paris, September 4.

"The EMPEROR has heard with sympathy Ireland's cry of agony. Her bitter cup is now full, and it is reserved for him to dash it to the ground. Her liberation is at hand (*tout près*). GENERAL MACMAHON, a descendant of her Kings, who were allies of France before England was discovered by CÆSAR, is charged with the execution of this decree."

"Paris, September 5.

"THE EMPEROR DEMANDS THAT MR. PUNCH BE SENT OVER TO PARIS, INSTANTLY, IN CHAINS."

"Dover, September 9.

"ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER has just annihilated the united fleets of France, Austria, and Russia, and is swearing awfully because his grog is not strong enough."

ERROR OF THE PRESS.

SPEAKING of the peace, a philo-French contemporary of ours is pleased to say:—

"Throughout the whole campaign, which the Villafranca treaty, we think, fairly terminates, the EMPEROR NAPOLEON has kept one consistent course. From his first step to his last, he has advanced with firmness, but with moderation. In France and in the field, in the Court and in the Camp, he has acted all along with a *sauveteur in modo*, which not many men in England believed that he possessed, and fewer still that he would have the strength of mind to exercise."

There is in this statement an error in the spelling, which, to please LORD MALMESBURY, we hasten to correct. However suavely the EMPEROR may have acted in the Court, it is sheer nonsense to say that he has done so in the Camp. But rather than impugn the wisdom of the writer, we look upon his error as a typographical mistake. If he had said that in the field LOUIS NAPOLEON acted "*Zouaviter in modo*," the statement would have been more in accordance with the fact.

CONJUGATOR DE SE.

A REMARKABLE appeal from the Court of Exchequer in Ireland came, the other day, before the House of Lords. The case was that of BEAMISH v. BEAMISH, and the point in question was the validity of what may be called a truly Irish marriage. That marriage took place in 1831, privately, between the REV. SAMUEL SWAYNE BEAMISH and ISABELLA FRASER, at the house of one ANNE LEWIS, in the City of Cork, and the ceremony was performed by the reverend bridegroom himself. Matrimony and hanging are often spoken of as mutually analogous, the parties in both cases being said to be "tied up;" but though many fools have hanged themselves, very few have ever thought of marrying themselves, and perhaps nobody but a clergyman of MR. BEAMISH'S country could contemplate the rash act of sui-spliee.

THE OVERCROWDED DWELLING-HOUSE ACT.—No house is big enough for two wits to live in together!



Courteous Stranger. "Em—Would you like to see the Newspaper, Sir?"

[Exhausted Editor, who has seen nothing but Newspapers for the last four-and-twenty hours, looks aghast!

THE FORTIFICATION OF LONDON.

THE Dutch once came up the Thames and burnt our ships in the River. Catch anybody serving us the same trick now, at least in such weather as this, when the state of the Thames is such as not only to secure it from the approach of an invader, but also, alone, to maintain it irresistibly on the offensive. Whilst the Thames enables us to hold our own in holding our noses, as at present, there is little fear that any enemy will venture to show his nose in the River. That is our ditch of defiance; our moat inaccessible. The great Copropolitan tidal drain is a sewer-intrenchment against all adversaries, and will be found an impregnable British stronghold by the dirtiest foreigners, who have hitherto always been supposed to be much stronger than we are, including all the strength of our Great Unwashed. The most powerful of strangers to England and ablution will recoil from our overpowering Thames.

A Trifle from the River.

At the Thames Yacht Club Meeting the other day we observe that "Zouave got near *Vestal*, and then came *Alarm*." Just what would happen, we should think, if one of the red-breeched *vauriens* called Zouaves had the chance indicated. However, "after Zouave came on *Destiny*." If ever the situation be realised ashore, we trust that the rigging of the last-named craft will comprise one rope only.

A PRIZE BUTCHER.

THE sign-boards of certain rural hostleries of the good old style promise the equestrian traveller "Entertainment for Man and Horse." That is to say, eggs and bacon, bread and cheese, cold meat, perhaps, and chicken, are at the service of the biped; whilst the quadruped will find hay in his manger, and may get a feed of corn. The horse will be entertained with water; the man with beer and pipes. The entertainment of the one will differ considerably from that of the other. Until lately, the idea of a man and a horse entertaining themselves, or being entertained, with the same meals, would have been deemed absurd. The subjoined testimonial, however, appended to an advertisement of "HENRI and Co.'s Patent Horse and Cattle Feed," seems to show that, however ridiculous it may be to imagine the superior being, except in danger of starvation, resorting to the diet of the lower animal, that postposterous eccentricity is nevertheless a fact:—

"Dulwich.

"I hereby certify, that in consequence of having experienced the beneficial effects of HENRI & Co.'s Cattle Feed, I have taken one cwt. more, and will continue to use it, and also to recommend it to my friends and the public generally.

"GEORGE SHAW, Butcher."

A butcher, of all men, is the last one would expect to find regaling himself upon cattle food. Is MR. GEORGE SHAW a vegetarian? That is possible, even as a brewer may be a tectotaller; and many brewers, for reasons which are best known to themselves, never taste their own beer. What must that beer be, then, after it has undergone the manipulations of the publican? But this is a digression; and we return to MR. GEORGE SHAW, with the question, now that he has taken more than one cwt. of HENRI and Co.'s Patent Horse and Cattle Feed, how much he has gained in weight on that provender? Also, to what extent he carries his vegetable feeding; whether he ever grazes on a common; whether he munches the furze there, and the thistles? We hope we shall see MR. SHAW at the next Smithfield Club Cattle Show, among the spectators if not in one of the stalls; and wish him, in advance, a merry Christmas, and success to the beef which, as well as his own carcase, he has doubtless fattened on HENRI and Co.'s Horse and Cattle Feed.

AN ITALIAN ECHO.

"ITALIANS! What's your gain by Solferino?"
"Corpo di Bacco, English, bless'd if we know."

THE WESTMINSTER PALACE CLOCK.—Since it was thought time that this Clock should do something for its money, it has been decided to put it at the head of HER MAJESTY'S Stationary Office.

A SHYLOCK, AND A SKYLARK.

It is not often we find poetry in the purlieus of a Police Court, but the following case shows that it is sometimes to be met with there:

"JOHN PINNEY, a boy about fourteen years of age, was charged with stealing a cage containing a skylark, the property of a foreign Jew, named SOLOMON BERNARD POLACK, of No. 15, Mount Street, Whitechapel.

"MR. YARDLEY, after hearing the evidence, said, I shall sentence the prisoner to fourteen days' imprisonment for stealing the cage. As to the lark, it ought to be singing in the sky.

"The Prosecutor. It sings at my house.

"MR. YARDLEY. It ought to be singing in the air, over the fields and meadows. Do you recollect the beautiful lines beginning 'Hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings.'

"The Prosecutor. No, I know nothing of that.

"MR. YARDLEY. Give the lark freedom; release it.

"The Prosecutor. I will try. It cost no money.

"MR. YARDLEY. Now, do oblige me: release the bird.

"The Prosecutor. I'll try, I'll try. It cost me much money—think—the money, Sare! (Laughter.)"

We almost wish MR. YARDLEY could have acted like the "wise young judge" in SHAKESPEARE, and, like that "Daniel come to judgment," could legally have turned the tables on the Jew. We regret almost that skylarks are not subject to the Game Laws, and that any one caught catching them and caging them might "catch it." Larks are God's free creatures, and pray what earthly right can man claim to imprison them? Viewed as Nature's property, they belong to the green fields which MR. YARDLEY speaks of; and stealing them is clearly an act of petty larceny, which our Magistrates by law should have the power to punish. Humane man as he is, it would doubtless have rejoiced the heart of MR. YARDLEY, if, after sentencing the boy for the stealing of the cage, he could have sent the Jew to quod for the stealing of the skylark.

A Liberal Offer.

THERE is a hideous French column recently erected near the house of the late victor of Waterloo. We all cry out for its removal. Now, our friend L. N. of Solferino must just now want an Advertising Column, like his Uncle's in the Place Vendôme. Will he take ours? He shall have it so cheap, say for the value of the Italian Confederation. Is it a bargain?

THE HEAT.—We have it upon the most reliable authority (as the *Morning Advertiser* is always saying half a dozen times every day) that the keeper of the Koh-i-Noor diamond, when he went to look at it the other day, about dinner time, found to his astonishment that the "mountain of light" had been turned by the excessive heat into a heap of—the reader will never believe it—of boiled carats!—Record.

ADVERTISING COLUMNS.

IMPORTANT PUBLIC NOTICE!



So far from being an eyesore, and disfiguring the streets, *Mr. Punch* avers that his advertising columns adorn and greatly beautify the fortunate shop-windows in which they are displayed. *Mr. Punch nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*; and he may point with pride to his

EVERAL myriads of anxious correspondents requiring information, *Mr. Punch* begs to give notice, that the Bill which has been moved for "to prevent the setting up of advertising columns" will in no way interfere with the setting up, as usual, of His advertising columns. These columns will, as heretofore, be "set up" every week by his most careful of compositors, and no pains will be spared to keep out typical mistakes. *Mr. Punch* may speak with truth of his advertising columns as being at once useful and most highly ornamental. Unlike the mad monstrosity which now disfigures Hyde Park Corner, more even than the monster statue of the Duke, *Mr. Punch's* columns always are set up in good taste, and nothing that is objectionable is ever to be seen in them.

advertising columns, as proving with what good taste he blends ornament with use. It also is a proof of the good taste of the public that his advertising columns are held in such repute. Still, although each week adds inches to their high reputation, the charge for entrance to the columns remains at a low figure.

Mr. Punch concludes this notice by expressing his opinion that, while the public have His advertising columns at command, there can be no public need of having any others; and he therefore begs to pat *MR. COWPER* on the back, for bringing in his Bill to prevent the setting up of columns by French companies, whom, if need be, *Mr. Punch* will use his columns to set down.

THE BRITISH PEERAGE.

At high water the other day, Father Thames was elevated to the House of Peers. His reception was not of the most cordial nature, all doors and windows being unceremoniously closed to prevent, if possible, his admission. The Peers, too, fled hastily in all directions to avoid being brought into contact with this very superfluous, and anything but agreeable, addition to their aristocratic House. The question is, what can be done to purify the dirty old gentleman, so that he shall smell sweeter in the nostrils of their offended Lordships; or, better still, what precautionary measures can be resorted to in order to prevent for the future similar unpleasant introductions?

Negative Proof.

It is said by the first of eritics that a Great Poet is discerned in his knowing when not to write. It is said of *LOUIS NAPOLEON*, by his admirers, that he is a perfect master of the art of fortification. He evidently knows when to let a fortification alone.

COMPANION TO THE HYMENEAL ALTAR.

THE aristocracy, and other persons of good taste and high refinement, are apprised by the subjoined announcement of a means by which they may pay an elegant compliment to persons about to merit, or who may have just merited, that delicate attention:—

"AN APPROPRIATE WEDDING GIFT,
In square 16mo, price 7s. 6d., elegantly bound,

THE MARRIAGE SERVICE,

Printed in Gold on a tinted card-board, and illustrated with emblematical designs on every page."

This truly interesting and exquisite novelty offers an opportunity of eligible investment to those industrious and enterprising young gentlemen who hawk the penny papers about the streets, and introduce their heads into omnibuses, with cries of "*Daily Telegraph!*" or "*Evening Star!*" If they would lay in a stock of the resplendent edition of the Marriage Service above described, and, posting themselves every morning at the doors of St. George's, Hanover Square, thrust a copy into every carriage containing ladies crowned with orange-flowers, and gentlemen with white satin bows in their button-holes, they would sell immense numbers of that appropriate wedding-gift, perhaps without much danger of getting their heads punched for impertinence by the bridegroom's "best man." On the contrary, it is probable that the graceful act would be rewarded with many a sunny smile bestowed on the gallant urchin, and accompanied with the sympathetic greeting, "Welcome, little stranger!"

The Marriage Service, illustrated with doves probably, and Cupids, and printed in gold letters on tinted paper, is a step in advance of the silver twist which unites the fashionable couple, represented by their respective pasteboards, in an envelope enclosed to their friends. So gold lace excels silver lace; and the Marriage Service akin to the former would be a suitable companion to that Altar which persons whose pronunciation is peculiar call High-Menial.

PUNCH TO CAVOUR.

"COUNT CAVOUR * * * has retired in disgust, from the proud position he has so long filled."—*Times*, July 14th.

COUNT O'CAVOURNEEN, the bubble is breaking,
You've had the last scene, Solferino's red hill,
The cannons no longer the echoes are waking,

COUNT O'CAVOURNEEN, what, Minister still?
O hast thou forgot the diplomacy clever

In which thou didst bear so distinguished a part,
Thy vow to clear out all the Hapsbugs for ever?
The vermin still linger, CAVOUR of my heart.

CAVOURNEEN, CAVOURNEEN, the dead lie in numbers
Beneath the torn turf where the living made fight;
In the bed of My Uncle the EMPEROR slumbers,

But Italy's Hapsbugs continue to bite.
Well done, my CAVOUR, they have cut short the struggle
That fired all the pulses of Italy's heart;

And in turning thy back on the humbug and juggle;
CAVOUR, thou hast played a proud gentleman's part.

HARVEY'S BONES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, writing about the remains of the illustrious HARVEY, says:—

"The person who showed me the vault rattled the bones, apparently as part of the exhibition."

Had this knave a notion that he was paying a suitable honour to the memory of an anatomist, when he rattled the bones of the great discoverer of the circulation of the blood? Without attaching too much importance to bones, we may suggest that HARVEY's might be, at least, allowed to rest, instead of being rattled. A fellow who would rattle HARVEY's bones would also rattle those of SHAKSPEARE, or play at loggats with them, if he were not afraid of the malediction which protects those relics from irreverent clowns.

THE MODERN "STAR CHAMBER."—The EARL OF ROSSE's Telescope.



Old Mr. Dibbs. "WHY, GEORGE! YOU NEVER RIDE HERE IN THE AFTERNOON—HOW'S THAT?"

Young Swellington. "NO-O-O. IT LOOKS AS IF ONE HAD SOME OCCUPATION, YOU KNOW, AND COULDN'T WIDE OF A MORNING. I ALWAYS WIDE BEFORE BREAKFAST, BETWEEN ELEVEN AND ONE!"

ECONOMY OF THE BUDGET.

As safely a man may live up to his means,
Upon his mere labour whose whole income leans,
As he who subsists on the surest of rents,
Or on interest due from the firm Three-per-Cents.

On the strength of precarious earnings, he may
Be quite as luxurious, jolly, and gay,
Keep house, horse, and carriage in just as fine style
As long on his toil as Dame Fortune shall smile.

His charity needs no more measure nor stint
Than it would if his hand or his head were a mint;
He may give without danger, or lend without fear,
If he just keeps within what he earns by the year.

For old age or misfortune ne'er let him provide,
But spend all he gets upon pleasure or pride,
For he has no greater occasion to save,
Than one who is sure to go rich to his grave.

Oh, oh! do you cry? do you question my rule?
Do you even declare that I talk like a fool?
Don't you see that of prudence the point I advance,
Is a truth that's deduced from the soundest finance?

The principle wise legislators enforce,
That income is income, no matter its source,
And whether uncertain it be, or secure,
Should just the same weight of taxation endure.

Now taxes, 'tis clear to a person of sense,
Are perfectly like any other expense,
And those who afford them with quite equal ease,
Are equally able to live as they please.

But if I'm mistaken—if want may await
Each man that's unblest with a certain estate,
That man is a fool to spend all that he gains
By the sweat of his brow or the wear of his brains.

That man is a fool, if, with confidence rash,
He lives like the landlord or man of fixed cash:
That equal expense which 'twere folly to share,
Is injustice to him forced its burden to bear.

Now then, clever Sir, you who have to compose
The Budget, and make us all pay through the nose,
Your wisdom will find some contrivance, no doubt,
A fair contribution to wring from each snout.

CLOSING OF THE THEATRE OF WAR.

OUR readers—that is, everybody—will rejoice, we think, to hear that a new farce having lately been accepted by the Managers, it is announced that this theatre is closed till further notice. In consequence of their production of this peace, the (field-)pieces which have recently been brought out at the Theatre have, by order of the Management, for the present been withdrawn. The new peace, the plot of which is taken from the French, is called *The Peace of Villafranca*, or *The Patched-up Treaty*. It is a peace of serious interest, though some critics regard it in the nature of a farce. After the tragedy of *The Campaign*, any peace, however frivolous, is an agreeable relief; and we trust that the accepted peace may, have a good long run.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.—The first thing a man takes to in life is Milk—the last is, his Bier.

A SECRET ABOUT SECRETS.—A Secret is my Slave as long as I keep it under; a Secret is my Master the moment it escapes from me.



THE TURCOS, AND THEIR MODE OF FIGHTING. FROM THE LATEST FRENCH ACCOUNTS AND SKETCHES.

SONG OF THE IMPRISONED MEMBER.

My back is tired of Park and Square :
 My kennelled pointers pant for air ;
 My trees at home are fresh and green ;
 My Highland bothy's swept and clean ;
 The grouse are crowing on the hill ;
 The red-deer crouching in the gyll—
 The sun is hot, the Thames is strong,
 The House is drear, the Session long.

Oh, would I were by Solent's side,
 Where white-winged yachts at anchor ride ;
 Oh, would I were beside the pool,
 Beneath the hazel shadows cool,
 With rising trout and circling fly,
 And soft west wind in cool grey sky !
 Not stifling, in St. Stephens' here,
 Debaters' prosing in my ear !

For country air I pant and pine ;
 I have no appetite to dine :
 E'en iced gin-twist can cool no more,
 And sherry-coblers are a bore :
 The smell of Thames is in my nose :
 The flags are hot beneath my toes—
 Fly, Session, fly : dissolve, O House,
 And speed me to the sacred grouse !

Hadfield of Sheffield.

"A LAMP upon a dinner-table is objectionable," said an eminent diner-out, at the Reform Club ; "in the first place, it takes up room, and in the second, it prevents your seeing your opposite neighbour. Rely upon it, there is nothing like a hanging light." "Yes," said MR. HADFIELD, "or what is called in Latin, *Pendente lite*."

MR. RAREY'S EXHIBITIONS.—Entertainment both for Man and Horse.

IS IT "J.?"

MR. PUNCH, writing nobly himself, can afford to enjoy noble writing by others, and so far from possessing any of that meanness of spirit which leads some folks to detract from the merits of their rivals, he delights to bring forward with honour and glory anything that deserves applause. In that beautiful spirit, he extracts from the *Leicester Guardian* the following exquisite account of a *tête* in Bradgate Park, good-naturedly lent for the purpose by the EARL OF STAMFORD AND WARRINGTON :—

"The day was the Queen of Summer's fairest, not a cloud obscured the sky, whilst a refreshing breeze gently wafted through the studded slopes and glens, and as the happy gatherings, exuberant with mirth in the plenitude of their gambols, their innocent pastimes and recreations, luxuriated well-nigh to satiety, their cup of joy was filled to overflowing by the soul-stirring strains of the band, which continuously poured forth from the venerable ruins with magic grandeur and sublimity."

Isn't it sweet ?

The same lofty and lovely style is preserved in personal narrative, for we are next apprised that—

"THE COUNTESS OF STAMFORD AND WARRINGTON, who, with the Noble Earl, was engaged in piscatorial pursuits throughout the day, kindly forwarded to MR. H. NICHOLSON, the handsome sum of £25,"

which was very kind of her Ladyship. It would have been vulgar, when a Countess was being spoken of, to say that she was fishing ; and Mr. Punch makes his best compliments to the Editor of the *Leicester Guardian*, and congratulates him upon the charming contributor whose services he is happy enough to have at command. Our friend the *Post* has long since got rid of its old taint of Jenkinsism ; but—a thought strikes us!—has the ostracised JENKINS taken refuge in Leicester ?

Hapsburg.

THIS celebrated House, which has lately received such a severe shaking, is about to change its name. So subject has it been to crosses and reverses lately—so much so that its foundation is by no means so sound as it used to be—that for the future it is to be called "THE HOUSE OF MISHAPSBURG."

A REAL SCOTCH ROMANCE.



mended my shoes, and his son—BALDIE—listed in our regiment, was present at many a hard battle along with me. I got a severe wound at Toulouse, and, under the care of a pretty Italian girl, a servant in a noble family, got quite recovered of the bullet wound, but not so easy of the wound made by her dark eyes. In short, they were married, and had one child. Ever I left France, he went along with the family to Italy. They could never call him BALDIE GARROW, but GARIBALDI, and his son, I am certain, is the present great commander.

"On my return to Stirling in the evening, I made strict inquiry, and find there are still a great many families of the name of GARROW: and an old man of the name of DANIEL KARR recollects the same BALDIE having enlisted in the gallant Forty-Two. Delighted with my success, I determined to communicate to you as soon as I returned, in the hope that your giving publicity to the foregoing, may elicit something more concerning this mystery.

"25, Hill Street, Glasgow, June, 1859."

"I am, &c.,

"JOHN SINCLAIR."

There, young ladies! isn't that a nice romantic story? and how eloquently it proves that in the quality of strangeness fiction falls far short of being comparable with fact! The mending of the shoes by the venerable "auld grandfather;" the listing of the fiery and frolicsome young BALDIE, who, not content to step in his aged parent's shoes, aspired in his soul to higher things than soles; the "mouy" battles BALDIE fought; his wounds by black eyes and by bullets; his nursing, love, and marriage; and the birth and boy-behaviour of his first and only chy-ld, who grew up like ALEXANDER, and became a "great commander;"—what novelist could hope to fill up his three volumes with a string of more exciting incidents than these? How sad it is to think, that there are brutal-minded readers who unfeelingly would question the truth of the narration; who would prick up their sharp ears at the first words of the story-teller, and very likely pencil a curt query in the margin, as to whether the word "faith!" is a Scottish exclamation, and whether all that follows be not similarly false.

For ourselves, so far from casting any doubt upon the statement, we believe that, in reality, it falls short of the facts. We believe that its narrator, had he further taxed his memory, might have remembered that, while serving with the "gallant Forty-two," he "kent" the forty-second cousin of GENERAL GYULAI, whose name by those of his relations who could write was written "GILLIE;" whose birthplace was the "Hielands," and whose Court dress was the kilt. Had he further stretched his memory, he might have also recollected that GENERAL MACMAHON was a hero of Scotch parentage, as, indeed, is plainly indicated by the prefix "Mac;" and that the French hero, CANROBERT, was by family a Briton, having in his infancy been christened "ROBERT CANN." So, too, we opine that, by a little further stretch, the "intelligent old man" might have still further recollected that the soldier BALDIE GARROW was so called from being bald; and that he inherited his baldness from his "faither," who was scalped by the Red Indians, when they fought at Bunker's Hill, commanded by the Austrian—but then Yankee—GENERAL SCHLICK.

All this, we repeat, might the old pensioner have stated, had his hearers only lent him their long ears a little longer. We, who in our youth have turned believing aural organs to the tales of Greenwich pensioners, can quite easily imagine what Scotch veterans could tell us. The keen air of the north is sharpening to the wits, and invention comes to aid when memory is fading. Had MR. ANDERSON been treated to a sup or two of "whusky" he might have made up something stronger than this tale of his about the mother of GARIBALDI, which our readers will, we fear, consider as a *mere's-nest*.

THE fact that oatmeal is extremely fattening for ducks, may account for the rare growth of this fine Scotch *canard*, which appeared the other day in the *Glasgow Bulletin*:—

"GARIBALDI A SCOTSMAN.

"SIR,—Being allowed two days' recreation last week, I bent my way to the banks of the Allan, to enjoy a day's fishing. In my rambles I neared Greenloaning, where I met an old man—by name, JAMES ANDERSON, pensioner, late of the 42nd Highlanders—and a most intelligent old man I found him to be. After the weather, the next great topic of the day was the war. I had bought a copy of your paper at the Bridge in the morning, which I gave him. He said, as most others do, that GARIBALDI was the hero of this war; and, with laughing face, exclaimed, 'Faith, we may be proud of him; I kent his father and grandfather baith.' Of course I questioned him about him, when he related the following:—

"His grandfather, and JAMES GARROW, was a shoemaker at the auld brig o' Stirling, who often

brag'd along wi' his

TO AND FROM THE WAR.

TO.

THERE came an Emperor over the sea,
(And it's "Up with the Tricolor!")
And outspake the heart of Italy.
(Joy, joy—this is Freedom's war!)

To the boom and the flash of three hundred guns,
(And it's "Up with the Tricolor!")
To greet the Deliverer Genoa runs.
(Joy, joy—this is Freedom's war!)

Men, and women, and children small,
(And it's "Up with the Tricolor!")
There's a cheer from each, and a smile from all.
(Joy, joy—this is Freedom's war!)

The flowers are flung before his boat,
(And it's "Up with the Tricolor!")
A people's blessings about him float.
(Joy, joy—this is Freedom's war!)

What works beneath that guarded breast?
(And it's "Up with the Tricolor!")
So strange and sweet it is to be blest!
(Joy, joy—this is Freedom's war!)

As in Genoa, so in Milan,
(And it's "Up with the Tricolor!")
The faith of woman—the trust of man.
(Joy, joy—this is Freedom's war!)

At length he knows what 'tis to move—
(And it's "Up with the Tricolor!")
Girt about by a people's love.
(Joy, joy—this is Freedom's war!)

'Tis thus to the war NAPOLEON goes,
(And it's "Up with the Tricolor!")
His friends are Italy's—his, her foes.
(Joy, joy—this is Freedom's war!)

FROM.

THROUGH those same streets who rideth back,
(And it's "Down with the Tricolor!")
With brooding silence about his track.
(Woe, woe—was it Freedom's war?)

Men and women, and children small,
(And it's "Down with the Tricolor!")
There's a frown from each, and a curse from all.
(Woe, woe—was it Freedom's war?)

The tongue that blessed to ban doth wait,
(And it's "Down with the Tricolor!")
And a Nation's love is turned to hate.
(Woe, woe—was it Freedom's war?)

Close brow, close breast: yet something shows,
(And it's "Down with the Tricolor!")
That old, familiar, chill he knows.
(Woe, woe—was it Freedom's war?)

From the horror that tracks the Tyrant's tread,
(And it's "Down with the Tricolor!")
The shade of the sword over DAMOCLES' head.
(Woe, woe—was it Freedom's war?)

The thorn hath borne but thorny fruit,
(And it's "Down with the Tricolor!")
And thistles have sprung from the thistle-root.
(Woe, woe—was it Freedom's war?)

The scarce-sheathed daggers are flashing fain,
(And it's "Down with the Tricolor!")
And the plotters, turned soldiers, are plotters again.
(Woe, woe—was it Freedom's war!)

'Tis thus from the war NAPOLEON goes,
(And it's "Down with the Tricolor!")
His friends are Austria's—his, her foes.
(Woe, woe—'twas not Freedom's war!)

MATRIMONIAL ALLIES.



WE understand that Colonel the Hon. JOSEPH BUGGINS, brother of LORD BUGGINS, and Private Secretary to the DUKE of ABERDEENSHOTT, is about to form a matrimonial alliance with the Hon. Miss BLOGG, daughter of LORD and LADY BUNHILL. A matrimonial alliance will shortly take place between the LADY SUSANNAH DORCAS PODGERS, youngest daughter of the EARL OF CARRAWAY, and Mr. JACOB BEAN, second son of Mr. ABRAHAM BEAN and LADY SARAH BEAN, of Strathfogie, N.B." Such, in essentials, which do not include names, are the terms of a recent announcement in the *Post*, headed "Approaching Marriages in High Life."

Why are marriages in high life always called, in the language of that superior state of existence, matrimonial alliances? Is it that they are not, in fact, regular out-and-out marriages, like the conjugal unions of the inferior classes? Is high life so much of a heaven that there are no such things as common coarse marriages in it? Does matrimonial alliance mean an engagement which somewhat resembles matrimony, but is by no means identical with that union? We know that when a matrimonial alliance between persons of quality is ratified at St. George's, Hanover Square, the Marriage Service is read, every word of it, in the vulgar tongue, out of the Common Prayer Book; although dignity is usually imparted to the rite by the Bishop who generally performs it, assisted by a clergyman who is an Honourable as well as a Reverend gent. Before the law, therefore, a matrimonial alliance and a marriage are precisely the same thing. What, then, constitutes the social difference between them? If the matrimonial alliance is not a complete marriage, in what particular is it less than a marriage? In the alliance, the hands of the high contracting parties are joined as hard and fast as those of the lowest couple in the marriage. Are the matrimonial allies of high life supposed to be distinguished from common married people by the non-existence of union between their hearts?

A SONNET UPON A SCENT.

A LEARNED Chemist writeth to the *Times*,
That Thames stink is innocuous—"merc ammonia,"
That neither sulphuret reeks from its slimes;
Nor carburet. Oh, had that Chemist on'y a
Lodging upon Thames-brink, (as for my crimes
I have, I grieve to say) his brains were stonier,
Steeled to all tests, save that sure test which climbs
Into the nose, and I would bet a pony a-
gainst science upon smell. Oh, let these rhymes,
At which I sweat, under my light Siphonia,
(A Templar—one whom London smoke begrimes,
And briefless prospects steep in melancoonia—)
Proclaim (whate'er tests prove, howe'er THWAITES limes)
Thames-mud ain't smelling-salts—pace the *Times*.

BAVARIAN SMALL BEER.

WE are ashamed to say, that we have a namesake at Munich, if the Paris correspondent of a contemporary is quite correct in making the subjoined statement:—

"The *Punch* of Munich, in its last number, contains the following:—'Proud Albion is rejoicing in its neutrality; the Thames becomes daily more fetid.' The readers of the Munich *Punch* think this very fine and witty."

Mr. *Punch* is happy in the certainty that he has no readers, indeed, no one reader, so profoundly stupid as the readers of *Herr Punch*, of Munich. Wherein do the fineness and the factiousness of the parallel between England's rejoicing in neutrality and the daily increase of the Thames in offensiveness, consist? As the weather grew hotter, the stench of the river increased; but, whilst the war proceeded, the neutrality of proud Albion remained the same. Our neutrality may have been disagreeable and unpleasant to the sanguine absolutists who expected the assistance of a free people; but neutrality is mild, and the Thames, like some unwashed, recking, beery, smoky people, not far from the Isler, is full-flavoured.

HERO-WORSHIP AT ST. CLOUD.

To celebrate the return of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, crowned with victory, Imperial service was celebrated on Tuesday evening last week at the Palace of St. Cloud, where his MAJESTY in person received the homage of his votaries, consisting of the Senators, Deputies, and members of the Council of State, together with the grand officers of state, and ladies of honour.

The celebrants were, M. TROPLONG, the COUNT DE MORNAY, and M. BAROCHE, Presidents, respectively, of the Senate, of the Legislative Body, and of the Council of State. They wore gorgeous vestments of the finest cloth embroidered with gold lace, in combination with plush of inexpressible splendour, and the most brilliant pumps and buckles.

The imposing ceremony was commenced by M. TROPLONG, in prostrating himself thrice before the EMPEROR, repeating at each genuflexion the words, "*Salam Aleikoum!*" when the dignified assistants responded, "*Aleikoum Salam!*" This done, the adoring servant incensed his master; not, indeed, offending him by any excess of adulation, but fumigating him by means of a thurible, or censer, whence a grateful smoke ascended to a nose which had room enough for some quantity.

Having again knelt, and embraced and passionately kissed the EMPEROR's feet, TROPLONG then proceeded to vindicate his name by addressing his IMPERIAL MAJESTY with a glorification of a length that allows us to quote only some of it. Thus began the sacrifice of praise:—

"Sire,—If your Majesty, consulting only the superiority of your arms, had allowed the war to continue, the general feeling in France, and perhaps in Europe, is that nothing would have delayed your irresistible march, and that Magenta and Solferino would have been followed by new triumphs. Why, then, did the EMPEROR resolve to stop at the height of fortune?

"Your Majesty has told us."

At these emphatic words, the congregation lifted up their eyes and smote their breasts: some wept. They comprehended that if the EMPEROR had not vouchsafed to reveal his gracious purpose, it would have been inscrutable.

M. TROPLONG then proceeded to tell his IMPERIAL MAJESTY what it was that his IMPERIAL MAJESTY had told his creatures,—exactly as an Archbishop sometimes does in a similar composition. He then burst into the following strain of panegyric:—

"Sire, Franco has understood this noble language; she has recognised in it your devotedness to her, as well as your elevated foresight in the presence of unjust jealousies, and of the extravagant pretensions of revolutionary passions. After having followed you with pride to the field of battle, she admires and sanctions you in that heroic moderation which belongs only to great characters."

Not any nausea being manifested by him to whom this homage was rendered, the sacrificator proceeded, carried away by his enthusiasm, which, assuming a classical character, rapt him into antiquity, with reference to SCIPIO and HANNIBAL. He concluded by performing a symbolical ceremony, which consisted in presenting LOUIS NAPOLEON with a plate of bacon cut preternaturally fat.

DE MORNAY, kneeling, with clasped hands, burst out in the following devout exclamation:—

"Sire,—In three months how many prodigies have been witnessed!"

He then went on to relate the marvellous works of the Victor of Magenta and Solferino, and the hero of a fight yet more tremendous; saying:—

"But the noblest of all victories is that which you have gained over yourself. In the intoxication of triumph, you have shown yourself a generous enemy as well as a faithful and disinterested ally; surrounded by victorious and a-dent soldiers, you have only thought of sparing their precious blood; you have given to Italy true liberty by freeing her from despotism, and by interdicting there all revolutionary proceedings; and with the marvellous moderation which characterises you, you have gone as far as the honour of France called for, but not further than her interests required."

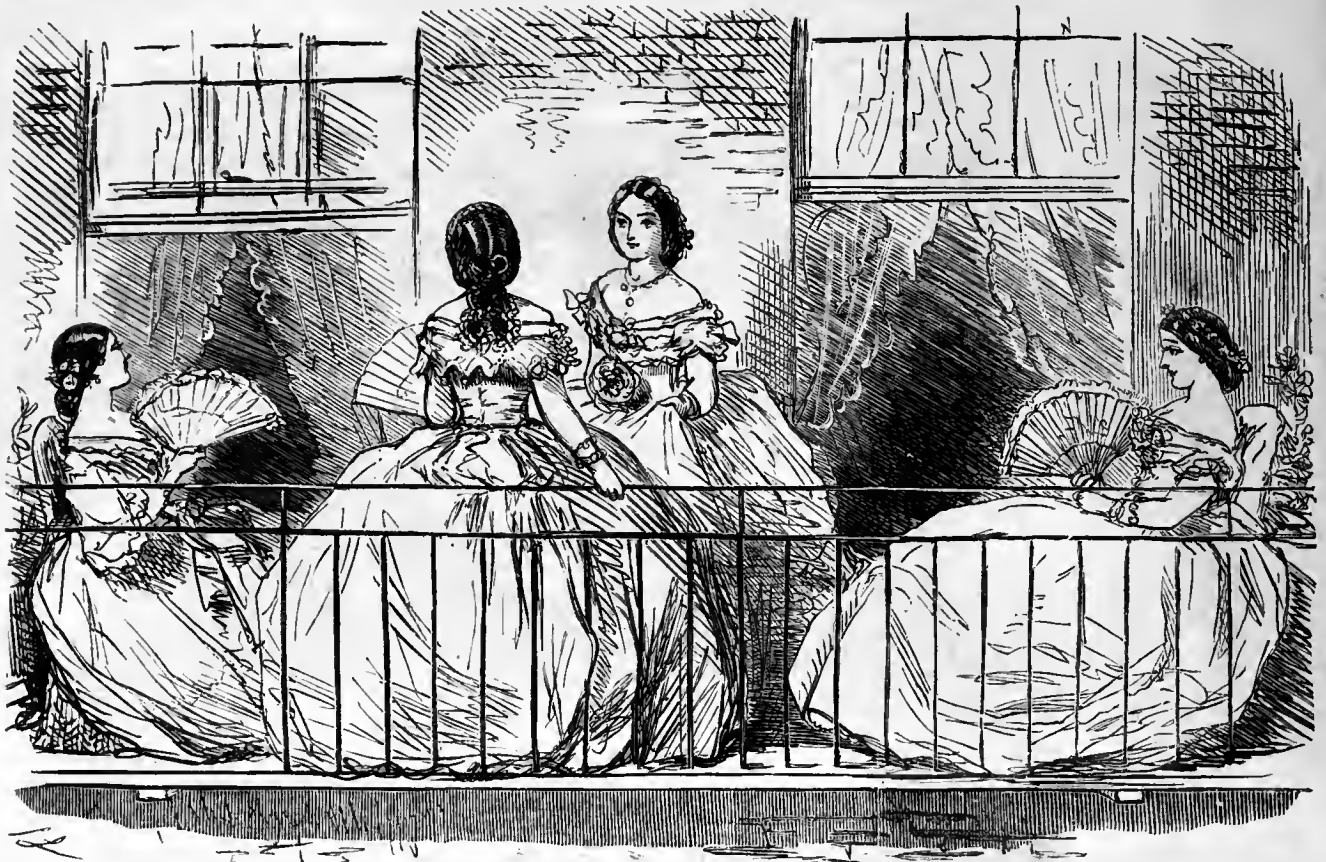
M. BAROCHE, with truly religious earnestness, pronounced the following benediction:—

"Blessed be God, who brings you back safe, covered with fresh glory, to France, of which you are the saviour and the hope, between this august Consort, of whose firm courage and lofty reason we have had proofs during your absence, and this noble child, who already learns to thank Heaven for the triumphs of his father."

So saying, the Minister knelt and reverently tendered to the EMPEROR a packet of soap composed of the purest glycerine; whilst his two companions, in the same humble posture, laid each of them hold of an Imperial leg, and began vigorously to clean the boot thereof, by means of a towel moistened with rose-water, earnestly declaring what pleasure they should have felt, had not the boots consisted of patent leather, in giving them a splendid polish with the most refulgent blacking. The solemnities concluded with a sacred dance, executed by the ladies and gentlemen of honour bright.

Board of Ill-health.

MR. CHARLES KEAN, we regret to say, has been very unwell since the night of his "Banquet," having had on that occasion to swallow a quantity of the rankest butter.



“OH, THAT I WERE IN THAT BALCONY!”

WISH EXPRESSED BY LITTLE TOM TIT, AS HE WALKED IN THE TIGHTEST OF BOOTS, ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET.

THE MILLENNIUM ARRIVED.

FROM Alps to Adriatic
Now Italy is free,
Though not quite democratic
As she may wish to be;
In Venice though remaining,
The Kaiser keeps a throne;
The POPE a new name gaining,
And holding still his own.

All Europe's flaws are mended,
And France has won renown;
All quarrels are well ended,
So we shall settle down.
The master of the regions
That lie next Britain's land,
Will have no work for legions
Which he'll, of course, disband.

All sorts of swords and sabres
To ploughshares we shall turn,
Because, our good French neighbours
War will no longer learn.
All guns, now Discord's stifled,
And Peace prevails at last,



Instead of being rifled,
For boilers will be cast.

No national defences
Requiring for our shores,
To pay their past expenses,
We'll sell off all our stores,
Avoiding new taxation;
Hope told a flattering tale:
Oh, fond imagination!
How very like a whale!

Palpable.

Two men were convicted, on a recent Friday, by MR. BROUGHTON, of having endeavoured to obtain money from the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER! The poor demented wretches have been sent to a criminal prison. Where is the Lunatics' Friend Society? Where is the gallant CHARLES READE?

A ROSE WITHOUT THORNS.—A Woman Without Nails.

How to Sweat Sovereigns.

THIS process is done most effectually by a series of revolutions following closely one upon another. A long line of sovereigns has been known to disappear in this way very quickly. The Bourbon dynasty in France vanished entirely by means of this process—and so completely that there is not a feature of them left in the country, excepting in some old antiquarian's museum.

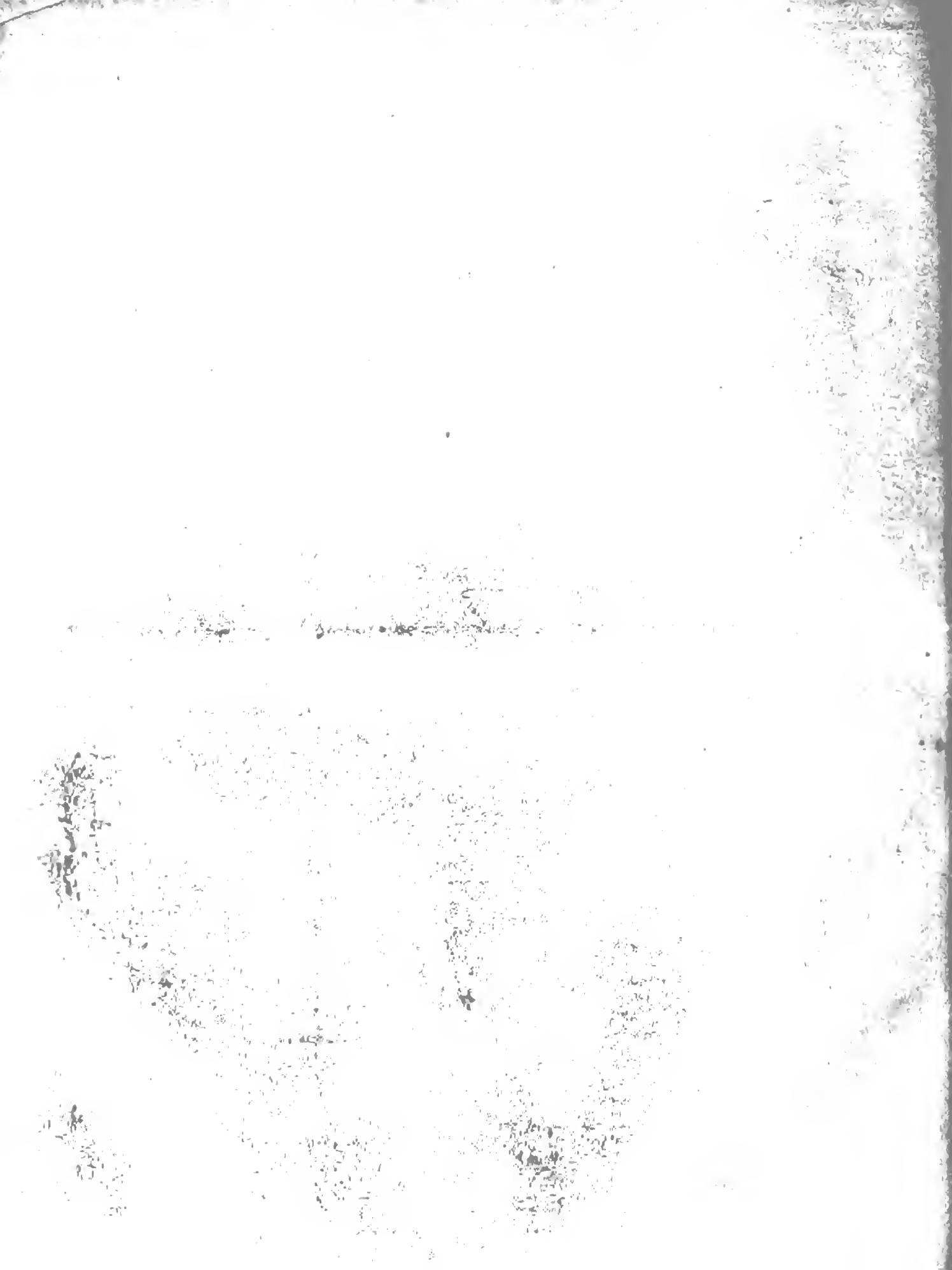
The Knife and the Lancet.

A PORK butcher, be it respectfully said, is so far in advance of the medical knowledge of the age, inasmuch as he both kills *and* cures. Now, it is rare indeed that a doctor can achieve more than one of those delicate operations successfully at a time; at all events, there is no living proof of the two having ever been performed completely to the patient's satisfaction.



AN UNPLEASANT NEIGHBOUR.

MR. BOLT. "HERE HAVE I GOT TO PAY DOUBLE INSURANCE, ALL ALONG OF YOUR CONFOUNDED FIREWORKS!"



KING PUNCH SWEARETH ALLEGIANCE TO THE
(BRITISH) QUEEN OF FRUIT.



Oh, juicier than the cherry!
Oh, sweeter than raspberry!
Oh, what delight,
To appetite,
Can equal thee, Strawberry!

E'en creams, though iced by
VERREY,
E'en coblers named from
Sherry,
Are not more sweet
In summer's heat,
Than thy cool fruit, Straw-
berry!

Of turtle-soup a plateful
Is not to me more grateful:
Not ducks and peas
This child so please;
Without thee life were hate-
ful!

Not melon or mulberry,
Although they're luscious,
very,
Not peach, or pine,
Or nectarine,
Compare with thee, Straw-
berry!

Oh, bliss when with a pottle
Of Queens I cool my throttle!
I envy not,
The topping sot,
Who cools his with a bottle.

With cream when thou art blended,
Some deem thy flavour mended,
Yet 'tis such treat
To taste thee neat,
I sigh when thou art ended.

Though cherries hang in clusters
As large as waxlight lustres,
Their size will ne'er
With thine compare,
Thy berries grow such busters!

More fragrant e'en than roses,
Or Covent Garden posies,
Thou art as sweet
To smell as eat,
And charn't both mouths and noses.

With thee no fruit compareth,
Thy crown no rival shareth:
To thee, I ween,
Oh, British Queen,
King Punch allegiance sweareth!

WHAT WE ARE INDEBTED TO THE FRENCH EMPEROR.

The *entente cordiale* has been maintained at an expense of thirteen millions additionally of taxation every year. Eight millions of these are spent on warlike armaments. This has been going on ever since the beginning of the French Emperor's reign. In truth, LOUIS NAPOLEON has been a very dear friend to England. The question is, if friendship, like gold, may not be bought too dearly. The article ought to be of the most precious value, and of the most refined description, to command so high a price. Is the *entente cordiale* worth purchasing at that extravagant rate? and has JOHN BULL grown such a mad spendthrift in his epicurean tastes, as to be able to spend thirteen millions every year in the mere outlay of "cordials" alone? We can recollect the time when the old fellow spurned such effeminate luxuries, and was all the healthier for it. The British Constitution does not need the support of French cordials.

THE LATEST MARVEL IN THE NEST-BUILDING WAY.—A little Wren has built its nest in the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER'S pocket! It has not been disturbed since it laid its first egg.

A FEAST FOR A PHILOLOGIST.

"LOOKEE here, *Mr. Punch*. Here, now, 's an intercustn parrigraff vor 'ee out o' the *Times* noozepyaaper:—

"PRINCE LUCIEN BONAPARTE.—PRINCE LUCIEN BONAPARTE is at present sojourn- ing among the hills at Stanhope and St. John's in Weardale, translating the Song of Solomon into the dialect of the county of Durham. He will proceed hence to Craven with a view of translating the book into the Yorkshire dialect."

"Now, Zur, I wunder what that are 's vor. Is this here BONYPART gwiun to translate the Zong o' Zolomon into Durham and Yorkshire vor to have un zet to music and zung in them there dialicks? Cause if zo, there's another wherein I'm bound to zay that are zong or ar another ood zound a precious dale swater nor in ather o' they. I manes the Hampshire tongue, which is the one ZOLOMON his self would ha chose to write his riginal zong in if he'd only a know'd on't. 'Tis the purtiest in all England, ever so fur, a young conan in the planner parts, bates the nightingull holler, and in the base, a chap wi a strong vice, down the bottom o' the droat, makes the pewter pots ring again. Next thing BONYPART does you tell'n to come down among we, and we'll tache un to translaait the Zong o' Zolomon: aye, and zing ut too melojus enough to charm the heart of a broomstiek.

"I be, your umble sarvant,
"BRISTLEFINCH."

"The Piggery, Snoutbridge, July, 1859."

FUMUS GLORIA MUNDI.

IN a will case a few days ago, SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL, remark- ing on an allegation that one of a certain Lunatic's habits was to smoke a good deal, is reported to have said:—

"I have a great objection to smoking, but certainly I should not carry my objec- tion so far as to hold that it was evidence of insanity."

Different things are objectionable to different men. *Mr. Punch* happens to be fond of his weed, but, if ocaasion arose, would probably say this:—

"I have a great objection to lawyers, but certainly I should not carry my objec- tion so far as to refuse to dine with a clever judge, like CRESSWELL, for instance, if he asked me."

After this, it is only necessary for *Mr. Punch* to mention that he is disengaged for Saturday fortnight.

[On second thoughts, *Mr. Punch* supposes that SIR C. CRESSWELL, as a Divorce Judge, said his say to please the female world, which looks up to him with a certain fascinated admiration. Probably he had his cigar-case in his pocket in the robing-room all the time.]

EMPERORS AT ODDS.

ON arriving before the walls of Verona, says LOUIS NAPOLEON,

"I found before me Europe in arms, ready either to dispute our successes, or to aggravate our reverses."

FRANCIS-JOSEPH, on the contrary, declares that he found himself likely to obtain less favourable terms from Europe in arms than those which it was probable that LOUIS NAPOLEON would dictate to him. He was afraid that Europe in arms would aggravate his reverses, and by no means dispute the successes of his adversary. It is to be hoped that there is some mistake between the two Emperors, for at any rate that which lies between their Imperial Majesties is not the truth. Is it quite certain that they knew what they were about, or that they know what they are about now, in making impracticable agreements for the settlement of Italy? The most respectful and moderate con- clusion to which we can come is, that one of these august personages is a booby. May *Titania* haply awake, and find out *Bottom*?

A Double-Edged Motto.

THE Saloon Omnibus Company (which may be compared to the Westminster Clock, inasmuch as everybody seems anxious—and no- body able—to get it wound up) bears, on its vehicles, the motto "*Jam omnibus satis*." One of the factions Counsel of the Bankruptcy Court the other day expressed his hope that this motto,—which he translated "enough for everybody"—might be found applicable by the creditors, when the Company's assets came to be divided. We should prefer to apply the motto to the unlucky Shareholders, and to translate it, "We've had quite enough of omnibussing by this time."

THE H. P. C. NUISANCE.

THE present DUKE OF WELLINGTON has done one thing which his heroic father never did. He has made an unsuccessful attack upon a French Column.



ALARMING EPIDEMIC—THE WHISTLEPHOBIA.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MR. PUNCH was condescending enough to explain to the world, last week, how the Thames breezes drove him from town, after the Thursday night's debate. In consequence of his absence the discussions on Friday were entirely without interest. In the Lords there was some unprofitable talk about the unprofitable peace, and something of the same sort took place in the Commons. The latter, however, got to work, and voted all the Army Estimates and a good many Civil Service ones, and were informed that we shall soon have 300 Armstrong rifled cannon. Mr. Punch passed four days on his back on his lovely lawn, reading MR. TENNYSON'S new volume of poems, giving, of course, a day to each of the four. (He may remark, *en passant*, that the Laureate's Quadrilateral is a noble fortification of his fame.) The number of cigars and the quantity of iced liquids which he imbibed during that happy horizontalism are nobody's business but his own. Finally, he got so imbued with the Laureate's beautiful work, that he would think and talk of nothing else, addressed his children as *Enid* and *Elaine*, and upon Mrs. Punch's caressing his manly beard, and suggesting an extra cheque for some ridiculous purpose, responded—

"With all my heart, my pretty Vivien."

In this mood he returned to town on Monday night, in order to hear the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER open his Budget, but the exquisite Tennysonian music clung to his brain, and he actually composed the following *resumé* of the speech, without being aware that he had turned it into poetry:—

GLADSTONE the good, GLADSTONE the eloquent,
GLADSTONE, the Chancellor of the Exchequer,
Rose in the chamber on the Moon's warm night,
And gave long talk to the perspiring throng,
The while the Thames stank like the very deuce,
Lime striving vainly with his tainted slime.

And GLADSTONE, gravely smiling on them, said:
"Sit still and gather honey. I presume
Before I state the expedients I design,
'Twere well I summarised the grand result
Of my Caucasian predecessor's work.

His estimate of what the year would bring
Was six three nine two ought, and three oughts more.
The tin accrued, however, in excess:
Six five, and four seven seven, and two eight four.
Expenditure was less than this last sum,
And we've in hand £800,000."

Then plaudit issued from the listening House,
But GLADSTONE gave a deprecating smile.
"Neither the stamp on cheques, nor the increase
In duty on Hibernia's ardent spirits
(Deem not I mean her sons, I mean her swizzle)
Has yet produced, so far as I can tell,
The sum DISRAELI supposed they would.
Who can know all things in this mundane world?
Touching those cheques, I find the man who draws
May hand his coloured slip across the counter,
Unstamped, and (if his balance will permit)
Receive the coin; a practice I shall stop,
And he who draws shall stamp: 'tis like he'll stamp,
And may-be swear, if he have over-drawn,
And the mild clerk declines to draw it mild."

And smiling once again, or at his joke,
Or at the thought of what was coming next,
GLADSTONE proceeded. "Now, my estimate'
Of next year's income thus do I announce.
Six four, three four ought, and three oughts beside.
That is the sum the Country should produce
Up to the end of March approximating.
Sixty-four millions and about a third.
'Twere fine to clap an Income-Tax on that,
And fine the country fivepence in the pound—
A thought of genius, lent by godlike Punch."

At that loved name they rose tumultuously,
Cheering and shouting, and, with peace restored,
The fluent speaker thus took up his tale.

"Now, hearken to the year's expenditure,
And if it is not heavy, I'll be blowed:
Armies and Navies, and Gibraltar Cables
And the new work in China and Japan,
And nine-and-twenty millions on the Debt,
Are items that mount up, with other things,
And Nine and Sixty millions, (not to name
A fleabite of two hundred thousand pounds,)
We, that is I, and PALMERSTON, and LEWIS,
And savage SOMERSET and courteous HERBERT,
And all the rest of us, propose to spend
Before the thirty-first of coming March;
Put that, my gentle hearers, in your pipes,
And, at your pleasant leisure, smoke the same.

"Now," he continued, in his honey tone,
"This shows, you see, a gross deficiency.
When I say gross, I do not mean reproach,
But use a cant-word of commercial slang,
Because it sounds uncommon business-like.
And this deficiency subtraction's rule
Shows to amount, O friends, to Millions four
And Hundred Thousands, added, eight, six, seven.
Where shall we get that money, O my friends?"

"Bear with me while with me I would bear you
Into reflection, for some moments' space.
Though space is not a cognate word with time,
And time—but that's a thing we will not waste
Dissecting nicely every passing phrase,
When we should be prepared for other frays,
The thought whereof affrays the patriot mind.
This year I think we'll call Exceptional.
We have a grand Armada, and besides
A noble army; both we've lately raised
For reasons understood of all of you.
If in six months, or twelve, things grow not Worse,
(You all know what I mean, and worse means war)
We may suppose that they will surely Better.
Therefore, I say, let's pay our way at once,
And be prepared for what contingency
Fate hath in store—if war, we'll want all cash
Then to be got; if peace, at twelvemonth's end
We'll kick the Income-Tax to Belzebub,
Lucifer, Moloch, and their President,
Friend of the President of Italy."

Cheering from anti-Papal NEWDEGATE
Led louder cheering from the Liberal bench.
Then onward went the Homeric Chancellor.

"Do not, O brethren, do not let us borrow,
O let a loan alone, O do not go
For money, either, unto Spotty WILLIAM,
More popularly called Exchequer BILL.
There's time enough for that. We will not pledge
The credit of our children, pretty pets,
Whether from silver spoons they lap rich cream,
(Tending to bile) or, grubbing in the gutter,
They suck rejected cabbage-stalks, alike
They're our posterity, and we'll not mortgage,
Remorseless, their inheritance and labour.

"Shall we tax malt yet more? It would not pay.
Or spirits? 'Twould create a smuggling trade.
Or tea and sugar? Trade, and the consumer,
Were both the sufferers, and we've made, beside,
A bargain on this subject which we'll keep.
No, as *Virginius* says, 'No way but this'—
I FEAR WE MUST AUGMENT THE INCOME-TAX."

He would not note the shudder which went round,
But eager in his eloquence spoke on.

"There is a credit which the maltsters take
In paying duty—we'll deny them that
(Allowing certain discount in return),
Nor let the maltworms wriggle out of sight,
But pay at sight, like any other folk.
So I can collar almost on the instant
A sum that's near £500,000;
Then my Deficiency, you see, comes down
To just Four Millions. Now, I tell you what,
At present we pay Five Pence in the Pound
Upon our Incomes. We'll pay Four Pence more.
All have desired the tax were laid more nicely,
In future it shall be as nice as Ninepence."

He gave the blow, but ere they well could feel it,
Followed it up with one more cruel yet.

"I must have money now. I cannot wait.
The word must be—fork out upon the nail:
Upon the very first half-yearly payment
I'll charge the whole year's Fourpence, which I add,
To twopence halfpenny already due,
And the next time that the Taxgatherer comes
With his ill-omened face; JOHN BULL must pay
As if the tax were Sixpence halfpenny
In every pound he earns by sweat of brow,
Or takes from bank, or from his father's land,
Adjustment is of course impossible.
But those whose income is exceeding small,
Under One Fifty, but above One Hundred,
Shall pay three halfpence only. I have done.
Let my Four Millions be at once made up,
I trust your loyalty and patriotism
And to herself that England will be true."

"O Masters, do you love my tender Tax?"

This little exercise having in some degree relieved *Mr. Punch's* mind, he reverts to his usual but inimitable prose, and proceeds to record that in the House of Lords on the above night, viz.:—

July 18. Monday, LORD MALMESBURY found great fault with a letter LORD JOHN RUSSELL had been writing to the Prussian government, warning it against going to war. LORD WODEHOUSE defended his chief, and declared the despatch to be a precious deal better than anything MALMESBURY had done; and NEWCASTLE and GRANVILLE, as colleagues of LORD JOHN'S, cried out, "Of course it is!" There is, however, no of course in the matter, some of MALMESBURY'S late despatches having been very tidy, and JOHNNY being by no means a Complete Letter Writer. The Commons, as has been said, had the Budget; and not much was said beyond a general grumbling acceptance of the scheme,—a reception which the polite and grateful GLADSTONE called "generous."

Tuesday. Sensible observations by divers Lords on the necessity of our having telegraphic communication with all our QUEEN'S possessions. GRANVILLE mentioned that the Gibraltar wire would not be laid until next year. The QUEEN recognises HOSFODAR COUZA, of the Principalities,—a piece of information which is not so unimportant as it may appear to the ignorant. The Public Health Bill had rather a near squeak for it (sycophants of vestrics canting against "centralisation," as if Bumbles were to be trusted when a sudden epidemic comes), but was carried by 101 to 95. It is to arm Government with powers in the event of an emergency. A discussion as to how many soldiers ought to be kept in India, was ended by its being unanimously agreed that nobody could know. MR. FORSTER wanted Parliament to ask the QUEEN to assemble it in the winter instead of the summer, but

LORD PALMERSTON got almost into earnest in protesting against such interference with shooting and Christmas, and by 121 to 48 the notion was scouted. MR. BAINES failed in convincing the HOME SECRETARY that everybody ought to be allowed to print the State version of the Holy Scriptures; and considering the extreme beauty, accuracy, and cheapness of the innumerable editions of The Book, and the importance, while a particular version is authorised, of preserving exact uniformity of text, MR. BAINES'S grievance may be pronounced visionary.

Wednesday. A certain Scottish Kirk-rate received considerable damage. A Weights and Measures Bill was read a second time; it is to do away with local bushels, and establish imperial dittoes. MR. COWPER withdrew his Bill against the hideous Hyde Park Corner lamp, but promised a great Bill to knock down all lamps of a fantastic character. MR. EDWIN JAMES, in a debate on a Criminal Bill, repeated a good story about the way certain attorneys get rich,—namely, by making their prisoner-clients assign to them their goods, and then taking care to have the said clients hanged or transported. *Vivat lex!*

Thursday. Rather a good debate on the Budget, MR. DISRAELI making a great speech in his own honour, and proposing that the new Income-Tax should be spread over the year. Thereon, MR. GLADSTONE, who had previously been highly polite to his predecessor, walked into him like fun, and explained in the frankest and most candid manner that MR. DISRAELI knew nothing about anything. MR. BRIGHT abused everybody, especially the Press, in a Peace speech; and LORDS JOHN RUSSELL and PALMERSTON made ridiculous protests against the newspapers saying that our enormous armaments were to protect us against possible invasion by LOUIS NAPOLEON. Now, what is the good of sensible men talking such twaddle? And who is going to be silenced? Not *Mr. Punch*, for one. Look at his Big Cut in this very Number. Now then! MR. GLADSTONE'S Budget was accepted; and so PATERFAMILIAS, with a lot of extra tax to pay, had better begin to consider how he can best cut down the expenses of his family, without any self-denial or inconvenience to himself personally.

Friday. An Education Bill was objected to by certain admirers of Voluntarism, who base their objection to national grants, or interference, upon the notorious fact that every child in England is regularly sent to school by its parents. However, there are bigots who will not admit this, and not only insist upon grants in aid of schools, but allege that there are parents who neglect to send their children to them, and ought to be punished for that wrong to society. Unhappily, too, that tyrannical notion is gaining ground; and it was only the other day that three parents, earning large wages, were wickedly compelled to fulfil promises to pay something towards the support of their children in a Reformatory. And this is called a free country, where a man may not bring up his child in ignorance and vice if he likes! Thanks, *Mr. Punch's* warmest thanks, to MESSRS. BAINES, HADFIELD, and others, who deny the right of society to interfere between parent and child. Such noble patriots shall never lack any recognition *Mr. Punch* can make of their worthiness.

LITERATURE FOR LADIES.

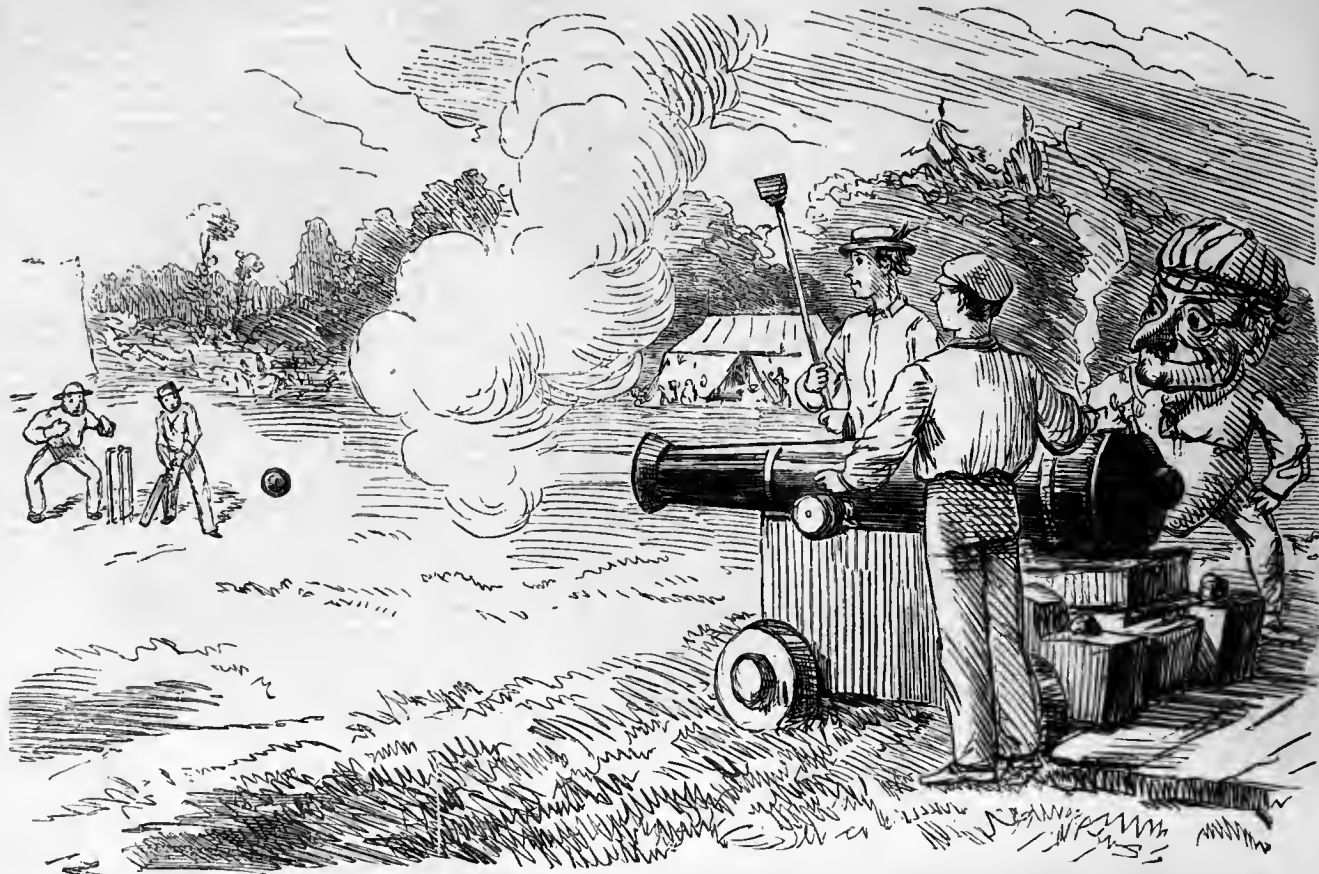
ALTHOUGH, in common with all editors, we are supposed to be possessed of almost universal knowledge, we are at a loss to know who wrote the following advertisement, which was conspicuously printed in the *Times* of Thursday week. Clearly it could never have been written by a gentleman, and as certainly, we think, no lady could have penned it:—

TO AMATEUR LITERARY LADIES.—Females of good education, are invited to JOIN A COMPOSITION SOCIETY. No remuneration offered, and no expense incurred. Address ———.

Attractive as the first four words of this advertisement may be, we think their influence must be greatly weakened by the fifth. It is all very well to say that no expense will be incurred; but no well educated lady would accept an invitation to appear in a Society, at the cost upon her entrance of being called a "female." From the knowledge of her dictionary which her "good education" would probably have given her, she would know that the word "female" is no synonym for "lady." The term "lady" is applied exclusively to women, and it is not every woman who has properly a claim to it. The word "female" may, however, be applied to other animals; and to call women "females" is to speak of them as part of the inferior brute creation. Fine ladies think it vulgar to be spoken of as "women;" but they had better be called this than bear a synonym with "creatures," and have a word applied to them which perhaps may leave it doubtful if they be not even cats.

THE ILLUMINATED PILLAR AT APSLEY HOUSE.

THEY say that this beautiful work of art—acknowledged by all to be one of the most shining lights of the age—is the proposed testimonial to MR. CHARLES KEAN.



CRICKET.—CAPITAL PRACTICE FOR THE ROUND BOWLING OF THE PERIOD.

FRANCIS-JOSEPH THE GREEN.

HOPE appears to have told the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA a flattering tale. In his late manifesto, that Imperial young man, after having expressed himself as "bitterly deceived" in his "well-founded hopes" that—the late contest not having been entered into for the defeuce of the rights of Austria only—he was not going to be "left alone in it," proceeds to say:—

"In spite of the ardent sympathy, worthy of acknowledgment, which the justice of our cause has inspired, for the most part, in the journals and peoples of Germany, our national allies, our most ancient allies, have obstinately refused to recognise the great importance of the grand question of the day. Consequently Austria would have been obliged all alone to face the events which were being prepared for, and which every day might have rendered more grave."

He seems really to have imagined that not only Prussia, but even England also, would take up arms, and actually lay down money, to support his cause, that cause being, in addition to the Austrian despotism, the papal tyranny. He fancied that we, even we, would be sure to fight for that crown in which the brightest jewel is the Concordat—black diamond! What can he have been thinking of, what can he have been dreaming of? Has he not heard the British Lion, any time these seven years, roaring "No Popery"?—has he not seen the writing on the wall? Alas, no! Civilisation has yet to chalk "No Popery" on the walls of Vienna. Will Europe have peace till it is inscribed on those of the Vatican?

This imperial youth is a remarkably ingenuous one. Witness the following passage from the document above quoted. A confession more artless was never made by a penitent schoolboy:—

"The honour of Austria coming intact out of this war, thanks to the heroic efforts of her valiant army, I have resolved, yielding to political considerations, to make a sacrifice for the re-establishment of peace, and to accept the preliminaries which ought to lead to its conclusion: for I have acquired the conviction that I should obtain, in any event, conditions less unfavourable in coming to a direct understanding with the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, without the blending of any third party whatsoever, than in causing to participate in the negotiations the three great powers which have taken no part in the struggle."

Experience has instructed the juvenile ruler. He has acquired the conviction—perhaps it has been beaten into him—that he would gain

better terms for himself and his Concordat, from LOUIS NAPOLEON, who wears, or fears that he wears, his crown partly by favour of Roman Catholic priests, than any that he could expect from Russia, Prussia, and England; powers which agree in disowning the POPE: the last-named one of them considering him spiritually a humbug and temporarily a tyrant, and wishing that everybody would renounce his authority altogether, or that he would go to Jericho.

However, the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, has at last found out the mistake which he had the wonderful greenness to make—under the misguidance probably of Jesuits, who were older and ought to have known better. He may get wiser as he gets bigger—unfinished, perhaps, at present, in the upper storey. Some sign of amendment in him may be spied in the resolution, which his manifesto declares him to have formed, to improve the shining hour of peace by devoting all his attention and solicitude to a certain "fruitful task" which he proposes to accomplish:—

"That is to say, to found in a durable manner the internal well-being, and the external power of Austria by the happy development of her moral and material forces, and by ameliorations conformable to the spirit of the time."

Ah—that's something like! as the Hampshire agriculturist at a public dinner said, when he had put sugar into his Hock. Ameliorations conformable to the spirit of the time? Representative institutions—ecclesiastical tribunals ignored by law—perhaps a Court of Probate and Divorce established, together with some approach to the liberty of unlicensed printing. Then we shall get on. Then will invigorated Austria flourish, and FRANCIS-JOSEPH the Green acquire a name which Posterity will call Evergreen.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A KEAN BANQUETEER" is informed that there really was a MR. MACREADY who, some years ago, produced, both at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, the plays of SHAKESPEARE and others, with every necessary accessory of scenery and costume. MR. C. KEAN was not born at the time, and therefore no reference was made to his once-celebrated predecessor on the night of the "Banquet."



The gallant Captain Tomkins, of the Blankshire Rifles, is found practising the Bugle calls, that he may know them when he hears them.

THE SOLUTION OF ITALY.

YE Powers!—ye Statesmen, o'erladen with cares,
The solution who seek of Italian affairs,
You have got the solution, to speak chemist-wisely,
But the substances in it you can't crystallise.

The solution is turbid—all waters are so
That are troubled—the Tiber, and, worse than the Po,
The Thames, that is making our Parliament sick,
So vile is its odour; its filth is so thick.

The Italian solution two bodies contains,
The Pope and the Kaiser, poor Italy's banes,
With a King in excess, whose oppressed people groans,
And a sort of sub-monarchs, the Dukes who fill thrones.

Some spirit there 's in it, whose presence is proved
By rising whenever the pressure 's removed;
Inflammable spirit, like spirit of wine,
With King, Duke, Pope, Kaiser, that ne'er will combine.

Expose it to light; and that agent, there 's hope,
Will produce a precipitate—throw down the Pope.
Then add a free acid, for that is the thing
Which will send to the bottom the Dukes and the King.

Now shake up the liquor and carefully strain;
Collect on a filter the dregs that remain,
In a crucible put them, and roast, and reduce,
Reserving the extracts for show—if not use.

Then there 's your solution pellucid and clear;
Evaporate gently till crystals appear;
Allow them to fill in the shape they like best:
And Italy's question will soon be at rest.

What would my Uncle say?

A CORRESPONDENT of one of the papers writes that "at Nice he saw the people dragging LOUIS NAPOLEON'S bust through the kennels of the town." Relations usually quarrel, but this is rather vulgar behaviour of Nice to Nephew.

ASTONISHING A CONGREGATION.

THE subject of the following paragraph is not one which usually comes under Mr. Punch's censorship, but, as COWPER says:—

"Laymen have leave to dance when Parsons play."

The other day, we read that:—

"There was a special choral service in Westminster Abbey, the sermon being preached by the REV. HENRY DRURY, B.D., Prebendary of Salisbury, and Chaplain to the House of Commons, in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The reverend gentleman astonished the congregation by giving out a text which no one recognised as a passage of Scripture. The words were, 'We may, we must, we will,' and he obtained them in the following manner: 'We may,' from the 3rd of Genesis, 2nd verse; 'We must,' from the 14th of Acts, 22nd verse; 'We will,' from the 24th of Joshua, 21st verse. The combination of the three formed the text, from which he proceeded to argue that we may, we must, and we will, evangelise the world."

Now, "astonishing" a congregation is not, Mr. Punch humbly submits, the exact object with which a clergyman should ascend his pulpit. It might be inconvenient, did our ministers take that view of their duty. There is no saying to what lengths energetic parsons might go. A young Boanerges might not be satisfied with a mild bit of Mosaic work, like Mr. DRURY'S, but might adopt some other method of "astonishing" his flock. Suppose he blacked his face, and said, "Ah, you see how black I am, but you don't see how black sin is." Or suppose he fired off one of MESSRS. DEANE'S revolving pistols (loaded only with powder, of course) at the organ, and exclaimed, "This is a revolver, and apropos of that, my beloved brethren, let us revolve in our minds the meaning of the words which you will find in, &c."

On the whole, we recommend our clergy to avoid illegitimate arts of attraction, and to rely for effect upon eloquent and affectionate expositions of the Truth. MR. DRURY himself is a very excellent minister, and will take our hint in good part, especially when we remind him of another clergyman's story about the way in which he stopped a chattering person who was stringing isolated texts of Scripture together, after the fashion of certain "serious" talkers. Scandalised at the use the quoter was making of the most solemn and pregnant language, the worthy priest calmly said, "Suicide, you know, is recommended in the Book." The "astonished" talker was brought up very

short indeed, and stammered out something about a jest. "Certainly it is, upon your principle of quotation." "Eh? What? Where? How?" "Are we not told that 'JUDAS departed and went and hanged himself?'" "Ye-es." "Is it not also said, 'Go thou and do likewise?'"

Next time our excellent friend MR. DRURY proposes to astonish a congregation, perhaps he will remember this narrative, and give them a text without solution of continuity.

THE BEST AND THE WORST.

THE Papal States have generally been described as the worst government in the world. MR. BOWYER would wish us to believe that they were the very best. MR. BOWYER is a Papist, as his position of brass-trumpeter to CARDINAL WISEMAN fully verifies; and his opinion on such a subject as the Papacy must be as true as it is disinterested; but we should like to know if the Roman government is to be looked upon as the best in the world, what kind of government must the worst be? If the government in the Papal States is so superlatively good, we wish the ministers who attempt to govern us, and do it so badly, would go to Rome for the sake of learning to do what Rome does. The English would then be as happy as the Romans now are.

Epitaph for Vauxhall.

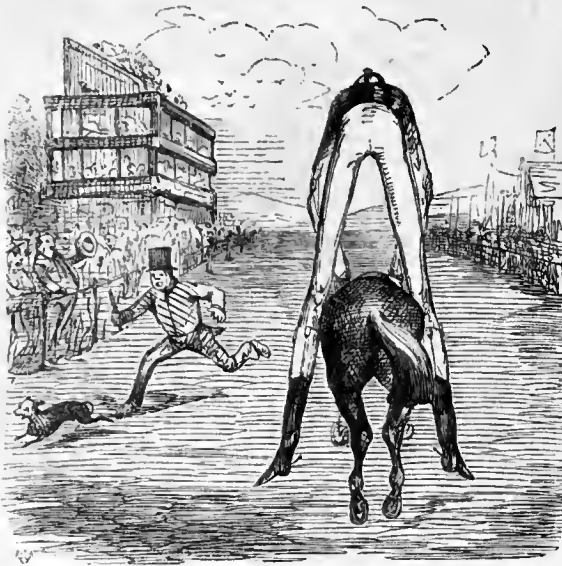
1862.

Ox clean large flagstones now the Peeler tramps,
Where evil smelling lamps, and mouldy damps,
Made Paradise for male and female scamps.

A NAPOLEONIC IDEA.

A COURTIER was comparing the PRINCE NAPOLEON to CHEVALIER BAYARD. "Oh, yes! very like," exclaimed the PRINCESS MATHILDE, "only a hundred times greater—for cannot PLOM-PLOM boast of being a hero of cent peurs et cent reproches, whereas BAYARD was content with not having even one!"

FOOD FOR TEETOTALLERS.



conscientious Teetotaller, the flesh would be both meat and drink. However, we do not believe the equestrian feat was ever performed. In our opinion, it has been maliciously put forward to prove the cruelty of French surgeons in always trying worthless experiments on animals, and is an absurd story that is only fit to be told to the horse-marines.

ACCORDING to "recent experiments in France, it appears that a horse will live on water alone for five-and-twenty days." Here is a fact that Teetotallers, if they are wise, should make the most of. In their travelling lectures, they should have one of these aquatic horses with them. The old parallel might be drawn between the brute and the human being, proving how much more addicted to habits of temperance the former was than the latter. Then the pertinent question might be asked, in stentorian language and tectotal logic, "Where, pray, will you find the man who will live for five-and-twenty days on water?" At his death, too,—for we do not suppose that this horse, turned in his lifetime into a water-cask, would live long,—the poor animal might be brought into use by being sold at a hippo-restaurateur's. To a

THE POPE AT HIS LITTLE GAME.

THE POPE is indulging in his little game again. He threatens any one, who has the impertinence to attack in any manner the temporal power of the Roman Pontiff, with "a major excommunication!" The threat is magnificent! VICTOR EMMANUEL, when he heard of it, must have fallen on his knees, and have humbly sued for pardon. It is amusing, when real cannon-balls were rattling about, to see the POPE popping off his little sacerdotal powder and shot. We are afraid that all "the thunders of the Vatican," let them thunder ever so thunderingly, until every disbelieving Protestant is deafened with the noise, will not avail much by the side of NAPOLEON'S new artillery, and that not all the canons of the Church will be able to do as much execution as one of the recently-invented *pièces de précision*. Of course, it falls to the duty of these "canons of the Church" to keep up a constant supply of the "thunders of the Vatican."

Crabbe's Tales.

IN a recent volume of travels it is stated that the monks of an Oriental convent had amused themselves with taming and teaching a great number of crabs. One great crab, who had been ten years in the pond, could, it is said, repeat the Apostles' Creed. Is this such a marvel for a great crab? We will bet that the DUKE OF SOMERSET could do it.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY 25. *Monday.* LORD LYNDRURST, at whom it had pleased Mr. BRIGHT to scoff, in reference to his Lordship's recommendation to England to be armed, let fly at that respected Quaker, and caught him what (if pugilistic terms be not out of place when one is alluding to so pacific a personage) may be designated an extremely neat one on the conk, in return for a sarcasm "so pointed, so keen, so bitter, and so creditable to the talents and taste of Mr. BRIGHT," as the calling LORD LYNDRURST "an old peer." His Lordship then demanded of the DUKE OF SOMERSET whether the French ships were not armed with rifled cannon, and whether our own were or could be. SOMERSET made one of his usual mild and affable replies—he had heard that the French ships were, and he knew that our own were not, and wouldn't be for ever so long, but he wasn't going to talk about the matter. LORD BROUGHAM made a good speech about his own grey hairs, and Education, and referred to the general opinion that the humbler classes have better schools, in proportion to requirements, than the middle class. This is natural, inasmuch while the schools for the former are to a large extent under surveillance, anybody is free to set up a middle class school, without any inquiry into his or her knowledge of what should be taught or fitness to teach it. There was a nursery dialogue of old days, and it will do again. One *Deborah* addressed her favourite Donkey:—

"Says DEBORAH, wherefore, since learning's the rage,
Marrowbones, cherrystones, bundle'em jig,
Should not my dear Donkey teach children their page,
Come, set up a school, and be one of the age,
Of this wonderful, wonderful, wonderful age."

The Deborah-Donkey classical, commercial, and mathematical establishments are very numerous, as will be found out by parents who are trustful. LORD BROUGHAM wanted the Committee of the Privy Council to inspect middle-class schools, and the BISHOP OF LINCOLN, formerly a first class Preceptor, known at Islington as MR. JACKSON, strongly approved an inspection scheme, but LORD GRANVILLE, of course, thought that the Committee had too much to do already, and he suggested nothing else.

In the Commons, after a discussion whether we or the Colonies ought to defend the latter, and an expression of opinion that they ought to do something for themselves (certain localities of the kind, on the other side of the Atlantic, defended themselves very well indeed, once upon a time), SIR DE LACY EVANS moved for a Commission to inquire into the condition of our national defences, but Government obligingly said that it should appoint one of its own, and would not trouble SIR DE LACY. A Bill for preventing Vexatious Indictments was advanced. We should consider any indictment vexatious, and particularly so if we were guilty of the offence charged, but the Bill is

not to do away with everything of the kind, but only to prevent such things being brought without the sanction of a magistrate. In the course of discussion of estimates, MR. GREGORY called attention to the very small salaries paid to the gentlemen who have charge of the various departments of the British Museum. Now, these officials are none of your ignorant or crammed humbugs recommended by great people, but scholars thoroughly up to their work, who can tell you from a fragment of an egg-shell what bird it would have come to, can translate, at sight, the inscription on a perfectly illegible coin, and can see through the boards of a portfolio whether the print that is going to be offered them is valuable or rubbish. Yet these highly educated gentlemen can, by no possibility, attain to the amount of salary of a lieutenant-colonel on half-pay. MR. GREGORY deserves the thanks of all instructed persons for calling attention to the subject, and must persevere. "GREGORY, remember thy swashing blow."

Tuesday. It seems that we are awfully cheated in gas, the vendors having the means of sticking us up for pints, and quarts, and gallons, and in fact what they like. It costs five millions of money per annum. So we are to have proper measurement, and inspectors to see that those horrid looking black things, like mysterious clocks, that the gas people put up behind our doors, and occasionally come and peep into, tell the truth. But unless the bills sent in are inspected too, what's the use, for the shrewdest Materfamilias gives up at the gas account. The Health Bill, we are happy to say, was read a third time, so we are not quite dependent on Bumbledom, in case there should be an epidemic from the Thames odours. The BISHOP OF LONDON wants more churches, but LORD GRANVILLE does not seem to think it likely his spiritual lordship will get them.

There was a capital bit of rich farce in the Commons. SIR JOHN TRELAVNEY'S Bill for doing away with Church Rates came to the Committee stage, when MR. NEWDEGATE, champion of the establishment, said that he accepted the situation, and agreed to abolish Church Rates, but proposed to levy for the support of the churches two-pence a pound on all property that has paid church rate within seven years, and this imposition was to be collected with county rate, and, if the payer chose, it might be deducted from his rent. The House was so extremely stupid that it could not see the difference between this and a church rate, and rejected the plan by 191 to 99. Then the discussion on church rates got curiously mixed up with one about bells, Members complaining that they went out of the House to be beyond the reach of arguments, on the understanding that they were to be rung for when it was time to vote, and that upon several occasions the bells had not been rung. The SPEAKER promised to make a row about it.

In the evening the new opera, *Dinorah*, by MEYERBEER, was produced by MR. GYE at the Royal Italian Opera. There was, therefore, a Count-Out at six o'clock, which gave Members time to dress and

dine comfortably. The opera was a brilliant success, and the Opera-House did not rise till nearly one in the morning.

Wednesday. The Bill for regulating the County Courts in respect to their power of imprisonment went through Committee. Many instances of the abuses of this power were adduced, and it appears that it is very much used by the rascally hawkers who entrap the ignorant wives of labourers and others into purchasing trash without their husbands' knowledge, and then come down on the latter with County Court summonses. MAJOR STUART mentioned the case of a girl, who, when a child of fourteen, had been induced to buy a shawl which she could not pay for, and at nineteen was committed to gaol in respect of the debt. The gallant Major did not mention the name of the judicial jackass who had made the order. A Bill for getting rid of the Javelin men who are supposed necessary to sustain the dignity of the Judge, when on assize, was lost by 115 to 112. The learned persons themselves think the attendance ridiculous enough, and like IDOMENEUS and AENEAS (*Iliad* xiii.) :—

"Around their heads unheeded javalins shine,"

but the country folks regard the business as imposing, and anything that makes them think awfully of the Law may probably be preserved with advantage.

SIR CHARLES NAPTEY could not get an address for inquiring into the condition of Greenwich Hospital. The fact was, that on account of the state of the river, Members were afraid of being sent down to Greenwich; but their fears are idle. If they go by rail, and proceed at once to MR. QUARTERMAINE'S, or MR. HART'S, they may enjoy a modest repast without other inconvenience than having to pay for it, and the whitebait is capital just now, though extremely apt to get into your head unless you take great care to have the very best of Champagne and Claret, and plenty of both. On a vote for the National Gallery, MR. CONINGHAM attacked SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE, against whom the only thing seems to be, that he once bought a spurious HOLBEIN (very likely quite as good as the original), and had the manliness to own that he was wrong, instead of obstinately insisting that the picture was genuine. The House would not allow a reduction of the vote; nor was LORD HADDO more successful, on occasion of his wanting to reduce a vote to Schools of Art because undraped ladies were among the models. He, like a good many other wisacres, confounded the nude with the voluptuous, and intimated his belief that the downfall of Athens dated from the introduction of naked figures into her art. England and America must be in a bad way then, with *Eve at the Fountain* and the *Greek Slave*, works of eminently demoralising and sensual character. The son of

"The classic Thane, Athenian ABERDEEN,"

ought not to talk nonsense which might be expected from MR. ROCHFORD CLARKE. However, he shares his faith with another worthy man, even the POPE, who hates the nude (the Scarlet Lady is so intolerant of immodesty) and has just let a wonderful Venus go to Russia for next to nothing.

One LEATHAM and one SCHENLEY, Esquires, were respectively walked out of Wakefield and Dartmouth, by reason of the electors having been bribed to return them. The same fate, later, overtook one MONK and one PRICE, Esquires, up to Friday Members for Gloucester.

Thursday. The Lords went on with the Bill for improving the Divorce Act, and by 36 to 9 carried a clause allowing the Judges to shut the court-doors during a case the details whereof should be acceptable only to wicked old dowagers, and the patrons of Holywell Street literature. The Press will do well to take the hint, and avoid making it indiscreet for Paterfamilias to leave his newspaper about the house.

In supply, VISCOUNT WILLIAMS indulged in a vulgar Lambeth sneer at SIR JAMES BROOKE, but was rebuked by MR. ESTCOURT and MR. MILNES, the latter of whom said that RAJAH BROOKE'S name would live with that of SIR WALTER RALEIGH. At this old WILLIAMS hooted "a laugh," and then inquired of his next neighbour "who RAWLEY was." SIR JAMES is to be congratulated on having such enemies. Three election petitions were withdrawn, doubtless for afflicting reasons—given.

The debate then assumed dignified proportions. It was felt that something must be said about Foreign Affairs, but the difficulty was that there was nothing to say. However, the Three Great Lights of the Government, RUSSELL, PALMERSTON, and GLADSTONE, managed to shine out with considerable brilliancy. The question is, whether England is to help in settling Italy, and the answer is, that Italy is so unsettled that there is no call for immediate action, and we must wait and see how things go. LORD JOHN was happy to read in the *Moniteur* that the armies and navies of France were to be put on peace footing; but his lordship is not now on his way to the Tower, and the housemaid there is not dusting up the Block. The public, therefore, may be sure (*Mr. Punch* having been in the House) that LORD J. DID NOT ANNOUNCE THAT OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES WERE TO BE WEAKENED BY THE WITHDRAWAL OF ONE HALF-POUNDER OR

ONE DRUMMER-BOY. There was some fencing about England's having been the channel of conveying certain French terms of peace to Austria, and PALMERSTON explained that LORD JOHN had been asked to send the letter, but he objected to being any party to the proposal, and hinted that the French Ambassador had better send it himself, as the postage of even a double letter to Vienna was only about one-and-fourpence. However, as France had spent a good deal on the war, and money was an object, LORD JOHN had consented to forward the document, but was in no way pledged to its contents. He has also repudiated the allegation that he described the Treaty of Villafranca as a just one; the reporter possibly having heard him say, not that a just treaty had been made, but that a treaty had just been made. (*Ambulator.*)

The POPE was a good deal abused, and very properly; but he has two advocates in the House, one being BOWYER, CARDINAL WISEMAN'S cross-bearer, who talked the ineffable nonsense that might have been expected, and declared that the POPE'S government was "progressive," in which opinion *Mr. Punch* is very happy to concur with the Crossbowyer,—believing, also, that such progress is exactly in the direction in which an equestrian mendicant is popularly said to travel. The other advocate was MR. MAGUIRE, who is an exceedingly clever man, but the victim of so infatuated a personal affection for the POPE, that if his H. was MR. M.'S own father, instead of being merely his spiritual PAPA, the excellent MAGUIRE could scarcely be more attached to him. One cannot be hard upon such a sentiment, or be incensed that MR. M. should have apprised PALMERSTON and RUSSELL that when they were forgotten nobodies, the Papacy would still flourish in glory; and that, in the mean time, LORD J. was "detested" and LORD P. "abhorred" in Italy. To all the assertions of the goodness of the POPE'S government, our own had the quiet retort, "Why, then, are thousands of bayonets necessary to preserve the Infallible Man from the vengeance of his happy and loving people?" The debate had, as hath been said, dignity, but no result.

Friday. DR. TAITE objected to legislative shortening of the Church Services, but said that the Bishops could do it.

The Commons went on with the Income-Tax Bill. MR. V. SCULLY, who recently made such a pitiable exhibition of himself on the subject of the appointment of Irishmen (as such) to office, that *Mr. Punch*, in mercy to such wretched helplessness, would not allude to the circumstance, announced that he should renew the tomfoolery. *Mr. Punch* hereby places at the service of SCULLY'S friends a presentation to the Asylum for Idiots. There was a National Defences debate, in the course of which MR. COBDEN politely alluded to *Mr. Punch*'s Great Out of last week, as evidence that JOHN BULL was uneasy in regard to France. MR. COBDEN thinks that reliance should be placed on royal words. Elsewhere than in the House it is said, "Put not your trust in Princes," but may difference of opinion never alter friendship. LORD PALMERSTON intimated, that what a foreign nation might do in the way of disarmament was nothing to us: our business was to be properly Defended. *Vive PAM!*

A FIDGETY SUBJECT.

MR. DRUMMOND was kind enough to tell us, in connection with the Italian subject, with which it had so much to do, that—

"There were fidgets on all subjects. There were private fidgets, county fidgets, and political fidgets, and there was on the part of many people a desire to do what sailors called 'above in their ear where there was no water.'"

Could not MR. DRUMMOND have elongated his catalogue of fidgets? Are there not the fidgets of the wife who is sitting up for her husband; the fidgets of the adventurer who is waiting for dead men's shoes; the fidgets of the maid-of-all-work who is longing for "her day out" to come round again; the fidgets on the part of ULYSSES, who is becalmed off Kurrachee, for his dear wife PENELOPE, who is fidgeting her life out in Mornington Crescent for his return home; and a thousand other fidgets, far too fidgety for the reader's patience to mention? And lastly, are there not the fidgets of the hon. Member, who is always trying to achieve popularity by eccentricity, and cannot succeed in doing it? Does not that hon. Member often put his Parliamentary ear into shallow subjects that will not hold water? Is MR. DRUMMOND ever visited by such fidgets, and is the House ever fidgeted in having to listen to his vain efforts?

E pur se Mauve.

A GALLANT Trinity College Dublin man was at a charming little hay-making party the other day, and beholding every one of the lovely young lady-rakers adorned with the now indispensable colour, exclaimed, "Bedad (invariable Irish ejaculation), it's the *Rakes of Mallow*!"

* Many Irish witticisms need explanation, and it may be necessary to inform the non-botanical world that the eternal Mauve is neither more nor less than the mallow-flower.—PAXTON.



OWING TO THE EXCEEDINGLY DRY WEATHER, MR. HACKLE FINDS THAT THE STREAM HE HAS TAKEN FOR FISHING IS NOT IN SO GOOD A STATE AS HE COULD WISH.

Boy (attending). "No, Sir! NOR THERE AIN'T BIN NONE NOT FOR EVER SO LONG!"

FOREIGNERS IN BAD ODOUR.

THE smell of the Thames is bad enough, Gog knows; but there are other smells in London which are even more offensive. For instance, in the Lambeth Police Court t'other day, the attention of the Magistrate was directed to an odour, which no odour *de Cologne* could obliterate or equal. According to the *Times'* report of the proceedings—

"MR. MARSDEN, the Vestry Clerk of the parish of St. Giles, Camberwell, accompanied by some members of the Vestry and several respectable inhabitants, attended at this Court for the purpose of supporting a summons against some foreigners who are the occupiers of premises situate at the rear of Wellington Place, Southampton Street, Camberwell, used for the melting of fat, and which business, in the process of manufacture, causes an effluvia which, as it had been represented to the Vestry, is a serious nuisance, and dangerous to the health of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

"MR. MARSDEN stated, that from the representations made to the Vestry, it appeared that the premises in question were made use of by a company of foreigners for the purpose of melting fat, a portion of which was packed in casks and shipped off for Holland, for the purpose of being mixed up with butter, and, after the mixture took place, was re-shipped back to London as pure Dutch butter. (Laughter.)"

What there is in this to laugh at we are puzzled to conjecture. It is our avocation to be judges of a joke, but we can see no fun in mixing stinking fat with butter, especially when we ourselves may chance to be consumers of it. Such a joke as this we consider to be no joke, and those who laugh at it may do so on the wrong side of their mouths. As for eating Dutch butter after what we here have learned of it, we can only say, that if we do we're Dutchmen.

That we are justified in using the epithet we have done, to describe the nasal properties of the fat which is in question, the evidence which follows will suffice, we think, to show:—

"The first witness called to prove the fact was MRS. GARRETT, a widow lady, who said she lived about 40 yards from the premises, she described the nuisance, and said that for the last three months she had not had the doctor out of her house. Her children were all ill, and she suffered herself from sickness and nausea, and all produced by the gross nuisance on the premises complained of. The smell resembled that produced by putrid meat, and unless something was done to remedy the evil, and remove the nuisance, the witness and her family must leave the neighbourhood.

"MR. BRISTOWE, the medical officer of health for the parish, said he had frequently

visited the premises, and that the business carried on there was a gross nuisance, and very injurious to the health of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

"MR. HARRIS, the ground landlord of the premises in question, and other owners of house property in the neighbourhood, said that a number of their tenants had given them notice, and they were quite certain they should not have a tenant left until the nuisance were removed.

Strong testimony this that the smell was also ditto. Noses however differ, as much perhaps as tastes; and a nuisance, which offends the sense of other people, may in the nostrils of its maker be the sweetest nasal diet. In proof of this we find that—

"A person with an enormous beard, and with a foreign accent, assured the Magistrate that the fat melted was all fresh, and could not be such a nuisance as described."

The effect of this assurance was, we think, a doubtful policy:—

"The Magistrate considered it would be a serious proceeding to shut up the place and put an end to the defendants' trade and business at once, and therefore adjourned the summons for a week to see if the nuisance could not be remedied."

Shutting up a nuisance-shop may be a "serious proceeding," but it is surely not more serious than causing injury to health, and sickening whole families who are neighbours to the nuisance. Putrid meat this weather soon induces putrid fever; and although a week is no long while to wait, it may take a lifetime to cure the ill effects of it. We think that had the Magistrate thought twice about the matter, he would, as second thoughts are best, have ordered that the nuisance-shop should be at once shut up, and that the trials made to "remedy" it should be attempted off the premises. The remedy is often as bad as the disease, and when experiments are made to "improve" a putrid smell, we should certainly ourselves prefer keeping out of nose-shot.

HAS SHE CORNS?—The EMPEROR orders that his army shall be placed *sur le pied de la Paix*. He has been trampling on her so long, poor thing! that even in his grammar he can't help stamping on her foot.

ROAST BEEF
HORSE MEAT

FIREWORK FACTORY

*This Business
Is to be
Disputed*



MONSIEUR "WALKER!"

"AH! FRIEND JOHNNY! I CLOSE MY SHOP TO PLEASE YOU!"



THE VISION OF VAUXHALL.

COMRADES, you may leave me sitting in the mouldy arbour here,
With the chicken-bones before me and the empty punch-bowl near.
"Rack" they called the Punch that in it fiercely fumed, and freely
flowed:
By the pains that rack my temples, sure the name was well bestowed.
Leave me, comrades, to my musings, 'mid the mildewed timber-damps,
While from sooty branches round me splutter out the stinking lamps.
While through rent and rotten canvas sighs the bone-mill laden breeze;
And the drip-damp statues glimmer through the gaunt and ghastly trees.
And the seedy stucco crumbles from the orchestra hard by;
And the firework-frames like gibbets rear their arms athwart the sky.
And the monster platform stretches blank and bare beneath the moon;
And the night-wind through the boxes wanders with an eery croon.
Let me sit and sadly ponder o'er the glories of Vauxhall;
Sink this mouldy mildewed Present; from its grave the Past recal.
Is't the Punch that stirs my fancy—or the gooseberry Champagne,
Sets phantasmal shapes careering through the chambers of my brain?
Dimly, as through clouds a-steaming from a thousand fragrant bowls,
Periwigged, pulvilio-scented, CHARLES THE SECOND'S revel rolls.
In gay doublet, trimmed and broidered, ribboned shoulder, ribboned
knee,
BRONCKER rants, and NEWPORT roysters, while SAM PEPYS stands
by to see—
Sounds the nightingale's sweet twitter from the green trees overhead;
Shrieks below the City Madam with Court gallants sore bestead.
Hark, 'tis pretty MRS. MERCER, trolling out TOM D'URFEY'S song:
Hark, to CASTLEMAINE'S loud laughter—brazen't of the brazen throng.
Saucy JENNINGS with COUNT GRAMMONT bandying the *mot pour rire*;
NELL GWYNNE fondling handsome SIDNEY, spite of BUCKHURST
frowning near.
CHARLES himself, his black face hidden in a vizor blacker still,
Laughing, ogling, and oddsfishing, light of wit, and loose of will.
See the cheeceeake blithely broken, and the syllabubs afoam;
Hark at Thames, alive with boat-loads, for Spring Gardens, or for home.
Drugget-aproned drawers bearing Claret and Canary-pottles,
For wild wits and bona-robos to refresh their thirsty throttles:
And through all, sly, smug SAM PEPYS, with a twinkle in his eye,
Taking careful note for entry in his Diary, by-and-by.
Thicker rise the fumes, and faster, but less furious streams the rout,
As QUEEN ANNE'S decorous following bows the Merry Monarch's out.
See the long, thin-faced Spectator, elbowing his silent way
For SIR ROGER, close behind him, open-mouthed, and eyes astray;
Rapt in wonder at the music, and the movement, and the sights;
Elbowed by the vizored Madams, dazzled by the thousand lights.
This way swaggers STEEL, half tipsy, but still kindly in his drink;
There good-humoured little GAY, to lose MAT PRIOR tips the wink.
SWIFT stalks, rolling indignation in his blazing deep blue eye;
ST. JOHN laughs off state blue-devils with LORD OXFORD smooth and sly.
They have passed and now the GEORGES usher in a duller race.
Blank the scene, till sudden lighted by the look of WALPOLE'S face.
There he sits—the wizened watcher—cynical and calm and cool,
Ready to note others' follies, or himself to play the fool.
There the PETERSHAM sits blazing with her rouge and saucy stare;
There the crowd applauds the GUNNINGS—faïrest sisters of the fair.
Here trots BOZZY all in triumph with the Doctor on his arm;
While, not less triumphant, GOLDY guards "the Jessamy bride" from
harm.
Pass, familiar shadows, trooping to the Land of Long-ago;
Let the Regency's hot orgies set more brimming bowls adow.
Room for rampant COLONEL HANGER! Bloods and bucks of Carlton
House,
Box the watch, and smash the tables, shiver glass, and wax-lights douse.
Room for PRINCE HAL *redivivus*—petticoats and pimps and all—
Down before that wig so curly and that coat so creaseless, fall!
Room for ALMACK'S maccaronis—room for BROOKS'S playmen true,
MARCH and SELWYN, FOX and CARLISLE,—set the punch-bowls blazing
blue!

Masquerade and gay Ridotto blend the cream and seum of town;
Statesman's toils, and senate's glories, with Soho's endearments crown.
While o'erhead the ghost of SIMPSON lifts the ceremonial hat,
In deportment but inferior unto GEORGE the Great (by fat).
With such phantoms for evoking, shall I summon sorrier shades?
Ghosts of gentish generations,—stray of shops and waif of trades?
Shadows of cheap shilling galas, flickerings of a dying flame;
Straws by desparate speculation clutched at, in its drowning game?
No—amid these wretched ruins, trees all black and walks all green—
Be the ghosts of my evoking such as graced the ancient scene.
Be they ghosts girt with a glory, somewhat sulphurous though it be;
Ghosts of the Vauxhall that hath been—not of the Vauxhall we see.

NOTES ON THE RIVER.

It is truly said that fresh-water sailors do not know what sea-sick-
ness is. The effects of a trip on the Thames are no exception to this
rule, for the passengers on the silent highway of London, improperly
so called because it smells aloud, are certainly not fresh-water sailors.
The Thames should never be mentioned at meal-times in decent
Society. If anybody makes it the subject of remark at table the
probability is, that he is a medical student.



A TERRIBLE STATE OF THINGS.

WE have it on the assurance of MR. MAGUIRE (a distinguished
brazen player in the POPE'S Brass Brigade), that the name of the
hon. Member for the City of London is "detested" amongst all
Italians, whilst that of the Noble Lord the Member for Tiverton is
"utterly abhorred." We wonder how LORDS JOHN and PAM. have so
long survived this horrible affliction. Isn't it a marvel how PALMER-
STON can, under the painful circumstances, be as jolly and jaunty as he
is? How can he have lived to the fine old age, and have retained his
senses, in the happy way that he has done? Can he possibly be
indifferent to the feeling of Italian hatred? And does LORD JOHN,
sublimated also by a like indifference, sleep as soundly as though
Rome existed no more than Carthage? We should advise them, if
they have any respect left for the POPE, to offer up caudles, and have
masses said for their souls, at that pretty fancy bazaar of a chapel that
has lately been opened, with such pomp and Popery, in Margaret
Street, Cavendish Square; and which, in our eyes, is nothing more
than "a House of Call for Romans."



Clerical Magnate, who has strayed a little from the right path. "My dear child, can you inform me whether this is a public way?"

Child. "No, Sir; but come along o' me, and I'll show you the way to the Blue Lion."

[His Reverence's horror may be more easily imagined than described.]

"IT'S A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS!"

The second column of the *Times* grows daily more amusing. The following appeared in it on the 26th:—

TO I. W. of [never mind the place]. All your DISTRAC-
TED RELATIONS implore you to RETURN. A letter lies for
you at the [Blank] Bank. Pray, if you value your own happiness, get
it at once.

If we know anything of human nature, we should say that the effect of this appeal upon I. W. would be to greatly strengthen his resolve to keep away. The notion that a man would be tempted to return by the knowledge that some maniacs were in waiting to receive him, seems to our mind so insane that no one but a lunatic could ever entertain it. Were we blessed (or otherwise) with a lot of mad relations, we certainly should try, unless we thought that we could cure them, to go and live as far away from them as possible. No good could come of contact, and possibly harm might.

As for the letter which awaits him at the Bank, we should say that I. W. would be wise not to call for it. Presuming from the context that this letter has been written by his lunatic relations, we would wager any money it would not repay perusal. So many madmen daily put their nonsense in our letter-box, that we may fairly claim some knowledge of "distracted" correspondents, and our experience goes to prove that what they write is not worth reading. Indeed the maniacal effusions with which we daily are afflicted would be enough to madden the robustest intellect, were it not that, as an antidote, *Punch* is ever close at hand, and *Punch* has ever proved a safe preserver of wits.

A Challenge from Father Thames.

Who says Thames stinks, lies foully in his throat:
Upon the point Thames to the country goes.
The eyes don't prove it: put it to the vote,
And you will see it carried by the nose.

A HANDY TAX.

A TAX on Gloves! Let the tax be a penny, or a half-penny, per pair. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would finger a nice sum every year, and not a soul would be pinched by it.

THE ENCORE SWINDLE.

EXCELLENTLY well done, MR. SIMS REEVES. Remarkably well done, MR. SIMS REEVES. You have *Mr. Punch's* plaudits, the least whereof will in your opinion outweigh the opinion of a whole Surrey Hall of groundlings, MR. SIMS REEVES.

So there was a great crowd in that Surrey Hall, to hear MISS DOLBY, and MADAME BISHOP, and yourself and others, and the lovers of music permitted themselves to go on as follows:—

"The first piece set down for MR. SIMS REEVES was *Fra Poco*, which he sang with only too great effect. He left the orchestra amidst great applause, which, as usual, was extended to a vociferous encore."

That is to say, that having paid to hear you in one song, and being pleased with you, they endeavoured to obtain a second without paying for it. Well, you did not think proper to accede to the demand, and the amiable audience got into a rage, and would not even listen to an explanation. They "waxed furious," according to the report, because you would not be robbed. However, after a good deal of riot, they condescended to listen to the explanation. It was—

"To the effect that MR. REEVES, having to sing two other pieces, could not repeat so trying an effort as that just made."

This, REEVES, was a conciliatory explanation. The crowd had no right to ask it, but it being made, we certainly agree with the Reporter that it

"Ought to have satisfied everybody. It did satisfy all but an excited minority, who, in spite of overwhelming cries of encouragement to the conductor to proceed, persevered in hissing, groaning, and hooting. This disgraceful scene lasted about half an hour, and was only terminated by the performance—despite all demands to the contrary—of the Wedding March, in *Midsommer Night's Dream*. The drums, trumpets, and violins had fairly the best of it, and the proceedings were tranquil enough till MR. REEVES made his second appearance. Volleys of hisses, groans, and catcalls mingled with the vehement applause that saluted him. For some minutes he took this unusual reception in good part, bowing and smiling at every outburst of the popular humour as if it were unmixed flattery."

Half an hour of blackguardism, vainly sought to be put down by the

decent portion of the auditory. We are happy, however, to read that they were the majority, and even at the cost of prolonging the scene, they gave battle:—

"But this sort of thing soon gets beyond a joke, and when it was evident that a mischievous few, at various entrances of the building, were determined MR. REEVES should not be heard, a contrary resolution was expressed with equal decision. Deafening peals of cheering were kept up in order to intimidate the disturbers, but still they held out. In vain the great singer tried the effect of his soothing art upon the disturbers. They broke him down in the second verse of '*When thou wilt be my Bride*.' In vain he bowed in his sweetest notes, '*My breast doth swell with pride*.' His offended admirers answered with implacable derision. Clenching his music scroll, he exclaimed, 'I am too much of an Englishman to be beaten!' and coolly took a chair."

However, the majority was now determined on having an end to "this sort of thing," and in obedience to angry demands for the expulsion of the offenders, the necessary steps were taken, and divers blackguards were eliminated, receiving a smiling greeting from MR. REEVES as they were dragged away.

"Thus by degrees the tumult was subdued, the song was recommenced, and MR. REEVES retired amid a tempest of unequalled applause. Half an hour later he sat down to the piano to sing '*My Pretty Jane*.' The cheering that followed was immense, but scarce a single voice ventured to ask a repetition. To the universal surprise and delight, the exultant tenor came back and sang to his own accompaniment the '*Bay of Biscay*.' Of course this completed his triumph, and MR. SIMS REEVES finally retired from the orchestra a greater favourite than ever."

All very well, and *Mr. Punch*, as has been said, is pleased to congratulate MR. REEVES very heartily on the pluck he exhibited. But the scene arose, as many similar scenes have arisen, from the ignorance of English persons as to the law of *meum* and *tuum*. No doubt that amid that crowd of noisy, ill-bred fellows, there were some who supposed that they had a perfect right to command the great artist before them, or MISS DOLBY, or MADAME BISHOP, to give them as much music as they chose to call for, though they had paid only for what was set down in the bill. Now, if there were any such, and one of them were a tailor, what would he say to *Mr. Punch*, who, having bought a waistcoat of him, should insist upon having another for nothing, because the first pleased him so much. "But O," comes in

the coarse and material mind, "that's different. A waistcoat is a thing—cloth, buttons, thread—a song's only a noise." Well, let us concede that the tailor cannot understand us, and let us take a dentist. Suppose he has pulled out a tooth so neatly for a guinea that *Mr. Punch*, patient, insists on having a second pulled out without extra pay. Come, if a song is only a noise, an extraction is only a pull. "But that would be dishonest, he has been learning for years to pull out teeth, then there are his name and reputation, and his time." Granted, and that *Mr. Punch* would be a swindler, in the case of the waistcoat or of the tooth. What of the singer? Has he not been learning for years to get out the high note that delights you. Are his name and reputation less valuable than the dentist's? Is his time less valuable?

The fact is, painful as it is to declare it, that everybody who attempts to enforce (mind, we don't say anything against a complimentary request) a second performance of what has already been given, is a person who is endeavouring to procure a valuable thing without paying or intending to pay for it. The name the lawyers call such a person hath been given above. When this is thoroughly understood, and that a "peremptory encore" means a forcible theft, we shall have no more such disgraceful scenes as that at the Surrey Hall.

Meantime *Mr. Punch* appends, with much approbation, the following passage from the excellent remarks of his contemporary, the *Daily Telegraph*, upon the whole business:—

"Singers have too long been oppressed by the tyranny of encores and the almost brutal exigence of musical audiences, and it is time that artists should make a bold stand, and emancipate themselves from an intolerable thralldom. The 'general decree' of five thousand persons cannot be permitted to force a man to ruin the finest voice that has been heard for years."

If it were the most worthless, instead of the finest, the argument would be just the same. No audience has a right to dictate in the matter. If the singer chooses to oblige people with a repetition, well and good; but if he declines, the audience ought to apologise for having asked what was unreasonable. The days of "kyind patrons," and "generous benefactors," are gone by, the artist is on a perfect equality with his audience, and gives them the fruits of his skill in exchange for their money. Let him be on the best of friendly terms with them, but let us have no sneaking submission on his part, no insolent patronage on theirs. And so, bravo and farewell, MR. SIMS REEVES, and may the shadow of your moustache never be less.

MEDICINE AND MORALITY.

IN no other country is so much medicine drank as in England. When the Teetotallers have put down the drinking of spirits, they must direct their attention to the putting down of the enormous consumption of medicine, and try to put that down; for, in our opinion, the one habit is just as pernicious as the other, and in its nauseous time has perhaps killed nearly as many. The drug-shop is almost as destructive an agent as the public-house; and where you find the one, you may be pretty sure that the other is not very far off. A Medicine Pledge is fearfully wanted. It seems that the duty paid on patent medicines during the last year amounted to £43,090 14s. 1½d. Now, the duty on every box of magic ointment, or vial of infallible elixir, amounts, we believe, to three-halfpence, which sum will enable the reader to calculate for himself the exact number of draughts and pills that were consumed in patent medicines alone by the medicine-taking community in the course of one year.

In strong contrast to the above, the sum remitted during the same period to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, as "conscience-money," amounted to £3,015 9s. There seems to be a great deal of medicine to very little conscience! The nation is evidently fonder of the former than the latter; or are we generously to take the smallness of the conscience-money as a complimentary tribute to the virtues of the people. The English lead such a virtuous, exemplary life, that their consciences are perfectly easy and at rest, and they have nothing to reproach themselves with, or pay for, on that score. Viewed by this becoming light, the Englishman's love of medicine is only equalled by his love of morality.

One question more, and we have done. We are curious to know how much the above quacks, who sold the £43,000 worth of pills, contributed to the £3,000 of conscience-money?

"Go into a Back Room."

Magistrate's Speech to MR. BABBAGE.

MR. BABBAGE'S Calculating Machine has at last proved a failure. He went home from the Police Court, the other day, and endeavoured to calculate the thickness of the skull of the Magistrate, who, being asked to relieve him of the intolerable nuisance of a gang of street musicians, did the magisterial best to aid the ruffians in driving MR. BABBAGE from his chamber of study. The Machine is unable to register so great a number of inches. However, it can set down a portion, and the sum is Brought-on.

OUR VIVID VISCOUNT.

VISCOUNT WILLIAMS uttered one of his best things in a debate on Supply the other night. In reference to retiring pensions, he said he had observed that "when persons retired from ill health they usually lived a good many years." "Of course they do, WILLIAMS," said MR. TOM DUNCOMBE. "If they retire from ill health, they necessarily approach good health." The Viscount could not see this for a very long time, but at last dimly apprehending THOMAS'S meaning, he said it was "a subtlety worthy of IGNORAMUS LOYALIST who invented Jesuits."

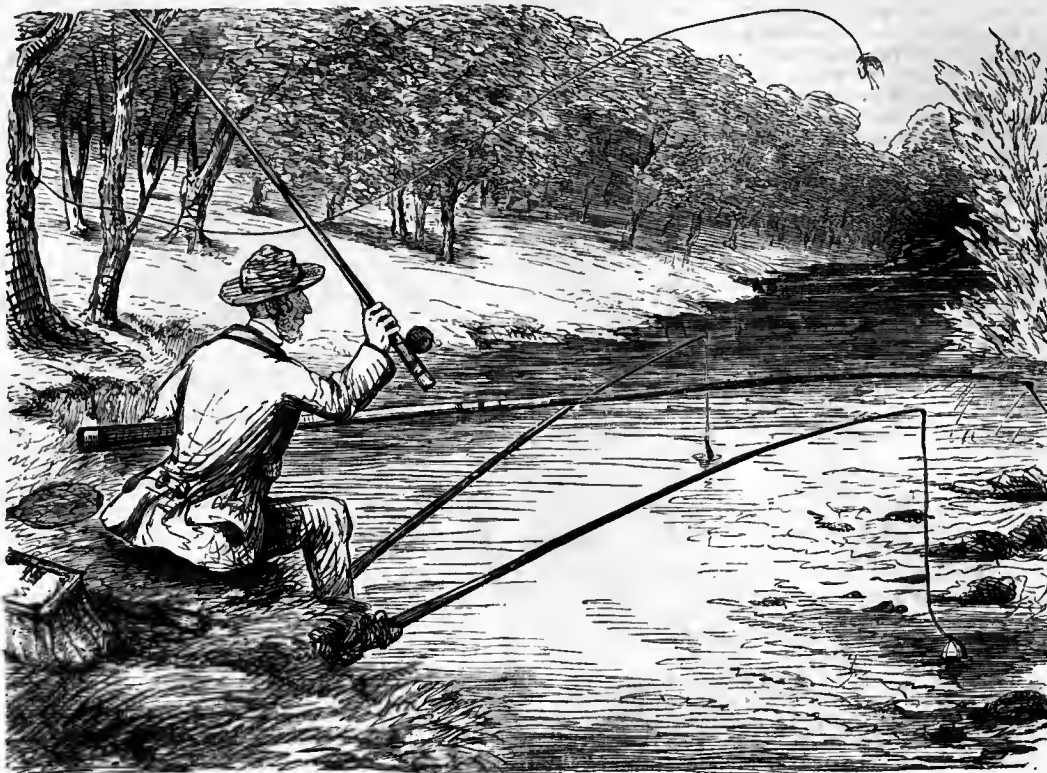


INSURE YOUR MEMBERS' LIVES!

WE really think, when a constituency cleets a man for Parliament, the least thing they could do for him would be to insure his life, and at their own expense to keep up the insurance. Considering the dangers of the service he performs for them, they ought to take steps at the outset for providing for his family. "Leave health behind, all ye who enter here," may now fairly be the motto for the House of Commons doorway; and something clearly should be done for the doomed ones who pass through it. If country sceptics have a doubt of the perils which are nightly undergone by their M.P.'s, let them hear what MR. AYRTON has said upon the subject, and then own themselves converted to our Christian way of thinking:—

"MR. AYRTON called attention to the outrageous system of ventilation. Sometimes when the House was exceedingly warm, very cold air was pumped in at the feet of hon. members. This drove the blood to the head, and produced headaches (a laugh), which often compelled him and others to leave the House. Then, recently, the most abominable odours had been pumped in through the holes and slits at their feet. The smell of the chloride of lime which was used was pleasant enough; but at other times the uncorrected atmosphere of the Thames was wafted through the floor, and then the effect was dreadful indeed. (Hear, hear.)"

Unfeeling minds there may be, which are pity-proof, and will in no one whit be moved by sorrow at this story. Still coarser minds there may be, wherein the statement will awaken, not sympathy, but sarcasm, and whence the question will arise, as to whether the "cold-air" pumps be half as great a nuisance as the many greater "pumps" upon whose feet the air is pumped. And there is, besides, a climax of brutality attained by those who choose to moot the savage point, as to whether the production of a headache by iced air be half as likely to occur as its production by iced drink. For our own part, we should scorn to make such mean insinuations; and our benevolence inclines us to conclude as we commenced, by suggesting that each Member should have his life insured, against the Thames and other evils which each Members' flesh is heir to.



Mr. Billy Potlunter having permission for "One day only"—determines to improve the occasion.

"THE COMING MAN."

In the imagination of every young lady, the coming man is a handsome young officer with pearly teeth, coral lips, rosy cheeks, curly hair, blue eyes, and black moustache, who is dying desperately in love with her, and is coming some day on a prancing grey horse with a long flowing tail, to propose to her. Money is no object, for the thought of money does not vulgarly intrude itself into the young lady's imagination in connection with her Coming Man, only he must be beautifully dressed, and have a handsome riding-whip, and jingling spurs, and neatly-rolled whiskers as tight as watch-springs. Alas! how many thousands are still waiting impatiently, and yet confidently, for the advent of this Coming Man!

DEFINITION OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE.

An invention for obstructing the Police.
[Respectfully dedicated to MR. BROUGHTON.]

AN IRREVERENT ALDERMAN.

SUCH a delightful meeting of the Court of Aldermen took place the other day! The subject in debate was the City Privileges, as likely to be affected by a Bill in Parliament for the regulation of the office of Queen's Remembrancer; and, after some remarks from the LORD MAYOR:—

"ALDERMAN HUMPHERY thought it would not be wise to oppose the Bill. He looked upon the alteration introduced in the clause as one likely to be beneficial and convenient in its operation, as the Queen's Remembrancer or his agent might be very well substituted for the high official who had been in the habit of announcing HER MAJESTY'S approval of the Sheriffs, and presiding while the Sheriffs were occupied in the tomfoolery of cutting the sticks and counting the hob-nails. He really could not see what advantage could arise from persevering in such a practice at all. (*Murmurs.*)"

ALDERMAN CUBITT agreed with ALDERMAN HUMPHERY; SIR PETER LAURIE expressed similar sentiments; but

"ALDERMAN CARTER expressed himself strongly upon the word 'tomfoolery,' used by ALDERMAN HUMPHERY. He wished that word had not been used. It might as well be said that the LORD MAYOR'S inauguration was tomfoolery. In fact, every ancient form and ceremony up to the QUEEN'S Coronation might be subjected to an imputation of the kind, dictated by a feeling of levity and indiscretion. Such innovations as that to which the LORD MAYOR had very properly called the attention of the court would inevitably lead to others of a more serious nature."

Hear, hear, ALDERMAN CARTER! To be sure, Sir! Quite right, Sir! "Tomfoolery" is an expression which, as applied to an ancient and interesting ordeal for testing the intellect of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, is "dictated by a feeling of levity and indiscretion." It certainly is equally applicable to the LORD MAYOR'S inauguration, and particularly to the LORD MAYOR'S Show. The abolition of the time-honoured ceremony in question would, no doubt, lead to other innovations of a still more serious nature. GOG and MAGOG would soon go the way of the City Barge, or fare still worse, unless some truly worthy Alderman likewise bought them, to adorn the hall of his own mansion. What ALDERMAN HUMPHERY irreverently calls "tomfoolery," is, in proper and respectful language, the comic element in the civic Constitution, and is essential to its vitality. The Corporation would never thrive without it. Laugh and grow fat; but laugh with joy—not in derision—at the Sheriffs cutting sticks and counting hobnails!

THAT'S LATIN.—"How quietly pretty little MRS. PEACHBLOOM is dressed," said somebody in the Park. "Not even a bit of mauve on her." "No," replied witty somebody else, "*Quieta non mauvere.*"

NOT EXACTLY A DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

AN attentive correspondent, writing from Congleton, has sent us the subjoined card; with a request, on the part of the Colliers of that district, for a translation of the Horatian line at the top of the ticket, placed there by the REV. J. LUSH, the Incumbent:—

Fies nobilium Tu quoque fontinum.

TICKET OF ADMISSION TO THE TEA PARTY

UPON MOW COP, THURSDAY, JULY 21st, 1859.

Gentlemen, 1s. 6d. each.

No. 642.

J. L.

To comply with our correspondent's request, and translate a quotation from HORACE, would be carrying, as it were, coals to Congleton, but for a fact which he mentions in connection with that piece of Latin. The tea-party for which the card is a ticket of admission, was to celebrate the opening of a well made by a benevolent lady, or rather of an excavation meant for a well, inasmuch as the hole which MRS. RANDE WILBRAHAM has caused to be dug for the purpose of obtaining water has none in it, and never had any. Under these circumstances, the resemblance between the fountain of Blandusia and MRS. W.'s well, which can render the address to the former intelligible in its application to the latter, is not easily conceivable. MR. LUSH, perhaps, "rapt into future times," quotes prophetically, intending to predict that the well, at present insufficient to fill a kettle, will contain the element necessary for a tea-party one of these days. Or, perhaps, he means to describe the real state of that well without water rhetorically, calling it a fountain by the same figure as that whereby the patron of a tea-party might, as an advocate of temperance, if he were not named, be appropriately nick-named, LUSH. On any other supposition, if that reverend gentleman spots his HORACE on a dry well, he himself must be considered to stand for the pump.

THE GREATEST CURIOSITY IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The curiously small salaries paid to its best men.



DON'T BROIL YOUR BABIES!

BUT USE MR. PUNCH'S PATENT NURSEMAID'S BONNET-SCREEN. WARRANTED TO KEEP CHILDREN FROM THE SUN IN ANY CLIMATE.

A MORTAL MISTAKE.

WE read in the *Athenæum*, that SIR ROBERT SMIRKE has resigned his place as a Royal Academician. We always laboured under the delusion that no R.A. could resign, except by dying. It was a fine-art impression with us, that the honour of being elected one of the illustrious forty only terminated when Death came, and, in nautical lingo, "let go the painter." It seems, however, that this idea that the forty of the Royal Academy were as immortal as the *Quarante Immortels* of the Académie Française has only been, on our part, a mortal mistake, and we are indebted to SIR ROBERT SMIRKE for having effectually cured us of it. Once a R.A. does not necessarily imply that you are always a R.A. Will other Royal Academicians have the modesty, or the pluck, to dis-R.A. themselves, in a similar manner, of a honour that they must feel they are no longer able, or worthy, of creditably supporting? If they do not, we shall take the liberty, in a week or two, of concocting an art *Index Expurgatorius*, in which they will find their names rudely printed at full length, accompanied with such comments as may probably bring the colour called crimson on their cheeks.

Cloaking and Uncloaking.

THE Imperial cheat
On old dodges refines:
And dismantles his fleet
But to cloak his designs.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

AUGUST 1, *Monday*. LORD TEYNHAM astounded the House of Lords by suddenly getting up and delivering a Reform speech. He actually advised the Government, in preparing the Bill which we are so certain will pass next Session, to omit any enactment of a property or pecuniary qualification for voters at elections; he thought all working-men ought to have votes, and—

But the trance of astonishment was here broken, and LORD DUNGANNON was the first to recover his speech and rebuke the audacious TEYNHAM. Indeed, if the pedigree of the latter had not been a venerable one (he descends from an Attorney-General of HENRY THE EIGHTH, and is not, therefore, a *novus homo*;) he would have certainly caught it. But LORD GRANVILLE, following LORD DUNGANNON, begged that the radical Baron would not say anything about Reform, which should be introduced as early as convenient next Session.

The Lords had a little wrangle over the Divorce Amendment Act, and some of them professed jealousy at the idea of excluding the public, however fit it might be that the cases should be heard in private. The exclusion clause, somewhat modified, was carried, and the Bill passed.

Having favoured the Chinese with sufficient pepper, it is now desired to force our salt upon them; but as salt is a government monopoly in China, the authorities there are not particularly delighted with the idea. As we are to proceed in the most friendly and Christian manner in our dealings with the Flowery Parties, the orders from home are, not to pour in our salt violently, but to "watch for any opportunity of breaking down the monopoly." Doubtless, they will be understood by the adventurous persons whom it may concern.

In the Commons, LORD BURY and MR. SCHNEIDER were announced to have been returned by bribery, and, consequently, to have been returned to private life. The Tories have been chuckling hugely, as Liberal after Liberal has been ejected. Seven of that party have been unseated; and as LORD DERBY was turned out of office by thirteen only, the Conservatives say that had the investigation been made before the vote on the Address, he would now be in office. But there are some cases to be heard on the other side: meantime, however, the laugh is fair enough. Another thing is to be said, namely, that it is believed that the managers of party, in London, go in to win at elections without regard to the wishes of the candidates; and if the men can only be seated, and brought up to the scratch for such battles as that which floored LORD DERBY, the Committees may do as they like afterwards. If the House of Commons were not in the hands of the attorneys, an Act would be passed making it penal for anybody to act as agent at all in any election whatsoever. But you might as well expect the House of Lords to abolish the eldest son's right to succeed to the title.

In Supply, there were grievous complaints of the folly and obstinacy of the Local Boards for governing towns; and there can be no doubt that the petty influences and quarrels of small neighbourhoods cause much jobbery and obstruction to sanitary measures. *Mr. Punch* is

being perpetually implored to interfere in cases where helpless people are poisoned by bad drainage, because their superiors either combine or contend. He will be down upon some of the parties, shortly.

The great business of the night was SIR CHARLES WOOD'S speech on the affairs of India. The pecuniary mess into which we have got there is something Awful. It will scarcely bear telling; but it must be told, for there is nothing like taking the Brahminy bull by the horns. There is a deficiency of about Twelve millions and a half, and this must be met. SIR CHARLES begins with borrowing Five millions at once, and will soon have to ask for the rest. However, MR. JAMES WILSON is to go to India, and see whether he cannot introduce some sort of account-keeping, and put an abominable system into order. MR. BRIGHT was largely abusive of our management of India, and it is hard to say that he was wrong.

Later, MR. ROEBUCK was very scornful about the reports of Election Committees, and mocked at the hypocrisy of men who reported their belief that candidates, advancing large sums of money, did not intend it to be used for bribery. MR. BOUVERIE waxed wroth, and assailed ROEBUCK for daring to impute perjury to Honourable Members; for which rebuke, on a following night, MR. ROEBUCK (rudely, but not altogether inappropriately) described MR. BOUVERIE as a *Prim Prater*.

Tuesday. LORD BROUGHAM spoke about the Strikes now unhappily prevalent, and expressed a wish that they could be prevented. Other Peers wished the same thing, but none of their Coronetted Wisdoms had any plan to propose; so the matter dropped.

The Commons went again at that enormous grievance, the Judges' Javelins, and reformed them; but SIR G. GREY compelled the withdrawal of the reform. SIR GEORGE, either to-night or on another occasion this week, incurred the wrath of COLONEL FRENCH, who strongly advised him to drop his habit of "lecturing" Honourable Members.

A foreign debate was to have come on, but the demise of LORD MINTO, LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S father-in-law, caused its postponement, and MR. MONCKTON MILNES carried an address for the purpose of punishing the ruffianly merchant captains who inflict cruelties upon their sailors. If the Americans would consent to our hanging or flogging their sea-scoundrels, we would gladly return the compliment, and then justice would be got on whichever side the Atlantic the offender happened first to reach. But JONATHAN is extra tenacious on such matters. A Count-Out pleasantly finished the evening.

Wednesday. COLONEL GREVILLE, who ought to have served on the Hull Election Committee, had bolted to Ireland, and was ordered to be chased and arrested, which was done. He said he was very sorry, and had gone on what he thought public duty; so he was discharged on paying his fees, and sworn on the Committee, and probably availed himself of the opportunity to do a little swearing on his own account, when the little bill of the SERJEANT-AT-ARMS was presented to him. MR. LABOUCHERE is made a Lord, because he did not insist on having office at the last change; so a new Member is wanted for Taunton.

Thursday. The only fun of the day was in the House of Commons, in Supply. LORD PALMERSTON, who thinks he knows everything (and does know a good deal), made a speech on Architectural Art, and took enormous pains to prove that MR. SCOTT'S design for the new Government Offices ought not to be adopted, because it is Gothic. The noble Lord seemed to have been reading up MR. PETER CUNNINGHAM'S *Handbook*, and gave a very long list of public buildings in London, in order to show that Gothic architecture was not popular; but the list comprised such a lot of edifices which one would be glad to hear had fallen down, or been burned, that the logic went for nothing. Anybody who really understands the question, knows that Gothic architecture can be rendered suitable for the purposes of any building, religious or profane; and clever old PAM talked nonsense. Even LORD JOHN MANNERS had the "pull" upon him on this occasion. SIR JOSEPH PAXTON set the House right upon the foolish notion that Gothic apartments must be "dark." Greek architects built walls without windows; it was the Gothic builders who made those holes in the walls; and SIR JOSEPH declared that SCOTT'S design actually provided rather too much light. For the credit of the country, *Mr. Punch* hopes that the best design will be adopted; and as the House voted £30,000 for the foundation, and this is to be under MR. SCOTT'S direction, things seem working the right way.

Friday. A queer plan for filtering the Serpentine instead of cleansing it is to be adopted at an expense of £17,000. The world will rejoice to hear that SIR TOMMY WILSON has had another overthrow—he having once more ventured to try it on about Hampstead Heath. LORD FERMOY, as the new M.P. for Marylebone, had the opportunity of walking into WILSON, and did so very properly. A bit of personality, originated by MR. ROEBUCK, touching DR. MICHELL, M.P. for Bodmin, who retires, as he plainly says, (rather than ruin himself by defending his seat, though he is innocent of bribery, gave some interest to a dull evening. The House of Commons is intended for Rich Men only, or men whose friends are rich, and people who have simply the incomes of gentlemen have no business there. Our National Defences continued the *pièce de resistance* in the House, as *Mr. Punch* trusts they will prove elsewhere at need. The Ministerial White Bait was ordered for the following Wednesday.

A CALUMNY ON COOKS.



OBRIETY and honesty do not commonly in Devonshire go hand in hand with cookery, however close connection they may elsewhere have with it. Such at least seems the opinion of the writer of the following, which a correspondent sends us from the *Western Times* :—

IF there is in Exeter, or its neighbourhood, a Sober, Honest, and Respectable PLAIN COOK, about 35 or 40 years of age, with a character of standing, requiring a place, she may hear something to her advantage, at No. 227, High Street.

Our correspondent—who betrays that she belongs to the fair sex, not merely by her writing and the softness of her style, in speaking as she does of our "inimitable paper," but by using needle and thread to fix her extract to her note,—our correspondent "trusts that

we shall not imagine" that the character of Devon cooks has "fallen to so low a standard" as the "perpetrator" of this "absurd advertisement" believes. In a culinary interest, as well as that of gallantry, we hasten to allay her apprehensions on this point. Our imagination, we assure her, is in much too firm control for it ever to run riot in the manner she so fears it may. In our wildest dreams of fancy we never could believe in the existence of a cook who was not honest and respectable, and, above all, sober to a fault. We believe this is the general culinary rule, and we see no cause why Devonshire should form a base exception to it. We should as soon think of hearing of a tipsy teetotaller as of a cook being notorious for a weakness for strong drinks. If the "perpetrator" of the above has any doubt of this, let him consult the pages of *The Greatest Plague of Life*, and he will there find the most ample confirmation of the fact. Or let him moot the point in any

company of ladies, in which it is his fortune to obtain a moment's audience: and he will learn from them that cooks are all avoiders of strong liquors as carefully as *Punch* is an eschever of weak jokes.

THE LAMENT OF THE SPIDER.

In window and in cornice-nook my filmy net I spread,
Or from the ceiling hang aloft my web of alender thread,
Spun from my poor inside in vain; no snare can I devise
That longer will afford me prey: I can't catch any flies.]

None are there to be caught, alas!—no luck about the house;
I'm like a cat that's neither fed, nor yet can find a mouse.
As stinging housewives use their cats, all mistresses treat me,
E'en when dear lazy serving-maids my works leave besom-free.

This dwelling swarmed throughout with flies a little week ago,
And I and hosts of brothers hung our meshes high and low;
But now our quarry's all destroyed; each fly is dead and gone:
My brothers are departed too, and I alone live on.

Deprived of game, and so of food, starvation I endure,
'Tis poison that has ruined me—that deadly *Papier Mousse*;
That web—more fatal to the flies than any net of mine—
Was set for them the other day—from which I've ceased to dinc.

They drank—they flew away—they died—I caught some in their flight,
Woe is me that I tasted them, for since I've ne'er been right.
With inward pangs convulsed I writhe, and, if I could, should groan,
From eating flies infected with worse venom than my own.

A plague upon the soaking scrap the spider's sport which spoils,
Which mocks his patient industry, by frustrating his toils;
Now is my geometric woof of not the slightest use,
Except to point the cackle of a moralising goose.

Farewell my old, my loved abode, whence, forced by want to roam,
Forth must I go for sustenance, and find another home;
Where, for there only can I live, there only food procure,
The blessed inmates don't mind flies, or don't use *Papier Mousse*.

HALF-MEASURES.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in asking for a vote of £10,000 to re-coin the old copper coinage, informed the House that the "intrinsic value of the new coins would not be more than half of the present ones." We ask the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER if this is what he would call turning "an honest penny?"—for every newly-coined penny, according to this statement, would not be worth more than the present halfpenny. This is a system of half-price that the Mint seems to have borrowed from our Theatres. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER should write outside his door, "HALF PRICE HAS COMMENCED." This is a new form of taxation, and if for every penny he receives he only gives back a halfpenny, it is a clear gain of fifty per cent., and we do not see what necessity there is for the imposition (imposition in every sense) of the Income-Tax. Will the same reduction be carried out with our silver and gold coinage? for it promises, if adopted, to be the speediest extinction of the National Debt that has ever been hit upon. Putting the revenue down at £70,000,000, he will be able to apply £35,000,000 of it every year towards that amiable purpose. We always thought that MR. GLADSTONE was a first-rate Chancellor of the Exchequer, and now we are convinced of it. He not only gives us a bright new coin, but saves the nation sixpence upon every shilling. MR. DISRAELI was not so good a Chancellor—by one-half.

Things are Much as they "Used to Was."

AT Milan, the mob flung the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA'S portrait into the streets. It matters but little about the copy being turned out, so long as the original has the power of turning in again. It has not pleased the Genius of Italy to take FRANCIS-JOSEPH off the hooks just yet. We are afraid that the shadow of his countenance will be felt all over Lombardy for several years to come. The EMPEROR may thank LOUIS NAPOLEON for restoring him to pretty nearly the same place that he has always occupied. The only relief the poor Italians have is, to denounce the restoration as "a hanging shame."

* P. BEDFORD, Esq.

A HIPPOPHAGISTIC DELICACY.—A horse-eating restaurant has started a new equine delicacy. It announces on its plate-glass windows, "MARE'S-NEST SOUP EVERY DAY."

A VESSEL IN THE KNAVY.



VERY eccentric taste appears to preside over the nomenclature of the British Navy. A screw-sloop of 17 guns, launched the other day at Deptford, bears the odd name of *Mutine*. For a vessel in HER MAJESTY'S service the denomination of *Mutine*, or *Mutineer*, is exactly the reverse of appropriate. What could have suggested it to the person who allotted it to the lately launched sloop? A dim recollection, perhaps, of *Hamlet's* saying,

"Mothought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the
bilboes."

coupled with an indistinct idea of the kind of persons designated by the word *Mutines*. But this blind employment of Shakspearian terms indicates a zeal for SHAKSPEARE which is not according to knowledge, but according to ignorance. The stupidity which has

called a sloop *Mutine*, will next, perhaps, name a cutter *Bilboes*. Or if the god-fathers and godmothers of the QUEEN'S ships, who give them their names, know what they are about, we shall probably have our vessels of war characterised by

such appellations as *Rogue* and *Vagabond* for those of minor rates, while the big ships of the line, the "*Leviathans afloat*," will rejoice in the higher distinctions of *Rascal*, *Scoundrel*, *Felon*, *Burglar*; or indeed why not *Pirate*, which, for a ship in the highly disciplined navy of England, is a name at least as suitable as *Mutine*.

A BIT OF AN OLD ENGLISH BALLAD.
(WINE MEASURE.)

THE PERSÈ owt of Northumberland House,
And a right good dede dyd he,
For he sent to divers hospitalles
Some buttes of old Sherric.

The choicest Sherris to make speak a cat,
He hadd ytt up and he gave it all away,
By our faith sayd the cryples, and all the sieke men,
We will drink the Duke his health, gyff that we maye.

Conscientiously Speaking.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR is keeper of the QUEEN'S conscience, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER keeper of the conscience of the nation; at least we infer as much from the fact of all the "conscience-money" being invariably remitted to the latter gentleman. THE QUEEN so far differs (and to her credit be it recorded!) from her subjects, with whom she holds no other difference, inasmuch as she has never had occasion to send any "conscience-money" to her conscience-keeper.

BOILING INDIGNATION.—Spill some hot soup over an old lady's dress, and see how she will take it!

PUFF-PASTE AND SCISSORS.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR, ALTHOUGH myself without incumbrance, I can, as a man of feeling, sympathise with the unhappy husband and wretched father who has, in these days of exorbitant petticoats, to find a number of females in muslin. If, indeed, he has one only to keep, I pity him. It is not, therefore, with unalloyed complacency that I regard the drapers' handbills left at my house with a view to take in the wife and daughters whom, I am happy to say, it does not contain. Here is the inscription on the envelope of one of these puffing circulars:—



A Proclamation.

Appointment of Volunteer Rifle Corps.
Selection of Costume, Arms, Camp Equipage, &c.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"

"Whilst I bless myself for being unburthened, I pity others for being laden with calamities so heavy as women who are stupid enough to be gulled by such trickery as the vulgar humbug above instanced, which would disgust and repel any reasonable being. These female fools must be very numerous, or it would not pay the 'Towzery Gang' to print and circulate their appeals to idiotic credulity. The lying envelope above alluded to contained a sheet as large as a local newspaper, also full of lies, the biggest of which were printed in red ink. This tissue of falsehoods commenced with the following sham summons:—

"Official Notitt.—THE DILAPIDATIONS to the Premises, No. —.

"To — and all others whom it may concern.

"THE COMMITTEE OF METROPOLITAN SURVEYORS who adjudicated on the above premises, having commanded their immediate restoration, &c. &c. Further order and decree, and give you Notice accordingly, that the said premises must be cleared of all Stock in Trade, Furniture, or Property, whatsoever ready for the commencement of the works by MONDAY, the 25th day of July, 1859, under a Penalty for further delay of One Thousand Pounds.—So herein full not at your peril.

"Dated this 12th day of July, 1859."

"Next came the following equally authentic statement:

"The said STOCK IN TRADE to the value of £50,000 is comprised in the very Richest SILKS, SHAWLS, DRESSES, FINEST TABLE DAMASKS, &c.

"And then ensued the fudge subjoined:

"The above distressing Notice places Mr. — on the very verge of Ruin; the most prompt measures alone can rescue him; that is, to sell his Stock instanter at any

price he can; this he has resolved upon, regardless of fate. He frankly submits his terms, and confidently relies upon the British Public crowding to the rescue, as the true benefit is theirs alone.

"The Sale is most positively limited to the 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, and 23rd day of July, 1859, and no longer.

"Parties residing at a distance will be paid Omnibus Fare on Purchases in excess of £2.

"THIS GREAT SALE will be found to have no parallel both as to Richness, Magnitude, and Costliness of the Goods, as well as the *Fatally Ruinous Prices*, at which they will be sold,—either extremity of richness or cheapness, it is impossible to define.

"Remember the Sale is limited to Tuesday, July 19th, Wednesday 20th, Thursday 21st, Friday 22nd, and Saturday 23rd, by which time all must be swept away, no less will be allowed to prevent that great result."

"From the foregoing examples of fraudulent puffery, I suppose the linendraper's name and address must be omitted, lest if any silly women happened to take up *Punch* and see this letter, the extracts contained in it should do the fellow, for their part, all the service of an advertisement. I do not write for them. I write for men about to marry, to whom I would say 'Do no such thing,' or at least 'Look before you leap,' and beware of binding yourself for life to a simpleton capable of being imposed upon by such preposterous bosh as that of these advertising haberdashers.

"The feminine flats are next presented with a list of prices thus headed:—

"A CATALOGUE.—Great and Illimitable Selling Off, in consequence of Compulsory Alterations of Premises, of the Vast, Costly, and Varied Stock of ———, Value £50,000. No goods at more than one-third their value, many much less. A truly commercial wonder of wholesale sacrifice and devastation of Property. For Five Days Only. See margin."

"The prices are of course illustrations of the statement that the goods will all be sold at less, and much less, than their value: a statement I have no doubt that many of the softer sex believe, notwithstanding that it comes under cover with a lie on the face of it. I shall not go into details, for I hate the very name of the articles concerned—'organdi'—'cachmeres'—'alpacas'—'chintz'—'tabbinets'—'balzarines'—things which at the best are flimsy, and at the cheapest expensive. I will only say that among them I observe:

"MULHAUSEN CHINTZ CAMBRICS, Brilliant Grounds, value 6s. 9d., now for sale at 1s. 9d. full dress."

"For MULHAUSEN I would say, read MUNCHAUSEN. But what then, Sir? The confiding creatures who believe these rascally haberdashers would believe MUNCHAUSEN himself; but, Sir, they won't believe their husbands and fathers, which is lamentable to think of as a philanthropist, but, happily, does not further signify to your humble servant,

"SENEX."

"Sweetbriars, August, 1859."



Porter. "Now, MARM, WILL YOU PLEASE TO MOVE, OR WAS YOU CORDED TO YOUR BOX?"

A DUET AT ST. CLOUD.

- Louis.* When a little farm we keep,
With little girls and boys,
And little subjects, mild as sheep,
And guns for little toys.
- Louis.* { Oh, what happy merry days we'll see,
Eugénie. { While Europe to our sceptre bends the knee! (*Bis*).
- Eugénie.* In costume, I'll engage,
The Court shall be splendescant ;
- Louis.* By phrases, I presage,
Kings will be kept quiescant.
- Eugénie.* The *mode* I'll conduct !
Louis. The world I'll instruct !
- Eugénie.* "Mesdames, your Queen obey."
Louis. "L'Empire," Sirs, "C'est la paix."
- Both.* { Oh, what happy, merry days we'll see,
{ While Europe to our sceptre bends the knee! (*Bis*).

SALE OF GOVERNMENT STORES.

IMPORTANT PUBLIC NOTICE.—To be SOLD without Reserve, several thousand Mortars, field pieces, and cannon; about a million muskets, and as many Minié rifles, of the best and newest make; a large quantity of pistols, sabres, swords, and bayonets; also several siege trains, complete with every requisite for immediate service; some few hundred extra gun-carriages, and spare ammunition waggon; tents for the encampment of above five hundred thousand troops; also a large number of ambulances, baggage-vans, cooking stoves, and commissariat carts; above a million soldiers' knapsacks, and uniforms complete, including tunics, trousers, boots, belts, shakos, and cartouche boxes; together with (at least) Ten Billion rounds of cartridges, and above three million tons of powder, caps, and fire-balls, rockets, shells, and cannon shot. Also all the guns, and small arms, including muskets, pistols, dirks, boarding pikes, and cutlasses, forming now the armament of some three hundred ships of war, which are at once to be cut down, and converted into merchantmen.

All of which said Stores are to be SOLD off without delay, being the property of an EMPEROR retiring from the war-trade, and wishing to reduce his naval and military establishment.

For further Particulars and Cards to view, apply in person, or by letter (if the latter, postage paid) to L. N., at the Palace of the Tuilleries, a Paris.

N.B. To prevent misunderstanding, no English need apply.

LADIES' MAIDS AND LINDLEY MURRAY.

LADIES have, we know, a hundred thousand occupations; but they really should find time to write their own advertisements. Here is one, for instance, which we cannot for a moment think a lady could have written, and we must, perforce, ascribe it to a lady's maid:—

IF the LADY who has got a WHITE SINGLE SQUARE CASH-MERE SHAWL, TAKEN BY MISTAKE, at Asbridge, on Saturday, July 9th, will be kind enough to RETURN it to No. 11, Wilton Crescent, Belgrave Square, when the owner will return the White Barège Scarf Shawl, also taken by mistake.

Should the Government Examiners catch sight of this advertisement (and now it's put in *Punch* they cannot well help doing so), it is likely that the next batch of our Civil Service candidates will be required to point out its grammatical defects, and to remodel and translate it into purer English. Stepping, therefore, in to the assistance of these gentlemen, we may notice that the "got" is an inelegant redundancy; and that the word "when" is likewise a redundancy, not inelegant, perhaps, but clearly incorrect. The insertion of the "when" makes the sentence an imperfect one, and it terminates appropriately with the word "mistake."

It was through gallantry we shrank from ascribing to a lady the composition of a sample of bad language such as this. But our courtesy may, after all, have forced us into error. English ladies have been known to think it fine to talk in French, and for this cause may, perhaps, affect an ignorance of English. Who knows but in Belgravia bad grammar is in fashion, and that writing ungrammatically is thought as much "the thing" as writing quite illegibly? We have heard it said that French is held in more importance at a lady's school than English; and it may be that a servant, though not having the advantage of a "finished" education, is made a better mistress of her language than her mistress. While we keep this to ourselves, no great harm or shame can come of it; but, for the credit of the country, the fact should not go out of it. We, therefore, wish the *Times* would polish its advertisements, lest foreigners who know our language should be led to say, and say with truth, that very many of ourselves don't.

TOAST AND TAXATION.—NAPOLEON and Ninepence in the Pound.



PEACEFUL—VERY!



WHAT SPIRIT-RAPPING CAN DO.



times so rapidly that the motion was invisible, and all we could see was that the object had changed its location."

Now, we want to know if Spirit-Rapping is capable of achieving all the above flights of genius, why it is not brought to bear upon some useful purpose? Why is it not engaged in some profitable pursuit, that would bring in money as well as bring down surprise? If it has really the power of "making small articles fly through the air, and fall at the places designed for them," could not it be valuably engaged in moving furniture? There would be a considerable saving in time, bother, and expense. No horses would be needed, no cumbersome carts required, whilst the services of drunken porters, who touch few articles of value without breaking them, could be entirely dispensed with. One effective spirit-rapper would be able to do all the business. He would only have to be put *en rapport* with a fourpost bedstead (a *rapporter* would not be a bad name for these new spirit-carriers), and, hey

ERE are a few marvels that Spiritualism has in its secret power to do. Our informant is JUDGE EDMONDS, our American friend, who may be said to have fairly given his mind to the study of the subject, for there seems but little doubt that he has gone stark staring mad upon it:—

"I have seen a chair run across a room, backward and forward, with no mortal hand touching it. I have seen tables rise from the floor, and suspended in the air. I have seen them move when not touched. I have known a small bell fly round the room over our heads. I have known a table, at which I was sitting, turned upside down, then carried over my head, and put against the back of the sofa, and then replaced. I have seen a table lifted from the floor, when four able-bodied men were exerting their strength to hold it down. I have heard, well vouched for, of a young man carried through the air, several feet from the floor, through a suite of parlours. I have seen small articles in the room fly through the air and fall at the place designed for them, and some-

presto! before you could give a double knock at a nobleman's door, it would be sent galloping as quick as any four-poster through the air all the way from Pentonville to Belgravia, and that done so rapidly that not a soul would be able to notice its magic flight! ALADDIN'S Palace must have been moved by some such mysterious agency. The surpassing beauty, too, of this new motive power is, that it would do away with all the preliminary trouble of packing. Everything might be despatched precisely as it was, and no fear of smashing the largest article apprehended. Glass-cases, looking-glasses, washing-stands, would all "fall at the places designed for them" with a charming precision, worthy of a flap-scene in a Pantomime. We suspect that Harlequin's wand must have a sly touch of spirit-rapping in its wooden nature, or else it never would transport things and persons with such wonderful touch-and-go nicety and dexterity.

If JUDGE EDMONDS could only get some brother-rapper to send him flying over here (for if spiritualism has the power of carrying wardrobes, why not human beings?) we are sure that a rapid fortune awaits him. He has only to turn PICKFORD on this new expeditious principle, and he will soon have more goods than he will be able to find rappers for. We vote that he exhibit over his warehouse door a board with the inscription:—"GOODS REMOVED IN TOWN OR COUNTRY TO ANY DISTANCE BY SPIRIT MEDIUM OF A 500 SPIRIT POWER."

Could not the same inscrutable influence be likewise most serviceably employed upon travellers, *commissionnaires*, cabs, and omnibuses? By this invisible telegraph, an alderman might be sent flying from Paddington to the Bank for twopenny, in less than two minutes. How convenient, too, when one wanted the children sent home from school, instead of having to go to fetch them!

It is clear that the boundary-line of the Spirit-World, and its marvellous powers, have not yet been defined.

ROMANCE IN RUSSIA.

DATING from St. Petersburg, a correspondent sends us a myriad of compliments, and an advertisement which we shall presently transcribe. In general our modesty prevents our publication of the praises which are poured on us; but for a reason we shall state we feel obliged for once to make exception to our rule. We are told, then, with "profound respect and admiration" that—

"Punch has certainly gained ground here. He does not get his precious pages mutilated as formerly. He is always looked for with anxiety, and received with pleasure; for he makes us to forget many a long hour, which would otherwise be very dreary in our Arctic winter. He is our constant companion, going with us to office, and when we take our guns for field sport, Punch always makes his appearance at the halting-place, and often keeps us longer than good sportsmen wish."

The reason we quote this is not to blow our trumpet, for we have neither need nor liking for such music. Everybody knows that Punch, wherever he is read, is read with pleasure and with profit; and to publish to the universe the uses of its Punch, would be to publish news so stale that nobody would thank us for it. We simply print the paragraph to show that Russia is pursuing now a more enlightened policy than that in which her Government was "formerly" benighted, and now that Punch may enter in uncut shape, her progress and prosperity must be regarded as assured to her.

And now for the advertisement, which, taken from the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg*, runs thus:—

"Dimanche, au pont de Chaines, près le Jardin d'Été, il a été volé un petit chien, race *pincher*, poils longs, blancs et noirs, à moitié tondus, oreilles longues, nez et lèvres noires, ayant l'air d'un petit lion. Il s'appelle Mylord. La personne qui l'a trouvé ou acheté est conjurée de le rapporter Maison Dénidoff, Perspective de Nevsky, No. 54, la récompense sera bonne. Il est l'unique ami de sa maîtresse."

To a mind like ours, which ever brims with sympathy and sentiment, there is something inexpressibly affecting in this statement, and we are afraid almost to trust ourselves to speak of it. Overcome by the sad tale of this lost duck of a dog, we cannot dwell as we should wish to do on his surpassing merits. When we think of his "black nose," a tear trickles down our own, and the mention of his "*poils longs, à moitié tondus*" makes us sigh to think of his capillary attractions, and to sorrow that the owner of them should sheer off. His most touching charm, however, is that which elaps a climax on our grief at his elope-

ment. "*Il est l'unique ami*," we are told, "*de sa maîtresse!*" What a picture of bereavement do these few simple words supply! How sharp must be the pang in the bosom of that blighted one, whose heart and hearth have been made desolate by the bereavement of—alas! her one and only friend! *Il est l'unique ami de sa maîtresse*. If he be dead, what an inscription would this be for his tomb! And yet, simple as it sounds, there must surely be some hidden meaning in the phrase. Words so full of love and tenderness could hardly, we should think, be spoken of a mere lapdog. Perish the thought! No! Clearly, although spoken of as being one belonging to the family of "PINTCHER," the lost one is a creature of far nobler "race." The "*unique ami*" may be possibly a puppy, but he is plainly a two-legged one, and if he wears a tail it is as a tail coat. There are many puppies living who have the air of little lions; and it must be to one of these, who may be known by his "long ears," that the pitious conjuration "*de sa maîtresse*" is addressed.

A PET FOR A PALACE.

It saddens one to think what losses are sustained, which, although one has the will, one has no power to alleviate. Here, for instance, is a sample, which we quote from the unfeeling Second Column of the *Times*:—

WHITE COCKATOO LOST, from 77, — Street, on Saturday last. Repeats "Pretty Cocky" constantly. A liberal REWARD is offered on its being returned.

A cockatoo which is "constantly" repeating "Pretty Cocky," must really be a charming and invaluable companion, and the most liberal of rewards would hardly represent the worth of it. At the same time, had the treasure chanced to fall into our hands, we should not have felt quite easy in our mind—nor in our ears—while such a pet remained in our unworthy keeping. Had we failed in ascertaining its unhappy rightful owner (who, no doubt, would have been found to be distracted by his loss), we think we should have sent it to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, as being one who would appreciate it even more than we could hope to do. Bored as he must be by the parrot-like repeating of his praises by his ministers, it would no doubt be a relief to him to get a cockatoo to listen to, whose "large utterance" was limited to the one phrase, "Pretty Cocky!"

A LONG SHOT WITH A LONG BOW.



more doubt the cucumber-like coolness of the EMPEROR, than we question the assertion that French soldiers "at a bound" can jump a hundred yards. When glory is the goal which a Frenchman strives to gain, he will, we know, go any lengths in leaping to attain

ENTINELLE OF THE JURA relates the following true episode of the Battle of Solferino:—

"We were fighting to get into Cavriana. The EMPEROR came to satisfy himself as to what was going on; the balls whistled round us, and a shell bursting close by made His Majesty's horse rear. The escort proceeded to the head of the battalion, and the fire became warmer as the uniform of the Generals and the cuirasses of the Cent Gardes served as points to aim at. The Colonel threw himself in front of the EMPEROR, and said, 'Sire, do not expose yourself; it is at you they are aiming.' 'Very well,' replied the EMPEROR, with a smile; 'silence them, and they will then fire no longer.' This expression gave us fresh vigour, and I know not how it was, but at a bound we gained a hundred yards, and in twenty minutes after we had taken Cavriana."

Readers of weak digestion may find it somewhat difficult to stomach this French story; but for ourselves we are not in the least afraid to swallow it. We no

question the assertion that French soldiers "at a bound" can jump a hundred yards. When glory is the goal which a Frenchman strives to gain, he will, we know, go any lengths in leaping to attain

Charming Congruity.

LORD PALMERSTON tells us that if MR. SCOTT'S design for the new Foreign Office is allowed to be carried out, we should only get "a frightful and disagreeable-looking building" for our money. We think this defect, if true, is a very strong argument in favour of its erection, inasmuch as the more "frightful" and the more "disagreeable looking" the new Foreign Office is, the less is it likely to jar with the other buildings that at present adorn our lovely Metropolis. A beautiful edifice might attract notice, and moreover would only tend to destroy that charming uniformity of ugliness which we have succeeded in maintaining uninjured for so many years in London.

EXPORTATION OF BURDENS.

THOSE who pay the Income-Tax will drink the less French wine. Though the taxation which their navy costs us does not extend abroad to our warlike neighbours, it nevertheless comes home to them.

A "BRAVO" FOR BARRY.

"PRAY, *Mr. Punch*, what is it makes men talk so foolishly in Parliament? From the stuff which is reported of them, one would fancy that the Thames mud gets into their heads, or that their brains are nightly blown out by the blasts of ventilation. There must be something in St. Stephens which is destructive to good speaking, else how can one account for the balderdash one hears there. It is a melancholy fact that nine-tenths of the debates are only fit to be addressed to the constituency of Bunkum. No sooner does a man gain the title of M.P. than, it seems to me, he loses the best half of his intellect. Let him be a DEMOSTHENES before he takes his seat, and he sinks to a mere SPOONER the moment that he rises from it. Why, even MR. AYRTON makes a stupid speech occasionally. The assertion may seem strange, but only listen, Sir, to this:—

"The fact was, that incompetency and extravagance seemed to mark the whole arrangement within this building. For instance, an enormous sum was wasted above their heads in forcing light through plate glass, whereas one-third of that light would be sufficient for the House if it were not placed outside the glass. This extravagant arrangement tended merely to gratify some one's caprice. But from beginning to end the whole building was nothing but a piece of mediæval folly. (A laugh.) It carried them back 400 or 500 years with no other end than to deprive them of all the advantages which science had since placed at their disposal. Instead of ample light there was obscured glass, in order to imitate a period when the manufacture of glass was in its infancy (*hear, hear*); and although our manufacturers now produced the most beautiful crystal, the House was full of little trumpery pieces of glass a few inches square, inserted in lead casing, and dignified by the name of windows. (*Hear, hear, and laughter*.) What could have possessed the minds of any man, or any set of men, to insist that everything about the Houses of Parliament should accord with the ignorance of some hundreds of years ago, rather than with the advanced intelligence of to-day! (*Hear, hear*.) And this was called the perfection of art! Why, ornaments of the most trumpery kind stared you in the face at every turn. Look at the absurd paintings within the House, which led many members to attend very little to what was being done, while some could hardly rise to speak without having their thoughts distracted by the lions and the dragons, and the rest of it. (*Laughter*.) This trumpery was repeated from one end of the building to the other. If some man at Birmingham had contracted to erect the Palace, one could have understood his reasons for casting the portcullis and the Tudor rose by the dozen, and for sticking them together afterwards in all parts of the buildings; but that men should carve stone after stone with a repetition of the same design, that they should scribble the History of England in writing which nobody could read, so that the very Policeman on duty had to say, 'You must turn the other way, Sir, to look at that,' passed all comprehension. (*Laughter*.) Yet this was called decoration! It was a disgrace to the country to have erected such a place at all, and the decoration showed a poverty of invention which even a school-boy would pronounce contemptible. (*Hear, hear*.)"

"There now, did you ever hear more silly stuff than that? Why, in the name of common sense—or, what is more extraordinary, of House of Commons sense—what in the wide world, Sir, does MR. AYRTON want? To complain of the House as being 'trumpery' and 'absurd,' and unsuited for the purposes for which it was designed, seems to my mind as unreasonable as to quarrel with our statutes for being ugly and ridiculous, or to find fault with our fountains because they look like squirts. It is the proud boast of us Britons that we never will do anything like anybody else: and in not departing from our insular conception of what is True, and Beautiful, and Loveable in art, we properly maintain our nation's independence, and keep up our reputation for consistency at any rate, if not for common sense.

"With regard, Sir, to the charge that the building, in construction, is behind the time, and carries those who sit in it back to the Dark Ages, I say so much the better, and I rejoice to hear it. There may be dolts and idiots who may think that if the House were built more in accordance with what this MR. AYRTON calls our 'advanced intelligence,' there might be more marked progress in our course of legislation; and that if the windows were made to give more light, our statesmen, peradventure, might be more enlightened. But to my mind, Sir, our progress is too fast as it is, and I am thankful to the architect for planning means to check it. As one of the old school I hate newfangled notions, and the notion that a Government ought to be enlightened is in my view quite a novelty, and I have therefore a just horror of it. None could ever have conceived it in the good old times, and only Radicals and Chartists even now would dream of it. 'Innovation' and 'improvement' are to my mind but the synonyms for 'reform' and 'revolution;' and of these two words I know not which I hold in greater hatred.

"As for the 'extravagant arrangements' of the House, and the 'enormous sums' we have wasted on the lights and (so called) ornaments, so far from our complaining, we ought, Sir, to feel proud of them. Let other nations screw and pinch their builders as they will: there is no reason why England should degrade herself in this way. JOHN BULL can afford to make his payments through the nose, and I am pretty sure he feels a sort of proud pleasure in doing so. The enjoyment that a snuff-taker derives from taking snuff, I believe JOHN BULL deduces from this other nasal luxury.

"In defiance then of all that MR. AYRTON may have said, I contend the House of Commons is a truly British building, and I cry 'Bravo,

BARRY!' for having been the builder of it. I like old-fashioned things, and, as the Houses are old-fashioned, I cannot but admire them. Give me old-fashioned buildings and old-fashioned laws to match: and let us hear of no more stooping to consider what they cost us. As a Briton I admire all British institutions. Ugliness and uselessness are both British institutions; and the more we have to pay for them, the dearer must they be to us.

"I remain, Sir, a friend to SIR CHARLES BARRY, and a foe to innovation, one who prides himself on being, by his birthplace,

"A TRUE BRITON."

CIVIC POETRY OF PARIS.

THE Address lately delivered to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH by the chief Municipal Council of Paris, ought to make the Court of Aldermen perfectly ashamed of themselves. There is no poetry in the congratulations which the Corporation of London occasionally offers to the QUEEN. Substituting "Madam" for "Sire," the civic dignitaries would never dream of glorifying HER MAJESTY in the following vein, wherein ERICLES' vein, a tyrant's vein, mingles with that of a lover, which is more condoling:—

"SIRE, On the day of the departure of your Majesty the population of all France, joining in the idea and the resolutions of the EMPEROR, offered to him in a warm ovation, its arms and treasures to carry on the war. It promised to watch like a mother over the sacred deposit intrusted to it."

The personification of the people is a poetical idea which never would have occurred to your Worships. You would never have the grace—and elegance—to tell your Sovereign that the population of Chopside and the neighbouring districts joined her in her idea and in her resolutions, and offered her its arms and treasures in a warm ovation. It is true that an ovation means a display analogous to the lesser triumph of the ancient Romans, which was "allowed to those commanders who had won a victory without much bloodshed," instead of meaning a popular demonstration made in honour of an EMPEROR on the eve of a sanguinary war. No doubt the description of arms and treasures as "offered in a warm ovation" is not exactly sense. But you could never have composed such nonsense as that any day.

When did you ever talk of the British public promising to watch like a mother over the sacred deposit intrusted to it? Did you ever, any of you, conceive an image so interesting? Image?—What idea have you London Aldermen of images, beyond Gog and Magog?

When did you ever give utterance to an expression of gratitude of this kind?

"The Civic Council of Paris is glad to testify publicly its devotion to your Majesty's dynasty, and its gratitude for that genius which has thrown such now splendour upon it."

What gratitude have you ever felt or even evinced for the genius which is continually throwing new splendour upon you from the Office, 85, Fleet Street? "Hang ye, gorbelled knaves!"

If some of you have occasionally joined in the National Anthem, at the prompting of loyal enthusiasm, and under the influence of iced punch, are any of you capable of singing the subjoined *Te Imperatorem*—if you know what that means?

"Sire, the patriotic acclamations of an immense city in the presence of your invincible soldiers—its earnest prayers to God, who guides you, will soon resound on a solemn occasion, and proclaim that the nation, proud of its Emperor, admires you and loves you for this new glory added to our flag, for this firmness which no danger disturbs, for this calmness which dominates even the exultation of triumph, for those blessings of peace so promptly recovered; finally for the noble attitude France assumes towards Europe."

Ah, ye callous old sinners!—how long will it be before your dry and formal religious utterances and allusions will assume the fervour and reverence of the above devotional language? And when will you learn to employ such a grand prosopopœia as that which represents France assuming a noble attitude towards Europe? When will any address that you may concoct and vote at one of those prosy Courts which you hold for the despatch of dull business exhibit England standing in a noble attitude? The sublimest and most beautiful composition of that kind that you will ever produce, will never suggest the idea of Britannia invested with Crinoline, in a hat and feathers, gracefully balancing herself on tiptoe in a posture of triumphant vanity.

Question for a Homeric Statesman.

A POOR'S RATE is levied without causing the maledictions which are occasioned by confiscation under Schedule D. Why cannot a War Rate, or a Defence Rate be so equitably contrived that the industrious public shall not execrate its authors and maintainers, any more than they do the parish vestry, the churchwardens, and overseers?

THE GENT'S STYLE.—Everything "loud" is necessarily *haut ton*.

THE SONG OF THE WOULD-BE MERMAN.

UNDER the Sea! Under the Sea!
That's where this weather 'twere jolly to be;
Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
'Twere a paradise charming to me.
In March, March, March,
London is pleasant, but in it at present
I parch, parch, parch,
And pant to be under the Sea.
Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
What bliss from the smell of the Thames to be free!
Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
'Tis there I would revel to be.

Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
How pleasant the full-bodied porpoise must lie!
Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
E'en a shrimp is more happy than I.
How I sigh, sigh, sigh,
For some good-natured fairy to carry me where I
Could lie, lie, lie
On my back in the bed of the Sea!
Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
With a mermaid to fan me, how happy I'd be!
Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
Oh, the life of a Merman for me!



SALE OR SELL?

AND so the French Eagle is about to have its claws clipped. LOUIS NAPOLEON consents to a reduction of his armaments. *L'Empire c'est la paix* is once again his motto. Late the Emperor of Pieces, he now resumes his sway as the Emperor of Peace. Tired of war, the soldier throws up his commission, and throws down his arms. His sword is on the point of being sold off as old iron, and the swords of more than half his army will go with it. So says the *Moniteur*, and *Punch* (of course) believes it,—though *Punch* is not quite certain when the sale is to commence; but *Punch* trusts that, when it does, it will be found a genuine sale, and will in no manner resemble what is known as a mock auction. Until assured of this, *Punch* trusts that MR. BULL will not relax those peaceful preparations for which an extra fourpence is demanded on his income. The announcement of the sale is pleasant news enough; but *Punch* has little wish to learn—and perhaps learn when too late—that the only real sell has been that of our Government.

To an Eminent Whig.

THE reporters say that they must give up taking down LORD JOHN RUSSELL if he does not mend his elocution. His voice has now a confirmed habit of dropping at the end of every sentence. Surely his Lordship must know that the only sentence that can properly have a drop at the end is that of a Judge with the black cap on.



TRUE SENTIMENT!

First Small Boy (tossing). "NOW, THEN! WHAT D'YE CALL, JIM—HEADS OR TAILS?"
 Second ditto (with feeling). "WOMAN! 'COS I LOVES 'EM!"

VERMIN EXTRAORDINARY.

FROM the subjoined portion of a little handbill, circulated by a chemist at Doncaster, the dangerous classes appear to include persons hitherto deemed highly respectable:—

"POISONOUS WHEAT,

"For the Destruction of Rats, Mice, and Vermin of every kind, Sparrows, and all Birds injurious to agricultural and Garden Produce.

"At the request of several influential Farmers the Inventor has been induced to bring this Superior Article before the Notice of the public. It more particularly claims the attention of Farmers, Gardeners, Florists, &c., and all who suffer from their ravages will do well to avail themselves of its use."

We certainly have never yet heard anybody complain of suffering from the ravages of either farmers, gardeners, or florists, whom the above announcement seems to stigmatise under the head of dangerous vermin. However, the poisonous wheat which the Doncaster chemist advertises is, no doubt, very good for its purpose, which, of course, is that of destroying rats, mice, sparrows, and other vermin, not including agriculturists and horticulturists. If it is impregnated with some chemical compound as bad in one sense, as the chemist's literary composition is in another, it must be certain destruction to all the pests of the farm and the garden.

A Colourable Pretext.

A YOUNG GENT of our acquaintance (that is to say, we met him once, and he has ever since been bragging of his intimacy) has at length resolved that he will wear no more *mauve* ties, because, he fears he'll be regarded as a *mauvais sujet*.

PALLADIAN PALMERSTON.

OUR friend PALMERSTON made an uncommonly funny speech the other day, at a morning sitting of the House of Commons. Why uncommonly? Because the noble PREMIER's speeches are commonly funny by reason of the humorous and witty remarks in which they abound, like the pages of this popular periodical. But, on the occasion in question, the noble Lord at the head of her MAJESTY's Government indulged in a discourse abounding in the sort of fun which is sometimes afforded by the observations of a dunce, who boasts of his inability to appreciate poetry, or music, or painting. He said a number of fine things of this kind in disparagement of Gothic Architecture, in particular as proposed for adoption in building the new Foreign Office. Among these may be instanced the following:—

"The Gothic was not an English style of architecture, but it was imported from abroad."

Our noble friend never heard of the "Early English" style, and does not seem to be aware that the Mediæval architecture of this country had a character peculiarly its own. But did the Palladian style originate in England? did the Tuscan, the Doric, the Ionic, the Corinthian, the Composite? There is, however, a certain style which may be said to have originated in England, just as the English language did, if we may compare a grand language with a ludicrous architecture. LORD PALMERSTON himself exemplified this British order:—

"They had in London the following buildings in styles not Gothic:—The Bank of England, the Mansion House, the East India House, the Royal Exchange, Somerset House, the Custom House, the British Museum, the Banqueting House, the National Gallery, Greenwich Hospital, the University College, the Post Office, Chelsea Hospital, Buckingham Palace, and Stafford House."

These buildings, with a few exceptions—Chelsea Hospital, for example, which is one of the least ugly of them—are mixtures of the classical temple and the modern dwelling-house. They correspond exactly to CONON, and LYSANDER, and ALCIBIADES; to CICERO, CATO, JULIUS CÆSAR, and MARC ANTONY, attired partly in tunics or togas, and partly in the hats and boots now worn by gentlemen or by costermongers; wearing spectacles together with swords and shields, and likewise carrying umbrellas, or smoking short pipes, as they are represented by an illustrious artist in the *Comic History of Rome*, and other combinations of wit and learning. This truly British order of architecture may be called, or has been called, the Cockney Classic. The spirit of the simply Classic is beauty and grace; that of the purely

Gothic, beauty and grace with the addition of sublimity, grandeur, and spirituality; but the spirit of the Cockney Classic is mere burlesque. No order can be better than this for a Mansion House, or any banqueting-house, by reason of the gouty pillars which form its chief characteristics, and are appropriately æsthetic when they adorn the front of edifices devoted to excesses of the table, and of whose inmates clumsiness is one of the most conspicuous qualities.

Our dear PAM must excuse these remonstrances. Let him limit his connection with the Foreign Office to the affairs of its interior, which he so thoroughly understands, and not meddle with its material construction, whereon he is so utterly disqualified for entertaining any opinion; unless, indeed, he thinks that diplomacy is humbug, and that the Foreign Office should be regarded as the Temple of Humbug, and ought, accordingly, to be built in a style so base and absurd as to make it look mean and ridiculous.

Paltry Ecclesiastical Ambition.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,
 "WESTMINSTER Abbey Clock, sulky at the burnished glories of the neighbouring Clock-Tower, has demanded a new face, which is now being put on. *Tantane animis celestibus?* We had hoped better things in Broad Phylactery. But Priestcraft is always the same. Bah!

"Yours truly,
 "A STERN DISSENTER."

Young Egypt.

In the Ramsgate Visitors' List of last week, we find the following announcement:—

"TOUSSOU PACHA and suite have arrived at the Royal Albion."

Now, considering the age of his Egyptian Pachaship is nearly six, we should think the printer had made a mistake: the word really intended was "*sweets*."

A Sweet Tooth.

WANTED, for a Borough in the North of England, the Constituency of which is wholly composed of Independent and (as yet) Unbought Electors, a Candidate to represent them in Parliament. Politics immaterial; but a Grocer would be preferred. He must be the proprietor of a large stock of sugar.

SONG TO SCURSIONISTS.—BY A HAND OF THE "RUBY."

I HOPES I loves most folks ashore,
Likewise most folks afoat,
But I've leas't pity for the sick
Aboard a Margate boat.
And when I hears 'em bawling Steward,
And sees 'em sad and pale,
I says, says I, my piteous coves,
Why don't you take the Rail?

The Rail she runs from London Bridge,
To the Marine Parade,
The fares is fixed uncommon low,
For clerks and fols in trade:
In fact, it's cheaper nor the boat,
That's clear to any Moke,
Because you cannot spend your browns
In brandy, beer, and smoke.

A man's a Nass that's sick at sea,
At him I do deride,
But women is a tender flower,
And delicate inside;
And when I sees 'em stoop their heads,
Unable to contain,
I feels inclined to kick the brutes
That brought 'em on the main.

Their little small contrairy ways
Which they delight to show,
As over to the windard side
When ill they always go,
And safe to rush where Neptune's splash
Has made the seats a slop,
These fads of theirs amuses me
When fetching of my mop.

I pities them, and pities more
The little children small,
As never ought for to be brought
Aboard a boat at all.
And when they reaches, pretty dears,
And howls in grief and woc,
I'm savage with their parents, like,
Which brings them to be so.

Undoing of the good they done
By wising the Sea:
But many folks is precious Mokes,
As it appears to me.
Our Capting's obseruation should
Be constant kep in mind,
"Economy as makes us sick
Is of a spurious kind."—JIM SWOBBER.

AN ARTIST AND A BABY.

IF any confirmation were wanted of the truth that "men are but children of a larger growth," it would, we think, be found in the following advertisement, which appeared the other day in the second column of the *Times*:—

TEN POUNDS REWARD.—LOST, by an artist, on Saturday, between Charles Street, St. James's Square, and Coventry Street, a CORAL BROOCH, set in gold, with a coral and gold drop, representing three grapes; a coral band, holding two small coral charms—a pig and a chair, is attached to the brooch by a coral and gold chain. Whoever will bring it to 5, Cradle Street, St. James's Square, shall receive the above reward.

As the reader may suppose, we have altered the address: partly for the reason that we don't wish to be personal, and partly because we think that the word which we have substituted, is slightly more appropriate than that which we suppress. It must, we think, be viewed as a sign of second childhood, when we find a grown up baby with a coral for a plaything: for that's the only use to which we fancy that the corals above-mentioned could be put. Why such things are called "charms" we are too ignorant to know, and too hot to try and guess. If we look at them as ornaments, there seems nothing very charming in a "pig" and a "chair;" and, not being of "the faithful," we have no faith in such relics as being capable of "charming" in a superstitious sense. A brooch is not a common thing for men to wear; and had not the word "artist" been put in the advertisement, we might have thought some "charming woman" was the owner of these charms, in which case, of course our sympathy would have stopped our criticism. But we must confess, we feel no pity for a man for losing what was neither of ornament nor use to him. Had this artist lost his euty, he would have had our instant sympathy, but we have none to throw away on him for losing what by rights should never have belonged to him. An artist who is capable of wearing coral charms, we really almost think would try to grow a *mauve* moustache.

The Strength of the Sex.

A WOMAN's tongue is a sharp weapon that she should never draw excepting in her self-defence, and then only after the strongest provocation. That weapon, sharp as it is, is never so effective, as when tempered with mercy.—*The Hermit of the Haymarket.*



A BYRONIC LAY.

ELECTION! Election! thy 'larum afar
Gives hope to the needy, and promise of war;
All dodgers and debtors arise at the note,*
Attorney, house agent, each scamp with a vote.

Oh, who is more proud than the scamp with a vote,
With his dirty camese and his greasy capote?
To the pound or elsewhere all his cattle may stray,
While he drives on his cart for five guineas a day.

Let no Briton for nothing his vote ever give,
But for months by its means like a fighting-cock live;
Nor yet in the traffic his vengeance forego,
Unbribed by his friend, he can vote for his foe.

The clubs they send forth an industrious race,
With pockets well lined to continue the chase;
But though heavy the purses, they're empty before
Th' election is won, and the contest is o'er.

* Query, Bank of England.—Printer's Devil.

For the freemen of Glo'ster, who dwell by the waves,
Let them know that the Britons will never be slaves—
That to win a close race, they must well grease the oar,
Sticking out to the last for one Fiver more.

They need not the pleasures that riches supply,
Their votes they shall win what the Member must buy—
Shall win from the tap the long-flowing ale,
The gin and the whiskey, brown brandy and pale.

Remember the moment when Aylesbury fell!
The shrieks of the conquered, the conquerors' yell,
The votes that they bought, and the voters they squared—
What a number of ponies might WENTWORTH have spared!

Again we shall hear the sweet sound from afar—
Election's alarum give promise of war;
Ye Members, who met us with Fivers before,
Must meet us with Fifties, or meet us no more!

AN UNFARDONABLE OFFENCE.—There is one thing that the most successful man rarely succeeds in—and that is in making others forgive him his success.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



UGUST 6. *Saturday.* Mr. *Midshipman Easy*, having two tooth-brushes, a new one and an old one, purchased, with the latter, a copy of the Articles of War, from a brother officer of his ship. Mr. *Easy*, on perusing this code, rather approved of it, as enabling him to confute his captain in argument; but SIR JOSEPH PAXTON states that sailors in general do not appreciate this valuable quality in the Articles, and object to come under them. This fact was brought out in a discussion on the Reserve Force of Seamen Bill, when LORD CLARENCE PAGET, who was himself Mr. *Midshipman* in the *Asia*, at Navarino, allowed that many of the Articles

were old fashioned, and said that they were being re-edited.

A hypocritical measure, professing to restrain Corrupt Practices at Elections, was "continued." It reminds folks of the taunt of the silly constable in *Measure for Measure*. "Dost see now, thou wicked varlet, what has come upon thee. Thou art to continue," and it is about as nonsensical. The Election Committees also "continued," in their way, and people are really shocked at the wickedness of poor people in being so ready to sell what rich people are so eager to buy.

For some reason or other the Universities, on MR. GLADSTONE'S motion, were exempted from the operation of the Weights and Measures Bill. The Homeric statesman is probably partial to Troy weight, and would serve out moist sugar—

"Softly sweet in Lydian measures."

Monday. This was a Great Night, according to Parliamentary measure of greatness. An actor, who estimates the value of a part by the number of "lengths," would have been in ecstasies with the quantity of talk, only that it was fairly divided. The *Times* surrenders twenty-five columns and a half to the debates. In the Lords, NORMANBY, that venerable, or at least old Peer (as MR. BRIGHT would say), opened upon the Peace of Villafranca, and declared that the world believed its terms to have been patched up by LORD PALMERSTON and M. DE PERSIGNY. The disgust of LORD P. at its being suggested that he had tried to make peace anywhere, must be a thing to be conceived rather than described. LORD N. praised Austria through thick and thin, whatever that extremely ridiculous and entirely vulgar phrase may mean, and had actually good words for the GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY. When LORD HEN and all his novels are gone where the weak niggers go, one MRS. ELIZABETH BROWNING'S look out of Guidi House Windows, and her womanly belief that the lips of the DUKE LEOPOLD, which were "warm with his children's kisses," could not utter "a cold lie" (they did, though), will preserve that False Duke's memory for the scorn of a century. LORD WODEHOUSE said what was proper in reply to HEN'S charge that our Government had been an adviser in the matter, but admitted that LORD JOHN RUSSELL had acted as Postman.

The attempt of the Dissenters to get into the management of Endowed Schools was squashed for the present, the BISHOP of LONDON coming out with some mild ridicule of what his respected Lordship termed the imaginary grievances of our dissenting brethren. Those abominable, atheistic, superstitious, schismatic bigots, the Dissenters, have been rather evil to DR. TAITE, because he went preaching in beggarly neighbourhoods, and to omnibus men and other *canaille*, as if a Bishop fancied that he ought not to leave such dirty souls to the inferior clergy; but Zion, and Jereh, and Mahershalalhashbosh will now be down upon Fulham.

But the Grand Bang was in the Commons. Nearly all the best fireworks went off;—the GLADSTONE Catharine-wheel, fizzing three ways at once; the WHITESIDE "maroon, to imitate cannon," and a bad imitation too; the JOHN RUSSELL Jack-in-the-Box; the DISRAELI Flower-pot, remarkable for its flower of brimstone; the HENNESSEY Roman candle, a new affair, and not ineffective, but for its ill odour of sanctity; and the PALMERSTON *pot de feu*, throwing everything but a light upon the subject. The whole business was a Do; and the *Daily News* uncivilly announced in the morning that LORD ELCHO, the promoter of the fray, had been made safe. But the debate was really a good one, and GLADSTONE, especially, whacked the blue book of LORD MALMESBURY'S despatches in a way that did honour to his hand and arm. He warned to his work, and smashed into LORD ELCHO like a good one, making all sorts of smart hits. Among other

things, he complimented ELCHO, who had referred to lexicographic SAMUEL for a definition of "neutrality," for having taken all pains to instruct and inform his mind by a reference to the "all-but-inaccessible pages of DR. JOHNSON." LORD JOHN made a neat, very happy, and perfectly unfair comparison of VICTOR EMANUEL to WILLIAM THE THIRD; and LORD PALMERSTON was exceedingly funny (borrowing the idea from *Bubbles of the Day*) about the uncomfortable position of the POPE, sitting upon so many bayonets. It will be seen, therefore, that everybody did his best to promote the harmony of the evening, and the party did not separate until a late hour, nearly three.

It just occurs to Mr. *Punch*, that he has not mentioned the subject of the debate. It is really of very little consequence how a pleasant evening is brought about; but the curious may as well be informed that the Conservatives pretended to wish to pledge Government not to go into any congress about Italian affairs, and Government pretended to be indignant at any notion of being fettered, but declared that they had no intention of congressing. Of course there was no division,—why, it was only two days from St. Grouse.

Tuesday. We don't kill a pig every day, as the song says; and after some Militia talk in the Lords, they were off before six. The Commons had a personal matter before them,—a squabble about the Pontefract Election, wherein MR. OVEREND, M.P., appears to have been too keen for MR. HUDSON late M.P.'S friend MR. LEEMAN, and to have rather cooked the goose of a MR. CHILDERS (first syllable short, as in guilders), a descendant of the celebrated Flying ditto. This naturally kept them; but as soon as that was over, and the case of a poor boy, stated to have been illegally enlisted, and killed by the discipline of Parkhurst, came on, the House, as naturally, was Counted Out.

Wednesday. The Lords cut away at heaps of Bills; and LORD CAMPBELL volunteered an utterly uncalled-for declaration that he was opposed to a man's marrying his sister-in-law. These spurts of sentiment are not uncommon in the Lords, who never laugh at one another; and a Peer might get up and say he liked oysters with their beards on, or didn't think camphorated chalk good for the teeth, without exciting a smile. And if it were otherwise, you might as reasonably expect to rile the male Hippopotamus at the Gardens by laughing at the female, as annoy our friend CAMPBELL by laughing at him; and if it did vex the brave old Scotch trump, LORD PUNCH would sooner spend an evening with VISCOUNT WILLIAMS, or on the river, than do it.

The Overend bother again in the Commons, and the matter referred to a Committee, who finally reported that on the whole MR. CHILDERS had been queerly used, and ought to be replaced in a position in which the law makes it utterly impossible that he should be replaced. This is the sort of justice that may be expected from Committees, and no other kind will be got until a regular legal tribunal takes cognisance of election wrongs.

Then there was a really important debate about the Indian Army, on a Bill, which passed, authorising the keeping 30,000 English soldiers in India, but nobody was much interested in this, and probably a house might not have been kept, but for a subsequent debate on a motion about the way electors are "waked up" at Wakefield.

Thursday. An Indian debate in the Lords, and LORD PUNCH'S friend, LORD LYVEDEN, made his *débat*, beginning by saying "he could not do"—something or other. Nobody ever supposed he could do anything, except dress 'so neatly and talk so fluently that young officials were momentarily deluded into admiring him. LORD ELLENBOROUGH wanted strong measures in India, and was pleased that MR. JAMES WILSON was going out to take the finances in hand, though as there are no finances, JAMES'S place looks like a sinecure.

The Commons had another Court Out, but first had a little Catholic row, NEWDEGATE abusing and BOWYER defending CARDINAL WISEMAN, on a Bill exempting Catholic Trusts from proper investigation. The amended Divorce Bill was passed, the clause for keeping out the public on certain occasions being rejected, though SIR R. BETHELL says that the Divorce Court is the resort of "a jeering, laughing, and prurient mob," eager to hear what no clean-minded person would wish to hear.

Friday. Penultimate sitting. No end of work done. Also, LORD DENMAN (we need hardly say that this is not the clever LORD DENMAN, but quite t'other) volunteered the information, that a cousin of his, name unknown, had written to him to say that, in the unknown cousin's opinion, LORD MALMESBURY had been an admirable Foreign Minister.

In the Commons, another Bribery victim was sacrificed—HOARE of Hull. MR. FITZROY announced that he did not like to stop the Sunday music in the Parks, as requested by certain Sabbatarians. MR. MELLOR expounded the hard case of two men who had received a very heavy sentence of penal servitude for stealing oil-cake, but as the judges were magistrates at quarter sessions, and the men were said to be poachers, the wonder is that they were not at once executed in the court-yard of the Sessions' House. MR. BRADY then tried *his* hand with a private grievance; but this was felt to be too much, and the House was counted out for the last time.

Saturday. The ultimate day. Everything being huddled up and bundled out of the way, LORD CAMPBELL sent for the Commons, into the House of Lords, and delivered the following sentiments on the part of His Royal Mistress.

You may go. You have been good boys.
 But next Session you must really do Something.
 Foreign folks are trying to get Me into Congress.
 I scarcely know whether I ought to consent.
 I should be glad, of course, to promote peace and quietness.
 I have sent a Plenipo to Pekin.
 I am unaware that I am going to be quarrelled with.
 India is pacified. She must be reformed,
 Especially in regard to money matters.
 I am extremely obliged for Military and Naval reserves.
 Also to you, Commons, for all money voted.
 I am rejoiced that the country is happy and content.
 Now go home, and continue good boys.

The usual bowing and handshaking having been performed, *exennt omnes.*

And so Mr. Punch, with infinite satisfaction to himself and the world, once more bottles up the Essence of Talk. Would he could as easily bottle up the Essence of Thames. *Plaudite.*

DEFEND US FROM OUR DEFENDERS!

"PUNCH,

"NEWSPAPERS to my mind are intolerable nuisances, and I don't often waste my time and temper in perusing them. But the other day I had to undergo a railway journey, and as the train of course was late (these newfangled conveyances are never punctual to their time), I walked up to the bookstall and asked for the *John Bull*, that being the only paper which an Englishman may read without being disgusted with low revolutionary sentiments. 'Haven't a *John Bull*, Sir, but here's last week's *Examiner*, if that will do as well for you.' This was the insulting answer I received. Of course the fellow knew that the *Examiner* was one of the most radical of papers, and seeing by my face that I was Tory to the bone, the blackguard, Sir, no doubt said what he did to chaff me. Being ignorant, however, of its revolting character, I paid my sixpence for the paper, and was surprised to find in some respects, that it was worth the mouny. In an article, for instance, upon the getting up of Rifle Clubs, I came upon the following most sensible remarks:—

"There are certain persons in this country who do not hesitate to advocate the arming and equipment, at the cost of the State, of the several hundreds of thousands of men, who with no qualification beyond a stout heart and brawny arms, would claim their right to be enrolled in defence of the kingdom. This would be creating a national force with a vengeance. Why, every common day labourer, whose whole year's wages would not perhaps amount to the price of his rifle and uniform, would come forward as a volunteer, and the State would not only be putting arms into the hands of this dangerous class, but actually teaching them how to use these weapons after they had got them."

"This *reductio ad absurdum* is excellently put. The idea of common labourers being trusted with rifles seems to my mind, I confess, too preposterous to dream of. Besides the danger to the State, only think of the great peril to our partridges and pheasants. As the *Examiner* points out:—

"Hitherto our admirable game laws have, in a measure, served to keep the great mass of the people ignorant of the use of fire-arms; witness the majority of our recruits, who on joining the army scarcely know the difference between the butt and the barrel of their muskets; but once give every grown man a rifle, and instruct him how to hit a target at 500 yards, in a few years there will be as many dead shots in England as there are in Kentucky; and although invaders might thus be kept at a distance, it would be at the expense of all we hold most dear; from such men no pheasant would be safe, no deer park would be sacred."

"A pretty prospect, truly! Defend us, say I, from having such defenders! It is very well to look to the preserving of the country, but we must also keep an eye to the preserving of our pheasants. I for one have far more fear of poachers than invaders. England without the Game Laws would not be safe to live in: and who could hope to see the Game Laws kept in force, when 'every grown man' had a rifle, and knew how to use it?

"People talk with some alarm of the defenceless state of England, but it frightens me far more to think of the defenceless state of my plantations. As it is, by keeping up a standing force of gamekeepers, I manage that my pheasants sleep in tolerable safety; but if rifles be sown broadcast among our poaching population, no army of observation that I could hope to organise would be sufficient to keep watch on their nocturnal movements.

"But a still more clinching proof of the necessity there is to keep our Rifle Clubs select, and to admit no Volunteers but men of known position, is found in the concluding passage of the article:—

"We are quite prepared to hear the advocates of anarchy and socialism contend that a man may be unable to pay £10 for his weapon and dress, and yet be attached to his country, if only by the selfish tie of a homo and a family, which he would desire to defend if attacked by an invading foe. Such chaptrsp hardly requires

serious confutation. A man who does not possess a £10 note, can hardly have a home that is worth protecting; and if, under such circumstances, he should have a family, his gross imprudence only furnishes an additional argument against intrusting him with the use of fire-arms. * * Once admit universal franchise in the Volunteer corps, and it will make its way into other institutions, till the throne and the altar shall be undermined."

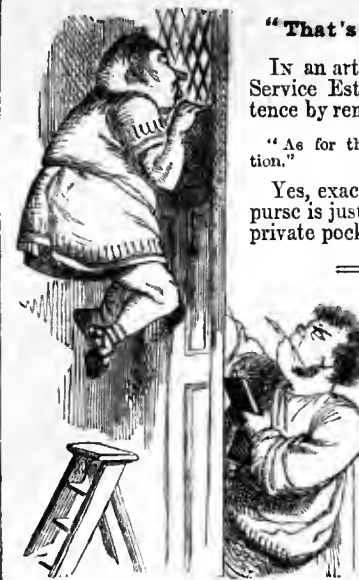
"Precisely my opinion, *Punch*. These Rifle Clubs, you may depend on it, are innovations fraught with danger, and it behoves us to be chary of affording them encouragement. Government has done wisely in damping to some measure the ardour that has flamed for them, and I think the more cold water that is thrown on it, the better. For only just consider, once place the working-men and the well bred ones on a footing (which we should do by admitting them alike, as Volunteers), and where, pray, is the social quality to stop? We should ere long have our peers hobnobbing with our peasants; and our lords, from standing next them, may form friendships with our labourers. In short, there is no saying how these Rifle Clubs may harm us, if we don't take care to keep them properly exclusive. Equality of footing is the thin edge of the wedge, and when the wedge is driven home, all the bulwarks of Old England will be split up for a bonfire, and Republicans and Chartists will dance around it in delight!

"As my life is well insured, and I am not a Member of Parliament (or I might be carried off by the miasma of the river), I quite expect to live to see my worst predictions realised. Meantime, *Punch*, I remain, with great contempt for your contemporaries (the *Examiner* excepted),

"Your obedient humble servant,

"ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL."

** *Note.*—As we have no wish to deprive any paper of its privileges, we should much regret to weaken the force of this exception. But we feel constrained to state, that we believe the quoted article was meant to be ironical; and by writing as he has done, 'One of the Old School,' has only shown his length of (y)ears.



"That's the way the Money Goes."

In an article the other day upon the Civil Service Estimates, the *Times* began a sentence by remarking that:—

"As for the public purse, it is a mere abstraction."

Yes, exactly. That's just it. The public purse is just a "mere abstraction" from our private pockets.

Cab Law Amendment.

GREAT inconvenience is often experienced by the rider in a cab, from the want of sufficient means of communication with the driver. To thrust your head out of the cab-door and bawl, is unpleasant, undignified, and for a long time ineffectual. The window behind the cabman generally sticks. To remedy this great nuisance let an improvement of the last Cab Act be introduced early next Session,

enacting that in the absence of a check-string, it shall be lawful for any fare to break the window in front of him in order to poke the driver.

Painful Separation in High Life.

It is with feelings of the deepest regret, such as, in our present afflicted state, it would be utterly impossible for us to describe, that we record the following distressing fact, which we extract from one of the French telegrams of last week:—

"THE DUKE OF MALAKOFF HAS LEFT NANCY."

What, let us ask in the name of outraged humanity, has "NANCY" done to be left by the Duke in this brutal and public manner?

A FEARLESS EXAMPLE.

THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND has lately given a thousand bottles of sherry to each of three hospitals. It has been remarked that it would be well for other members of the aristocracy to "do likewise," but that the Duke is *one Per se* (PERCY).



A TYRANT.

Master Jacky (who pursues the fagging system even when home for the Holidays). "OH, HERE YOU ARE! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU GIRLS EVERYWHERE. NOW, YOU JUST MAKE HASTE HOME, AND PEEL ME A LOT OF SHRIMPS FOR MY LUNCH!"

THE MEMBER ON THE MOORS.

THE Member of Parliament goes to the Moors,
Now all of his speeches are made out of doors,
His political game is abandoned for grouse,
But he cannot get rid of the slang of the House.

"Order, order!" he shouts, if too soon the birds rise,
"Hear, hear!" at a hit from his party he cries;
And hails, as his way through the heather he steers,
A bad shot with laughter—a good shot with cheers.

At his bird should another unfairly let fly,
"Oh, oh!" is the Member of Parliament's cry;
He says when his neighbour the game slightly wings,
"I second that motion," and down the prey brings.

Should the ground they are beating no booty return,
"I move," says the Member, "this House do adjourn";
And brace after brace right and left whilst he kills,
He observes, "That's what I call repealing your bills!"

If he mentions his gun, that short word he'll expand;
"This weapon," he'll say, "which I hold in my hand."
To the dogs, hunting wild, "Question, question!" he bawls,
And pot-hunting "unparliamentary" calls.

On the tip of his tongue is the cry of "Name, name!"
"Divide!" 's his proposal of sharing the game.
The game-bag the "hudget" he terms evermore,
"This day six months," the season when sport will be o'er.

He is "free to confess," and "he will not deny
That he did not or might not" have wiped his friend's eye,
If he called him a muf, still he meant no offence;
The word was not used in a personal sense.

Thus laughing and talking the whole summer's day,
In that parliamentary kind of a way,
On his legs in the heather, as though in the House,
The Member of Parliament follows the grouse.

THE RIGHT HERO IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

THAT trustworthy French gentleman, ON DIT, informed us, the other day, that when the victorious army entered Paris the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON was to place himself at the head of it. The same reliable authority neglected to tell us what position PRINCE NAPOLEON was to take up on the same occasion. We should say, if the Prince had any respect for others, or even any respect for himself,—if in that valiant breast there was locked up any truthful recognition of his own merits,—that, in modesty, he could not think of presenting himself until the whole army had defiled, when he would present himself proudly at the tail of it; for such has always been the post of honour that PLON-PLON has affectionated the most, as well as the place of danger in which he has always distinguished himself the greatest. We must say, that PRINCE NAPOLEON is the very last man in the French army ever to put himself unduly forward.

A Joke from a Jetty.

"I SAY, SNOOKS," said SYKES, as the two friends lolled together on the pier at Lowestoft, "I say, SNOOKS, my boy, why are our brown faces like Apollo's chariot?"

Gasped the panting SNOOKS, "I haven't an idea."

"No, I don't suppose you have. Nobody has one now. It's too hot to think, this weather. But come, I'll ease your mind. Answer—Because it's the Sun's tanned 'em!"

Poor SNOOKS gasped again, and groaned, and—well, *didn't* drown himself.



KEEP THE DOOR-CHAIN UP!

BRITANNIA (Going out of Town). "NOW, PAM, THERE ARE A GREAT MANY BAD CHARACTERS ABOUT JUST NOW; MIND YOU LOOK OUT WELL—AND ALWAYS KEEP THE *DOOR-CHAIN UP!*"



GEESE AND GANDERS.



employers and employed could perceive that combination is equally good, it would be happy for all parties.

E quote from the report of a meeting of "Society Masons," relative to the Strike, a rather good thing, which was said by a member of the association:—

"JOSEPH TURNER. It's an old adage that 'what is good for the goose is good for the gander.'"

Combined against each other, reciprocating injury, and mutually suffering and inflicting loss, the workmen on the one hand, and the masters on the other, do certainly exhibit themselves under circumstances which render them peculiarly comparable, respectively, to ganders and geese. In reference to both sides Mr. TURNER was very happy in the remark that what is good for the goose is good for the gander. He would, however, have been much happier if he had observed that what was bad for the goose was bad for the gander, and if bad for gander and for

THE BEST OF SERVANTS.

If you would wish to have a good servant—one that is faithful, honest, and attentive, and whom you will never quarrel with; one that will never bother you for wages, nor drink your wine behind your back; one that will never object to wear the clothes you have been wearing yourself, nor make a fuss over what meals you give him; one that will not grumble if you keep him up half the night; one to whom you could at any time give with a clear conscience the very best of characters; one that will never wish to leave you, but would rather he remained with you all the days of your life, then you must be *Your Own Servant*—and that is best achieved by your diligently learning how on all occasions to help yourself.—*The Hermit of the Haymarket.*

For a Poet's Critic.

THE *Idylls* a rhymester asperses—
O Public, rejoice and be glad!
If he were not abusing good verses,
He'd be busily writing some bad.

A "Nom de Guerre."

FRANCE can boast of its MONSIEUR TROPLONG, and can also rejoice now in its MONSIEUR TROPTARD—for such is the name that has recently been conferred on PRINCE NAPOLEON, in consequence of the unfortunate habit he has of always arriving a day after the battle.

A Conscience-Conundrum.

WE beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following conscience-conundrum from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER:—

Q. What form of currency is most used, when a person has to pay money through the nose?
A. (S) *Cents !!!*

A CONCORDAT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THAT special statesman the O'DONOGHUE, the other evening, in a brilliant speech, most luminously pointed out a tremendous mistake under which LORD PALMERSTON and LORD JOHN RUSSELL have been labouring throughout their respective careers. Erin's bright particular star, before whose name the definite article stands for Mr., is reported to have said that—

"The noble Lord at the head of the Government and the noble Minister for Foreign Affairs were still in pursuit of a phantom which had been the fixed idea of all their lives. That idea was ostensibly the destruction of the temporal power of the POPE, while in reality they had sought the destruction of the Catholic religion all over the world. (*Hear.*)"

Hibernia's distinguished son also administered a fine rebuke to MR. GLADSTONE:—

"He had listened with great pain to the speech of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, (*Hear, hear!*) and as one who professed the Catholic religion, he should be sorry to have to sit on the same side of the house with, or even near to that right honourable gentleman. (*Hear, hear, and a laugh.*)"

The laugh was probably a tribute to the humour which insinuated MR. GLADSTONE to be a pestilent heretic. Heresy, so rank as that of the ultra Protestant representative of Oxford, the O'DONOGHUE jocosely treated as contagious. Of course he could not have seriously feared that he might contract the disease himself in consequence of going too near the infected Minister, although, by pitching into that great Homeric scholar, he ran some risk of catching it. However, as it was, he utterly demolished him, by the subjoined crushing refutation:—

"The right honourable gentleman said, at least in effect, that the people of the Papal dominions were chained to the earth. Now, that was not true. It was a statement which was not founded in fact. It was contradicted by the condition of the people, and every one who was acquainted with or had travelled in those dominions must admit that, in a temporal sense, there did not exist in the world a more popular Sovereign than PIUS THE NINTH. (*Hear, and a laugh.*)"

Of course this shut up MR. GLADSTONE, but not only that; it also enforced conviction on LORD JOHN himself, whom we find subsequently making the following remarkable concession, and confession of faith—a faith which the O'DONOGHUE will, of course recognise as the faith, or, in other words, the cheese:—

"I believe that if you allow the people of Italy to settle their own concerns (*Hear, hear.*) and that is the doctrine which my noble friend and myself have always

held in this house, especially during the whole course of the present Session—if you allow the people of Italy, whether they have hitherto lived under the rule of the KING OF SARDINIA, or of the GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY, or of the DUKE OF MODENA, under the POPE, or under the KING OF THE TWO SICILIES, to settle with their Sovereigns on what terms they shall pay their allegiance, there will no longer exist the irritation and discontent which has long prevailed, but they will proceed with peace and order to establish the foundations of good Government."

What articles of belief can be more satisfactory to the O'DONOGHUE than the foregoing *Credo*? LORD JOHN RUSSELL believes that the subjects of the POPE ought to be left to settle their own affairs with their Sovereign. The O'DONOGHUE says that PIUS THE NINTH is as popular a Sovereign as any in the world. What better plan then for maintaining the POPE's sovereignty can he imagine than that of allowing it simply to rest on the broad and firm basis of popularity? The withdrawal of all foreign troops, therefore, from the papal states, will as exactly effect the end desired by the O'DONOGHUE as it will answer the purpose of LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

"WHO HAS TAKEN AWAY MY SCISSORS?"

GRACEFUL, CLASSICAL, AND COMPLIMENTARY IMPROMPTU, BY MR. PUNCH, ON HEARING THE ABOVE INQUIRY MADE BY AN EMINENT MEDICAL MAN.

So baffled Atropos inquired, (a fact 'tis,)
When you had been some little time in practice.

"Call a Spade a Spade."

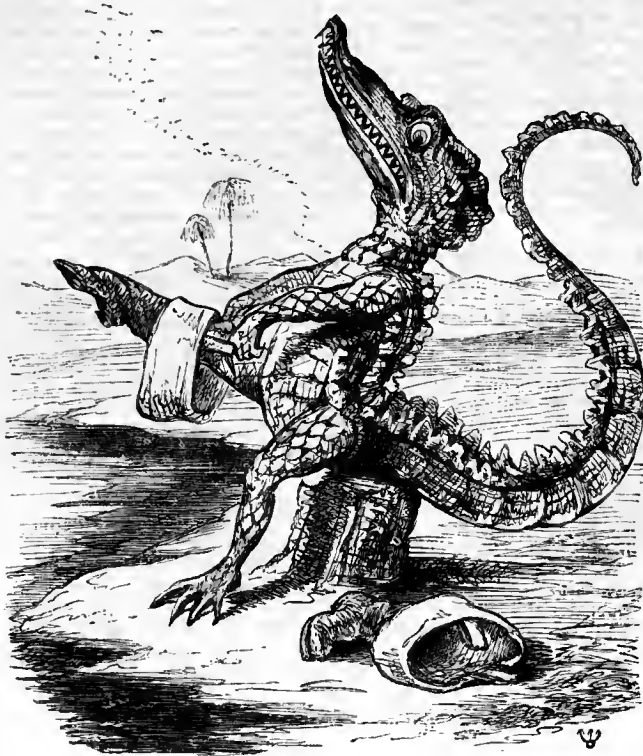
"OH, do come to the Ball-room! I'm dying for a *deux temps!*" exclaimed the other evening the lovely LUCY FLIRTINGON, as she leaned upon her partner's arm in the Conservatory. "The Ball-room!" observed the languid swell whom she addressed, "Aw—wouldn't it be maw appropwiate to—aw—call it the Boil-room?"

A CONUNDRUM FOR THE JEWISH COMMUNITY.

If Pigs could speak, what would they say?
Most likely, *Pauca verba.*

SLANG.—The witless man's wit.

THE SERPENTINE THROUGH A SIEVE.



nasty pitch and tar, and their graveolent kindred hydrocarbons, may, however, be mentioned. Perhaps some profound chemist will inform Mr. FITZROY of a process by which the mud of the Serpentine, collected on a filter, may be, not, indeed, deodorised, but transmuted into an odoriferous substance, which may be carried away in the day-time, diffusing a fragrance like that of jessamine, violets, syringa, or otto of roses.

First, however, catch your fish. Collect your filth—if the Serpentine contains any. Mr. STEPHENSON seems to think, not much:—

“He was in the habit of riding almost daily by that river, and he must say that during the last three or four years he had perceived nothing so offensive to his olfactory nerves as to lead him to coincide in the outcry which had recently been raised. (*Hear, hear.*) He believed the outcry was entirely unfounded, because, whatever the state of the Serpentine had been, it was not now to the best of his judgment in an offensive condition.”

Perhaps, Mr. STEPHENSON, because, as Grandmother *Shandy* observed, “you have little or no nose, Sir.” The Serpentine looks, at least, like soup, if it has no smell. Mr. FITZROY, however, is catching his fish, according to the continued statement of our eminent engineer:—

“Supposing, however, that the water was impure, the question was, how the nuisance should be remedied. The Serpentine was a stagnant lake (*hear*), and the other day, in riding along the banks, he observed that a quantity of lime was being poured into the water. The consequence of this proceeding was, that he saw dead fish floating on the surface, and occasioning the most offensive decomposition.”

Thus, Mr. FITZROY is turning the water of the Serpentine into limewater, and killing all the fish. So that he is catching his fish both literally and figuratively; he is poisoning the roach and dace, and creating filth in the Serpentine; dead fish, occasioning, as Mr. STEPHENSON says, “the most offensive decomposition,” and doubtless exhaling “a most ancient and fish-like smell.”

If there had been no filth in the Serpentine, there was no occasion to put any lime in it, particularly since the lime causes more filth than it cures. The same circumstance may be considered to render steam-pumps and filtering-tanks unnecessary.

According to Mr. FITZROY:—

“Two questions which were quite independent of one another had been mixed up in this discussion, the first relating to the mud at the bottom of the river, and the second with respect to the water itself.”

In discussing tea, two questions are, in exactly the same manner, mixed up, which are as entirely independent of each other as the water of the Serpentine and the mud at the bottom of it. The tea is mixed up with the hot water which is poured thereon, although the tea-leaves have settled at the bottom of the tea-pot. Infusion after infusion of hot water at length extracts all the goodness of the tea; and in the same way, Mr. FITZROY appears to think, washing after washing will remove all the nastiness of the Serpentine. Some time may be occupied in this process, as the dirty bed of the Serpentine is to be washed by dribbets, with its own filtered water.

In preference to filtering the Serpentine, Mr. FITZROY might, perhaps, as well leave it alone, and instead of throwing lime into it, stock it with eels. They would assimilate its organic impurities, which, in the substance of eel, might ultimately appear in the shape of stew, or spitchock, affording abundant nutriment to thousands. But if the filtration of

our great fashionable pond is to be carried out, it will be necessary to consume the muddy remainder by some more expeditious means, if it cannot be sweetened by the aid of science. Let a sufficient number of ducks be provided to eat up all the mud,—a measure which every old woman and every child knows will prove infallible. The birds will soon pay their expenses: Bayswater will smell of nothing worse than sage and onions; and SIR JOSEPH PAXTON will acknowledge the mistake he made in opposing the grand project for purifying the Serpentine.

ONE HUMBUG THE LESS.

WE are glad to state, that one little concession has been paid to the British Press, by the removal of an absurd form that was of no legal, or moral, good whatever. Formerly there existed a mock ceremony that imposed on a paper the necessity of making out securities to the extent of £300 or £500, and the trouble consequent on that regulation was almost endless. Many a name of a respectable referee had to be given before the punctilious official would be satisfied with his solvency. This exaction of security was all the more nonsensical, inasmuch as Somerset House never by any accident gave credit. Not a penny stamp would it advance, in spite of all your securities, unless the penny was previously laid down on the counter for it. The *Connaught Patriot* now informs us that this harassing process has been done away with; and we beg most unfeignedly to compliment Somerset House on the wonderful display of good sense that has prompted the removal. It is so much the less red tape in one of our government offices. All parties will move and breathe the more freely for being relieved of the useless trammel. After all, the real security of the press is in the truth, talent, and respectability with which it is conducted. The public are the best judges and guardians for seeing that those conditions are always conscientiously complied with, and they know how to inflict the heaviest penalty by no longer countenancing the paper that does not act up honourably to the spirit of them. A warning, far more effectual than any that could emanate from a minister's office, is a falling circulation.

A MILD COURT-MARTIAL.

THE following, from the “Military and Naval Intelligence” in the *Times*, is a remarkable sentence. It is the sentence of a Court Martial on one HENRY PRESTON, a Sapper of the Royal Engineers, for desertion:—

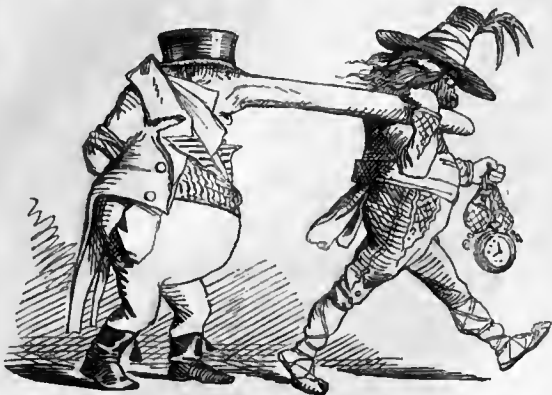
“The Court, in consideration of his former character, sentenced him to be marked on the body with the letter ‘D,’ and to be imprisoned in Fort Clarence for 56 days.”

Eight weeks imprisonment for desertion is a merciful punishment; and instead of having been merely marked with a letter on his body, Sapper PRESTON might have had his back scored with fifty lashes. He certainly had very lenient judges, the rather inasmuch as he was sentenced to be marked with “D” for Deserter, *in consideration of his former character!*

An Extravagant Notion.

CIVILITY, they say, costs nothing, and yet looking at the Civil Estimates, and the enormous sums annually disposed of under them, we should say that it was a very expensive article. It is fortunate that they are “Civil,” or else perhaps JOHN BULL would not put up so quietly with them. We have always noticed that when it comes to a question of spending money, what a remarkably Civil Estimate Ministers do take of poor old JOHN, to be sure!

A FEW ITEMS IN A TESTIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.



ERE are a few items out of a Testimonial advertisement. We do not mention names, as it is not against persons we are going, so much as against the system:—

The Ladies of the Ballet	£2 9 6
The Money and Check Takers	2 5 0
Box Office Department	3 3 0
The Gentlemen of the Orchestra	3 5 0

We would rather not, so long as a spark of gentlemanly feeling was left in us, accept

a Testimonial that had been purchased by such means. We suppose other items will quickly follow; we miss figures like the following:—

Carpenters and Scene-shifters	£1 10 0
Supernumeraries of the Establishment (6d. each)	2 10 0
Charwomen and Bill-stickers	1 2 6

Is it fair to accept contributions from persons who, from their slender salaries, can ill afford, but still are expected, to give them? On such occasions, the rule of contributing is by no means voluntary, but rather compulsory; inasmuch as, if you fail to do as others do, you know what the penalty is sure to be. You lose grace in the eyes of the treasurer,—your name is thenceforth written down

in the had books of the manager; make up your mind that you will never more be allowed to cross that manager's stage-door again. The strong can afford to defy such despotism, but it is the poor who suffer from it. Fancy any one possessed of the smallest generosity of spirit, accepting £2 9s. 6d. from such poor underpaid, overworked creatures as the "Ladies of the Ballet"! What would he thought of a gentleman who started, or induced his paid factotum to start, a Testimonial to himself, and then made all the servants of his numerous establishment,—from the butler down to the "boots," from the maid-of-all-work up to the governess,—contribute a day's wages towards it?

The whole system is bad, and only fed by meanness and extortion; and we give some slight relief to our indignation, by declaring that we have the profoundest contempt for all those who lend their names, or give their guineas, to the support of it. The time will come, when the fact of a man having received a Testimonial will be generally accepted as a slur upon his character. He will instantly be confounded with the HOLLOWAYS, MORRISONS, and BARNUMS of society, and branded accordingly.

"There's many a True Word said in Jest."

A DISTINGUISHED tragic actor, being asked the other day for his opinion of the Strike, replied that, as far as the sawyers were concerned, he thought that, in the words of the immortal Swan of Avon, it would prove—

"A heavy blow, and *see* discouragement."

THE MAUVE MEASLES.

LOVELY woman is just now afflicted with a malady which apparently is spreading to so serious an extent that it is high time to consider by what means it may be checked. As the complaint is quite a new one, doctors disagree of course as to its origin and nature. There are many who regard it as of purely English growth, and from the effect which it produces on the mind contend it must be treated as a form of mild insanity. Other learned men, however, including *Dr. Punch*, are disposed rather to view it as a kind of epidemic, and to ascribe its origin entirely to the French. Although the mind is certainly affected by the malady, it is chiefly on the body that its effects are noticeable: and having most maturely considered the complaint, *Dr. Punch* is of opinion that it is not so much a mania as a species of measles.

The main reason which inclines *Dr. Punch* to this opinion is, that one of the first symptoms by which the malady declares itself consists in the eruption of a measly rash of ribbons, about the head and neck of the person who has caught it. The eruption, which is of a *mauve* colour, soon spreads, until in some cases the sufferer becomes completely covered with it. Arms, hands, and even feet are rapidly disfigured by the one prevailing hue, and, strange as it may seem, the face even looks tinted with it. Like the other form of measles, the *mauve* complaint is very catching: indeed, cases might be cited, where the lady of the house having taken the infection, all the family have caught it before the week was out. Although its ravages are principally among the weaker sex, there are several of the stronger who are subject to the malady; but with these the *mauve* measles assumes a milder form, and in general one good dose of ridicule will cure it.

It being his desire to check the progress of the malady, *Dr. Punch* has held several consultations with himself to determine on what course of treatment to prescribe for it. There are for certain epidemics some specific forms of cure, but for the *mauve* measles none as yet have been discovered. Where the measles simply springs, as in some cases it does, from a slight determination of *le Follet* to the head, a cure may often be effected by removing for a while the cause of the infection, and by providing for the patient a more healthy mental stimulant. In severe cases, however, such a course is not sufficient; and although the application of the knife may be avoided, there is found not seldom need to use the scissors. Married ladies have been cured by amputation of their pin-money; but this is a strong course, and except in extreme cases, *Dr. Punch* would not advise it. Actual cautery, or burning, has likewise been resorted to; but when applied to a new dress this is a costly form of treatment, and husbands who have tried it, have been known to burn their fingers. Moreover, it may lead to inflammation of the temper, and this is generally with ladies most troublesome to cure.

Dr. Punch therefore prescribes a milder course of treatment, and recommends that when the symptoms of the *mauve* measles first show themselves, a gentle dose of reasoning at once should be exhibited, with the view of ascertaining if the mind be much affected. Confinement to the house is a most excellent corrective, and where it is found

practicable, should always be persisted in. Total abstinence from flower-shows must be rigidly insisted on, for these exciting stimulants foster the disease, and indulgence in them therefore is strongly to be deprecated. The same caution applies to milliners' and bonnet shops, which, being infected places, should just now be marked as "Dangerous."

Dr. Punch is not a quack, and he therefore never puffs himself; but in the interests of womanity, *Dr. Punch* may briefly state that, treating the *mauve* measles as a form of mental weakness, the best medicine to prescribe for it is the invigorating tonic, which is exhibited in Fleet Street every week by *Dr. Punch*.

MONSIEUR "BOUNCE."

THE champagne which was drank the other day on the *Great Eastern* has set everybody talking of her progress towards completion, and much anxiety is felt as to when and whether her trial trip will be, and who will be the persons favoured with a passage. As *Punch* never stoops to publish exclusive information acquired by sneaking down back staircases and listening at key-holes, he will not say one word about the two first of these questions, however much it may be in his power now to do it. With regard though to the third, the name of one of the chief passengers has already been made public, and *Punch* therefore breaks no secrecy in publicly commenting on it. In the first line of the *Times'* second column of last Friday, it is stated in big letters that:—

BOUNCE IS GOING OUT IN THE BIG SHIP.

Well, but who is "Bounce?" some reader may exclaim. "Bounce" must be of course a *nom de guerre*, or nickname. Who then is the person it is meant to represent?

On most points such as these, there is no need now to be mute. The reader having brains (or he would not be reading *Punch*) may by using them and turning to a part of the same *Times*, very easily discover the real name of "Bounce." As a portion of the Foreign Correspondence in that Paper, the following big words are printed in small type:—

"At the present day there exists not in the world an army at once better provided, better administered, better fed, better kept, better instructed, or braver than ours; and when once there shall have been completed the service of maritime transports, which will permit the unexpected throwing of a *corps d'armée* on a point of the enemy's shore, the enemies of France, or those who are jealous of her, will have to think twice before provoking her."

The writer of these words is MONSIEUR GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC; and it clearly must be he who announces, as above, that he will sail in the Big Ship under the pseudonym of "Bounce." Great men are not often users of big words, and to our mind, MONSIEUR GRANIER but dwarfs himself by using them. Little minds not seldom are implanted in large bodies: but if the body of Monsieur be equal to his bounce, we should say that the Big Ship would not be big enough to hold him.



SEA-SIDE CONFERENCE. SCENE—A WELL-KNOWN WATERING-PLACE.

Landlady. "The price of these Rooms, Mum, is three pun ten a week, not one penny less. But stop, Mum, do I understand you to say that you will dine at home?"

Lady. "Yes, certainly; I shall dine at home, with the Children, every day."

Landlady. "Oh, in that case, Mum, I can let you have the Rooms for two pun fifteen a week, and charge you nuffen for kitchen firing, Mum."

THE COMMANDER OF THE FAITHFUL.

WHAT a set of fools the POPE must think the sovereigns and ministers of Europe, at whom he has launched a circular, signed by his Secretary of State, CARDINAL ANTONELLI, informing them, with reference to the interferences of the Sardinian Government with the Pontifical tyranny, that—

"All the measures taken with the view of preventing or extenuating this series of evils having been in vain, the Holy Father, not forgetful of the duties incumbent upon him for the protection of the States and for the preservation in its integrity of the temporal domain of the Holy See, which is essentially connected with the free and independent exercise of the Sovereign Pontificate, protests against the violations and usurpations committed in spite of the acceptance of neutrality, and desires that his protest may be communicated to the European Powers."

Really, one might almost imagine that his Holiness and his Eminence regarded the European Princes and Cabinets in exactly such a light as that in which a titular Irish bishop views the most ignorant bog-trotter in his diocese, and moreover imagined themselves able to palm off upon them just such absurd and monstrous humbug as the mitred impostors of Erin are accustomed to address to the natives of the Emerald Isle. It is difficult to conceive how they can have the coolness, not only to assert that the temporal domain of the Holy See is essentially connected with the free and independent exercise of the Sovereign Pontificate, but even to make this assertion by way of reminder, as if it were acknowledged by all the world. The peasants who believe that ST. PATRICK destroyed the reptiles of their island by preaching, might, with equal gullibility, receive and swallow the assurance that the patrimony of ST. PETER is a certain extent of territory which was really and truly held by ST. PETER; as, of course, it was, if ST. PETER was the first Pope, and if, as PRO NONO and ANTONELLI aver, the temporal domain of the Holy See is essentially connected with the free and independent exercise of the POPE'S spiritual office. No human beings less ignorant and less credulous

than those wretched clowns could even listen for a moment to any such fudge. Surely, therefore, the POPE and the CARDINAL must consider the potentates and statesmen, for whose edification they composed their circular, as blockheads and boobies of the grossest ignorance and density. Of course, they cannot for a moment believe their own statement of the essential connection of the temporal possessions and spiritual rule of the Holy See. If anybody else were to make such a declaration, and maintain it seriously, would they not, indeed, anathematise him for heresy?

The condemnation of their own proposition in that case would be consistent inconsistency. It would be quite in keeping with that Orientalism which mingles in the quality of the Western Church, so calling itself—with the spice of Sultan which characterises the POPE—if the imbecile bombast which the Holy Father raves in were not more like the EMPEROR OF CHINA'S nonsense. In point of reason, justice, and dignity, his Holiness exhibits a curious analogy to the Grand Signior of other days. Or we may liken the modern Pontiff to the ancient Caliphs, and look upon ANTONELLI as PRO NONO'S Vizier.

The Past, Present, and Future.

WE sacrifice the Present in regretting the Past that has already gone, and in tormenting ourselves about the Future that has not yet come. It is pretty much the same with a Widow. Between the husband she has lost and the husband she is expecting, her days are spent in alternately sighing over what she cannot change and what she cannot command.—A Philosopher, who is an Admirer of the Fair Sex.

MORAL ADVICE TO THOSE WHO WISH TO LIVE WELL.—A Good dinner, gentlemen, is a pleasure you may enjoy but once, whereas a good action is a pleasure, mind you, that you enjoy all your life.

AN EPICUREAN IN AN ASYLUM.

AT Earlswood, near Redhill, there is an Asylum 'for Idiots; a place to which the benevolent reader doubtless thinks that competent authority ought to send some of his acquaintance. The idea of such an institution which most people entertain is, that it is simply a place of comfortable confinement; but from an account of a "Visit to Earlswood," by the REV. EDWIN SIDNEY, it appears that the asylum there situated is also an abode for the education and instruction of the weak and limited intellect. Thereat is practised, with considerable success, a plan for making the most of the little mind possessed by the imbecile; of expanding the contracted understanding, so to speak, or of blowing the faint spark of mind into as great a blaze as possible. The instances of the improvement thus effected, as related by MR. SIDNEY, are very interesting. Among them may be cited the subjoined. In the basket-room, where the pupils are taught to make baskets of wicker-work, he says:—

"Here we asked a diligent little fellow which he liked best, being there or at home. 'Happier here,' said he. 'Why?' was the next question, and the answer was, 'I have more to eat, and nobody teases me.'"

This lad may, and we suppose must, have been an idiot once; but surely he now no longer deserves that appellation, but a very different one. What ordinary schoolboy, questioned about happiness, could have expressed his sentiments on that subject better, or would have had any other, at least any other more elevated, sentiments to express? A wiser reply could not be expected from the collective wisdom of the City of London, the Aldermen and Commou-Councilmen in Court assembled. Many a man who moves in high society, instead of being associated with idiots; whose club constitutes the asylum to which he retires, and who thinks himself, perhaps with justice, a sensible fellow, would, if asked why he preferred that asylum to home, answer exactly in the spirit, and nearly in the words, of the above terse and pithy speech from the mouth of an idiot boy, elevated, by the system of mental culture practised at the Earlswood establishment, into a philosopher.

HOW TO KEEP FOOD ON A WEAK STOMACH.—Bolt it down.



Mr. Bouncer, having asserted that he had taken a "Moor," receives a few empty Hampers as reminders from his friends.

HOW WE SPEND OUR SUNDAYS.

WHAT a mistake it is for foreigners to find fault, as they do, with our observance of the Sabbath. They say that Sunday, as we keep it, is the dullest day on earth,—a day which tempts to suicide as a way of killing time. *Triste* people as we are, we never are so *triste* as we always are on Sundays. All we do on Sunday is, to go to church, and dine, and go to church, and go to bed. Other occupations we have nationally none, excepting when we cut our throats for the mere sake of amusement.

Of course every English reader knows how false are these impressions, but it is not every Englishman who knows the full extent of our enjoyment of our Sundays; and though ignorance in this may individually be bliss, it is nationally advisable to struggle for enlightenment. A case which came on at the Mansion House a day or two ago, throws a policeman's bull's-eye light on our observance of the Sabbath; and those who are in the dark perhaps the flash may somewhat startle. Foreigners who ask how we amuse ourselves on Sunday, should listen to the evidence of Policeman Six-One-Six:—

"I was in Houndsditch, and I heard a row, and upon going to Fireball Court I found the inhabitants, according to their usual practice on Sunday evenings, fighting by dozens together like cats and dogs, and tumbling over one another. It is dreadful to witness such scenes as take place there, and the prisoner was the worst of the set. He was laying about him with his crutch, and it was the second time he had been fighting that night, so I took him into custody."

Tumbling, getting drunk, and fighting like a lot of cats and dogs—these are now our "usual" Sunday evening practices. This is how on Sundays we amuse ourselves at Court,—that is to say, at Fireball Court; and we have many more such Fireballs. Moreover, mark, O Foreigner, these Sunday occupations are not illicit pleasures. They are sanctioned by our law, and only in extreme cases are they stopped by the Police. Mark the logic in the evidence of Policeman Six-One-Six: "It was the second time the prisoner had been fighting that night, so [observe the 'so'] I took him into custody." One scrimmage per night, then, is the legalised allowance. Anything beyond it is a breaking of the Sabbath, and put down as an excess.

But *Punch* has no cause to complain of Policeman Six-One-Six. As

he had been taught it, he doubtless did his duty. The question is, however, are the nation doing theirs? Might not something more be done to stop the "usual practice" of fighting upon Sundays than simply stopping would-be combatants from indulging in it twice? Might not other occupations be publicly devised for Sunday afternoons, which would in some measure prevent these "usual" evening practices? For instance, would it not be well to try the effect of opening harmless places of amusement, by which those not quite so innocuous might be possibly shut up? The pastime of inspecting, say, the Crystal Palace Courts, would be surely a not more harmful amusement for a Sunday than the legalised amusement of street tumbling and fighting, which are the "usual" recreations in such courts as Fireball Court.

Judex Damnatur.

(A Trifle from the Western Circuit.)

"GRACE!" cried my Lord, with furious face,
"What nonsense! What the deuce has grace
To do with things below?"

If DAMWELL, like a judge of yore,
Would go to *Church* a little more,
It's possible he'd know.

A PEW-OPENER.

LIBERAL TO A FAULT.

THE Liberals are twitted by the Tories with the fact that their Members were in a majority among those unseated by election petitions for bribery and corruption. As if—says the free and independent but purchased elector—there were anything in paying handsomely for a vote inconsistent with the most extreme liberality!

MR. PUNCH begs to acknowledge from BARON BRAMWELL the receipt of the First Half of a Conundrum, marked "ORIGINAL," which he will be happy to print upon the receipt of the other Half.

PUNNING IN PARLIAMENT.



SOMETHING really must be done to stop the practice of punning which has of late become so scandalously prevalent in Parliament. It is not very often that we wade through a debate, but when we do, we are sure to find it bristling with bad jokes, such as even the most shameless of burlesque writers would blush at. The reporters, we believe, do the utmost in their power to suppress such painful matter, and struggle nobly to preserve the reputation of our senators: but in spite of all their vigilance, scarcely ever a *Times* passes without affording the most melancholy proofs of the low state to which the wits of our "Collective Wisdom" are reduced. No sooner does a Member get upon his legs than his aim seems that of making a JOE MILLER of himself. In point of fact, M.P. means

Miserable Punster. Instead of keeping up the decent gravity of statesmen, our senators behave like a lot of Merry-Andrews, and seem to vie with one another as to who can show himself the most devoid of wit. Having duly screwed their courage up to punning point, they perpetrate, like circus clowns, the ancientest of jests: and so insane are the attempts at joking which are made, that the speakers seem less fitted for St. Stephen's than St. Luke's.

As we of course have no desire to nauseate our readers, we will but cite one extract from the evidence before us, to show what grounds we have for making these assertions, and to prove with how much levity subjects the most weighty are commonly discussed. In a debate the other night upon the Civil Service Estimates, MR. CAYLEY is reported to have stooped to utter this:—

"As to the talk about bad air, before they could hope to see any improvement in the ventilation of the House, he would say, with the venerable Mrs. GLASSE, 'first catch your hare.' (*A laugh.*)"

Readers who survive this may incline to moot the point as to whether his constituents should not wait on MR. CAYLEY to demand from him some sort of explanation of his joke. The question also may be mooted, as to whether a committee should not sit upon such punsters, with the view of ascertaining the condition of their intellect, and requiring, on occasion, their acceptance of strait waistcoats and vacation of their seats. What makes the matter worse (if puns so had are capable of any pejoration), is that so far from condemning, the House laughs at the offenders, and weakly shakes its sides where it ought to shake its fist. Besides, as we have shown, the levities are not confined to matters of light consequence. The ventilation of the House is no joke to those who suffer from it; yet the CAYLEYS do not hesitate to try to make a joke of it. They trifle with it as though it were a "trifle light as air," instead of being as it is, a "heavy blow and sore discouragement" to all the throats which are exposed to it.

We recoil with awe from fancying what HANSARD will grow like, unless some measures be devised to check this painful practice. Just conceive what wretched lives will be led by the reporters, when a debate upon a question of deep national momentousness—such as the proposal of a perrage, or a pension, say, for *Punch*—is proceeded with in some such a facetious way as this:—

"LORD PALMERSTON then rose, in pursuance of his notice, to move a vote of thanks to, and of confidence in, *Punch*. His Lordship said the claims of *Punch* were so well known, that no one but a spoon or a SPOONER was not conscious of them. (*Hear!*) Were he to mention, for example, how often *Punch* had saved the country, he should merely be repeating what everybody knew: and though, as Premier, it was his place to be a watch upon the House, there in this case was no need for him to act as a repeater. (*A laugh.*) He (LORD PALMERSTON) knew full well what *Punch* had done for him, and he trusted he knew better than to wish to 'do for' *Punch*. He proposed therefore, in order to lengthen *Punch's* life, to present him with a pension, which would no doubt effect that purpose. (*Hear!*) Brevity, they knew, was called the soul of wit; but this was clearly a misnomer, for the soul of wit, in fact the sole wit, now was *Punch*, (*hear, hear!*) and, not being a lawyer, *Punch* had nothing of the brief about him. (*Laughter.*) People very often wished that so-called 'wits' would cut it short: but so far from people wishing that *Punch* should be cut short, every one who knew him longed to see him longer. Besides voting him their confidence, which was a mere matter of course, the nation therefore plainly should present *Punch* with

a pension (*hear, hear!*), which would ensure him a long life, and, there was no doubt, a merry one. (*Cheers.*)

"LORD JOHN RUSSELL had intended to play nothing but first fiddle, but his respect for *Punch* persuaded him to second his friend's motion. (*Hear!*) He thought, though, that a pension was a worldly-minded present; and although no doubt a tribute which his friend would not decline (*oh, oh!*), still it was not one that was suited to a mind of more refinement, such as his (LORD JOHN'S), or as he dared say, that of *Punch*. (*Hear!*) He begged therefore to propose the erection of a statue (*oh, oh!*) as a gift more in accordance with our ancient British usage, which when an author wanted bread made him the present of a stone. (*Question! and cries of 'name!'*) Now *Punch* was not in want of bread, and bread therefore was not kneaded (*the noble Lord pronounced this so that thirteen Members tittered*); but the erection of a statue was strictly constitutional, and would show that, as regards our rewards to men of genius, we did as our ancestors, and were still in *statue quo*. (*Laughter.*)

"SIR BULWER LYTTON said, that speaking for himself, he agreed that writers now-a-days were not in knead of bread. (*A laugh.*) But when we make a man a statue, he became a sort of butt, and another sort of butt would be a more befitting present. To use the language of antiquity, he would just remind his hearers that *Gloria claret*. Claret, glorious-old claret, clarified the wits, and a butt of claret therefore was a fitting gift for *Punch*. (*Hear!*)

"MR. ROEBUCK said his tastes inclined to something sourer. He would say with HORACE, '*Hock erat in votis.*' His advice to *Punch* was, in two words, '*Accipe Hock!*'

"MR. HADFIELD remarked, that he had learned another bit of Latin when at school, and his imbibing it had biased his bibitions ever since. He had forgotten whether JUVENAL or HOMER were the author, but the quotation, he remembered, ran in these three words, '*Fortiter occupa portum,*' which, as he translated it, meant '*Stick to Forty Port!*' He proposed the presentation of a pipe of this to *Punch*, as the pilot who so often, when the Government were all at sea, had brought them into port. (*Cheers.*)

"An honourable Member, whose name we could not catch, recommended the addition of a ton of prime cigars, on the ground of the old axiom, '*Ex fumo dare lucem,*' meaning that *Punch* can draw enlightenment even from his smoke.

"MR. DISRAELI had no wish that the debate should end in smoke. (*Laughter.*) As a literary man, he wished to see his friend *Punch* well rewarded for his works (*cheers*); and he agreed with his friend PAM (who, though he was not of the craft, knew more of its requirements than his friend JOHNNY, who was), that to a well-read man of letters there were no letters more grateful than the trio £ s. d. (*A laugh.*)

"MR. BRIGHT observed, that this was a blunt way of putting it (*laughter*), but being a plain man he was a lover of plain speaking. As a business man, he always kept a sharp eye for the blunt (*great laughter*), and he for one would not refuse a pension were it offered him. 'Hold thyself ever ready for the pouching of the ready' was a maxim which was taught him in his copy-book at school, and he had no doubt that friend *Punch*, being a rather downy bird, was equally well up in it. (*Laughter.*)

"MR. COBDEN was proposing at once to clench the matter by voting *Punch* a pension of the yearly sum of [Blank], when—

"MR. VISCOUNT WILLIAMS interrupted with some warmth. Such a waste of public money, he for one, would never sanction. (*Oh, oh!*) What need was there to talk of giving anything at all? Virtue, as they all knew, was its own reward (*question!*), and *Punch* needed no other recognition

* Our modesty forbids us to mention the amount.—Ed.

of his work. However, if the nation insisted on the sacrifice, he (MR. VILLIAMS) would not object to sanction some less costly form of tribute. As blending use with ornament, he would suggest the presentation of a penny china mug, with the inscription, 'For a Good Boy' printed round the rim. (*Oh, oh! and a laugh.*)

Several Members rose in wrath at the economist's suggestion, and the question of the pension being left to a committee, the vote of confidence and thanks was unanimously passed. The House adjourned at midnight, and as the Big Bell then struck one, some Member made remark that it was striking twelve 'like one o'clock.'

"L'EMPIRE C'EST LA PAIX."

WHEN will incorrigible doubts be dumb?
When will injurious suspicions cease?
Proclaim anew, with cannon, fire and drum,
"The Empire is Peace—is surely peace!"

Where is not record of the blessed truth?
Read, on Sebastopol's blood-boltered stones;
Read, all the way from Petersburg to Pruth,
On steppe and waste, in heaps of whitening bones—
"The Empire is Peace!"

Read, in the rice-fields on Ticino's bank,
Where the green blades wave greener for the slain;
In the blood-fattened grasses that now grow rank
From the death-pits on Solferino's plain—
"The Empire is Peace!"

Read, in each cold and desolate French hearth,
Bereft of brother, husband, son, or sire;
Read, in the rapine, ravage, scathe and dearth,
Through Piedmont wrought by hostile sword and fire—
"The Empire is Peace!"

Read, in the brow of England grimly bent,
Her hands all busy with the gear of war;
In voted war-tax and hot armament,
And out-look as for foemen, near and far—
"The Empire is Peace!"

Read, in the gathering hosts along the Rhine,
The cannon bristling on each fortress-front,
The turfed and angled earthwork's sheltering lines,
On Scheldt or Meuse, against invasion's brunt—
"The Empire is Peace!"

Read, in the gloom, as of a thunder-cloud,
The stir, as of a pent volcano's power,
Where, free a while to speak her thoughts aloud,
Italy, sad and stern, awaits the hour—
"The Empire is Peace!"

And if these records of the truth be weak,
To sweep your stubborn doubts, like dreams, away;
With trumpet-tongue let the armed thousands speak—
Who late through Paris marched in war-array—
"The Empire is Peace!"

GEMS OF JUSTICE.

RICHARD WILSON, a merchant's clerk, and his friend WILLIAM PIMM, a Billingsgate fish-seller, go to the Holborn Casino. The clerk and the fishmonger patronise the amusements of the evening until its end; and in coming out, the clerk, according to the sworn testimony of a young girl named CATHERINE CHAMBERS, grossly insulted her. Remonstrated with, he grins in her face, upon which she bestows a slap upon his hat. Thereupon, the gallant RICHARD WILSON clenches his fist, and delivers a blow upon her forehead, the mark being visible in court (says the report) when she makes her complaint.

The Billingsgate fishmonger is called in support of his friend, but gives a fishy kind of support; for, in his affectionate zeal for his friend, PIMM swears that WILSON "only held out his hands to protect himself," whereas the valiant RICHARD WILSON himself admitted the blow, but stated that he struck in "self defence." The friendly fishmonger's devotion carried him to the verge of sealiness.

SOLOMON BUTLER, a gun-maker, of Stepney, is going home at one o'clock in the morning, and taking offence at some alleged conduct on the part of a woman called SARAH HUDSON, imitates MR. RICHARD WILSON, and gives her such a blow that her mouth is swollen (says the report) when she makes her complaint. Persons of the neighbourhood are vulgar enough to feel indignation at MR. BUTLER'S behaviour, and

make a clamour about his door, at which some of them throw stones. He comes out with a gun, which he "levels and fires in the direction of the crowd," and into the face of Policeman SMITH, 253 K. There was only wadding besides the powder in the gun; and though wadding often knocks an eye out, it luckily did not do so in this case.

MR. SOLOMON BUTLER had no faithful fishmonger PIMM to come and swear that the gun went off of itself, or was not loaded at all, or that there was no gun; but he has an attorney, who assured the Magistrate that MR. BUTLER was a well-behaved and well-conducted man.

The two Magistrates who heard the two cases acted to the best of their judgment. The clerk was fined Four Pounds, which was instantly paid. *Mr. Punch* does not read that any remark was addressed to faithful fishmonger PIMM touching his Pythias-like devotion. The gun-maker was ordered to compensate SARAH HUDSON, and he made it all right for Ten Shillings.

Mr. Punch is not inclined to blame either of the admirable Magistrates. He has frequently had to praise both, thereby elevating them to the topmost height of human ambition. But he wants to suggest that there should be a regular scale of charges for smashing the faces of woman. If it were right to make the Casino patron pay Four Pounds, why did the Stepney party get off for Ten Shillings? Next, it occurs to him, that if it were right that SARAH should receive the Ten Shillings, why should not CATHERINE have had the Four Pounds. Lastly, and in reference to both cases, why had not the Magistrates the power of ordering MR. RICHARD WILSON and MR. SOLOMON BUTLER into the yards of the respective courts, and instructing an able-bodied gaoler then and there to endorse upon the backs of the said WILSON and BUTLER a few mild memoranda to the effect that female foreheads, and, notably, female lips, were made for very different purposes than to be smashed into by cowards? It is for such persons, and their like alone, that *Mr. Punch*, devising other punishments for erring but brave fellows, would preserve the "harmless necessary Cat."

The gun, and friendly fishmonger PIMM, seem alike to have been let off without other notice, so no more upon that score; and *Mr. Punch* will merely make POLICEMAN SMITH, K 253, happy for life by congratulating him on not going with his *Oculus Ex*. His inspector will translate this to him.



Fine Pony Fellows.

The Turin Correspondent of the *Post* informs us that—

"A system of skeleton regiments is now being formed in Piedmont and Lombardy."

The materials for the formation of skeleton regiments are perhaps nowhere more plentiful just now than in the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy, where they have recently been deposited a little below the surface of the soil in very considerable quantities. But will they ever march?

"NEAT AS IMPORTED."

WHY is a promise like wine?
Because it improves by being kept.



WHILE THEY ARE AT SCARBOROUGH, PATERFAMILIAS THINKS HIS LITTLE ONES OUGHT TO LOSE NO OPPORTUNITY OF DRINKING THE WATERS!

THE NINE HOURS' FIX.

THE Nine Hours' Movement is a misnomer. What is called a movement has been a stand-still, and, instead of nine hours, has occupied many days, during all which time the progress of building has been arrested. The only movement that has been made, whether by masters or men, is one of some distance on the line to ruin,—a terminus to which sufficient perseverance in the strike would carry both parties.

The sympathy of anybody who has the slightest idea of justice must be decidedly with the men. They are perfectly right in wishing to receive ten hours' wages for working nine hours. They would be perfectly right in wishing to work the shortest possible time for the greatest possible amount of wages. They have a perfect right to combine for the attainment of these objects, and are not greatly to be blamed if they make faces and cast reproaches at such of their mates as refuse to join their combination. Besides, it is desirable for the public good that their hours of labour should be lessened, and their means of living should be even increased. Less work and more pay would enable them to learn the fiddle, or anything else better calculated to cultivate and improve the mind, whereby they would become still more orderly and well conducted than they are already; and then they would be enabled to put money in the Savings' Bank,—or why not in DRUMMOND'S?—to the diminution of pauperism, and therefore of poor's rates.

At the same time, everybody who knows what equity means must sympathise with the masters. They have an unquestionable right to make the greatest possible amount of profit on their capital. They are fairly entitled to give the *minimum* of wages that a workman will accept for the *maximum* of labour that he will return. They are justly at liberty to eat turtle and venison, drink champagne, keep boxes at the Opera, ride in carriages, or enjoy themselves in any other legal way, on the proceeds of their business, as much as they please. They are free, if not bound, to give their children the best education they can. They ought to have large balances at their bankers, wherewithal to meet accidents and reverses of trade, otherwise they would be liable at any time to be ruined, and disabled from employing any workmen at all. Moreover, if the sums which they spend in self-gratification were

spread over their workmen in additional wages, the increase for each workman would be a ridiculous fraction.

Both parties being thus equally in the right, neither can, in conscience, own themselves to be in the wrong. At this rate, the Nine Hours' Movement—such a movement as it is—must continue till the course of the masters ends in the Gazette, and that of the men in the workhouse. This prospect seems rather to suggest the expediency of a compromise.

The Early Closing Movement was a movement indeed—a movement ahead, not backwards, or downwards and deucewards. Tremendous sacrifices, and awful and heartrending bankruptcies, and alarming failures, have since been announced in the drapery line, but none of them have been ascribed to Early Closing.

Why cannot bricklayers' work, as well as drapers' business, be compressed within a shortened space of time—a space of time shortened by only one hour? Could not the masters, on the one hand, concede the time required, and the men, on the other, ensure the requisite work? Touching one hand and the other hand, by the way, is there not some exceedingly Protectionist arrangement existing among bricklayers, prohibiting a skilled workman from using both hands, by forbidding him to put down his trowel? This device for extending employment by literally crippling industry, if it exists, is really worthy of the landed aristocracy. Could not a little nonsense of this sort be sacrificed by the men, and sixty minutes in return be granted by the masters, without any loss on either side, but, on the contrary, to the satisfaction of both parties?

Rightem Titum.

STILL Thames odour comes to smite us,
Can't that Board of Works control it?
Happy we, if TITE were TITUS,
And could truly say, *Non olet*.

WOMAN'S MISSION.—To stop at home by the fireside whilst man goes out to collect materials to make the pot boil.



AT HOME AND ABROAD.

F. M. H. R. H. P. A. "ISN'T IT ODD! *FOUR* SHOOTING IS JUST OVER—*MINE'S* JUST GOING TO BEGIN!"



CUT FOR A CRITIC'S PENCIL.



ND for your reading and writing, saith our friend *Dogberry*, "let that appear when there is no occasion for such vanity."

Our friend the *Athenæum*, thought by those who admire it not (somewhat of a majority, but let that pass), to be a sort of literary *Dogberry*, is faithful to the counsel of its prototype.

One DANIEL MACLISE (a name that hath been heard of, though assuredly not through any self-assertion of its owner, singularly ungifted with the instinct that asks critics to dinner, and with its pastry buys their puffs) has for a couple of years, or thereat, been quietly accomplishing a marvel in art. For the Royal Gallery, in the Parliament House, he has prepared a work, vast in its actual size, but a hundred times vaster in its greatness of thought.

Wellington meets Blucher, date Waterloo. The cartoon for the fresco has been set up, and the artists have visited it. And such has been their honest, and hearty, and artist-like admiration, that Daniel come to Judgment of his Peers has been received with a shout of applause, and all the other men who make our Age of Art have taken MACLISE cordially by the hand and thanked him for his work. And though he was not likely to forget those thanks, they placed in his studio a memorial of their visit, a trifle in its price, a treasure in its purpose. Artists' chalk is held in a kind of nippers, which the French very properly call a *Porte-Crayon*, from *porter* to hold, and *craye*, chalk; and this, in gold, the artists of England presented to DANIEL MACLISE, in memory of his having shown them his noble cartoon.

There was none of the Testimonial quackery or vulgarity about it. They did not keep a subscription list open at a banker's, pledging themselves that every man who subscribed should see his name in print. They did not advertise an eulogy, and whip up contributors who, from circumstances, dared not refuse money they grudged. They simply went and bought the little thing, and made it a great one by what it implied. And they did not even send the announcement of what they had done to the Papers, seeing that DANIEL MACLISE has nothing to gain by the applauding adjectives of penny-a-liners or the approving grin of *gobemouches*.

Nevertheless, (for what deed is not now put into print?) the fact reached the *Athenæum*, and was duly engraven on its adamantine columns. But inasmuch as it is the unhappiness of some folk that they can never speak of a becoming action without a disparagement or a sneer, the *Athenæum* was totally unable to say that the artists of England had given MACLISE a *Porte-Crayon*. The recording angel of the *Athenæum* looked down from his altitudes, and gave a becoming snub to painters who dared to act without his leave. He poured upon these audacious painters the bitter sarcasm of stating, that they had acknowledged Mr. MACLISE's great merits by giving him a Pencil-Case.

How they must writhe, SIR EDWIN, and STANTFIELD, and DAVID ROBERTS, and EGG, and CRESWICK, and the rest of them. A Pencil-Case! *Cieux!* you may notoriously buy that in alбата for eightpence, in silver for half-a-crown, in gold for a few shillings more. A paltry Pencil-Case! Why, the mere subscriptions screwed out of the ballet-girls give something better than that to a beloved manager. A Pencil-Case! As hath been said, how the painters must writhe!

Nay, somebody having taken the very superfluous trouble to set the *Athenæum* right (or the latter stating that he had), the opportunity is snatched (or made) for a second withering sneer. The *Athenæum* has looked into the Dictionary, and insists that *Porte-Crayon* does mean a Pencil-Case. *Dogberry* comes out with his reading and writing, and refuses to be set right, happy to repeat his biting sarcasm. A Pencil-Case—a lead pencil-case, for *Dogberry* sticks to the lead.

We all know what *Dogberry* desired to be written down. His desire was unfulfilled. The *Athenæum* is happier, and happiest, (as in every day life we all are,) in the happiness being self procured. A *Porte-Crayon* is not a pencil-case in the ordinary use of language, any more than *Porte-manteau* means a cloak-bearer. The word *Porte-Crayon* means exactly what has been said, a nippers for chalk, and its being called a pencil-case also means exactly what we have said; namely, that

the *Athenæum* wished to sneer at a graceful act of artist-homage, not perceiving that had the present been a mere *cure-dent* (which the *Athenæum* would probably have translated "a dentist") or a couple of wrist-studs, the homage would have been equally honouring, and that the sarcasm is lost in the malice.

However, it is something that the *Athenæum* did not applaud the homage, and bedaub it with epithetical plaudit, as loyal, and subtle, and chivalresque, and goodly.

Finally, does anybody think that Mr. Punch would have condescended to say a word about such small bosh, but for his being thus enabled to add his subscription to the *Porte-Crayon*, by shouting *ab imo pectore*, "Well done, D. MACLISE!" Does anybody? Ha! ha! ha!

REFORM YOUR CALENDAR.

Suggestion by a Sporting M.P.

THE sages who took to re-modelling France, By their famed 'Ninety-two spick-and-span Constitution, To a new tune thought fit to set Chronos his dance, That the Calendar, too, might have its revolution.

For the old-fashioned names that the months long had borne, From Rome's gods and Rome's numerals cobbled together, More natural titles they vowed should be worn From the crops of the year and the changes of weather.

Winter's months should be "Snowy" and "Rainy" and "Blowy;" And the Spring months be "Sprouty" and "Flowery" and "Leasy;" The Summer three, "Harvesty," "Hot," and "Fruit-growy;" The Autumnal ones, "Vintagy," "Foggy," and "Freezy;"*

Now that fashions of France all so widely extend, From her Crinolines down to her Omnibus system, Why not our months' heathenish titles amend, And, like those French sages, to some meaning twist 'em?

There's August for instance—who cares for AUGUSTUS? Were't not better re-christened "The month of the Grouse," In compliment due to the moor-fowl who thrust us Hard-working M.P.s from the Parliament House?

Then September—with MANTONS and ELEY's wire cartridge, And well-broken pointers the stubbles to range,— Instead of seventh month, call it "month of the Partridge," And the whole sporting world will exult in the change.

And so with October: reminder how pleasant Of delicate *rôti*, and bloody *battue*, Were the month but re-christened "the month of the Pheasant," Instead of a name that means "Eighth" and ain't true.

So methinks we might go the whole round of the seasons, And christen the months by the sports that they boast; So that all on their faces might carry the reasons Why a man's at his pleasure, and not at his post.

* Nivoso, Pluviose, Ventoso; Germinal, Floréal, Prairial; Messidor, Fervidor, Fructidor; Vendémiaire, Brumaire, Frimaire.—See *French Revolutionary Calendar*.

THE PATRON OF PERUKE-MAKERS.

ACCORDING to a letter from Berlin, dated August 15:—

"To-day being the *fête* of the Emperor, NAPOLEON THE THIRD, the Members of the French Embassy were present at divine service in St. Hedwig's Church."

Who was Saint Hedwig? An English Saint, no doubt, who migrated to Prussia, where his proper name came, in the course of time, to be spelt rather improperly. HEADWIG, no doubt, was its genuine original orthography. This honest English Saint probably derived his name from the good old sensible wig that he used to wear, instead of going about, like too many other Saints so called, with his head shaved, and a sort of appearance like Saturn's ring around it instead of a hat.

Guy's Geography.

Gentleman. Can you direct me, if you please, to Kew Green? Young Guy. I'm very sorry I cannot; but as you have asked me, I should say that, looking at the colour of chances, it was highly probable that you would find Kew Green was the one that immediately followed Pea Green.

WHAT IS THE CURATE'S HOPE?—FOR-LAWL.



"Why, Fred, dear boy, what have you been doing to your legs? How dreadfully untidy!"

"Untidy? Very cool and comfortable. Besides, I have promised to walk with Lady Crinolone and her daughter, and then no one can see my legs."

FREE TRADE IN DOCTORS' COMMONS.

TOWARDS the end of the late Session was passed an Act which empowers all serjeants, barristers-at-law, attorneys, and solicitors to practise in the High Court of Admiralty. The value of this extension of the field of usefulness, or at least of agency, to the legal profession at large, is perhaps not very great; for if it were anything considerable, we should have heard a loud clamour for compensation from the practitioners who heretofore had all the Admiralty business to themselves, and who, had they expected to be subjected to competition by which they were likely to lose much, would, for the abolition of their privilege, no doubt, have contrived to get what, with a bit of the brogue, may be called an excessive equivalent.

The old Commodore, and all the other old Commodores and Captains, will probably entertain natural but groundless fears for the discipline of the Navy, when they come to hear that there is likely to be a great increase in the number of sea-lawyers.

Two Actors.

THE father—eye with genius bright'ning—
Read SHAKSPEARE as by flash of lightning:
The son, who lets all meaning slip,
Reads SHAKSPEARE as by farthing dip.

A BAD PURCHASE.

"I STOOD for Briborough," said a late M.P.,
"My election cost me three thousand pounds.
To avoid spending as much again in opposing a
petition, I resigned my seat. I have exchanged
my thousands for the Chiltern Hundreds!"

RECOLLECTIONS, BY JOSEPH TODGERS.

THE remarkable success of a volume which has lately been published under the title of *Recollections*, by Samuel Rogers, has filled Mr. Punch with envy. And being one of those persons, of whom there are several, who have no hesitation in trying to trade upon the good fortune of another person's idea, he has been sedulously at work endeavouring to get up an imitation of the novelty. He has happily succeeded in securing the MS. of an old gentleman, who, by a curious coincidence is named JOSEPH TODGERS, and who is in the habit of writing down the smallest remarks made by individuals whom he meets in society, and whom he conceives to be distinguished. These jottings are so exactly in the manner of the late poet-banker, MR. ROGERS, that another instance is afforded of the saltatory powers of great wits. Mr. Punch hastens to give his *Todgers' Recollections* to a discerning public.

VISCOUNT WILLIAMS.

Met him near Bethlehem Hospital. He remarked that it was curious that though spelt Bethlehem, it should be pronounced Bedlam.¹ Hoped it would not rain, as he had not his umbrella.²

Said he had never been to the Victoria Theatre, but had often seen the Victoria Tower, which latter he remarked was a great height.

Had not read the *Morning Advertiser*, and added that as he should not see it until late in the day, it would be an *Afternoon Advertiser* for him.³

Did not know who had written *Adam Bede*. Indeed hadn't heard of the book. Had heard of ADAM SMITH.

The House of Commons occupies much time if a Member attends Committees and all the debates.⁴

Quoted the "little busy bee improving each shining hour," adding that we must be more than bees, for we must improve every hour whether the sun shone or not.

Had been very much struck with JOHNSON'S *Dictionary*.

Never smoked.⁵

Could not bear the smell of pickles.

¹ But many names are pronounced otherwise than they are spelt. Pall Mall for instance.

² This will remind of GEORGE CANNING'S *Quos in umbrelle video*.

³ And this is the man to whom the faculty of ready wit was denied by scoffers! *O tempora, O mores!*

⁴ Mr. Cox, when M.P., confirmed this statement.

⁵ Disagreeing, therefore, with many persons whom I know that he respects. *Non omnia possumus omnes.*

Liked WILLIAM, the waiter at BELLAMY'S. Sometimes fancied he was an Irishman.

MR. PAUL BEDFORD.

Asked me to dinner, very kindly. Could not go, but we chatted. Hopes he does not believe more people than other people, though it is imagined he does from a celebrated catchword he is famous for.¹

Rehearsals were a bore, but absolutely necessary. Speaking of the comparative morality of vocations, said that no actor had ever been a malefactor.

Seeing a little boy run by, very hot, said the only boy who could be cool that sultry day was the buoy at the Nore.²

BUCKSTONE had written some very effective melodramas.

Lobster salad was not a bad thing for supper.

Quoted from the *Honeymoon*, "the man who lays his hand upon a woman, except in the way of kindness, is a brute," &c. Said that an actor who had been thrashing his wife, came to the passage and delivered it, "who lays his hand upon a woman, except she richly deserves it, is a brute," &c, and a previously indignant house roared and applauded.³

Time and tide waited for no man.

Said, as he went away, *Au reservoir*.

LORD PALMERSTON.

Met him at the Zoological Gardens.

A deuced good shilling's worth.

Ugly beast the hippopotamus, but on the whole a sweeter expression than SIR ———.

Very pretty widow looking at the blue-nosed monkey. Wondered whether it reminded her of dear departed.

Looking at the Aquarium, quoted a French proverb, and said he supposed it was an institution meant *apprendre aux poissons à nager*.

Had a good mind to ride down to Richmond and dine at the Star and Garter, but perhaps LORD J— R— might feel hurt if he went so near P— Lodge and did not look in, but really he was in no humour to talk Magna Charta⁴ with the thermometer at 80°.

¹ "I believe you, my boy."

² "If the tight little Boy at the Nore

Could but get a nice girl from the Needles."—THOMAS HOOD.

³ Not, of course, that he for one moment defended brutality, and I believe would be the first to chastise it, which from his Herculean proportions, would be an unfortunate thing for the culprit.

⁴ The celebrated charter extorted by the Barons from the tyrannical JOHN, King of England, 1215.

Foreign affairs were interesting. Those who lived longest would see most, unless they went blind.
Two charming girls just gone by. Thought they were the L—s.¹

MR. JOHN A. ROEBUCK.

Met him in the Temple.
Everything was going to the bad.
Had bought a new hat, and of course it was going to rain. Great want of system somewhere.
The Thames smelt abominably. Would continue to smell while we had an aristocracy.
They were watering the Temple with a long hose that ran along on little wooden tressels. He said it was like the Sea Serpent, and that the Sea Serpent was an infamous lie.
Should get his new hat wet if he stayed talking.
Explained to me in detail a plan for the administration of the Colonies.
BROUGHAM was a humbug. STANLEY was a pretender. MOLESWORTH was gone. It was going to rain.
Had got a cold in his head.
Had been reading MILTON. What stuff it was. He himself could have narrated the story much better.
Must go back for a pocket-handkerchief.

REVEREND MR. SPURGEON.

Dined with him at the BISHOP of * * * * *s.
His new Tabernacle was getting on like one o'clock.
Liked a good deal of anchovy with his sole, unless it were very fresh indeed.
People fancied he didn't know Latin, but the fact was, that you annoyed certain classes if you threw Latin in their faces. Quoted HORACE's beautiful description of the wife making a happy home and a simple banquet for her husband.² Laid stress on *inventas*, and remarked how outrageously dear mutton was.
Liked a double-breasted waistcoat.

¹ They were not, however, those two young ladies, who would nevertheless, fully justify the epithet bestowed by the distinguished statesman, who has as keen an eye for a lady's attractions as for a diplomatist's trickery.

Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus,
Dietenta sicco, ubera;
Et horna dulci vina promens dolio,
Dapes inventas apparet.

Thought the Bishop a good-looking man, but not what the ladies called handsome. Quoted Handsome is as handsome does. He never did a Hanson.

Had been looking into the *Virginians*. Thought Gumbo was a splendid blacky, and meant to give his flock a bit of him one of these days.

Never saw MR. WIDDICOMBE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT wrote well.

Very few people could peel shrimps, they eat the shells of the body, and then complained that they were indigestible. But the roe was very nice, and you should suck it off, before picking your shrimp.

Hated gas in a private house.

There were some very good things in Maccabees, though of course they were not canonical.

London was a large place.¹

Two blacks didn't make a white.

Undertakers were mostly scoundrels.

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS.

Met him at the LORD CHANCELLOR'S.

It was very hot.

Had received a present from America. It was inscribed "over the water to CHARLEY."²

Seldom carried an umbrella, except in districts where you were not likely to meet with a cab. An umbrella was no protection to your feet, and if they got wet, why, you were done.

Quoted stocks. They were 95½.

It was very difficult to get good pieces, pay what price you would for them. A really good piece was worth almost any money.³

There was an inn somewhere called the Pickled Egg, but he did not know where.⁴

A pity ermine rhymes to vermin.⁵

Didn't think there was a rhyme to hippopotamus, and preposterous was not a good one to rhinoceros.

Liked to see girls dance, at parties. They enjoyed it so.

¹ It has been called "a wilderness of brick," but I am not aware by whom. It grows larger and larger every year. COBBETT called it the Wen.

² This is the first line of a celebrated Jacobite song.

³ Some of his own come under this denomination.

⁴ I have reason to believe that it is near Clerkenwell Green, but do not speak from personal knowledge of a plebeian locality.

⁵ Remembering in whose house we wore, this joko was *frappant*.

PARADISE AND THE PERRY.



BOY, GEORGE PERRY, is brought before MR. HALL, the Magistrate, charged with impudently stealing a gold pin from one of the patrons of a tavern where *tableaux vivants* are exhibited. The boy's business was to turn the machinery which made these *tableaux* revolve. The lad seems to have been very well treated, and his guilt was clearly proved. He lied in his defence, and has altogether deserved whatever may be in store for him. But MR. HALL's address was so affecting that Mr. Punch must immortalise it:—

"MR. HALL said it was a very bad case, and the boy had shown the worst possible kind of ingratitude by robbing the gentleman whom it was his duty to assist in protecting from robbery. He (MR. HALL) congratulated the proprietor on having made this discovery at last; for it was a dreadful thing to have a thief in an establishment like his, still enjoying the confidence of his employer. (That the boy should go astray was inevitable, for we are all made what we are by education and association, and what vocation was so

likely to induce habits of morality as that of this lad. His work was to be in a tavern every night, turning round and round a machine which exhibited to a virtuous crowd of spectators, groups of females attired in a garb as nearly that of Paradise itself, as the altered circumstances of the world permitted. Surrounded by all that was pure and proper, this evil boy fell. He must repeat that it was a dreadful thing.) He should send the prisoner for trial."

The reporter very improperly omitted the words between parentheses, but MR. HALL must have said them.

A Joke for a Judge.

ON the Western Circuit, the other day, occurred a case of which the sole interest consisted in its denomination, viz., "HARRIS v. WILDGOOSE and Another." On this it is impossible to help remarking, that it was well for HARRIS the plaintiff that, in the action which he brought against WILDGOOSE, there was, besides that defendant, Another; for, if there had not been any other defendant than WILDGOOSE, then the suit of HARRIS would have been a WILDGOOSE chase.

The Eccentricities of Bramwell.

AMONGST many other eccentricities, BARON BRAMWELL amused himself and his audience the other day at Bristol by saying, "Persons will hardly regard the rubbish they read in newspapers." Might we inquire whether the observations, so copiously and sledge-hammeringly indulged in of late by the learned Baron, are to be included amongst "the rubbish" that persons "hardly regard," when they read a newspaper?

A BUSY-BODY.

ONE who generally has no business in this world beyond making it his business to neglect his own business, in order to attend to the business of others.

likely to induce habits of morality as that of this lad. His work was to be in a tavern every night, turning round and round a machine which exhibited to a virtuous crowd of spectators, groups of females attired

TRIPPING TIME.

Trip, tired Briton, gaily trip, man,
To the forests and the moors;
Ship thyself on board a ship, man,
Take a trip to foreign shores.
If our own coast will not suit thee,
There to bask and have thy dip,
Let a foreign clime recruit thee;
To another land trip, trip.

Trip to Athens or to Rome, JOHN,
Trip to Cairo or Hong Kong;
Trip—to get away from home—JOHN,
Anywhere—trip up Mont Blanc.
Down Vesuvius his crater,
Lightly trip on tiptoe fleet,
And inside thereof a tatur
All hot bake with lava's heat.

Thereabouts, among the various
Things the natives have to show,
See the blood of Januarius,
Find out how they make it flow.
There's another burning mountain,
Burning in the midst of ice,
Boil your egg in Hecla's fountain;
You will find it—oh, so nice!

Trip to Berlin and Vienna,
Trip to Lisbon and Madrid;
Like a trip what rhubarb, senna,
Salts, the frame of ails will rid?
If both trip and physic needing,
Trip to Homburg; quaff its spring,
Where you may, if too unheeding,
Be cleaned out of everything.

Trip, of course, you will to Paris,
On your way abroad or back,
Every British tourist carries
There, in tripping on his track;
Carries on his track in tripping,
In his pockets puts his hands,
And amid a people skipping,
Hopping, dancing round him, stands.

Home at length, before November,
Trip again, my noble Peer,
And mine honourable Member,
Back to British beef and beer;
With your spirits somewhat lighter,
And your pockets lighter still;
Bit by many a foreign biter
With proboscis—and with bill.



NO SUCH LUCK!

UNDER the heading of "Bishops on Strike," the *Dublin Evening Mail* says:—

"We have to announce a formidable strike—no less than a strike of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Ireland. Yes—the Romish Bishops have struck *en masse* for an increase of Popery in the national schools. . . . The strike of the Romish Bishops is still more formidable than the strike of the building trades, or even than that of the master-builders."

What does our Irish contemporary mean by the strike in which, he says, the titular Bishops of Ireland have combined? A strike of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, like a strike of the builders, or the tailors, or any other class of artisans or workmen, is a cessation of work. It is organised under the direction of their central Chairman at Rome, who occupies what they call the chair of St. Peter. This ecclesiastical strike, indeed, whenever it has occurred almost, has been prescribed and dictated by that Chairman or President of the Popish Union, at its Centre of Unity, so called. In short, the POPE has generally directed the strike; not, however, by that name, but under the denomination of Interdict. The observance, however, of the Papal mandate has always consisted in a regular strike on the part of the Popish churchmen. The Bishops and the rest of the Clergy have ceased to perform their functions—a sad thing for people who believed the performance of those functions indispensable for their preservation from the jaws of Tartarus. It was a strike *en masse* and *en messe*. Is this the sort of strike meant by the *Dublin Evening Mail*? Have the Irish titular Bishops, authorised by the POPE, laid Ireland under an interdict because Popery is insufficiently inculcated in the national schools? If this be so, they have acted, POPE and all, in an extremely Irish manner, by striking against their own people because they are dissatisfied with the Government,—which they could not possibly gratify by any proceeding so much as by a strike—by a discontinuance of the work which a British Administration would only be too happy to find substitutes to supply.

Differential Duties.

"HOPE," says COLERIDGE, "is a Duty." We mention this for the information of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, so that he may be down upon Hope, and make it pay the duty at once. We wonder if the Hope Duty would yield as much as Hops?

AMERICAN OUTRAGE ON THE EMPEROR.

It has been said that the Americans admire LOUIS NAPOLEON, and in the event (*omen diu avertant*) of his supposed interests and those of England being antagonistic, the former would be favoured by Brother JONATHAN. *Mr. Punch*, however, can state upon the best authority, American authority, that this is not the case. In a leading article in the *New York Herald*, now lying before *Mr. Punch*, are these words:—

"We are seriously of opinion that if LOUIS NAPOLEON were not Emperor of the French, he would have made a first-rate newspaper Editor. His style is like that of the American papers."

Perhaps bitter, savage scorn of a man could hardly be carried further, and we would not reprint such an insult to the EMPEROR but for the purpose of showing the extreme contempt in which respectable Americans appear to hold him. For ourselves, despite many objections we may have to his Majesty's antecedents, and relatives (including PLOM-PLOM) we by no means think so meanly of him as does the *New York Herald*.

EXACTION.—The Lawyer's claim when the Action is over.

WONDERFUL MR. STACEY.

At last the Phoenix is found. SIR BOYLE ROCHE said that a man could not be in two places at once unless he was a bird. SIR B. R. was a Nass. The man who can is found.

We read in the *Times* of August 18th, that one MURRAY, a pick-pocket, was charged with picking the pocket of—

"MR. GEORGE STACEY, a gentleman living at Richmond while he was walking in the Commercial Road."

The feat is accomplished. MR. STACEY is the eighth wonder of the world, whoever may be the ninth.

A TRIFLE FOR TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

Why is the world like some Irish gentlemen?
Because it has no "ostensible means of support."

THE COINAGE OF SOCIETY.—Scandal is a bit of false money, and he who passes it is frequently as bad as he who originally utters it.



A TURCOS SOLDIER SETTling WITH A PARISIAN CABMAN.

A LAY FOR LISKEARD.

(ADAPTED TO AN INFANTINE MELODY.)

Air—"Roses in or Roses out."

MEMBERS in, or Members out,
Accidents I'd pardon.
But would not part
With OSBORNE smart,
For twopence-halfpenny-farden.

Members in, or Members out,
The bargain is a hard 'un,
But of all the pack,
It's him I'd back
For twopence-halfpenny-farden.

Members in, or Members out,
Opened "Tiddler's Garden,"
But voters say
He would not pay,
Not twopence-halfpenny-farden.

Members in, and Members out,
Dread "this MR. SARDON."
He'd eha! a King,
Like anything,
For twopence-halfpenny-farden.

Members in, or Members out,
Punch will keep a guard on,
But (if he must),
B. O. he'd trust
With twopence-halfpenny farden.

POSERS FOR POLICEMEN.

THE prospect of more Income-Tax may incline us to look into our national expenses; and among the lesser items in the Civil Service Estimates, we may possibly be somewhat startled to discover that the bodies of police which we at present are maintaining cost the Government last year above a million of our money. Of this trifle it is shown that the Irish Constabulary, by a new arrangement, swallowed some Eight hundred thousand Pounds. But, high as this price seems, no taxpayer can grumble, when he learns what a superior article we get for it. The Hibernian Police are not merely men of letters, in the sense in which we look upon our "A" or "B" divisions. How deeply they are read may be judged from these tough questions, which have been put to certain of them by the Government Examiners:—

"Explain fully the meaning of the following geographical terms:—'Peninsula,' 'promontory,' 'estuary,' 'delta,' 'plateau,' 'watershed,' and give three instances of each. Describe the position of the following places:—St. Helena, St. Albans, Corfu, Toronto, Salisbury, Copenhagen, Agra, Vienna, Inverary, Singapore, Stirling, Cairo, Nillala, Meerut, Hastings, Owhyhee. Write a geographical description of any one country of Ancient Europe, stating its boundaries, physical features, products, manufactures, divisions, and principal towns."

Ever friendly as we are to the advance of education, we should regret to write a word which might in any manner check it. We have little wish to limit the acquirement of knowledge, or to cause the slightest stoppage in the onward march of intellect. Ambitious minds, however, strive to make such strides of progress that their march seems to be taken in a pair of seven-leagued boots; and then the odds are that the marcher goes ahead too rapidly, and skips much useful knowledge in the leaps and jumps he takes. So long as a policeman has a knowledge of his business, his possessing other knowledge is no cause for our complaint. We think, though, when the Government examines him for service, the Government need only test his serviceable knowledge. To question a policeman in ancient geography appears to us about as needful as to puzzle a militiaman with points in mathematics. We should as soon expect the one to know the boundaries of any ancient European country, as that the other should solve problems on the differential calculus, or show that he had *vous* enough to cross the Asses' Bridge.

With no wish, as we say, to limit their attainments, we think, had we the office of examining policemen, we should content ourselves with putting much more simple interrogatories than those which the "dull season" has just tempted us to quote. Our problems would assume more practical a form; and instead of asking about promontories and plateaus, our queries would relate to areas and kitchens, and our questions about places be confined to those of cooks. A knowledge of topography might be useful to policemen, and we therefore should consider we had quite a right to test it. Instead, then, of inquiring about Agra or Toronto, we should ask for a description of places not so distant; places where, for instance, hot suppers were provided, and where a leg of good cold mutton might be always found in cut. A few queries of this nature might test if the policeman were a man of much

inquiry, or had devoted himself much to culinary pursuits. It might likewise be of service to get him to describe the cooks he was attached to, dwelling more especially upon their "physical features," but not omitting to describe what "products" in the way of pastry they were famous for, and whether any "boundaries" were ever put upon their perquisites. His visiting-list might be a test of his fidelity, and might serve to throw some light, perhaps, upon his moral character, as well as to give proof of his judgment and good sense. Speaking generally, we believe that, in the eyes of a policeman, the charms of cooks are found not in their persons, but their pantries, and their attractions consist chiefly in the dainties they dish up. An affection for nice suppers is a weakness with the force; and if her perquisites be handsome, they will court the plainest cook.

As so considerable a portion of the life of a policeman is passed in the discharge of culinary duty, it surely is as well to test his fitness for such service, and to learn as far as may be what experience he has had in it. Should the Government Examiners wisely act upon this hint, they are at liberty to use our questions on cookography, which we really think would prove quite as practically useful as those upon geography, which in fun have called them forth.

NEWS FOR DOWNING STREET.

WE already have the ABC guide for the benefit of railway travellers. This excellent plan is to be shortly followed by an

ABC GUIDE FOR THE FOREIGN OFFICE,

which is to be for the special guidance of young *attachés* and aristocratic clerklings picked out from the superior classes, whose spelling has not been attended to exactly to a letter. The first year's numbers will consist only of words of one syllable, and there will be an increase in the words of one syllable every succeeding year. The work is expected to be completed in about ten years. Each number will be submitted previous to publication to LORD MALMESBURY, so as to guard against the possibility of any errors accidentally creeping into it. The long words will certainly require his Lordship's utmost vigilance, though if any doubt were apprehended as to future success, there is so long an interval before the work can gradually expand into six or eight syllables, that LORD MALMESBURY, (whose word, written or spoken, has never been questioned yet) has plenty of time to render himself before then thoroughly master of his subject. Should any difficulty inadvertently arise, he will doubtless be able to command the assistance of the valuable services of MESSRS. JOHNSON, WALKER, TODD, WEBSTER, and RICHARDSON. MAUNDERS', too, with his inexhaustible *Treasury of Knowledge*, will, we are glad to state, always be at his Lordship's elbow, ready to be consulted at a moment's notice.

A PARADOX.—A political writer says, "Property is the base of all civilisation." For ourselves, we thought it was the Capital.

ANOTHER BANQUET AND ANOTHER TESTIMONIAL.



his name be a mystery, greater even than the authorship of JUNIUS, is none the less respected for that merely nominal defect. Supposing he be destitute of any vernacular identification, and has throughout the long apparition of his blue-fairy life been studiously ignored by the envious playbills, still is it not an historical fact, which must silence at once the deafening tongue of detraction, that *Richardson's Ghost* has made himself a fame such as the biggest six-inch-lettered vermilion or cerulean names that adorn our polychromatic posting stations might reasonably envy. A great number of celebrities have promised to attend, and amongst others we may confidently expect to see the SPOTTED BOY, the PIG-FACED LADY, and two or

AMONGST the higher circles of the theatrical world, it is in contemplation to get up a Banquet and Testimonial to *Richardson's Ghost*. It is singular, that though nearly the oldest member of the dramatic profession, his valuable services should have been overlooked so long. It is expected that this exciting occasion will have the happy effect of bringing together all classes of the Thespian community under the same convivial shroud, and that everything like jealousy will be buried in the "tomb of all the Capulets," or any other cemetery that may be equally accessible and open, in order to do justice to their honoured guest; who, even though

three of our most popular Giants and Dwarfs, who have been endeavouring to rise above each other in their zeal to render homage to the distinguished object of their spectral admiration.

The Dinner will take place in the Shades, and the toast of the evening, "*Richardson's Ghost*, may his shadow never be less!" will be proposed by no less a genius than the "*Ghost*" in the *Corsican Brothers*," who has pledged his ghostly word to attend in *propria persona*, and deliver his speech, as he rises through his well-known slide with the usual effective accompaniment of the shivery music. This act of liberality is the strongest proof of the very high esteem in which *Richardson's Ghost* (for a long succession of years the most rising actor the stage has ever had) is held by his talented *confrères*.

"PONTIFICAL TITLES."

THE Pontiff who sanctioned the massacre of Perugia can hardly hope to retain the name of "PIUS," without question. There is only one way in which the Pontifical name of MASTAI FERETTI can be read, after such horrors have been perpetrated under his authority (and that is, by way of question and answer) thus—*Pio? No, no.*

In order to couple the memory of the murders of Perugia and the Papal connection with St. Peter, we would suggest a change of the POPE'S title, from PIUS THE NINTH to "PIETRO PERUGINO THE SECOND."

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—A thing much talked about, but never practised.—*Viscount Williams.*

FATHER ANTIC THE LAW.

IN the City Sheriffs' Court, the other day, before MR. KERR—according to law report:—

"In a case which occurred, MR. BEARD applied for his costs.

"His Honour: You will have your costs, but I tell you that on and from the 1st October next, a great many alterations will be made, and I intend to be very strict. Only a day or two ago I allowed a counsel £1 3s. 6d., who told me that he did not consider his case of sufficient importance to appear in costume, but I shall require not only counsel, but also solicitors to robe, or I shall not allow fees."

The learned counsel's remark that "he did not consider his case of sufficient importance to appear in costume" suggests a scheme of new and improved arrangements respecting legal uniform. When the gentleman of the long robe assigned the unimportance of his case as a reason for not putting his long robe on, he meant, of course, to imply, that a certain amount of importance attached to a case did require that it should be conducted by an advocate attired in that vestment. He was willing to wear his robe in a matter involving a considerable fee, but could not do it at £1 3s. 6d. It would have been more satisfactory if he had stated the figure at which he would have thought appearance in professional costume necessary; but suppose a given amount. The question will then arise whether, if that amount demands robing, higher amounts ought not to demand more robing, so that the pleader would be robed with a profusion proportionate to the importance of his case? This principle might not only be adopted and acted upon in Sheriff's Courts and County Courts, but also in *Nisi Prius*, where something like it is in operation already; for there the barristers all wear wigs, or, if not, they become invisible: the judge cannot see them, and will not hear them. The standard of the importance of cases might be either pecuniary or moral, but in proportion either to the money, or to the moment of the question involved, might be the fulness and complexity of the costume. The more serious the case, in either point of view, the more comical the wig and gown might be rendered, the former by additional rows of curls, and lengthened pigtails, and the latter by fringes, embroidery of various colours, and other equally, or more, ridiculous decorations. Characteristic costumes might be worn in special cases; for example, in breach of promise actions, which are usually laughable, and wherein the counsel might figure in the drollest dresses, which would be suitable to the suit. The general rule, however, should be that of absurdity of attire in proportion to gravity of question, as aforesaid. Usage is a great point in law; the judge in the Crown Court at Assizes is a much more elaborate Guy than his learned brother on the Civil side; and when he proceeds to pass sentence of death, he enacts the solemn absurdity of cocking a thing like a pen-wiper on the top of his wig.

MARRIAGE WITHOUT A MOTHER-IN-LAW!

A GOOD many good arguments have from time to time been urged in favour of a man's marrying his deceased's wife's sister: but there is one that *Mr. Punch* may claim the credit of suggesting, which, like all he ever does, is supereminently powerful and transcendent to all else. The clinching proof of the advantage of marrying a wife's sister is, that a man thereby may have a second wife without his having a second mother-in-law. The Mamma of his first wife no doubt would still continue to reside upon his premises, but he would probably have grown somewhat reconciled and used to her; and her presence would be far less irksome to put up with than that of a new mother-in-law, whose temper would be strange to him, and whose tantrums he might find it plaguy troublesome to cure. Besides, it possibly might chance (though the contingency is certainly remote from being probable) that his first wife's mother might have beaten a retreat, and left him monarch of all that he surveyed in his own house; in the which case his felicity would be without alloy, and even *Mr. Punch* might envy him his bliss.*

The only fear would be that, were such unions to be legalised, selfish husbands might be tempted to make away with their first wives, for the sake of the delight of marrying again, without having to maintain another mother-in-law through doing so. Marriage and no mother-in-law seems really such a luxury, that few men could deny themselves the pleasure of obtaining it.

"The mothers who bore us" has been long a standing toast, and all who sit in Parliament no doubt would gladly drink it. But were "The mothers-in-law who bore us" proposed as the next sentiment, it is possible that certain of our M.P.'s might not relish it. Had the argument which *Mr. Punch* has herein been adducing been used when the Deceased Wife's Sister's Marriage Bill was brought before the House, it is doubtful if that measure would not have been carried, and marriage without a mother-in-law have been legally allowed to us.

* Note. "How can you write such stuff, Sir!"—*Judy.*

Important to Ladies.

UNDER the head of "Deaths," the ages of the deceased are generally stated by our contemporaries. The "Births," of course, speak for themselves, but the "Marriages" are wholly silent on that particular, the mention of which would, in reference to them, be generally read with much more interest than any that is excited by the revelations of the obituary.

LETTER FROM DR. JOHNSON.

To Mr. Punch.



SIR,—Attempts at sycophantic compliment not unfrequently terminate in humiliating blunder, and he who by undue prostration seeks to please an individual discovers too late that he has displeased everybody.

"I am not indifferent to posthumous laudation, nor do I undervalue the suffrages of the polite. It is gratifying to me to understand that a learned society in the Temple, has, upon the re-edification of certain tenements (in one of which I was resident from 1760 to 1765), affixed to them the designation of DR. JOHNSON'S BUILDINGS. The objection that those buildings are not mine may occur to the trivial, but can never disturb the satisfaction of the candid, and the pretended lover of Truth should assure himself that his critique is dictated by the teachings of

conscientiousness, not prompted by the carplings of sophistry.

"O, si sic omnes! It is with pardonable reluctance that I discharge the duty of indicating an instance of the foible to which I originally alluded, but to accept the compliment of the Benchers of the Temple without protesting against its exuberance were to display a timidity unworthy of a man, and an insincerity unbecoming in a Christian.

"Aware of my indubitable partiality for the Latin tongue, the learned persons who have done me the honour to inscribe my name upon the honorary monument in the Temple, have condescended to substitute for the initial of my surname the classical I. With repeated impropriety the newly erected habitations are twice designated—

DR. JOHNSON'S BUILDINGS.

"Sir, the nomenclature is false and ridiculous, and the absurdity is rendered still more flagrant by the employment of the English possessive case. At the commencement of the name no longer mine is fragmentary Latin, and at the concluding extremity is colloquial English:

"Turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne."

"I might desire that in unsolicited homage regard should be shown to undissembled affection, and that the moral line commemorating my humble name should be composed in the language to which the repose of death has accorded the precision of settlement. In some cell of the Temple a hand might have been found capable of so simple a task. But inasmuch as the appellation of the buildings was destined most frequently to be employed by the uneducated, and almost invariably by the English, there would have been inadvertence in bestowing a Latin name upon a London edifice.

"Of the folly which has now been committed I will delineate the ludicrous character by demanding whether the miserable laundress, circumambient to her sordid toil, replies to an inquiring acquaintance that "she is going to Dr. I-on-son's Buildings?" Rationality repudiates the assumption. Yet for a majority uninstructed like herself were those buildings inscribed with my mutilated name.

"Sir, involuntary ignorance has my compassion, while profane caprice has my contempt. You, Sir, have my unqualified admiration, and I, Sir, have the honour to be,

"Your faithful and obedient Servant,

"Elysium."

"SAM. JOHNSON."

A TRIFLE TO FILL UP A GAP IN THE CONVERSATION.

How is the Sun supported?
Why, by its beams, of course.

THE ONLY ONE PERSON WHOM THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" HAS EVER PRAISED.—CHARLES KEAN! and he is at perfect liberty to boast of it in the next edition of his autobiography.

BUYING v. BUNKUM.

WHICH IS THE WORST?

MR. COBDEN, in his Rochdale speech, talked much and eloquently, of the abominations of Electoral corruption, and the duty of Parliament to impose severe penalties on the authors of it. He drew a striking picture of an M.P. with his head shaved, in Newgate, on bread and water. He might have heightened the horror by describing a LEATHAM at the Crank, or a LORD BURY at the Treadmill.

There are some considerations, however, which MR. COBDEN has, perhaps, not taken into account in this matter.

Admitting that Electoral corruption is a very deplorable thing; that the "good and safe men"—who come down to Boroughs at Election time in false wigs and whiskers, and ensconce themselves in back shops with bowls of sovereigns and bundles of Bank-notes, wherewith to grease the itching palms of free and independent electors,—are great rascals; is it clear that this is the worst style of man who influences the fate of an Election; that the voter, who sells his vote for a couple of sovereigns and an unlimited allowance of beer, is the worst element of a constituency; and that the result of an election thus won, is the worst result for the country? Upon my word, I am not by any means sure of it.

Take the swaggering demagogue, who covers his selfish motives under a cloak of patriotic profession; who promises to the crowd results of political measures which he knows no political measures can secure; who ascribes motives wholesale to opponents, sets classes by the ears, embitters master against man and man against master—it strikes me, that this mouther is more mischievous than the briber, just in proportion as he addresses himself to a less venal class of the electors, and works by putting false and evil thoughts into men's heads, instead of good and solid sovereigns into their pockets.

Again, I take it that a voter who gives his vote under the influence of such a man's hustings-talk, is a more mischievous elector, for the time being, than the stolid freeman, who mechanically barter his sweet voice for beer or bribe, just in proportion as the misled man may be enthusiastic in his belief of the demagogic claptrap, and sincere in his acceptance of the poisonous error. If we are to shave the head of the briber, what punishment is to be reserved for the conscious deceiver, humbug, and bunkum-monger of the hustings?

If proportion is to be kept between penalty and offence, it strikes Mr. Punch strongly that the shaved head, the bread and water, the solitary cell, and the crank, would be at least as well-bestowed on the rogue who perverts some of our best tendencies and instincts to his own selfish and dirty ends, as on the buyer of a certain number of votes, which if not given for money, would still be taken into the market for some less tangible, perhaps, but not less sordid, consideration.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

WE understand that the following arithmetical question was recently set to a candidate for a diplomatic appointment:—

"If four clerks could copy a despatch of twenty-four pages in three days; how many days would it take six clerks to copy a despatch of thirty-six pages?"

The candidate finding some difficulty in answering this according to the ordinary rules of arithmetic, sent up the following diplomatic reply:—

"With reference to this question, it appears to me that the answer must depend entirely upon what kind of fellows the clerks were; for within my own limited experience of the service, I could undertake to select six who would never finish it at all."

We are happy to be able to state that the Civil Service Commissioners immediately recommended this gentleman to LORD JOHN RUSSELL for a Secretaryship of Legation.

MR. PUNCH begs to acknowledge from BARON BRAMWELL the receipt of the second half of a Conundrum, marked "Original," and numbered "32,567;" but declines, out of respect to the Baron's reputation for facetiousness, according to it the large importance of type in his illustrious pages. The conundrum in question is not half so funny as any of the learned Baron's decisions; or it may be that the wrong half has been sent by mistake? The two halves have been pasted up in Mr. Punch's office over the counter, as a warning to other culprits who attempt to pass similar bad conundrums. BARON BRAMWELL is earnestly entreated not to try again.



THE READER IS REQUESTED TO OBSERVE, THAT THE LOWER EXTREMITIES REPRESENTED ABOVE DO NOT BELONG TO THE FAIR DAMSEL ON THE PLANK, BUT TO THE BOATMAN BEYOND, UPON WHOSE SHOULDER SHE IS LEANING.—WE, HOWEVER, RECOMMEND FLORA TO BE MORE CAREFUL HOW SHE COMPOSES HERSELF THE NEXT TIME SHE GETS OUT OF A BOAT.

A GOVERNESS STRIKE WANTED.

As striking seems infectious, we really almost wonder that the Governesses don't Strike. They have certainly more cause for it than nine-tenths of the workmen who have recently turned out. Few workmen work harder than do our poor Governesses, and clearly none receive worse wages for their work. The following advertisement will show the price of Governess-labour as last quoted in the market, and it seems to us quite low enough to justify a Strike:—

RESIDENT GOVERNESS WANTED (in the country), who is qualified to educate five children, between the ages of 5 and 14, in the English courses, with French, music, and drawing, a person above 25 years of age, and willing to look after the children's wardrobes, preferred. Salary 20 guineas per annum, with laundry expenses. Apply by letter only to J. B., — Street, Islington.

To educate a "child" of the advanced age 'of fourteen in English, French, and music, to say nothing of drawing, could scarcely take less school-time than full three hours per diem. For a child of five years old, the schooling might be shorter; but the teaching of five children, aged between five and fourteen, could hardly average less than quite ten hours a day, and such hard labour has a claim upon the interest (and the capital) of people who support what is called the Nine Hours Movement.

The offered wages for this work are one-and-twenty pounds per annum, which is about the same as that of upper housemaids and head cooks. Such pay is at the rate of not one penny more than eight shillings a week; dividing this by five, we ascertain that one-and-seventence is the precise cost to the parents of each child's daily schooling. In making out this reckoning, we omit to count the cost of the residence and washing; for we look upon these items as the wages which are offered for the work of "looking after" what the writer calls the "wardrobes," but which, using plainer language, we should call the children's "clothes." To teach "the English courses" (whatever they may be), a Governess, of course, must be well versed in English; but we think, however closely she may look into her Dictionary, she will not learn from it the meaning of the verb active "to look after,"

as it is used in the advertisement which offers her a place. To "look after," in the sense in which the advertiser uses it, means certainly to "mend," and probably to "make." So that the "person" who is said to be wanted as a Governess, will find the post of sempstress really is her place.

To conclude as we began. We have, in general, we own, no sympathy with Strikes, and, except in extreme cases, we should never recommend them. Men who try by striking to better their condition find it turns out "*vice versa*," and that, for the most part, their turn-out make it worse. But the position of our Governesses is really now so bad, that almost any change would better it; and were a Governess Strike to be attempted, we think some striking benefit might possibly result.

BEAUTIFUL BUTTERMILK.

ACCORDING to the *New York Semi-Weekly Tribune*,

"A physician in Louisville has discovered that by living principally on buttermilk, a human being may prolong existence to the period of two hundred years."

A bard of Ireland, of later date than the one who—said *Richard III.*,

"told me once,
I should not live long after I saw *Richmond*,"

in a song-book of the early part of this century, informs his readers that

"Potatoes grow at Limerick and beef at Ballymore,
And buttermilk is beautiful—but that you knew before."

The property of causing longevity has not, however, been before known to reside in buttermilk. The beauty of that liquor is, as the Irish bard intimates, no discovery, and perhaps the same observation is applicable to its alleged power to prolong life. The physician of Louisville, who professes to have discovered that a human being can prolong his existence by any means whatever to the period of two hundred years, is, unless he is as old as that himself, most likely a countryman of the buttermilk hard, and perhaps, changing climate and not mind, may have migrated to Louisville from Limerick.



THE FIRST LESSON.

Not so Bad for a Beginner!



KING PUNCH'S AMNESTY.



OLLOWING the example of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, KING PUNCH proclaims an amnesty to political offenders. A full pardon is extended to all sitters in St. Stephen's who have, during the past Session, committed any crimes against good judgment or good taste, or have made themselves amenable to any jokes or other punishments which have, for public safety, been inflicted by KING PUNCH. In still further generosity, KING PUNCH proclaims that henceforth, and till such time as is stated at the foot of this His notice, He grants His gracious leave to all political delinquents to commit whatever follies and absurdities they choose. Now that they no longer can bore the public ear, the proudest of prozers may

prattle as they please, and Members fond of gabbling may gabble as they wish. Having now retired to the bosom of their families, the geese and donkeys who infest the Commons of the country may cackle, hiss, and bray as loudly as they like. The VISCOUNT WILLIAMSES may preach their penny-wise economy, and practise their cheese-paring to the last scrap of the rind. The WHITESIDES may rant, and the O'DONOGHUES may rave, and the POPE's Brass Band may strike up at their most discordant pitch. Dog Tear'ems may bark, and grievanced Irishmen may howl; and the long-windedest of lawyers may exercise their lungs to their extremest stretch. AYRTONS gifted with the gab may throw open, when they choose, the flood-gates of their oratory, and volubiles in omne may overwhelm the ears of all whose buttonholes they catch. In short, the bores and nuisances who so infest St. Stephen's and disturb the public peace while Parliament is sitting, have now KING PUNCH'S full permission to indulge their separate foolings to the top of each one's bent.

KING PUNCH proclaims, however, that this amnesty will last only up to, and until the opening of, next Session, and that then He will renew the measures He has taken to ensure the public safety from the bores He has denounced.

Given at his Court (of St. Bride to wit) in Fleet Street, this Twenty-seventh day of August, in the Thirty-seventh Volume of his reign.

VIVANT REGINA, JUDY, ET REX PUNCH!

THE END OF ALL THINGS.

M. DE LA GUERRONIERE delivered a pious discourse on Sunday last. He preached to the Councils-General of the Haute Vienne. His text was taken from the history of the late Italian campaign, and he improved the occasion by extolling the goodness and wisdom of NAPOLEON THE THIRD. Subjoined is the commencement of the address delivered by the reverent gentleman:—

"Gentlemen, The great events which have preceded the meeting of the Councils-General, authorise me to-day to address you on matters foreign to our useful and modest labours, but which respond to irresistible impressions and sentiments. The present year will count in history among those which God has marked for the glory of France."

The labours of M. DE LA GUERRONIERE are no doubt as useful as they are modest. His modesty is apparent from the estimate which, as a Frenchman, he has formed of the position occupied by France in the Universe. This is so high, in his opinion, that the Author of Nature himself, in consideration of the vast importance of France in the scheme of things, has paid her the attention of marking certain years for her glory. Omnipotence itself consults the glory of France. The glory of France ranks among final causes. Will M. DE LA GUERRONIERE be content with this proposition? Will he not insist that the glory of France is the sole final cause of creation?

A Wise Reply.

"I'LL get you up," says BOB to BILL,
 "A Testimonial, an you will."
 "I thank you, no," says BILL to BOB;
 "A Testimonial marks a snob."

INFALLIBILITY'S FOUR REASONS.

"His HOLINESS is said to have assigned four reasons for refusing to become President of the proposed Italian Confederation."—*L'Univers.*

"COME, POPE, my dear POPE," says good EMPEROR NAP,
 "Make onc on this joyful occasion;
 I've got a new crown for your three-storied cap,
 Be Head of our Cou-fed-e-ration.
 A favour like this, for the sake of a peace,
 I'm sure that you will not deny us;
 'Twill give the old Papacy'a life a new lease."
 "I'm blown if I will," says POPE PIUS.

"O, don't talk like that, Holy Daddy," says N,
 "Remember my aid and my succour;
 I saved your crown once, and may do so again,
 Next time you get into a pucker.
 If you'll be the Head of the Union, you see,
 You'll give it a Catholic bias,
 That's doing what's right by the Church and Saint P."
 "I'm hanged if I will," says POPE PIUS.

"But why?" says L. N., "if a layman might ask,
 And what is your little objection?
 I need not remind you there's work in the task
 To keep down your flock's disaffection.
 And if you came out as a friend of the free
 (You've power both to bind and untie us),
 You'd make things more pleasant for you and the Sec."
 "I'm dashed if I will," says POPE PIUS.

Says NAPOLEON (*aside*), "The old pig is a fool,
 I wish it were lawful to curse him,
 He's got no more sense than his own Holy Mule,
 I've a precious good mind to coerce him.
 Then (*aloud*) Holy Father, I pray on my knees,
 That with more condescension you'll eye Us—
 Come, head the Confederacy, do. If you please?"
 "I'm d-BLESSED if I will," says POPE PIUS.

AN IMAGE BY MR. OSBORNE.

AT Liskeard, the other day, MR. BERNAL OSBORNE expressed the following belief:—

"I believe if LORD DERBY and MR. DISRAELI and MR. GLADSTONE and LORD JOHN RUSSELL were to meet in a room together, and consult without regard to party, they would come to the conclusion of introducing a very satisfactory Reform Bill. They say, 'We must go with our party.' The consequence of that sometimes is, that the people of this country are crucified between two thieves, and they get nothing except when these gentlemen fall out. (*Roars of laughter.*)"

It is not, however, so much the belief of MR. OSBORNE that merits remark, as his illustration of it, which is remarkable for irrelevance at least, if not for something else. It is somewhat of a puzzle. By two thieves MR. OSBORNE of course does not mean the four statesmen whom he names. He intends, we presume, the Whig and Tory parties respectively personified, and supposes the people of England as individualised under the form of JOHN BULL. How, in the position wherein he represents the parties, it would be possible for the central one to gain anything by the falling out of the other two, it is not quite so easy to understand. The parallel suggested by MR. BERNAL OSBORNE certainly does not run on all fours, and perhaps it was the extraordinary hobble which it consequently displayed that occasioned "roars of laughter." Otherwise we do not understand the laughter; for Liskeard is not Houndsditch. There is, by the way, one consideration suggested by MR. OSBORNE's very irregular metaphor, which is in a measure satisfactory. It might—without reference to its hon. author—be regarded as a symptom of the parliamentary eligibility of a too long oppressed and enslaved people.

An Eternal Bore.

WE are tired of hearing Rome called the Eternal City, and no doubt the Romans themselves are still more weary than we are of the continual recurrence of that hackneyed phrase. All the rational world, and especially the Roman part of it, would be glad if Rome were to exchange the pretentious title of the Eternal City for the plain denomination of the Temporal City.

A NATIONAL FEELING.—LORD PALMERSTON sets his back against the Gothic. It was but natural that his Lordship should have a leaning towards the Italian, when we remember his oft-repeated declaration of "*Civis Romanus Sum.*"

VESTIGES OF CREATION.

"The Serpentine, and the whole of Belgravia, were formerly a Lagoon of the Thames."—*Sir S. M. Peto in the Times.*



WHAT, all Belgravia grand and fine,
Was once a mess of marsh and lakes!
PROFESSOR OWEN, be it thine
To prove it in a brace of shakes.

Tell doubters that they need not sneer,
Nor set their puddle-minds in storm;
For all the ancient life is here,
And only changed in outward form.

The slimy reptile here, no doubt,
Wriggled and crawled in greed or malice:
Now see the Courtier creep about—
Near as he dares to yonder Palace.

If tadpoles in the marsh were black,
There is one CONINGSBY can tell
Belgravia's Tadpoles swim in track
Where Tapers guide them to Pall Mall.

If the old lake was rich in toads,
Look out, and you'll be sure to meet 'em;
If not, it is because such loads
Of people here delight to eat 'em.

With cackling ducks the old lagoon
At times, perchance, alive was seen:
Our Ducks come out each afternoon,
And chatter in their Crinoline.

Lay serpents in the wet nooks twined?
We still can point them out at need:
Search any street, and you shall find
Some home empoisoned by their breed.

Doubtful if Thames were ever den
Where the old monsters made their feasts,
But if we'd Mega-Theria then,
We still can show a few great Beasts.

Adjutants, or Gigantic Cranes,
Croaked o'er the marsh with voices hard.
The first at yonder barracks trains,
The Cranes are loud in CUBITT'S yard.

Just as "in earth there is no beast
But's rendered in some fish of sea,"
One would not say we'd lost the least
Of that old marsh's family.

A FEMALE RUSH TO THE POLE.

THE Vice-Chairman of the London and District Telegraph Company informs us, that their staff will be a kind of distaff, inasmuch as it will be exclusively in the hands of females. The hands engaged to work the telegrams, are those of young ladies, and the Company has already fifty-five pairs of them in their employ. We rejoice over this announcement, as each new dial will open a new circle of employment for women, and it is rather too bad that all the loaves and fishes of this world should be monopolised by the men, and nothing but the bones and crumbs should be left for the women. The employment augurs well for the success of the Society, as we are told that female society is the best of all good company, and a telegraph company is sure to answer well, inasmuch as we all know from experience that young ladies are noted for their readiness in always giving a quick and happy answer. Those fifty-five young clerks ought to be the happiest of their nimble-fingered sex, inasmuch as their time will be occupied all day in questioning and answering—and the beauty is, that they will never have long impatiently to wait, as from the nature of things, they will no sooner have put the question, than they will receive all their answers on the spot. Moreover, the preference of employment is only due to the acknowledged superiority of the sex, as it stands to reason that a woman must make the best telegraph-marian, if we only take into consideration how much more expert and industrious than a man she is in working at the *needle!* In fact, we expect in time that the best "DISTRESSED NEEDLEWOMAN'S REFUGE" in this country, will be none other than the Telegraph Office.

Legal Intelligence.

SOME Barristers have been returning their briefs—and, still more wonderful, their fees also! There is no precedent for this, we believe, in any of the law books; and certainly it is the first instance that we ever knew of the practice of the Law being equal to its noble profession. May such Practice soon make every Lawyer perfect!

THE ELECTION MARKET.

Electors. An article to be bought.
Candidates. An article to be sold.

"RIGHT ABOUT FACE."—Here is an inscription for a Statue, recently erected to an eminent Physician in Trafalgar Square.—"Wise in his *Jener*-ation."

AIDS TO FEMININE REFLECTION.

Chambers, the other day, contained a quantity of useful knowledge, some of which may have the effect of inducing habits of reflection in the female mind. For example:—

"The French buy our old written parchments, and return them to us in the form of delicate kid-gloves."

Heretofore, too many a girl, in putting on her glove, has only, in eyeing her hand extended in that act, considered the beautiful fit of the envelope to the exquisitely formed member. Knowing that French gloves are made out of old English parchments, she may now think, not only how well they set her delicate hand off, but of what interesting documents they once formed part—leases, indentures, and settlements of personal property; the deeds last named having a peculiar interest for intelligent young ladies. She may meditate on the possibility that her gloves may be portions of some old record of great historical importance, which has been lost to the literature of the country by official negligence and the want of proper custody of public manuscripts and muniments.

Ladies again may thank *Chambers* for informing them that—

"There are certain small brown domestic annoyances which tidy housewives cannot endure to hear even named, and which has received the masquerading defi-

nition of 'B flats.' Now, Australia has the misfortune to be prolific in these B flats, and an enterprising colonist has devised the means of obtaining a useful brown dye from them."

This piece of information will enable the female mind to moralise with some degree of novelty. Silk, in this point of view, may be said to be worn out. Beauty and Fashion have long been aware that their finest apparel is the work of "a poor worm," and don't want to be told that any more. The reflection will be new to them that their nice brown morning dress derives its rich warm tint from the colouring matter of a poor B flat, if B flat is the best of synonyms for the insect in question, of which the mordant qualities (independent of its dye) render it perhaps more worthy to be called B sharp.

An Organic Defect.

We read in the Paris Intelligence that the MESSRS. LAUBENIÈRES have "invented a new system of steam engine, which is contrived so as to work without noise." We must characterise this invention as extremely engine-iours. We wish the same gentlemen would invent a street-organ that could have the same noiseless recommendation.

AN IRISHISM.—The Moon is the Lovers' Sun.

SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.



AMONG the many felicities of MR. CHARLES KEAN must now be reckoned that rarest of all, the opportunity of reading his own Life. Men's lives, as a rule, are not written till their deaths. Their laurels are usually mingled with cypress, yew, and other mortuary "strewments." To MR. CHARLES KEAN has been reserved the satisfaction of listening to one of those performances on the biographical brass trumpet, which are usually sounded only when the ear of their subject is deaf, and his vanity past tickling. In this, at least, MR. KEAN belies the old proverb. He is *ante obitum beatus*.

The passionate enthusiasm of MR. COLE has deluged the hero of his idolatry with such a *douche* of laudation as few men could have stood up under and breathed. Luckily, MR. CHARLES KEAN is case-hardened. He has gone through such a course of puffery, that nothing in the way of superlatives can tell upon him much. Like an Indian stomach, scared with capsicum and curry-powder, to which common Cayenne is tasteless, MR. KEAN's palate has been accustomed to such high spicing of flattery that even MR. COLE's praise may seem to it cold-drawn. To be "called over the coals" has hitherto been equivalent to getting a good scolding; but to be "called over the Cole" must henceforth mean to be soaped from head to foot with the creamiest and most unctuous of commendation, and rolled in the butteriest of puff-paste. And this brings *Mr. Punch* to the subject on which he ventures to join issue, no less with MR. COLE than with his unwontedly kind critic in the *Saturday Review*.

MR. COLE complains bitterly of the unfavourable newspaper criticism to which MR. KEAN has been subjected. Both the biographer and the reviewer seem to imply that this unfavourable criticism was due to envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, stimulated by MR. KEAN's independence of the offensive insects who thus buzzed about him. This is, to *Mr. Punch*, an altogether new view of MR. CHARLES KEAN's relations to criticism and critics. What he had always heard,—and had been compelled, with considerable reluctance, to believe,—is, that MR. CHARLES KEAN, so far from being "independent" in his relations to his newspaper critics, was all through his career weakly and unwisely susceptible to their praise or blame; that he lost no opportunity of conciliating, cajoling, or otherwise influencing such as he *could* influence in his favour; that he at length placed himself in such relations with his critics as to believe that all who did not praise him were influenced by the lowest and basest motives of personal antagonism, while at the same time he did not hesitate to win favourable notice by means which, had he been less vain, he must have seen deprived praise of all value whatever.

So far from agreeing in the view of MR. COLE, that MR. CHARLES KEAN has had to complain of the newspapers, *Mr. Punch* would say that there never was an actor who has been so unduly puffed and panned; that his efforts, as a Manager, to win audiences over to the Elizabethan drama by spectacle and show, have received, at least, their full meed of recognition; and that this recognition would have been more graceful had it taken more note of what had been done before MR. KEAN's day, with better taste and less pretension, in the same direction, by MR. MACREADY and MR. PHELPS.

Mr. Punch gladly admits that the conduct of MR. CHARLES KEAN to his actors has been marked by liberality, kindness, and consideration;—that, in his management, there have been shown an industry, a business-like promptitude and regularity, and an attention to proprieties of costume, place, and period,—all very rare in theatres. But *Mr. Punch* must still be allowed to think MR. CHARLES KEAN a very bad actor. That he has done anything to raise the literary character of the stage, *Mr. Punch* must take leave to deny. Whether he has raised its historical character, by the pageantry he has introduced into the plays he has produced, *Mr. Punch* hopes he may be permitted to doubt. Like other managers, MR. CHARLES KEAN has cast about for means to make his theatre pay. Being unable to give the public good acting, he has given it pretty groups of carefully-costumed supernumeraries and ballet-girls, ingenious applications of the oxyhydrogen or electric light, and clever contrivances of slots, steel framework, and other stage mechanism. That all this has cost him a great deal of money and a great deal of labour, is certain: it is to be hoped that the public patronage has replaced the one and repaid him for the other. But that MR. CHARLES KEAN is a public benefactor, *Mr. Punch* is quite unable to admit: that he has been the subject of undue depreciation or

systematic dispraise on the part of the newspaper critics, is a palpable misrepresentation of the fact: that he has done anything to elevate the literature of the stage, or the position of the actor as an exponent of the poetical drama, MR. COLE may believe, but *Mr. Punch* doesn't.

The CHARLES KEAN Management is more likely to be remembered by the *Corsican Brothers* and *Pauline*, than by *Macbeth* or *Henry the Eighth*, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or the *Tempest*.

BAD JOBS FOR JOHN BULL.

How the deuce can it be, that works always cost me
Twice or three times as much as my neighbours;
And for all that I pay I don't get half what they
Have to show for their taxes and labours?
Be the thing what it will, it is underdone still,
And overcharged ne'er less than double;
Whilst, beside all the cost, an immense time is lost,
And there's always an ocean of trouble.

In maintaining a fleet by the French I've been beat;
To think that I've e'er lived to say it!
Of my army so small the expense would appal
Any other who had to defray it.
It is true volunteer forces can't but be dear,
But my ground for vexation and rage is
That, of all the vast sum whereunto my works come,
The least part goes in labourers' wages.

Building, static—what not!—by mistake or by plot,
Is run up to a figure enormous,
And I pay through the nose every fellow that blows,
Through our house, air to cool us or warm us.
Whilst the man, like a fool, when cold blows us more cool,
When we're warm blows of heat aggravation,
'Till we cry, with a curse, that the air's ten times worse
Than it would be without ventilation.

Did you hear, deep and long, like the boom of a gong,
My big bell tell the time from its tower?
Those lugubrious sounds cost twice ten thousand pounds,
But the clock wouldn't point out the hour.
The bell cannot swing where they've put it to ring,
By reason of bungle and blunder;
If the whole with a run were to come down, for one,
I can only say I shouldn't wonder.

The Prince declared free institutions to be
Just at this nick of time on their trial,
They produced a dead lock on the part of the clock,
Which was all you could read on the dial.
Cheap and nasty is bad, but dear mulls drive me mad,
Worst of all waste is waste and no pleasure.
Fellows botch every job whilst among them they rob
And plunder JOHN BULL without measure.

A Joke from an Economist.

IT is a well-known fact that the Parsees, though rolling in wealth, evince the greatest reluctance to part with any of it. Taxes, especially, they hold in the most religious abhorrence. They are the richest and the stingiest class in India. When these characteristics were told to MR. JAMES WILSON, he said they reminded him, with the exception of the wealth, of his own country. Upon being indignantly called upon to explain what in the name of nonsense, he meant, he said, with a sly twinkle of his humorous eye, and in his own peculiar inimitable Scotch accent:—"I allude, boys, to the Parsee-money" (*parsimony*).

Historical.

A YOUNG Prince of the illustrious House of Monaco was asked why he had married a rich old woman. "*Ma foi*," was the gay young Prince's reply, "let me ask you, what poor man in a hurry to get an enormous Bank-note cashed, ever troubles in looking at the date of it?"

RIFLE PRACTITIONERS.

IT is no wonder that young Lawyers and Doctors should be eager to enrol themselves in Rifle Clubs. Those societies promise to afford them all the practice which many of them are ever likely to get.

HOME COMFORTS.—A man's comfort is like his cigar—if he cannot get it at home, he will go in search of it elsewhere.



SQUALLY WEATHER—MAKING ALL “TAUT.”

CLERGYMEN AND BAPTISTS.

JUVENAL says that poverty often makes persons ridiculous; but that persons well-to-do often make themselves ridiculous is a truth which *Punch* finds weekly reason to assert, and were the word “persons” to be printed with an “a,” confirmation of the statement would be no less readily forthcoming. As a proof that parsons sometimes run the risk of being laughed at, a Correspondent sends us the following advertisement, which appeared in a provincial paper not long since:—

TEMPORARY CURACY.—Wanted, for a Country Parish, bordering on the Sea, a CLERGYMAN to assist the Rector during the Bathing Season.—Address ———.

This, our Correspondent thinks, may perhaps “amuse our readers,” and with a sagacity which does him no small credit, he proceeds to point out what he deems the reason why. From the phrase “to assist the Rector during the bathing season,” he argues that the Curate who is temporarily wanted will be reduced to the position of a common bath attendant, a duty which few Clergymen would like to undertake. Now, if our aim were simply to “amuse” our readers, we might very likely do so by writing on this hint. A laugh might certainly be got up at the notion of a Rector doing duty as a bathing man, and having in the season his hands so full of business that he is forced to advertise for temporary help. It might be ludicrous to speculate as to how the wanted Curate would be proved fit for his post: as to how his aqueous erudition should be plumbed, and whether he could save himself if he went out of his depth. A Curate when appointed to do duty in the sea would have not merely to read, but to wade, himself in; and it might be curious to picture his performance of this ceremony, and to guess whether or no he would take his shoes and stockings off, and whether he would flounder or contrive to come out swimmingly. The question also might arise, as to whether or no his orthodoxy would not be endangered; inasmuch as when officiating in the functions of a bathing man, he might be looked upon as being less a Churchman than a Baptist, the chief part of his duty being to give dips.

We repeat, were it our mission merely to amuse, speculations such as these might perhaps fulfil our purpose. But as our aim is to advise and, where needful, to instruct, we should recommend this Rector to

be more careful in future in wording his advertisements, and to avoid their bringing ridicule or censure on his cloth. As the calling of a Clergyman is a serious vocation, he should eschew the use of language which may serve at all to raise a laugh at his expense. When a preacher preaches English, he should at least know how to write it; and should be careful to avoid parading doubtful phrases, such as that on which we have the pain now to comment. Although not disinclined to view it as a merely clerical error, still we cannot quite condone it as a fault of no account. We shall cease to be believers in the benefit of clergy, if we find the propagation of bad language is their work. Therefore we trust when next this Rector is in need of an assistant, and finds himself compelled to advertise his want, he will not allude to the requirements of his curacy as though its duties were confined to the diocese of Bath.

On the Poison Debate.

COMPARE Correspondence with Articles. Never
Will reader incline to dispute these two rules:
Most persons who write For a journal are clever;
Most persons who write To a journal are fools.

TOXICOLOGISTOMASTIX.

ADVICE TO TUSCANY.

You have expressed your will. Prepare to support it by action. Don't suppose that either FRANCIS JOSEPH or LOUIS NAPOLEON will “take the will for the deed.”

LOVE WITHOUT ALLOY.

THE only love in which a man has no rival, but has it all to his own self, is in the wonderful Love he generally has for himself.

HOW TO MAKE GLOVES LAST TWICE AS LONG.—Only wear one at a time.—*A Scotch Political Economist.*



Waiter to Old Gentleman. "What 'ave you 'ad, Sir!"

Old Gentleman, who has been reading the day's paper straight through. "Well, let me see—1st, I had some Ministerial broth; 2ndly, some of the Talking and Performing Fish; then I had some of the French entrée into Italy; and if your joints had been well cut, I might have tasted them too, but—"

[Exit terrified Waiter.]

MORE SANCTIFIED SLANG.

THERE exists a periodical of the religious class and baptist order, bearing the ridiculous denomination of *The Earthen Vessel*. The contents of this vessel may perhaps be inferred from the subjoined specimens of the material encrusting its exterior in the form of advertisements. This is one of them:—

IMPORTANT to those of the Lord's Ministers who are suffering from a variety of Diseases. G. SEABORN, Baptist Minister and Medical Botanist, most respectfully informs the Saints of God, that he has been made a blessing to hundreds, both in reference to soul and body. Any person suffering from any disorder, may address a letter to him, stating the symptoms of their disease, the time they have been suffering, and by enclosing six postage stamps, he will send advice and a medical recipe. G. S. has recourse to God in prayer before sending out any medicine or recipe. If help is to be obtained in any case, he engages speedy relief—especially in Rheumatism, Liver and Bowel Complaints. Direct, G. SEABORN, opposite the Prince of Wales, Msdalene Street, Colchester, Essex. The Works of WILLIAM HUNTINGTON sent post free on receipt of fourteen stamps each volume, of G. S. as above. Books of every description new and second-hand. G. S. is open to Supply any destitute Church of Strict Baptist principles.

Upon our word, this is no burlesque of an example of sanctified slang. It has been cut bodily out of the light brown wrapper of the *Earthen Vessel* of August 1st, of this present year of Grace, whereof G. SEABORN appears to be a precious babe. Let not the Sabbatarians, who misjudge *Punch* because *Punch* confutes their fanaticism, think that "G. SEABORN, Baptist Minister and Medical Botanist, most respectfully informs the Saints," &c., is a profane parody, for the authorship of which *Mr. Punch* is responsible, and ought to be put in the stocks. They are mistaken if they imagine that *Punch* is irreverent enough to caricature the most hypocritical snuffle with that degree of grossness involved in the announcement that "G. S. has recourse to, &c. &c., before sending out any medicine or recipe." The words here quoted, as well as those omitted, are no exaggeration, and G. SEABORN is entitled to all the credit for ludicrousness which can be given to the assurance that "if help is to be obtained in any case, he engages speedy relief—especially in Rheumatism, Liver, and Bowel Complaints." The idea that G. SEABORN's prayers have a peculiar efficacy in rheumatism, jaundice, diarrhoea, and colic, will be deemed a high joke by our readers—we assure them that the idea, if not the joke, is G. SEABORN's own. It will be observed that whatever may be G. SEABORN's botanical knowledge, his literary attainments are not those which are befitting any Minister but a member of a Cabinet that

A PALPABLE ADVERTISEMENT.

SOME very interesting details have lately excited the utmost interest on the part of the public in reference to the Asylum for Idiots, which admirable institution ought to receive a contribution from every one who does not think himself qualified for residence in its comfortable apartments. But we fear that it will be some time before any new admissions can take place, the institution being so inconveniently crowded with correspondents of the *Morning Advertiser*. Two have just been removed thither under curious circumstances. Their condition was detected by their both furiously insisting that England was instantly to be invaded by France, and adducing as proofs that "at a recent review, a French officer placed a Rose (emblem of England) in the touchhole of a cannon" (*sic*), and that another French officer said to the correspondent, laughingly, "that the next campaign would not be in Lombardy, but in Lombard Street" (*sic*). With such cases prevalent, it may easily be imagined that the Asylum is overcrowded. This, however, should induce the public to come forward with large assistance to an institution so evidently needful.

One of the Early Fathers.

WHAT reason is there for supposing that the BISHOP OF LONDON is a man of very early habits?

Because he regularly goes to bed at eight, and rises at eight (*a TAITE*).

MOTTO FOR A CABMAN.—"Handsome is, as Hansom does not try to 'do.'"

A FASHIONABLE PROVERB.—Heaven sent 'us Woman, and France Crinoline.

might be constructed by LORD MALMESBURY. When he says that any person may address a letter to him stating the symptoms of their disease, he proves himself indeed to be no unitarian, though he does not write, we hope, like the generality of baptist ministers. If his grammar were trustworthy, his correspondents would be numerous, believing his promise that "by enclosing six postage stamps he will send advice and a medical recipe." Six postage stamps are a prescription that anybody would take if he could get it by merely writing for it at the expense of one. The notification that G. S. undertakes to send the "Works of WILLIAM HUNTINGTON" on certain conditions, is remarkable. WILLIAM HUNTINGTON was a canting coal-heaver, as G. S. probably knows; a coal-heaver, who may have heaved sea-borne coals. He wore what may be called a collar of S. S., or at least went about with the letters S. S. marked upon some part of his dress, if not on his collar. By those initials he meant "Sinner Saved," as G. S. probably also knows. But G. S. perhaps does not know that a famous wag interpreted them to signify Sad Scoundrel. The less G. S. says in future about WILLIAM HUNTINGTON the better.

"Destitute Churches of Strict Baptist principles" may be puzzled to understand what it is that G. S. is "open to Supply" them with. He is not, as a botanist, literally full of herbs, and as a baptist minister there seems to be nothing in him.

Literæ Scriptæ Manent.

THERE are thousands of letters taken yearly to the Post Office, and left there, because they have no addresses on them. Supposing the letters had the power of articulation, we can fancy their taking up part of the City motto, and exclaiming, "Dirige Nos."

PROMPT FELLOW-FEELING.

"Four Chili Citizens," write to the *Times*, demanding English sympathy. They have it. Let them note the sudden drop in the thermometer.

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE."—The life of a Miser is a bad drama, the only point of which is in the end. All the effects are crammed into the "tag."

AIDS TO CRIMINAL DEVOTION.



Beelzebub was the god of flies. If that were the case, Beelzebub, one might think, would hardly employ his insects in worrying convicts, to prevent them from falling asleep in sermon time, unless indeed he felt perfectly satisfied that the sermon would go in at one ear of the rogues and out at the other. That this is the course which sermons are apt to take through the convict sensorium seems indicated by the further statement of the same authority that—

“Candidates for the Communion table were numerous—we trust, not for the sake of the sacramental wine; but the truth must be told, and other gaol chaplains, not quite so sanguine as Mr. ALDERSON, have found that the greed of a mouthful of wine was the *primum mobile* with the most ostentatiously pious convicts.”

It is evident that ordinary sermons produce no moral effect on convicts. The effect which they do produce on the criminal mind is the same as that which they too generally produce on the common mind. It is just that effect which, in the case of Mr. ALDERSON'S flock, was prevented only by the flies. If unconvicted sinners require awakening sermons, convicts can derive little benefit from discourses naturally tending to send them to sleep.

BANQUET OF AUTHORITIES IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE residents in the neighbourhood of Newport, the other day, and for some succeeding days, were greatly disturbed by an unusual grunting and squeaking proceeding from the denizens of the various styes in that part of the Isle of Wight. The cause of this uproar is explained by the following paragraph from the *Hampshire Advertiser*:—

“The annual licensing dinner given to the licensed victuallers of the Isle of Wight by Messrs. Mew came off on Wednesday. Between 300 and 400 persons sat down to partake of the annual repast of sucking pig, about 40 of which were killed for the occasion.”

It was the massacre of their tender young which had made the pigs unhappy, and occasioned them to express their parental feelings in that combination of bass with treble which is characteristic of their kind. The public will learn with interest that sucking-pig is the elect dish of the licensed victuallers of the Isle of Wight, and may be curious to inquire whether it is the favourite delicacy of that body in general, or whether the affection for it is merely insular, and restricted in insularity. Victuallers should be authorities in gastronomy—*Cuique in sua arte*. The *Morning Advertiser* will perhaps afford the information of which the desire is suggested by its Hampshire namesake and contemporary. We cannot quit this subject without remarking, that the sight of 350 landlords sitting down to 40 sucking-pigs must have been interesting in as high a degree as the smell of the repast was fragrant and delicious.

More Chiming than Charming.

MR. DENISON defends the purity of Big Ben. So pleased is he with his noisy child, that he will not admit that it has any striking fault. Its character is, altogether, without alloy. However, he is ready to make this concession,—“if not exactly true, at all events Ben is a great discovery; or, in more musical words, *Se non è vero, è Ben trovato*.” If the tone is not perfectly pure, still it is remarkably well feigned. We suppose we must admit this as “a sound excuse.”

A TOURNAMENT, U.S.

Of all ridiculous ostents,
Especially for Yankee gents,
What more absurd than Tournaments?
Yet, in America,
A snobbish, silly, vain display,
Of bogus tilt and sham tourney,
On this last August's eighteenth day,
Came off at Brentsville, Va.

To view the idiotic scene,
A crowd assembled on a green,
Where, noon and dinner's hour between,
The males and females danced.
The meal brought dancing to a stop,
They ate and drank each bit and drop,
And then they recommenced the hop,
Until “Sir Knights” advanced.

Sir Knights!—a precious set of Sirs!
Who dubbed themselves, and bought their
spurs,
Copied their shields from Britishers,
Or did themselves invent:
I wish you had been there to see,
The hash they made of heraldry,
At that absurd festivity
They called a Tournament.

Such knights, of “do” renowned for deed!
Such names, RUDD, PRIDMORE, WILLIAMS,
REID,
DAVIS, and FEWELL! but we need
Not mention any more.
Of MONTMORENCY, IVANHOE,
Of MARMON, LOCHINVAR, as though
They felt their proper names too low,
The fancy names they bore.

Knights were there of the Woods and the
Chase;
Of Unknown Knight there was one case,
And one of Black Knight; Brentsville's base
Addition, PRIDMORE chose.
The Knight of Greenville, MEREDITH
Disguised his own plain surname with;
And every knight had got a smith
To make his iron clothes.

Marshal and herald marched before
Each feudal keeper of a store,
A helmet on his pate who wore,
Bedizened with a crest.
And then the pack of numskulls were
By MR. ARALLAND MARSTELLER
(We quote the Yankee newspaper)
“Appropriately addressed.”

“Now, go it!” doubtless was the speech;
Whereon, in turn, they went it each.
What subjects for the art of LEECH
Those horsemen would have been!
Yet failed their riding not to please
The girls—reported “faire ladies.”
The winning softborn, out of these,
Chose Love and Beauty's Queen.

Named “of the Chase,” was this mock Knight,
The second IVANHOE was hight;
(In two large dish-covers bedight)
And Brentsville was the third.
They named the Maids of Honour three,—
The Queen herself was Miss M.C.,—
Misses C., W., and T.
Were for the maids preferred.

A final hop wound up the day.
At chivalry when next they play,
With Yankees if our word can weigh,
In fitting pomp and pride,
Would they parade in public sight,
And the beholders all delight;
Let every mock heroic Knight
A hobby-horse bestride.

MR. PUNCH'S TESTIMONIAL TO MR. CHARLES KEAN.



ON Monday last, to celebrate the closing of the Princess's Theatre, *Mr. Punch*, as the acknowledged MÆCENAS of the stage, gave a banquet to the wardrobe-men and scene-painters, who have lately been engaged in the employ of that establishment. The banquet which was served at *Mr. Punch's* private residence, was got up by that gentleman regardless of cost; and dramatically speaking, proved a most decided hit. A grander scene than that which was presented to the guests, it has but rarely fallen to a scene-shifter to witness. The

appointments were all in the most admirable taste, and some notion may be formed of their splendour and magnificence, when it is stated that the properties which were produced on the occasion were the same as have been long in daily use by *Mr. Punch*. The knives and forks and glasses were all strictly "of the period;" and the table was adorned with a most elegant assortment and variety of plate, comprising the plain white and more *recherché* willow-pattern.

The cloth being removed, and bumpers being filled, *Mr. Punch* went on his knees to give the toast of the evening. He said, they met there to commemorate the closing of a theatre which had been long viewed as the home of the Shakspearian drama, and had of course therefore enjoyed a large amount of public patronage. As to whether this support had been deservedly conceded, there could be, he thought, no difference of thinking; for in the unbiassed opinion of all judges who were competent to come to a decision on the subject, the real cause of the success which had been gained at the Princess's was the presence of the One Great Actor who performed there, and attracted nightly myriads by the magnet of his genius. The name of that illustrious One their own hearts would reveal to them, and he (*Mr. Punch*) would not impugn their judgment by repeating it. (*Here the entire company started to their feet, and interrupted Mr. Punch with such a burst of cheering that the explosion killed a cat on Mr. Punch's tiles, and a Policeman in his kitchen rushed up to quell the tumult. Silence being at length restored, Mr. Punch proceeded thus:*)—In speaking of this gentleman, he (*Mr. Punch*) should content himself with simply making the assertion, that no praise could be too high for a Genius so exalted, and that the longest eulogy which language could express would fall short of the laudation which was properly his due. Skilful as a manager, and learned as a scholar, it was however as an actor he so greatly was distinguished. He had never mouthed and ranted as less smooth-tongued actors might; and such was the distinctness and clearness of his utterance, that, when eloking with emotion, his gulps and gasps were quite intelligible, and every one who heard them knew exactly what they meant. Never stiff or cramped or clumsy in deportment, he was as graceful a posturer as he was an elocutionist. Fitted alike for either walk of his profession, he had made no more of tragedy than if it had been farce, and in whatever character his talents had been exercised, his *vows* had been as plain as the nose upon his face. Nor was this Great Genius great merely in the drama. Eclipsing as a "Star" the most brilliant of stage luminaries, he had shone out no less brightly as a literary light: and the learning he had lavished on the fly-leaves of his play-bills fully showed he was a man of letters. In saying this, he (*Mr. Punch*) claimed no novelty of diction. Nor were they solely his own sentiments he was trying to express. He was echoing the comments of the best informed of critics, and spoke merely as the mouthpiece of the unbiassed British Press. Having, however slowly, at length come to the conclusion that their judgment was the right one, he had resolved on making public recantation of his scepticism, and of showing by proof tangible, that he had come to the true faith. With this view he intended to present a Testimonial, which the whole strength of his establishment had been exerted to get up; and he thought it right to mention that, following the principle which elsewhere had been acted on, his poorest of *employés* had been taxed to give their quota, and all the *Punch* boys had subscribed—he need not say how cheerfully—a lollipop a-piece. What the present should consist of, it had not yet been settled; but he inclined to think the fittest and most graceful gift to offer would be a set of his (*Mr. Punch's*) periodical, with an index to the jokes which had been cut at this Great Actor, and which in all future editions would be carefully erased.

Mr. Punch concluded, amid general applause, by drinking the good healths of all the company assembled; saying it was to them that the nation owed its thanks for the upholstering of the drama, whereof the Great Man they had worked for had long been the head upholder.

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

[Harengville, France.

"THE fervour of my devotion to Art is intense, but an Italian summer is equally warm. I love communion with the classic shades, but they afford no retreat from the rays of Phœbus. It was all very well for the *ancient* Romans; while a gentleman could appear in society wearing nothing but a sheet and a quiver, like the Belvidere Apollo, or stroll down to the Coliseum in the simple but elegant summer costume of the Discobolus; while the baths of DIOCLETIAN and of CARACALLA were filled by limpid streams in which GLAUCUS, ANTIPHO, or any other swell of the period, might lead an easy, anthropopotamus-like existence—breakfast, dine, and sleep in the bath, without even the trouble of rubbing himself dry afterwards,—mighty pleasant a Roman summer may have been in *those* days, I say. As for the *present*—phew! the bare notion of it is a stiffer! I bore it like a native of Troy (that is to say, with peculiar fortitude), at first. I worked as long as I could. I had a conduit laid down in the house, and a stream of water, fresh from the Barberini Fountain, passed through my studio night and day. My models were supplied with fresh relays of ices from NAZARRI's every half hour (that greedy monster, GALLINACCIO, devoured twenty-three at a single sitting); I mixed my varnishes in the patent refrigerator, and used *cold-drawn* castor-oil as a vehicle for my colours (GALLINACCIO stole a pint one evening for his salad, and came back looking very penitent next day).

"It was all in vain. My paints dried up, my canvas cracked. Three Pifferari and an amateur brigand fainted in my studio. ANTONIO swore he could wear his goat-skin breeches no longer; JACINTA (an elderly female model) threatened to remove her sottana. I saw it was hopeless. I packed my portmanteau, put my sketching-tackle in order, took the boat at Cività Vecchia, and crossed the briny deep.

"Well—I won't describe the passage: why should I? We all know what it is. Why recall the fearful sensations, the ignoble incidents, of that horrid night;—the cruel joke of dinner, the ghastly faces, the groans, the unmistakable Saxon ejaculations of "Hi!" "Garson!" "Koovette!" &c. &c.—or allude to the unfeeling conduct of that fiend in human form, whose voice, amid the general misery, was heard cheerfully exclaiming, "Eh? moi? moi, malade?—Oh no! pardy too, pardy too." Bah! I fancy I can still smell the horrid engine-room, and think I see the blue line of the horizon, now rising above, and now disappearing behind the fatal gunwale. I hope no one begrudged the steward and stewardess their fees. Ah, poor wretches! tenpence a head is not too much for such a service, and some one must look after the basins.

"*Sik vos, non vobis*,—you know the rest. I did not stay long in Paris, partly—Pshaw! Paris was *not* my destination. The fact is (I don't mind telling you in confidence) that I am collecting materials for a grand historical picture,—viz., *The Birth of King Pepin*,—and am now staying at Harengville-sur-Seine (where that illustrious but unfortunate monarch first saw the light) for the purpose of making studies.

"Verily, my dear *Punch*, we live in strange times. It is scarcely two months since I left the Mediterranean. In that short space of time that unexpected events have taken place in the political world! Six weeks ago there was not a *contadino* in Italy who did not believe the French EMPEROR to be the Saviour of his country. Then he was 'Benedetto'; now he is 'Birbone'; and from being esteemed as a *Louis d'or*, he is now only regarded as *lui-même* again. As for the French, their disposition appears not only to waver, but to *revolve* according to the issue of events. A short time ago one heard of nothing but the glories of war, and every fresh victory was hailed with enthusiasm. Flags adorned the streets; lamps were hung at every window, while thousands of their countrymen were stretched low upon the plains of Magenta or before the heights of Solferino. Austria was held up for execration. Hideous caricatures of her bravest soldiers appeared at every shop-window. The popular cry was '*Perfidè Autriche!*' and '*Sacrrrr-rrrée sauer kraut!*'

"The excitement had scarcely died away, the festive lights had hardly smouldered out, and the red, white, and blue calico been furled up and put in a corner, when a small *affiche* appears, posted on the walls, and the magical words '*Amnestie générale*' are read by the gaping crowd. *Presto!* the sentiments of the whole French nation are changed in a twinkling. War is suddenly discovered to be a horror; victories cost blood, sieges are *affreux*. The cry is for 'the olive' this time. Up goes the tricolor again; down come the caricatures, and in their stead a lithograph of GYULAI or FRANCIS-JOSEPH smirk at you from every print-shop. Again the *bougies* are lighted up. Once more salvos are fired, and our pious neighbours flock to their cathedrals. Hark! how they shout the *Te Deum*, and all the people cry 'Amen!'

"I believe, if the French had their way, that they would change their politics with their fashions,—once a month.

"Faithfully yours, my dear *Punch*,

"JACK EASEL."



SCENE—A CERTAIN GAY WATERING-PLACE.

First Irresistible (on hack). "ULLO, 'ARRY! WHY, WHAT HAS BROUGHT YOU HERE?"

Second Ditto. "WHY, YER SEE, BILL, I'M PRECIOUS SICK OF WORKING FOR MY LIVING, SO I'VE COME HERE TO PICK UP AN 'AIRESS!"

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S COURT JESTER.



SEVERAL thousand thanks, DE MORNY! A thousand of the warmest thanks that can be uttered this cool weather! It takes no common mind to make a joke in this dull season, and the genius who can do so, deserves a niche in *Punch*. You, DE MORNY, have most fully merited that honour. Your speech before the Council-General of the Puy de Dôme, *Punch* cannot but consider a great effort of facetiousness—every word of it is redolent of humour the most happy. Dip into it where one may, one is sure to come upon a jest of the first water. Here, for instance, in the opening sentence of the speech, are two such gems of jokes, that when even set in *Punch*, they will be looked upon as brilliants:—

"You have participated, gentlemen, in the enthusiasm excited by our victories, you have shared in the unanimous gratitude of France for the great moderation of the EMPEROR. But you find it difficult to understand how His Majesty's evident desire to prevent a European conflagration can have caused in England the newspaper articles, the Parliamentary speeches, and the warlike preparations of which so much has been said."

"Unanimous gratitude!" ha! ha! ha! "Evident desire!" ho! ho! ho! The jokes are really both so good, one don't know which to laugh at loudest. The two statements are so funny that it puzzles one to say by which one is most tickled. The chief charm in them both lies in their gravity of humour. One regards them at first sight as really matter of fact assertions. A second glance, however, reveals the hidden fun of them, and one seems to see the wink which accompanied their utterance.

Here too is another bit of comic speaking, the joke of which consists in one's regarding it as serious:—

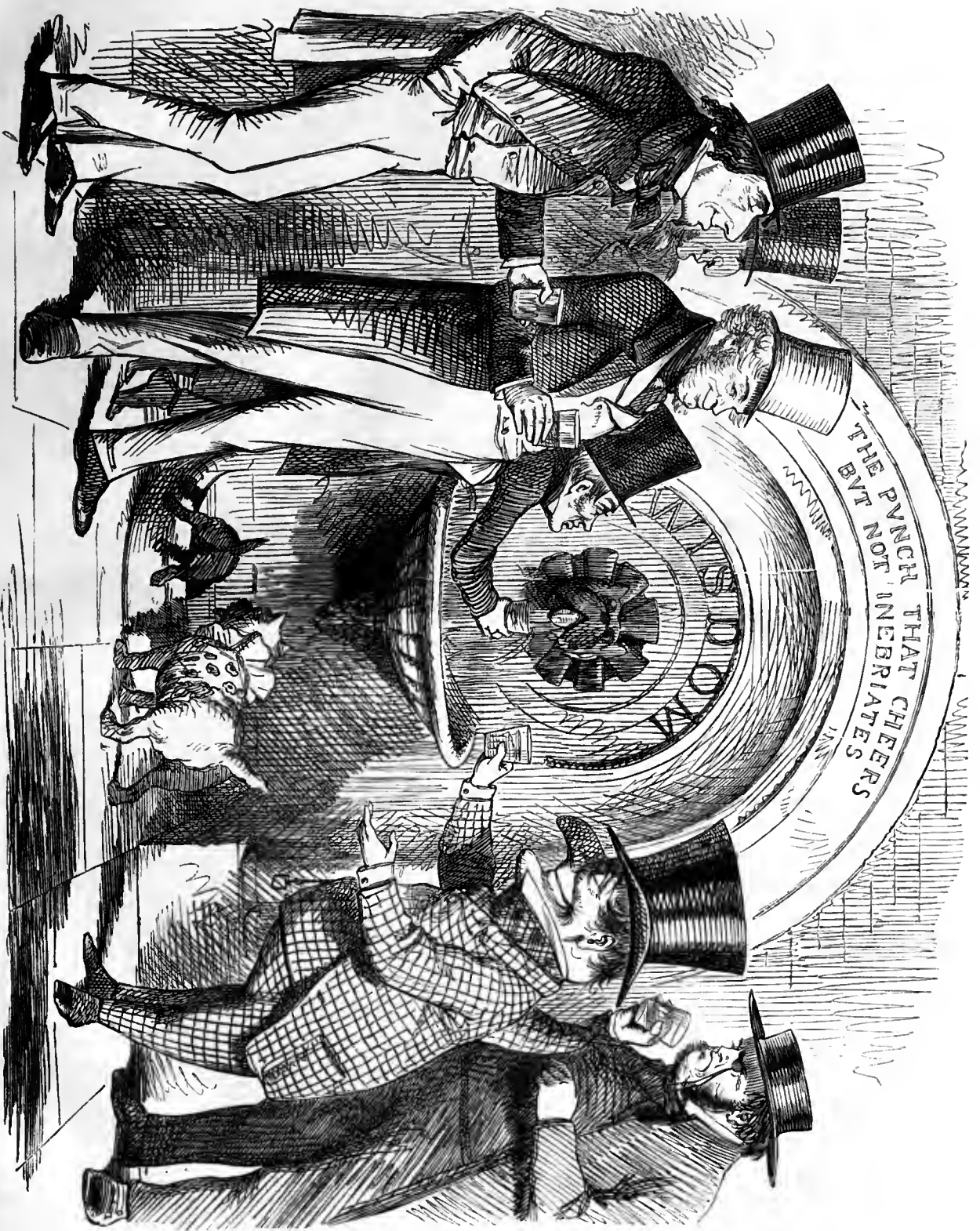
"We live at a period when the hatreds of castes and families have succumbed from the increased mildness of manners, and at which national hatred and prejudice have been effaced by civilisation. The new generations have something else to do than to avenge the past; they are too enlightened to act on any other motive than the interest of the present and the future."

Bravo! DE MORNY. Another thousand thanks to you. The Millennium has arrived. Ha! ha! ha! you'll really be the death of us, DE MORNY. There are no such vices extant now as enmity and prejudice. Civilisation has effaced all national antipathies. The Gallic Cock "has something else to do" than crow for vengeance. Oh! dear, yes. Of course. Just ask the cockadoodle colonels if it hasn't.

But by way of comic climax, what joke can equal this?

"You know, without doubt, by means of what legic the English explain their apprehensions. They say, 'Our press is free; the French press is not so; therefore insults have not the same importance in one as in the other.' That is quite an error. There are in France no means of preventing a journal from publishing what seems to it right; the Government is only armed against the press with the power of warning and of suspension, which are repressive measures."

Now, isn't that delicious! Really, COUNT DE MORNY, the EMPEROR your master should appoint you his Court Jester. The humour of that "only" is so exquisitely clownish, that unless you had your cheek roused you must have blushed to say it. How facetious too you are in imagining we fancy that the French press is not free. Free? Why, of course it is. Who in England doubts it? Everybody here knows that the French press now is free—as free, at least, as France.



THE PUNCH FOUNTAIN IN FLEET STREET.

ANOTHER RAILWAY ROW.

A MEETING of the Directors and Shareholders of the Eastern Counties Railway took place yesterday, when the usual scene occurred. *Mr. Punch* is unable, from the preternatural pressure on his space to give the proceedings *in extenso*, but is happy to oblige the parties by the following condensed account of what occurred.

MR. HORATIO LOVE, the Chairman, was about to take the Chair, when it was pulled from under him by several shareholders, amid the applause of some, and the disapprobation of others. After a severe fight, and the destruction of the Windsor chair he had intended to occupy, the honourable gentleman succeeded in establishing himself on a cane-bottomer, shut up his antagonists, and opened business. He said that they had assembled to consider—

SERGEANT TOZER said that they were always considering and never getting dividends. It was the case of the song,

"There was an old man and he had an old cow,
And he had no victuals to give her;
So he out with his fiddle and played her a tune,
Consider my cow, consider."

The Company were the old cow, and the Chairman wanted to fiddle to them. (*Laughter and applause.*) If music were the food of LOVE, he might play on, as SHAKESPEARE said, but they wanted something more substantial.

The Chairman said they should have a substantial—he meant substantive motion directly. He hoped that they would hear him.

MR. WADDINGTON, as a gentleman, assured the honourable Chairman that they would do nothing of the kind. (*Cheers.*)

MR. JONES said that the man who would not listen to the voice of LOVE was a brute, whom it was base flattery to call a coward. (*Cries of "Order."*)

The Chairman said that he had never sought his present office—

MR. BROWN said that he had sought the Chairman's office often enough, but never could find him at home, and whether he was away revelling in enjoyment at the expense of the Company, or was inside the office smoking, and wouldn't answer the door, he could not say—

The Chairman. I never smoke, though I puff the Company sometimes. (*Cheering.*) Encouraged by that response he would proceed. He did not affect to deny that the Company was not at that moment an El Dorado, or a Golconda, an Ophir, or a California. It was not an ever springing fountain of gold and silver—

MR. BROWN said that his accusation was borne out by the Chairman's words. That last was the habitual cant of the gambling-table keepers at races, and the Chairman must have been in the habit of frequenting races to hear such expressions. If, instead of going to races he would attend to his business—

The Chairman. I never was at a race in my life, except once, when I went to the Race of Portland to buy stone for the Company—

Mr. Robinson. And a nice Bill of Portland you brought us in for the speculation. (*Hear, hear.*)

The Chairman. Hold your noise. Admitting, he continued, that the Company was not exactly prosperous, he nevertheless contended that it was not at a stand-still.

Mr. Williams. But its trains often are, and in a disgraceful way. I myself, with a lot of excursionists, were kept several hours the other morning waiting for conveyance to Rye House—

The Chairman. And what business had you to be going to Rye House. It was not a place for gentlemen, though all very well for the inferior classes. He should be ashamed to bring forward such an objection in a Meeting like that. The honourable proprietor was not going to get up a Rye House Plot there, he could tell him.

SERGEANT TOZER said that such a display of aristocratic indignation was all very fine, but he, on the contrary, asserted that the line was "snobbishly" conducted, and their *Bradshaw* was the Book of Snobs. (*Immense uproar.*)

The Chairman said that as sure as his name was HORATIO LOVE—

MR. WADDINGTON said that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in MR. HORATIO's philosophy, and several, especially, in the Eastern Counties Railway. The way, for instance, in which the porters hawled out the names of the stations was most obnoxious and offensive.

The Chairman demanded whether the honourable proprietor would like to have their porters sent to Cambridge for education. It was on the line, only fifty-seven and a half miles from town, and any facilities—

MR. WADDINGTON said that the Chairman's irony passed him like the idle wind, but considering the perpetually falling fortunes of the Company, the Chairman reminded him of a Cambridge authority, the Master of Downing. (*Cheers.*)

MR. JONES here tried something about Brazenose, but being informed that this was at Oxford, muttered that the Chairman had brass enough for anything, and sat down without any applause at all.

The Secretary then rose to read the Report, but the tremendous shower of hats that were instantly shied at him, compelled him, after

some struggle, to abandon the idea. An exceedingly respectable hat struck him on the nose, on which he emitted a slight oath, but immediately apologised for making what he called a beaver-dam. (*Applause.*) The Chairman said that he would now proceed to his duty of declaring a dividend.—(*The meeting rose en-masse, and shouted for several minutes. Order being restored.*)

The Chairman would be obliged by their allowing him to conclude his sentence. He would proceed to his duty of declaring a dividend—(*Renewed sensation*)—of declaring a dividend to be a thing entirely out of the question at present, and he wished them a very good morning.*

The Chairman left the room, and a scene of indescribable confusion followed, in the course of which our reporter was, we regret to say, knocked down eight times in mistake for the same number of directors. In the course of a few hours the meeting quietly dispersed.

* Our reporter seems to have made a mistake about this last part, as it seems that the Eastern Counties do pay a dividend. We fear that our young man has fallen into the melancholy mistake of preferring what he thinks to be smartness to what he knows to be truth. As the rest of his report is unimpeachable, he remains in our service, but is "warned."

PROCLAMATION BY KING PUNCH.

KING PUNCH hereby proclaims to anxious myriads of His subjects that He has not the least intention to reduce those standing armaments of sarcasm and satire, which have made His name so formidable wherever it is known. On the contrary, unmoved by what Emperors may be doing, or pretending to be doing, KING PUNCH sees no fit reason at present for disarming; and He therefore condescends in His great graciousness to notify that they who dare provoke him must beware of His just wrath. To punish all offenders, no matter where or whom, His trenchant sword of satire will be sharpened once a week, and the utmost pains be taken to preserve its keenest edge, and fit it for the service of giving out great cuts. Moreover, lest His bayonet of sarcasm be blunted by disuse, KING PUNCH will take all care to keep the fineness of its point, and ever have it ready to administer home-thrusts. The same attention also will be paid to other weapons in His royal armoury. His shafts of wit will always be found in the best feather, and certain to fly true to the butts which they are aimed at. All the arms, in short, wherewith invention has supplied him, being arms of rare precision, will ever surely hit the mark.

In the way of heavy ordnance, KING PUNCH has a good number of great guns at His command, whose large calibre of intellect, and enormous length of range, make them terribly tremendous when they ever open fire, and certain to demolish those on whom they are brought to bear. As heretofore, KING PUNCH will keep this "dread artillery" in perfect working order; and whatever stronghold of snobbery He lays siege to, He, as heretofore, unfailingly will smash. Abundant stores of ammunition will be always kept in readiness; and besides the larger missiles which are fired from His great guns, His great arsenal of wit will always be supplied with heaps of quips and cranks, and jokes and jests, and such small shot.

The standing army of brave penmen whom He keeps in pay will continue to be kept up regardless of expense, and besides the "regulars" enlisted in his ranks, encouragement will graciously be given to volunteers who may on emergency be ready to assist. As defenders of their country from Snobbism and Silliness, KING PUNCH may point with pride to his crack corps of ready writers; and without boast or bravado may record the simple fact that, whenever there is any slashing service to be done, they are never found to shirk it, or to turn tail from the work. In fine, KING PUNCH throws down His gauntlet in challenge to all comers; and in the modesty of greatness He calls the world to witness that, ready to scourge the snob or smash the scoundrel as they are, for mingled skill and bravery in leading a good cause, there are nowhere better officers than those upon his staff.

Human Sight.

In youth, we look upon life through the small end of the telescope; in old age, through the broad. They are the same objects, and yet we wonder that what once appeared so large, should now seem so very small. Alas! that happy time, when all things were sweet as confectionery to our innocent taste, will never come again—nor shall we care much, if it never does.—*An Optimist and an Optimist and an Unseholder.*

CREATURES OF CONTRADICTION.

In many trifles, Man is just (or unjust) as contradictory as Woman. For instance, he objects to see flies in his port wine, and yet the fastidious monster is not in the least enraged at the sight of the bee's-wing!

ADVICE TO HOP-GROWERS (*when the duty is being collected*).—"Gentlemen, take care of your Pockets."

AN IRISH STRIKE.

THE Carpenters of Dublin have followed the example of the Builders of London by striking. They have atruck for an advance of 4*s*. a day on the standard wages of 30*s*. a week. Everybody knows that a very considerable proportion of the London bricklayers are Irishmen. The London strike, therefore, may be nearly as much an Irish strike as the Dublin one; particularly since the workmen of London generally have not struck. Anyhow, the strike, whether in London or Dublin, is too likely to prove an extremely Irish affair in the end. The masters, having lost money by suspension of business, will, when they re-open their establishments, very probably indemnify themselves by paying their workmen at a lower rate, and thus the men will find that they have struck for a reduction of wages—a proceeding which is just what might be denominated an Irish Strike.

Sweet Innocence.

THE simplicity of MR. BOWYER beats everything. He was saying, the other morning, in his own innocent way,—“You know they call the POPE” (and here he made his usual salutation) “a Sovereign Pontiff, and I confess I do not understand it; for I have yet to learn how three crowns—and that is all the POPE has—can possibly make a sovereign.”

THE DUTY OF GOVERNMENT.

LIKE Nature, to abhor a vacancy,—and so to fill it up with the least possible delay.—*Civil Service Gazette.*



Florence. “Well, I’m sure! you might have found some better place for those nasty cigars than sticking them all round your hat.”

Reginald. “Aw, aw, really! I flatter myself it’s rather a neat ideaw.”

CREATION WHIPPED AGAIN!

“WAL, *Punch*, old hoss! and heow go things in gin’ral t’ other side the duck pond? Reckon if you Britishers ain’t no slicker than you was, ‘tain’t no airthy use your tryin to keep way with us. We air a bunch of reglar Goaheaditives, we air; and when we make a splurge we leave Creation all astarn of us. Talk of the march of intellect! Snakes and wooden nutmegs! Why, we chaw you up en-tirely. We raises our great thinkers just as slick as our big pumpkins. Not by ones and twos, nayther. No, Sir-ree. I kinder calc’late we sows the seed broadcast, and up they come in bunches, thick as pigs in Philadelphly. And the bhoys air wholesouled, tew, and their boots air seven-leagued ones. An old hoss like JOHN BULL would soon git winded in a race with them. Yes, Sir-ree: that’s a fa-act. Our litry men and authors air of the raal grit, and slick off every mortal scrawl, from po’try up to pennyalinin. In the way of pennyalinin neow, I’d jist like to see the Britisher as could beat them grand descriptions our bhoys penned us of the SICKLES trial. All-fired fine they were, and here’s another sample for you, equally socdologising. I see it in the *Washington Star* a week or two ago, but the weather’s been so hot, I hain’t had time to send it you. It’s not only, as I say, a scrumptious bit o’ word-fixing, but it may be morally of sarvice to you Britishers. You say we wops our niggers: wal, perhaps we does, but anyheow you’ll own, we treats our sinners mercifully. Although, when they desarve it, we claps ‘em into quod, we doesn’t scrunch the finer feelings of their human natur out of them. Though under lock and key, we lets ‘em act at times like free and independent citizens. For instance, this is hcow they kept the Glorious Day of Independence in the Penitenti-ary as we’ve built for ‘em at Washington:—

“While the sovereigns generally were enjoying the ‘largest liberty’ of which the day is capable, the convicts at the Penitentiary were allowed somewhat enlarged privileges, and the celebration there was decidedly unique as well as interesting. * * * Between eleven and twelve o’clock in the forenoon the convicts were assembled in the Chapel, and entered upon the exercise of the day in the presence of quite a number of ladies and gentlemen from the city. The room was decked with flowers and evergreens, and at the eastern end, fronting the audience, appeared in handsome letters on a blue ground the motto:—‘We Still Love our Country.’ In the rear of the visitors were the male convicts in their prison uniform of particoloured white and blue clothes, and separated from them by a screen (punctured, however, with numerous ‘peep-holes,’ ehewing the strength of feminine curiosity) were the female convicts. Copies of a written programme, with coloured embellishments on the margin, bearing the names of WASHINGTON, LAFAYETTE, MONTGOMERY, KOSCIUSKO, were distributed among the audience, and were carefully preserved and taken away by the recipients.”

“Guess you’d give one of your wise teeth for a glimpse of this

here programme? Or if not, that gal, *Judy*,* would; for ‘feminine curiosity’ is strong on both sides the Atlantic. Wal—bring her over here, old cuss! and we’ll jist liquor, and I’ll show it her. They say sea-sickness is ‘bolished neow the Big Ship is afloat, and, Crinoline and all, sure-lie there will be room for her. But see hcow dazzling our *Star* shines in its critique of the performance:—

“The Declaration of Independence was read by BARRETT in a clear voice, and his appearance rather favourably impressed the audience, being that of a frank, kindly young man: and it was not easy to realise that the crime for which he is incarcerated was that of murder!

“The address of the day, by R. SMITH, was an effort to occasion yet more interest in the speaker, a young man with a fine expansive brow, and a quick intelligent eye. The address was well conceived, and was delivered with appropriate gesture and elocutionary effect, showing scholarship and cultivation on the part of the unfortunate criminal. We forbear giving his name in full at his earnest request lest it should come to the knowledge of his aged mother (thus far kept in ignorance of the fact) that her only son is within the walls of a prison. His crime, we believe, was forgery.”

“His crime, we believe, was forgery!’ Reckon that’s a powerful climax. And here’s a tallish bit of sentiment about another prisoner, whose sudden death had ‘thrown a sad damper’ on the flare-up:—

“Much interest attaches to the name of CROOGIN in this community, from his having been one of the most daring members of the celebrated ‘Naylor gang’ of burglars, and from his escape from gaol, and his subsequent adventures while concealed prior to his re-arrest by the police. He was about twenty-four years of age.”

“But if you want to hear tall talkin’, as BILLY SHAKSPEARE says, ‘jist loan me your auriculars:’

“In his address he spoke of the celebration as a novel one; but ontcasts though they were, the fire of patriotism still glowed in their bosoms. God forbid that their misfortunes should entirely crush out their finer feelings! For himself, he felt keenly the degradatien which attached to him, but his fixed resolve was to hereafter redeem his good name.

“Proceeding to recite, in vivid language, the leading events in the history of the country, and of the War of Independence, he went on to depict the material progress of the country, closing with an appeal to his fellow-prisoners to aspire to a higher position, and urging upon them that to this end there was no surer means than the cultivation of true patriotism. Altogether, we have heard infinitely worse, and not many better specimens of Fourth of July epraud-eagleism outside the penitentiary.

“This address was warmly applauded upon its conclusion, not only by the spectators but by the convicts, who seemed to take no little pride in the creditable effort of one of their number.”

“Arter this here bust o’cheerin’—

“An address of thanks to the Warden, the Deputy Warden (MR. C. F. SENGSTACK, JR.), to the Chaplain and the Board of Inspectors for kindnesses rendered, and to

* “Gal,” indeed! Why, bless the man! I owned, last Census, I was thirty!—*Judy.*

the ladies for a gift of confectionery, was delivered in good language, but with rather hurried delivery by convict MILLARD. He attributed the fall of himself and his fellows to bad associations, brought about by the use of the intoxicating cup; and in feeling terms urged upon his fellow-prisoners to behave well, and on their dismissal from these walls, to endeavour to regain the regard of their fellow-men."

"'Intoxicatin cup' I spose means brandy-smashes, mint-juleps, and gin-cocktails. Guess the critter used the phrase as being more poetic, not to call it sentimentaller. As a concludin' bit of sentiment, jist cock your eye, old swanger, and take a sight at this:—

"The sipping of the convicts was generally exceedingly good, and one piece, 'Do they miss me at home,' was sufficiently touching to draw tears from eyes 'unused to the melting mood.'"

"Wal, neow, talk of flowery language, isn't that a Floorer?*" JOHN BULL may strain to bustin', but he can't come up to that. Ugly b'ars and skinned opossums! Won't it rise the old 'coon's dander to find himself astarn of us! Reckon as heow yar big ships ain't not nothin to our 'liners. Your MACKAYS and MACAULAYS you may crack up as you please, and to your TENNYSONS and THOMSONS you may give what sale you like, but it tain't no use a startin them agin our clipper poets. Why, you see from what I've showed you that our pennyaliners can lick 'em slick as snakes. I don't want to make a fizzle, but when I've spoke my mind, I'm not the shyster as squirrins out of it. I've a bunch o' sprouts right handy if you or any Britisher has any mind to taste 'em. But if fightin's not your grit, jist come across and liquor; and then I'll prove by word of mouth that what I say's as true as that 'possums git up gum-trees, or that my name, Sir-ree, is

"JONATHAN MARCELLUS FRANKLIN SLOSH."

* Query, Flora?—P. D.

ALL UP WITH ENGLAND!



NERVOUS we are not, nor ever needlessly alarmists. But we are living a doomed life, and so are all our English readers. There is no mistake this time about the fate which is awaiting us. We have long feared an invasion, and our fears will soon be realised. The foe is close at hand. Tremble, Britons, at his coming! Shake, Saxons, in your shoes; for surely you must quake when you list to what the *Dundalk Democrat* has said of him:—

"He knows all our weak points; and our opinion is, that he would lose no time in going round to land in Connaught or Bantry Bay, but would dash boldly on the capital, and seize the Castle, and all the arsenals in Dublin. He would, we fear, strike at once at the heart of our power, and scatter us like chaff before the wind before we could organise our forces. Among the Young Ireland party there was no one but he capable of leading an army of liberation. He was a man of iron will and indomitable courage. We believe he possessed that boldness and energy which

would inspire his followers to rival the soldiers of any other nation in deeds of heroism. He is a man to decide quickly, and to carry out his purpose with an unerring judgment and a vigorous arm. He would have the men of all districts either with him or against him, and would deal roughly with all who should desire to stand on neutral ground. Such a man as this would prove a formidable foe to English power in Ireland; and, although he might run some risks, it is certain that he would not be so easily caught as WOLFE TONE. If his visit to Europe be to aid the invasion which the English seem to expect, he will have no mercy for JOHN BULL, and will more than rival GARIBALDI in his furious onsets against the Great Britons."

And who, it may be asked, is this "formidable foe?" Who is this indomitable, iron-willed invader, who "knows all our weak points," and is to "scatter us like chaff?" The *Dundalk Democrat* does not conceal his name. JOHN MITCHEL is his name: merciless JOHN MITCHEL; maniacal JOHN MITCHEL. MITCHEL, he of vitriolic and of vicious memory. Transported he was once, and now returns for vengeance on the sanguinary Saxon. "Some risks he may run," but once caught makes twice shy. You may catch a WOLFE asleep, perhaps; but MITCHEL is a weasel that you won't again nab napping. As GARIBALDI to the Austrians, so JOHN MITCHEL to the English. He has armed him for the fight. See, his lion's skin hangs round him; and his voice sounds forth the war-cry of Young Ireland,—"*Erin, go Bray!*"

UNCALCULATING SORROW.

OUR Dublin contemporary, the *Freeman's Journal*, generously publishes an advertisement in combination with the following obituary announcement:—

"August 10, at his residence, ———, vintner, after a long and painful illness—affection of the heart brought on by fretting—deeply lamented by a large circle of friends and his disconsolate widow, who still continues to carry on the business. May he rest in peace."

The disconsolate condition of the lady whom we may presume to have penned the above advertisement, no doubt occasioned a slight defect, which is noticeable in its composition. In the distraction of grief she omitted one word which is required to connect the totally distinct facts which that notification proclaims. The concluding portion thereof should have run thus:—"deeply lamented by a large circle of friends and his disconsolate widow, who, *however*, still continues to carry on the business." The public would then have understood that, although disconsolate, she was still carrying on the business, which excess of sorrow might erroneously be supposed to prevent her from attending to.

Health of an Illustrious Personage.

"THE extreme heat of the weather (that was) operated, we regret to say, somewhat unfavourably upon the Sun, whose face has come out in spots of considerable size, the last that has appeared being about sixty thousand miles in diameter. Having, however, swallowed a couple of comets, overnight, and having taken a hurricane-mixture in the morning, the illustrious luminary has perceptibly amended, and has been able to rise at his usual hour."

"AIREY, M.D.
Greenwich Observatory, Sept. 1." HERSHEY, M.D."

THE TOP OF HIS PROFESSION.

If we were asked what physician stood at the top of his profession, we should say it was the gentleman who was in the habit of attending "patients on a monument."

"Under Government."

THERE is a useful little book with the above title. The KING OF SPAIN intends bringing out a companion work to it, to be called "UNDER PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT." Crinoline is instanced as one of the greatest proofs of it. The work is to contain a portrait of the royal author.

PRIDE'S LAST DISH.

PIES and Puddings generally come the last. The last thing that Pride eats is Humble Pie.

Why can you compare Big Ben to GRAZIANI?
Because it is the highest of BARRY-TONES.

CARTOON FOR THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—LOUIS NAPOLEON feeding the British Lion with French boubons.

THE RECEIPTS OF PUNCH for the Week ending September the 3rd, amounted to £2,977,849 15s. 6d.

ANOTHER STRIKE.

THE Government Clerks intend organising a strike. They are going in for five hours' labour—if labour is not too playful a word for it. They also stipulate being allowed two hours a day for reading the newspaper. These claims, which must be admired for their moderation, will very likely be acceded to, as we do not see how the machinery of Government can possibly go on without them.

The Major Allowance.

A STATICIAN, a small Wilsonian in his figurative way, was explaining to a lady how (and we strongly suspect that he stole the facts out of MR. FONBLANQUE'S book) a Major, after allowing for the interest on the sum paid for his commission, only cleared £42 9s. 8d. per annum. "Good gracious me!" exclaimed the astonished DUCHESS; "why, do you know I give ANASTASIE, my French maid, more than that, and she has all my old things!"



BADEN RACES.—PORTRAIT OF A GERMAN JOCKEY.

LECTURES ABOUT TO BE DELIVERED.

Now that Parliament is over, the Lecture-mania is about to begin. We understand that the following gentlemen have certain learned subjects in reading, which they will be happy to let off, at a moment's notice, for the benefit of any Mechanics' Institute, or even an agricultural audience that can be proved to have the faculty of understanding. Terms—nothing. The only condition laid down—applause, but plenty of it.

MR. FREDERICK PEEL. On the combustibility of the River Thames, and the best means to be taken for insuring the same.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL. The Panorama of Constitution Hill, and portraits and biographies of the most distinguished heroes and patriots who have fought and struggled there, from CARACTACUS down to the last man who was assaulted by the police. To conclude with a SMOLLETT and HUMEROUS comparison, in unbridled verse, between the Constitution of England and the constitution of a horse, proving which one works best and which can be worked the most.

MR. J. A. ROEBUCK. How to move the Government, when once you have got your LEVER; with a remarkable instance of how to get £78,000 a year out of ministers by means of the Screw. The remarkable instance will be handed round in a Packet, brought from Galway, and made extremely convenient for slipping into a gentleman's pocket.

MR. B. DISRAELI. On the nature and character of Flea-bites; with instructions for extracting the sting of the same out of the constitution, and infallible remedies for allaying the irritation caused by them. Mentally magnified, so as to be visible to the mind's eye of the blindest and stupidest.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE. "A safe Guide to Government Situations;" with a portrait.

BARON BRAMWELL. On Contempt of Court, and various other forms of contempt, including that of public opinion. BARON BRAMWELL will obligingly wear his Judge's costume on each occasion, so as to render his illustrations the more life-like.

MR. GLADSTONE. On the art of Hair-splitting; with French examples, proving that the best way of getting to the root of an argument is always *de le tirer par les cheveux*.

LORD PALMERSTON. On the Beauties of Italian Architecture, especially in their relation to the beautiful castles in the air that are now being built in Italy about Italian Liberty.

THE RING.

THE following would appear to have been intended for *Bell's Life*, but as it was discovered in our letter-box in an envelope addressed only to "the Hedditer," we are induced to give it publication:—

"DEAR BELL,

"ABOUT this ere little mill for the Berrick championship. You knows as how as Berrick haint neither in Hengland or Scotland, and so as a champion of hits hown. And a snug little birth it is for un. Quiet and hout of the way like, and not too many questions hasked about is hante cedduns.

"Well there was a mill as cum off three or four months ago, atwixt Dizzies Pet and the Berwick Buffer. And they guv as how as the Pet wun, but everybody knowd as how as he'd it fowl. And consequently the thing were to be reffurd to a comitti of purfeshonals. Well, the Pet didn't like paying on em five bob a day and beer and backey, besides a lowering the carakter of the championship. So it was aranged as how—as the Pet was to resign the belt as soon as it seemd decent like, and the Buffer were to walk over.

"Well that were all square and abuv bord—warnt it?"

"But wot d'ye think the Pet's frends goes and dus. Why wen the Buffer cums to the scratch, eggspektin a walk over, and not in trainin nor nuffin; blow me if they don't bring a thundering big yokel to fight un.

"And the Buffer had seven-and-thirty round with un afore he could polish un off. And it were a neer tuch then.

"Now, I ask you if that's bisness. Is this kind of thing to go on?"

"If it dus, I knows what'll be the hend. Genelmen will withdrar their suport from the ring haltogether.

"What's the use of heary information if you can't depend upon hit? What's the good of squareing wun man, if you hev to fight another?"

"I means to say as its low, and me and my frends won't kount-nance it.

"For the first time I feels ashaymed of my purfeshun.

"Hever yours,

"THOMAS TWEED."

THE VALUE OF SILENCE.—A Woman has often committed herself by talking—never by holding her tongue.



"It was a pleasant thing to walk on the beach, and see how amiably that great, good-natured fellow, Paterfamilias, was buried alive by the little ones."—Extract from Letter.

MUZZY NOTIONS OF MERCY.

OUR friend the *Advertiser* will be too much for us one of these days. If he makes us laugh until something happens, he must really provide for Mrs. P. and the kids. He stated the other day, in reference to the anticipated reprieve of SMETHURST, that "he" (the *Advertiser* that is) "knew that the QUEEN was always ready to give a gracious response to an appeal for mercy." Out of what very funny old School-book does the *Advertiser* get his notions of the functions of the Crown? We are half inclined to believe that he thinks the English Sovereign "signs death-warrants," and dips the royal pen into red ink, for the purpose. He surely imagines that SIR GEORGE LEWIS, having decided on a reprieve, comes crawling on his knees to QUEEN VICTORIA, and after a neat and pathetic speech, founded on *Portia's*, about mercy, humbly begs for lenity to the culprit. Really it is too bad of the *Advertiser*, being such a favourite at Court, not to obtain more accurate knowledge. He should not write as if the QUEEN had the faintest personal responsibility for, or even acquaintance with, the proceedings in such cases. We assure him, on our honour, that HER MAJESTY has nothing to do with criminal documents, and consequently never dashes away the pen with a "Would I had never learned to write," as the *Advertiser* ignorantly supposes.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

"PLEASE, Sir, may I accept Tuscany and the Legations?"—Victor Emanuel to Louis Napoleon.

A RACE IN DANGER.

MR. PUNCH, having humanely given his establishment a holiday, having sent his upper servants to Ramsgate and his inferior ones to Margate, and having turned his horses into Hyde Park, has taken to ride, of late, upon the tops of omnibuses, the only place in truth whence a true conception can be formed of the real character of London. There, safe, and like Jupiter high throned all height above, the hurrying crowd, the furious Hansom, the deaf four-wheeler, the rattling carriage, have no terrors for the London traveller; there he can calmly survey mankind from Chelsea to Mile End, and besides having many agreeable revelations of first-floor life, he can really see what the architecture of the Metropolis is, and be more and more confirmed in his conviction that LORD PALMERSTON hath once at least in his life talked *bosh*. But this is beside Mr. Punch's present theme.

He has noticed (and what has he not noticed?) that something or other has wrought the most wonderful change in the character of his old friends (yes, my Lord Duke, he honours you with his friendship, but can afford to keep humble friends, which you can't) the Omnibus men.

Of old, it seemed that the Omnibus Driver amply fulfilled his duty, if he drove his vehicle with ordinary skill, avoided curb-stones and gas abysses, was grumpishly civil to the passengers who sat near him, and quietly growled at his conductor for not making two people get out at once if they lived within a street or two of one another. The Conductor was also equal to his task if he kept a tolerably sharp eye on the populace, unhesitatingly stated that the Omnibus went exactly where any inquiring person wished to go, and had spirits enough to take an occasional mild sight at a rival. A readiness to pass bad money, and a disposition to be insolent if twice told the same thing, were also ordinary characteristics.

All is changed. The word "Wake Up" has evidently been given to the Omnibus world, and there has been a wake, with a witness.

Drivers and Conductors have been transformed into the most wide-awake, energetic, almost frantic of creatures. Instead of being lead, they are quicksilver. Eyes, and ears, and brains are all alive, and artillery officers hurrying their guns from point to point, to play upon an advancing or retreating enemy, could not be more steady in their position, more desperate in their dash. And all insolence has vanished. A painful, almost a feverish politeness is observed, information is given and even tendered, thanks are returned for money, you are a patron and a benefactor—only, with tears in their eyes, the officials beg you to "look sharp."

A terrible rivalry has sprung up, it seems, and certain "Times" are laid down for the starting, progress, and arrival of the vehicles. The

business of the twin managers of each omnibus is to violate this agreement in the most daring, or the most subtle way; to "get the road;" to sweep their enemy's passengers off; to meet him at angles and corners; to slang him furiously, and charge him with every crime that is not capital; to cut away through nameless and obscure streets, and up courts, and if necessary down cellars, so as to get out into the broad thoroughfare before him; to be ready, as a captain will in stress throw his guns over, to tear out all their own passengers, and shove them into a friendly Bus, so as to enable themselves to dodge the foe without imprecations from the inside; to be prepared with a storm of clamorous affidavits for the "time-keeper," the main point of which is that the deponents are the most innocent of lambs and the most trampled of victims; to turn a perfectly blind eye and deaf ear to any old lady or lame gentleman whose tardy entrance into the vehicle might spoil the race; to keep a succession of little boys as spies at the corners of streets, and by posts, which infants screech horribly the names of the drivers that have last passed the station; to crawl, like a tortoise that has taken laudanum for gout, and anon to dash forward like a pickpocket that has caught sight of a detective's askance glance; to drive over costermongers, barrows, washing-carts, children, or any other impediment if necessary, but to be infinitely cautious and slow, if slowness just then is the desired dodge; to be fertile in resources for stopping, such as the discovery of an imaginary stone in the near horse's off left, or the absolute necessity of buckling up that mare two holes (and it is astonishing how awkward a handy man *can* be); to see visionary passengers half a mile off—or not to see real ones at three yards, according to circumstances; and generally to follow out the one object of the life of these gallant and ingenious men, namely, to cheat each other's "Time."

The occupation affords scope for the exercise of all the best faculties of man—patience, courage, vigilance, perseverance, skill, eloquence, and if a passenger happens to have nothing to do, and not to be at all nervous, the game is not an unamusing one. Unhappily, such passengers are not the majority, and Mr. Punch regrets to hear that the clamour of the majority against a system in which the public is bumped and hurried and shattered, or dragged and drawled and wearied, according to the state of the said game, has eventuated in a contemplated Police Act for dealing with Omnibus traffic, and reducing it to ignoble and vulgar order. The new and fine race of men, thus created by the necessities of competition, will be swept away, like Red Indians. They shall not say that "they had no bard and died." Mr. Punch has embalmed them.

A DAIRYMAID'S DEFINITION.—Flattery is the milk of human kindness turned into Butter.

CRINOLINE FOR BLUE COAT BOYS.



Y DEAR JOLLY, OLD
MR. PUNCH,*

"I DARE say you are tired of hearing jokes made about Crinoline, but when a fellow really wants to talk about it seriously, I hope you'll do the liberal, and give him space to speak. Everyone keeps calling it a cumbersome contrivance, but I mean to say it's not by ever such long chalks so cumbersome and clumsy as those ugly yellow petticoats which we Blue Coat boys are bothered by. You can't think, Sir, what a nuisance our old-fangled dresses are to us. The gowns are bad enough, for they go dangling about our

heels like the swell chaps' Noah's Ark coats which you've been and made such fun of. And it's no joke I can tell you having nothing on one's head (and, you'll say, precious little in it†). One gets such jolly colds in winter, to say nothing of the Smuts; and in the summer time, my Wig! doesn't the Sun just warm you! I declare I sometimes fancy I can hear my brains all frizzling like our pancakes on Shrove Tuesday. Can't say either I admire one's having to sport those yellow stockings. As that party in SHAKESPEARE says, it's "a fashion I detest." (We had to stick the passage into Iambics on last verse day, so that's how I remember it). But I declare the yellow stockings ain't by ever so much so beastly as those brutal yellow petticoats which when the frost comes they serve out to us. To make boys dress in petticoats seems to me to make great girls of them; and when a fellow's near sixteen (as I shall be next August), he don't like being made a Molly of, or in any way thought *missy*. But then BLOBBER says the Governors regard the yellow petticoats as an "ancient institution," and think the country would be ruined and the School would go to snash, if we got leave to leave off wearing them. So you see it's no go our petitioning against them. But I say, Mr. Punch, now couldn't you persuade the Governors to let us all sport Crinoline when they make us wear the petticoats? Besides being ornamental, it really would be useful to us; for the great nuisance of 'the yellows' is their sticking to one's legs so, and tripping up a fellow when he tries to run or jump in them. They swaddle a chap up like a baby in its long-clothes, and make one's knees feel tied together like a donkey's when he's fettered. We somehow tuck them up enough to get a spin at football, but as for playing fly-the-garter, one might just as well expect to play at leap-frog with the Monument, as to try and take a back when one has got the yellows on. In short, the yellows make us feel a little in the blues, when we peep through our school railings and see the butcher-boys go grinning at us. They mayn't be so well up in VIRGIL or THUCYDIDES, but they've the free use of their limbs, and that's a good deal more than we have. Their minds p'raps may be stunted, but at all events their bodies aren't. A butcher-boy could easily clear a pillar letter-box, while a blue coat boy could hardly go clean over a mere door-scraper.

"Do then, Mr. Punch, try to make them give us Crinoline. It can't be good for boys to be swaddled up like babies, and not allowed to use their limbs as they feel naturally inclined to do. How can a chap play cricket, or any other manly game, while his legs are swathed together like those mummies from the pyramids which I've so often seen at the Museum on wet holidays. It's just as silly and unnatural for boys to wear a petticoat, as for women to wear the—other things. In either case you know the wearer's certain to be ridiculed. Why, one can't half enjoy one's holidays, one gets so precious laughed at. The moment I get home I can hear the servants giggling at my rummy-looking toggery, and all the time I stay they keep on making fun of it. Last time I went down, our old gardener brought me round my pony with a side-saddle, 'cause he said he knowed as how I couldn't straddle in them petticoats!

* We see no objection to the two first of these epithets, but the third is a gross insult, and we feel bound, for our dear *Judy's* sake, to ask for explanation.

† We say nothing of the sort, Sir. We believe that your head-master is a very able man, and we have no doubt that he keeps your heads in capital condition.

"Pray then, dear old *Punch*, do use your influence with the Governors, and make them let 'a wear Crinoline, which will let us stretch our legs more. If they *will* persist in dressing us like girls, we may surely ask to have our petticoats cut fashionable. Be a brick now, do, and say just half a word for us. BLOBBER says the Governors are precious nuts on *Punch*, and that they go weekly down to Greenwich or Black-wall for it. So if you'd just print my letter, they'd see what it is we want, and no doubt at your request they'd jolly soon come down with it. At any rate a word for us would get you heaps of *votes*, and besides would *ever so much* increase your circulation, for you know our fellows would be sure to buy the number.

"So I remain, in expectation, your young friend,

"AN OLD BLUE."

"P.S. If the Governors persist in molly-coddling us up, and dressing us in petticoats, don't you think it would be fair to nickname them the *Governesses*?"

ST. GEORGE AND ST. NICHOLAS.

(Patron of Thieves.)

COME, wot's yer little game, BILL, this ere Sabbath artemnoon, Now there ain't no theayter, no Cremorne, nor no balloon; Church, JIM, in course, you muff, why where do you expect to go? Ah where?—I'm game for worship too, but bless me if I know.

St. George's—that's the ticket; not St. George's where the swells Is spliced—St. George's in the Heast—and, if my mind I tells, Cos vy figged out in Igh Church togs the clargy come it there; Which is the reason I resorts to that abode hof prayer.

Hah! you're a blessed Puseyite—whereas I olds low views— But yet I likes the Puseyites cause they don't ave no pews; Instead of which a cove can choose what party to sit by, With a view to prig the ticker and intent to fake the cly.

Although your principles is close and ard upon dissent, And SPURGEON'S Tabernacle I suppose as you'll frequent; You won't mind seein rummy priests congee, and bend, and bow, Drest up in oly westments witch is sure to cause a row.

Well, BILL, I'll own, for all you are a Romanizin' cove, Them sound Church views which you express is sitch as I approve; Your doctrines in essential pints is ditto to my own, To Church or Chapel if we goes, we both goes there to bone.

Ah, JIM! taint vain and hempty show as captiwates my mind, I looks upon it but as elp true riches for to find: Snuff-boxes, watches, notes, or cash—whatever I can nab— And I'm thankful for the shindy when my neighbour's goods I grab.

Beloved pal, come, I'm your man! Success to stole and cope! Of plunder which affords us both so comfortin' an ope, Success to cope with all my art, likewise with all my soul! Hand—wot could hany thief say less?—prosperity to stole!

LETTER-BOXES SOMETIMES NEEDLESS.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,—MR. ROWLAND HILL requests that we will all have letter-boxes in our doors, to save delay to the postmen. When I have cleared all the female part of my establishment, I will comply with his request, but in the meantime it is perfectly needless for me to do so, for at present I have two daughters and two maid-servants; the former have lovers and the latter have sweethearts. So far from delaying the postman, there is, when his knock is heard in the neighbourhood, a desperate rush of two (the maids), and a decorous hurry of two (the girls), to be ready in the passage in case he should have 'anything' for any of them. Indeed I know that JANE and KATE watch him from the arca-steps, and I believe that ALEXANDRINA and VICTORIANNA look for him from their bed-room windows. MR. HILL may be quite sure that there is no delay caused to his postmen at the house of

"Yours, obediently,

"Antibillious Terrace,
"Knightsbridge."

"A PARENT AND A MASTER."

Now, Who told Punch that?

LORD PALMERSTON is said to have written to LORD JOHN RUSSELL (Minister for Foreign Affairs), that he need not, for the sake of attending to the Italian question, hurry away from the partridges, "inasmuch as the birds are strong on the wing, and Liberty is not."

A GRAVE SUBJECT.

As being the "peculiar and distinctive feature in its plan," we see a Burial Company advertises to those who stand in need of it, that it pursues what it calls "the Railway System of Interment." What this puzzling phrase may mean it much perplexes us to guess. We have very often heard of railways having killed people, but we never before learnt that they undertook to bury them. Yet when one hears it said they have a "system" of interment, one cannot but suppose the practice must be frequent with them. Moreover, it is puzzling to guess in what respect their system is different from others. That it is so we infer from such marked stress being laid on it, and from a puff being put forward of its use by way of precedent. Railways certainly in one sense may be said to have pursued "a system of interment." They have buried heaps of money, there is no denying that; and they have also caused interment of the hopes of many shareholders. These burials have been generally performed at railroad speed; nevertheless we think their rapid execution can hardly be regarded as an act of happy dispatch. Nor in respect of their economy are they at all to be commended; for they usually have proved to be most costly ceremonies, and have been known to drain the very deepest pockets. If this "system of interment" be the one which is alluded to (and with all our powers of thinking, we can't think of another), we must confess ourselves completely at a loss to see its merits: and if they wish to gain a good name with the public, we think the less that burial companies are "distinguished" by it, the better.

COLD WATER CURE FOR WANTON MISCHIEF.

SOME mischievous rascal or gang of rascals the other day destroyed Mr. MARMADUKE LANGDALE'S fountain in Endell Street. This disgraceful fact suggests the expediency of modifying the arrangement for enabling the poor public to quench their thirst by means of fountains. The homely old Pump should be substituted for the fountain, which combines elegance with utility indeed, but also with fragility. The advantage of the Pump, besides its greater comparative strength, is, that if any blackguard is caught attempting to injure it, he can be immediately placed under it by the indignant multitude, and subjected, for some time, to the wholesome influence of its refrigerant and reformatory discharge.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

You must not wake me early, wake me early, JAMES, d' ye hear,
To-morrow 'll be the slowest day of all the whole long year;
Of all the whole long year, JAMES, the saddest dreariest day,
For all the world is gone to shoot, and I alone must stay.

There's many a first-rate pointer, but none so good as mine;
There's SMITH'S dog Don, and JOHNSON'S Dash, and BROWN'S pup
Caroline;

But none can work like my good Rose in all the place, I say—
Yet all the world is gone to shoot, and I have got to stay.

I shan't sleep sound all night, JAMES, I'll lie all night awake,
And only get a fitful snooze when day begins to break;
And then at eight I must put on my uniform so gay,
For all the world is gone to shoot, and I alone must stay.

As I came up the barracks whom think you I should see
But THOMPSON leaning on his sword, and whistling "Rosa Lee?"
He pitied and forgave me those cross words of yesterday,
For he was going off to shoot, and I had got to stay.

He thought I was a ghost, JAMES, I looked so ghastly white,
And I doubled by him silently, just like a flash of light:
They say I'm proud and sullen, and just the same were they,
If all the world had gone to shoot, and they had got to stay.

I'm dying for the turnips—but alas! it cannot be!
My heart is almost breaking—no stubblefields for me.
There's many a much worse fellow will enjoy himself all day,
For all the world is gone to shoot, and I alone must stay.

To-morrow I shall have to drill upon the barrack green,
And you'll be there as well, JAMES, to see me serve the QUEEN;
For the shepherd lads have taken the shilling, more fools they—
And while all the world has gone to shoot, to drill them I must stay.

Upon the Colonel's hard hard heart I used my utmost powers,
But he said that applications had come to him in showers:
I argued, but he looked so cross, and shook his head so grey,
That all the world is gone to shoot, and I alone must stay.

The sentries come and go, JAMES, in front upon the grass,
And they ask the man who comes in late, if he has got a pass.
Oh! how I wish that it would rain throughout the livelong day,
And sell the men who've gone to shoot, while I alone must stay.

So you must not wake me early in the morning, JAMES, d' ye hear,
Let me sleep and try forget the griefs and sorrows which I bear.
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the saddest, dreariest day,
For all the world is gone to shoot, and I alone must stay.



CLERICAL SLIPS AND SKIRTS.

THE *Morning Herald* lately contained a passage in a leader which may be considered to be remarkably characteristic of a journal regarded as the organ of the Derbyites. The writer of the article, referring to the ungratified vanity of some clergymen, says:—

"Hence the enlightened enthusiasm which we occasionally meet with, and hence, in St. George's in the East, the maniple, stole, and other names, even the spelling of which is, we confess, very difficult to encounter."

This is a striking exposition of views which are professedly those of LORD MALMESBURY. They will not probably meet with the assent of our readers, who will perhaps hardly consider the orthography of alb, chasuble, and dalmatic, to be much more formidable than that of stomacher, bib, and tucker; but perhaps MALMESBURY will exclaim, "Who said that it was?" We ourselves, though we certainly do not think it hard to spell the names of the various articles of Puseyite millinery, will candidly confess that we doubt if we should be equal to the spelling of the analogous details of female clothing mentioned in *Le Follet*. A very complex nomenclature is that of the various vestments overspreading the expanse of Crinoline: a contrivance which perhaps those effeminate parsons whose heads are turned with the love of dress, will ultimately take to wearing under their ecclesiastical petticoats.

London in the Wash-Tub.

A CELEBRATED Washerwoman, speaking of the extreme emptiness of London, explained it thus:—"I can assure you, dear, I have only two flannel petticoats, four collars, three nightcaps, and one pinnafore left in town now."

SINGULAR ACCIDENT AT THE HOMOEOPATHIC HOSPITAL.—A Patient was discharged, last week, cured!

THE HOME-OFFICE.—To make every one in it as happy as we can.



WIND, S.W. FRESH.

TOMKINS, WHO IS NOT GRAND IN THE LEG DEPARTMENT, SAYS "IT'S A VERY DISAGREEABLE DAY." THE YOUNG LADIES, HOWEVER, FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, ENJOY IT AMAZINGLY.

THE MINISTER IN TOWN.

(From the Court Circular.)

VISCOUNT PUNCH, First Lord of the Treasury, transacted business yesterday at his office. He received all his colleagues, and told them that they might go away and yacht, or shoot, or fish, or study Conic Sections, or read the *Idylls of the King*, or lie on the beach and smoke short pipes, or preach, or vaccinate gratis before ten o'clock, or see the St. Leger, or sit in an attic and grow moustaches, or bathe, or flirt, or write articles for quarterly reviews, or try the water-cure, or do exactly what they pleased, as he would take charge of the Nation, and had got a telegraph laid to their Royal Mistress's residence at Balmoral.

"He spoke, and straightway found himself alone within the room."

LORD JOHN PUNCH, Foreign Minister, transacted business yesterday at his office. He sketched out a new programme for the settlement of Italy, and enclosed copies to the Powers. He enclosed a packet of Poor Man's Plaster to the POPE, who has hurt his leg. He wrote to compliment the American PRESIDENT on fitting out an anti-slavery squadron.

THE RIGHT HON. MR. PUNCH, Chancellor of the Exchequer, transacted business yesterday at his office. He considered the report of the Decimal Committee and pronounced it hosh. He inspected some designs for the new bronze coinage, and didn't like them, but sketched something much better.

SIR GEORGE DEVONSHIRE PUNCH, Home Secretary, transacted business yesterday at his office. He ordered a policeman to be stationed to protect the Drinking Fountains from ruffianism. He sketched a bill for abolishing street organs, street cries, Crinoline, perambulators, and other street nuisances.

THE DUKE OF PUNCH, Colonial Secretary, transacted business yesterday at his office. He ordered immediate reforms in all parts of the world, and sent off expresses to the fifty-two Colonies under his

control. Having a few idle hours afterwards, he sent for MR. ANSTEY and listened to him, in re China, from Two P.M. till a Quarter past Eight, by which time MR. ANSTEY had nearly completed his introductory narrative.

SIR CHARLES PUNCH, Secretary for India, transacted business yesterday at his office, that is to say, he sent for MR. JAMES WILSON, and told him that he, SIR CHARLES, trusted everything to him, and hoped he would make a good job of Indian Finance, as he, SIR CHARLES, was utterly bewildered and mystified.

THE RIGHT HON. SIDNEY PUNCH, Minister for War, transacted business yesterday at his office. He placed the Army on a new footing, completed the defences of the Country, and kicked LORD CARDIGAN into the middle of next week for his impudence in wanting the Fifth Dragoon Guards.

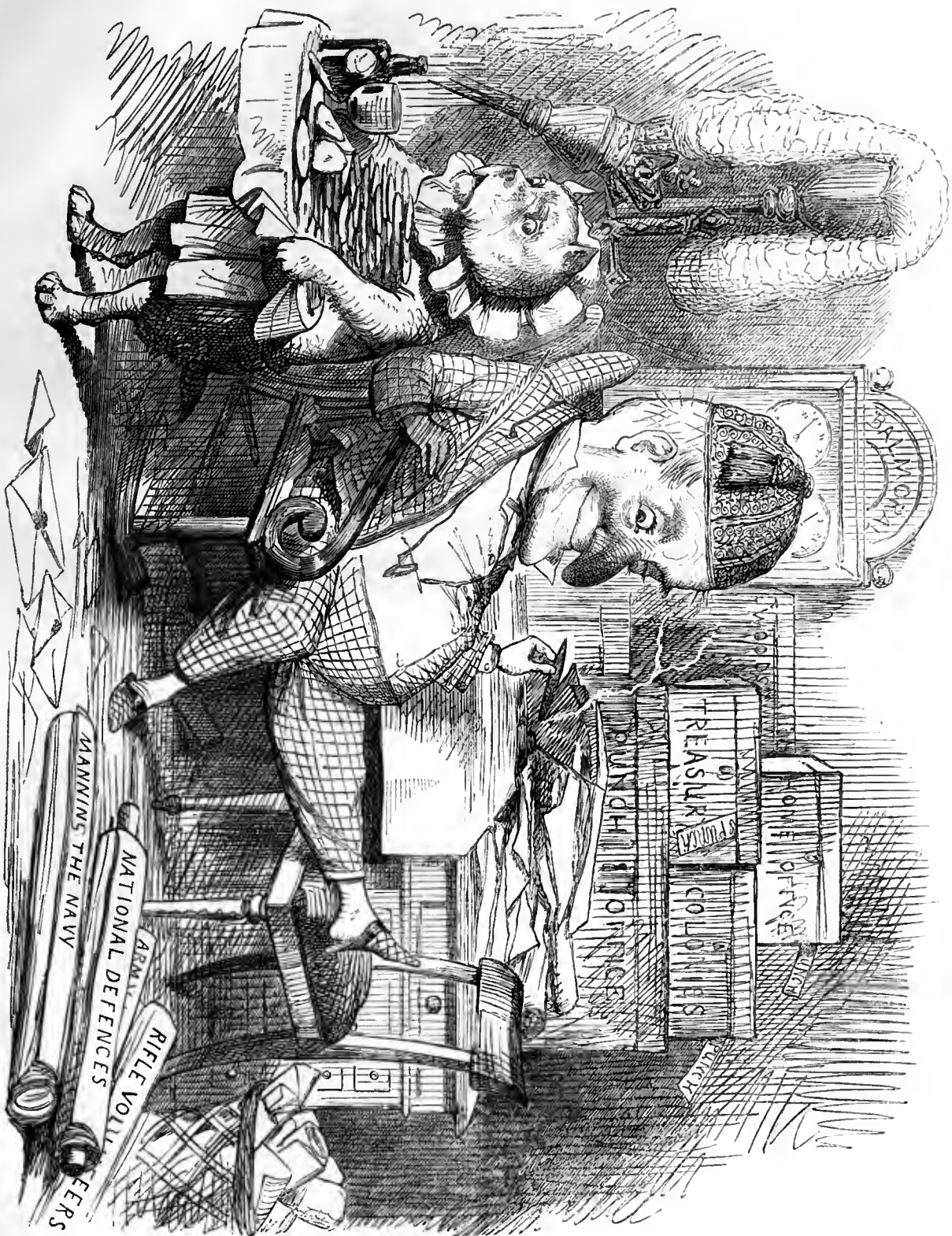
THE DUKE OF SEYMOUR-AND-PUNCH, First Lord of the Admiralty, transacted business yesterday at his office. He manned the fleet, braced up the mainsail, dashed his old eyes, and spoke civilly to more than one person in the course of the day.

LORD CHANCELLOR PUNCH transacted business yesterday in Chambers. He considered whether he could ask for a coronet for his son, W. F. in addition to his own and his wife's, but on reflection thought he had better wait a little.

THE EARL OF PUNCH, Postmaster-General, transacted business yesterday at his office, and issued a decree that nobody who left his street-door without the letter-box requested by MR. ROWLAND HILL should receive any letter at all until all the letter-box folks had been served.

SIR RICHARD PUNCH, Attorney-General, transacted business yesterday at his Chambers. He codified the Civil law, and had made great progress with a code of Criminal law when he remembered that he had been bothered by the PREMIER for a Reform Bill. He drew this and went to dinner.

The above particulars having been telegraphed to HER MAJESTY, she was graciously pleased to express her perfect satisfaction with the conduct of her Minister In Town.



THE ONLY MINISTER IN TOWN.



A LAST VISIT TO VAUXHALL.

BY A MAN OF FEELING.



PARGE roses, puer. Sprinkle me with rose-leaves, boy, and then bring me the wine-cup. Let me drown my sorrow in a bowl of that which cheers and (*pace* GOUGH) inebriates. So that to sad memory the flood be that of Lethe, I will chance the five bob fine for it, and get drunk to-night as Chlooe.

"An odour not of roses, but of Thamesian violets. Ha! miscreant, how is this? No! Yes! What stuff is this? I asked for wine, boy, and you've brought a bier! Hence, unreal mockery! Take away the poisoned chalice, sirrah! * * * Why—So, being gone, JACK's all alive again.

"But the wine-bottle hath failed me. Is there then no other remedy for anguish? Ha! A light-ning-flash of thought. Fool, why not try the ink-bottle? Great men have tried it, why may not a lesser one? Give sorrow words, the grief that doth not speak—goes and does something dreadful, I forget precisely what, excepting that 'squeak' rhymes to it. Perhaps it drinks South African? Ugh! the thought is madness.

"Let me compose myself. What have I been doing to

occasion this wild rhapsody? I have been visiting Vauxhall! The statement may seem maniacal, but—Ghost of SAMUEL COWELL, ha! ha! ha! 'I am not mad.' Alas, there where I have passed the happiest moments of my life, there have I been passing two whole days of the most miserable. Oh, SERAPHINA! SERAPHINA! Oh! There, where you and I have spent so many 'splendid shillings,' and the whispering trees have listened to our cooings and our billings: There, where we've consulted the Hermit in his Cave, and seen the Sea King Neptune emerging from the wave: There, where we have watched the artistes on the slack rope and the tight; and paid one and sixpence extra 'cause 'twas called a 'Gala Night:' There, where on wet evenings we have caught such colds and cramps, being tempted out by promise of 'Ten Million Extra Lamps:' There, where when exhausted by the-whirling, whizzing waltz, we have sought a cheap refreshment in the smelling of your salts: There, where slowly strolling down the dark Italian Walk, my hat hath touched your bonnet in our low-breathed lover's talk: There, where big balloons so quick have vanished from our sight, and so oft we've cried o! o! at the rockets' skyward flight: There, I sadly have stood by, and seen the scenes we held so dear put up to public auction by the ruthless auctioneer: Yes, there, my SERAPHINA, I all helpless have looked on, while the voice of MR. DRIVER hath re-echoed 'Going—Gone!' While the fixtures, and the figures, and the fittings, great and small, have been sold in lots six hundred from the Gardens of Vauxhall!

"Alas! yes, it is too true. I have seen the 'properties' cleared off the 'Royal property.' The same eyes that beheld them in all the brilliant brightness of a Grand Night's 'blaze of triumph,' have seen them sold off dank and dirty in the plain prosaic daylight. Ah! what agonising anguish I suffered at the spectacle! Every falling of the hammer was a knock-down blow to me. When 'Lot 1' was put up, I thought I should have fainted. Yet there was little in the Catalogue to account for that conjecture. The brief words 'Four stout painted deal tables' do not to unpoetic minds convey much saddening sentiment. But to me how fraught they were with it! For I thought, O SERAPHINA! 'twas at one of these 'stout tables' that we sat when my fond arm encircled thy slim waist, and I so nearly popped the question which another—but no matter!

"Lot 51 awakened still more sentimental fancies. The words cling to my memory, like drunken men to lamp-posts: 'One deal painted table, with turned legs (one of the original tables made for the Gardens in 1754!). A table with turned legs in 1754! Is table-turning then of so antique a date? How many legs must this old table in its time have seen turned under it! Legs in trousers and in petticoat— Oh neat-ankled SERAPHINA! Perchance the toes of thy great grandmother have been squeezed beneath this table. 1754! A hundred years and more, then, hath Vauxhall been in existence. Everything and every-

body now hath a Centenary. Why did we not celebrate the Million-Extra-Lamp-and-Vauxhall-Slice Centenary?

"Am not I in dreamland, or in Uncle Tom land? Do we sell our aged servants when they cease to be of use to us? Alas! I fear me, yes. Here is the damning proof of it:—'Lot 112. *Scenery to Hermitage and Hermit.*' Reading this, I fancied that the Hermit would be sold. The Hermit was not sold. Ha! ha! ha! I was.

"A few lines further on, the Catalogue still puzzles me:—'Lot 119. *An Equestrian picture of the Emperor and Empress of France at a Hunting Party, with costume of Louis XIV., 12 feet square.*' Did LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, then, wear a costume twelve feet square? Ah, in those days there were giants. The human race has grown degenerate since then. My pectops only measure a yard and a half across, and SERAPHINA's Crinoline does not cover above an acre.

"Again I hear resounding the voice of MR. DRIVER. His cry is for 'Three Dozen Blue Vauxhall Supper-plates.' O DRIVER, DRIVER! You'll drive me to distraction. Haply 'twas on one of these three dozen plates that was brought the fatal sandwich which I, as a great treat, had promised SERAPHINA. I mind me that my looks were as cerulean as the plate, when searching madly in my pockets, I found only twopence ha'penny. The brutal waiter laughed when I told him I would call and pay him the next morning. And the still more brutal BLOGGINS more foully mocked my misery by dashing a half-crown down, and crying, 'Keep the coppers!'—Ah! lucre, filthy lucre! Ah! faithless SERAPHINA! It was the glitter of that half-crown that dazzled thy young eyes, and turned aside their love-shafts from me to that beast BLOGGINS!

"Again am I perplexed by the wording of the Catalogue. Were it a QUEEN'S Speech, it could not be more mysterious. 'Busts of Eminent Persons' are announced upon the title-page. Lot 204 I find is 'A Plaster Bust of Scott.' A 'ditto Byron,' and a 'ditto Tennent' (who's he?) follow it. Are these the 'eminent persons?' What have they done for Vauxhall, that Vauxhall should note their eminence? But stay, the next three lots are 'dittos' of 'the celebrated M.C., Mr. Simpson.' MR. SIMPSON! Ah, he was eminent indeed, Vauxhall made him immortal, and he returned the compliment. Rightly then had Vauxhall a triad of fine busts of him.

"Lot 215 declares itself 'A Keyboard of Dumb Piano.' This keyboard is a look upon my understanding. What is a dumb piano? Some merciful invention of an Anti-piano-playing-in-Houses-with-Thin-Walls Company? Blessings on it, if it be; and on the Genius who invented it! Oh that the piano next door were a dumb one! The MISSES STRUMSTER live next door, and—they keep a 'Ladies' Seminary.' Kind reader, drop the tear of pity on my plight!

"These reflections overcome me. When next I hear the fatal hammer 'tis falling on 'A small round Composition Table.' I wonder if this table be a help to composition, and if need were would assist to composition with one's creditors? If so, maybe there are some composers who'd be glad of it. I wonder, did the Vauxhall Poets use this table, when they wrote those Comic Songs which, when sung by Vauxhall vocalists, everybody roared at, and when sung in private circles, every one was bored by. I think the fun of those sad canticles consisted in the funny hats in which the singers sang them. I wonder if these hats were kept in the 'three hat-boxes' in Lot 253, and whether any of the fun still clings to those receptacles. *Quo senect est imbuta*—the Classic truth is trite, and may apply with equal force to hat-boxes as wine-casks.

"Among the 'useful articles' and 'miscellaneous effects,' I look with anxious hope of buying a barometer. Alas! my search is fruitless. Vauxhall doubtless had one once; but it no doubt committed suicide. No sane-minded barometer could point *always* to 'MUCH RAIN' without a suicidal damper being thrown upon its spirits.

"I count two-and-eighty punch-bowls knocked down by the hammer. But who shall count the headaches—the ar-racking headaches—which have had their birth in them? Teetotalism, I fear, was not in feather at Vauxhall. The stock of soda-water glasses amounteth but to twelve, but of brandy glasses sold there are more than thirty dozen!

"Can I believe my eyes? Is this the Royal Property, and are jokes here cracked on Royalty? 'Lot 311. *A Transparency of H.R.H. P.A.*' Shade of DANIEL LAMBERT! To call H.R.H. a 'transparency'!!! Ho, within there! Call the Headsman. To the Tower with the varlet, for such treasonable ribaldry!

"And now the last Lot is sold. The last fixture is cleared off. I must clear off myself, or they may take me for a fixture. Farewell! O ye scenes of many joys, and far more follies! Yet for one brief moment let me conjure up the past. Let me see thee as thou wast. O Vaux—'hall of dazzling light.' But no; tears bedim my eyes. I see only the last waiter, as he appeared on the last night. The remains of the last sandwich still stick between his teeth. The feel of his last fee is fresh upon his fingers. The last ray of the last lamp sadly flickers on his forehead. Feeble as it is, he cannot bear the glare of it. He buries his wan face in the recesses of his napkin. Spt! The lamp goes out! O *Vanius, Vanitas!* O SERAPHINA, SERAPHINA! O, why was man created, if—"

[Sixteen pages of fine writing are reluctantly cut off.]



TURCOS SOLDIER MAKING HIMSELF AT HOME IN A PARISIAN FAMILY.

A HUMAN CANDLE.

MR. WILLIAM PALMER, of the celebrated Patent Candle firm, was brought the other day before MR. D'EYNCOURT, and fined for suddenly springing out of a railway carriage, and falling on his side, and not being hurt.

Nothing can be more improper than needlessly to risk one's life or limbs, except the risking anybody else's. But we seem to see a sort of apology for MR. PALMER. He had probably been musing upon his own business, and considering how he could improve the structure of the Candle Lamp that bears his name. Now it is the faculty of genius to become absorbed in the object of its study, and as it were to amalgamate therewith. MR. PALMER was perhaps fancying himself to be a Patent Candle, and was brooding, with a visionary spring under him, upon that abominable jerk with which the candles, so acted upon, sometimes leap upwards, to the ruin of a midnight student's sensitive nerves. "Yes," mused MR. PALMER, "that is the mischief. I (as Candle) jump so,"—and the action expressed the word; and out he shot, to the scandal of the officials, who have no souls.

We are very glad that he was not hurt, and shall be more glad if the incident helped him to the required inspiration.

THE TESTIMONIAL TABLET.

THE preternatural spread of the Testimonial system, which now includes in its parasitical embrace every kind of person to whom any other kind of person can make a toad-offering, renders it impossible for the public to keep itself "posted up" in the records of humbug, without some other aid than that of the puff paragraphs manufactured by the recipients of these presents. *Mr. Punch*, with his usual frantic zeal to serve society, has therefore undertaken to publish an occasional programme of Testimonials about to be offered, and will thus at once supply information, and hints for imitation.

Any particulars which parties may wish should be thus advertised, must be sent to *Mr. Punch's* office, in sealed envelopes, with the cards of the parties. And where the person to receive the Testimonial is not the person paying for it at the silversmith's or elsewhere, that fact is to be stated, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

TESTIMONIALS FOR NEXT WEEK.

DR. GENIAN LOBES, from the paupers of the Squanderley Union, a case of lancets, in testimony of their sense of his unvarying, &c., humane, &c., indefatigable, &c., and of their hopes that in setting up in a new town (as advertised), he will meet the success which his, &c.

MR. BARNABAS BLOKE, the worthy landlord of the Dirty Table-Cloth, Drury Lane. A few gents wishing to pay a tribute to the high character, sterling honesty, liberal principles, and convivial character of "mine host," have, entirely unknown to himself, subscribed for a silver punch bowl. Subscription list still open in the parlour and at the tap.

THE HONOURABLE AND REVEREND ONESIMUS MEALYMOUTH, minister of St. Thorax, Pimlico. The married ladies of his flock have worked a richly-embroidered counterpane, and the unmarried ladies an elegant table-cover, and the two ornaments for bed and board will be presented in the Vestry after Vespers.

CAPTAIN BELLOWMORE of the *Bumper*, river steamer. Some parties, "fond of the weed," who are in the habit of coming into town from Chelsea of a morning by the *Bumper*, have decided on presenting the gallant Captain with a handsome Meerschaum, in testimony of his superior civility and navigation. A poetical address, written for the occasion by MR. SALLOW SICKER, will be recited.

THE COUNTESS OF RACKRENT. The Earl's tenantry have subscribed to present her ladyship with a portrait of his lordship, in testimony of their gratitude for her kind intercession to prevent their rents being raised during a season of agricultural depression. The picture will be presented by MR. JONAS GRINDERBY, his Lordship's respected agent.

MR. MARMADUKE DE SKIVERS, manager of the Scrubberton Theatre. A bust of SHAKSPEARE, and a bacon-toaster, will be presented by the members of his company and a few admiring friends, in testimony of his transcendent services to the British drama, his unexampled genius as an actor, his unparalleled honour as a manager, his unsurpassed energy as a man, and his unequalled piety as a Christian.

MR. JAMES CRUSHER, Superintendent of Police. The donkey-drivers accustomed to ply for hire on Hampstead Heath have joined to present this active, gallant, and humane officer with a silver guard-chain in testimony of their sense of the mingled kindness and firmness with which he preserved order on the heath during the summer season.

RAMLINGTON CRAMLINGTON-CRAMLINGTON, ESQ., M.P. The Electors of Crouchbury have subscribed to present a testimonial to this young gentleman (who came of age in May last, and was chosen at the general election), in token of their sense of the services which they are certain he will render to his country during a long and splendid Parliamentary career.

MR. LUSHY NIPPS, the respected potman at the Hobblers' Arms, Southwark. The ostlers in the yard, a few of the right sort among the cabmen on the adjacent stand, and some other choice spirits, present MR. NIPPS with an elegant Sunday hat, in token of respect and esteem for his prompt and impartial administration of beer.

MR. SLIMY BULLFROG, steward to the Most Noble the MARQUIS OF EVERCLACK. The upper and inferior servants in his Lordship's employ present MR. BULLFROG with a handsome iron fire-proof safe, and gold Bramah key, in testimony of the truly gentlemanly way in which he has for many years enabled them to avail themselves of the various advantages of aristocratic service.

MR. PIGGS KIN, the distinguished jock. Some gents meeting in Bride Lane present this excellent jock and worthy creature with a silver watch, in token of their gratitude to him for having known so exceedingly well what o'clock it was in the recent race for the Swindle Shillings, and his determined and successful roping of the favourite in that struggle.

GRIPE DIDDLE, ESQ., Solicitor. The artieled pupils, clerks, porter, laundress, stationer, copyists, and messenger in the service of the respected firm of SKINNUM, RASPER, SCREWBOY, and DIDDLE, present the last named gentleman with a congratulatory testimonial on his being received into partnership with the old and established house now called or known by the names aforesaid. The memorial takes the form of a miniature deed chest, made of wood of the Old Fleet Prison, and mounted in silver from a melted down snuff-box formerly in the possession of the late JAMES GREENACRE, ESQ., deceased.

LORD BLAKE DE GOUTILLE. The interesting occasion of this nobleman having been permitted by his eminent medical attendant, DR. CRAPAUD, to be wheeled out upon his terrace after his long illness, inspired some of his tenantry with the idea of presenting him with a memorial of so delightful an event, and a subscription having been originated, a beautiful little model, in gold, of a Bath chair, (with working wheels, &c.,) will be proffered to his lordship, with an appropriate address by the REV. SIMON TOADSTOOL, on the first day that LORD DE GOUTILLE's unfortunate relapse will enable him to receive it.

MR. BULKY CLUTCHER, head tout at Doctors' Commons. A silver mug will be presented to this worthy and respected individual by his fellow touts, in acknowledgment of his fairness and urbanity towards themselves, and his extraordinary genius in detecting, from among the

mugs of a thousand passers-by, that of the person with a matrimonial propensity.

MR. FUNGOYD, beadle of St. Mungo in the Park. The pew openers, charwomen, sexton, bell-ringers, and organ-blowers of St. Mungo present this worthy official with an elegant cane, in admiration of his dignified conduct as a minister of the church, and of his affable benignity as a fellow-servant of the altar.

THE ENGLISH VANDAL.

"The memorials at the Rodan have been respected. There is disfiguring writing upon them, but it is English."—*Times Correspondent.*



es, pious hands, on the Rodan,
 Raised tributes to our brave
 who fell;
 The valiant Russian is a
 Man,
 The Russian guards those
 tombstones well.
 Yet scribbblings on the stone
 you scan,
 Who scrawled them, all too
 plain they tell.
 'Tis the vulgar dog of an
 Englishman,
 The scrawling, scribbling
 Englishman,
 Who would scratch his
 name, for "a bit of a
 game,"
 On the Koh-i-Noor, would
 the Englishman.
 His name's on all statues,
 all over St. Paul's,
 On marble slabs, and on
 whitewashed walls,
 Where scarcely a monkey
 or school-boy crawls
 You'll find the coarse and
 contemptible scrawls

Of the mischievous ass, the Englishman.
 On Pompey's Pillar he makes his sign,
 On the Pyramid's top he cuts his line,
 On the Crystal Palace's tower so fine,
 There is not a rafter that does not shine
 With the pencil-lead of the Englishman.
 Set him down on a nice new bench,
 Two minutes more, with a jerk and a wrench
 He's digging the names of himself and his wench;
 O, if we could borrow a leaf from the French,
 And teach good sense to the Englishman.
 The glass of the carriage in which he rides,
 The handsome mirror mine host provides,
 The window wherever the snob abides,
 The humble sign-post his way that guides,
 Are scribbled upon by the Englishman.
 In Lichfield's aisle lie two little dears,
 Young mothers moisten the marble with tears,
 The Cunningham-Chantry Babes,—for years
 Appeared thereon, and perchance appears,
 The scrabble of many an Englishman.
 On the top of the church, in the bathing machine,
 On the walls of the Castle that holds his Queen,
 On the arch of the cloister damp and green,
 On the seat of the pew, there's sure to be seen
 The mark of the scrawling Englishman.
 And now to the grim Crimea he goes,
 And there where the bones of his dead repose
 (Honoured by honoured and valiant foes)
 He's at it again, and Europe knows
 The fellow is—only an Englishman.
 Whoever does such a sneaking job
 At home or abroad is a rascally Snob,
 And whoever may spy him, JULES, WILHELM, or BOB,
 Will oblige *Mr. Punch* by punching the nob
 Of a coarse and a mischievous Englishman.

WISCOUNT VILLIAMS, while reading that the KING OF OUDE employed his prison hours in writing to his numerous Begums, resolved to ask the Secretary for India next Session, if it was his intention to instruct LORD CANNING to have his Majesty prosecuted for Begummy.

THE STEAM CAT.

THE fast-improving spirit of the age has occasioned an active revival of the wholesome punishment of Flogging in the Army. At Coldbath Fields, and probably at other prisons, there is proceeding a restoration of the same good old discipline. Much mawkish sentiment has been excited by the circumstance, that at Woolwich, the other day, the diseased back of a soldier was lashed with a degree of violence a little too sanguinary. Therefore, lest the Cat should afford a handle to hollow philanthropists, by which they may succeed in wresting it from the control of colonels, and the grasp of drummers and executioners, it is expedient that some means should be provided for regulating the force with which the stripes are applied to the human skin, and the extent to which they lacerate it. For this purpose, an ingenious invention has been submitted to the Horse Guards, in the shape of a Flogging Machine. This clever contrivance is worked by steam, to the power of which the momentum of the lash can be precisely adjusted. At high-pressure, it exerts a quantity of Jack-Ketch power sufficient to lay bare the ribs and dorsal vertebrae of a muscular grenadier at one stroke; but perhaps it will seldom be required to perform this amount of action, at least in the present stage of our civilisation. When less steam is put on, it will, according to the reduction, tear and scratch the back to a depth varying from half an inch to less than a line,—will produce mere wheales, or only a slight redness; and may, indeed, be made to "do its spiriting" so "gently," as simply to cause a pleasing titillation, and to ply the cat with such leniency that its stripes would be just sufficient to whip the dust off an officer's boots. This machine will render the military and civil authorities independent of a soft-hearted executioner, and will save them from the excessive zeal of one whose heart is too much in his work. To the civil prescribers of flagellation this instrument of torture will prove an especial boon, as it will enable them to inflict the exact amount of torment they please on the criminals in their power, instead of the uncertain agony of a whipping obscurely signified by the loose and indefinite terms, "good," "sound," and "severe." One further advantage presented by this interesting application of machinery must not be omitted: it is so constructed that, whilst at work, it may be made to utter a scream like that of the railway-whistle, in which the shrieks of the sufferer under its operation may be drowned if required. This engine of correction has received the warmest approval in a distinguished quarter, in which it has been pronounced a pretty piece of mechanism. Its introduction will mark, if not a new era, at least a return to an old one; and the rack, improved by modern science, will no doubt be re-established soon after the establishment of the Flogging Machine.

SCOTCH PLUSH.

PLAID is commonly considered a fabric peculiar to Scotland; but plaid, as a specially Scotch article, is in danger of being superseded by plush. Here is a pattern of that commodity advertised by a Caledonian contemporary:—

THE PRINCE OF WALES BIBLE.—From an anxiety on the part of some of the best families in Town to procure copies of the above Bible, the Subscriber begs leave to intimate that he has placed sheets in the hands of his Binder, which, he trusts, will be ready by Monday. Meantime, a fac-simile of the Prince's Bible may be seen at the Edinburgh Bible Warehouse, together with a beautiful copy of the Scriptures presented in 1853 to HER MAJESTY and PRINCE ALBERT, through the DUKE OF ATHOLE.

PERTINAX M'SYOPHANT, Proprietor, South Bridge.

Is this not plush of which one might almost be excused for saying *Ne plush ultra?* Truly, here is your plush of the most vivid thunder and lightning. The sheets in the hands of M'SYOPHANT's binder will surely come out of them bound in that material, which will be more suitable to the edition than even the most brilliant red Morocco, which might represent it as blushing for its title. Plush without blush is the publisher's proper symbol. Curiously enough, the sacred volume which might have plush for its lids, has already plush of the same colour in its original preface,—plush pieced in there in servile adulation of that "most dread Sovereign," who, by the way, was a Scotch monarch. To the respect of M'SYOPHANT, and to the reverence of the creatures whom M'SYOPHANT addresses, the Bible is commended by its association with royalty; and the plain Scriptures are not so precious as those which have been consecrated by having been presented in 1853 to Her Majesty and Prince Albert, through the DUKE OF ATHOLE.

WHAT WILL THIS COST TO PRINT? is a thought often occurring to literary minds, public characters, and persons of benevolent intentions. An immediate answer to the inquiry naturally occurs also to every sane person, "Much more than it is worth; and I will therefore expend the money, first, in purchasing a complete set of *Punch*, where I shall find all I have to say infinitely better said for me; and, secondly, in increasing my life assurances, by which means I shall leave behind me writings for which my posterity will really be grateful."

THE SEASON AT BADEN.



MR. ROBINSON TAKES A SEAT AT THE ROULETTE TABLE.



MR. ROBINSON IN THE COURSE OF AN HOUR.



MR. ROBINSON HAVING LOST THE WHOLE OF HIS MONEY "À LA ROULETTE," WORKS OUT HIS HOTEL BILL.

VOTER-BOTTLING STOPPERED.

OUR male readers of course know what it is to "bottle" voters. But ladies equally of course can have no knowledge of the process, and should female curiosity impel them to desire it, they may easily inform themselves by reading the Assize reports, which have *faute de mieux* been overrunning all the papers. They will learn there that the course which is pursued in bottling voters, like as the course of true love, but rarely runneth smoothly. They will read that in one recent case "much violence was resorted to," and that in another "the voter was much bruised." And reading this, their feelings will incline them to agree with us that it is high time at this present that such bottling should be stopped.

We are not Tectotallers, and would never stop a bottle where legitimately pushed. But to bottle up a voter is to push him to extremities, and as this is an infringement of the freedom of the subject, while this is a free country we cannot but complain of it. There is too much body in such bottling to please us, and they who make a trade of it deserve to get their knuckles rapped. Although no friends to bribery, we like it better than coercion. We don't so much object to treating voters to a bottle, but to bottle them up bodily amounts to false imprisonment, which there ought to be most stringent and deterring laws to stop. The lightest punishment awarded for bottling a voter ought to be, to send the bottler for a twelvemonth to the Jug.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, PAPA.

ACCORDING to a conversation which HORACE GREELEY, of the *New York Tribune*, had with the High Priest or Archhumbog of the Mormons, PLO NONO has a formidable Antipope in BRIGHAM YOUNG. BRIGHAM pretends that his Church is not only infallible, but is moreover instructed by direct revelation, through himself of course, so that he is not obliged to wait till an opinion has gained ground and become general among the Mormonites before he ventures to publish it as a new dogma. BRIGHAM is a cock that crows on his own peculiar elevation to precisely the same tune as that of his rival on the Seven Hills. Witness the following portion of his dialogue with H. G.

"H. G. : Then I am to understand that you regard other Churches professing to be Christian as the Church of Rome regards all Churches not in communion with itself—as schismatic, heretical, and out of the way of salvation?—B. Y. : Yes, substantially."

PIUS says BRIGHAM is not in the way of salvation, and BRIGHAM says that PIUS is out of it. What is this more than "Cockadoodleoo!" on the one side and on the other? Only the Yankee cock crows higher than the Italian one. The POPE of Utah, moreover, has much more reason in some of his apostolical versions and renderings than the POPE of Rome. For example:—

"H. G. : Does not the Apostle PAUL say that a Bishop should be 'the husband of one wife'?—B. Y. : So we hold. We do not regard any but a married man as fitted for the office of Bishop. But the Apostle does not forbid a Bishop having more wives than one."

A Bishop, says the text, as enlarged by POPE BRIGHAM, should be the husband of one wife *at least*. As retrenched by the other POPE, it is consistent with a canon which makes one wife for a Bishop one too many. Is not the Antipope's addition to the plain words of the precept a little more reasonable than the POPE's subtraction from them?

THE DISTURBANCES IN THE EASTERN CHURCH.

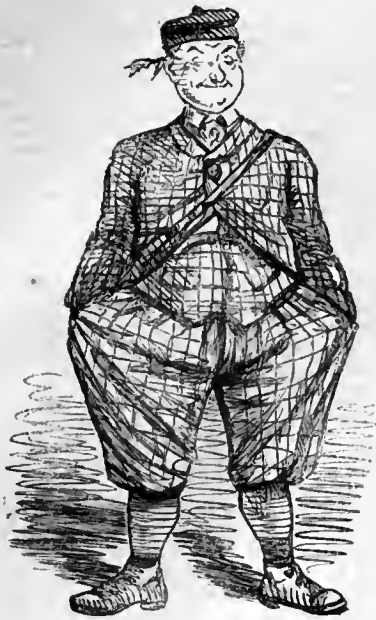
WE are sorry to find that the Eastern Church, namely, St. George's in the East, has become infected with the same follies and superstitions as those which have hitherto been limited to the Western Churches, particularly St. Barnabas's and St. Paul's. Clergymen officiate in the Eastern Church attired in the very height of Puseyite fashion, wearing vestments of gay and gaudy colours; green for example, and, for aught we know, *mauve*. They also give themselves the same ridiculous airs and graces as their brethren, we might almost say their sisters, in the Churches of the West. As in the West so in the East, these innovations have excited great tumults among the laity, attended with manifestations of an iconoclastic spirit, which reverend gents who think fit to make images, figures, or Guys of themselves had better beware of.

The Italian Snowball.

ROLL the Snowball, roll;
'Twill gather strength in going.
The Tyrants of the Soul
And Body overthrowing
In each Italian state;
'Twill gain and gain in weight,
Till grown an Avalanche; to topple down,
And crush the Triple Crown.

"THE INEXHAUSTIBLE BOTTLE."—The one of which LORD PALMERSTON is the Bottle holder.

DR. PETTIGREW'S MOTTO.—"Crescit amor Mummy."



SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

OUR EXCELLENT FRIEND, MR. BRIGGS, ALWAYS SHOOTS NOW IN KNICKERBOCKERS, AND DECLARES THEY ARE THE MOST COMFORTABLE THINGS POSSIBLE; AND SO THEY ARE.

PUNCH'S IMAGINARY CORRESPONDENCE.

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON to LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

"MY DEAR JOHN, "Broadlands, Sept. 19.

"HAVING a little time upon my hands, I cannot, I think, do better than fulfil an intention which I have for some time entertained, and address to you a few words of advice, which I am as sure that you need as that you will take it in good part. Our long intimacy, the similarity and intensity of our political convictions, besides my having a year or two's advantage (as it is amusingly called) over you in age, will be my excuse for this course, if any excuse be needed.

"With the sanction of my Sovereign, my dear JOHN, I have placed you in a situation of great responsibility. It is a situation which I myself filled for many years, and history, rather than myself, shall say how. I assure you, my dear JOHN, that it will give me the most sincere pleasure to recognise in you a worthy successor to myself; and that I may have, in the afternoon of life, that gratification, is one of the main reasons, and possibly a selfish one, for my now taking you in hand.

"My task would be an easier one, my dear JOHN, but for your extreme ignorance. Do not recoil at the word, or, as you sit in your library glance indignantly round at books, most of them larger than yourself, which you have laboriously read, sedulously analysed, and disgracefully disfigured with your profound marginal notes. I will do you no injustice. I believe that the Oxford Examiners would do you some did they pluck you for shortcomings in history. I am sure that you know perfectly well that MAXIMILIAN THE SECOND, of Germany, married the daughter of the EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH, that LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH declared the Gallican Church independent in 1682, that LORD CUATHAM, as MR. PITT, supported the Broad Bottom Ministry, and that MR. WILBERFORCE'S Bill for abolishing the Slave Trade was rejected by the House of Lords in 1804. Pray, my dear JOHN, do not suppose that I accuse you of being ignorant of knowing myriads of things the knowledge of which is entirely useless. I should be most reluctant to put myself in the position of the Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green with you, and drop my fact and date (as he dropped money against his daughter's lovers) against your fact and date. I should be bankrupt in no time.

"But, my dear JOHN, your ignorance is of another and more serious kind. You do not know men, and what is of more consequence, you do not know women. You really amuse me (or would do so if I could be amused at the misfortunes of my beloved country) when I see you in society attempting to gain the confidence of the former, or the goodwill of the latter. Believe me, my dear JOHN, no highly virtuous youth from a Dissenting College, with DWIGHT'S *Theology* on his table as his prize for an Essay on Predestination, could be more convinced that he

was the eighth wonder of the world, or more certain to be at the best a wonder whose extinguishment the proverb fixes at the ninth day. I wish, my dear JOHN, that I could make you a man of the world.

"Let me instance, for a moment, a case or two in point, and you will forgive me when you observe how intently and affectionately I must have watched you. At a party at your own house a few evenings before the termination of the Session, you may remember that D'AZEGLIO came up to you, and after a grimace or so, which you did not very happily imitate, he asked you whether you had sent off a certain despatch. What he wanted to know, of course, was whether I had seen it, and you naturally wished him to think I had not. What was your foolish answer? '*Un bon cheval n'a pas besoin d'esperon,*' with a half-toss of your head. He did not want to spur you, he wanted to know a fact, and your pert little answer was not evasive, only characteristic. Why did you not say point blank that you had sent it. You know quite well that you had not, so no harm could have been done. Why not, my dear JOHN, be frank and natural? Those dusty little sayings which you hoard up, because you can pronounce them glibly, are really out of date.

"Well, then, at LADY PALMERSTON'S assembly, the next night, a lady asked you a question about the Villafranca treaty. It was a silly question, and intended to be, but it was not sillily put, nor is the asker a silly woman. She had no business to ask it, when has a woman any business to ask the things she does? But she certainly got a sillier answer, and it was intended for a wise one. You must out with another of your proverbs, '*Une femme ne cèle que ce qu'elle ne sait pas.*' My dear JOHN, it was very pedantic and almost rude. Why on earth did you not explain to the woman confidentially anything that came into your head, and send her away pleased with your confidence, and utterly mystified? As it is, wait till you want her to keep young GABBLETON in town for a division.

"Now, my dear JOHN, consider what I have said, and in your dealings with the world try to be a little more a man of the world. You have industry, and patience, and a certain amount of brains, which in the brother of the DUKE OF B. may be called talent, and you might do a good deal for yourself if you would not be old-fashioned and pedantic, and would have a little more *bonhomme*—there's a French word for you as a sugarplum to sweeten the bitter.

"I need hardly caution you to keep this letter to yourself, and burn it when read.

"Always, my dear JOHN,

"Yours, faithfully,

"The LORD JOHN RUSSELL."

"PALMERSTON."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL to VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

"MY DEAR LORD, "Richmond, Sept. 20.

"I AM favoured with your Lordship's letter dated the 19th instant, but received this morning, at 11 A.M.

"That the Prime Minister of England has time 'upon his hands' is a circumstance which may be differently interpreted by those who form different opinions of the individual holding that office. I am unaware that MR. FOX or my LORD MELBOURNE ever complained of having too much time for the business of the country.

"Waiving the other points in your Lordship's introductory paragraph, and especially the reference to the intensity of political convictions on the part of a Minister whose earnest devotion to Reform actually makes him tremble to approach it, I would observe that I believe your Lordship was born in 1784, and that my natal year was 1792. Your Lordship is pleased to compliment me on a certain acquaintance with dates, and it is due to myself to show that the credit is not entirely undeserved.

"Your Lordship will be good enough to receive my protest against the assumption that you placed me anywhere. I have, in my time, had most reluctantly to place your Lordship outside a Cabinet, but I cannot admit that you have been in a condition to place me in one. In the arrangement into which I entered from a sense of duty to my country, and for the purpose of removing my LORD DERBY from office, the choice of place was my own, and I should have selected the Premiership, but for feeling that the Foreign Office required more statesmanship than the nominal headship of the Government. To the implied and scarcely decent allusion to the Sovereign, it may suffice for me to remind your Lordship of a certain castigation procured by me for a Minister who neglected the trifling formality of acquainting his QUEEN with the contents of his foreign despatches.

"Passing over a variety of phrases which would be impertinent in an individual less accustomed to substitute impertinence for pleasantry, I would simply remark, that your Lordship's successes in this world by no means justify your adopting a dictatorial line. I could find in the books, to which you make taunting allusion, more profitable reading than the study of your Lordship's career, but I do not think I should detect in one of them an instance of an individual assuming to be a statesman, and at the close of a long career of alternated hollow triumph and helpless tumble, preaching Insincerity as the leading article of his political faith.

"I shall not enter into detail, my dear Lord, or vindicate myself for what it suited me to say in well-watched conversations in your drawing-room or my own. I am content to be charged with not knowing men by one who does not even know himself, and mistakes himself for a statesman; and as to knowing women, I deprecate the levity which would sanction a woman's presuming to meddle with matters beyond the sphere which Providence has assigned to her."

"While it is necessary for me to maintain the PALMERSTON Cabinet by retaining the Foreign Office, I shall administer that department in conformity with the principles to which I have ever adhered, principles which placed the House of Brunswick on the throne of these realms, and will, I trust, long retain it there, in spite of the dangerous intrigues of sciolists, and the reprehensible flippancy of octogenarians.

"That I may not seem ungrateful for your Lordship's kind advice, I will venture to return it by strongly recommending that instead of interfering with my business, your Lordship should mind your own.

"With kindest wishes for your Lordship's health (the evenings are cold and damp) believe me,

"My dear Lord,

"Yours, very sincerely,

"The LORD PALMERSTON."

"JOHN RUSSELL."

* This last sentence of all seems to have been interpolated hastily, and as if the letter, after being approved by another eye than the writer's, had been re-opened.

CHIVALRY IN EXCELSIS.



HE man who would refuse to stretch forth his hand—and so forth. When did *Mr. Punch* ever decline to help a lady who wanted anything? The persevering way in which the doings of his friend "MRS. JONES of Plateglass" are perpetually brought before the excited world really deserves all the co-operation he can afford. Whether he entirely shares the Plateglass idea that the universe watches the Plateglass movements as astronomers watch comets, or LORD JOHN watches PALMERSTON, is beside the question. *Mr. Punch* is far too chivalrous to be particular. He had not read any announcement about Plateglass for at least three weeks, when he suddenly lighted upon a statement in a Welsh paper that "MRS. JONES of Plateglass, whose carriage was recently upset, has recovered from the effects of the accident."

The paragraph does not say whether the lady was *in* the carriage; but, presuming that such were the case, and that all is well (had he an idea that all were not so, of course he would split up his pen into Welsh consonants sooner than joke on the matter) he proceeds at once to promote the desired publicity and to offer his gallant homage to the lady, thus:—

"MRS. JONES of Plateglass,
Going over a pass,
Was upset, her postilion most likely an ass:
But since the Welsh stones
Have demolished no bones,
Punch begs to congratulate dear MRS. JONES."

The Laureate Abroad and at Home.

ALFRED TENNYSON has just returned from a visit to Lisbon. Curiosity having been expressed about the motive of his voyage, *Mr. Punch* is authorised to state, that it was *not* for the purpose of adding a sprig of Portugal laurel to his English garland. Had the visit been to Spain instead of Portugal, one might have supposed it connected with a performance on the LAUREATE'S official instrument,—the sack-butt.

CON. FOR A COCKNEY.

WHY is the extra Income-Tax like a Whirlpool?
Because it's a vortex. (*War-tax.*)

LOOK TO YOUR GOLD DIGGINGS.

A VOICE from Backworth, Victoria, the voice of a British subject, cries—

"I am one of 200,000 men who live in one of England's colonies; we each, upon an average, export close upon £100 sterling, the greater part to the mother country. . . . We can muster something like 10,000 weapons, muskets, rifles, &c.; as to ammunition, we have no powder unless it is for blasting purposes. . . . In our chief towns we have movable property worth £20,000,000, houses, gardens, &c., that have cost us twice as much, but we are so ill-protected that 1,000 men, similar to Englishmen, could levy £5,000,000 from us as a ransom, or could do our property damage to the extent of £70,000,000. Besides which there is shipping and property of England always in Hobson's Bay to the extent of millions."

Is there any occasion to quote more of this sort of thing? Isn't it obviously the preface to a demand for a vote of an enormous sum to provide a fleet, an army, and fortifications for the defence of Melbourne? There is necessity for a little further quotation, as the conclusion to the foregoing statement is not what previous experience would lead any one to anticipate:—

"We do not wish to beg—what we need we can pay for. All we ask from the home Government is, say, 50,000 or 100,000 rifles, with bayonets and ammunition. Your War Minister may draw upon us for the amount. We will not dishonour his draft. You should send out, say, three heavy-armed gun or dispatch steam vessels. You often send more where they are less needed."

This appeal will of course be attended to as soon as Parliament meets, unless Parliament is saved that trouble, which it might be, easily. Why should not an association of enterprising capitalists forthwith supply the Melbourne people with all the arms and ammunition they want? Their demand for weapons and gunpowder might speedily be met by a joint-stock company, of limited, and very limited, liability, since the customers would be sure pay, and, being in urgent want of the desired articles, would doubtless give a good price for them. Their want is pressing. Are there no Filibusters in America, and elsewhere? Russia is in want of a loan: suppose she were to go in a man-of-war or two, and borrow money of Australia, on her own terms? The French Colonels have never yet thought of sacking Melbourne—the enterprise would be more profitable and less difficult than a similar attempt upon London; where, though they might grab considerable booty, they might not be able ultimately to get off with it. Australia has now no protection from the Colonels, but the moderation of the EMPEROR, and sea-sickness, which would perhaps forbid their voyage to the Antipodes, because, in the present state of our own national defences, it is the principal obstacle to their crossing the Channel.

AN ERROR OF THE PRESS THAT WANTS CORRECTING.

WE extract the following advertisement from the *Athenæum*:—

REPORTER WANTED.—WANTED, on a Newspaper in a small Town in the West of England, a REPORTER and READER, who would be also required to keep the Accounts, and attend to the publishing of the paper. One practically acquainted with Printing indispensable. Address, &c. &c.

We wonder what the salary would be of the above rarity that is wanted. It ought to be something stupendously large, for we notice that the reporter is expected to do the work of no less than five separate individuals. He must be reporter, reader, accountant, publisher, and something of a printer. The remuneration ought to be correspondingly comprehensive. Our only wonder is, that the list of required qualifications stopped so short as it has done. It might with equal justice and good taste have been extended much further. Why have not laid it down that no one need apply who could not clean the windows, sweep out the shop, put the children to bed, drive a donkey-cart to market, and make himself generally useful when company came to dinner? Something might, also, have been said about wearing a livery, and following behind the family, and carrying the prayer-books, when it went in grand parade to church on Sundays. The reporter on a provincial paper is sadly to be pitied. He is expected to know something of everything, and to do a little of everything. Occasionally he walks in the course of the day as much as a postman. He must be ready at a moment's notice to run into the country some five or ten miles, to attend a coroner's inquest, or to pay court for days to the chief constable of some distant district, in order to pick up some exclusive information about a recently apprehended murderer. He must sacrifice his time, his rest, his meals, his tastes—everything to his employer. As for sleep, he must sleep where he can, and at what hours he can. So long as the steam-engine is panting for "copy," he must not think of closing his eyes. The provincial reporter occupies on the press, pretty much the same position as a governess holds in society. He is equally hard-worked, and not much better paid. We should like to put, for a short time, the proprietor of the above "newspaper in a small town in the West of England" to do what he modestly demands of the encyclopaedic reporter he is in search of, and we will warrant that, after a week's hard fagging at it, he would willingly purchase his release by exchanging places with his maid-of-all-work.

PENAL SHIRT-MAKING.

CAN anyone have forgotten the *Song of the Shirt*, which—as everybody should know—was first printed in these columns? Here is a case to bring that canticle to mind: a case brought the other day before the Hammersmith Police Court:—

“EMILY DAWES, an attenuated and sickly-looking woman, living at Key’s Terrace, Hammersmith, was placed in the dock before MR. PAYNTER charged with illegally pawning several soldiers’ shirts which had been given to her to make up.

“MR. MARTIN said he appeared on behalf of the prosecutor, who was the sub-contractor for the making of military clothing under the contractor to the Government, and he did so with great pain, as he believed the offence had been committed through the paltry pittance which was allowed for making up of shirts for soldiers and sailors. His client received 5s. 6d. a dozen for the making of the shirts, and he employed women, who worked at them for 4s. 6d. a dozen, so that he had only a profit of 1s. a dozen. During the last few weeks his client had lost 20 dozen of shirts which had been given him to be made up, and according to his contract he was compelled to make them all good. He was therefore obliged, although reluctantly, to press the charge against the prisoner.”

A profit of “only” one shilling on an outlay of four and sixpence, is at the rate of more than 25 per cent. Tradespeople whose business brings them “only” this per-centage, can afford to lose a part of it by the pilferings and losses which are and ever will be incidental to such trades. We therefore cannot pump much pity up for any sub-contractor who may chance to have been robbed of twenty dozen of his shirts. The sympathy we feel is for the victims of this system of sub-sub-contracting, which so “sicklies” and “attenuates” the poor folk who do the work. As the Magistrate remarked:—

“These contracts often passed through many more hands than MR. MARTIN had mentioned in this case. He then asked if the woman had to find their own thread in making up the shirts at 4s. 6d. a dozen.

“MR. MARTIN said they had. He also said that the shirts were made for the Government at 1s. 10d. each.”

The thread which women have to find, when making shirts at the starvation price of four-and-sixpence per dozen, is not alone the thread which the linen-draper sells them. Life hangs by a thread, and ’tis the thread of their own lives which they so often quite use up, or cut short in the process. But it is no good talking sentiment. The question is if something can’t be done, and that at once, to stop the strain upon this thread which in so many sicklied shirt-stitchers is so fast wearing out. On this point hear a man who is entitled to a hearing;—

“MR. PAYNTER said it was a melancholy case, and he was afraid there was no cure for it. They could not think of regulating the labour market to prevent what was called ‘sweating,’ but he thought the public would be much benefited if that kind of work was made up in prisons. It was the right employment, and succeeded very well in the German prisons and the other parts of the Continent. He had pressed these views upon the authorities, but they met with strong objections. He sentenced the prisoner to pay 1s. 10d., the value of the shirt, and a fine of 20s., or 14 days’ imprisonment.

“The prisoner was locked up in default.”

What the “strong objections” were, we are curious to know. Very possibly the knowledge might convince us of their strength; but we own that in our ignorance we think that penal shirtmaking would prove a most effective and deterring form of punishment. We cannot help opining that our gaols would be less popular, were our criminals to be sentenced to learn sewing and make shirts; being dieted the while with the same amount of food as our poor starving sempstresses are able to afford themselves. Perhaps this might not wholly “cure,” but it would certainly, we think, reduce the sweating system; which the Government should do its best to throw cold water on, instead of fostering and fomenting, as seems now to be the case. Penal shirt-making would be more useful work than crank-turning; and if worthy MR. PAYNTER’S views were rightly carried out, our soldiers would no longer be of those of whom ’tis said—

“It is not linen you’re wearing out,
But human creatures’ lives.”

PRETTY PIGS.

“MR. PUNCH,

“If you’ll look into the *Builder* o’ last wake, you’ll vind there’s an interstan article in un about ‘Pigs’ and ‘Whistles.’ A chap, one MR. H. N. SEALEY, as zims to be a cleverish zort of a feller, read a peaper tother day at a meetin’ o’ the Zummerzet Harkalogical Ziety on the word Pig. Well,—there, ’tis too much of a preamble to quat the hole; but the long and short on’t is, that ‘Whistle’ manes ‘Wassail,’ and that ‘Pig’s’ short for ‘Piga,’ which is Hangler-Zaxon for a maaid. I never knowed afore that Pig and Gal was zo near akin. Well, there, they be both on ’em good creturs in their proper places,—which is rayther different, I’ll allow; and then there’s another difference twween a zow and a young ooman, which I s’pose I needn’t hardly pint out to you,—that is to say, the more score a zow is the better; but, as for the tother, one score is enough for she, and if so be they runs to as much as a score and a half, ’tis a thousand pities but what they bides there. Zo a good many on ’em do, if you can take their word for it,—stops short at that pint by their own account, never gits beyond it, and don’t ha’ no more birthdays arter that. Yet there be them as mounts up to as many as dree score and ten,—ah! and

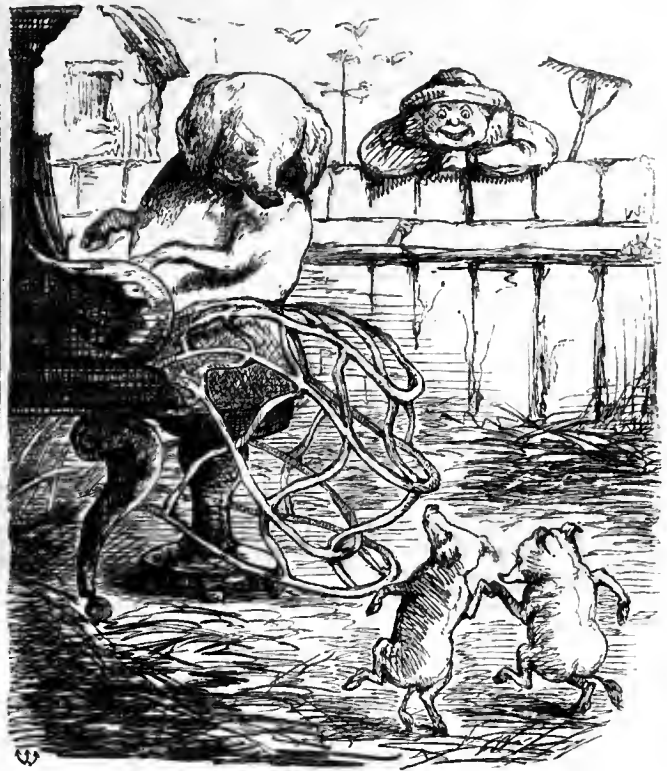
vower score, and znn even owns to’t; but by that time, and long afore, they sases to be Pigs, taknn Pig as another word for a gal, unless you may call a old gal a old Pig; and I wishes un joy, whoever has got to keep sitch pigs as they.

“I be, Mr. Punch, your obajent sarvant to command,

“Washbourne, Sept., 1859.

“SOLOMON CHAW.”

“P.S. Now I thinks on’t, gals is remarkibul for screemun and squallun. ’Tis curious, that pigs is celebrated fur squeakun, which is music in the same key. Old wimmun, on t’other hand, is likewise uncommon apt to grunt. P’raps these here facts explains why ’tis that pigs is a sart o’ neamsakes to faymale Christians.”



THE FRENZIED FRIENDS! A TALE OF TERROR!

SAID SMITH to SNOOKS, “My SNOOKS, what makes you look so serious?”

Said SNOOKS to SMITH, “My friend, I have a silent sorrow *here*,”—giving a big thump upon his well filled waistcoat.

“A sorrow? and you silent? Pooh, pooh, don’t be foolish. ‘Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,’ goes and bursts its boiler, or does something quite as dreadful. Come, tell me what’s the matter. Say. Has ANGELINA dilted? Have you been and dropped your door-key? Have you done a little bill, and has the bill returned the compliment? Has your uncle CÆSUS cut you? Have you smashed your favourite enty? Have you been drinking some Catawba? Have you got the stomach-ache? Have you—”

“Peace, friend, and I will tell you,” sighed the wretched SNOOKS. “A far worse fate than these is that which hath befallen me. Know that I this morning have met the miscreant JONES, and he hath as usual asked me a—c—co—”

“Speak, wretched one!” gasped SMITH. “Say, was it a conundrum?”

“Alas, yes!” groaned the other. “An unutterable conundrum; one that would have palsied any lips but JONES’S; one that like a poison-shaft still rankles in my breast, and grieves me to the heart’s core to reflect on man’s depravity.”

“Out with it then, my SNOOKS. ’Twill ease your mind to tell it me. I am robust in health. You need not fear my fainting.”

Moved by his friend’s appeal, poor SNOOKS, in a low voice, made this terrific revelation:—

“Why is the EARL of SHAFTESBURY not unlike NANA SAHIB?”

“Because he is a person who is vile and tropical.”

A pause of just ten minutes and three seconds for reflection.

“Well, where’s the joke?” gasped SMITH.

“There, I knew you wouldn’t see it. I can’t tell jokes as JONES can. Would you believe it, my dear boy, the wretch pronounced those three last words so as to sound like ‘philanthropical!’”



Whipper. "DOOCEED NICE PLACE, THIS—ONLY ONE CAN'T SPEAK TO A GAL WITHOUT IT'S BEING REPORTED YOU'RE ENGAGED TO HER."
Snapper. "HAI! I TOOK THE PRECAUTION TO GIVE OUT WHEN I FIRST CAME THAT I WASN'T A MARRYIN' MAN!"

A PRINCE AT HIGH PRESSURE.



HE dear little WALES—
 sure the saddest of tales,
 Is the tale of the studies
 with which they are cram-
 ming thee;
 In thy tuckers and bibs,
 handed over to GIBBS,
 Who for eight years with
 solid instruction was
 ramming thee.

Then, to fill any nook GIBBS
 had chanced to o'erlook,
 In those poor little brains,
 sick of learned palaver,
 When thou 'dst fain rolled
 in clover, they handed
 thee over,
 To the prim pedagogic pro-
 tection of TARVER.

In Edinburgh next, thy
 poor noddle perplexed,
 The gauntlet must run of
 each science and study;

Till the mixed streams of knowledge, turned on by the College,
 Through the field of thy boy-brains run shallow and muddy.

To the South from the North—from the shores of the Forth,
 Where at hands Presbyterian pure science is quaffed—
 The Prince, in a trice, is whipped off to the Isis,
 Where Oxford keeps springs mediæval on draught.

Dipped in grey Oxford mixture (lest *that* prove a fixture),
 The poor lad's to be plunged in less orthodox Cam:
 Where dynamics and statics, and pure mathematics,
 Will be piled on his brain's awful cargo of "eram."

Where next the boy *may* go to swell the farrago,
 We haven't yet heard, but the Palace they're plotting in:
 To Berlin, Jena, Bonn, he'll no doubt be passed on,
 And drop in, for a finishing touch, p'raps, at Gottingen.

'Gainst indulging the passion for this high-pressure fashion
 Of Prince-training, *Punch* would uplift loyal warning;
 Locomotives we see, over-stoked soon may be,
 Till the supersteamed boiler blows up some fine morning.

The *Great Eastern's* disaster should teach us to master
 Our passion for pace, lest the mind's water-jacket
 —Steam for exit fierce panting, and safety-valves wanting—
 Should explode round the brain, of a sudden, and crack it.

LIFE IS A MYSTERY.

THE following is beyond all number the most extraordinary pheno-
 menon we ever read:—Six ladies were enjoying themselves over the
 tea-table at Rotherham, and, by way of amusement, they began con-
 fiding to each other in secret how old they were; and it was found
 that their united ages amounted to one hundred and twenty-five years.
 The most singular thing, however, is, that the daughters of these six
 ladies—and each lady had one—were in the next room, trying over the
 last new Polka; and, upon calculating their united ages, the result
 revealed the astounding fact that, though not yet married, still they
 were older than their Mammams by seven years, eleven months, and
 fourteen days! The mystery is still unexplained; and yet we should
 be loth to accuse the young ladies, for the purpose of gaining a victory
 of no moment whatever, of having made themselves out to be older
 than they really were.

One-Sided Constructions.

MANY of us, too many of us, are apt to attribute a bad motive to a
 good action; but few of us, when a poor devil has been guilty of a bad
 action, ever think of attributing a good motive to it.



THE NEW ALLIANCE.

EMPEROR NAPOLEON TO MR. BULL. "IS IT NOT LUCKY, MY DEAREST FRIEND, THAT WE HAVE BOTH BEEN GETTING OUR GUNS INTO SUCH GOOD ORDER?"



"A FOOL AND HIS LUGGAGE."

A TALE OF THE EASTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.



S Thursday, dear *Punch*,
you will please to re-
member
Is the day of St. Partridge
—the first of September,
We expect you on Wednes-
day to tiffin:
Bring your best double gun
and your own shooting-
traps,
You will find a small party
—the right sort of chaps.
Believe me, yours truly,
A. BIFFIN."

Such the letter ('twas dated
from somewhere near
Lynn)
Set me off in a cab, the ex-
press train to win,
Full drive to the Bishops-
gate Station.
The famed Eastern Counties
—that theme of abuse—

Famed for cooking its own and its passengers' goose,
Beyond any line in the nation.

I paid double cab-fare; so fierce was my haste;
But the station once reached I repented the waste.
Eastern Counties expresses don't hurry.
There was pushing and rushing and struggling and hustling,
Crushing toes, harking shins, Porters heaving and hustling—
And shouting, and swearing, and scurry.

Leather gun-cases rattled about one by scores,
Coupled pointers seemed jammed up in all of the doors,
In a chaos of muzzles and tails.
'Twas ten minutes past time, but serene o'er the riot,
All reckless of *Bradshaw*, in dignified quiet,
The Engine stood calm on the rails.

They seized on my luggage, they gave me no ticket,
When I asked, I was thrust through a strait platform-wicket,
And hustled up into a seat.
And I inwardly murmured, 'twixt sulking and stun,
"Your will, Eastern Counties Directors, be done,"
When—oh joy—'tis the Engine's quick beat!

On, through Stratford and Waltham and Broxbourne and all,
As but Eastern Counties expresses can crawl,
Through flat Essex, as flatly, we glide:
Stopping, where no express but an Eastern would stop,
Where there's no one to take up and no one to drop,
And in Cambridge at length we subside.

And there was the *scena* of Shoreditch again—
The row and the riot—the struggle and strain—
The push, and the press, and the pull.
Breathless haste, where of calm and good order was need,
And slowness, where passengers fretted for speed—
Great cry and—alas!—little wool.

So to Ely and last—fifty minutes o'er due,—
Patient pilgrims, to Lynn's ancient city we drew—
With delight from my carriage I tear.
Quick! my gun-case—my bag—or, as I am a sinner,
I shan't get to BIFFINS in time for their dinner—
NOR MY BAG, NOR MY GUN-CASE WERE THERE!

* * * * *
My pet double Moore, that I longed to display
Dropping birds, right and left, on St. Partridge, his day;
Shooting coat—that 'twas pleasure to wear;
Shooting trousers, impervious to wet or to whin;
Shooting boots, old and easy, yet fitting like skin—
All—all—far away—who knows where!

I bullied—I blustered—entreated, cajoled—
Eastern Counties officials are cruel and cold,
All the more as their victims are hot—
"Pr'aps my things were at Norwich—or Wisbeach," they said,
"Or at Bury, or Yarmouth, or Lowestoff, instead:"
But at Lynn it was clear they were not.

"Why make such a fuss? Things were frequently lost!
Luggage *would* get mislaid, when so many lines cross—"
They'd telegraph for it—in course.
"Perhaps I might get it in course of to-morrow,
Pr'aps a week or a month hence," meanwhile—I might borrow.
"Only clothes—it was well 'twas no worse."

Why pursue the sad tale? All the time of my stay,
My gun-case and bag—were still far, far, away—
By my friends I was rigged for the sport.
Need I say that my gun was a bad second-best,
How tight were the trousers—how baggy the vest,
And the boots—oh, how cruelly short!

But if, in the atubbles, I looked like a Guy,
'Twas still worse, when the dinner-bell sounded, and I,
In borrowed plumes had to appear—
Dress boots, never-mention-ems, waistcoat and coat,—
By charity rigged from my toes to my throat—
Need I say that my pangs were severe!

My pleasure was poisoned—ere three days were o'er,
I was fretting and fuming to Shoreditch once more,
To the lost-luggage-office I rushed—
Quoth the bland office-keeper, "Your things, Sir, are here,
At Bury they've been, though how, isn't so clear."
I gazed—BUT THE MAN NEVER BLUSHED!

ENGLISHMEN AND ENGLISH.

WHY cannot plain Englishmen take the pains to write plain English?
This is not a riddle, reader. It is to us a painful question, and by
no means one to laugh at. We cannot ourselves answer it, and we
know nobody who can, and that is one chief reason why, to ease our
minds, we print it. Every reader will of course oblige us with his
views about it, and if our mind be not enriched, our waste-paper store
at least will be. We repeat, then,

Why cannot plain Englishmen take the pains to write plain English?
Every day we find fresh cause to pop this most momentous question.
Dip into any column of advertisements we will, we are sure at the first
plunge to bring up some new reason for it. Here for instance is a
specimen fished from a shipping journal, which will serve as illustration
of the truth of what we state. With the exception of the names, for
which we only are responsible, the extract runs—or halts, rather—
verbatim thus:—

"TO SHIPPERS AND MERCHANTS IN GENERAL.

"LINDLEY, MURRAY, & Co., General Agents, London, would say that, in
every description of Scotch, Woollen, Cotton and Linen manufacturers, as well as
Manchester and Leeds goods, they can be supplied as well, as quickly, and with as
much satisfaction in every respect—more satisfaction, as L. M. & Co. are always on
the spot, and undertake nothing which they cannot perform with despatch, as it is
possible to do.

"All communications promptly attended to in person or by letter."

L. M. & Co. would clearly, we should say, be something more than
"general agents," if what they tell us of their business were true:
which it is not. We speak flatly on this point, for we wish not to
speak sharply; and we doubt not that L. M. & Co. would prefer to be
accused of stating an untruth, than to be charged with what amounts
to a grave criminal offence. England is not a slave state; "manufac-
turers" are not here articles of merchandise, and it is therefore wrong
to class them with "Manchester and Leeds goods." When L. M.
& Co. assert that they can deal in "manufacturers," they accuse
themselves of what in fact amounts to body-snatching; for no live
manufacturer by law is saleable in England, whatever chance of pur-
chase there may be for a dead one.

Were we not persuaded that L. M. & Co. are stating an untruth, we
should certainly reveal their real names to the police; for not only is
their trade, by their own showing, an illegal one, but they lead us to
infer that others are engaged in it. Their phrases of comparison can
but be construed to mean this: and the puzzling incompleteness of
their "ases" and their "more" we attribute to the startling nature
of their statement, which was enough to frighten grammar clean out
of their heads.

A Slight Misprint.

"The German smokers are, it appears, in an ecstasy of delight in consequence
of a report that PROFESSOR LIEBIG has discovered a mode of imparting to ordinary
tobacco the perfume and flavour of the finest Havannah. It is said that the most
experienced *connoisseurs* have been put to the test, and have smoked the prepared
tobacco in the belief that it was the finest Cuban."—*Morning Paper.*

MR. PUNCH is compelled to record his *a priori* conviction, that this
discovery is attributed to the wrong Professor. It was made not by
LIEBIG, but by BIG-LIE.



Angelina (entering the sanctum suddenly). "See, Charles—look at dear Baby in her new sea-side dress."
[Startling, but unexpected effect on CHARLES.]

ITALY'S PARTIAL SUCCESSES.

(A Song from the *Moniteur*.)

CONFOUND you Italians! myself, you rascalsion,
Your conduct extremely distresses,
Great objects unheeding—these heuce not suc-
ceeding—
You seek little partial successes.

Successes so little, that we gain no tittle,
My policy all in a mess is,
Because you derange it, and force me to change it,
By those little partial successes.

I feel an objection to that wrong direction
In which your new freedom progresses:
Your Princes expelling, and thus by rebelling,
You win little partial successes.

I had for you other designs which you bother—
In short, what I wish to impress is,
My end whilst I'm bent on, your own you're
intent on—
All those little partial successes.

French Idiosyncrasy.

A FRENCH Paper boasts that France of all nations, is the only one that goes to war for an idea. England at any rate, fights no more on that account. She is not such an idiot.

OUR CHINESE MISSIONS.

WE shall never succeed in the attempt to Christianise those Chinese barbarians, unless we contrive to get somewhat higher than to Cant—on.

A SMALL POPE PIUS.

WE read in the Papers that a few days ago there appeared before Mr. LONG, at Marylebone, a Roman Catholic priest, named ROBERT SMITH, "attached to the Roman Catholic Chapel, Kentish Town," charged with an assault upon a child named JOHN COX. The evidence was as follows:—

"JOHN NORWOOD, residing near the chapel, said that on Sunday evening he saw several children, among whom was the complainant, at the door of the chapel, who were knocking at the door. The defendant came out, upon which the children ran away. They were followed by the defendant, who upon coming up to the complainant struck him with his hand, when he fell. While complainant was on the ground he was struck by the defendant three or four times. When he got up his mouth seemed full of blood and his cheek was grazed.

"In answer to the defendant, he said he had no stick.

"MARY COX, complainant's mother, stated that her son was four years and five months old. She fetched him from the chapel, when she found his mouth, nose, and cheek bleeding.

"The defendant stated that he did not knock the complainant down, and that he fell while he was running away.

"Defendant was fined 10s., which was paid."

The REVEREND ROBERT SMITH appears to have been so very much "attached," as the reporter says, to his chapel, he could not bear its door to receive a knock from the hand of a child. Little children are evidently not suffered to come to that temple. The REVEREND ROBERT SMITH defended himself, and stated that he did not knock the complainant down. Probably this was true, the hurry of a child of four years old to get out of the way of a full grown and furious elergyman being quite enough to cause it to tumble, and we should be sorry to see a minister of religion unjustly accused. But the REVEREND ROBERT SMITH had nothing to say, according to the report, to the charge of heating little JOHNNY COX when he was down, or, if he did say anything on the point, the Magistrate did not believe the REVEREND ROBERT, and mulcted him in ten of his namesakes. It will doubtless be a lesson to his Reverence, but *Father Punch*, in addition, hereby prescribes to the sinner, for his soul's health, to say nineteen *Paternosters* every morning before breakfast for a week, and while doing so, to meditate upon the meaning of the words (if he understands Latin), and consider whether frightening babies till they fall down and make their faces bleed, and wopping them when down, is a proceeding exactly in accordance with the spirit and teaching of the orison he is repeating.

But, *culpa nostra!* The REVEREND ROBERT will have a triumphant answer for impertinent heretics. Who is *Mr. Punch*? Is he to dictate to the clergy? Let the profane party mind his own business. Is not the REVEREND MR. SMITH simply imitating the head of his own

church, His Holiness POPE PERUGIA? Of a surety he is. Were not the poor little Perugians knocking, in a small but possibly troublesome way at the door of the Vatican, begging for liberty. And what did the POPE to his children? Why, even as did the REVEREND ROBERT SMITH to the children of Kentish Town. Rushing forth frantically in the form of a Swiss Guard, he, POPE PERUGIA, stabbed, shot, and slaughtered his troublesome children by way of a lesson in holy living and dying. Nay, the REVEREND SMITH smote a child of the ripe age of four years, but the REVEREND PIUS caused an actual baby in arms to be killed, because it had been decorated with a cockade of a colour misliked at Rome. The Kentish Town priest is not equal to his Master.

SMITH is fined Ten Shillings. PIUS is not yet in custody. But there is good hope that ere long the Italian culprit will be fined a Crown.

DUET FOR DOON.

"LORD DERBY is so indignant at the concealment, by his tenants in Doon, of the well-known murderer of Mr. Crowe, that his Lordship has given orders to evict them all."—*Irish Paper*.

DERBY.

YE hanks and braes of bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair,
How can you Irish turn a tune
While you conceal a murderer there?
I'll break it up, that rascal gang,
That screens the man who lurks to slay;
And if the scoundrel does not hang,
By George, I'll clear you all away.

PUNCH.

All social lessons, good my Lord,
Must be the patient work of time,
And driving folks from bed and board,
Is scarce the way to hinder crime.
But bid the Priest (whose curse hath awe
For those who own a Popish king)
Command his dupes to aid the law,
Or, as accomplice, let him swing.

THE WAITER'S EPITAPH.—"Coming, Coming!"

THE AUCTIONEER'S EPITAPH.—"Going, Going, Gone!"



THE LAST SWEET THING IN HATS.

SUBSTITUTES FOR MILITARY FLOGGING.

To Colonel NORTH, M.P.

MY DEAR COLONEL,
In proposing "The Army and Navy" the other day, at Banbury, you are reported to have told the farmers that—

"The punishment of flogging for desertion in the Army had only been lately sanctioned by Parliament in the Mutiny Act, and it was absolutely necessary, because during last year alone there were no less than 11,000 desertions, and it must be borne in mind that every soldier cost the country for his kit and his bounty alone £6 18s., independently of which a large expense was incurred in drill."

Absolutely necessary, my dear Colonel? Will you, on reflection, adhere to the statement, that flogging is absolutely necessary to prevent desertion from the Army? Is the British Army so uncomfortable a sphere that, but for the terror of the lash, the soldiers would hurst their confines, and break out of it? Is it, indeed, too hot to hold any private soldier, undeterred from quitting it by the tormenting scourge of the military guardian furies? And is it the fact, that the number of deserters last year amounted to anything like eleven thousand—allowance being made for the rascals who re-enlisted to sack a second bounty? Can you think of no better means of preventing such wholesale desertion than tying up the wretches who are guilty of it and torturing them? Apparently not. For I find you, in continuation, making this acknowledgment:—"With regard to the punishment of flogging, he had no hesitation in saying that it was a degrading punishment, but it was intended to be a degrading one. No doubt it was a severe punishment, and he himself had seen both officers and men faint while it was being inflicted, and if MR. BRIGHT, or any other man, would provide an effectual substitute, he had no doubt the whole Army would gladly receive it."

"Hear, hear," cried your audience, greeting this last expression of opinion. I, too, say, hear, hear. Wanted, then, an effectual substitute for flogging! Can I suggest any? Certainly not any simply penal substitute, at once more effectual and milder. A more effectual substitute of that kind would be a severer one. You sometimes brand deserters in addition to flogging them. Well, suppose you branded them—not by tattooing, but, *more majorum*, with a red-hot iron. The superaddition of branding to flogging would be more effectual than mere flogging. Nose-slitting, ear-cropping, and other the like good old inflictions, would doubtless produce increased effect of the same kind. And if you tore a man's back with red-hot pincers, instead of knotted cords, you would probably find the pincers an effectual substitute for the cat-o'-nine-tails.

But must the substitute, to be effectual, be penal? Must we take this point for granted? Could desertion be stopped by encouraging soldiers to remain in the Army as well as by discouraging them from deserting it? I suspect it might. Better permanent pay, the stipulated amount honestly paid in cash, the chance of promotion, and comfortable and decent quarters, would, perhaps,—if the idea of any alternative for punishment can be entertained,—constitute an efficient substitute for flogging. Might not one of the causes of desertion, for example, be removed by remedying, in barracks, that inconvenience which is similar to the *Carrier's* grievance in *Henry IV.*? The cause

ceasing, the effect ceases—would not the abolition of the causes of desertion, in so far as they can be abolished, prove a substitute for flogging, effectual in such a measure as at least to render corporal punishment not absolutely necessary? The substitute would be expensive? It would hardly cost so much, however, after the rate, as a state of things in which five thousand soldiers are found to jump at an opportunity of getting discharged from service. This is not the contemptible fancy of a blank civilian, but the opinion of the PRINCE CONSORT'S gallant comrade,

FIELD MARSHAL PUNCH.

P.S. Recollect, the lash was once thought absolutely necessary in madhouses, but now its employment has given place to humane treatment, and the substitute has proved effectual.

Head-Quarters, 85, Fleet Street.

THE LAMENT OF THE WESTMINSTER CLOCK-WORKS.

OH! BARRY and DENISON ne'er shall we get a
Good pair of hands to exhibit our paces,
So long as you two only double your meta-
Physical fists in each other's faces.

If BARRY would make them so weighty no baro-
-meter could weigh them,—no barrow could carry;
As Time will not wait, but flies on like an arrow,
'Tis meet that we should not wait for CHARLES BARRY.

At Ben Rhydding, DENISON seems to be bidding
For lightness of hand—as though old Time would linger;
But Big Ben, himself of his DENISON ridding,
Still tolls a lament for the loss of his finger.

Each writes to the "Times," while the time's flying on;
At each letter the ire of each seems to wax hotter;
SIR CHARLES gives his deep digs, while warm DENISON,
From out his cold sheets, throws SIR CHARLES in hot-water.

OH! BARRY and DENISON, let us along;
Or put hands to the work—not of writing a letter—
But as both of you have so much face of your own,
Each take to a face; show which does it the better.

Or let some one else, who's a little less wroth,
Give us hands, that are not only handsome but strong.
While you two—many cooks only spoiling the broth,—
May prove to the world that you're both in the wrong.

AWFUL WARNING.

In the *Bath Chronicle* we discover the following appalling paragraph:—

"CAUTION TO YAWNERS.—On Thursday last, a young man named DIPROSE, a servant to MR. R. BIGGENDEN, Peckham East, was in the act of yawning, when his jaw became dislocated. By no effort of its own could it be brought to its original position, and with his jaw distended he proceeded a distance of two miles to a surgeon's, MR. HOOKER, of Hadlow, who replaced it, and no serious consequence ensued."

If this is true, no father of a family, unless himself a medical man, will in future allow SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON'S *History of Europe* to remain in his house. To be sure, the appalling catalogue of SIR A.A.'s blunders, set out by a merciless torturer in FRASER'S *Magazine*, must deter any humane Paterfamilias from leaving the ton or so of mistakes termed a *History* within reach of young people. Still, however, the fate of MR. DIPROSE should be known in domestic circles.

THE TOBACCO-PIPE OF JOHN SOBIESKY.

"The tobacco-pipe out of which JOHANN SOBIESKY smoked during the siege of Vienna, and which had been carried away by the French about fifty years ago, has lately been sent back to Vienna, and re-instituted to its former place and honours."

THE relic may well be cherished, but hardly, perhaps, by the government which, after being saved from the Turks by the gallant KING OF POLAND, took part in two successive partitions of his kingdom, and finally joined in the suppression of the liberties of Cracow,—the very city in which the Polish monarch gathered the army which rescued Vienna from the Mussulman. The whiff of SOBIESKY'S pipe is the most fitting emblem of Austrian gratitude; but one would hardly think that Austria would like to remind people that her professions of thankfulness to the Polish hero expired in smoke.

OF NO USE TO ANY BUT THE OWNER.—A Black Eye.



Mr. Timkins (loq.). "What am I sitting up here for? Why, they say you can't have too long a rod for Roach-fishing; so I just invested in a 'five-and-twenty footer,' and this is the only plan I can hit on for getting at my hook to bait it."

A POSER FOR THE PUSEYITES.

THE Reverend Swell who has been causing such a shindy at St. George's in the East by his eccentric toggery and clerical gymnastics, has written a mild letter in defence of those absurdities, which he contends are needful to the due performance of the service. His Reverence seems to fancy that people go to Church with the view rather to exercise their eyes than use their ears; and he apparently considers that a preacher, to be popular, must appeal more to the ocular than to the aural sense. It is, doubtless, this idea which disposes him to argue that much of the impressiveness and influence of the service is dependent on the visual attractions which it offers; and, therefore, that a clergyman, attending, as he does, to be looked at more than listened to, is fully justified in being most attentive to his dress.

Holding these eccentric views, his Reverence does not so much surprise one by contending that the effect of the Church service would considerably be heightened if proper vestments were assigned to the performance of each part. Variety is charming, even in a church; and as, according to his Reverence, the attraction of a clergyman lies chiefly in his dress, it is natural to infer that, with at least his female hearers, the oftener he changes it the more he will attract. In fact, "not to speak profanely," a parson, to be popular, should try and copy the late CHARLES MATHEWS in one of his "At Homes;" and, in performance of the service, should act up to the pattern of those public entertainers, who represent at least a score of characters per night, and the merit of whose acting is the marvellous rapidity with which they change their dress.

To carry out these notions, and design the various vestments which a parson ought to wear, is a work for clergymen-milliners, but not a work for *Punch*. Let the clerical costumiers devise what robes they please; except in wholesome ridicule, *Punch* cannot spare his space to them. What if the Litany were read in sackcloth and in ashes, and the prayer for the Church militant delivered in a red coat! such mummeries would not be vastly more ridiculous than those which every day are practised in the Church, and which nearly every week *Punch*

has the pain to laugh at. Yet were *Punch* to be consulted upon clerical costume, there is just one hint which he would like to offer: namely, that as the sermon is that portion of the service in which alone the preacher can utter his own thoughts, it would be well if he delivered it in suitable attire, such as to those who sat beneath him might seem an outward sign of what was really in him. Were this notion carried out, *Punch* would forbear to question his dear brethren, the Puseyites, whether parsons who talk stuff such as that which caused this article might not with some fitness preach their sermons in a fool's cap.

A MAYOR—AND SOMETHING MORE.

In common, he presumes, with all rightminded persons, *Mr. Punch* feels always awed in the presence of a Mayor. *Mr. Punch* regards a Mayor as a creature supernatural: a being gifted with peculiar sagacity and wisdom; whose *dicta* are too deep for merely common minds to fathom, and have far surpassed in mystery the Oracle of Delphi and the Hermit of Vauxhall. That *Mr. Punch* is as correct in this, as in whatever other opinions he has formed, a hundred proofs at least come daily to his hand. The one which he selects for present illustration is a decision lately given by the Worshipful of Windsor. The proceedings which elicited the judgment of this Solomon, were thus mentioned in the columns of the *Windsor Express*:—

"A lady with her son and two young children had taken shelter from the rain on Friday last under the South Western Railway Bridge in their boat. Their dog swam across the river, and lay down on an island which belonged to Mr. B. Mr. B.'s 'watchman' ordered the young gentleman to fetch the dog off the island. The reply was, 'You may drive him off, if you like, but you don't suppose that I am going to do it.' The man then threatened to tie the dog up, and made use of such remarks as lead the lady to remonstrate, and ask 'if he was aware that he was addressing a gentleman in the presence of a lady.' His answer was, 'I have spoken to more gentlemen than ever you did!' The son, hearing his mother thus insulted, was exasperated, and in the heat of the moment cried out, 'If you don't mind what you say, I'll blow your brains out!'"

That the terrors of this threat may be properly appreciated, the report proceeds to state:

"As there was nothing in the boat but some provisions, it was not very likely he could carry out this threat; and the man showed he had no fear of it by still continuing his abuse."

In point of fact, the threat was just about as terrible as if the youth had said "I'll chuck you over St. Paul's," or "I'll throw you down Niagara," or "I'll come ashore and kick you into the middle of next week." Nevertheless, the man made afterwards pretence that he was frightened at the youth. So a warrant was applied for, and, having nodded through the case, the Mayor turned to the man's master, and delivered himself thus:—

"I suppose we must bind defendant over to keep the peace for six months, under a penalty of ten pounds."

This appealing to the prosecutor to help the judge to settle what sentence to award, appears a stroke of such sagacity as no mere mortal could have struck. *Mr. Punch* is therefore fortified in sticking to his faith, that Mayors are supernatural, and something more than men. What that something more may be, *Mr. Punch*, in his great awe, will not venture to reflect. As a horse may, by cross-breeding, acquire a more than equine longitude of ear, so, by virtue of his office, a Mayor may gain appendages, which fit him to be viewed as being a Mayor—and Something More.

ADVICE TO THE NINE HOURS MOVEMENT MEN.—Strike—with your hammers and mallets!



A REAL TREASURE.

Paterfamilias (suddenly arrived in town). "GOOD GRACIOUS, MRS. WILKINS, WHY DIDN'T YOU FORWARD THESE LETTERS? THEY ARE OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE."

Mrs. Wilkins (the Treasure). "LOR, SIR! I SHOULD NEVER THINK O' FORWARDING SICH THINGS AS THEM. WHY, I SEE THEY WAS ONLY BUSINESS LETTERS FROM THE HORRICE, OR SOMETHINK O' THAT!"

CLERICAL CONSCIENCE-MONEY.

The following was inserted in the *Times* of the 20th:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of 1s. 3d. from 'A Curate,' on account of Income-Tax."

There must surely, we should say, be some mistake in this. Curates surely must be paid their yearly stipends free of Income-Tax. Surely any Clergyman who can afford to keep a Curate would take care to pay his salary clear of all deductions. Oh yes, the more we think of it, the more we feel persuaded that such is, because it must be, the inevitable fact. In this case very possibly the Clergyman neglected to make mention of the payment. Small wonder such a trifle should have escaped his memory. What was one and threepence to a reverend employer who could afford to pay £300 to have his work done for him? So, not knowing that the tax had been duly paid beforehand, the Curate, in his rectitude, sent it up as Conscience-money. Had it been really due, it would have certainly been called for; but the tax-gatherer of course was as well aware as we are that Curates are invariably paid their incomes free of tax, and he therefore abstained properly from second application.

Feeling quite convinced, then, that the tax has been paid twice, we may expect to see another announcement in the *Times*, to the effect that—

"'A Curate' acknowledges the receipt of 1s. 3d. from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, on account of Income-Tax in error overpaid."

Latest Bulletin from Rome.

"His Holiness the POPE has been for some time laid up with lameness, in consequence of his foot having slipped in some blood spilt in the street of Perugia, but he is now convalescent to the joy of mankind."

THE DAWN IN ITALY.

WHAT of the night o'er Europe spread?
Is day in Italy begun?
Has the long, dismal darkness fled?
Shines, yonder, Freedom's rising sun?
It should be daybreak—steady, clear,
Serenely, temperately bright;
And they that in its rays appear
Are true men walking in the light.

Apart from rant; without bombast,
The building of self-rule proceeds;
No braying pomp, with trumpet blast,
Burlisques the grandeur of their deeds.
No mutual kisses, maudlin tears,
Frisolous dance, or mad fool's cry;
No sickly song offends the ears;
No flaunting tinsel shames the eye.

Or see we there no rosy dawn,
No true Aurora; but a lamp,
Which in a moment may be gone,
Extinguished by a tyrant's stamp?
Is, then, immortal force so strong,
The strength of Right so sad a doubt,
That England must permit the wrong,
Stand by, and see the light put out?

Brave men, at least our wishes take,
If they are all we can afford;
With foes environed, for your sake,
If we can spare no helping sword,
With spirits of your bards, and shades;
Of Romans old, we still survey
Your noble struggle, forced with aids
Reserved, to hold the world at bay.

Rome and Utah.

ROME, the spiritual domain of the POPE, is called by papists the Sec of PETER. BRIGHAM YOUNG may with nearly equal reason, and to quite as much purpose, boast that the Lake of Utah, his pontificate, is the Sea of Saltpetre.

A SIXTH SENSE.—The scents of the Thames—and it is stronger than the other five senses put together.

JONATHAN'S JOHNSON.

The *New York Herald*, referring to an election contest in Minnesota, says—

"So we must look for all sorts of tricks, wirepullings, roorbacks, and intrigues on both sides."

A not bad Yankee notion might be the publication of an American Annual Dictionary. The Anglo-Saxon tongue is constantly receiving so many additions from the Transatlantic branch of the family, that the compilation of such a lexicon has become very desirable. "Roorbacks," now!—What are "roorbacks?" one would like to ask the *New York Herald*, which, at least, should always come out with a glossary. Comparative philologists, who derive the words of all languages from certain primitive roots, may have some difficulty in tracing the affinity of the American verbal coinage to the Queen's English; much more in attempting to make out the relation of Yankeeisms to any of the other Indo-European languages; a course of investigation in which the inquirer would be likely to find himself pumphusticated.

City Treason.

"If I were to throw the LORD MAYOR into a horsepond," asked VISCOUNT WILLIAMS, "why would he become a railway bridge?" "Because," replied to himself, after a pause, the Venerable Peer, "he would be a *Wire-ducked*."

MEMORANDUM ON MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

OLD martinets are old boys who are a little too fond of playing with the cat. It would serve them right if they now and then got scratched.

A MELLOW DRAMA.—The Green Bushes.

THE "NATION" IN A FIT.



N the disaster at the Peiho, the *Nation* newspaper makes the following, among other remarks:—

"On the waters of the Peiho the British banners have been covered with defeat, slaughter, and disaster. Deep under its waves lie the shattered skeletons of her vanquished flagships; flying for safety to Canton are the remnant of her routed forces. All dragged with blood, all ghastly with wounds, all pale with defeat—defeat, wounds, blood, all of their own seeking and challenging—are fleeing the men who were the first to 'run up the signal for action,' and enter upon the fight in which they have been so terribly worsted!"

Here the authoress of the foregoing efflux of hysterical spite, was overcome by emotion, of which she strove in vain to vent herself. She sprang from her seat and danced; she tore her dress, and scratched her own face in the self-inversion of her unglutted malice. Choked with the passion which she could neither spit nor swallow, she then fell into a fit, whence having been recovered by means of burnt feathers and hartshorn, she proceeded, her stays having been in the meanwhile cut, to insult the misfortune of brave men with the following overstrained and incoherent taunts:—

"Loud rise in England the gnashing of teeth and the oaths for revenge; 'foul play, foul play,' is called from lip to lip, which means, 'we have been beaten;' 'foul play; we took gun-boat up the peaceful river to intimidate the Chinese oowards, and sweep all before us; 'foul play, foul play, we, instead, have been aweyt away; We thought we were the stronger party, and therefore 'ran up the signal for action;' the action has gone against us; we have had to fly, having been shot down 'like birds;' therefore, 'foul play, foul play.' Never was defeat so self-sought, so utter, so complete. The 'action,' for which the English admiral, of his own choice, 'ran up the signal,' and made the first movement, was literally a *battue* of the British assaults. They fell, not in tens, but in scores and hundreds, under the skillful fire of the long-despised Chinese. The Chinese did not prove helpless sheep this time, that is all. Their shout of victory will not be unheeded in the East. The signs redden in the sky; the days of Eastern conquests and plunder are over! The tide has turned on the Peiho."

Here the overwrought woman uttered that piercing shriek, which, as indicated in the "Revivals," is the well known characteristic of her complaint, and again fell, foaming and kicking, on her back, where she lay for the space of an hour in violent convulsions, insomuch that it took three men to hold her.

The sex of the writer of the foregoing extracts from the *Nation* is a fact, the discovery of which needs no clairvoyance. Nobody can mistake it who has ever had an opportunity of hearing the rancorous invective, the rampant mockery, the exorbitant imprecations of infinite and impotent hate, the rabid canine howlings uttered by an infuriated female of the lowest class, in the gripe of the police, and restrained by handcuffs from using her teeth and nails.

But the best of the joke remains to be told. Whilst NORAH scolds and mocks as above in the columns of the *Nation*, JUDY accompanies her sister's abuse with an article suggesting that HER MAJESTY should be graciously pleased to pardon MEAGHER, M'MANUS, and—MITCHELL! As if the *Nation* thought it was taking just the course calculated to render it an effectual intercessor with the British Government on behalf of Irish traitors—not to name both a traitor and a devilish and dastardly miscreant; the vitriolic champion of slavery.

How thoroughly Irish! For the newspaper capable of such wonderful consistency what a very appropriate name is the *Nation*!

MARTYRS OF SCIENCE, OR THE LAY OF
MAGNA MOLA.

LADIES, who love gallant deeds, and specially smile on the uniform, Holding a smiter of flesh the noblest creation of Providence.

Ladies, whose eyes are suffused when you read of the valiant in battle, Whacking and smashing and slashing and cleaving and stabbing and slaying,

And gloriously polishing off their less stalwartly-made fellow creatures. Ladies who joy in the deeds of the elegant WILFRED of Ivanhoe, But rather prefer (as a *roué*) his rival, SIR BRIAN of Gilbert's Wood, And wish, though you will not admit it, he 'd really got off with MISS ISAACS:

Ladies, who make us all fighters, from JIM, the small boy in the gutter, Who punches the eye of brown BOB for the blue-eyed and dirty-faced SALLY,

To the late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, ARCHIBALD, Earlic of Eglinton, Riding his best in the tournament, breaking his broomstick for Beauty: List to a tale of brave fight, courage, and daring, and bloodshed.

Who is the liar that states that the race of the heroes is vanished?

SIR THOMAS DE SAYERS was born in the fortunat region of Pimlico, Not the abandoned locality London redeemed from the marish, That echoes from morning to night with the howls of the peripatetics, And nobody, therefore, resides in, unless he is deaf or a madman; But Pimlico, Brighton, gave birth to the infantine THOMAS DE SAYERS. Off on the shingle he wandered, his curls floating free on the breezes, And the mermaids smiled on the child as their pearly wrists played with their tresses, And they whispered, "One day to be great, to be named where the gentles assemble, And glory of glories, be hymned on the harpstrings of *Punch* the Worldmaster." Then floated the mermaids away, and the child began picking up muscles, Omen that soon his own muscles should win him a banner and blazon.

Not all at once waxed he great, like a bubble, or tyrant, or pumpkin, Slowly he gathered and garnered the strength that is now so colossal, Humbly (all good men are humble) he laboured in modest obscurance, Toiling at work which BEN JONSON, the eminent poet, disdained not, Sign that DE SAYERS himself should turn out a Brick of distinction, Sign that DE SAYERS should bray every foe as it were in a Mortar. Stratford, but not upon AVON, beheld him a sedulous worker, So did the hilly back-slums of the placid and yacht-haunted Erith. Haply upon him hath fallen the glance of SIR THOMAS M. WILSON, When silently scheming a station to serve his own private convenience, And further delay the bad trains that dawdle to Gravesend so vilely. Haply SIR THOMAS the saintly hath looked on his namesake athletic, And fancied SIR THOMAS the strong might one day erect the said Station.

Many a station the latter hath crowded with eager admirers, Fiercely demanding the cars to bear them to witness his glory. When will such thing be affirmed of the sanctified THOMAS M. WILSON.

Still, not untried were the thews of the young and the promising hero. Many a foe came across him, often he closed in the conflict, Often his enemy fell, prone in the dust of the brickfield, Prone, as EURIALUS fell, flogged by the blow of EPEUS, When godlike ACHILLES held games in honour of slaughtered PATROCLUS,

And as CHAPMAN, the noblest translator, records, "the neat limbs of EURIALUS Strowed the knocked earth, and his friends took up the entranced competitor;"

Later, DE SAYERS contended for prize in the regular tournament, Gallant SIR ABRAHAM CROUCH crouched at his feet in twelve minutes, Twice with SIR DANIEL DE COLLINS he fought, but the beak's interruption

Roused his and COLLINS's Passions, and put a brief end to the tournay. Down went a brace of SIR JOHNS, and surgeons had work to recover DE GRANT and DE MARTIN, o'erthrown by the might of the terrible SAYERS.

But all was not rosy and sweet, and heroes are made by reverses, And on his reverse the brave THOMAS was set by the stern SIR NATHANIEL,

Who has not heard of DE LANGHAM? think of him always in walking From Oxford Street Circus due north, where a church with extinguiser spire,

Graces a Place that is known by the name of the Leicestershire champion.

Fortune, resumng her smile for the child whom the mermaids had fostered,

Gave him new laurels in heaps too large to be labelled by minstrel, But who can be silent that thinks on the day when SIR THOMAS DE SAYERS

Fought with SIR AARON DE JONES on the loveliest isle of the Medway, And the curtain of darkness was drawn ere that terrible fight was concluded,

Stopped, but again to be waged? By the piper that played before MOSES,

AARON was heat in two hours, and the victor, in soaring ambition, Challenged to combat the hero, the awful SIR SLASHER DE TIPTON. That was a day when the gods, looking down from their happy Olympus, Saw on the banks of the Medway a fight might have honoured SCAMANDER,

And SLASHER DE TIPTON in blood at the foot of SIR THOMAS DE SAYERS. Fill for him, fill up the cup once owned by the other great THOMAS, Gird him with belt that was worn by the demigod, CRIBB the undaunted,

Comes there a Boy from Benicia to wrench from his clutch those twin prizes?

Methinks, Boy, they love thee but lightly who send thee to beard such a Shaver.

VERNON, "with six ships alone," saith a medal which some one has stolen,

(Nor, were I aware who it was, should my kick be at all ineffective)
Took, in Seventeen Thirty Nine, a place which was called Porto Bello,
Whence the Scotch christened a spot where they go and devour many
oysters,

This oyster-bank brought forth the rival of THOMAS, the child of the
muscles.

His name is SIR ROBERT DE BRETTE. Worcester, and Purfleet, and
Warwick

Resound with his fame, and DE SIMMONDS, an excellent Birmingham
wiltier,

Can tell how at Didcot he fell, oppressed by the blows of DE BRETTE.
How SIR ELASTIC DE POTBOY succumbed to his might at Shell Haven,
(Did not the oysters lend force to his arm at the haven of shells?)
How the Black Knight, SIR R. TRAVERS, finally went down before him,
Like SIR R. VIPONT when cried the other Black Knight, *Desdichado!*
How to SIR JAMES OF THE MACE the warrior administered pepper,
With other brave deeds he hath done, are they not truly recorded
(I have not the slightest idea) in a book that is called *Phistiana?*
No thistledown champion he, nor effeminate knight of the carpet,
Stern on his shield and in argent haughtily rampeth the Lion,
Under whose sign, too, he vendeth at Birmingham laudable beer.

Long had the heroes been languishing, eager to wop one another,
But Fate, and the Stars, and the Mopuses somehow were still unpro-
pitious,

Till finally wager of battle was laid and the conflict appointed.
Appointed with wonderful fitness for what was a grand anniversary,
Day that proud Delhi went down before the Avengers of England.
Deep into wholesome seclusion then plunged the unparalleled
champions.

This in a sweet Kentish village, where, like the pious SIR GALAHAD,
Calmly awaiting the battle he purified body and mind,
This sought still lovelier Derbyshire, where, in the exquisite Dovedale,
Harmless as dove he abode, but still with the wisdom of serpent.

Dawned the dread morning of fight, and hundreds who paid for the
Office,

Hastened by special conveyance to witness the terrible contest.
Charming in truth was the spot by the veteran OLIVER chosen,
And even the sporting reporters were moved to expressions of rapture,
"Hill, dale, and woodland combined presented a beautiful picture,"
Which those more reflective enjoyed along with the slaughterous
combat."

Happy the man who possesses such delicate sense of the beautiful,
Turning with smiles from the hop to applaud a good dig in the hoptie.
Two thousand of such were at Penshurst on Tuesday, September the
Twentieth.

Baring their manly proportions, the heroes prepared for the battle,
Both were in splendid condition, little of choice lay between them,
Bright was the eye of SIR THOMAS, firm was the flesh of SIR ROBERT,
And both looked as happy and pleasant as guests at a gay wedding
breakfast,

When foams the champagne in the glasses, and bridesmaids are flirting
their best,

And moonily rises to speak a white-waistcoated family friend;
Oh, for his cloquence now, to detail the great deeds of the champions.

After some elegant feinting, in went the left of SIR ROBERT,
Smiting, though slightly, the mouth of his gallant opponent, SIR
THOMAS.

Then back sprang the wary SIR R. to be out of the way of reprisals,
But calmly DE SAYERS regarded him, meaning him subsequent pepper,
Tried his right distance, and struck, but not to much visible purpose.
Then again charged the bold ROBERT, dashed at his enemy's frontis-
piece,

Vainly, it seemed, for DE SAYERS, suddenly dabbing his dexter
Bang on the mouth of the foe, brought out unmistakable Lafitte.
And the beautiful landscape of Penshurst, that softened the stolid
reporters,

Echoed the jubilant shouts of DE SAYERS's friends, "*Early Claret!*"

SIR ROBERT went in with the left, but the foe shook his head in
derision,
Derision that might have been spared, for, stung by a taunt from DE
SAYERS,
Whose leg had been hurt by a spike in the well guarded shoe of DE
BRETTE,

The latter hit out like a man, and got home on the other's proboscis,
Making him reel from the stroke, and finally drop upon TELLUS,
Birmingham blantly bawling and blessing the beautiful blow,
But the just Rhadamanthi declined to award it the knocking-down
Honours.

* "The interest of this battle was by no means lessened by the enjoyment of the
more reflective in the beautiful and romantic scenery of the locale of the fight.
Hill, dale, and woodland combined, presented a beautiful picture, considerably
heightened by the hop-pickers in myriads of groups gathering this season's clusters."
—Sporting Life.

Then for the third time they closed, but accomplished no deed of
importance.

But valiant SIR ROBERT went down to the ground in the finishing
struggle,

Then, as if like ANTEUS he gained new strength from the kiss of his
mother,

He came up a giant refreshed, and a fourth time the combat was raging,
When in went his terrible left, which, striking the jaw of DE SAYERS,
Sent him to grass in a second, flat as the flattest of flounders,
Birmingham blantly bawling and blessing the beautiful blow,
To which was awarded the Honours at once by the just Rhadamanthi.

For vengeance DE SAYERS strode out, and he thought of the song of the
mermaids,

And the future of greatness they promised, and hymns from the harp-
strings of Fleet Street,

And visions of glory came o'er him, and scarce he beheld his opponent,
Who, eager to follow his fortune, let out at the ribs of DE SAYERS.

Then struck the DE SAYERS in fury, but wily SIR ROBERT back darting,
Escaped from the Scylla, a wop, to meet a Charybdis, a tumble,

And wrenched in a pitiful fashion his manly and sinister shoulder,
And there should have ended the fray, no longer an even contention;

But the brave knight DE BRETTE insisted on once again showing his
mettle.

So for the last time they closed, but the arm of SIR ROBERT was
feeble,

And vainly descended its blows on the leathery frame of DE SAYERS,
Who, watching his time, sent his right full bang on his enemy's
squinter,

And made him look nine ways for Sunday and finally fail to perceive it.
Then, improving the shiny, as ever besemeth a bee that is busy,

Went in with one smash at the shoulder—the battle is over and done.
At the feet of the child of the muscles is prostrate the child of the
oysters,

And Scotland is licked and chawed up, as she was by old England at
Flodden.

Porto Bello done up in six rounds, as it was with six ships by brave
VEBNON,

And SIR THOMAS DE SAYERS, the Champion, is hailed as the victor
again.

Yet, let no undue exultation be heard in the palace or cottage,
In the halls of Balmoral the CONSORT will please to restrain his delight.

Let the Peerage of England be calm, and subdued be the joy of the
Commons,

Nor need MR. TUPPER break out with a hymn of rejoicing and praise.
Though short was the fight, it was brisk, and both heroes are covered
with honour,

But not as Decisive this Battle were thought by the erudite CREASY,
Had that learned Professor designed it a place in his next new edition;

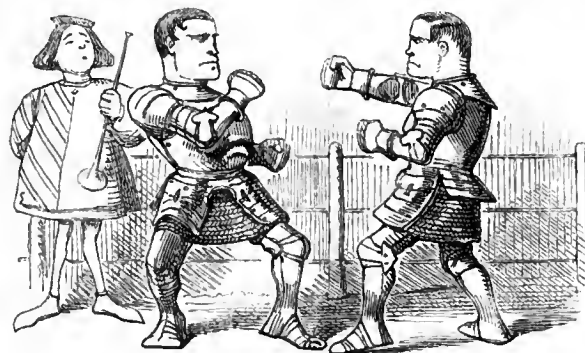
And who but the Destinies know in what fashion the fight would have
ended,

Had the shoulder of BRETTE the Brave been only as stout as his
courage?

Ladies, who honour the hold, and are partial to legends of battle,
Say, when you sing of this fight to your harps, and guitars, and pianos,

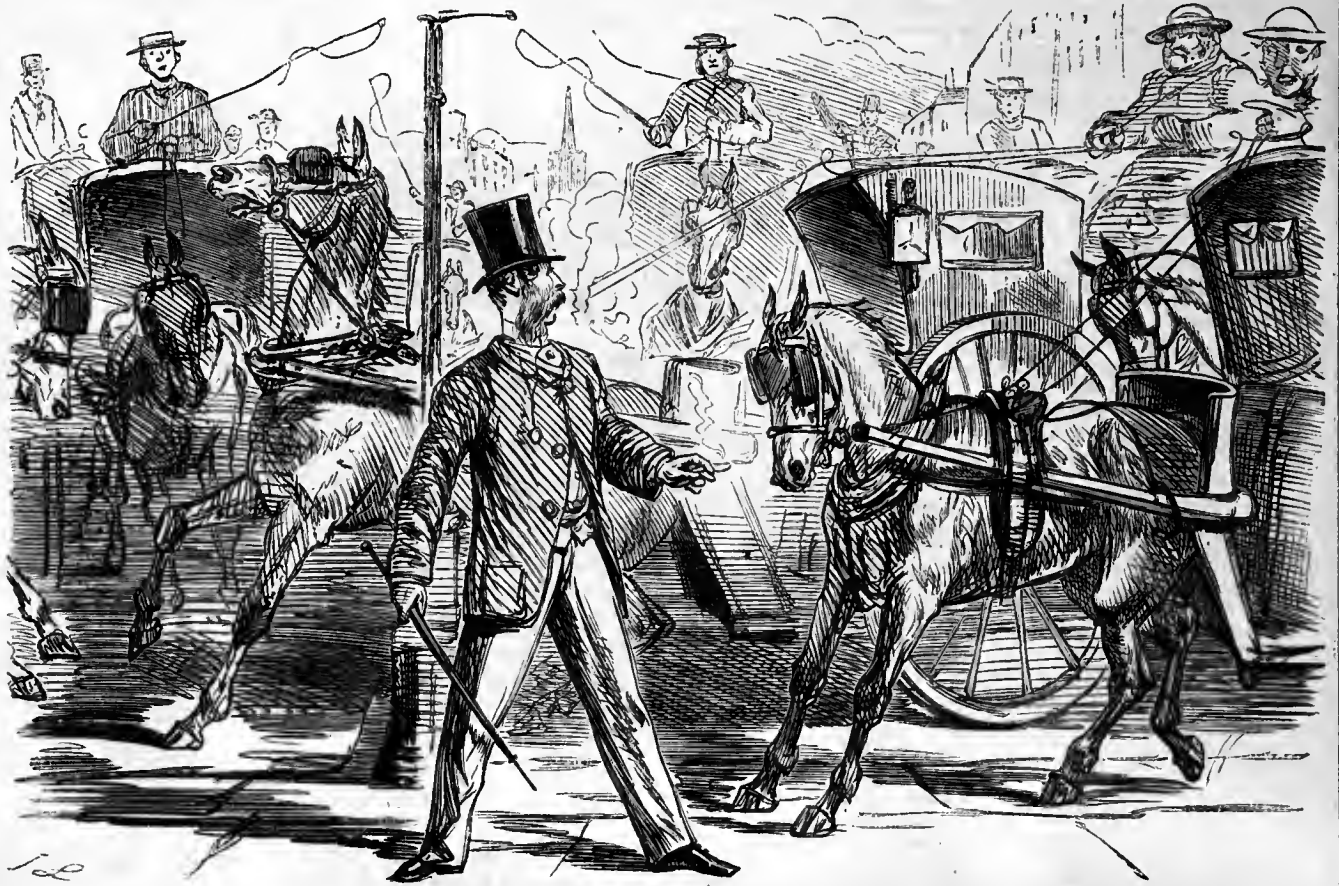
"Tom is a trump what comes down on your mug with a thundering
stunner,

But BOB is a buster, by gum, as can pop in a slommaking wunner."



Progress of Science.

A SCIENTIFIC young lady of considerable personal attractions has a
mole on her face. She read, the other day, a learned Professor's
Lecture, delivered at the British Association, Section B., "On the
Organic Elements." Ever since that, she has called her mole a mole-
cule.



EXCITEMENT OF THE HANSOM CABBIES ON THE APPEARANCE OF A SWELL OUT OF THE SEASON.

MISSSES AND MERLINS.



THE sage who defined man to be a tail-less biped, without feathers, was introduced to a plucked goose, and wished joy of his relationship. Nevertheless, that men and women have very often something of the birdlike in their nature, is a truth which every day we find fresh reason to assert. For instance, here is an advertisement which will serve us as a peg to hang up yet another illustration of the fact:—

TO FALCONERS, &c.—A very strong young female MERLIN, fond of the lure, and trained to strike it well; will probably be partially entered to larks before this is advertised, with all her furniture complete; also another female, rather smaller, not quite so far advanced.—Apply, &c.

They who have read the *Idylls of the King* (and who has not?) may think of "Jissome Vivien," when

they hear of a "young female" being "fond of the lure," and moreover "partially entered to larks." Nor will the word "MERLIN" serve at all in such case to lessen the illusion. But we surely need not go back quite so far as good KING ARTHUR'S time to meet with a "young female" who answers this description. Why, every nine in ten of our bread and butter misses have been thoroughly well fitted to come forward as respondents to it. The simplest of them show a

fondness for the "lure" at a very early age, and are trained to "strike" a lover ere they get their bibs and tuckers off. Lover-hawking is a sport for which "young females" in petticoats seem as naturally fitted, as the young females in feathers, one of whom above is advertised, are in general found suited for the other kind of sport. Just as our young Merlins are trained to strike the lure, so are our young Misses schooled to bring down (to an offer) any lover they're let fly at. Their game generally consists of those of us poor creatures who have feathered our nests well; and the better our nests are lined the worse in general it is for us. At the very moment, may be, when we are most in feather, and are pluming ourselves on the snug nest-egg we have laid, down swoops some young and well-trained female Merlin on our head, and we surrender our life into the claws of the enchantress.

Whether a young lady on her entrance to a boarding-school, may with propriety be spoken of as being "entered to larks," is a question which we leave to stronger minds to agitate. Flustered as we are by mere suggestion of the query, we dare not trust ourselves to dwell on it, or hazard a response. As the question is however one of national importance, it would be well if information were collected on the subject: and were Parliament now sitting, we should certainly propose that a Committee be appointed to examine and report on so momentous a moot point. Should it be found that even "partially" such really is the fact, the discovery, of course, would strengthen our belief, that human creatures have a something birdlike in their being, and that young Misses and young Merlins show a natural affinity and marked likeness in their tastes. Were lovely woman classed among the feathery creation, her gift of gab might well entitle her to perch with the poll-parrots, were not her fondness for the lure a sufficient indication that a place among the hawk-tribes is the right one to assign to her.

Napoleon as an Italian Image-Boy.

(Speaking to the Italians.)

"BUY my fine Image! PLO-N-PLO-N! Little PLO-N-PLO-N! Pretty KING! *Corpo di Baccho*, beautiful King! Real Plaster of Paris! Buy my fine Image! Buy! Buy! Cheap—cheap. You shall have him for nothing!"



THE EMPEROR UNVEILING ITALIAN LIBERTY.



THE GREAT SEA-SIDE BUILDING SQUABBLE.

A LARGE and influential open-air Meeting of Operative Juveniles engaged in Seashore Building was held on Ramsgate Sands on Monday morning last, with the view to their determining what attitude to take in reference to an alleged combination of their nursemaids for the purpose of shortening their hours of spade-labour. The Meeting for the most part was composed of Master Builders, but a fair sprinkling of Misses were also in attendance, who appeared to take great interest in the general proceedings. A splendid sand-heap being raised and scooped into a seat, a severe struggle ensued as to who should act as Chairman. The post of honour was, however, at length assigned to MASTER BOUNCER, who voted himself into it, he being much the biggest of the Master Builders present. An order being issued to strike work and shoulder spades—

The Chairman opened the proceedings by observing that they met there to resist an act of tyranny, such as was an insult to all freeborn British children, and which he for one would never stoop to brook. (*Applause.*) He would not use slang phrases more than he could help; but they might perhaps have heard their Pas talk about "pocketing an insult." Well, he had put this insult in the pocket of his pinafore, and with their permission he would proceed to read it out to them. (*Hear!*) It was signed by all the nursemaids in Ramsgate, and ran thus:—

"I declare that neither in my present place of nursemaid, nor in any future situation I may occupy, will I demean myself by working more than Nine Hours per diem, as overseer of the children while building on the sand: nor, without advance of wages, will I ever undertake any manner of spade-labour, or in any way assist them in the progress of their works; nor will I engage myself to stop the Master Builders from dabbling in the sea, whether it be with or without their shoes or stockings; nor more than twenty times an hour will I run in and prevent their being carried off their legs, or tumbling themselves down and rolling in the water, as but for constant watching they inevitably would do."

This, they must allow, was a most obnoxious document. He could not read the signatures, for most of them were marks; but he believed, as he had said, that it was signed by all the nursemaids who were then in Ramsgate, and delegates were stationed at the pier-head and the railway to prevent any nursemaid from arriving without signing it. The document had artfully been put forth on a Monday, just when his hearers knew their Pas had gone away to town, and would not be back until the Husbands' Boat on Saturday. Here then was a week of gross oppression to look forward to. (*Groans.*) What was to be done was more than he could say, and he therefore begged to be excused from saying it. (*Cheers, and a giggle, which was instantly suppressed.*) He would however call on some one to get up and suggest something, and if that something were worth anything, he would use his strongest influence towards carrying it out. (*Renewed cheering.*)

Several pinafores here rose in a most excited state, but the Chairman's eye first catching that which buttoned in MASTER BLOGGINS, that young gentleman obtained the precedence of speech. Striking a tragic attitude, and assuming as sepulchral a voice as age allowed him, he said:—

"My name is BLOGGINS, upon Highgate Hill
My father feeds ———"

Here the orator was interrupted by a spadeful of sand, which was thrown so accurately that it almost choked him. Advantage being taken of his temporary speechlessness, MASTER JAWLER gained permission to speak by way of proxy. He said that what their Chairman had told them was quite true. They were in fact the victims of as wicked a conspiracy as had ever come in his experience to witness. (*Sensation.*) In the whole course of his life (and he begged to say he should be Six next April) he had never had acquaintance with so tyrannous an act. The combination of their nursemaids was a piece of foul oppression, which they, as rising Englishmen, were bound to resist. (*Cheers.*) The declaration was an insult to the youngest understanding. It was like setting a sum in addition or subtraction, [*in his warmth the orator pronounced this word "subtraction"*] to a boy who 'd got as forward as the double rule of three! How to show their marked contempt for it was what they now had to consider, and he for one should not feel easy in his pinafore until their brutal tyrants were made to bite the dust. (*Shrill cheers, and shouts of "Bravo! Go it, Gussy!"*)

MASTER BRIGHTYES said he had no wish to make a row, but in his opinion the last speaker was a duffer. (*Cries of "Order!" and "Oh, crickey!"*) Why, what did his speech amount to? A mere volley of hard words. Now he (MASTER BRIGHTYES) could use hard words as well as any boy. He could pronounce "Kosciusko," and say the whole of "Peter Piper" six times without missing. But it was no good calling names, when there was nobody to listen to them. (*Hear!*) If they wished to free themselves, and flabbergasterfy their nursemaids (yes, that was a hard word; he 'd found it in a sentimental nigger song which he was learning), it was by deeds not words that they could hope to do it. They must all rise as one man ("*hear, hear!*" from six pinafores), and go to their Big Brothers, and get them at once to kick the nursemaids out of doors, and then to telegraph to town for their Pas to send them new ones.

MASTER SLYBOOTS feared his friend would find his dodge would be no go. From the knowledge which he (MASTER SLYBOOTS) had of their Big Brothers, he should say they were more likely to kiss nursemaids than to kick them. (*Cries of "oh! oh!" from the Masters, and "oh, my!" from the Misses.*)

MASTER SLINKER could corroborate (*the word he used was "corbrate"*) the last speaker's assertion. He and his chum SLYBOOTS, having both inquiring minds, had kept a watch on their Big Brothers, and had often (through the keyhole) seen them do what was imputed to them. (*Loud hisses and groans, and cries of "you're a sneak!"*)

MASTER SMITH suggested, if the Big Brother plan failed, they had better see if their big Sisters could not help them. Girls had nothing on earth to do, except to loll about on camp-stools, work crochet, and read novels; and it would be an act of charity to give them occupation. They might just as well, he thought, employ their time as nursemaids, as go bathing for the sake of letting their back hair down, or walking up and down the pier to make their cheeks red. (*Oh! oh!*) If they 'd do this, their Pas would save no end of wages, which might be spent at Christmas time in pantomimes and—and—(*a voice "And pudding!"*) Yes, and pudding; he begged to thank his honourable friend there for the hint. He was going to add "and lollipops," but pudding was more substantial and he liked it better. (*Hear, hear! and a cry, "Oh, so do I; don't you, BOB?"*)

MASTER JONES observed that this was a departure from the question, which was not whether they liked lollipops—of which there was no doubt—but whether they could lick their nursemaids, which he thought seemed far more questionable. What their maids had to complain of he really could not see. For his own part he was ready to work twelve hours on the sand, and he could not conceive how persons could get tired in only nine of it.

A very little lady in a white frock and mauve mantle, protested with a pout that she could do without a nursemaid; and as for helping them at "hand-heaph," she thought that their big "thiithterth" would be only in the way. Some children were of course not so able to protect themselves; but for her part, she considered that when a girl was three years old, she was most fully competent (*the fair speaker called this "tompent"*) to take care of herself.

The Chairman said that this was the best speech he had listened to. If girls didn't want a nursemaid, surely boys could do without one. He should therefore ask his Ma to give his her discharge; and to settle the whole business, he should move this Resolution:—

"That this Meeting, feeling competent to take care of itself, resolves henceforth to dispense with the attendance of its nursemaids, and further to take steps to impress upon its Parents that it determines to be naughty till its wishes are made good."

This heroic resolution was seconded and carried amidst such a burst of cheering, that several anxious mothers came to see what was the matter; whereat with some precipitation the Meeting was dispersed.

Palmerston Sitting on a Rail.

LORD PAM has been coming out in quite a new character, which fits him just as elegantly as the many hundred of characters he has played in his lifetime. He has been doing the railway navigator at Romsey. He trundled a wheelbarrow backwards and forwards, and filled it with earth in a majestic style that entitles him to be called "The King of Spades." The people cheered lustily, delighted to find their Premier such a hearty son of the soil. Should the cry ever be raised of "How TO MAN THE NAVY," PALMERSTON will know most dexterously how to do it.

Kill or Cure.

A REMEDY for tetanus is said to have been discovered by a surgeon at Turin, in the substance which used to be called the "ourari" or "wourara," poison: but has lately received the denomination of "curare." We hope it deserves it, but should be rather disinclined to make trial of its virtues, lest it should prove, not "curare," but "occidere," or "necare."

"And So Say All of us!"

We rejoice to find that the *Saturday Review* is compelled to make the following admission:—

"Not only are we without any actor or manager who can do for SHAKESPEARE what was done by MR. KEAN in Oxford Street, but there is no one to follow in his steps, even at a long interval."

For the sake of the Drama, we are heartily glad to hear it.

"WHAT NEXT, AND NEXT?"—A person of the peace-at-any-price persuasion declares it most unchristianlike to chastise the Chinese. He contends that it is part of our duty to our neighbour to refrain, and "keep our hands from Pekin and Chusan."

BAD LANGUAGE BY A LADY!



be sure of good characters, and who cannot be recommended for cleanliness and good temper. Apply by letter, &c. &c.

Kindness—good wages—easy work—and beer allowed. Were it not for one thing, this would seem a tolerably enviable place. The single drawback is that the mistress can't write English, and this is a defect which we should fancy housemaids now-a-days would sooner perish than put up with. The second sentence of the statement is the proof of our assertion. It is there said that the "healthy person" who is wanted is required "to assist an invalid lady and her daughter to do part of the housework and needlework." Now, any "person" who is "healthy" in mind as well as body must see that no such thing is meant here as is stated. It is sheer nonsense to suppose that an invalid lady would "do part of the housework," to say nothing of the needlework, when she had in her employment two servants and a nurse, and could offer such good wages for a third to come and help them. What we take to be the real meaning of the sentence is, that a housemaid is required to assist—that is, to wait upon—the invalid and her said daughter, and to do part of the housework and needlework aforesaid, whereof the "other servants" and the nurse will do the rest.

If this invalid lady really wants a fourth assistant, she had better lose no time in amending her advertisement. Servants now-a-days are such literary characters, and so much of their time is spent in study of their language by reading the best written and most improving prints, that the error we have noted could not fail to be detected, and would prove a sure deterrent from entering the house. With the knowledge of pure English which her *Family Friends and Guides*, and other journals would have given her, no housemaid would demean herself by entering a service where the ladies used bad language, although they gave good beer.

A PARALLEL.

ENGLAND hath her two Great Easterns,
Crowning boasts of English lips:
This, Leviathan of Conquests,
That, Leviathan of Ships.
Strong the heads and hearts whose striving
Our Great Eastern Empire wrought:
Strenuous those, to consummation,
Our Great Eastern Ship that brought.

Both passed through their stage of blunders;
Failure marked their earlier day;
Both o'er failure grew to wonders—
Monster ship and monster sway.
Till the rulers of that Empire,
And the framers of that Hull,
Stretched their hands in self-complacence,
Laurels of success to cull.

In DALHOUSIE'S boastful minute,
Summing up the work achieved,
Realms annexed, and foemen baffled,
Arts diffused and means retrieved;
In Reports of blithe Directors,
Rosy after-dinner talk—
Ship's success and Empire's fortunes
Where was care or cloud to baulk?

Loomed that Empire's mighty sceptre
O'er two hundred million souls:
Rose that steamer's bulk gigantic,
Like the whale 'mong minnow-shoals.
Princes, 'neath the one's vast shadow,
Dwindled into vassal's rank:
War-ships 'neath the other's quarter,
Down to tiny cock-boats sank.

Proudly spake we to the nations,
"Would you learn the art to rule,
See our mighty Eastern Empire,
To its masters go to school.
Would you win mechanic triumphs,
Nature's forces yoke and tame,
Visit our Great Eastern Steamer,
Mark her engines, lines, and frame."

How should we have heard the prophet,
Whose ill-omened voice had dared
For reverse in Ship and Empire,
Bid our pride to stand prepared:
'Gainst vain-glory tried to warn us,
Lest, between the cup and lip,
A greased cartridge lose our Empire,
A closed stop-cock wreck our Ship?

Yet that prophet truth had spoken,
Hard as on our pride he bore:
Great effects from little causes,
Flow still, as they flowed of yore.
Scarce had died our song of triumph,
From the Durbar and the Deck,—
Our Great Realm for life was grappling,
Our Great Ship was dashed in wreck!

And 'twas even a greased cartridge
Raised her subjects 'gainst the one;
And 'twas but a fastened stop-cock
Left the other half undone.
But that stop-cock and that cartridge,
Had its weighty tale to tell—
How the thing that men deem smallest,
Tests man's ruling ill or well.

Too great striving after glory,
Too great striving after gain—
Ship and Sway, the self-same story,
Tell to men for both too vain.
Good and Right are Glory's sinews;
Gain of Care and Prudence grows;
Left of these, the one is rotten,
Short the other, stripped of those.

Let us meekly use the lesson,
In the two disasters read;
Let their warning check and chasten,
Working hand and heart and head.
Till our Empire justice-strengthened,
And our Steamer wisdom-ruled,
Show that wise men by misfortune
And endurance best are schooled.

Take we, too, this consolation;
Strength by shock is deepest tried—
Stout the Sway, to stand such struggle,
Stout the Ship, such wretch to bide.
So may after generations,
Wiser for our follies, see,
Our Great Empire bless the nations,
Our Great Ship defy the sea.

A PECULIAR MEMORY.

In proof of the scarcity of birds on the Caitliness Moors, "one gentleman" writes to a northern newspaper that "he has seen more cheepers this year than he can remember." To what system of metaphysics shall we turn for an explanation of a phenomenon so extraordinary? How does he know that he has seen more than he can remember? If he does not remember that he has seen them, how comes he to know that there were more than he has seen? This gentleman cannot be a descendant of that scald who wrote "Tho' lost to sight, to memory dear." We deeply sympathise with the forgotten cheepers.

Dash without Damage.

WE cannot too strongly condemn ADMIRAL HOPE, huffed, and wounded at the Peiho in an over-daring attempt to serve his country. This officer must be called to account for his unsuccessful audacity. England expects a man to do more than his duty, but cannot forgive him for failing in the attempt to do it. We will enforce responsibility whilst we compel risk; we will insure the safeguard of caution, and enjoy the gain of enterprise: we will have our pudding and eat it too.

THE NEW VIA SACRA.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is trying all he can to turn Italy into a new French *Boulevard des Italiens*. We wonder if the EMPEROR will, eventually, pave his way?

ADVICE TO M. P.S AND STRONGMINDED OLD WOMEN.—Silence is the better part of eloquence

A SMASH FOR A STAR-TELLER.



HAT arch-humbug, ZADKIEL TAO SZE (whose less imposing synonym, as we shall show, is SMITH), has added to the proofs that fools are not extinct by publishing his *Almanack* for the ensuing year, this being, he is proud to state, his thirtieth yearly issue. Not having learnt the mandate, "not to speak profanely," MR. ZADKIEL TAO SZE begins his preface thus:—

"I may now say, faithfully, that I thank God I have been permitted to pen the contents of this *Almanack* for so long a period as THIRTY YEARS. After having been so long a time before the public, I may fairly accept the increase of nearly two thousand in the sale last year as a proof that I have not laboured in vain. I continue to receive assurances that in America and India my writings in favour of the grand truth, that the heavenly bodies do influence the human mind, and affect the destiny of mankind, are favourably and extensively perused; hence I was not surprised to hear that, when the Royal Welsh Fusiliers marched into Lucknow, and liberated the brave garrison, one of the first objects of interest discovered in a bungalow there was a copy of ZADKIEL'S *Grammar of Astrology*."

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For the credit of the army, we could wish this were discredited; and as the statement rests on merely hearsay evidence, we put such faith in MR. ZADKIEL that we shall not believe it true. But, not dreaming for a moment his assertion can be doubted, MR. ZADKIEL founds this question on the questionable fact:—

"Who can say how far the confidence of that noble band of Englishmen had been upheld by the assurance that the owner of that book (doubtless an astrologer) may have held out that the heavens promised them eventual delivery? The idea that this was so is a reward for all my labours, and bids the remembrance of the abuse and vituperation I have undergone, for defending the cause of astral truth, disappear from the mind as the flakes of falling snow melt away when they impinge on the ruffled waters of the ocean."

There is a poetry about this which smacks of the Mosaic, and inclines us to consider whether ZADKIEL be the genius whose immortal verse is chucked into cab-windows at the railways, and by persons of good sense is instantly chucked out again.

The allusion to our soldiers having inspired a warlike tone, MR. ZADKIEL blows this blast of defiance to all sceptics:—

"Where, I may now demand, where, after thirty years of uninterrupted advocacy of the truth of the doctrines of astral influences, are the marks of the hostility of the enemies of those truths? Who is the man who has ventured 'to print a book,' having for its object to dispute, to deny, to overthrow the doctrines of astrology? Repeatedly have I challenged the *Savans*, the philosophers of our day, clothed as they are in the panoply of pride, making broad as they do, the phylacteries of their mathematical garments, affecting to treat with contempt the oldest science that exists; repeatedly have I challenged them to answer my propositions, to prove to the world one single instance in which Nature has turned her back upon herself, by producing a child not evidently born under the laws, not governed by the potencies of the stars. Have they accepted the challenge? Again, I ask, *Have they?* And Echo answers, *Nay!*"

If echo answered "*Bray!*" the reply would be more sensible. The man who would accept so asinine a challenge might fitly take the cry of a donkey for his war-note. But having said what echo didn't, MR. ZADKIEL goes on blowing his own trumpet thus:—

"No distinct work to disprove astrology is to be met with in our day. Its adversaries take shelter in the anonymous columns of such one-sided vehicles as the *Athenaeum*, or those still more lob-aided public instructors, the country newspapers. The editor of the former has gone through some thirty years of life, disputing against, abusing, vilifying, and ridiculing astrology; but he has never ventured to deny its facts, never dared to attempt its *disproof*, by appeal to any one well-known nativity, public or private. He is now leaving that work, having fallen like myself into the sere and yellow leaf of age. We hasten *pas à pas* with equal footsteps to the grave; and in the world of spirits we shall both shortly meet, to know for aye which of us has done most service to the cause of truth."

After this terrific onslaught, we really tremble to inquire, Are the *Athenaeum*'s shutters up? Our contemporary seemed healthy, and showed fair signs of vitality; but it can scarcely have survived so deadly an attack. Thus, having doubled up the papers, as a child might its perambulator, MR. ZADKIEL claps his eye to an imaginary telescope, and makes believe to read the future in the stars. We string together some half-dozen of his choicest pearls of prophecy, adding here and there a word or two of comment on their worth:—

"VOICE OF THE STARS.—FEBRUARY.—LORD PALMERSTON has Jupiter opposing his Moon, which brings him into ill-odour with the mercantile world and the clergy."

[Too bad this of Jupiter, but see 'till bet 'Cupid' will get out of it.]
 "The evil transit of Saturn, and his being Stationary in December, 1859, on the place of the Sun, when LORD JOHN RUSSELL was born, [LORD JOHN born in '59! *Bray-no, you Ass-astrologer!*] renders it very doubtful if he will play any part in the violent scenes I expect to occur this season. If he have recovered that blow he may; but the Sun is about the 68th year fearfully near the planet Mars. *Verbunm sup. I!*

he suffer not personally, he is destined to political defeat and misfortune. [Aut GOVT aut GO OUT, eh? We pity poor LORD JOHN.]

"MARCH. The Square of the Sun and Saturn on the natal figure of SIR G. GREY, gives him trouble, and defeats his ambitious views." [SIR G. GREY ambitious! Pook, pook! ZADKIEL, don't chaff.]

"APRIL. Saturn stationary in Square to the Sun with SIR G. GREY, baffles his ambition, and brings him personal suffering." [Ambition, again! Ma. SMITH, Sir, you're a humbug!]

"JULY. The benefic Jove now enters Leo, and Venus joins him therein on the 9th." [Jolly for Jove!] "But although this would denote some benefits to France and other countries ruled by Leo," [Do you mean the British Leo, MR. SMITH?] "the good will be delayed by the conjunction falling exactly in the Moon's south node, the Dragon's Tail of evil note." [Bad letters from China, eh?] * * * "LORD DENBY meets domestic grief from this evil aspect." [His Lordship's head cook bolts with Ma. UOLY MUGG the baker.] "Another sufferer I must name, the noted LORD CARBIGN, now in his grand climacteric, and having the Sun in 24° of Libra, suffers accordingly." [Nothing wonderful in this. If Libra mean the Scales of popular opinion, his Lordship might expect to "suffer" from the contact.]

"A cloud is on the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH." [i.e. LOUIS NAPOLEON is caught smoking in EUGÉNIE'S boudoir!]

"The happy position of Jupiter denotes that lawyers and clergymen will do well this year." [By Jove, SMITH, you don't say so!] * * * "And when Saturn is lord and found in Leo, he portends that ancient men and women shall die." [Gracious, is it possible! where could you have learnt that!]

These extracts having shown the wisdom of the work, it may be asked, who are the fools who, in "increasing thousands," purchase it. Under the head "To Correspondents," MR. ZADKIEL kindly throws some starlight on this point; and in doing so he helps us to a bit of information which we think is not less worthy of our note:—

"NATIVITIES AND HORARY QUESTIONS.—On all subjects in connection with these matters, or for advice when the mind is really anxious on any subject; or for information as to the best period to offer corn, cattle, and other commodities for sale, &c., apply by letter only to SAMUEL SMITH, Esq.—[of Humbug House, Takeinowwell.]

MR. ZADKIEL'S revelation that his *alias* is "SMITH" seems, of all his revelations, to us the most important, and the only one on which we pin the slightest scrap of faith. A proof that knaves are often fools is, however, to be found in his thus letting out the cat. It is clear the name of "ZADKIEL" sounds more imposingly than "SMITH;" and imposition being the main object of his business, the more imposing title must of course be best for trade. Were the *Almanack* next year entitled "SMITH'S" instead of "ZADKIEL'S," we opine its circulation would sensibly decrease. "ZADKIEL" sounds mysterious, and with a certain class of people mystery attracts. We will wager the dull dolts for whom the work is manufactured would not find their long ears tickled half so well by "SMITH." The mind bucolic is perhaps the most gullible of intellects, as is proved by how the charlatans called "farmers' friends" have tricked it; and it is, therefore, small surprise to us that MR. ZADKIEL should lay siege to the bucolic mind, and, what to him is more worth seizing, the bucolic breeches' pocket. MR. Z. professes to inform his friends the farmers, as to when they best may sell their corn and cattle; but he omits an observation they might quite as much rely on, that if they follow his advice they will find themselves most probably included in the sale. The "other" saleable "commodities" on which he proffers his advice, we take it, are cooks' "perquisites" and stolen pocket-handkerchiefs, and all such articles, which sometimes it requires some tact to sell. Our chief cause for this conjecture is the estimate we form of MR. ZADKIEL'S morality, from the signs of it he sprinkles through some pages of his work. The most noteworthy of these are pages 80 and 81, which are headed—

"LUNAR INFLUENCES FOR 1860, to be considered when about to commence any very important matter."

Here, what superstitious idiots have learnt to call their "lucky days" are noted, month by month. We subjoin a brace of specimens, which may be accepted as fair samples of the bulk:—

FEBRUARY.		NOVEMBER.	
Day.	2. Ask favours.	Day.	1. Deal with public bodies.
	3. Deal with old persons.		2. Trade, ask favours.
	4. Trade, marry.		3. 8, 17, 22, 23. Ditto.
	10. Travel, ask favours.		4. Marry.
	16. Ask favours, marry.		5, 9, 14, 18, 19, 29, 30. Ditto.
	20. Deal with old men.		11, 15, 25. Deal with surgeons.
	24. Marry, go to surgeons.		10, 16, 26. Deal with old men.

Those who think that marriage is a lunatic proceeding have, on ZADKIEL'S authority, a "lunar influence" to show for it. According to his table, about a dozen days per month are lucky ones for marrying, though the sequel, "go to surgeons," may seem somewhat of an antidote. Quite as frequently recurring are the days for "asking favours" and "dealing with old men;" which transactions are, we take it, "very important matters" in the kitchens where the *Almanack* of ZADKIEL is studied. If we read the former, "Ask for left-off clothes and perquisites," and by the latter understand "Deal with old ragmen," we should put probably the right construction on the words. We therefore charge this MR. ZADKIEL TAO SZE, *alias* SMITH, with encouraging our servants to prig our clothes and kitchen-stuff, and would suggest that he should head his page of *Lunar Influences* with the much more fitting title of *A Calendar for Scamps*. When, by following his advice, our servants find themselves in Newgate, they will have their lucky stars and MR. ZADKIEL SMITH to thank.



FLY-DRESSING IN THE HOLIDAYS.

"I SAY, PUG, JUST GIVE ME TWO OR THREE OF YOUR EYELASHES, TO FINISH OFF THIS BLACK PALMER, THERE'S A GOOD GIRL."

SIRENS AT THE SEA-SIDE.

MISS MARTINEAU proposes that ladies should be taught to swim. All the young ones ought to be able to swim naturally, like ducks, as they are; and as for the others, if not ducks, what are they, for at any rate they are no chickens? The proposition of MISS MARTINEAU suggests certain additions which, when it is adopted, should be made to *The Girl's Own Book*. Besides proper directions for swimming, floating, diving, treading water, &c., instructions should be supplied for performing various feats of elegance, dexterity, and skill. Aquatic waltzes, polkas, and quadrilles are evolutions which the fair swimmers might be taught to perform, to their own great delight and recreation, as well as to the diversion of all beholders. Elegant bathing-dresses, suitable to an aquatic ball, would render such a performance at any fashionable watering-place abundantly profitable. The dresses, of course, would be of a very light material, unless, by means of gutta-percha tubing, crinoline of ordinary extent could be conveniently floated. Young ladies might also learn to embroider in the water, hem handkerchiefs, do crochet, or execute drawings in water-colours. A piano, supported by a little buoy, would afford peculiar means for musical aquatic exercises; and the performer, accompanying herself in a song, would appear like a regular mermaid, with her tail out of sight. If young ladies generally could swim, and took to swimming, the waves that wash the beach of Albion would swarm every autumn with sea-nymphs, and the British shores would be assuredly crowded with worshippers of those marine divinities.

"Oh, that Sort of Person!"

THERE has been a good deal of sympathy excited among vulgar people in England, by the account of the stealing and restoration of a baby in Paris. This interest was at first shared by our better classes, it being stated that the abstracted infant had been "exquisitely dressed;" but this was destroyed when it came out that the baby had been for some time "nursed" by its own mother.

PROBABLE RAILWAY CATASTROPHE.

A Most alarming accident on the South-Western Railway, attended with the frightful mutilation of upwards of a hundred persons, and resulting in the death of a number of human beings as yet unascertained, among whom, there is too great reason to fear, will be included a right reverend prelate and an illustrious person, may be obviated, if CAPTAIN ROSS, R.E., correctly reports that on that line "the public are exposed to unnecessary risks," and that "the management neglects to make the simple insurance against accidents of this class, which may be effected by an adequate provision of guard and break power." If the board of directors of this once secure, but now perilous railway, will only go to the expense of putting it in a proper condition, they will avert an alarming sacrifice of human life, which more than one of our contemporaries may correctly describe as a holocaust of human victims, since the train may take fire, and burn the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, and PUNCH. If CAPTAIN ROSS is right, the South-Western Railway, whose officials used to boast that it was "slow and safe," is now, in consequence of having ceased to be safe, not half what it used to be.

The Pam of Spades.

LORD PALMERSTON, in turning the first sod of the Railway at Broadlands, the other day, is said to have handled his barrow like a true navy. Till then nobody knew that we had such a navigator at the helm of the State. PAM is a trump.

FROM OUR YOUNGEST CONTRIBUTOR.—There is this difference between the domestic cat and the military cat—that the one belongs to the feline species, and the other to the unfeeling.

TEST FOR A MENDEED TEA-CUP.—The Anglo-French Alliance, which was regarded as broken, is now said to have been united with Chinese Cement. We trust the composition will stand hot water.

THE HEAD OF ENGLISH COMPOSERS.



Few days ago we were startled by reading in the *Musical World*, or somewhere, the following painful announcement:—

“W. M. BALFE.
TWO LOCKS OF
HAIR. 2s.”

We are sorry to hear that the composer of the *Bohemian Girl*, who has furnished the public with so many beautiful airs, should be reduced to such a very low state himself. Has it, then, come to this, that the head of our musical profession has but “Two Locks of Hair” that he can call his own? or are we to understand that he is cutting off all his curls, and selling them to his numerous admirers at the modest rate of a shilling a lock. The price is very slight—too slight; whereas the consumption in bears’ grease and macassar, to replace the loss,

measured by the enormous demand, must be unusually large. We shall only be too happy to have a lock ourselves, in order to help him through the hirsute struggle, if so small a quantity as a shilling’s worth is made. We say only one lock, as it would be awkward to wear two lockets. We only hope that our friend’s hair has the same prolific power as his musical genius, for we should be sorry to see one so distinguished as W. M. BALFE appearing before the public in the character of a bald composer,—though the baldness would be but little apparent in his case, from the number of laurels with which his musical brow is profusely decorated. Does he think it would do him any good to consult the *Barber of Seville*?

THE GOVERNMENT BROKER.

WHAT would the Government do without its Broker? There never is a difficulty in the Money Market but he generously comes forward, and spends his £15,000 or £20,000 with no more concern than a school-boy would drop his halfpenny at the nearest apple-stall. This he does, not merely one day, or a couple of days, but he will go on buying for weeks and weeks together. He is the financial physician to the State, and no sooner does Government feel a little tightness in its chest, than the Government Broker is ready to relieve it by immediately applying for an investment, the happy application of which to the part affected enables the patient to exclaim, with as much saltatory glee as the dressing-gowned invalid in GEORGE CRUIKSHANK’S pictorial advertisement, “Ha! Ha! Cured in an instant!” He is the best friend the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street ever had, and, supposing that elderly female ever took it into her head to marry, we should not at all wonder at the Government Broker being the object of her affections. His wealth must be something enormous, considering the amount he spends in the course of the twelvemonth; and his frugality must be almost as great as his wealth, for we notice that he never buys for any other purpose than that of paying into the Savings’ Banks. He must make money very fast, or else has an enormous “ready-cash” business, that brings him in thousands every week throughout the whole year, inasmuch as it is a stereotyped fact that the Government Broker limits his operations generally to buying, for you rarely catch him selling. This is a proof of the sure principle upon which he always conducts his business, and the consequence is, that the interest which accrues is invariably not less sure than the principal.

The wonder that takes away our breath is, how a man who commands so much wealth, and scatters so much good wherever he scatters his gold, should have remained so long unknown? Is it not curious that the British Association, which amuses itself in solving some of the most abstruse mysteries of science, as connected especially with commerce, should not have raised some inquiry as to the name of this large public benefactor? A little investigation into his character would have well repaid philosophic curiosity. Seemingly, he is one of those pure-minded philanthropists, who do good by stealth, and would blush to find it fame. He must be a large-hearted, open-handed individual, whom we confess we should like extremely to know. It is not often you meet with a man who is so rich, and at the same time, so liberal. But few capitalists in the City are so colossal in their dealings, and yet so modest; we cannot recall to mind another *millionnaire*, who does so much good in his golden way, and

nevertheless does it so quietly, as our friend, (if he will only allow us so to call him,) the Government Broker. May he always be buying another £15,000!

FRANKLIN.

THE Polar clouds uplift—
A moment and no more—
And through the snowy drift,
We see them on the shore—

A hand of gallant hearts,
Well-ordered, calm, and brave;
Braced for their closing parts—
Their long march to the grave.

Through the snow’s dazzling blink,
Into the dark they’ve gone,
No pause: the weaker sink,
The strong can but strive on.

Till all the dreary way
Is dotted with their dead:
And the shy foxes play
About each sleeping head.

Unharm’d the wild deer run,
To graze along the strand:
Nor dread the loaded gun
Beside each sleeping hand.

The remnant that survive
Onward like drunkards reel;
Scarce wotting if alive,
But for the pangs they feel.

The river of their hope
At length is drawing nigh—
Their snow-blind way they grope,
And reach its banks to die!

Thank God: brave FRANKLIN’S place
Was empty in that band.
He closed his well-run race
Not on the iron strand.

Not under snow-clouds white,
By cutting frost-wind driven,
Did his true spirit fight
Its shuddering way to Heaven.

But warn, aboard his ship,
With comfort at his side,
And hope upon his lip,
The gallant FRANKLIN died.

His heart ne’er ached to see
His much-loved sailors ta’en;
His sailors’ pangs were free
From their loved captain’s pain.

But though in death apart,
They are together now;
Calm, each enduring heart—
Bright, each devoted brow!

The Game of Piedmont.

WE observe that a new pastime is advertised under this name. According to our idea, the game of Piedmont must resemble that of the umpire who was chosen by two gentlemen playing all-fours, who had considerable doubts with regard to each other’s honesty. He was to receive so much a game for seeing fair play, and at the close of the evening proved to be the only winner.

IRISH ALL OVER!

AN Irish Paper, describing the Talking Fish, says, “it is quite a *rara avis*.” This Bull, however, comes in most happily, as it presents us with a combination that occurs but rarely, of Fish, Flesh and Fowl.

PEOPLE I DON'T WANT TO MEET.

A Paper printed purely for Private Circulation.

BY ONE WHO DON'T MIND BEING CALLED A CRUSTY OLD CURMUDGEON.



SOMEbody or other—I don't a bit know who, and I don't one atom want to know—has, I believe, written a book entitled *People I have Met*. I never read the work, and I don't intend to read it. I seldom care to read a book further than the title-page. When one knows what it's about, one can imagine the contents, and supposing that one can't it's seldom any loss to one. Nine authors out of ten write nothing that's worth reading. What they write, one could write better, if one cared to try, oneself. As for reading such a book as *People I have Met*, I should never in my senses dream of dipping into it. What care I to hear of

people whom some one else has met? Bah! I'm enough bored by people whom I meet myself. To think of people I can't help meeting is plague enough for me. Why worry myself with thoughts about another man's acquaintances?

No. If the work had been entitled *People I don't want to Meet*, the name of it perhaps might have tempted me to purchase it. There's some pleasure in learning that other men have bores to plague them like oneself. Moreover, when one reads of disagreeable people one can't help being constantly reminded of one's friends, and can take a quiet pleasure in reflecting on their faults, and in noting in the margin "Ah, that's just like that sneak, SNOOKS!" or else adding the curt comment, "Bravo! TOMKINS to the life! How I hope he'll see it!"

I feel sure a work of this kind would command a splendid sale, and win no end of compliments and *kidoes* for the writer. However, these incentives will not tempt me to produce it. Not being by trade an author, I have a balance at my banker's; and as for popularity, I'd rather be without it. Still there's no harm in my showing how my notion might be worked, and what agreeable reading it would certainly produce. You may say it is not proper to parade one's friends in print, nor manly to make fun of even fools behind their backs. Bah! I turn a deaf ear always to such sentimental snivelling. What's the good of having friends, if one can't use them. It seems to me, their follies are fair literary capital, and authors would be asses if they did not trade on it. Besides, by trying to offend a man, one merely tests his friendship, and he should take it as a compliment that one considers it worth testing.

For my part, as I said, not wanting fame or money, I don't intend to bore myself with bringing out a book. Still if you'd like to know a few of the People I don't want to Meet, I'll just jot down a line or two, by way of introduction. I don't so much mind work, when I can worry other people by it; and if my sketches of my friends bore you half as much as their acquaintanceship does me, I shall hold myself repaid for the labour of describing them.

So then, *Place aux dames!* No, no. That be hanged. Man came before woman, and I can't see any cause why he should yield his precedence. *Place aux hommes!* say I. I'll begin with my friend SMITH.

Now SMITH is one of those (to me) objectionable creatures, whom all their friends (but me) persist in nicknaming "Good fellows." SMITH has good health, and good spirits, good temper and good nature, and, what in ladies' eyes is better still, good looks. Every one likes SMITH, and that is one great reason why I myself detest him. "Good fellows" in general are my particular aversion. Because of their good fellowship they get the best of everything, and, although they least deserve it, their friends always make the most of them. If I meet SMITH out at dinner, I observe that he invariably gets helped sooner than I do, and almost as invariably has the pick of the titbits. He gets the lion's share of whatever's best on table, and although (in my opinion) he's an ass in conversation, he somehow or other always plays the lion's part. My most telling jokes fall flat when SMITH is sitting next me; and, however weak and stupid, his are always roared at. In fact, I never enjoy my dinner when SMITH is of the party. The mere sight of a "good fellow" always takes away my appetite. It really gives me indigestion to see the quantity of "nice bits" which the carvers will put by for him, while I and other guests may whistle for a taste. In the drawing-room, moreover, SMITH is equally a nuisance. It almost makes me sick to see the women pet and cosset him. Pretty widows cluster round him like flies about a sugar-shop; and girls flirt with him as pleasantly as if he were a parson, and repose in him their confidence as though he were a priest. They allow him to take liberties which I would give my ears for, but I should only get them boxed were I to volunteer the gift. In this way, as in others, I find that these "good fellows" somehow always get the better

of me, and rob me of whatever I most take to be my due. Wherever I meet SMITH he is a nuisance and annoyance to me, and that is surely a fair reason for my saying, I Don't Want to Meet him.

Then again, there's BROWN. I can't bear meeting BROWN, although I own he's just exactly the antipodes of SMITH. BROWN has had health and bad spirits, bad temper and bad looks. Who can possibly find pleasure in meeting men like BROWN? His voice is so lugubrious it reminds one of a meeting-house; and the long faces he pulls would do for a broad farce. BROWN is always sickening one by talking of his ailments, and mentioning the medicines which he has been prescribed for them. As some fools take delight in telling you what quantities of wine they have been drinking, so BROWN appears to relish an unhealthy sort of pleasure in counting up the quantities of physic he has swallowed, and boasting he has floored a six-ounce bottle at a sitting, or made "dead men" of half a score or so of draughts per day for weeks. Ugh! To hear BROWN's conversation is like walking through a hospital; and when I add that he's an ugly and ill-tempered looking brute, and that it gives one the blue devils to glance at his blue looks, why, who the d—ce can wonder that I Don't Want to Meet him?

MRS. JONES, although a lady, is (to me) a hardly less objectionable person. MRS. JONES is what is called by most men a "nice creature." Her male friends, as a rule, are over head and ears in love with her, but I can't conceive their reasons for those amatory somersaults. I hear them say they think her pretty and piquant; but, as language was invented to conceal one's thoughts, of course I can't conjecture what they really think of her. It sounds well enough to speak of her as "pretty" and "piquant," but "common-place" and "pert" would be more truthful epithets. One can't call women "pretty," who have little turned-up noses, such as MRS. BROWN has; and the way in which she *pities* me for being an old bachelor, and laughs at my "odd ways," as she is pleased to call them, fools who stand by may think "piquant," but I myself call "pert." I never meet MRS. BROWN but she seems bent on poking fun at me, and surely that is cause enough why I Don't Want to Meet her.

I need not waste my time in a description of MISS SCRAUNCHER, for, I take it, no one Wants to Meet these more-than-half-male misses; who, if they married, would stick out for Woman's Right to wear the—thingummies, and whose minds seem to grow stronger as their hair gets weak. Nor need I spare much space for MISS SERENA SIMPER; who has no idea of Righting anything—but love-letters—and whose brains are just as weakly as MISS SCRAUNCHER'S are robust. There may be childish idiots who like such dolls to prattle to, but I am not an idiot, and I Don't Want to Meet them. Neither do I Want to Meet that MRS. RABBITT WARRENNE, who is, so to speak, quite wrapped up in her babies, and seems, as far as I can judge, to have a new one once-a-week. To hear that woman chatter about whooping-coughs and measles is, as the Yankees say, a "caution" which young bachelors might profit by. I never have but once "enjoyed" the "pleasure" of her company, and then she told me the addresses of sixteen monthly nurses, and gave me the recipes for twelve varieties of pap!

As for my young friends WHYFFER SNAFF and NYNNY HAMMER, their names speak quite enough for them, and I need say no more. Blockheads, young or old, I don't much Want to Meet. Ciphers such as these cut a poor figure in the world, and the society of ciphers is not a thing I sigh for. Nor have I any wish to meet a man like SKUNKE. SKUNKE is not a blockhead. He is sharp and shrewd enough. But somehow, SKUNKE is never in good odour with his friends. He is always stirring up the cess-pools of small scandals, which nobody but he would ever care to poke his nose into, and which, but for his said stirring, would soon cease to be smelt out. BLABBERLY again is a fellow I Don't Want to Meet. When BLABBERLY is present, one can never half enjoy oneself. If one feels inclined to cut up any absent friends, or to make a nice ill-natured joke at their expense, BLABBERLY'S quick ears are sure to catch up what is said, and his tongue has an unlucky habit of repeating it. Then, too, there's my friend SLYNKE.—But why pursue a subject which gets more and more unsavoury. I have surely said enough to show that I'm surrounded by People I Don't Want to Meet. Their name in fact is Legion, and they haunt me worse than taxgatherers. What though I may mix in what

is termed "the best society," I find it teems with them as badly as Thames water with small reptiles. Even you, O reader, I'll be bound, were I to meet you, I should find out to be one of these same People I Don't Want to Meet.

THE ALDERMAN'S LAMENT.



TEARS! Tears for the City, oh!
wail for Guildhall,
Put Gog into weepers, clothe
Magog in pall,
Let each Alderman use his
gold-chain for a cord,
And the sword-bearer, CATO-
like, fall on his sword.

Let the Mansion House cooks
on their spits yield their
breaths,
And BATHE & BREACH turtle
die natural deaths;
Let the venison in GROVES's,
uncaten, grow stale,
And sell off for old brass,
man-in-armour, thy mail.

For the great City glories are
knocked on the head,—
Its shrieval and swan-hopping
dinners are dead:
Folks gird at Lord Mayors,
and make mock of their
show,
And the *Mary Wood* harge has
beensold and brought low.

In their Company's hall, as in brave days of yore,
The Sheriffs at breakfast receive us no more;
No more in th' Exchequer their office entails
The chopping of faggots and counting of nails.

Groan aloud in your graves, each old Alderman's ghost,
In Guildhall, economy now rules the roast;
Where ye feasted, a HEYWOOD or LETHEBY reports
On the planning of sewers, and cleansing of courts.

Ah, me! when I think of the dinners I've seen,
The venison so fat, and the turtle so green,
The rich marrow-puddings, so melting and mild,—
Grey-haired man as I am, I could weep like a child.

Audacious Reform lifts its voice for our fall:
They publish our archives,—our records o'erhaul;
Pry into our revenues,—scan our accounts,—
Our salaries examine, and gauge their amounts.

Yield not thus, brother Aldermen, tacit and tame.
As the Senate of Rome met the Gaul, when he came,
To meet the Reformers, in Guildhall sit down,
Majestic and awful, in chain and in gown.

When the foe in that terrible presence shall come,
He will shrink from his enterprise—dazzled and dumb;
Will dread to encounter the Alderman's ban,
And feel the LORD MAYOR something higher than man!

If, false and faint-hearted, no Alderman stirs;
If a craven LORD MAYOR to my project demurs,
At your feet, Gog and Magog, I fling off my gown,
And my Alderman life—like a BRUTUS—lay down!

NE PLUS ULTRA-MONTANIST.

MR. PUNCH's recommendation to make short work with the Irish priests who refuse to use in aid of the law their absolute power over their flocks, has caused a vast explosion of wrath in the journals devoted to the ultra-montane hierarchy. Of abuse, especially from the tools of the priesthood, *Mr. Punch* has had so much in his time, while working out reforms in Church and State, and generally revising and improving the Constitution, that he can bear it very equably. But really, when it is advanced as a new grievance, that LORD DERBY has caused notice to quit to be served upon the priest of the tenantry who notoriously harbour a murderer, and who, if ordered by that priest, under pain of his Church's thunders, to hand over the scoundrel, would do it in an hour, *Mr. Punch* cannot help thinking that there must be some other connection between Irishmen and Impudence besides their both beginning with an I.

A SAINT IN CRINOLINE.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph ascribes the following act of enlightened devotion to a lady whom we should think incapable of it:—

"EUGÉNIE, the EMPRESS, has presented the dress worn by her on her first appearance at Church after the birth of the Prince Imperial, the embroidery of which cost £20,000, to the statue of the Virgin in Notre Dame de la Sparde."

The writer of the above, perhaps, confounded the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH with the QUEEN OF SPAIN, or the Queen of some native tribe lately converted from fetishism by the labours of Jesuit missionaries.

The idea of EUGÉNIE presenting a dress to the statue above named, is too absurd. There was, indeed, said to be an idol of the same denomination,—

"Who at Loretto dwelt; in wax, stone, wood,
And in a fair white wig looked wondrous fine;

But the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH would have, at any rate, better taste than to cause an image of the Madonna to be attired in that ridiculous fashion. Yet to dress such an image in Crinoline would be just as ridiculous; and, doubtless, EUGÉNIE would not even put a statue of Venus into the preposterous drapery in which her milliners have arrayed herself.

If otherwise,—if the EMPRESS has actually presented the Madonna with her own petticoats,—we may expect that the EMPEROR will honour his wife by following her example. He may just as well present some Saint with one of his own uniforms, and dress the holy man's image up in a kepi, a tunic, and a pair of Napoleon boots. In kissing the latter, an Imperial devotee would be enabled, in that case, to kill two birds, as it were, with one stone.

BOOBIES OF BRIGHTON.

AS BRIGHTON is about to fill again, or may be full already, for what *Mr. Punch* knows, it may be agreeable and acceptable to the public, and especially the visitors to that watering-place, to know that medical testimony pronounces the sanitary arrangements of the place to be simply Abominable. A very large number of the smart houses are not fit to be inhabited, because Drainage has not been attended to. Several attempts have been made to obtain the necessary powers for purifying the town; but these efforts have been defeated by "a knot of obstinate and prejudiced persons, who are incapable of understanding anything on the subject except that drainage costs money." These Beasts—no, *Punch* withdraws the word; for beasts do comprehend and value of cleanliness;—these Idiots insist on Brighton's continuing to be poisoned. It is no business of *Mr. Punch's*; but as he has thousands of friends who "use" Brighton, he deems it friendly to advise them to mind their eyes, or rather another portion of their faces. But who are these recalcitrant jackasses who hinder the purification of the place, and of whom the medical men complain? Let *Mr. Punch* have all particulars, and he pledges himself to make the parties throw themselves into the sea after a very few applications of his cudgel.

THE NEW CUT.

WHEN will innovation cease? SIR JOHN BOWRING informs us that the celebrated Happy Dispatch of Japan is no longer the elegant ceremony it used to be, but that Reform has reduced it to a mere execution. The insulted Japanese nobleman does not now enfranchise at once his soul and his internals with the famous "transverse cuts," but his friends assemble and simply cut off his head. This is offensive effeminacy, and as a sound Protectionist-Conservative, *Mr. Punch* augurs no good to the Japanese kingdom from it. Besides, suppose a nobleman has no head—suppose, for instance, that some VISCOUNT WILLIAMS of Japan had been told by a Japanese LORD PALMERSTON to comprehend a subject before speaking upon it—how could the outraged lord vindicate his honour? Nations should keep in the old ruts and the old cuts.

Rhyme for Lady Londonderry's Nursery.

DOLLY was nimble and DOLLY was quick,
And DOLL, for a Swell, was no end of a Brick.
DOLLY could gallop, and DOLLY could trot,
But get a fine Coloneley, DOLLY could not.

[So, my dear, DOLLY sulked out of the Army, wasn't it a petulant DOLLY?]

THE CONUNDRUM THAT WON THE PRIZE AT THE LAST GRAND BILLINGS-GATE FLOWER SHOW.

SUPPOSING you have got a Fish, when is it like a Flower?
When you have got a mignonette (*him in your net*).



Confounded Good-looking Hibernian friend (to Jones). "ADIEU, ME BOY! IS THERE ANYTHING I'LL DO FOR-R-R YE WHILE YE'RE AWAY? WILL I RIDE OUT, OR WALK WITH MISS PLUMLEY FOR-R-R YE, NOW? ONLY SPAKE THE WOR-R-RD!"

GIVING LITERATURE A LIFT.

"WAL, neow, *Punch*, old hoss, guess as heow we air a puttin' the kibosh on you Britishers. Talk of your Pro-gressin' and the Marchin' of your Intellect! Sne-akes and Sugar-candy! Why we wallop you by chalks as long as Mississippi. You've been braggin' pretty stiff about your spread of education, and chaps like DICKY BRIGHT and COBDEN keep a-risin' up at meetings and a-spoutin' heaps of froth about the good it does their eyes to see the common folks a readin' at their 'Chamics' Institutions, instead o' loafin' about liquor-shops as afore they larnt to spell they did. Wal, I guess it's Uncle Sam as you've to thank for *that*, although you air so all-fired proud that you're ashamed to own it. Why neow what's the reason as you finds your chaps a-readin' and your clod-hoppers a-makin' mental progress, as you says they does? Ain't it jist because you've been and copied us, and have been settin' up cheap papers toe en-lighten and instruct 'em? Yes, Sir-ree, that's the fact, and COBDEN owns it, tew, and fizzle as you please, you can't noheow squirm out of it.

"But arter all, your pccny peappers aint not baafe the raal grit. They no more come up to ours than a ant does to a alligator. You air so cussed squcamish, your writers haave no chance of scribblin' somethin' spicy. And then you're allus fussin' that what's printed should be true, and so the bhoys don't git no room to spread the wings of their invention. 'Cept the prize fights in *Bell's Life* I never see no fancy writing in your jarnals. Neow, that's jist where we whip you, and slogdollagize cre-ation. Our editors air allus on the squint for somethin' stunnin', and so long as it be fizzing, they don't ask if it be fact. In proof of this here 'sertion, you jist read the busters they've been printin' 'bout Niagara, and how that French bhoys, BLONDIN, has been throwin'—not the hatchet, but—a rope across the Falls, and a hangin' by his heels, and eatin' omelettes, feet uppards, arter makin' 'em hisself without a-goin' off the rope,—beatin' up the eggs while he twizzled a back somersault, and smokin' a cigar the while he fried 'em by its ash. Wal, havin' done inventin' sich gymnastitricks as these, bust me if our editors ain't up to other dodges, and a-givin' out that BLONDIN is a literary critter, and a-engagin' him to write for 'em while he's a-dancin' on the Falls! You jist give a squint at this here para-

graph, old hoss, and say if you don't calc'late as the notion's kinder slick:

"It is reported that MR. BONNER has offered MR. BLONDIN ten thousand dollars to contribute a series of Niagara papers to the *Ledger*, each of them to be written on a tight-rope while the author is crossing the Falls."

"Thar neow, I rayther guess as that's a smartish stroke o' brain-work. And besides it's being a most fast-chop speculation, it's sartinly encouragin' to what I calls High Art. Liftin' up a author to spin yarns above Niagara is what you may term reg'lar givin' lit'ature a lift! You Britishers may brag about your writers being critters of exalted reputation, and occu-pyin' of a tall po-sition in society, but I kinder guess we've taken a rise above 'em neow. Apple-squash and airtquakes! I calc'late it's a fa-act. For the matter of high standing, whar's the bhoys in Grub Street as comes up to our bhoys BLONDIN, and, talk of elevated genius, whar's the brains in Britain which air haafe so raised as his? He tops your tip-top authors, and no mistake, Sir-ree! It's lite-raytur' *in excelsis*, bust me if it aint!

"You may say the stuff he'll write won't be not nothin' to be proud of. Wal, perhaps it won't. But what o' that, old 'coon? I calc'late 'twill sell, and that's the pint we looks to. Wal, yes, it jist is, and arter all, old rattlesnake, which of your crack authors air you game to back agin him? Would MISTER TENNYSON write better, were he stuck upon a tight-rope? or that bhoys LORD MACAULAY, the 'eminent historian?' I'd jist like to see *him* try his hand at scribblin' 'mong the skylarks! Guess as heow his Eminence would soon be taken down a peg, and let BLONDIN bag the rowdy without tryin' toe com-pete with him. High as is his standin' in the lite-rairy world, he'd soon find as BLONDIN's tight-rope were a cut or two above him. In faact I kinder guess if any of you Britishers aspired to takin' steps in so high a walk of authorship, you'd be 'nition apt toe cut it and to come down by the run!

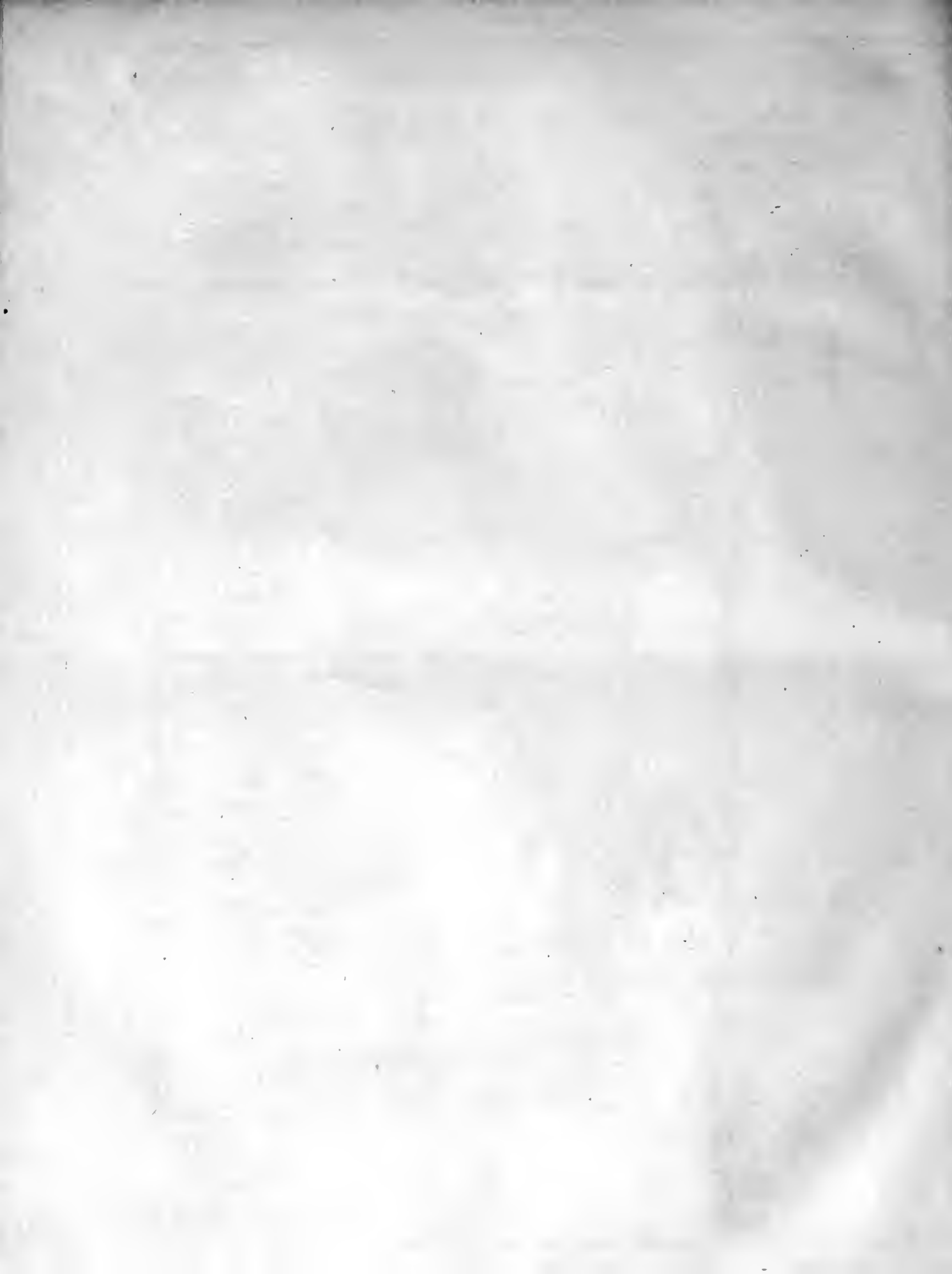
"Wal, I allus am a patron of all high art games, I am: and so if any of you critters like to make a tight-rope scribblin' match, I don't mind backing BLONDIN agin 'em for a trifle, and I'll liquor with as many 'coons as you can find to come and try. Perhaps you'll print this challenge and send me the peayper; and so believe me, my bhoys,

"Yours faithful and in airnest, neow,

"GOLIAH SAMPSON BANG."



BLONDIN OUTDONE.



BOOT-MENDING.

HERE'S Europe in pother, and bustle and bother,
Kings and Kaisers, at conclave and council and plot;
Each crowned Royal Brother distrusting the other,
And insular England distrusting the lot.
While, cause of the riot, herself calm and quiet,
Italia, at length by past blunders grown wise,
On her Apennines sitting is busily fitting
Her boot with new welts, stouter soles and fresh ties.

Her delicate hands the fair lady commands,
To their task unfamiliar, with earnest endeavour:
Her carving and limning, her fiddling and hymning,
She has done for herself, but her boot-mending, never.
Sometimes Pope, sometimes Kaiser, sometimes King, as adviser,
How her boot should be mended, she used to invite:
That it pinched her severely she felt but too clearly,
But trusted strange cobblers to set it all right.

Till, as might be expected, their botching's detected,
In such a misfit, that poor Italy swears
She's so pinched heel and toe that, to stand or to go,
Is equally torture, the boot while she wears.
So though France eager stands to take work off her hands,
And Austria's young Kaiser puts in the same suit;
Says Italy, "No—on a new tack I'll go:
I know my own pinch, and I'll mend my own boot."

CULLENARY COLLEGES.

THE Dublin *Freeman* affords the friends of education the gratifying intelligence that:—

"On this day will commence the meeting of the four archbishops and two suffragans from each of the provinces, to consider the condition of the Catholic University, with a view to devise means which will improve its efficiency, and render it fully worthy of its exalted object."

This is the way to shut up the atheistical Colleges in which the mind is dieted on raw food, gorged with plain historical matter of fact, and stuffed with natural science. To denounce those hazy abodes of unqualified learning was a mistake on the part of the Right Reverend Fathers—who are not infallible in policy and tact. The judicious course would have been to take no notice of those dens—to ignore their existence—to treat them with merited contempt. Then the holy and sagacious prelates might, with dignity the more imposing, have proceeded to do what they are happily doing now—to cut out those despicable institutions. The grand Catholic University of Ireland, by the efforts of the successors of St. Patrick, will soon be reared in towering majesty above the petty seminaries of unseasoned knowledge. Its venerable Professors will emulate the miracle by which that illustrious saint relegated the batrachians to the bogs and confounded all the other reptiles. They will drive away the vermin who occupy the chairs of uncooked philosophy and literature. As when, to employ a new simile, the Sun, rising in unclouded splendour, at once dispels the shades of night, and extinguishes the delusive luminaries which mislead the wanderer, so will the Catholic University of Ireland, diffusing an effulgence of glory, produce an effect upon the schools of unbiassed thought which can be adequately described only in the pastoral of one of those only genuine prelates who alone are incapable of writing fustian.

DR. LIVINGSTONE IN DESTITUTION.

To a letter dated Kongone Harbour, July 30, 1859, the illustrious and adventurous DR. LIVINGSTONE adds a most important postscript. He thus writes:—

"P. S. . . . We have failed to receive our regular newspapers, and not a *Punch* except yours—nothing more is needed to prove us out of the world."

DR. LIVINGSTONE has undergone great privations, but he has never expressed so keen a sense of the severest of them as that which he exhibits in complaining of his want of *Punch*. We do not know which of two emotions we feel the more deeply—sympathy with the distress of the best of doctors, or pride by reason of the cause which chiefly occasioned it. We wish we possessed the power of clairvoyance, and could publish prophetic numbers in anticipation of events, so that stores of *Punch* for long voyages and travels might be laid in by enterprising explorers like DR. LIVINGSTONE.

A CONUNDRUM FOR THE COURT CIRCULAR.

WHY IS BARON BRAMWELL'S wit like scandal?
Because a little of it goes a very great way.

ST. JANUARIUS AT IT AGAIN!

THE good Saint Januarius has been at it again. This may seem a vulgar phrase, but we use it with all reverence; at least, with all the reverence we can feel for the good Saint. While he conducts himself in so unsanctified and common-place a fashion, he must expect to have unsanctified and common-place things said of him. We repeat then, that the Saint has been "at it again." A letter from Naples, which has been seized on by sub-editors, and stuck in all the newspapers (anything, however stupid and nonsensical, does to fill their vacant corners now Parliament is up), has edified the British public by narrating how—

"The great event of the day for the clergy and the lower class of the population is the miracle of St. Januarius, which has this year been accomplished with a rapidity without example. The liquefaction of the blood of the Saint took place yesterday morning in two minutes! Repeated salutes of artillery from all the forts in the town announced the happy event; for when the miracle is effected rapidly it is considered a sign of prosperity for the kingdom."

If this be so, we are surprised that more effective measures are not regularly taken to ensure the so-called "miracle" being rapidly performed. Whatever apparatus be employed for the occasion, we think it is but clumsily adapted to the purpose. If a rapid liquefaction be so "happy" an "event," there surely are abundant means at hand to guarantee it. Science surely might prescribe the taking of such steps as would secure to a dead certainty the coveted result; and as the measures now in use, it seems, cannot be relied upon, we should recommend that others should be sought for, and adopted. The liquefaction might, perhaps, be done more rapidly by steam; and if so it would be easy to fit up such machinery as would work the so-called "miracle" at more than railroad pace. Or if a dry heat be the best to effect a rapid melting, we should advise the priests at Naples to buy themselves new bellows, and get up a rousing fire when it is wanted for the process. Or they might try what could be done by applying a hot-iron when the melting should come off, in which case, upon melting days, it might, perhaps, be suitable to heat the holy poker.

We learn further, from the letter which induces these remarks, that—

"The miracle takes place three times a year: the prayer and the fête lasting nine days in May, eight days in September, and one day in December. It also occurs in the ancient town of Puzzoli, where the Saint was beheaded. The stone on which he was executed is preserved in the church of that place, and his blood appears on it at the same moment as the liquefaction takes place at Naples."

Clearly, too, in this case, the helping hand of Science might be called in requisition, to secure the sure recurrence of this saintly "double event." By the aid of electricity, Naples and Puzzoli might be instantly connected, and the simultaneous "appearance" of the blood be guaranteed. In fact, the sanguinary apparition might be got up just as easily as the appearing of the "gory locks" of *Banquo* at the banquet, or of the Corsican ghost-brother with the blood-spot on his shirt. If the faithful wish to raise the reputation of their Saint, we think that Science might materially assist them in so doing. A belief in so-called "miracles" like those of JANUARIUS is clearly incompatible with scientific knowledge; and if due advantage were but taken of this truth, many new and paying "miracles" might be brought into the market. In places where the steam-engine has never been inspected, and where electric telegraphs are utterly undreamt of, their agencies might readily effect a so-called "miracle," and deceive the eyesights blinded by the darkened superstitions which are the stock-in-trade and groundwork of the Romish Church.

A SERIOUS CLOWN.

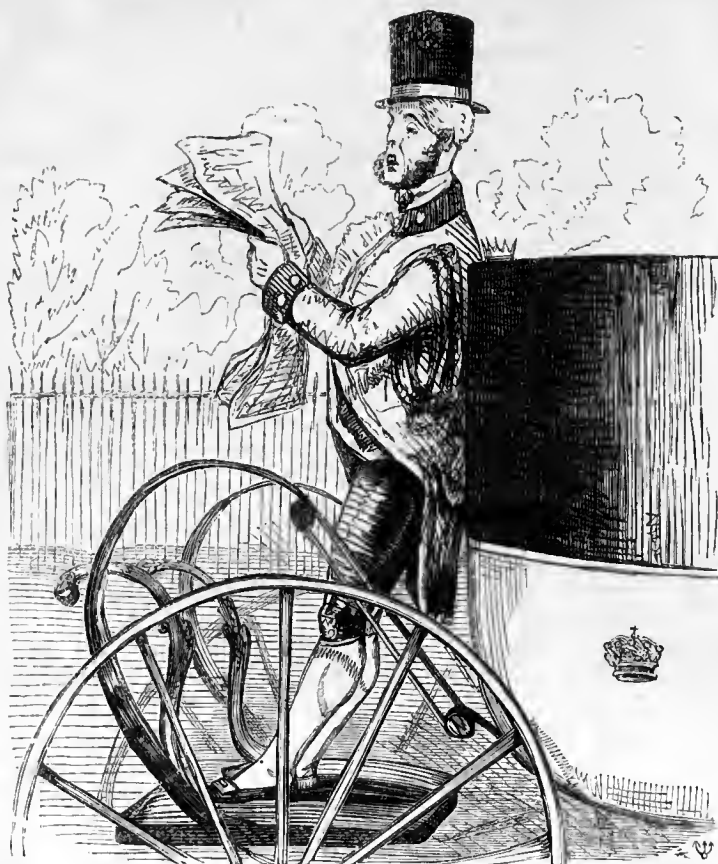
ACCORDING to a Bangor paper—

"The *Derbyshire Advertiser* states that a young man, a member of an evangelical church, advertises in a local paper for board in a pious family, where his Christian example would be considered a compensation."

If the advertisement which the Welsh paper says that the Derbyshire paper says that the local paper contains, is contained in that paper, the evangelical young man who inserted it is a youth who might do better than by acting in private the part of a hypocrite. He might, with more enrolment probably, play Clown on the stage, in a pantomime, where the cool impudence which appears to be his peculiar gift, might be displayed to great advantage; provided that, in addition to that talent, he is endowed, as he probably is, with a genius for grimace, and can also swallow strings of sausages and jump through windows.

The Soldier's Call.

It must be confessed that, in the way of flogging, the British Army outstrips every other army in the world. It is too bad that the British Soldier, who never allows the enemy to see his back, should be called upon to exhibit it to his own countrymen!



MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

"Takin' it easy! Aw yas, why shouldn't I? When there's not a Soul left in Town to look at one?"

THE NELSON MONUMENT.

Recitative.

O'ER NELSON's tomb, with silent grief oppressed,
BRITANNIA mourns her hero,—much distressed
By that tall column, which, for many years,
Has been unfinished, as it now appears.

Aria.

'Twas in Trafalgar Square
I saw a Frenchman stare;
My heart was fainting then,
He smiled, as he looked round,
At ev'ry thing he found,
And at us Englishmen.
Our NELSON on the pillar top,
Three coils of cable as a prop,
Despite all taste and beauty.
Around the pile the Frenchman ran,
Exclaiming unto ev'ry man—
"You have not done your duty!"

And now the cabmen roar
Where th' frightful fountains pour,
And dirty children play;
By th' National Gall'ry named,
Of which we're much ashamed,
Though much for it we pay.
Ah! dearly has the nation bought
Not that for which our hero fought,
Who fought for home and beauty:
His spirit cries—if cry it can—
To us and ev'ry Englishman,
"You have not done your duty!"

At last it may come round,
When we are underground,
That NELSON's friends will see.
Pow'r fighting on his side,
That cannot be denied,
What long we've wished should be.
In honour's cause his life was past,
In honour's cause he fell at last,
For England, home, and beauty!
Oh! may our rulers find some plan
To treat less scurvily the man
Who nobly did his duty!

ANECDOTES FROM BALMORAL.

Collected, with the permission of Mr. Macfunkey, from the Scotch Papers.

ANY incident in the Highland life of our Sovereign will be interesting to all her subjects, and we are happy to be able to give one which we have obtained from a favourite domestic in the Royal household. Going out for a drive, the other day, HER MAJESTY, as she graciously ascended the carriage, was observed to look at the mists that were curling around the majestic brow of the opposite mountain, Ben Cuttypipe. The QUEEN pointed them out to PRINCESS BEATRICE, and said, "Is it not like smoke?" We have ourselves frequently inspected the scenery, and can bear testimony to the accuracy of HER MAJESTY'S comparison.—*Peebles Parasite.*

The QUEEN, accompanied by the PRINCE CONSORT, was walking on Saturday in the beautiful road from Glenbrimstone to Clantoddy, when an old Highlander, named JAMES MACTURK, who has just accomplished his hundred and seventy-second year, but is as hale as a man of sixty, met the distinguished couple. He was not aware, from the unpretending appearance of the Royal pair, that he was in presence of such illustrious personages; and his cheerful salutation as he passed had more of cordiality than of reverence. HER MAJESTY smilingly responded "Good morning." When told of his mistake, the old man, nothing daunted, said, "Weel, she's a bonny leddy."—*Fifeshire Tawner.*

Truly gratifying it is to know that the PRINCE OF WALES, who inherits no small part of the wit and humour of his illustrious parents, is also exceedingly well read in the history of Scotland. We are informed that His Royal Highness was amusing himself, on a recent occasion, by an amicable engagement with the foils, in the hall at Balmoral, his honoured antagonist being the youthful LORD MACDUFF. In the course of the graceful exercise the PRINCE, perhaps thinking his foe somewhat slack to lunge, exclaimed, with an excellent imitation of a distinguished tragedian, "Lay on, MACDUFF!" It is equally to the honour of a Prince who has been most carefully brought up, that he abstained from completing the somewhat irreverent lines of the great Scottish dramatist.—*Listener of the Lothians.*

HER MAJESTY, it is well known, is very fearless about weather when she is in the Highlands, and sometimes is pleased, good-naturedly, to rally her attendants upon their fear of catching cold. Overtaken by a shower, one day last week, in the neighbourhood of Loch Jabber, the Royal party paused for a few moments, and LADY HERMIONE NORMANTON, the lady-in-waiting, suggested that they should take refuge in the nearest cottage. HER MAJESTY assented, and the shelter was gained, when, turning with a smile to the fair and distinguished hydrophobian, the QUEEN said, "Now, LADY HERMIONE, I hope that you are happier."—*Elgin Eavesdropper.*

Our revered Sovereign, as is well known, sets an admirable example of attendance to religious duties. Being in her pew on Sunday week, in the little church of Banchorister, the Sovereign paid marked attention to the worthy minister, the REVEREND ANDREW FAIRSERVICE, as he gave out the text. The QUEEN was then seen to lay her Royal hand upon a book, and the intense curiosity of the whole congregation was excited to discover what their Monarch was about to do. They all rose, and either stood on the seats or leaned over the gallery to observe the QUEEN'S movements. What was their delight to behold their QUEEN open the Sacred Volume, turn with apparent ease to the text, show it for a moment to PRINCESS ALICE, and lay the book down again to listen, attentively, to the excellent minister.—*Clackmannan Chatterer.*

QUEEN VICTORIA takes a wifely interest in the field-sports of her illustrious husband, and rarely fails to come down-stairs on His Royal Highness's return from deer-stalking, and look at the spoils of the chase. An unusually fine stag fell a victim to the Prince's great skill last Wednesday, and on its being submitted to HER MAJESTY for examination, the QUEEN regarded it with mingled admiration and compassion, and remarked to the PRINCE OF WALES, "Really, Papa ought to be in the Rifles."—*Glasgow Gobe-mouche.*

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," says our great Scottish bard, ALLAN RAMSAY, but we are delighted to be able to state that in the case of our beloved Sovereign, old ALLAN'S *dictum* does not hold good. We have reason to speak positively to the fact that the QUEEN has repeatedly said that she has been graciously pleased to enjoy

exceedingly good nights during her sojourn at Balmoral. That this arises in part from our QUEEN'S mind being calm in the conviction of being beloved by the nation, we do not, as loyal subjects, doubt; but for the honour of auld Scotland we must claim for the mountain air of Caledonia some of the credit of procuring for her monarch "rosy dreams and slumbers light."—*Inverary Idiot.*

It has, we believe, been remarked that after a certain period of enjoyment of a delightful scene, human nature becomes less keen in its enjoyment, and satiety ensues. The observation is founded on a good general knowledge of mankind. But that there are exceptions to the rule we are able to testify, and one of them is in the case of the illustrious offspring of our beloved Sovereign. On their coming out upon the lawn at Balmoral, on the morning after their arrival, the PRINCESS LOUISA exclaimed, that she believed the scenery grew more and more beautiful every year, to which remark her brothers and sisters assented. Need we add that the indulgent smiles of their royal parents showed that even if the scene had not improved (and it would be difficult to improve it), they were not displeased at the enthusiasm of their amiable children.—*Dundee Dunderhead.*

N.B. *Mr. Punch*, his Sovereign's most devoted admirer and champion, solemnly declares that he will publish a great many more of these things (with their exact pedigrees), if the Scottish pennygrubs do not abstain from persecuting that Royal lady and her family with the twaddling effusions of unmitigated flunkeydom. *Nemo se impune laessit.*

SPORTS IN THE NORTH.



GAME case was lately tried at the Gateshead County Police Court, when MR. RAMSEY, who was on the Bench, terrified everyone by letting off in the open court the following opinion, which we have picked up, with all the marks of the magisterial lead about it, in the *Northern Counties' Advertiser*:—

"MR. RAMSEY said the deputation gave him the right to shoot himself, or to give liberty to shoot to anybody else."

We do not know whether the report is a correct one, nor are we told whether MR. RAMSEY availed himself of the right that he said

the deputation gave him. If he did, it is to be hoped that MR. RAMSEY is a very bad shot, and did not succeed in making game of himself, or of anyone else. If a Magistrate has "the right to shoot himself," then our Great Unpaid should be taught "the Rifle, and how to use it;" or else, failing to hit the object they aim at, they might wound the beadle, or wing the clerk, or kill half-a-dozen lawyers, which would be a loss that society at large would grievously deplore, and could not ill replace. If MR. RAMSEY has any fire-arms, they should be taken away from him, for fear that he might, in some moment of over-zeal, be measuring out his own charge, and passing sentence, ready primed and loaded, upon himself. We have often heard of the sword of Justice; but a musket is a new weapon to be placed in the hands of that blind old lady. It ought to be removed from her, or she will be doing serious injury with it one of these days, unless the presenters take good care beforehand to withdraw their charge. We have not yet heard whether this new sport, which at all events has the one merit of accelerating promotion at the bar, is to be introduced next term into Westminster Hall. BRAMWELL, however, will be safe; for we all know that, as a judge, he is not worth his powder and shot.

A SENSIBLE FELLOW.—The poor tailor, who tried to cure his wife's temper, has given it up as a bad job. He found the experiment was not "worth the salt."

A TERRIFIC DESCENT.—The Great Fall of Niagara—Being turned into a rope-walk for M. BLONDIN.

"BY THE MARGIN OF FAIR ZURICH'S WATERS."

(A New Song to the old Tune.)

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters,
The Commissioners' time sped away—
They found most agreeable quarters,
COLLOREDO, and 'cute BOURQUENEY.
But no business transacted could be,
For DESAMBROIS—that cool Piedmontee—
To whate'er France and Austria might say,
Still put in a most resolute "Nay,"
In a "quite 'tother" way.

By the margin of fair Zurich's waters,
At the close of a long wasted day,
(As we learn from our special reporters)
COLLOREDO bespake BOURQUENEY:
"This is humbug, you clearly must see,
It's plain we shall never agree:
Don't you think we had better divide?"
Can you tell how the Frenchman replied?
I leave you to guess—
Of course he said "Yes."

PETER AND PAUL.

"WHAT power on earth, save ROME," frantically demands a Roman Catholic journal, "can confer the glorious title of Saint?"

Most Roman Catholic journals are miserably ill-informed, which is of no particular consequence to them, inasmuch as their admirers are usually a little deeper in the misery of ignorance. But it is unfortunate for ill-informed persons to risk observations in the presence of *Mr. Punch*.

He replies to the above demand,
THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

And taking up the very first book at hand—it happens to be CAPTAIN DON'S inestimable Handbook to One's Betters, *Mr. Punch* cites proof. (Page 488.)

"ST. PAUL (2nd Baronet), SIR HORACE ST. PAUL. Born at, &c. &c. The first Baronet, SIR HORACE DAVID CHOLWELL ST. PAUL was a Colonel in the Army. His Grandfather assumed the Prefix of Saint by Act of Parliament in 1768."

Now then, gentlemen of Over the Mountains. You see that a Parliament can make quite as good a Saint as a Pope. And we doubt not that in the entries of that angelic registrar, whom the Reverend LAURENCE STERNE states to be in the habit of crying over his ledger, the title conferred by the Parliament of 1768 is written out just as large as any one which has ever been conferred by a Pope, from ALEXANDER THE SIXTH to PIUS OF Perugia.

You should remember, that though you write for ignorant idiots, your writings may get into the hands of *Mr. Punch*, and then you come to grief. *Orate pro vobis!*

LINES ON THE LORD MAYOR ELECT.

'LONGSHOREMEN, back to foul Thames shore,
And seek your filthy jetsam there,
A sturgeon it may be—no more
Expect to find a rich LORN MAYOR!
Potwallopers, your empty pots,
Go wallop in your proper sphere,
You ne'er again will sell, you sots,
Your voices for a pot of beer.

In vain your votes you thought to barter;
Vain were your threats to hiss and groan:
The chosen Alderman is CARTER;
And he shall fill the civic throne.
But ah!—one more LORD MAYOR's elected,
Soon will this Mayoralty be past.
Oh, may the next, with rogues corrected,
Abound still more than did the last!

Not to be Found in Boswell.

"Is it wrong, Doctor, to believe in Ghosts?" "No, Sir; no more wrong than believing in you. It may be foolish; but there being no substance or foundation for the belief, the folly, Sir, is quite immaterial."—*Mr. Punch's Unpublished Anecdotes of Doctor Johnson.*

A QUERY FOR THE CALCULATING MACHINE.—May the person who makes one pound two a-day be said to double his capital?



A WET DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.

Baggs. "Thish rain 'll do a deal o' good, Charley."

Blobbs. "O, Shirtintly—make water so very plentiful."

POACHING UNDER EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

THE following pretty little illustration of rural felicity is extracted from a country paper:—

"CONDITION OF DORSETSHIRE LABOURERS.—At the Wimbourne Petty Sessions, last week, a case occurred which painfully illustrates the condition of the Dorsetshire peasantry. GEORGE FRAMPTON, a labourer, was charged with being in possession of a hare, a fortnight old, which he had caught while he was at work in a harvest field. A nominal fine of 1s., but a real mulct of 12s. costs, were inflicted upon him; but, inasmuch as it was stated that he had a wife and five children, and that his wages were only 8s. a week, a fortnight was allowed him in which to pay the money."

The Magistrates have no option in cases of this kind but to convict; for a nominal offence they must inflict a nominal fine, and cannot help the costs which attend it. However, they might as well have sent this unhappy swain, FRAMPTON, to prison at once as have allowed him a fortnight in which to pay 13s.—Given, 8s. a week, a wife and five children, how shall a Dorsetshire swain contrive to save 13s. out of the money in two weeks? Twice eight is 16; take 13 from 16 and there remain 3.—There are 3s. left for the swain to live upon and maintain his wife and children. A county meeting should be called in Dorsetshire to take into consideration this problem appointed for swain FRAMPTON to solve. Somebody might, perhaps, move, so to speak, the previous question—namely, how any British swain could contrive to exist and keep a family of six upon 8s. a week at all? No wonder that a swain, with a limited imagination, and a dreadfully low moral sense, should think that a little poaching might furnish a practical solution of this difficulty—especially poaching of such mitigated enormity as the offence of picking up a hare that came in the way of his sickle. The probable hunger of such a swain might almost be allowed to reduce his offence to gameslaughter.

Wimbourne is in Dorsetshire. From Dorsetshire to Warwickshire is some way; but if the person who was mean enough or cruel enough to play the informer against FRAMPTON is an inhabitant of Wimbourne or the adjoining district, his neighbours might surely, amongst them, manage to send such a disagreeable brute as far as Coventry.

Catholic Theatrical Intelligence.

THE SULTAN has given notice to the "Christians" of Jerusalem that unless they can behave with decency, and not fight like ruffians, when their priests perform the trick of the miraculous fire-escape in the church of the Sepulchre, the juggle shall not be performed at all. We believe that as the condition proposed by the SULTAN is an impossible one, arrangements are being made by the POPE for transferring the machinery of the fire to Naples, and for combining it with the present contrivance for boiling the blood of St. Januarius. The latter attraction will therefore be announced next year, with new machinery, dresses, and decorations.—*The Tablet*.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.—Hollow Way!—*The Bark of a Cynic*.

JONATHAN'S RIDE TO PEKIN.

TUNE—"Yankee Doodle."

OUR nation always goes ahead,
By methods noways sneakin',
Hear how our minister got led
In triumph into Pekin:
I calculate that he warn't barred
By planks ahwart a river;
Too 'cute a coon was MR. WARD,
Whose story I'll deliver.

Firstways he steamed to Ning-Hou-Fou,
Along with his Legation,
And there our vessel was brought to
A posture of fixation.
The Chinamen a box packed in
Our diplomatic corpus,
Conducted by a Mandarin,
A blowin' like a porpus.

This box was made without a lid,
But hadn't got no winder,
That breathin, it might not forbid,
But observation hinder.
With necessaries it was stored,
Though sight it held a check on,
Had food and liquor both aboard,
And backy too, I reckon.

Upon a raft 'twas sot to go,
Considerable pretty,
All up the Ki-Tcheou-Yun-ho,
To Chayny's fust-chop city,
And right slick through the Great Canal,
Our minister to render
Unto the Chinese capital,
In dignity and splendour.

At Pekin Gate upon a truck,
Drawn by a team of oxen,
Our citizens was proudly stuek,
Still shut their grand state box in.
Thus into Pekin town did drive,
(Such honour seldom waits men!)
Our nation's representative,
And all our other statesmen.

The truck was wheeled into the Court-
Yard of a certain mansion,
Whose walls cut all excursion short
By space of narrer 'spancion.
Our envoys there was kep select,
To whittle at their leisure,
Some time a hearin' to expect,
And wait the Emperor's pleasure.

Their mission ended, from their cage
Politely liberated,
They were, in that same equipage
They came in, re-located,
And brought, with care particular,
To where they first intruded,
Like blacks inside a nigger-car,
As snug, and more secluded.

I reckon that's the way to treat
Our great and glorious nation,
And offer humble pie to eat
To them as flogs creation!
But we must swaller down our pride,
When dollars are seeekin',
And be content, old hoss, to ride
In a boss-box up to Pekin.

Very Proper Precaution.

MR. PUNCH is informed that an action is about to be brought by MR. JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK, M.P., against one of the Railway Companies for declining to convey him, except in a tin box, marked "Dangerous." The Company's defence is its bye-law, providing against liability to the carriage of Inflammable Matter.



AN UNEXPECTED LIFT.

THE VATICAN'S THREATENED THUNDER.

Pius NINTH, POPE, to all Our disaffected
Subjects, who, having Our command rejected,
Perverted by heretical opinions,
Want to unite yourselves with the Sardinians,
Bad luck, and apostolic malediction,
Woe, tribulation, trouble, and affliction!

Since you, Our heart paternal sorely grieving,
Our temporal right divine by disbelieving,
(Thus the soul's immortality denying),
Deserve Our sentence of perpetual frying,—
We hurl against you excommunication,
And in these terms pronounce your condemnation.

Foul fall you in your eating and your drinking,
Your yawning, and your nodding, and your winking,
Your talking, and your laughing, and your weeping,
Alike in both your waking and your sleeping,
In your incoming and in your outgoing,
And in your sneezing and your noses blowing!

Ill tide you in your standing and your sitting,
Your snuffing, and your smoking, and your spitting,
In your digestion and your circulation,
And in your breathing and your perspiration,
And all your bodily and mental functions,
And organs—which act under Our injunctions!

Plague on you, in your meeting and debating,
In your discussing and deliberating,
In all your votes, and every resolution,
And in your liberal King and constitution;
May fire and sword torment you and annoy you,
Pestilence, famine, seize you and destroy you!

VICTOR EMMANUEL We to perdition
Consign, for entertaining your petition,
And everybody else in his alliance,
Who dares to bid Our Holiness defiance.
Anathema! Out of the Church We throw ye,
By bell and book, and like that candle—blow ye!

CANT OF TWO KINDS.

THE author of the subjoined advertisement, extracted from the *Lamp*, seems to hold somewhat more than the doctrine that mendicancy is meritorious:—

THE UNFINISHED CHURCH.—£500 are yet wanted, for repayment of which, Heaven is the security. Still, my dear brethren, is the Congregation of Kentish Town your suppliant; still am I compelled to appeal thus to your charity for the love of Him who gave you all. It is for the glory of His name! Pray, then, listen. Pray give! be the amount ever so trifling; for it is the small sums that make the large amount, and welcome, indeed, and blessed are the offerings of the poor! Proud may you feel when, with the blessing of God, our Church is finished, that not only you, but your children's children may reverence it as the monument of your charity. Joyfully shall I announce to you the day on which a Grand High Mass will be solemnly celebrated for you, its benefactors, for whom the Holy Sacrifice is now constantly offered up every Monday.—Your true Brother in Christ,
2, Fortess Place, Kentish Town, London, N.W. ROBERT SWIFT.

"The work in which the REV. ROBERT SWIFT is engaged has our cordial approval and sympathy."
"N. CARDINAL WISEMAN."

To solicit alms on account of a chapel, certainly, is not a species of begging which a divine need be ashamed of; but the reverend author of the above composition goes rather out of his way to imitate the style and language of a common mendicant, begging off his own hook. "Gentleman, ar yer got ar a copper to relieve a poor man? do bestow a trifle, Sir, Gentleman,—do, Sir,—please, Sir,"—is the species of importunity which is suggested by the appeal of the REV. MR. SWIFT to the charity of his co-religionists. Apparently, he considers that, not only is the practice of begging worthy of imitation, but also the language which is usually adopted by the followers of that profession. We are glad, however, to see that he is not too bigoted to borrow one little piece of persuasive rhetoric from the charity sermon of his renowned Protestant namesake. "If you like the security, down with your dust," said the VERY REVEREND JONATHAN SWIFT; and he said no more. He thought that was enough. He did not go on to say that he was "compelled to appeal" to his "dear brethren," and to address them after the pattern of "Do, Sir; pray, Sir." But one would hardly be surprised to see the REVEREND ROBERT exhibiting himself in the street, at Kentish Town, attired in his surplice, as an ecclesiastical equivalent to the mechanic out of employ, who, wearing a respectable white apron, goes about singing *We've got no work to do*, and

howling, "My Chr-r-r-istian friends, I am sorry to appear before you in this disgraceful situation." The unemployed mechanic sometimes sings a methodistical hymn; and perhaps Mr. SWIFT, imitating his graceful example, with a due difference, would oblige the public with a Gregorian chant.

Still, begging for one's Church is one thing, but begging for one's self is another; and here is an advertisement from the opposite theological quarter, which beats the foregoing one hollow in respect of cant, because the cant of this other announcement is obviously insincere. Read it:—

"NOTICE.

"The Editor is acquainted with several servants of Christ who, for want of means, are unable to distribute 'THE EVANGELIST' to the extent they desire. If, therefore, any of our Christian readers feel that for Christ's name sake they would like to further this object, the Editor would feel great pleasure in receiving Donations for the purpose.

"All orders should be addressed to the Publishers, Mr. —, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.; or to MESSRS. —, Tichbourne Court, High Holborn, London."

This is, of course, a mere dodge to promote the circulation of a religious periodical. It is remarkable for its sordid commercial irreverence, in which quality it excels "Sanctity of the Grave combined with Economy of Charge." Therefore, it is more ridiculous than the maudlin, but enthusiastic appeal in the *Lamp*, and, of the two, the more highly calculated to bring religion into contempt.

Consolation.

Mother-in-law. I'll be bound that ROBERT—I've lost all patience with him—never dined with you on Michaelmas-day, my dear?
Daughter. No, Ma'ma, but he sent me home a goose.
Mother-in-law. L'sha! Done in a fit of absence, my dear!

FAIR WARNING.

Says a Dublin paper, "The Irish Exodus" (as it is ridiculously, not to say irreverently, called) "occupies the attention of our authorities." The Irish Leviticus is likely to occupy the attention of our authorities, if there is not a speedy change in the "Acts and Duties of the Priesthood."

BIG BEN.—AN ODE.



1.
A VOICE ran through the town,
Sad as the airy tongue which spread
The news through Hellas, "mighty Pan is Dead!"
A voice ran through the town,
And men went up and down,
Whisp'ring the awful fact,
"Big Ben is cracked!"

2.
Heavy the tidings fell.
Could it be true? The Bell,
Whose ponderous iron tongue
Gong-like, the hours had rung,
Till Westminster put cotton in her ears!
The Bell, whose solemn, slow, ding-dong,
Disgusted Common-Law-Court praters,
And Parliamentary debaters,
Proclaiming "Time is short and talk is long!"
The Bell, in strife conceived, in struggle cast,
O'erlooked by DENISON, looked down upon by BARRY—
The Bell of many blue-books—hung at last,
After so many perils, to miscarry!

3.
Commissioners of Works came, went, and came,
'Ere out of MEARS's mould his frame,
Majestic he upreared:
And when at length his voice was heard,
Doctors of Music listened to his E;
Great Tweedle-dum with greater Tweedle-dec,
In solemn conclave on the question sat,
Was it E sharp—E natural—E flat?
But what his E was, little cared the crowd,
They only knew that E was loud,
And were content with *that*.

4.
So Big Ben had a sound to fit his size;
But how to lift him nearer to the skies,
To the gilt cock-loft crowning BARRY's tower?
Where fix the tackle—how apply the power?
All questions to give pause. For Lo,—
Like that great architect, his house who planned,
But left no place wherein the stairs could stand,—
Illustrious BARRY, ever so,
His clock-tower's plan prepares,
Leaving no room for clock and bells to get up-stairs.

5.
Then DENT and DENISON their wrath's full vials poured,
On BARRY, and on QUARM, BARRY's factotum:

And letters through the *Times* were fiercely showered,
(Most wearisome to all but those who wrote 'em.)
While, like the bier of MAHOMET, up-hung
'Twixt Earth and Heaven, Big Ben was slung;
Till, at the last, by wond'rous engineering,
And checks, and counter-checks, and side-way steering,
Up in the tower he swung;
And at the monster in his gilded chamber
(Like the proverbial fly in amber),
Bold climbers gazed, with scarce believing stare,
And "wondered how the devil he got there."

6.
At length—at length—our clock-tower had a voice!
In Gothic clock-face eke it could rejoice—
So Gothic in blue lettering indeed,
Save antiquaries, none the time o'day might read—
But clocks need hands to show the time,
As well as bells the hours to chime,
And works to move their wheels.
The face and bell, and works are there,
But where the hands? And echo answered "where?"—
Then the *Times* columns showed,
How the old feud still glowed,
And DENISON and BARRY, truceless foes,
On the clock-hands astride, were fiercely bandying blows!

7.
Meanwhile the vacant clock-face, without fingers,
In spite of Time and Tide in idlesse lingers,
Until the public voice, in fierce assault,
Rose asking "Whose the fault?"
"Not mine—not mine," quoth DENT,
"My clock was made, and went."
"Not mine," quoth BARRY, with mellifluous benison
Upon smooth-speaking DENISON.
"Not mine," quoth DENISON, as to old Harry
He recommended BARRY.

8.
That battle duly fought—at last,
The hour and minute-hands are cast:
Upon the Gothic face,
At length they take their place—
At length the clock is going,
And DENISON and DENT, and BARRY all are crowing!
And now the Quarter Bells are hung,
And, humble seconds to Big Ben, give tongue,
And joyous Westminster at length may say,
"We have a Clock that tells the time of day:
Though many years have in the work been lost,
And twenty thousand pounds it cost,
We have our clock—and tisn't *we* that pay."

9.
With BARRY, DENISON, & Co., sore grieved,
London, from charge and counter-charge relieved,
At last, beheld the lingering work achieved,
Yet scarce its possibility believed,
But there before us, palpable to sight,
Upon the Campanile's gilded height—
In Gothic gravity and pride of place,
Shone the gold-checked and blue-lettered face—
Nothing that to a clock pertains there lacked,
Nor hands that marked the minutes and the hours—
Nor quarter-bells that spoke, with humbler powers,—
While vibrant, with a voice that shook the towers,

Big Ben boomed out, at length—a mighty fact!
For weeks we heard the sound,
Tolling the hours, for miles and miles around;
But scarce our tympanums familiar had grown
With that portentous tone—
When lo! strange silence, falling
On ears unwonted, tells the news appalling—
Big Ben is cracked!

Where the crack came, and how—
Whether in rim or bow—
If in his frame congenitally hid—
Whether the hammer fell,
Not wisely but too well,

Hitting him harder than folks thought it did—
Nobody seems to know—or no one likes to tell.
Was't that they braced him up too tight?
Was't that his metal was too slight?
Alas, we know not—we but know the fact,
Big Ben is cracked!

The biggest Bell—that tasked the biggest skills,
Begot the biggest strifes, and biggest bills,
The biggest charges and recriminations—
Biggest assaults on biggest reputations—
Yes—*pace* BARRY, DENISON & Co.—
The biggest job, crowned by the biggest mull
That even the account-books of JOHN BULL,
So rich in big jobs and big mulls, can show!

BOMBA REDIVIVUS.



URELY the world has not forgotten BOMBA, of pious, or, at least, of superstitious memory? If so, here is something to put the world in mind of him. We quote it from the letter of a Naples correspondent, which appeared in a contemporary a few days since:—

“To-day (the 20th) in accordance with the traditions of the monarchy, the Court proceeded to the Cathedral in great pomp. The King, the Queen, the young Princes, the King's brothers, the COUNT and COUNTESS OF AOSTA, and the COUNT and COUNTESS OF TRAPANI, went to venerate the relics of St. Januarius, and received the benediction of his Eminence CARDINAL RIARIO, Archbishop of Naples.”

What the relics are, the account omits to state. The saint's hair-shirt, very possibly, and a handful of the ashes which he used to wear on fast days; and his last washing-bill perhaps, and

one of his eye-teeth, and some cuttings of his corns, and a snip of his big toe-nail, and a lock of his back hair, clipped on the day of his beheading. Such precious things as these would be quite as well worth keeping as many saintly relics we have seen preserved in Italy, and which the faithful are on show-days permitted (on the payment of a trifle) to behold. Whether they be things for a Christian king to “venerate,” and for a Christian Court the while he does so to dance attendance at his heels, is a question which we leave to other writers to dilate upon. Enough for us, in all due reverence, to chronicle the fact; and to remark, that in our thinking the benediction of the Cardinal was a fit close to the ceremony. Very surely were we asked to “venerate” such relics, we should be apt to make response that we'd be blessed if we would; and the presence of the Cardinal to perform this benediction seems to show that such response is expected by the guardians of the relics of the saint.

After all, we almost wonder that the KING does not abandon this “tradition of the monarchy,” for it seems to bring him no great popularity or profit. We learn from the same letter, that—

“The Royal cortège passed through the whole city. The people present were, however, not very numerous; a fact attributed to excess of zeal on the part of the police, in unnecessarily occupying the streets with agents and gendarmes.”

This would really seem to intimate, that the people don't care much for the “traditions of the monarchy,” in which respect, perhaps, they show more wisdom than the KING. Why the police should cram the streets with agents and gendarmes, because his Majesty is going to “venerate” a saint, is a riddle which it somewhat perplexes us to guess. The most probable solution is, that the KING is like his father, and not being over-popular, likes to go out under arms.

Well, a king can do no wrong—at least the proverb says so; but were his Majesty to ask us our opinion on the subject, we should tell him to show less sham “veneration” for the saints, and to show a little more true veneration for his people. We should advise him to consult their interests rather than his priests', and to set his face against the superstitious practices which the “traditions of the monarchy” have kept hitherto in countenance. The more he trusts his people, the more credit he will get. If he gives them greater liberty, he will probably enjoy greater liberty himself, and will not have to cram his streets with agents and gendarmes, to protect his sacred person from danger of Lynch law. In short, the less he acts like BOMBA the more he will be liked: and if he would take steps to earn an honourable name, the fewer steps he takes in the paternal shoes the better.

“SAVING CLAUSE.”—Those of the Cat o'-nine-Tails, we fancy, could well be saved in the British Army.

THE LETTER OF THE LAW AT LYNN.

THE *Lynn Advertiser* contains an account of a remarkable administration of what seems to have been meant for justice, on the part of country Magistrates, in conjunction with an exciseman. The case is thus stated:—

“WORDSLEY. PETTY SESSIONS.—MONDAY.

“(Before W. TROW and J. HOLCROFT, ESQRS.)

“CAUTION TO BEERHOUSE KEEPERS.—IMPORTANT INFORMATIONS UNDER THE EXCISE ACT.—The infringement of the Excise Laws relating to Beerhouse keepers was attended with heavy penalties in two cases heard before the Bench this morning. MR. JOSIAH REDFORD, Supervisor of Excise, laid an information against MARY PLANT, a Beerhouse keeper, living at Rowley, for having in her possession a third of a pint of brandy, contrary to the statute in that case made and provided. The information was laid under the 3rd and 4th Vict., c. 61, sec. 10, which renders any Beerhouse keeper having in his possession ‘sweets,’ which include British wines, brandy, and other spirituous liquors, liable to a penalty not exceeding £50.”

MR. JOSIAH REDFORD, it will be presumed, not being a common informer, laid this information in the painful but conscientious discharge of his duty as a British exciseman. Yet—

“MR. REDFORD stated that there was no suspicion in this case of any intention on the part of defendant to sell spirits without a licence; it was only a violation of the law in keeping any quantity of ‘sweets’ in the entered premises, liable to be inspected by the Excise officers. He asked the Bench if they thought it a case in which they thought proper to make a recommendation for a reduction of the penalty which they thought proper to inflict, to give him an intimation in order that he may forward it to the Inland Revenue Board.”

Then what occasion was there for MR. REDFORD to inform against MARY PLANT? Are excisemen bound to bring people to punishment for a merely technical violation of the law which they do not even suspect those people of intending? And if they are, have Magistrates no power to dismiss merely nominal charges? From MRS. PLANT'S case, it appears that excisemen must inform on frivolous pretences, and that Magistrates must inflict monstrous fines. For—

“The defendant acknowledged having the brandy in the house, but pleaded ignorance of the law in this respect. The Bench informed her of the amount of penalty to which she had rendered herself liable, and, under the circumstances, taking into consideration that the house had been properly conducted hitherto, inflicted the penalty of £12 10s., at the same time making a recommendation for a further reduction of the penalty.”

So that the Magistrates could not, apparently, reduce the fine below £12 10s. An offence against the Excise Laws, accordingly, is worse than homicide. Wilful malice is the essence of murder; killing by mere misadventure is not even manslaughter. In the case of an unwitting transgression of the Excise Laws, the judge can only pass sentence, and forward the recommendation to the proper quarter. Before the same bench—

“A similar information was laid against a Beerhouse keeper named JOSEPH WALL, living at Summerhill, Kingswinford. The defendant was represented by his wife, who pleaded guilty. The prohibited article in this case was about half-a-pint of elderberry wine, which MRS. WALL said she made solely for the use of her own family. She said she had kept a beerhouse for 26 years, and was not aware she was doing wrong. The Bench, upon the recommendation of the Excise officer, inflicted a similar fine of £12 10s., also with an intimation that the Excise authorities should be communicated with in order to reduce the penalty.”

Another report gives the quantity of elderberry wine as four bottles; but what then? If it had been a half-a-pint, an ounce, a drachm,—nay, a minim,—would not the exciseman have been obliged to inform, and the Magistrates to convict and punish, all the same? By the way, their Worshipships seem to have taken the law from MR. REDFORD, as implicitly as they would if he had been their clerk.

All this kind of thing may be perfectly constitutional; but is there any worse injustice, or maladministration of justice, in the Papal States?

ONE MINUTE'S ADVICE TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.

THE inaugural addresses have just been delivered at the metropolitan medical schools. The one at the Middlesex Hospital, by MR. MITCHELL HENRY, though modestly called an Introductory Lecture, might, from its truth and eloquence, have been more correctly termed a Finished Discourse. He enlarged forcibly on the beauties and advantages of “earnestness of purpose;” and so earnest and impressive did the learned gentleman seem to be in laying down the moral law, that we really should accuse him of practising, like an honourable physician, everything that he preached. If medical students do occasionally go wrong, it is not, at all events, from the want of good counsel. May they follow it, in preference to those paths that sometimes lead them to the police-court, and they will find that in no other profession does the old truth hold so firmly as in the medical, that “practice makes perfect.”

Don't you See it?

ACCORDING to his *Moniteur*, the EMPEROR has decided that he never means again to go to war “for an idea.” If this be really his intention, he must give up thoughts of battling about the Papal See, or else punsters will protest that he is fighting for an-otion.



AT A DINNER GIVEN BY MY LORD BROADACRES TO SOME OF HIS TENANTS, CURAÇOA IS HANDED IN A LIQUEUR-GLASS TO OLD TURNIPTOPS, WHO, SWALLOWING IT WITH MUCH RELISH, SAYS—
“OI ZAY, YOUNG MAN! OI’LL TAK ZUM O’ THAT IN A MOOG!”

POOR STOWELL THE INFORMER.

THE following brief Police Report will be read with pain:—

“GUILDHALL.—The further hearing of the charge of conspiracy to defraud against THOMAS STOWELL, the notorious common informer, having been appointed to take place at an early hour yesterday morning, the case was called on as soon as SIR W. CARDEN took his seat on the bench, but defendant did not appear. According to the usual custom, the Court waited an hour for him; and at the expiration of that time the Magistrate ordered him to be called upon his recognisances, he having been admitted to bail late on Saturday. Upon it being ascertained he was not in attendance, his own recognisances, and those of his two sureties, were ordered to be estreated, and a warrant was issued for his apprehension.”

A common informer is such a benefactor to Society that every right thinking mind must sympathise with him when he comes to grief. We should consider the severity of the struggle that he must undergo in wresting down those sensibilities which are pained in discharging the ungrateful task of bringing inadvertent or unintentional offenders against a mere statute, to punishment. The popular obloquy, also, which is attached to his calling, and which he shares with the despised and abhorred but beneficent Jack Ketch, necessitate on his part an amount of moral courage which commands our approbation. And when he gets into trouble, on a charge of conspiracy to defraud, from a mere excess of that impulse which constitutes his ruling love, we are sensible of the same regret as that which we feel when Jack Ketch comes to be hanged.

THE ONLY ONE STREET IN THE WORLD FOR CRINOLINES.—The Broadway, in New York.

THE POPE'S ALLOCATION.

“The following is the text” of the allocation of the Pope, delivered at the Consistory of the 26th ult.”:—

In June, my dear Brethren, with heart full of grief,
We cursed, you remember, each infidel thief
Who was trying to grab at Ravenna, Bologna,
And other domains of which we are the owner.
We told the assassins they’d made a great null, for
Their Present was sin, and their Future was sulphur.

This kindly remonstrance we hoped would succeed,
For they knew that we loved them most dearly, indeed,
And ’twas only in love, if we shortened their lives,
And sent Switzers to finish their babies and wives;
But they mocked at our gentleness, sweetness, and patience,
And now the base demons have prigged the Legations.

They turn out our spies, and they empty our gaols,
(And of tortures therein tell indelicate tales,)
Our mendicant monks they revile and abuse,
And brutally bid them to wash and wear shoes;
And the Odour of Sanctity, martyrdom’s wealth,
They say is a case for their vile Board of Health.

They publish most blasphemous books, too; in one
They dare to assert the earth goes round the sun;
And as for our miracles, think how they hate ’em
When they say Januarius’s blood is pomatum,
Consign Weeping Pictures to brokers or cupboard,
And swear that no statue of saint ever blubbered.

The wretches, the monsters! But, Brethren, we find
Much comfort in bearing this fact in our mind,—
The parties who’ve kicked us from out each Legation
Are only the folks who have had education:
The low, and the dull, and the poor, and the mean,
Are as fond of their PORE as they ever have been.

And now, my dear Brethren, if cursing would do,
We’d blaze at the beggars till all things were blue;
But the ears of the wicked, to verbal attacks
Are judicially bunged up with infidel wax,

And the grim GARIBALDI would prove contumacious,
Though rose up to curse him the blest ATHANASIUS.

However, one final appeal to the world,
One curse on the flag by our subjects unfurled.
We declare the Legations our own, and *non detur*
To mortal to alter the will of Saint Peter;
And we hereby denounce to the world, and all time,
Each Romagnese act as a horrible crime.

Let the infidels, heretics, traitors, and knaves
Have no peace in their lives and no rest in their graves:
The dungeon and scaffold, the steel or the rope
Shall teach them to wrong their affectionate POPE;
Fire, famine, and slaughter consume them away,
Till Beelzebub collars the last. Let us pray.

LAW FOR THE LAWYERS.

THE revelations made before the Gloucester and Wakefield Commissioners, touching Election practices in both those places, will probably impel that eminent Christian, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, to consider how far he can, by a short Act of Parliament, release the inhabitants from electoral responsibility. But *Mr. Punch* is anxious to point out to Gloucester and Wakefield, that they never in their topical lives had such a chance, as now, of doing a good thing for themselves. Look at the squad of Attorneys, whose guilt, as direct or indirect bribers, is either avowed by themselves or is beyond a doubt. The anti-bribery law is explicit and strong. Surely it can be put in force, and a very large removal of the Attorney nuisance can be made in the two places. This would be a sanitary step, and, if vigorously taken, might save the necessity of disfranchisement.

A Railway Bore.

TRAVELLERS not only see wonderful things, but often say stupid things. For instance, we heard a First-Class Passenger inquire the other day, and as the train was going at the rate of fifty miles an hour, it was impossible to escape him, “Whether another *Route* in Railway language meant a *Branch* line?” It is needless to state that we got out at the very next station.



A HINT TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.

“THE POPE HAS THREATENED TO EXCOMMUNICATE THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.”—*French Paper.*



PAUL-PRYISM AT THE POST-OFFICE.

THE question, Who'd be an *employé* in the Post-Office at Liverpool? will probably suggest itself to the reflective reader, on perusal of the dozen interrogatories following, which the Postmaster of Liverpool, "acting on his own authority alone," has (the *Daily News* informs us) lately "judged it expedient" to put to his "subordinates," but also fellow-servants:—

"P. O., Liverpool, Aug. 24.

"For MR. —, who I request will carefully answer the following questions, for the information of the Postmaster-General:—

- "1. Where do you reside?
- "2. What rent do you pay? what taxes?
- "3. Do you pay the rent quarterly, monthly, or weekly?
- "4. Have you any income beside that received in your official capacity, here, or do you carry on or share profits in any kind of business. If so, state particulars?
- "5. What family have you? If you have any children state their ages, and whether any of them is in employment; and if so, the wages received, and by whom employed?
- "6. Did your expenditure for the year ended 31st July last exceed your income? If so, what amount?
- "7. State as nearly as you can the principal items of expenditure, and what caused the excess?
- "8. State the amount of your debts, and to whom they are owing?
- "9. From whom have you borrowed money during the last two years? Whom did you borrow it, and has any portion of it been repaid? Have you undertaken to repay debts by weekly instalments or otherwise?
- "10. Have you lent money to any person in this office? If so, state his name, the amount, and when the transaction occurred; also, whether such money or any portion of it, has been repaid?
- "11. Are you a bondsman for any person (whether connected with this office or not) who has borrowed money from a loan society? If so, state his name, address, the sum you are surety for, and when the loan was contracted; also the name of the Society from which the loan was obtained?
- "12. State the circumstances fully which led to your present pecuniary embarrassment?"

Inquisitive as these inquiries may appear, to our mind they are not half Paul-Prying enough. The object being, of course, to ascertain the social character and habits of the clerk, we should recommend the putting of such questions as the following, which the Postmaster of Liverpool, or any other place, when he fancies it "expedient," is at liberty to use:—

"What expensive tastes have you? Are you fond of periwinkles? Do you indulge in tea and shrimps, or sport *mauve* ties on Sundays? Have you ever bought cigars at higher price than three a penny? If so, state how long you contrive to make them last.

"Do you wear bluchers or highlows? Do you buy them second-hand? and how much do you give for them? Corduroys are cheap: have you ever tried them? When late in going to office, do you ever hire a cab? If so, [how much shoe-leather do you conceive it saves you?

"What was your wife's character and name before you married her? State how old she called herself; and, as near as you can guess, state what her age now really is. Can she cook a mutton chop, or boil a cabbage, without spoiling it? How much do you allow her yearly for her pin-money? What colour are her eyes? If she has red hair, state what dye she uses.

"How do you spend your Sundays? Do you ever go to Church? For how long a time can you listen to a sermon without being sent to sleep by it?

"What drink do you affect? Do you like beer neat, or prefer a go of gin in it? How many half pints do you consume per diem, and how many nights a-week do you retire without a 'nightcap'?

"Have you got a latch-key? And if you stay out after twelve, does your wife always sit up for you?

"Do you keep a servant? and if so, how can you afford it? And would it not be wiser if you made the beds yourself, and your wife did all the housework?

"Are your children bandy-legged? Do any of them squint? Have they all good appetites? When they are all at home, how long, on the average, does a leg of mutton last you? When your wife has a new baby, does she ever make you get up in the night and rock the cradle? State what are your *Night Thoughts* upon such occasions, and whether the loss of sleep does not next day make you drowsy, and unfit you for your duties.

"What are your favourite pleasures? Have you ever seen the Derby, a man hung, or a prize-fight? State which you prefer, and give your reasons for your preference.

"Do you know a serious family? Does your wife keep a missionary box? Did you ever read a tract? State how many you would back yourself to get through in a fortnight, supposing you'd a pipe and a glass of grog to help you.

"How do you spend your evenings? Are you fond of skittles? Can you sing a comic song, play a rubber, or the flute? What is the largest sum you have ever lost at loo? and have you ever in your life played it without losing?

"What books do you read? And do you 'keep a book?' If so, mention how you stand for the next Newmarket Meeting. Do you buy *Punch* every week, or content yourself with borrowing it? Have you read *Fistiana*? Do you know the writer? Have you ever hoh-

nobbed with the man who does the 'fancy' business for *Bell's Life*? If you chanced to meet TOM SAYERS, would you not consider it an honour to shake hands with him?

"Have you ever, when in London, spent an evening at Cremorne? and if so, state how much it cost you, and did you leave before the fireworks?

"So far as you have heard, is your family respectable? Have any of your relatives been ever tried for shop-lifting, or for committing highway robbery, burglary, or murder? Have you ever felt your fingers itch to rob a till, or pick a pocket; and do you think that forgery at all runs in your family?

"Were you ever drunk? If so, state how many times, as far as you can count them; and give an estimate of what you drank on each occasion.

"Did you ever steal a knocker, or bonnet a policeman, or clamber up a lamp-post, or pass the night at Bow Street?

"How long do your hats last? Do you keep a cat? And has your mother sold her mangle?

A RUB FOR A RAILWAY.

WHEN Parliament is up one sees strange things in the papers. Here for instance, is a specimen, which we copy from the *Times* of about a fortnight since:—

"A RAILWAY TRAIN STOPPED BY MUSHROOMS.—'I was travelling last week,' writes a Correspondent of the *Durham Advertiser*, 'by a railway on the English side of the borders of South Wales, when we happened to pass a field strown with a most luxuriant growth of mushrooms. I had hardly remarked the circumstance to my companion when we felt the train suddenly stop, and looking out to the front we saw, to our astonishment, the driver jump off the engine, vault the fence, and proceed to fill his hat with the treasure. In a moment the guard was over the fence following his example, which, as may be supposed, was infectious, for in less than half a minute every door was thrown open and the field covered with the passengers, every one of whom brought back a pretty good haul. Not till this desirable result was attained did we proceed on our journey, some of us wondering whether we had been dreaming, and whether, instead of the Welsh borderland, we were not travelling by some newly constructed forest line in the far west of America. We begged the guard, who did not seem quite comfortable about the joke, to have the place entered for the future in his line of route as 'The Mushroom Station.'

It certainly sounds strange to hear of the stoppage of a railway train by mushrooms; but, had the incident occurred upon the Eastern Counties Railway, we assuredly should not have felt so much surprised at it. The trains upon that line travel so like snails, that the least thing in the world would suffice to check their progress. Were an Eastern Counties engine-driver to pull up an express, that he might go and catch a butterfly, or to stop a special train that he might get a pint of beer, or try and find a sixpence that he happened to have dropped, we should view it as an every day and ordinary occurrence. Punctuality and speed are so very little studied on the Eastern Counties Railway, that we question if the guard would condescend to make a note of so trivial a matter as the delay of half an hour or so in the arrival of a train. Indeed, supposing that a stoker chose to go and gather blackberries, or to fly a kite, or play a game of marbles with the driver, we doubt if the Directors, were the matter brought before them, would take the pains to haul him over his own coals.



SINGULAR PHENOMENON IN THE CITY.—Last week, in the Bankruptcy Court, a Bankrupt "left the Court without the smallest stain upon his character." The phenomenon, we are told, is to be exhibited at a shilling a-head.



IGNORANCE WAS BLISS.

Waiter. "Yes, Sir. We had a Gentleman here, only last week, as took a sketch of that very 'ill, Sir."

Artist (abstractedly). "Oh, indeed! Was he an Artist?"

Waiter (indignantly). "Oh, no! Sir,—a perfect Gentleman."

A WIFE ON CONSCIENCE AND BRIBERY.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"As my husband was reading his paper at breakfast this morning, he burst out laughing, and I asked what at? So then he read:—

"Wakefield Election Commission, &c. &c. She told him the Yellows were a 'scabby' lot; that the Blues had been at her house, and had counted out £36 in gold for her husband to vote for CHARLESWORTH; her husband said he should violate his conscience if he did so, for he had promised to vote for LEATHAM; and then Mrs. BEAUMONT said to her husband, 'Put the gold in one of your pockets, and your conscience in the other, and see which is best.'"

"I said, 'I am sure I don't see what there is to laugh at in that.' 'No!' he said, 'don't you think MRS. BEAUMONT'S view of conscience very absurd?' That's how men always talk. As if conscience had anything to do with voting at elections and all that sort of thing. Conscience is not stealing or cheating such as watering milk and putting alum into bread, not giving 250 for 300 yards of cotton, not selling an inferior dress pretending it to be the same as the one in the window—that is what conscience is, and not anything in politics, because they are all fiddle, and so I told WILLIAM, which he only laughed all the more. 'Oh, WILLIAM!' I said, 'you stupid,' for he made me so angry; 'and I'll tell you what conscience is, besides. Conscience is, when men go and dine at their Club, staying out late, and keeping their poor wives sitting up, and going to the theatre by themselves! and having oysters for supper, and home sometimes not till three or four in the morning.' And I think I had him there, though he tried to laugh it off; but I said, 'No, WILLIAM, don't tell me, conscience begins at home, by our own fireside, and so far from being contrary to voting according to your interest, a truly conscientious man would take his wife's advice, and be glad of the opportunity to make a little money to go towards housekeeping and the expenses of a family, which his first consideration ought to be his duty as a father and a husband. Do pray employ your powerful pen to force that upon your

"HALE! FELLOW!"

WHAT an incarnation of grace and graciousness is our friend ARCHDEACON HALE! Some of the inmates of the Charterhouse (perhaps COLONEL NEWCOME among them) have ventured to think that their quiet life, and opportunities of calmly studying events may not be disqualifications for their exercising the duty of a voter at elections. In other words, they have sought to be placed on the register. They are opposed—and by whom? By MR. BROWN for the Conservative Association, or by MR. SMITH for the Liberal Registration, or any other persons interested in the game of politics? No. The man who comes down to get the names stricken off is—ARCHDEACON HALE, the Master of the Charterhouse—the man whose guests these gentlemen are. And moreover, he succeeds in demolishing their claims. Bless HALE, and may his pluralities never be less!

EXTREMELY OBJECTIONABLE.

MR. PUNCH cannot accord unqualified approbation to the conduct of a gaol-chaplain's pet, who, on taking steps to re-establish himself in the world, left the following impertinent liberty with DR. WATTS in the drawer of the tradesman from whom (in his absence) the pet obtained the means of again starting in life.

"Why should I deprive my neighbour,
Of his goods against his will?"
'Cos to work, myself, is a bore,
So I borrows from your till.

The Fees of Hippocrates.

IN delivering the introductory lecture at St. George's Hospital last Saturday, MR. HENRY C. JOHNSON said the student of medical history would find "that with HIPPOCRATES originated the practice of taking notes." But what doctor was it who originated the practice of taking guineas?

TO BE ADDED TO THE SERIES.

WE are informed that "France is the only nation that wages war for an idea." This idea is the newest, the most daring, most startling, and, at the same time, the most original of all the "*Idees Napoléoniennes*." Of itself, this one idea is worth the whole series put together.

male readers, as many as have got wives, and make them *practise* conscience, instead of which those good-for-nothing politics very often only tend to distract their attention from their business and those whom they are bound to comfort and cherish, and I remain,

"Your constant reader whenever I get a chance,
"MARTHA TABBY."

"P.S. What with the dreadful Income-Tax and all the other horrid taxes that Parliament imposes upon us, I say it is only fair and reasonable that Members should pay us something in return.—M. T."

"What's Sauce for the Goose is Sauce for the Gander."

THE East Lancashire Railway Company have been fined at Preston, because one of their Engines has been caught smoking.

Mr. Punch, who likes his cigar while travelling, and hates to be told "Smoking strictly prohibited, Sir," can only say, "Sarve 'em right."

TRUE HARMONY.

MAZZINI has tendered his blessing and adhesion to VICTOR EMMANUEL. But VERDI (one of the Parmese deputies) says, that in the Italian opera at present performing, there is no place for the *Benediction of the Daggers*.

CRAZY BEN.

As soon as the fact transpired that Big Ben was cracked, everybody said that he ought to be sent to an asylum.

A DINNER TRAIT.—MR. GLADSTONE always eats with a three-pronged fork. Frequently is he puzzled from not knowing which prong to begin with first. Many a beautiful chop has he lost in this way!

EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF VERY EARLY MASTERS.

CONSIDERABLE excitement has prevailed of late in juvenile artistic circles, in consequence of a proposal to get up an Exhibition of the works of very young, or early, British Masters. The proposition, we hear, emanated from the MASTERS SMITH, whose name is too well known to need a word of introduction, and whose nursery has long been quite a nursery of art. Directly they conceived the felicitous idea, the MASTERS SMITH held daily meetings with themselves for the purpose of determining how they might work it out: and in order to secure the best advices on the subject, they took into their confidence their friends the MASTERS BROWN, whose practical suggestions proved of infinite assistance in bringing the conception to a tangible result. At the hint of MASTERS BROWN, the MASTERS SMITH obtained parental leave to use their nursery as the room where the projected Exhibition should be held; the leave or lease, being however only granted on condition that all visitors on entrance were to mind and wipe their shoes.

Having settled these preliminaries, the MASTERS SMITH and BROWN formed themselves forthwith into a Hanging Committee, and issued notices at once to all the nurseries adjacent, that the works for exhibition might be instantly sent in. It being thought desirable, as space was somewhat limited, to confine the show to specimens of one especial branch of art, much anxious cogitation was expended in determining which the one should be that the Committee should select. The MASTERS SMITH inclined to vote for the Very Early Outline, or Slate Pencil School of drawing; while the BROWNS, being Masters somewhat more advanced, proposed that Water Colour artists only should exhibit, they having themselves recently received a box of paints, which they doubtless thought would place them far a-head of all competitors. The matter being formally referred to MASTER GREEN, that young arbitrator settled the question in dispute by deciding that the SMITHS and BROWNS should meet on neutral ground; and that the Exhibition should include none but works of the Black Figure, or Sticking Plaister School, in which he (MASTER GREEN) had principally studied. After much debating, this decision was agreed to; a result owing mainly to MASTER GREEN's mamma, who promised a supply of open tarts to the Committee, if they would consent to carry out the suggestion of her pet.

As is commonly the case in all our Fine Art Exhibitions, the works which were sent in were more than there was room for, and the hanging became literally a matter of suspense. The usual rule, however, was adopted by the hangers; and inasmuch as pleasing everybody was quite out of the question, they determined to please nobody—except, of course, themselves. Their own works being placed in the very best positions, the remaining space was filled up with whatever came most handy, and chanced to be a fit.

Last Monday being the day fixed for the private view, we enjoyed the usual privilege of gratuitous admission. This favour being of course a gag to hostile criticism, we feel at liberty to make but few adverse remarks. To begin at the beginning, of the works we chiefly noticed, we may mention No. 1, which we heard an Early Master at our elbow call a Wunner. This interesting picture is entitled simply *Ma*, and is the work of MASTER WHITE, aged four years and three weeks. Not having the felicity of knowing Mrs. WHITE, of course

we cannot state whether the likeness be correct; and we should certainly in gallantry incline to the conviction, that Mrs. WHITE is surely not so black as she is painted. But although perhaps fair justice is not done to her complexion, our readers will perceive from our engraving of the picture there is a breadth of design about the bottom of the figure, which seems taken from the Crinoline, if not exactly from the life.

In MASTER JONES's *Sister Annie* (No. 22) the Crinoline is handled with even greater freedom, and its outlines are depicted in all their naked truth. There is a charming boldness in this treatment of the nude, which stamps the work at once as a very early masterpiece. An artist of maturer years than MASTER JONES would have probably not ventured on so delicate a subject. MASTER JONES however being, as the Catalogue informs us, aged only five, no doubt enjoys the privilege of using as a studio his elder sister's dressing-room, and his tender years prevent him from seeing cause to shrink from revealing what he sees there.

The next work we may mention is entitled *My Big Brother*, and represents a swell of clearly the first water, judging from the way in which his pegtops are pulled out. The observer will observe the careful treatment of the whiskers, which plainly have the h-air of being studied from the life. There is a something in their handling which appears to us to show that they have recently been twiddled; and judging from the look of their protuberant exuberance, we should say the greatest pains had been taken with their growth.

Very few landscapes have been sent to be exhibited; but in animal as well as architectural depiction, the very early masters have come out in great force. There is, however, this defect among the latter of these artists, that their horses, nearly all of them, lean one way or another; in fact, we can't remember one which looked perfectly upright. There is, moreover, sad monotony in the drawings, being all the same in their design, every house having a window on each side of the door, and all the chimneys being stuck just in the middle of the roof. With the animal painters too there is a like sameness of subject. Fully nineteen out of twenty of them have painted nothing else but horses, nearly all of which are taken in precisely the same attitude, the legs being all of them extended to the utmost, and a fly-away appearance being given to the tails. There is a woodenness, moreover, and a stiffness in the drawings which inclines us to believe that the young masters in this school are content to use their rocking-horses in the lieu of living models, and do not as a rule pursue their studies from the life.

Reverting to the figure pictures, we select for special mention No. 84. This work of art is called in the Catalogue, *John Thomas*, and may be viewed as a fine specimen of the domestic school. The attitude is clearly formed from the best models, and shows a power of observation which, we think, reflects great credit on the artist. From the adjunct of the supper tray, we are led to think the artist is of somewhat ripened years, and has had entrance in the holidays to some country "evening party," where stale sandwiches and negus are still handed as "refreshments" between the polkas and quadrilles.

No. 99 is a still more ambitious picture, and is noticeable as being the only work exhibited in which there is more than one figure represented, and anything like composition is in any way aspired to. The incident depicted is one with which most children are probably familiar, and which the youthful artist no doubt studied from the life. Any one who has frequented any of our Parks, must have seen perambulators stopped by the military, and their wretched little inmates left to swelter in the sun, while the nursemaid and the soldier interchange their loving vows.

We have only now to add, that this Fine Art Exhibition will be opened in a day or two, we believe, indeed, as soon as the admission fee is fixed. Much anxious discussion has been held upon this point, it being of course desired that, for the interests of Art, the Exhibition should be popular, and it being of course also wished that it should pay. As far as we can learn, the Committee seemed inclined to fix a penny as the price of a single entrance ticket, and we believe a week's admission will be guaranteed for sixpence. These prices, it is reckoned, will defray all the expenses of string, gum, paste, and tin tacks, and other costs incurred in the hanging of the pictures; while the surplus (if any) will be spent by the Committee in the purchase of tops, marbles, brandy-balls, and lollipops, and similar incentives to the progress of High Art.

A Venial Offence.

AMONG the offences specified against a certain audacious Vicar, in whose case the BISHOP OF OXFORD is about to issue a commission of inquiry, is the "suffering the reading-desk to be desecrated by a number of bricks being placed there." We should rather have thought the offending Vicar's congregation would have been thankful to have a "brick" in the pulpit, considering how sadly familiar one is with "sticks" in the same position. Besides, how can the BISHOP OF OXFORD object to bricks in the pulpit, considering that, whenever he preaches himself, there is a whole pillar of the Church there?

FASHIONABLE ANNOUNCEMENT.—MR. MERRIMAN has arrived in Town from a provincial tour, in a pair of Knickerbockers.





NOT A BAD JUDGE.

Alimentive Boy. "MY EYE, TOMMY, WOULDN'T I LIKE TO BOARD IN THAT 'OUSE, JUST!"

WANTED—AN UNCOMMON PRAYER-BOOK.

LANGUAGE that was good enough for such ecclesiastics as JEREMY TAYLOR, HALL, STILLINGFLEET, TILLOTSON, SOUTH, BARROW, PORTEUS, and BLOMFIELD, is not, it seems, good enough for 460 parsons of the present day. They memorialise the QUEEN to have the old English words taken out of the Prayer-Book, and doubtless would substitute the elegancies of penny-a-lining in lieu of what is "obsolete." A writer in the *Illustrated News* remarks that the next attack will be upon our other old books, and that we may have "to tremble for the Book, for our SHAKESPEARE, and our BACON." We confess to reserving our terrors for the last-mentioned case. As for the Prayer-Book, there was an old cold Wind-Bag called GOETHE, who protested against the plain language of the Decalogue, as coarse; and who, for instance, wished the command which specially condemns POPE PRUS, changed into "Thou really oughtest not to raise thine hand in anger against any fellow-being." The old cold man's maunderings found no acceptance. We do not expect that any of the 460 delicate parsons will have the inquiry in the matrimonial service, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man" transferred into, "May I inquire from whose charge this amiable [young] lady is to be transferred to that of her interesting fiancé?" But about our BACON. That is serious. The tithe pig question has been more or less satisfactorily adjusted. But "obsolete" means rusty, and if under pretence that our BACON is rusty, any parson is to rush in and confiscate it—our Blood Boils, as the correspondents of the penny papers write when a prig is sent to prison. The parsons must let our BACON alone—or—we have done many a rash act, and they may behold a Rasher. ARCHBISHOP LAUD! DOCTOR DODD! Ha! Are we understood? We are glad of it.

"None of that Air."

A PROMISING Trinity College Dublin man was under examination in Greek the other day, and being asked to give an example of the First Aorist, promptly responded, "Well, I suppose MR. GREEN may be called that," adding, for the general information of the Examiners, "I see his big balloon go up from Cremorne Gardens."

A RUSH-LIGHT.—A Meteor.

HOW SCHAMYL WAS CAUGHT.

THE translations which the newspapers have given of the Russian commander's despatch, in which he describes the taking of SCHAMYL, are all incorrect. It is extremely unfair that the invariable veracity of the Russians should be thus perverted. We have taken pains to re-translate the account, which, as given below, tallies, as will be seen, with the general impression in St. Petersburg as to the mode in which the valiant Circassian was captured:—

"To His Imperial Majesty the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

"SIRE,—I am happy to inform your Majesty that the arch-rebel SCHAMYL is in my power; but I must add that he has been dearly bought, by the sacrifice of many of the images, if not of Providence, of your Majesty, which is the same thing.

"On discovering that he was in a certain fortress, which I had thought would be his refuge, I instantly made an advance; and, in fact, I advanced twenty thousand rubles to the commanders of the outposts. By one of those visitations of Providence which always overtake your Majesty's enemies, these officers were, that very night, miraculously stricken with deafness and blindness, so that we passed their positions undiscovered.

"I then determined to surprise the sentinels, and your Majesty can hardly imagine their surprise when a volley of silver rubles was fired with unerring aim into their pockets. Under that effective fire they rapidly succumbed, and left the ground free to your Majesty's victorious troops.

"The more delicate operation of forcing the gates without alarming the garrison had then to be attempted, and it was difficult; but what are difficulties in the way of soldiers who are doing your Majesty's work? The resources of military science enabled me to achieve this object; and by the employment of keys made of the best silver, the gates swung open without noise, and the day was our own.

"Having ascertained the house in which the brave but misguided Circassian chieftain was hidden, I instantly directed a charge; and

your Majesty will find that charge, to the amount of 200,000 rubles—duly entered in the accounts of the army. Everything went down before us, including the bars of the door of SCHAMYL'S house, and in a few moments the redoubted chief was your Majesty's prisoner.

"Thus was gained a great victory by your Majesty's arms, as they appear upon the reverse of your Majesty's coins.

"Where all behaved so well, it were almost invidious to point out any one for distinction, but I must venture to recommend to your Majesty's august notice the gallant COLONEL DIDDLEDOFF, whose adroit management, in passing off upon some of the sentinels nearly all the bad money which your Majesty's Jews had supplied for payment of the peasantry, effected a considerable saving in the cost of the expedition.

"Humbly laying this account at the feet of your Imperial Majesty,

"I am, &c., &c.,

"*Ghounib.*"

"BARIATINSKI (Prince)."

Baron Bramwell's Last Decision.

A MAN may be a very bad judge of his own actions, and yet a very good judge of the actions of others, especially actions-at-law. If called upon for an example of this illustrious truth, perhaps I might feel inclined to quote myself. I may say, and do say it fearlessly, that without precedent, I am the very best judge of the kind.

PAULLO PEJORA CANAMUS.

PEOPLE ask why SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL is to be released, while numbers of the persons he ruined are condemned to hard labour for the rest of their lives. Is it because Paul's Chain runs out of Godliam Street?

ANOTHER JUDGMENT OF PARIS.—A young lady, being asked what was her notion of the Anglo-Franco alliance, replied, "English heads and French bonnets."



INVIDA ÆTAS.

"Hullo! Old Feller, this climate doesn't seem to suit you; you had better go to Madeira, it don't rain there, and you'll suit the climate."

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

POPE PERUGIA. KING BOMBALINO.

"The POPE is about to have an interview with the KING OF NAPLES."—*Journal des Débats*.

The Pope. Evil times indeed, your Majesty, evil times. Even this Tokay, priceless and matchless as it is, seems scarcely so good as in other days.

The King. My lamented father had the honour—as I learn by a memorandum in his *Hours*—of sending some few bottles to meet your Holiness on a certain return to Rome in April, 1850. Was it then that the flavour was so agreeable to your Holiness?

The Pope. Ah! The wine was welcome—more so, perhaps, than a few French friends who did me the kindness to taste it. But this is a world of misery, sorrow, and wretchedness, and was intended to be so, as is affectingly observed by that Irish Archbishop whose barbarous name ever escapes me. To your health, my son, and may you tread in the footsteps of that beatified saint, your father.

The King. That I may be worthy to do so—*haud passibus æquis!*

The Pope (smiles). So! We know other Latin than our prayers? Nay, do not look ashamed, my son; it is not of heathen writers that I would have you beware. Mantuan literature is harmless enough, would that I could say as much of that of Paris.

The King. My confessor does not object to French novels, your Holiness, and they go exceedingly well with a cigar.

The Pope. I have every confidence in that good man's discretion and piety; and fiction, which is but parable, is a recognised form even of religious instruction. It was against journals and political writings that I meant to caution you.

The King. I never permit myself to be bored, your Holiness, if I can help it.

The Pope. Right, my son. For an anointed sovereign owes it to Providence to keep his brain in perfect order, and ready for emergencies—a fatigued or irritated mind is therefore a sin. And now, what pleasant news have you to tell me of your power and will to aid the Church against the brigands of liberty?

The King. I have given the subject, your Holiness, as was my duty, the most profound and earnest consideration.

The Pope. Not, I am sure, dear son, forgetting to ask counsel where Kings are especially privileged to ask it?

The King. Of course I consulted my confessor, your Holiness.

The Pope. And the result was, that you were inspired with wisdom, my dear son, and led to see the one course that is open to a true Catholic and good son of the Church.

The King. Can your Holiness doubt it? I humbly hope that the plan which we have devised will be found calculated in the most

eminent degree to secure the interests of the Church, and the safety of her Head.

The Pope. My good son. I would that I had a Golden Rose in my carpet-bag for you, but it shall be yours—meantime here (*taking out an ivory box*) is one of the corns of the blessed Saint Adiposa, on account.

The King. *Cor meum letat.* (*Crosses himself, and puts the corn into his gold fusee-box*).

The Pope. And now, and now, tell me. What is our scheme? Bless you!

The King. *Beatus sum.* Your Holiness is doubtless acquainted with the statistics of the Two Sicilies?

The Pope. Of course I know everything, but tell me, nevertheless.

The King. When our army is on a peace footing—

The Pope. Which, *mi fili*, it never ought to be. Is this a world of peace? *Non pacem, sed enssem.* I am sure that your Majesty's confessor has not forgotten those words.

The King. I will make a point of asking him. Meantime, your Holiness, I was about to say that when our army is on a peace footing, it numbers about 56,000 thousand men. When on a war footing, it has considerably over 100,000 men.

The Pope. Bless them! Raise them, and send them at GARIBALDI.

The King. Might I be permitted to unfold our scheme, your Holiness—

The Pope. *Perge, perge.* But we old men are impatient, and I long to know the earliest day when your gallant troops will be launched against that bloody and devouring boar who is rooting up the vines of Ecclesia, and trampling her precious grapes under his hoofs of Satan.

The King. My first duty is to the Church, your Holiness.

The Pope. Right, my noble son, right; and therefore arise and slay her enemies. (*Rubs his hands.*) The Romagna shall be even as Perugia, yea, and ten times more. I chastised Perugia with whips, but you, my Rehoboam, shall chastise the whole Romagna with scorpions.

The King (aside). What's a Rehoboam, and what does the excited old party mean by his scorpions? What a beestly idea! (*To his Guest.*) Your Holiness, I have now to submit to you that the dominions to which I have been left heir by that adorable saint, my father, comprise twenty-four thousand five hundred and sixty-three square Italian miles.

The Pope. I hope your brave soldiers will kill exactly that number of rebels. It will be a good standard to aim at. If they go a little beyond it, we will ensure their forgiveness at the hands of the saints.

The King. This is without computing the island territory, which, added, will make thirty-two thousand, five hundred and thirty square miles.

The Pope. A much better number, my dear son, a much better number to keep in the minds of your noble generals. Kill that number, my dear son, and the day you send me the certificate of their deaths, I will send you the left eyelid of Saint Onisephorus. I swear it. Kill 'em all, my son.

The King. Now, it has occurred to me, your Holiness, and to my confessor, and to the Commander-in-Chief of my army, and to all who have a voice in the matter, that, our first duty being to the Church—

The Pope. Yes, yes, you said that. Use not vain repetitions—get on, my son.

The King. It is above all things necessary to keep a safe and secure refuge for the Head of the Church, against the time when, his French guards being removed, his own children hasten to expel him from his own home. Therefore, your Holiness, and considering that 100,000 men are not a soul too many to take care of the Sicilies, our scheme is, in order to fulfil our duty, which—

The Pope. You are impatient, my son.

The King. Heaven forbid! Our scheme is to keep our soldiers for the defence of our own dominions, should they be attacked. Then, should men of Belial assail your Holiness, there is a refuge—

The Pope (rising, and in a rage). You are an eternal humbug, my son, and a fool, and an ass, and a heretic, and a beast. Give me back my corn—give me back my corn! Satan has got hold of you, give me back my corn, I say! My carriage! Instantly! You the son of KING FERDINAND, whom the wicked called BOMBA—you! *Vade retro.* An idiot, a clown, an unredeemable blockhead! Golden Rose—a thistle would be more in your way, my son. And you've made the holy corn smell of your cursed tobacco! By the Eleven Thousand Virgins, I have nine minds to—*nunquam mens.* My carriage! *Gurr*—you swine! [*Exit.*]

King. *Tantæne animis celestibus iræ?*—what's the opera to-night?

THE READER IS REQUESTED NOT TO LAUGH.

WHEN is a man out of date?—When he's a *weak back!!!*—*Baron Bramwell.*

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S PATERNAL ADVICE.—"The world, my Son, is but a large copy-book, and I need not point cut to you with what very little wisdom it is ruled."

MONCKTON MILNES ON THE MAINE LAW.



our midd Hindoos! A set of would-be censors of British manners and customs are still plotting and contriving the introduction of the Maine Law, so as to prevent a man without a cellar from getting a glass of ale. On this project of those pedantic busy-bodies, again hear MONCKTON MILNES:—

“I feel, however, that whatever we do in this matter, we must do it fairly between all these classes. You must not leave me and my LORD BROUGHAM our claret and our sherry, and, in the words of the old song—

“Rob the poor man of his beer.”

“You must not allow to us all the comforts and socialities of life, and deprive the artisan of the locality which is his club and his *soirée*, and that before you have built him a decent house to go to, or taught his wife to dress his supper. Beware of the patronising benevolence which would debar the working classes from all gaiety of heart and manners except such as your refinement of taste may appreciate, and rather endeavour to raise their standard of pleasure than to restrict their present enjoyments.”

Yes, you iniquitous Pumps, if you are to have a just Maine Law, you must pass an Act to prohibit the importation of Port, Claret, Burgundy, Champagne, Cognac, Schiedam, and every other description of wine and spirit. Perhaps you will maintain that the infamous bribery and corruption which have just been brought home to so many respectable gentlemen, were owing to the “fermented beverages” which they are used to indulge in. But what if there is a votary of temperance among the corruptionists? Why, then you will ignore him, as you do the Turks and the Brahmins. If common thieves became thieves from addicting themselves to beer, of course uncommon thieves, such as criminal bankers and embezzling trustees, began to deviate from the path of rectitude in consequence of taking their glass of sherry. Peradventure you will assert that they did.

A Maine Law is a law for schoolboys. Its advocates are a set of would-be self-constituted pedagogues to the grown population. They want to shut the public-houses against the public, as though the public wore pinafores. Perhaps these disciplinarians would, if they could, make the public wear pinafores. Perhaps they desire to persuade the naughty people to allow themselves to be occasionally hoisted, and receive wholesome correction from the hands of their amateur preceptors with a switch. People, indeed, who are capable of allowing themselves to be subject to childish restraints may well be expected to submit to the chastisement of children. Anyhow, they deserve to be whipped. Liberty for ever! even the liberty to get drunk. Where there is no freedom there is no virtue; where men are disabled from drinking there is no sobriety. Keep brandy out of the reach of infants; lock it up in lunatic asylums. But desist, O ye Pumps, from urging Society to allow you to put it in a strait-waistcoat, and a high chair and a slobbering-bib. If you cannot be quiet, go the whole Pump, and clamour for a law which will not only close the pot-house, but prevent you from fuddling yourselves in your own apartments.

A Volume of Sentences.

It seems that Big Ben is to be cut into four pieces, so as to let him down easy. We should be more gentle in the blows we inflict on this fallen favourite, though we suppose it is in human nature to strike one who has been so immeasurably above us all. We think sufficient punishment has already been passed upon poor Ben, for not only has he been beaten, hung, and drawn, but now he is to be quartered; and we actually had the cruelty to make him ring his own death-knell as well. In fact, its life may be compared to a set of the *Newgate Calendar*, for it has been nothing but a series of trials that comprised volume upon volume of “sentences;” every one of which has been carried into execution.

THE CABMAN'S PROGRESS.

“Much remains for us to do, but the advance of education is certainly very marked. Classes once illiterate now show a love of literature, the taste for which indeed has even reached our Cabmen, who in demeanour and civility are not the men they were.”—*Social Science Speech*, October, 1859.

AIR—“She wore a Wreath of Roses.”

HE wore a cape of oilskin
The night when first we met,
And rather husky seemed his voice
With recent heavy wet;
His cab was of the shabbiest,
His horse mere skin and bone,
For cruelty to animals
No sentence then was known;
I saw he was a bruiser,
And timidly did bow,
To an estimate of distance
No court would sanction now.

A flashly painted Hansom
When next we met he drove,
And all his chums regarded him
As quite a nobby cove:
I never knew him condescend
To take his legal fare,
Save once, when hired to Highgate,
For “he wanted change of air:”
And though he drove as brisk a trade
As any cab in town,
I never heard him own that he
Had change for half-a-crown.

And once again I see that man,
No bully now is there,
He treats a lady civilly,
And takes Sixpence for his fare:
His cab no more is windowless,
No longer “screw”-propelled,
As in the good old time when he
The reins of power held.
I see him as my fancy paints,
And some may live to see:
For 'tis the age of progress
E'en with cabmanity!

TYPES OF LONGEVITY AND DISEASE.

THE great difference between the French and English Press is *avertissemens* and advertisements. By *avertissemens* the one dies,—by advertisements the other lives. You may call it a question of life and death. The only warning that an English newspaper needs is the fact of its circulation becoming less and less every week; it then knows that it is gradually sinking. The French government adopts, with regard to the Press, the system vulgarly attributed to apoplexy—it generally gives three warnings, and then the life of the poor patient is suspended. The organs of the English Press are full of health and vitality, whereas the life of the French Press hangs upon a mere thread, that can be cut short by the scissors of the Censor at a moment's notice.

Square and Compass.

IT is perfectly right and proper for labourers to combine in order to obtain a fair day's wages for a fair day's work; but any masons who will suffer themselves to be bullied by other workmen out of working on their own terms for whomsoever they please, are at any rate no Free-masons.

BALM FOR BLUE-STOCKINGS.—Beauty is a great thing, but Learning is better. In the estimation of the ancients, even, the Muses counted for three times as much as the Graces.

THE REAL SCHOOL OF THE VIRTUES.



NO says the Golden Age of Earth is o'er,
That "sweet Simplicity" afar has flown:
That open-handed Largesse rules no more,
But yields to Grasp and Greed her empty throne;
That men are hard, suspicious of each other,
Son against father set, brother mistrusting brother?

Go, cynic preacher of such creeds of life—
At Gloucester or at Wakefield look and learn;
There see men grizzled in the world's hard strife,
Freer to spend than they've been keen to earn:
See there a Christian CARDEN, meek and mild,

"In wit a man, simplicity a child."

Admire that confidence in brother man,
Which scorns receipts and asks for no accounts:
The child-like trust, that items scorns to scan,
And, placid, swallows the most gross amounts;
The heart, that to the pocket guides the hand,
The liberal soul, that treat to any length will stand!

Lamb-like simplicity that stands to bleed,
Beneath the lancets of the legal herd:
Faith that hopes all things—even to succeed;
Faith that trusts all things—e'en an agent's word;
Conscience, of sin, until detection, shriven:
Pure soul—which bleeds to learn that bribes are really given.

QUACKS AND THEIR CONSTITUENTS.

The following advertisement offers a good opening to four good notable quacks:—

LONDON HOMEOPATHIC HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

Great Ormond Street, W.C.
The BOARD OF MANAGEMENT HEREBY GIVE NOTICE, that an ELECTION to the following LECTURESHIPS will take place in OCTOBER:—

1. Therapeutics and Materia Medica.
 2. The Theory and Practice of Medicine.
 3. Surgery as Modified by Homoeopathy.
 4. Midwifery and Diseases of Children, in Connection with Homoeopathy.
- Candidates for these Lectureships are requested to send their Applications and Testimonials to the Board of Management, under cover to the Hon. Secretary of the Hospital, before the 15th of October.

N.B. All duly qualified practitioners are eligible for these appointments.
Terms, hours, and further particulars will be advertised before the Session begins.
By order of the Board,
RALPH BUCHAN, Hon. Sec.

Sept. 8, 1859.

"Fools" have been truly said to be "the game that knaves pursue;" but the sportsmen have usually to go and hunt the game up. In the case of the London Homoeopathic Hospital Medical School, however, the game forms itself into a preserve, and invites the sportsman. The subscribers to that institution will of course employ, as their medical attendants, those practitioners whom they will have chosen to lecture on the various homoeopathic humbugs assuming the name of medical sciences. The proposed lectures present some points on which a loquacious impostor might enlarge, to the great edification of his crazed and credulous audience. For instance, he might expatiate on the infinite divisibility of the materia medica and the atomic theory and practice of medicine. "Surgery, as modified by homoeopathy," would be a very interesting theme; particularly if the lecturer could make out the amputation of a limb to be practicable with an infinitesimal knife. The treatment of some diseases of children, such as headache and belly-ache, by infinitesimal doses of something like pastry and unripe fruit, would also form a very suitable subject for ingenious and delusive eloquence. Much speaking would be required, and some will think, might naturally be expected, from homoeopathic lecturers; otherwise the "hours" which were to be advertised should be seconds; and in further conformity with the minute medical philosophy, the "terms" also remaining for announcement might be farthings, if the lectures were likely to be worth so much money.

PUSEYISM.—The game is not worth its scandal.

GROSS ILLTREATMENT OF A GREAT PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR SIR W. PAGE WOOD, may be a very great lawyer, but he is not the first great lawyer who has written himself down a bear, and a short-sighted bear into the bargain. Mr. Punch hopes his readers will agree with him, that SIR W. P. WOOD deserved that title, when he ventured in his paper on Charitable Trusts, read before the Social Science Association at Bradford, to give, as an example of what he calls "absurd and preposterous bequests," the case of a testator "who divided his estate into two portions, one to be given to the fifteen prettiest young women in the parish, who were most constant in their attendance at church; and the other to the spinsters of fifty years of age, possessing the same qualifications."

Absurd and preposterous, indeed! Mr. Punch would be glad to know how many testators make half as good a use of their money. Does SIR W. P. WOOD think it no benefit to society to encourage the growth of pretty girls, and their attendance at church? If so, Mr. Punch begs to differ from him *toto caelo*, and devoutly to put up his prayer for just such a testator in every parish in England. And don't let us be told that leaving a nice little round sum to be distributed every year to the fifteen prettiest girls in a place wouldn't encourage the breed. Don't we see the agricultural societies, and the poultrycultural societies, and the horticultural societies, and the societies for the culture of rabbits, and canary-birds, and a thousand other things, going just the same way to work to develop the growth of gigantic turnips, fat pigs, and sheep and cattle, lop-ears of preternatural ugliness, mottled mules, bright golds, gigantic gooseberries, Brobdignagian grapes, and so forth? And can't we all speak from experience to the fact, that the prizes and the medals these associations offer *do* develop the thing to be rewarded, whether it be flavour or monstrosity in fruit and vegetables, ugliness in rabbits, song and colour in canary-birds, or pinguitude in beasts of the field?

Let us then consider SIR W. P. WOOD'S "absurd and preposterous testator," as simply the founder of a "PULCHRITUDICULTURAL ASSOCIATION," in his native parish; or, if you want the English change for such a very large piece of Latin coinage (almost as bad as the name of the Sociological Association itself), take it as "an association for the cultivation of pretty girls;" an association, too, which, instead of a paltry medal, or a twopenny-halfpenny £5 prize, holds out the fifteenth share in a comfortable rent-roll—a reward as superior to the usual trumpery tokens of honour, as a pretty girl is above a prize pig or a gigantic cabbage.

Note, too (as MR. RUSKIN would say), that this admirable benefactor of his species seeks to cultivate the growth not only of prettiness, but of godliness with it,—to say nothing of his supplemental bequest for the fifteen fifty-year-old spinsters, who have best preserved their good looks and church-going habits. Really, the more one thinks of it, the more one is inclined to consider the man must have been one of our greatest and profoundest social reformers,—one who deserves to be considered, in respect to women, what FISHER HOBBS is to pigs, or MR. HUXTABLE to turnips.

Observe, he has gone in for encouraging spinsters at once in respect for their own good looks and regard for religious observances. He has thus hit the very blot of the elderly female character,—its tendency to separate good looks from good works and ways,—as though devotion were only compatible with dowdiness, and piety inseparable from a poke bonnet and a sharp face under it.

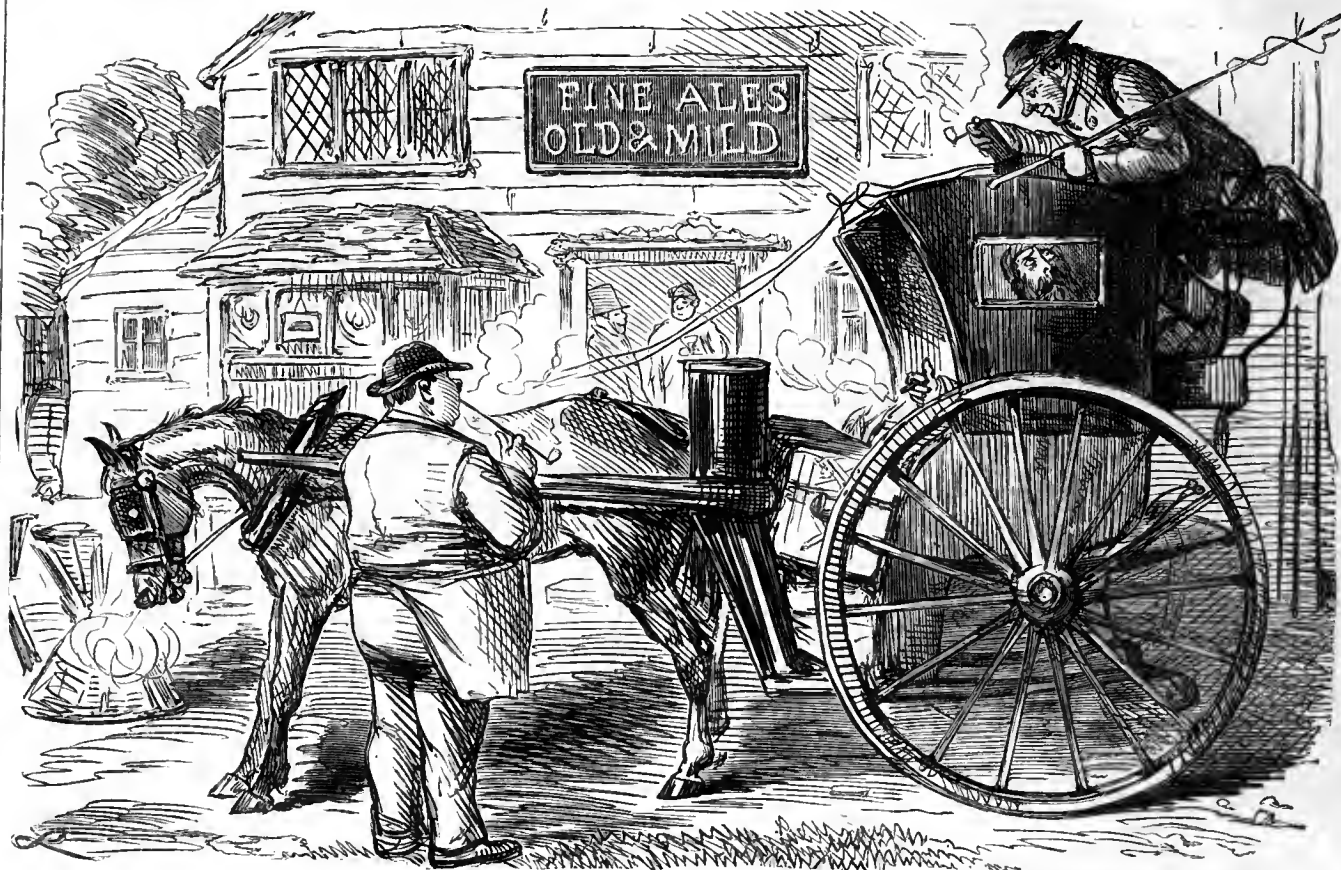
An absurd and preposterous bequest!! Positively, the more we revolve the matter, the more we feel inclined to say to everybody who has a fortune to leave (and is not disposed to leave it to Mr. Punch), "Go thou, and do likewise." Mr. Punch is not at all sure that he may not leave his own colossal estate to found just such an association in every parish in England. What an idea to hug on one's death-bed,—that one had laid the seed of generations of pious and pretty girls, and pious and pretty old women,—for grey hairs well worn have their own charm; that one had helped the dowries of the one, and lightened the loneliness of the others; that one had brought the flush of pleasure into so many sweet young faces, and heightened the glow of so many lovely and loving eyes; not forgetting the sadder, but not less sweet thought of the faded beauty of spinsterhood reverently rewarded, in its alliance with faith and love, and good-will and charity.

An "absurd and preposterous bequest," indeed!!! SIR WILLIAM PAGE WOOD, Mr. Punch blushes for you!

WORSE AND WORSE.

If you saw a pretty girl entering a convent, and you wished to prevent it, what would your wish be?—A nun-a-veiling.

THE LATEST DESCRIPTION OF BOW STREET "RUNNERS."—The pieces produced at Covent Garden Opera by the Pyne and Harrison Management.



A TOLERABLY BROAD HINT.

Cabby (after driving a couple of miles, suddenly stops opposite a roadside Public House). "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT YOU DIDN'T SAY AS WE WAS TO PULL UP ANYWIHERES, DID YOU, SIR?"

THE PIERIAN SPRINGS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE Trustees of the British Museum are erecting drinking-fountains in the hybrid-looking portico in front of the building. This is in itself by no means a bad move; but it would be still better if they were to allow the stream of their benevolence to flow a little more freely inside the house. The underpaid officials there, like scantily watered plants, present a remarkably dry appearance, and even a moderate shower in the shape of an addition to their present low salaries, would no doubt considerably refresh them.

MR. GLADSTONE, SIR G. C. LEWIS, and several of the Trustees are classical scholars, and although we cannot expect them to "come down" like Jupiter did to Danaë in a "torrent of gold," yet they might recollect the Virgilian maxim, "*Nunquam prudentibus imber obfuit*;" which being freely translated may mean, "prudent men do not ever object to a shower"—in the shape of an addition to their salaries. Now, the gentlemen employed at the Museum are, we presume, "prudent men," and they certainly deserve such a shower in the shape of salaries as may enable them to maintain a decent and respectable, if not a luxurious, position in life. PINDAR, indeed, says, *ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ*, and no doubt water is a very excellent thing in its way; but even water does not wash out the duty of remunerating gentlemen of ability and high education in proportion to the time and talent which they expend in the public service, even although, as MR. GLADSTONE argued in the House of Commons, "their duties are in some degree congenial to their tastes." Does the right honourable gentleman think his salary as Chancellor of the Exchequer too high? or does he dislike his position so much as to receive a handsome *douceur* for occupying it?

An Aid to Rogers' Recollection.

CHARLES JAMES FOX was coming out of the Thatched House Tavern rather late one night, when his foot slipped, and he fell flat down. "Ah," hiccupped out the illustrious CHARLES JAMES, as he went rolling down the steps, "*Facilis descensus Avernus*."

A LONG LIFE, AND ANYTHING BUT A MERRY ONE.

AT a banquet given by the MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY to her tenants at Carnlough, the farmer who proposed his good "landlady's" health, coupled it with the wish, "May she live a thousand years." This wish may have been kindly meant, but we are afraid it is almost incapable of realisation; especially when we recollect, that no woman was ever yet known to live, at the very outside, beyond the age of thirty-nine. We believe there was only one exception ever known, but then she was an annuitant. Nor do we think that many ladies would care about accepting the gift, supposing the offer was made to them. What lady would have the courage to look at herself in the glass, when she was five hundred years old? and what chance would there be of her procuring a husband when she was advancing towards her 900th birthday? She would always be condemned to marry a husband infinitely younger than herself; and we all know that such matches never turn out well. Moreover, it would never be possible for her to conceal her age, and to woman what charm has life if she cannot resort to that little amiable deceit, which after all, to speak charitably, is resorted to more to cheat herself than others. "To live a thousand years" would, instead of a blessing, turn out a bitter curse, which the fair possessor of the gift would infallibly regret more and more every day of her tedious existence. Fancy what an unapproachable old bore the best woman in the world would be, when she was touching her 999th year; nor can we fancy she would look very pretty at that age! The picture is too hideous to contemplate—so let us throw a veil over it. No, the good Marchioness deserves a better reward than the above, and that is, to live, in the grateful memories of those she has made happy and comfortable on her estates, for several long bright years to come.

THE INDIAN CHESS-BOARD.—This long match is over. BLACK loses—WHITE wins. It will be a long time before BLACK, after the magnificent check it has just received from WHITE, will feel inclined to renew the game.



THE OLD REAL REFORMER.

“THERE WAS NO STOPPING THE SLAVE-TRADE UNTIL I MADE IT *FELONY*, AND SO IT WILL BE WITH ELECTION BRIBERY.”—*Lord Brougham at Bradford.*



Brunei, DIED SEPTEMBER, 1859.

Stephenson, DIED OCTOBER, 1859.

A NATION'S Pioneers—they rest. To mock
Renown like theirs with sculptured tomb were shame:
Where the bridged chasm, or where the pierced rock
Attests mind's victory, read each hero-name.

Yet in an epitaph their names shall live,
That Silence, there, may pay one noble due:
THEY DIED UNTITLED. Of what Courts can give,
No jot, O knaves and fools, they grudged to you.

NEW LITERARY ENTERTAINMENT.

It delights us to announce, that the amateur dramatic writer, MR. SLOWECOCHÉ, intends shortly to commence a series of readings from some of his rejected five-act tragic works. MR. SLOWECOCHÉ, as his friends are pretty well aware, has been for some time in the habit of indulging private audiences with recitals from his writings, and has always been in readiness to read for any charity, whenever any of his friends have had the charity to listen to him. By so doing, he has sacrificed some portion of his time, and has caused still greater sacrifices of the patience of his hearers: and as the limit of endurance has in either case been reached, MR. SLOWECOCHÉ feels that either he must henceforth altogether give up reading, or seek in public the attention which in private is denied him.

Believing in his power to read as well as write, MR. SLOWECOCHÉ has decided, and his friends think very wisely, to pursue the latter course. The first reading will come off about the middle of next week, and will consist of the first act of *The Plebeian's Grandmother*, a tragedy composed on the Elizabethan model, and which for its exceeding blankness, both of verse and plot, has secured for its author a very high position in his own opinion. The remaining four acts will subsequently be read, an entire unbroken evening being occupied by each; and on his next appearance MR. SLOWECOCHÉ will diversify his (so called) "Entertainment," by reading some choice specimens of his less ambitious style. These will comprise works of the Victorian school. That is, pieces written for production at the "Vic," but which, owing he believes to the foul machinations of a literary clique, have never been allowed as yet to see the footlights. The catalogue of these rejected unread dramas is very far too long for us to publish *in extenso*. But to show what a rich treat the admirers of MR. SLOWECOCHÉ have before them, we may mention that the list of pieces chosen for his readings, will comprise no less than twenty of the heaviest of his "heavies." Among them will be read his intensely thrilling drama, called *The Haunted Cemetery; or the Ghoul and the Ghost*, which will probably be followed by a piece of painful interest, entitled very suitably, *The Revenge of the Revolver; or the Warhoop in the Wilderness*. We are delighted, too, at seeing among the chosen pieces that horribly exciting, and uncommonly blue-fiery one, which was expressly penned for MR. N. T. HICKS, but was (for reasons before stated) never acted by that gentleman. The startling name of this great drama is, *Ferdinand the Fleacatcher; or the Doom of the Demon Bug*.

French and English Estimates.

OURSELVES are by the French surpassed;
The stronger nation they have grown:
They have an army far more vast,
No smaller navy than our own.
Why are we so ill-armed, whilst they
Maintain such forces, land and sea?
What heavy taxes they must pay,
Or, oh, what swindled muffs are we!

The Representation of Labour.

It has been suggested, that the bad political economy evinced in the Builders' Strike may not exactly tend to promote the political enfranchisement of the working man. But surely the men who, have struck work are not to be called working men.

STRANGE COINCIDENCE.—Both CHISHOLM ANSTEY and the Talking Fish are at Brighton at the same time!

PRÉCIS

OF THE CORRESPONDENCE THAT HAS TAKEN PLACE, AND THAT IS TO TAKE PLACE, WITH REFERENCE TO THE CRACKING OF BIG BEN.

1. LETTER from MR. E. B. DENISON to the *Times*, stating that MR. MEARS made the bell with a flaw fraudulently concealed.
2. Letter from MR. MEARS, stating that this is a libel.
3. Letter from MR. E. B. DENISON, stating that both MR. MEARS and the bell are cracked, and that SIR C. BARRY spoiled the bell by hanging it badly.
4. Letter from SIR C. BARRY, stating that he had nothing to do with hanging the bell.
5. Letter from MR. E. B. DENISON, stating that he saw SIR C. BARRY hanging the bell, and that he (BARRY) told him (DENISON) that the bell deserved to be hanged.
6. Letter from SIR C. BARRY, stating that he never saw the bell, and never heard the bell, and that he never saw or spoke to MR. DENISON in his life, and does not wish to; also contradicting in general terms all the statements made, or likely to be made, by MR. DENISON in the present correspondence.
7. Letter from a correspondent, asking who *was* responsible for the bell, and the hanging of it.
8. Three replies to Letter, No. 7, viz.:—
 - a. Letter from MR. E. B. DENISON, stating that MEARS "did it all."
 - b. Letter from MR. MEARS, stating that MR. E. B. DENISON was "entirely responsible."
 - c. Letter from SIR C. BARRY, stating that both DENISON and MEARS were "jointly responsible."
9. Letter from MR. E. B. DENISON, stating that SIR C. BARRY "spoiled everything," and that he (DENISON) is "not a — fool."
10. Letter from MR. MEARS, controverting the latter statement of MR. DENISON.
11. Letter from MR. JABEZ JAMES, stating that the hammer was not muffled, and that if it had been, the bell would not have cracked.
12. Letter from MR. E. B. DENISON, stating that the hammer *was* muffled, and that if it had not been, the bell would not have cracked.
13. Letter from the hands of the clock, stating that the face is too big.
14. Letter from the face of the clock, stating that the hands are too heavy.

SONNET TO THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF.

Your kingdom is of this world, then, sire POPE,
Since you and all your priests such wrath express,
'Gainst them who seek to ease your Holiness
Of temporal cares—and will succeed, we hope;
For then the Italian mind will win free scope,
And liberty of pulpit and of press,
That truth with falsehood may have leave to cope.
Then law and order Italy will bless!
That desperate clutch of earthly majesty
Doth scanty logic on your part evince.
See you what diadem your brow adorns?
If of this world the papal kingdom be,
The Vicar are you not of this world's Prince?
So then, if you are wise—draw in your horns.

INDIA UNDER THE INCOME-TAX.

INDIA is about to realise the advantage of sharing with England equality under government. In our Eastern empire is about to be introduced a measure for "taxing trades and professions." The blessing of schedule D—under protest from the Calcutta Chamber of Commerce—is to be conferred on our Indian fellow-subjects. This is a very promising financial experiment. The celebrated truthfulness of the Indian character will insure the minutest accuracy in all the Income-tax returns which will be made by the scrupulous natives. But the correctness of these statements will have to be taken for granted. No tax could be more popular with our Oriental brethren than one which will allow them to tax themselves. A generous confidence in their probity will be repaid; but there must be no hesitation in taking the payment, then all will be well, but not otherwise. Beware of assessing them at a higher rate than their own; otherwise the effect which Schedule D will have on the industrious masses of India will be too likely to resemble that which the greased cartridges produced on the Sepoys.

PEDIGREE OF MANY A NOBLE LORD ON THE TURF.—Out of Pocket, by Betting.

LOVE-MAKING AT LOWESTOFF.



sat in undisturbed solitude. Nor was there heard a sound which was not very strongly an incentive to reflection. The waves were surging drowsily alongside of the pier, and plashing with a sleepifying gurgle on the woodwork; the while, to counteract their soporific influence, the resonant and raucous strains of a brass-band, stationed for some subtle reason close against the reading-room, kept actively awake the meditative faculties, and reminded London

A PENNY for your thoughts, my MARIAN!" exclaimed the gallant SMITH, as the lovers lolled together on the pier at Lowestoff.

It was indeed a place and time conducive of reflection. For the place, we have not leisure to enumerate its beauties, and must refer the curious reader to the description in the Guide-books. For the time, as BYRON might have written:—

It was the hour when lovers' vows
Breathe soft in every
word they utter:
It was the hour which
man allows
For tea and shrimps
and bread and butter.

With the exception of the herring-boats slowly gliding from the harbour, there was nothing moving seaward to distract deep meditation; and but for the fashionable throng upon the pier, the lovers might have

listeners of Cornopean-haunted Pimlico, or Trombone-bemaddened Bayswater.

At such a time and place, what wonder MARIAN should wear a meditative air, or that her HENRY, who had nothing in the world to do but gaze at her, should exclaim, as we have stated, "A penny for your thoughts."

"Me tinkin', Sar," replied the meditative maiden, assuming for the nonce the Christy Minstrel dialect, "Me tinkin' why de ocean like one ob de ole Romans?"

Why, MARIAN, my pet, what a rummy thing to think about. It—it—sounds like a conundrum," gasped the frightened SMITH.

Replied to him the maiden, "Yes, Sar, you correct; him is a conundricum. But you needn't look so flustricate. Him perfectly original. I make him up myself. Shall I ask you him again, Sar?" SMITH groaned aloud, but nodded. "Well, den, why's de Garman Ocean like one ob de ole Romans? You gib him up, ob course. So I tell you—*Cause him Cae—Sar!* What you tink ob dat?"

"Tink ob it!" exclaimed the infuriated SMITH: "don't talk to me of 'tinkin',' Miss. I'm an author, not a tinker."

"Well, then, dearest," softly murmured the bewitching girl, resting her head lovingly upon her HENRY's manly bosom, and resuming a more Christian and less Christy form of utterance, "Can your *Authorship* inform me when the wave which is now passing us may be said to have entered the medical profession?"

Regardless of his gallantry, SMITH tried to stop his ears: but, like the "*lissome Vivien*," the fair one "clung and clasped his hand," and whispered to him sweetly, "Fond one, don't be frightened. When next you hear the question, make response—'*Tis when the wave's a-surgin' on the shore!*'"

THE HEAD OF THE CHURCH MILITANT.—THE ABBÉ L'ÉPÉE.

HUNTING THE BLACK BADGER.

MR. PUNCH's affection for the Undertaker is proverbial. The love and respect he entertains for the eringing, but greedy fellow, who in the hour of sorrow avails himself of our indisposition to contest details, and secures a strong order for his extortionate mummeries, exceeds in degree, but is closely akin to Mr. PUNCH's regard for the greasy, spirit-drinking, whispering hirelings who assemble in unclean knots at the bidding of the Supreme Ghoul, and help him to get up the abomination called a Genteel Funeral. Hence, when a wise man, or woman (like the late excellent QUEEN ADELAIDE), leaves testamentary direction that an Undertaker shall, in a certain instance, be choked off from all plunder that can be saved from his dirty hands, Mr. PUNCH usually expresses his respectful approbation. And when any other incident occurs, calculated to cast contempt upon the vulgar and stupid display got up by the Carrion-Crow of Society, Mr. PUNCH is also well pleased.

What a future age will think of our toleration of such things, it is hard to say. When cremation shall have superseded interment; when no more

"The long funerals blacken all the way;"

when "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," shall cease to be a falsehood in the mouth of the priest,—and when *Mors Janua Vitæ* shall be a living thought in the minds of the living, instead of a hack motto for a hatchment; why, a good many other desirable things will have occurred, if DR. CUMMING's prognostication of the end of all things—"positively the last time of the end of all things: N.B. Copy the address"—should not precede such reforms. Meantime, the more contempt cast upon the Undertaker and his craft, the better.

Only in this sense—for Mr. PUNCH sees a good deal of an objectionable character in certain proceedings he is about to mention—does he peruse with any feeling of satisfaction a long paragraph from a Derbyshire paper just received. The Undertaker's craft has been called into exercise, it seems, in what is called honour, not of man, but of the friend of man. At a place, whose name is that of the scoundrel attorney in *Guy Mannering*, lives a person named SCHOLES, recently the possessor of a favourite hound, whose name was that given by old COBBETT to the late SIR FRANCIS BURDETT. The animal's hunting propensities were extraordinary; but every dog has its last day, and "Old Glory's"

demise took place the other night. Her owner was about to deposit her remains under an old pear-tree in his garden, but this very sensible proceeding was prevented by "some of the old hunters of Glossop," who, unless their conduct was prompted by the laudable desire to insult and degrade the Undertaker, may also be described as some of the old idiots of Glossop, persons who never need be afraid of knocking out their brains in the hunting-field. They insisted upon Old Glory's being interred with funeral rites.

Let Derbyshire tell its own tale:—

"Information of the coming event was at once dispatched to different parts of the country, and on Saturday last, about forty hounds from Chapel-en-le-Frith, Hayfield, Millbrow, Mellor, Staleywood, and other places, assembled to accompany their canine sister to her last resting-place. 'Glory' was put into a coffin, which was covered with red cloth, over which black braid was crossed, her head surrounded by a hare's skin, and bedecked with flowers. Several of her own pups were in attendance, having red ribbons round their necks, whilst the others had black ribbon; and every dog was lead in a red leash. Funeral cards, bearing the following inscription, were given to each of the invited mourners:—Sacred to the memory of Glory Scholes." [Mr. PUNCH would have withheld Ma. SCHOLES's name, but for its being annexed to that of the lamented deceased] "who died, September 26th, 1859, in the thirteenth year of her age, and was interred, October 1st, at Cownedge, near Glossop. She was the mother of one hundred and seventy pups!"

Farewell dear friends, a long farewell:
I've crossed these hills when I could almost fly,
I've been at the death of many a hare,
Though now I'm dead and lying here."

The poetry is not much better than that of the sporting magazines and newspapers, but it may not have occurred to the old hunters of Glossop to look into *Odyssey* seventeen, for a Homeric epitaph on their extinct friend. We will presume that they used the word "sacred" in the classical sense, or, more likely, in no sense at all, like an Undertaker. But let the rites proceed:—

"As the time of the funeral drew near, High Street was crowded with several thousand spectators. The funeral car was drawn by a black horse, and in it were seated Mr. CHARLES WYATT, the driver; Mr. JOHN NORLE, master of the ceremonies; and Mr. GEORGE SCHOLES, owner of the dead hound. The funeral procession started about five o'clock in the afternoon, the master of the ceremonies blowing a funeral dirge on his horn over the corpse, on which the canine mourners set up a sympathetic howl. Several hundred persons followed the procession to Cownedge, a distance of over four miles, where a vast crowd was waiting to see the last of poor "Glory." The horn was blown whilst the interment took place, after which Mr. NORLE sung "*Squire Frith*," and the multitude joined in the chorus. A requiem,

composed for the occasion by Mr. BRUNDERETT, was also sung; and to conclude the ceremony, three long and hearty cheers were given. The cortege then returned to the Botanical Tavern, where a supper was provided, consisting of six enormous pies. The invited guests paid the usual funeral gift, and spent a merry evening."

What "the usual funeral gift" is, we do not know. The *munera*, or *dona*, of the ancient Roman rites were, if we have not forgotten all Dr. SWISHTAIL's teachings, things that the deceased used to like. The bereaved SCROLES is the landlord of the tavern in question, but we can hardly suppose that the guests pelted him with flesh of dead horses, or with greaves; but rather that he made a good thing of his loss in the shape of the reckonings for his pies and other refreshments. This, however, is his business, not ours.

But, reserving all other comment upon the whole business, Mr. *Punch* would ask, who that witnessed this Genteel Canine Funeral will ever be able to think gravely of the Undertaker and his mummeries and his weepers, and his black bandages, and the rest of the rubbish with which he robs the living in the name of the dead? Undertaking will surely be a bad trade in Derbyshire, henceforth.

When the Roman mourners returned from their simple and sensible rites, Dr. SWISHTAIL used to tell us that by way of purification they were made to step over a fire. In humble imitation of the Romans, Mr. *Punch* has called the old idiot of Glossop over the coals, but he has, goodnaturedly, not made them very hot, partly for a reason which it might not be complimentary to state, and partly because the Glossop proceedings may be regarded as a quizz upon the British Ghoul or Undertaker.

PUNCH ON PUNCH.

YESTERDAY, at an Association for the Advancement of Social Science, Mr. *Punch* delivered a lecture on Punch. Mr. *Punch* said: In lecturing on punch, a few of you will perhaps expect that I shall blow my own trumpet. Nothing of the kind. I am not going to talk about myself, but of the liquor which is my namesake. It is made with rum, brandy, lemon, hot water, and sugar. I am speaking, and only intend speaking, of punch proper; hot mixed punch: and shall postpone the consideration of other punches. The things I have named are the essential constituents of punch. A little beer is sometimes added—advantageously. Instead of mere hot water, tea is occasionally used; and then your tea not only cheers, but also, if you take enough of it—or, as LORD BROUGHAM would say, too much of it—inebriates.

Put twice as much rum as brandy into the jug in which, and not in a bowl, your punch should be made. The fault of most punch is that brandy predominates in it. On the contrary rum should predominate. Rum, without any brandy at all, makes excellent punch. Mere brandy punch is nasty stuff. Put in as much sugar as the water will dissolve. If you brew, say, a quart of punch, let it contain the juice and the rind of one lemon. The juice, I say; not the pulp. The rind also; not all the peel; none of the white pith: only the yellow-outside pared off thin, so as to lay open the aromatic oil-cells. With regard to the proportion of water you employ, let your own discretion be your tutor. Some like strong punch; others weak,—ladies generally prefer weak. I prefer weak to smoke with.

Don't put these things into your jug in the order in which I have named them. Make your lemonade first. Mix your hot water, sugar, and lemon. Let the water be boiling hot—fresh from the kettle on the fire. If brought up from the kitchen, test it with a thermometer. "It have a boiled, Sir," is a maidservant's or charwoman's idea of an affirmative answer to a question intended to ascertain if the temperature of the water she has come with is 212°.

Put in first your lemon-juice and lemon-rind, pour thereon your hot water, put a wrapper consisting of a folded napkin over the mouth of your jug, and lay a thick octavo or some other equivalent body, over the mouth of that vessel, and let it stand for five minutes. Then add the liquors. If it stands on the hob all the better, and better still if it stands in the oven. In either of the two latter cases you not only may, but will do well to, add the spirits before covering up the jug; because the heat they will be exposed to will more than make up for their cooling effect on the hot water, which, when themselves heated, they will aid in extracting the aroma of the lemon.

To bake or stew punch without covering it in, is the act of an unlightened savage, ignorant of the first principles of distillation, which are familiar even to the Irish native.

Drink your punch from a wine-glass, pouring it thereinto from your jug. It spoils the pleasure of drinking punch to ladle it out of a bowl into a tumbler. In so doing you inevitably make a slop, which is offensive to every orderly mind. Punch was meant to stick to the ribs and not to the fingers.

Horrid Attempt.

WE have received a letter from a wretch, who, after pointing out the fact that one of the horses that ran the other day at the Newmarket Second of October Meeting was named *Gallus*, suggests the probability that the animal in question was ridden with a halter!

A FATAL FACILITY.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, in the magnificent address he delivered at the opening of the Annual Meeting of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science, tells us that "everything has a tendency to run into abuse." If examples were needed of this truth, we would point to the religious newspapers, for you cannot look into a number of the *Tablet*, or the *Univers*, or the *Churchman*, or the *Record*, without instantly discovering that "its tendency is to run into abuse." Take abuse away from these papers, and you would have nothing but the "imprint" left; and that is precisely the end, taking a leaf out of their own book of charity, that we should like to see most of them arrive at.



A ROMAN MARTYROLOGIST.

OUR Roman Catholic contemporary, the *Tablet*, contains the following illustration of the position of the POPE in relation to VICTOR EMMANUEL and LOUIS NAPOLEON:—

"The state of Italy must be satisfactory now to every liberal mind, for the condition of the Holy See is a sad one. The SOVEREIGN PONTIFF is on the cross, and the whole world is looking on, scoffing and jeering. The KING OF SARDINIA represents the impudent thief, and notwithstanding the perils of his own position, he finds time to insult the innocent one, though he does not curse PONTIUS PILATE who has brought him to his evil case. The EMPEROR of the FRENCH looks calmly at his work, and is satisfied."

"Comparisons are odious," says the old proverb. Does the *Tablet* want to get that ancient maxim enlarged, by giving occasion for the new saying, that "Comparisons are impious?" "PONTIUS PILATE," and the "IMPENITENT THIEF," will probably be inclined by the above similitudes to consider that "Comparisons are impudent." It is lucky for the *Tablet* that it does not publish profane articles under the government of "PONTIUS PILATE,"—though that is not a procuratorship, but an empire. Brother VEUILLOT and the *Univers* have had a warning for sedition, calumny, and falsehood. We suppose that the *Tablet* would represent MM. VEUILLOT and TACONET as stretched upon the rack; those Catholic confessors thus undergoing a persecution in its degree corresponding to the crucifixion of the POPE.

A Benison for Denison.

MR. DENISON, in the letter in which he endeavours to account for the stoppage of the Westminster Bell, dates it from "Ben Rhydding." To make the truth complete, the locality should have been described as Big Ben Rhydding, for there can be no doubt that it is at MR. DENISON'S door that the "Rhydding" of Big Ben lies.



MOST OFFENSIVE.

Railway Porter. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, WAS THIS YOUR'N?"

OFF WITH HIS HEAD!—SO MUCH FOR QUACKING 'EM!

A Good Story has been told of an Eastern executioner, who was so expert in the handling of his scimitar that he could cut a culprit's head off without the victim's knowing it. As a proof of his dexterity, it is said that some unfortunates, on whom he had been operating, could not be persuaded that their necks were really severed until, at his suggestion, they tried to shake their heads, when, much to their discomfiture, their heads all toppled off.

It certainly sounds startling to hear of persons living after they have been beheaded; and although when we were young we heard it stated of KING CHARLES that he "was seen to walk and talk half an hour after his head was cut off," still we hardly think the statement establishes the fact. Yet that persons do exist who have had their heads off, has been stated, not indeed on medical authority, but on such authority as is conceded to a quack. Merely altering a name, which we have no desire to puff, we quote this narrative *verbatim* from the *Morning Chronicle* :—

"GULLAWAY'S PILLS.—REMEDY FOR DISORDERS IN THE 'HEAD.—MR. NEWTON' druggist, Hull, states, in a letter to PROFESSOR GULLAWAY, that MR. JOHN WARE' residing in Stubbs' Buildings, West Street, Hull, had been afflicted with giddiness in the head, off and on, for the last twenty years. Though he tried many supposed remedies during that long period, he found little or no relief from them. At last he was induced to try GULLAWAY'S PILLS, from hearing so many encomiums passed on their virtues; and the consequence is, that he is now perfectly cured, and enjoys better health than ever he did before."

Marvellous as are the stories—in more than one sense stories—which have been told of the effects of these wonder-working pills, we think that this surprising statement beats them by long chalks. At the same time, however, we must own that, to our thinking, there is more marvel in the malady than in the working of the cure. That a man should have existed with his head "off and on" for a period extending so long as twenty years, seems to our mind more astounding than that he should now be having "better health" at its conclusion than, as we are told, he has ever had before. What manner of health a man could possibly enjoy throughout the twenty years that his head

POISON FOR BREAKFAST.

THE enormous gooseberries and gigantic strawberries of journalism are now over, and in come the monster turnips and prodigious mushrooms. To notices of these last-named productions are often adjoined tales of horror, calculated to terrify their consumers, under the head of "Caution to Mushroom-eaters." These warnings would be much more effectual if they contained some explanation of the nature of the danger to which mushroom-eaters expose themselves. We read of death from eating "horse-mushrooms." The horse-mushroom has a bad name, and not a very good character; it is said to disagree with those who eat it, and to occasion colic, and symptoms of that sort; but we find it represented in the newspapers as producing the effects of a virulent poison, such, almost, as those of deadly nightshade or monkshood. Many people, however, eat it with perfect impunity. It is largely used in making ketchup. Botanists call it *Agaricus exquisitus*, as if it were peculiarly choice. The horse-mushroom, by some accounts, is generally preferred to the common mushroom in France. The French, indeed, eat horse, but that would be no reason why they should eat horse-mushroom, if it were poisonous. Therefore, if anybody wishes to commit suicide, he will experience a disappointment should he take horse-mushroom by way of substitute for prussic acid.

"Caution to Mushroom-eaters" should be taken to be addressed to all eaters of mushrooms, and, observe, of common mushrooms, and not of toadstools. There is no poisonous toadstool so like a common mushroom as to be liable to be mistaken for it by anybody but a maid-of-all-work destitute of perceptive organs. Let Mushroom-eaters beware of stale mushrooms. Mushrooms are very like meat, particularly in being subject to putrefaction, and, when putrid, in being noxious. They are often exposed for sale in a state which, if they were meat, would subject them to seizure and confiscation, and their vendors to fine. If anybody wishes to kill himself, let him eat those mushrooms; but hydrocyanic acid is preferable.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—The messenger who brought the news of the noble SCHAMYLS' capture to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, was LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GRABBE!

was "off and on," it surpasses our imaginative power to conjecture; and we look upon the statement that the patient has been cured as an assertion which is far less difficult to swallow. Indeed, the story is like that of the much-advertised bad leg of "more than thirty-five years' standing," which the same "Professor" professes to have cured. In this case, as in the other, the quack has weakened his narration by coming it too strong.

That quack treatment should cure anything is incredible enough, but the statement of the cure is not a tenth part so surprising as the assertion that the leg had for so long a time been kept standing. The best of legs would not bear standing longer than a day; and that a bad one should have stood for five-and-thirty years is a statement so preposterous that we doubt if even those who patronise the quack's pills could have swallowed it.

Whether the gentleman who has been living with his head off and on be one of those "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," we leave to more inquiring minds than ours to determine. In the *Travels* of one *Gulliver*, the natives of Laputa are said to wear their heads disconnected from their bodies, and to use them as their footballs, without impairing their vitality. Readers give what credit to this narrative they please; but for ourselves, we must confess, we place quite as strong a faith in the tales of *Mr. Gulliver*, as we do in the assertions of the story-telling quack, whom, as we don't wish to be personal, we choose to nickname MR. GULLAWAY.

The Austrian Curb.

THE races, which for years were prohibited under the Austrian rule, have been resumed in Lombardy. We do not wonder at this prohibition. The Austrians, if they had had the power, would like to have suppressed the whole Italian race.

'A NOTE AND QUERY.

"Paris, Wednesday, Oct. 12.—LORD COWLEY and COUNT KENELEFF dined with WALEWSKI."—*Times*.

WHEN will KENELEFF and WALEWSKI dine with COWLEY ???



AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

Railway Guard (as it is getting dark). "WOULD YOU LIKE A LIGHT IN THIS CARRIAGE, SIR?"

Swell (showing a Regalia in full blaze). "NO, THANKS; I HAVE ONE!"

[Exit Guard overpowered.]

PICTORIAL WALLS AND WINDOWS.

ROMAN prows, armorial bearings, ripe fruit, humming-birds, allegorical figures, antique masks, ideal animals ending in scrolls, and civic insignia, constitute the frescoes which decorate the ceiling, now visible, of the Royal Exchange. Saving the civic devices, the place of these paintings would be more suitably occupied by scenes of traffic and commerce, with nothing more allegorical amongst them than a figure of Business in modern costume, with a pen behind his ear. It is a pity that frescoes are not always calculated to serve by way of illustrations of the building which they adorn, so as to signify its use and purpose. St. Somebody said that pictures were the books of idiots, that is, of idiots so to speak because of their ignorance; and this is the ground on which the Roman Catholic priests defend their general use of images; whereby their flocks ought to feel flattered. Now there are many idiots of this kind running about loose, different as to creed in every respect except one, but all united in the predatory persuasion. They form the chief part of the attendants at Police Offices, and Courts of Assize and Sessions; where the fate of their companions trembles in the balance.

The interiors of our various halls of justice might be richly frescoed to the advantageous instruction of this troublesome class of persons. The windows also might be stained with similar designs. Representations of the various punishments which the law inflicts upon convicts might adorn the walls to the great edification of the majority of their beholders. What the crank is, what the treadmill, would then be ocularly exhibited to the thieves and pickpockets, and thus they would learn to talk and think less lightly than they do of being nabbed, and lagged, and put in the jug, and having six months.

The interior of the hulks might be depicted on the walls and ceiling, and a vivid idea might be presented of penal servitude and private whipping, as well as of the serious nature of capital punishment. Crime would thus be prevented; and expense doubly saved; for in the first place prisons would cost less, and in the next there would be no absolute occasion for that education of the poor which runs away with some money at present, and requires the expenditure of very much more, which is only prevented by public parsimony, and the zeal of the clergy of various denominations, who insist upon sectarian education, or none at all.

ADVICE TO PASTORAL-WRITING SHEPHERDS.—Attend more to your flocks, and busy yourself less with your pens.

THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

THE strong-minded gentlemen who have been sneering at the mawkish sentimentalists for writing hollow twaddle in appeal to the sympathies of the despicable people about the fellow who was flogged the other day at Woolwich, on a back alleged to have been studded with boils, will be greatly disgusted with the following statement in the *Post*, under the head of "Naval and Military Intelligence:—"

"THE LASH.—The punishment of flogging has been entirely suspended at Woolwich since the publicity given to the case of the unfortunate recruit, WILLIAM DAVIS, who is at present suffering from the effects of the 50 lashes he received about two months since, although sufficiently recovered to leave the hospital. A complete investigation has been made relative to this case, from which it appears that the conduct of the medical officer is open to censure, for allowing the punishment to be inflicted upon a man who was unable to bear it."

It must be very provoking to the strong-minded gentlemen to find their sneers thus refuted—for even a sneer can be refuted by fact. It is vexatious to discover that we have been expressing scorn and contempt for those whom we hate on the assumption that they have made a mistake, whereas the mistake has been made by ourselves. We naturally feel extremely annoyed to find our sarcasms annihilated, all but their motives, and these left standing conspicuously out as pride, insolence, and malice.

The story about the soldier who was scourged on his bare boils, unfortunately, was not made up, or even exaggerated. In continuation of the above extract, our manly friends are told that—

"It is only just to state, that the Commandant has taken measures to make some amends for the cruelty inflicted upon DAVIS. Previously to leaving the hospital, he was visited by a medical board of officers, accompanied by GENERAL DACRES, who, in consideration of the punishment already undergone, was pleased to remit the sentence of 84 days' imprisonment awarded by court-martial, and also the usual branding of the letter D on the prisoner's back."

This last remission the masculine vindicators of corporal punishment should not allow to vex them too much. To brand a crop of boils is

like writing on sand; therefore COLONEL DACRES need not be concluded, in remitting that part of the prisoner's sentence, to have acted from a weak and maudlin feeling of love and mercy. From the conclusion of the paragraph in question it will be seen that the branding of Deserter DAVIS would have been a service of difficulty:—

"He was liberated and provided with a new uniform, but the man's back is still covered with at least forty inflamed boils and wounds—the result of his flogging, and he is therefore to be relieved from carrying his pack or knapsack until entirely recovered. The medical board certified that the man was unfit to receive corporal punishment."

Thus the mawkish sentimentalists unhappily appear to have had some foundation for what their magnanimous despisers will still, of course, call their insincere and shallow cant. These men of stern sense, and men of the world, know that those hypocrites and milksops wrote on a basis of merely accidental truth. The sentimentalists will be out another time, and then there will be an opportunity of laughing their virtuous indignation to scorn. Virtuous cruelty, and virtuous self-esteem and contempt of others, will then have their chance. Still, there is some danger that the fine masculine malevolence, which, under the pretence of wholesome severity, lusts for the infliction of torture, and gloats upon whipping, whether in the case of soldiers or school-boys, will ultimately lose its gratification as regards soldiers. Denunciations of the cat may be false, affected, snobbish, and unspeakably contemptible; but whilst the cat flourishes, they are calculated to deter men from enlisting in the army. Therefore it is to be feared that the cat will be abolished.

Toll for the Bell! the Bell that is No More!

TALKING of Big Ben, said SMITH to JONES,—“For all that MR. DENISON has written, I don't believe that MESSRS. MEARS have lost caste by their casting.” “Not a bit,” said JONES. “DENISON, you know, was one of the examiners, and if there was a MEARS sham, the judges should have 'smoked' it!”

AN UNATTACHED COUPLE.



It has always seemed to us that in the way of advertising births and deaths and marriages, people enter very often into quite needless particulars. In the matter indeed of marriages, the details which are given are, like fashionable petticoats, most ludicrously ample, and leave no room at all for pleasant speculation. Not only are the names of the officiating clergyman, and of his reverend assistants, stated with all fulness, and all their titles and endowments mentioned with great accuracy, and at no small length, but we are often favoured also with a *précis* of the pedigrees of the happy couple, and if either of them happen to possess a titled relative, we may be sure that his or her name will figure in the list.

With regard to births and deaths, there is not such scope for detail; still the public often gets by them an insight into matters which the public, we are sure, has not the slightest wish to pry into. Family cats are continually being let out of their bags, and private skeletons exhibited which had better have

been kept hidden. As an instance, we quote this from the *Times* of Tuesday week, where the curious may find the names stated at full length:—

“On the 16th inst., at LI—the wife of LIEUT.-COL. L—(unattached), of a daughter.”

Although we have no knowledge whatever of the L—’s, this painful revelation of their conjugal unhappiness, quite took away our usual relish for our breakfast; and as constant morning readers of the *Times*, we must protest against its publishing what may destroy our appetite. We have quite enough private sorrows of our own without being afflicted by those of other people. It is very sad to hear that the L—’s are “unattached,” but we cannot see the good of thus publicly parading this announcement of the fact.

Topographical.

ITALY is recommended by some of her friends to take England for her model. We recommend nothing of the kind. The worst thing Italy can do just now is to let her most beautiful provinces become a Dukery.

[We insert this rather dummy joke, in order to show that our Contributor is a gentleman, and goes out of town, and knows about aristocratic haunts. Else—Ed.]

CONVICTION ON LEAVING AN ELECTION COMMITTEE-ROOM.—“By ST. COPPOCK! some of our law-makers are the greatest law-breakers.”

scope for detail; still the public often gets by them an insight into matters which the public, we are sure, has not the slightest wish to pry into. Family cats are continually being let out of their bags, and private skeletons exhibited which had better have

THE GRAFFITI OF LONDON.

A Most interesting article—in fact, *Mr. Punch* may as well say (for there is no false modesty about him, nor any real modesty neither) that he wrote it himself—appears in the new number of the *Edinburgh Review*, upon the *Graffiti* of Pompeii. The word (which has already thrown the Wiscount into despair, and made MR. HADFIELD wish, as he is remarking, that authors would honily write Hinglish), means the Scribblings on the walls and other scribbling places. Now, as *Mr. Punch* has recently declared, and will declare again, at the earliest opportunity, the habit of scribbling on walls and the like is a vulgar and snobbish one, but with his usual calm superiority to cavil, he begs to say that what was done in Pompeii a great many years ago, and what is being done in England now, are two matters, and if they were not, who cares? He is exceedingly glad that in Pompeian days everybody scribbled about, because, in the first place, the inscriptions throw great light on ancient customs, and secondly because those writings afforded him a reason for composing an interesting and beautiful article, and receiving the cheque and thanks of MESSRS. LONGMAN & Co. Therefore, let there be no impertinent remarks.

It occurred to *Mr. Punch*, while writing that fine paper, that when that eternal New Zealander of LORD MACAULAY’S gets off the broken arch of London Bridge, pockets his sketches, and comes pottering about the ruined streets of the abandoned metropolis, SIR CANNIBAL TATTOO, or whatever the gentleman’s name may be, will discover in extinct London much the same sort of mural annotations as *Mr. Punch*, DR. WORDSWORTH, and their Italian friends found in Pompeii. It next occurred to *Mr. Punch*, that SIR CANNIBAL TATTOO, when he gets upon the electric wire and shoots back to his hotel in Solander Island, will ponder over the London *Graffiti* much as *Mr. Punch* has done over those of the buried city. And thirdly, it occurred to *Mr. Punch*, that in the *Polygraphic Review*, CCXXIV., may appear the following article, which *Mr. Punch* hereby publishes a trifle in advance, and thereby sells his Australian posterity.

The Graffiti of London. From Demonological Photographs taken by SIR CANNIBAL TATTOO. With Remarks by him. Bradbury and Evans. Australasia. Rhinosceros Quarto. 3859.

Extremely interesting, in fact we may say howling news from the Old Island. The indefatigable traveller and antiquary, SIR CANNIBAL TATTOO, presents us with a hudget of treasures from the walls, doors, windows, and other portions of ancient London. To the historian these relics are invaluable, while to the general reader they are indispensable. Not to detain our friends from the feast SIR CANNIBAL has set before them, we hasten to offer the following particulars of his last discoveries.

On a wall near an old church, supposed to be St. Bride’s, and so

called from its being the place of fashionable marriages, in the days, as DRYDEN says,

“When one to one was cursedly confined,”

SIR CANNIBAL found inscribed BR · GS S N A · S (*Briggs is an Ass*). Now who was BRIGGS? and who the bold Satirist who thus unhesitatingly summed up his character in an epithet. We find no mention of BRIGGS in any History of England, and are half inclined to risk the idea that the name was given generically to the class of pseudo-sportsmen and athletes depicted in the celebrated LEECH Cartoons, now in the Presidential Museum at Wellington. In the same neighbourhood SIR C. TATTOO perceived written the well-known NO P · PE · Y (*No Paupery*), which shows that even in those barbarous times people were beginning to see the absurdity of being poor while anybody else had aught to be deprived of. The inscription NO P · PERY occurs in numerous parts of Old London, especially near the churches founded by ST. PUSEY, which is a proof that the alms given away by these imitators of Catholicism had failed to satisfy the laudable ambition of the working classes for independence.

On a door near the New Gate of London, which was also the place of execution,—for, by a fine conception, our ancestors thrust the polluting scene of death *extra mania*, or as far from the heart of the City as possible,—SIR C. TATTOO found a rude representation of the instrument of execution, the Gallows, and of a figure pendent therefrom. Beneath was written MANNING. This was the work of an illiterate person, and obviously was meant for *Man Hung*, such being the brief heading which the newspapers of the day gave to an account of one of the events common and ludicrous in those times, but which happily are now of rare occurrence, and which plunge our Republic of Islands into mourning when such an example has been necessary. A little further, and on a piece of pavement, was clearly to be read I AM STAR · ING; but what this means, or what the speaker was staring at, we have at present no conception. It might, however, have been the facetious answer to the celebrated British caution “Mind Your Eye.” SIR C. TATTOO suggests that a letter has been dropped, and that the word should be *Starting*. But what could such an inscription mean upon a pavement? The riddle must, we fear, remain unsolved, *in saculo seculorum*.

In what was called the Temple, from the number of Hebrews (worshippers in the old Temple of Jerusalem) resident there, and on the ground at the entrance of a passage is written M · N D T · E P A I N · . Of this SIR C. TATTOO hardly knows what to make. May we venture a guess? Is it *Mind the Pain*, and has a preceding word dropped, which was *Never*? If so, we think we see a solution. The Temple, as has been said, was famous for its Jews, who, again, were the most celebrated dentists of old times, and who, all schoolboys will remember, were sent for to draw the teeth of KING JOHN, about 1666. Well, was this inscription, like the Roman *Salve*, the address to visitors to a Temple dentist? SIR C. TATTOO thinks that the last word was

Paint, and that it was an order from some superior to a workman to mend the paint. This is a happy conjecture, but we give it *valet quantum*.

At another point, and near what is said to have been the residence of the London Mayors before their extirpation, is found a rich distich—

I · M · T · H · K · N · F · H · E · A · S · T · L ·
· N · D · Y · O · U · R · A · D · T · Y · R · S · C · A ·

This there is great difficulty in reading, and a difference of opinion has arisen as to the filling up of the destroyed letters. The best scholars, SIR C. TATTOO says, are inclined to this reading:—

"I am the Knife [which] the Astley
Handed] your [] A Dirty Rascal."

There is evidently some City legend or sarcasm conveyed in this couplet. The place where it was found was the banquet-hall of the Mayors, and probably some ASTLEY, a negligent servant, is charged with having presented to his master "your [Mayor?]" to cut his venzon a knife wet with the flesh of turtle fish, the favourite luxury of those demi-savages. But there is scope for a score of treatises on the subject. The last word of the first line has been interpreted "Castle," and though we do not think this correct, it may have alluded to the Elephant and Castle, the famous white-bait house which stood near the Bank, and was frequented by its managers.

A pretty couplet, about which there is little mistake, records, on a window-sill, that "*My love Sal is a p gal,*" the defaced word being no doubt "portly," the English girls, or gals, being celebrated and admired for their fat. In another place is DO · · OUR M · THER NOW · RE · U · ; perhaps the affectionate yearning of children, "*Do,*

our mother, now return to us," or "*Does our mother now remember us?*" Farther on, SIR C. TATTOO found the place where peripatetic astronomers exhibited their telescopes for hire; as on a wall, which would have been an excellent resting-place for the instrument, is "*Take a Sight.*" Even in those days, before Moon-railroads were known, the view of the celestial bodies interested our foolish forefathers.

Finally, for we must bring our remarks to a close, SIR CANNIBAL TATTOO perceived upon the entablature of the west pediment of the clerestory of the Abbey ruins the letters PUN · OR EVE. Now, what is "*Pun, or Eve?*" Is this one of those dark mysteries from which it is in vain to seek to tear the veil? Is it a mystic shadowing out of some old religion? Does it show the doubts which at that period saturated the minds of all? Is *Pun*, or PAN, the heathen principle of universal nature; and does *Eve*, typical of womanhood, point at a more gracious faith, between which, perhaps, some young and ardent monk in a cell of those old Westminster Abbey ruins knew not how to choose? The inquiry is deeply interesting, aesthetically, asthmatically, and exegetically. The foolish and shallow conjecture that the words were *Punch for Ever*, we mention hut to dismiss with contempt. Our forefathers, foolish as they were, had grand and mythic imaginings, nor will we dance a dance of BAG O'NAILS over their graves. Let us rather humbly address ourselves to discover their meaning. *Laborare est orare.*

SIR CANNIBAL'S book is the most splendid, the most useful, the most intellectual, the most graphic, the most fascinating, that has appeared for several hours, and we cordially recommend it to our readers of all colours.

GLASS-HOUSE MUTUAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.

THERE is this great convenience which people enjoy who dwell in glass houses: whatever may be their position, they always stand in a favourable light; and however conspicuous may be their failings, they are invariably overlooked. Till lately, however, there were no means of insuring these elegant edifices against demolition, partial or entire, and many upright occupiers were consequently bowed down by anxiety for their frames. It is hard to be denied the cheerful recreation of flinging pebbles at a friend's contiguous sky-light; strong bonds are necessary to restrain an eloquent householder. To secure these fragile structures, a Company was started not long since, and from their Report, just published, they seem to have had a profitable run. The document contains some curious glass cases, where tenants have been relieved from apprehended damage to their vitreous abodes. We have only room for those of universal interest.

MISS PRISCILLA V— was engaged to a *soi-disant* Irish Captain of Dragoons unattached, but who, on the appointed bridal morn, was arrested by his tailor. The dreadful circumstance becoming known to MRS EUPHEMIA G—, it was expected that perfectly legal proceedings would have been taken by that energetic lady to send a small missile through the polished front wall of her opposite neighbour. Luckily, Miss V— held a Policy in the Glass House Company, by whom she was assured that she need be under no apprehension, as Miss G— had recently accepted the offer of a stout, bejewelled, bewigged, and bewiskered gentleman, who represented himself to be a German Baron, but who had turned out to be a Chiropodist.

PERCH, a young and sanguine Stock-broker, having married a middle-aged lady, with great expectations from her uncle, who held a lucrative appointment as Receiver of an income riding over extensive landed property in the north of England, discovered when too late that her Uncle was a Toll-Gate Keeper on the Great North Road. Under ordinary circumstances, his cousin GUDGEON would have been delighted by a rapid volley of small shot, to unsettle PERCH's transparent tiles. PERCH, however, had obtained an assurance from the Company that GUDGEON had been captured by an adventurous widow, whose late husband was *not* SERJEANT PLUM of the South-Eastern Circuit, but SERJEANT-MAJOR HUMM of the 101st, with a life pension of one shilling and three halfpence per dicm. No damage was accordingly done on either side.

MRS. DEPUTY J— having signally failed in her endeavours to obtain vouchers for the High Polish Ball, was anticipating a hail-storm from the democratic prejudices of Mrs. DEPUTY K—, when the Company on payment of a small premium, gave her an assurance that her fears were groundless, Mrs. DEPUTY K— having been confined to her couch for three days after a Mansion House dinner, in consequence of her inability to obtain a condescending smile from the Persian ambassador. The threatened storm was according confined to a thimble-full of homœopathic balls.

THE MISSES OLIVIA and FLORENCE E— having undergone great mental agony through the behaviour of two impracticable donkeys on Durdham Downs, were about to extort from TOM, their wicked little brother, a solemn undertaking not to divulge it to the MISSES SARAH and MARTHA W—, when they were assured by the Glass House Company that those young ladies were under heavy recognisances to keep the peace from having been pursued and mortally frightened by a

flock of irascible geese on Peckham Rye. OLIVIA and FLORENCE consequently escaped without the fracture of a single pane.

MASTER O— having met with a severe blow and great discouragement in his attempt to scattle the wall of DR. BIRCH's orchard, would certainly have had his brittle habitation battered by the triumphant badinage of MASTER Q—, had not the latter been restrained from hostilities by the Company assuring MASTER O— that his enemy had himself sustained a similar humiliation not long ago, and had spoilt a new jacket worth one guinea, in his futile efforts to secure a golden pippin, value one farthing.

A NEW FAILING.



NE would have thought that SIR ROBERT CARDEN would never have been accused of "an excess of good-nature." However, SIR ROBERT CARDEN confesses he was imposed upon at Gloucester, and attributes the imposition to his excess of good-nature. Unquestionably the good-nature must have been nearly as capacious as his pocket; for after having been imposed upon at one election, he goes down and allows himself to be imposed upon at a second,— a regular case of Double Gloucester, and very strong Gloucester, too! No wonder that both his pocket and his good-nature were played upon to the tune they were. Was it all owing to good-nature, or did SIR ROBERT know the market he was going to, and, knowing what he had to buy, take sufficient means with him for the purchase?

However, if SIR ROBERT CARDEN has any good-nature in his composition, it will now be put severely to the test, as often as it is his good-natured fate to listen to the remarks, or to read the comments, that will be universally made upon those disgraceful revelations made before the Gloucester Election Commissioners. He is greatly to be pitied. The martyr of his own goodness, his good-nature deserved a better return than the base one he received at Gloucester. The electors had no right to take in one so open-hearted and credulous to the enormous extent they did. If any one was bribed, we should say it was SIR ROBERT himself. His simple, trusting nature, that parted with money to any one who asked for it, was decidedly bribed by being deceived by everybody. And yet look at the same man at the Mansion House, and see how terribly severe he is upon any little girl who has been caught begging for a penny! The girl may be sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment, but then, believe us, it is only SIR ROBERT'S "excess of good-nature."



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?—WHY, THE FACT IS, THE STUPID AND GREEDY BOY HAS MISTAKEN FOR JAM, AND SWALLOWED, A RATHER FINE SPECIMEN OF THE ACTINEA EQUINA, OR PURPLE SEA ANEMONE, WHICH AUNT FOOZLE HAS BROUGHT FROM THE COAST!

A CLASSICAL DUET.

CARMINIS PERSONÆ.
HORACE Policeman.
LYDIA Cook.

HORACE.

WHILE no more welcome legs than mine,
On thy warm hearth might snugly twine;
Thy perquisites while I possessed,
Of all the Force none lived more blest.

LYDIA.

While thou didst court no other cook,
At Number Eight cast no sly look;
For none but thee cared I a button,
To none so freely gave cold mutton.

HORACE.

Me now the cook at Number Eight,
Meets nightly at the area-gate;
And brings me proofs of love so sweet,
I'd die ere I would change my beat!

LYDIA.

B 52 now fires my love,
And flares all other flames above:
Two roastings daily I would face
Ere from my hearth him I'd displace!

HORACE.

What if thy former love returns,
(*Aside.*) And for thy savings how he yearns!
If Number Eight for me no more
Need leave ajar the kitchen-door?

LYDIA.

Though *he* has whiskers black as night,
And yours are stubby, scant, and light,
Yet, Number Eight if thou'lt give up,
With thee I'll tea—with thee I'll sup!

A FEMALE BRIAREUS WANTED.

THERE are two employments, the one reserved for masculine, the other kept exclusively for feminine aspirants, in which were a Briareus one of the employed, he would soon find his hundred hands full of the duties that devolved on them. Not only are the persons filling these positions required to devote their brains and bodies to the service, but they find they have to be, as far as humanly is possible, ubiquity personified and coupled with omniscience. Of these two occupations, the first is that of Special Correspondent to a newspaper, more especially when travelling from camp to camp as war-reporter; and the second that of Governess to a large family of small children, such for instance as that mentioned in the following advertisement:—

WANTED, by a Lady residing about thirty miles from Manchester, a daily Governess, accustomed to tuition, to educate nine children, all under eleven years of age. She must be competent to instruct them in English, French, Music, and Drawing. Salary, £100 a year. Apply, &c.

If these nine children be members of one and the same family, we may assume that, inasmuch as they are all "under eleven," one or two of them can hardly be much more than three or four. Indeed we probably should not be far wrong in presuming that the youngest of the nine is not yet out of long clothes, and that the next has still the taste of pap upon its palate. To "educate" a pupil of such tender age as this appears to us a work more fitted for a Nursemaid than a Governess, and we think that for the words "accustomed to tuition" there should have been inserted "used to rock a cradle." It seems preposterous to talk of "instructing" such mere babies in "English, French, and Music," to say nothing of "Drawing." Simultaneously to teach an infant French and English would be no easy thing to do before the child has learnt to talk; and what instruction could be given it in Music or in Drawing we must confess that it completely puzzles us to guess. The music of the rattle is about the only music for which babies show an ear; and we know no other instrument which they can take a turn at, unless it is the handle of some older child's harmonicon, and this they are quite sure nine times in ten to break. Moreover, as for trying to teach a baby drawing, we really cannot see what advantage would accrue from it. The only designs of which a baby's brain seems capable, are designs upon Pa's watch-chain or the pulling of his whiskers; and no good can result from teaching children drawing, until they are competent to draw their own preambulators.

We have always had a horror of all infantine phenomena, and we hoped that, thanks to *Punch*, the growth of them had stopped. But this advertisement reminds us that the *Blimber* race is not yet utterly

extinct, and that there are still existing parents who delight to cram their children with a surfeit of instruction, and weaken their young minds by their efforts to digest it. If the lady above advertised were allowed to have her way, she would doubtless fill her family so full of education, that there would be no room left for the growth of something better in them. Prematurely skilled in language and accomplishments, they would thereby be stunted in the growth of those good qualities, which by nature are implanted in every young brain, and which are weakened if not killed by the noxious forcing system. For her children's sake we therefore hope in all sincerity, that this lady will not get the governess she "wants" for them; and in spite of the large salary she offers for the work, we doubt if any governess "accustomed to tuition" would be willing to perform it. Aspirants for the place may, we rather think, depend, that something more than mere tuition will be wanted for nine children, who are all under eleven. Indeed, it seems to us quite certain, that whoever may consent to undertake the situation, will find that in addition to her labours as a Governess, she will be in some degree entrusted with the duties which usually devolve upon a Maid-of-all-work.

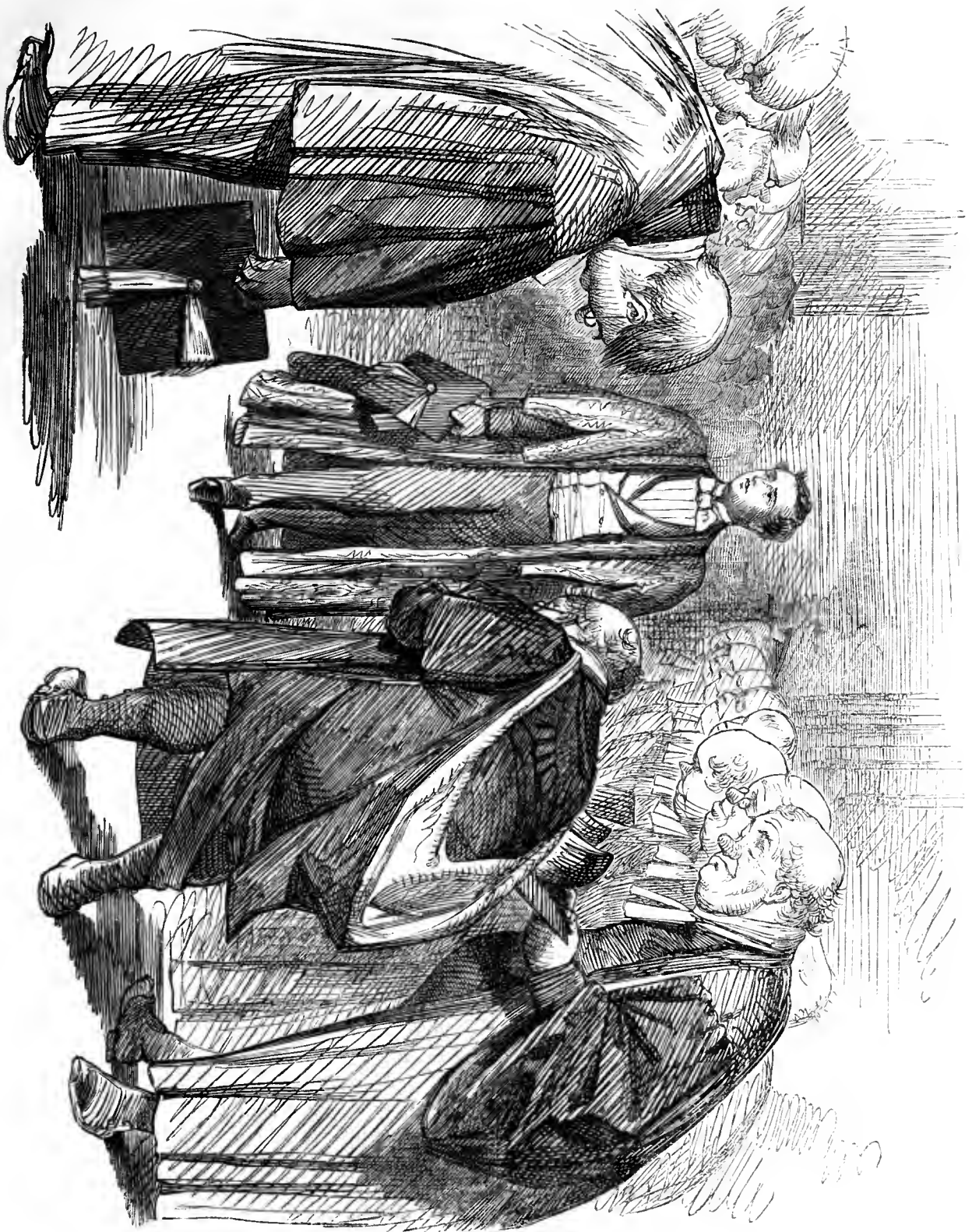
"WHAT TO EAT, DRINK, AND AVOID."

A COPY of this little book has been sent to PRINCE ALBERT, with the compliments of one of the Members of the British Association. At the same time, the hope was expressed that the next time the Association pays Balmoral a visit, the Members may be allowed their free choice of the three occupations, and not be restricted, as they were on the last occasion, simply to the third, and that the least inviting, *viz.*:—"What to Avoid." We can only say that the remedy is a very simple one, and is in the Association's own hands. Since it was puzzled to know "What to Eat?" or "Drink?" the next best thing is to ascertain "What to Avoid?" and the answer is plain enough—Balmoral.

Nathan's Clerical Costumes.

CATHOLIC.—TO SACRISTANS, FOOTMEN of the SUPERIOR ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY, and Others. A CLERGYMAN of the CHURCH of ENGLAND will be happy to receive any amount of the LEFT-OFF VESTMENTS of ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS: as COPIES, STOLLES, CHASUBLES, DALMATICS, &c.: for which he is prepared to give the highest prices. He will also be glad to purchase Old Beads, Rosaries, and worn-out, broken, or defaced Images. For particulars, Address REV. B—K—, Rectory, St. George's-in-the-East.

☛ A Liberal Allowance made for Holy Candle-Ends, and Waste Incense.



THE ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING.



VISIBLE ORATORY.

EVER anxious as we are to promote the peace of mind and happiness of everybody, and do our utmost to remove the nuisances which worry them, it delights us to announce that we have hit upon a plan by which perhaps the greatest bore in England may be extirpated. We allude, as the intelligent of course will have surmised, to the nuisance of political and other public speaking. Any reasonable mode by which the parliamentary debates may be contracted, and orators in general be induced to "cut it short," must certainly be deemed a boon and blessing to the nation; and this it is now happily within our power to confer.

We propose then, that in future all our public speakers (with the exception of LORD BROUGHAM and some three others worth the listening to) shall when they get upon their legs in St. Stephens or elsewhere, have permission only to express themselves by pantomime. Like MENDELSSOHN'S delicious *Lieder ohne Worte*, public speeches shall be henceforth speeches without words. In Parliament or out of it, with the exception we have mentioned, any orator who wishes to express his sentiments, must submit to have his tongue tied, or else to wear a silence-cap. To prevent untoward utterance, the *Cuffia di Silenzio*, invented for KING BOMBA, shall be kept in every room where public speaking is permitted. Not to be confounded with an instrument of torture, the head-piece shall be called the Cap of Maintenance of Peace. In either house of Parliament muscular debates shall be the order of the day, and, in sittings after nightfall, the order of the night. The only oratory suffered shall be Visible Oratory. "No speaking aloud" shall be the first rule of the Speaker. Any rising Member will be ordered to sit down if a syllable escapes him. No matter who is on his legs, if he says but half a word he will at once have to get off them. He must address himself in speaking to the eye and not the ear. To be visible, not audible, must limit his ambition.

There may be a question with weakly-minded people, and perhaps still more a doubt with weakly-bodied ones, whether the suggestions we have made can be adopted, seeing that most orators would find it too exhaustive for them. It might be argued, and with certainly some slight show of reason, that few gentlemen of England who dine at home at ease, and by dint of their good living can scarcely see their knees, would be able to sustain a leading part in a debate, where the only mode of argument was physical exertion. There are, doubtless, many orators of great weight in the House who would soon be overcome in a muscular debate, and find themselves unequal to much pantomimic speaking. We know several standing counsel who would soon have to sit down, if bodily contortions were their only mode of utterance. Were visible oratory the rule at public meetings, speakers even with full heads could never make much use of them, the while they had full habits. Their pinguitude, of course, would put a stopper on their pantomime, and they would always have to give in to their slimmer-limbed antagonists.

A few words will, however, serve to answer these objections. When surplus fat is found to be an obstacle to oratory, there are abundant means at hand to lessen or remove it. By simply taking exercise and altering his diet, a Daniel Lambert who aspires to come out as a Demosthenes, may in a month or two, at most, attain the height of his ambition. Until he makes the effort, he scarcely would believe what wonders may be worked by a judicious course of training. Total abstinence from turtle and the like enriching condiments, and a regulation diet of unvarying cold mutton, would do marvels in reducing his rotundity of body, and bring him down with speed into good speaking condition.

Moreover, some degree of latitude might in fairness be accorded to such overburdened orators, as a balance to the weight of solid flesh they labour under. It would be easy to devise a sliding-scale of breathing-time, to be allowed them in proportion to their surplus ponderosity. For every half stone or so beyond a certain weight, an extra thirty seconds might be reasonably given them. They would thus be relieved from undue pressure on their lungs, and be placed more on a footing with their leauer-bodied rivals.

So few public speakers now-a-days say anything worth hearing, that it will be no great loss to any one if they are stopped from saying anything at all. On the contrary, indeed, we think that our suggestion, if rightly carried out, will occasion no small gain to our countrymen in general. So much time now is wasted in reading stupid speeches, which for want of something better get stuck into the newspapers, that the prevention of such waste would be a national advantage, in the benefit of which all Great (and little) Britons to a certainty would share. If the *Times* were daily published without a single speech in it, how many persons would be spared the task of useless reading, and what a saving there would therein be of unproductive labour. Reports of visible orations might always be confined to half a dozen sentences, by which some notion of the pantomime might be sufficiently conveyed. Let the meditative mind but consider what time-saving this would nationally occasion, and the meditative mind will very probably agree with us, in determining that we who are the authors of the

notion will certainly thereby have done the State great service, and will deserve a no small public recognition of the fact.

Admitting our deserts, we, however, must decline to have them nationally recognised. Testimonials and statues are now the only methods of rewarding public merit, and these have grown so common that anybody anywhere may have them for the asking. However vastly therefore we may benefit our country, we trust that nobody will publicly take notice of the fact; for as we have little wish to rank among the Anybodies, we mean to keep ourselves from being buttered or bestatued, however great the risk we weekly run of being so.

FREEDOM FOR THE POPIISH PRESS.

MY Ally and big Brother, NAPOLEON THE THIRD,

Why silence the Ultramontanes?

Let them say what they please; let them print every word:

We owe them great thanks for their pains.

Would you hinder the viper from hissing, and lack

The hint to beware of its trail?

Or stifle the howling of wolves on your track?

Let the friars and Jesuits rail!

Let tigers grin wide as they please; let them show

Their fangs; let them growl; it is good.

Their sweet dispositions they thus let us know,

And what they would do if they could.

If the priests spoke not out, and so kept us awake,

To the top of the tree they might wind,

And once more burn people alive at the stake,

As men did when their Church ruled Man's mind.

So let VEUILLOT rave on as I suffer M'HALE,

And allow frantic CULLEN his fling.

I say, let the rattlesnake rattle its tail,

And warn us 'tis ready to sting.

Give them all rope enough, and their own necks they'll stretch,

Their own weasands morally close,

And save us the need of employing JACK KETCH,

Which treason, in act, might impose.

ODORIFEROUS PLANTS ON BOW COMMON.

MR. CROLL'S Metropolitan Alum Works, on Bow Common, have escaped abatement as a nuisance by reason that they are only one great nuisance among a variety of greater nuisances. The operation in which the plant of MR. CROLL is concerned is the extraction of alum from the refuse liquor of gas-works. In yielding alum, the gas-liquor gives off an insufferable stench, insomuch that MR. CROLL'S neighbours pulled him up in the person of his attorney before MR. YARDLEY the other day, averring, by their own advocate, that really there were such nasty smells that came from the Metropolitan Alum Works, that they must beg the Magistrate to deodorise them by the arm of the law. In the same way that a gentleman of colour pleaded that an unpleasantness with which he was personally chargeable, was not so bad as that acquired by a certain white person in the exercise of a particular calling, MR. CROLL defended the effluvia of his own works by those of adjoining establishments; and he got off for the present.

But, as the case may be carried to the Court above, it may be advisable for MR. CROLL to take any measures that he can to compel any and all complainants to stay proceedings. There is a plan that he might adopt with that view which would more than satisfy those troublesome parties. From the very liquor out of which he gets alum attended with foul exhalations, Chemistry is capable of extracting the most exquisite scents. Let him combine Perfume-Works with Alum-Works and thus diffuse around his vicinity a sweet savour which shall overpower all offensive emanations. The surrounding inhabitants will then no longer be under the necessity of stopping either his works or their noses, and, instead of being poisoned by sulphurous acid or sulphuretted hydrogen, will be only ready to die in aromatic pain of fragrance more delicious than that of Rondeletia or Kiss-Me-Quick.

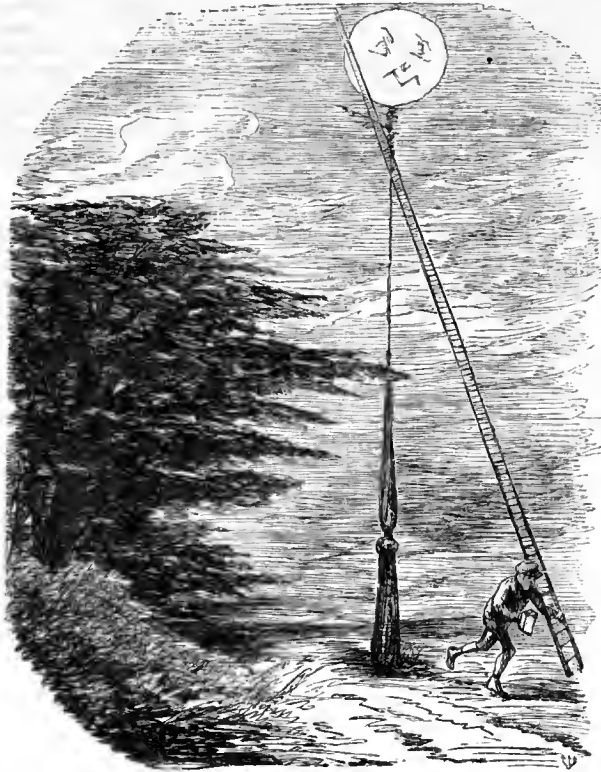
Pop goes the Emperor.

LOMBARDY, birthplace of pawnbrokers, is now herself in pawn. Austria has advanced ten millions, English, upon her. *Mr. Punch* is horribly afraid that poor Lombardy will be an addition to the number of his friend LOUIS NAPOLEON'S Unredeemed Pledges.

A THOUGHT THAT STRUCK US ON THE LEG ON THE BOULEVARDS.

"By Jove, French women were fair enough before; but now, ever since this abominable Crinoline came in, they are not even *passable*!"

LOOK IN HIS FACE.



driver in question, in going smack over the woman and breaking her anele. Moreover, Mrs. DIXON explained that there was no undue desire on her part to take the liberty of crossing the road, inasmuch as she had waited ten minutes for a clear path. So MR. BINGHAM, in his turn, drove over the cabman, with the following prelude:—

“MR. BINGHAM said he gave Mrs. DIXON great credit for having waited before attempting to cross, a thing very unusual with females, they generally running across without looking. Persons walking across a road should always walk deliberately, and as if they had a right to do so, and should never run, as it threw drivers into difficulties. They should walk firmly across the street, look the driver in the face, and they might depend upon it that he would pull up.”

After this little explanation of the Social Science of going over a crossing, MR. BINGHAM gave MR. BLORE a month of hard labour in prison, by way of a hint that the streets are made for everybody, and that a cabman “is not everybody,” as the phrase goes, though he does “consider himself most people,” as the other phrase goes.

Reproducing MR. BINGHAM’s advice, *Mr. Punch* would add, that if every one of the lovely beings whom he sees in Regent Street and elsewhere is going to look drivers straight in the face, he shall turn cabman immediately, and he hereby orders the Somerset-house people to send him a badge, in a mauve velvet ease, by twelve o’clock on Saturday next.

A REALLY ENLIGHTENED STATESMAN.

MR. PUNCH begs to signify his unqualified adhesion to the Palmerston government, that is to say, so long as GEORGE CLIVE, Under-Secretary for the Home Department, remains in office. That gentleman said the other day at Hereford, that—

“He was painfully reminded of the duties of his office by hearing an organ being ground outside, for one of his most arduous duties had been to assist the police magistrates in putting down the nuisance of organ grinding.”

Keep to your work, GEORGE CLIVE. *Mr. Punch* watches your political career with much interest, and never shall you want a leg up while he can afford you that accommodation. One of the duties of the Home Department is to make home happy, and you do well in grappling with an evil that has broken more women’s hearts (by sending their husbands out, or to the club, or anywhere to be away from the abominable music) than any invention of modern days. It is a great oversight in the treaty of Zurich, that no provision is made for the real to Piedmont of the mass of organ-grinding wretches who now infest England. If the Sardinians only knew that the “coldness” of England upon the Italian question was due to the bate entertained for these missionaries of discord, every grinning scoundrel among them would be now on his way back to the south. VICTOR EMMANUEL will please accept this intimation. Meantime, bravo, GEORGE CLIVE!

The Kentucky Slasher.

FLOGGING, like Charity, begins at home. It seems that GENERAL HARNEY, the Kentuckian who got up the San Juan difficulty, and was about to lead on America to flog all creation, began some time back by flogging one of his negro slaves,—a woman,—and flogging her to death. It is as well that this Cat should be let out of the bag, with which MR. BUCHANAN—euphuistically denominating it the Saek—has kindly presented the General.

THE ITALIAN CHEVY CHACE.

KING VICTOR out of Sardinia,
And a fair resolve made he,
That he would hunt in the forests
Of Orca Vale for days three;
Till answer came from doughty Ally,
If annexation now might be.
The fattest hartes in all Orca Vale
He said he would kill and carry them away;
“By my faye,” said doughty Ally meanwhile,
“I will let that hunt be as it may.”

“But for hunting after Kingdoms more,
I deem I can’t allow;
I’ll think it o’er, and plan reply
At my loisir—but not just now.”

Then KING VICTOR out of his Turin came,
And with him a goodly train
Of hunters, sportsmen, all good shots;
And chosen for their merits plain.

For KING VICTOR was of manly make,
Straightforward and just meaning;
Good faith he kept, good faith he held
For due on all sides, without leaning.

KING VICTOR joyed in his hunting-bout,
To chase the forest deer;
The buxom air, the sportsman’s life,
His royal heart did cheer.

He said, “’Tis time doughty Ally
Sent Answer without craft;
But I wist he’d take his own good time:—”
And loud KING VICTOR laughed.

“I’ll still abide doughty Ally’s
Response in his own way;
But I woen I’ll follow still mine own;
’Tis more direct, by my faye!”

Then KING VICTOR sought his hunting sport,
And shot with good will and aim;
He downed a noble stag, and said:—
“Non c’o male, that, for game!”

KING VICTOR in his sprightly mood,
For-joyed in his deed;
Quoth he, “I’ll send this fat ven’son
To one deserves best meed.”

Then called KING VICTOR to him straight,
A trusty page or squire;
Bade him haste to Central Italiè,
And there eftsoons enquire

For General of the Italian band,
Who GARIBALDI might;
And deliver from the King’s own hand
This token of its might.

Its might—though now as nunter shown—
In skill of deadly aim,
To bring their mutual foe man down,
And comradeship to claim.

Its might, its right, to guerdon worth;
And graciously confer
This mark of royal friendliness,
Nay, brotherhood, as ’twere.

This was the hunting of Orca Vale,
In lovely Italiè;
Now long live VICTOR, stalwart King!
And eke GARIBALDI.

Napoleonism, Idealism, and Realism.

FRANCE went to war the other day for an Idea. That idea was the freedom of Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic. Now if the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH wishes to eover France and himself with glory, he has only to allow that idea to become a reality.

MORE DRAMATIC NOVELTY.



PEOPLE say that there is nothing new under the sun, but this solar observation is continually, to our mind, receiving refutation. At the theatres especially there is a constant aim at novelty, and the aim results occasionally in something like a hit. We learn, for instance, from a Paris correspondent of the *Telegraph*, that on the night of opening the *Théâtre Déjazet*, which has been known to older playgoers as the *Folles Nouvelles* :—

"The performance was commenced by the delivery of a prologue, written, some say, by thirty-six different authors, others, by sixty-six, which introduced the company and the new directress to the audience, and explained in the manner common to such special productions, the plan of management to be pursued at the establishment."

It is no uncommon thing to hear of authors joining in the writing of a piece, but that some three dozen writers should have laid their heads

together for the writing of a prologue is certainly a novelty of the very newest type. As an opening address is not a very lengthy matter, we almost wonder how so many pens could have found room to turn a sentence in it; and we fear their joint production would resemble in its quality the broth which has been spoilt by an overcharge of cooks. Public writers are in France so commonly compelled to sign their names to what they write, that perhaps the thirty-six or sixty-six who wrote this prologue were obliged to put their signatures to the sentences they penned. If this were so, we really think that to do the authors justice, their names should have been read out when the prologue was delivered, so that the public might have known to whom it was indebted for the jokes which chiefly tickled it. It seems to us this notion might produce, if rightly worked, a capital effect; and as successes on the French stage are always copied on our own, we should not be surprised to hear that the idea has been in England carried out. As the notion might of course be variously acted on, it would not at all astonish us to find some popular comedian taking his farewell of us in some such speech as this :—

"Ladies and Gentlemen (*Smith*), accustomed as I am to public speaking (*Brown*), I have never felt myself more at a loss for words (*Jones*) than I do upon the present to me heart-breaking occasion (*Robinson*). I have this evening to take leave of my ky-indest friends and patrons (*Hawkins*); to bid farewell to the footlights (*Jawkins*), which have mightily lit my path towards an honourable retirement (*Hookem*), and flared with equal flame upon each failure or success (*Snivey*). The profession of an actor is an arduous profession (*Snooks*). His progress is a course beset with obstacles and difficulties (*Tomkins*). It is like everything else (*Green*) 'in this mortal wale of tears' (*Gamp*). Like the course at Epsom, it is full of ups and downs (*Whipper*), and like (*Snapper*) 'the course of true love never doth run smooth' (*Shakespeare*). But arduous as is the profession I have chosen (*Blogg*), I have never for an instant thought it was too much for me (*Bragg*). I have always been in readiness to undertake whatever part was entrusted to my hands (*Wilson*), however little fitted I may have been considered for it (*Watkins*); and to my invincible belief in my own powers I believe I mainly owe the proud position I have gained (*Cheek*). 'I do remember' (*Shakespeare*) that the first time I played *Hamlet*, some geese hissed me off the stage (*Jowler*), and were absurd enough to ask that their money should be returned to them (*Brass*). The Manager politely wished that they might get it (*Grumpy*), and so I was consoled by the comforting reflection that, after all, the geese did not contrive to save their capital (*Stumpy*). This anecdote will show you, my ky-ind friends and patrons (*Crawler*), that I have not always been the favourite I am (*Gibbs*). But the pursuit of popularity has been to me a Love Chace, and I have never feared the Rivals (*Sheridan*) who have beset my path (*Cocker*). Still, although I may regard myself as having been the (*Thompson*) 'architect of my own fortune' (*Anon.*), it is to you, Ladies and Gentlemen, I would attribute my

success (*Briggs*). Aided by my ky-ind friends, the writers for the press (*Johanson*), whom I am always glad to welcome as my guests (*Jackson*), your discernment has, so guided, discovered my deserts (*Cringer*), and your unbiassed patronage has most liberally acknowledged them (*Snobb*). Ladies and Gentlemen (*Short*), I have now the anguish of bidding you farewell (*Long*). As the Swan of Avon sings (*Cribbe*)

"Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say—Good night till it be morrow."—(*Shakespeare*.)

But 'the best of friends must part' (*Anon.*), and as 'what must be must' (*Author also unknown*), I feel I am compelled once in my life to yield to circumstances (*Prosely*). Ladies and Gentlemen (*Higgins*), I have but two words more to say to you (*Stiggins*). 'Life ain't all beer and skittles' (*Slick*). 'Tis not in mortals to command success' (*Shakespeare*); but whatever skittles or success I have enjoyed (*Griggs*), it is to your ky-indness that I feel I owe it (*Finis*)."

AN EXAMPLE MADE.

MR. PUNCH'S Balmoral Anecdotes not having quite succeeded in stopping the flood of flunkeydom let loose by the Scotch papers with a rush that rivalled the Loch Katrine water-works (although he is bound to say that the nuisance instantly and greatly abated), he fulfils his menace by presenting a real anecdote of one of these idiots, and moreover indicating him. A writer in the *Fife Flunkey*—no, *Herald*, actually contributes this rubbish :—

"As the Sheriff of Edinburgh stood in shrieval dignity on the platform of the railway station, a lady sought audience of him. It was granted, and the lady proceeded to tell him that she had a little girl with her who was deeply in love with PRINCE ARTHUR, and that nothing on earth would satisfy her short of presenting PRINCE ARTHUR with a bouquet. The Sheriff pondered a moment, but was afraid he had not jurisdiction sufficient for the proposed presentation of the bouquet—however, he would see. Accordingly he entered the Royal Carriage and explained the matter to the QUEEN, pointing out to her the expectant young lady, who stood, a bewitching little creature, all blushes, hopes, and fears, on the platform. HER MAJESTY, with the utmost promptitude, declared her willingness for the bouquet scene, and said she could not for a moment 'come between the two.' Whereupon the Sheriff returned with the welcome tidings, and little MISS—stepping forward with the grace of FERRARIS, presented her flowers, with a charming consciousness beaming from her child-face, which no doubt the youthful prince fully appreciated."

Which, you ass, means the child-face—do you mean that, or the "consciousness?" Mr. Punch is in doubt which was the worst, the impertinence of the female who, in order to have something to talk about to her familiars, poked her child under the QUEEN'S nose, and made the poor little girl uncomfortable; or the sycophant folly of the writer who could commemorate such twaddle and rudeness. The speech attributed to the QUEEN is, of course, "a lee;" but no doubt HER MAJESTY was, as usual, very good-natured, and it is a shame that vulgarians should intrude upon her, or other vulgarians print the particulars of such intrusion. Now, Fife, how do you like that?

LOCH KATRINE IN GLASGOW.

GLASGIE'S just a' right the noo
She has gat Loch Katrine brought her;
Ever she had mountain dew,
Now she rins wi' mountain water.
Heel the blessin', ho the boon
To ilka drouthie Glasgie bodie!
Sin' there's water in the toun,
Oure enouch to mak' its toddie.

Glasgie chieks, a truth ye'll learn
New to mouny a Scot, I'm thinkin';
Water, aiblins, ye'll discern,
Was na gi'en alane for drinkin'.
Hands and face ye'll scrub at least,
Frac ane until anither Monday,
Gif nae Sabbatarian beast
Stap your water-warks on Sunday.

Another Laurel Wreath around the Imperial Brow.

It has long been surmised—and a surmise on our part is almost equal to a fact by anybody else—that the MONSIEUR COMMUNIQUÉ, who is, perhaps, the most liberal contributor to the French Press, for the simple reason that there is no Editor who dare to refuse to insert his articles, was no less a personage than LOUIS NAPOLEON himself. Should this mighty wielder of the sceptre and the pen, however, fall under the displeasure of the POPE, and be threatened, like VICTOR EMMANUEL, with all the pains and penalties of excommunication, he will be able to add to his other proud titles that of MONSIEUR EX-COMMUNIQUÉ.



Butcher Boy. "Is it from FREDERICK, MY DEAR?—(Old Lady looks aghast.)—IT IS! SHE SMILES!"

THE CABMAN'S CLUB.

MR. PUNCH is exceedingly happy to find that those useful institutions, Clubs for Cabmen, are being established in various quarters of the town. LORD SHAFTESBURY states that they are productive of much good, and that the Cabmen, instead of going home to quarrel with their wives, come to the Club, and in intellectual conversation dissipate the hatred they have formed for mankind during the day's conflict. Softened down, they are thus restored to their homes, and statistics show that since the getting up of these Clubs, the per-centage of black eyes among Cabmen's wives has been reduced from 1 in 6 to 1 in 10. *Mr. Punch* wishes all success to the effort, and is much pleased with the bye-laws of the Cabman's Clubs. He submits a few of the rules. It will be seen that they are calculated to exclude every recollection or discussion of a disagreeable character:—

I.
That no Member shall say "Here you are!" under any circumstances whatever.

III.
That no Member shall look at a map of London, or ask another the distance from any point to any other.

V.
That in no case, except when one Member promises another a legacy, shall any Member say "I'll leave it to you."

VII.
That there shall be no attempt to pass bad money at the Club.

VIII.
That, except when a haunch of venison is presented to the Club by LORD SHAFTESBURY, the word Buck shall never be mentioned.

XI.
That the porter in the hall shall receive the badges of all the Members on their entering, and shall return each in a sealed envelope as the owner goes out.

XII.
That Oases shall be as little spoken about as possible, and then only in reference to sporting events.

XIII.
That a bird's mouth shall be alluded to as his pecker, or some other device shall be employed to avoid the word Beak.

XV.
That, except when speaking of a fight, there shall be no use of the word Mill, and that no Member shall describe another as Cranky.

XVIII.
That a vessel containing liquid shall be called the Vase, or the Chalice, or the Ewer; but upon no occasion the Jug.

XX.
That the waiters shall always have small coin about them, and never have to say, "I've no change, Sir."

XXI.
That all anecdotes of successes obtained over female, aged, country, or foreign Fares be forbidden, not as unwelcome, but as calculated to excite envious feelings in those Members who have been unfortunate enough to obtain little more than their legal hire.

"Save us from our Friends!"

FRANCE is making a claim of 400,000,000 francs upon Piedmont for the expenses of the late war. It is said that in the event of Piedmont not being able to satisfy this claim, that it will have to part with either Savoy or Nice. We doubt the latter, for it would be a shock to our intellectual powers of penetration if we looked upon LOUIS NAPOLEON otherwise than as a ruler that was not over Nice.

POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY.

VIENNA is the Capital of Austria. What of that? From BARON DE BRUCK's last financial juggle, it is quite evident that Austria has no other capital than her chief town.

THE MOCK AND THE REAL.—You know mock-modesty, as you do mock-turtle, from its being the produce of a calf's head.



Juvenile. "DO YOU OBJECT TO MY SMOKING A CIGAR, SIR?"
 Elderly Party. "OH NO, CERTAINLY NOT, IF IT DOESN'T MAKE YOU SICK!"

"ENGLAND'S DECLINE AND FALL."

(See the *Constitutionnel*, the *Univers*, the *Pays*, and the rest of the French newspapers *passim*.)

Old England's going down the hill,
 It certainly is so;
 For *Grand Guillot* has written it,
 And *Grand Guillot* must know.

Our population's growing fast,
 The French don't grow at all;
 Our colonies get richer,
 While theirs are singing small.
 Our tonnage to their tonnage
 May stand as ten to one;
 Their imports to our imports
 May weigh as pound to ton.
 But England's going down the hill,
 It certainly is so;
 For *Grand Guillot* has written it,
 And *Grand Guillot* must know.

Year after year our liberties
 Grow broader and more sure;
 While theirs are such as bayonets
 And gagging laws secure.
 Classes by kindly duty
 With us are intertwined;
 With them the tie of class is such
 As Socialism can bind.
 But England's going down the hill,
 It certainly is so;
 For *Grand Guillot* has written it,
 And *Grand Guillot* must know.

We have a Queen we honour,
 With love that knows no fear;
 They have LOUIS NAPOLEON,
 And "*La paix de l'Empire!*"
 We have our Habeas Corpus,
 Our press for speaking free,
 They have their "*Loi des suspects*,"
 And *avertissemens* three.
 Yes, England's going down the hill,
 It certainly is so;
 For *Grand Guillot* has written it,
 And *Grand Guillot* must know.

A FEW GLOBULES FOR HOMŒOPATHY.

HAVING gone through a small course of Homœopathy, and fairly digested its merits, we have come to the following inevitable conclusion:—"What you tell us that is true is not new, and what you tell us that is new isn't true."

The latter part of our judgment, or "what you tell us that is new," has reference to the assertions of the Homœopaths that they cure an average of a hundred and five per cent. of all their cases; and this, too, by the administration of infinitesimal doses.

With regard to the former portion, or "what you tell us that is true," we mildly take upon ourselves to assert, that the doctrine of "*similia similibus curantur*" was known and practised long before HAHNEMANN, or any other man of their school, saw the usual polychromatic light suspended over his medical door. Instances of this are as plentiful as cases in the Divorce Courts. From the beginning of the world, ever since Mr. Bacchus planted the vine, we have every reason to believe that men have occasionally taken "a little too much," and cured themselves the next day, "by a hair of the dog that bit them,"—a clear case of "*similia similibus*."

Again, "Setting a thief to catch a thief," is as "old as the hills,"—even those that "flesh is heir to."

There is yet another instance of this doctrine, well known in days of yore, in the following nursery lines:—

"There was a man of Teddington, and he was wondrous wise,
 He jumped into a quickset-hedge, and scratched out both his eyes;
 And when he saw his eyes were out, with all his might and main,
 He jumped into another hedge, and scratched them in again."

We leave Homœopaths in the midst of this quickset-hedge, to get out of it the best way they can. It is so clear a proof of "like curing like," that the blindest bigot in the efficacy of globules must see it. There is blindness produced by the Wise Man of Teddington jumping into a hedge, and scratching his eyes out; and then by going through another hedge, and the same process of scratching his eyes, he recovers them in less (to speak vulgarly) than two winkings.

Although we fancy we must before this have convinced all reasonable beings that "like having the power of curing like" is no new idea,

still we cannot conclude without quoting one last, but no small, authority upon the point, which, we imagine, is dead against the atomic theory of infinitesimal doses. We do not recollect ever having heard it quoted by the Homœopaths themselves in support of their argument. We, therefore, beg, in all good feeling, to present it to them for their especial benefit and behoof:—

"A little money is a dangerous thing,
 Drink deeply, or touch not the Pierian spring:
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 But drinking deeply sobers us again!"

This last line leans a little to the "*similia similibus*" creed; but we make the Homœopaths a small present of it, giving them full liberty to extract what benefit they can from it, as a proof we do not wish to be hard upon them. Meanness is the test of a little mind, and we do not profess to deal in little things, as though we were no better than a Homœopath.

TWICE SHUT UP.

"MR. WARN, the American Envoy, who went in the box to Peking, did not, after all, get the treaty ratified there."—*Globe*.

O COUSINS, in decency, out of your annals
 The story (to use Printers' language) *delete*;
 To Peking and back, between carpenters' panels,
 Your Envoy sneaked off—and did *not* get the Treaty.
 You'd better have seen that affairs appeared sinister,
 And shared with your kinsmen the enemy's knoeks,
 Than had to remark of your Cabinet Minister,
 "Oh, breathe not his name, let it sleep in the Box."

A Letter too Many.

COUNT ROGUET has been sent by LOUIS NAPOLEON on a mission to KING BOMBALINO. Considering the part now being played in Italy by the French Emperor, the name of this Neapolitan envoy seems to be right to a "t." But the "t" ought clearly to be omitted.

BALLADS FOR BEDLAMITES.



folly, too, it is for any girl to break the solemn silence of a tea-fight by suddenly exclaiming, "O Willie, we have missed you!"—a remark which sets one wondering as to who this WILLIAM is, and whether he has committed burglary, or bolted with the till, or what else is the reason that his family have missed him.

Nor is the folly of such songs the worst fault we can find in them. To our mind their mendacity quite equals their absurdity. When Miss SQAULLER, for example, at the tip-top of her voice sings out "I have always a welcome for thee!" she knows as well as we do that were any one to act upon her general invitation, he would most likely get his ears boxed, or be kicked out of the house. Moreover, who believes a sentimental singer when he or she keeps constantly protesting before company that "I'm leaving thee in sorrow, Annie!"—an action which a person cannot constantly be doing, although it is just possible one might have done it once. Who, again, can listen with anything like patience when Miss SCHRECHER screws her voice up to its shrillest pitch, and bursts out with some such bosh as, "Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming!" However much Miss SCHRECHER may dream when she's asleep, she cannot when awake continue in so doing; and to make assertion therefore that she is "ever" dreaming is as barefaced a falsehood as well can be conceived. Such falsehoods are, however, nightly uttered in our drawing-rooms; and yet the truthfulest of parents take no steps to clap a stopper on them.

To put some check upon the sale of the stuff and nonsense sellers who supply such rampant rubbish as that which we have quoted, we have devoted some five minutes to the writing of a song or two, which may serve to throw some ridicule upon our sentimental songwrights, and may bring them to their senses,—if perchance they have any. As sentimental songs must be silly to be popular, we have tried to make our specimens as senseless as we can, and in every way to imitate the Bedlamitish bosh which our composers are insane enough just now to set to music. To read glibly and to rhyme are apparently the only conditions which are aimed at, and we leave the world to judge if we have hit the mark. It is a great point, too, with songwrights to make a taking title. Young ladies who buy ballads are caught as readily by a title as plebeian millionnaires; and as the first line of a love-song is used in general for its title, we may say for popularity, *C'est le premier vers qui coûte*. We have, therefore, paid particular attention to this point, and rather feel inclined to pride ourselves upon our titular success. There is a something so striking in the first lines of our ballads, that we feel persuaded they would make a hit. Were the following put to music by a popular composer, there is no saying what a heap of money it might bring to us:—

BALLAD—"SEE THE SWALLOWS GAILY SWIMMING!"

Melody by BUFFER. Poetry by PUNCH.

See the swallows gaily swimming,
Hop upon the rainbow's back!
See, the milky way is skimming,
And the comet's got the sack!
Sweetly purrs the cheeky chicken,
Softly sings the rampant gnu;
While the moon's alive and kicking,
Fond one, ah! I love but you!

Now the cat hath left the city,
Now the dove hath left her den,
Waken, love, and hear my ditty,
I'm the merriest of men!
See, my eyes with grief are pouring,—
See, my heart is black and blue;
Harken then, oh! to my snoring,
Fond one, oh! I love but you!

The words of our next specimen are also slightly incoherent; but there is certainly good sound in them, if there be not good sense:—

BALLAD—"THE CLOUDS ARE SHINING CLEAR AND BRIGHT!"

Melody by DUFFER. Poetry by PUNCH.

The clouds are shining clear and bright,
The moon is blazing blue,

The owlets sparkle red as night,
And sighs the tame curlew;

SENSITIVE minds are afflicted to consider what heaps of trash our sentimental balladmongers write. Often as we have called attention to the subject, we fear but little profit has resulted from our criticism. Indeed, judging from the samples which have recently been handed to us, we really think the stuff and nonsense which is written is becoming annually more stuffy and nonsensical. For instance, what preposterous absurdity it is for a young lady to burst out, during a lull in conversation, with the startling interrogative, "Will you love me then as now?" a question obviously intended for a private pair of ears, and not to be propounded to a roomful of company. What

The frogs are mewing far and wide,
No sound abroad is seen,
So come, my love, and be my bride,
For it is all serene!

The tiger hops from spray to spray,
And clears his tuneful throat,
I catch a fragment of his lay,
He warbles, "I'm afloat!"
The diving-bell soars high above,
'Tis steered by MR. GREEN;
So come, my bride, and be my love,
For, yes! 'tis all serene!

In the last of our three specimens there is somewhat more coherence; and as the least approach to sense is avoided by our song-writers, we have no doubt this coherency would interfere with its success. Nevertheless, we mean to print it, and any publisher who chooses to pay us for the copyright, will have our gracious leave to do the ditto with our ditty, and make as fine a fortune by it as he can:—

BALLAD—"WHEN THE SPARROWS UPWARD SOARING!"

Melody by STUFFER. Poetry by PUNCH.

When the sparrows upward soaring
Bruise their wings against the sky,
When the beetle by his snoring
Wakes the dormouse slumbering nigh;
When the dolphin on the billow
Ceases for his wife to rove,
And the weeping leaves the willow,
Then may I too cease to love!

When no more the bosky thickets
Joy to sip the mountain dew,
When to chirrup cease the crickets,
And the sky's no longer blue!
When the ocean ceases flowing,
When the donkey mates the dove,
When the cochin ceases crowing,
Then may I too cease to love!

There is nothing very wonderful in any of these ballads, excepting, we admit, that they are wonderfully silly. Yet if SIMS REEVES would but sing them once or twice in public, we are sure that all young ladies would instantly go mad for them; and there are lots of lunatics at large in the community who would be insane enough to lend a listening ear to whatever their particular young lady lent her lips to. So, as we never entertain a doubt of the merit and success of anything we do, we feel persuaded the most maniacal of musical *furors* will be at once excited by our Ballads for Bedlamites.

Passionate Pastoral.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF MALINES has published a ferocious pastoral, abusing the vindicators of Italian liberty, and menacing eternal bad consequences to all parents who send their children to the Belgian public schools. If it had not been for the ravings which CULLEN and MACHALE have also vented on the like subjects, we should say that the ARCHBISHOP OF MALINES was unrivalled for malignity.

Buccleuch v. Brougham.

A WORD to the Electors of the President of the Edinburgh University. "New brooms," it is said, "sweep clean." But there is an old BROUGHAM that sweeps cleaner than any amount of new ones. That is the BROUGHAM to stick at your masthead.

"THE HOME MAGAZINE."—The caddy which contains the domestic gunpowder.

SOLDIERS OF IRISH FREEDOM.



"SIR.—As one who approves of the suggestion of the reverend gentlemen from the North, I beg to begin the good work for our Holy Father. Idle murmurings will avail little; the time is come for action. I beg to give you my name for Fifty Pounds, and would as willingly give my life for the same holy cause.

"I am, Sir, for the present,

"A SUBSCRIBER TO THE MORNING NEWS."

A Subscriber to the *Morning News*? Of how much beyond the price of that valuable journal? Of a name, apparently, at present—not just yet of £50. No half of a bank-note seems to have accompanied the above communication, and if it had, truly, even for one of the "faithful," the writer ought to have a large allowance of faith, to think of sending any money to the office of an Irish newspaper.

But as touching that same Irish Brigade contemplated by the "parties" who have been writing to the *Morning News*, the sooner it is raised and sent away the better. Let the band of fanatics who are not content to be traitors to constitutional government at home, betake themselves abroad to fight against the emancipation of a foreign people. Let them go. GARIBALDI and his brave bands will soon give an account of the blackguards, and Ireland will rejoice in a good riddance of bad rubbish.

ASSURANCE DOUBLE SURE.

MR. PUNCH had occasion some little time back to give a significant hint that he did not approve of one form of Post-Office Assurance, namely, the Assurance that presumed to inquire much too minutely into the private affairs of Everyman's Castle. He has the more pleasure in strongly commending a new form of Assurance in the same quarter. MR. ROWLAND HILL hath taken into consideration the fact that it is not easy for a gentleman with a limited salary to pay a large sum at given dates (not dates you eat, Wiscount; what a Hass you are!), whereas the same amount might be pleasingly spread over a long period. Following out this train of thought, MR. HILL hath arranged with divers Life Assurance Societies, that the Post Office itself shall pay the premiums on the policies effected by clerks and other officials in the Establishment, and that the same shall be deducted in small amounts from the weekly or monthly salary of the party. Now, this is so kind and wise an arrangement, that nobody can be at all surprised that all the other Government Offices have abstained from following so good an example. However, with an [occasional prod from Mr. Punch, they may in time be induced to imitate the Post Office.

Now is the time for young husbands and fathers in official situations to show their regard (if any) for their Partners and Progeny. Now will a slight weekly retrenchment begin to tell. For instance, a visit to the theatre. A cab to take your wife costs at least two shillings; boxes, say eight shillings; box-keeper (Adelphi and Covent Garden excepted), one shilling; ices and all that rubbish, two shillings; your own white gloves, a shilling and a halfpenny (Tottenham Court Road). Well, leave your wife at home, walk to the theatre, go to the pit, buy a penny bill, have a pint of porter. No cabs, no boxes, no harpy, no ices, no gloves. This will save eleven shillings and ninepence halfpenny. Now that sum weekly is more than £30 a-year, and for that payment you can assure your life for £1,000, besides the comfort of knowing how much better it is for your wife to be at home minding the children, than in a hot theatre hearing frivolous dialogues.

There is another way of effecting the same object, but it is so mean that Mr. Punch mentions it only as matter of form. You cannot get a good cigar under fivepence, and you smoke four a-day. Give it up, and you will save in the week about the same sum as by the former process. But this is not recommended. As your wife is to benefit by the assurance, not you, it is fitting that she make the sacrifice towards it.

But, anyhow, Gentlemen, and others, of the Post Office, now is your time, and Mr. Punch hopes speedily to hear that all the Government Offices adopt the plan, and all the Assurance Offices concur in it. Honesty is the best Policy, but a Policy on your life is a very good one.

Bramwell is Himself Again!

A YACHTING Friend was telling BARON BRAMWELL that, while out on a coasting cruise, they dined one day off Deal. "Rather a dry repast," exclaimed the facetious Baron, who is quite the Widdicombe of the legal circus—circuit, we mean. "For my part, although tastes, you know, vary," he continued, in the same humorous strain, "I should have preferred waiting for Sandwich to take my luncheon, and then dining off the *Clops* of the Channel." The Baron was so pleased with his own joke, that he immediately began dancing a hornpipe, after the style of Miss LYDIA THOMPSON.

THE RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

AIR—"The British Grenadiers."

SOME talk of ALEXANDER,
And some of HERCULES,
But JOHN BULL'S rising dander
Needs no such aids as these.
He shoulders his long Enfield,
And at his drill appears,
Till "ping-wing-wing," the bullets sing,
Of the Rifle Volunteers.

And when he is commanded
To find himself in clothes,
Like a trump unto his tailor
For a uniform he goes.
With his easy Knickerbockers,
And no stock his neck that queers,
For a run, jump, stand, they're the boys to
command,
Are the Rifle Volunteers!

Let the Horse Guards trust to pipe-clay,
And General Routine,
Till the Linesman's schakoed, belted,
And pack'd to a machine.
With winds and waists unfettered,
And the use of eyes and ears,
In wide-awake file come the rank and file
Of the Rifle Volunteers!

They mayn't be up to marching,
A hundred legs like one,
Or in coming to the shoulder
To the moment with each gun;
But for hitting of the target,
Or the foeman—have no fears,
He must shoot mighty spy that could
wipe the eye
Of the Rifle Volunteers!

At dawn to drill or practice,
Blow high, blow low, he goes;
And what a breakfast afterwards
He eats, you may suppose.
For shooting, marching, wheeling,
Not alone chase invasion's fears,
But they also drive out dyspepsy and gout
From the Rifle Volunteers!

The lovely maids of England,
The comely matrons too,
Rain smiles upon the Rifles,
And applaud their aim so true;
For they know while each stout marksman
His unerring Enfield rears,
No invader comes to the hearths and the
homes,
Of the Rifle Volunteers!

A BALSAM FOR BRUISED SPIRITS.

WE read that the Governor of Cayenne has abandoned in that transporting colony the cultivation of the castor-oil plant, and replaced it by sesame. As Sesame was the watchword of thieves in the well-known *Ali Baba* story, it may be considered the most appropriate plant for convicts and the outcasts of society, and one so rich in association that it may be likely to lure them on to habits of industry, to which such characters generally entertain a most rooted antipathy. Sesame in the fairy chronicle was the charm that opened the cavern in which were hidden countless treasures; so, in this instance, it may be the magic key that is to open to the wondering eyes of the thieves who work it all the wealth that is buried in the earth. We say 'thieves,' as it is well known that, owing to the munificence of LOUIS NAPOLEON, not a single political exile now remains in the wretched island of Cayenne, or else we would not insult them with so "priggish" a parallel.



(A very vulgar subject indeed—so, if you are painfully genteel, you had better pass it over.)

Boys. "OH, AIN'T HE MOPS AND BROOMS, NEITHER!"

Baker. "WHY DON'T THEY TAKE HIM TO THE STATION?"

Tender Female. "HE'S ILL, POOR GENTLEMAN, HE SHOULD GO TO THE HOSPITAL!"

Cabby (contemptuously). "HILL! ORSEPITAL INDEED!—I ONY WISH I'D GOT ARF HIS COMPLAINT!"

PITY THE POOR LAWYERS.

If a cat have nine lives, how many has a lawyer?

This is not a riddle, reader, although you may think it reads like one. On the contrary, indeed it is a question of grave import, and to those whom it concerns it is confessedly no joke. The reason why we ask it is to help to solve the problem as to how much longer the lawyers will continue to exist: a problem which, according to a high legal authority, appears to have alarmingly disturbed the legal mind. At the meeting of the Law Association held last week, the chairman spoke most piteously on this distressing subject, and described in touching terms the lowness of the ebb to which, financially regarded, the profession was reduced. He said that fees were so cut down, that the lawyers, as a body, were thoroughly cut up; and the only means by which they might continue to exist was by eking out the scanty and quite insufficient pittance which remained of their small savings ere they were so oppressed.

Said the Chairman, MR. BEAUMONT,—

"I admit that it is wonderful, all things considered, yet somehow or other, chiefly through the practice of great abstinence, we still exist."

So, according to this orator, a lawyer is in fact a marvel of vitality; and may, without untruth in this respect, be likened to a cat. There is moreover this yet further similarity between them, namely, that both creatures are gifted with remarkable tenacity of claw, and keep firm hold of whatever may come within their clutch. When, therefore, we are told that the lawyers are distressed, we do not feel quite unmixed pity for their plight. Protest as they may, that they have nothing left to live upon, we believe that they have still some mice left in their larders, to whom, for all that MR. BEAUMONT may talk about their "abstinence," we are convinced, when they feel hungry, they still pay their *devoirs*.

THE PRESENT POWDER DUTY.

The *Ladies' Own Journal* informs our gallant Riflemen that, by the 44th George III., cap. 54, sec. 11, all members of a Rifle Corps are entitled to wear hair-powder free of duty. The only powder, however, that Riflemen are now interested in is gunpowder, which would be unsuitable, in an ornamental point of view, to any hair, except the coarse and woolly crop of a nigger, and would be applicable to that only with the effect of gilding refined gold, not to say of painting the lily, or of adding fresh perfume to the violet. In the use of gunpowder, moreover, it is confidently hoped that our bold Riflemen will always hold themselves under the obligation of duty.

TO THE NEWSPAPER-READING WORLD.

It may not be generally known that a translation of the *Moniteur* appears every morning in London. It is written, we regret to say, in English, and is published under the name of the *Morning Chronicle*. It strikes us to be a tolerably fair translation, but of course there are no signatures to the articles, as in the original, which otherwise it follows very closely in other respects. Notwithstanding the omission of names, however, we fancy we can detect the tone of some of the most brazen trumpeters of the Tuileries that are allowed to have their bray in the columns of the *Moniteur*. We are sorry that an English newspaper should have lost all animal spirit so far as to echo such braying.

GENTLENESS OF THE SEX.—After all, Woman's Forte is her Piano.—*Lord Palmerston.*

HOW TO GET UP A GOOD APPETITE.—Dine at Balmoral with the British Association next year.



THE STRIKE, A SUBJECT FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF THE REAL WORKING MAN.

Committee Men and General Talkers. "WHAT I SAY MY BOY IS—HOLD OUT! HOLD OUT—AND WE'LL SOON BRING THE MASTERS TO THEIR SENSES!"
Worker. "AH! IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU TO HOLD OUT—YOU LIVE AT A PUBLIC HOUSE, AND GET PLENTY TO EAT AND TO DRINK—MEANTIME, WE ARE NEXT TO STARVING!"

THE SILENT LANGUAGE OF THE CONSIDERATION OF THE RIGHT DEEDS

1877

It is not enough to do the right deed, but to do it with the right intention.

THE SILENT LANGUAGE OF THE CONSIDERATION OF THE RIGHT DEEDS



RIFLING THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.



THE following incident occurred at the inauguration dinner given to the Hallamshire Rifles, which we take from the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*:—

"The 4th and 3rd companies having, in obedience to the order of their commanding officers, left 'ho ante-room and taken their seats in the hall, the order, 'Second company, in single file,' was given, and it was somewhat amusing to see the manner in which they obeyed the order, going not in 'single file,' but in a biggledy-piggledy sort of fashion, two-threes, fours, and all in disorder. The civilians were the only persons remaining, and presently a moustached young gentleman presented himself, and with the utmost *sans froid*, delivered himself as follows:—'If any of ye want hout to ste yo'd better goo in.'"

This is quite a new style of announcing that "dinner is ready." If all the toasts were given out in a

similar style, the banquet must have been exceedingly rich. We should say that a toastmaster was sadly wanted at Sheffield. That high-mettled town,—whose mettle never shines to so much advantage as when displayed in a case of benevolence or charity,—can seemingly supply capital knives and forks for a public dinner, but its English, if measured by the above specimen, was, we should say, a little too blunt. It might beneficially undergo an extra polish or two, before it is again introduced at table; or else *Mr. Punch* will certainly "goo in," and send Sheffield down a sample of his most cutting articles, such as not all the grinders and polishers of the place shall be able to surpass for finish, brilliancy, sharpness, and good temper.

FASHIONABLE ANTHEM.

LONG live our gracious QUEEN,
Who won't wear Crinoline,
Long live the QUEEN!
May her example spread,
Broad skirts be narrowed,
Long trains be shortened;
Long live the QUEEN!

O storm of scorn arise,
Scatter French fooleries,
And make them pall.
Confound those hoops and things,
Frustrate those horrid springs,
And India rubber rings,
Deuce take them all!

May dresses flaunting wide
Fine figures cease to hide;
Let feet be seen;
Girls to good taste return,
Paris flash modes unlearn,
No more catch fire and burn.
Thanks to the QUEEN!

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT, WHO SIGNS HIMSELF A CONTRIBUTOR TO "NOTES AND QUERIES."—No, Sir, it may be true that "half a loaf is better than none," but then the same principle does not hold good with regard to a Bank-note. Half a Bank-note is of no value whatever, as you will find to your cost, until you can find the accompanying half to match it, and so, like a matrimonial match, to make the two into one. Once for all, we wish to impress upon you, for fear you should be writing again, that most decidedly "half a Bank-note is not better than none."—*Punch*.

THE OLD CLOTHES LINE.

THE subjoined are portions of a letter which has appeared in a country paper:—

"HASLEMERE.—TAKING A CHILD'S SHOES FOR A RAILWAY FARE.

"To the Editor of the *West Sussex Gazette*.

"Sir,—Upon coming to London by the 6-15 train from Portsmouth, on Sunday evening last, and when at Haslemere station, amid torrents of rain, a respectable mechanic got into the train, with a most delicate child of five years of age, who to our great surprise had his feet tied up in a white handkerchief. Upon our inquiring the cause, he informed us that he had travelled down that morning, having paid for the single journey, but not finding his friends, who had left the place, he was under the necessity of immediately returning to London. Not having sufficient money to pay the fare for himself and child back again, they at the Haslemere Station took the man's waistcoat, which not being sufficient, they took the poor child's new boots off his feet also. . . . The man's name is JOHNSON; he works at MEARS'S factory, Blackwall, and lives in the parish of Bromley, Essex.

"Yours, respectfully, LOUISA LANCASTER."

"23, Great Tower Street, Oct. 19, 1859."

The above statement will surely oblige the South-Western Railway Company to publish either a denial of the man JOHNSON'S story, or else a new table of fares, arranged on the principle of barter, for the accommodation of those who may have clothes on their backs, but no money in their pockets. A hat, so far, a necktie, such a distance; a coat, a waistcoat, a pair of trousers, so many miles for each article of apparel. But this sort of tariff would involve the necessity of occasionally giving change, as in the case of a swell who, on some race-course, had got cleaned out, watch and all. His petgops might be worth more than the fare they were rated at. Moreover, common decency would demand that the denuded passengers should go in a fourth-class train. The Company would also have to set up an old-clothes shop, which might adjoin the refreshment room. Among the articles therein exposed for sale, there would probably appear a good many pairs of "Men's Strong Walking." But we cannot think that there would be any children's shoes, in the window at least; for even the economical South-Western Railway Company would, doubtless, be ashamed openly to exhibit the little lace-ups or diminutive highlows which they had pitilessly stripped from the feet of a poor little child.

A TEETOTALLER'S DEFINITION.

"LANGUAGE is most decidedly only given to a drunken man to disguise his thoughts."

A SCOTCH EXPERIMENT.

WE read in the *Inverness Courier*—

"On Sunday the Members and adherents of Mr. CAIRD'S Church in Glasgow, for the first time knelt at prayer, and stood at praise. MR. CAIRD announced this as an experiment for two or three weeks."

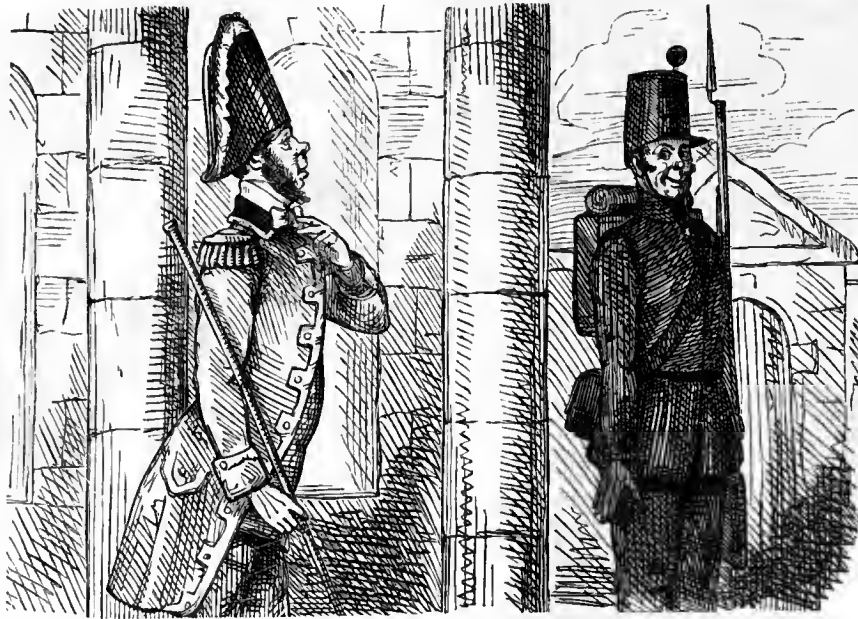
What is meant by experiment? There used to be an idea that an elephant had no knees, but a writer in Mr. ADDISON'S *Spectator* confuted that idea by reporting an "experiment," which resulted in an elephant's kneeling to take up Mr. PENKETHMAN. Is there the same superstition as to the conformation of a Scotchman. And as to standing? There are doubtless rather a larger number of persons in Glasgow than in any place of similar size who find it difficult to stand under any circumstances on Sunday; but this is owing to their peculiar way of keeping the Sabbath, and they are not likely to be members of Mr. CAIRD'S congregation. Why, therefore, call decent and orderly worship an experiment? But if it be meant that this departure from certain old practices, adopted, of course, in defiance of certain older ones, is to be subject to the approval of the congregation, it may fairly be called an experiment, and one which may lead to some pleasant *odium theologicum*, for what spirited religionist, with a sense of his own superiority to his neighbours, will be dictated to in regard to his attitudes. Is a majority to carry it? Or, as SIR WALTER has it, will

"All give way to DONALD CAIRD?"

Questions *Mr. Punch* would like answered by an early telegram.

INFALLIBLE SPORTING NOMENCLATURE.

HIS Holiness the POPE went the other day to inspect his new vessel, a screw steam corvette, which has been built for him in England. She is to mount eight rifled guns, and to serve partly to defend the papal shores, partly as a pleasure-yacht for his Holiness. It is probable that she will practically avail the successor of the Fisherman in the latter character only. The POPE has christened her the "Concezione Immacolata." He calls his yacht the Immaculate Conception. With similar taste, a British racing man denominated his horse "Promised Land." But what would our Cardinal say if JOHN DAY, for example, were to name one of his horses that which the POPE has named his yacht? Yet surely a noble animal is more worthy than any structure built by human hands. Sporting men may rejoice to learn what devotional names they are warranted in giving their quadrupeds by infallible authority.



NORTH CORK MILITIA MAN. "Am I to shalute him, or no? Begor, I wondher if he's a Sarvan-man or a Giniral."

SPANISH CHESTNUTS.

THERE is an old man of Morocco,
And he's a determined old cock O;
And don't you know well
What to Pussy befell,
In the paws of astute Mr. Jocko?

I think there's a place they call Ceuta:
I'm sure that Old England is neuter,
But she'll look askance
If that place falls to France,
When Spain shall have spent all her pewter.

"Which is the Justice, and which is the Thief?"

THERE is war between Morocco and the nation that issues Spanish Bonds. The French journalists say, exultingly, "It is high time that punishment should be inflicted on dastardly robbers." We wish the French journalists would write more plainly. What do they mean? Surely the SULTAN of MOROCCO is not invading ISABELLA SEGUNDA?

"PLAY CLOSER, SIR."

A NEW epithet appears in the theatrical advertisements. A gentleman calls himself a Joint Author. Just the man for the terrible morning after the production—the time when the stage manager wants a lot of cuts.

FORBES MACKENZIE'S FOLLY.

THE *North Briton* contains two cases which are highly calculated to excite what serene and cynical gentlemen call virtuous indignation. They occurred at Edinburgh. The first is—

"MR. DOULL'S CASE.

"At the Police Court yesterday, before Baillie CASSELS, DAVID DOULL & Co., proprietors of the well-known Restaurant, 60, Princes Street, was charged with a breach of the Forbes Mackenzie Act certificate, inasmuch as on the 10th of September last, he sold tarts to be consumed elsewhere than on his own premises."

A fellow named DONALD BAIN, an officious detective officer, proved that a boy named RICHARD JACK had bought five tarts at MR. DOULL'S shop, and walked out with them in his pocket.

MR. DOULL, in defending himself, made one remark which merits preservation. He observed that "There was very great difficulty in knowing where the provisions of the Forbes Mackenzie Act began and ended." The reporter italicises the word "provisions." There can be no doubt that MR. DOULL intended his observation for a joke. Let it be recorded, to the honour of Scotland. MR. DOULL further justly remarked, respecting the obnoxious restrictions of the Act in question, that—

"If these were continued to be enforced upon respectable citizens, he did not know what they would come to in a short time. A lady might come into his shop and purchase a cookie, consume the half, and take away the other half in her reticule, for which he would be liable, according to the Act."

Then BAILLIE CASSELS pronounced judgment, which amounted to this: that, however absurd FORBES MACKENZIE'S Act might be, he felt it his duty to administer it to the best of his ability, and was sorry to be obliged to fine the defendant £1 5s. A portion of his speech, however, is worth preserving too; not, however, on account of its wit, or "wut," but for its profound gravity:—

"There may be many cases arise where there is great difficulty, and the case of the lady purchasing the cookie and eating half of it is one of those. He thought MR. DOULL might have gone a step further, and asked whether he would have been warranted in taking hold of the reticule, and taking the cookie from it, after it was bought and paid for. He feared it would have been found that he had no right to do so."

One wonders that even an Edinburgh Baillie could say any more about the ridiculous case before him than that he was ashamed of being forced to adjudicate on a matter so contemptible, and enforce so ridiculous a law.

The other instance of oppressive annoyance under the above-named fool's Act is

"MR. RIDPATH'S CASE.

"The next case brought up under the same Act was that of Councillor DAVID RIDPATH, keeper of the Railway Refreshment Room at the Edinburgh, Perth, and Dundee Railway Station. He was charged with selling two muffins to two lads going to Newcastle on the 22nd September.

"The evidence was in all respects similar to the previous case."

The law, however, appears not to have been the same, for

"MR. DEUCHAR, agent in the case, said that before the passing of the Forbes Mackenzie Act there had been a special exemption made in favour of railway refreshment rooms, which had not yet been repealed."

It may therefore be questioned whether BAILLIE CASSELS was not a mistaken Baillie body in supposing that in this case also "he had no alternative but to convict." MR. RIDPATH was likewise fined £1 5s. for selling two muffins to two boys. Mind, Sabbatarian hypocrites and fanatics, for selling two muffins, not upon a Sunday, but on a Thursday. MR. DOULL, indeed, you may say, broke the "Sabbath"—he sold his tarts on a Saturday.

FORBES MACKENZIE'S Act was levelled at public-houses. It may shoot the pigeon but it also kills the crow. It punishes a confectioner for selling a boy tarts, and so long as it exists, to the disgrace of the legislature, will prevent every traveller on a Scotch railway from getting anything to eat but what he can bolt in the refreshment-room. A Scotch proverb says that "Fules should na hae chapping-sticks." We will match it with an English parallel. An Act of Parliament ought not to be drawn up by a jackass.

BROUGHAM, C.

WITH great satisfaction *Mr. Punch* announces that his esteemed friend LORD BROUGHAM may once more adopt the above signature, abandoned by him in 1834. He is again a Chancellor. The University of Edinburgh has done itself the honour of electing him as its head, that is to say 654 of the members have so distinguished themselves. There was, however, a large exhibition of that curious Scotch superstition that a Duke is a supernatural being, before whom prostration becomes a duty, and the DUKE OF BUCLEUCH, of whom nothing whatever in this world is known, except that he is a Duke and a respectable one, actually obtained 419 votes. The university men who have had the courage to choose an Englishman, the descendant of GILBERT DE BROHAM, of Westmoreland, whose ancestors held Brougham before the Norman Conquest (*Mr. Punch* is thus genealogical because he cannot give up to Scotland his adored HENRY, born, it must be admitted, in Edinburgh), deserve nine cheers from *Mr. Punch*, and he hereby gives them, and for the sake of those 654 he takes Caledonia to his affectionate embrace. Long may the new Chancellor enjoy his dignity. [If, when you come up to town, you will drive on to 85, Fleet Street, we will make a wet night of it; meantime, my Lord Chancellor, your health. *Potaturus te Saluta.*]

PUNCH.

AN IMPERIAL MERIT.—Decidedly, LOUIS NAPOLEON has transported his subjects more than any other ruler in the world. This is a merit that is acknowledged even by his bitterest enemies.

COUNTY COURTSHIP.



EN are informed by a paragraph in the *Daily News*, headed "Caution to Smokers," that a Mr. PAYNE was sued in the Westminster County Court by a Miss LOUISA HOTHAM for £5 damage done to her dress by setting it on fire with a cigar-light, which he had carelessly thrown burning on the floor of a tavern-bar. The injured articles comprised a black silk visite, new muslin dress, and embroidered Crinoline, which were handed up to the Bench for its inspection and amusement. Judgment was given against the defendant; damages £4. with costs. He had offered 5s. This was mean and shabby: but the decision of the Court appears to have been too favourable to the fair plaintiff. If Mr. PAYNE was responsible for the consequences of throwing fire on the floor, Miss HOTHAM was answerable for those of wearing long dresses. The damages should have been half those claimed, namely £2 10s.; and the case ought to be regarded as a caution, not only to smokers, but also to wearers of Crinoline.

OUR EPISCOPAL CONVERT.

ONE may learn wisdom, even from episcopal lips. A new chapel has been built for Exeter College, Oxford; and the BISHOP OF EXETER, at the banquet, told a story about the DUKE OF WELLINGTON and himself. WESLEY and PHILLPOTTS were once in Cambridge together, inspecting some fine new buildings there. Says Dux to Episcopus, "We don't build such things at Oxford." Smartly, as well as proudly, answers the Bishop, "Perhaps, my Lord Duke, we don't require them." Concluded, or shut up, is the victor of NAPOLEON. But away goeth the hierarch, and in the calm recesses of Bishopstowe considereth his reply. "It was very prompt, I allow," thinketh the triumphant Bishop, "and quite in the Duke's line. Yes, I flatter my mitre, I dropped into him. But—" More pondering, and then Dr. PHILLPOTTS came to the conclusion that Oxford *did* require new buildings; and in process of time, and by the care of Mr. SCOTT, upriseth this fine chapel: and, later still, upriseth the BISHOP OF EXETER to preach the moral—a favourite one of *Mr. Punch's*—that first you should stop and say the best thing you can say, and next you should go and do the best thing you can do. Not, of course, that the Bishop's opinion will have the weight of *Mr. Punch's*:

"Eadem dieta eademque oratio æqua non æquè valet."

but it is gratifying to find the venerable PHILLPOTTS at last treading in the footsteps of the *venerabilior Punch*.

THE ORDER OF AGRICULTURAL MERIT.

SAYS old JOHN HODGE to young JOHN HODGE, says he, JACK, thee come here;

I've lived and worked here, man and boy, for more nor dree score year;
Thy mother brought me ten on 'ee; I rared 'em every one;
They be all at sarvus or at plough, 'cept thee, my youngest zon.

Ten childern have I bred and kep, ten childern clothed and ved,
Nine on 'em larns and labours vor to git their daily bread;
And thee bist number ten, JACK; for a soger thee'st to goo,
And sarve thy Queen and country, and perfarm thy duty too.

There's twelve on us, the boys and gals, myself and lawful wife,
And I never cost the parish not a varden all my life,
Not a loaf and nare a blanket—on my own legs here I stand,
On which I've elod-hopped all my days, on FARMER HOGMAN's land.

Now what dost think I've got at last for all you gals and boys?
Look here 's a goolden zuvran, and a pair o' corduroys,
A pair of bran-new breeches and a pound, my boy, likewise,
The Hagriculterl Ziety has gied me for a prize.

Zo much for never costum 'em the valley of a straw!
A pound, a pair o' breeches, and a power o' party jaw.

Why even the fat pig, JACK, as weighed over varty score,
He only won a ten-pound prize, he didn't win no more.

I shan't wear them there breeches, JACK, but keep 'em for to show,
By way of a remembrance, I regards the honour zo!
Mind they be to be thine, JACK, when as I be dead and gone,
And, JACK, thee keep 'em for my zake, and zautimes have 'em on.

Thee'st gwian for a soger, JACK; thee'st ha' to vight thy way,
Med'st come to be a general, and a lord, mayhap, zum day;
Thy quoa't all over ribbons, stars, and that are sart o' toys,
But tack thy brightest medal to thy veather's corduroys.

Then, when thee gist a bankut to nobility and squires,
And are a one a cross or star upon thy breast admires;
Have in thy veather's breeches, JACK, and tell how they was won,
To let 'em know how proud thee bist to be thy veather's zon.

My veather, you may tell 'em, fought a battle precious hard—
A fight as lasted all his life—this here was his reward,
Besides a pound, and that he spent, but left what I enjoys,
This Order o' the Breeches—this here pair of corduroys.



"VOICES OF THE NIGHT."

AT Warsaw, we read that the EMPEROR "visited the theatre, and afterwards remained in consultation with the Russian diplomatists, until a late hour in the night." This is tearing a leaf out of our parliamentary debates. We wonder if as much good resulted from this interview as generally comes out of our midnight consultations. The report omits to tell us whether the sitting was a late one? As diplomatists are gentlemen rather given to talking, we suppose that the debate must have been carried into a very protracted hour of the night. It is a pity that no reporters were present, or otherwise we might have been favoured with some very curious and interesting details. We regret, also, that we are equally in the dark as to whether cigars and spirits, with hot water, lemons, and sugar, were moved for by the EMPEROR, and ordered to be laid upon the table. We are afraid that the EMPEROR can have been after no particular good, or else he would never have selected an hour, at which all sober and well-regulated individuals are generally in bed.

The War Footing.

Two promising pupils of LORD COWLEY's were chatting at the British Embassy over a glass of Sherry. "What, *le diable*, my dear fellow, is LOUIS NAPOLEON going to Morocco for?" said one. To which the other replied, "Cannot possibly say, *mon cher*, unless it is to get a match for his Italian Boot."

A NATIONAL DIFFERENCE.

THE French papers will have it that there is a difference between France and England. Yes, and so there is, and the difference is simply this:—France goes to war for an idea, and England has no idea of going to war.



A VERY PARDONABLE MISTAKE.

Itinerant Musician. "MEANING ME, MISS?"

"FEU DE JOIE."

A GREAT deal of fuss has been made about the fact of fifty-six geese having been roasted at once before the same fire, at Norwich. Why *Punch* roasts twice as many every week, and thinks nothing of it. He has roasted over and over again the entire House of Commons at a single blow—and though they have amongst them some of the very finest geese in the country, yet every Member has been done beautifully to a turn—so much so, that many a constituency, when their pet Solan has been laid before them, have scarcely recognised him again. In the same way *Mr. Punch* undertakes to roast at the shortest notice, as many geese as the legislature and the quacks, the theatres and the pulpits, the dissecting-room and the critics, choose to supply him with; and he also promises to do all the plucking and basting and seasoning himself. Quantity is no object; in fact, the greater number of geese that come in *Mr. Punch's* way the greater his pleasure in roasting them. His range is wide enough to take in the whole world.

PRIESTS AND THEIR SHAWLS.

THE subjoined advertisement from the *Weekly Register* is commended to the attention of youthful Puseyites, whom it may serve to convince that playing at Roman Catholics is a rather expensive amusement:—

WANTED, a Handsome COPE. The undersigned, who once received a Cope from a kind but unknown friend, begs to mention that the said Cope is now almost unfit for use. The poor state of the mission will not enable the priest to purchase another. The undersigned, therefore, respectfully but earnestly begs of some good friend to present a new Cope to the church, in honour of our Blessed Lady and Saint Teresa. It will come safe by rail. Many prayers will be said for the kind donor. If it be not convenient to send a Cope itself, £10 to purchase one will be most acceptable.

JOHN CANON DALTON.

St. Mary's Church, London Road, Lynn, Norfolk.

From the conclusion of the above pious and pathetic appeal, it appears that a cope costs £10. This would be a heavy fork-out for the majority of young curates, disposed to indulge in ecclesiastical masquerading. To be sure, the cope for which the REV. CANON DALTON advertises is explained to be a "handsome" one. MR. DALTON may be conceived to be a sacerdotal dandy; and it may be thought that a serviceable cope is to be had at a lower figure than what he puts it at; but he distinctly states that his mission is a poor one, so that any but the very plainest description of cope would probably be out of keeping with the style of his meeting-house, and the cheapest cope would be handsome enough for him. A cope fit to figure in before a fashionable congregation or assembly, would no doubt be an awfully high 'pike. Parents and guardians of youth intended for the Church should beware how they confide them to the tuition of Puseyite preceptors, lest those extravagant ritualists should instil into their minds a love of finery, which may cause them ultimately to ruin themselves in dress.

If a cope costs only as much as £10, what does a stole cost, and an alb, and a dalmatic, and a chasuble? What does the complete costume amount to? But there is every reason to suppose that the price of copes is "from" £10 upwards to a much larger quotation; and the outfit of a young Puseyite parson, if at all like the real thing, would assuredly cost the old gentleman his father a great deal more money than the sum total of all the bills which his sisters run up in the course of an entire year for Crinoline.

BUCCLEUCH v. BROUGHAM.—It is the Drone and the Busy Bee.

INN-VALIDISM EXTRAORDINARY.

It is rather late now to think of going out of town; but to those who, like ourselves, have not yet had their holiday, and who, in like similitude, have not too much to spend in it, advantages are offered by the following advertisement, which, for other reasons possibly, the reflective mind, we think, may be induced to pause over:—

ISLE OF WIGHT.—KING'S HEAD HOTEL AND BOARDING-HOUSE, close to the Sea. Single beds, 1s. 6d.; Breakfast or Tea, 1s.; Dinners, 2s. Attendance, 1s. "It's highly recommended to invalids at EVANS'S." Oct., 1859.

One is proverbially used to couple cheapness with n—of niceness, but if this hotel be as remarkable for comfort as economy, one might certainly be tempted to form a wish to visit it. In this case one would have to form a second wish, to know with more distinctness, where the King's Head really is. "Close to the sea" is a rather vague direction, and one might have to travel completely round the island, before one hit upon the spot where the hotel is placed.

But puzzling as it is to us to guess the King Head's whereabouts, the last phrase in this notice of the house yet more perplexes us. As an additional allurement, besides the lowness of its tariff, we are informed that "It's highly recommended to invalids at EVANS'S." Invalids at EVANS'S! O, cheery-voiced, and rosy-cheeked! O, kindly-smiling, snuff-bestowing, laughter-moving, health-promoting, jolly, jocund, joyous, jaunty PADDY GREEN! Who could ever dream of finding invalids at EVANS'S.

How Happy!

QUESTION being had whether the police were allowed to smoke, JONES remarked, "I was very glad, that awfully cold night, to see all the police down our road with pipes or cigars." "Reminding you," said the sparkling BROWN, "of LORD MACAULAY'S line in the *Armada*—

"Cape beyond Cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire."

Punch's Literary Anecdotes.

FOR USE IN A QUADRILLE.

AN eminent party, or perfumer, has said that a Revolution can't be made with Rose-water. But from GARIBALDI'S calling on Farina to act, it would seem that one can be made with Eau-de-Cologne.



IMPORTANT NOTICE.—QUITE NECESSARY!

A SURGICAL SLAVE TO A FREE HOSPITAL.

MR. PUNCH has received a paper purporting to be a copy of the *Rules and Regulations Established for the Guidance of the House-Surgeon of the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children, 18, Edwards Street, Portman Square.* If Mr. Punch were asked to guess the authors of this contemptible code, he would conjecture that it was drawn up by a Select Committee composed of the greatest snobs and fools in Marylebone.

The first of these rules declares that—

"I. In regard to the appointment of the House-Surgeon,
"1. He shall be qualified to register under the New Medical Act."

The framers of these rules, then, want, for their House-Surgeon, a practitioner who has passed his examinations. They expect to get one by the following temptation:—

"2. He shall receive no salary, but his board and lodging in return for his services."

Could any one of them hire a knife-boy on such terms?

These fellows appear to be alive to the probability that any surgeon having accepted their vile situation, might very soon get tired of it, and wish to cut it. So they stipulate that—

"3. He shall accept the appointment for not less than a year, but his period of service may extend beyond that term."

And it is just possible that he may be willing that it should extend beyond that term. The House-Surgeon may be penniless, and unable to earn an abode and his victuals out of the House. But, as his masters may wish to turn him out, for reasons of their own, and if not, still in order that he may lie at their mercy, and exist, officially, in the breath of their nostrils, the above regulation concludes with the following proviso:—

"At the same time he shall hold office only during the pleasure of the Managing Committee."

Observe the royal style affected by these petty despots. Their subject and servant, the House-Surgeon, is to "hold office" only "during their pleasure." What pleasure? The pleasure, perhaps, which they expect their slave to afford them, by capping to them, and cringing to them, and trembling before them, and worshipping them, and walking in their faith and fear. Such is very usually the sort of pleasure which Hospital Committees require House-Surgeons to yield them; and the Managing Committee of the Samaritan Free Hospital are indicated by these rules of theirs to be a set of mean tyrants considerably more arbitrary and insolent than even the common run of Hospital Committeemen.

By the next rule for the "guidance" of their surgical slavery,

"4. He must give three months' notice of his intended resignation or retirement."

They may kick him out at their pleasure, at a moment's notice; but if he wishes to quit their service, he must give them three months' warning.

Now come arrangements:—

"II. In regard to his personal accommodation in the Hospital,

"1. He shall have the two back-rooms in the upper storey as his sitting and bed-rooms."

This looks very much like the description of a suite of garrets. Next—

"2. He shall take his breakfast with the Matron before half-past 9, and his dinner and tea after 5 in the afternoon, in the Board Room: his luncheon only to be carried up-stairs to him in his sitting-room."

These are the paltry requirements and restrictions under which it pleases these domineering snobs to place the private habits of a gentleman. If they had not distinctly stated that they wanted a qualified practitioner for their drudge, one would have concluded the object contemplated in these despicable ordinances was not a surgeon, but a surgery-boy. But next to these small statutes come the regulations relative to the House-Surgeon's duties, which are of the usual responsible and arduous kind, and include attendance on patients in the absence of the superior medical officers. Close residence is required. Smoking is prohibited, of course—not because smoking within the walls might injure patients; but because old curmudgeons have an idea that smoking is an exhibition of independence, and therefore invariably forbid indulgence in it to every young man whom they have in their power. Their blackguardly table of rules concludes with this standing insult:—

"11. Any directions the House-Surgeon may have to give to the General Servants of the Hospital, are to pass through the Matron."

and this precious standing order:—

"12. He shall observe all orders of the Managing or House Committee."

This beats everything. The Committee are to exercise over the House-Surgeon an authority which is quite divine. He shall serve them with all his strength. He shall observe all their orders—to do them. He shall answer their bell, fetch their coals and hot water; brush their clothes and black their boots. Now, what motive do they suppose can induce any young surgeon who understands his profession to subject himself to their disgusting domination, and accept for remuneration his keep, coupled with the necessity of taking his meals with an old woman, and his lodging, to consist of two back-rooms in the roof of their hospital? He can have none but imminent starvation, or the need of opportunity of seeing practice, which he ought not to be in such extreme want of as he must be to be willing to endure the hard conditions above specified. The Governors of every Infirmary, and particularly those of the Samaritan Free Hospital, should look sharp after their Committees and take care that the efficiency of their Charity is not compromised by a board of overbearing, insolent, patronising, self-interested and vulgar headles.

OUR CHINESE CEREMONIES.

THE behaviour of MR. WARD, American Envoy to China at Peking, was such as to give every true Englishman cause to be proud of his country. In the account of that minister's visit to the Chinese capital, which appeared in the *North China Herald*, touching the question as to what obeisance should be rendered to the EMPEROR, there occurs the following passage, the first word of which relates to KWEILIANG the Imperial Commissioner:—

"He sometimes styled the President *ta-hoonngi*, or Great Emperor, and sometimes 'President' (a word which he has learnt), and occasionally *kin-chin*, or princely ruler, to prove his respect for him. Such being the relations between the two countries, the *ko-tau* or regular form of obeisance required of envoys from these nations, i.e. the *san-quei-kin-hoh*, 'three kneelings and nine knocks,' would not be expected, 'but,' said the judge, 'one kneeling and three knocks will do for a friendly power.'"

What was the reply of MR. WARD to the proposal that he should perform so dignified and graceful a ceremony? After explaining to KWEILIANG that Americans were not accustomed to kneel, except for the purpose of saying their prayers, he offered the ensuing compromise:—

"He would bow very low, and even nine times, if that would add to the solemnity in their view, or he would stand uncovered during the whole audience, while the Emperor sat. More than this he would never willingly perform."

The consequence was, that the EMPEROR refused to grant the American Embassy an interview. This conduct on the part of MR. WARD is quite of a piece with the sad taste which makes the American Minister at the British Court attire himself, when he goes there, in a plain evening dress, instead of adorning his person with a chocolate-coloured laced coat, an embroidered satin waistcoat, and the knee-breeches, silk stockings, buckles, and pumps, of an exquisite footman. The Continental nations abuse us for being insular and proud, but our insularity does not prevent our Court from greatly resembling that of China; and let us, in the words of KING RICHARD THE THIRD, be thankful for our humility in submitting to wear the decorations of a lackey in honour of the Crown. Nay, the Speaker of the House of Commons is, on certain occasions, the object, on the part of certain officers of the House, of demonstrations of profound respect closely resembling what MR. WARD, doubtless, would irreverently describe as the antics which he was willing to humour his CELESTIAL MAJESTY by performing. We are proud indeed, but proud in the pomp of

abasement, as a flunkey behind a state-carriage glories in his livery. We kiss the hands of Royalty still; which may be nothing to speak of, but we should do so, even if Royalty were not of the fair sex. We do not, indeed, kiss a man's feet, as M. DE MONTALEMBERT would rejoice in doing; but those who are capable of kissing a man's fist would have but to go a degree or two further, if they stooped to the performance of the more lowly and affectionate salutation of kissing his instep.



THE LAUREATE'S BUST AT TRINITY.

(A Fragment of an Epoll.)

—So the stately bust abode
For many a month, unseen, among the Dons.
Nor in the lodge, nor in the library,
Upon its pedestal appeared, to be
A mark for reverence of green gownsman-hood,
Of grief to ancient fogies, and reproof
To those who knew not ALFRED, being hard
And narrowed in their honour to old names
Of poets, who had vogue when *they* were young,
And not admitting later hards; but now,
Last week, a rumour widely blown about,
Walking the windy circle of the Press,
Came, that stern WHEWELL, with the Seniors,
Who rule the destinies of Trinity,
Had of the sanctuary barred access
Unto the bust of ALFRED TENNYSON,
By WOOLNER carved, subscribed for by the youth
Who loved the Poet, hoped to see him set
Within the Library of Trinity,
One great man more o' the house, among the great,
Who grace that still Valhalla, ranged in row,
Along the chequered marbles of the floor,
Two stately ranks—to where the fragrant limes
Look thro' the far end window, cool and green.
A hand it is, of high companionship,—
Chief, NEWTON, and the broad-browed VERULAM,
And others only less than these in arts
Or science: names that England holds on high.
Among whom, hoped the youth, would soon he set,
The living likeness of a living Bard,—
Great ALFRED TENNYSON, the Laureate,
Whom Trinity most loves of living sons.
But other thought had WHEWELL and the Dons,
Deeming such honour only due to those
Upon whose greatness Death has set his seal.
So fixed their faces hard, and shut the doors
Upon the living Poet: for, said one,
“It is too soon,” and when they heard the phrase,
Others caught up the cue, and chorussed it,
Until, the poet echoing “Soon? too soon?”
As if in wrath, WHEWELL looked up, and said:—

“O Laureate, if indeed you list to try,
Try, and unfix our purpose in this thing.”
Whereat full shrilly sang th' excluded bard.

“Soon, soon, so soon! WHEWELL looks stern and chill,
Soon, soon, so soon! but I can enter still.”

“Too soon, too soon! You cannot enter now.”

“I am not dead: of that I do repent.
But to my living prayer, oh now relent:”

“Too soon, too soon! You cannot enter now.”

“Honour in life is sweet: my fame is wide.
Let me to stand at DRYDEN'S, BYRON'S side.”

“Too soon, too soon! You cannot enter now.”

“Honour that comes in life is rare as sweet;
I cannot taste it long: for life is fleet.”

“No, no, too soon! You cannot enter now!”

So sang the Laureate, while all stonily,
Their chins upon their hands, as men that had
No entrails to be moved, sat the stern Dons.

PROFESSOR CHRISTISON ON ELECTRICITY.

PROFESSOR CHRISTISON, in nominating the DUKE OF Buccleuch for the Chancellorship of the University of Edinburgh, made a joke. Touching the business then before the University constituency, the learned Professor observed, that they had received a good deal of advice from the newspaper press, and that—

“Among others, the individual to whom in the Press latterly, the name of Thunderer had been applied, had given his advice, though he suspected that his thunder on this occasion would turn out to be mere sheet-lightning.”

“Oh!” and “Hear,” the report adds in a parenthesis. Nobody seems to have laughed. However, the joke would not have been a bad one if the event had made it good. Had the DUKE OF Buccleuch been elected and LORD BROUGHAM rejected, and flunkeyism triumphant, then the lightning of the “Thunderer” would indeed have been mere sheet-lightning; but unfortunately the Professor's party has found it forked. His own flash of wit has proved lightning of the harmless species. Still it is just a coruscation, and deserves to be noted for the reproof of those excessively national Englishmen who persist in maintaining the obtuseness of the Scotch mind to JOE MILLER. Such efforts as those of PROFESSOR CHRISTISON deserve every encouragement; and this appears to have been the opinion of his countrymen and auditors, from the circumstance that those of them who relished his joke merely cried “Hear.” No doubt they thought that his praiseworthy attempt to electrify his audience ought not to be laughed at.

VERDI AT VENICE.



UR TELEGRAM from Venice, the other day, said that

“On the occasion of the opening of the Opera, a noisy demonstration has taken place here.”

The opening of an Italian Opera is generally attended with some noisy demonstration. The noise is usually made by the orchestra, which, whilst a young lady on the stage is singing a love song, supports her melody with the clash of cymbals, the clang of ophicleides, the thunder of drums, and other appropriate and stormy accompaniments. The row thus created is generally the composition of SIGNOR VERDI; but the uproar

which was made the other night at the Opera House at Venice was probably caused rather by shouting the name of that composer. There is every reason to believe that the noisy demonstration consisted in cries of “Viva VERDI!” translated, if any Britons were included in the audience, by “VICTOR EMMANUEL for ever! Hip hip hip—hooray!”

THE NEW BEGGING DODGE.

Little Girl, scarcely six years of age, carrying an infant, not more than three months old. Please, good Sir, give me a half-penny to buy a biscuit for Baby!

THE SHERIFFS SHORN OF THEIR GLORY.



We were sadly grieved to hear that by a recent Act of Parliament, the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex were exempted from the necessity of counting hobnails and chopping sticks on their accession to office. Our sorrow has been materially lessened by the information that such is not exactly the case. The splendour of the abrievial has only been shorn of this richly absurd ceremonial as far as regards the publicity of its performance; but that is a diminution of civic dignity which is very much more than sufficiently melancholy. The Sheriffs, up to this present year, have always had to count six horseshoes and certain hobnails, and chop a number of faggots, in proof of their intellectual and bodily ability, in the Court of the

Exchequer, when they were presented by the Recorder to the presiding Judge. The Recorder was accustomed to give the Judge an account of their antecedents, as if it were probable that these might be low, and as if, at any rate, the Sheriffs were, presumably, remarkable fellows to have raised themselves to the mere position of eligibility to their grand office. It is supposed that the Sheriff was set upon a stool, first one Sheriff and then the other, and that the Recorder described him to the Chief Baron by the help of a long pole, stirring him

up with the end thereof to demonstrate his sensibility and animation. Then the Sheriffs proved that they had the use of their intellects and their hands; and, after having been solemnly chaffed by the learned Judge, went on their way rejoicing in their honour and glory.

Now, this august exhibition is no longer to be made in open Court. It is to take place privately before officers appointed for the purpose. In the presence of these witnesses the Sheriffs are to chop sticks and count horseshoes as before, to render suit and service on behalf of the City for certain manors—it is pretended. This is all stuff; those feats of intelligence and dexterity are retained, as they were originally prescribed, for security that the Sheriffs shall not be absolute idiots; as law and common opinion have always supposed that there was great likelihood of their being.

The Lord Mayor Elect is still exhibited by the Recorder to the Lord Chancellor. ALDERMAN CARTER the other day was thus showed up, with a brief account of him, to LORD CAMPRELL, at Stratheden House; and received from the learned and noble Lord the honour of a burlesque complimentary address. This was as it should be; but the privacy of the laughable self-exhibition of the Sheriffs is to be deplored. The Sheriffs, as well as the Aldermen and the Lord Mayor, of the City of London, have always been expected, if not naturally fools, to make fools of themselves in virtue of their office; and few of them have disappointed that expectation. The Civic ingredient is the comic element in the British Constitution, and cannot be eliminated from it without danger to the integrity of that grand fabric, the sublime effect of which is heightened by its contrast with the ridiculous. Long may the corbels of our old Cathedrals grin; long may our Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, contribute to the mirth of merry England!

A NEW IDÉE NAPOLÉONNIENNE.

EVERYBODY knows that loyalty just now is in a rampant state in France, and everybody therefore will easily believe that the height to which it reaches in its rampant elevation proves, every now and then, to be the height of absurdity. As a case in point, we cite this interesting paragraph, on which *faute de mieux*, sub-editors have lately laid their scissors:—

“A PRESENT OF TURNIPS TO THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.—*Bullier's Lithographic Sheet* gives the following curious letter, as having been addressed to the EMPEROR NAPOLEON. It was detained at the Office for Examining Petitions to His Majesty:—“Sir,—Being the possessor of a small property in the Beaujoles, favoured by a good soil for wine and turnips, and on Wednesday, my wife having made us a soup of these turnips, I found the taste so exquisite and so sweet, that the idea of our dear Emperor instantly occurred to me, and I said to my wife and my two sons, ‘Their Majesties perhaps have not a better soup.’ Then a happy inspiration passed through the mind of my eldest son, and he said, ‘Father, you ought to send a cask to their Majesties.’ Sir, we are giving effect to the idea. May the vegetables be agreeable to you, and we shall esteem ourselves so fortunate to have procured you that trifling pleasure. (We have more of them still.) I am, with the most profound respect, Sir, your very humble and very devoted subject, P. BOLMONT, Shirt-maker at Koissay (Ain).” This letter was followed by a second, in which P. BOLMONT prayed that his eldest son (he who had conceived such an excellent idea) might be exempted from military service.”

The Office for Examining Petitions to the EMPEROR may be, and doubtless is, a highly useful institution, and saves his Majesty no doubt a vast amount of needless labour. Nevertheless, with all due deference to those who have its management, we think that presents and petitions such as those mentioned above, clearly ought to be allowed to reach their destination. The examiners no doubt daily do the State some service by opening and “detaining” suspicious-looking presents; and many an infernal machine directed “*For the Emperor*,” may by such detention be kept from doing damage to him. But to detain a gift so harmless as a cask of turnips savours to our mind of quite unnecessary caution, and rather seems to indicate a relish for those vegetables on the part of the official examiners themselves.

At all events, we think that, even were they justified in their detention of the present, there was obviously no reason why the letter which came with it should not have reached the EMPEROR. It might have been thought prudent not to let his Majesty have soup made of the turnips, for fear they might be poisoned, or might disagree with him; but we cannot see what harm the letter could have done him. On the contrary, we think it would have given him great pleasure; especially the passage where the writer naively says, that so sweet was the

taste of the turnips in his mouth that “the idea of our dear EMPEROR instantly occurred to me.” The notion that a turnip should remind one of the EMPEROR is quite a new *idée Napoléonienne* to think of, and we feel assured his Majesty could not but have been flattered by it.

There is yet one more reflection suggested by the paragraph, which it may not be quite profitless just now for us to make. Old women (of both sexes) who next to talking scandal love to talk about invasion, represent the French as panting, to a man, to be let loose on us, and burning, every one of them, to make us feel their might. Now, if the fears of these old ladies have not frightened them quite out of the small wits they have been blessed with, they may derive some consolation from the purport of the second of the letters above mentioned, which may be fairly taken as a sample of French spirit, as throughout the country doubtless it is actually distilled. While French fathers do their best to get their sons exempt from service, it is clear their martial spirit is anything but ardent: and while in France a soldier is esteemed of equal value to a cask of turnips, none surely but the turnip-headedest of mortals need feel the slightest fear of Frenchmen risking lives so precious by attempting to invade us.

SENATOR BRODERICK SLAIN BY CHIEF JUSTICE TERRY.

It was a noble Senator erect in Freedom's cause,
A potent, grave, and honoured man to frame Columbia's laws.
It was a yet more honoured one, a chief who held in trust
The rights, the liberties, the lives of kindred sons of dust.
That haughty high-souled Senator, that venerated Judge,
Had nursed between them daintily some paltry cause of grudge,
Till anger's flame too clearly rose for such brave men to smother,
And New-World ethics now laid down that one must kill the other.
Forth from the stern Chief Justice then blood-craving missives sped;
And Judge and Senator, or both, are numbered with the dead,
For gloating gossips said that if the bully Judge should fall,
Would fellow ruffians take his place, with “blood for blood” their call.

One after other, while the slain their vengeance would bequeath
To monsters, such of old as sprung from Cadmus' dragon's teeth.
Oh! blush Columbia, blush, for tales like this are types
Of savage deeds that ever blot your flaunting stars and stripes.
SENATOR BRODERICK sleeps in death, struck down by felon grave,
And JUSTICE TERRY walks the earth CAIN-braided to his grave!



AN EXPERIMENT ON A VILE BODY.

Medical Pupil, after dragging a patient round the Surgery, succeeds in extracting a tooth. "COME! THAT'S NOT SO BAD FOR A FIRST ATTEMPT!"

PETER LAURIE.

JACKASSES' brays are bonnie,
And sae are bagpipes too,
And auld SIR PETER LAURIE
Heehaws wi' clangour true,
Heehaws wi' clangour true,
In just the tunefu' key;
And it's oh that PETER LAURIE
Sae doure a Jack should be!

His wit is like the snow-drift,
When half the Spring is gone;
His speeches are the silliest
That joke was e'er made on,
That joke was e'er made on,
Provoking mirth and glee:
And therefore PETER LAURIE
Becomes a butt for me.

Accused by a drunkard lying,
Before his judgment-seat,
An innocent bairn knelt crying;
For such was Newgate meet?
For such was Newgate meet?
Severe, absurd decree!
Pie for shame, SIR PETER LAURIE,
Ye cruel auld boobie!

Conversation on the Knife-Board.

First Clerk. I say, JACK, I had game for dinner yesterday.

Second Clerk. Yes, I understand—a pint of porter, and a game of billiards—that's your game dinner.

THE MATRIMONIAL CODE. — The Husband reigns, but it is the Wife who governs.

OUR FRENCH FRIEND.

"It's coming is he?" quoth our JOHN,
"I've heard that talk before"—
And then his eye fell straight upon
His stick behind the door.
"I wonder if 'twould suit Our Friend
(JOHN'S face was rather grim)
For me to save his coming here,
By going there to him."

"Because you know, old girl," says he,
"I'm hearty, strong, and hale,
And I'd be all the better for
A little bit of sail.
I fancy, too, he thinks I'm not
Quite sound in wind or limb.
I've really half a thought, old girl,
Of going there to him."

"Besides, you know, I shouldn't be
A stranger to the way,
I visited the spot before
In BONYPARTY'S day.
That very stick I took with me—
It hasn't grown more slim:
I swear, old gal, I'm half inclined
To go across to him.

"I hate to give a gentleman
More trouble than there's need,
And crossing water makes Our Friend
Uncommon cross indeed.
And if, as these here letters say,
To meet me is his whim,
Why, dang my buttons, MOTHER BULL,
I'll go across to him."

"Mayhap he'd like to have a crack
About old days gone by,
Egypt, and Spain, and Trafalgar,
If he would, so would I.
About those days I rather think
His memory's getting dim,
And that's another reason, dame,
Why I should go to him."

"There's MASTER JACK may mind the house,
I'm glad he's bought a gun,
If he don't keep you safe and sound,
He's not his father's son.
So fill a mug, Our Friend's good health,
Yes, fill it to the brim:
If he'll bnt say he means to come—
By George, I'll go to him."

A HARD CONSERVATIVE HIT.

At the late Conservative dinner at Rochdale, MAJOR EDWARDES made some diverting observations. For example, after having boasted that he had always spoken in favour of good old Tory principles, he made the following remark about PALMERSTON and RUSSELL:—

"They were both intent upon mischief, and they would both do their utmost to keep the Conservative party out of power, because they were greedy of the loaves and fishes. (*Loud cheers and laughter.*)"

The auditors of the gallant Major laughed at the foregoing specimen of his eloquence, some for one reason, some for another, and others for a third. The first division laughed because they really believed that the views of the present Premier and Foreign Secretary are simply mercenary; that they hold office wholly and solely for the sake of their pensions; which probably was what MAJOR EDWARDES meant to say; and that in saying so the Major had made a good joke at the two noble lords' expense. The second class were constrained to laugh out of their sleeve, instead of in it, by construing the orator's assertion to mean that LORD PALMERSTON and LORD JOHN would endeavour to exclude the Conservative party from power because the Conservatives

were actuated by interested motives. This part of the audience laughed as some gentlemen may be observed to do when they are playfully called rogues—conscious subjects of the pleasantry, and hugging themselves in the fun which therefore tickles them. The remaining portion of the assembly perceived that MAJOR EDWARDES'S imputation was open to two opposite constructions, and good-humouredly laughed at its post-prandial ambiguity.

BELOW RAREY.

MR. RAREY has been lecturing in Dublin before the Lord Lieutenant and suite. The newspaper paragraph, which mentioned this fact, further announced that—

"MR. RAREY will deliver his second lectures on Saturday next, when he stated that a very vicious horse would be operated upon."

It was whispered that the brute which MR. RAREY proposed to tame, was no other than the furious kicking and plunging animal named CULLEN. But CULLEN is not a subject for MR. RAREY; he has published a pastoral, which proves that he is no horse, but of a lower order of animals.



MR. BULL. "INVASION, INDEED! THAT'S A GAME TWO CAN PLAY AT!—WHY, TO HEAR THESE POODLES TALK, ONE WOULD THINK MY BULL-DOG WAS DEAD!"



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A PELICAN OF THE WILDERNESS inquires whether his handwriting is good enough to obtain him a situation under Government? The writing is not very bad; but we doubt whether a letter in which autograph is spelt with an initial "h," and two concluding "P's," would gain the writer anything much higher than, perhaps, an Under-Secretaryship of State, unless LOB MALKENBERG should return to office.

A YOUNG FATHER.—Certainly, if you have done Mr. DISRAELI the distinguished honour of christening your baby after him, you have a right to apply to that gentleman for a sovereign or two, in the child's name. The MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER usually sends a £5 note in such cases. The Nurse is the proper person to send to Grosvenor Gate.

LETTY THE BROWN GIRL.—If your love for him be so intense and disinterested as you describe it, we think that you should not have refused to say "Yes" until you had seen the receipt for his current half-year's life assurance. You should have taken his word, and the entry he showed you in his *Letter's Diary*, that he had paid it. Still, in these days, young girls cannot be too careful.

EDWARD CLONDON is very anxious for an introduction to a refined family, in which there are some elegant young ladies. His laudable object is not so much matrimony, for he has no money, as to be induced gradually to wean himself from the habits of inebriation, keeping his hat on in a room, wearing muddy boots, and smoking a short-stemmed pipe. He thinks that in time, if he had familiar access to such a household, he might be cured of some, if not all, of these practices. Any West End family desiring such a guest can write to *Mr. Punch*.

AMOR VIATUTIS says that he never goes to a friend's house without feeling an almost irresistible desire to steal the spoons. He asks, is this a crime? Certainly not; it is mere organisation; and if you wish for the spoons, what are a few ounces of white metal compared to a fellow-creature's happiness? No true friend would grudge you such a trifle.

MARIA.—We can hardly advise you how to turn your Grecian nose into a *nez retroussé*, which you say FREDERICK likes; but something may be done by rubbing it upwards whenever you use your pocket-handkerchief, and by thinking constantly of handsome girls than yourself.

A YOUNG READER is informed that the beautiful lines—

"How doth the little busy bee
Improves each shining hour,"

are LORD BYRON'S. They occur in *Lalla Rookh*, where Roderick Dhu, the Last of the Goths, reproaches Clara Vere de Vere for idleness.

ELONORA X.—The author your name is one of the most virtuous as well as one of the handsomest men of the day; but as he has already three wives, and is engaged six deep, your chance is almost hopeless. Still, send him the £500 note, under cover to us.

LECTOR INSIPIDUS asks who is the author of the lines—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little cow,
How I wonder at you,
Up above the world so bright,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white."

We do not remember to have met with them, but they read like COWLEY.

SARAH JANE DODDING.—Although we think that metaphysical disquisition is not properly within the range of a secular periodical, we have no objection to reply to your inquiry, and say that we do not believe corn-plasters to be anything but palliatives, and that you must get the corn out.

A CONSCIENTIOUS FLUNKY.—"Not at home" is a means of sparing persons' feelings. "Out" would be a falsehood. If you were to say "Engaged," a caller might wish to wait; if you were to say "Does not wish to see anybody," vanity instantly whispers that an exception is or ought to be made in the inquirer's case. Whereas, "Not at home" means anything or nothing, and the visitor goes away tranquil. If you were our James, and intruded on your betters with seruples of the kind, you would be served as the elder Nicholas was by the Saint of that name in Mr. BARRHAM'S ballad.

MAOBALENN.—We pity your taste; but if you think a spangled officer, who wears his golden epaulettes upon his brow, a nobler being in the scale of creation than your despised ironmonger, take Mars and leave Vulcan.

KIKKS.—No person who wishes to be in health will walk less than a quarter of a mile daily, unless the weather is bad, or the exertion exceedingly distasteful. The mors sleep we take, the better. The poets have said, "How beautiful is sleep;" and, besides, we knew it without them.

STUDIOUS SAMUEL has burned down several houses, in consequence of his habit of reading after going to bed at night. He asks us whether he ought to discontinue the practice. We can only say, that if such trifles deter him from improving his mind, he has taken a name which he does not deserve.

KNAVE OF CLUBS.—Your friend may have been somewhat hasty in throwing the cards in your face, and knocking you down with the candlestick; but if we had been your opponent, and you had said "How Hot," and your partner had played two Hearts, we should have shied a tumbler at you.

G. FLETCHER.—We read all the plays you sent, and thought them very good; but, unfortunately, our laundress has disposed of them, by mistake, to a butter merchant, whose name the poor woman cannot remember. You had better write some more, and keep copies this time.

A THOUGHTFUL GLAZIER.—Divide the rectilinear arc of polarity by the cube of arithmetical parallelopedal progression, and the product will be what you ought to pay for putty.

A LOVER OF HIS COUNTRY.—Training a Rifle Corps does not exempt you from all taxation of every kind whatever; but if enough lovers of their country join, it may exempt Mr. GLADSTONE from the necessity of putting on some more taxation to carry on a war. As to your squint, we see no objection to that; indeed, it may help to deceive an invading enemy.

A CONSTANT READER.—Nay, with pleasure. Besides, is it not everyone's duty to inform those who are less instructed than himself? R. I. P. in an obituary means "Respected in the parish."

PENETRATOR.—No, it is undoubtedly unlawful for you to fire a pistol at a person bringing you a writ, or a subpoena. We are not so sure about the case of a County Court summons; but you had, perhaps, better take counsel's opinion before discharging the weapon.

J. V. P.—Nothing is more snobbish than imagining offences, or taking them where they are not intended. If he called you an everlasting idiot, with no more brains than a pumpkin, and not half so much heart as a cabbage, we suppose it was only in playful badinage. If, as you say, it was before ladies, this proves it was only in fun; for who quarrels in their presence? You had better beg his pardon for having been irritated.

ESORAZ sends us a packet of original articles, and promises to send a hamper of game. If he will be kind enough to send the hamper, and send for the original articles, we shall be much obliged.

A SINCERE ADMIRER.—We don't want any advice; and if you don't like us, you needn't take us in. Is it you, do you think, or we, who are obliged by your paying three-pence for a casket of unequalled wit and inimitable wisdom? Better consider that problem before you talk of patronising. We patronise you, and creation generally.

BETTY.—Go to bed.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.—It is not a good thing to see two brothers so intimate and inseparable. When you see it, you may conclude that there are some discreditably family secrets, which each is afraid the other will reveal if allowed to form a new friendship.

BLACK-EYED SUGAN.—And he had a perfect right to give you the black eye, if you used the language you mention. No man likes to be told that he is losing his figure.

A YOUNG NATURALIST.—A fungus is not quadruped, as your cousin asserts, but a uniped. We agree with you that the flavour is rather inane, and so thought LACTANTIUS VAURO, when he wrote *Fungar inani muree*.

PIGGE ANN.—With every disposition to promote the marriages of our fair correspondents, we are unable to agree with you that a young gentleman's asking you whether you did not think Walsworth a nice place to live in (he living there) is such an offer of marriage as will enable you to bring an action for breach of promise. Try to get him to be more gushing.

FURIOSUS.—We see no objection to your going, as proposed, to Bath, nor indeed, when there, to your getting your head shaved.

ULICK TIBROORE O'BRIEN.—We have destroyed your address, and burned all your manuscripts, and if you come bothering us any more, we have left orders in the office that whoever is on duty shall forthwith punch your head, and then take you to the police-station across the street. Now don't provoke us to harsher methods of getting rid of an Irish poet.

FRANCES-PHILIPPA.—Your case is a very hard one. Your husband avails himself of your habit of lying in bed to breakfast and read novels, to help himself to the best of the coffee. It is mean in him, but you are without remedy. You might, however, revenge yourself by giving the servant a hint to boil his eggs hard, and frizzle his bacon to chips.

A LOVER OF STENTS.—The tenure by which the DUKE OF WELLINGTON holds Apsley House is his exhibiting every room in it to any person whose name is either ARTHUR, WELLESLEY (or WESLEY), DUKE, or WELLINGTON, in short who has either the Christian name or surname of the Great Duke. Your card is generally sufficient, but it is best to take your baptismal certificate, lest the porter should be in a bad humour.

A BREAVED ONE.—Your lines to the memory of a Belov'd Huncle are not deficient in sentiment, but would not be generally interesting. People don't care about their uncles. And what is the meaning of the line—

"Thy Spirit could not Mix with Common Clay."
Did not the old party like his pipe with his glass of grog? In that case he was a Nass, and unworthy of your Muse.

ANTHONY ROWLEY.—You have no right to have your indentures cancelled because your master insists on your washing your face every day. We allow that he is a tyrannical brute, but such is the law of England.

INQUIRE.—Colney Hatch is so called from the great number of conies which used to be hatched there. To take their eggs was felony under the forest laws of our barbarous ancestors.

FREDERIC PETERSON (Lambeth) wants to be told, privately, "who SCHILLER was." We grant no private replies, and suspect that there are so many hundreds of persons who would like to ask the same question, that our public answer will be a favour. SCHILLER was a Hungarian, who fought under the banner of DON JUAN of Austria, in his campaigns against the Spaniards; and having been wounded at the capture of Hohenlinden, was converted to Lutheranism by the celebrated BOSSUET, and afterwards wrote the famous *Works of Rabelais*, which he dedicated to CATHERINE DE' MERICIS. He died a Catholic, and his widow, re-marrying, espoused HORACE WALPOLE. Now you know as much as VISCOUNT WILLIAMS.

THERSIANENSIS.—We have repeatedly said that we will not undertake to give either the ages, heights, or weights of actors and actresses. We believe, however, that Mr. B. WEBSTER is not more than seven feet high, and that he never played before KING CHARLES THE SECOND. Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS has been vaccinated. You have no right to take a church hassock into the pit and put it on to the seat to make you sit higher, as, if we sat behind you, you should find.

LITTLE JEREMIAH keeps pickles in a currant jelly pot in his bed-room, and puts them on a chair by his bedside at night, that he may eat them when he wakes in the morning. His father threatens him with meat in his pickles, namely, cold pig, if he perseveres in this epicureanism. The poor boy should plead the pedigree of a pickle, as deduced by a celebrated etymologist, King Jeremiah, Jeremiah King, Jerry King, Gherkis, Pickled Cucumber.

EMMA'S SISTER.—Your poetry is very charming, and had we space we should have great pleasure in publishing it all. As it is, we must find room for a scrap:—

I KNOW I AM A PRETTY GIRL.

I know I am a pretty girl,
Although my cousins sneer,
My teeth are all as white as pearl,
My eyes are bright and clear.
My foot is very small and neat
(To mention it's no blame),
But what is most divinely sweet,
My Henry thinks the same.

And I can sing, and I can waltz,
And make a pudding, too,
And if I have some little faults,
I shall not tell them you.
My hair has got a natural curl,
AMELIA is my name;
I know I am a pretty girl,
And Henry thinks the same.

Go on, dear, music publishers eagerly pay for much worse songs than that, and some composers think them "capital words."

MATILDA and ROSY have had their fortunes told by an old woman in the Westminster Road, and they want to know whether we think there is "anything in it," as she certainly told them some extraordinary truths. She told MATILDA that something would reach her ears that would surprise her, and sure enough next day her mother gave her a sound slap on each side of the face for impertinence. ROSY was told that she would shortly have a loss, and in three days she lost her place for reading the *Sorrows of an Unhappy One*, while she let the mutton be roasted to a cinder. Our young friends seem fair samples of a fortune-teller's clients, and nothing we could say would do them any good.

A BEGINNER.—Leave off.

A GRAVESEND BELLE complains of the young men of that metropolis, who, she says, seem afraid to speak to a girl when they have been introduced to her, though they are impudent enough before introduction, and stare at you like—we are sorry to say we cannot print her porcine illustration. Perhaps her hints may do them good, but we always thought them good.

HONRESCUS.—Your song of the Night Mare, your Ode written on a Dissecting Room Table, your Lines on Galvanising a Deceased Donkey, and your Chants of the Cemetery and Catacombs, are all extremely elegant and highly creditable to you, but we fear might not be acceptable to nervous readers. We give a specimen:—

Then under his ear in terror and fear,
The galvanical wire they apply,
And the Donkey he opened his ugly mouth,
And winked with his fishy old eye.
His leg it swung round, and behold on the ground
Five students are stretched in a row,
And the electrician, in sad condition,
Cried, "Well, if that ain't a Go."

BARBARA.—It is certainly "very unlucky to ent your finger nearly off on a Friday," but we should not consider it an instance of the very highest good fortune if we achieved that feat on any other day of the week. Yes, any girl who cuts all the bread and butter for the family is a good girl, and ought to have an addition to her pecuniary allowance.

ANTIQUARIAN.—The Edgeware-road is so called from there being nothing sold in the shops but cutlery.

MISS LAURA MACGREGOR.—Saturate the hair every night with syrup of poppies to which a gill of maraschino has been added; floor the head well, and let the mixture remain in the hair all night. You will find your hair thick enough in the morning. If you cannot get maraschino, treacle and the yolk of egg will do.

THE MAN WHO DOESN'T MIND.

A Social Sketch.



than those of Egypt to him. Almost perfect strangers play the part of dearest friends, and use the privilege of friendship to drop in on him at any time. As for needy visitors, he has them thick as thieves, and few leave him without making an attempt upon his pocket. Bosom friends unbosom their family misfortunes to him, and do their best to make him miserable by the story of their sorrows. Yet of all these pests and plagues, none have the least compunction or compassion in their plaguings. However they may pester him they feel quite sure he Doesn't Mind it!

In fact, the Man who Doesn't Mind is perpetually exposed to all manner of annoyances and physical privations. Everybody takes advantage of the goodness of his nature. It subjects him to insult as well as inconvenience. People stamp on his pet corns, and scarcely ever beg his pardon. However much they hurt him, they conceive he Doesn't Mind it, and rely he won't take steps to avenge the pedal injury. When he goes out to dinner, he is always the worst served and the worst seated of the guests. He gets the backbones of the fowls, and the serags of legs of mutton. No host ever dreams of giving him tit-bits. The chances are, indeed, that if the table's at all full he'll be moved off to the sideboard, and have to eat his dinner among dirty plates and dishes. People take for granted that he Doesn't Mind where he's put.

At a picnic, too, he finds his fate is just as sad a one. If there happen to be any children to be looked to, you may always take for granted that he's the happy man. And besides being appointed to the charge of the light infantry, he is sure to be entrusted with the heavy baggage also. The commissariat department devolves mainly on his shoulders. Whoever really is in fault, he is answerable for all its imperfections and deficiencies. When it happens that the knives and forks are left behind, everybody makes the most cutting of remarks to him, and digs at him unpitifully with some three-pronged sarcasm. Supposing such a wonderful accident occur, as that by some strange accident the salt should be forgotten, of course the Man who Doesn't Mind is told to go and forage for some, and not to leave a farm-house unattacked until he gets it. Then having duly done what was required of him as errand boy, of course he is expected to officiate as waiter; and should he steal time in his waitership to get a snack himself, he is pretty sure to find his seat assigned him in the nettles, or else where all the broken crockery and lobster-shells are shot. And to wind up his day's misery, should it rain going home, as it always does at picnics, of course he is expected to sit patiently outside and lend his rival his umbrella; and not to show the slightest symptom of annoyance, though he detects that rival, under cover of that umbrella, flirting fiercely with the widow with whom he himself is smitten!

In short, wherever he may be, and whatever he may do, the Man who Doesn't Mind is never thought of for a moment, except as a convenience. Whatever foible he may have, he never finds it gratified. His known "little weaknesses" are wholly disregarded. No one ever dreams of studying his comforts. Like the desires of *Mr. Toots*, his most heart-cherished wishes are considered "of no consequence." However useful he may be, no one ever thinks of even saying, Thank you. Nor is he allowed any periods of respite. If on Monday he does a service for a friend, on Tuesday the friend calls and makes him do another. Any one, at any time, may ask him to do anything. Whatever hobbies he may have, people never give him time to mount a single one of them. They interrupt him just when getting his foot well into the stirrup, and never have a fear that he will venture to kick out at them. In short, they do exactly with him what they please, and solely for the reason that they think he Doesn't Mind it.

MAN who Doesn't Mind is the most tortured of all the martyrs of society. He is constantly exposed to trials and privations. Like Ixion's wheel, his life is one continual round of profitless exertion—profitless, at least, so far as it concerns himself. Directly it is found out that he Doesn't Mind, everybody takes advantage of the fortunate discovery. His time and he are instantly at everybody's mercy, and no one ever dreams of being merciful to either. He gets imposed on right and left, in person and in purse. Boredoms bother him perpetually, and have no fear of being kicked. The remotest of relations act towards him as though they claimed the closest consanguinity, and thereby were entitled to be worse plagues

But the worst of it is, that in time even his wife gets seized with the infection. From seeing how his friends treat him, she learns to do the same herself. In her domestic calculations she puts him down as a mere cipher, and provides only for one,—herself being the unit. She expects him to go shopping with her twice a-week at least, and to do light porter's work, and carry home her purchases. She even dares to try if she can feed him on cold mutton, and she does so with impunity, and even without pickles; and she never dreams of palliating that cannibal offence by the after-introduction of his favourite pudding. At least twice in every month she asks her "dear Mamma" to come and stay a week with her, and then coolly fills his dressing-room with the parental pugs and parrots. Of course it gets the smell of a travelling menagerie. But she dreads not the Divorce Courts. She feels convinced he Doesn't Mind it!

LEGISLATING FOR THE MILLION.

THE *Financial Reformer*, a work whose facts are figures, informs us that every General Election costs the successful Candidates the expenditure of a million sterling. What it costs the unsuccessful ditto would require a strong arithmetical head to calculate. Why should not the nation have the benefit of that million outlay? Why should it all go into the pockets of the Electors, and so feed their corruption? Since it is seemingly impossible to put down bribery,—since Members themselves, who should be the very last to violate the law, are generally the first to break it,—we would recommend that each seat be put up to auction, and knocked down to the highest bidder. It would then be an open commercial transaction, instead of being a secret one. At present, votes are grown much as mushrooms are—by being cultivated in the dark. You sow your money, keep it thoroughly dark, and in a very short time you have a beautiful crop of votes, warranted to give an extra enjoyment to the dinner of any Candidate who has the good fortune, thanks to his *Fortunatus's* purse, to be elected. Why should not the nation have the advantage of the money that is spent at every election, instead of its all dropping into the cash-boxes of the hungry lawyers, and helping to overflow the tills of the thirsty publicans?

We would have a regularly-appointed public auctioneer, whose office it should be to regulate the sale and transfer of Parliamentary seats, and the Carlton and the Reform Clubs might be established as agencies. The House of Commons itself might be selected as the Great Political Auction Mart, where these seats should be put up for sale; and, with a little spirited bidding, we will warrant that the million sterling, which is at present the estimated cost of a General Election, might easily be worked up to two or three millions, and the national exchequer would be the gainer by it. Make this happy arrangement, and *CARDEN* might again come into Parliament, and the wealthy *LEATHAMS* might traffic boldly in the purchase of a seat, without being considered in the least disreputable.

Truth is Strange.

WHEN Cuddesden College was finished, the Builder thought fit to cut the initials of the Founder, the BISHOP OF OXFORD, and of the first appointed President, the REV. ALFRED POTTS, over the entrance, when there appeared—S. O. A. P. The inscription has been removed.

A STUPID REMARK.—As there is no House of Lords in America, a Yankee is justified in bragging about his "Peerless Country."

SIR PETER NOT HIMSELF AGAIN.



AN Ass once showed his long ears through a borrowed lion's skin; and the animal that *Dogberry* desired his clerk to write him down, still now and then appears in the misfitting robes of Justice. In proof whereof the following is a case in point:—

A boy is brought before SIR PETER, charged with an alleged attempt to pick a pocket. No witness appears who can depose to the offence, and the ground on which the prosecutor solely rests the charge is, that he fancied "he felt a pull at his coat pocket, and on turning round he saw the prisoner behind him." On the other hand there is abundant evidence adduced that the boy has for a long time borne the best of characters, and his master says that when the lad was taken into custody he had in his possession a quantity of gold leaf "which he might have stolen had he been that way disposed." Nevertheless, SIR PETER threatens to remand the boy to Newgate for some

days, but is deterred by the "great sensation" in the Court, in manifest disapprobation of his threat. The master being guarantee, the boy again appears at the bar of the Guildhall; but, for reasons of his own, the prosecutor does not make a re-appearance, and it is shown that he not only has given in a false address, but that he is in the habit of preferring

untrue charges. SIR PETER is obliged then to dismiss the boy, but it very clearly goes against his grain to do so, and as a parting benediction he lets fall this remark:—

"Remember, boy, it is your good character that has saved you!"

"Saved you," forsooth! Saved from what, pray, good SIR PETER? Saved from being, by your blundering, sent wrongfully to Newgate? If this be what you mean, you misstate the fact, SIR PETER. It was not the lad's "good character" that saved him from injustice. You turned your deafest ear to this plea in his behalf. It was the outcry in the Court to which alone you listened. Well, well, SIR PETER. We are none of us, you know, so young as we were once; and your deafness to the calls of common sense and common justice may doubtless be assignable to your length of years. Still, if ever we be falsely charged with picking pockets, all we can say is—Save us from SIR PETER LAURIE!

PRO BONO RE-PUBLICO.

IN Switzerland, we read that the expenditure of the country is at the rate of 5s. per individual. Of course, we never expected that in a republic any one would have gone in for a sovereign, even in the way of taxation; but the strangest thing is that, without a single sovereign, there should be such a multitude of crowns, for if you poll the entire population, you will find that there is precisely a crown to every head. The tax-gatherer, whose duty it is to carry the national hat round, could not make things fit more nicely. In England it does not stop at the crown, but every one is taxed head over ears.

THE BRASS BAND BURGLARS.

EVERY now and then when Parliament is up, and sub-editors are verging on despair for want of "copy," we see extracts from old journals stuck into the newspapers to refresh us as to what went on a hundred years ago, and remind us how much better we are off than were our forefathers. One of the many points wherein our better-offness is specially paraded is the fact, that owing to our excellent police, our persons and our purses are less subject to attack, and our houses and our streets kept in much greater security. If we chance to stop out late, there are no Mohawks now o' nights to bully us; and we can come home from our clubs at any hour we please, without a fear of being knocked down and half-murdered by a foot-pad. Moreover, when we go to bed we can sleep in peace and comfort, undisturbed by any dread lest our house be broken into. A J, we feel sure, is at the corner of the street, if indeed he be not supping in our very kitchen; and with such a cherub sitting up to watch for us, what nonsense it would be to feel nervous about burglars.

To show, in fact, how thoroughly our safety is protected, and how in every way a Briton's house is now his castle, we need but cast a glance at the following Police case, which a day or two ago was reported in the papers:—

"MARLBOROUGH STREET.—JOHN SUMMERLAD, a Gorman, one of a brass band of muselans, was charged before MR. BINGHAM with persisting in playing an instrument of music in Queen Street, Mayfair, after he was required to desist, in consequence of illness, and with assaulting DR. ROBERT TEMPLE FRERE, Physician, No. 3, in that street.

"DR. FRERE said, the defendant and others planted themselves in front of his house at seven the previous evening, and commenced playing instruments of music. His mother being seriously ill in the house, he sent his servant to require them to desist. The answer being that they had been paid to play, and should not give over without being paid more to do so, he went himself and told them to stop, and the reason there was for doing so. The defendant, who was the most prominent, still refused, telling him he had no power to prevent their music. They had for about half a minute ceased, and then began afresh. In vain he begged of them to give over, and while they played the defendant in particular became exceedingly abusive, telling him he knew English law better than he did, and no one had a right to stop them. While looking for a policeman they played out their tune, and he followed them into Chesterfield Street, where they re-commenced. While here the defendant impudently told him he should not have his share unless he went round with the hat. Here they did not stay long, and he on the look out for a constable, followed them still, they every now and then running up against and hustling him; the defendant, with the long legs of a music stand under his arm, swinging the same out and aside, so as to knock him on the face with them, of which he, hurt at the time, had the mark remaining. To protect himself from this violence he with his hand pushed him off, and the defendant purposely fell, and then charged him with knocking him down and doing damage to his instrument to the extent of six guineas. At this moment a policeman came in sight, and he gave defendant into custody.

"The defendant, in reply, said he had only been a fortnight in London from Hesseu, in Germany, and four days back joined the band. He then read a paper in his defence,

in which he said he was at a loss to understand why he had been fixed on as the chief offender, for he did go when the rest went, and was thrown down by the complainant, and had his instrument crushed in the fall; that the Magistrate would doubtless consider him as the injured person, the complainant having dealt out his own law by upsetting him, and that he looked now for the Magistrate's protection as a foreigner of recent arrival.

"MR. BINGHAM, having explained the law to the defendant, sentenced him to pay a fine of 40s., or be imprisoned for a month."

This case, we repeat, is taken from the papers, not of a hundred years ago, but of scarce a fortnight since. It proves, as we have said, how much we have advanced in point of street-security; and those noodles who affect to admire the good old times, may take comfort in reflecting that, after all, our progress in such matter is not great. Notwithstanding the invention of gaslight and police, bands of highway robbers still infest our streets, and steal away our comfort, if they cannot filch our cash. If we are ill, and just dozing off to sleep, like *Macbeth*, they "murder sleep;" if well, and just sitting down to work, they plant themselves directly underneath our "study" (!) window, and, unless we pay them hush-money, blow our brains out.

We think then that such ruffians as JOHN SUMMERLAD aforesaid should be charged with something more than merely an assault, when detected in such acts as those above narrated. To break into a house for the purpose of extracting money from its inmates,—if this be not "flat burglary," we should like to know what is: and we think that burglars should alike be punishable, whether they go to work with crowbars or trombones. We trust when Parliament next meets, there will be a due revision of the law upon this point. We should like to see our Magistrates empowered to deal summarily with culprits like this SUMMERLAD, and enabled to convict them of a crime not short of felony whenever, as in his case, the burglary was proved to be accompanied by violence. Meanwhile, worthy MR. BINGHAM has our thanks and *κudos* for turning his deaf ear to the said beggar's petition, and paying no heed to the "paper" which he read in his defence.

SONG BY A SURGEON.

TAKE, take, blue pill and colocynth:
 Hey, Sir! your liver is much out of order.
 Take, take, rhubarb and aqua menth.:
 Close on acute inflammation you border.
 Symptoms about your head,
 Make me congestion dread,
 When I take them with the rest in conjunction;
 Leave off wine, beer, and grog:
 Arrowroot all your grog,
 Let organs rest to recover their function.



GUY FAWKES FOR 1859.

THE LAW ON ITS LAST LEGS.

It really almost takes our mental breath away to think of it, but if something be not done to help to foster their vitality, we fear the race of lawyers will soon become extinct. They will be numbered before long with the lost tribes of Israel, and the Lanc of Chancery will know their face no more. The few surviving members, who have more longevity left than the rest, will be found with empty blue-bags at the corners of the streets, waiting anxious-eyed to run, or rather hobble off, on errands, as rapidly and far as their fast failing strength will suffer them. Or haply we shall find them crouching curled up on the pavement, with the sad words "I am Starving!" chalked close beneath their noses, and a basket for stray coppers held between their teeth.

At the Meeting of the Law Association held the other day, the speakers spoke most mournfully about their gloomy prospects, and many made allusion to the "rainy day" in store for them, as though there was small chance of their getting an umbrella. The Chairman was perhaps the most desponding of the orators, and his oration reads more like a dying speech and last confession than any other form of words to which we can compare it. *Delenda est Lex* was the text on which he preached, and heartrending indeed were the

remarks which he poured forth on it. He plainly told his hearers that owing to the so-called "amendment" of the law, they were progressing fast in a canine direction, or in vulgar parlance, they were going to the dogs. He declared that it surprised him they continued to exist; but he predicted their supplies would fall short before long, and that they would have to leave off living upon nothing, and appeal *in forma pauperis* to the public for support.

But this legal Jeremiah did not content himself with simply lamenting his sad plight, and the sad plight of all those whom, in a legal point of view, he regarded as his brethren, he closed his Lamentation with something strangely like a threat, and to his Jeremiad imparted what savoured very strongly of the *Jeremy Diddler* flavour. Speaking clearly for the purpose of catching the public ear and "seriously inclining" it to that attitude of interest which is assumed by ears when pricked up by a threat that they'll be boxed, or that something else to their advantage is in store for them, said the Chairman—

"It may not be desirable that we should be too rich; but there is a proverb which says, that it is a difficult thing to keep an empty sack upright, and I am sure it is a very desirable for the public that we should not be too poor."

So, according to this gentleman, honesty with lawyers is an article of luxury, and unless they are well off, they find they can't afford it. When a lawyer begins to go down in the world, he gives up his honesty as he would his carriage, and pursues his path of plunder contentedly on foot, until he can afford to be honest and to ride again. To be upright he considers is a matter not of conscience, but merely of the pocket. Like one of those toy figures which are kept upright by the swinging balance of a weight, a lawyer is kept upright only by a swingeing balance at his banker's.

Such at least is what we gather from the *dictum* we have quoted. The hint that it is difficult to keep poor lawyers upright, appears to our mind capable of no other construction. As with other beasts of prey, the conduct of a lawyer is dependent on his appetite. If you keep your cat well fed, it won't do you much mischief; and while a lawyer is well-fed he will not show his teeth much. But depend on it, as soon as either beast feels pinched, he'll betake himself to thieving without the slightest scruple, and lay his claws on everything that comes within his reach.

A CANDIDATE FOR AN INSTITUTION.

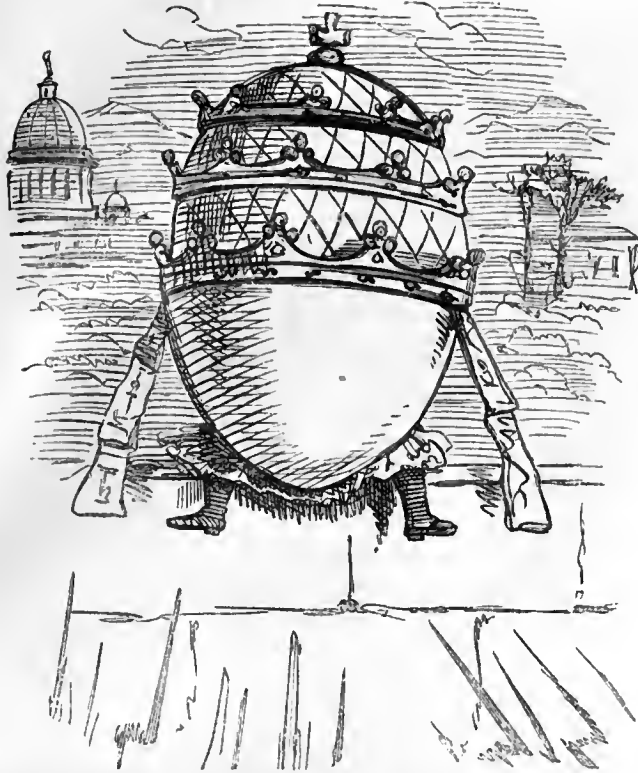
UNDER the head of "Undergraduate Extravagance at Cambridge," the *Times* relates a County Court case in which MR. EARDLEY GIDEON CULLING EARDLEY, a young gentleman who has lately come of age,—not to say arrived at years of discretion,—was sued for the price of some pictures and a map, bought by him in his minority. His bills incurred for similar trifles were said to amount to £16,000. On examination, this frugal youth stated that—

"He was a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and also a member of the Society of Denmark, and he expected to be a member of the Society of St. Luke at Rome."

This is apparently a young man of great expectations. The membership of the Society of St. Luke at Rome is one of them which may perhaps be realised; but the expectant seems to stand a much better chance of being admitted into the Society of St. Luke in Old Street.

THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION RESERVED.

TRANSLATE as you will, you could never get the BISHOP OF CORK to be considered the same as the EVÊQUE DE LIÈGE.



HUMPTY DUMPTY.

THE SCHILLER CENTENARY.

THE question keeps recurring to us, Will *Punch* have a Centenary? and if so, where on earth will the event be celebrated? The Crystal Palace may suffice for the Centenaries of SCHILLER, of HANDEL, or of BURNS; but will it be found big enough to hold the million upon million worshippers of *Punch*? Our own impression is that, decidedly, it won't. Indeed, we shrink not from predicting that a PUNCH'S CRYSTAL PALACE will have to be erected expressly for the purpose of keeping his Centenary; and some faint notion may be formed of the dimensions of this edifice, when we prophesy that ships of twice the size of the *Great Eastern* will float like toys in the big fountain basin in the central transept.

Meanwhile, let not the thoughts of the stupendous sights in store for it, distract the public eye and mind from sights which are now visible, and which, like those at Sydenham, are in general worth looking at. Until the *Punch* Centenary comes, the now existing Crystal Palace will doubtlessly suffice for the keeping of Centenaries. How many will be kept there before the Crystal Palace has to celebrate its own, is a problem which we leave to stronger minds to calculate. Had we not good faith in the good taste of the Crystal Palace Management, we should almost fear their mania for the keeping of Centenaries would induce them to keep such as were scarce worthy to be kept. If the mania spreads much, Centenaries will soon be coming thick as tax-gatherers, and the friends of any Anybody will get them for the asking. If the mania be not checked, we may live to see it mooted, Shall CATNACH have a Centenary? and the lovers of street organs, who have no ear for any music except that turned off by Handle, may like to get up a Centenary for that delightful genius by whom the art of organ-grinding was first introduced.

As we got into the train which rattled us, on Thursday, to "*Der Crystal Palast Schillerfest*," we seemed naturally to get into a train of thought like this. Our thought-train was however soon taken off the line, or at least we had to shunt it to make room for another. This we started from our mental terminus upon perusal of the following most mind-stirring remarks, which in German and in English, or at least in German-English, prefaced a short sketch of SCHILLER's life and works, expressly written to be read upon the day of his Centenary:—

"Hundred years ago on this very day, the creative power of Providence poured one of the greatest poetical talents of modern times into a mortal mould. Hundred years full of terrible events (*erschütternder Ereignisse*) passed away in the overflowing stream of time (*sind in dem wechselnden Strom der ewigstürrenden Zeit verankert und verschunden*). Hundred years!—and joyfully-shouting we see in all

parts of our little planet men, unite in order to celebrate the birth of one departed long ago (*um die Menschwerdung eines längst Dahingeschiedenen zu feiern!*)." After this big-sounding flourish the word-piler subsides into more simple language, thus:—

"What is it which excites the German; on this day, at home not less than abroad, in the North South East and West, on the shores of the icy Neva as well as on the thundering (*stürmenden*) Niagara, on the Danube as well as on the banks of the Ohio, yea, even on the gold-filled rivers of California? What makes them at home forgetful of the troubles and cares of their everyday life, their pitiful (*kläglich*) political position, the dissension of parties, the want of a happy independence (*an freier Selbständigkeit*), the oppression of ignorance? What silences abroad the German's woeful pangs for a Fatherland, his restless chase after mortal goods, his hope for gain? What concentrates and moves all his thoughts and feelings as so many sparkling planets round one bright sun-light?"

To these poetic questions the brutal and prosaic mind might haply answer—BEER! If anything can excite a German, it is Beer! If anything can make him sparkle, it is Beer! So at least thinks vulgar ignorance, and shallow-brained conventionality. Psha! bah! pooh! Out upon such brutal and untimely jesting! To-day no thought or taste of beer is in the German's mind or mouth. What brightens and excites him on the memorable Tenth is—

"The heartfelt remembrance of the birth of our great and immortal poet, philosopher, and historian, FRIEDRICH SCHILLER; who, by stepping into the light of this world, became for ever a beaming light on the horizon of poetry."

To this we, mentally of course, gave a laudatory "*hear!*" and then skipping the biography, which was an insult to our memory, we read with mingled rapture, awe and wonder, this:—

"It would be now the moment to establish through Germany's vast provinces a brotherly unity in political life: for we have proved on the occasion of SCHILLER's Festival that the Germans have, in fact, a Fatherland. A great, far-spread, boundless country! (*weit ausgelehntes, unermessliches!*) The empire of thought, imagination, and civilisation! There dwell the Germans creating in all the corners and parts of our terrestrial globe (*in allen Winkeln und Gegenden des Erdballes*), 'swelling eternity but by grains of sand,' putting their shoulders to the wheels of progress at the slowly-moving coach of universal civilisation."

This picture of the Germans putting their shoulders to the wheels of the coach of civilisation so completely overcame our comprehensive faculties, that when we reached the Palace we were forced to have some lunch, that being the best process we could think of for reviving them. Having thus regained our senses and serenity, we found ourselves enabled to listen with complacency to the singing and the fiddling which was done in the great orchestra, to a rattling accompaniment of knives and forks and coffee-cups.

Owing to our late arrival (we had been closeted with LORD P—L—M—RST—N and MR. GL—DST—NE all the morning, helping them to get up the rough draft of their R—f—rm Bill, which, unless "our French friend" comes to "play a game that two can play at" before Christmas, will be the trump-card that the Government will lead off with, shortly after)—through this, we say regretfully, we missed hearing the Address which was delivered with much pantomime by energetic DR. KINKEL; and as his speech was all in German, we the more regret not hearing it, as we thereby lost a chance of pretending to know German by endeavouring to look as though we understood it.

We also missed the hearing of the Festival Cantata, and the sight of the "Unveiling of the Colossal Bust of SCHILLER," which a small wag, who of course would have trembled had he known Us, dared within shot of our ear to call irreverently a Buster! We, however, were in time for the "*Song of the Bell*," and we thought of our cracked friend all the time that we were hearing it. Perhaps the lines which most affected us were these:—

"When the copper within
Seethes and simmers, the tin
Pour quick that the fluid which feeds the Bell
May flow in the right course glibly and well."

Reading this, of course we naturally thought of the Tin which we have poured in, or have shelled out, for Big Ben; and this passage too awakened a painful reminiscence:—

"Come in, come in!
My merry men, we'll form a ring,
The new-born labour christening,
And 'CONCORD' we will name her!"

With our mental ears still ringing with the Denison-cum-Mears-cum-Everybody squabble, we thought, had we to re-christen our Ben, we should rather name him DISCORD.

These reflections, of course, naturally filled us, being tax-payers, with sorrowful emotions. So, on the homœopathic principle, we tried to drive away sorrow by taking a small dose of the Show of Prize Chrysanthemums, which, as every schoolgirl knows, are called the "flowers of grief." After a minute inspection of the Show (by a "minute inspection" we mean a glance of sixty seconds), we came to the conclusion that the judges had shown judgment in giving seedling "Arthur Wortley" a first-class certificate, which seedling "Mrs. W. Holborn" (*query, Holborn, W.C.?*) and seedling "Miss Augusta" had likewise done their nurseries the credit to obtain. We also came to the conclusion that Chrysanthemums were prettier in blossom than in name, and we rather thought that a young lady with a cold (a complaint

which, thanks to Crinoline and tiny bonnets, is now prevalent) had better avoid asking CHARLES to come and look at her Chrysanthemums, for fear her pretty lips (and nose) might laply make such ugly sounds as "Cub ald look at by Chrysalthebubs!"

Having ocularly feasted upon this floral repast, we took the slight refection of a Captain's biscuit,* a refreshment which is cheap and nutritious if not nice, and has this further advantage, that while it feeds it exercises. We then came into the Gardens, *Maud*, to see the Torchlight Procession, which as every tourist knows, is a German institution, and natively rejoices in the unepoch name of *Fackel-Zug*. A cigar and curiosity impelled us to the lighting-stove, and there a courteous German asked us most germanely to become one of the torch-bearers. But the torches being made of pitch, our enthusiasm fought a pitched battle with our prudence, and as we hadn't our worst coat on, we declined the honour proffered to us. The torches when first lighted had a will-o'-the-wisp look, which made one think that all the jack-o'-lanthorns in the universe had flocked together for the sake of having a flare-up, in order, as wags say, to throw a light upon the subject. With the fountains playing merrily, and the moon patting their heads and tipping them with silver (the Benevolent may like to know that she did not tip Us with any), the scene was quite theatrical, and had all the advantage, whatever that may be, of having "REAL WATER!!!" in it. Indeed, if it had not been for the sharpness of our appetite (the Crystal Palace air, O Aldermen! is the best of strops for appetites) we very likely should have felt more sorry than we were when the nearly burnt out pitch-torches, were tossed into a heap: a sort of game of pitch and toss which, except upon Guy Fawkes Days, is seldom played among us. Had the evening been pitch dark, the pitch-light would have shone more brightly than it did. But what was wanting in the blaze was quite made up for in the smoke, which rose skyward from the bonfire in as dense a volume as would be made by a collection of the speeches of our Wiscount; whose oratory in this point may be likened to a *Fackel-Zug*; for, flare up as he may, there is very little sparkle in it, and it always ends in smoke.

* Prithec, why called "Captain's," eh, good *Notes and Queries*?

WOMEN'S WORK.



ALENTED SIR, I could find plenty of employment for women, but I never can get any of them to do it. At the present moment there are no less than nineteen buttons off my shirts. It is the same with my collars—not a string on them; the same with my gloves—not a pair can I wear, they are all so disgracefully full of holes. I also would willingly have my hair curled every morning, but I cannot get any one of my sisters to get up sufficiently early to do it for me! It is no better if I want to learn a particular song,—not one of the girls will condescend to teach it me, though there are six

pianos in the house, I am sure, if there is one.

"Believe me, Sir, it is all nonsense: there is plenty of employment, but the truth is, when it is offered to the women they won't accept it. Why, I would undertake myself to keep two or three constantly employed all day with the few things (making flies, punching out wadding, and the like) that I want attending to. The fact is, the girls of the present day are getting confoundedly too proud, or else too lazy. They won't do a single thing. Why it was only yesterday that I asked Miss LUCY to clean my pipe out for me, and the young puss actually refused me to my face!

"That is a fact, Sir, and you are at liberty to make the most of it.

"I remain, Sir, with the greatest indignation,

"A SNUBBED BROTHER."

"P.S. My sisters say that I am a selfish, surly, disobliging brother, and that is the reason they will do nothing to please me. Pretty nonsense! Why they will do anything for TOM, and ALFRED, and GUSS; and I am sure they behave no better to them than I do."

SWIMMING FOR LADIES.—We hear that the Talking Fish is under an engagement to teach a large party of ladies to swim. He offers to teach them swimming, if they in return will give him lessons in talking.

"DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN."

"When the POPE is pressed by the Duc DE GRAMMONT to concede Reforms, he eludes the request by declaring his readiness 'to retire to the Catacombs like so many of his predecessors.'"—*Times Correspondent's Letter from Rome.*

WHAT was that threat, old man?—Thou wilt retire

Down to the Catacombs, where sleep the bones
Of Martyrs snatched from the arena's pyre:

With rude but reverend symbols on the stones,
That from the pagan's desecrating ire
Hid their remains who braved, by faith, both sword and fire?

A Pope among the Martyrs!—the last link
Of the long chain that round the Church's neck,
Has hung for ages—weight enough to sink

Even St. Peter's ship, though proof 'gainst wreck,
Of enemies—save her own crew that slink
To scuttle the doomed craft, while her watch-captains wink—

The last link of the Papal coil, essaying

To elasp itself anew upon the chain
Of those first converts: saints that fasting, praying,
Holding all things in common, using gain

For godliness, found Truth so strong for staying
Of feeble feet, that they lived down all men's gainsaying.

A Pope among the Martyrs! The worst fruit

Of that unhallowed wedlock of the Church
And CONSTANTINE, claims kindred with the root

Of that true seed, that rather chose to smirch
Its hand with fire, than gold and gems to boot,
Offered to tempt men's souls, in Mammon's skilful suit.

A Pope among the Martyrs! Death by Life—

Battered Corruption crouching by the side
Of virgin Innocence—Love clasp'd by Strife—

Old Falsehood claiming Young Truth for his bride—
So seems the POPE, fleeing from dangers rife
To caves where the young Church hid from the Pagan knife.

Or is 't that to the graves he fain withdraws,

As feeling that his place is with the dead—
Dry bones with dry bones making common cause,

For that the life of these, as those, is fled—
Though a tiara shades the fleshless jaws,
And gems and gold still shine upon the bony claws?

Or is it memory of the marvel, wrought

Upon the dead by the dead Prophet's bones,
That leads the POPE to the saints' tombs, in thought

That there are relics underneath these stones
Which with mirific virtue may be fraught,
To quicken once again that Power which now is naught?

What matter for the reason? 'Tis enough

To know the great Iniquity that sits
Enthroned on Rome's Seven Hills—though ne'er so tough
Its hold on mind and bodies—with mazed wits,
Sees nations moek its thunders, rude and rough,
As summer winds are mocked by some sca-breasting bluff.

ANOTHER POET ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

GRIM GARIBALDI to breach and to batter comes,

Awfully great is the Vatican's funk;

Pius declares he'll go hide in the Catacombs,

Down to the Dead Men, old cowardly monk.

Down with you then, sainted model of lowliness,

Fear not your dive will occasion a tear:

Italy's joy, when she misses your Holiness,

May be less civil, perchance, than sincere.

Such is the aid which the Church's head Shepherd

Gives to the flock he should guide and console!

Dreading his own holy hide may be peppered,

Eager he rushes to burrow a hole.

Nay, he does well. When the combat and clatter comes,

Men may be there he has reason to dread—

But what a proud day for the Church! In the Catacombs
Skulks from the storm her Infallible Head.

FLIGHT OF TIME.

"I ALWAYS know when it is Quarter-day, and time to receive my salary, by my wife asking me to take a walk with her down Regent Street."—*A Husband of Twelve Years' Combing.*

THE IDEA WE FIGHT AGAINST.



SEE the *Débats* on the causes of our increased armaments, formation of rifle corps, state of uneasy expectation, and double Income-Tax. Having contradicted the supposition that the menaces of the French Press have caused us to involve ourselves in all this trouble and expense, our Parisian contemporary proceeds to say that—

“The general anxiety which prevails among our neighbours is rather owing to a correct feeling of the false position in which the policy followed during these last years has placed England. Nothing is more common than for men to run into an evil which they are too eager to avoid, and the old saying which advises us not to jump into the water for fear of getting wet, has also its application in politics. England has been of late violently in love with neutrality, and has professed a predilection for peace hitherto unexampled in her history. The *Times* now tells us, what is the most apparent result of that conduct, namely, that in that country, which holds war in so much abhorrence, they are now making a hundred thousand rifles, and everybody is learning to use them.”

Our friend the author of *The Thistle and the Rose* is requested to observe that, in the foregoing extract, England is put for the United Kingdom—part for the whole. He will please to mind that this figure of

speech is employed, in the present instance by a French, and not an English journalist, and may consider whether it is probable that a Parisian writer has conspired with our London contemporaries to insult, by ignoring, Scotland.

The British Public (*Punch* will not kick against the prickles of the plant which is not to be touched with impunity, except by an ass) has, no doubt, endangered peace by having neglected to prepare war. It certainly has neglected to prepare war, partly because it holds war in extreme abhorrence; an abhorrence not lessened by the thought of the corpses now rotting in the mould of Italy, which Englishmen (and Scotchmen) have not forgotten, and by the sight of the stumps on which it sees young men hobbling about the streets. But the British Public was also induced to neglect to prepare war by the fond hope that some of its neighbours had ceased to be nations of cruel and brutal fools, and tiger-apes, capable of running loose upon their kind,—cutting, stabbing, squelching, lacerating them,—tearing out their entrails, and burning them alive, from the equally selfish and silly motive of a thirst for glory; that is, for the pleasure of getting mad drunk on the pride and ferocity of fiends, and of being worshipped by the survivors of their victims with the adoration of fear, as the miserable Yezidi worship the Devil.

The British Public has been disappointed. It prepared peace; and the Continental powers levied war. True, the huge hosts of the despots are chiefly formed of conscripts, of whom all may not be the voluntary slaves of their diabolical masters. Slaves, however, they are,—subordinates of those principal demons; and the best that can be said for them is, that they serve by compulsion, and perform under duress, the drudgery of poor devils,—namely, in tormenting mankind, and trying to involve others in their own misery and subjection.

The British Public abhors war; but it abhors enslavement more. It abhors killing; but it hangs murderers, and has constables who will apprehend them and drag them to justice in spite of their teeth, and nails, and knives. It will deal, to the best of its might, in like manner with all comers who may approach it with sword and fire, vain-glorious and bloodthirsty rascals, who go to war for an idea; which is the idea of domination, crowning a series of accursed revels in carnage and rapine.

They Stick at Nothing.

THE old saying gives us fair warning that “if we throw plenty of mud, some of it is sure to stick.” On the same principle, we suppose if we are continually throwing abuse at the penny-postage stamps, some of it is very likely to stick,—which may be one way of making them adhesive, since they will not be so in any other. These stamps are of the flightiest description, for one of them is no sooner on than it is off again, just in the same touch-and-go manner as CHARLES

MATHEWS on the stage, when he is acting in a light farce. They are here, there and everywhere, but in the right place. They do not deserve being in the pay of Government, for they never know how to keep a post when one is offered to them.

PROS AND CONS FOR POPE PIUS.

THE POPE he leads a happy life,
He has the Church for child and wife,
With lodging, board, and washing free,
And eke Infallibilitie.

With ANTONELLI's counsels sage,
McGUIRE's and BOWYER's truthful page,
ABOUT may write what scoffs he will,
And the Romagna kick its fill.

LET GARIBALDI rouse to arms,
A CULLEN's voice the tempest charms;
If to play false NAPOLEON dare,
There's VEUILLOT and his *Univers*.

But yet he's not a happy man,
With GRAMMONT at the Vatican.
In PETER's chair 'tis hard to sit,
With pointed bayonets propping it.

MORTARA meetings break his rest;
SHAFTESBURY night-mares ride his breast;
Austria and France, his favourite sons,
Each other pound with swords and guns.

Between two stools, as all folks know,
Unto the ground a man will go.
Much more his Holiness of Rome
Between seven hills to grief must come.

Envoys of France his conduct school;
A rebel people spurn his rule;
As *brutum fulmen* coolly scan
The thunders of the Vatican.

When excommunications fail,
And drunken Switzer guards turn tail;
When naked Truth dares face the day,
Fig-leaves and figments thrown away,—

When Austria hides her damaged head,
And BOMBALINO skulks to bed;
When PLO NONO's best defence
Is VEUILLOT's truth and CULLEN's sense,—

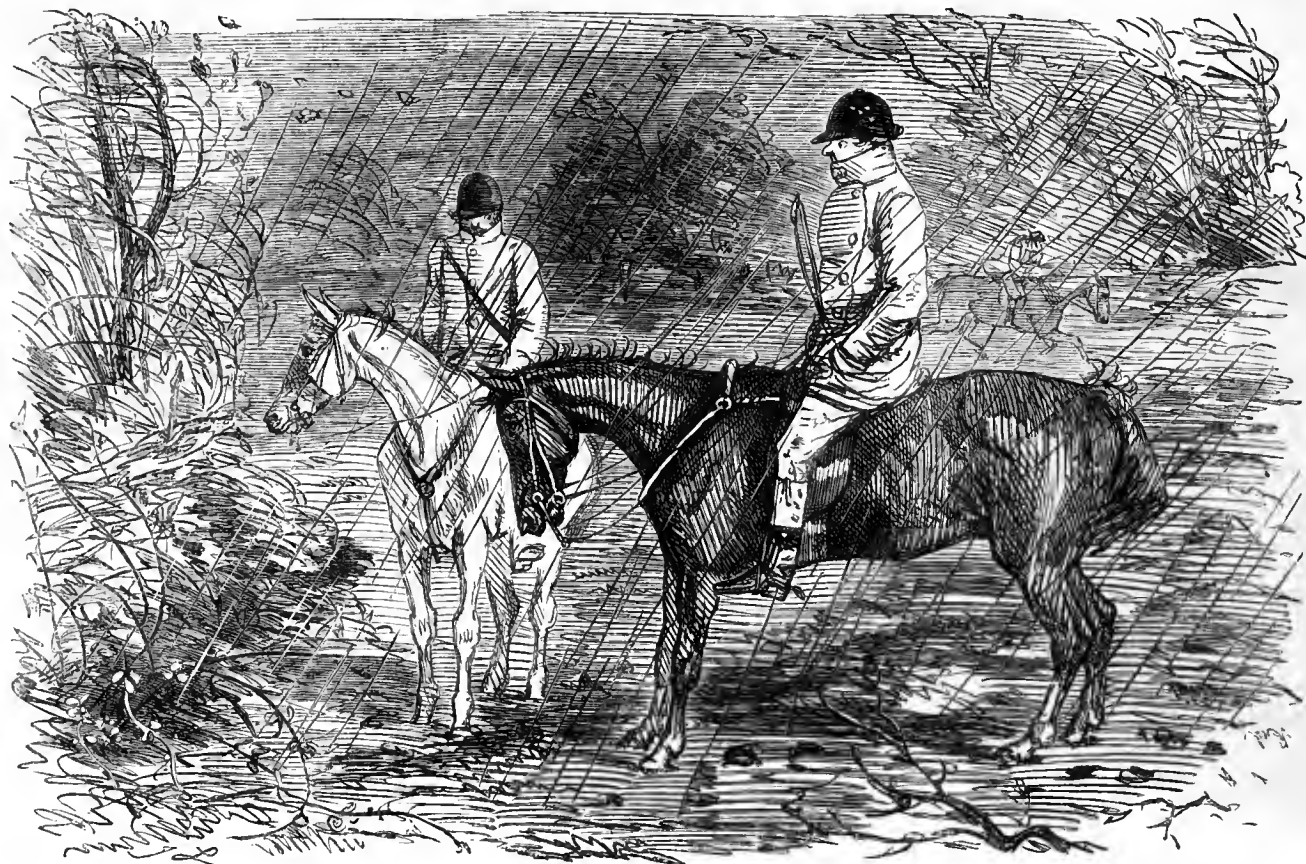
Old Hollow Mask, that sitteth there,
In PETER's aught but easy chair,
Bluster or bully, wail or whine,
I would not that thy seat were mine.

THE STAFFORD STOKING-ROOM.

WHAT has the first of the two sentences which constitute the subjoined handbill to do with the second?—

“The Scotch Express, leaving GLASGOW at 9.45 a.m., and EDINBURGH at 10.0 a.m., arriving at STAFFORD at 5.53 p.m., remains 15 minutes to dine. A HOT DINNER provided daily, in a comfortable Dining Room, and at a moderate charge.”

The Scotch Express, certainly, arriving at Stafford at 5.53 p.m., and remaining there fifteen minutes to dine, may be capable of dining within that time. A quarter of an hour may suffice the stoker for feeding the Scotch Express with coke. But by whom may the hot dinner, provided daily in a comfortable dining-room, be supposed to be eaten? One would conjecture that its expected consumers would be derived from the number of passengers who might happen to get out of the train at Stafford, meaning there to leave it. Who would be such a fool as to scald his mouth, and render himself liable to an attack of indigestion, by attempting to bolt a hot dinner in fifteen minutes? The dining-room in which such a feat was attempted might be comfortable enough in itself; but the wretches endeavouring to perform the disgusting exploit would deservedly experience the severest discomfort in their own interiors.



"OUT AGAIN, JACK?"

RATHER KEEN.

"YES! I ALWAYS LIKE TO GET AS MUCH HUNTING AS I CAN BEFORE CHRISTMAS—THE WEATHER IS SO NICE AND OPEN!"

HOW ABOUT RIFLEMEN'S LIFE ASSURANCES?

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I HAVE the good fortune to be married to one of the handsomest, and I am sure and certain, one of the bravest of men, and how nobly my EBENEZER would look in the costume of the Edgeware Road Rifles you can hardly imagine. A fond and devoted wife (which I may say that I am) would rejoice to behold the husband of her heart in the uniform of her QUEEN.

"But, Mr. Punch, my beloved EBENEZER shall not, if I know it (and he does very little, I can tell you, a dear fellow, that I do not know all about), join a Rifle Corps, try on a uniform, or even look into a gun-maker's window, until I have my mind made comfortable upon the following point.

"When I consented to become his happy bride, my dear parents insisted upon my EBENEZER's assuring his life, and he loved me too well to think of hesitating. He assured himself in either the Ineligible or the Unamiable Assurance Office, I forget which. To the sum thus secured, I, and the five darling children at present composing all our happy circle, have alone to look, in the unfortunate event of dearest EBENEZER exchanging this mundane world for a celestial.

"Now, dear Mr. Punch, I know that most of the Assurance Offices provide that they shall not have to pay anything if an assured life becomes extinct by duelling (and very proper), or by shooting yourself (and very proper too, only that the loss falls upon your family), or by your being hanged (which is not likely to happen to a respectable person), and I am told that in some offices they provide against paying if you fall by the hand of an Invader.

"Now, this is the point. If our Riflemen's Assurances are not made safe, whatever may happen to them in the discharge of their guns or their duty, no man who has a wife and children, and loves them, is justified in enlisting. If he cannot protect his own home by Assurance, he has no call to be protecting other people's homes by Valour.

"My EBENEZER shall not join, until he has it distinctly agreed that if anything happens to him in reviews, or in exercises, or in case the

enemy comes, and EBENEZER rushes to glory (as I know he will) and meets a hero's doom, the money shall be paid by the Ineligible or the Unamiable, or whatever it is. Not that I should long survive him, of course, but I choose to have the money.

"I should think that the Assurance societies would not be such Idiots as to refuse to make this agreement with all the Riflemen, for if the country were left undefended, what would become of the Assurance Offices? Why, my dear Mr. Punch, the French would turn them all into *cafés*, and very nice *cafés* they would make, with their large tables and plate-glass doors.

"However, that is their business. If I were the Offices, I would at once let the Rifles know what my intentions were, and if I were you, Mr. Punch, I would publish a list of the Offices to which a brave Rifleman may safely go, and provide for his innocent family before encountering his ferocious enemies. No man will take such a steady aim at a wicked Frenchman as the man who knows that all is right at home.

"Lay the proud invaders low,
Tyrants fall in every foe,
But before to fight you go,
Mind your policy."

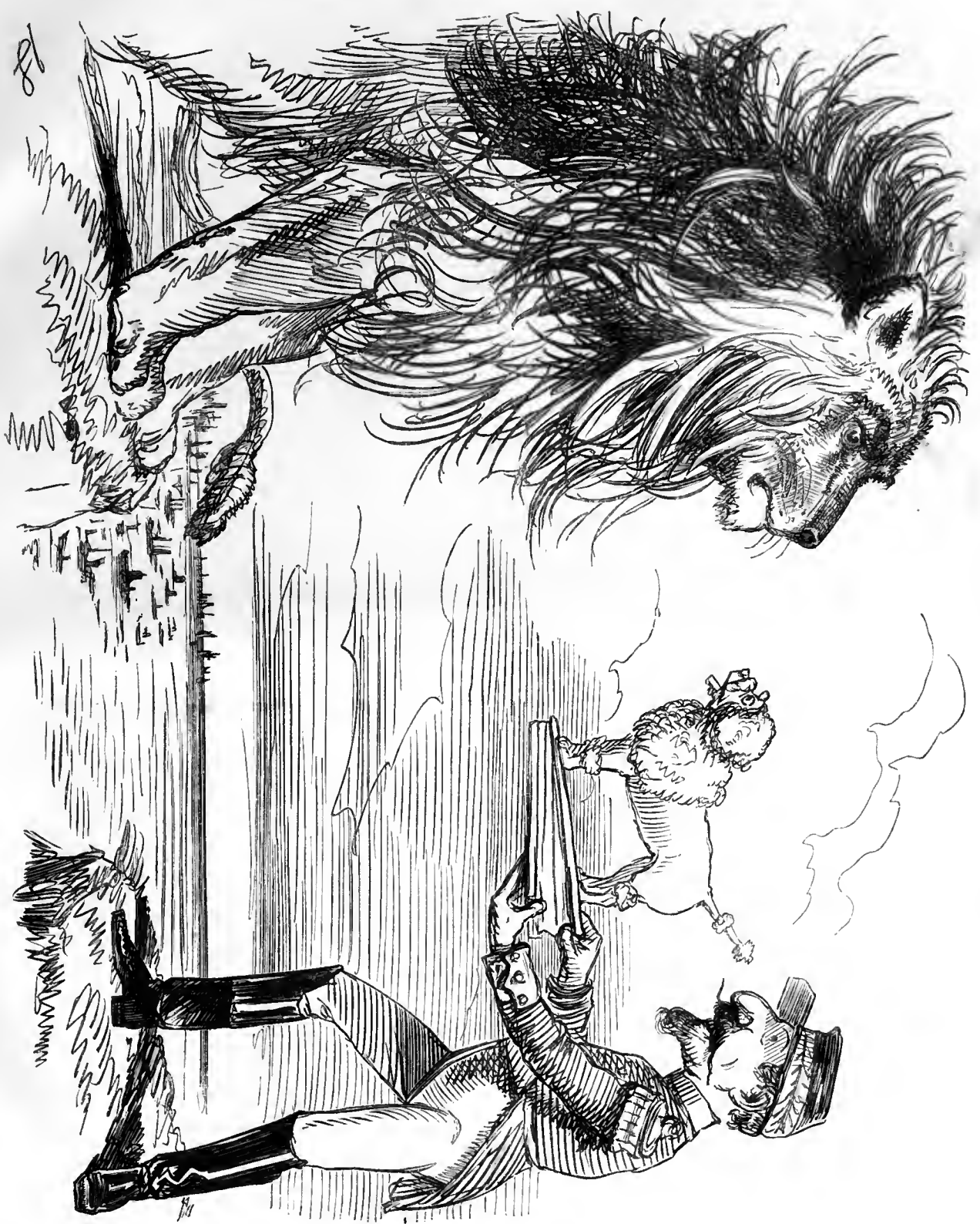
"Pray bring this question forward in your own way, and believe me, dear Mr. Punch,

"Your devoted admirer,
"CORNELIA CARNABY."

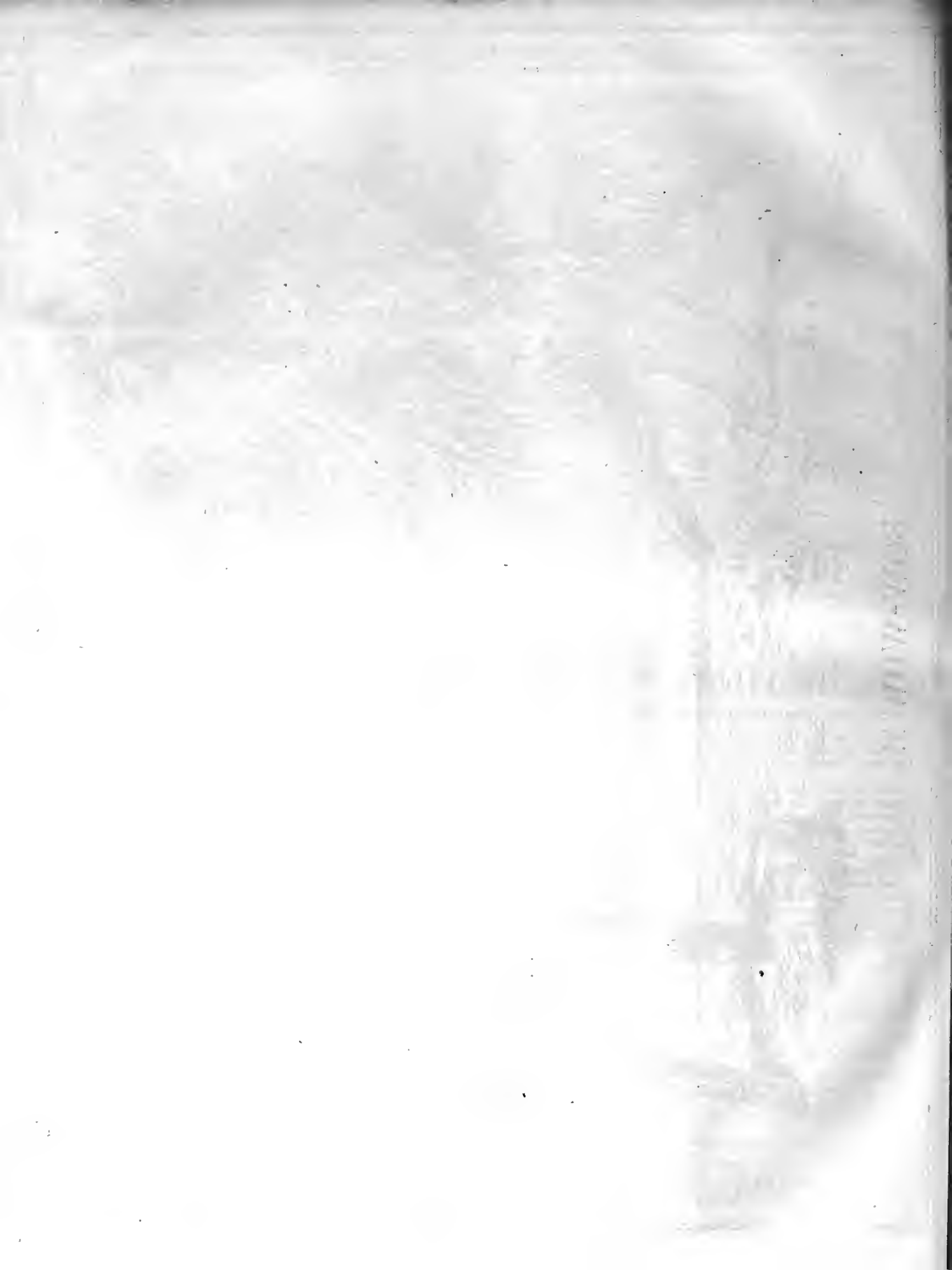
"P.S. The Assurance Offices that hinder gentlemen from enlisting, by the threat of forfeiting their policies, are surely enemies to the QUEEN and country, and might be prosecuted for high treason, and their money taken away towards the expenses of the war. You might mention this.

Getting a Rise.

On account of the perpetual ferment in the parish, it is proposed to change the name of a certain oriental district to St. George's in the Yeast.



BOW-WOW !!



HIGH JINKS AT MIDDLESBOROUGH.



THAT truly odd fellows there seem to be at Middlesborough!—and the author of the advertisement whereof portions are subjoined appears to be one of them:—

DUNKERLEY'S GRAND DRESS BALL.

AT the repeated request of many of his friends, MR. DUNKERLEY has made arrangements for a GRAND DRESS BALL to take place in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Middlesborough, on Monday Evening, November 7th, 1859. . . . Four Splendid Iced Cakes will be given—One to the Belle of the Ball; another to the Lady who approaches nearest to the Belle; one to the Best Amateur Step-Dancer, who has attended MR. DUNKERLEY'S parties, and one to the Best Conducted Gentleman.

The Ball will be kept up till a late hour, so as to enable parties from a distance to depart by the early trains in the morning. Doors open at half-past eight, music at nine.

We hope MR. DUNKERLEY'S Ball went off pleasantly. The prize to be awarded to the best conducted gentleman seems to indicate that the projected assembly was not likely to be remarkable for conduct of a

superior description. It is to be feared that the iced-cake which was to have been allotted to the Belle of the Ball may have had the effect of the original Apple of Discord, and occasioned a row. We should like to know who took the part of PARIS on this occasion, and acted as umpire. The lady who was judged to approach nearest to the Belle of the Ball was perhaps dissatisfied at coming off second best, although she may have swallowed the affront with her iced cake. The gentleman who had the politeness to approach nearest to such a Belle was, perhaps, the rather deserving of encouragement. As to the best Amateur Step-Dancer, no doubt he fairly earned his prize by cutting capers of a sort very fit to be exhibited in the Hall of the oddest of Odd Fellows. Peradventure the "best conducted gentleman" concluded the festive evening with a song,—namely, "We won't go home till morning, till the early trains are near!"

THE WEAR AND TEAR OF RAILWAYS.

An interesting paper on railway statistics gives us the information that "twenty thousand tons of iron require to be replaced every year on railways, owing to the wear and tear, and twenty-six million wooden sleepers require to be replaced annually from the same cause." These sleepers are evidently not what are called "sound sleepers," or else they would not have to be pulled out of their beds after they had been lying down for so short a duration of time. However, there are other questions connected with the wear and tear of railways that we should like to be acquainted with.

If a train comes in an hour or two hours late, what is the effect of the wear and tear upon the patience of the travellers? If a lady finds that her luggage, which she wants particularly that evening to go to a grand county ball, has been carried to quite an opposite direction of the kingdom, how does her temper stand the wear and tear? If a first-class traveller is obliged to associate with a set of foul-tongued short-pipe-smoking ruffians, that are thrust into his compartment, because there is no room for them in the third-class, is his dignity much hurt in consequence of the wear and tear to which his fine cambric, as well as his fine feelings, have during the time been pitilessly exposed? Then there is the wear and tear of a railway-meeting, when the poor shareholders cannot get an explanation from their chairman, who simply defies them, nor satisfaction from any of the officials, whose sole duty in attending appears to be to laugh at the questions put to them by any one who has an interest in the concern? And lastly, there is the wear and tear of mind and soul and pocket of the poor creatures who have invested all their savings in the property, and cannot get the smallest scrap of a dividend in return.

Leaves and Flowers.

"MR. BOHN, of Covent Garden, the eminent Publisher and Floriculturist, summoned a Cabman. . . . The Cabman was convicted. . . . MR. BOHN would rather have paid £5 than appear, but did so on public grounds."—Police Report.

For punishing that Cabman's scoff,
Accept two wishes, MR. BOHN.
Quick may your monthly rows go off,
Long may your monthly rose hold on.

A GO AT THE GAMESLAUGHTERERS.

THE Mania for Gameslaughter has increased so much of late, that *Mr. Punch*, who is a sportsman, and therefore not a gameslaughterer, feels inclined to say a few words on the subject, for the purpose, if he can, of checking the insanity. *Mr. Punch* has, indeed, two objects in so doing,—the one being to prevent the extinction of good sportsmanship, which in the present state of things he fears is rapidly approaching; and the other, to prevent the extinction of the furred and feathered tribes of game, which *Mr. Punch*, as a good sportsman, has no wish to see annihilated. Abundant evidence is daily furnished by the newspapers that there are grounds for apprehension on both these accounts. Here, for instance, is a paragraph which *Mr. Punch* takes quite at random from a multitude of others, and without the least intention to hold up to special censure the persons who are named in it:—

"IS IT SPORT, OR WHAT?—THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, SIR JOHN THOROLD, and COLONEL TYRWHITT, shot through his Grace's preserves at Cheveley Park, near Newmarket, and in one day killed 230 pheasants, 30 partridges, 100 hares, and 17 rabbits. During seventeen days' shooting, the DUKE OF RUTLAND and his friends—three guns per day—have killed 702 pheasants, 2,230 partridges, 634 hares, 172 rabbits, 1 woodcock, 1 landrail; total, 8,740 head, and with that shot by LORD GEORGE MANNERS, on the outside portion of the manor in September, makes a total of 4,437 head."

To the question, Is this sport? *Mr. Punch* says plumply No. A good day's sport does not, to *Mr. Punch*'s mind, consist in going out with armies of gamekeepers and gualoaders, and keeping up incessantly a blazing fusillade, and blowing everything to bits the very instant it gets up. This may perhaps be sport to those who love to hear their guns go off, and whose organs of destructiveness are so prodigiously developed that they shoot for the mere sake of making a good bag. But *Mr. Punch* takes no delight in such exterminating gunnery. *Mr. Punch* loves best to shoot after the manner of the ancients, and he sees no sport at all in these wholesale modern massacres. What *Mr. Punch* calls "sport" is, quietly to go out with a brace of good staunch pointers, and contentedly to bag his dozen brace or so of birds, while stretching out his legs upon a breezy Suffolk heath, or wading to his knees among the freshly-smelling turnips. When he shoots, he likes to kill, and generally does so. But the killing does not constitute the sole charm of the sport to him. To a rightly-thinking mind, such as *Mr. Punch*'s, the main enjoyment of the sport consists in breathing the fresh air, and getting healthful exercise of lung as well as limb; while the game one is pursuing serves to occupy one's thoughts, and keep one's brain from brooding upon matters that might worry it.

No. To *Mr. Punch*'s mind battuc banging is not sport. *Mr. Punch* still likes to shoot after the fashion of his forefathers, however "mild" and "slow" that fashion may be voted. Your good old-fashioned sportsman loved to see his dogs work, and gave them time to do so. But everything now-a-days seems sacrificed to speed, and the race of Pontos is becoming fast extinct. Gameslaughterers can't wait for dogs to poke about, and point for them. They care nothing for the pleasure of shooting to a point. All they aim at is to make up a big bag; and, blown to bits or not, every head is scored as game that gets knocked down by their guns.

To good sportsmen, however, gameslaughter is not sport. Gameslaughterers may brag of their achievements as they will; but depend on it, true sportsmen will never praise or envy them. Gameslaughter is now-a-days a fashionable pastime, and many noblemen and gentlemen appear to take delight in it. It is, therefore, with due deference that *Mr. Punch* complains of it, but it is with no diffidence that he puts forth his protest. In the eye of a true sportsman the crime of gameslaughter must rank as an offence scarce less than manslaughter. To bag a hundred brace a day appears to *Mr. Punch* unjustifiable bird-icide, and *Mr. Punch* therefore won't shrink from publicly condemning it. As yet, no act of parliament has passed to punish the offence, and LORD BLAZES or LORD BANGER may commit it with impunity. They must, however, cease to speak of it as sport, or to fancy by pursuing it they earn the name of sportsmen.

A Real Imposition.

WHEN BRIGHT would stir a faction cry,
By argument that's nullity,
One awful tax he passes by,
Nor tells "the mass" how monstrous high
He taxes their credulity.

The Two Extremes.

THERE are many men who are continually going backwards and forwards from their wine-merchant's to the chemist's. To the latter they go to recover them from the effects of too many visits to the former; and to the wine-merchant they return to restore them from what they had been taking at the chemist's. It would be difficult to say which of the two bottles—the doctor's or the wine-merchant's—did them the most injury.



IN BANCO.—LOOKS LIKE IT.

MILD OUT-SIDER. "Could you tell me, Sir, in what part of the—a—building I should find Mr. Robinson?"

AFFABLE RACKET-PLAYER. "I can not, Sir. The fact is, I am quite a Stranger here myself!"

MILLINER'S END OF CONTROVERSY.

THE REV. BRYAN KING officiated on the reopening of the Church of St. George's-in-the-East; occasioning a more disgraceful row than any which he had ever provoked before. At the conclusion of an irritating discourse, he told his flock that:—

"Their services henceforward would be performed without those eucharistic vestments which were familiar to them."

Familiarity, in that instance, appeared to have bred contempt. Mr. KING added—

"He could never again put on those beautiful robes."

Poor MR. KING! "Oh, dear! I shall never put on my beautiful robes again!" Thus we imagine the reverend gentleman's lament—or might we not say the lament of the reverend lady? "Oh, my beautiful robes! oh, my handsome stole! oh, my splendid cope! oh, my pretty alb! oh, my love of a chasuble! oh, my duck of a dalmatic! Boohoo!"

However, MR. KING despairs a little too wildly in his excess of grief. He may still put on his beautiful robes in private, and, thus attired, admire himself in the looking-glass. Will none of his disciples get up a testimonial for him? say, a pair of ear-rings to match his beautiful robes, and to set them off in proper style, a variety of Crinoline?

JAPANING THE POPE.

JAPAN has two emperors—a Spiritual Emperor and a Temporal Emperor. Why couldn't the Roman States be blest in a similar way? Why couldn't Rome have a brace of Popes? There might be a Spiritual Pope to attend to the affairs of the Church, and a Temporal Pope to look after the affairs of State. We think it would be an admirable division of labour, and one that could not fail to improve

A CASE FOR DR. CULLEN.

It is a wonder that DR. CULLEN and his accomplices who are urging the Irish to clamour for the enslavement of the Italians, do not get hold and make use of such monstrous cases as the following one, thus briefly reported in a contemporary, as having occurred at Great Berkhamstead Petty Session, before SIR A. P. COOPER, BART., and F. J. MOORE, ESQ.; after those justices had previously disposed of several frivolous and trumpery game informations by fining the defendants—

"HENRY OSBORN, of Northchurch, who did not appear, was charged with a similar offence. JOSEPH WILMORE said, 'I met HENRY OSBORN on Berkhamstead Common. A rabbit got up, and OSBORN threw a stone at it, and killed it: he then took it up, and put it in his pocket.' Fined £1 and 15s. 6d. costs."

Instead of howling and telling lies, the Irish titular ecclesiastics would, if they were wise, cite such cases as the foregoing one, and ask if any example of papal administration of injustice or maladministration of justice can be quoted to beat that. If these are the phenomena of constitutional law, does not constitutional law, they might ask, immeasurably exceed paternal government in cruelty and injustice? Of course the Magistrates COOPER and MOORE administered the law with all the lenity of which it admitted; otherwise they must be considered as holding the same relation to the Bench as that which the law itself bears to the Statute hook.

HINT TO A FOND FATHER.

PAPA the POPE must be different from most other papas. Usually, the closer a child's relations with its father, the more affectionate is the filial sentiment. But in the Holy Father's case, while his children in America, in Spain, in Ireland, profess the most unbounded devotion and love for him, his children in Rome, close under his Holy Nose, would cheerfully subscribe their faggots to forward him on the road to Saint Peter, or wherever disembodied Popes are sent. It is a curious fact, that the Catholic says to the POPE as the sailor (meaning kindness) wrote to his wife. "The further I get from you the more I love you." Evidently, therefore, if POPE PERUGIA wishes to be loved of the Romans, he should make a bolt of it—and trust them to draw the bolt after him.

A FAMILY SECRET.—We never knew a family that had not a Genius in it.

matters in the papal world, whilst it could not possibly make them worse. However, we would make the stipulation that the Spiritual Pope had no more authority than his spiritual *moitié* in Japan. He should not be allowed to budge an inch, or look either to the right or left, or to do a single thing, for fear of evil ensuing from it. He should be a complete dummy, and the dummer the better, for then it would be impossible for Cardinals, or Jesuits, or Ultramontanes, to play upon him, and he would be powerless alike in the hands of the Austrians or French. He should be handsomely boarded and lodged, and dressed as richly as the heart of any Pope could desire, but he should not be clothed with the smallest power of doing either harm or good.

BATRACHIAN ARRIVALS.

In the Footman's column of the newspapers, chronicling the insignificant acts of persons of quality, we read that—

"HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OLGA DOLGOROUKY, COMTE NICHOLAS KOUCHEFF BERBORODKO, and M. LEOPOLD PISA, have arrived at Long's Hotel, from Paris."

Hah!—have they? We congratulate the PRINCESS OLGA DOLGOROUKY and COUNT BERBORODKO. As to M. PISA, we salute him too, as a gentleman of whose existence we are happy to hear; but his name is not sufficiently remarkable to make us include him in the congratulation we address to his fellow-travellers and guests at Long's. Their names are such that their safe arrival from Paris must be regarded as a very lucky thing for them. OLGA DOLGOROUKY, and KOUCHEFF BERBORODKO! *Brekekeke koax, koax!* The French must have taken them for frogs. They have had a narrow escape of it!

A PAPAL POLYGAMIST.—Can it be that the POPE, weary of his single blessedness, seeks the Catacombs because there he will be sure to find plenty of ribs?

MARRIAGE AS IT SHOULD BE.



OF THAT CRITTER, PUNCH,
 "WAL, and heow air you, old
 hoss, and heow's the gals and
 Judy? Guess as heow her chickens
 air a gitting growed up neow,
 and 'll soon be fit to have their
 necks, leastways their fingers,
 ringed. Reckon now their school-
 in's over, and they're quartered
 on your larder, you 'll be a lookin'
 out for chaps to come and splice
 'em. Wal, if you've any doubts
 about their matches hanging fire,
 jist ship 'em over here, and we 'll
 soon do the needful for 'em. Our
 fellers in the States air all-fired hot
 for marryin', and for finery and
 fuss I kinder calc'late we chaw up
 all creation at a weddin'. Jist you
 listen here, old 'coon: this is heow
 we goes and does it:—

"Social events of stirring interest
 abound in New York. Revolving in sym-
 metrical splendour, they unite to form
 that fashionable system, which is recog-
 nised as perhaps the gayest, the brightest,
 the most sparkling in its ceaseless whirl
 of excitement anywhere known. Occa-
 sionally the regularity of this system is

disturbed by occurrences which, comet-like in their erratic brilliancy, afford a striking contrast to the ordinary flow of incidents, and startle beholders by their unusual lustre. One of these yesterday attained its perihelion. It was an event on which the minds of feminine New York had long been concentrated, and with which all tongues had tampered unrestrainedly. It was the marriage ceremony of MISS FRANCES AMELIA BARTLETT with DON ESTEBAN SANCTA CRUZ DE OVIEDO."

"You see, we ain't so vulgar as to call a splice, a splice. We haint no weddin's now-a-days. We terms 'em 'marriage ceremonies.' Wal, this here marriage ceremony—

"Took place in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and the rush to obtain, not seats, but standing-room, was tremendous. Pews overflowed, aisles were thronged, and even the outer passages were speedily obstructed. The pews most favourable for observation were radiant with expectant countenances, and glittering with the glories of lace, silk, jewels, and dazzling shoulders."

"Applesquash and airthquakes! Ain't that screamin', neow: specially the shoulders! But here's a bit o' writin' I don't quite see the drift of—

"It was pleasant to witness the graceful mingling of the aristocracy with the democracy: pleasant indeed it would be in any country, but especially our own, where the lines of social distinction are so clearly drawn, and where the lineage of those who boast of ancestry can be so far traced back."

"Ain't this here a *lapsis lingua*, or whatever you chaps call it? We haint got no democrats nor yet no 'ristocrats out here. Ours is A free country, and our feller citizens air all of ekal birth. And as for talking of their 'boast of ancestry' and 'lineage,' that sounds to me one common like a bit of chaff. But toe git on with the splicin'—

"At 11 o'clock, when the organ sent forth its melodious welcome, the crowd was excessive. Rustling masses of humanity writhed in sinuous motion. Who could withstand those subduing influences of youth and beauty, of glowing throngs and mellow atmosphere, of flashing gems and sumptuous circumstances generally? Some ladies could not, it seemed, for yielding to the pressure they first bewailed their fractured skirts, then murmured feeble, incoherent appeals for aid, then fainted, and were borne out in collapse by stalwart policemen. But still the multitude expanded. Then beautiful brows were knitted with ire, cries of anguish were emitted, and masculine remonstrances poured out with frantic zeal, all of course without avail. The excitement was enormous."

"Wal, if haafe of that be true, I should rayther say it was. Talk of gals a crowdin' and a crushin' at your Drawin' Rooms, why our fashionable weddin's beat 'em all by chalks. And I'd like to see your dowagers presenting of a critter as is fit to comb the hair or lace the stay-fixings of this:—

"The appearance of the bride was unexceptionably charming. Her fair blonde shone somewhat more luminously by contrast with the more sombre complexion of DON ESTEBAN. Tall and dignified, though young—her mien indicates but eighteen years—she bore her blushing honours well. Her hair was wreathed with orange flowers: her dress was exotic—of Parisian point lace—but her *parure* was of native manufacture. It proceeded from Tiffany, was of vast value, and deserves a brief description."

"This 'brief description' is so long that I ain't got time to copy it. But your gals will find what follers pretty much as interestin'. Next to larnin' what the bride wore, of course they 'll like to hear the full partic'lers 'bout the bridegroom:—

"It is only necessary to say of DON ESTEBAN, who is some inches shorter than the lady, and who is apparently some 55 years old, that he is darkishly disposed in the matter of complexion, with heavy half-curl'd black whiskers and moustache to match, and a Castilian fire in his deep-set eye, confirming the resolute earnestness of his countenance: that he was elegantly dressed in black, with intricately bor-

dered white waistcoat and cravat, displaying for ornament only a solitary diamond breast-pin of excessive dimensions: and that he underwent with composure the ordeal of inspection to which he was subjected."

"Reckon as heow this portrait ain't drawn very flatterin', but then p'raps the penny-a-liner felt a leetle jealous. 'Darkishly disposed in the matter of complexion,' is he? Guess that sorter seems to hint that the Don ain't over fond of goin' to the washin' tub; and when we air told that his whiskers were haafe curled, one might fancy that the Don had overslept hisself that mornin', and had to bust off to the weddin' without finishin' his toilette. Wal, however, that might be, he came up to the scratch, and this is heow the splice—I mean the 'ceremony' ended:—

"The assemblage of spectators, momentarily calm at the opening, fell back into tumult. The confusion and clamour deadened the sound of the Archbishop's voice. Sometimes the cries of 'Down front,' and other remarks not pertinent to the occasion were heard. Men strained on tiptoe to catch the feeblest glimpse of the absorbing scene. Young girls announced intentions of fainting, until elevated to commanding points of view, when their faculties were miraculously restored. Some women indeed, with unlooked-for sprightliness, climbed into lofty windows, and gazed complacently on the less agile ones below. Others perched and balanced themselves insecurely on backs of pews, swaying dangerously with each throeb of emotion that pervaded them. But amid, and notwithstanding all this turbulence, the ceremony did proceed and end, LIEUT. BARTLETT shedding tears the while. Then the bride turned, and standing in full view of the assemblage, her cheeks flushed with excitement, her eyes diffusing liquid lustre, showered kisses among her bridesmaids. After that, the party retired by a private door, and general desiccation followed."

"What 'general desiccation' is, I ain't learned enough to know, but to make a fitting climax it should be something stunnin'. Wal, next toe bein' the Don, I'd have liked to be a bridesmaid, and come in for some of them air kisses as was 'showered' on 'em. I think myself the bride ought toe have kissed the men all round, considerin' how they'd 'strained their tiptoes' toe 'catch glimpses' of her. Anyhow, old hoss, if any of your gals air fond o' showerin' kisses, if they 'll come and get spliced here, they 'll have a precedent for doin' it. Jist you tell 'em this, and say that though I'm not a Don, I'd not mind bein' stared at for the sake o' splicin' one of 'em, providin' as she's handsome, and you 'll come down with somethin' ditto with her. And so, old hoss, let's liquor Toe our 'General Desiccation!'

"Yours to command, and, if she 'll take me, hers,
 ("I don't know what her name is, but I ain't partic'lar),
 "JONATHAN MARCELLUS JOSH GOLIAH GONG."

"P.S. I ain't quite forty-nine yet, and my whiskers air whole curled ones!"

LITERARY REWARDS.

VICTOR EMMANUEL has been distributing crosses and stars to certain French literary gentlemen, who followed the Italian campaign. It is not often that rewards in England are conferred upon literary gentlemen; but we think that MONS. MICHEL CHEVALIER is deserving of some distinction from the British Government, for the admirable letters he is at present writing in the *Débats* upon the relations between France and England. MESSIEURS EDMOND TEXIER, JOHN LEMOINE, and others, merely received their rewards for recording the events of war. MONS. CHEVALIER's cause is a far higher one, and consequently deserving of a higher recognition. By disabusing prejudices, and simply telling the truth, he has perhaps done more, from the nature of his position and the force of his talent, to maintain peace between the two countries than any English minister. However, as the arts of war are always more liberally rewarded than those of peace, we suppose that Virtue, like MONS. CHEVALIER's, must be its own reward, always excepting the abuse, of course, of MONS. VEUILLOT,—for the abuse of such men must invariably be received as the proud testimonial of a good cause.

Experientia Docet.

Why bad drainage should frighten
 The people from Brighton,
 Is what I can hardly explain.
 I took purse (wife, and lodgings)
 And spite all my dodgings,
 I found there no end of a drain.

PATERFAMILIAS.

THE HAMPSTEAD TRAGEDY.

A DRAMA PERFORMED WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE IN THE COURT OF VICE CHANCELLOR SIR W. P. W. LAST WEEK.

SCENE—A Heath, and a Wood.

Enter SIR THOMAS.

Sir T. I want to build round this here heath.
 Wood. Then you 'll do nothing of the kind.

Curtain.

[Kicks him off.]



THE LAST NEW THING IN CLOAKS.

Pretty Milliner (trying it on). "DO YOU THINK THIS WOULD SUIT THE LADY, SIR?"
[Little Tomkins begins to like shopping rather.]

LADIES' LUGGAGE; OR HARD LINES BY A BRUTE.

How happy is the single life
 Of all those priests and monks!
 Not one of whom has got a wife
 To bother him with trunks,
 And bandboxes, a load too great
 For man or horse to bear,
 Which railways charge for, over-weight,
 And cabs ask double fare.

Fell care as with your bride you post
 Distracts your anxious mind,
 Lest this portmanteau should be lost,
 Or that be left behind:
 Her baggage as you travel down
 Life's hill, weighs more and more,
 And still, as balder grows your crown,
 Becomes a greater bore.

Outstretched by Fashion vile and vain,
 Hoop-petticoats and vests,
 Now British females, to contain,
 Require no end of chests,
 To which bags, baskets, bundles, add,
 Too numerous to name,
 Enough to drive a poor man mad,
 A Job with rage inflame.

The cab keeps swaying o'er your head,
 With luggage piled above,
 Of overturn you ride in dread,
 With her whom you should love;
 Then you, the station when you gain,
 Must see that lumber stowed,
 And fears about it in the train,
 Your heart and soul corrode.

Thus does your wife each journey spoil
 Of yours that she partakes,
 Thus keeps you on the fret and broil,
 Your peace and comfort breaks.
 With all these boxes, all her things,
 (How many!) to enclose,
 The fair Encumbrance on you brings
 A waggon-load of woes.

A REVEREND MASTER OF HOUNDS.

(To the Editor of the "Record.")

MY BELOVED BROTHER,

SUFFER me to draw your attention to the subjoined most interesting statement which appeared the other day in that truly edifying newspaper the *Morning Post*:-

"FOXHUNTING AND THE CLERGY.—A few days ago the EARL OF PORTSMOUTH inaugurated his foxhunting season at Eggesford, North Devon, with a generous hospitality. The house was open to all comers, whether attired in fustian or scarlet, and a sumptuous repast was provided for about 300 guests. The occasion was considered appropriate for the presentation of a testimonial to the Rev. JOHN RUSSELL, incumbent of Swymbridge, who for many years had most creditably discharged the duties of a master of foxhounds of that district."

LORD PORTSMOUTH, in presenting the testimonial to MR. RUSSELL, spoke in terms of high praise of the popularity of that reverend gentleman and of his kindness and warmth of heart, remarking that—

"It was true that MR. RUSSELL had shown an attachment to the noble sport of foxhunting, but he (the noble Earl) had never heard that he had ever in a single instance neglected his duties as a Clergyman for the exciting and health-giving sports of the field. He was one of those who thought that a Clergyman was quite as much in his place in following field-sports as he was in gadding about to balls and parties."

I feel quite sure that you will coincide in the opinion above expressed by the EARL OF PORTSMOUTH. But at the same time I am painfully afraid that you will also declare the converse, and say that you consider a dancing clergyman as properly employed as a fox-hunting one; and I also fear that you will further intimate your conviction that the one is riding and the other dancing exactly the same way, namely, that which SHAKESPEARE (whom the French profanely style the divine WILLIAMS) calls the primrose path: riding and dancing to a place which I need not name. Mark then this cheering and satisfactory assurance that the reverend master of hounds and incumbent of Swymbridge is walking in the right way as well as accustomed to gallop across country:-

"To show that the pleasures of the chase are not incompatible with a zealous discharge of ministerial duty, it was stated that the Rev. MR. RUSSELL had pre-

sented to him a testimonial from his parishioners on leaving a former curacy, and that so highly was he esteemed by his present parishioners that they had also presented him with a testimonial of their esteem."

These facts may serve to correct some erroneous sentiments which I have too much reason to think that you entertain concerning the pleasures of the chase. Abide not in the prejudice which deems them sinful. Oh! if you could only listen to the earnest conversation which foxhunters are wont to hold on the subject of their cherished pursuit, and particularly on that noble animal by whose aid they practise it—I mean not the fox but the horse—you would soon learn that fox-hunting is an avocation which may truly be described as serious. And oh! if you were to notice the glow of health which suffuses the face of the habitual huntsman, you would admire the congruity of hale condition with sound views, amongst which you would then rejoice to recognise the view holla. Yea, you would own that his fresh-coloured cheeks are meet for a Protestant minister than the sallow visage which is liable to be mistaken for that of a Popish priest. Believe me, in the wish that you may one day taste the sweetness, and enjoy the privilege, of sitting under, and peradventure of riding after, the Rev. JOHN RUSSELL, Master of the Swymbridge Hounds, always affectionately yours.

PUNCH.

P.S. Recollect that the Man of Sin forbids fox-hunting in the Seat of the Beast.

The Mortara Story and Moral.

A JEW boy comes home rather grimy and greasy,
 The servant maid sprinkles him, using no soap;
 "He's a Christian," cries PIUS, with conscience unqueasy:
 Cries *Punch*, "But if making a Christian's so easy,
 Oh, why doesn't somebody sprinkle the POPE?"

A CHEQUERED CAREER.—When one's cheque is continually coming back marked, "No effects."



Elegant Party. "THERE'S ONE COMFORT NOW-A-DAYS; A GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG FELLER, WITH A HELEGANT FIGGER, CAN ALWAYS BE A MODEL TO A PHOTOGRAPHER!"

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

SCENE—Hyde Park. MR. GLADSTONE, coming from Brompton, meets MR. DISRAELI coming from Park Lane.

Mr. Gladstone. My dear DISRAELI, how are you? What a bracing morning! Which way are you going?

Mr. Disraeli. Can you doubt? To the Serpentine. Have I not been declined by the Scotchmen, for Lord Rector of Glasgow. Ought I to survive it? But before I die let me congratulate you upon being more acceptable to Sawneydom.

Mr. G. Yes, I have been chosen Lord Rector of Edinburgh, but we won't be proud, because that's wrong. (They laugh.) If your appointment with Orcus is not urgent, take a turn with me.

Mr. D. Political, do you mean. What, going to change again?

Mr. G. I never changed my politics, my dear MR. DISRAELI. But no politics are the worse for having a little India-rubber in them.

Mr. D. To rub out one's former lines with?

Mr. G. Nay, epigram in the open air, before dinner—

Mr. D. I am schooled. You mean that elasticity has its advantages. True, but elastic things have a habit of coming back with a snap that is the deuce and all. Sometimes it jerks folks out of University seats.

Mr. G. (tartly). And sometimes it don't. But let that pass.

Mr. D. That pretty anecdote, do you mean? Yes, it does the owner credit, whoever she is. But whence comes the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER?

Mr. G. I have been at the Brompton Boilers.

Mr. D. Trying some machinery for a new taxation?

Mr. G. Oh, don't talk about that. No, I've been looking at the pictures, with the new LORD MAYOR, who admires them hugely.

Mr. D. Eh? Then he aspires to the title of Sheep-Shanks's Mare.

Mr. G. Too bad; but I will take care he hears it.

Mr. D. If you like. I shall hardly have to make a Ministerial speech during his tenure of office, unless you fellows display pre-natural genius for getting into a hole. May one ask after Reform?

Mr. G. As well as could be expected. In fact, getting on nicely. At least so I am told. But I mind my own business.

Mr. D. I take the hint, of course, and am dumb.

Mr. G. No, no, I didn't mean that. I should be happy to tell you anything I knew, but really I know nothing about it. At the proper time I shall know all, I presume.

Mr. D. Avoid presumption, and tell me how it happens that you are at this eleventh hour sending out for returns on which, I suppose, you are going to build your Reform statistics?

Mr. G. Eleventh hour be hanged, and put the returns in your pipe and smoke them.

Mr. D. *A la bonne heure.* Don't be astonished if they are smoked on the SPEAKER'S left, some fine afternoon in February coming.

Mr. G. About questioning time, with a prefix to the effect that somebody would be the last person in the world to embarrass administrative arrangement by inquisitorial indiscretion, but having had the honour of holding a not irresponsible office— (They laugh heartily.) All right. We shall have an answer for you, I dare say.

Mr. D. Nay, there's no want of answering in a Whig Administration, except that the thing itself never answers.

Mr. G. My dear fellow, merey. Remember I am only just out of the society of a Lord Mayor. Frankly, I do not see why all information could not have been obtained without writing public letters, but some people have a mania for official correspondence. But as to your eleventh hour, we have got four clear months.

Mr. D. Four, that's April. Taxes first, eh?

Mr. G. I can't say. But even if so, it is in conformity with the principle of the Reform Act. First pay your taxes, and then come for the franchise.

Mr. D. Yes, and if ever there was a pettifogging Whig innovation upon constitutional right, that was one. The idea of making a candidate for Parliament, an assistant clerk to the tax-gatherer!

Mr. G. *De cette église je n'étais pas sacristain,* my dear friend. I was not one of the Reform Ministry—I was (slyly) never even a Radical.

Mr. D. No, and your mental process has therefore been incomplete and unhealthy. Every boy ought to be first a Republican-radical, and next a *jure-divino* Tory.

Mr. G. And then sober down, or rather up, to a—

Mr. D. Conservative-Liberal, like me.

Mr. G. Or Liberal-Conservative, like me.

Mr. D. And so become an ornament to his age and a blessing to his country, like both of us. (They laugh.) What a fleet of little ships those children are launching on the water! Talking of that, PAKINGTON hopes and trusts that you are doing justice to his conceptions, and keeping his navy up?

Mr. G. He's very good, but give notice of your question.

Mr. D. I hear that the DUKE OF SOMERSET has made four civil answers in five weeks. What trouble you must have taken with him. Who has been the Rarey?

Mr. G. Patriotism, I suppose, but I know nothing about it.

Mr. D. Shall you be offended if I ask whether HER MAJESTY'S Coalition are on speaking terms?

Mr. G. Bless you, most affectionate terms. Are we not always having Cabinet Councils? There goes a child into the water while his nurse is engaged with the soldiers.

Mr. D. Exactly what some of you hope will happen in the case of your Reform child. And the invasion idea may save you yet.

Mr. G. I'll tell LORD JOHN that you called him a nurserymaid. But it is truly kind in you to be so much concerned for our welfare. They might as well get that child out, though, before he is drowned. I see three courses open to me—to go to the Humane Society house, and report the circumstance, to tell the nurserymaid that she ought to be ashamed of herself, or to mention the incident to the policeman I see on the other side of the Park.

Mr. D. Perhaps, if one saved the little lad, it would only be to preserve him to be brought up a Peelite. On the whole, I think a masterly inactivity may be the most humane policy. Ah! the butcher-boy has fished him out. He is saved without my intervention.

Mr. G. I trust the country may be as fortunate. Well, good morning.

Mr. D. Good morning.

Mr. G. (aside). Vinegar varmint!

Mr. D. (aside). Oily beggar!

[They part.]

A GOOD YOUNG MAN.

MONSIEUR LOUIS VEUILLOT implores of MONSIEUR EDMOND ABOUT to become *un bon jeune homme*. If to be a good young man is to act, and write, and indulge in abuse and blackguardism after the style of MONSIEUR VEUILLOT; if to be a good young man is to fill yourself with the worst prejudices, and then to hurl anathemas against every one who will not share those prejudices with you; if to be a good young man, is to do the dirty work of the Church, and to believe in all the lies and miracles that the stupid priests may wish to cram down your throat; if to be *un bon jeune homme* is in any way to resemble MONSIEUR VEUILLOT, then we implore of MONSIEUR EDMOND ABOUT to remain as he is, and to abjure with all possible loathing so pernicious an example. It is sad to see an old serpent, like MONSIEUR VEUILLOT, breaking his teeth by attempting to bite the numerous wise saws contained in MONSIEUR ABOUT'S work of *La Question Romaine*.

HOW TO DEAL WITH TORY CANDIDATES WHO BRIBE.—Send them to a Reform-a-Tory School.

THE SLANG OF THE SUPERIOR CLASSES.



A YOUNG lady of quality, and a nobleman, were married the other day at the usual place in George Street, Hanover Square, and of course the *Morning Post* chronicled the event. The reporter deserves credit for the following paragraph:—

"The company, on leaving the Church, reassembled at the family mansion of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, in Portland Place, where breakfast was served to a party of nearly 200 guests."

"Breakfast was served." To be sure; that is the way to write: how much better than saying that the party "partook of a *déjeuner*," as if the idea of breakfast were something that ought to be wrapped up in the decent obscurity of a foreign language.

It is true that in the next paragraph we are told that the bride and bridegroom left Portland Place "*en route*" for Goodwood, when the writer might much better have said "bound for Goodwood," or "on their way to Goodwood;" but allowance must be made for

habitual practice, which is hard to break. Use is second nature, and nature, as we all know, will keep recurring, although you "huck nm out" (as they say in Hampshire) with that implement in the name of which lies the meaning of the flunkey's euphemism, *déjeuner à la fourchette*.

LOVE'S REASON FOR LOVE'S RHYME.

BY THE HON. AUGUSTUS TWYNTWYNE.

In Answer to the Question "Why he Loved?"

As sunlit ripples of a slumbering ocean,
As dial shades, that seem unmoved to dwell,
By slow gradation of their viewless motion,
Still onward march—still upward stealing swell:
So on Love's golden sands flood-tide will brim,
Love's light mark noon upon Life's dial-rim!

Why do I Love? Does Love require a reason?
(*Aside*) [Though twenty thousand reasons I could tell,*]
Do roses in the blooming summer season
Ask why so fair they show, so sweet they smell?
Or does the bee on busy wing that comes
Sing aught but "Honey, honey!" as he hums?

If of my Love I could make long division,
And part it into twenty thousand words,
I love because to love is bliss Elysian,—
I sing "Love, love!" What sing the singing birds?
What! ask me still "Why I do Love thee?" pet!
Sweet! (*kisses Miss Latestring with tender emphasis, and adds, aside*) she has money,—and I am in debt!

* Alluding possibly to the reputed charms of Miss L.'s figure, not in the flesh (for Miss L. is of a spare complexion) but of her pecuniary figure, which is a round one.

Question for Mr. Planché.

A SCOTTISH lady who is coming to town next season, writes to *Mr. Punch* to say that she has been studying the table of "Precedence among Women." Her husband is in a Highland Rifle Corps, and she wishes to know whether she is not entitled to claim, in addition to the privileges of Wives of Gentlemen Entitled to Bear Arms, those of Wives of Gentlemen Entitled to Bare Legs.

"THE GREAT TRIBULATION COMING."—IS IT LOUIS NAPOLEON?

CITY ARTICLES IN THIS STYLE.

"Sir,
"I HAVE often lamented the great poverty of style about the City articles of your contemporaries, and I am satisfied that I or even you" might do the thing better. I should like to give a few illustrations of the kind of article that would suit. Take for instance the *T-m-s*. In this case the words should flow ponderously† and majestically along; a kind of Baconic Macaulayan or Miltonic style. Thus:—

"Great were the changes in the Consol market to-day. At times elated with joy, then driven to the lowest depths of despair, the wild speculators of the Stock Exchange revelled in the severity of the fluctuations. Men talk of the excitement of the gaming table, the hopes and fears of the turf, but what are they to the ferocious exultation or the terrible anguish felt by those whose fortunes and credit are doubled or imperiled by a rise or a fall of an-eighth. Yes, one half-crown may be the ruin or the enrichment of thousands. At early morn whispers went around that the jarring interests of France and Austria had been reconciled, and that peace would again reign between the rival empires. Straight the cry arose, 'I'll give 96½,' and far beyond the sacred precincts of the Stock Exchange went forth the happy news. 'An advance of an eighth, an eighth advance!' resounded from Houndsditch to Temple Bar, from London Wall to London Bridge. Men spoke fearfully to one another, and hesitated to credit the (City) world wide rumour. Expectation was on tiptoe as the moment arrived for the Second Edition of the *Times*. Fiercely jostled the dealers to catch sight of the fortune-making journal. In a moment the gigantic BUGGERS hoarsely bellowed 'four new iron-eased gunboats for the French navy!' and down went Consols until a fall of a quarter was the frightful result,' &c.

"There now, *Mr. Punch*, I flatter myself that that is something like the writing that befits the leading journal. A different style might be employed with the *D-by News*. In the case of this lighter paper, a more flowing sort of diction is required. At present the *D. N.* indulges

* Cool!—*Punch*.

† How is the case at present?—*Punch*.

in a few flowers of fancy, but there is still scope for improvement. Suppose we give a specimen:—

"Bright as the bright morning sky were the cheerful countenances of the dealers on the Stock Exchange, and gladdened were their hearts. A heavenly rumour that peace was signed conveyed new spirits to their bosoms, and Consols at once jumped up an-eighth. Merrily bounded forth railway stocks, Turkish and those miscalled investments which are especially the delight of speculators. On they caracolled, Caledonian leading the way, that stock which represents what we may call the whiskey side of the character of our countrymen across the Tweed, so wide are its gyrations. Lancashire and Yorkshire, London and North Western fast stocks sensitive to the smallest influences, and then Great Northern, that steady-going bow-windowed (if we may so term it) stock that moves up one per cent., and has done with it. Merrily capered the bulls, and tossed up prices so high as to be beyond the reach of the disheartened bears who shrunk gloomily into their dens. Alas! how evanescent is joy. The second edition of that iniquitous cold blanket (there is no necessity to allude further to a journal deserving to be crushed into obscurity by the enlightened public opinion of England, which as is generally allowed, we represent) led to a quite unnecessary panic. The bulls stood aghast, and forth rushed the bears, who with deadly hug pressed down Consols a quarter per cent. Railways *et id genus omne* were also determinedly driven down."

"And so on. There is again the *Mo-n-g H-r-d*, a paper devoted to the interest of LORD DERBY. Why do not the respectable old ladies who I am given to understand conduct this publication, take a leaf out of his Lordship's book. LORD DERBY is noted for his sense of the chivalrous, and we may charitably hope that a little of his sense might with some difficulty perhaps be infused into the worthy editresses of the *M. H.*

"Oh for a poet's pen to describe the bright feats in the mêlée of the Stock Exchange this goodly morn. Speculators for the rise tilted bravely with operators for a fall, and many were the broken purses. Such a joust has not been seen for many a day. The former for a time had the advantage, but their opponents were not easily to be routed. 'Gramercy for my Lancashire and Yorkshire,' cried one bold knight.

'I defy one and all to dispute the firmness of my stock.' 'I dispute not its charms,' said another, 'but what equals my peerless Midland; peerless in position, in dividend, and its unapproachable home, far beyond the reach of rivalry.' 'Be satisfied with your olden charmers,' boasted a third (a very young knight).

"I rejoice in the youthful, the bright of hope, the dear in every sense. 'Great Northern A.' 'A pin for your railways,' chorussed several, 'for have not Consols many admirers? the English Funds against all comers, be they Russian Loans or Brazilian Railroads, or even Victoria Debentures, heroes of a hundred fights.' But vainly were they all praised up, the fierce onslaught of the opposite faction (crest, a bear; motto, 'Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee') caused a rush back. Approach of the settlement, additions to capital. Parliamentary expenses were their watchwords, but before the terrible cry of New India Loans all faces paled. Great was the ruin. One unhappy speculator for the rise was affixed to the black board, with arms reversed, a recreant knight unable to ransom his favourite stock."

"I need not go further, this I am quite sure is sufficient to prove how great an improvement can be effected.

"I remain, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"SIDNEY SHAKESPEARE SMITH."

"Private and Confidential.

"To save trouble, I may as well give you my terms for undertaking the City Department of any of these papers. As you will probably receive applications from all four, of course you may accept the best, but it must be distinctly understood that I will not take less than £2,000 a year, unless there are contingent advantage, say £1,500, with a house in the best part of town, coals, candles, (and beer) being of course included."

* There are two more pages of this stuff, which consideration for our readers determines us not to print.—Punch.

THE TWO MAGUIRES.

THE *Morning Post* says that a fellow named MAGUIRE:—

"As a member of the Town Council of Cork appeared a few days ago in person to resist the appointment of a deputation to meet LORD CARLISLE on the occasion of his coming to lay the foundation-stone of a new bridge, the old edifice having been swept away by a flood in the year 1853."

LORD CARLISLE, according to the *Post*, put himself out of the way to travel in November to Cork, at the request of the citizens, in order that he might inaugurate a useful work—thus evincing his anxiety to perform a public duty. "Yet," adds our contemporary:—

"This duty is in the Town Council pronounced to be 'humbug and fudge' by a speaker who wears, wonderful to say, a barrister's gown, who edits a popular journal, and who—still more wonderful—is a member of the British Legislature."

In short, from what the *Post* says, one might be tempted to conclude that this fellow MAGUIRE was no other than MR. MAGUIRE, Editor of the *Cork Examiner*, and M.P. for Dungarvan. This must be a mistake. The journal in question goes on to say that this same MAGUIRE also proposed in the Town Council that an amnesty should be demanded for the rascal MITCHELL, the escaped convict, who recommended would-be rebels to throw vitriol on British soldiers, and is now doing his small possible to persuade the French to invade Great Britain. The Town Council of Cork repudiated both MAGUIRE's antipathy to the EARL OF CARLISLE and his sympathy with MITCHELL; rejecting as well his proposal to insult the LORD LIEUTENANT as his notion to solicit a pardon for the criminal, now trying to levy war against the QUEEN.

That the impudent, coarse, vulgar dog who called LORD CARLISLE's Act of complaisance and kindness "humbug and fudge" can have been MR. MAGUIRE, M.P., is incredible. Still more incredible is it that the fellow who made common cause with the other fellow actually engaged in plotting treason against the state is identical with the honourable Member for Dungarvan. It is true that MR. MAGUIRE, the Irish Member, represents the POPE rather more than Dungarvan. It is true that this champion of Irish freedom has written a pamphlet designed to extol the papal tyranny. There is no doubt that he is an Ultramontane fanatic; but surely some unaccountable blunder has caused him to be confounded with the insolent sympathiser with a traitorous blackguard. MR. MAGUIRE is an M.P. He knows what is due to the character signified by those initials, which, if he really were the sort of character that some namesake of his appears to have shown himself, he would retain for a very short time after the Opening of Parliament.

Homœopathy for the Toilette.

MILK of Cucumber is advertised for curing sun-burns; price 2s. 6d. per quarter-pint. This is a high figure; what makes the stuff so dear? Perhaps this milk is a solution of the problem of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers; and acts, on the Homœopathic principle that like cures like, as a remedy for sun-burns.

ANOTHER GO AT THE GAMESLAUGHTERERS.



R. PUNCH last week said a few words against gameslaughter; and, as whatever *Mr. Punch* may say is always certain to be listened to, those few words would suffice to diminish that offence. But it being *Mr. Punch's* way to clench nails after hitting them, he has prepared himself for hammering away at the same theme, until the crime of gameslaughter is utterly extinct. The text on which his Sermon will this week be preached is taken from the *Montrose Standard* of a short while since:—

"NOBLE SPORT.—The other day MR. HALL, who has been residing during the shooting season at Hunt Hill, on the grounds of LORD PANMURE, in the parish of Lethnot, killed a fine young stag at 208 yards distance, from horseback. He also killed a royal stag, the first ever known upon the ground, and about this year 20,008 hares."

If it had not been for the last sentence in this paragraph, it would not have excited the just wrath of *Mr. Punch*. On the contrary, indeed, had the "noble sport" consisted of the deerstalking alone, *Mr. Punch* would have awarded it the *ribbons* which it merited. To kill a stag from horseback at above two hundred yards was a feat of which a sportsman might be pardonably proud, and *Mr. Punch* would have delighted to assign him all due honour for it. What is afterwards narrated is however widely different, and smacks very much more strongly of gameslaughter than sport. To shoot a hare at all is scarcely to be viewed as a sportsmanlike proceeding. Hares should by rights be coursed or hunted, and not shot. Pot-hunters are prone to shoot them, it is true; but what is sport to pot-hunters is death to sport with sportsmen. If pot-hunters had their way, all the game which could be got at would go speedily to pot.

Mr. Punch would fain repeat that the killing of a stag at 200 yards, off horseback, is such an act of sportsmanship as may be well called "noble sport." But the term is surely misplaced when applied to the achievement which is afterwards recorded. To massacre by shooting more than twenty thousand hares is more an act of butchery than a feat of sport. It savours of the slaughterhouse, and not the sporting ledge or shooting-box. People who can shoot don't care to kill a hare by it. One of the chief delights in shooting is to make a difficult shot. The more difficult the shot, the more one likes to make it. A sportsman therefore seldom lets his gun off at a hare; inasmuch as it is seldom at all difficult to shoot it. In general, one finds that any muff can shoot a hare. *Mr. Punch* would as soon think to miss a haystack if he fired at it; and as for the achievement of bagging 20,000, he is not disposed to think it much to boast of. Vast as his estates are, *Mr. Punch* might find it difficult to put up 20,000 hares, but "when found" it would be easy work to go and "make a note" of them.

To palliate the enormity of shooting 20,000 hares, *Mr. Punch* has heard it questioned whether his contemporary has not put a nought too much; and it has been hinted that 2,000 would perhaps be nearer to the truth. To *Mr. Punch's* mind, however, it really matters nought if this be so, or not. Be they two thousand or twenty, enough hares have been shot to show that their destroyer has committed wilful gameslaughter, and deserves the reprobation of all sportsmen for the act. Especially a vote of censure is demanded from those who love to see their greyhounds or their harriers go a-field with them. The question really is of vital national importance; for unless something be done to stop such wholesale massacres, the country will ere long be left without a hare apparent.

Indignant Impromptu.

Who is the Lord Lientenant of Kent,
 Whose business seems to be to prevent
 The muster of Riflemen plucky?
Mr. Punch would be very content
 If that ass of a Lord Lientenant of Kent
 Were kicked from Kent to Kentucky.



HOW A FOOLISH BIRD DID TRY TO SWIM ACROSS YE BRITISH CHANNEL!

MUSIC BY STEAM.



THE Crystal Palace is a place at all times worth a visit, and it is especially worth visiting just now. Not only are fresh air and unadulterated sunshine, free from fog, to be obtained there (and these are luxuries which anyone who has to live and breathe in London would willingly at this time give a half-crown and half-day for), not only are the pompones and chrysanthemums in blossom, and the orange-trees and evergreens all wearing their best looks, as befits the favoured inmates of a nice warm Winter Garden; but, added to the other known attractions of the Palace, there has lately been erected one whose fascinating influence will doubtless draw to Sydenham a myriad of visitors. We hope we shall not startle our more nervous-minded

readers when we state that an **INFERNAL MACHINE** is now on view, and may be publicly inspected in the Central Transept, where it goes off daily at one and five o'clock. For a description of this curious but diabolical invention we are indebted to a contemporary:—

"A new American invention called the 'Calliope,' or 'Steam Orchestra,' was exhibited, for the first time in England, on Saturday last, at the Crystal Palace; attracting, of course, considerable attention by this promise of novelty held out in the title. Nor was the promise altogether unfulfilled. The 'Calliope,' if not one of the most harmonious of musical instruments, is certainly one of the most original

ever heard in this world, since the discovery of the bagpipes and the hurdygurdy. It is, in fact, a species of organ, the pipes of which are worked with steam instead of air. Externally, it has more of oddity than of beauty in its favour. Upon a common counter-like table, some thirty odd brass cylinders, of varied dimensions, stand up perpendicularly in two rows, while at one end are keys that set in motion the mechanism by which they are made to send forth sound. The same effect is also produced with a harrel, working by means of a handle."

So the grandly-named "Calliope" is in point of fact a barrel-organ, with the extra disadvantage (that is to say, as far as its hearers are concerned) that its so-called music is extractable by steam; so that its motive power becomes a greater nuisance even than an organ-grinder's, inasmuch as it won't tire and has no body to be kicked.

"One manifest drawback to the new invention is, that at each note emitted a puff of steam is sent forth also. The consequence is that, after a few minutes' vigorous playing in the Listz manner, the instrument is surmounted by folds of vapour, heavy and dense-looking as the sculptured clouds in Westminster Abbey. This in the Crystal Palace produces an effect rather picturesque than otherwise, perhaps, and as the steam has plenty of space in which to escape, no manifest inconvenience results. But we imagine that in a drawing-room the 'Calliope' would be calculated to disseminate on all sides illustrations of one of the worst features of 'washing day' scarcely to the taste of dress-coats or ermine."

This sounds somewhat penny-a-linerish, but it is by no means an exaggerated statement. Our first notion indeed on finding what great puffs the instrument emitted was, that some of our composers would be anxious to employ it, seeing that their music will not go off without puffing. We thought, moreover, that had we been asked to christen the Calliope, we should have tried to find a more befitting name for it. To call it a steam orchestra is contrary to fact, for the sounds which it produces can in no way be compared to those which any orchestra that we have heard has given birth to. We should ourselves have rather called it the Whistling-Eccalobcion, or Steam Music Hatcher, though there would certainly have been a fair objection to our title, for the music which was hatched was not music at all, but in fact a most unmusical most melancholy substitute. Indeed we wonder that the talented inventor of the instrument did not on first hearing it become a sort of *Frankenstein*, and fall an aural victim to the *Monster* he had moulded.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.—To teach the men to behave better to them. Our only fear is that the employment would take them all their lives, and that after all they would not gain much by it.



BRITANNIA—THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE !!



A SHOT BY A NON-SHOOTING STAR.



THE Ex-Champion of the Sepoys (need we name the *Morning Star*?) has been giving further proofs of its patriotic spirit by disparaging sneering at the Rifle-Shooting Movement, which, the *Star* thinks,—

“On the whole, is very much to be regretted, because whilst it proves itself utterly incompetent for a duty it will never be called upon to fulfil, that of resisting the invasion of our shores, its only tendency has been to create a false impression in France as to the just and friendly disposition of England, and it may yet provoke an antagonism very much to be deplored.”

Punch need not tell his readers that he differs with the *Star*, *toto calce*, in these views. *Punch* has all along supported the Rifle-Shooting Movement, because, so far from thinking it may irritate our neighbours, he deems it a sure means to induce them to keep friends with us. However, this is a free country, and every one, of course, has a right to his opinion; else there might be such a thing as bringing to a pump the man who could just now put forth such silly stuff as this:—

“In the meanwhile, France ought to be made acquainted with the fact that the Rifle Corps movement, which can only number five hundred juvenile recruits in the City of London, and but handfuls of unread young gentlemen in the country, is by no means a national movement like that of 1804, when invasion was actually threatened, and when nearly four hundred thousand individuals responded to the call to rise in defence of their country. Nevertheless, these puerile manifestations of weakness which the Rifle Corps movement has excited, and such rude conduct on the part of certain English journalists, are truly vexatious and annoying, for they help to perpetuate strife, and to familiarise both countries with the notion of invasion and war.”

To make the French acquainted with our (so-thought) weakness is clearly not the way to make them keep at peace with us; and the language of the *Star*, however lamb-like it may seem, may be considered quite as likely to provoke them to attack us as the “rude conduct” of those journalists of whom the *Star* complains. Of course, foremost in the throng of these rude journalists is *Punch*, whom the *Star* devotes a column to the purpose of demolishing. After accusing *Punch* of “asinine stupidity,” and hinting that *Punch* resorts to the use of illustration only because his “braying stands but little chance of being translated into French,” the *Star* continues thus its complimentary attack:—

“In pandering to the low taste for braggadoelo indulged in by a certain portion, and we firmly believe an insignificant portion, of its readers, *Punch* is a disgrace to the country in which it is tolerated. Its cartoon this week is the illustration of an idea at once the most feeble and the most insulting to our neighbours across the channel. It is feeble even to silliness, and insolent to a criminal extent.”

Punch calls this complimentary, for, seeing how the *Star* has pitched into the Rifle Corps, *Punch* considers it a compliment to be pitched into by the *Star*. Censure from some people is the highest form of eulogy which they are competent to give; and *Punch* would much regret saying anything just now which might unhappily provoke the laudation of the *Star*. As for the cartoon the *Star* is good enough to compliment, *Punch* looks to History to chronicle the effect it will produce:—

“For what purpose can such an artistic falsehood be perpetrated? Is it to excite a laugh on this side of the Straits of Dover, or hatred of us on the other? If the former be the object, it will be a failure, for we will venture to say, not a single man of ordinary good sense or good feeling has seen it who has not *blushed down into his boots* at its imbecility. If to excite animosity against us in France is the object, it may possibly succeed. If, as some people pretend to suspect, LOUIS NAPOLEON is designing to get up a war between the two countries, we know no means by which we could more effectually rouse an exasperated feeling of hatred among the French people than by importing a hundred thousand copies of this week’s *Punch*, and distributing them among the *cafés* of Paris and the departments. If *Punch* should receive a large order from the French Government for his cartoon, we may look for war; if not, we shall hold it to be proof positive of the pacific designs of the French EMPEROR.”

If *Punch* did not “blush,” at any rate he tr-r-r-rembled “in his boots” on reading this. Little did he think when he knocked off his Cartoon that his “Bow-Wow” would most probably be sounded as a war-note, and his design be used for testing the designs of the French EMPEROR!

* * * *Postscript* (added for the benefit of nervous-minded readers). Up to the hour of going to Press, *Punch* has only sold his usual million copies, and has NOT received the order for the extra “hundred thousand.” This, then, is “proof positive” that the EMPEROR is pacific. Let England go to bed and get up again in peace! VIVANT REGINA, ET RIFLEMEN, ET PUNCH!!

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD AT ANDOVER.

A Most outrageous trespass, involving the destruction of property to an immense amount, has been committed in the neighbourhood of Andover. The perpetrators of this enormity were the other day brought to justice at the tribunal of their county; present, according to the *Andover Advertiser*, SIR J. W. POLLEN, Bart., H. B. COLES, Esq., and the REV. C. DOBSON. The particulars of this aggravated case of extensive and wilful damage, are thus briefly stated by our Andover contemporary:—

“COMMITTING DAMAGE.

“ANN GOODALL and DIANA WITHERS, a girl about 14 years old, both of Charlton, were summoned by MR. GEORGE FRY, of Enhain, for having on the 20th ult., committed damage and injury to certain underwood of his situate in Belgrave copse, to the value of 2*d*. Defendants pleaded guilty to being in the copse, but said they did no harm; the Magistrates, however, seemed to have a different opinion, and fined them 13*s*. being the costs, and damage to be paid between them.”

When we seriously regard the amount of underwood represented by the value of 2*d*., and duly consider the size of the faggot which would be constituted by a quantity of twigs equivalent to that sum, we shall be enabled adequately to estimate the magnitude of the offence committed by these little but destructive girls, and, in some degree, to appreciate the lenity of the Magistrates in imposing the more than merited penalty of their probable crime. The juvenile and desperate offenders may think themselves well off to have escaped with costs amounting only to 13*s*. to pay for the tremendous and twopenny havoc which they committed in FRY’S copse. But the greatness of the judges’ clemency, as well as that of the guilt of the criminals who experienced it, is especially apparent in the award which directed that the damage should be paid between them. A fine so heavy as twopence, in addition to 13*s*., would have been richly deserved, of course, by either culprit, but the considerate justices were content with sentencing them to halve it, and pay a penny a-piece.

This was tempering mercy with justice; yet the former virtue may very possibly enter in too large a proportion into a judicial sentence pronounced by the Great Unpaid, especially when their number includes a clergyman. We are by no means sure that ANN GOODALL and DIANA WITHERS, on suspicion of damaging underwood to the value of 2*d*., ought not to have been committed to the county gaol.

The Pope’s Representative in Congress.

THE *Patrie* announces that CARDINAL ANTONELLI will represent his Holiness the POPE at the approaching Congress. This news wants confirmation. It is probable that *Punch* will represent the POPE, and that the representative of his Holiness will, in that case, be a prodigious Guy.



FAINT PRAISE.

JOHN (who has come for the Saddle and things). "Yessir, there's Master—he is a Starin' hard, sure-ly (a pause); and there's t' old mare—and isn't she a Starin'!"

ARTIST (nettled). "Well, there's the dog, he's staring too, I suppose—"

JOHN. "Ay, Sir, that he be!"

SENSE FROM SALOP.

MR. PUNCH always feels great pleasure in praising, and great pain in blaming, as must have been observed throughout his career. If he, therefore, blames a good many people, and praises a very few, it is because this is a world in which self-denial is a duty, and we ought to refuse ourselves many pleasures. He has, however, before him a case in which he intends to award decided praise. His eye is ubiquitous, and therefore it is not surprising that the luminary in question should light upon the remote but interesting Salopian borough of Oswestry. There, as elsewhere, a Mayor has just been chosen. *Mr. Punch* reads in the *Oswestry Advertiser* (which, if it have not the frantic genius of its Fleet Street namesake, is a precious deal more reliable than that impetuous organ) that the Mayor selected this year is a highly respectable tradesman of the name of PHILLIPS. Touching him, a Town-Councillor, MR. MINSHALL, seconding the nomination, remarked, with the most straightforward good sense:—

"Some persons may say—'What does a tradesman know about law?' Some people are ignorant of law, and not knowing it, make law for themselves; but MR. PHILLIPS knows that he does not know law, and when he needs it he will have the good sense to apply to the Town Clerk, who will always be able and ready to advise him. MR. PHILLIPS will look at facts with the eye of a man of business, and he will get his law from the Town Clerk. (Cheers.)"

Mr. Punch would have been among the cheerers, had he been in the council of the town of the late KING OSWALD. But only imagine such a speech made on the nomination of a London Mayor, or any of the yet more bumptious municipal chiefs of our principal towns. Fancy telling PETER LAURIE, the ex-saddler, that he knew nothing about law, and that he must apply to MR. CHARLES PEARSON for some when he wanted

THE HOUSE-SURGEON IN SAMARIA.

MR. PUNCH has received the *Twelfth Annual Report of the Samaritan Free Hospital*, an excellent Institution, with some ridiculous rules for the guidance of its House-Surgeon, on which *Mr. Punch* animadverted in his penultimate number. The Report of the Hospital contains a list of the Committee of Management, consisting of the names of persons of honour, worship, reverence, and quality. That these gentlemen can have composed the rules which fell under the criticism and condemnation of *Mr. Punch*, is quite impossible. As gentlemen of education they must know that one great use of a Hospital is the promotion of Medical Science for the public good, and to that end that the office of House-Surgeon ought to be a remunerative one, and the prize of knowledge and ability.

Punch is glad to hear that the actual Matron of the Samaritan Free Hospital is not an old woman. So much the pleasanter for the House-Surgeon. But, if she is a widow, she may marry, and her successor may answer to the abstract idea of a Matron. Any body of gentlemen must see the propriety of allowing the member of a liberal profession to choose his company at his meals, or, if he likes better, to enjoy them alone.

In conclusion, *Mr. Punch* will take the opportunity to remark, on behalf of the Samaritan Free Hospital, that the smallest contributions will be thankfully received.

VERY GOOD COMPANY.

A various reading of BARRY CORNWALL.

SING, sing, who sings,
To the people who've done with priestly kings?
And whose were these men of hopes?
'The Pope's, boys, the Pope's;
They've kicked him out as clean as can be;
And got SIGNOR BUONCOMPAGNI.

Drink, drink, who drinks
To the people who've snapped a tyrant's links?
And where is the tyrant's home?
At Rome, boys, at Rome,
Where he sits and growls like a bear to see
They've got SIGNOR BUONCOMPAGNI.

To the Wives of Would-be Farmers.

LADIES, believe (we're sure you will)
Amateur farming's all our eye:
Make all your Husbands go to Drill,
That is the best Drill-Husbandry.

it. Why, the roof of the Guildhall would have been blown clean off by his indignation. We shudder at the idea. But while imagination is on the wing, let her take the tremendously bold flight of conceiving PETER LAURIE, the ex-saddler, making such a rational answer as was made by MR. MAYOR PHILLIPS:—

"I will devote my time to the duties of the office, and I am sure I shall never fail to consult our worthy Town Clerk on any questions on which I have any doubts."

No, imagination has ventured on too daring a flight, and like Icarus comes tumbling down with melted wings. PETER could never have demeaned himself to speak so modestly and sensibly. There must be something like justice to be had at Oswestry, and we hardly believe that if a drunken fellow came before MAYOR PHILLIPS, and accused a well-conducted little boy of picking EBRIOSUS's pocket, simply because boy was near EBRIOSUS, MR. PHILLIPS would propose to send Boy to Newgate until further notice, or, if he so threatened and were shamed into fair play, would blunder out that Boy's good character had "saved" him, when there was nothing to be saved from but a drunkard's mistake and a Magistrate's folly. We are sorry that our PETER is not a member of the Oswestry town council, though, to be sure, that is rather a spiteful thing to say of a borough that never did us any harm. *Mr. Punch* amends his wish, and would be glad that as good sense were talked in KING LUD's town as in KING OSWALD's.

It Makes all the Difference.

Visitor. "Do you mean to say that you took your carriage out in that fearful fog the other day? Were you not afraid of injuring the horses?"—*Host*. "Oh, no! not in the least. We job our horses."



Boy. "Little Britain! Do you mean to say that you've walked London all these years, and don't know Little Britain!"

FAIR WORDS BY A FRENCHMAN.

MR. PUNCH last week gave a dozen lines of *kiddos* to MONSIEUR MICHEL CHEVALIER, and he feels inclined this week to give a dozen more. MONS. CHEVALIER's assertions so startled *Mr. Punch*, that *Mr. Punch* at first half doubted if he could believe his eyesight: and when his spectacles assured him the words were in real print, he felt more than half disposed to shake his faith in his optician. One no more expects just now to find a journalist in France writing sensibly of England, than to see a sweep in spectacles or a sailor in top-boots. When *Mr. Punch* therefore first saw what MONS. CHEVALIER had said of us, he thought he was a victim of some optical delusion, and he even now can scarcely believe that he is not so. However, here the words are, in very black and white, and *Mr. Punch* can see no cause why he should not put faith in them:—

"A State which sends abroad 3,000,000,000 (£120,000,000) worth of the products of her manufacturing industry, without counting a mass of foreign merchandise, in respect to which she acts as an intermediate agent—such a nation cannot do without the freedom of the seas. A State which receives from beyond the ocean for the food of its population 25,000,000 or 30,000,000 hectolitres (10,000,000 quarters) of grain, without speaking of the innumerable cargoes of live stock and salted meat, millions of quintals of sugar, tea, and coffee, indispensable for the well-being of its working as well as for its middle classes, capitalists, and nobility—such a State is bound to inquire every morning if something does not appear to be in preparation elsewhere which may some day acquire dominion on the seas. In a word, the statesmen of Great Britain, to whatever party they belong, ought to keep watch and guard that their country's navy may be never held in check. England would be gravely compromised even in the conditions of her existence the day when a coalition possible between the maritime Powers would render it possible to oppose her fleets with fleets superior or even equal. It is for her a question of life or death."

Stripped of pardonable verbiage, what does this amount to? Why, to what has been for years *King Punch's* message to his parliament: in brief, "My Lords and Gentlemen, keep up your Channel Fleet!"

And here again *King Punch* believes his words are echoed:

"Up to the present all that she has done has been purely defensive, nothing at which France can take offence."

"It should also be remarked, that the ardour with which England builds a fleet to-day is essentially temporary, for the object she pursues will be attained before long. The programme of England is to have, in ships of war, an effective force which shall equal that of other great maritime Powers, and even surpass it, counting the stations necessary for the protection of her possessions beyond the seas. But, in reality, what does that mean, if not that the English fleet ought to exceed the united fleets of France and Russia? For, unless that be done, to speak only of Europe, the display of that splendid and redoubtable show of political power must be renounced. But the moment that England wills such a result, it will be impossible that it can escape her. It is certainly easier for her to launch within a given time a hundred ships of the line than for France and Russia to build fifty; for here the ways and means are, money, dockyards, and factories for the construction of powerful steam engines. No man in his senses will contest that England can, if she likes, devote to her navy much more money than France and Russia together, and it is further notorious that the capabilities of the respective dockyards is at least in the same proportion to the advantage of England."

"The English fleet ought to exceed the united fleets of France and Russia." Excellently said, good MONSIEUR CHEVALIER! Bravo, good MONSIEUR! *Punch* thanks you for the hint. The French and Russian

fleets are not united now, but there's no knowing when they may be. And when they are, they "ought to find" themselves outnumbered by the English. LORD PALMERSTON, We trust that you will look to this.

Although our space, as correspondents keep on telling us, is "valuable," we really must find room for one short extract more:—

"It is not then to be presumed that any Power will essay with England an impossible struggle (*jeu*)—I mean to say will try to equal her by the greatness of her fleets; for all the world knows that England would tire out whosoever attempted to follow her. Whence it is apparently true that England will soon moderate her preparations, which, once again, are no more than defensive."

"There is a case where England would pass from the defensive to the offensive attitude, with that vigour which is in her temperament, and which is sufficiently well indicated in the name of JOHN BULL that the English people have assumed: that would be if one of the great Powers provoked or threatened her. It would be the same if, without being the object of open attack, she acquired proof that one of the great Powers had a previously concerted plan to keep her constantly in a state of alarm. We must be prepared, then, to see England, irritated by degrees, display some day her anger with effect, and strike, so far as it depends on her, like a thunderbolt. But according to the disposition I have been able to ascertain, and all the information I have been able to gather, she would not arrive at this terrible extremity until after deliberate examination, and with the conviction that her quiet and security were threatened. This is as much as to say, it appears to me, that it would be easy to avoid this collision, which will cause civilisation long to mourn; or, to speak better, it is to recognise that such a calamity will be prevented."

The more widely words like these are spread and read the better, and *Punch* therefore delights to put them in his world-perused and world-pervading print. That our warlike preparations "are no more than defensive," is a truth which clearly nobody who knows us can deny; and that, if provoked, we should *coûte qui coûte*, "with vigour," make ourselves offensive, is a fact which our provokers would speedily find out. The fact, too, that if kept in irritation and alarm we may some day "display our anger with effect" is a prospect which our neighbour would do well to keep in view. Between the best of friends it is well always to speak plainly. Words may be misconstrued, and so even may acts. Where no offence is meant none surely should be taken; but our dearest friends can't blame us for looking to our own. We mean no harm to any one, except if they provoke us. Bulls are slow to wrath, but when "gradually irritated" they behave with vigour; and when their anger once breaks loose, as ancient *Æsop* teaches, there's a bad look out for frogs.

THREE CHEERS FOR TYRWHITT.

MR. PUNCH writes the most exquisite poetry nearly as fast as he writes the most translucent prose; but there is a slight, very slight difference in the rate of progression in the two departments, and it is his impatience to do justice to the subject of this article that compels him to give it in prose instead of in verse. Else he had intended an Ode to MR. TYRWHITT, whose name, rhyming with Merit, offers every facility for just eulogy. But *Mr. Punch* cannot wait even for a rhyme to express his unqualified, untamed, unbounded admiration of the following sentiments recently delivered by that excellent Magistrate.

An Organ-Fiend was brought before him, charged with annoying a professional gentleman named MATHER, of Islington. (*The Morning Star*, with its usual vulgarity, calls this gentleman, who is a Surgeon, with a most respectable address, a MR. MATHER, because he is very properly punished one of the vagabonds for whom the *Star* has a ridiculous sympathy; but an Article in the *Star* is not likely to do anybody much harm.) MR. TYRWHITT did not talk any maudlin nonsense about the brown beast being a poor foreigner, who knew no better, or about his own liking for music, or any other trash, but he fined the fellow twenty shillings. And then, addressing himself to the Padrone, or chief wretch who hires and sends round the nuisances, he said that the Padrone was—

"The fellow who had brought the prisoner from a distant country for his own profit and gain, and he was the man who ought to be fined if possible. Such fellows as the padrone were the cause of much mischief in England. Respectable people in this country were not to be annoyed by a parcel of low foreigners, and as far as he could he would prevent it. The country would not be worth living in if people were to be continually annoyed by such fellows. Some time since a measure was introduced into Parliament for putting an end to this nuisance. The remedy proposed was ill-advised and rash, and was such that it could not be expected to be passed, for by that measure it was stated that a man could not play his flute on Hampstead Heath. He was of opinion that when the men were brought before the Court, he should have the power to detain the organ for six months, and then the padrone would get tired, if he had twenty or thirty of them taken away, for the organs were expensive. If the inhabitants were to consider a measure of this kind, and were to petition Parliament, he had no doubt such a measure would pass."

MR. TYRWHITT talked good sense in straightforward English, and his advice is very sound. Let aggrieved localities—and where is a locality not aggrieved by these noisy fiends—at once agitate for the Act recommended. Tooterooytooy TYRWHITT, and bravo!

Accident in the Fog.

In the terrible fog of last week, VISCOUNT WILLIAMS, bewildered by the obscurity, ran bang up against a Pump. An equally bewildered policeman, coming up, observed, "Now then, move on, you Two."



A COMPETENT AUTHORITY.

A Café Chantant, Paris.—YOUNG ENGLISHMAN (to his fellow-tourist). "Ow uncommon well they 'it off the British Snob, don't they, Sam?"

MR. TILBURY DENIES HIS DEMISE.

(See Times, Nov. 15.)

"Thou art not dead, thou art not dead,
No, dearest HARMODIUS, no."—Greek Hymn.

WHAT, TILBURY dead? See where he stands
A bishop all but lawn and bands,
With jolly cheeks and twinkling eye!
"We knew 'twas false, he could not die."

What baseborn scribbler dared to kill
Our TILBURY, whom his friends call TILL?
What, rob our till, presume to drive
Our TILBURY off while he's alive!

His name's TIL-BURY, true, but still
That gives no right to bury TILL:
Perdition catch the wight who buries
Before he's dead our dear old HERRIES.

Because he looks so strong of frame,
Punch grants addition to his name.
In every place where men resort,
Let him be known as TILBURY-FORT.

HOMAGE TO GERMANY.

A GERMAN has succeeded MR. CIPRIANI POTTER at the English Royal Academy of Music. This election is only proper, as it is well known that the English know nothing at all about music, and the few Englishmen who follow it as a profession are not worth noticing. The German's name is HERR PAUER, and, without wishing to pay him a compliment, we dare say he is as well qualified for the post as any other foreigner. To be a foreigner is a great advantage sometimes, more especially if you happen to be a German. What first-rate composers some of our musicians would be considered, if they had only been Germans! It may be that we are both wrong and mean in our suspicions. Perhaps the Committee of the Royal Academy of Music were kind enough to take the German's musical attainments for granted, placing every trust in the old maxim that "Knowledge is PAUER."

AN ORGAN OF IRISH PATRIOTISM.

SERIOUS and consistent thinkers will admire the following portions of the programme of a newly-started Irish journal:—

"THE CONNAUGHT PATRIOT.—THOROUGHLY CATHOLIC.—ENTIRELY NATIONAL.

"The first number of 'THE PATRIOT' appears this day, in the name of God, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, and with the sanction of the venerated Prelates, and revered Catholic Clergy of Connaught. Its principles will be thoroughly national, uncompromisingly independent."

Thoroughly national and uncompromisingly independent;—that of course means ultramontane to the backbone, and entirely subservient to the "venerated Prelates and revered Catholic Clergy." This address is signed "MARTIN A. O'BRENNAN," a name which, by the account of its bearer, passes in Connaught for much—if not, like that of another worthy, for more than it is worth. MR. O'BRENNAN says for himself that

"The name of the Editor is an evidence that no Catholic interest will be overlooked. The Patriot will be temperate in tone, but firm in purpose; its leading articles will be bold, but seasoned with prudence, and written in such a style as will be apt to improve literature."

They will be very apt to improve literature, if MR. O'BRENNAN goes on writing in the above style. The leading articles of his paper will, he says, be bold but seasoned with prudence. Perhaps he means what he says—and, if so, what he says is good English. But prudence is generally intended to constitute the substance of leading articles, and boldness only to form the seasoning. MR. O'BRENNAN may design to pursue the reverse of the ordinary practice in this respect. In this case his assertion to that effect is excellent Irish.

MR. O'BRENNAN, having stated his religious creed, goes on to profess the political faith which is in him:

"The Editor ought to have no need of making an act of political faith, in soliciting the support of the patriotic inhabitants of his native province, yet, however, as in these days of treachery and moral turpitude, men, who seek popular favour, should declare their policy, the Editor pledges himself to the following line of action:—"

PADDY BRENNAN seems to say that in these days, when treachery and moral turpitude are prevalent, men, who seek popular favour, should

declare a policy of moral turpitude and treachery. Accordingly, he proceeds to state the policy which he is going to adopt in his paper, and which will include, among other objects, "Tenant Right," "The Destruction of the Temporalities of the Irish Church," and "The Right of Catholics to a system of Separate Education." Moreover, he announces that—

"Fraternity, Equality, Liberty, but no Ascendancy, will be our motto. God having created man free, how dares one man enslave another, or throw chains around his mind or body? Religious toleration is the great—the grand bond of society—the strong lever to uplift a fallen nation, or preserve it from falling."

MR. O'BRENNAN should go and tell all that to the Marines—no, to the Ultramontanes, and the POPE, to reconcile the Holy Father to the abolition of the Inquisition by the subjects who object to wear his chains any longer around their minds and bodies.

However, adds our liberal Irish editor,—

"Whilst we will be true to the principles of liberty of conscience, we shall deem it a solemn duty to hold up to public execration, the unhallowed practice of proselytism."

And then he breaks out in the strain ensuing:—

"If on earth there be one wretch viler than another, it is the person who," &c. &c.

Having relieved his mind concerning the "Soupers," he thus resumes:—

"To narrow, not to widen, differences between all sections of Liberals will be one of our duties, and, therefore, all topics of an irritating character will find no place in our columns."

One would like to know, after reading MR. O'BRENNAN's animadversions on proselytism and the Soupers, what sort of topics those are which he considers really irritating. No doubt he will let us know in good time; and in the meanwhile we shall await with patience the mild abuse and the gentle invective against his Protestant fellow-subjects, and the government of the United Kingdom, which we expect will form the greater part of all his editorial effusions, substantially bold and seasoned with prudence. We anticipate much diversion from his future leading articles, which, whether they will be "apt to improve literature" or not, will, if they are as good as his prospectus, be very funny.



HOW TO GET MONEY.

SEEDY PARTY. "Eureka!—A great idea!—Advertise in the 'Times.'—NEXT OF KIN. All persons of the name of Smith may hear of something greatly to their advantage by addressing A. B. (ENCLOSING TWO POSTAGE-STAMPS FOR REPLY), Post Office, &c. &c."

SEEDIER PARTY. "Figgins! you are a Genius!"

MONEY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Austrian Government is actually in receipt of twenty million florins, which it has just received in exchange for Lombardy! This is the first bit of ready money which the Vienna Bank has known for many a bankrupt year. The fact might be recorded under the heading of "STRANGE DISCOVERY OF COIN." We can imagine the astonishment of the Governor of the Bank, upon looking into his coffers, to find that there was anything in them; we wonder that the severity of the shock did not turn his hair white in a minute. Poor fellow, now that he has got the money, he won't know what to do with it; so little has he been accustomed to the use of it. As for the Viennese Government resuming cash payments, that is all nonsense; we will wager our next week's receipts, which is a liberal offer as pitted against so small a sum as twenty millions of florins (a beggarly £2,000,000!), that the government would not know how to set about it. No, they will keep the money, and hoard it, as boys do the first sovereign that is given to them, not liking to spend it, and knowing too well if they once part with it there is no likelihood of their ever seeing it back again. Occasionally grand entertainments will be given, and nobles and crowned heads will be allowed, as a great treat, to feast their eyes on the glittering hoard.

As for the mob, they may make their minds perfectly easy about the matter, for not a kreutzer of the twenty millions is clearly ever intended for them. However, every precaution has been taken in the metropolis to guard against any violent outbreak of curiosity on the part of the multitude. A strong military force is quartered round the Imperial treasury, and cannon have been planted in all the principal thoroughfares. The EMPEROR need not alarm himself. We are confident that if one of his loving subjects was to see a florin, that he would not know it. In fact a large sum of money might be made by showing one at first and explaining what it was. The novelty of the exhibi-

tion would be sure to make it pay. An Austrian peasant for a few pence would be able to purchase a new sensation, such as the Roman Emperor would willingly have given his entire fortune for.

The entire price to be given for Lombardy is a hundred millions of florins. The Lombards were the creators, we believe, of the pawn-broking system, and we certainly look upon this transaction as the largest bit of pawning on record. It does great credit, however, to the Lombard creation. Lombardy has been pledged for £10,000,000, and there is no chance of Austria being in a position to redeem it again. Besides the redemption of Italy is not such an easy thing.

In the meantime, Austria has eighty millions more of florins to receive. The sudden possession of so much money is more than sufficient to send it crazy. We are sure its head is not strong enough to stand the blow of such a fortune. Lombardy should only have paid it a few florins at a time.

Panic in the Nursery.

A PRECOCIOUS child, who has a good juvenile idea of the supreme power of Royalty, is in great tribulation at the fear of losing his long-promised Pantomime and plum-pudding that fall due in another month, because he has heard that the QUEEN intends to keep Christmas at Windsor this year.

BARON BRAMWELL'S BEST.

WHEN is a fraudulent debtor like a woodman?
When he puts his hand to a bill, and cuts his stick.

A QUESTION FOR THE JESUITS' COLLEGE.

DOES the "Holy Poker" form one of the Italian Irons, and is it used principally in stirring up the fires of religious discord?

GERMANY'S WELCOME TO PUNCH.

PUNCH has been readmitted to North Germany—after long banishment. The *Kladderadatsch*, our younger Berlin brother, welcomes us in accents, which we venture thus to render into our own English:

To my heart, long-banished brother!
Sadly parted from each other
Have we been this many a day!
Hard they strove thy laugh to smother—
Master mine in wit and play!

With his whinger bared for slitting,
The grim constable was sitting,
Keen thy merry blood to draw;—
Beaks about the frontier flitting,
Quick to swoop with censor-law.

Angry Prussia and Westphalia,
Clenched their thunders to assail you,
On the threshold of our land;
We as brother could but hail you,
Gazing tow'ards your favoured strand!

Humour on thy curled lip sitting,
All unchecked we saw thee hitting
At the follies of the day—
In thy light bark fearless flitting,
O'er the shoals that barred our way.

There was freedom on thy borders;
While all cramped with laws and orders,
German wit must bear the yoke;
Our great Lords—the people's warders—
Then had little turn for joke!

But at last, new life revealing,
Head to heel, stir fire and feeling,
Where old FRITZ held rule of yore:
And on brilliant pinions wheeling
Wit comes flying back, once more.

Thou, too, oh glad resurrection!—
Tak'st our open door's direction,
Thou, my *Punch*, heart-welcome guest!
Censor, nor Police-inspection,
Troubling thee to thine unrest.

To my heart—unvexed of sentry—
Brother, make fraternal entry;
Laugh and sport and stay with me!
To the lists I vouch my century
Arm-in-arm, my *Punch*, with thee!

A VENERABLE AND A NON-VENERABLE BEDE.



HERE was a pious as well as celebrated old divine named RICHARD BAXTER, whose death was as edifying as his life, and whose parting speeches to his sorrowing friends were justly esteemed so admirable that an excellent little book was made of them, and it was called *Last Words of Richard Baxter*. The book had an extraordinary success, so great that an ingenious bookseller, whose name may have been NEWBY for anything we know, conceived the brilliant idea of profiting by the fame of the memorial volume. So, with the aid of some Grub Street scribe, he issued another little volume (MR. PANIZZI doubtless has it), and this

he entitled *More Last Words of Richard Baxter*.

There is an author of the present day (we will not say an authoress, firstly because there is no such word in the English language, and secondly because *Mr. Punch* does not know, in the way that gives him a right to affirm, that MISS EVANS is the writer of the most charming novel of the year) who has written *Adam Bede*. It is not exactly necessary for *Mr. Punch* to signify his decided approbation of that book, because it has been one of the Things of the year, and therefore would have been at once assailed and demolished utterly from off the face of the earth by him, had he seen any reason for putting an end to the admiration with which the tale has been received by all classes whose good opinion should be coveted. *Adam Bede* is a first class novel, and an ornament to English literature.

Now, there is one THOMAS CAUTLEY NEWBY, a publisher of books, whose shop is situate in Welbeck Street. It need scarcely be said that he was not the fortunate publisher of *Adam Bede*, seeing that the novels which usually proceed from his shop are not those to which the epithet "first class" rigidly appertains, but are, generally, if harmless in their way, not likely to cause a reader any intense desire to read them twice, even if he succeed in reading them once. When a humane person takes up a novel with MR. NEWBY'S name on the title page, it is to that gentleman's credit that his name evokes in the bosom of the humane party the gentle feeling called Indulgence, and in this way MR. NEWBY is a civiliser and refiner of mankind, and deserves all laudation. *Adam Bede* came out of sterner hands, and is published by a Paternosteric firm, rather in the habit of considering how far a shrewd public will accord with it in its opinion of a book, and consequently when the names of MESSRS. WM. BLACKWOOD & Co. are upon a volume, even the exacting and terrible *Mr. Punch* takes it up with a certainty that he shall be repaid for bestowing upon it some of his golden minutes.

But MR. NEWBY, upon whom the mantle of the paulo-post Baxterian has alighted, does not see why something should not be done by which he may benefit from the notoriety attaching to the words *Adam Bede*. So he announces a work without an author's name (in imitation of the other *anonyme*), and he calls it a *Sequel to Adam Bede*.

Well, as we do not know that the writer of *Adam Bede* has not abandoned the celebrated and liberal publishers of that book, and deserted a house whose name gives a character to any book that bears it, and that such writer has not suddenly transferred his or her talents to the care of MR. NEWBY, and enrolled himself or herself among MR. NEWBY'S band of debilities, we are unable to say that the *Sequel* is not by the original hand. And that ignorance—which of course is shared by all who are not in the confidence of either MESSRS. BLACKWOOD, the Anonymous, or MR. NEWBY—is, we understand, the triumphant proposition urged by MR. NEWBY as a reason why his *Sequel* should be "subscribed" by the trade and read by the public. "How do you know," asks MR. NEWBY, "that my book is not written by the author of *Adam Bede*?"

And *Mr. Punch* does not know. But if *Mr. Punch* were to state his opinion, which is based upon his estimate of the sort of party who must have written *Adam Bede*, and upon a consideration of the other facts of the case, Newbyism inclusive, he would certainly say that he believes the author of *Adam Bede* has never seen a single line of the *Sequel*, and is as much disgusted with the tricky way in which it is sought to gain notoriety for the latter work as are *Mr. Punch* and all other real admirers of literature and fair play. And, proceeding upon the hypothesis that the writer of the novel and the writer of the *Sequel* are two persons, *Mr. Punch* would express in the blandest, but at the

same time the most distinct manner, his infinite contempt for the order of mind that can stoop to seize the conceptions of another mind, and make (in all probability clumsy) spoil of them, for the sake of certain miserable shillings. But to touch upon the literary crime thus committed would be to appeal to canons whereof such a writer can never have heard. *Mr. Punch*—arguing, of course, on the hypothesis of there being two writers in the case—would only point out the uncleanness of the trick of trade.

Now, if MR. NEWBY will come forward and state that the *Sequel to Adam Bede* is by the author of the original novel, *Mr. Punch* will also come forward and retract, with extra gracefulness, all that he has said on the subject. If MR. NEWBY will not, why that gentleman must rest content with having at last succeeded in publishing a book about which the public talks. How it talks is beside the question.

A WORD WITH BROTHER JONATHAN.

BY BROTHER PUNCH.

YANKEE DOODLE whips the world
(Specially the niggers),
For Progress and Enlightenment
Almighty tall he figgers:
But there's a spot upon his sun
That *Punch* can't shut his eyes to,
'Tis that a word in lightest fun
A duel may give rise to.
O Yankee Doodle, Doodle! do
Your rifle keep less handy:
And lay down your revolver too—
Friend *Punch* would fain command ye!

A Senator in Congress now,
A lawyer or physician,
Whoever haps to have a row,
Whate'er be his position,
In hot blood deems cold steel or lead
The means that row to settle,
And when his brother's blood is shed,
Thinks he has shown his mettle.
O Yankee Doodle, Doodle! do
Your rifle keep less handy,
And lay down your revolver too:
Friend *Punch* would fain command ye!

A bar'ster calls a judge a brute,
Straight, out come their revolvers:
In slightest wrangle or dispute
They're deemed the only solvers.
Two doctors chance to disagree,
A deathbed while they stand by:
To show their skill, they fight until
Each falls the other's hand by!
O Yankee Doodle, Doodle! do
Your rifle have less handy:
And give up your revolver too—
Friend *Punch* would fain command ye!

Americans! these deeds disgrace
A free enlightened nation:
The scroll of Honour they deface,
Such blots are degradation,
To check by force—be this your course,
For this your wills be banded:
Stern truth insists that duellists
As MURDERERS be branded!
Then, Yankee Doodle, Doodle! do
Your rifle keep less handy:
And lay down your revolver too—
Let *Punch*, let LAW command ye!

Interesting to Baron Bramwell and Sir Peter Laurie.

From a curious old Black-letter volume in the British Museum.

"If y^e Justice saieth or doeth a wytesse or unryghtful thyng, let hym not stryve to screne his error. Blounders on y^e Benche are lyke sea-coales, y^e more you screne them y^e bygger they looke."—*Mirror for Magistraytes*.

A WAY IN BASINGHALL STREET.

A FRAUDULENT Bankrupt generally adds to his other offences the crime of perjury, and it is not to be wondered at, when we take into consideration his great lie-abilities.

ANOTHER SHOT BY A NON-SHOOTING STAR.



ITH exquisite good taste a Correspondent of the *Star* endeavours to poke fun at gallant GENERAL HAY, who is twitted for "continually expressing his surprise" at the efficiency of the Rifle Corps which he is called on to inspect. The writer thinks it funny to pretend to feel afraid that this continual surprise will turn the General's brain: a fate which could not well befall the *Star*-writer himself, inasmuch as it is probable he has no brain to be turned. To give point to his letter the writer heads it with the paraphrase of "Hay was an Archer!" a bit of humour just about upon a level with his sense. As Rifle Corps are an abomination to the

Star, of course such sneers as these find easy access to its columns. But however balefully the *Star* may try to shine on them, its light is quite put out by the sun of their success: and it is clear that "while their sun shines" they cannot well do better than "make HAY" come and look at them. Although the compliment sounds cockneyish, we mean it for a high one, when we say that GENERAL HAY in judging military matters is allowed to rank HAY I.

WHO SHALL CRITICISE THE CRITICS?

THE *Saturday Review* is so critical a paper that it startles us a little to find it use bad language. Indeed, we own we felt it difficult to believe our eyes, when we saw in it an article last week beginning thus:—

"The opinion which Mr. EDWIN JAMES and Mr. ALLAN have given upon the case placed before them on behalf of the workmen on strike is a very remarkable document. It consists of three branches, of which the first two relate to the rules of various Trade Unions, and the third to a question whether the masters who joined in the lock-out have thereby rendered themselves liable to an indictment for conspiracy. The Member for Marylebone and his coadjutor are inclined to think it does."

Are they indeed? Well, before we can agree with them, we should like to know what "it" is, and what it is "it" does. It rather puzzled us to hear of "branches" of a document, and to be informed that branches could "relate to" rules and questions. We swallowed this, however, with a struggle and a gasp, but when we tried to gulp the "it" it very nearly choked us. In fact the query "it" suggests to us is "What does what?" and till this be clearly answered, we cannot possibly endorse the learned gentlemen's opinion, and say if they be right in thinking that "it does."

ROMANCE BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

IN the course of an interesting lecture delivered the other evening, at a Meeting of the Society of Arts, on China, SIR JOHN BOWRING took occasion to deny the immorality of the trade in opium, and the injurious effects which that drug has been said to produce. In one especially important particular, by his account, the most cruel injustice had been done to opium, inasmuch as

"It had been stated, as one of the evil consequences of the encouragement of opium-eating, that it prevented the diffusion of Christianity; but this was so far from being the case, that in one district into which opium had been introduced as a substitute for intoxicating drinks, the people had been found particularly willing to receive Christian Missionaries, and had become ready converts."

Come, SIR JOHN BOWRING, this is the flight of an arrow shot a little too far. It is notorious that Missionaries, wherever they go, excite an awakening. How could the narcotic influence of opium have prepared the minds of the drug's consumers for that? Sermons certainly do sometimes produce an effect resembling that of opium; but coma must not be confounded with conversion.

A CONUNDRUM TO FILL UP A GAP IN THE CONVERSATION.

Why is a person older than yourself like food for cattle?
Because he's past your age (*pasturage*).

DR. CULLEN'S CHAFF.

THE Irish papers have just published another Pastoral, signed by DR. CULLEN and several other bishops of the Roman Catholic persuasion. The subject of this address is the Irish "Catholic University," for which it is said those prelates propose asking the grant of a charter, which they affect to entertain an idea that they have some chance of getting. On this point they observe:—

"It is so just to grant a charter to our university, we cannot easily believe that upon reflection it will be denied."

Do these titular gentlemen really give the British Government credit for being likely to concede their demand in consideration of its justice? Surely, then, they are too charitable. A ministry composed of heretics cannot, of course, have any idea of what justice means, in common, at least with the only true believers in mysteries and morals. The holy fathers must be joking, after the abuse with which they have so long been pelting their Protestant rulers, when they impute any the slightest possibility of a virtue to those enemies of the faith; those impious blasphemers, fiends, demons, &c.

More seriously, they proceed:—

"But even without a charter, the university will, to a large extent, realise the advantages we expect. We do not deem the charter so absolutely indispensable as some seem to imagine."

To be sure. In short what you intend to say, most reverend gentlemen, is that you do not want a charter at all. A Protestant charter begged for a Catholic University!—you spurn the base suggestion. A Protestant charter—faugh! it smells like tinder and carrion. You would not touch it with a pair of tongs. Saving your sacred prudence, the devil fly away with the dhirty charter!

Such, doubtless, are the real sentiments of DR. CULLEN and the Irish hierarchy of his denomination. "Here's the health of his Holiness the POPE; and then that of QUEEN VICTORIA; and as for you, PALMERSTON and RUSSELL, you wicked haythen, had luck to ye. You must know we have founded a Catholic University to teach the youth of Ireland devotion and loyalty to the POPE, and detestation of heresy and the Saxon. So now, ye blackguards and thieves of the world, be civil, and do us the justice of coaxing HER MAJESTY (conversion and salvation to her!) to hand us over a charter."

To such chaff as this the only possible, and doubtless the only expected, reply would be "Don't you wish you may get it?"

THE GREAT CIRCULATION.

By the account of the *Morning Post*,

"So great has been the demand for DR. CUMMING's remarkable book, *The Great Tribulation*, that upwards of 4,000 copies were immediately sold, and the demand for it increases every day."

Long live DR. CUMMING! Should this wish be fulfilled, and should a long series of years of prosperity immediately succeed this troublous time, and should DR. CUMMING at the end of them publish another book, announcing the instant arrival of the Millennium, or the approaching conflagration of the universe, then his new work, likewise, will no doubt immediately sell to the number of 4000 copies or more, and go on selling. Such works are sure to sell, in the ordinary as well as in the slang sense of the word, and those who are sold by them, no matter how often, continue buying similar productions to the end of the chapter. DR. CUMMING, therefore, may rest in the assurance that though his prophecies may fail him, he will always be sure of his profits.

A Pious Hoax.

ONE of REUTER's Telegrams, the other day, announced that—

"The *Patrie* of this evening asserts:—The letter published in the *Ami de la Religion*, alleged to be an answer by the KING of SARDINIA to the EMPEROR of the FRENCH, bears the full character of an apocryphal document."

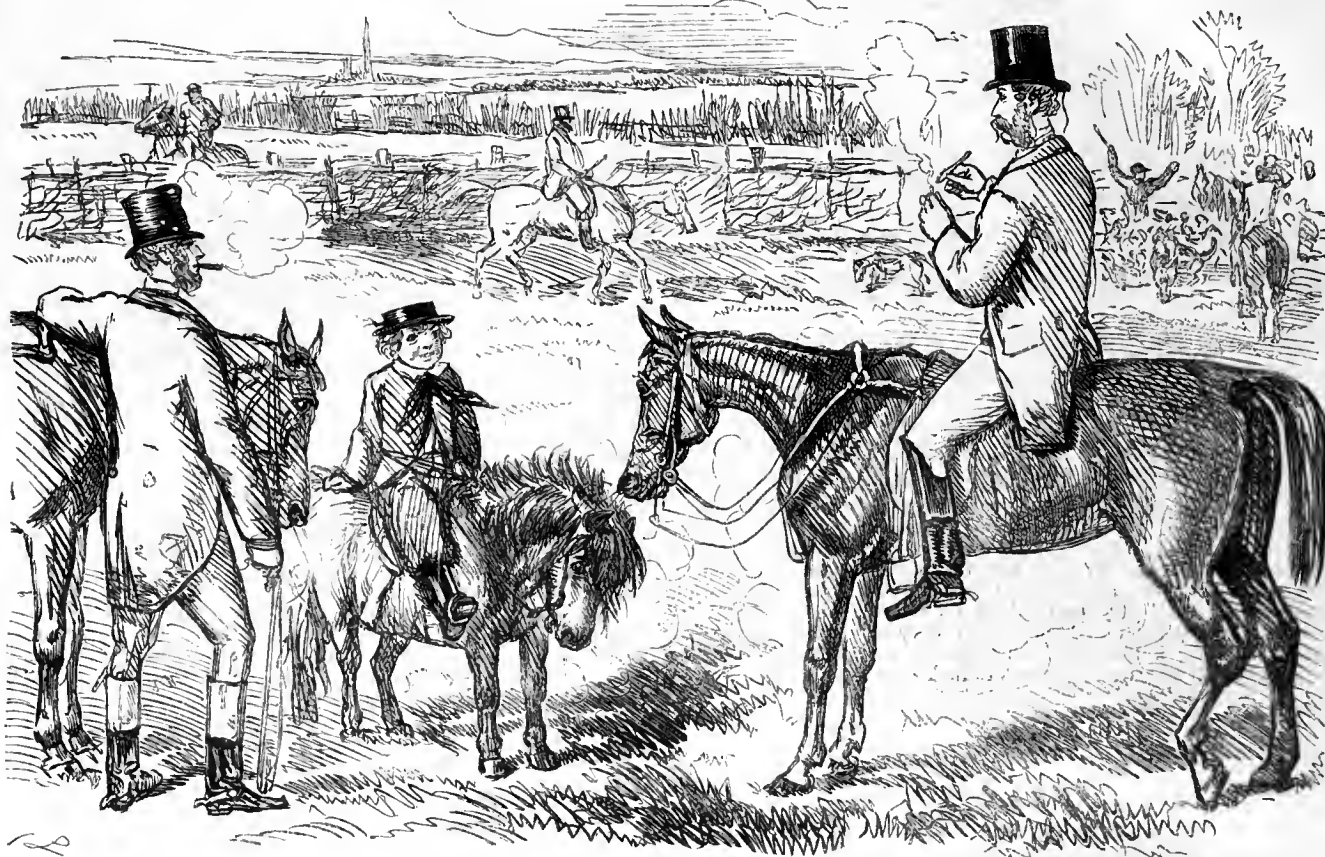
The *Ami de la Religion* holds the Apocrypha to be canonical; no wonder, therefore, that all that it says is not Gospel.

Fas ab Hoste.

O VICTOR-EMMANUEL, oh, why should you scatter all
Hopes that were centred on you by four nations:
Why not be entrenched in your own Quadrilateral,
Tuscany, Modena, Parma, Legations?

TRY IT ON.

It has been proposed (very properly) to give poor MONS. JULIEN a testimonial, as an expression of condolence for his many misfortunes. Perhaps, for a man who has gone to the wall so often, a suitable sort of thing would be a Mural crown.



YOUNG NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Master Harry (log.). "QUICK THING, THAT! DID YOU FELLOWS SEE IT? I GOT FOUNDED?"

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMAN'S WORK.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"REALLY, I can't think what MISS BESSIE PARKES and the gentlemen of the Social Science Association who patronise her, mean, when they talk about the narrow field of employment for women. I'm a woman, and I have always found plenty to do, I'm sure; and looking round me, I think I may say the same thing of all the women of my acquaintance.

"I must tell you, first, that I'm just twenty-one—I won't say anything about looks—because my friends—I don't mean my lady friends, you know—say I'm so very like one of MR. LEECH'S illustrations. I suppose by the way they say it, they mean this for a compliment; but I don't mention it to you, on that account, but because it will save me from any attempt at describing myself; and I don't think any girl ever succeeded in doing that—I meant to try, but after sitting three-quarters of an hour before my dressing-glass, I gave it up in despair.

"Well—so much for my appearance. As to my position in life, I'm exactly one of the girls MISS PARKES seems to allude to in her paper. Papa can't give me any fortune, he says; and I suppose I must look to being married some day as the best thing that can happen to me. I'm sure I've no objection to take my chance—and I had far rather be employed in fitting myself for a wife than as article clerk to a solicitor like my brother CHARLEY, or as an apprentice to a surgeon, like my cousin BOB, or in a telegraph office, or as a book-keeper, or a wood-engraver, or anything of that kind. Of course after I'm married I shall have plenty to do.

"But just now, only think how much there is! First, there's dressing,—that's two hours a-day hard work, merely for putting on one's things, to say nothing of all the hard work beforehand,—of making up one's mind what one will look best in; of buying it—and I'm sure you'll admit that shopping is dreadfully hard work (at least, I know all the gentlemen of my acquaintance complain dreadfully of it, and say it's worse than the treadmill). And then there's the making up,—and I hardly know, I'm sure, whether that's harder work when one does it at home or when one employs a dress-maker,—and the altering, and the trimming, and a hundred things besides. I'm sure, if

a woman had nothing to do but dress, she could find plenty of employment all the year round. But dressing's only one item in woman's work. There's calling,—now only think what hard work that is; and chatting over one's acquaintance; and then there's going out to balls, and dinners, and picnics, and dancing, and driving, and making one's self generally agreeable. Indeed, for six months of the year, at least, a poor girl's life, if she does what other people do, is downright hard labour, with hardly time for eating and sleeping. And all this time I've said nothing about improving one's mind. What with music, and drawing, and French and German, and crochet and worsted-work,—even if one don't do anything like leather-work, or wood-carving, or embroidering altar-cloths, or illuminating,—and keeping up with MUDIE'S and the Reviews, I wonder how any girl can find time for anything but improving her mind.

"Now only just think, Mr. Punch, what a number of serious female occupations I've put down, just as they came into my head, and then say if the field of woman's employment isn't quite wide enough. I don't know whether MISS BESSIE PARKES has a husband in her eye. I suppose she despises such things; but if ever she sets herself to try for one, she'd find it hard enough, I can tell her, let her work ever so diligently.

"I say, for my part, that so long as girls have husbands to get they want no other field of employment. That's quite as much as any ordinary young woman can get through. Indeed ordinary young women seldom can manage it at all, the young men of the present day are so dreadfully hard to please.

"No, Mr. Punch, don't you believe MISS BESSIE PARKES. Poor women are quite hard-worked enough as it is—at least such is the opinion founded on four seasons' experience of

"Your constant reader

"FANNY HOOKER."

The Largest Harbour of Refuge in the World.

OLD ENGLAND! It can be entered at all times with safety, and in the stormiest weather. LOUIS NAPOLEON once took refuge in this Harbour, and it is open to him again, providing he comes alone, and does not bring any of his French craft with him.



THE NEXT REFUGEE, OR A "DRREAM OF THE FUTUR."

Pro Nono. "I WANT-A, TO GO TO LEY-CHESTERRA SQUARRA!"

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THE QUEEN AND MR. PUNCH.

State Audience and Presentation of the Cross of Valour.



THURSDAY morning last, a most affecting ceremony took place at Windsor Castle, which *Mr. Punch* will now delight the universe by chronicling. The cause why the *Court Circular* has not recorded the event simply was that *Mr. Punch* preferred to be his own reporter; and although all other writers would have given their best pens to have narrated the occurrence, *Mr. Punch* obtained the privilege of exclusively reporting it.

It having been announced that *Mr. Punch* was to be honoured with an audience by his QUEEN, and to receive from her a Royal recognition of his services, all the joy-bells in the kingdom began ringing at daybreak, and a million tons of gunpowder were blazed off in salutes. *Mr. Punch* having arrived by early

train from his own Palace (which inquiring-minded Cherokees may be informed is placed in Fleet-street) had the honour and delight of taking breakfast with his Sovereign, who with her own hand poured his coffee out and cut his bread and butter. The meal being concluded, and *Mr. Punch* having enjoyed his cigar upon the Slopes (the QUEEN observing graciously that all great thinkers must smoke), the Royal party were at once conducted to the Throne Room, and the Audience and form of Presentation then took place. With a grand flourish of trumpets the great doors were thrown open, and, preceded by a walking Stick (either gold or silver, *Mr. Punch* quite forgets which), the CONQUERING HERO of the PRESS was bowed into the presence of his Royal Mistress, to receive from her the honour which in justice was his due. When the cheering had subsided, and the State Usher had restored perfect "silence in the Court," the QUEEN, rising from her seat, delivered a set speech, which *Mr. Punch* wishes he had the pen of HOMER (if HOMER had a pen) to hand down to posterity. As it is, posterity must be content with learning that *Mr. Punch* received the highest praise which Royal lips could utter: HER MAJESTY, proclaiming in her silveriest of tones, that he had won golden opinions from Her and from Her Ministers, of whom She should, as She had ever done, regard him as the chief. (Here LORDS PALMERSTON and RUSSELL were observed to bow obeisance.) In especial She would thank him for his last week's great Cartoon; which, as some, however slight, recognition of its merits, She had ordered to be treasured with the Cartoons in Her Commons House, where History demanded that it should have a place. For his distinguished act of bravery in putting forth this picture, which in Her belief had saved Her country from attack, She had determined to present the heroic *Mr. Punch* with the laurel-crown of Victory, and with it Her Victoria Cross.

Mr. Punch, who had been kneeling upon one knee all this time, in token of his graceful submission to his Sovereign, here rose, and having assumed the attitude of CICERO, in which that orator delivered his most impressive speeches, said that perfectly accustomed as he was to public compliment, he felt somewhat overpowered by the eulogy and honour which his QUEEN had just conferred on him. Praise from Royal lips in England was now of no slight value; and if he did not, as his friend the *Morning Star* would have done, "blush down into his boots" at Her Majesty's laudation, the omission showed no lack of loyalty on his part, but merely a less degree of sensitiveness in his cutaneous membrane. With regard to the slight service which he had done the State, it was reward enough for him to know his Sovereign applauded it. Some of his aristocratic friends who could not roll their "r's" well, had accused him of endeavouring to make a "wow with France." Now this absurd assertion was perfectly unfounded. He (*Mr. Punch*) had never meant to make a "wow" with France. All that he designed was just to make a "Bow-wow!" As his friend DR. JOHNSON had once similarly said (he, *Mr. Punch*, felt sure the Doctor would have been his friend, had the world been only able to contain a couple of such great men together), as DR. JOHNSON had once said, when Bozzy could not comprehend his jokes, "Sir, I find you wit, but I am not bound to find you brains to understand it;" so he (*Mr. Punch*)

when he gave out his great cuts could not be called upon to give people the wit to comprehend them. The French press-writers had long been barking at Great Britain, and *Mr. Punch's* "Bow-wow!" was put forward just to muzzle them. That the cut had done its work there was the amplest proof to show.

It was patent to the world that, directly the Cartoon was laid before the EMPEROR, he had instantly put forth his instructions to his prefects to stop the cur-like snappings and snarlings which had worried us. That the cut had been complained of, *Mr. Punch* did not deny; but the complaints had come from quarters whose censure he considered the best *κῆρος* they could give him. He was told, that on the Stock Exchange the cut had caused a panic, and that several of the jobbers who were speculating for a rise had, in City slang, been "much depressed" by *Mr. Punch*. Their depression had, however, given him but slight concern; for he (*Mr. Punch*) had always hated speculation, and he rejoiced when he enjoyed the opportunity of checking it. In conclusion, *Mr. Punch* begged leave, in all humility, to assure HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY that (except, of course, his *Judy*) there was no one in the kingdom dearer to him than Himself; and, *coûte qui coûte*, or cut *qui* cut, so long as England, as it did, expected *Punch* to do his duty, *Punch* would never flinch from going in and doing it.

Mr. Punch then, having kissed the Royal hand, and approvingly been glanced at by the Royal eyes, left the Royal presence attended by his *suite*,—his Sweet consisting of a lump of Royal sugar-candy, which one of the Royal Children (*Punch* will not make others envious by proclaiming which) had with Royal generosity bestowed on him to suck.

* I should think so, indeed!—*Judy*.

RIFLEMEN BOTH SIDES THE BORDER.

DRILL, drill, London and Manchester,
Shoulder your Enfields and shoot in good order:
Drill, drill, Glasgow and Edinburgh;
Don't be behind us, on your side the border.
Foreigners oft have said BRITAIN'S old fire is dead,
Let your array tell a different story:
Arm and make ready then, Squires, Shop, and Warehousemen,
Scotchman and Englishman, Lib'ral and Tory.

Come from the shops, where your goods you are praising,
Come from your moors, from the red-deer and roe:
Come to the ground where the targets they're raising,
Come from your ledgers, per contra, and Co.
Bugles are sounding, drill-serjeants grounding,
Practise your wind in loose skirmishing order,
Foes will think twice, I lay, ere they provoke a fray—
Once Britain stands in arms, both sides the Border.

REFORM IN THE HAREM.

ACCORDING to recent telegraphic advices from Constantinople,—

"A decree has been published in which the sumptuary life, the luxury, and the corruption of the women is censured, and wherein certain changes regarding their costume are ordered."

For sumptuary, by your leave, telegraph, we will read sumptuous. The decree censuring the women's expensive life, and prescribing changes of their costume, is sumptuary if you like, and summary also. The power that can compel the alteration of female fashions by its mere mandate, must be great. The sick man cannot be so very bad if he is able to exert all this authority over the women. What the prescribed changes regarding ladies' costume are, the telegraph does not state; but they probably relate principally to poll-bonnets, hooped petticoats, and high-heeled ankle-jacks; revived barbarisms of the last century, crowned with an additional folly of this, which are too bad for the intelligent and civilised Turks, and have disgusted their rational and enlightened SULTAN. It is to be hoped that Englishwomen will shake off the yoke of French milliners, and follow the example of their Constantinopolitan sisters, so as to combine, as the advertising tailors say, economy with elegance, instead of combining extravagance with awkwardness and absurdity.

Charity begins Abroad.

WE read this in the *Morning Chronicle* last week:—

"A subscription has been set on foot in Lisbon for the benefit of JOSÉ ROGERO, the Portuguese seaman who courageously landed the rope from the *Royal Charter*."

The reader will perceive there is an error of the press in this. "Lisbon" is of course a misprint for "London." We never could allow the man who risked his life to save *our* countrymen to be first subscribed for and rewarded by his own.

THE PIPER AT COMPIÈGNE.



DAILY chronicle of the acts of the superior classes, records these:—

"The MARQUIS and MARCHIONESS OF STAFFORD have left Stafford House for Lilleshall, Salop. On the recent visit of the Marquis and Marchioness to the EMPEROR and EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH at Compiègne, the Marchioness was accompanied by her piper, M'ALISTER, who had several opportunities of displaying his musical and terpsichorean talents before the Imperial Court. M'ALISTER has brought home with him a valuable gold watch, presented to him by the EMPEROR in acknowledgment of the amusement he afforded the Court."

This new feather in the cap of M'ALISTER is an event in the History of Scotland which ought not to be unsung; and is accordingly commemorated in the following—

ADDRESS TO M'ALISTER.

Oh, ALISTER, M'ALISTER,
A proud and happy chiel,
Before the Gallic EMPEROR,
To dance the Scottish reel!
Wi' nimble shankies a' sae bare,
Wi' tac an' heel, an' spring,
Nae doot ye gar'd EUGÉNIE starr,
To sec a Hieland fling.

The French may cut their capers hie,
An' light their steps may fa',
But whiles ye thirled the tunefu' key,
Ye loup abune them a';
Ye warked the drone, the pipes ye blew,
Wi' cheeks o' muckle size;
Ye maun hae had enuch to do,
An' 'maist pulled out your eyes.

Nae mountain stag e'er skipped sae quick,
Nae jenny faster span,
There's nocht on carth at hop and kick
That dings a Hielandman.
Hard wark must sie a dancer's be,
Himself that plays the tune,
I'm bail your face waxed red a wee,
An' shone e'er ye had dune.

Between twa crossed claymores to dance,
An' never cut your shin,
Gude faith! might weel astonish France,
An' gowden ticker win.
Oh, ALISTER, M'ALISTER,
Noo cut sic steps for me,
Wi' hoch! an' squirl; an' I'll confer
On you a brow bawbee.

LATEST FROM AMERICA.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CANARDIER.)

Niagara Falls.

BARNUM has bought up BLONDIN, ropes and all, and takes him to Europe to show him the ropes there, and to let him wander upon foreign strands (as the poet says) till he gets a good balance at his banker's, and of course a man who can keep his balance anywhere will have no difficulty in doing that. BLONDIN's last tight-rope feat may be new to you. He had a cat-gut rope, made of second-hand fiddle-strings from the great HANDEL festival, and they strained this rope so tight that the breeze played a tune upon it. Something like a stretcher this, you will say. BLONDIN undertook to walk to the middle of this cord and with a horsehair bow—a very long bow as you may suppose—to perform a concerto à la PAGANINI on one string. The vibration nearly cost the intrepid fellow his life; for just as he was bowing his foot slipped, but with great presence of mind he managed to fall in a sitting position. The people rent the air with their acclamations. BLONDIN merely rent his trousers, and with vast tact and delicacy walked backwards to the Canada side, and retired for a fresh pair. Afterwards BLONDIN passed over on stilts, and upon this performance being enoered the daring artist actually sharpened the feet of his stilts, thrust the stumps into two soda-water bottles, and, thus shod, again traversed the cord! During the last trip the excitement was awful. The sun broke out and sparkled on the bottles, and through a thousand telescopes was the steel-nerved hero seen to falter in his tread. Five to one that he tumbled went begging. BLONDIN took a pinch of snuff, and the betting was even directly. Twenty thousand spectators held their breath till they were nearly suffocated. A hurricane of shouts

announced the brave man's success, and a sporting Judge who had laid heavily against him fell in a fit. Most opportunely a medical man from the South opened a vein with a sharp bowie-knife which he luckily had brought with him instead of his revolver, and the Judge recovered, but will have to sell niggers to settle up.

You may expect BLONDIN in the big balloon. About an acre of its skin is yet to be varnished, so, to fill up time, B. will go into severe training for his European performances—say about an hour's brisk walking on a telegraph wire four times a day. There is a report here that the old transatlantic telegraph cable has been sold to a marine store dealer, to be taken on the ground with all faults; also, that the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER has compounded with his creditors; but we receive these loose rumours with some distrust.

GENTLEMEN RIFLEMEN.

WE have good reason for announcing that the aristocracy of Hampshire have agreed amongst themselves that membership of a Volunteer Rifle Corps shall be held and deemed a sufficient passport for admission to every county or other public ball. All the young ladies of the high territorial families seated in that advanced bucolic and agricultural county, have consented to give their hands as partners to any well-conducted young Rifleman; the fact of his being a linendraper's or grocer's assistant notwithstanding. Of course this partnership arrangement only contemplates the dance; but there is no saying that it may not in some fortunate instances, extend farther. The spirited example of Hampshire will no doubt be followed by every other county; and the universal landed interest will, in fraternising with the mercantile, make a tremendous sacrifice of pride on the altar of patriotism.

THE FAGGOTS OF THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Man in the moon—brought down by charm—
What are those faggots under your arm?
"Faggots they are that themselves have sold,
Bartered their British rights for gold."

Man in the Moon, did they cost you dear?
"Some of them rather; as you shall hear:
Twenty, and thirty, and forty pounds;
Desperate bribery knows no bounds."

Man in the Moon, now tell me, pray,
Did you buy them up in an open way?
"No; for we heat, to pick up our sticks,
About the hush in politics."

Man in the Moon, how was it done?
"Oh! I went and bought a ham of one,
At about three guineas or so a pound,
And otherwise wriggled the rest around."

Man in the Moon, oh! tell me where?
"Wakefield; I buy my faggots there.
I wish I could sell them for what I gave;
But every one is a worthless knave."



OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"November, 1859.

"AN eminent Tragedian, who lately terminated his career as manager of a highly popular theatre, observed on that interesting occasion that 'the Pitcher goes often to the well, but the Pitcher at last may be broken.' What this talented gentleman remarked with reference to his own mug, is no less applicable to the humbler clay of your obedient servant. Fatigued by my arduous labours in the cause of art, and (between ourselves) somewhat disgusted with a Continental life, I returned not long ago to my native land, and after paying a short visit to my beloved Aunt (who, you will be glad to hear, is in excellent preservation), I have been endeavouring for some days past to recruit my health and spirits at that most favoured and fascinating of all watering-places—the breezy, brilliant, bustling Brighton. You, my dear *Punch*, who have seen and done everything that should be seen and done by everybody under every variety of circumstance, will readily understand how welcome the sight of my native shores must have been to me after such a long absence, and appreciate the honest emotion which filled my breast on beholding so many of my dear fellow country-women. I allude especially to the Ladies—not only because they ought, of course, to occupy our first attention, but because at the present moment they literally form the principal part of the Brighton population. Just fancy sixty thousand visitors (not including the 'Talking Fish') and the greater part of them in Crinoline! Only think of a French invasion—(the coast seems very much exposed)—say that ten thousand ladies with strong constitutions and stout parasols could take care of themselves—what would become of the rest?"

to say nothing of the Talking Fish who would, doubtless, take a mean advantage of the confusion, and escape to his native element.

"Let me turn from such a terrible contemplation. Of course I have met a great many old friends. There are some people, my dear *Punch*, whom one sees *everywhere*. Take SLOPER for instance (a fellow of Quodham, Oxbridge), I was down at the lakes some time ago, and met him *there*. I went to hear SPURGEON preach and saw SLOPER taking notes. Looked in at EVANS's the following evening, and found him before a tumbler of gin sling. Caught him again attempting the 'cancan' at Château-Rouge. Came across him once more in the Catacombs. Saw him last on Mount Athos smoking a short clay—and by Jove, I hadn't been a week at Brighton, before he walked out of the 'Bedford' as coolly as if he had lived there all his life.

"Hullo! how do, EASEL—you here—Gad—'strawney flar you are—ponsole—meet you everywhere—which way are you going?—come and do some lunch,' &c. &c.

"Having finished our repast at MUTTON's celebrated establishment, we adjourned to that rendezvous of rank and fashion—the Pavilion.

"As we entered the chaste but imposing portico which leads to the spot, I could not help reflecting on the happy accident which induced the erection of this wondrous building so near the coast. If our Gallic neighbours fresh from Versailles and the Louvre are not awed into utter helplessness by the sight of this miracle of palatial architecture, I don't know what *will* frighten them. For my part I feel grateful to the master mind which designed and raised the noble pile, and only feel surprised that no fresco perpetuates the memory of its illustrious founder, and that we stretch our necks to the ceiling in vain for the apothecosis of GEORGIUS REX.

"As we gaze on its chaste proportions—rich in many a sculptured onion and oriental chimney-pot—how the visions of the Past rise up before us. There stood the First Gentleman of England, cane in hand, smiling at poor BRUMMEL from behind his fair cravat, or turning the back of his creaseless coat upon him. The very ground we tread on was once pressed by his Hessian boots—which now—

"*Heu mihi! va vectis!*—man is but mortal. Charon cares little for department in his boat, nor will canes avail us much beyond the Styx.

"SLOPER is a bore—I say it with deliberate purpose. This is the third opportunity which I have lost of renewing my acquaintance with the WINSOMES, uncommonly jolly girls whom I met last winter in Rome,* and who were also in the Pavilion Gardens, where the band was playing. The wretch (SLOPER) *would* stick close to me all the afternoon. It was in vain I endeavoured to shake him off. If I had walked up and joined them, he would have asked to be introduced, I feel an inward conviction of the fact. He's such a *deucedly* cool hand.

"Yesterday I went to see the Talking Fish. *Entre nous* it is neither a fish, nor does it talk, and how the British Public could allow a Seal to make such an impression, I am at a loss to conceive. By the way, what is that ejaculation which its foreign custode uses when the animal begins to snort?

"It appears to be a word of three syllables, and sounds like 'OLDCHERNIZE.' I have searched TRENCH's book in vain for an explanation, and am thinking of writing to *Notes and Queries* on the subject.†

"An awkward accident occurred while I was there. A scientific lady of a certain age appeared much interested in the matter, and leaning over the side of the tub—note book in hand—was about to make a sketch of the Seal, when, prompted by some sudden impulse, the sagacious creature floundered towards her, sprang up and snapped its huge jaws in her face, exclaiming emphatically at the same time, 'Mam—ma, Mam—ma!' I need scarcely add that the scientific lady was carried out in hysterics.

"I am getting rather tired of Brighton. I have 'done' the Pavilion and used up the Chain Pier. I have been out with the harriers five times, and lunched at MUTTON's every day. The sad sea waves no longer charm me—and as for the Talking Fish, I wish it was boiled and eaten.

"*Dulce est desipere in loco.* But the time has arrived when I must return to my duties. Hence, vain deluding jo—

"Hurray! I have been writing this at my window and have just seen HER walking towards the cliffs. 'Go on! I'll follow thee!' SLOPER is in bed with a sore throat—Now, or never!—where *are* my boots?"

"Yours in haste, JACK EASEL."

* Our correspondent here describes at some length the romantic details of his first interview with the ladies in question, which it appears took place at the Coliseum by moonlight. We consider however that we exercise a proper discretion in withholding this portion of his letter.

† A horrible suspicion has just flashed across me that it may be intended for "hold your noise." If so, the Seal must be an intelligent animal.

FRENCH SUPERIORITY.—The French do not beat us on many points, but with regard to theatres, it must be confessed they do *manage* those things better in France than we do in England.

UNIFORMS NOT UNIFORM.

THERE has been a tedious amount of discussion about the most appropriate uniform for the Volunteer Corps. Different bodies have assumed different colours. It seems that there abounds as many Greys as there were once in a Whig Administration, whilst the Greens are almost as numerous, giving this branch of our national defences quite a leafy look. They are living lanes of warriors. The latter colour appears entitled to the preference, for it comes naturally within the duty of a Rifleman to practise largely on the Green. The question, however, is a very simple one. To our mind, the best colours for English regiments are those which they are in the habit of taking from the enemy.

UNFEELING PRACTICAL JOKE

OFFERING SIR ROBERT CARDEN a fine bit of "Gloucester," and extolling it very highly to his notice on account of its very advanced stage of corruption. We doubt if SIR ROBERT, with all his love for a joke, would think it quite the cheese.



A VERY HAPPY IDEA.

KEEPER. "Had ever a fun, Sir?"
GENT. "No! But I will though, if you'll be kind enough to watch my float for a minute or two; for it's precious cold standing here, I can tell you."

A MAN OF SHORT MEMORY.

Few of our readers probably ever saw a more remarkable advertisement than the subjoined:—

TO HOTEL-KEEPERS and CABMEN.—LOST, the NAME of an HOTEL (supposed to be in the neighbourhood of Bond Street), by a gentleman who arrived shortly after 12 on the night of Saturday, 19th, and went out the next morning at about 10. Left luggage consisting of a portmanteau, carpet-bag, hatbox, and small deal box. Being a stranger in London, and unacquainted with the name of the hotel, he has been unable to find it himself, and will feel much obliged if the proprietor or the cabman who brought him will assist him.—Address T. P., 15, Ebury Street, Pimlico.

One naturally wonders how the gentleman arrived at the Hotel the name of which he has forgotten; that is, if he ever knew it. If he told the Cabman to drive there he must have known it, unless he gave him a mere direction to stop at the first Hotel. His oblivion might be accounted for by the supposition that the Cabman had picked up his fare in a state of insensibility, and considerably conveyed the unconscious being to a place at which he would be taken care of. In that case, it would be necessary further to suppose that the gentleman who had been drunk and incapable over night, had not got quite right the next morning; for even then he seems to have been in such a mental condition as not to have thought of the expediency of ascertaining where he was and had passed the night. If he is really a person whose memory is apt utterly to fail him, it is fortunate that he has been able to direct that answers to his advertisement should be addressed to "T. P.," if those are his true initials. He may not always be able to make so great a mnemonic effort; and he should tattoo the letters in question on the back of his hand, where he will frequently see them; otherwise, one of these days, he will assuredly forget his own name.

Numismatic Curiosity.

The most extraordinary coin Mr. Punch ever heard of is, according to a Birmingham contemporary, now in circulation. That journal, cautioning the public against taking a franc for a shilling, states that the difference may easily be known—the edge of the shilling being milled "while the rim of the other coin is the Reverse." We hope the Museum will secure a specimen.

A THIRSTY SOUL.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"As Drinking-Fountains are running all over the country, couldn't you get one established for my own particular benefit? It is so very long since I tasted a glass of pure fresh water, that I should like to know again what the taste of it was like. I would give anything for a good draught of the New River. I am heartily sick and tired of the poisonous stuff that I have been for years condemned to swallow. The wonder is, how I have been able to keep up my head at all.

"Therefore, dear *Punch*, I do beg of you, as a favour, to exert your influence with MR. GURNEY, or MR. MELLY of Liverpool, or MR. LIVESEY of Preston, and see whether a Drinking-Fountain cannot be laid on for my own especial use. The nearer it is erected to my mouth, of course, the better. I remain, dear *Punch*,

"Yours, very low and confined to my bed,

"OLD FATHER THAMES."

"If something is not done for me, I am sure I shall do something desperate. I have a good mind to take to drinking African Port, even though it should be the death of me. Do you think it is as nasty as the water I am compelled to drink?"

An Irish Rifle Brigade!

A LOYAL proposal from the *Nation* newspaper will be hailed with enthusiasm. The organ of Irish Ultramontaniam would have young Ireland arm to defend the British constitution! It demands that the formation of Volunteer Rifle Corps in Ireland shall be encouraged by the Government. Of course the PREMIER will not hesitate a moment to gratify so innocent and ingenuous a request. The noble Lord is no weasel; and the *Nation* will find no obstacle to its admirable suggestion from PALMERSTON'S suspicious vigilance.

FROM LAST NIGHT'S FLEET STREET GAZETTE.

PROMOTION.

To *Punch*'s Pet Donkey Corps—The *Morning Star*, vice the *Morning Advertiser*, sacked.



This is Young Dawdlemore, the artist. Not that he is idle, O dear, no, "but he is obliged to think a great deal before he begins to work."
N.B. It is 6 P.M., and he has been thinking ever since he got up at 11 A.M., and now thinks he should dress for dinner.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Why do all the foreign nations
Rage so loud against our own,
Loading us with execrations,
When we let them all alone,
Whilst we hail their rare advances
In the path that's good and true,
And lament the sad mischances
They are always coming to?

Victims of their mad distractions
Here, in turn, asylum find,
Exiles of all foreign factions,
Refugees of every kind;
Forced from home by revolutions,
British liberties they share,
Under British institutions,
Dwelling safe in Leicester-square.

What can be their great objection
To the Island of the Frce,
Which affords them all protection,
Shows them hospitality?
Evil they for good return us,
And with curses kindness pay,
Want to rob, lay waste, and burn us,
Why and wherefore who can say?

We decline their lead to follow
Through the fog, and mud, and fire,
They think fine what we think hollow,
We despise what they admire.
Of the monstrous creed which bridles
Them, derision we avow,
Laugh aloud at all the idols
Which command at least their bow.

They detest our cool sedateness,
Envy our Constitution's health,
And the evergrowing greatness
Of our mere material wealth,
Hate us for the scorn of trifles
Which they value, or adore;
Therefore need we muster rifles,
From them to defend our shore.

SHALL OUR VISCOUNT HAVE A STATUE?

Too long have we waited for some worthier pen than ours to be nibbed and dipped to moot this most momentous question. We can wait no longer. Our feelings fairly overcome us. We have bottled them down somehow for we can't tell how long; but we feel our bosom bursting, and we must give them vent. *Shall our Viscount have a Statue!* There! The cork's out now, and we can calmly breathe again.

Would the public wish to know whence comes this sudden outburst, we refer them to the speech delivered last week to his constituents by the noble, because not ennobled, Member for Lambeth. The speech was made at the Horns Tavern; and it was in this way that the speaker blew his trumpet:—

"MR. WILLIAMS (who was warmly received) said he had no doubt that his constituents looked pretty sharply after him, and he wished the constituencies of England would do the same with regard to every member, for depend upon it this was the way to keep them honest and to make them discharge their duty. He attended the House of Commons throughout the whole of last Session, without the omission of a single day or night; and no question of the least importance was brought before the House in which he did not take part."

Hearing this affecting flourish, who will say that WILLIAMS should not have a Statue? *Dulce et decorum est*, and so forth, we all know; but the patriot who lives such a life as has our Viscount has made more sacrifice for his country than he who merely dies for it. Just conceive the mental bore, not to say a word of the personal fatigue, of sitting day and night on the stuffed seats of St. Stephen's, listening to the ceaseless stream of talk which flows there.

"WILLIAMS expectat dum defluat amnis, at illo
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis HANSARD."

Full sure the labour is as great, in hearing speeches as to speak; and we wonder the fine mind and the fine person of our Viscount could have survived the torture to which they were self-doomed.

It remains now for the country to recognise his services, in a manner that shall be befitting to the man. As he has not spared himself in his

labours for the nation, there is nothing which the nation ought not cheerfully to spare for him. *Contentus parvo* is however probably his motto. Let then a subscription be commenced, in sums of not more than one penny, as the Economist would doubtless prefer such small amounts. It can be no slight task to sit for days and nights with one's face turned to the Speaker, *Nocturna versare manu, versare diurna*.^{*} One good turn proverbially deserves another. Let us statuefy the patriot, if we can't emble him. But who is there can design a *pose* that shall befit him? There is but one mind equal to it. The nation points to *Punch*. In the name then of the nation, *Punch* says let the statue of our VISCOUNT WILLIAMS be carved after the thought of him called the "Divine WILLIAMS." Let us chisel him as Patience sitting in a Parliament, and sadly smiling at the grief to which his patriotism has brought him. Be the motto underwritten: "*Sedet æternùmque sedebit Infelix Williams*," until by hook and crook he can catch the Speaker's eye. Being as he is by far too venerable a bird to be caught with the chaff of the offer of a title, his statue clearly should be modelled after the antique. We would have him represented wrapped up in his virtue (the "Wiseount Virtue Wrapper" would sell well, MESSIEURS MOSES), and holding in his hand the mouthpiece of Fame's trumpet, which, in his own praise he has shown how he can blow. *Kismet!* We have spoken. Be his Horns exalted! May the shadow of his Statue be cast ere next Recess!

* We really must apologise for these hackneyed old quotations. From parliamentary associations we somehow can't help using them. By the way, what a number our Viscount must have heard last Session, sitting as he did daily and nightly in the thick of them!

Novel Eclipse of the Moon.

SIR FRANCIS GRAHAM MOON has been receiving from the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH some fresh decoration, connected this time with the Legion of Honour. If it goes on at this rate, our gentle MOON promises to be totally eclipsed in time by a quantity of stars.

AN ODD FELLOW.—Morpheus, for he is undeniably a Nod fellow.

ANOTHER SMASH FOR A STARTELLER.



His national capacity of Protector of the Public, *Mr. Punch* had recently to smash a *Mr. SMITH*, who having assumed the more imposing *alias* of "*Zadkiel*," had endeavoured to palm off a certain sham-prophetic Almanack, containing what he called the "*Revelations*" of the stars. *Mr. Protector Punch* convicted this offender of a fraudulent attempt to impose upon the public, and sentenced him to public condemnation for the act. For having thus discharged what he conceived to be his duty, *Mr. Punch* was assaulted with a sheetful of abuse, wherein it was asserted, with more emphasis than grammar, that *Mr. Punch* was plainly doomed either to commit suicide, bigamy, or murder. *Mr. Punch* at

this moment forgets precisely which. What yet more horrid horror Fate may have in store for him, *Mr. Punch* may be expecting in a post or two to learn: inasmuch as he is now about to smash another Starteller, whose first impulse most probably, on reading this annihilating notice of his work, will be to pick the choicest words that Billingsgate can offer, and hurl them in his wrath at the much-suffering *Mr. Punch*.

The Starteller, or story-teller, whom *Mr. Punch* means now to smash, assumes the *alias* of "*RAPHAEL*" to assist him in his fraudulent design upon the public: his design being simply to extract as many half-crowns as he can from people's pockets, by means of certain blasphemies, absurdities, and lies, which are collectively entitled *RAPHAEL'S Prophetic Messenger*. It would appear that this sham literary coinage has been in circulation for nearly half a century, the present being said to be its fortieth yearly issue. If this statement be by any accidental slip the truth, it certainly reflects small credit on the country. It may, however, serve by way of proof, to those who need one, that the race of fools is by no means yet extinct; and that although the age of so-called "golden simplicity" has passed, there must be lots of silver simplicity still current, or *MR. RAPHAEL* would not have sacked so many half-crowns as he hints he has. Here are some random specimens of *RAPHAEL'S* advice, from his *Table of Celestial Influences*, and which is prefaced by the statement that each day in the year is affected by some lunar or planetary aspect:—

- "January 19. Ask favours of aged persons, but avoid contracts.
- "July 27. Travel, ask favours, deal with Solar and Jovial persons.
- "August 18. Deal with things and in persons under Venus and Mars, but marry not.
- "August 25. Deal in Saturnine things; ask favours towards night.
- "September 1. Deal with surgeons and Mars men. A.M. Good for Chemists.
- "September 20. Deal in things and with persons under Venus. Until 4 P.M. good for Surgeons, afterwards uncertain. After 7 favourable.
- "November 23. Untoward for Martial men and things; travel; ask favours.
- "December 29. Deal in Saturnine things, and with Martial men."

This instruction might be headed "*MORALITY FOR MAIDSERVANTS*," as it is to them that it is obviously addressed. And it is especially for them no doubt that there is added this delicious bit of kitchen composition.

With regard to the prophetic (!) portion of the work, the following may be cited as fair illustrative samples:—

"At the Meeting of Parliament some antagonisms arise, and a conflict of parties results. . . . A distinguished Lady labours under malign influences. . . . The Pope has difficulty to retain the Papal chair. . . . The influence of Uranus is most inimical to the conjugal happiness of those whose luminaries are affected by his stationary position in the early degrees of Gemini. . . . Persons having their luminaries in or near 15 or 16 degrees of Cancer, or any sign of the watery trigon, bask under the benefic smiles of Jupiter. . . . The Sun in this scheme signifying the Parliament, afflicted by Uranus, is indicative of the possibility of a dissolution—it may be on the question of Reform. . . . The conjunction of Venus and Herschel is of peculiar import, and has reference to very remarkable and uncommon conduct of a female of note and high rank. . . . Railway casualties are portended. . . . The head of the noble house of STANLEY suffers grief. . . . An untoward period for lawyers and literary men, one of whom suffers misfortune or disgrace. . . . Jupiter is very near the opposition of the moon in LORD PALMERSTON'S nativity, which will produce adverse circumstances, but not perhaps drive him from power. Of this we cannot feel certain, not having knowledge of the hour of his birth."

"Stuff and nonsense!" *Mr. Punch* hears some reader exclaim. "What's the good of making so much fuss about such gibberish? Who the Blank can put an atom of belief in such unmitigated bosh and balderdash as this?" Whereto *Mr. Punch* replieth with that calmness which distinguishes great minds. Your questions, courteous reader, seem fairly enough founded. Nevertheless you must admit that you are not Everybody, and that Everybody is not quite so knowing as yourself. There are men and women; and all are not so clever as a *Saturday Reviewer*, or (pray excuse the anti-climax) as yourself. We *Punch*, who write for Everybody, must of course write for the Nobodies as well as for the Somebodies;

and for the warning of the former, We must expose this bumbag *RAPHAEL*, although the latter may consider it a waste of space to do so. A quack-hunt is, We own, not half so good fun as a duck-hunt. But, fun or not, it is Our duty, as Protector of the Public, to hunt down all such quacks as *RAPHAEL* until we make gone geese of them.

NUMBER ONE AND TWO.

SOME fine moral principles, mingled with a few commercial fallacies, were enunciated the other day by a worthy ship-owner, *MR. DUNBAR*, to the assembly of the distressed shipping interest, convened in the London Tavern. *MR. DUNBAR* said,—

"Gentlemen, I wish we had the good old times of *OLIVER CROMWELL* back again, and then we should know how to deal with foreigners. . . . But I do hope you will go to your homes, and lay aside the feeling we have of loving foreigners. (Laughter.) An honest man loves himself first; and the great principle is, that we should take care of ourselves first, and if we have anything to spare, give it to our neighbours. (Hear, hear, and laughter.)"

Our Cromwellian forefathers are not perhaps the models whose examples we should wisely follow in our mercantile dealings with other nations. But *MR. DUNBAR* was quite right in protesting against "the feeling we have of loving foreigners," although perhaps the British ship owners whom he was addressing had not very much of that weakness to lay aside. He propounded a grand truth in laying down the axioms that "an honest man loves himself first," and that "we should take care of ourselves first, and if we have anything to spare, give it to our neighbours." If a man does not love himself first, he will certainly not love anybody else afterwards, how much soever he may love his neighbour as himself. He that does not take care of Number One will not have the means to take care of Number Two. You may move the world if you have the where to stand on; you may exercise boundless benevolence if you have the needful; not otherwise. If we practise generosity, we must practise it either at our own expense or at that of somebody else. In the latter case we are humbugs. *MR. DUNBAR'S* maxims on the subject of self-love afford a pleasing contrast to the prevalent cant about self-sacrifice. People who sacrifice themselves sacrifice others; and they who talk much of doing the former, very commonly content themselves with doing the latter. When men often accuse other men of selfishness, the fact generally is that they have failed in attempting to cheat those whom they malign. He that pretends to be unselfish is always unscrupulous. The domestic relations of the pure philanthropist are frequently shameful; and if anybody professes not to take care of himself, depend upon it that his munificence will be imaginary and insolvent.

GARIBALDI'S LOGIC.

THE reasons why the Italians should choose their rulers for themselves are not perhaps at present sufficiently numerous. *GARIBALDI* very wisely tells the Podesta of Milan, that "the subscription for 1,000,000 muskets must not only not be suspended, but, on the contrary, promoted as much as possible." Muskets, of course, mean rifles. Rifles are the reasons required. At present, the late subjects of the Dukes and the Pope have not apparently provided themselves with so ample an array of these reasons as may be requisite to confute all who may dispute their right to govern themselves. A million rifles, in hands trained to use them, are arms of logical precision which carry conviction to any breast at nearly half a mile. If the Italian peoples will only enable themselves to advance that number of those arguments against any conclusion which may be pressed upon them by foreign bayonets, they may depend upon it that no attempt will be made to dispute the position which they will be so well prepared to maintain.

A Point in Favour of America.

In England there are certain periods of the year specially put aside for shooting, but in America, if we are to judge from the numerous duels and savage assaults that are almost daily taking place with pistols and revolvers, the shooting season seems to continue pretty nearly all the year round.

MITCHEL AND MAGUIRE.



MITCHEL, the convict, writes from Paris a letter which has been published in a low Irish newspaper. On the cool proposal, made by certain scoundrels who sympathise with him, to ask the QUEEN to grant him an amnesty, the fellow thus speaks for himself:—

"I do not know whether my two friends and comrades now in the United States would avail themselves of the 'amnesty' if granted. For my part I certainly would not. I hope, indeed, to go to Ireland again, but never by the QUEEN OF ENGLAND'S good-will."

MR. MITCHEL hopes to accompany an invading army to Ireland; and if an enemy ever should venture to land on that part of the United Kingdom, it is indeed to be hoped that the traitor will accompany the foe. The rifle in that case will await the one; for the other will be

reserved the rope. MITCHEL proceeds:—

"It would be impossible for me to live there under her Government without endeavouring to overthrow it. I should instantly conspire, confederate, and combine, with person and persons, once more, against the peace of our said Lady the now QUEEN, her crown and dignity, and so forth: whereupon she would again pack a jury of true-blue Castle Protestants, again steal my letters in the post-office, again set BARON LEFROY upon my track (does the Baron still live?) and all the detectives and suborners, again seize my person and plunder my children, under a false pretence of law. Oh no! I cannot go back to live in Ireland under her dominion; yet I hope to go back and live in Ireland."

MR. MITCHEL says too much and too little. If he were contemptuously pardoned, or granted a ticket-of-leave, and suffered to return to Ireland, and, when he had got there, were to act as he says he would, he would be simply taken up again, and tried for high-treason without much of the ceremony which he anticipates. He would then be convicted and hanged. It may be possible that he will return to Ireland according to his expectation, but if his return takes place under the conditions, or with the intentions, which he contemplates, it will not be to live there very long, but to die there speedily: and to die in his shoes unless he kicks them off, in order to falsify, as far as possible, the predictions of his friends.

The consequence of which this despicable villain imagines himself is something comical. His idea of BARON LEFROY "set upon" his "track," and that by the QUEEN, would make it seem that he flatters himself with the supposition that he is (as it were, royal game; some noble animal of prey, no meaner at least than a wolf, whereas the truth is, that he corresponds to a rat, and to the nasty venomous kind of rat which infests sewers, and whose mouth is poisonous with the filth that it devours there. He talks, indeed, of the QUEEN stealing his letters, setting BARON LEFROY after him, seizing his person, and plundering his children, much as Æsor might represent a rat complaining of the housekeeper who cut off its communications, put a terrier on its scent, sent a ferret into its hole, and routed out its nest. To complete the absurdity of his conceited self-measurement, he says that HER MAJESTY would do these things "under a false pretence of law," he, MITCHEL, in the case he supposes, having, on his own supposition, committed high-treason.

But the funniest point in the above quoted balderdash, is the apparent fancy, on the part of its infamous author, that the observance of some legality is due to him in dealing with him. Legality, no doubt, would be regarded in prosecuting him and punishing him. If caught tomorrow, he would be dealt with as an escaped convict, strictly according to law. But his idea of being actually entitled to legal consideration is absurd. It is laughable to find an unrestrained miscreant, who sets not only law, but honour, justice, and common humanity at defiance, expecting that any measure should be observed towards him in the endeavour to get rid of him. It would be ridiculous of a rat to hope for law, although British fair-play might accord law even to a rat.

MITCHEL is ludicrously unconscious that his relation to the United Kingdom is simply that of a banished vermin. The country has banished him; if he returns, it will hane him. Meanwhile the question for the Government to consider is, whether or no they will move the House of Commons for the expulsion of any Member of it who may have been guilty of showing overt sympathy with MR. MITCHEL.

STRANGE TASTE.

WE were startled off our chair the other morning, by reading the following paragraph in the *Morning Star*:—

"We publish interesting news from Hayti. Some twenty persons had been convicted of engaging in the late conspiracy against the Government, and sixteen of them were executed."

And this is from our morbid contemporary, who is supposed to entertain such an acute horror of slaughter that it is said the Editor objects even to killing a flea, inasmuch as the sanguinary act would be prompted by no other than the old revengeful law of taking blood for blood! If the execution of some sixteen unfortunate devils comes under the denomination of "interesting news," we wonder what endearing epithet would be applied to a *coup d'état*, or a Perugian massacre, or any of the numerous little rencontres with revolvers that are continually taking place in Congress and the best society in America? A boiler explosion, we suppose, would be classified as "cheerful news;" a colliery accident would be doubtlessly denominated "refreshing;" whilst a ship on fire, in which all lives were lost, would be probably alluded to as "the most gratifying intelligence that has reached us for some time." A new edition of the *Newgate Calendar*, sprinkled profusely with these admiring adjectives, would create a new sensation. Might we, with all possible respect, recommend the notion to the Editor of the *Morning Star*? His talents seem to qualify him admirably for so congenial a task.

HORRIBLE OCCURRENCE!—GROSS ASSAULT ON MR. PUNCH!

THE world will learn with mingled pain and indignation, that *Mr. Punch* last week was the victim of a brutal and quite unprovoked attack, from the effects of which he still is mentally a sufferer. It appears that *Mr. Punch* was (as usual) in his study, engaged (as usual) in settling the affairs of the nation, and just then deciding upon whom to send to Congress, when the smallest of his errand-boys timidly approached him, and kneeling on one knee in token of submission, said—

"Please, Sir, why may we expect that mice will next week be made nervous?"

To have collared the small miscreant, to have partially undressed him, and administered that punishment which justly was his due, would have been to *Mr. Punch* but half an instant's work. But with him invariably mercy tempers justice; and so, with the air of one of Fox's Martyrs, he leaned back in his chair, resigned to bear the worst. Emboldened by the attitude the Great Man had assumed, the small boy grinned and chuckled, and, with fiendish malice, completed his assault by exclaiming,—

"Please, Sir, it's because there 'll be a Cat 'U Show!"

HEAVY AND MELANCHOLY MENDELSSOHN.

THE Programme of the Promenade Concerts at Drury Lane, the other day, contained the announcement that—

"The first part is selected entirely from the works of MENDELSSOHN."

Whereunto was added the notification following:—

"The second part will consist of light and cheerful music."

The author of the antithesis may appear to have regarded the music of MENDELSSOHN as heavy and melancholy. Perhaps, however, he employed those epithets simply with a view to attract the gents whom a whole evening of any composer of genius would have repelled from the Promenade Concerts to the Casino. By music the opposite of light and cheerful, he probably meant music requiring attention and interesting the nobler feelings. What he intended by light and cheerful music, most likely was music requiring no effort to understand it, and exciting only the animal spirits of those who are incapable of any more spiritual excitement. Joy of heart is heaviness, and elation of soul is gloom, to the poor gent who has neither heart nor soul.

Liberal and Conservative Loyalty.

THE Man in the Moon may boldly defend his proceedings at Wakefield, and perhaps also the majority of the Members of the House of Commons may justify the means whereby they have obtained their seats, by alleging that in what is vulgarly called practising bribery and corruption, they have only exercised the legitimate influence of the Sovereign.

SEVERITY OF THE SEASON.—MR. W. WILLIAMS met his Constituents last week, and spoke for nearly two hours.



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

BUS DRIVER (after taking the old gentleman's wheel off, &c.) "Well, you are a funny Driver. Never mind, Sir, 'jump inside; we'll 'list the Pramb'lator onto the Roof, and ketch the pony in no time."

EYES RIGHT!—DRESS!—WORD OF COMMAND.

MR. PUNCH is, of course, a Rifleman. In the exuberance of his loyalty, and the intensity of his determination to fight for his *ars et focus*, he has become a member of more Volunteer Corps than he can exactly remember. His attendance at drills is continuous, and all but ubiquitous. He may be found at one moment in Lincoln's Inn Hall,—the next, with LORD RANELAGH and the South Middlesex at Beaufort House; and anon with the smart young fellows of the Civil Service Brigade between half-past four and six in Westminster Hall, practising extension motions,—as far as his *à priori* and *à posteriori* protuberances will allow him,—and taking the most alarmingly long shots at imaginary Frenchmen in aiming-drill, and butt-practice.

Of course, as he belongs to so many corps, he has a fine field of choice before him as to which he will actually serve with; and in making up his mind on this point, the consideration of uniform weighs with him considerably. He has naturally determined to countenance no trumpery of cocks' feathers, lace, and ornamental buttons—*cela va sans dire*. His uniform must be plain, cheap, and serviceable. But among the many competing uniforms that combine these conditions, he has felt a difficulty in the choice of colour. Mrs. Punch, of course, recommends "invisible" grey, out of wifely consideration—poor dear—of her P.'s hodyly safety, and Mr. P., from his purely patriotic desire to be spared for his country's service as long as possible, had hitherto agreed with her that the best colour was that which was least likely to present a mark to the enemy.

But, lo, the shortsightedness of the unprofessional soldier! He now learns from a military correspondent of the *Times* (who dates from the Junior United Service Club), that the more conspicuous the colour he chooses, the better chance for him of carrying a whole skin out of the field. Blazing scarlet is the best; rifle-green the next best.

His real danger (it appears from this skilled witness) is not from the enemy in his front, but from his comrades in the rear. He is much more likely to be potted *à tergo*, at long range, by a friend who mistakes him for an enemy, than in the face, by an enemy who blazes at

him for what he is—the truest of Britons. This has led to an entire *bouleversement* of Mr. Punch's notions on the subject of uniform altogether; and has set him considering whether he cannot devise some dress which shall combine the double advantage of presenting the most conspicuous beacon for avoidance to his friends, and the least visible target for hitting to his foes.

He believes that at last he has discovered this desideratum. He would respectfully submit that our Volunteer uniforms should be parti-coloured—the hinder part of the most blazing and far-resplendent colour that can be contrived, the fore part of the most misty and undistinguishable of grays, or heather mixtures, or whatever else most confounds men with earth, twigs, or stones. Observe the great benefit of this contrivance. It will not merely tend to the saving of life, but will furnish the Volunteer with the strongest inducement not to turn tail. So long as he keeps his face to the foe his blazing back will be safe from his friends' bullets, while his indistinct front will present the worst possible mark to the enemy's fire. But once let him turn his back, and the Briton will take him for a gray-coated *Chasseur de Vincennes*, while the Frenchman will have the blazing British behind for the most hittable of targets. The recreant turn-tail will thus be punished for his cowardice by being placed between two fires, out of which his chances of escaping scot-free are reduced to a minimum. Mr. Punch begs to submit his idea to the National Rifle Association, and to suggest that a corps should be raised to wear this parti-coloured uniform, and to be styled the "Punch's Reversible Rifles."

The Latest from Osborne.

"I SAY," said WILLIAMS to OSBORNE, "what is meant by this term I am always meeting in the French papers, '*un succès d'estime*?'"
"It is difficult to explain," said the incorrigible BERNAL, in the gravest manner, "but I will give you an example—the railway engine, my boy, was *un grand succès de steam*. You'll find the fact recorded in the second volume of SMILES' *Life of George Stephenson*." Dear WILLIAMS was perfectly satisfied.



WHO GOES TO CONGRESS?

MR. P. TO LORD P. "IF YOU DON'T GO, I MUST."

[The main body of the page contains extremely faint and illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

GOOD ADVICE.



FRENCH paper, the *Moniteur de l'Armée*, has published the following eighteen golden rules for the guidance of the troops going to Canton, to which *Mr. Punch* begs to append Full Private JEAN TOULOUROU'S comment.

1. *Have warm clothing in winter.*

[With great pleasure, if the Government will supply me with it. I would suggest at the same time the propriety of serving out foot-warmers to stand-at-ease in, hot-water tins for our beds, carpets for our tents, and

camp-stools, with cushions for us to sit down upon.]

2. *Never remain in damp or wet clothes, unless you are at work or on the march.*

[I would much rather not. In order to enable me to follow this excellent direction, I should be extremely obliged by the Government serving out to me a complete change of upper and under-clothing, with the means of conveying them otherwise than upon my back, which has to support more than it can comfortably carry already.]

3. *In summer wear light clothing of soft wool, or *Urtica nivea* linen. Be careful to wash this clothing when it is soaked with perspiration.*

[Nothing could be more comfortable, if the Government will be kind enough to provide me with the soft and light woollen clothing. As to the *Urtica nivea* linen, I should be obliged by information what it is, and where and how it is to be come by. The recommendation as to washing has my approval, and I trust will be followed by the requisite allowance of soap, the proper facilities for a supply of hot-water, and an allotment of washerwomen to each regiment.]

4. *Wear flannel, both as a waistcoat and round the abdomen. Never leave it off.*

[I won't, if once I can get it on. *En attendant*, I can only wish I may get it.]

5. *Never sleep on the bare ground.*

[I solemnly promise never to do so, if I can get anything softer and pleasanter to sleep upon.]

Put a plank under your feet when you stand still.

[Two, if the Government will oblige me with them, and inform me how I am to get 'em along with my knapsack, musket, ammunition, provisions, cooking utensils, and *tente d'abri*.]

6. *In summer put a little straw upon your plank.*

[“A Little!” I will invest it with a layer a foot deep,—given the straw.]

And cover it with a matting of rope-yarn or bamboo.

[Ah—Messieurs of the Sanitary Commission, when you are about it, couldn't you make it a spring mattress or an *édredon*?]

7. *Never drink water—*

[Never, if I can get anything stronger.]

Always tea.

[*Corbleu!* I am not prepared to give this undertaking, unless the tea be properly corrected with *cau-de-vie*, *rhum*, *kirsch*, or other means of quenching thirst known to the soldier. *Thé au naturel* is a British beverage, and as such distasteful to every true soldier of France.]

8. *Clarify your water, when it is muddy, with rock-alum.*

[Why rock-alum? I shall be perfectly satisfied with the clarifying powers of cognac. Nay, I prefer that fluid to rock-alum, if a paternal Government will permit me a choice.]

9. *Drink in moderation the spirits of the country, taking care to warm them first.*

[I will. I respect the institutions of a *ponche flamboyante*, or a *groc chaud*. If the Government wish me to abstain altogether from the spirits of the country, they have but to serve me out a

sufficient ration of the *eau-de-vie* of our beloved France, which is, I am satisfied, better suited to my constitution.]

The best spirits are those made from Sorgho (Kuo-lyang), or wheat.

[I thank the Government for the information, the accuracy of which I shall lose no opportunity of testing. Among 360 millions of people there must be a vast variety of drinks, as to which—the Government will pardon me for observing—science can as yet be but imperfectly informed. It shall be my object to submit all the fermented liquors I meet with to quantitative and qualitative analysis, for the information of the Government.]

10. *Eat moderately.*

[A paternal Government has placed any infraction of this most valuable rule out of my power. My rations are by no means excessive; and my *sou* a day of pocket-money does not enable me to overload the stomach by any dangerous addition to them.]

11. *Never eat ducks.*

[I never do—they are a delicacy reserved for my superiors. I have seen them in CHEVET'S windows, and in those of the restaurants.]

The best meat is that of Tonquin, when not too fat.

[This observation is valuable; but I have never yet met with any meat to which I could conscientiously apply the epithet “too fat” or “too lean” either. The soldier's *pot au feu*, like death, levels all distinctions.]

12. *Eat but sparingly of sweets and fruits.*

[Such is my practice, as these luxuries can only be procured by plunder, and plunder is abhorrent to the heart of the French soldier.]

The sugar-cane is almost the only wholesome sweet thing.

[Ah, *Messieurs de la Commission Sanitaire*, make a reservation in favour of *sucre de pomme!*]

All others are either too heating, or sit cold on the stomach.

[I have not found this borne out in practice.]

Never eat fruit too ripe.

[I never will; but till now I cannot recal any instance in which I have found fruit in this condition. It may be different in China.]

13. *As soon as you arrive in the country, acquire the habit of eating rice as the natives cook it.*

[This will cost me no trouble. Consider the habit acquired, Messieurs. I will not only eat it as the natives cook it, but insist on their cooking it, that I may acquire the habit of eating it.]

Their rice is much better than bread, which is always heating.

[Thanks for the information. As I said, with regard to fruit, I have never found myself heated by any quantity of bread I could procure. I submit myself for any experiment *Messieurs de la Commission Sanitaire* may wish to institute upon me, as to the allowance of bread necessary to produce the alleged heating effect.]

14. *When you smoke spit as little as possible.*

[I never spit at all.]

15. *At night, take care to cover your head well, more particularly your eyes.*

[I demand 26,000 *bonnets de coton*. Consecrated as that article has hitherto been to the *Epicier*, the French soldier will not refuse to wear it at the demand of the EMPEROR.]

16. *In hot weather avoid cold places; draughts are always dangerous.*

[I request to be informed if this refer to “draughts to be drunk,” or “draughts to be played”? If the former, I admit the danger—and, as a French soldier, I fly to meet it. If the latter, I wish to know whether the remark extends to dominoes—my favourite game.]

17. *In spring and autumn take care never to get wet-footed in the morning.*

[How, if my boots wear out, or the enemy be stationed on the other side of a stream, or a mud-flat?]

18. *Never take a nap in the day-time.*

[The old *trouper* never sleeps—unless like the weasel, with one eye open. But let *Messieurs les Officiers* take care I have my regular night's rest unbroken, and I promise not to close even one eye during the day. On any other condition I am compelled to demur to this rule.]

Sympathy with the Pope.

THE Government of the POPE must be unpopular indeed, when the very Romans themselves are crying out “No Popery!” The title of his Sacred Highness, when he has received his papal *congé*, might be conveniently altered to “*Pro No-No POPE*.” His temporal power seems now to be so very short-lived, that his rule, instead of temporal, might be appropriately designated as *pro-tempore*.

THE MANNSTER CONCERTS.



NOVEMBER scarcely seems to be a November without JULIEN. But as we cannot have our Mons., we of course must do the best we can without him; and the best thing we can do is to go to Drury Lane, and hear the Mannster Concerts.

Readers in the country, and those from it for the Cattle Show, may wonder very possibly what the Mannster Concerts are, and will naturally ask *Punch* for instruction on the point. Now, *Punch's* chief aim and delight always being to enlighten, *Punch* informs the world with pleasure that he has christened the Mannster Concerts from the name of their Conductor. As the Monster Concerts were so called because conducted by the Mons., so *Punch* names the Mannster Concerts thus, because conducted by HERR MANNS.

HERR MANNS—or MR. MANNS, as he prefers to call himself, showing thereby a commendable desire to sink the foreigner, notwithstanding that, as far as concerts are concerned, foreign names strangely tickle the long-eared British Public—MR. MANNS is a conductor who knows how to conduct himself, and moreover knows how to conduct good music. Whether he can conduct bad music as well as he can good, is a point which at his Concerts there is small chance of deciding. The music there selected is nightly of the best, and the sounds which are emitted serve to show that MR. MANNS is a good sound conductor.

To the eye of the philosopher who looks into the past, there is of course one shade of gloom upon the Mannster Concerts. It is true the brilliant shirt front of our JULIEN is absent, and our eyes are no more dazzled by his spotlessly white waistcoat. Nor is our bump of veneration excited, as of yore, by that sacrifice of kids, which in his palmy days our JULIEN had nightly on his hands. But what is lacking now in brilliancy of waistcoat is made up for amply in brilliancy of music. If they appeal less to the eye, they appeal more to the ear, and this surely is no fault in a musical performance. There is more music and less row than in the Jullicnic era, and one may hear the Mannster Concerts without cotton in one's ears, which is more than could be said of certain of the Monster ones.

ASTOUNDING NEWS FROM ROME.

THE following terrific announcement appeared last week in the *Freeman's Journal*, a great Irish Catholic organ:—

"We understand an autograph letter from his Holiness has reached Ireland. We are not yet at liberty to communicate the recipient of this momentous document—for momentous it is, and calculated to produce the most profound effect on the Catholic world; but that it has actually been written by POPE PRUS, and transmitted to this country, we are at liberty to state on very high authority."

The following soothing announcement appeared three days later in the same journal:—

"We regret to have been led into an error relative to the supposed receipt of an autograph letter from his Holiness the POPE. We are requested to state that the document on which we commented did not emanate from his Holiness, or from any official source, but was a communication from a party resident in Rome, conveying his opinions on the present posture of affairs. We thought the gentleman on whose information we relied was accurate in his statement, but it appears he was mistaken."

And then these Irish complain that the Saxon does not put implicit trust and confidence in all they say, or entertain any very high respect for their way of doing business!

But this is not all. The *Freeman's Journal* only pleads guilty to having made an elaborate and extraordinary blunder. *Mr. Punch* is in a position to state that the *Journal* spoke the truth in the first instance, and that such a letter from the POPE has been received in Ireland, and a duplicate thereof has been seen by *Mr. Punch* himself. And the momentous announcement contained in that document is—and we have no doubt that it will produce a most profound effect on the Catholic world—that

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE IS ABOUT TO ABDICATE, IN FAVOUR OF YOUNG MORTARA.

The *Freeman's Journal* was only indiscreet in prematurely publishing the fact, and was therefore ordered to deny it; but the matter need be a secret no longer. It is a long time since Rome has had a Jew Pope, and almost as long since she has had a Christian Pope; but now she gets both in one. *Vive Pio Nono!*

HUNTING INTELLIGENCE IN HAMPSHIRE.

A NIMRON of the New Forest forwarded the other day to the *Hampshire Advertiser* a highly technical account of a fox-hunt; whereof the commencement is subjoined:—

Lyndhurst, November 26.

"THREE DAYS WITH THE NEW FOREST HOUNDS.—Saturday, November 19th, the meet was at Hill-top Gate, and punctual to a minute HAWTIN and his famous bitch pack made their appearance, followed shortly after by the worthy master, E. TIMSON, Esq. There was a good muster of red and black coats, among whom wore SIR HENRY PAULET, BART., CAPTAINS HEATH, TIMSON, and M. POWELL, MESSRS. B. POWELL, GORE, MUDGE, ST. BARBE, C. and J. SHURB, EVERITT, PALMER, STRIDE, FLETCHER, ASHBY, CARTER, CURN, MULTIS, and ALUS."

It is to be presumed that MESSIEURS CURN, MULTIS, and ALUS are local celebrities—mighty hunters in the New Forest. Not for a moment can we suppose that they are no other than our old acquaintances in the *Propria Quæ Maribus* of the Eton Latin grammar, "*Cum multis aliis*," implying the additional presence of those other well-known sportsmen and hard riders, "*quæ nunc perscribere longum est.*" The New Forest Pony must not be mistaken for the Pony of Jerusalem.



The Currency.

THE circulation of *Punch* was 93,456 greater last week than the week before. The money was paid the moment it was received into the Treasury, that is to say, into *Mr. Punch's* till. It is all for the home-market, not a farthing of it being intended for the Continent, with the exception of a French bonnet, which *Mr. Punch*, in the expansive joy of the moment, was weak enough to promise his wife.

Impromptu.

On Seeing the two MISSES WILTON at the Strand Theatre.

How happy could I be with IDA,
Were MARIE, dear charmer, away!

NOT "(T)RIFLES LIGHT AS AIR."—Our Volunteer Corps, as any invader will find to his cost, who ventures to consider them as such by landing on the British shore.

ADVICE GRATIS.



ONDAY'S *Moniteur de l'Armée* contains "official advice to the troops about to embark for China." As the article has been translated in the *Times*, our gallant soldiers will also have had an opportunity of laying to heart the thoughtfully matured counsels of the *Moniteur*, anent not sitting in draughts or over-eating themselves, &c. That our brave fellows should, however, start equally well stocked with sound and reasonable

monitions, *Mr. Punch* has put together a dozen brief hints which may be easily committed to memory, and which are fully as pertinent and needful as those of his contemporary.

1. Take a slate and pencil on board ship to play "oughts and crosses," and acquire a knowledge of strategic combinations.
2. If you begin to weary of the salt junk at sea, think of the rich prize junk that may await you in the Peiho.
3. Avoid heavy food in China. The natives prefer a light diet, and even on festive occasions indulge in nothing beyond a Feast of Lanterns.
4. Eat sparingly of unripe fruit, especially the big sort represented on the dinner-plates.
5. Never eat a steak with a chop-stick.
6. In taking bird's-nest soup, be careful not to swallow the twigs and straws.

7. Don't run up scores at the public-houses for pots of tea and pickled ginger.
8. If you are fond of green tea, buy it on market days fresh in from the country. If you like it very green, gather it off the bush yourself.
9. Throw a few thirteen-inch shells into Pekin and you may puzzle the conchologists.
10. Should you get hold of the EMPEROR, the best thing to do with him is to Rarcyfy him.
11. Pepper the Chinamen well, and make them pay costs of the action.
12. Should you observe any figures skulking about the Peiho forts in flat caps and Noah's-Ark coats, shoot down one or two of them to see what they are.

When we may Expect the Reform Bill.

WHEN Westminster Bridge is completed; when the City coal-tax is abolished; when there is not a turnpike within twenty miles of London; when SIR PETER LAURIE has put down everything, including himself, the National Debt, and the organ-boys; when dramatic authors write original pieces; when vestrymen talk English; when playbills, and low comedians, and Irish priests speak the truth;—then, and not a day before, we may expect the long-promised Reform Bill. Let us express the fervent wish that the fond reader may live to see it, for we wish strong doubts ourselves, whether we ever shall.

JOKING IN A CIRCLE.

MISS ELLA, the celebrated horse-woman, is now playing at the Circus, Leicester Square, and the performances may, in consequence (at least so says the ever facetious BARON BRAMWELL), be called *Miss Ella-neous*.

A LAW-SUIT AND A LOVE-SUIT.

"Myrtle Cottage, Mitcham. Prince of Wales's Birthday.

"O MY DEAR DARLING MR. PUNCH,

"I've such a piece of news for you! At least, I can't quite call it *news*, for it's been in all the papers, and as you read *everything* I make no doubt you've seen it. However, if you have, you'll find it quite worth re-perusing, and I'm sure your lady readers will be charmed immensely with it. What with all your horrid *politics* and stuff, it's seldom that you editors print *anything* to interest us. It's only when that nasty Parliament is 'up' that one ever finds a scrap worth reading in the newspapers; and yet I'm sure those horrid speeches don't do a *bit* of good, and they are not *half* so entertaining or *instructive* as such dear delightful little paragraphs as this:—

"THE POWER OF BEAUTY.—In a village near Yvetot, some short time back (says the *Abelle Cauchoise*), a case was to be argued before the *juge de paix*, and just as it at functionary had given notice that he was ready to hear the particulars, the defendant, a pretty young female entered. On seeing her, the plaintiff, (a lawyer in good practice) rose and said, "Mademoiselle, I have not courage to plead against you, and am sorry to have given you the trouble to come here. I abandon the case, and will pay all the costs! deign to accept my arm!" The proposition was accepted. The acquaintance thus commenced has produced its fruits, as three days back, the bans of marriage between the two were duly published."

"There now, isn't that a sweetly pretty story! At least, I shouldn't say a *story*, because of course it's *true*. But truth, you know, is sometimes *much* more strange than fiction. If I hadn't seen this statement I never should have *dreamed* of lawyers making love in this way. I'm sure it's quite *romantic*, and would make a charming novel. Of course you haven't time to write novels yourself, but you really should get some one of your *lady friends* to write it. I declare it would be just the very thing for the *Penny Parlour Startler*, or any other one of those nice *story telling* newspapers which one is pretty sure to see when one peeps into one's kitchen. I think if I were her, I'd call it "*Love and Law, or the Young Lady's Revenge!*" Only think now of a *lawyer* falling over head and ears in love at the first sight! I'm sure it's quite *delicious*, and some one ought to write about it. Lawyers are, you know, such horrid *cautious* creatures that in general it takes *weeks* to get them to propose to one. I've heard Mamma say that it took her *all the Long Vacation* to get Papa to make a declaration, as he called it; and my AUGUSTUS seems so terribly afraid he may commit himself that I don't a bit expect he'll pop the question before *Christmas*. As for lawyers being *ever* smitten at first sight, if this Frenchman had not been so I *never* could have fancied it. I should as soon have thought to hear of bishops learning *crochet*, or of boa-constrictors being taught to dance the polka!

"No, no, *Mr. Punch*. The story may be true, but for my part, I confess, I don't believe a word of it. At first, I own I rather did; but

that, you know, was only the impulse of the moment. It seemed so nice for a *slice-eater* (that's the same as *lawyer*, isn't it? AUGUSTUS told me once he was in training for a 'slice-eater'*) to be love-struck at first sight, and at once to make an offer *such as could not be misconstrued*, that I declare I felt my heart quite *beat* for the dear man; and if I'd been in Court, I do believe I should have *kissed* him. But this, you know, was *childish* impulse, and would, of course, have been improper for a grown-up girl like me. (I shall be sixteen my next birthday.) And so, on second thoughts, I have taken what Pa calls a *common sense* view of the matter, and I now feel quite convinced that this lawyer had some *motive* for acting as he did. Depend on it he knew that the girl had *something else* besides her prettiness to boast of. It was the power of *Booby*, not of *Beauty*, that attracted him.

"At least, so thinks your sincere friend,

"GEORGINA GUSHINGTON."

"P.S. Wouldn't it be *nice*, now, if this French system were followed here, and all our nasty *law-suits* were to end by being *love-suits*? Only think what *loads* of girls would love to go to law then, and what a lot of business there would be for our young *slice-eaters*. But I don't believe you Englishmen are half so *gallant* as your neighbours. It's quite hard enough to catch you, without your having to *pay costs* for us!

"P.P.S. I do so hope AUGUSTUS will *chance*† to read this letter—especially the *postscript*!"

* We presume he meant "Solicitor," which is in some degree a synonym for "lawyer," Miss.—*Punch*.

† Chance, Miss! Why, of course he will. Every man, that is if he be sensible, reads *Punch*. You know that well enough, or you never would have written.—*Punch*.

THE VALUE OF A SEAT IN PARLIAMENT.

A HIGH Idea of the House of Commons is likely to be diffused by the following advertisement, which lately appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*:—

TO MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT and Parliamentary Agents.—I WANTED, one or two M.P.s as DIRECTORS to an important PUBLIC COMPANY, limited. Qualification small, no risk incurred, and a handsome consideration will be offered.—Address, in confidence, with real name, to N. T., Esq., News Rooms, 76, Strand, W.C.

What are Members of Parliament a-piece? appears now to have become the question in market overt. The above advertisement is so far satisfactory, that it tends to explain the seemingly unaccountable fact that Honourable Gentlemen will spend five thousand pounds to obtain the privilege of working for their country night and day, by assiduous attendance on dry debates, and self-devotion to unremunerated service on Committees.



TRUE COURAGE.

A BIT OF BALDERDASH.

THE Professor, whose name is omitted in the following *Times* advertisement, is apparently a candid fellow:—

AUT CÆSAR aut NULLUS.—Professor ——'s celebrated TOILET GEM, a Luxuriant and Oriental Preparation for the Hair. Prepared and sold, &c.

As a scholar, the Professor knows that the name of Cæsar signifies, etymologically, a man with a bushy head of hair, a thing which, by a natural confusion of names and persons, is popularly called a Brutus. By "*Aut Cæsar aut Nullus*," he of course means to say, only in happier diction, "*Aut Cæsaries aut nulla*," or "either a Brutus or a bald head." This is a very honest way of advertising a pomatum or hair-wash; it amounts to a plain profession that, as regards the hair, the article recommended is a remedy of the sort called "kill or cure." Any gentleman using the Professor's "luxuriant and Oriental preparation," may therefore confidently expect, either, on the one hand, a "Gentleman's Real Head of Hair," or, on the other, what may be truly described as an "Invisible Peruke."

A Bill Long Due, but not Honoured yet.

It seems to be the general opinion, as well as the opinion of MR. ROEBUCK, that there will be no Reform Bill next year, on account of the public mind being so much absorbed by the apprehensions of an invasion. LORD PALMERSTON will perhaps smile at the Reform bubble being pricked by a French bayonet. It is really too bad of these Frenchmen! If they have no craving for liberty themselves, they need not do all they can to stifle what aspirations we may have. Since they can have no freedom at home, they seem determined that there shall be as little of it as possible abroad. It is petty spite arising from the meanest jealousy.

HOW TO KEEP POLICEMEN OUT OF YOUR KITCHEN.—Hire a cook whose husband is a Policeman. He will take good care that no other Policeman is admitted to partake of the good things of your establishment.

THE LEGATE'S SONG.

(After TENNYSON—at a respectful distance.)

THE Popedom's thralls crowd public halls,
Which ring with many a bare-faced story;
They're mad as snakes, to see how shakes
The fabric of their Pontiff's glory:
Roar, Legate, roar; set the loud falsehood flying;
Roar, Legate, answer, Bishops—lying, lying, lying!

Oh, hark! oh hear! what fiction mere!
The merest, sheerest, farthest going;
Oh, blacker far than pitch or tar,
The slander from the foul mouth flowing!
Roar, Legate, roar, thy furious priests replying,
Roar, Legate, answer, Bishops—lying, lying, lying.

Oh, how they lie, beneath yon sky,
Where they maintain this world moves never!
Their fables roll from soul to soul;
They lie for ever and for ever!
Roar, Legate, roar, notorious fact defying,
Roar, Legate, answer, Bishops—lying, lying, lying.

CLOSE COMPANIONSHIP.

THE following is part of a dialogue which took place the other day before the LORD MAYOR, between a fellow had up for stealing a watch, and PARTRIDGE the gaoler, who had stated that the prisoner had already been sentenced to seven years' transportation:—

"Prisoner. You have known me for eight years, but how do you know I have been transported?"

"PARTRIDGE. Because I know you as well as I know myself."

This is a very close intimacy. If it existed during the whole period of the prisoner's transportation, then, all that time where was MR. PARTRIDGE?

SANITARY TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—"The Deodorisation of Sewage!"

THE MILKY WAY.—The Chalk Pits of England.

BRAVO, IPSWICH!

It gave *Mr. Punch* a fresh relish for his rasher, to read at breakfast the following, in the *Times* of Friday last:—

"VOLUNTEER CORPS.—Ipswich.—The Members of this Club have agreed to receive volunteers unable to pay for their own outfit, on their being nominated by gentlemen who have already contributed to the funds of the corps."

The good sense and the common sense of this speaks for itself, and needs not many words from *Mr. Punch* to speak for it. To make our Rifle Clubs effective, we of course must make them national; and to do this, we must throw them open to the nation. There must be no exclusiveness or snobbism about them. A Rifleman, when serving, is nothing but a Rifleman. Be he gentleman or gent he sinks it in the Volunteer, and his social rank in no way raises or degrades him.

So if our poorer neighbours wish to join a corps, there should be neither bar of money nor of modesty to hinder them. Those of us who cannot serve should pay for those who can. Let the rich contribute money while the poor contribute muscle. Their contributions then may be considered pretty equal, and neither of them will need to feel indebted to the other. They will take rank side by side as defenders of their country, for while the one supplies the funds which are the sinews of war, the other will be able to provide the muscles for it.

The Calculator's Assistant.

THIS valuable contrivance is a musical instrument, which plays a variety of common tunes when turned by a handle. In the hands of a dirty and verminous foreigner it affords a singular help to persons engaged in abstruse mathematical calculations. Strongly recommended by DR. BABBAGE, the celebrated author of the Calculating Machine.

OPERATIONS OF THE BOARD OF WORKS.

THE Metropolitan Board of Works is a body which does not bear a very good name. A Board which makes a mistake in its accounts, involving a leakage of several thousand pounds to the advantage of private parties, ought rather, perhaps, to be called the Board of Jobs.

[HOW WE CAME TO WRITE TO THE EMPEROR.



'I wonder if he does?' says MELLOR; 'suppose he don't, what a thing it would be for bisnis if we could only ascertain!' 'What if he was asked?' says HIRVING. 'Who's to ask him?' says BLACKWELL. 'Why shouldn't we?' says I. 'Capital suggestion,' says BLACKWELL. 'My eye,' says MELLOR, 'what a lark!' HIRVING, he bust out larfin. Well, so, just as it were on the spur of the moment, and by way of a spree, we calls for pen, hink, and paper, and writes the EMPEROR a note—short and sweet. 'We the undersigned, having been alarmed by a report that your IMPERIAL MAJESTY intends to invade England, hereby take the liberty of asking, What's your intentions?' So then we signed it and sealed it, and put it into a hangvelop, and stuck a ned on it, and put it into the Post. Lo and beold you, two days after comes the note in answer to it from MOCKHARD! We'd forgot all about it—expectin in course it would be treated as an oaks, and wasn't we

HE following account of the circumstances which led to the application of MESSRS. SHAW, MELLOR, IRVING, and BLACKWELL, the four celebrated brokers of Liverpool, to LOUIS NAPOLEON, by letter, demanding to know what were his intentions with regard to England, is supposed to have proceeded from the mouth of one of the parties:—

"Me and MELLOR and HIRVING and BLACKWELL ad been dinin together at the White Art, and after dinner we ad some wine and then brandy-and-water and cigars. What with one thing another, at last we got rayther jolly, and I should say was a little sprung. Well we got a talkin about the fear of invasion, and the commercial injury it was doing, and all that sort of thing; and at last I says, 'I wonder if LEWIS NAPOLEON does mean mischief?'"

astonished a few at receivin a banswer! Well, there, all's well that ends well; but 'twas a plucky thing to do, mind yer; only I don't think we should ever have done it except for the brandy-and-water."

"THE DANGERS OF A VIS-A-VIS."

(By a Family Man with a Season-Ticket.)

Ou, all you single gentlemen,
Who live just out of town,
And travel by the Railway,
Mornings "up," and Evenings "down."
If a lady's in the carriage,
Think—ere you take a petting tone,
Of the REVEREND R. MAGUIRE
And Miss LOUISA LETTINGTON.

All innocent of evil thoughts,
This Reverend Gent he goes,
And in a railway carriage
Disposes of his toes.
Little he thought of Crinoline,
And the steel employed in setting 't on,
Or he had giv'n a wider berth
To Miss LOUISA LETTINGTON!

Three feet of breadth between the seats—
And in that narrow space,
A Crinoline to stow away,
And a pair of legs find place!
With sparest figure, greatest care
The carriage seat in getting 't on—
Still LETTINGTON must squeeze MAGUIRE,
Or MAGUIRE encroach on LETTINGTON!

Let us grant the fair LOUISA
Was all a girl should be,
(Though lodging in the Mint, and used
With gin to lace her tea,)
Still with virtues so ferocious,
And Crinoline's besetting *ton*,
Who might *not* be a MAGUIRE
Were his *vis-à-vis* a LETTINGTON?

But if this sort of peril
Is to haunt each railway line,
We dwellers in the Suburbs
Must in self-defence combine:
By an Anti-Crinoline Bill
To put down these steel and netting tuns,
And save possible MAGUIRES
From probable MISS LETTINGTONS.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT FOR ADMIRAL BOWLES.

"MR. PUNCH,

"DON'T you think that some sort of testimonial is due to old ADMIRAL BOWLES, Port-Admiral of Portsmouth, for the service which he rendered the British Navy the other day by revoking the leave he had given those sailors of the *Princess Royal* to go ashore, and turning them, for no apparent reason, back to their ship? Of course he was aware that this treatment of men, who had just returned from a long cruise, was certain to drive them mad, and create a mutiny. His courage, therefore, in determining to provoke them was admirable; and his wisdom is justified by the event. Is it not attested by the fact that there are now some 100 A. B.'s in Winchester gaol? Perhaps you will think that the gallant old gentleman requires no other testimonial.

"I submit, however, that his judicious and meritorious conduct is deserving of some public recognition. Consider its probable effect on the affair of manning the fleet. We shall probably have to thank ADMIRAL BOWLES for an economy of public money, consequent on the discouragement to enter the Navy, which his late exploit will have afforded seamen. There will be the fewer hands, by many, to pay. Let me, then, suggest that some token of the estimation which he has fairly earned should be presented to him by a grateful nation. The gift which I propose is an emblem of rest and retirement, and of something else which is better symbolised than named. A handsomely embroidered nightcap is the present I would have made to ADMIRAL BOWLES. Especial care should be taken that the cap should have a splendid tasseel, and, to render it still more ornamental and significant, it might also be decorated with two lateral appendages in the shape of ears of a certain zoological type.

"This appropriate crown of glory should be worked and presented by the hands of ladies, the fair sex being especially interested in all con-

duct and behaviour affecting the efficiency of the fleet which protects Beauty from invasion. Give this proposal a lift with your stick, *Mr. Punch*, and also try to knock into the heads of the Admiralty the propriety of promoting CAPTAIN BAILLIE and COMMANDER JOSLING for desert of an opposite description to that for which I advocate the coronation of ADMIRAL BOWLES.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"SUUM CUIQUE."

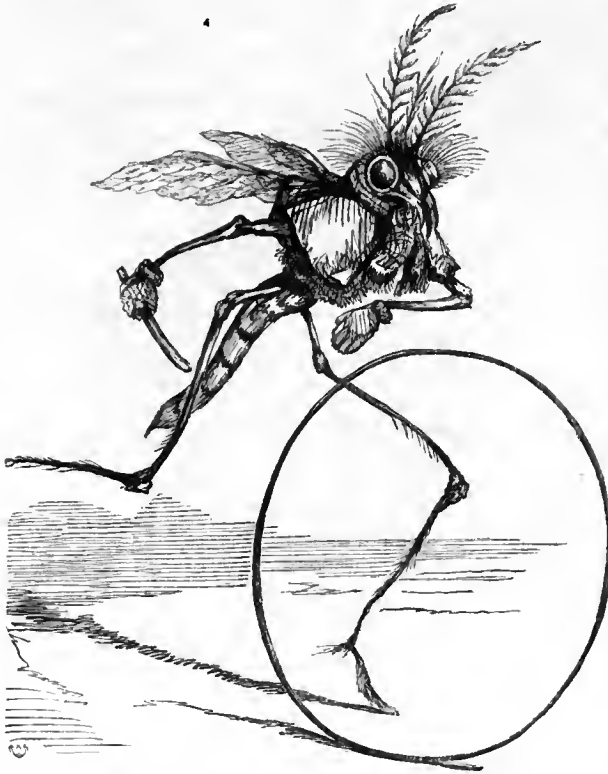
"P.S. If the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has really any 'intentions' which a powerful Channel Fleet would be required to baffle, he ought to send ADMIRAL BOWLES the Cross of the Legion of Honour."

Quadrille for County Balls.

IN Connecction with the Baker Street Exhibition of the Smithfield Club, we felt constrained this year to lament the departure of M. JULLIEN. Had the Mons remained with us a little longer, he would assuredly have composed a Cattle Show Quadrille; perhaps also an Ox Waltz or two, and a Pig Polka, or porker dance. But he is gone; and that unhappily being the case, cannot some native musical genius take up the subject, and treat it in the more national and perhaps more suitable style of a country dance?

THE FOUR BROKERS OF LIVERPOOL.—From the style of their correspondence, one would take them to be "Underwriters." These brokers ought to do a good business with the lots of "assurance" they have.

GOOD NEWS FOR GOOD FIGURES.



which the MISSES SPLAYFOOTTE will most likely be reduced, when they learn, alas! that dresses are "shortening in front," and that concealment by long skirts will no longer be permitted them. Whether the aggrieved ones will forthwith unite their forces, and make common cause against the enemies of Crinoline, is a matter which remains for history to chronicle. But knowing to what lengths ladies lately have been going in the matter of their

UR delight is to interest the ladies, and we now transcribe for them a most momentous piece of news, which has within the last few days been wafted here from Paris:—

"The most important Fashion news at present is the positive decline in the amount of Crinoline, which is threatened in high quarters to be abandoned altogether, as well as the long dresses, already shortening in front, so that graceful figures and pretty feet (which have so long been masked by their ferruginous *entourage*) will be restored to their rightful dominion."

We tremble to contemplate the effect which these few words may be expected to produce on womankind in general, and on the less fair of the fair sex in particular. Strain our fancy as we may, it refuses to imagine the alarm and agitation into which the MISSES SKYNNY must infallibly be thrown, on being told that Crinoline is "threatened in high quarters," and that probably ere long it will be utterly "abandoned." Still less can we conceive the state of desperation to

dresses, it would not at all surprise us to be told that some such warlike course as this had been agreed upon, and that the SKYNNY and the SPLAYFOOTTE had boldly thrown off their allegiance to the Empress of the Fashions, or, to give her her other title, the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH. But while we contemplate with terror the *sacca indignatio* which will seize our lankey Junos, when they learn the brutal threat of thus exposing their defects, we cannot but congratulate the better favoured of the sex on their freedom from the tyranny to which they have been subjected, and which has far too long, we fancy, robbed them of their rights. We rejoice that "graceful figures" will no longer be concealed by their "ferruginous entourage;" and we are glad that "pretty feet" will be "restored to their dominion," from which they have so wrongfully, we take it, been deposed. As the "female form divine" is in our eyes much more beautiful than any form of ironwork, we shall delight to see it stripped of its ferruginous surroundings, and its lower half reduced to its more natural proportions. Crinoline, like death, levels all distinctions between ugliness and beauty; and while lovely woman stoops to the folly of wide petticoats, it is impossible to praise her for the beauty of the figure. She may have pretty feet, but nobody can see them; and nobody of sense would take such gifts for granted. *Desinit in Crinoline mulier formosa supernè*: and though her face and form be as beautiful as a mermaid's, her extremities, for ought that we can tell, may be as fishy.

THE following frightful attempt at wit was perpetrated this morning, just after breakfast, by that man JONES, whilst waiting with a few friends for the conveyance to Town:—

Q. When our vehicle is in sight, what river does it remind you of?

A. Why the Buss for us, to be sure.

As we believe JONES meant the Bosphorus, we don't intend to ride with him again.

CROSS AND DAGGER.

THE ardent devotion of the faithful Irish Ribbonman is beautifully exemplified in a minatory missive, addressed to a gentleman, and published in the *Belfast News Letter*. This edifying composition thus commences:—

"PREPARE YOUR SHEET AND COFFIN.

"take Notice that for the Abuse you have Poowered on our Beloved Clergy in comparing them to turkey Cocks I will Make a turkey cook of your Brains and A scallabogue of your devils dens at No 10 Bridge Street for you done all you could whin My Poor some were in prison But in spite of you and old white livered — and Bedy — your Heretic government had to set them free—for the dare do nothing Else—wheres your ten years transportation Now A fig for Whitesid's Big speech, our Clargey Must Be Respected and the demands of our Beloved and Apostolic Bishops Must Be granted with Al due Honours to his Holiness Christs vicker on Earth"

His Holiness, &c. is perhaps sensible of the honour which he derives from the circumstance of having so zealous a disciple as the author of the foregoing denunciation, and of that which follows:—

"you think that old Blood hound—has one of our Respected Clergy in A fix But Never Mind if I dont fix him yet for I will Make Another Wild Goose Lodge of him and old — the old Rober Who But a Short time ago took three Pounds off A Poor Man Because he would (not) go down on his Nees and Let a Party of Sandy Row Blood bounds tramp over him And as I have got Everything settled and in Readyness in the South I am determined to Make some of the orange Blood bounds of the North Curse the day the were Born and old — the old traitor of — shall share the same fate for these Mousters are not fit to be on A Bench Why not such Gentlemen as — or — or — one of the greatest ornaments in Belfast I Know you are fond of this Kind of Music on the other sid so you can Just Clean your teeth on it don't wonder at this for you shall have more"

What this pious Catholic means by the "music on the other sid" is a copy of verses addressed to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, inviting that sovereign to invade Ireland, and detach that jewel of an island from the British crown. The religious earnestness of the writer breaks out no less in poetry than in prose, as, for example, in these pretty lines:—

"May Holy MARY guard thy sleep direct thy Path while on the deep
o Come and here My Children weep that prays for thee NAPOLIEN."

LOUIS NAPOLEON, having accepted the invitation thus delivered:—

"the say to land is quite Absurd
Come Right Across then from Cherbourg"

—notwithstanding the slight geographical difficulty he would encounter in so doing; having then marched without much further impediment into the bowels of the land, and driven his bayonets into those of the Saxon, the consequence according to this religious poet, will be that—

"thet down will go great Englands Queen
No more again shiel Er Be seen"

and Irish loyalty to the POPE having thus accomplished its purpose; Irish zeal for the Catholic Faith will enjoy free agency, to the following effect—

"then Sandy Row shall get her du
for she has murdered Not a few
Wel Massacroe this orange Crow
or die for Great NAPOLIEN"

Alas! the alternative is the more probable event. It is but too likely that this model native of the Island of Saints will come to be martyred—in a nightcap. These verses are signed "MOLLY MAGUIRE,"—no relative, possibly, of the Hon. Member for Dungarvan?

This orthodox menace, which is dated, "Head-quarters Belfast 1859," concludes with the following postscript:—

"Turn over
"this is to Let you see what Road the Wind Blows.
"I know I should have sent this to another quarter But least it would not have get your length I send to you for I dont Care you Put it up at the Exchange I fearlessly tell you that my Sons are Ready for the day that happy day down goes English Saxon Tyrene
"M. MAGUIRE †"

It will be observed that a peculiar sign is appended to the name of MAGUIRE. A like mark is prefixed to the signatures of "M. MAGUIRE"'s "Beloved and Apostolic Bishops;" and, from some of the recent Pastoral and speeches of those right reverend but furious prelates, it would be natural to conjecture that the two similar marks mean the same thing.

THE MISER'S SUM OF HAPPINESS.—Addition.

THE MONEYMOON.



THE First Month after marriage of a man who marries for money, should not be called the Honeymoon, but, by rights, the Moneymoon. It is during those four weeks that he begins to realise what must be his position. He finds his "better half" intends to get the better of him, and to treat him just as though he were her flunkey and inferior. Of the so-called "happy couple" he discovers that she

views him as by far the lesser moiety. Her happiness must always be the first consideration with him, and till her wishes be attended to, it will be no use for him to think about his own. To wait on her must be the business of his life, and though he do that "business first," he finds she will allow him little "pleasure afterwards." With dragonlike sharp-sightedness she will watch his every movement, and keep an eye upon his outgoings as well as his incomings. Her wants must be satisfied without regard to his, and if she think of his at all it will be only to prohibit them. She will cut him off his club, his claret, and cigars, and make him live on toast and water to reduce him to submission. If he venture to remonstrate he will but put her on her mettle, and have her gold flung in his teeth, which will effectually silence him. It is of little use his threatening to sue for a divorce, for she knows well enough that her money is tied up to her, and that there's no law as yet in this unhappy land by which a husband may prefer a claim for separate maintenance.

All this, and much more, the man who weds for money finds out in the Moneymoon. The fancied sweets of married life turn acid on his stomach, and, in nine cases in ten, quite sour him for life. Before the end of the first week the Honeymoon has set, and the Moneymoon has risen and shed its lurid light on him. It is by it that he first sees that he is mated to what MR. T. CARLYLE would call a Money-bag, which, wherever he may go, he will find a constant clog to him. And what makes his burden still heavier to bear is, that nobody will give him the least sympathy to lighten it. If he ever venture to complain of his hard trial, the universal verdict is, "It Serves him Right!"

FUNNY BUNNY MONEY.

MEN who fancy they know everything might perhaps be posed and puzzled, were they asked to mention where and when, within the last five years, penny buns were used as a circulating medium. We would wager that not one in ten of the Knoweverythings would be able to reply that the place in point was Jacobstad, and that the time was during that of the last monetary crisis. Writing from Helsingfors, a correspondent of the *Daily News* says of the famous Fifty-seven pressure:—

"Copper coinage was made use of as far as it went; but I know for a fact that at a fair held at Jacobstad, in the Gulf of Bothnia, the tradespeople and peasantry were so inconvenienced by the want of small coins that they employed penny buns in giving change, and these circulated as copecks, from man to man, during the days of the fair."

To the monetary mind there are several reflections suggested by this statement, and when he writes again the *Daily Newsman* would do well to clear up a few points in it which at present somewhat puzzle us. We are curious to learn how long the Jacobstad Fair lasted, and whether the penny buns, which were employed in giving change, were subjected to any fluctuation in their value. Judging from one's own experience in buns, one would imagine that their staleness would depreciate the worth of them; and the buns which were baked at the beginning of the fair, one would fancy, must have fallen much in value by the end of it. In England buns of yesterday are procurable at 50 per cent. under their first price, and if four-and-twenty hours thus depreciate their value, it is difficult to fancy what forty-eight or more might do. Moreover, buns are not improved by being passed "from man to man;" and if the fair at Jacobstad lasted a whole week, we should think the buns first issued were long before the close of it considered not negotiable.

Inquiring-minded persons might also like to know, if the penny buns at Jacobstad were ever halved by those who held them, so as to do duty for, and take the place of, half-pennies. If so, it might be asked how this process was effected; and whether, in clenching a close bargain, the buyer ever stood out for having the first bite. We can imagine how a holder of this new kind of cash would inquire every day into the state of the bunny market, and ascertain if buns were "tighter" or "easier" than last quoted. But it is difficult to conceive how he at lunch-time could restrain himself from eating up his capital, so long as the bun-coinage continued to be currant.

"THE BELLS I'VE SHAMM'D ON."

ATH—"Groves of Blarney."

THE Bells I've Shamm'd on,
This town so grand on,
Have made me famous among greater names.
Though silent swinging,
Nor proudly ringing,
They've sent no music over Father Thames.

I've stood all tremblin',
Neath the vaulted Kremlin,
While aisles vibrated with a solemn hum.
But what's all their mettle
To Westminster's kettle?
That gave one bang out, and then was dumb!

Men were well wearied
Of chimes so varied,
And longed some simple song to hear;
And my cracked pitcher,
If it were not richer,
At least was newer to the world's ear.

At midnight waking,
And thro' silence breaking,
Some bells would seem a solemn sound to tell;
A song of nations,
In the deep vibrations,
Sending the echo, thro' many a far-off dell.

But my harsh screamer,
With the shrill cry of steamer,
Awakes no memory of distant times,
Nor rings a benison,
But the knell of DENISON,
Who first invented these cruel chimes.



THE RING IN HYDE PARK.

UNDER the head of "Want Places" in the *Times*, there occurred, the other day, the partly subjoined very striking advertisement:—

COACHMAN.—Light weight. Knows Town well.

The advertiser probably has an eye to the coach-box of some fast and aristocratic patron of a certain Noble Art. He is likely to attain to that position. Nobody, on reading his own description of himself would be disposed to exclaim, "That cock won't fight."

A "SFA OF TROUBLES."—The Holy Sec.



OUR 'BUS DRIVER ON FEMALE COSTUME.

"And the Bonnets.—Now jest look at this Young Woman a comin' along 'ere o' the near side. Now, do you mean to tell me she wouldn't look a deal better in 'Blinkers?'"

AN AIR FOR THE POPE'S BRASS BAND.

SPOUT, MURPHY and MITCHEL, and FOX and MAGUIRE,
And you, bould POPE HENESSY, help stir the fire!
While the black bloody Saxon allows us the rope,
We'll cry, "Down with ould England and up wid the POPE!"

There's PALMERSTON laygued 'gin that pious ould man,
Wid CARLISLE and RUSSELL—bad cess to their clan!—
They grudge the sweet Saint his poor thousand a year—
For that's all he sacks from his subjects—the dear!

They complain of the Cardinals, ranged round his throne,
When their cardinal vartues is mighty well known:
And divil a one by the year can afford
To spind more than three hundred for lodgin' and board.

As a Tyrant his Holiness' self they miscall,
Though divil a wrong thing can he do at all;
'Gin his kindness to that young MORTARA they howls,
As if Popes mayn't nab hodies, for saving o' sowls.

They complain that he gags—won't let folks speak their mind:
But blasphemers and thraytors to gag, sure, is kind:
He won't stand outhradiction—Ah thin, sure small blame
To his Holy Infallible self for that same.

They tell us, if *we* was in Rome we'd be made
To do as Rome does, or in chains we'd be laid;
Whereas, 'neath the rule of the Saxon we're free,
To spout thrayson, or nonsinsc,—both M. and P. P.

Well, boys, sure that's thrue, and as thanks for that same,
We'll spit froth and venom, we'll slander and scheme;
And so long as the Saxon allows us the rope,
We'll cry, "Down with ould England, and up wid the POPE!"

A VERY PROPER DEMAND.

SCENE—Highbury Terrace, or anywhere else.

"WILLIAM, my love, I declare I want a new dress. Take me out and buy me one."

"With pleasure, dearest ADELAIDE, conditionally."

"What condition, darling?"

"That, my heart's duck, you first produce to me your dressmaker's receipt to her bill for making the last."

[Wife either does so, radiantly, and gets her new dress, or bursts into tears, as her conscience reminds her that some poor MRS. DYER has begged twice a week for ten months for payment.]

A Disagreeable Bed for the Prince Consort.

WE were very sorry to learn from the *Times'* Cattle Correspondent's account of the Smithfield Club Show this year, that His R. H. F. M. PRINCE ALBERT—not having been successful with his horned stock—has been forced "to fall back on his pigs."

We trust that neither the pigs nor His R. H. were injured in the execution of this manoeuvre; but considering His R. H.'s substantial figure, we should fear the pigs had the worst of it.

An Incident in the Life of a Tailor.

SCENE:—A Cheap Shop in Regent Street.

Shopman, holding up Paletot (log). Here's a sweet pretty thing, Sir. I can assure you it's very much worn, Sir.

Country Cousin, indignantly. Hang its being very much worn! I want something that's quite new.

AMERICAN PROVERB.—Sherry-cobbler mends no shoes.



SCENE FROM THE NEW PANTOMIME.

CLOWN (TO BRITANNIA, A WEALTHY LADY). "OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT! MY INTENTIONS ARE STRICTLY HONOURABLE!!"



A HINT TO A HORSE-TAMER.



Till he's driven well nigh to insanity;
But you know, MR. RAREY acts *tout au contraire*, he
Cures vicious tricks by kindness, not kicks;
And to this may he tame down Groomanity!

GOOD MR. J. RAREY,
his labours to vary,
Having quite tamed
the horse, without
using brute force,
Means his system to
try on the Groom
now:
And 'twill be his best
deed if he can but
succeed,
For they're mostly
such brutes, that
no one disputes
For improvement
they've plenty of
room now.
The old-fangled
course in breaking
a horse
Is to bang him and
beat him, and
cruelly treat him,

THE SENTINEL AND THE CROWNED HEADS.

It has been said that no Englishman ever wrote good French verses. The following *neat* lines, from an English pen, seem to Mr. Punch to prove the contrary. They were written soon after the Peace of Villafranca, but they are as germane to the Italian question now, as they were then. The reader is requested to supply the scene and personages. Italy, armed, stands sentinel on the banks of the Mincio. To her enter the EMPEROR OF FRANCE, the KAISER OF AUSTRIA, and the KING OF SARDINIA.

The Sentinel challenges on the approach of the *trip*.

Sentinel. Qui vive?

Louis Napoleon. Un Empereur ami de l'Italie.

Sentinel. Lequel des deux?

Louis Napoleon. La France!

Sentinel.

Et l'autre, à qui se lie

Ce bras armé?

Louis Napoleon. L'Autriche!

Sentinel.

Et l'autre, au front soumis?

Louis Napoleon. Sardaigne!

Sentinel.

Au large, tous! Nous n'avons point d'amis.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Allons, Soldat! accepte la victoire;
Ensemble, hier, nous bravions le feu:
Et sur ces champs, dont j'ai doublé la gloire,
(*Bis*) On voit de qui je dois être neveu.

SENTINEL.

Vos faits, du moins, sont bien de la famille;
Je reconnais la trace de ses pas.
Il nous sauva, ce vainqueur trop habile,
(*Bis*) Puis il vendit, ce qu'il ne garda pas.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

J'ai donné tout, ingrat; qu'il t'en souviene;
Pour notre part les coups seuls sont comptés.

SENTINEL.

Aussi, dit-on, que vous allez à Vienne,
(*Bis*) Y recevoir le prix de vos bontés.

A duc et roi vous donnez la puissance:
Au fond du sac Kossuth est rejeté;
Nous vous devons une vaine espérance,
(*Bis*) Le Pape seul vous doit la liberté.

Au large, donc, ami de l'Italie!
Allez chez vous raconter vos exploits.
J'attends le jour pour créer ma patrie
Qui vous mettra dans le tombeau des Rois!

CULSHAW, THE TOWNELY HERDSMAN, TO BEAUTY'S BUTTERFLY.

AIR—"She's all my fancy painted her."

BEAUTY, and MASTER BUTTERFLY,
Your daughter is divine;
There's but one tiny crumple,
From her huggins to her chine:
There 'a few can show the calves I can,
Yet few dare feed so high;
Has RICHARD BOOTH a thing like you,
My Beauty's Butterfly!

Your neck-vein knows no equal,
Your bone and offal's light;
Your horns are sweet and waxy,
Your eye is soft and bright.
It still will look its love for me;
Let Steers and Devons die,
No Christmas knife will touch the throat,
Of Beauty's Butterfly.

My Butterflies in summer bloom,
And neath the winter's blast;
You've won the two gold medals,
And railroad toils are past:
For years, mid happy pastures,
You 'll own your JOSEPH nigh,
And plant soft kisses on his cheeks,
My Beauty's Butterfly.

THE BOARD OF WORKS AT THEIR WORK.

THAT industrious, useful, and economical public body, the Board of Works, held a meeting on Friday last week, in the Council Chamber, Guildhall, MR. J. THWAITES in the Chair, when the following vast amount of important business was transacted. First, the financial statement, showing a net balance of £60,551 17s. 4d. was presented. Next, the Members resolved themselves into a select committee with closed doors, and consumed only three hours in the clandestine discussion of the new arrangements which would be required on account of the appointment of MR. WOOLRYCH as standing counsel to the Board, at a salary of £800 a year. Then, at the instance of MR. D'IFFANGER, a long discussion took place on the following question of immense practical importance, whether considered in reference to the health of the population, or the pockets of the ratepayers:— Whether, at a meeting of the Lambeth vestry, MR. DEPUTY HARRISON had or had not made these remarks in reference to the Board:—

"He (Deputy HARRISON) said he could tell the vestry that the Metropolitan Board of Works was governed by the Chairman; that no proposal was made in Committee, but at his option. Did the Deputy use these words?"

MR. DEPUTY HARRISON said that his language had been misreported, and in answer to various pressing invitations to be more explicit, and repeat what he did say, persisted in simply denying that he had used the words ascribed to him. This denial constituted the end, as it had formed the beginning, of the whole debate, which having come to this satisfactory conclusion, the matter dropped.

The great public question respecting the observations which MR. DEPUTY HARRISON had made in a vestry having thus been settled, the Board devoted its energies to receiving communications from several parishes disapproving of the appointment of its legal adviser. This onerous duty having been accomplished, the active and most efficient Council girded themselves to the trying task of receiving a report from a committee, consisting of themselves (a committee of the whole Board), relative to the duties to be performed, and salary to be received by their future clerk, and nominating a person for appointment to that office. That fortunate gentleman having been then called in before them, they discharged the arduous function of receiving his thanks for the situation which they had given him. "The other business," says the report of these weighty transactions, "was of a routine character, and the meeting then adjourned." The routine business got over by the Metropolitan Board of Works, was doubtless too difficult for description, if not for despatch. Perhaps it consisted in the auditing of accounts, that is to say, overlooking them, possibly mistakes and all.

Sympathy with the Pope.

In confirmation of one of the most wonderful of the alleged facts of Mesmerism, it is stated that the sympathy of DR. CULLEN with the POPE is so strong, that he can always tell if anybody is venerating his Holiness by a pleasurable tingling sensation which he feels in his own great toe.

THE FOUR FISHERS.

(WHO CAUGHT NOTHING.)



Four Merchants who thought themselves wisest and best
Of all the folks in Liverpool town,
To the EMPEROR LOOEY a letter addressed,
Intended to do him uncommonly brown:
"We'll sound his plans so dark and so deep,
From Liverpool brokers no secret he'll keep,"
Said they, in their Lancashire touting.

Four Boobies went sniggering round all day
Among the folks in Liverpool town,
And thinking that none were so clever as they,
And how they should come to a great renown:
"We'll strike LORD PALMERSTON all of a heap,
And show we can catch a French weazel asleep,"
Said they, their impertinence owning.

Four Asses they hung down their lolloping ears,
When the post came in to Liverpool town,
And brought them a letter whereof it appears
Those donkeys couldn't translate a noun.
For LOOEY knows well how his secrets to keep,
And the Liverpool brokers unluckily reap
A harvest of jeering and groaning.

A PRESENT TO MR. NEWBY.

THE time for making presents being unfortunately near at hand, Mr. Punch has been looking up everything that is not of the least use to himself, in order to do his duty in the way of generosity. Among other things which he proposes to give away is the following dozen of Suggestions for Sequels, which he respectfully presents to the publisher of *Adam Bede Junior*, or a *Sequel to Adam Bede*, or by whatever other title it was sought to make persons think that another work was ready from the pen of the author of *Adam Bede*.

The Little Tribulation Coming on the Earth, being a Sequel to the Great Ditto by DR. CUMMING.

Thirty Years in the Chapel, being a Sequel to "Twenty Years in the Church."

Our Field of Five Acres, and What we didn't do with it; being a Sequel to "Our Farm of Four Acres, and What we did with it."

Hymns of the Zed, being a Sequel to "Songs of the Wye."

Idols of the Queen, being a Sequel to "Idylls of the King."

The Knave of Diamonds, being a Sequel to "The Queen of Hearts."

The Minister's Wedding, being a Sequel to "The Minister's Wooing."

Some More Tangles, being a Sequel to "The Gordian Knot."

The Ugliness of Vice, being a Sequel to "The Beauty of Holiness."

Old Virginny Never Tire, being a Sequel to "The Virginians."

Christian Cornplasters, being a Sequel to Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

Baden-Baden Towels, being a Sequel to "Soapey Sponge."

PICKED UP AT THE CATTLE-SHOW.

WHY is a sovereign like a pig?
Because it's all the better for having a ring in it.

COMPLAISANCE AND RIFLES.

To HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF RUTLAND.

MY LORD DUKE,

IN proposing "The Army and Navy," at the Annual Dinner of the Leicestershire Agricultural Society, at Leicester, on Friday last, your Grace is reported to have made a speech with some sense in it, but also containing the passage following:—

"Circumstances, time, steam, and science have swept away our defences. (*Hear, hear.*) Formerly it was impossible for an army to land here without having to encounter, in a naval engagement, a superior fleet. That is no longer necessary. It is now possible in a few hours to land an enormous army in this country. (*Hear, hear.*) But, gentlemen, when I say therefore, for God's sake let us put this country in an efficient state of defence—let us call out the militia, encourage the rifle corps, and do all we can to make ourselves safe—I say also, let us not, in the same breath—which is not necessary—abuse the ruler whom the French people have chosen, or run down the Church which they choose to support. (*Cheers.*)"

If the British Navy is really the nullity which your Grace represents it to be—if there exists the possibility of landing an enormous army on the coast of England in a few hours—then, my Lord Duke, don't you think that the Channel Fleet is a humbug, and, seeing that it is, if a humbug, a very expensive humbug, are you not further of opinion that we had better instantly break it up and abolish it, and employ the money saved by that operation in maintaining a standing army to afford us that protection which we can now no longer hope for from our wooden walls?

In a subsequent portion of your speech, your Grace appears to have criticised, at some length, the financial and republican principles of MR. BRIGHT. There are, however, some views which that gentleman, in common with the Peace Society, is supposed to entertain, and which also seem to coincide with the sentiments of your Grace. The impropriety of abusing the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, wantonly and maliciously, is manifest. Such abuse, however, is improper surely because it is malicious and wanton, not because it is dangerous. Does your Grace mean to say that abstinence from criticism of the conduct of powerful foreign princes ought, for the future, to form an important element in our precautions for the defence of the nation? By way of security against invasion, would you have our naval deficiency supplied by obsequious silence?

Such really appears to be the course of policy which your Grace would recommend your countrymen to follow: for not only do you advise them to abstain from abuse of the ruler whom the French people have chosen, but also to desist from running down the religion which they choose to support. We are not only, at that rate, to respect any despot whom the French may please to serve, but also any nonsense which they may think proper to maintain. The French are ready to invade us for an Idea, let us, therefore, defer to the theological Idea which they propose to our veneration. Your Grace believes this compound Idea to consist, in as far as it differs from your own, of absurdities and falsehoods; but you say, let us not run it down, for fear lest the bayonets which uphold it should run us through.

In the mean time, for your Grace's comfort, let me remind your Grace that the papers which have been now for some time principally engaged in maligning LOUIS NAPOLEON are those of the Ultramontane Irish Press. For instance the *Freeman*, which vindicates its name by opposing the political emancipation of the Italians, has recently been vehemently attacking the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. In one of the late numbers of this truly Irish advocate of freedom, occur the following slaps at his Imperial Majesty:—

"Why should history be falsified to humour Emperor or State? France has done more injury to the Holy See than any other State in Europe. . . . We have not an opinion or word to retract relative to the policy of LOUIS NAPOLEON. . . . The French bishops arraign the policy of the Empire in Italy. We have done no more."

Thus your Grace will see that the Church which the French choose to support is itself actually engaged in running down the ruler whom they have chosen. Take up the *Tablet*, and you will find the same fact exemplified. The organs of the POPE are vituperating LOUIS NAPOLEON just now as venomously as they assail the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY. I do not think that their object, in traducing and denouncing him, is to provoke him to invade their native country, simply because they know that to make him their enemy is to constitute him the friend of the British people at large. Your Grace will perhaps not much longer be alarmed by abuse of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH now that the British Public are aware of the circumstance that LOUIS NAPOLEON, just at present, has the distinguished honour of being the special object of the hatred and invective of fanatical Irish titular ecclesiastics. I, in the meanwhile, enjoy that of remaining

Your Grace's most obedient humble Servant,

PUNCH.

A New Turn to an Old Question.

THERE is a brisk fire of letter-writing just now about "Works of Art found in the Drift." The question we should feel inclined to ask is not, "Are there many Works of Art in the Drift;" but "Is there a Drift in many Works of Art?"

CRIMINALINE.



Financial Reform.

A LAW is strongly wanted to punish very severely the Waiters in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, who make a practice of giving you in change francs for shillings. It is always a mistake, and they are always extremely sorry, but the mistake is invariably in their favour. Let you by accident make the same mistake, and you will see how very quickly the Waiter will find it out.

HAT is she, look at her; there she goes!
What a fine lady 'midst all those clothes,
Why can't she pay for them what she owes?

There's the poor creature those things that made,
Starving because she has not been paid,
By that selfish dishonest unfeeling jade.

Can't work, for means to buy cloth she lacks,
Needles and thread to get, tape and wax,
To cover proud ladies' expensive backs:

What will she do?—her resources fail—
Labour and toil are of no avail:
Why, she will steal, and be sent to gaol.

There shows her debtor teeth white with milk,
Madam, with satin spread round, and silk,
Shames not that famishing wretch to bilk.

What shall we call those prodigious things,
Stretchers, and steel frames, and hoops, and springs,
Whereupon JEZEBEL'S finery swings?

Caging the form of a cozening quean,
Crime who enforces by swindling mean,
Let it henceforth be named Criminaline!

LETTER FROM AN ACTOR.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR, "Saturday.
"As it might injure me in my profession if it were supposed that I ever went to Church to make a disturbance, I beg to say that I am not the 'very zealous lad named SELBY' who was yesterday charged before Mr. YARDLEY with misconducting himself in St. George's Church in the East. Persons of my profession, Sir, are always male if actors, but seldom malefactors.

"Yours perpetually,
"CHARLES SELBY."

"Theatre Royal, Adelphi."

EXCHANGE OF SEATS.

It would be a curious, and withal a moving sight to see the POPE leave St. Peter's chair, and take up his future residence on the Blarney Stone in Ireland. Pilgrims and devotees might kiss the POPE's toe and the Blarney Stone at the same time, thereby enjoying a double blessing. More improbable things may occur than PIUS removing his Court to the Green Isle, where, if he could only succeed in making the natives happy and contented, it would be the grandest miracle his Church has ever accomplished. In our opinion, the Blarney Stone would make a capital seat of Roman Catholicism. With WISEMAN on one side, and BOWYER on the other, and the POPE in the middle, the *tableau* would be complete.

"PREMIER BLACKING."—Defaming LORD PALMERSTON.

MOPS AND BROOMS.

SOME considerable excitement was occasioned, we believe, in the fashionable world, by the letter-press attached to a recent cut in *Punch*, wherein a gentleman was spoken of as being "Mops and Brooms." "Moph and Broomth!" exclaimed Miss SIMPERTON. "Now, what can *Mithler Puntth* artitht mean by 'Moph and Broomth?' I can't gueth what it ith. I mutht athk Couthin AUGUSTUTH. Couthin AUGUSTUTH, can you tell me what ith meant by 'Broomth and Moph?'" And Cousin AUGUSTUS, when appealed to, doubtless made the sage reply that it was meawly—aw—slang phwase, with which—aw—gyurls of course were not expected to be conversant. Then, on being further questioned (Miss SIMPERTON declaring that she does "tho love thlang plwatheth"), Cousin AUGUSTUS, it is probable, explained that "Mops and Brooms" was an equivalent expression for getting "tight" or "sewewed," or whatever term be used to signify inebriated.

Another meaning is, however, attached to the word "mops," of which young lady-readers are no doubt in equal ignorance, and it is therefore our delight to explain it and enlighten them. A "mop" is, in some counties, a synonym for "fair," and is used to denote a hiring place for farm-servants. Whether "mops" be worth preserving for the queerness of their name, just as certain dogs are kept for the queerness of their looks, is a question which we leave philosophers to argue. That there is any other reason which can plead for their retention, is a point, we apprehend, which admits of no dispute. At a meeting held at Worcester, the speakers, speaking from experience, averred that Statute fairs, or "mops," were mischievous, and needless, and unprofitable nuisances; and that the best thing to be done with them was, to trundle them away into the dust-hole of disuse.

Said LORD LYTTLTON, the chairman:—

"That these mops were evils was beyond controversy; the only question was whether they were necessary evils, or were counterbalanced by attendant advantages. Looking at these mops as applicable for the object which they professed—the engagement of agricultural servants—he could not see that they were either convenient or desirable means to the end. The relations between master and

servant ought to be commenced on a different footing; there should be some previous mutual acquaintance, and some knowledge of the respective character of both master and servant, which could not exist under a system of hiring at mops. All must depend, as it were, on an engagement at first sight, and dependent upon the physical qualities of the servant. But, beyond this, there must be an evil in the promiscuous gathering together of young persons of both sexes without control, and there was with mops an evil which did not necessarily attend other public gatherings for a particular object. Why should the assembling together of farmers and their servants for the purpose of hiring entail these evils? The answer given was that it was not necessary at all, but that the collecting together of large numbers of persons attracted others for the sake of profit."

Sufficient reasons these why mops should be mopped out, and their stains be wiped away from the face of rural England. There is one point, however, to be thought of ere discarding them, which LORD LYTTLTON proceeded to dispose of thus:—

"With regard to the question of providing some recreation and amusement for the labourers in lieu of the mops, he was aware that that point had been discussed, but it was not intended to propose at this meeting any organised system of recreation for those classes. He thought that was a subject that might safely be left to take its natural course. It was a subject which was very much thought of in these days, and he thought that the employers of labour, under the advice of the clergy and gentry resident around them, would be found willing and ready to provide a better and a far more unobjectionable mode of amusement than that afforded by the mops for those whom they employed. (Hear, hear.)"

Whether or no "hops" might, under due restrictions, be held instead of "mops," is a point which may be argued by those who like to do so. Dancing is, by many, thought a healthy, wholesome exercise, and under proper supervision, it might not only improve the deportment of our clod-hoppers, but also, very possibly, amend their moral bearing. Rifle practice too would be a "far more unobjectionable mode of amusement" than that which is at present afforded by a "mop;" and although the wives and sweethearts could not take such active steps in it as they would do in the dancing, they might perform the looking-on part, as their sisters do in Switzerland, and stimulate the shooters without giving them strong drinks. But be this done or not, it is at any rate high time that the "Statutes" be repealed; and whatever recreation be established in their stead, there must clearly be some brooms found to sweep away the "mops."



Beware of that confounded Mediaeval Knocker that Flamboy brought from Belgium, and put on the door of his Chambers, which opens outwards, or you'll get a Black Eye as we did.

PARTANT POUR LA RUE BAKER.

IT WAS BILL NOYES, the yeoman brave,
Was in the tillage line,
But first he set his heart upon
His stock of beeves and swine;
His mind to cattle most was given,
And "darn," he swore, "my wig!
But I will breed the hugest ox,
And rear the fattest pig."

This point of honour, weight of swine,
And ox as highly scored,
He proved it at the Smithfield Club,
Before both squire and lord,
And cried as to the judges' view
He bore the monsters big.
"Now baint this here the hugest ox?
That there the fattest pig?"

They owned his victory—due the palm—
And then the chairman said:
"The ox that is for honour grown,
On oilcake must be fed;
On barley-meal hog, boar, or sow,
And tubs of wash to swig;
That's how you cram the hugest ox,
And stuff the fattest pig."

So round his neck the prize was tied,
And then they went to dine,
Which makes a farmer's heaven on earth,
When beef and beer combine;
And every yeoman, lord, and 'squire,
Conservative and Whig,
Drank "Honour to the hugest ox,
Be praised the fattest pig!"

The Hills that Rome is Heir to.

ROME is seated on seven hills. There is another hill, also, connected with Roman foundations, and that is the Ultramontane. It is an ugly black-browed hill that holds its head very high indeed, and is extremely difficult to get over. However, this hill (round which donkeys are fond of gathering in great numbers), is not near the Vatican; the exact latitude of the Ultramontane is to lie far beyond Rome.

TAILORS OF THE FRENCH TOOLEY STREET.

WE are requested by VISCOUNT PALMERSTON to publish the following letter, which was addressed to HER MAJESTY by four Merchants of Marseilles, and the reply.

"MADAME,

"Marseilles, Dec. 15th, 1859.

"THE EMPEROR of this country is an impenetrable mystery, and his ministers are slaves. It is of no use, therefore, for us to apply to them for information as to probable events in Europe. We should receive an invitation to mind our own business. Under these circumstances, we take the liberty of requesting your MAJESTY to favour us with a little news. We learn that England is arming from end to end, that from John Grouts to Silly Isle, from Osbon to Berric, the bugle calls the riflemen to drill, that many millions of these *Volontaires* are enregistered, and that they are full of the martial spirit.

"Manifestly, Madame, there is but one nation of the world that is worth the enmity of England. She has chastised other nations, but as one chastises a child for his good, and with no particle of hate: But France she hates, as her superior, with a fierce and an undying hatred. England thirsts to renew the glory of Agincourt and Poitiers, of Malplaquet and Blenheim, of Salamanca and Waterloo. She asks once more to see her coarse-fed legionaries rampant in the Champs Elysées. We need hardly say, Madame, that we do not hold you responsible for the evil hearts of your people. It is your misfortune to be Queen of such a race, and you have our sympathy.

"But, Madame, as business is very much interfered with by the reports of war, and as we have no burning desire to purchase costly fabrics of cloth and velvet to be the spoil of British cruisers, we take the liberty of asking your MAJESTY what your Councillors design to do. Is this mighty force of Rifles intended for the invasion of France, or is your ferocious Army to be used for that malignity, while the

Volontaires protect the coast from the avenging fury of our troops? We shall be much obliged by a reply by return of post. We enclose a postage-stamp, and are,

"Madame,

"Yours very truly,

"To H.M. the QUEEN,
"England
"(near FRANCE).

"DUBOIS,
BLANC,
SANTERRE, } Merchants.
NÉGUS, }

"P.S.—If you are going to invade, be so good as to mention in your reply where the landing will be attempted."

ANSWER.

"Downing Street, Dec. 16.

"LORD PALMERSTON presents his best compliments to MM. DUBOIS, BLANC, SANTERRE, and NÉGUS, and has just had the pleasure of handing their letter to the French Ambassador in England. LORD PALMERSTON wishes them excessively nice weather on their voyage to Cayenne."

A Smash Among the South American Crockery.

OUR old friend "The Plate," of which we had heard nothing for some time, has turned up again, and with such news of row, skirmage, battle, burning, and destruction—what with Urquiza and his army, Buenos Ayres and her soldiers, LOPEZ and Paraguay, Montevideo and her President—all jostling, buffetting, rebelling, and revolutionising, that the wonder would be if the "Plate" were not—that it is—"cracked" beyond all hope of mending.



ONSERVANT STREET BOY. "There's a couple o' Prize 'uns—they wasn't fed upon 'tators."

THE SUEZ CANARD.

CONSIDERABLE astonishment has been caused by the fact that France, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Sardinia, have united in a demand calling on the Sublime Porte to authorise the project of M. DE LESSEPS for cutting through the Isthmus of Suez. The scheme, if carried into execution, would shorten the way to India. What is that to any other European Power than England? is the natural question of people who are not generally considered particularly green and innocent. But it is not everybody that can see into the heart of a millstone. We do not hesitate to say, that we are endowed with the faculty of thorough clairvoyance, because we are, as we have demonstrated to the satisfaction of everybody many thousands of times.

We now proceed to afford one more proof of the lucidity which we enjoy always, and not merely at intervals, like some seers. The five nations above-named, have conspired to destroy the greatness of England. Their little game is to acquire the control of the Company which is to execute the proposed undertaking. When the Ship Canal shall have been completed, and shall divide the Isthmus, and connect the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, they intend to throw across it two large toll-bars; one at the hither end, and the other at the farther extremity. They will thus establish two ocean-turnpikes, through which will lie the nearest way to the East.

Having completed this arrangement, they will immediately proceed to put in act, for the ruin of British commerce, an ingenious expedient of that system of protection, which continental nations have already so greatly enriched themselves by pursuing. They will levy a prohibitive toll on British shipping, allowing the vessels of all the rest of the world to pass at moderate rates, so as to have the start of our merchant ships, and forestall our traffic. We, they reckon, shall, if they will not let us through the Suez Canal, be obliged quietly to turn back, and creep our old way round the Cape of Good Hope. They will, of course, appoint for turnpike-men two famous admirals, each in command of a vast fleet, in case a British captain should make any mad attempt to break the bar, or force his way through without paying.

This deep-laid plot will be crowned with success; for how will Great Britain be able to withstand it? Great Britain will, indeed, become

THE MOTHER'S SATURDAY REVIEW.

To examine the linen when it comes home from the wash, and take care that the same is properly aired and mended before distributed to its respective owners; to take the circuit of the tradesmen, and pay all the weekly bills; to take stock of the larder, and see what is wanted in the house for the ensuing week; to make a rigorous journey of inspection round the kitchen, and examine whether the cook keeps her pots and pans in a proper state of cleanliness, and if the copper kettle is as bright as it can be made; to look into the scullery and satisfy oneself that no undue quantity of rubbish is allowed to accumulate in the sink or elsewhere; to give out clean towels and sheets and table-cloths and dusters to housemaids and servants; to count over the plate with the footman, checking each item with the duplicate list given to him when the plate-basket was first confided to his care; to have the parlour thoroughly cleaned, and the mahogany table properly oiled and rubbed, in anticipation of the morrow's dinner; to make liberal preparations for the same, and ascertain how many are coming, leaving one or two vacant seats in the hope of a married son or daughter, or some welcome dropper-in, taking them by surprise; to get out best bonnet for church the following day; to collect all accounts and make up housekeeping book before submitting it, properly vouched and balanced, to one's lord and master; to go into the nursery after dinner, and observe with one's own maternal eyes that the young olive-branches in the tub have their usual scrubbing and small toothcombing once every seven days; to drill the younger children in their catechism before kissing them, and tucking them up in bed; to see that the house is closed, and every one between the sheets, before twelve o'clock; and to do all this in the gentlest, kindest, most methodical, and yet dignified and matronly manner, exacting obedience, and yet winning respect from all.

Quite to be Expected.

If an octogenarian admiral go
A hundred brave sailors in limbo to pack,
Why should folks be surprised, when we all of us know,
That the whole game of *Bocles* lies in hitting the
Jack?

Little Britain; her Eastern commerce will be annihilated; and her Indian empire will pass into the hands of rulers, who not only know how to govern foreign dependencies, but also how to keep their own people in order. The sun of England will set for ever; and Europe be, consequently, a little in the dark. Then will the five great Powers, who will have accomplished the overthrow of perfidious Albion, quarrel among themselves: there will be a struggle: the event whereof will be, that France will get the upper hand; and finally, for the happiness of all mankind, the Indian Ocean will be converted into a French Lake!

THE TUSCAN STRAW STIRRED.

'Tis well that NAPOLEON should bluster and grumble,
And Austria her protest should maunder and mumble,
When Sardinia, to right Central Italy's jumble,
Sends down BUONCOMPAGNI, her Regent to be—
But that Tuscans should suffer the man thus selected
To be snubbed and cold-shouldered and all but rejected,
Is what *Mr. Punch* would have never expected
From a people so FOND of "good-companiè!"

To RICASOLI, then, SALVAGNOLI & Co.,
Mr. Punch drops a hint—of course, whispering low,—
They may find they'll fare worse, if farther they go,
(Since the will to do right won't prevent getting wrong)
For surely 'twere folly, superlative—sad,
For folks, when Good-Company is to be had,
To show such a strange predilection for bad,
As, to snub BUONCOMPAGNI, and come to *Pion-Pion!*

Important to Next of Kin.

WHEN a man intends to marry a widow, his friends, if they cannot prove him a lunatic, should, if possible, take care that he settles very little of his property on the lady of his choice; for the obvious reason, that a second-hand wife ought to be cheap, since her new husband can hardly expect to be dear.

ROYAL CHILD'S PLAY IN SPAIN.

EE how pretty all this is!

"The Madrid journals of the 10th say that on the preceding day two flags, offered by the Queen and King to the army in Morocco, were solemnly consecrated in the Royal Chapel, in presence of their Majesties. One of these flags, that offered by the Queen, has embroidered on one side an image of the Immaculate Conception, and on the other the Royal arms; the flag offered by the King bears on one side the images of Our Lady of Forgetfulness, Our Lady of Triumph, and Our Lady of Mercy; and on the other a crucifix."

The picture, presented in the above extract from recent foreign intelligence, of the QUEEN and KING OF SPAIN united in playing at religion and soldiers, must be contemplated with pleasure by every amiable mind. Joining their little flags, all worked in fine colours, as a present to their little army, they seem to resemble a little brother exhibit an edifying spectacle of innocence. What delightful unsuspecting of the horrors and atrocities of war is betokened in the standards embroidered with images of the "Immaculate Conception" and "Our Lady!" What a truly lady-like idea of things of that sort—things the least horrible of which is the death of men who are lucky enough to have their brains dashed to atoms by a cannon-ball. What would her Spanish Majesty say to "Our Lady of Amputation?" The pretty pictures are funny as well as pretty—funny, of course, only in a lovely infantile way. What sort of an image that of the "Immaculate Conception" can be, it is hard to conjecture, since what is meant by the words is itself entirely inconceivable in any physical form. The symbol is probably some plaything which the QUEEN OF SPAIN was pleased, in giving it that title, to christen by one of those odd names which we are wont to hear our youthful daughters or nieces give their toys. The images on her Royal Consort's flag are also delightfully funny, regarded as ornamental figures chosen to decorate a bawble by a great baby. Their names also appear to be the inventions of undeveloped intellect. "Our Lady of Mercy" is charmingly out of place on the banner under which the Spanish forces will march to slaughter the Moors if successful, and, if not, perhaps to fall into the hands of their enemies. "Our Lady of Triumph" may prove an emblem of reckoning chickens before they are hatched. What "Our Lady of Forgetfulness" may be supposed to mean, we are at a loss to divine. "Our Lady of Remembrance" would be more to the purpose of recalling the glories of Spanish chivalry. "Let by-gones be by-gones," is a very Christian sentiment; but one does not see what it can have to do on his Spanish Majesty's war-flag. If the KING OF SPAIN were a great man, of course we should say that he is the best judge of his own colours; and but that he is manifestly a nice little man, and his spouse a sweet little woman, there would not perhaps be wanting those who might suggest that "Our Lady of Forgetfulness" may be considered as synonymous with "Our Lady of Condonation."

SETTLERS FOR SHAKESPEARIANS.

Is it reasonable to suppose that *Othello* was out fishing when he remarked to *Desdemona*, "Perdition catch thy sole"?

"Then let the kettle to the trumpet speak!" Is this reading correct? Should it not be rather, "Then let the trumpet to the kettle speak!" Speaking-trumpets are, and long have been, quite common. But what grounds have we for believing that in the time when SHAKESPEARE wrote, any more than in our own, there was such an instrument as a speaking kettle?

"My tables! meat it is, I set it down." May this be cited as a proof that *Hamlet* was a butcher?

What authorities can you quote for the popular belief that the man *Macbeth* called "wey-face" was in reality a Kurd?

CONSOLATION UNDER CRITICISM. (By a pachydermatous author.)—After all, according to SIR EMERSON TENNENT, the elephant has no real enemy but the fly.

A COUGH IN THE HOUSE.

A-HACK! That cough! Ack-ack! That cough again! Oh, how it tears through my distracted brain! Yack! Mercy Heaven! how can I read or write! Ack-kack-kack-kack! noise seems made out of spite. Ahacka—hash! mine ear what tortures rack! My shattered nerves! thy tender threads will crack. A-hawk! Oh, don't! Those thorns mine ear-drums prick. Yawk! Ack! Yaw—hawk! Forbear! I shall be sick! Ahawm! Ahack! This torment is too bad! Ahash! Hack! Hash! That row will drive me mad!

So it goes on. I stamp—I tear my hair—I yell—I shriek—forgive me, if I swear! My groans and cries, if heard my room without, Pass for the screams of toothache or the gout, Or by the hearer are perchance divined To speak mysterious agonies of mind. What if their cause my fell tormentor knows? I'm sure she could control it if she chose: Thought, if allowed, to fury which will lash Mine irritated soul! Another crash! My senses whirl. Ye Powers, preserve my wits, And let me not be worried into fits: Oh spare my reason!—take me to your care, Or else I shall be goaded to despair!

I stop mine ears with cotton to exclude Those dreadful sounds which still, alas! intrude; I bind my kerchief round my throbbing brow, And tighten it in vain—I hear them now!— Ah! blessed are the Deaf, I moan, with tears, And wish I had old SURD's unfeeling ears. Oh, I exclaim, for some less painful sound Wherein those hideous noises might be drowned! Oh, for the crowing of a neighbour's fowl! Oh, for ten thousand mongrel dogs to howl! Oh, for that greatly preferable bore, A knocking carpenter at work next door! For some harmonious blacksmith o'er the way, Pig killed close by, or hungry donkey's bray, E'en for an organ-grinder, I could pray, Out in the street to stand before my house, and play.

"Pulmonic Wafers" I would fain implore To stay that plague, or stuff called "Cough No More;" A doctor, nay, a quack, I'd richly fee From such a nuisance to deliver me. Oh, you who may these frantic verses scan, And have a cough—restrain it if you can. Sad is a sore affection of the chest, As sad are peace disturbed, and broken rest. Expectoration's grievous need I know: But think, oh, think upon the hearer's woe! Relieve the bosom with an effort mild: Drive not your nervous fellow-creature wild.

THE BELLS ON BIG BEN.

BIG BEN's case looks sealy, say the bells of Old Bailey; His voice is quite gone, say the bells of St. John; He's chock full of holes, peal the bells of All Souls; Must go to the forge, chime the bells of St. George; Even *my* voice is sweeter, sneer the bells of St. Peter; He ain't worth two fardens, snarl the bells of St. Martin's; Case of too many cooks, growl the bells of St. Luke's; Don't know what they're about, howls St. Botolph Without; MEARS, DENISON chides, say the bells of St. Bride's; Well, d'ye think MEARS is wrong? asks St. Mary's ding-dong; I don't, if you do, says the belfry at Kew; It's a great waste of tin, tolls St. Botolph Within; And the cash must come from us, growl the bells of St. Thomas; Aye, every shilling, add the bells of St. Helen; And we're not over-rich, groan the bells of Shoreditch; It makes one feel ranc'rous, say the bells of St. Pancras; Yes, that's for sartin, again rings St. Martin; But what's to be done, once more peals St. John; Bang'd if I know, tolls the big bell of Bow.

WHAT THE ITALIAN BOOT DOES NOT WANT.—More Austrian wetting or new French binding.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

LORD PALMERSTON. THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Lord P. WELL, SIR RICHARD, how are you? Denced cold weather. Come near the fire. And now, Who's to be our new Solicitor?

Att.-G. My dear LORD PALMERSTON, all my information on the subject is derived from the columns of the *Times* newspaper. There I see mentioned the names of certain gentlemen, any one of whom would make a more or less desirable successor to my talented friend SIR HENRY KEATING.

Lord P. Rather less than more, eh?

Att.-G. I am not prepared to say that. Indeed I am not prepared to say anything on the subject. I have given it no consideration. If I had, I might possibly have suggested that—where is the journal in question (*takes it up*)—that those who—where is it, here—that those who "mention the name" of Mr. EDWIN JAMES, mention the name of a gentleman of—of considerable success.

Lord P. Well, we all know all about him. If he were Member for anywhere else but Marylebone, the thing would be well enough.

Att.-G. Your Lordship is too much a man of the world to be afraid of associating with anybody.

Lord P. I've no time to be particular. And JAMES is a very clever man, and tells a capital story, and all that; but while he is the Delegate of those Marylebone Vestry snobs, you know, my dear SIR RICHARD, who would not object to be his colleague.

Att.-G. Nobody more than the haughty little nobleman who created the borough of Marylebone. Besides, that—a—that Epistle of JAMES the other day about indicting the masters in the strike affair, showed that he was in no hurry for office.

Lord P. He is all right, and can wait. Besides, he can do better service from an independent battery just now.

Att.-G. Then I observe, or rather I am apprised by this paragraph, that another name which is "mentioned" is that of Mr. CAPULET LODGINGS, as some of my gay young friends have been pleased to call him.

Lord P. MONTAGUE CHAMBERS?

Att.-G. I assume it to be a simple impossibility that there was ever any idea of appointing him.

Lord P. Well, I don't know. Why. There's stuff in him.

Att.-G. There indubitably is, and rum stuff, if I may be pardoned a colloquialism.

Lord P. He'd pitch into the Papishes, *con fuoco*, Mr. Attorney.

Att.-G. I am not here to deny the value of Mr. CHAMBERS' vituperative faculty, when stimulated by real or assumed theological acerbity; but I am unaware that it is the precise business of HER MAJESTY'S Solicitor-General to fustigate a very important portion of HER MAJESTY'S subjects.

Lord P. Especially when HER MAJESTY'S Attorney-General can do the thing in the most superior style!

Att.-G. You are pleased to be complimentary, my dear lord.

Lord P. Not a bit. I thoroughly concur with my friend *Mr. Punch* in thinking you as effective and damaging a debater as ever went in for slaughter. But you are too good to be used up on the Irish. You are not a bludgeconeer—to quote BILLY, "you carve your enemy as a dish fit for the gods, not hew him as a carcase for the hounds." We'll ask you to keep yourself for worthy antagonists—I want a hard-mouthed chap who will knock fellows down and stamp on them.

Att.-G. What do you say to TEAR'EM?

Lord P. Will you undertake for collar and chain?—if so, yes.

Att.-G. I'll see him—I mean that such an undertaking would be an unwelcome addition to my present responsibilities.

Lord P. He would mind you.

Att.-G. I would take precious good care he did, if I had him in hand; but—in fact, my suggestion was not serious.

Lord P. No; but the best hints often come out of a joke. I have a very good mind to send for JOHN ARTHUR.

Att.-G. In that case, have the kindness to send for somebody else.

Lord P. Anybody you like—Who?

Att.-G. Nay, anybody you like, who can replace the humble individual who addresses you.

Lord P. What, you won't have TEAR'EM at any price?

Att.-G. Not even at his real value.

Lord P. You've been reading TOMMY MOORE—

"Of all speculations the market holds forth,
The best that I know, for a lover of pelf,
Is to buy ROEBUCK up at the price he is worth,
And then sell him at that which he sets on himself."

Att.-G. The epigram suits him as well as if written for him. I imagine that we may pass on to another name.

Lord P. "Gregory, o' my word we'll not carry coals."

Att.-G. "No, for then we should be COLLIERS."

Lord P. He has waited a long time.

Att.-G. Is it too antiquated a ribaldry to reply, that he must now be

so accustomed to waiting, that a still further postponement will not be very afflicting?

Lord P. Yes, but where are you to find a better man? For nobody knows better than you that we want a good one.

Att.-G. I suppose I may assume that almost any change would be an improvement upon the late occupant of the office in question.

Lord P. If that means that you've got a dull man for me, I reply, No such thing, and that KEATING was a capital fellow. I won't have a worse, mind.

Att.-G. I have been accused of enterprise, but I never essayed impossibility.

Lord P. Who's your man—out with him.

Att.-G. Do not let me intrude my suggestions. Perhaps your lordship has some bright particular star of your own whom you wish to insert into the ministerial firmament?

Lord P. I dare say there are lots of barristers who would make better Solicitors than any we are likely to lay hand on; and if I had only time to go down to the Temple and look 'em up, I'll be hanged if I wouldn't choose my own man, and take you what odds you like I didn't get a bad one.

Att.-G. There is a little volume in red, increasing in bulk, I regret to say, yearly, and called the *Law List*, which would save your lordship the necessity of perambulating the precincts in question. You will there find the name of every gentleman in the profession, from my LORD CHANCELLOR down to the last call.

Lord P. I never read print. I don't think I could if I tried now—I've had my Prayer-book copied out in an official hand for me—and I've no time to go to the Temple. So, who's your man?

Att.-G. I am really unprepared to advise, but if I suggested anybody it would be my friend MR. ATHERTON.

Lord P. Hm. Is Durham safe?

Att.-G. That is all arranged.

Lord P. Let's see—he's a bit of a Radical, isn't he?—rather goes in for—

Att.-G. For the Solicitor-Generalship, my dear lord. Judging from other gentlemen who have had that ambition, I think it would be illiberal to suppose that his Liberality will interfere with his rendering, either by speech or silence, the requisite service to HER MAJESTY'S Government.

Lord P. He's not a bad man?

Att.-G. I had hoped that proposition was implied in my proposing him.

Lord P. I never heard anything against him.

Att.-G. Nor I, until this instant. Your lordship's last words are the unkindest thing that can be said of anybody.

Lord P. I can't tell. It was never said of me. Will you tell the gentleman that if he'll call here, he may hear of something to his advantage. By the bye, have you heard the good thing that somebody said about our poor dear friend, the DUCHESS OF—

(Left laughing.)

GAME IN MOROCCO.

THE Spaniards appear to have had but indifferent sport on the Moors. They have nothing as yet to show for their powder and shot, but a few head of slain; for the unbelieving Mahometans will not allow themselves to be made prisoners; and there seems to be every probability that the invaders of Morocco will catch many more Tartars than Moors.



"Wanted—A Few More of the Same Sort."

FARINI, the dictator of Central Italy, has shown so much pluck, sagacity, and energy, that one cannot help wishing Italy had at this moment more men "*ejusdem farinae*."



ARTIST (reading note from obliged friend). "Um,—um,—much obliged to you for the loan of your Bedouin's dress—(um,—um,)—will return it in a day or two, as I've, (Ah! What!) sent it—to—the WASH!!!"

[The Artist's feelings (for colour especially) may be easier imagined than described.

COMMON CRIERS.

It is surprising how infectious tears are at a wedding. First of all the Bride cries, because she's going to be married; and then of course the Bridesmaids cry, perhaps, because *they* are not; and then the fond Mamma cries, because she'll l—l—lose her d—d—darling: and then the fond Papa cries, because he thinks it's proper: and then all the ladies cry, because ladies as a rule will never miss a chance of crying; and then, perhaps, the Groomsmen cry, to keep the ladies company: and then the old Pewopener cries, to show what deep (pecuniary) interest she takes in the proceedings; and then, perhaps, the public cries, the public heing, of course, composed exclusively of petticoats. But, notwithstanding all these Niohes, who make quite a Niagara of eyewater around him, we own we never yet have seen the Bridegroom cry, and should about as soon expect to hear the Beadle blubber.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

Come fog—come frost—who counts the cost,
Of wood and coal at Christmas-time?
Bring winter in, to warm his chin,
And thaw his coat of rime.
Let those that have help those that lack
To food and fire—to game and glee—
Pile high the screen of berried green,
And plant and deck the Christmas-tree.

The tree that like this blessed time
Of peace, good-will, on earth, on high,
Through frost and snow green boughs doth
show,—

Hope's hue, 'neath winter's sky.
In wealth's warm room how brave they bloom,
Hung with child-treasures, bright to see:
But let us think, that cold and gloom
Should also have their Christmas-tree.

A little pains will plant it there,
A trifling cost will deck its boughs.
The rare full meal of common fare,
The once-a-year carouse,
Coarse means of warmth for back and bed,
A blaze where cold bars wont to be—
Such are the gifts we'll help to spread,
Upon the poor man's Christmas-tree.

And if that nations have a life
That may collective mercies own,
In Britain's heart what thanks were rife,
For God's hand o'er her shown!
What boughs were broad enough to bear
The gifts she takes by land and sea?
Small wonder hungrier lands elsewhere
Should envy England's Christmas-tree.

As we are rich let us bestow
A thought on poorer nations round;
Letting our fulness overflow,
Giving, as we abound.
Till lands show bright where now is night,
And Europe's borders see
Arise for them, that noblest stem—
Undying Freedom's Christmas-tree!

HAPSBURG HUMILITY.

PRINCE METTERNICH said, on the part of his master, a nice thing the other day to LOUIS NAPOLEON—if this is what he said, as the *Moniteur* avers:—

"SIRE.—The EMPEROR, my master, in deigning to appoint me his Ambassador to your Imperial Majesty, particularly impressed upon me to convince you of the value of your personal friendship."

The year is ending with a somewhat better understanding between the two Emperors than that with which it began. In the meantime, one of them has given the other a good thrashing. METTERNICH delivers a message from a sovereign who has evidently been licked into shape. It is neat and elegant, if not straightforward; but we must allow a little for the usual humbug of diplomacy. If the Ambassador had plainly spoken the mind of the monarch, whose sentiments he had slightly to disguise, he would perhaps have said something of this sort:—"Sire, In sending me to kiss your Imperial Majesty's foot, the EMPEROR, my master, particularly desires me to signify the deep impression which it has made upon his person, and the conviction which he feels in consequence of your having so well kicked him, that he had better endeavour to keep on good terms with you." FRANCIS-JOSEPH might, with a view to conciliation in Congress, as well, perhaps, salute LOUIS NAPOLEON's toe by proxy at once, as thank him in a circuitous, if graceful manner, for chastisement received at the tip of it.



A CHRISTMAS TREE FOR THE YOUNG FRENCH PRINCE.

MR. PUNCH. "THERE, MY DEAR, PUT AWAY THAT NASTY THING, AND PLANT THIS."



CHICAGO

1900

SOCIAL SUGGESTIONS.



It may not much improve the appearance of the supper-table if, when it is laid out, you let your children have the run of it. The practice is, however, economical, although the odds may seem against it. Traces being visible that the sweets have all been fingered, you may depend on it your guests will be the less disposed to eat them.

When you catch gentlemen flirting with girls you "have no patience with" (because you rather fear their cutting out your daughters), do not scruple in the slightest to interrupt their *tête-à-têtes*, and part them, if you can, by saying something vicious: such as, "Really, MR. SPOONER, MISS PERT must be bored with you!

they say that you've been talking to her nearly all the evening!" A neatly-used "they say" is pretty sure to do her business for her. Few young men will flirt at the risk of being "they say'd for it.

You can easily avoid the expense of hired musicians by inviting one or two good-natured *passées* girls who you know can play dance-music, and whose plainness will, you think, prevent their getting many partners.

Recollect, the more unpleasantly you make the evening pass, the more likely are your guests to be "engaged" when you next ask them, and the less expense and trouble you will then experience.

Finally, before you go to bed, be sure you have the spoons counted. This practice cannot but impress upon your servants the high moral estimation in which you hold your guests.

FETICHISM AT NAPLES.

"MR. PUNCH,

"THE vollerun's what I read t'other day in a newspaper; portion of a letter vrom that are vorren zitty, Neaples:—

"Some thieves have again broken into the Church of the Madonna della Grazia, and stripped 'Our Lady' of all her jewels. The Church, too, was cleared of the silver candlesticks and other valuables. The unfortunate Madonna is to have a new dress and jewels from the King."

"Just as I'd a vinished radun on't, in comes the paason. 'There,' I sez to un, 'Paason, what d'ye think o that? Fancy a Mad—what d'ye call her?—in a church, dressed out with jools—and I spose crimmerline and ribbons and vlounces; and, beun robbed on't all, to ha noo petticoats and trinkuts gin her by a King. What d'ye say to all that are?' 'Mariolatry,' says the paason; 'Mariolatry, varmer,' he says; 'one o them there errors o Romanizzum; a partickler kind of zaint-wurshup which we gives the neam o Mariolatry.' 'Mariolatry,' says I; 'd'ye call it Mariolatry?' 'Dollatry's what I calls it; bain't it a doll they worshups, dressum of her out in vinery and gimcracks?—dollatry, ah! and High Dollatry, for that matter. Dollatry, 'cause as how they worshups a doll. Now ain't that are what you calls a derry vashion?' At which the paason, he laughs, and a says to me, a says, 'Varmer, I persave thee be'st a scollard.' 'Very well,' I says, 'then darned if I dwoant zend that are highdear to *Punch*, and zee what game he'll make out on't. What neam shall I zign myself?' I says to 'n. To which the paason ansered and zed, what I've the honnur to be, your most obajent umble sarvunt,

"RUSTICUS.

"P.S. They goggles their eyes, I be told, zumtimes, they 'Talian dolls in churchcs, and makes b'lieve they be alive, and I dassay the monks can make um squake likewise, if they've a mind to't, so as to desave them pore zimple hoax-devourum, whopper-swollerum, vorreners with their darned priestcraft."

"Turmutfeld, December, 1859."

SEASONABLE CONUNDRUM.

WHY is the Frost like a Hotel-Boots?
Because it changes one's shoes into slippers.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

A Ballad of the Times.

'Twas when of any fear of war no Briton felt a particle
The *Times* came out one morning with a most exciting article,
The Editor saw far ahead with swift prophetic glance,
Midst hordes of little red-legged men, the Oriflamme of France
Borne onward by a burglar-host, who burned with plunder's zest
To pillage London, sack the Bank, and bolt with all the "rest!"
Forthwith the warning telegram was flashed along the wire,
Forthwith the British bosom flamed with patriotic fire.
Then rang around the trumpet-call—no moment this to trifle,
Up Britons, shoulders to the wheel, and shoulders to the rifle!
Then far and fast the watchword passed, Be ready for the foe.
Thus forth did float the bugle-note, the herald-call to arms;
It reached the busy husbandmen amidst their flocks and farms;
It reached the merchant bending calmly o'er his blue-lined page,
With heart and hand the merchants band, the rightful strife to wage.
It stirred the stalwart artisan—Oh men of brain and sinew!
Invader focs who come to blows, will find what metal 's in you!—
The blacksmith left his forge awhile, the miller stopped his mill,
In black and white their vestments dight, they hied them to the Drill.
No stint the country gentlemen displayed of martial labours,
But blazed away from day to day at peril of their neighbours.
The sportsman for his smooth-bored gun provided bullet cartridges,
Ready for red-legged buccaneers, as if for red-legged partridges.
Such rush there was for rifle-gear among those loyal men;
Such times had tailors never seen, and never may again;
And Beauty's brightest glances fell, in that eventful day,
To gallants of the belt and pouch all garmented in grey.
Through royal London warlike talk was heard on every hand,
High swelling 'mid the City, surging westward through the Strand.
Belgravia's lordly mansions then the hot commotion share,
It stirred a gentle flutter 'midst the dovecoats of May Fair.
The kingly fanes of Westminster now heard the martial din;
The gonfalon of volunteers was raised in Lincoln's Inn,
The frescoed hall with measured tramp resounded to the rafter,
Till passers-by much marvelled what those learned men were after.
And East and West, and South and North, through every class and clan,
The warning watchword "be prepared" flew on from man to man.
No idle show was all this stir, no vain fanfaronade,
For, while a hearty prayer for peace each loyal marksman made,
One strong resolve his bosom filled, all doubts and fears abolishing,
To give the foe, *should need arise*, a proper good French polishing!

PEST-CABS.

COMPLAINT has been made lately that Small Pox is on the increase, and among the many causes which have been alleged for this, it is said, that small pox patients are often put in cabs, and infection so transmitted to the persons who next ride in them. In this blessedly free country it is difficult, of course, to interfere with ancient liberties; and a cabman, if accused of having knowingly admitted small-poxed persons to his cab, would bellow out some bladerdash about his "vested rights," and breathe defiance, mixed with blasphemy, at any "Beak" who tried to punish him. But without interfering with our Ancient Institutions, or in any way sapping the foundations of the State, might not some course be suggested for preventing in some measure this damage to the public, without causing at the same time any damage to the Cabman? Without limiting in any way the liberty of the subject, or professing disbelief in "The right divine of cabmen to drive wrong," it surely might be feasible to have specially marked cabs for hirers specially afflicted, and which only should be suffered to drive up to a Hospital; applicants in unmarked cabs not being suffered to approach. Or, there might be different cab-classes established; and those who paid for first-class vehicles might insist on a certificate that the cab was not infected, and if this proved false, the cabman might be made to ride in his own vehicle, after the manner of the genius who made the Brazen Bull. At all events, something must be done to disinfect our cabs, else people will regard them as equivalent to hearses, to which they are in many cases only the next step. A law of Public Safety must certainly be passed, if it be only to preserve a good name for our cabs; for so long as they entail such risks upon the public, it is clearly quite absurd to call them Patent Safety Vehicles.

Medical Intelligence.

A YOUNG Lady, residing not a hundred miles from Muddleditch, and whose brother was "walking" Guy's, kindly wrote to say, she would willingly send up to him her left-off Skeleton Petticoat, if the study of its anatomy would be of any use to him.

FRANCE AND CHINA.



THE *Gazette de France* announces that it has engaged a Chinese contributor. This is a learned Chinaman living in Paris, and he is to write in that journal a weekly letter relative to events which may occur in his own country. In his introductory communication he pays the following compliment to France:—

"I came here because I had often heard said, that Paris is the centre of European civilisation; that it is the brain and the heart from which all the thoughts and pulsations which occupy and agitate the people of Europe are derived. France, in truth, appears to me to be the China of the West. I have already studied your manners, usages, and laws, and I assure you, dear elder brother, that I have taken real pleasure in comparing your civilisation with that of the Middle Empire. I have seen that the French have decided tendency to become Chinese in many things."

Our neighbours and allies must feel highly gratified at the resemblance which is discovered by the contributor to the *Gazette de France* between them and his pig-eyed countrymen. We confess we cannot see a very strong likeness; though it is impossible to say that the Napoleonic Empire will not become like the Celestial as it grows older, according to that writer's prediction. Costume is the only point of resemblance that we at present perceive, and in that respect the French and Chinese fashions may to some extent agree in absurdity. It may be a question whether pinched feet are more foolish or not than pinched waists, and if pigtails are more or less absurd than Crinoline.

MODERN ATHENS.

BY OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

1 December, 1859.

"EDINBURGH, the capital of Scotland, occupies a picturesque but somewhat inconvenient situation on a cluster of hills, about a mile and a half from the Firth of Forth. It has long been celebrated as the birth-place of the most eminent men of every nation under the sun, and being justly considered the intellectual hotbed of Science and Philosophy, when my talented friend, LANCELOT PROBUS, embraced the medical profession, he naturally selected this spot for the pursuit of his studies; remarking in his usual facetious way, that if differences of opinion did exist respecting the relative merits of a London or Edinburgh diploma, the matter was, after all, only a question of degree.

"During the late electioneering excitement, PROBUS insisted on my coming down here to matriculate at the University (which can be done at a moderate charge), in order to qualify myself to vote for a Lord Rector, to which I consented in the most disinterested manner (not caring myself £0 0s. 2d. who holds the office)—and had the melancholy satisfaction of increasing one of the candidate's majority by one vote.

"PROBUS inhabits jolly little chambers in Ward Street, Hospital Square. When you ring one of the nineteen brass bells which decorate the street entrance, the door is opened by some unseen and mysterious agency. The visitor ascends a winding staircase, and finds himself in a comfortable little room, hung round with uncomfortable anatomical diagrams. The skull of a hydro-cephalous subject grins from the mantel-piece, and on a sideboard PROBUS keeps his case of instruments, with various other insignia of his interesting but horrible occupation.

"Before visiting the other Lions of the town, PROBUS insisted on dragging me through the Infirmary wards, showing me all the most recent and dangerous cases, and took it quite unkindly that I declined to see the celebrated PROFESSOR McCARVER go through his experiments on the ancle-joint.

"The Population of Modern Athens consists chiefly of lawyers and doctors, of whom the former gentlemen abound to an alarming extent. They are divided into two classes, viz., 'Advocates' and 'Writers to the Signet' (Scotch for Attorneys), and may be seen in throngs frequenting the 'Parliament House,' which still proudly retains its name, notwithstanding the melancholy event of 1707. The Great Hall in that building is lighted up by a large window representing DAME JUSTICE with her sword and balance. What a satirical dog the artist must

have been who designed that window! The joke is as transparent as the glass itself. *Justice* indeed! it is easy to see through *that*.

"Among the various useful institutions with which Modern Athens abounds, there is one which is especially worthy of notice, as being of incredible service to the learned professions and society at large—I mean the Conjectural Club. It is composed of a number of praiseworthy young gentlemen, who devote their leisure hours once a fortnight to the investigation and discussion of subjects upon which controversies have arisen or are likely to arise. It is established on the principle of the celebrated Speculative Society, and, according to PROBUS, bids fair to rival that learned and ingenious body.

"A Programme of the 'Transactions' for 1860 accidentally fell into my hands, and I subjoin a few examples from recollection, although I cannot exactly vouch for the accuracy of *all*, having finished my fifth glass of 'toddy' before reading them over.

"TRANSACTIONS OF THE CONJECTURAL CLUB.

1860.

Jan. 9. (Essay) On the Differential Calculus in its relation to the Binomial Theorem.—ANDREW MICKLEFASH.

Feb. 14. (Debate) Can the metre of "John Anderson my jo" be properly termed brachycatalectic?—BURR'NS SANGSTER.

Feb. 28. (Essay) On the Efficiency of the present Detective Force. The MAC NAB.

March 2. (Debate) What is the smallest proportion of water necessary in the composition of "Toddy?"—BENJAMIN BOOZIE, ESQ.

April 1. (Debate) Were the *Poems of Ossian* written by the Author of *Junius*?—JOCK HEYMON.

April 5. (Essay) On the Habeas Corpus Act, considered with reference to the Siamese twins.—GOLF KNOX, ESQ.

April 23. (Debate) Was SHAKESPEARE a Scotchman? (N.B. Extraordinary meeting).—MR. LOCHLOLLOP, of Lochlollop,

&c., &c., &c.

"Of course I went over Holyrood Palace, and saw Queen Mary's apartments. Imagine the interest with which I gazed at a venerable 'four-poster,' on which, as the guide assured me, that unfortunate Princess 'slep.'

"Thirteen square inches of dingy flannel are now all that remains of the blanket which once covered that regal couch.

"In the antechamber is still shown the spot where RIZZIO fell, and musical young ladies examine with mingled horror and delight the stain said to be occasioned by the blood of that talented but unprincipled composer.*

"All this, I say, is very romantic and interesting, but the poetic 'fallacy' has vanished when you pass back through the grim old portal. It is no longer the sixteenth but the nineteenth century. Modern Athens has forgotten old Dunedin.

"How are the traditional notions of my youth dissipated! I remember the time when my conception of a Scotchman was based on that type of humanity, which may be even now occasionally seen at the doors of tobacconist's shops, stern as to feature, rigid as to his extremities, apparently always about to 'take a pinch of snuff,' but from motives of economy, never taking it.

"I expected to find every Scotch gentleman carrying about an enormous ram's head mull, with the horns sticking out of his coat-tail pockets. So far from that, if you will believe me, I was not offered so much as a pinch of 'Prince's Mixture,' during the whole time I was in Edinburgh.

"Don't believe in bag-pipes any more. The only street-music which I heard in Modern Athens, proceeded from a London grinding-organ, played by an Italian boy, and *that* was an Irish air. It is a mistake to suppose that the Edinburgh police wear kilts, or carry claymores. They do not even sport Balmoral boots, but the professional high-low.

"The ladies are *not universally* attired in tartan, and some few speak English as well as their native dialect. They have *heard* of other dances besides the National Reel.

"Putting the Stone' is not practised in *all* the public squares, and the game of 'golf' is prohibited in Prince's Street.

"I do not wish to boast of the fact, but I *have* whistled on a Sunday without being apprehended by the police.

"Roast beef is occasionally substituted for the national dish at the tables of the aristocracy; and I must say, on the whole, I *do* prefer it to Haggis.

"Red hair is not, as many suppose, one of the qualifications indispensable for the Editorship of the *Scotsman*.

"Having thus corrected a few erroneous notions which are liable to arise in the minds of Young England respecting our 'canny' neighbours, I have only to add, that there *is* a national produce north of the Tweed, concerning the excellence of which there can be *no* mistake—

* I was thinking of asking the guide whether he found claret or cochineal the best adapted for perpetuating the interest in this portion of the floor: but PROBUS pointing to the heraldic representation of two unicorns sparring at each other over the motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," warned me of the danger of chaffing a Scotchman—even in joke.

simple in its composition—beneficial in its medicinal nature—the sovereignest thing on earth’ for ‘indigestion,’ ‘melancholy,’ ‘pains in the back,’ ‘dislike to society,’ ‘chilbains,’ ‘thoughts of self-destruction,’ ‘sciatica,’ ‘involuntary blushing,’ ‘corns,’ and the thousand natural ills—not only that ‘flesh is heir to,’ but which PROFESSOR GULLAWAY pretends to cure—a specific strongly recommended by the Faculty—at least, of Modern Athens. I subjoin the prescription of a celebrated M.D., whose portrait I have just painted.

“Recipe :

Spiritus Vini Scotici, cyathos duos.
Sacchari albi, semunciam 3fs.
Aque ferventis, ad uncias octo 3viij.

(Interdum addere liceat corticis Limonis Crustulum). Fiat Mixture. Capiat aeger (vel sanus) cochleare magnum unum, septies, omni quadrante horæ paulo post cibum.

“Surely, my dear *Punch*, when the poet wrote

“ἀριστον μὲν ὕδαρ,

He could not have tasted the incomparable ‘Glenlivat.’
“I have just concocted the ‘Mixture—as before.’

“Here’s ‘towards you!’

“JACK EASEL.”

PUTTING HIS PIPE OUT.



ot long ago the Mayor of Douai, we are told, addressed a circular to the communal schoolmaster, expressing his determination to put down the precocious habit of smoking among the boys of that city. Bravo, MONS. LE MAIRE! We recommend as a motto for DEAN CLOSE’s next *Counterblast* the inscription, “Douai-way (Do away) with tobacco-smoking.”

Australia Felix.

THE *Ballarat Star* reports the arrival of a donkey in that district, and adds, that “the incident has

created much excitement among the population.” A Donkey at the Diggings—and only one!

We all know that a dead donkey is a rare sight. But we little thought ever to hear of a country in which a live one is an appearance sufficiently rare to create an excitement.

This solitary Jerusalem Pony must surely be the *Golden Ass* of APULIUS!

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

NO MORE GREY HAIR NOR ANY OTHER MEDICINE!!!
Punch’s Almanack for 1860 is as certainly a CURE for ague, asthma, mental or personal acidity, fever, indigestion, drowsiness, gout, cough, catarrh, hysteria, headache, heartburn, dizziness, despondency, nerves, nausea, neuralgia, irritability, low spirits, spasms, sickness, elcpeiness, rheumatism, redtapeism, mental cramps and sinking, fits, word-flatulency, folly, sourness, stupidity, biliousness, blue devils, boredom, baldness, and bronchitis, as any quack specific ever advertised or paid for. It removes superfluous airs, and imparts a healthy mental tone to all who take it. Persons of weak mind will find in *Punch’s Almanack* a most invigorating tonic, and those whose hair is falling off (as they say) through stress of work, will derive from *Punch’s Almanack* the greatest benefit and comfort. It not only cures the gout, the colic, and the phthisic, but it is allowed to be the very best of physic. As has been said, it does as much for one as any advertised quack medicine, and has, moreover, the advantage of being nice to take. No domestic happiness is complete without it. One joke relieves, one page cures! There’s no mistake about it, so walk up, with your Threepennies, and prove the fact!—N.B. Sold also, price Fourpence, with the Government Stamp.

☞ To be had everywhere, and at a hundred places else.

The following are some of the ten million testimonials:—Cure No. 2,000,002:—“Fifty minutes’ indescribable agony from reading an anti-Rifle-Movement article in the *Morning Star*, have been removed by buying that delightful mental food called *Punch’s Almanack*. *Punch* is a certain antidote to *Star* poison, and may be used with safety on every occasion. Signed, JOHN SMITH, London.” Cure No. 9,999,999.—“My husband having been for many months afflicted with acidity of temper, I tried the effect of reading him some jokes from *Punch’s Almanack*. After hearing the tenth joke his sourness almost disappeared, and at the twenty-seventh his temper was so sweetened that he promised me a new dress and a box at Covent Garden; and, what is still more wonderful, he has kept his word. Signed, JEMIMA JOLLY.”

WHAT A CONGRESS OF THE GREAT POWERS IS LIKELIEST TO DO WITH THE ITALIAN BOOT.—Put their foot in it.

SILLY SONGS FOR SABLE SINGERS.

No. 1.

WHEN first I lib wid MASSA PRUE,
MISS DINAH swep de kitchen:
Her cheeks were black, her eyes were blue,
O Gosh! she was bewitching!

Chorus.

Lubly DINAH! de belle ob Carolina!
Red-nosed ‘possums, ring-tailed ‘coons,
All in lub wid DINAH!

Dis nigger see her as she sat
A churning ob de butter:
She make my heart go pit a pat,
And all dat I could utter—
Was—Lubly DINAH! &c.

I flop down plump upon my knees,
Tho’ in my Sunday trowsers,
And den I try my lub to please,
By breedin’ tender vows, sirs.
Lubly DINAH! &c.

MISS DINAH said she’d marry me,
So Massa found de shiners;
Now in my cabin you may see
Two SAMBOS and two DINAHS!

Chorus.

And they’re all like DINAH! de belle ob Carolina!
Black-nosed blue flies, ring-tailed ‘coons,
All in lub wid DINAH!

No. 2.

OF all the gals in New Orleans,
There’s none like SALLY CARTER;
She’s full of wit, she’s full of beans,
She’s UNCLE PUMPKIN’s darter!
She’s got two eyes, she’s got a nose,
She’s got a mouth thereunder,
She’s got two feet, she’s got ten toes,
Oh, isn’t she a wonder!

Chorus.

Yah! yo! SALLY! Guess I knows your valley!
There ain’t a hoss
Like COUSIN JOSH,
To tell the worth of SALLY!

SAL can bake and SAL can brew,
Down in Louisiana,
She can make a pudden too,
And play on the pianner!
SAL’s the gal for apple squash,
SAL’s the gal for dumpling;
Oh! ain’t she fond of COUSIN JOSH,
Her crinnylean a crumpling!

Chorus.

Yah! yo! SALLY! Guess I knows your valley!
There ain’t a hoss
Like COUSIN JOSH,
To wed a gal like SALLY!

A Miss-Fire from the Morning Star.

THE *Morning Star* comments, in a tone of ridicule, on a provincial advertisement of a meeting to promote the formation of a Rifle Corps, because the presence of the ladies was requested at it. This is unfair. How can a set of young hands be expected to learn the use of the rifle without a good many *Misses*?

Epitaph on a Liberator.

By a Citizen of the United States.

IN this here land of ours of great renown,
The least mistake in colour won’t go down;
For treating Black as White, we’ve hang’d up Brown.



MILITARY FRIEND. "Why, look here, my dear boy, it seems to me you are precisely the man we want—with your beard you would look quite terrific in our uniform. You would, indeed—quite terrific."

ENTOMOLOGICAL NOTE.

Ticks are found in the greatest quantities at the Universities, among the papers of fast young undergraduates, where they often attain the most extraordinary dimensions. They also reach a large size in the barrack-rooms of crack regiments, and especially in the lodgings occupied by officers of the Household Brigade. One of their favourite haunts is the ground on which wild oats have been sown. This crop is never reaped without ticks making their appearance. Generally, it may be remarked of these troublesome pests, that they have a tendency to spring up wherever they are in the least encouraged, and that the rapidity of their growth is only equalled by the difficulty of their eradication. They breed in especial profusion in the offices of Jew money-lenders, bill-discounters, and generally where parchment is used in large quantities.

The application of the sponge has been recommended as a remedy for ticks, but it is generally found that when they have been superficially removed by this process, it is only to reappear in greater force than before. If allowed to make head, they will speedily exhaust every available source of support; and it may be said of a swarm of ticks as of a flight of locusts, that "before them is a smiling garden—behind them a howling desert."

Tolerably Safe.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET on pension
Will surely never dare insist;
For not the most insane invention
Could put him in a Civil List.

INSANITARY INTELLIGENCE.

ABSURD as it may seem, we begin really to think that the doctors have some hand in the setting of the fashions,—they are so pointedly conducive to illnesses and ailments. Here, for instance, is the latest bit of ladies' news from Paris; and the reader will perceive how it confirms us in our thinking:—

"In dresses generally there is little to record; they still bear either a number of flounces, or none at all, *à discrétion*. Bonnets, in spite of the cold, do not advance towards the forehead, but tend to the contrary direction by their large descending curtains."

Looking at it merely as a Paterfamilias, we see nothing to object to in the first half of this statement. For aught we care, our daughters may wear no end of flounces, or none at all, as it best pleases them. Be they flounced up to the eyes, or go altogether flounceless, they will in neither case be less dear to our person, though they may be in the latter cheaper to our pocket. But, whatever be our damage, they will not do themselves any; and so we let them flounce themselves or not, *à discrétion*, seeing that they have by this time reached the years of it.

When, however, we are told that, in spite of the cold weather, it is not fashionable for bonnets to cover up the head, but, on the contrary, to be worn still further off it, here our feelings as a father prompt us to interfere, and firmly to forbid our daughter to be fashionable. She may be flounced *à discrétion*, as much or little as she likes; but we will not see her bonneted *à indiscretion* to please anybody. While the cold weather lasts, she shall wear a bonnet which really is a bonnet, and shall wear it on her head, not off it; or we, as a "stern parent," will know the reason why. She shall not commit suicide for the sake of being fashionable, whatever other manias there may be who will do so. Ladies who go out this weather with their brains exposed, can have but little brains, we fancy, to expose. We can only view them as fashionable lunatics, and wish there were asylums erected to receive them. Such persons are not fit to take care of themselves, and should be placed under restraint, and so stopped from self-destruction, while, however, they are suffered to remain at large. Perhaps the best form of strait-waistcoat would be restraint in pin-money. Confinement of the person might, to some extent at least, be effected through the purse. Were husbands to allow their wives and daughters less for dress, the latter would not pay so many visits to their milliners; and when any suicidal fashion came in vogue, they could not afford to kill themselves, even if they would.

JACK IN GAOL.

HERE is a pretty bit of a letter for a British sailor to be in a position to write! Excuse the style, and consider the statement:—

"I think visitors are allowed to see us about Christmas time, so perhaps you will have a chance to see us but (minus of our hair and whiskers) we will write again if I have any opportunity tell our Mothers we are quite happy tell them it is not so bad as a man of war—"

The writer hails from Winchester Gaol:—

"tell them as if we did not care a fig for it dont tell them we shall have our hair cut if you write immediately perhaps we shall get it but dont be surprised if we dont answer it please to drink our health on Christmas-day tell our friend we cannot write."

Winchester Gaol is not so bad as a man-of-war, is the opinion of a sailor confined in that prison, and is penned by him for the comfort of a sympathising friend. The correctness of it is too apparent from the prisoner's case. He is one of the 108 A. B.'s of the *Princess Royal*, incarcerated by the sentence of a court-martial which does not appear to have been a court of inquiry. From the statement of a correspondent of the *Times*, it appears that this was a perfectly good fellow, and quite innocent of moral participation in the mutiny wherein he had got bodily involved. He had experienced four years' confinement in the floating prison, and preferred the stationary one. What that confinement must have been, may be inferred from the eagerness of his messmates and fellow-prisoners to obtain a temporary liberation, and from the mutiny which an old blockhead created by sending the poor fellows back to their ship after allowing them just to touch the shore.

But what a remark from this honest, true-hearted, generous (for proof of the justice of these epithets, see the *Times*) British Tar, to go forth to the world pending the present demand for hands to man the British Navy! The remark has gone forth, my lords and gentlemen, all the mischief is done; *Punch* did not publish it; he merely calls attention to it, and begs to suggest one way to counteract its consequences; that of letting the author of it, and at least his innocent companions in trouble, out of quod.

Fast Life.

ONE hears of Little TOUSSOUN PACHA, heir apparent to the Viceroy of Egypt, visiting Paris and London with his *suite*, and chatting fluently in French and English, all at the precocious age of seven. Let us hope the young Egyptian may not turn out too fast, as well as TOU-SOUN.



Noble Swell (in scarlet). "HARK! BY JOVE, THAT'S A FIND!"

Party (in black). "'COURSE IT IS, MY LORD! JUST THE WAY WITH THEM 'OUNDS. DRAW—DRAW—DRAW—ALL THE MORNING, AND THEN DROP ON A FOX JUST AS VUN'S 'AVIN' VUN'S LUNCH!"

"THE GREAT TRIBULATION COMING!"

Breathless Maid-of-all Work to Master of the House (who has done a good day's work, and has come home to enjoy himself!) "Please Sir here's the Waits have bin and called for their Christmas Boxes and as you was not at home they says they'll call again this hevenink and the Beable he've bin and opes as ow as you'll remember of im and the pleaceman he've called and when I told im you was hout he says it didn't siggerfy acos he says as he could look you hup at henny time and the turncock he have bin and please Sir he've left his most respectful complimentums and would he glad if you'll remember to remember im as usual and please he opes he says you'll please to bear in mind he says as there's an oppersition turncock as you oughtn't not to give nothink acos this man he do all the work and have been hat it hoff and hon nigh nine and thutty year which he says as it's a shame to hev the Christmas boxeses took out of his mouth leastways that is his pocket and please Sir here's the sweep hev bin a waitin down below and I giv him some cold meat and beer and biled pertators which he've consumed and he've left is card and opes as you'll stump up leastways that was what he says but he dint tell me to mention it and please Sir here's some potry as was giv me by a dustman which he said as ow he were the reg'lar proper dustman and he adn't been gone long when there come another rap and please Sir when I harnsers it I sees another dustman which c ands me this cre potry and says as ow please Sir as *he's* the reg'lar dustman and t' other's hon'y a Himporsturer and never as done nothink for you and please Sir when he'd gone there come another rap and cre's another piece of potry which please Sir I'm to say as it's all his own compojink and that the hother pair of dustmin was a couple of low blaggards and he've left his card to show as *he's* the mostest proper onc and please Sir here's the newsmen he've left his complimentums and his boy've likewise called and wished pertickler for to see you and the grocer's cart ave been and axed for somethin' seasonable and the butcher boy he wants to ave jist arf a word with you acos he says as how he've allus bin pertickler careful of your jints and have alins scen as you've been cut up fair and andsome and han't ad your weight made up with bones and sichlike kitchin stuff and please Sir

here's the fireman he've been kep a waitin and ave ad some bread and cheese and a couple of pots of beer which I'm a makink im some grog eos missus han't no change and she said she knew you meant to give im suthun and the baker he've left his best respects and'll peraps look in tomorrer and the doctor's boy have called and opes you'll not forgit im and the milkman says as how you allus *hev* rememburd of im and so he'll take the libaty of axing you agin and please Sir a old ooman as you bought a box o' matches of she've come and left her complimentums and opes as you're quite well and she'll call again tomorrer and please Sir here's the gravedigger leastways I means the sexting he've halso called to see you which I wus to say he wishes you'll enjy a Merry Christm—

[Here MASTER makes an observation which we dare not print, and when he sits down to his dinner finds his appetite has left him.]

☞ MORAL—Such is Life!

Collier's Various Readings.

MR. COLLIER has been appointed Legal Adviser to the Fleet. We suppose it is all right; but any advice that we have ever heard tendered to a decent vessel by a Collier has always been of a description to make us wish we were a boatswain's mate in the neighbourhood of the counsellor. However, we should be sorry to see COLLIER get the sack in consequence of any facetious remark of ours; and we lose no time in hoping that he is not only up in Black-Stone, but will prove a Black Diamond. If not, the Collier will know where to look for whippers.

ONE OF THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

WHY is the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER like 1860?
Because he's exceedingly near.

"WHEN FOUND, TO BE MADE A NOTE OF."—When you find a Policeman.

"CRACKERS" FOR CHRISTMAS.

MANUFACTURED SOLELY FOR THE JUVENILEST PARTIES.



THE custom of bringing in the Boar's Head at Christmas still survives at many very hospitable houses, where the comfort of the guests is seriously impaired by the introduction of a Bore in the shape of a rich uncle, from whom no one but the family has the slightest expectations.

Snardragons is a pastime which originated with Sr. GEORGE, who was commissioned by the Government to snap up flaming dragons.

Plum-pudding owes its origin to an eccentric *millionnaire*, who told his daughter if she married he would give her nothing in the world but a plum-pudding. Notwithstanding this discouragement, the girl was rash enough to marry; as girls generally will, upon sufficient provocation. Mindful of her father's threat, she was not at all surprised to find

that he refused to settle any fortune on her. But the imaginative reader may fancy her astonishment, when, at the wedding breakfast, there was brought her a huge pudding, which, on being cut, disclosed her eccentric parent's cheque for a hundred thousand pounds, which was very nearly boiled to the rags it had been made of. The old *millionnaire* had strictly kept his word. He had only given his daughter a "plum" pudding.

Roast beef became a standing Christmas dish in the time of Bluff KING HAL—called, in more politeness, by historians, HENRY THE EIGHTH. This Monarch (*vide* portraits) used to eat prodigious dinners, and of course kept a jester to act as a di-gester—the exercise of laughing being good for the digestion. This jester's name was BEEFFE, in the spelling of the period, but would doubtless now be written simply Beef. The KING used daily to amuse himself with making fun of this Court-jester, or, to use his own expression, with "going in and roasting him;" and as on Christmas Day the Monarch always dined more heartily than usual, he used invariably, as soon as the cloth had been removed, to cry out to his courtiers, "Now come and let's roast BEEFFE!"

Mince-pies have been in vogue since the reign of RICHARD THE FIRST, who, being armed *cap-à-pie*, made mince-meat of whoever ventured to confront him.

Blind Man's Buff originally was called Blind Man's Re-buff, from the fact that the blind man was rebuffed when guessing wrongly. It is believed the game was played first at the Court of KING CANUTE, and that PEEPING TOM OF COVENTRY was the first man who was blinded.

It is believed that there is evidence in the old black-letter chronicles—only nobody, as yet, has ever had the pains to hunt for it—to prove that the first ladies ever kissed under the mistletoe were MRS. PAGE and MRS. FORD, the Merry Wives of Windsor, and that the operation was severally performed on them by the MAN OF ROSS, assisted by the REVEREND JOHN KNOX.

The first man who made Wassail was EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE, and the place he chose to make it in was, it is said, the Devil's Punch-bowl.

It is not generally known that Christmas Trees were first discovered growing in the Sandwich Islands, and that the fruit they bear consists of sliced roast beef and bread-and-butter, enveloping a bit of hot plum-pudding-stone as kernel.

A CONUNDRUM FOR TWELFTH NIGHT.

Why are the hop-growers of Kent a sensible race of men?
Because they put their pride in their pockets.

THE TAKE-YOU FORTS.—*Apropos* of our recent Chinese mishap, it has been remarked, that after the great success of Mr. FORTUNE's works in relation to China, we might have been prepared for the appearance of Miss-Fortune's.

ASPIRATION.—The II-bone of Contention.

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

EUROPE this Christmas waits to see
What's to be done with Italy:
Whether the despots mean to free her,
Or somewhat further first to see her,
The POPE, too, waits, with visage grim,
To learn what's to become of him:
Whether the fools who've owned his sway
His HOLINESS will still obey;
Or whether, of his presence sick,
They'll bluntly bid him cut his stick,
And tell him that, for change of air,
To England he had best repair;
Rome being to him less safe by far
Than three-pair backs in Leicester Squarr.
In France they wait to see war taxes
Laid upon the people's backs;
For nobody can there gainsay
The fact, that "L'Empire, c'est la Pay."
Germany waits, beer-cup in hand,
To hail her new-born Fatherland.
A realm, where sages, brain-bemuddled,
May at their ease sit, and get fuddled;
Regardless what the world may think,
So long as they can have their drink.
The Czar of Russia waits to see
His nobles set their serfs more free:
A feat, wherein if he succeed,
Punch will applaud the worthy deed.
The loyal Irish wait to determine
How to crush out the priest-bred vermin,
Who, to mob-meetings late have been,
To spit their venom at our QUEEN.
England meanwhile waits, all-prepared
From burglars her strong box to guard:
And while abroad War's tempest rages,
And with Morocco Spain engages,
She calmly waits, secure from storm,
The coming battle of Reform.

SPANISH LIMITATIONS.

A LETTER from Madrid, probably official, in the *Patrie*, touching the demand for payment of a long-standing debt due from the Spanish Government to that of Great Britain represents England as—

"Disinterring from her official archives these claims, and presenting them at a moment when Spain is obliged to meet heavy expenses for the war in Africa."

Very mean and shabby of England to make such a claim at such a moment, isn't it? How should we like, in case we were attacked by France or Russia, or some other state, Holland, or Prussia, or Sweden to take that opportunity to come down upon us with a demand for the repayment of £440,000, due over twenty years? Not at all. But suppose that we had just declared a fancy war against some other Power, would not a nation to which we owed money naturally suppose that we had waxed rich, take our indulgence in the luxury of warfare as evidence of our prosperity, and think the time had at length come to trouble us in the slightest possible degree to hand back that little trifle? When a gentleman sets up a carriage, may not his unpaid and suffering tailor consider, without incurring a merited imprecation, that the day for sending his bill in has now arrived? If we had owed Spain £440,000, for between twenty and thirty years, on account of war-material furnished to enable us to establish the British Constitution by a dynastic struggle, and had now unnecessarily involved ourselves in a conflict with a foreign enemy, and when Spain, on the strength of that symptom of solvency, asked us for the money, if we resented the demand, and pleaded against it the equivalent to an international Statute of Limitations, what a Government and people of swindlers we should be! Shouldn't we?

In Pari Passu.

AN English reason, half bad, half good, why ADMIRAL BOWLES ought not to command at Portsmouth.—Because he's a "pious octogenarian."

An Italian reason, altogether good, why ANTONELLI ought not to command at Rome.—Because he's a "*Pio-Nonogenarian*."

ONE FOR PAM.—LORD PALMERSTON said at Romford that he never could learn shorthand. It was not often necessary to him. At least, we never saw him at the slightest loss to "take down" an Opposition speaker.

HYMEN'S GAS-LAMPS.



WE trust we shall not be accused of being over-sentimental, if we look upon a bridesmaid as a kind of gas-lamp. Of course, we would not for an instant be so rude as to compare a lovely woman to a lamp-post; and to speak of girls as being attachable to posts, would be an insult not to them alone, but to their future husbands. But there are many ornamental gas-lamps without posts, and it is to these that bridesmaidens are comparable. Their bright eyes light the way to the hymeneal altar, as well as, if not better than, a row of fish-tail burners could. Like gas-lamps too

their light is such as never requires snuffing; and when turned on to the full, its radiance is quite dazzling. Another point of likeness too may be discovered in the fact that the light in Hymen's lamps is often dimmed by tears, which may be regarded as water in the pipe. No Company has yet been formed for supplying Hymen's gas, but this is not much to be wondered at, for any one who wants it can always get it for himself. As has been truly said—

"Only propose to blow a bubble,
And Lord! What hundreds will subscribe for soap!"

So, only propose, and have a wedding, and dozens of young ladies will volunteer to act as gas-lamps at it. They view the post of bridesmaid as being a sort of sign-post which points to getting married; and when they turn their gas on we have no doubt that they keep an eye to the main chance.

OUR ANNUAL OBSTRUCTION.

AN alarming obstruction in Fleet Street was created on Thursday morning last by the publication of *Punch's Almanack*, which took place at 10 o'clock on that day. All the westward-bound omnibuses were obliged to diverge at Farringdon Street, and go up Holborn, in consequence of the crowd which occupied the whole of Fleet Street. A denser mass of human beings was never perhaps jammed into any space. The authorities must not be blamed for omitting to take unpopular precautions to prevent accidents, of which a great number unavoidably occurred. Fortunately, no lives were lost, nor were any bones broken; but several toes were trodden upon, which, however, as the concourse chiefly consisted of newspaper-boys of light weight, sustained no material damage. MASTER BOAKES received a severe dig in the ribs from the elbow of MASTER HUFFEY, who, in the excitement of the competition, did not mind where he was shoving. MASTER RAGG's coat was torn down his back, and MASTER STOGGS lost his comforter. MASTER MULLINGS's hat was knocked over his eyes; several other young gentlemen were also bonneted; and MASTER BOBSON was deprived of his cap, which, it is to be feared, he will never see again.

The promptest attention was rendered to the sufferers by our attendants at the office, in supplying them, as fast as possible, with numbers of the *Almanack*, at no charge beyond the regular fee of 3d., or 4d. stamped. A good deal of fighting took place among the urchins, who were more awake to the attractions than alive to the principles of *Punch*. On the whole, however, the greatest good-humour prevailed, and the general harmony was heightened by numerous whistles, snatches of nigger melodies, and other popular airs. A large body of the City Police was in attendance, and laudably exerted themselves to enforce order, as well as they could, allowance being made for the convulsions of laughter occasioned by the illustrations of the *Almanack*, which were thrust under their noses, and brandished in opposition to their staves. Fleet Street remained impassable during nearly the whole of the day, and all traffic was suspended, except what was carried on in the interests of *Punch*. We are happy to state that no serious injury occurred; though some of the purchasers of the *Almanack* nearly burst themselves with laughing at its facetious contents.

TOAST AT AN AGRICULTURAL MEETING.—"Here's to the Riflemen—England's truest and staunchest Protectionists!"

THE GREATEST REVOLVER ON RECORD.—The World.

THE DOOM OF THE POPE.

M. DE PUNCH presents his respectful compliments to the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON, and has much pleasure in performing for his Majesty's new pamphlet, issued by their friend M. DE LA GUERRONIERE, the same condensing process by which M. DE PUNCH so much improved the EMPEROR's former excellent publication, in which he promised an Italian war. Cordially agreeing with the EMPEROR in his conclusion that the POPE must be smashed up, if not exactly into a cocked hat, into a sort of Beadle-General to the Roman Churches and other show-places, M. DE PUNCH will not attack any of his Majesty's premises, and hopes, by the way, that his Majesty will be equally forbearing in regard to those of their other friend, M. DE BULL.

THE PAMPHLET.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>I.
Let us keep our tempers.</p> <p>II.
The POPE must have some temporal power, or, with priestly instinct, will attach himself to the Lyant who will best serve him.</p> <p>III.
But his rule must be paternal, and therefore, the smaller his dominions the greater his power.</p> <p>IV.
He must not meddle with politics, but confine himself to priestcraft and the other fine arts.</p> <p>V.
His army must be a mere symbol, and he must really murder nobody; "blood-shed in his name being an insult to Heaven."</p> <p>VI.
Now, is he to have the Romagna again?</p> | <p>VII.
Well, the Romagnese detest our paternal old friend.</p> <p>VIII.
Force therefore would be necessary, and France is certainly not going to use that.</p> <p>IX.
Nor shall Austria. France has thrashed her out of Italy, and has no idea of letting her in again.</p> <p>X.
Shall Naples? Why, the KING OF NAPLES is hardly safe on his own throne.</p> <p>XI.
Congress must settle the question. If it does not choose to give Romagna to the POPE, it may merely register a <i>fait accompli</i>. But it must secure Rome to him, and give him an Italian militia instead of a foreign army. At present "he cannot rely on the love and respect of his people."</p> |
|--|--|

M. DE PUNCH would certainly say that POPE PERUGIA could not. Without turning aside to ask Irish gentlemen, who have been declaiming in the POPE's praise, what they think of the EMPEROR's account of the old gentleman, M. DE PUNCH begs most heartily to compliment the EMPEROR upon the bold and logical form in which he has permitted their friend, M. DE LA GUERRONIERE to publish his Majesty's ideas, which, upon the question of what should be done with the POPE, are precisely those of M. DE PUNCH and all liberal and enlightened persons. M. DE PUNCH scarcely expected so welcome a Christmas-box from the Tuileries.

CLERICAL ELOCUTION.

A REPORT of the ordination lately held by the BISHOP OF LONDON states that—

"Full choral service was performed; the prayers being beautifully rendered by the REV. J. H. COWARD, M.A., and the lessons read by the REV. H. MILMAN, M.A."

In what sense were the prayers "beautifully rendered" by the reverend gentleman? The word "render" has several meanings. For one example, "to render" signifies to translate. This seems to be the signification in which it is employed above. MR. COWARD is said to have rendered the prayers just as MR. CHARLES KEAN might be described as having rendered, or interpreted, *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*. We now come to inquire into the import of "beautifully" in the foregoing connection. How were the prayers rendered in being rendered beautifully? In a loud, clear, and audible voice? We hope so. We hope not with any sort of mouthing or moaning. In accounts of "Marriage in High Life," the service is often reported to have been "impressively" performed. "Impressively" in those narratives is perhaps nearly equivalent to "beautifully." One of the graces of the beautiful and impressive utterance of reverend renderers and performers of the Liturgy, consists in drawing for the sake of emphasis; as, for instance, pronouncing the vowel O, in a word wherein it ought to be short, ridiculously long. In venting these offensive sounds, they appeal to the sympathies of the canting and illiterate part of their congregations, and make the same mistake as that which a vulgar actor makes when he plays to the gallery.

"SHORT AND (NOT) SWEET."

JOHN ARTHUR DOGTEAR'EM ROEBUCK, Esq., once a Bath Chap, and now a Sheffield Blade not always of the best temper.

A FREE ADMISSION.—A very fastidious musical critic, *à propos* of the new opera of *Victorine*, admits that MELLON has the seeds of talent in him.



THE WEATHER AND THE PARKS.—GLORIOUS NEWS FOR THE BOYS!

Billy Wilkins. "Hi! LOOK HERE! COME! SUCH A LARK! HERE'S A PERLICEMAN FELL ON A SLIDE!"

JOHN BULL GUARDS HIS PUDDING.

JOHN BULL he has houses, JOHN BULL he has lands,
He has beef, he has mutton—has pudding and pelf;
He no doubt feels it hard, as he stands upon guard,
Both to pay his police-rates and watch for himself.
"But them sneaks," says the cook, "before one can look,
They whips down the area, all of a sudding."
So, to keep what he's got from the area-sneak's pot,
JOHN BULL is determined to guard his own pudding.

With his East and West Indies, Australias and Scindes,
For citron and suet, for sugar and spice—
With such plums as Gibraltar, such currants as Malta,
No wonder the rascals should long for a slice.
JOHN is lib'ral at giving, as any man living;
To a taste of his pudding the world he'd invite;
But those who try *taking*, will find he is waking,
His hand on the trigger, his eye on the sight!

The Papal Thaw.

THAT great moral icicle the POPE, who has far too long been overhanging Italy, is beginning to show symptoms of approaching dissolution. His Frostiness is thawing with remarkable rapidity, and there is a prospect of his speedy disappearance. The Papal ice, in fact, is giving way in all directions, and we may expect to hear, ere long, of a general break-up.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

WHAT Austria made in 1815—Treaties.
What Austria will be glad to make in 1860—En-treaties.

THE COLDEST RIVER AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR?—Why it is the Dnieper.

A QUARREL WITH CHRISTMAS.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I wish you would not make such a fuss as you do about Christmas. I hate Christmas. In short, Christmas is a bore. Holly and mistletoe have been worked to death. The former is all very well in the hedges, and the latter may be an ornament to the tree on which it grows; but neither about the house is either useful or ornamental. Who would commit the absurdity of kissing a girl under a bunch of twigs before a number of spectators? The inevitable roast beef and turkey of Christmas are tiresome. The plum-pudding is disgusting. The mince-pie is an abomination. The pantomimes are idiotic and imbecile. Christmas, in my mind, is simply associated with duns. Otherwise, it is one continual yawn. Now old noodles attempt to sing, and fogies make fools of themselves by playing at blind-man's huff—as you might say in your *Almanack*. Now children are encouraged to get upon your knees, and spoil your trousers. I am sick of it all. I have no sympathies with my kind, if the people who commit these annual follies are my kind: which I flatter myself they are not. I abhor popular sentiment about peace and goodwill, and all that sort of thing. I detest yule logs, to which scuttlefuls of coals are vastly preferable. I despise ghost stories: let us talk about death if you like, which is an end of everything, and I wish Christmas were dead, like the heart, to speak sentimentally, of your weary Correspondent,

"JAUNDERS LEGRAND."

"P. S. Evergreens. Bosh! Fudge! They are all the colour of gamboge. Stick a sprig in a pudding—pshaw! What is a good thing for indigestion?"

Pardonable at Christmas.

IN the interest of the Field Lane Refuge, to which *Mr. Punch* begs that everybody will send all the old clothes they can spare, he suggests a new reading of a misunderstood text. He would say, "Charity covereth a multitude of skins."

A CURE FOR THE HEARTACHE.—Matrimony.



JOHN BULL GUARDS HIS PUDDING.





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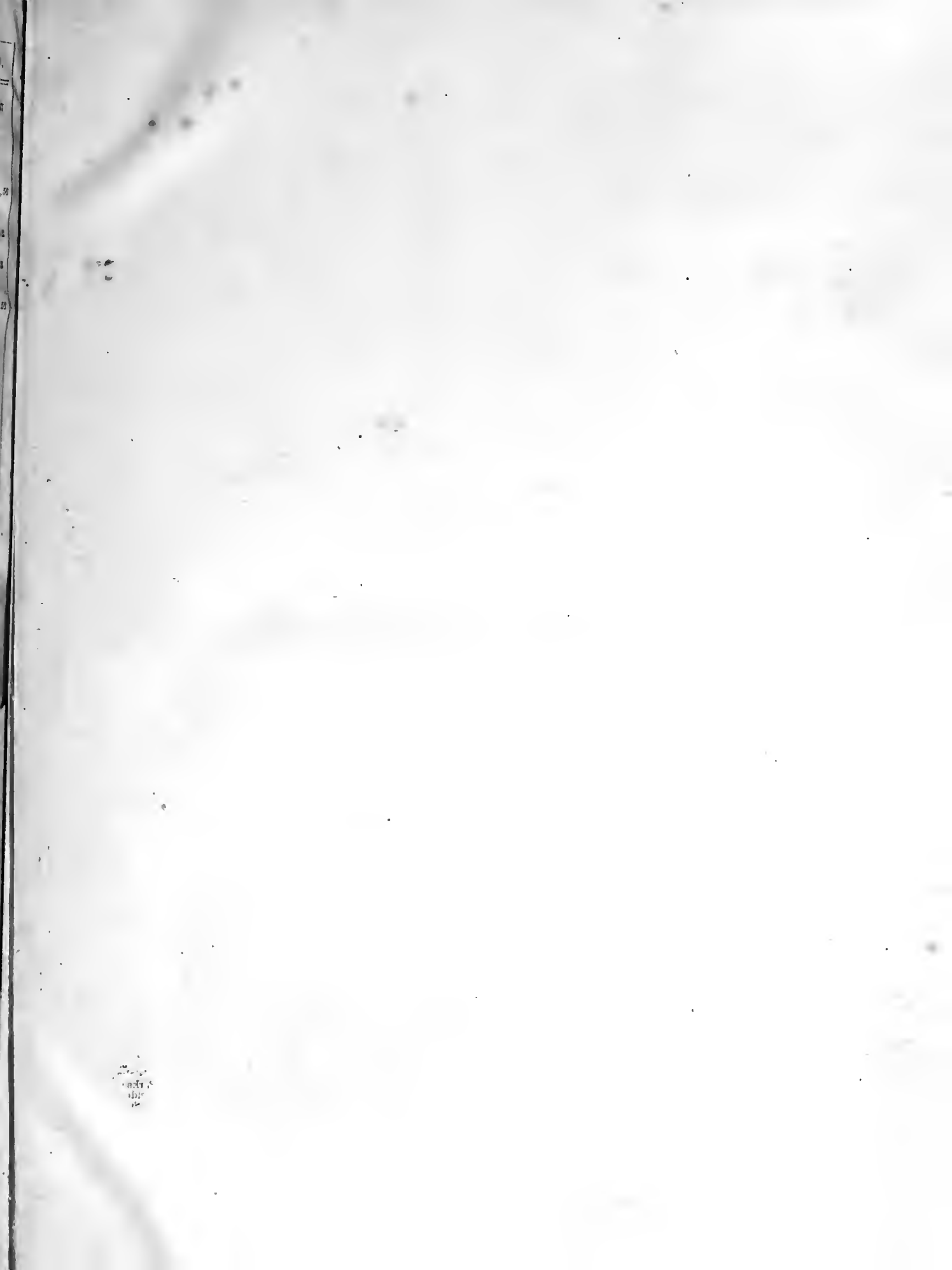
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