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DUNCK



VOLLI

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

1866.

LONDON
BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



THE GRAND REFORM PROCESSION was on its move, and the gates of Temple Bar, closed only in honour of the chief ones of the earth, slowly yielded way. Scarcely was passage made, when the GREAT REFORMER rode proudly through.

"I shall go where I please," said MR. PUNCH. "The Parks belong to the QUEEN (bless her) and to Myself. Perhaps I shall visit them all. It depends upon whether I find my saddle comfortable. Follow, my faithful."

His Young Men formed their ranks, waved their banners, and attended their glorious Chief.

The People were out "in their thousands," and loud were the manly cheers, soft the womanly looks, that greeted the Reformers on their March. Nor was it London alone that had come forth. PUNCH is the Guardian of the World. From the Three Kingdoms, from all the Fifty Colonies, from the domains on which the sun never sets, from those in which he never gets up, from the Arctic and Antarctic circles, from the Equinoxious Line, delegates had come to signify the homage of distant regions. As MISS ISA CRAIG sang,—

"He is a King for all."

Along the Strand—that journey which is itself an education—proceeded PUNCH and his knights. Flowers rained upon them, though flowers are awfully dear at this season. And as the unmatched Leader rode at the head of his army, he shot benignant glances and uttered kindly words.

"If the idiot authorities do not soon sweep away that detestable street," he said, with a look on his right hand, "I will brick up one end and set fire to the other. Rebuilding *Bell's Life*, eh? Glad of my friend's prosperity, How are you, FECHTER, happy to see you act again. How do, MR. GLOBE—revolved towards Conservatism, have you—well, well, all parties should be heard. Gentlemen of Exeter Hall, the more HANDEL and the less humbug the better, and see to your means of exit. BENJAMIN WEBSTER, the Evergreen, a merry Christmas—give my best love to MISS KATE TERRY. Bless me, how the Strand is altered since I first went up it. Terminus at Charing Cross a boon to the civilised world. Fine day, SIR EDWIN, rejoiced to hear that the Lions are so splendid—up with them. MR. BOXALL, very glad to see you—a worthy purchase that Rembrandt. Academicians all, you know how I love you. My hat goes off to you,

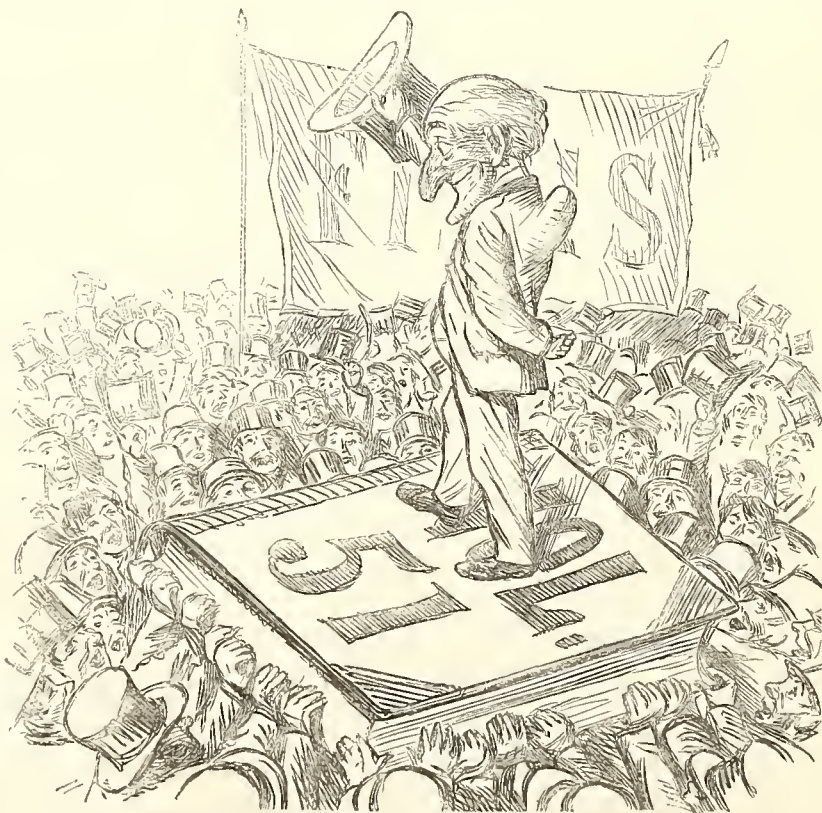
my brave Physicians. BUCKSTONE, a happy new year—glad to hear so good an account of BUCKSTONE *filis*. Along Pall Mall, my boys, let the Clubs see us. LORD DERBY at the corner, by Jove, with PAKINGTON. How are you, DERBY—I say, make the FIRST LORD learn the Catalogue of the Ships out of your Iliad. GLADSTONE, my dear fellow, I trust you are well—we shall want you, but you need not wink. Up St. James's Street. Gentlemen of the Conservative, I salute you—no Club cooks better. Thanks, but engaged every day through Christmas. Piccadilly. All the Albemarle Street Swells at the corner. FARADAY, how well you look—conserve your forces. PERCY, you seem as strong as Iron—ha, ha! OWEN, always yours faithfully; when do you move the beasts from Russell Street? RAMSAY, how are we off for coals? On, my lads. Now, halt, and three cheers for MISS ANGELA COUTTS, who makes almost as many people happy at Christmas, and all the year, as I do. WALPOLE, good day—when is the new Park-railing to be put up—don't look sentimental, I like your honesty of feeling. Hyde Park Corner—casier to get up a hideous statue than to get it down. Along Grosvenor Place, I want to see the alterations. My eye, what a havoc! Wonder whether the new houses will be a success. Don't think the shops will. Victoria Road much too narrow for its work—another mess *in futuro*. Buckingham Gate. Ha, your R.H., and how is the DUCHESS OF CORNWALL? My humblest homage to her—O, Y.R.H. is going to lunch yonder—we meet again then. He knows me, your boy does—yes, my dear, I *am* MR. PUNCH. Ha! JOHN BRIGHT, how dost thee do? Wilt come in on third day for a weed, I have another good story for thine ear. Come with him, BOB LOWE, and keep him in order, but neither of you shall stay after midnight, mind that, my eternal friends. Small and ragged boys, get from under my horse's legs, will you all? There's a handful of sixpences—don't lay them out in Ritualistic tracts. In at the gate, my faithful, and guard me up to the Palace door. I have an engagement in that edifice. Hats off, all, and nine cheers for the Princesses in the balcony, and for Her who has commanded me to bring Her THE BOOK.

PUNCH dismounted, and turning to his followers, said, with his affable smile:—

“Let every man be Master of his Time. I dismiss you. All the great hotels are open to you, at your own expense. I beg, as a personal favour to myself, that you will enjoy yourselves.”

Up went the shout into the Ether. And up, also went MR. PUNCH, mounted on his

Fifty-First Volume.





OUR OPENING ARTICLE.

PUNCH would have indeed laboured in vain for five-and-twenty years if, at the beginning of a second quarter of a century,

he found it expedient to imitate his contemporaries, and to address himself to solemn leading articles upon the state of the world. But having several original remarks which he desires to utilise, and several quotations which he is anxious to ventilate, he so far conforms to the course of his brother journalists as to throw his opening observations into the didactic form to which the general reader is accustomed. He can only say that it will be entirely in opposition to his intention if, at the close of the present article, the reader shall find himself either improved or instructed. Should the following remarks be effective in muddling a single mind, the object of the article will be completely attained.

What, let us ask, is the condition of England at the existing moment? The question is idle in the extreme, and therefore the more fit to be asked when the atmospheric influences are most conducive to idleness. Mr. HOOD has remarked that his thermometer was at 80 in the shade, and that this was a great age. Similar reports are now furnished from the observatories, but no person reads reports or anything else. We recur, therefore, to our original proposition, which we forgot to make, not that we hesitated over the probabilities of its acceptance, but because too many acceptances have been issued of late, and in consequence the word "late" has been the befitting prefix to the mention of establishments formerly of financial repute. But if we ask ourselves, at the present time, what is the position of the Bank of England, we cannot think that financialists would be much re-assured by the statement that it adjoins the Royal Exchange. Such is one of the results of forgetting the golden rule, *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*.

Again, let us regard the political aspect of affairs. Until the new Premier shall have been assured that gentlemen are inclined to take office under him, it would, we must be allowed to hold, be almost premature in him to submit their names to the Sovereign, and to direct the issue of writs for new elections. We do not accuse the EARL OF DERBY of any intention to recruit his Ministry by force, but too strict a watch cannot be kept over the principles of the Constitution; and it would be a humiliating sight to see the law advisers of the Crown, and the Home, Foreign, and Colonial Ministers, dragged to the House under the stern surveillance of the police. We cannot forget that OLIVER CROMWELL, whom MR. CARLYLE and others admire so much, ejected Members by violence, and though at first sight the cases may not appear to be exactly parallel, we confidently affirm that there is no clause in the Bill of Rights, no provision in the Statute of Frauds, that treats as a lesser violation of right the compelling a statesman to take office than the extruding him from the House of Commons. We make these remarks in no unfriendly spirit towards LORD DERBY, many of whose family portraits at Brompton are worth inspection, but we have not yet learned to despise the salutary counsel contained in the maxim, *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*.

As regards domestic and social matters, we own that there exist compensations for grievances. If the streets of the metropolis are

wantonly torn up and converted into railway chaos, there have never been so many good singers collected at the same time as are now to be heard at the Royal Italian Opera. The state of our cabs and the manners and morals of our cabmen are a disgrace to civilised society, but the BISHOP OF LONDON resented in a becoming manner the angry language of DR. WILBERFORCE at the late meeting of Convocation. We do not look with any violent interest upon the progress of the Central Hall at South Kensington, but it is some thing to know, and we do know, that the practice of introducing whitebait early in the dinner, instead of at a period when the appetite is sated, is gradually making its way among sensible persons. Nor do we refuse to see, in the fact that the Royal Academy is likely to be removed to Kensington, an insufficient consolation for the incompleteness of the Nelson monument. *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*.

It is not in these columns that habitual reference is made to theological matters, but as regards the Ritualists we feel bound to express a very decided opinion, and to use strongly condemnatory expressions. We therefore say emphatically that it will be very satisfactory if they are led upon reflection to reconsider some of their convictions. But we are not reckless in our denunciation. For the stout, short, and protuberant ecclesiastic who makes a Guy of himself by the adoption of a gorgeous costume in which he resembles a glorified porpoise, we can entertain none but the sentiments of a harpooner. For the slender and elegant young priest whose weakness of intellect may excuse his fondness for millinery, we, having recently visited the admirable Asylum for Idiots, own to a touch of tenderness. But it may become our painful duty, at no great distance of time, to warn the clergy who will not let well alone, that a project is already on foot for erecting, for the Registrars of Marriages, edifices of a graceful description, with stained glass windows and other luxuries, and that it will be a bad day for the parsons when the first fashionable bride shall listen to the conjugal vow under the roof of the Registrar. We may add that many distinguished bridesmaids have informed us that the dirty state of various metropolitan churches is a consideration which will not be overlooked. We commend these matters to the attention of all who are concerned. *Victoria Romanis multo sanguine stetit*.

It will not be expected that we should close these observations without a special reference to ourselves. But it is contrary to our reticent custom to intrude ourselves upon the attention of the reader, and in the present case our indisposition to speak is somewhat increased by the fact that we have nothing to say. We shall pursue the course which has hitherto been attended with so much satisfaction to ourselves and the public, unless we should see fit to depart from it, in which case we shall have as little scruple in obliterating our engagements as we have of hesitation in entering into them, and we shall content ourselves with remarking that, although where ignorance is folly, it is bliss to be wise, the proper study of mankind is not only man, but the gentler sex, which doubles alike our misfortunes and our expenses, and is quite welcome to its share of both. Such will be our guiding principles for the quarter of a century before us, and if forty centuries were looking down upon us from the Pyramids, we should still say, *Honor est a Nilo*.



PARALYSING PIECE OF NEWS FOR MR. B.

Mrs. B. "MR. B. ! MR. B. !! HERE'S SOMEBODY BEEN WRITING TO THE *TIMES* TO SAY THAT WHEN THE BANNS HAVE BEEN PUT UP AFTER THE SECOND LESSON, THE MARRIAGE IS AN ILLEGAL ONE, AND CONSEQUENTLY VOID ! ! WHY, THAT'S HOW WE WERE MARRIED, MR. B. !! DO YOU HEAR ! ?"

OUR COAL AND OUR COUNTRY.

MR. PUNCH,

GRAVE fears have lately been expressed by grave men that our coal measures will have been practically exhausted within two or three generations. What, then, will Posterity do for force and for fuel? That is the question which the Legislature is urged to consider by provident and philosophical alarmists. It is a question relative to the subterranean domains of England. But there is a parallel question, which does not appear to have occurred to any of those prescient gentlemen. What, in the meanwhile, will become of England's superficies?

Suppose that all our available coal is a quantity not sufficient to last much above another century. But then suppose also that the gas-works and factories and furnaces of England go on multiplying at their present rate of increase. Suppose, too, that our population continues to advance in the same ratio. If the bowels of the land are consumed in a hundred years' time, will not its face be likewise used up? Will not this Island, honeycombed underground with excavations in barren rock, aboveground be clustered all over with towns, separated by small interstices of utilised sewage? And must not our rivers then receive the surplus which it will be impossible to utilise? Will not the merry England that once was have become a hotbed studded with aggregations of bricks and mortar, and channelled with gutters? Will not our herbage and foliage have been for the most part destroyed by the vitriolic fumes of chemical plants, and the remainder have been blackened by factory smoke? Is it not likely that Great Britain will be *exploité* no sooner underneath than all over, and in short that our coal will not fail a moment before it should? On the other hand, is it not rather possible that the country may be completely spoiled long ere the coal that sustained its progress is nearly gone?

No alarmist myself, *Mr. Punch*, I merely suggest one conceivable fear to balance another. If we anticipate the exhaustion of our coal, we may just as well expect the repletion of our space, and the consummation of our national career. For my part I fear neither one event nor

the other. If the coal ever runs out, something equivalent to it will doubtless turn up, or else turn down. Somebody will discover a cheap way to set the Thames on fire, or to draw below, and store, atmospheric electricity. By a system of vertical elevation instead of lateral extension, our architecture will be adapted to our area, and our cities, no longer expanding, will continue to ascend. The higher they rise, the less will Posterity be troubled with any amount of smoke which it may be unable to consume. The future of England will then be as fresh as a daisy, still as familiar a flower as ever, and will wear the same roseate aspect as that under which it now presents itself to the exstatic vision of an ever hopeful

OPTIMIST.

Hinnom Place, Bethnal Green.

A Very Sly Sarcasm.

FRENCH satire is subtle. A contemporary states that:—

"A 'communicated' note in the *Evénement* denies in somewhat indignant terms that the PRINCE IMPERIAL is about to study the art and mystery of typography."

At first sight what there could have been, in an announcement that the PRINCE IMPERIAL was about to learn printing, to excite indignation, may not be manifest. Perhaps it was the understood intimation, in an ironical sense, that the EMPEROR was believed to intend making a demonstration of respect for the Press.

Ernest Hart and the Sick Paupers.

WHO says there's nothing in a name
To mark the bearer's part?
Our bloated Bumbledom to tame
Demands an *Ernest Hart*.

THE FENIAN MOVEMENT IN CANADA.—To the Right About.

STRANDED.

(Thoughts, on the far side of the Rubicon, by the Right Honourable W. G.)

Lo, here, across the Rubicon,
We gather, stranded, on the strand—
Behind us the wide stream runs on,
Before us lies the promised land,—
Tracts whose bright hues, far off, might please,
But, closer scanned, a desert seem:
No treasury-loaves upon the trees,
No treasury-fishes in the stream!

The natives flock, of looks uncouth,
And blatant speech—a salvage crew,
Not such as in my Oxford youth,
Or manhood's Peelian prime I knew!
When Church and State—two schemes in one—
Loomed on my brain through morning haze,
And by the old ways I wandered on,
Nor dreamed of treading other ways!

They raise their war-cries' shrilly screech,
Where our burnt boats bestrew the sand,
Dance round us, hail with rugged speech,
And wave rude *Stars*, with welcoming hand!
Not such the greetings I foresaw,
When dreaming, studious, in the schools,
Of Commons bowed to Canon's law,
And Statesmen squared by Churchmen's rules!

Are these the men with whom my fate
Is linked, since here my boats I burned?
To this wild shriek of haste and hate,
Must my mellifluous tongue be turned?
Must my wide vision shrink to theirs,
My vast horizon narrow in,
To this poor round of idol prayers,
And mob-led, or mob-leading, din?

Bethink thee,—“they are flesh and blood,”
Are brothers—asses though they be:
That progress points, where o'er the flood
Is shaped, I hope, the great “to be.”
My boats are charred, the road is barred,
That backward leads across the stream—
Onward! although the road seem hard,
For lights on the horizon beam!



A LITTLE BRUTE.

First Boy. "THAT'S A 'ANSOM-CAB HORSE, THAT IS!"

Second Boy. "WHAT, 'IM?"

First Boy. "AH, 'CAUSE HE LIVES IN OUR MEWS; COST A LOT O' MONEY, HE DID—TEN SOVEREIGNS! 'CAUSE MY FATHER KNOWS THE MAN AS DRIVES —" [Further revelations drowned by thundering word of command from Adjutant, who wheels off in disgust.]

FANCY IN FASHIONS FOR JULY.

"SWEET are the uses of adversity." For the following good news announced under the head of "Fashions for July," by *Le Follet*, PATERFAMILIAS is doubtless indebted to the Panic and 10 per cent. in the City:—

"We are happy to announce a decided reactionary movement towards simplicity of attire. There can be no question that luxury in dress has of late been indulged in to an alarming excess. It is therefore gratifying to observe that the leaders of fashion now show a decided inclination to allow the judiciously elegant to replace the merely expensive; we no longer see toilettes covered and sparkling with gold and silver, these theatrical ornaments having given place to ribbons, flowers, laces, &c."

It is true that theatrical gold and theatrical silver, are not precious metals, and that the cost of such tinsel may be indefinitely exceeded by ribbons, flowers, laces, &c.; especially "&c." But PATERFAMILIAS may doubtless rely on the essential truth of *Le Follet's* testimony to the comparative cheapness of fal-lals for the time being. Thank the Bears.

In the succeeding observations, *Le Follet* really shows sense:—

"Summer is undoubtedly a time of rest for the purse and of work for the fancy. Expensive fabrics and trimmings are not required; a few simple materials, elegantly made, so as to permit the possessor to appear often in what the Parisians call *une toilette fraîche*, being all that is necessary, except for very dressy occasions, such as *fêtes* or marriages."

Few things that any poet has ever said of summer will be deemed by PATERFAMILIAS equal to the aphorism of *Le Follet* about it. "Summer is undoubtedly a time of rest for the purse and of work for the fancy." Most undoubtedly, as regards toilettes. Oh, *Le Follet!* thou art a summer bird! As to whitebait dinners, and the like, the case may be rather different. The purse cannot rest if the muscles of mastication and deglutition are to act. Though fancy may be all-sufficient for the love of finery, it will not supply the pleasures of the palate. It may make *une toilette fraîche* answer every purpose, but will not provide a

cool cup or a satisfactory repast out of simple and slight materials. So much the greater reason why fancy should do all the work that ever it can to the end of resting the purse. Therefore, *vive la toilette fraîche* while the summer lasts; and let us hope that, in winter time, fancy will still find scope for economy in the tasteful arrangement of the cheapest of all those substantial fabrics which will then be necessitated by the severity of the season.

In female education the importance of fancy in relation to dress, has been grievously overlooked. A woman whose fancy has the power to make an alpaca equal to a silk, or a merino to a moiré antique, is the wife for a wise man's money; because she will not squander any of it on excess of apparel.

COMIC TALENT.

AMONG a number of other odd theatrical requirements we specially select the following for remark:—

WANTED, COMIC and SERIO-COMIC TALENT of the Highest Order, for June 25th and future dates. No stamp. Silence a respectful negative.

What is called the "comic business" in a Pantomime consists in the transactions of Pantaloon and Clown, and these persons not unfitly may lay claim to have some comic talent, for we know it takes a clever man to play sagaciously the fool. But where is "serio-comic talent" displayed upon the stage, unless perhaps in the performances of certain great tragedians, who play the sombre parts so funnily that they always make one laugh. To them the gentle hint "no stamp" seems specially addressed; for these serio-comic actors are usually addicted to much stamping when they act, and it would be wise, we think, to add the further gentle hint, "no strut."

ADDRESS TO THE REFORM CLUB.—"Oh, then I see King Mob hath been with you."

TWO EIGHTEENTHS OF JUNE.

(The declaration of war between Austria and Prussia was exchanged on the 18th of June, the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo).

'Twas one-and-fifty years ago,
The night of an eighteenth of June,
That o'er the field of Waterloo,
Rose, round and red, the summer moon.
And England, weak with loss of blood,
And black with battle's reek and stain;
From strength o'er-taxed half-swooning stood,
In trampled corn on Soignies' plain.

All day, from rainy dawn to dark,
She had looked on, in voiceless awe;
While the huge eagles grappled, stark,
For life and death, with beak and claw.
And ere that night the moon rode high,
The greatest eagle of the brood,
Whose wings had darkened earth and sky,
Lay spent and shattered and subdued!

Then—upshot of that awful day—
She saw the conquering Eagles bind
The conquered Eagle, as he lay,
Baffled and bleeding, bruised and blind.
Saw censers swing above the blood,
Heard o'er the groans *Te Deums* rise;
And marked how reek of carnage stood,
Between the incense and the skies.

And then she saw the Eagles sit,
In crownèd conclave, grave and grim;
To rend, what with a wicked wit,
They called "freed" Europe, limb by limb.
Parcelling out, with haughtier air,
The lower they had lately quailed—
A gobbet here, a gobbet there,
As Eagle's craft or strength prevailed.

And England looked, and England thought,
That, like dogs, eagles have their day.
Too well she knew who most had fought,
For fighting who'd had most to pay.
Her whistle won, 'twas time at length,
To count the cost, in purse and veins,
Where waxing debt, and wasting strength,
Of men and money told the drains.

Kings—Peoples—two in one, that hold
Close union as veins and skin!
Kings—to pay out the blood and gold,
And patriot peoples—to pay in!
So has been, shall be, human hap:
So England saw, 'twas then to be,—
Monarchs remodelling the map;
Europe, made free with, not made free.

And she who had borne the battle's brunt,
She who the pipers had to pay,
Now saw pretensions first in front,
That most kept out of danger's way.
Little of all she'd won she kept;
Gen'rous, when all were grasping round,
She saw the board of winnings swept,
By players whose first stake she'd found.

Now, one-and-fifty years are past,
'Tis the eighteenth of June again:
Again the summer-moonlight's shed,
On new cut hay and greening grain;
And once more England stands aghast,
As, north and south, from near and far,
The shrill war-trumpet wakes the blast,
And Europe leaps again to war.

Nature and Man are still the same:
The earth as fair, as fierce its lord:
And still we see the little game
Of kings and peoples keeps the board.
But though the board, cards, game are one,
How different the players show
From those of that Eighteenth of June,
Now one-and-fifty years ago!

Then fierce BRITANNIA in the strife
With purse and person foremost stood.
Reckless of reason, flush of life,
Less prodigal of brains than blood:
Then the black vultures, side by side,
The great French eagle linked to tame,
And, England aiding, checked its pride,
Banished and banned, and put to shame.

Holy Alliance! Then we saw
Pruss, Russ, and Austrian combine
O'er Europe's war-blurred map to draw
The measuring-tape and marking-line.
France crush'd, and revolution done,
And peoples taught they can't be free—
'Tis strange, when vultures are at one,
How wonderfully they agree!

Now, see this goodly work unpick'd—
Holy Alliance drawing swords!
Eighteen-fifteen's arrangements kicked
To shivers by its sovereign lords:
NAPOLEON's forfeit name, once more,
Symbol of European power,
France at peace, arbiter of war,
The EMPEROR master of the hour!

And England folding brawny hands,
And looking on with even heart,
As one who by a quarrel stands,
With neither brawler taking part—
Oh, startling difference in the tune
Of the war-dance that now we know,
And that which closed, the Eighteenth of June,
Now one-and-fifty years ago!

CRIMINALS AND PAUPERS.

Not know how to treat our criminals! Don't we, though! Just see now.

First of all, you catch your criminal—a brutal wife-beater, we will say, or else a ruffianly garotter. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vilissimo.*

Then, having caught your criminal, cage him in a workhouse. Keep him on thin gruel, and not too much of even that. Bring him down to skin and bone, and take all the spirit out of him. Give him work like oakum-picking, stupifying and monotonous, and never let a ray of hope in to enlighten him.

Then, when he falls ill, which he is pretty sure to do, confine him in a sick-ward, which is crammed to suffocation. Huddle him with a herd of raving, filthy lunatics. Taint him with the breathing of a dozen diseased lungs. Keep him wakeful by the coughs of the asthmatic and consumptive. Crowd round him the beds of paupers dying of infectious cholera or fever. Prop him with hard pillows, fresh taken from a death-bed. Tend him with hard hands, hard eyes, and harder hearts. Let Ignorance and Malice sit watching by his side, and Drunkenness and Dirt be installed as his head-nurses. Give him physic by hap-hazard, measured by the rule of tipsy, shaking thumb and fore-finger. Dose him with a purge if he complain of being aguish, drench him with a salt-draught whenever he feels thirsty. Should he be paralysed, take no heed of the bed-sores that will scourge him. Let him lie, and slowly rot to death, and so be done for.

In short, treat your brutal criminal as you do your wretched pauper. Torture British Vice to death as British Innocence is tortured. Leave off petting your foul gaol-birds, your assaulters and garotters. Mould your model prisons on the model of your workhouses. Let your convicts lead the dog's-life that your paupers long have led, with just a taste of the "cat" now and then by way of fillip. Then see the reduction there will be in gaol-returns, and how the threat of workhouse torture will tempt Vice to be virtuous.

Epitaph on the late Reform Bill.

INFLECTION sore to all I bore,
Divisions were in vain.
If passed, I might have pleased JOHN BRIGHT:
My loss will cause him pain.

Court Circular.

Balmoral, Tuesday.

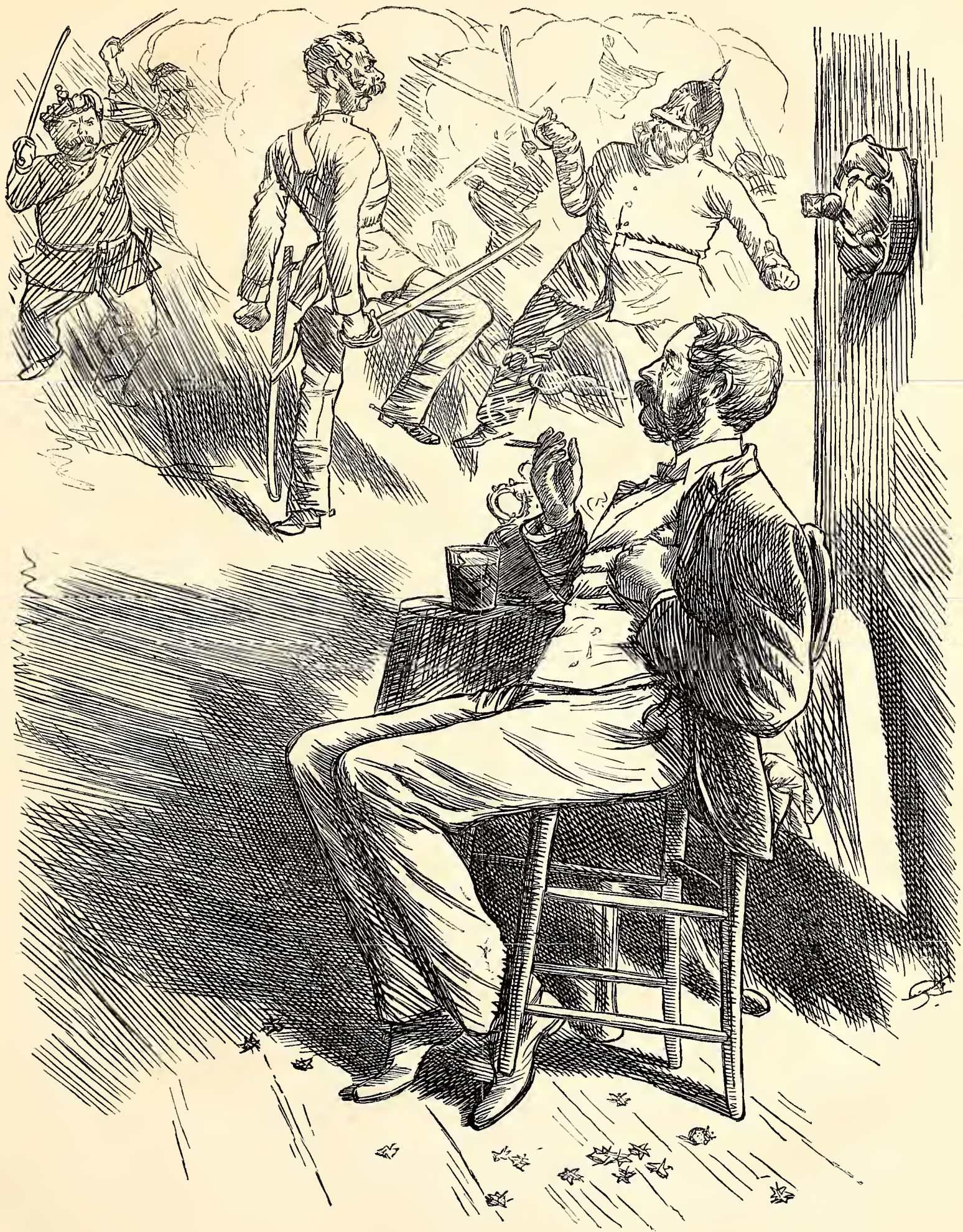
MR. JOHN BROWN walked on the Slopes. He subsequently partook of a haggis.

In the evening MR. JOHN BROWN was pleased to listen to a bag-pipe. MR. JOHN BROWN retired early.



THE FIRST QUESTION.

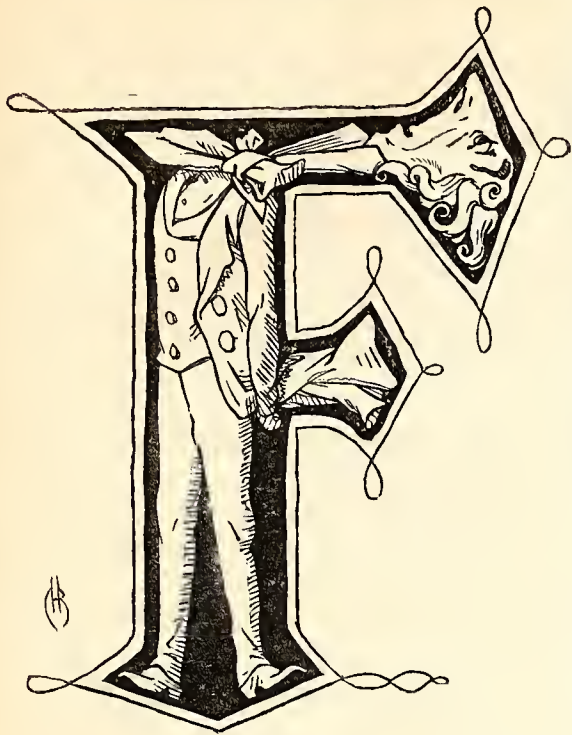
WORKING-MAN. "WELL, GENTLEMEN, WHAT ARE *YOU* GOING TO DO FOR ME?"
LORD DERBY (*aside to Dizzy*). "AH! IF HE WERE ONLY A RACEHORSE NOW—"
DISRAELI. "OR AN ASIAN MYSTERY—"



DENMARK AVENGED.

DENMARK. "FIGHT IT OUT, GENTLEMEN! I'VE THE PLEASURE TO LOOK ON!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ALLEN is the Russell Ministry! Idle lies the whip of BRAND. Hushed is the voice of GLADSTONE, magician of arithmetic. PALMER now addeth nought more to the Book of Praise of himself and his colleagues. Thy mighty rush of words is checked, O GREY of the Home Office, and thou, CLARENDON, mayst smoke the fragrant weed in peace, though the foreigners are at war. Wilt see Nineveh again, LAYARD the resolute, and thou, GÖSCHEN, whose rise was so swift, wilt thou again behold the faces of the merchants? Venerable CRANWORTH, there be seats as soft as

the woollack for thine honourable age, but the seals are thine no more. O pleasant GRANVILLE, society shall have more of thee, no longer Lord President, and thou, O pleasant SOMERSET, come down from the mast-head, and deign to walk among the sons of men. Harp of Ossian-Punch, thy strings make sad wailing, and thy master demandeth much cool drink, for he weepeth, and is very hot. Pledge me, friends, in the Loving Cup of many pegs, and blessed be the ice and borage, which mingle lovingly in its gleaming gloom.

It is said, and it is done. On the day of the Moon, and on the 25th day of June, came down the Earl, whose name is RUSSELL, and spake unto the Lords, saying, "The Commons trust us not, and therefore we are no more. Have I not sent unto the QUEEN? Begone, therefore until the hour of six to-morrow, when I shall have spoken to the Lady of Windsor, and the rest shall be made known unto you." Likewise spake GLADSTONE, in the same sort, unto the Commons.

At the appointed time they came. The two Ministers had visited Windsor, and by reason that other Royal Servants had blundered, there were no carriages at the station, so the statesmen footed it unto the mighty Castle, and were cheered by certain of the people. Of what passed between their Sovereign Lady QUEEN VICTORIA and themselves, RUSSELL and GLADSTONE made speech in the chambers of legislation.

The EARL RUSSELL spoke unto the Peers. His feelings were those of no ordinary emotion. He and his colleagues had tendered their resignation, on the decision of the Commons upon the motion of LORD DUNKELIN. The QUEEN had desired them to re-consider their resolve, for it appeared to the Sovereign that they had been defeated only on a Point of Detail, and that with Europe in a flame it was no time to be changing the English Ministry. At much length the Earl adduced the reasons which induced him to differ in opinion from Majesty. He defended the Reform Bill, complained of the hostility of its enemies, and declared that honour demanded the resignation. He hoped that Parliament would not treat the claim of the artisan with contempt, but would make generous concessions. Otherwise they would alienate the people from the Crown and the Aristocracy. Although unable to agree with the QUEEN upon the Point of Detail, the Earl complimented Her, handsomely, upon her general discharge of her royal duties.

Replied the EARL OF DERBY, that he had earnestly hoped to be able to listen in respectful silence, but the other Earl had been personal. The change of Government, at such a time, was most unfortunate, but it was the fault of the Ministers. They had been met only by constitutional opposition on matters of great magnitude. The Government had been arrogant and injudicious, alienating those who should have been conciliated. And they had resigned on a Point of Detail, not affecting the amount of the Borough Franchise, which had never been discussed at all. The Commons had chosen to exercise their right of judgment, and therefore the Cabinet had resigned.

EARL GRANVILLE answered with spirit, and EARL GREY, in a long speech, condemned both the Reform Bill and the Ministers who had abandoned it. Specially, he flagellated them for having put themselves into the hands of MR. JOHN BRIGHT, of Birmingham.

In the Commons, after some of that easily evoked merriment for which the Nether House is famous, and which seemed scarcely justified

by the cause—a doctor's statement that a certain Member had been taken ill after a party—the Leader of the House delivered an address. It was, in the main, similar to that of his Chief, but it was marked by such extreme good temper and grace as to produce a salutary effect upon his hearers. He moved an adjournment until the Thursday, with the idea that by that time Some Person might be able to propose a further adjournment.

Some Person was EDWARD GEOFFREY SMITH STANLEY, K.G., better known as EARL DERBY. To him the QUEEN had said, by letter, "Make a Cabinet, if you can." And we learned that the Earl designed to try, and moreover we were told that he had resolved on endeavouring to form one of those things which his CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has declared that England does not like, namely, a Coalition. He was thought to have spoken to the Blue Blood, and to the Cave, and it was said that the replies had been unfavourable. But we knew nothing for certain. Meantime, there were many meetings outside the House, and these were described, according to the tenets of the describers, as magnificent demonstrations and as mob gatherings.

Thursday came, and the Commons with it. But there was no news for them, except that the EARL OF DERBY had requested that they would adjourn until that day week. But we were not going to dwell entirely amid The Silences. MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE and MAJOR KNOX complained of a meeting which had been held around the Nelson Column, upon the pedestal whereof the Chairman had perched, and had made an idiotic reference to the fact that the head of CHARLES THE FIRST had been removed at Whitehall, where it was proposed to hold another meeting. SIR GEORGE GREY said that it was only illegal to hold meetings near the House, if they were intended to intimidate Parliament. MR. NEWDEGATE, a Tory, spoke in a manlier fashion, and as one who is not afraid either of the faces or shouts of his fellow-citizens. It was very natural, he said, that there should be large assemblages just then, but he scoffed at the idea of apprehension. He also warmly complimented MR. GLADSTONE upon the conciliatory way in which he had spoken on Tuesday, for which gentlemanly utterances MR. NEWDEGATE was gracefully thanked by the ex-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. But, before this, we had a speech from

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, who was perfectly discontented with the situation. A commercial panic, Bank discount £10 per cent., an attack on Canada, revolution in Spain, war in Italy, war in Germany, and the nation for a fortnight without a Government. MR. GLADSTONE had vindicated his honour, but not his judgment. The Reform Bill ought not to have been abandoned. The QUEEN was of opinion that there was no ground for a resignation. The whole session had been wasted. Other valuable Bills were shelved. The Opposition had opposed fairly. Office had been forced upon them, and they ought to have a fair trial. He for one, would give LORD DERBY no factious opposition during the remainder of the session.

MR. GLADSTONE, in a good-humoured reply, said that he would go further, and would not, like MR. OSBORNE, limit his promise not to be factious. In reference to the Sovereign, MR. GLADSTONE used one of those exquisitely neat Gladstonianisms which seem to *Mr. Punch* to belong to High Art. The QUEEN had regarded the defeat as one upon a Point of Detail, but he had never said that after personal communication it was Her Majesty's opinion that her Government had resigned on such a point. We have no doubt that in MR. GLADSTONE'S Lett's's Diary, or whatever volume he keeps, he has set down the exact words of his Royal Mistress. Will he make a small bet with us, say a claret cup, to be ordered next time we meet at the Club, that the words were not these, or very nearly? "Well, if, My Lord and Mr. Gladstone, you say that it is a point of honour and not of detail, I can say no more, but that I am very sorry to lose your services." We do not hold him to claret, if he likes champagne better—we trust that we can be as conciliatory as himself.

Thus stands the situation, and thus it will stand, so far as Parliament can, officially, know, when the world is reading this history. The only secret which we shall, without regard to anybody's feelings, at once disclose, is this. MR. WHALLEY has been offered—but no—we must not convulse the country. We only warn all Roman Catholics that the sooner they make arrangements for emigration the better. If they like to send their plate and money to 85, Fleet Street, those awful vaults shall be safe even against MR. WHALLEY and all his myrmidons.

The Lords met on Friday, to hear from EARL RUSSELL of the requested adjournment. All honour to the Peers. They improved the occasion by rejecting the Bill, which the Commons had passed, for ruining Victoria Park by means of Gas Works. May their Lordships' own trees be green and flourish.

Gallus and Cæsar.

THE MESSRS. LONGMAN are publishing the third edition of a work by the learned PROFESSOR BECKER, entitled, *Gallus; or Roman Scenes of the Time of Augustus*. Very well; but, associated with the name of AUGUSTUS, to English ears at least, GALLUS does not seem to sound so apt as it would in connection with that of NERO.



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

"MAMMA, DEAR, MRS. ROBINSON HAS WRITTEN TO ASK IF I WILL GO WITH HER TO THE "ZOO" NEXT SUNDAY. I SHOULD SO LIKE TO!"

"WHAT, MY DEAR! ON SUNDAY! NEVER!"

"WHY, BUT WE GO TO THE KENSINGTON GARDENS!"

"I DISAPPROVE OF LOOKING AT BEASTS ON SUNDAY!"

"BUT THE PEOPLE LOOK AT EACH OTHER, MAMMA; NOT AT THE BEASTS."

"IF YOU ARE SURE OF THAT, MY DEAR, YOU MAY ACCEPT MRS. ROBINSON'S INVITATION."

SPEECHES BY AN OLD SMOKER.

PHYSICAL pain not the worst of evils, Sir? What other evil would you not endure rather than grasp a red-hot poker by the fiery end for one minute? MUTIUS SCÆVOLA? Either a myth or a madman. Case of CRANMER? Miraculous, if true. Enthusiasm and mania are sometimes anæsthetic. Inseusibility is not endurance.

Did you ever have the gout, Sir? Ah! I thought not. Nor even the rheumatism? Well; that's bad enough. Lately attacked this thigh, Sir. Hurt abominably: hindered stooping. Problem in such a strait, Sir, to put your socks on.

Might not the problem have been solved by a wife? Yes, Sir, I felt that. Apprehended, during rheumatism, the advantage there may be in matrimony. "O, woman, in our hours of ease!" You know what follows. Well, but, Sir, if she is a ministering angel only in your time of trouble, and always inconstant, and coy, and hard to please except then, habitual suffering is the necessary condition of your conjugal felicity.

But woman is not hard to please in your easy time. SCOTT was wrong there. There is no ease without easy circumstances. If you have plenty of money, you can always please Woman. You can let her dress *ad libitum*, and act regardless of expense, and take all the consequences of her doing so, and the blame of them, on yourself, Sir.

However, Sir, I don't say that when Poverty comes in at the door, Love always flies out at the window; and I trust Job's wife was an exceptional person.

No doubt, Sir, woman can do much to comfort man. Can she mitigate his pecuniary anxieties? Yes, Sir, by succeeding to property.

LONDON PASTORALS.

No. 1.

I THANK thee pretty Cow what gives
The pretty milk on which I lives;
Which it don't make me werry plump,
For that I thank thee, pretty pump!

No. 2.

ABROAD in the parks for to see the young lambs,
A-skipping about by the side of their dams,*
Their fleeces so clean and so white.
Yes, walk through Hyde Park, and take long or short cuts,
Through the Green, or the Regent's, and see how the smuts
Have made 'em as black as the night.

No. 3.

COME, let us take our boat and our wine
Upon the sparkling Serpentine.
Oh, what can compare,
With the fresh, fresh air,
And the Shepherd's† life on the Serpentine.
The lowing herds come down to slake
Their feverish thirst in the limpid stream;
But we will lie on the buoyant lake,
And drown our strawberries in cream.
Come let us take our boat, &c.

Under the drooping Lettuce shoot
The pointed prow‡ and scare the ducks.
I'll play to thee on the dulcet lute,
While you your soothing cobbler sucks.§

Come, love, the galley, while 'tis fine
(You, me, and the man—say one-and-nine)
Oh, what can compare
(We'll each take a share)
With the Shepherd's life on the Serpentine!

* Beg pardon, Mr. Editor, but DR. WATTS is my authority for this here word.

† Rover's the proper word, but as it is a pastoral that won't do.

‡ It is the prow isn't it? Correct it, if not. [Don't know. Ed.]

§ Poetic licence.

Tribute to Prussia.

THE dispossessed KING OF HANOVER has cultivated the science of music, and is known to be a very good composer. His Majesty has employed the first moments of his release from the cares of government in the composition of a *corale*, the words for which are supplied by the beautiful hymn of DR. WATTS, "*Why Should I Deprive My Neighbour?*" It is dedicated to the KING OF PRUSSIA.

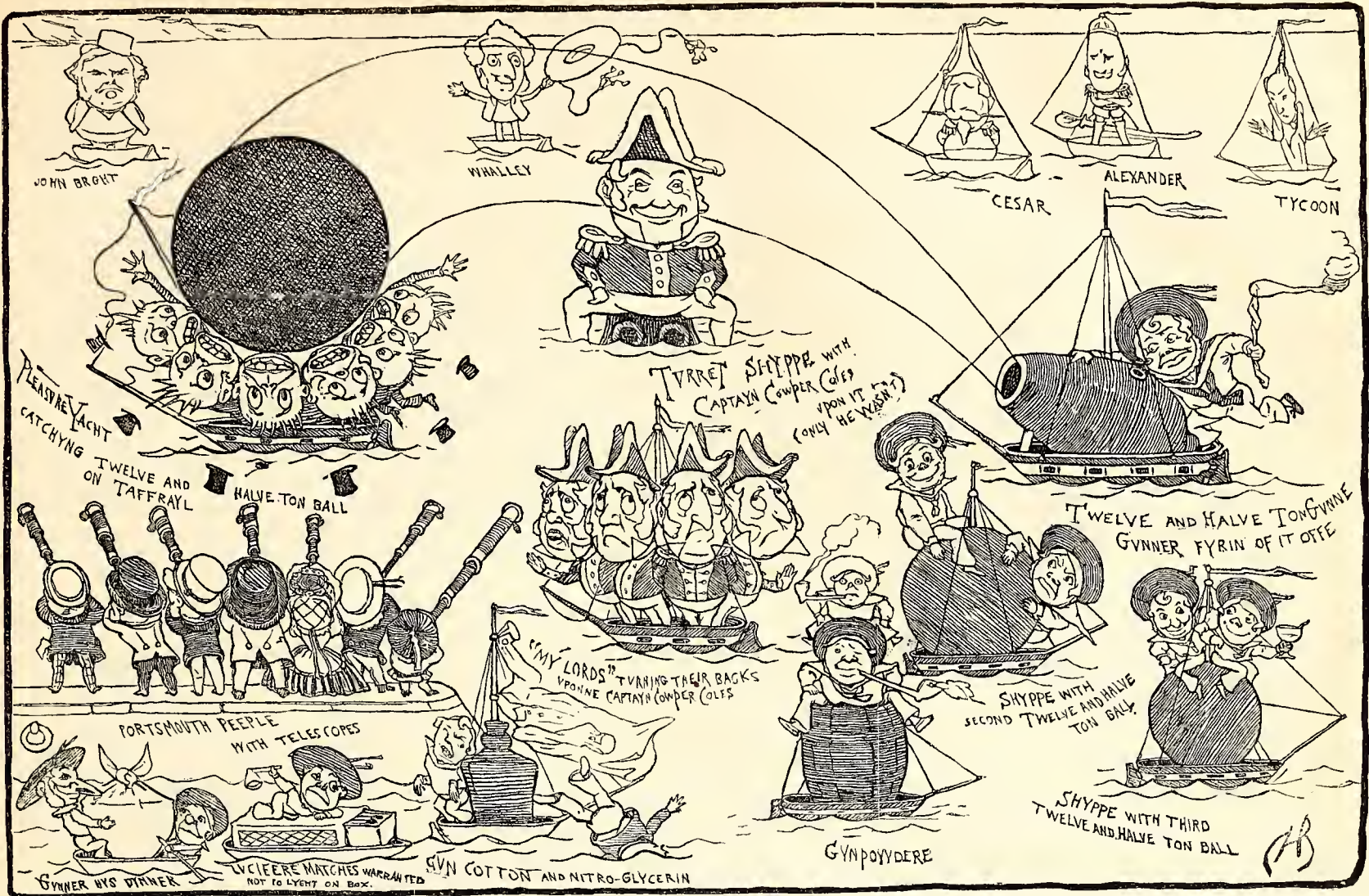
Plenty of money is the *sine quâ non* of domestic bliss especially. Less will do for single blessedness. A safe annuity of £500 a-year would put you, as a bachelor, out of your misery. As a married man, you should have three thousand at least, derived from fixed capital. Then, you know, Sir, you wouldn't have to insure your life, and stint yourself of claret and cigars to pay the policy.

BENEFICE AND ECCLESIASTICAL MARKET INTELLIGENCE.

IN a list of "Livings for Sale," announced by the *Times*, the first piece of Church preferment specified bears the highly appropriate name of "Simonburn Rectory." The rectory of Simonburn is described as "valued in the *Clergy List* at 426*l.* a year, with a population of 599 persons." Such an easy cure of souls as this might have contented SIMON himself, if SIMON's ideas of duty, and regard to emolument, corresponded to the views of a modern simonist.

Singularly enough, the self-same catalogue of ecclesiastical investments also includes the particularly well-entitled benefice of "Humshaugh, chapel-of-ease to Simonburn, and P. C. 120*l.* a-year, population 443." What "P. C." means may be dimly conjectured to be a per-centage in some way connected with Simonburn through Humshaugh; but, at any rate, there is an obvious relation between the hum of Humshaugh and the simony of Simonburn.

RAPIN(E)'S HISTORY.—War.



CAPTAIN COWPER COLES AND HIS TURRET-SHIP.

DIVES AND LAZARUS.

I SAW BUMBLE DIVES, smooth, oily, and fat,
In a glossy black coat, and a shiny black hat,
With a belly well lined, and a fair double chin—
All so soft none had guessed at the hardness within.

None had guessed that 'neath shirt-front so fair and full-blown,
In the place of a heart BUMBLE buttoned a stone:
Till at Guardians' meetings the paupers felt floored
To say which was the Stone-yard and which was the Board.

At his own dinner-table HOST DIVES I saw
Ply a keen knife and fork and a strenuous jaw:
I saw DEACON DIVES loom large in his pew,
Where sermon and prayer once a week were gone through.

I heard GUARDIAN DIVES one Board-day address
To his colleagues an eloquent word on the Press:
What sad lies it told; what sore mischief it wrought;
How it still against Local Self-Government fought;

How the poor it spirited up to complaint;
And their Guardian-Angels as fiends loved to paint:
Would have sick paupers treated as well as their betters—
To be sure, what but paupers were most men of letters?

I saw VISITING-GUARDIAN DIVES parade
Between rows of sick paupers to murmur afraid;
And over his shoulder I ventured to look,
As, in large hand, he signed "No complaints" in the book.

And yet I had seen BUMBLE DIVES walk through
More infernal *infernos* than e'er DANTE drew:
Past huddled-up horror and filth thrust away,
Where the tortured their tortures dared not betray.

Where, unchecked, madness howled, and foul idiotcy laughed;
Where fever lay parched, nor dared ask for a draught:
Where coarse food, random dose, were flung round with a curse,
And the sick pauper's cordials made drams for the nurse.

And I thought, as sleek DIVES passed by the bedside,
Whereon pauper LAZARUS rotted and died,
In a woe to breed envy for even his fate
Whose sores the dogs licked, as he lay at the gate—

"For these things comes the judgment," though never so high
The gig our respectable DIVES drives by:
That all men are brothers, CHRIST's teaching remains:
"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?" The question was CAIN'S.

QUIPS IN CONVOCATION.

LOWER HOUSE.

IN connection with the question of Clerical Vestments, the Venerable ARCHDEACON HOPKINS proposed, as a gravamen, the numbers of eirates, in most dioceses, who were accustomed not only to accept, but also to wear, showily embroidered slippers, manufactured for them by young ladies, members of their congregation. He moved "That in the opinion of this House the colour of a clergyman's slippers ought to correspond with that of his cloth."

The Reverend LIMPUS HOBLEDAY seconded the motion. His own curate was continually receiving from young ladies presents of slippers, for which that young man had not the least occasion. The work of working slippers for young curates was at best a work of supererogation. Now he (MR. HOBLEDAY) was an old Rector. He was very much afflicted with the gout; might call himself Priest and Martyr—to the gout. A comfortable pair of slippers would be a real boon to him, and working them for such an one would be a work of charity. But not a single young woman out of all his flock had ever presented him with anything of the kind, although it was obvious that such a present would constitute a most appropriate testimonial.

After some banter and much recrimination, the Venerable Archdeacon's motion was rejected.

A GREAT LAW LUMINARY.—The Coal Commission, if they should require legal advice, have only to apply to the late Solicitor-General, who's a Collier?

INVASION OF FLUNKEYDOM.

(To the Edditer of Punch.)



Y DEER SAW,—Eallow me to call your etention to an alawmin statemint wich as hapeard in the *Pell-Mell Gezette*. Acawding to that cleva but presumshus jawnal, at the SPEEKER of the Ouse of Commonses Dinna on Wensday hevenin last, Cawt Sutes were faw the fawst time dispined with. MR. BRIGHT, Mr. J. S. MILL, MR. J. B. SMITH, and others, appea'd in plain black, like the Minister of the Yew Nighted States, also present. Nott content with publishin this stawtlin innivation, the *Pell-Mell* hactially goes on to sejest the LORD CHAMBERLIN mite edvise the QUENE to folla MR. SPEKER's exampel, so that "civilians should be permitted to exchange frills, bagwigs, swords, and knee breeches for a costume more consistent with the fashions of the time," when they go to Cawt. In the name of the brotherwood to witch I ave the honna to belong, I beg to pertest agen hany-

think of the kind. The *Pell-Mell* calls the Cawt dress of a gentelman "the costume of the worst period of English taste." From that obsavation I must ipress my descent, considerin that dress partickly ansom, witch there is another reason for admirin, its very cloase resemblance in Stile and Carickter to our own Humifawm. So long as the Corstoom in wich a gentelman wates upon his suvering is so neerly like the wun wot another wares waitin beind a chair, the fawma uppolds the Dignity of the Latta, witch is its peculia advauntidge, besides extream illigance and splenda. I am shaw I should neva survey my carves and buckels with the Satisfaction I do now if so be as my Lawd adn't got to make the same display in the presince of his Ryal Missis, and to show Dewotion to Madjesty.

No, Saw, I considida plane. Evenin dress at the SPEAKA's Dinna as the thin HEND of the Wedge for the aberlition of Livvery; and at Last it will com to this, that we shall ave to ixchange our Glorius and Gorgeus aparel for abiliments witch wil confound hall Difference in ixtawnals between a waita at a tavan or an hevangelical clawgyman, and your most obedient Sawvant with all the rest of his Awda, hoos Cloth is

PLUSH.

P.S. The ideah of the SPEAKA comencin the crewsaid agen Court Sutes! And it's im as as to deside wot is and isent Pawhmentry! I suppose next he'll ebolish is own At and Wigg.

UP TO THE TIME.

THE Austrian Government having refused *Mr. Punch's* offer of furnishing a Special Correspondent, *Mr. Punch* has at once entered into arrangements with "His Own Special," who is, by this time, probably a spectator in the Theatre of War. We give the preliminary correspondence:—

I.

From the Editor to JULIUS THROCMORTON SMYJTHIE. (N.B. *He is very angry if you call him SMITH.*)

DEAR THROC,—You've been in the army, haven't you?
Yours truly, ED. PUNCH.

II.

From J. T. S. to the Editor of Punch.

DEAR EDDY,—Yes. Why?
Yours, with kind regards, J. THROC. SM.

III.

DEAR THROC,—Will you go to the Seat of War? Answer by return.
Yours, with every expression of esteem, ED. P.
P.S. Pay your own postage.

IV.

DEAR EDDY,—Yes, with pleasure. Where *is* the Seat of War?
Yours sincerely and devotedly, THROC.
P.S. Pay *yours*.

V.

DEAR THROC,—Get a map: or anyone will tell you. Be off at once.
Yours faithfully and heartily, ED. P.
P.S. I'm too late to get a stamp.

VI.

DEAR EDDY,—All right. Terms?
Yours warmly, THROC.
P.S. I send this by special messenger, so don't know what it'll be. Pay it.

VII.

DEAR THROC,—We shan't quarrel about a pound or two. Go. Bless you?
Your sincere well-wisher, ED. P.
P.S. I send this back by your messenger: lump the lot.

VIII.

DEAR EDDY,—I'm off to-morrow: just brushing up my German and French. If you've got a four-language phrase-book, lend it me, will you?
Yours, with a farewell shake of the hand, OLD THROC.
P.S. I haven't got any change, and my servant's out, so I send the same special messenger as yesterday. By the way, you never paid him.

IX.

DEAR THROC,—English is very generally spoken abroad now. Adieu, success to you.
ED. P.
P.S. The messenger doesn't know how much you owe him, so I leave him in your hands.

X.

DEAR EDDY,—I want an outfit: I suppose cocked hat isn't necessary.
Yours hurricdly, but with every sentiment of respect and sincere admiration, THROC.
P.S. Don't give this fellow more than 10s.

XI.

DEAR THROC,—I send you per your messenger some summer things of mine which I really don't want. Cocked hat if you like. *Do* be off. By the way don't spare money: spend what you like abroad; we always wish our Correspondents to do the thing in style.
Yours anxiously, ED. P.
P.S. He says he *will* have ten and six, so I refer him to you.

XII.

DEAR EDDY,—I saw your tailor's name on the buttons; so I've got two new suits there. When you receive this I shall be far away from England.
Yours affectionately, THROC.
P.S. You'll find the suits all right in your bill. A guinea will square the messenger entirely.

And so our correspondent has gone. From the style of the above the public may expect some most interesting details.

Wednesday, 10 A.M.

We have already received one letter dated Boulogne. Boulogne, we need hardly inform our readers is *not* the seat of war.

DEAR EDDY,—The Japanese are going to provide specials for the war. I suppose they'll send back *Happy Despatches*. Eh? That's not bad.
Yours (much better than I was on the packet),

POOR OLD THROCKY.

P.S. Your name's been very useful to me in several places. I don't require any money.

PP.S. Say all sorts of kind things to Old England for me.

The New Librarian.

SUMMER is welcome; yet the tones
Heard in this Temple of the Printer,
Tell that its priesthood swears, "by JONES,
They welcome the approach of WINTER.

Great Russell Street.

A READER, B.M.

A Very Strong Onion.

AT the Thames Police Court, the other day, one WILLIAM ONION was committed for trial on a charge of violently assaulting a policeman. He had been previously convicted eight times for assaults on the police, and once for ill-using a publican. MR. ONION was described as "a tall and strong-looking man." Onions generally are strong. This ONION appears to be absolutely insufferable.



QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Mamma. "WHO WAS THE FIRST MAN, 'LINA?"

'Lina. "I FORGET."

Mamma. "ALREADY? WHY, ADAM, TO BE SURE! AND WHO WAS THE FIRST WOMAN?"

'Lina (after a thoughtful pause). "MADAM!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT waited to hear the arrangements made by Some Person. Some Person's Cabinet was being constructed, and will have been revealed, in all its magnificence, before these lines are read. MR. GLADSTONE took a brief and gentlemanly farewell of the House, that is, from the Treasury Bench, and thanked his supporters for having sustained him through recent struggles.

Meantime, that which would have been a Parliamentary theme but for the suspension of business, the miraculous European War, could be but briefly alluded to. LORD BROUGHAM expressed his horror at the slaughter and suffering which the struggle had occasioned, and MR. LAYARD had an opportunity of certifying that the telegraphic news was accurate. In a few days, therefore, from the declaration of War, Prussia had acquired a vast extent of territory, had beaten down Austria, out-manceuvring and out-fighting her, and would have been in full march for Vienna, but that Austria cried "Enough," gave up Venetia to France, to be rendered to Italy, and begged for an armistice. Italy is free from the Alps to the Adriatic. Sardinia does not, at present, belong to France. This is the quickest war ever fought. Let us hope that it is quite over. What say the Ultramontanists to the preternatural triumph of Protestant Arms?

Only Half an Advertisement.

THE first line of one of MR. VINING'S advertisements to the quick and superficial reader runs thus:—

MRS. STIRLING will appear this evening in the HUGUENOT CAP, and very becoming such head-gear must be. This presents an attraction to the Princess's in itself, even if the "tain" did not occur in the next line to tell us of the novelty at this theatre.

BIG GAMBLERS v. LITTLE ONES.

(One of the first effects of the war has been to shut up all the gaming tables in the small German States.)

BADEN and Ems are desolate,
There's grass 'twixt Homburg's stones:
Wiesbaden o'er deserted halls
And vacant tables moans.
No more within the numbered ring,
The fateful ball spins round;
No more the croupier's "faites vos jeux,"
"Le jeu est fait," resound!

"Rien ne va plus!" The bank is broke,
Never to ope again,
For winners' gains that losses cloak,
Or losers' desperate strain.
No more the rakes the scattered stakes,
Sweep in with watchful claw;
Le jeu est fait! The game is up,
The players may withdraw.

Far greater gamblers, vaster stakes,
Place at the table claim;
With armed hosts for croupier-rakes,
Ruin or Rule, for game.
When Prussia, Austria, Italy,
For Empire spin the ball;
No wonder Homburg, Wiesbaden,
And Ems go to the wall!

Clear out, ye pretty punting knaves,
Now monarchs take your room!
Rouge gagne—ten thousand soldier-slaves,
At each deal meet their doom.
See Couleur perd—both gold and black;
And red and white, and green,
Yet Couleur gagne—French tricolor—
Whose backer stakes unseen!

A Passing Thought.

AT PRINCESS HELENA'S marriage, the Court authority says, "none of PRINCE CHRISTIAN'S male relations were able to attend."

Considering what the bride's brother has done for MR. POOLE, we should have thought that he might have made this possible, even at three months—

But it is no business of ours. May the bride be happy.

VENUS AND VALOUR.

MR. PUNCH—SIR,

I've been aboard, since I last writ you, of that queer Yankee craft—mind your authography—the *Monitor Miantonomoh*. It won't do. How can a A. B., what is worth his sea-salt, feel any nat'ral love and affection for a wessel without a figure-head? Of course a landsman can't understand this sort of sentimentalism, but a A. B. has a 'Art, and printed on that 'Art, if you could see it, you would find two lovely images: first, his ship; and second, his SUSAN. For both of them, what is his high dols, he'd fight at any hour and against any odds, and why? because they're sweetly beautiful, whether adorned with crinoline or close reefed, in gipsy bonnet or scudding under bare poles. But a A. B. can't worship a Box-iron no more than he can a Hottentot, afloat or ashore. Beauty he must have in ship-shape, and them schoolmisseses or monitors, are ugliness parsonified. "Venus and Walour" is my motto, and if you was to ask all the fleet, I'll be bound ten thousand voices would unite with mine in singing that natural anthem, "And so say all of us."

&c., bediently yours,

BEN BUNTING,
H.M.S. *Arethusa*.

Beales within Beales.

JUST as the House rose on Thursday, SIR ROUNDELL PALMER introduced a Bill in reference to the Qualifications of Revising Barristers. The first Clause, we understand, is this—

"That no revising Barrister shall, at a public meeting, denounce any gentleman as a Vile Caitiff."

MR. EDMOND BEALES, we hear, means to oppose the measure, when he shall have finished cutting off somebody's head at Whitehall.

THE PERILS OF THE PARK.

How long are we to wait for a proper staff of park-keepers to manage Rotten Row, and prevent people on horseback from half-killing other people? To ride there at high noon now is like being in the thick of a cavalry engagement. Last week H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES was cannoned off his horse, and it was only by a hair's breadth that the Heir escaped dire injury. Perhaps next week H.R.H. MR. PUNCH may get bowled over, by one beast on another, if means be not devised to make the Row more safe to ride in. Surely it is time, then, for some one to do something to protect such precious lives, which are daily now endangered.

Men, who merely use the Row as a place to get a gallop in, should clearly be kept out of it at certain times of the day when a gallop there is dangerous. When crowded at mid-day the Row is not a place for rapid equitation. It is simply then a show-ground where fair centaureses congregate, chiefly for the sake of exhibition to the centaurs. Gallopers should then not be permitted to intrude. Let them take their sweating at some less frequented hour. A man who would go galloping among a crowd of frightened girls is a snob whom it were flattery to call a selfish brute.

There are other brutes whose presence is a danger in Hyde Park, and these are the stray curs which are suffered to infest it. They delight to spring forth suddenly and bark at horses' heels, occasioning great terror to indifferent equestrians. It often happens that a horse is frightened by these beasts, and the sooner they are shot and turned to sausage-meat the better.



THIS IS THE WAY MR. PUNCH WOULD TREAT THE SNOBS OF ROTTEN ROW.

A PEEP AT THE PYRENEES.

DEAR PUNCH,

To you who have seen everything it may seem a little curious that I have scarce seen anything. Perhaps, you hardly will believe that, until the other day, excepting Primrose Hill, I had never seen a mountain. I beg their pardon, though, I had seen some hills in Wales, which the natives, I believe, consider to be mountains. But the biggest is a pigmy to the Pyrenees, and Snowdon is a mole-hill to the snow-crowned Maladetta. Cader Idris must be doubled to reach as far as half-way up the Pic du Midi, and were Helvellyn placed a-top of the shoulders of Ben Nevis they could stand beneath the arm-pits of the white-peaked Vignemale. When, at Biarritz, I saw some of the princes of the Pyrenees afar in the horizon, I felt that I must go and lay my homage at their feet, and take my hat off to their Highnesses. As the loadstone rock attracted Sinbad and his ship, they drew me to their presence with a power quite resistless. And I fear it is impossible to try and get away from them, until all the metal has been drawn out of my pockets.

It surprises me to think how very little I had heard about the beauties of these mountains. Everybody chatters of the wonders of the Alps, but, since the war in the Peninsula, "il n'y a plus de Pyrenées" in London conversation. English tourists are, however, a *race moutonnière*; JOHN BULL is a mere sheep in following old beaten tracks upon the Continent. Great Britons by the thousand flock to Switzerland each autumn, but there are hardly half a hundred who think it worth their while to see what France and Spain can show them in the way of mountain scenery. Yet, from what my eyes have seen, and my ears have often heard, I believe the Pyrenees in some respects are far beyond the Alps in beauty. "Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains," I admit, and the princes of the Pyrenees are not to be compared with her Highness the Jungfrau, or his Mightiness the Matterhorn. But for

varied woods, and hill-sides seamed with glittering cascades, for valleys bright with flowers, and musical with rapid, rushing, murmuring, mountain rivers, the Pyrenees, I fancy, are unequalled by the Alps.

What [is DAUBER doing that prevents his coming hither? Why do BRUSH and MAULSTICK go eternally to Wales, and never dream of studying this far finer mountain scenery? Here are clean, cheap, pleasant inns, and kindly peasant people, with bright eyes, and brown faces and picturesque costumes. Here for figure-painters are girls and women calmly a-straddle on their mules, or walking with enormous loaves upon their heads, while their hands are always spinning as busily as spiders. Here are shepherds ever knitting the while they tend their flocks, and wearing their hair closely shorn upon the forehead, and falling in long tangled clusters on the neck. Here are railways within shot of the shadow of the mountains. Here are footpaths for pedestrians, and smooth roads for the carriages of *voyageurs en prince*. Here are comely, light-brown oxen, yoked to farmers' carts and ploughs, and wearing picturesque white hairy mats upon their heads. Here are goats that bound about the boulders on the hill-side, and pigs washed in the gutter side by side with your dress shirts. Here is foliage intermingling darkest and lightest hues of green, and meadows bright as rainbows in their varied floral colours.* Here, too, are craggy peaks for hardy clamberers to climb, and lakes as cold as ice, in which they may bathe if fool-hardy. Here are mountains lifting their bare heads, all silver-streaked with snow, above grand, gloomy crags and cliffs, besprinkled with dark firs and bright green birch and beech trees, in a way that would assuredly remind me much of Norway, if I had ever been there. Here, for water-colourists, are falls that shine like ice, with seeming hoar-frost in their midst, and here are "gaves," or torrent streams, not muddy like the glacier falls, but flowing crystal clear: now brown, now brightest green, now fretted over rocks and frothing white as snow, and sounding like the sea-roll on a shingly level shore.

Wishing much that, like the people of Laputa, you could send me one of your eyes to see this lovely mountain scenery, I remain, with the assurance of my most profound intention not to leave it till you force me, yours serenely,
VAGABUNDUS.

* Without much exploration I gathered Alpine rose (or rhododendron), dog ditto, and sweetbriar, daphne, columbine, hepatica, gentian large as well as little, cowslip, violet, yellow poppy, pink, periwinkle, butterwort, achimenes, oxlip, daffodil, heartsease, cornflower, squills, hyacinth, saxifrage, forget-me-not (which grows there by the acre) and double yellow ranunculus, with a score of other lovely spring and summer wild-flowers, of which I was not botanist enough to know the names.

MUSIC AND MADNESS.

THISTLES grow in Scotland still, and long ears likewise. Only look at this now:—

"WHAT CONSTITUTES MADNESS.—The Scottish Commissioners in Lunacy state in their report for 1865 that in the course of that year a patient was brought to a lunatic asylum with the certificate of a medical practitioner giving (by way of compliance with the statute) as the fact observed by himself in proof of insanity, that the patient 'has a great desire to appear conspicuous as a musician.'"

Scotland has never produced a great composer. And no great wonder either; at least, if Scotch people in general be like this medical practitioner, and would shut up as a lunatic any one who thinks that he knows something about music.

“BY MY FAITH, A GENTILE.”



RIGHT does not edit his paper with care. We make all allowance for the crisis, and the desirability of tall talk, but even in the midst of battle a gentleman is a gentleman. The *Star* lately issued a squib to which the honours of leading article type were assigned, and which was, therefore, either considered good by the management, or was written by somebody who must be obeyed; and this squib, which is stupid and inartistic (because the writer has not the brains to be either consistently serious or jocular), sneers at the new Government as having a branch “under the charge of an enterprising and well-known member of the Hebrew persuasion.” This is false, and is also vulgar. *Mr. Punch* has not been particularly “soft” on MR. DISRAELI: and possibly the Cartoon of

last week may not be hung up amid the choicer ornaments at Grosvenor Gate, but *Mr. Punch* has never seriously misrepresented MR. DISRAELI’s religious opinions. MR. DISRAELI’s father was a Hebrew, and a learned and delightful author. MR. DISRAELI is a Christian, and MR. BRIGHT knows this perfectly well.

Protest is needed against this Americanisation of our journals. Let us keep to satire and sarcasm, as hot as we can make it, but let us avoid the *New York Herald* style. MR. BRIGHT is a man of too much real courage to be afraid of reprisals, but it would be disagreeable to his personal friends to have change for “Jew” in “Quaker.” Let him bear the Conservative Millennium with patience—everything has an end. Meantime, let him order his organ to imitate the manner of gentlemen.

BLOCKADES AND BLOCKHEADS.

EVERYBODY knows that our system of self-government is absolutely perfect, and no true Englishman would venture to suppose that it is capable, in any manner, of improvement. Yet, somehow, now and then we hear audacious hints that the various powers which govern the streets of the Metropolis are not to be commended for the way wherein they generally fail to do their duty. The paving, lighting, watering, and draining of our streets have with great wisdom been entrusted to the government of several quite separate authorities, and it is said that Commissioners, and Vestry Boards, and Corporation somehow never do the things that should be done, and never leave undone the things they should not dream of doing.

Complaints, too, have been made that these authorities are far too independent in their action, and that in any street improvement they scorn to work together. At the present time, however, there is a signal instance to the contrary of this, and for the glory of self-government we are glad to call attention to it. At the very nick of time when the pick-axes are hard at work in lowering Holborn Hill, and blockading for awhile that unfrequented thoroughfare, the streets adjacent have been also handed over to the paviers, and the traffic through the neighbourhood is very nearly stopped. Of course, the Vestries might have known what the City meant to do, and might have got their streets in readiness to receive the extra traffic which was obviously imminent. But instead of this, they acted with true British independence, and postponed the paving-rammers till the moment when their advent would produce most inconvenience. Assuredly, in this case we cannot charge the vestries with not having completely “worked together” with the City, for under the two governments the works of re-construction are wisely simultaneous.

FACES IN THE FIRE.—Hob-Goblins.

TABULA RASA.

Now clear the board from trace of fight,
Sponge up the bloody battle-stains,
Hustle the wounded out of sight,
Hide mangled limbs and scattered brains;
With new green cloth the table crown,
Set the *fauteuils* in order due,
Take the old map of Europe down,
Bring rule and compass for the new.

Three weeks! and lo, the wonder’s wrought!—
A great war closed ere well begun:
A twelve days’ battle bravely fought,
And half a century’s work undone.
No hand of his set to the task,
The EMPEROR’S will to act is borne,
“The treaties of fifteen?” we ask,
And staggered Europe answers, “Torn!”

Oh, irony of mocking fate!
The doomsters fallen from their stools:
The doomed, set high in peaceful state,
To mete the doomsters’ realms and rules.
The nephew, wide of grasp as e’er
The awful uncle was of old,
But wise the velvet glove to wear,
Which masks, not mars, the iron hold.

They meted Europe, king to king,
By kings’ not Heaven’s nor nations’ will:
And now o’er-mastering forces bring
The first to nought, the last fulfil.
And if a BISMARCK seems to gain,
Or a NAPOLEON to o’er-rule,
God’s Providence of BISMARCK’S brain,
Or LOUIS’ craft, can make its tool.

UNDER THE SEA! UNDER THE SEA!

DEAR PUNCH,

I AM delighted to see that notion of HAWKSHAW’S (I recollect him—*Hawkshaw*, the Detective, in the *Ticket-of-Leave Man*), about tunnelling the Channel. How delicious! Let the advertisements be got ready at once!

“NO MORE SEA-SICKNESS!”

It’s only seventeen miles across: a pleasant drive. I sincerely hope that when the matter is being gone into, no expense will be spared to render the journey pleasant. Let trees be planted all along the sides: let there be rides, drives, and walks, with one Grand Hotel in the middle, and plenty of little Inns on the road. The whole thing might be conveniently done *under glass*, so that the passengers would be as fish in an aquarium, with the advantage of seeing the wonders of the deep outside. If trees wouldn’t flourish here, at all events rock-work, covered with various sea-weeds, would have a good effect; and, under glass, plenty of birds would pick up a happy livelihood. Fresh-water lakes could be artfully introduced, with ducks, swans, and geese, and I do not see what is to prevent us having game-preserves, with excellent shooting. Success to HAWKSHAW!

No more anguish over the gunwale,
’Cos we will travel by the tunnel!

I hope that his “boring” will be satisfactory. Whatever the trouble, this great bore under the sea is calculated to remove the still greater bore of going over it.

Yours anxiously,

Coddle Cottage, Homeborough.

NAVIGANS IN SICCO.

P.S. I append a little triumphal chaunt of my own:—

AIR—“*Over the Sea.*”

Over the sea! Over the sea!
I’ll bid farewell to all *my miseriee!*
Under the sea dry land there’ll be
From Folk’s stone right to *Boulong.*
There we’ll march, march, march,
Or drive, if one crosses
With car’age and horses
’Neath arch, arch, arch,
Which’ll cover the way all along.

(Sustained note)—ong—(next note)—ong.
(With effusion.) Over the sea! Over the sea!
Farewell to all that’s “all over with me!”
HAWKSHAW, for me walk-shore ’twill be!
Vive the new Bore de *Boulong!*



“LIKE HER IMPUDENCE.”

Missis and the Young Ladies (together). “GOODNESS GRACIOUS, J’MIMA! WHAT HAVE YOU—WHERE’S YOUR CR’N’LIN?” (This word snappishly.)

Jemima. “OH ’M, PLEASE ’M, WHICH I UNDERSTOOD AS THEY WAS A GOIN’ OUT, ’M——”

[Receives warning on the spot.]

DERBYE HYS STRAITE FYTTE.

“WE go,” LORD DERBYE sayd, “I wot,
To battel at short call.
Sirrah, what armour hast thou got
To harness me withal?
Some newer mail I fain wolde trye
(An ytt were not too deere)
Than this, which hath beene layinge bye
In halle these seven long yeare.”

“Lo here, my Lord,” DISRAELI said,
“With Standard on ytts creste
The helmet for your Lordschipp’s head;
Thys corselet for youre breaste!
And here, Syr, is your gorget, too,
Your cuisses eke,” sayd hee,
“And all the rest, in order due,
To arm you cap-a-pie.”

The stout EARL OF DERBYE dyd straine
Hys armour old to don;
But ytt aside so long hadd laine,
He cold not gett ytt on.
His hauberk now dyd pinch him sore,
(Ytt was all over rust);
Hys steel hose met not as of yore,
And otherwhere they bust.

“Gramercy, thys is alle too tyght!
Thou art a sorry knave.
In these thinges I can never fight,”
“Syr, they bee all we have.”
“Colde none be bought, or hadd for hire,
Of any larger kinde?”

“Syr, they are, as I ’me your true squier,
The beste thatt I colde finde.”

“Well, try an they will buckle to,
Sith ’twill no better bee;
And wee wyll see what we can doe,”
Sayd then the LORD DERBYE.
“Now, good Seynt George, stretch thou the mayle
Thatt I have soe outgrowne,
And then, perchance, I shall nott fayle
Some while to hold myne own.”

NEWS FROM THE WEST.

THE New York papers say “HORACE GREELEY has turned Fenian.” The *New York Herald* adds, to comfort us, “Let not the old country be too much discouraged. GREELEY would turn anything, except his old trousers, which, between friends, are a disgrace to literature.”

We have nothing to say to MR. GREELEY’S costume—a literary gentleman should dress with a certain elegance (as *Mr. Punch* has taught by precept and example) and should not give snobs the right to hint at Grub Street. But we don’t believe in MR. GREELEY’S Fenianism. He has been too much among niggers to go so much lower. For the honour of his brains we must suppose his profession of Fenianism, if made, to have been in the selling interests of the *Tribune*. We cannot believe that our old friend has become an idiot.

Coarse Food for an Invalid.

GARIBALDI, ever to the front when his country needs him, has received a slight wound. “But,” says the telegram, “he will be able, in eight days, to take horse.” We trust that, in the mean time, his diet will be something more digestible.



DERBYE HYS STRAITE FYTTE.

LORD DERBY. "METHINKS, GOOD BENJAMIN, WE HAVE IN SOME SORT OUTGROWN OUR ANCIENT HARNESS!"

DIZZY (*his Squire*). "NAY, GOOD MY LORD, SITH WE CAN FIND NONE OTHER, YOU CANNOT CHOOSE BUT WEAR IT!"



PUNCH TO THE TORIES.

MY DEAR LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

85, Fleet Street, July 11, 1866.

HERE you are in office again. Accept such congratulations as you may think the situation deserves. I know what three or four of you are saying to yourselves in reply.

Now, listen to me, the Member for the United Kingdom.

I have, on former occasions of a similar character, given you advice and warning. I have been hideously abused by your organs, and I shall be hideously abused again. But that is a trifle between friends and gentlemen. It is more to the purpose to remind you that you have always split on the exact rocks which I have done myself the honour of pointing out. I daresay that you will do so again, but I shall do my duty to yourselves, as I do to all my Sovereign's subjects.

From neither GLADSTONE, BERNAL OSBORNE, nor myself need you expect any Factious Opposition. From the third of these respected parties you will receive absolute justice, and, if you deserve it, some little kindness. I like to see turn and turn about in office, occasionally. It is astonishing what new lights on the claims of the nation gentlemen obtain when they have to make themselves amiable to the nation. And, personally, I like some of you very well. So don't say that I am unfriendly.

You will not remain in office very long. The country elected, last time, a Parliament in which you were in a minority of 60 or 70. That minority vanished during certain debates, but will reappear at need. If you dissolve, you will be placed in a still less favourable position. I do not wish to discourage you, but, though I think that you ought to be allowed fair play, it will not be constitutional to let you remain in place long after February next.

But you may do yourselves an awful lot of good between this and then, if you mind my counsel.

You have nothing to do with a Reform Bill. We must have one, but you are not asked to make it. Dismiss that from your minds. You cannot carry that measure. You will go down on it, if you try. Never mind LORD WESTMINSTER. He is not everybody.

Go to work directly, however, as you would if sure to be in office during the whole of next Session.

There are some large-minded men of business among you, and there is some new blood which ought not to fear Cant.

Address yourselves to the preparation of certain Domestic measures, which ought to be ready when you meet Parliament in the spring.

Firstly. Deal with Bumbledom and the Blackguardians of the Poor in a strong sound measure of Reform.

Secondly. Deal with Juvenile Crime and Destitution. Pitch all Cant to the First Whig, and prepare a scheme for the Compulsory Emigration of Juveniles. Let obvious want be the qualification, and empower the authorities to rescue these unfortunate children from their parents, and transmit the young "flesh and blood" to colonial reformatories, where a redeemed race may grow up to bless the old country and to enrich the new.

Thirdly. Deal with the Church Rates. Abolish them altogether. The trumpery money is not worth a word. The surrender of the tax by you, the Church's friends and champions, will in itself be a victory to her. No one can say that it was forced from you. LORD DERBY has not been afraid in other days, of bowling over half a score of bishops, like nine-pins. Surely, he has lost no nerve.

Fourthly. Deal with the Needle-Gun question. This is the question of the day. If JONATHAN PEEL, who appears to be aware of the value of the invention, puts the terrible *Zündnadelgewehr* into the hands of our soldiers, in spite of the certain opposition of the Horse-Guards, and vested jobbery, he will be the best War Minister we shall have had for half a century.

Now, there is a Quadrilateral for you, my Lords and Gentlemen. I do not say that you will be able to hold it, this time. But what a splendid set of fortifications for you to return to hereafter, meantime claiming them as your own.

Only, be bold. These things must be done. Why should you not have the credit of initiating them? Vindicate your claim to be considered as a constitutional power, whether in or out of office. You are pledged to nothing, you have nothing to fear. You must fall. But leave those four monuments of your brief existence, and the Tory Eagle (if your infernal gamekeepers have not murdered him as they do all the other eagles) may hereafter fly from point to point, and gaze fearlessly up at the Sun of Popularity.

And don't say that I did not give you invaluable advice at the exact hour of need.

I drink your healths, and am, my Lords and Gentlemen,

Your faithful friend,

To the New Government.

PUNCH.

THE LAW WITH LONG EARS.

MR. BUMBLE, the Beadle, is generally admitted to have had reason on his side when he pronounced the Law to be an Ass. Since then, the Law has, no doubt, become less asinine; but there are still particulars in which it exhibits extreme stupidity, in as far, at least, as stupidity is evidenced by injustice. Now here—extracted from a contemporary—is a case which, if brutal oppression is indicative of a stupid beast, attests the yet considerable donkeyhood of the Law of England:—

"THE CASE OF WILLIAM SMITH.—The case of the young man who was recently tried for the murder in Cannon Street, and acquitted, still creates much sympathy at Eton. A subscription was set on foot at the time of his trial, and although liberally contributed to by the clergy and tradesmen of Eton, it scarcely reached to £50, barely a third of the legal expenses, which altogether amounted to £150. A Committee has been formed at Eton, consisting of four of the clergy and four of the principal lay inhabitants, to make a more general appeal to the public."

The verdict of "Not Guilty" for WILLIAM SMITH, at the Old Bailey, meant the same that "Not Guilty" means in Scotland. It meant more than "Not Proven"—it meant the reverse of "Guilty." This verdict of complete acquittal sent WILLIAM SMITH from the dock with his innocence established, under a liability to £150 law expenses contracted to establish it. Herein, then, the Law manifestly shows itself to be an enormous Ass. What is the difference between an acquitted prisoner and a victorious defendant? Simply, that the prisoner—besides having had to stand a trial, it may be for his life—has been unduly imprisoned as well as put to expense. Is that any reason why he should be denied his costs? No; but he is denied them because the Law is an inconsistent Ass.

In cases of criminal prosecution the Public is the plaintiff, for whose good the prisoner is put on his trial. Who will deny that, as losing plaintiff, the Public ought to reimburse the defendant whom it has forced to incur the charges of self-defence? Many highly respectable people. They will deny that obligation on the part of the Public because it would involve a payment to which they know they would have to contribute, and by which they think it very improbable that they would ever profit. This, indeed, is not what they will say. They

will answer the question of indemnifying acquitted prisoners with an evasive or contemptuous interjection. Idiots as to moral sense, grinning at the name of the thing which they do not understand, they are yet sharp enough to understand what acts are safe and what unsafe, and they have a fear of punishment and of unpopularity that keeps them in check and in a position of high respectability. They shrink from doing the slightest wrong that might endanger themselves, but would not stick at any which could answer their purpose. "Sacrifice individuals to the Public without scruple and without mercy." That is their rule. The exceptions to it are cases wherein they perceive that they themselves might suffer by its application. Otherwise, they are disposed to take their chance. Their faith is pinned to the chapter of accidents, and their morals consist in a purely selfish expediency. They will of course urge that the nation cannot afford to compensate the multitude of sufferers such as WILLIAM SMITH. Are there, then, so very many persons improperly committed for trial? Then we are very badly off for Justices. If that is so, not only is the Law an Ass, but Midas, with his long ears, is the type of the British Magistrate.

"A Charge of Horning."

THE Scotch papers retail a story about a cow, which being in Montrose the other day, suddenly dashed up the steps of the gaol, and battered to be let in. Of course, a Scotch mob could not comprehend a novel idea, and ill-used the cow, instead of reverencing her feelings. The cow had infringed the Rinderpest laws, and came to give herself up. What a touching proof of the progress of intelligence among the inferior creation! But the world knows nothing of its greatest cows. If this poor animal has not been killed, we advise the Montrose folk to look after her, for she has evidently a deal more sense than the framers of the regulations she had broken, and which have driven daft half the farmers in the kingdom.

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.

AUSTRIA has been sewn up by the Prussian needle-gun. Had not England better learn to take time by the firelock?



A NEW DISH.

Sympathising Swell (waiting for some chicken). "YOU'VE GOT NO SINECURE THERE, THOMAS!"

Perspiring Footman. "VERY SORRY, SIR—JUST 'ELPED THE LAST OF IT AWAY, SIR!"

PICKING UP THE PIECES.

Une Idée Napoléonienne.

WE'VE had the crash, we've seen the smash,
Smoke clears away, and cannon ceases;
Our fighting friends have been so rash—
They'll want me to pick up the pieces!

How very thankful they should be,
There's one whom hate of war releases
From Europe's jars, and leaves him free,
When *they're* smashed, to pick up the pieces.

"Blessèd the peace-makers"—no doubt!
War's wrinkled front is full of creases:
I'll use one hand to smooth 'em out,
The other, "to pick up the pieces."

France folds her hands, by war's red cloud
Unshadowed, yet her realm increases:
It is because I'm not too proud,
In smashes, "to pick up the pieces."

Yes, "*L'Empire c'est la paix!*" Just look
How battle bleeds, and fighting fleeces.
What war e'er brought so much to book,
As peace, if one "picks up the pieces?"

Things will go smash, fools WILL make strife,
They get the shells, when the suit ceases:
The oyster is *his* lot in life,
Who stands by "to pick up the pieces."

Give me but kings enough, *à bourse*
Whose *hausse et baisse* my high police is:
And Europe's free, *de l'aigle à l'ours*,
To fight, while I "pick up the pieces!"

Non-intervention is the game—
Save with your Mexicos and Greecees—
Don't intervene to avert the flame:
Intervene to "pick up the pieces."

The contracts of fifteen are out:
Sixty-six will grant longer leases:
The deeds I'll draw, my will is law:
So now for "picking up the pieces."

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

CONSIDERING all the world as a stage, an idea which, it is said, originally occurred to WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, we will, as usual, pursue our own peculiar plan of noticing Before and Behind the Scenes dramatically, upon the occasion of our assisting at the representation of

THE HUGUENOT CAPTAIN.

The SCENE represents the Princess's Theatre during the performance of this new Drama.

OUR DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AN AMATEUR IN WATER COLOURS (who has come to see "Bits of Old Paris.")

CHARLES (his friend, known as an "immensely funny fellow.")

PROFESSIONAL TRAGEDIAN (with a great Reputation in the Provinces. Disengaged.)

YOUNG GOVERNMENT CLERK (an Amateur Actor, with the reputation of "knowing BUCKSTONE very well.")

CLEVER HEAD OF A FAMILY, (with the reputation of having written for Frazer, and other Magazines, and therefore supposed to possess unbounded knowledge.)

His Admiring Niece, and an Admiring Cambridge Man (his party).

Time: Five minutes to Eight. Almost everybody seated. Overture.

Government Amateur (recognising *Professional Tragedian*, whom he has once met, once spoken to, and never forgotten). Ah! how d'yc do, MR. ROLLER.

Professional Tragedian (not recognising *Government Clerk*, but condescendingly and solemnly). How do you do? (Opening his eyes, and then shutting them, while gently inclining his head towards the stage, as if he was patiently submitting to the cruel sentence of some imaginary tyrant.)

Government Amateur (cheerily). It's some time since we met. (Wipes his opera-glasses.)

Professional Tragedian (with a sad smile). It is. (Wonders where the deuce he's ever seen him before. Thinks he'll ask him who he is. Thinks he won't. Thinks that when he takes a benefit, one of these days, everybody's of use. Determines to unbend; which he does by turning his head round towards his acquaintance, elevating his eyebrows, and saying.) Do you know anything of this piece? (He says this as if he was perfectly indifferent to the answer, as, indeed, he is.)

Government Amateur (earnestly looking through his glasses while speaking carelessly). No! I don't know much about it. (He doesn't know anything, of course. Recognises some one in a private box. Smiles and nods.)

Overture ends. Curtain rises.

Everybody. What an excellent scene! [N.B. All the scenery is really admirable, and, from our own stall, we congratulate MR. LLOYDS the artist.]

Water Colour Amateur (bound to find SOME fault, in order to sustain his reputation.) Yes. (Leisurely applauds MR. LLOYDS, who appears in answer to a unanimous call, and retires.) Yes. (As if HE could have made a few improvements.) There's a little too much—um—(puts his head on one side) and, perhaps, if that was a trifle more—um—(puts his head on the other side). Yes—(with toleration) yes, it's very good.

Annibal Locust (on the Stage, MR. GEO. HONEY). Sing! of course I will, bully boys. In praise of wine. (Sings about "throttle" and "bottle.")

Admiring Niece (to *Clever Head of Family*). What reign's this in, uncle?

Clever Head of Family. Eh? my dear—hush—(stops her, as if to listen to RENE's speech about GABRIELLE. Then says)—You recollect when the Massacre of St. Bartholomew was?

Admiring Niece, cheerfully. Oh, yes! (Turns to her admiring young Cambridge Man, sotto voce). When was St. Bartholomew martyred?

Cambridge Man (who feels it won't do to lower himself before the object of his admiration). Why, he was one of the early Christians. St. Poly-

earp, you know, and—in fact—but (*gets out of the difficulty*) the date's uncertain.

Admiring Niece (a little astonished, looks at MR. VINING, then at MR. HONEY). Early Christians? (*Refers to her bill, and thinks she'd better not ask any more questions.*) I thought—(*she was going to say*)—I thought they were all boiled in oil. (*But stops herself, refers to her bill, and determines to ask Clever Head of Family all about it presently.*)

Business on Stage. HECTOR DE SAVIGNY insults the Bohemian JUANITA, who is protected by RENÉ DE PARDILLAU. Tableau. Applause.

Mr. J. G. Shore, as Hector (*says proudly, but somewhat rapidly*). I am the Dukedamanaveal! (*He means he is the "DUKE D'ARMENONVILLE."*)

[The Duke strikes RENÉ, who challenges him. They fight: each with two swords.

Government Amateur (*with the eye of a critic*). That's good "business." (*He uses a technical word, to show the Professional Tragedian that he can give him a wrinkle or two, if he wants it.*) Two swords! Capital notion!

Professional Tragedian (*superciliously*). Very old! (*Scowls.*) JIM WALLACK used to do it in the—in the—dear me!—(*Raises his eyebrows, and taps his forehead*). I shall forget my own name soon—um!—(*memory fails him*). And I've done it myself over and over again.

[HECTOR is killed. RENÉ escapes, runs up the stairs, and jumps into the river below, after receiving directions from JUANITA about the Main Drainage, or something. End of Scene. Effective.

SCENE 2.

Amateur in Water-Colours. Another "bit" of Old Paris. I suppose we shall have scenes in the streets of Old Paris.

Charles (*his funny friend*). Yes, Bits and Kerbs. (*Laughs heartily himself.*)

[HECTOR DE SAVIGNY enters, and sings in praise of wine for the second time. Here "throttle" rhymes with "bottle."

SCENE 3.

Everybody delighted to welcome MRS. STIRLING, as *The Duchess*. From our own stall we remark that this is a very fine scene, and a most admirably contrived situation. Everybody delighted with ACT I.

Admiring Niece (*to Clever Head*). Did they always fight with two swords, uncle?

Clever Head (*slightly puzzled*). Well—um!—not always. (*As if they did it for a treat now and then.*)

ACT II.

(When is executed a most wonderful Ballet. And the four French dancers are inimitable.)

Admiring Niece (*to Cambridge Man*). Who are Bohemians? Why do they dress like this?

Cambridge Man. Eh? Bohemians are Gipsies. They live—I mean lived—in Bohemia; and (*lucidly*) that's why they're called Bohemians. [*Determines to read them up when he goes home.*]

Admiring Niece. But why do they dress like this?

Cambridge Man (*who feels that he is not shining to advantage*). Dress!—well—I'm not quite certain. (*He means, he knows nothing at all about it.*) Ask your Uncle.

She asks her Uncle, who replies, "Yes, Gipsies—fancy costumes. They used to do this sort of thing in Old Paris; you ought to see CAILOT's etchings." In this Act there is another excellent scene. MR. HONEY sings in praise of wine several times, and "throttle" rhymes to "bottle" twice. In the absence of MR. HONEY from the stage

Juanita (*to Sentinel who has asked her to sing*). Sing? Of Love? Scorns the idea, and hits on a novelty.) No, I will sing in praise of Wine!

ACT III.

Another Great Scene.

RENÉ, who all through the piece has been perpetually escaping the consequences of killing HECTOR DE SAVIGNY in a duel, is now trapped, and on the point of being taken.

Gabrielle (*rushing to him, and wishing she'd practised managing her long train at rehearsal*). I will stay with you. Hand in hand! (*Or words to that effect.*)

Duchess. My son will be avenged.

Hector de Savigny (*suddenly entering in a new dressing-gown*). He will.

Everybody. Ah! the Dukedamanaveal!

Interested people. Alive!

Somebody in Stalls. Why hasn't he come before?

Somebody else (*in Stalls*). Because his dressing-gown wasn't made. (*Explanation quite satisfactory on seeing the dressing-gown.*)

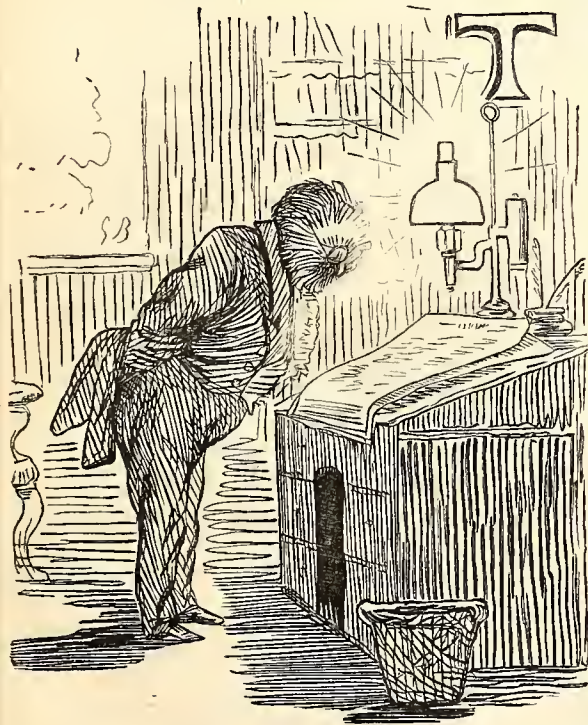
Old Man whom nobody had noticed before, steps forward and explains something privately to the Duchess. As no one can hear him, it is generally supposed that he is singing a little thing of his own in praise of wine.

Verdict in the Lobby. Very effective piece; first Act the best. Marvellously 'mounted.' French dancers worth going any distance to see.

Tag. And we hope that the run will amply repay the large sum of money which MR. VINING has lavishly expended upon *The Huguenot Captain*.

Curtain. Cab. Club.

TOLERATION IN SUFFOLK.



HE subjoined particulars will gratify every thoroughly liberal mind, attesting, as they do, the disappearance of all but the last vestige of intolerance:—

"INTERESTING CEREMONY.—At the village church at Claydon, in Suffolk, a few days since, at 8 A.M., about twenty children (who had been confirmed by the Bishop on the previous Friday) assembled and walked in procession to the parish church to receive their first communion."

The contemporary to whom we are indebted for the foregoing information, which certainly is very "interesting," would naturally be supposed to be the *Tablet*. The phrase used in describing

the object of the children's procession is one peculiar to the denomination represented by that organ; and the service to which they repaired at 8 A.M. was, in fact, Low Mass. But how came Low Mass to be celebrated in the village church of Claydon, and who was the Bishop that had confirmed the children? Well, the *Tablet* would speak of one of its own bishops as the bishop, in contempt of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, and might argue that, as there is no true church but its own, the only village church at Claydon was the Roman Catholic chapel there. The continuation of the news above quoted is altogether in the *Tablet's* vein:

"The church was crowded with devout worshippers. The young communicants, many of whom were not more than 12 years old, were ranged before the altar, the girls on the left, the boys on the right side. All were neatly dressed, the girls with white veils and carrying bouquets of roses. The Rector celebrated the Holy Communion, and after the Gospel delivered a short address to the children. . . . The sermon ended, the celebrant resumed his eucharistic vestments, and after the consecration, the hymn 'O Salutaris Hostia' was sung by the choir."

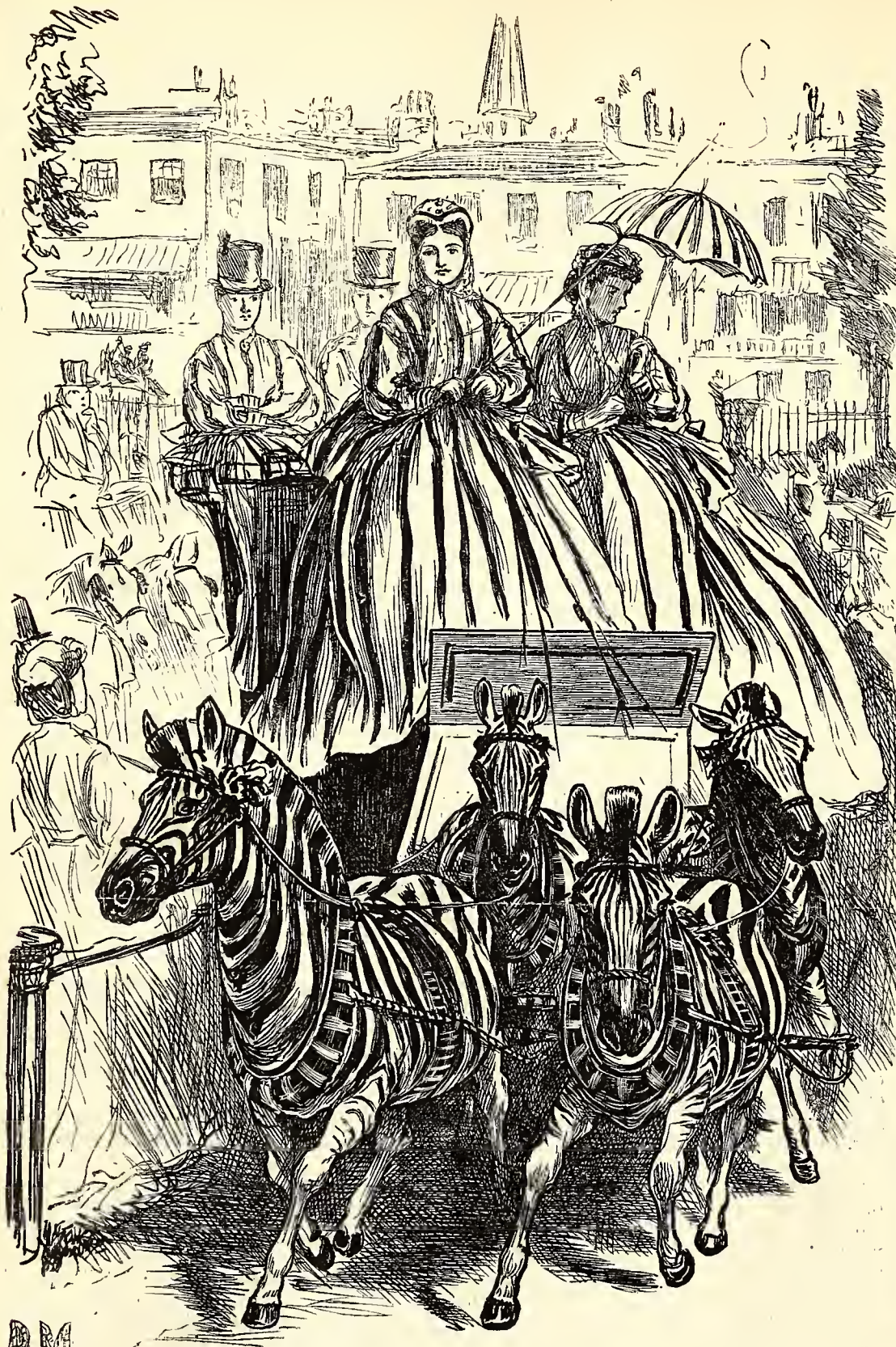
Very proper, as a late Royal Duke used to say—very proper—in a Roman Catholic church. Equally proper and suitable was what ensued:—

"The children received the Holy Communion immediately after the communion of the priest, nearly the whole congregation remaining throughout the office. After the blessing the 'Nunc Dimittis' was sung, after which the altar tapers were extinguished, and the procession of the young communicants left the church in the same order as before."

The paper, however, which contains the preceding intelligence is not the *Tablet*, but the *Ipswich Express*. There is reason to believe this to be a journal in the spiritual interest of a Cardinal whose historical celebrity has rendered him the boast of his native town. The *Express* of Ipswich concludes its account of an "office" whereat WOLSEY would have felt quite at home, with the following observation:—

"Every one who was present at this most interesting service was struck by the happy yet serious and reverent demeanour of the children."

The *Ipswich Express* is, no doubt, less exclusive than the *Tablet*. By the village church at Claydon of course it means the village church so commonly called; by the bishop the Lord Bishop of the legal diocese; and by the rector the parish parson. It informs us, then, that the "most interesting service" of early mass was performed the other day in one of the churches of the Church by Law Established. Hence it appears that the Rector of Claydon has gone over to Rome. It appears also that he has at the same time remained where he was. This is a mystery, and indeed a miracle, but it is one which Protestants cannot deny, though they may decidedly object to it. Mass in a parish church exemplifies nearly the perfection of tolerance, which only has to be completed by the abolition of the Act of Settlement. That might be desirable to prevent mistakes. The Rector of Claydon, and his Bishop, may have a dispensation from the POPE to retain their places; but this is not known. In the meantime Ritualists may be vexed by the consideration that, according to the original Mass-Priests, a mass celebrated by a parson whom the POPE does not recognise is a sham, and its "celebrant" a humbug.



LOOK OUT FOR THE LAST DAY OF THE SEASON,

AND YOU WILL SEE LADY O'BRIEN, OF BOYCE-GILBERT, DRIVING HER FOUR-IN-HAND IN THE PARK.

MATRIMONIAL PUBLISHERS.

MR. PUNCH has just received two letters on a subject of startling social importance. Many amiable people believed that Union was strength when their own had been cemented by clerical hands. Within a few days their confidence, however, has received a violent shock from an Archdeacon rushing into public notice, and Cassandra-like terrifying all to whom he addressed his wail of woe. *Mr. Punch* is inclined to think there is no real foundation for this connubial panic which has probably been generated by an over-heated imagination, but if otherwise, legislative action will doubtless be promptly taken by our Episcopal Guardians to prevent future *errata* in their publications, and make a nuptial tie a certainty.

Extracts from the HON. REGINALD RINGDOVE'S Communication.

* * DE MURRER (my learned friend) tells me that Church's great publishing House is reported to be shaky. The firm, he says, have been bringing out their little weekly publication of "Banns" not precisely as the Act directs, and the Publishers are liable to seven

years' transportation. Is this really so, or is it a *canard* emanating from some misanthropic mind merely to create apprehension among those noble young fellows who are studying the *Book of Beauty* with a view to taking matrimonial honours. I ask *bonâ fide* for information belonging myself to that admired class of sentient beings. It's no joke to have MR. ARCHDEACON knocking at one's door at 10 o'clock P.M., and announcing in a stage whisper that our great work, *Woman and her Master*, which it cost us such pains to compose, is so loosely bound in 1 Vol. (half-calf), lettered, that it has fallen to pieces, and that the Publishers are on their way to the Station-house. Rather than run such a risk as that, *Benedick* himself might be excused for preferring to become a Benedictine.

From MISS AMY ROBHEARTS to MR. PUNCH.

* * REGINALD had arranged to have the banns published next Sunday at St. Columbia's, where his Cousin MABEL would be sure to hear it, and that would be so cruel and charming. Now, owing to this panic, it is postponed, and REGINALD is talking seriously about falling back on the antiquated system of licences. I hate licences unless they are poetic ones, and I can't see anything poetic about a Prothonotary, unless it be that it has a grand name, and no one can imagine what it means.

My wise little Brother PAUL suggests if so much danger attends being asked in Church, why not be asked out of it? Why, indeed? Supposing a crier were to go round the neighbouring Squares, as they do at some Watering-places, ringing his bell at every corner, and proclaiming delicately that CONSTANCE and CHARLES will leave celibacy tomorrow morning on an excursion to Bachelorsend or Loveshaven: Publicity would be attained by this process, and if we had any Lady friends we wished particularly to mortify, we could instruct the crier to ring his bell a little louder under their balcony, and cry "O yes!" nine times instead of three.

The War in the Park.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE Bohemian Cavalry has not operated in Hyde Park with more success than at Königsgratz. It has made a variety of offensive demonstrations, but a *coup* that was claimed for it, the overthrow of the horse of the Crown Prince of England, was due to Irish dash. The Bohemian Cavalry has now received a severe discouragement, a *corps* of observation, selected from the Black Crushers, who neither give nor take quarter, having been sent to watch, and, if necessary, capture the Bohemians.

Turn and Turn About.

OF pauper-sickness health and wealth fight shy:

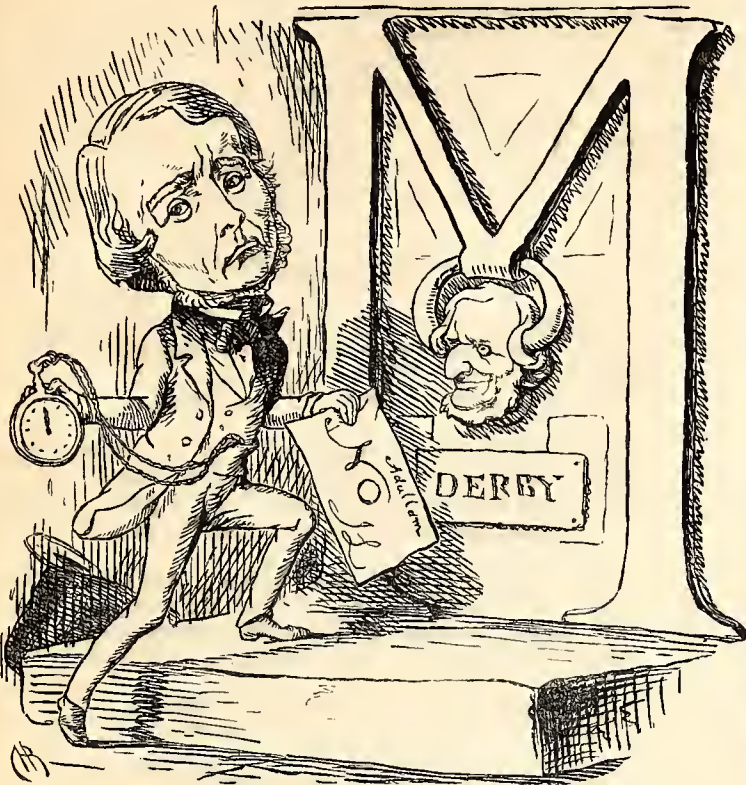
Shall workhouse death-beds ruffle BUMBLE'S torpor?

"O, *si sic Dives!*" might live LAZARUS cry; But DIVES, dead and damned, "*O, si sic pauper!*"

From the East.

THERE is arising in the East a Protesting and Reforming Party whose object is to revive the ancient spirit of the Prophet's religion which has, during the last two centuries, been gradually succumbing to the dry formality of the letter. These Moslem Protestants ironically stigmatise the present system of Mahometanism as nothing better than a piece of lifeless Mecca-nism.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, July 9. The new Premier, the EARL OF DERBY, came down to the Peers and the universe why he took office, and what he intended to do. The DUKE OF CORNWALL, and his bride the PRINCESS OF WALES, the EARL OF KENT, and a crowd of Notables were present to hear the eloquent PREMIER.

The Earl had no feeling of personal vanity. Had not sought that high and onerous post. Knew its difficulties. Should have been happy to remain what he had been for seven years, the head of a party powerful enough

to exercise no inconsiderable control, to give the Minister useful support or check, and to help him to hold back the extreme radicals. Had LORD PALMERSTON lived, this would have been LORD DERBY'S wish. The departed nobleman had declared that it would be unwise to attempt Reform this Session. LORD RUSSELL had miscalculated public feeling on the subject. The Commons would not have a hastily-framed and fragmentary Bill forced upon them. Had the late Ministers treated the Commons with consideration, resignation would have been needless. But the QUEEN had, in the most gracious terms, desired him to make a Cabinet, and he had done so. He had tried to form one on an enlarged basis—not a Coalition—but a union of those who were separated by insignificant variations of principle. For there were no deep divisions between moderate Conservatives and moderate Whigs. However, he had not been able to enlist any outlying recruits.

Here his Lordship introduced an awful episode of LORD GROSVENOR suddenly appearing in EARL DERBY'S chamber in St. James's Square, at the dead midnight, to say that he could not join the new Cabinet.

He went on to tell the troubles of a Minister who has to make a Cabinet, and how difficult it is to place the men, at once to their liking and to the interest of the public. He then set forth the views of the new Ministry. Conservatives generally had large stakes in the country, and therefore it was absurd to suppose that they should desire war, the consequences whereof would visit them most heavily. He thought that we ought to be on terms of good-will with all nations, not entangle ourselves in needless alliances, and not volunteer advice on which we did not intend to act—as LORD RUSSELL had done. Never mind our individual sympathies in regard to the present bloody war, let the Government be Strictly and Impartially Neutral.

[Here their Lordships sounded the note of plaudit, and *Mr. Punch* begs to indorse that Note, thereby giving it value and currency.]

The PREMIER complimented the wisdom which PRESIDENT JOHNSON is displaying in re-construction, and expressed the utmost gratitude for the vigorous measures he had taken against the Fenians.

[Here again *Mr. Punch* is with you, my Lord, and, the weather being warm, he takes this opportunity of liquoring in honour of yourself and MR. JOHNSON.]

The Government holds itself free and unpledged in the question of Parliamentary Reform.

[*Mr. Punch* has already had the honour, your Highness, of signifying his views of your true policy in this respect.]

A Reform Bill cannot be carried except by a mutual understanding between the two great parties. He had never been adverse to the principles of Reform, and, thirty-five years back, had helped EARL RUSSELL to carry the Reform Act. But those who are most clamorous for another Bill will probably not be satisfied with such a measure as the Great Parties may approve. Any Bill of a moderate character will be a mere Stepping Stone.

[Without discussing these propositions, your Highness, we have said that you had better let Reform alone, and that is enough for you.]

A Bankruptcy Bill is wanted, and that of the late Government is not liked.

[Well, carry a better, Highness. You have some clever lawyers in your new Administration—we consider them as on their trial.]

The Laws relating to the Poor, especially the Pauper Sick, require attention. [Have we not told you so, Highness? Smash the Black-guardians of the Poor.]

"I wish," said the Earl, "to conciliate Ireland, and to obtain the support of her independent Liberals."

[No doubt, Highness. Well, there is a good deal to be done by management, not forgetting that some persons like invitations to distinguished assemblies in St. James's Square.]

The Irish are great lovers of Impartial Justice.

[The first time we have heard this, Highness. The idea of the majority of them is that Justice should be too impartial to punish anybody. But they have had a good deal of the justice which certainly cannot be called impartial.—Try them with the superior article.]

I should like to discontinue the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, but the time has hardly come.

[No hurry, my Lord. The suspension aggrieves none but those whose own suspension would aggrieve nobody but themselves.]

I wish the Snake were killed, not merely Scotched.

[We suspect that were it left to Scotchmen to finish off—such Scotchmen as settled in the north of Ireland, Highness,—a "crowning mercy" would be reported at a very early date, and the Scotching would be uncommonly complete.]

Finally, I hope for the Co-operation of many who are not of my party, but desire good government, and I hope the time is not far distant when there shall be a real and not a nominal distinction of parties, on one side those who are in favour of dangerous innovations and violations of the Constitution, and on the other the friends of legislative Progress.

And the Earl ended with an eloquent firework about our glory and prosperity, and on the whole was considered to have acquitted himself boldly and well.

The EX-PREMIER then took his innings, but, as usual, this Earl was pleased to mumble in such a way that neither the Princes nor the reporters could make much out of some of his sentences. He thought that LORD PALMERSTON would have changed his mind if he had lived. He thought the Reform Bill moderate, for it excluded 100,000 persons who would have been admitted by the Bill of 1860. LORD DERBY might not have desired office, but what did he look to as the result of his party's incessant resistance to the Bill? LORD DERBY had spoken of his difficulties, but let him look at his advantages. MR. GLADSTONE, more successful than even MR. PITT, had put finance straight. The Jamaica question had been admirably treated. The Fenians have been put down. LORD CLARENDON leaves foreign affairs in an admirable condition. He hoped that out of this war German Freedom would arise. As to interference as regarded Denmark, who could help speaking out when treaties were violated?

[It is supposed that EARL RUSSELL said many other remarkable things, but a Minister who will take only his hat into his confidence cannot expect justice from the rest of his audience.]

So ended the sitting of the Lords. The Commons could do nothing until the new Ministers should be re-elected.

The EARL OF DERBY, being a poet, has amused his leisure by composing the following Catalogue of Ministers and their offices:—

Know each his task! Thou, STANLEY, wise and cool,
O'er the Affairs called Foreign calmly rule.
As thou the proffered Peerage dost decline,
Again Finance, DISRAELI, be thine.

Mellifluous WALPOLE shall succeed to GREY,
And the Home Office praise his courteous sway,
While JONATHAN, né PEEL, to War aspires,
And arms our soldiers with yet deadlier fires.

To cynic CRANBORNE anxious India kneels;
To graceful CHELMSFORD we assign the Seals.
SIR JOHN, the British Navy be thy care,
See that black Turrets darken all the air,

And HENRY LENNOX, thou wilt not refuse
PAGET'S and BERNAL OSBORNE'S naval shoes.
The Privy Seal to kindly MALMESBURY goes,
Be thou our Postman, GRAHAM of MONTROSE,
CARNARVON, take the Colonies to thee,
Because their name and thine begin with C.

And when men cry, "Off with the Council's Head!"
My Præses, BUCKINGHAM, thy doom be said.

DEVON will find the Duchy in his way,
Nothing to do and rather less to say:
Thou STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, whom great GLADSTONE
made

His scribe, address thee to the Board of Trade,

And thou, great GLADSTONE'S victor (to be sure
The Dunces chose thee) HARDY, take the Poor.
Let pinks nor tulips nor lobelias die;
JOHN MANNERS, mind the Parks efficiently.
Thou, conqueror on the gay French Derby course,
BEAUFORT, ride forth, our Master of the Horse.
Our Thunderbolt of Law, flash out, SIR HUGH,
Thy second, BOVILL, champion tried and true.
Not Shamrock, but Sham royalty, in scorn
Is held, yet help us, friendly ABERCORN.

Go, parody a court—thy pains 'twill pay
To eat the haddock caught in Dublin Bay.
And as light food is good in these hot days,
Let MAYO'S NAAS hint at Mayonnaise.
The minor posts by minor men be filled,
Small boots it whether skilful or unskilled,
While o'er you all my watchful eye is thrown,
Hint that each man had better mind his own.
The Future is with Fate. Come BRIGHT, come JACK,
At least we'll die with harness on our back!



“SPARE THE ROD,” &c.

Governess. “LOOKING FOR YOUR HORSE, MR. WUZZLE?”

Mr. Wuzzle. “NO, MISS; I'M A LOOKIN' FOR THAT THERE BOY O' MINE, MISS!”

A SCANDAL TO ST. PANCRAS.

THERE appeared the other day in the *Post* a paragraph headed “A Workhouse without a Chapel.” The chapelless workhouse is that of the parish whose patron Saint is St. Pancras. We wonder what St. Pancras would say to his parochial authorities, if they had ears to hear him, on their neglect to provide a chapel for their poor—the room used instead of one being a work-room, which serves also for a nursery, a directors' dining-room, a receiving ward, and various purposes; whilst the sacrament is administered in the vestry hall. If St. Pancras, however, has not spoken, somebody else has. According to the *Post*, on an application respecting a chapel for the paupers of St. Pancras, made by the REV. SEPTIMUS BUSS, their chaplain, to their Board of Guardians:—

“MR. CHURCHWARDEN ROBSON said theirs was the only workhouse in the metropolis without a chapel, and it was beneath a great parish like theirs to be without one. He moved that the subject be referred to the select committee, which was agreed to.”

There are doubtless churchwardens who would deem it beneath a great parish to be without a beadle attired in a sufficiently gorgeous uniform. Such gentlemen would consider that it was likewise beneath their parish to be without a workhouse chapel, regarding the chapel, equally with the beadle, an appurtenance essential to parochial consequence. Of course, MR. CHURCHWARDEN ROBSON meant to say that it was beneath the spiritual dignity of St. Pancras parish, alone of all the parishes of London, to have their workhouse unprovided with a chapel. You are right, MR. CHURCHWARDEN ROBSON—you are right, Sir.

“TOO LATE?”

“CRY Havoc and let slip the Dogs of War!”
But “*L'Empire c'est la paix!*” and France is fain
To fold her hands: let the mad nations jar;
It may be in the crash she'll find her gain.

“Your voice could stave off strife!” “My voice? alas,
Has it not still been raised all strife to stay?
Preacher of peace, betwixt arm'd hosts I pass,
But cannot lift arm'd hands—I can but pray.”

Hark! “Havoc's” cried: the dogs of war are slipped;
Right at each other's throats, lo! they have flown!
Three mighty nations, in death-struggle gripped,
Sway, blind and bleeding, round a tott'ring throne.

Europe stands dumb in awe-stricken amaze,
While time and space-annihilating wires
Flash empires' rise or downfall in a phrase,
Till hours to us are as years to our sires.

The *mêlée* slackens, the war-reek blows clear,
And, lo, emerging from the waves of fight,
A mightier Prussia, of prouder cheer,
And statelier stride, and more majestic height.

Blind, battered, blood-drained, beaten to the knee,
Sore-stricken Austria before her reels;
But e'en in this, her hour of agony,
A Parthian blow at Italy she deals.

After one stroke struck manfully and fair
Between her brows, upon Custozza's plain,
Calling in show of scorn to mask despair,
She cedes to France what she can not retain.

“The time is come: the game is at the best.
Is not this war a tournament for me?
And I king of the lists, to speak my hest,
Throw down my warder, bid the knights let be?”

The word is spoke, the warder is thrown down,
And baffled Austria is content to hear:
But how of Prussia? Will she veil the crown?
She's won so well—so long has looked to wear?

And Italy—c'en as she sights the goal
Of a life's hope, how will she stoop thus low,
To see Venetia, like a beggar's dole,
Or Kaiser's appanage, tossed to and fro?

That fair Venetia, for whom her gold,
Her youth, her strength, her blood, were price too
small,
By desperate Austria, to buy safety, sold
To France, as lord of old might sell a thrall!

Will Italy deign *thus* to round her crown?
Lower her lance's point, and rein her steed,
Before the Imperial warder, thus thrown down,
A second time, in Austria's hour of need?

Who knows? 'Tis easier to avert the fight
Than stop it, even for Imperial power:
War is God's scourge: once raised, it must alight:
Its staying waits Heaven's, not the EMPEROR'S hour!

Much in a Monosyllable.

WITH respect to European civilisation, there is little to be said about the Battle of Sadowa. The first syllable of its mere name is sufficient. It is “sad.”



DEMORALISATION

OF OUR WEST-END CORRESPONDENT, AFTER THE LATE ROTTEN-ROW CONTROVERSY.

SOMETHING BETTER THAN BEEF.

DURING the late battles in Bohemia, both the Prussian and Austrian cavalry sustained severe losses. This circumstance may account for the fact that a grand banquet in honour of the introduction of horseflesh as an article of food took place on Tuesday last week at Lamandelay's Great Room, Rue Richelieu, M. DE QUATREFAGES, member of the Institute, in the chair. It is possible that some of the meat consumed on this occasion came directly from the field, transported by railway with sufficient speed to prevent the influence which would otherwise be exerted upon it by hot weather; for though it is fine to ride the high horse, it is not well to eat him. Or the hippophagists may have thought the carnage in Germany offered a seasonable opportunity for a demonstration to show that of the quantity of flesh left upon a battle-field all need not be wasted; so such of it as, in warm countries, is left to be devoured by vultures, being, in temperate climates, available for the food of man. According to the Paris correspondent of the *Times* :—

"182 guests sat down to table, and all, without exception, declared that the dinner, of which the principal dishes were formed of various parts of the horse, was excellent. The soup, made from *bouillon de cheval*, the *saucisson de cheval*, horseflesh *à la mode*, and lastly, the *filet rôti*, were all eaten with great gusto, and pronounced most palatable."

Only one species of soup is named in the foregoing outline of a bill of fare of which the elements were derived from the noble animal. There exists, doubtless, another. The hippophagists must needs have a horse-tail soup that corresponds to oxtail; and perhaps they have also a mare's-tail soup and a colt's-tail soup; the latter analogous to "Chesterfield."

As to the *saucisson de cheval*, that probably is no novelty: many who, when they think they are tasting it for the first time, having in fact eaten it very often before under the simple name of *saucisson*. So likewise horseflesh *à la mode* may often be an old acquaintance with a new name, formerly familiar under that of *à la mode* beef. The *filet rôti*, however, running with gravy, may be new to those who have been accustomed to see fillies run only as they run for the Oaks.

By the account above quoted, the banquet which it reports was the manifestation of a "movement," with a regularly organised committee,

to promote the use of horseflesh as an article of food. Its sale, in that character, is now authorised in Paris: and doubtless horse-restaurants will soon be established there. If we also take to horse, and horse eating-houses are established in London, a slight change will probably be made in the appellation whereby they are denominated in the vulgar tongue; and instead of being termed cagnag-shops they will be called *cagnags*.

In continuation of the preceding extract, we are told that :—

"A number of the ordinary meats produced at a choice dinner were also served up, but the company found the horseflesh so savoury and agreeable that they remained faithful to it."

Also that :—

"M. DE LA BÉDOLLIÈRE sang two new songs composed for the occasion: one '*C'est le Cheval qu'est le Bœuf*,' and the other '*Enfants, n'y touchez pas*.' The couplets, which were extremely witty and appropriate, obtained a merited success."

All this looks rather suspicious. Horse may be good enough, but if it were really more "savoury" and "agreeable" than "the ordinary meats produced at a choice dinner," its superiority to butcher's meat, as contradistinguished from knacker's meat, would have been discovered long ago. A decided predilection for horse looks like idiosyncrasy—to use a mild if a long word; and enthusiasm may be inferred from such a song as "*C'est le Cheval qu'est le Bœuf*." We have outgrown old English prejudices, and no longer regard as a typical Frenchman the one who, whilst he condemned our cookery eulogised our meat—delivered, as he said, at the door on the end of a skewer. Nor do we any longer suppose that the generality of the French habitually eat frogs. The *Société Hippophagique* perhaps may, going the whole horse, eat frog and all; but must find it a tough morsel. These epicures are evidently exceptional Frenchmen.

Among the toasts with which the hippophagists in the Rue Richelieu washed down their horse was one proposed by M. SIBIRE in the name of the Society for Protecting Animals. Of course an animal enjoys the temporary protection which preserves it to be ultimately eaten. The horse protected for the table is, in the meanwhile, happy in exemption from ill-usage, and also in the speedy extinction of life, wherein he is spared from the death of lingering misery which awaits the uneatable English pauper.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

AT THE ADELPHI. *In the Stalls.*

Young Man (wishing to be considered "about town," and glad to nod and be nodded to as often as possible). How do? (To Musical Friend.)

Musical Amateur (nodding to a Military Patron of the drama). How do? Come to see Helen, eh?

Military Patron (who has always seen everything in Paris). Ya-as. (Nods to Young Man, who returns it with a pleased smile, and then looks round defiantly at the audience.) I saw it when it was done in Paris.

Musical Amateur (acknowledging his superiority). Oh, ah! (Apologises for himself.) I didn't. (Makes a further apology.) It was going on at the time, when I was there, but somehow or other—I—er—(Loses himself, and refers to his bill.)

Young Man (wishing to join in the conversation says to Military Patron, feebly). Was it good in Paris?

Military Patron (staring through his lorgnettes at Private Box). Eh? (Young Man repeats his question, diffidently.) Oh, yes! capital. SCHNEIDER always excellent.

Young Man (rashly). Oh, always. (The only knowledge of any Schneider at all that he has is of Rip Van Winkle's dog; but this he keeps to himself. Plunges in further for the sake of his reputation.) There's such a "go" about French actors. (He's once seen a provincial company at Boulogne, when he was there for three days.)

Military Patron. Yes; but SCHNEIDER is inimitable.

Young Man (making his last rash step). Yes, we haven't got anything like him here.

Military Patron (astonished). Him? Whom?

Young Man (intuitively feeling that he's made a mess of it, somehow). Why, whatshisname, SCHNEIDER.

Military Patron (scornfully). Why, my dear fellow, she's a woman.

Young Man (getting very hot and uncomfortable). A woman! . . . (desperately) Oh! The SCHNEIDER I meant was a man.

Military Patron (pursuing his enemy to his trenches). Never heard of him! Where did he play?

Young Man (getting out of his trenches, and running away altogether). I don't exactly recollect. I don't think I should know the name if you told me: it's so long ago.

The Curtain rises. We welcome Old PAUL as the venerable Calchas, pretty, piquante MISS FURTADO as Helen, and cleverest, most graceful MRS. MELLON as Paris.

Musical Amateur (to a friend sitting between him and Military Patron). I suppose you know the music of this? (Dialogue going on on the stage. Friend says "No," and listens.) Now, you'll hear a pretty thing. (Hums the first air before MISS FURTADO commences, just to give his friend an idea of it.)

Quiet Friend (not wishing to be rude). Ah, yes! (Smiles and nods.) H-sssh!

Musical Amateur (after a time). The tune which was most popular in Paris was—(hums the tune which was most popular in Paris. Friend inwardly determines to change his stall for the Second Act.)

Military Patron. Aw! Eutr'acte (depreciatively), it's not the same thing as 'twas in Paris. [N.B. He would have said this even if the English version had been twenty twenty times better done than the French.]

Quiet Friend. SCHNEIDER and DUPUIS are exceptions even in Paris.

Military Patron (not exactly understanding him). Ya-as. (Pause; during which he deliberates on nothing, and gives his decision.) Ya-as.

Quiet Friend. Well, TOOLE's Menelaus is immensely funny: Menelaus in the original was nothing.

Military Patron (admitting it, helplessly). Well, ya-as. (Recollecting his young friend's discomfiture.) You've seen it in Paris? Eh?

Quiet Friend (more quietly than ever). Yes, I have; several times. Have you?

Military Patron (frightened). Ya-as; partly. (Confused.) Not exactly all of it: came in after dinner, you know. Ya-as; greater part of it. (Collapses. Joy of Young Friend, who has overheard the conversation.)

Quiet Friend. It is the fashion with some people, who stop in Paris for one week, perhaps, in the year, and who can't follow the rapid dialogue of the plays they nightly rush to see, to disparage English acting, of which they know, probably, very little, as compared with French acting, of which they know just nothing at all. Then they take credit to themselves for "a pretty good acquaintance with the language," and being "accustomed to French theatres," whereas the idiots can scarcely speak two words of the language, and are utterly stranded without constant reference to a phrase-book.

Military Patron (forgetting himself). Oui. C'est vrai. (And then they all attend to Act II.)

"PARTY TIES."—White Chokers.

THE VISION OF THE WORKHOUSE BEADLE.

PORK-chops for supper I esteem;
But arter which it warn't no dream!
A man must sleep as well as sup
To dream a dream—but I was hup!

What makes my hair stand up on end?
My voice stick in my jaws?
Memory—memory! Attend,
And you shall know the cause.

I seed him—yes, I seed him plain!
'Twas at the corner of a lane:
Upon my life 'tis true!
Though all was dark as pitch that night,
I seed him—in his own blue light—
As plain as I sees you!

The Westry ad been werry ot,
And I had gone and ad my pot,
But sober as a Judge need be,
A smokin of my yard of clay,
A walking home—there—in my way—
There—right afore me—there stood he!
He that to name his name I fears,
For talk about im he appears!

I know'd im by his glarin eyes,
His orns, his oofs, his wings, in size
As might be of a normus bat,
His colour black as this ere at;
Ay, this ere at—without the lace—
The orrid grin of that ere face!
His mouth just like a grate red-ot,
Which fangs like iron spikes he'd got,
I know'd him by his crooked nails,
And by his ide all over scales,
His arrer-pinted tail—his prong.
—I see a flash of fire—I hear
The sound of, as it were, a gong
And boh, he did appear!

The sight so scared me I sprung back,
And bumped agin a post, right smack!
And with the shock I broke my pipe.
He come—I bobbed—he missed his gripe.
Down ou my marrowbones I prayed
In hagony for Mercy's aid.

He wanished in a flash of flame,
And then a glorious haugel came,
And said, "Here's Mercy at your call,
Though you don't merit none at all.
This mornin, at the Workus door,
You druv my Sister from the Poor."
Says I, "I won't do so no more."
"No; mind you don't," said she.
"For if agin you ever do,
Next time as Somevun comes for you,
Expect no help from me."

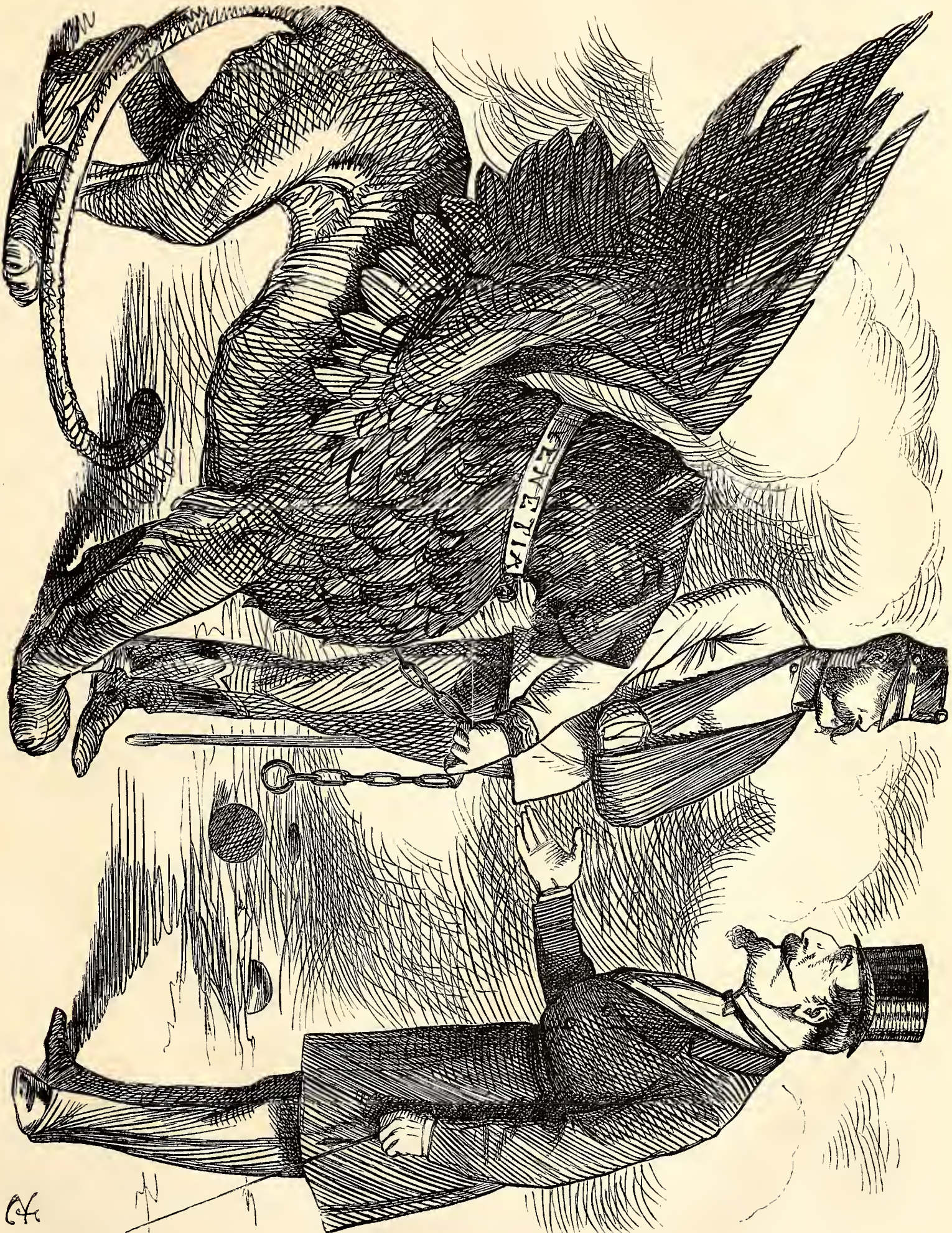
A CHEER FOR CLAN HALPIN.

OMENS follow those who note them. And "we defy augury." These are things to say when unfavourable omens occur, and unwise persons allude to them. But when a grand enterprise is preceded by a gallant deed on the part of one of the undertakers, it may be permitted, in a spirit of the most intense and Lord-Stanleyite coolness, to say that the probabilities of success seem increased when the work is seen to be in the hands of brave and daring men. We wish all good fortune to the monster vessel now engaged in laying the Atlantic Telegraph. We cannot help feeling that, in the above sense, a good omen has occurred, in the gallant deed of which LIEUTENANT HALPIN is perhaps the only man in the country who thinks lightly. We read that a sailor, charged with a difficult duty aloft, lost his head, and would have been dashed to pieces, but for LIEUTENANT HALPIN, who rushed to the rescue, climbed the rope, supported the fainting man, and held on, over the yawning abyss in which the gigantic machinery was working, until help was afforded. No noble thing that a true British sailor does can much surprise his countrymen; but it is fitting that LIEUTENANT HALPIN and all the rest of the world should be told that when Paterfamilias read this story at the breakfast table, an electric current of enthusiasm set in for the great ship, and all on board, who will, we think, be proud to be called the CLAN HALPIN.



THE UNRECOGNISED VISITOR.

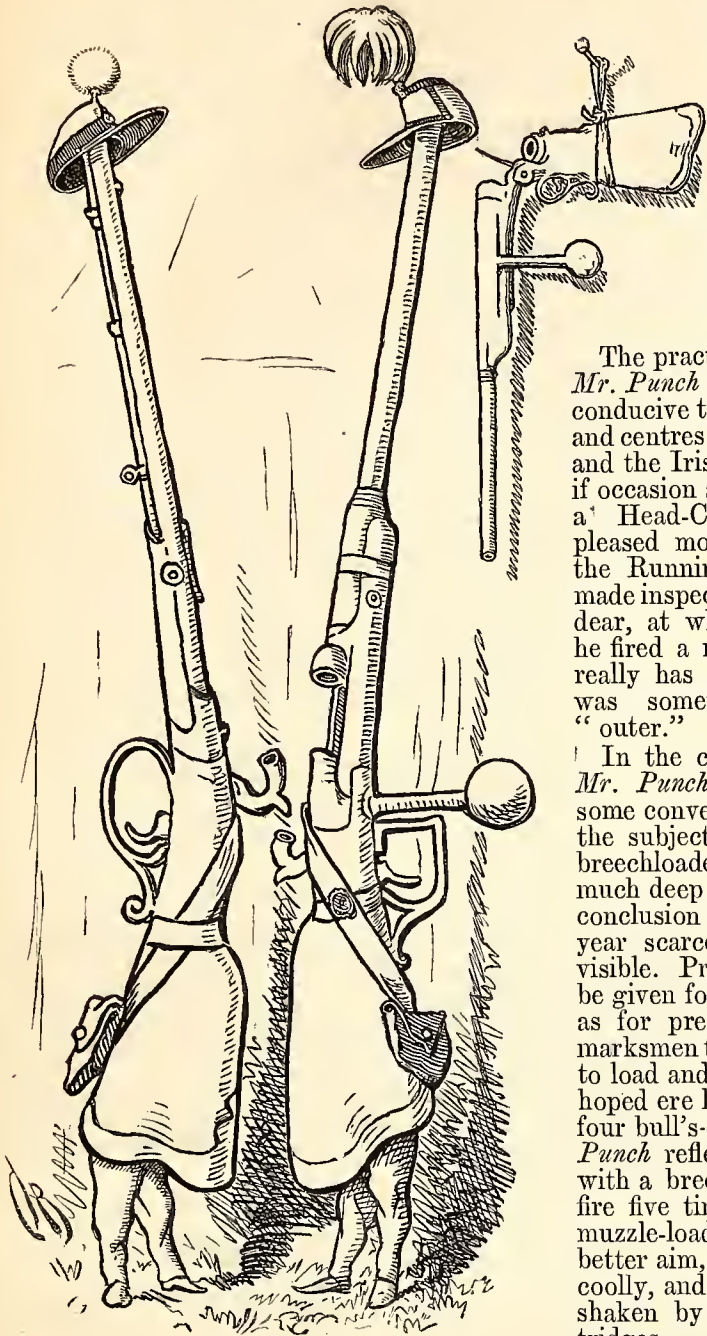
BUMBLE. "YOU'RE THE SISTER OF MERCY, IS YOU? WELL, WE ARN'T GOT THAT NAME IN THE HOUSE; SO TODDLE!"



THE LION OF ST. MARK.



MR. PUNCH AT WIMBLEDON.



FOREIGN parts are now ablaze, and it is very right and proper that the riflemen of England should look well to their firing. So with the view to their encouragement, Mr. Punch the other day proceeded to the camp for the purpose of inspecting the shooters and their shots.

The practice on the whole struck Mr. Punch as being that which is conducive to perfection. Bull's-eyes and centres were continually scored, and the Irish seemed quite capable, if occasion should arise, of hitting a Head-Centre. He then was pleased most graciously to inspect the Running Deer, after which he made inspection of a lovely walking deer, at whom with his right eye he fired a random shot, which he really has some reason to believe was something more than an "outer."

In the course of his inspection, Mr. Punch was pleased to hold some conversation with himself on the subject of the needle-gun and breechloaders in general; and after much deep thought he came to the conclusion that at Wimbledon next year scarce a ramrod would be visible. Prizes should, he thought, be given for rapidity of fire as well as for precision; and, instead of marksmen taking fully two minutes to load and another to take aim, he hoped ere long to see them scoring four bull's-eyes in a minute. Mr. Punch reflected that a man armed with a breechloader can load and fire five times to each shot with a muzzle-loader, and can take the better aim, because he fires more coolly, and his hand has not been shaken by ramming down his cartridges.

Hard thinking being very thirsty work in this hot weather, Mr. Punch then made a sortie to the big refreshment tent; and, calling for a cup of cooling effervescing drink, he was pleased to dip his nose luxuriously into it. Having drunk "Success to Wimbledon!" and "Here's to our next Merry Meeting!" Mr. Punch proposed a toast to "The Belgian Jolly Bricks, and may they always be cemented with the jolly Bricks of Britain!" Several other toasts were proposed in quick succession, and when our report was forwarded Mr. Punch was still—

(Left drinking.)

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

[Collected in Happy Hours, including some instructive facts in Natural History, and other domestic and rural information.]

Very Happy Thought.—Too hot to jot down any happy thoughts last week. We are still in our Elizabethan House. Everyone languid or irritable, or both, from the heat.

Happy Thought at 7.30 P.M.—We'll have tea out of doors. On a rustic table: sit on rustic chairs. Theatrical friend from town says, "like the opening of an opera—chorus—happy Peasants." I like a fellow from town to enliven us. Tea soon gets cold out of doors. [Mem. Get some other sort of rustic chairs; all very well for ladies.] Lots of little creatures appear in the air: not gnats?

Happy Thought.—Let's stroll up that walk and smell the delicious Honeysuckle. * * * Curious! something's biting one's hands and neck. Country friend says, "Ah, then it'll be a fine day to-morrow; these little stinging flies always come out when it's going to be a fine day to-morrow." He gives me the following facts:—

Small flies in the evening bite anyone who's fresh to the country.

They quite disfigured one man once by biting him. They are not poisonous.

They are all about the honeysuckle and the bushes.

Noticed the bats for the first time. Country friend tells me "it" (the Elizabethan House and grounds) is famous for bats. You can catch 'em with a net. I say "Indeed, can you really?" and we go in-doors. Hate bats: friend gives me a few facts as to bats.

Bats in some parts of the country will settle in your hair. (N.B. Never go out without a cap at night.)

Bats can bite ferociously when they like. "They're nasty things," he adds, "to tackle." (N.B. Never tackle a bat.)

Happy Thought Indoors.—To-morrow visit the farm; see the cow and the pigs. "How jolly it would be"—everyone says this—"how jolly it would be to have a pet cow, and pet pigs, and pet ducks, and everything to feed out of your hand, and come up when you call." The ladies say, "Charming! and a dear little pet lamb." Country friend says, "Dirty little beasts, pet lambs." Everybody says, "he's got no heart." I suggest that one might train the gold-fish. Friend says, "How?" I say, "Anyhow—with biscuit." The conversation turns on training animals generally, and we conclude that all it wants is "an eye." We then talk about VAN AMBURGH.

Conclusion. Any animal can be trained by the eye.

THE NEEDLE-GUN.

TUNE—"The Dog's Meat Man."

SHARP shoots the Prussian Rifle, which
Has to be loaded at the breech;
Five times for each mouth-loader's one:
What a formidable weapon is the needle-gun!
Oh, that unerring needle-gun!
That death-dispensing needle-gun!
It does knock over men like fun.
What a formidable weapon is the needle-gun!

What it would do, some time ago,
We had sufficient cause to know;
When Danish states were foully won,
By the murderous advantage of the needle-gun.
Oh, that unerring, &c.

Invaded by a tyrant-thief,
Should we not likewise come to grief,
If equal arm our troops had none,
To encounter his battalions with the needle-gun?
Oh, that unerring, &c.

Lo, when the thieves, in deadly fray,
Strove for possession of the prey,
What execution then was done
Upon Austria by Prussia with the needle-gun!
Oh, that unerring, &c.

Are we prepared, or are we not,
To give aggressors shot for shot?
Not all the skill at Wimbledon
Will avail without a match to meet the needle-gui.
Oh, that unerring, &c.

DIALOGUE.

Brown. Our friend JONES's new great coat was stolen the very night it was sent home from the tailor.

Robinson. Do you know that I don't think I much care?

Brown. Probably not. But MR. HOME, the spiritualist, was advertised to appear as *Lord Oakley*.

Robinson. I don't think I care much about that either.

Brown. No? But why was JONES's coat like HOME's *Oakley*?

Robinson. I do not know.

Brown. Because he never came out in it.

Robinson. What an ass you are!

The New Judge.

"No more Beer speeches," says SIR FITZ,
So comely, courteous, and clean shaven,
"Like the *Great Eastern* here I sits,
I think I'll call my chair Beer-Haven."



THE VERY PINK OF FRENCH POLITENESS.

"DEEDONG, MADAMM, ESKERVOOSAYT PARISSIANG?"

"OUI, MONSIEUR! ET VOUS AUSSI?"

A NEW IDEA.

At a time when the nymphs of Society are scared away from their dances by the spectres of bank failures, the following notion is most reassuring:—

Cautious Dowager. Three or four pic-nics in Richmond Park, and dances afterwards in the evening, during the season. More than a hundred persons at each party, too! I don't understand how SIR JAMES manages it. It must be *very* expensive.

Little Dancing Captain (who, having married on small means, has been rather curtailed in his entertainments, and runs the risk of losing his invitations). Oh, no, not at all. Simplest thing in the world. SIR JAMES asks lots of people to pic-nic—bring their own hampers, own carriages, and so forth: no expense then. Very jolly party. Dance afterwards: rooms in hotel. Guests invited: pay five shillings each for a ticket for their hat or cloak. That clears expense of room, ices, biscuits, sandwiches, and orangeade. SIR JAMES doesn't spend a "fiver" over it. Good idea—doocid good idea! Sh' like 'try it m'self.

Cautious Dowager (reserving her opinion). Dear me! Indeed! Very pleasant parties, no doubt. (*Captain rises.*) Mind you remember me to, &c., &c.

TOUCHING VESTMENTS.

THE middle of July is past, and yet there are no signs of an end to the vestment question—the clothes of the season. The Bishops could not cope with it, though they turned Convocation into a Vestry. The word of command has been given to that pugnacious section of the Church militant which fights for its gay clothes—"Dress!" What a pity that our young Curates cannot find some better investment for their surplus energy!

The line taken by the chief props of the High Church party, at the present time, may be described as the clothes line. They will have to come down from their high ropes. The theme is sublime! It demands verse! There is but one bard who can do it justice—POET CLOSE.

THE SONG OF THE MARRIED SOLDIER.

ALL you in Parliament and place,
So careful of the nation's coin,
Come, hear a married soldier's case
From one who never will rejoin.

I served my country long and well
In India, and in other lands,
And did a private soldier dwell,
Until tied up in wedlock's bands.

At Chatham quartered now we lie,
And married partners, other three,
The same apartment occupy,
Along with my young wife and me.

Our beds are four, and bed and bed
Have no partition got between.
My wife and I live all on bread
To save the means to buy a screen.

It makes the thinking man admire
To see how you good soldiers use,
Then set Commissions to inquire
Why they to re-enlist refuse.

Recruits from riff-raff, as a class,
Such usage is the way to gain;
And you can but expect an ass,
And no old soldier, to remain.

Conscription soon will be required,
To man your regiments of the Line,
Where soldiers grow of service tired,
Like One who never will rejoin.

A Reason Why.

THE Law of England, as we all know, is the perfection of human reason. It is doubtless, therefore, with a wise intent that our Law declares the property of a suicide, found *felo de se*, forfeit to the Crown. In thus disinheriting a man's relations, the Law can possibly only proceed on the presumption that nothing whatever can drive anybody in his senses to commit self-destruction but the misconduct of his family. If this is not so, the sooner a law which punishes innocent widows and fatherless children is abolished, the better.

A WORKHOUSE REFORM BILL WANTED.

REFORM is dead: long live Reform! For the moment, they who want it must wish that they may get it. Fallen is the mighty GLADSTONE, champion of Reformers; but who knows if next Session may not bring another Bill, to be carried by the Honourable WILLIAM?

Still, though nothing can be done now towards reforming of the House, surely something may be done towards reforming of the Workhouse. Our electoral system is not without defects, but there are far more glaring evils in our wretched Poorhouse system. It is said that poverty in England is regarded as a crime, but we really treat our paupers far worse than our criminals. Pet prisoners are common here, as everybody knows; but nobody can say that he has ever seen pet paupers. Our gaol-birds are well fed, and look always in good feather; while those caged in our workhouses are frequently half starved, and always draggletailed and dirty.

England, everybody knows, is quite a model nation, but her poorhouses are scarcely yet the patterns of good government. Savage nations have a custom of killing their old people. We, who are more civilised, only kill our poor folk. There are savages whose practice is to thrust forth all their sick, and leave them in the open air, where they may slowly die, untended. We, who are more merciful, crowd our sick poor in foul rooms, that they may die the quicker.

It has of old been said that new brooms commonly sweep clean, and we hope the Tory besoms that have newly been brought in, may make a clean sweep quickly of the horrors of the Workhouse. Were a Reform Bill to be passed now, for reforming the infirmaries, we should look upon LORD DERBY as a model for Reformers. A special clause should be inserted for supplying better food than has been usually provided; and a still more special clause should be passed for the extinction of the brutal *Sairey Gamps* and cruel, drunken *Betsy Prigs* who act as pauper nurses. It is monstrous that our sick poor should have their medicines given them by women who can't read the labels on the bottles: who daily rob the dying of the stimulants prescribed as being needful for their life, and let them rot to death with bedsores caused mainly by bad nursing.



GREAT SHOW OF CHIGNONS.

A HINT FOR THE HAIRDRESSERS' SOCIETY.

“LORD DERBY’S WORKSHOPS.”

WE hasten to rectify a remarkable omission in the account of these spacious premises in the *Builder*. No mention is made of the elaborate piece of Cabinet work, long in preparation, which the indefatigable proprietor has at last succeeded in completing, and although the “Joiners’ shop” is noticed, not a word is said about the curious specimen of inlay, known to have been designed, in which the initials of the principal operatives, B. DISRAELI, E. H. STANLEY, &c., were to have gracefully blended with those of some of the leading *employés* of a rival firm that has recently retired from business.

We are authorised to state that the Derby Workshops are now removed to a more eligible situation in Downing Street, S.W., where the proprietor hopes by a strict attention to business, the use of none but the best materials, and a due regard to economy, to merit a renewal of patronage and support. (Treasury Benches re-covered, and Woolsacks re-seated. Households supplied. Some novel designs in Secretaries. A stock of new Boards on hand. Cabinets turned out at the shortest notice. Experienced workmen sent to all parts of the kingdom to attend to Hustings. Plans for a Bankruptcy Court and an improved Pauper Infirmary will shortly be submitted to public inspection at the Offices close to Westminster Bridge. Estimates given. Accounts rendered quarterly. No connection with any other firm. Clerk of the Works, J. MANNERS. The India Branch is carried on in Cranborne Alley.

N.B. The Jobbing Business, formerly carried on by this party, will be discontinued.

P.S. Some Seats wanted.

Mity Likely!

It is a not uncommon vanity with newly-fledged M.P.’s never to omit to take the slightest opportunity for using parliamentary phrases and expressions. We lately met one, for example, who, on being handed a bit of mity cheese, made a joke about his having to accept the Stilton hundreds.

CAROL BY A COUNTRY BUMPKIN.

LORAMASSY, there now, look’ee,
That comparison’s a rum ’un;
Yon young lady wi’ her *bouquet*—
Wi’ her bundle, yon old ’ooman!

Them two differs, as to shape,
In their looks and in their feeters;
'Most as Christian do from Ape,
Yet they both be human creeters.

You med call this here ’un Pot,
You med name that there ’un Kettle.
Ees, and come, I tell ’ee what,
Both them two be all one metal.

PRESENTABLE IN PRUSSIA.

WHAT disgust, in certain official quarters, must have been created by the following telegram from Berlin!—

“The QUEEN has had the surgeons leaving for the army presented to her at the railway station.”

Blessed be Proserpine for doing her best to mitigate the work of Pluto! Here, however, in England, the example that has been set by the QUEEN OF PRUSSIA must be the reverse of relished at Head Quarters. The treatment experienced by British Military Surgeons has produced a surgeon-famine in the British army. What if QUEEN VICTORIA, with a view to prevent medical commissions from going begging, were to be pleased to have all medical officers in the Army and Navy presented to her on leaving their country on actual service? The authorities presiding over the Horse Guards would feel that they had received a very significant rebuke, and the Army would perhaps get better off for surgeons.

VERY MAUDLIN SENTIMENT.



wounds had been evidently produced by a gun-shot, and the others by heavy blows from some instrument, supposed to be the stock of a gun. The trigger of a gun was found underneath the deceased's body. A short distance away was found the ramrod of a gun. The hat also was found. It had been perforated with shot, and hair adhered to it. There is no doubt whatever that the deceased was murdered."

No doubt many thousands of soldiers were found the other day on the field after the Battle of Sadowa, exhibiting the marks of just such injuries as those above described, or of others yet more ghastly. Beside these heaps of mangled corpses, a solitary body found in a wood, with its individual skull shot through and battered to pieces, seems a very small horror. But in this case "there is no doubt whatever that the deceased was murdered." Some ruffian probably wanted his watch or his small change, and took his life for the sake of them.

At a time like this it is wonderful that the paragraph below quoted from a contemporary is one of a sort still continuing constantly to appear in the newspapers:—

"SHOCKING MURDER IN STAFFORDSHIRE.—A shocking murder has been committed near Cheadle, in Staffordshire. A young man named THOS. SMITH, son of a farmer at Whiston Eaves, was found murdered in a wood on his father's farm near Whiston, in the parish of Kingsley. The deceased's skull had been fractured in several places, and there were large scalp wounds visible. One of the

wounds had been evidently produced by a gun-shot, and the others by heavy blows from some instrument, supposed to be the stock of a gun. The trigger of a gun was found underneath the deceased's body. A short distance away was found the ramrod of a gun. The hat also was found. It had been perforated with shot, and hair adhered to it. There is no doubt whatever that the deceased was murdered."

When a man has been killed in order that he might be robbed, then, of course, about the moral no less than the legal truth, that the deceased was murdered, there is no doubt whatever. When, however, the death of several thousands of men is caused by a King, who, at the instigation of a Minister, employed them in a compulsory attempt to aggrandise himself by the conquest of neighbouring states, the case is quite altered. What so entirely alters the case is the greater number of the slain, the greater magnitude of the plunder which they were sacrificed to win, and the pretence of a view to "consolidation," or some other public advantage for whose alleged sake they were driven to slaughter. These considerations, in the public opinion of Europe, make a distinction between homicide and homicide, wholesale and retail, proportionate to the difference between glory and infamy. Otherwise, respecting the men found dead on the plains of Bohemia, with their skulls fractured in several places, and their bodies covered with wounds, some evidently produced by needle-gun-shot, others by heavy blows from some such instrument as the butt-end of a rifle, others by bayonet-thrusts, the stroke of cannon-balls or fragments of shells, a judicious reporter might with reason remark: "There is no doubt whatever that the deceased were murdered." But for the purely disinterested motives which always actuate the sovereigns whose subjects are compelled by their most gracious Majesties to slay and be slain, carnage, like that of Sadowa, would be simply the conglomerate of murder. A mangled body, however, is a mangled body, no matter whose purpose it was mangled to suit; in respect of that simply a horrid object, neither more nor less. But ten thousand mangled bodies are just ten thousand times more horrid than one; and if people are justly stigmatised as sentimental for being horrified at the idea of the multitude of such objects on a field of battle, must not anybody be a very silly sentimentalist to be in the least degree affected by an account of a single one found in a wood?

RITUALISM.

ALTARATION should be one name for the Ritualistic movement. In full, it might be "Some Altaration in the Rite direction." Any Anglican Clergyman wishing to do the thing well, should apply to MISS HERBERT, at the St. James's Theatre (a Saint's theatre, too!), who has got a properly vested Altar, including the Two Candlesticks, which was used as a property in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and we have no doubt ample use will be found for it, in the latest act of the present Ecclesiastical Drama, which, by the way, might very appropriately adopt the above-mentioned Shakespearian title.

What are the "Two Legal Lights to stand on the Communion-table?" Probably, MR. COLERIDGE, Q.C., and DR. LUSHINGTON, are the two Legal Lights. But no Ritualist would allow them to stand on the Communion-table.

An old lady from the country writes to us to say that her Clergyman "has adopted new-fangled fashions. The other day she saw him carrying a Cossack to the church!"

The *Censer* is swung about by little boys. It has a pastille in it. (N.B. A correspondent is wrong in thinking that French prisoners used to be imprisoned in the Pastille.) It is used in *Le Prophète* at Covent Garden, and it is there called the *Censer of Plays*. MR. W. B. DONNE, the present excellent censor, has never yet been swung in church.

The *Precentaur* is a mounted Ecclesiastic who leads all processions.

A Ritualist is very particular about names and places. "Why," he asks, "should the *Vestry* be invariably at the *East* end? If so, call it an *Eastry*."

Some worthy churchgoing provincials have taken up the subject very warmly, and write to us to know if these are the names of the proper vestments for their rector, to whom they are going to be presented as a surprise. They are going to order these:—

"A Rheumatic, a Cubicle, an Operetta, a Stole, two Copse, a Municipal, and a handsome Jezebel."

We venture to suggest that there are one or two trifling errors in the above list, which may possibly puzzle the Ecclesiastical tailor. Suppose we read:—"A dalmatic, a tunicle, a beretta (peculiarly Roman) . . . two copes, a maniple (?), and a handsome chasuble." This will be about right, we think.

A beadle, in full costume, is the symbol of the Church Militant.

The Sheriff of London spells Ritualism "Writualism," and practises it.

Fixally. Why was ROBINSON CRUSOE a good Catholic?—Because he kept *Friday*.

"DERBY, DIZZY, & Co."

A CARD.

OR, "RATHER HARD LINES."

(See LORD DERBY'S *Speech*, Monday, July 9th.)

HERE'S a task to put temper and tact to their mettle,
In these heats of July to be worked off our legs,
While, betwixt men and places, the problem we settle
"Given more pegs than holes, to find holes for our pegs."

For Cabinet-making was always hard labour,
E'en with good stock-in-trade and one's tools well on edge,
But to take up the business, when dropped by a neighbour,
With one's stuff all unseasoned, one's tools all in pledge—

With the cramp in one's limbs, and one's hand out of practice,
One's old shopmates rusty, one's young 'uns untried—
We'd never have opened the shop, but the fact is,
There's a party behind us as won't be denied.

We've done all we could to enlarge our connections,
New Capital into the firm tried to bring;
But the party from over the way had objections,
And we're forced to fall back on the old style of thing.

So here goes for a venture: put up the old fixtures;
Set out the old show-glass; display the old bills;
If we've only old stock, we must try on new mixtures,
Let's hope, if old firms go, we'll get their good-wills.

HOW TRULY SWEET.

"THE Dunmow Flitch is offered to happy couples this year, CHARLES, love," said EMMA to her young husband.

"I don't care," said CHARLES, gravely: "I could not in honour compete for it. You have to swear that for a year and a day you have never wished yourselves unmarried."

"And you could not say *that*, CHARLES?" said EMMA, her large blue eyes preparing for a swim.

"Certainly not. I have often wished it."

"Oh, CHARLES!"

"Yes. Because then I could have married you again."

[The rest would not interest a cold-hearted public.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



INTRODUCED by that eminent theologian, LORD CLANRICARDE, the Transubstantiation Declaration Bill came on again on Monday, July 16. The PREMIER finds that such declaration is also part of the coronation oath, and some unknown horrors appear to him to lie behind the abolition. Who on earth, or elsewhere, has been putting such nonsense into the head of a man of the world who translates HORACE and likes horse-racing? We should have expected him to dismiss a Wafer question with a joke about sealing-

wax and envelopes. What can have daunted PRINCE RUPERT?

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE attacked the Conservative Irish Law appointments, and to the purpose. MR. BLACKBURN, aged 85, has been made Lord Chancellor instead of MR. BREWSTER, who ought to have had the place, but being a moderate man as well as a great lawyer, is hated by the bigots. MR. JOSEPH NAPIER, who is "stone deaf," is made head of the Court of Appeal. These are simple jobs, probably forced on the Ministry by its Irish supporters, but none the less—we had better say all the more—disgraceful on that account. MR. DISRAELI had to make an answer, but it was very helpless, and could be nothing else. He said, moreover, that he meant to adopt the intention of the late Government and lend public money on the Irish Railways. MR. MILL says that it is unphilosophical not to perceive that Ireland is unlike England, and ought to be dealt with in a different way, and certainly the Government seem inclined to violate the rules of common sense, of political economy, and of professional etiquette in the Irish arrangements. Idiomatic oaths, false charity, and imbecile justice are the small trifles by which the affections of the Irish are to be gained.

Then we had Ireland again, but this time MR. GLADSTONE and the late Cabinet were in the mess. The Catholics, who if they have learned nothing else of the Protestants, have successfully studied their bigotry, will not have their sons taught algebra and the Greek chorus by persons who do not believe in the Immaculate Conception, any more than ultra-Churchmen will allow their children to learn the rule of three from Unitarians, or hydraulics from Baptists. Well, if they won't, they won't, and until all grow wiser, the best way is to assist them in obtaining what they consider harmless teaching. But it seems that the late Government, pledged to the Irish Catholics to do something in respect to university matters, managed to do it, or rather to attempt it (for the business looks like a mull) in an underhand way, and in breach of a pledge that the House of Commons should have an opportunity of discussing the question. Whereupon, of course, we got up a Shine. MR. GLADSTONE'S defence could not be called satisfactory, and MR. LOWE hit out hard. MR. DISRAELI promised that the whole subject should receive the best attention of the Government, so that there is a good opening for another rising and intelligent young muddle.

Tuesday. Interrogated as to his intentions with regard to the Black-guardians of the Poor, MR. HARDY, we are sorry to say, intimated that he hoped to effect reforms without taking new powers, and without using compulsion. A certain credulity on MR. HARDY'S part may have recommended him to the dull men who ejected MR. GLADSTONE from Oxford; but we did not think that he would believe that a Black-guardian would eat humble pie until he had been made to eat stick.

MR. BERKELEY gave us a Ballot speech and motion, and as he brought in some charges affecting the election of the Solicitor-General, the House listened—we like personalities. But MR. BOVILL was more than a match for his assailants, introduced a Tory Housemaid scolding Radical tradesmen, and got the laugh, which is the Blue Ribbon of Chaff. The balloters were 110, the open-voters 197. MR. MOWBRAY, new Judge-Advocate-General, answered for Government, and spoke well. His name used to be Cornish, but he has none of that dialect.

MR. HUNT introduced a Bill for making colonial sovereigns legal tender here. We mention it, as MATERFAMILIAS sometimes writes to ask us whether the grocer and butcher "have a right" (as the lady grammatically puts it) to take Australian sovereigns, of which PATERFAMILIAS often gives her several. Any that those tradesmen will not take we shall be happy to divide among our young men, if she will kindly drop them into the editorial box at No. 85, Fleet Street.

Wednesday. MR. CLAY made an admirable speech on withdrawing his Bill for

the Educational Franchise. He remarked upon the gentlemanly practice, adopted by the paper representing MR. BRIGHT'S views, of publishing, day after day, the list of Liberal Members who contributed to the overthrow of the Reform Bill, and quietly said, that "knowing the influence under which that Journal was supposed to be conducted, he was not surprised at such unfair treatment." No. But MR. PUNCH would affectionately put it to MR. BRIGHT, who, when years shall have matured him, and taught him moderation and conciliation, may not improbably serve his country officially instead of scolding her offensively, whether it will not be inconvenient to recollect that he did not interdict a species of gibbeting which is scarcely a courteous method of waging political war. MR. BRIGHT should remember at least one-half of the worldly rule—treat your friends as if they may some day be your enemies, and your enemies as if they may some day be your friends.

MR. GLADSTONE moved the Second Reading of the Abolition of Church Rates Bill. MR. DISRAELI did not object, as no more was to be done with it this Session, but he objected to the principle of the measure. On this understanding we talked away until a quarter to six.

Thursday. The LORD CHANCELLOR brought in a Bill for amending the Law of Extradition with France. We have not given up a single rascal since 1843, owing to the cumbersome proofs required by our Magistrates. He explained that no sort of political criminal could be handed over under the measure, which was directed against murder, attempts to murder, and fraudulent bankruptcy. LORD CLARENDON approved the Bill, which has also been approved by SIR THOMAS HENRY, a Beak in whom PUNCH has the utmost confidence.

The late Home Secretary, SIR GEORGE GREY, and the present Home Secretary, MR. WALPOLE, concur in thinking that the Crown accords Hyde Park to the people for the purposes of public recreation, and that a Reform meeting, which one BEALES had invited, did not come within that definition. Therefore, SIR RICHARD MAYNE had announced that the meeting must not take place in the Park, but that Government had no idea of opposing political meetings where they could be held without public inconvenience or danger. Let us try to make it up to one BEALES by announcing that he also invites Reformers to send him sixpence apiece, but we hope that he will not brand all non-subscribers as Vile Caitiffs, because that would not be civil.

A Coal Commission has been appointed to inquire into the question whether the supply will last our time. With such men as DR. PERCY, PROFESSOR RAMSAY, SIR RODERICK MURCHISON, and MR. PRESTWICH upon the Commission, we think that it was very unnecessary for MR. WALPOLE to assure the House that the Commissioners were not going to bore.

LORD CRANBORNE, the new Indian Minister, produced his budget, and even the most spiteful of his critics is obliged to declare that his speech was lucid, and that he showed an appreciation of his subject. We hope that we know our duty to the public better than to enter into any details on such a topic as India—but we may mention that she is prosperous and progressive.

MR. MILL put a long string of questions to the Government on recent affairs in Jamaica. MR. DISRAELI replied that the questions themselves begged the questions at issue, and were untruthful, that the Commission had reported ably and impartially, that GOVERNOR EYRE'S case was concluded by his dismissal, that the Admiralty approved of the conduct of our Admiral, and that the Horse-Guards had not yet decided on its course. He could promise nothing more. We may add, as part of the history of the case, that a certain association wished the widow of GORDON to prosecute MR. EYRE, that she declined, alleging that she had forgiven what had been done, but being remonstrated with, on the ground that her refusal tended to embarrass the agitators, she placed herself in the hands of those persons. MR. BUXTON withdraws from the business. MR. PUNCH, as the friend of the British Navy, learns with pleasure, not with surprise, that the charges against certain English sailors, accused of ill-treating a woman in Jamaica, have proved to be lying accusations against JACK, over whose fame the cherub PUNCH watches with jealousy. The lady appears to have had a strong admiration for the service, and to have manifested it with Occidental non-reserve.

MR. GLADSTONE fired off the last joint in the tail of the Great Reform Cracker. He moved that the order of the

day respecting the Bills should be withdrawn. He had waited to see what Government would do, but did not blame them for doing nothing at present. He would support any good and effectual Reform Bill, hereafter, but would oppose any measure that should be re-actionary or illusory.

Friday. LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE made a melancholy speech upon European affairs, and introduced an elegant Latin quotation, which clearly proved that because the fall of Priam had been attended by sad circumstances, it was the duty of England to do something in favour of falling Austria. LORD DERBY was unconvinced, as was LORD RUSSELL.

LORD SHAFTESBURY expressed his joy that the Hyde Park meeting had been prohibited. He had held many meetings, and hoped to hold more, but always at proper times and places.

In the Commons we talked of guns, Irish railways, and the Navy, and then we had an interesting debate on Foreign Affairs. Non-interference was pressed upon and promised by LORD STANLEY. SIR G. BOWYER, as a Catholic, was so severe upon France and Italy, that MR. GLADSTONE likened his utterances to those of the MARQUIS DE BOISSY, husband of

"The beautiful COUNTESS OF GUICCIOLI,
Who admired LORD BYRON habitually."

MR. GLADSTONE reminded Government that England had the strongest sympathy for Italy. The general tone of the debate showed that whatever may have been the origin of the great war, or the motives of its promoters, England looks with satisfaction to the establishment of a grand, strong, free Protestant Germany, both for its own sake and as a Buffer.



A CAUTION.

THE YOUNG LADY FANCIES THAT THE STYLE OF HER HAIR IS
CREATING A SENSATION—PERHAPS IT IS!

Horse on the Table.

THE hippophagists carry their fondness for horseflesh to an extreme. Accordingly perhaps they will soon have their horse served up with horse-beans, not to mention horse-radish, which of course it must require even more than beef. The dessert which follows the favourite repast of the horse-eaters will certainly not be complete without horse-chesnuts.

POLLO(c)K's "COURSE OF TIME."—The late Chief Baron's Life, and long may it last!

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Happy Thought.—Early to bed, and up with the lark. Charming old Elizabethan House with odd passages and old oak. Conversation turns upon ghosts. No one believes in ghosts. Are there any here? Country friend tells us about a haunted house in the neighbourhood. He'll show it us. [N.B. It's very stupid to talk about these sort of things because it frightens the ladies.]

11.30. Bed-time; windows open; no moon. The idea of believing in ghosts. If one *did*, this is just the sort of place where they might come; I like lots of light at night. There's something on the wall; a shadow. I don't know what fear is, but my nerves are a little unstrung by the heat; or, perhaps, as it has been ninety in the shade, my imagination is heated. No: *it's a bat!*

Let me see, a bat is a nasty thing to tackle. If I shut the windows he can't get out; if I leave 'em open other bats may come in. There *is* another—no, a moth. Hate moths; I can't sleep with a bat in the room. I've heard they suck the breath of infants (or cats do that?).

Happy Thought.—Called in my country friend. I said, "Such fun! here's a bat." As if I enjoyed it.

Another Happy Thought.—I stand just outside the door to look in and direct him while he's catching the bat. Country friend says "he's a curious specimen: very rare: I hope so, sincerely. Shut the windows: bed.*** Queer noises: scrambling and thumping. Not bats again: it must be in the room. Mice? hate mice. *It can't be rats?**** There's no doubt about it, rats: detest rats. Suppose one should jump on my bed! Country friend, whom I ask next day, says, "Oh, didn't I know? 'It'" (the old Elizabethan House), "is almost eaten up with rats." He gives me the following facts:—

Swarms of rats are in the wainscots.

They can't come out.

They do come out in the scullery.

On the top of the cellar-steps they've been seen as large as rabbits. (N.B. Avoid top of cellar-stairs.)

They come in the winter into a house, stop for the spring and early summer, and go out again at harvest time. (N.B. Wish it was harvest time.)

Their bite is poisonous.

A few rats will kill a man.

Happy Thought.—Fresh eggs for breakfast, early in the morning. Charming! Sleep interfered with by bats, rats, and moths, but a regular country breakfast is the thing to set one up. Fresh eggs!*** Very sorry, no eggs: footman says that under-gardener tells him the rats have sucked all the eggs and killed ten chickens.

Happy Thought.—Send for Ratecatcher at once. Everyone says, "What fun! and have a rat hunt!" Country friend says, "take care they don't get up your trousers."

Happy Thought.—I shall enjoy the sport if I see it from a window.

Happy Thought, on the lawn, looking at the Gold-fish.—How horribly hot it must be in London. Go and lounge over the peaceful farm. I never knew that pigs got savage and ran at one. Country friend says, "You ought never to bolt from a cow, or she's sure to run after you." I explain that I had no intention of bolting until she did run after me. Farm labourer says, "he had two minds about telling us the beast was vicious when he saw us gentlemen going in." What idiots farm-labourers are: very hot running. Country friend gives me this fact about geese,

Geese will bite your shins dreadfully if they get hold of you.

It seems to me that the Peaceful Farm is full of savage animals. We go to the Hen-house: the fowls, at all events, won't hurt me. Country friend says, "He's not so sure of that," and gives me this fact.

Game Cocks can't be depended on.

They'll fly at you, and peck your eyes as soon as look at you.

The Ratecatcher has come. I shall see the Rattling from a window. * * * Ratecatcher has lost his ferret; he thinks it *must* have run into the house.

Happy Thought.—Have my bed-room door shut *at once*.

A Prussian Water Party.

THE *Junker Partei* has not made much noise in Prussia lately. If junk is the object of the *Junker Partei*, perhaps they are quietly expecting the development of a German Fleet, which must necessarily create a demand and consequent supply of junk affording them as much of it as land-lubbers are likely to relish.

SHAKESPEARE UPON RIFLE-SHOOTING.

"WHAT'S in an aim? The power of winning the QUEEN'S Cup. "Once more unto the breach, dear friends!" And be sure you bring your breech-loaders.

PROPOSED MOTTO FOR PRUSSIA.—"*Rem acu tetigisti.*"



WIMBLEDON, 1866.

BOULTER'S AUNT AND COUSINS, AFTER HE'D SHOWN THEM OVER THE CAMP, EXPRESSED A WISH TO SEE HIS TENT THAT HE OCCUPIED WITH JACK SMALLBORE. THE DAY WAS HOT; AND JACK, WHO SHOOTS FOR EVERYTHING, WAS TAKING A COMFORTABLE BATH AND CIGAR IN THE DINNER-HOUR. *TABLEAU!!*

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

From our Own Correspondent, Special and Military, with whom, it may be remembered, we interchanged letters previous to his departure.

THE War is not yet over. The enemy has been repulsed with considerable loss. At present I am rather uncertain as to which is the enemy; they're both very unkind to me. The soldiers of both armies have behaved most rudely to me; they wouldn't tell me what they were doing. This is wrong, and I told them that I hoped, in their next war, they'd pay a little more respect to literature and the fine arts; both of which I have the pleasure to represent. I said this in my own language, which the poor creatures don't understand. I send you a graphic sketch of the decisive Battle of —*

I will give you a rough notion (I regret that it must be *rough*) of the bearish manners of the soldiery. I shan't mention to which army they belong, as it would scarcely be polite; and news does travel so quickly, that the publication might subject me to much further annoyance. It's no good my writing it in German, as you wouldn't follow it. A few soldiers were doing something to a cannon. I went up to them pretending to play on my umbrella like a fife. Anything to amuse them.

"Ha, ha! my men!" said I, cheerfully, "Right about face! March!"

They growled out something in their own language—(by the way, you told me English was spoken everywhere: *it isn't*)—and I continued, civilly, "Are you limbering up?" As you're not a military man I must explain to you, that "limbering up" is a technical phrase: it means,—but you won't understand it, even if I tell you.

The soldiery did not attend to me. I repeated my question; whereupon they threatened me with a sort of a red-hot poker (as if it was a pantomime) unless I went away. So I went away.

I have been unable to find my way to the Quadrilateral. It seems

* Name omitted, and sketch not arrived.—Ed.

as well known as was the Quadrant in Regent Street, but somehow, I suppose, I've taken the wrong turning.

16th July.

To-day I applied for a pass to see GENERAL BENEDEK's tent. It strikes me I might do a little business between him and MADAME TUSSAUD's Wax-works. Unfortunately I find I'm in the wrong army. I have been taken up for cheering GENERAL BENEDEK by mistake. I write this under the Prussian blue eye of a ferocious sentinel.

17th July.

I am not very well. The sentinel is teaching me German. I have offered him a ticket for the Zoological Gardens on any Sunday, if he'll let me escape. He has refused. I am now looking forward to being imprisoned for twenty years in a gloomy fortress, and coming out like MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER in the *Dead Heart*. I believe I should make a fortune.

18th July.

The army has gone away. I shall now join the Italians; if I can find them. I shall hear the firing, and *then* I shall know which direction to take.

Oh, a soldier's life so bold and free!
Oh, a soldier's life is the life for me!
Oh, a soldier's life is the —

The out-post is just leaving: continue my war-song another time.

Yours,
THROCMORTON S.

P.S. Somebody told me that they wouldn't take English money abroad. Confound 'em! they've taken all mine. Send me an order for five shillings at a time on the Crown Prince.

AS IT SHOULD BE.

WHAT a satisfaction it must be to the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH that the EMPEROR has given up the idea of paying a visit to Nancy!

A CARD.



LOUIS NAPOLEON begs to inform the Emperors and Kings of Europe, and the Public generally, that his business of Commission Agency is carried on as heretofore at the Palace of the Tuileries, where he may be consulted daily, or, if pressing need be, Nightly, and where all confidential letters must be sent. Having a few of the Ideas which belonged to his late uncle, L. N. may be with safety consulted on state subjects, and feels himself quite competent to give the best advice. In all matters of dispute his judgment is proverbial; and, being thoroughly a master of diplomatic language, he is able for his clients to prove that white is black.

Besides giving his advice to Kings and Emperors in need of it, LOUIS NAPOLEON is prepared to act for them as Umpire at the very shortest notice, and may be relied upon for giving a decision quite unbiassed by any party interested, except, of course, himself. In arbitration cases, and quarrels between friends, L. N. may be called in without pecuniary fee, provided there be some little advantage to be gained by him. His knowledge of geography is thoroughly profound, and enables him to render an inestimable service to any one desirous of correcting an old map. Having had great experience in the art of land-surveying, he is ready to advise as to the altering of boundaries and removal of all landmarks which may be thought a little obsolete and somewhat out of date. L. N. may, in like manner, be privately consulted as to the best means of upsetting an old treaty; and his advice may be had gratis as to changing or removing any ancient bounds of territory, so as to increase his own.

Countries bought and sold, or valued and allotted, as the Umpire may direct. New maps exchanged for old ones. State treaties neatly broken, and the pieces picked up with the utmost care. A few new Emperors, like MAXIMILIAN, always kept on hand, and ready to be exported at half-a-moment's notice to any nation wanting them. Cracked crowns exchanged, or strengthened and repaired. State secrets kept most carefully. Clever negotiators, such as PRINCE NAPOLEON, prepared to start upon important diplomatic missions, and furnished from Head-quarters with the brains they may require. A private telegraph upon the premises to all the capitals in Europe, and an efficient staff of clerks who sit up day and night.

Address, LOUIS NAPOLEON, European Umpire and Commission Agent, Paris.

N.B. No Connection with the opposition firm of NEEDLE-GUN AND BISMARCK.

THE EQUESTRIAN SNOB.

At Marlborough Street Police Court, on Wednesday last week, there occurred a very shocking thing. A gentleman with a handle of Honourable to his name was actually convicted of being drunk, and furiously riding a horse in Rotten Row, Hyde Park, to the common danger of the public, besides resisting the police in the execution of their duty when they took him up. He was positively fined £7 altogether by MR. KNOX. This is a painful fact for all devout worshippers of Aristocracy, who have hitherto cherished the belief, now rudely dispelled, that the furious rider of Rotten Row, a typical personage, was essentially and necessarily a common Snob.

Rose in the House of Lords.

SURE, if "by any other name" a ROSE as sweet would smell,
A ROSE "by any other name" should also fight as well.
And if he do, still may we sing "Old ROSE" for many a year,
Wondering how he comes "Lord," for whom 'tis hard to find a peer;
"No ROSE without a thorn," 'tis said, but in the Lords may you
Still find a seat without a thorn, my trusty tough, SIR HUGH.

THE NAASAL ORGAN.—The Dublin Government Paper.

POPULARITY OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.

MR. PUNCH,

It cannot, surely, be true that any difficulty is experienced by the Admiralty in manning the Royal Navy. I lately met with a statement, somewhere, to the effect that, for several years past, the annual enlistments in Her Majesty's sea-service had fallen short of the requisite standard by some 200. Pooh, Sir! how is it possible to believe such an assertion as that, when you read in the papers such a paragraph as this?—

"BREACH OF THE FOREIGN ENLISTMENT ACT.—Considerable excitement was created at Portland on Wednesday in consequence of the capture by HER MAJESTY'S ship *Caledonia* of the Chilian steamer *Greatham Hall*, having on board nearly 300 men who had been secretly enlisted for the purpose of manning a war vessel for the Chilian Government."

Hence it evidently appears that there is a glut of unemployed able-bodied seamen. The Queen's ships, so far from wanting hands, are all full. There never occurs a vacancy on board any one of them, even for a cabin-boy, but it is instantly filled. The fact is that the sailors are all so highly paid, so well accommodated, and so generously and kindly treated, that there is an eager competition among sea-faring men for employment in Her Majesty's service. A berth amongst the crew of a British man-of-war is the prize of a fortunate few comparatively. The rest are glad to take what service they can. They must live, and, rather than starve, they are fain to hire themselves out to fight the battles of foreigners. Necessity alone it is that drives them to this. Perish the thought that the mere temptation of higher wages than the pay they could obtain from their own munificent country could induce them to accept the office of assisting in the slaughter of fellow-men not being enemies of their fellow-countrymen! For, of course, villains capable of killing men for hire, are only restrained from killing them for plunder by the penalty attached to killing with intent to rob. Is not the motive by which a mercenary soldier or sailor is actuated when he shoots, or stabs, or cuts his antagonist down, precisely the same as that which prompts a garotter to throttle his victim? Anybody willing to enlist in a foreign army or navy for what he can get, would be just as ready to knock you on the head, *Mr. Punch*, and rifle your pockets, Sir, if he had not before his eyes chiefly the fear of the gallows, and next the dread of infamy incurred by illegal robbery and murder.

The Foreign Enlistment Act punishes the agents by whom British subjects are enlisted on behalf of foreigners, but it imposes no adequate penalties on the men who enlist. If, *Mr. Punch*, the British navy were really under-manned, and if the treatment of the British sailor were not in every respect quite what it ought to be, a suitable punishment to inflict upon those rascals, with a view merely to punish them, would be that to which smugglers used formerly to be sentenced—service for a term of years on board a man-of-war. But even though the British naval service were still somewhat of the nature of penal servitude, it would be too bad to insult the honest sailor, whose vocation is the defence of his native land, by forcing upon him the society of such messmates as a set of venal ruffians unfit to inhabit any sort of ship but a hulk. It would be literally hire and salary, not punishment, to thrust fellows of that sort into a navy wherein they would be so much better off than they could in any other as they would in that of England. The supposition that any English seaman ever enters the service of a foreign country unless from inability to get employment in his own, is too ridiculous almost to be mentioned by anybody who knows what it is to be abaft the binnacle, not to say one who can call himself

AN OLD SALT.

P.S. There is said to be a want of candidates for medical appointments in the navy. Fudge, *Mr. Punch*! If all the competitors for them obtained commissions, there would soon be almost as many naval surgeons as sailors.

JUSTITIA MORITURA.

Suggested by the Irish Legal Appointments.

HIBERNIAN Justice long had ailed,
And half believed that she was going,
Yet hoped, for hitherto she'd failed
To see some Warnings that were owing.
"Nay then," said England, always kind,
"These are unjustifiable yearnings,
"If you are Lame, and Deaf, and Blind,
"You've had your three sufficient Warnings."
So Irish Justice, turning pale,
Was soon as dead as

MRS. THRALE.

THE ONLY DEFENCE FOR THE CAT.—The British Soldier does not know when he is beaten.



JUSTICE—FOR IRELAND.



RIVAL ARBITERS.

“THE OTHER LION THOUGHT THE FIRST A BORE.”

A PLEA FOR THE UNPROTECTED MALE.

To Mr. Punch.



EAR MR. PUNCH,—I am a mild man, of what my friends are pleased to call a prepossessing appearance, and of what, I feel myself to be, amiable and if anything, engaging manners. It has hitherto been my innocent impression that, whatever attraction there may be in my appearance, and whatever amiability in my manners, should be used for the good of my fellow-creatures in relieving the tedium of a short railway journey which I am compelled to take twice a day, to and from my residence in the suburbs to my place of business in London. Till now, when I have seen a carriage tenanted by a lady,

I have sought that carriage in preference, having a natural, and, I hope, justifiable liking for the society and conversation of what I have always been taught to consider as the gentler and weaker sex. I do not blush to say that the prettier the lady was, the more gratefully I have availed myself of her society, and the more I have striven—within the limits of perfect propriety—to make myself agreeable. Without fatuousness, I believe I may say that I have generally succeeded in leaving a pleasing impression on my fair *compagnon de voyage*. I am quite sure that, as far as I am concerned, a pretty face, a tasteful toilette, a delicately-gloved hand judiciously displayed, and a neat pair of ankles modestly managed, with occasional snatches of remark such as grow readily out of the weather, the journey, my little movements of courtesy, and so forth, have in a number of cases made what would have been a half-hour of dulness over the morning paper, quite refreshing little episodes in my day. I have sometimes even *enjoyed* my railway journeys—thanks to such accompaniments! and, though not a forward man, have congratulated myself secretly on the modest ease and engaging *aplomb* of manner which enabled me to turn these opportunities to account, for what, I believe I may safely call, mutual pleasure and innocent enjoyment of the hour.

I little thought, while thus employed, that I have all this time been sporting on the edge of a volcano, big with the elements of one of the most serious, not to say disagreeable, criminal charges known to the law. From recent cases, it seems that I might in any of these cases have been charged for an indecent assault, and that on such a charge—provided only my journey had been *en tête-à-tête*—all my little attentions all my well-bred agreeableness and graceful gallantry, all my prepossessing points of appearance, might have been invoked against me as evidence of the most confirmed ruffianism, the most abominable viciousness, and the most outrageous acts. I do not see how a man is to defend himself against such a charge, if only the Circe or Dalilah who brings it watches her opportunity, chooses her ground well, and takes even the most shallow and obvious precautions against conviction. Of course, if she won't even so much as scatter her bouquet, crumple her dress, or ruffle her bonnet-strings, before charging her male companion with an act of brutal violence, there is still some chance for one. But these little arrangements of the *mise-en-scène* will soon be understood, and then what is to stand between men like myself, who may be weak enough to feel a taste for ladies' society, and brave enough to indulge the taste *deux-à-deux* in a railway carriage, and the criminal dock?

I pause for a reply, with my hair on end, and my cheeks in a glow of anticipative terror.

For some time after MÜLLER's murder of MR. BRIGGS, elderly gentlemen of a soporific turn, and in the habit of carrying carpet-bags that looked like money, used to avoid entrusting themselves to a railway carriage with a single companion.

If the Railway Companies allowed themselves to be bullied into providing bull's-eyes between compartments, and means of signalling between passengers and guards, in consequence of MÜLLER's crime, how can they resist the demand for some provision to secure innocent single gentlemen, especially persons like myself of old-fashioned gallantry and prepossessing manners, against such charges as that lately brought by MRS. or MISS ALLEN against MR. MURPHY, to name only one case out of several?

The difficulty is to suggest any possible protection or precaution, as the charge is founded in nothing, what is there to guard against? The only course I can suggest—as it would be impossible, I suppose to have a guard in every carriage—would be that either the

single ladies, or single gentlemen shall be committed to cellular compartments, such as those in the prison-vans.

As the charge always emanates from the ladies, I think they ought to be the parties condemned to solitary confinement in transition. Failing this, all railway journeys, in future, will have to be made—as excursions to and from Vauxhall and Marylebone Gardens used to be made in the days of JERRY ABERSHAW, in parties, for the sake of mutual protection, not from foot-pads, but from female extortioners, who call the police, and commit us to prison on a criminal charge, instead of being committed thither themselves.

I hope, dear Mr. Punch, you will insert this complaint, and give the matter your best consideration. If you do, of course you will get something done, and so relieve from the constant danger the thousands who might sign themselves with me,

Yours, in grievous apprehension,

AN UNPROTECTED MALE.

MORE AMENDS FOR FLODDEN.

CERTAINLY we are wopped, and why shouldn't we say so? The Thistle has done it this time. ANGUS CAMERON, a young Invernessshire man, has carried off, splendidly, the Queen's Prize, at Wimbledon, and the Scottish Eight have borne away the International Shield. Mr. Punch, who represents the United Kingdom, has, of course, no jealousies, but heartily applauds the victory, and congratulates the victors. Furthermore, he begs to state that Ireland in a slight and England in an enormous degree ought to be ashamed of themselves respectively. We must trouble them with a few figures. By the last Census the population of Scotland was 3,061,251. That of Ireland was 5,764,543. That of England and Wales was 20,060,925. Now then, taking the due proportion of men capable of making bulls'-eyes, what does the balance of Twenty Millions say to being licked by the balance of Three Millions? Mr. Punch thinks that the less said the better.

"Yet mourn not, Land of Fame,
Though ne'er the leopards on thy shield
Retreated from so sad a field
Since Norman WILLIAM came,
We'll try again in Sixty-Seven,
And perhaps from Durham, perhaps from Devon,
Some bullet, speeding like the leven,
May take away thy shame."
WALTER SCOTT (*improved*).

A GRACIOUS PERMIT.

INASMUCH as we, Punch, consider that our friend, JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, has, in a meritorious manner, and with all such means as the times can afford, worked in the interest of the refined Drama, bringing forth the best pieces he could get, and casting them with the best strength of his company:

And inasmuch as it is represented to us by advertisements that the said JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE takes his benefit and closes his theatre in the Haymarket on Wednesday, the first of August next, when he will address the public:

We hereby give permission to all persons who can procure admission on that evening, to visit the said theatre, and in our name to signify to the said JOHN BALDWIN BUXTON, by plaudit, our approbation of his past proceedings.

Finally, we hereby authorise and desire the said JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE to come on to our Palace after the delivery of his speech, bringing a legibly written copy of the same, upon which he shall receive our candid opinion, with other confections.

PUNCH.

Witness, JUDY (*but though I like him much, he is not to keep you up till all hours of the night; mind that.*) }

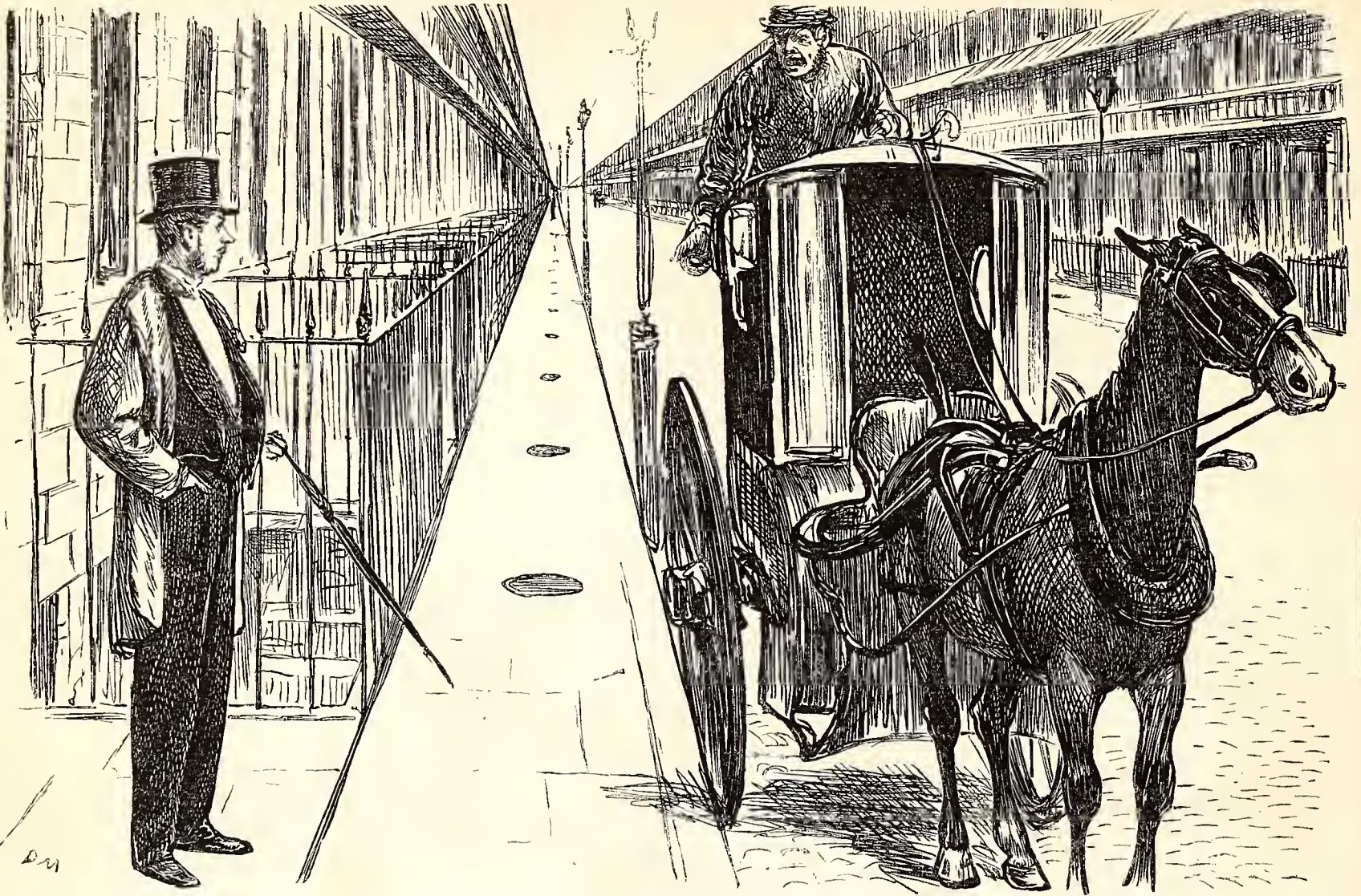
Erratum.

It seems we were too hopeful last week, when in speaking of the "Derby Workshops" we said "The jobbing business, formerly carried on by this party, will be discontinued."

A Bench has been upset, and some discreditable work the consequence. Justice is blind, as all know, but it appears that Justice for Ireland is also deaf. A bad beginning, my Lords, and Gentlemen. A storm may be brewing; at all events the Brewster is ready to do his work.

Anglican Ape-Show.

It would be worth the while of any enterprising showman to procure a number of monkeys, and, having dressed them out in the copes, stoles, chasubles, and other ecclesiastical old clothes affected by the ritualists, take them about as an exhibition in the various districts infested by parsons who ape Roman Catholic priests.



SEVERE.

SCENE—A Landscape in Belgravia.

TIME—The Fashionable Dinner-Hour.

Discontented Cabby (to his Fare). "I SEE WHAT YER UP TO! YER GOIN' TO GET YER DINNER FOR NOTH'N, AND YER WANTS TO BE DROVE AS CHEAP AS YER DINNER!"

A SHAME TO ST. PANCRAS.

THOSE who ascribe any utility to the Invocation of Saints will perhaps be disposed to invoke a Saint, who presides over an important parish in the North-west of London, to attend to the following extract from the *Post*, which concerns his good name:—

"Yesterday at the meeting of the Board of Guardians of St. Pancras—MR. CHURCHWARDEN ROBSON in the Chair—the House Committee presented a report stating that the master had called their attention to the desirability of relieving the sick wards of the workhouse by placing the convalescent male patients in the middle ward of the new building."

St. Pancras, when his attention is directed to the foregoing statement, will see that the workhouse of his parish wants not only a chapel for its chaplain's purpose, but also a chapel of ease for its sick wards. Reading on he will learn that:—

"The committee having consulted with the medical officer of the workhouse upon the subject, he stated that to carry out this arrangement it would require the services of a paid nurse to take charge of the patients, and the committee recommended that the ward be appropriated as proposed by the master, and that a paid nurse be engaged at the usual wages of 6s. per week (rising to 7s. after six months' satisfactory service), with food, lodging, washing, and uniform."

The benediction of St. Pancras will of course be conferred on the master, the committee, and the surgeon of the parish bearing his name, to which they, indeed, have done credit by their consideration for the sick poor. But what will he think of the Board of Guardians when he sees that—

"MR. JENKINS objected to the appointment of an extra paid nurse, and therefore moved that the consideration of the subject be postponed for three months. After some discussion, the motion for the postponement of the subject for three months was then adopted by 6 to 5, the small attendance of the guardians (who are 40 in number) being accounted for by the absence of many at the quarterly dinner of the Burial Board."

At a meeting of Guardians of the St. Pancras poor—so to be called with any truth only in a rhetorical sense, as not guarding them—out

of forty who ought to have met, twenty-nine are conspicuous by their absence, or would be conspicuous if they were not an obscure sort of Bumbles. These nine-and-twenty parochial humbugs, instead of minding their business, are engaged in stuffing their most ungodly digestive organs with funeral baked meats at the quarterly dinner of the paupers' Burial Board. St. Pancras will probably account them so many ghouls.

St. Pancras strengthen the EARL OF DERBY in his determination to effect a Workhouse Reform! That, at any rate, is a reform to partake of whose benefit the flesh-and-blood qualification is a sufficient title. In the meantime, by the help of St. Pancras, MR. GATHORNE HARDY, let us hope, will so far improve the administration of the Poor Law as to avert from flesh-and-blood such ills as neglected ulcers and bed-sores, and the verminous abomination, and the cruelty, which it now suffers from the parsimony of such Guardians who, by their barbarous procrastination, have defied the resentment of St. Pancras, and deserve any chastisement that he is able to inflict upon them. They will perhaps find out their mistake one of these days, when, in sickness and sorrow, they, in their turn, have the measures needful for the relief of their misery adjourned to that day three months, or *sine die*.

Humiliating Meditation.

BY A DYSPEPTIC POET.

ON any morning, if, when up and dressed,
We're bilious, then our souls are sore depressed:
But if no dizziness, or ache, annoy us,
Nor indigestion, then our souls are joyous:
This thought the proudest is enough to flummox,
The puzzling sympathy 'twixt souls and stomachs.

ANSWER TO MARY ANNE.—The needle-gun is not threaded with gun-cotton.

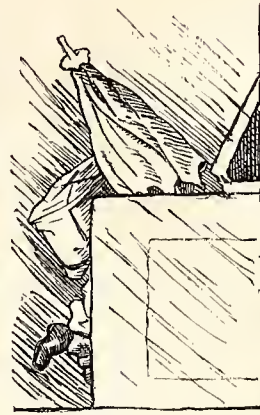
A PERILOUS JOURNEY BY WATER.



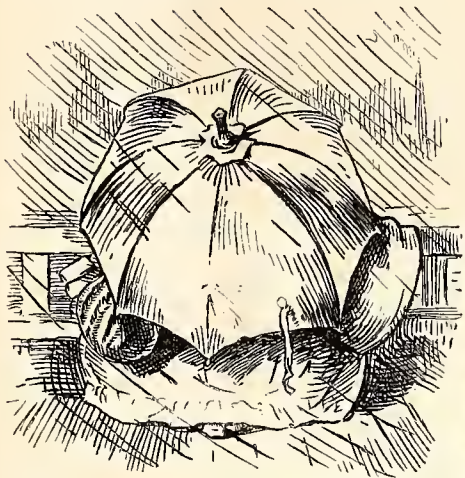
WHY DOES MRS. TROTT GO FROM LONDON BRIDGE (SURREY SIDE) TO CHELSEA BY STEAMBOAT?



IF SHE GETS SAFELY ON BOARD,



FEARS FOR HER HANDBOX MAY DRIVE HER INTO THE CABIN;



BUT THE DECK WILL BE PREFERABLE TO THAT.



AS FOR CHANGING FROM ONE BOAT TO ANOTHER, THERE IS NO END,



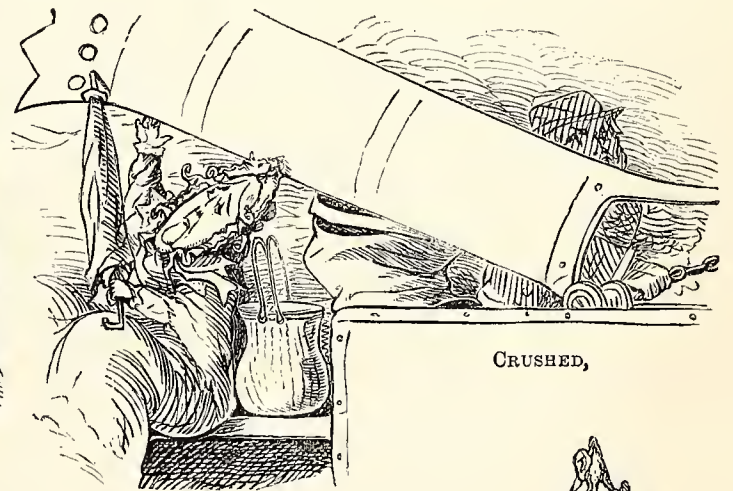
AND IF IT IS THE OUTSIDE BOAT SHE TRIES FOR,



WHAT MAY NOT BE HER FATE?



THEN, TO BE SQUEEZED,



CRUSHED,



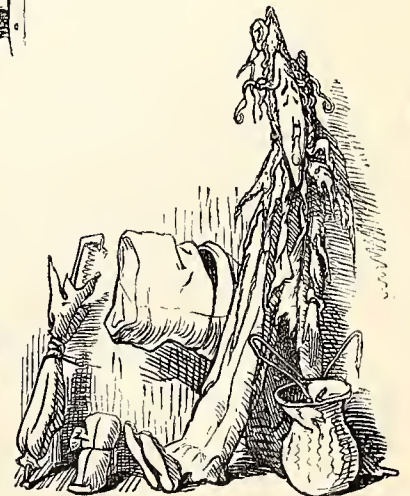
ROBBED, AND



PUSHED



INTO THE WRONG BOAT, AFTER ALL! WHY,



SHE WILL FIND HERSELF VERY MUCH ALTERED BEFORE SHE ARRIVES AT KEW. AND HOW SHE WILL EVER GET BACK, GOODNESS KNOWS!

A HORRIBLE TALE.

MR. PUNCH,

CAN it be true? It is too dreadful! I have read it over three times—once in a railway tunnel, once at midnight, and, last of all, in a dentist's waiting-room. In a periodical, hitherto considered highly respectable—I will not sully your pages with its title—a firm of auctioneers up to the present moment deemed to be unexceptionable in all the relations of life—I spare them, for the sake of their families, the exposure of their names in *Punch*—advertise conspicuously that they will

“Sell by Auction 320 Texan Rifle Hunters”!

Have we not paid millions to abolish Slavery and the Slave Trade? What then can be the meaning of this importation of “our own flesh and blood” into these happy isles from the far West, not to be enfranchised by the seventeenth new Reform Bill, but to be “viewed,” and publicly sold in public auction-rooms, in one of the most public thoroughfares of this great metropolis? I only ask one more question. Were any of these poor, unhappy Rifle Hunters purchased out of the funds of the National Rifle Association by the Council, and dragged to the butts at Wimbledon? O LORD ELCHO, quiet the beating of this philanthropic heart by returning a sonorous negative!

But there is worse to come. The next item in this nefarious traffic stands thus:—

“350 Pages in Waiting”!!!

Is our beloved Monarch aware how the necessities of her Court are supplied? Or are these the poor fellows who have lately lost their comfortable situations along with Postmasters, Grooms, and Stewards, Buckhounds, and Gentlemen Pensioners? Will no respectable families, where a page is kept, come forward and engage these friendless boys by private negotiation (if not already too late), and so save them from the ignominy of being “viewed,” and the infamy of being knocked down to the highest bidder? Where is Exeter Hall? What are the Missionary Societies doing? O LORD SHAFTESBURY, allay the throbbing of my lacerated heart by pledging yourself to undertake the protection of these desolate children!

Take some stimulant, dear *Mr. Punch*, before you read my third extract:—

“644 Eccentric Personages”!!!

Think of it. From six to seven hundred more flighty creatures let loose on evening society, already inconveniently crowded with too many of the same breed, each with his own choice delusion—that he is the lucky possessor of a patent invention certain to make your fortune, if you will only advance a few hundreds to enable him to work out his plans; or that he has sent such a capital joke to *Punch*, which is sure to be in next Wednesday; or is going to propose to a girl with five hundred pounds a year of her own, who is dying to have him, &c., &c. Can nothing be done to prevent such an alarming immigration of well-dressed lunatics? Is it too late to pass a short Act through Parliament, or issue an order in Council?

How is your nervous system? Have you any affection of the heart which a sudden shock might render fatal? Then don't read what follows:—

“500 Undiscovered Crimes”!!!!

I have been prostrate on a spring couch, with iced beverages within easy reach, ever since my eyes fell on this awful announcement; and I have now only strength left to adjure you, SIR RICHARD MAYNE, to put these cases in the hands of your most experienced officers; and to exhort you, O startling novelists, who

Tell us all, in monthly numbers,
Life is but a ghastly dream,
Such as those we have in slumbers,
When the night-mare makes us scream,

to take swift carriages, and hasten to the auction-rooms (you shall have the direction, if you will forward a stamped envelope to the address at the foot of this letter), and bid up to any amount for these indispensable accessories to your next thrilling plots.

Your horror-stricken Correspondent,

177A, *Indecorum Street, W.C.* GASPARD SHUDDERLEIGH.

P.S. I ought to have told you that all these iniquities were

“By order of the High Court of Chancery”!!!!

PP.S. A ray of hope breaks in, magnesium-like, on my soul. They may have been—books.

Similia Similibus.

HOMŒOPATHY was tried for the cure of the Cattle Plague, and proved unsuccessful. It has been suggested, and the suggestion sounds well, that an infinitesimal scraping of cheese-rind, would probably be found as effectual a homœopathic remedy as any other for the rinderpest.

ETON COLLEGE v. HARROW SCHOOL.

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, JULY 13 AND 14, AT LORD'S.

OF all joys in preparation, for the “midsummer vacation,”
What pleasure has a thrill which can compare
To that we feel in greeting, friend and foe at that great meeting*
At LORD'S each year, when *all* the world is there.
Now, if I were some old swell, Sir, in what language would I tell, Sir,
Of the spectacle which always meets your eye!
But if you'll not be hard, Sir, on a shy incipient bard, Sir,
To portray that glorious scene he now will try.
Five hundred proud steeds prancing, sunbeams on their sleek coats
glancing,
Their riders *the crème* of the “upper ten.”
Of whom thousands more are walking, nor of aught are they all talking
But the prowess of their rival “fancy men.”
Crowds of England's fairest daughters, are compressed into close quarters,
Some in carriages and some in the “Grand Stand.”
They are all attired in blue, Sir—some light *some* in darker hue, Sir.
And a *krect card* is in ev'ry little hand.
And, regardless of complexion, in the interest and affection,
Which they feel for sons or brothers in each “team.”
These tender loving creatures expose *all* day lovely features,
To the fiercest summer sun's relentless gleam.
Myriads of small boys are shouting, in accents sure, or doubting.
Well played! well bowled! well caught! *well left alone!*
Or invite displays of *science*, by hurling back defiance,
When other men are praised before their own.
Luuch time comes and corks are flying, men the fair one's wants sup-
plying,
Proffer bumpers of champagne or of Moselle;
Or satisfy the little hand which is, extended for some sandwiches—
Extended! but no! tales we will not tell.
All the while heroes contending, in the struggle never ending,
Do honour to the College or the School.
Though defeated, never yielding—very weary, gamely fielding,
Hitting freely—battling “maidens,” *selon* rule.
Though of late the strife's one-sided, let not Eton be derided,
She is ready to fight pluckily up-hill,
LUBBOCK, THORNTON, ALEXANDER, and all the gallant band—her
Representatives have worked, and with a will.
Harrow's cup was never fuller, than when gallant F. C. BULLER
(By MAITLAND nobly aided) led her on.
And—his name will rhyme with brimstone—you perceive that I mean
GRIMSTON,
Then as great “F. C.'s” contemporary shone.
To conclude, if I must own a leaning “*floreat Etōna,*”
Is the burden of my war-cry for this week.
Now I merely add this prayer, a very short concise affair, a
Sentiment which for itself will surely speak
As of old her fame was written by A. LUBBOCK and a TRITTON,
In characters which time will ue'er efface.
So in Sixty-six may Eton as victorious—or beaten,
In the Annals of the same retain her place.

* 20,000 last year.

“READY, AYE READY.”

Now the *Miantonomoh* has crossed the Atlantic, we shall have to re-re-construct our Navy after her patteru, to be a match for the Americans.

By the time we have done that, the Americans will probably have invented a diving-boat to destroy *Miantonomohs* by pinning torpedoes to their bottoms. Or else, or also, they will have invented huge steam-rams calculated to run *Miantonomohs* down, and sink them. The Americans will doubtless be wiser than to throw away powder and shot on experiments in gunnery on vessels that show but six inches above the water.

It may be that the Americans will not invent the diving-boat and the ram themselves. The American Government will perhaps buy the idea of those contrivances of an Englishman who will have had the offer of it rejected by his own.

When we are provided with *Miantonomohs*, then, in the unfortunate event of war between England and the United States, we shall be in a position to cope with the Americans as at present armed. Before that time, they most likely will have provided themselves with torpedo diving-boats and anti-*Miantonomoh* steam-rams. Then, but not till then, we shall do the same. Let us hope that war will not break out in the meanwhile.

INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE.—It is said that an exhibition of Converted Rifles will shortly take place in Exeter Hall.



CONCLUSIVE.

First Rough. "VY, O' COURSE IT'S THE PEOPLE'S PROPERTY! AIN'T IT CALLED 'IGH' PARK, VICH O' COURSE IT MEANS YOURN AN' OURN!"

Second Rough. "O' COURSE!"

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

OUR Vague Correspondent, who has now joined our "Special" at the Seat of War, sends us the following important intelligence:—

The War.—Austria and Thingummy have determined to accept the mediation of Old Whatshisname. The Quadrilateral, you know, is in a regular mess. Valentia* has been ceded to the Prussians.

The fifteen Treaties will be respected. Send me a few circular notes to go on with. Don't direct them to your Special Military, but send them straight to me.

(From our Special Naval Correspondent.)

I went down to see about the Italian Navy, and give you some particulars. Your Special Military and his assistant are muffs. They wouldn't come on board. I dressed myself in a cocked hat, and, carrying a white flag, stood on the shore. Not being acquainted with the Italian language—that is, not having as yet acquired my usual fluency in it—I sang to them extracts from BELLINI, ROSSINI, and DONIZETTI, giving each of the selections as nautical a tone as possible. They encored two, and I bowed my acknowledgments from my private shore. I asked them when the fight was coming off, but it was kept very dark on account of the authorities; the whereabouts, however, could be ascertained at a noted house-of-call in the neighbourhood. By the way, while I'm with the Italians I must beg of you to give your Correspondents who are with the Austrians strict orders to tell them (the Austrians) not to keep firing at me; it's not fair. I've complained several times, but they *will* do it. Your Military Correspondent has got a pistol. Tell them to take it away from him; he doesn't know how to use it. I've seen him; he is a horrid ass. Your other Correspondent has got a bayonet; I don't know what he'll do with it: he's not safe. It's all through them that I didn't see the fight. I'm thinking of joining GARIBALDI. I shall call him GARRY. I wonder how he'll like it. If I go to Rome I shall intrigue for a Cardinalship, and shall come home in a red hat and stockings. The sea air is doing me a great deal of good. Tar, tar! The post is just off, so I must conclude. Don't forget about your Military Correspondent. Adieu!

* This is news, indeed. Yet our Correspondent says nothing about the Cable.

PARK RAILINGS.—"Mob Abuse."

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

AIR—"The Spanish Lady's Love."

"Did you not wink at her when she came in? Not wink at her? Are you quite sure?"—See DR. RUSSELL'S *Olmütz Letter* in the *Times*, Friday, July 20.

Would you hear of WILLIAM RUSSELL,
And the serious risks he ran;
As the Special Correspondent
Of the *Times*—too daring man!

Out from Olmütz unto Littau when he rode on *chevauchie*,
And was potted with his comrade, questioned, ta'en a spy to be!

At the *hostinec* in Littau
RUSSELL drew his bridle-rein;
"I am hungry, I am thirsty,
Let us halt and take a drain.

And eke of veal a *schnitzel*, if veal it needs must be—
For if there's grub for Austrians, there should be grub for me!"

The low *stube* as they entered,
In there tripped a *fräulein* fair;
Trim her gloves on taper fingers,
Small her waist, and smooth her hair.
And dimples among roses showed from underneath her hat,
As down to *butter-brod* and *schinken* daintily she sat.

With what followed wherefore bore ye?
Go and read it in the *Times*;
'Twere to damage RUSSELL'S story,
Ev'n to tell in *Punch*'s rhymes
All the pleasant passages that passed between the pair
Of Special Correspondents, and this *fräulein* fair.

Till by stern gendarmes arrested,
Haled through Littau's public square,

Persons, passes, were inspected—

Fishy passes! Fishy pair!

All their acts and words were told by gruff gendarmes,
All the passage with the ladye, their politeness, and her charms.

In the narrative was mentioned,

How there passed a certain wink;

Whereon LITTAU'S *hoch-be-amter*,

From the torture did not shrink—

"Did you, *sogenannter* RUSSELL, wink upon that *fräulein* fair?"
What, wink and tell, *Be-amter*?—The unmanly query spare.

Yes, *Be-amter*, it was cruel,

WILLIAM RUSSELL thus to probe—

Jolliest Special Correspondent

That e'er galloped over globe:

But I know my WILLIAM, and sometimes I think I think,
Though with honourable intentions, there might have been a wink.

Ah, sweet WILLIAM, why those blushes,

Why this coyness to allow

E'en a Special Correspondent,

To the lovely sex can bow.

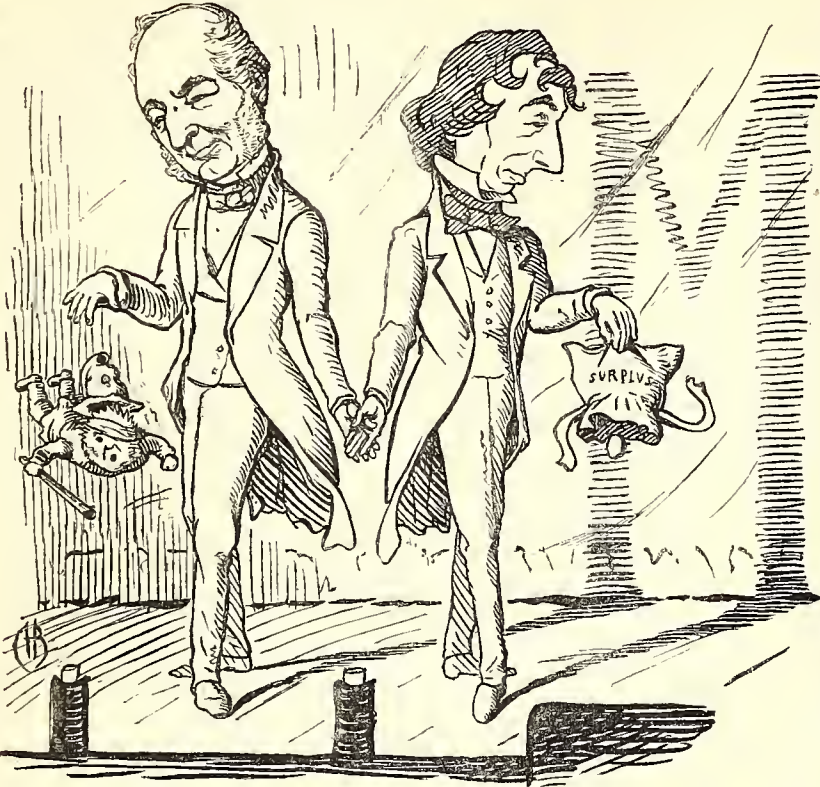
With LITTAU'S *Hoch-be-amter* we ask—nay, do not shrink,—
"Did you *not* wink at her, WILLIAM? Are you *sure* you did not
wink?"

The Monster at Monster Meetings.

It is all well for demagogues, convening political meetings in the Parks, to say that they contemplate the assemblage of peaceful citizens; but the inhabitants of the neighbourhood to the scene of those demonstrations generally discover, to their cost, that they must take the Rough with the smooth.

THE PERRUQUIER'S PARADISE.—Wigton.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



The artisan class attended in large numbers, and of course behaved perfectly well; but, equally of course, the processions were supplemented by a vast mass of Roughts, who behaved perfectly ill. *Mr. Punch* is unable to compliment the Reform League, inasmuch as its acts tended to violate order, and its "experiment of right" could have been tried with a hundred men instead of with thousands. Nor can we compliment the authorities who endeavoured to defend an untenable post, inasmuch as law could have been asserted by the arrest of a few individuals. He does not make a great noise about the breaking down some railings, and the destruction, by some roughs, of trees and shrubs, nor would he put London in a state of siege because a good many windows have been broken, but all this sort of thing is really the fault of one BEALES, who knew that a mob would follow the working-man. Rough and Bludgeon came largely into contact, to the discomfort of the former, and the Beaks looked to the rest, MR. KNOX having especially distinguished himself by firmness and moderation, coming down sternly on ruffians and being lenient to mere fools.

But MR. WALPOLE had to defend himself in the House, and also had to see a Reform deputation, before whom he wept, and some of whom managed to misunderstand him, or pretended to do so—whereby there was another meeting summoned, as if with Government sanction, but after explanations, in and out of the House, the idea was given up. So ended the campaign, and *Mr. Punch* is almost ashamed of the fuss which has been made over an affair of broken heads, while two great nations are mourning over slaughtered myriads.

A Club has been founded in honour of the memory of RICHARD COBDEN, and, at the inauguration, speeches were made by MR. GLADSTONE and others which were generally worthy of the occasion. But LORD RUSSELL's amiable nature caused him to introduce a scoff at LORD STANLEY for having been ready to join in approving the armistice which stopped the frightful slaughter of the war. He professed regret that we had seemed to sanction an insult to Italy. For this he was called to account by LORD CLANRICARDE, and explained, *more suo*, half inaudibly and the rest on new grounds, which were not unsatisfactory, but were entirely apart from the original accusation.

MR. DISRAELI made his first appearance, this season, in the character of the Finance Minister. It may be remembered that MR. GLADSTONE, in a noble speech, insisted on our duty to reduce the Debt. He also, by way of recognition of that duty, proposed a scheme by which a small reduction might be made. MR. DISRAELI, taking office, finds that more money is wanted, and as taxes and loans would not be liked, he is obliged to seize upon MR. GLADSTONE's little fund. The latter spoke very fairly, and even in a complimentary way, to his successor, and by no means objected to the proposed course.

Then we had a National Gallery debate, in which everything was said that has been said about eleven hundred times before, and *Mr. Punch* will only record that the Academy has finally refused Burlington House, that MR. HOPE wished the National Gallery removed thither, and that the Government was supported by the House, which voted, by 94 to 17, that the present site should be retained.

Tuesday. Deducing the talk on the Park rows, there was not much to keep anybody awake. The Extradition of French and English Rascals Bill passed the Lords. In the Commons there were sharp passages touching the Reform meeting, SIR GEORGE GREY, like a gentleman, voluntarily declared that he took his full share of responsibility in regard to the prohibition of the assembly, MR. LAYARD regretted that the people were not allowed to meet, as they would have heard some foolish speeches, and gone quietly home, MR. MILL, usually so calm, appeared to have discovered that the crisis was very awful, and MR. DISRAELI described MR. MILL's speech as intended for the Park. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was emphatic in his declaration of belief that the real working-man was no rioter, and that the Scum of the Metropolis had taken advantage of the demonstration.

We had also a discussion, raised by the O'CONNOR DON, about certain restrictions on Roman Catholic gaol-chaplains. MR. WHALLEY, who was more ridiculous than usual this

week, alleged that the gaols were full of Catholics, because their religion actually taught them to commit crimes. The House roared, but WHALLEY insisted that even murder was defensible from certain Catholic points of view. His own existence is a refutation of the idiotic charge, for no stalwart Papist has as yet rewarded his cackle by tossing him into the Thames.

Wednesday. Five innocent Bills were slaughtered. They were chiefly Irish. But as amends, LORD NAAS brought in a Bill in favour of Irish Oysters.

Thursday. The Lords had a turn at the Park row, and LORD SHAFTESBURY was sarcastic upon the long and grandiose proclamation of one BEALES. LORD DERBY spoke, did not cry, and said that the Parks must be protected, but the Government had every desire to test the right claimed by the Reform League.

The nation will be happy to know, on the authority of LORD JOHN MANNERS, that out of the four Lions which are to guard the Nelson Column, two are quite ready, a third is nearly finished, and the fourth will be complete in time for the group to be erected in October. *Mr. Punch* is secesy itself, yet may mention that he has had a look at the gigantic bronzes, and that SIR EDWIN LANDSEER's Lion is not like an heraldic or monumental lion, but like the great carnivorous beast whom heralds and sculptors have hitherto agreed to cut and not carve.

More bronze was asked for the Memorial to the PRINCE CONSORT. The promise of this metal was an old one, and was of course fulfilled, but MR. DISRAELI assured the Commons that no further grant of money, beyond the £50,000 already voted, would be proposed by his Government.

We had an interesting Museum discussion, a vote being moved by MR. LOWE, who eloquently re-stated the public grievance. Priceless treasures of art lurk in damp cellars, while dirty old stuffed giraffes straddle in splendid chambers. When shall we eject the black-beetles, toads, and lobster-shells, and find room for the statue of KING MAUSOLUS, and the glorious series of sculptures now spoiling in vaults and sheds?

MR. WHALLEY again displayed his talents for the ludicrous, of course in reference to Popery, refused to listen to the Chair, and was deliberately told, by MR. NEWDEGATE, that he, WHALLEY, made the profession of Protestantism ridiculous. *Punch's* compassion for the idiots who made the majority at the last Peterborough election begins to approach contempt.

Friday. LORD SHAFTESBURY thinks that some place ought to be set apart in which the people can hold out-of-door political meetings. The suggestion was approved, and LORD DERBY promised to consider it. What is the objection to Hampstead Heath—does MR. BEALES object to certain quadrupedal rivalship?

Apropos whereof, MR. WHALLEY got on his hind legs again in the Commons. He accused the entire London press of having suppressed all report of some case in which, as he alleged, a child had been traitorously baptised into the Catholic Church. Except that it would not be fair that the Commons should have all the fun to themselves, it might not be amiss should the press suppress MR. WHALLEY. *Mais, il faut rire.*

Government have not decided who shall pay for the damage done by the rabble in Hyde Park. MR. BRIGHT (it is fair to say that he has been kept out of town by an interesting domestic matter, a marriage) will probably send a cheque for the amount, as a P.S. to his inflammatory letter, hoping that the right of meeting in the Park would be gained.

A Parliamentary week never ended with a more gratifying incident. A Minister, MR. HUNT, stated that the Atlantic Telegraph had been laid to America, an ex-Minister, MR.

CHILDERS, confirmed the fact, and an Honourable Member held in his hand a signal that had just arrived. Mr. Punch instantly sent MR. JOHNSON a peremptory signal to liquor severely.

THE ROMANCE OF CROQUET.

"You told me," said my romantic young friend to me, "that I should have lots of opportunities of saying sweet things to—to—Her." I pointed out to him that he had had numberless opportunities at Croquet. He had not seen it. I gave him some hints, and he owned himself perfectly astonished at the facilities afforded for serious flirtation by this admirable game. "Give me," he exclaimed, "a Croquet party, and the object of my affections, and my success is certain."

For the benefit of fluttering flirts I carefully observed the game, and present the following account, dramatically rendered, to the notice of young ladies and gentlemen, in order that they may know the difficulties to be encountered in the pursuit of the interesting science of Out-of-door-Flirting-in-Croquet-Company.

Energetic Croquet Player (who gets up the game, and who means "the game, the whole game, and nothing but the game"). Now then! Sides! Here, POTTY!

[To Romantic Young Man, who being inclined to corpulence, was when a boy, called "Potty" at school.

Romantic Youth (thinks to himself). I wish to goodness he wouldn't call me POTTY (looks furtively to see if MISS GERTRUDE LINNIT noticed it; is satisfied that she didn't, and answers briskly.) Yes!

Energetic Player. You'll take Miss DOWDY for a partner.

[MISS DOWDY, a Maiden Lady, age uncertain.

Romantic Youth (thinking it's just like his luck, becomes suddenly glum). Oh! Very well.

Miss Linnit (with a sweet smile). Whose side am I on?

Energetic Player. Oh! You're my partner.

[Romantic Youth sees an opportunity lost: he might have said something with deep meaning about "being Partners." He puts his mallet under his arm like an umbrella, and regards MISS GERTRUDE with melancholy.

Miss Dowdy (with such a look). We're partners, MR. PRINKIE.

[The Romantic Youth's name. He bows, and wishes MISS GERTRUDE would look at him, and see how wretched he is.

Energetic Player (to two others). You'll play, won't you? and we'll have three a side.

[The two new ones are a chatty pleasing-looking Young Lady, and a Comic Man with a reputation in his part of the country.

Young Lady (Miss Wilson). With pleasure. But I'm afraid you'll find me rather what MR. RUMMAL (the Funny Man) would call "a muff."

[This leads to a little laughing and talking.

Romantic Youth (who has managed to sidle up about as quickly and mysteriously as the Ghost in the "Corsican Brothers" to MISS LINNIT'S side). I wish we (finds that his voice has almost disappeared)—Ahem! (Clears his throat, but still finds that his undertone, in which he intends to say his sweet things, is uncommonly gruff.) I wish that we were (struggles with his throat) partners.

[This last word sinks altogether.

Miss Linnit (looking straight at him with "those eyes," and speaking, he thinks, unnecessarily loud). What?

Romantic Youth (feeling that he'd better not be too precipitate, and trying to adopt a tone somewhat below hers, and above his former one). I said, I wish that—(suddenly changes the entire phrase) that we were playing together.

Miss Linnit (a little disappointed, perhaps, but not showing it). Oh! Yes, I wish we were.

[Laughs and looks towards the other players.

[Romantic Youth, experiencing some difficulty in selecting the best things out of the lot he's got to say, is silent. He has just hit upon a commencement when—

Energetic Player. Now then, POTTY! You begin.

Funny Man (much amused). POTTY! Who's POTTY?

[Energetic Player loudly explains while Romantic Youth is taking aim. Romantic Youth, missing his first hoop, and feeling that he is not showing to advantage, becomes depressed.

Miss Linnit. My turn? (Discovers dainty ankle, pretty little croquet shoe and stocking.) Am I to go here? (Funny Man instructs her. Romantic Youth thinks him officious.) May I hold it like this? (Energetic Player explains to her the best mode of grasping the mallet. Romantic Youth would have liked to have interfered, but has nothing to say on the subject.) I hope I shall have better fortune than MR. PRINKIE. (Looks coquettishly towards Romantic One, who smiles grimly as if the world and its pleasures were nought to him now. She plays and makes her first hoop triumphantly.) There!

Funny Man. POTTY's potted, eh?

[General laugh, in which Romantic Youth is obliged to join, and wishes that the Red Sea, or something, would sweep all funny men off the face of the earth.

Romantic Youth (as the game progresses, sees MISS LINNIT standing

apart by her ball, and gradually gets up to her side, in the "Corsican Brothers" Ghost style as before). You've been croqueted out here?

[He tries to remember what the dickens it was he had arranged to say.

Miss Linnit (looking straight at him, and understanding all about it at once). Yes. Very unkind, wasn't it?

Romantic Youth (absently). Yes.

[Doesn't see that her remark leads to anything, and thinks he's wasting time. MISS LINNIT thinks so, too.

Energetic Player (interrupting some stroke in the middle of the ground). I say, when two balls are kissing, you know, you eaut—

[Explains what you can't, &c.

Romantic Youth (hazily seeing an opportunity, says in an undertone). I didn't know that (feels his throat getting hot, but continues) there was kissing allowed at this game?

[Looks at her tenderly. As there's a powerful sun, he finds that a couple of seconds of fixed gazing makes his eyes water. He averts them, and is conscious of blinking unromantically.

Miss Linnit (who won't follow suit, says carelessly). Didn't you?

Romantic Youth (feels inclined to say, angrily, "No, I didn't," but substitutes, in a plaintive tone). I've been longing to see you for—

[Is going to add, "the last three days," when—

Energetic Player (unconsciously). Now then, Two Blue (that is, MISS LINNIT) it's your turn.

Miss Linnit (not approving of too powerful a demonstration in public).

Oh, I beg your pardon, I'm sure.

[At once hits her ball sharply, and walks after it.

Romantic Youth (looks after her bitterly, and wishes that he hadn't wasted his time in talking about croquet instead of saying something to the point. Sighs.) Ah!

Funny Man. Now then, POTTY, show us what you can do. (Romantic Youth wishes he might show him what he could do, and then misses an easy stroke.) Oh, butter-fingers!

[General laugh. Romantic One thinks what a conceited ass that fellow is.

Chatty Young Lady. I'm afraid I can't do this stroke without spooning. May I spoon?

Funny Man (loudly). You mayn't spoon alone.

[A titter. He laughs heartily at his own wit. Romantic Youth sees a real opportunity gone, and hates Funny Man.

Energetic Player (at the winning end of the ground). Now, I'm a rover!

Miss Dowdy (with the slyness of an uncertain age, to Romantic Youth). I'm afraid that's the character of many gentlemen.

Romantic Youth (wondering what right she has to talk like this). What! A rover? (Determines not to give her any encouragement.) Oh, yes.

[Looks with envy towards MISS LINNIT, who is making most successful hits under the personal superintendence of the Funny Man.

Miss Dowdy (sentimentally). Croquet's very like life.

Romantic Youth (feeling uncommonly matter-of-fact). Is it?

Miss Dowdy. Ah! You've no poetry, I'm afraid. Don't you recollect those beautiful lines—

Funny Man (shouting). Now, POTTY, no "spooning!" You must come and play your stroke.

Miss Dowdy (simpering). Spooning! How absurd, to be sure!

[MISS LINNIT enjoys the joke. Everybody does. Romantic Youth hates everybody for the rest of the game.

From which it may be seen that your party must be carefully chosen if the "opportunities" are to be made satisfactorily available.

HOW TO CLEAR THE PARK.

MR. PUNCH has received several admirable suggestions. If they have arrived a little late they will do for any future emergency:—

1st Method. Let the park be filled with fire engines. Let the fire engines play soap-and-water on the Great Unwashed. Let the engineers be very particular about the soap.

2nd Method. Put one of our leading tragedians in the park as Hamlet. The moral effect of this would be marvellous.

3rd Method. Keep it perpetually undermined with gunpowder. (Slightly troublesome this, perhaps.)

4th Method. Turn the animals from the Zoological Gardens loose into the park.

A New Peer and an Old Joke.

SIR EDWARD BULWER'S NOW LORD LYTTON,

Proclaim the fact from Wight to Arran:

Richly and variously he's written,

But now we all must call him—Barren.



THE LAST AT THE FANCY BALL.

STUPEFACTION OF THE EARLY MILKMAID, WHEN SHE SAW HUGH LATIMER AND SIR LANCELOT OF THE LAKE GET INTO A CAB WITH MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AND MADAME DE POMPADOUR, AND DRIVE OFF TO REGENT'S PARK TOGETHER.

Hugh Latimer (to the Pompadour). "NOW THEN, DUCKY, LOOK SHARP, OR YOU 'LL GET YOUR FEET WET."

THE WRIGHT AND THE ROUGH.

I'm a British Working-Man,
I should say an artisan,
For there's working-men that's Lords and wears the Garter,
And there's others in degree
Far inferior to me;
There's the shepherd, and the ploughman, and the earter.

I desire to exercise
The electoral franchise.
As to loyalty there's nobody more sounder.
And I fancy, with respect
To the claims of intellect,
I'm as good as a small tradesman and ten-pounder.

How erroneous you must be
To confound that Rough with me!
'Tis a proof that you don't practise observation.
For I'm not a bit like him
In the looks or in the trim,
Nor his manners, nor his words in conversation.

In our clubs and reading rooms
There is nobody presumes
To commit in his discourse such gross transgressions,
Or he soon gets put outside,
For it's what we can't abide
For to sit and hear the use of them expressions.

If Reform is what we need,
We're accustomed to proceed
In the regular way of speech and resolution;
Not by breakin' down Park rails
For to get, through them there pales,
Let within the pale of England's Constitution.

Stones and brickbats we don't choose
For our instruments to use,
Nor break windows for to make a demonstration;
We don't damage trees and flowers
To convince the ruling powers
That we ought to have a hand in legislation.

'Tain't by hisses, groans, and yells,
At the mansions of the Swells
That the working-men expresses their opinions
They're entitled to a voice,
And to exercise a choice
'Mong the voters of Her Majesty's dominions.

'Tis the Roughs, half-men, half-boys,
Flings the stones and makes the noise;
Idle vagabonds, 'tis they breaks down the fences,
And the flowers and shrubs destroy,
Which the people should enjoy;
And I hope two months will bring 'em to their senses.

The Pervert of Peterborough.

THE suspicion that MR. WHALLEY is a Jesuit in disguise is confirmed. Among the delegates from the Reform League that waited the other day on the HOME SECRETARY, a leading part was taken by the Hon. Member for Peterborough. The object of the Reform League is to obtain Manhood Suffrage; and MR. WHALLEY, as one of its spokesmen, has at least avowed himself an advocate of the Mass.

WHOLESALE INFANTICIDE.

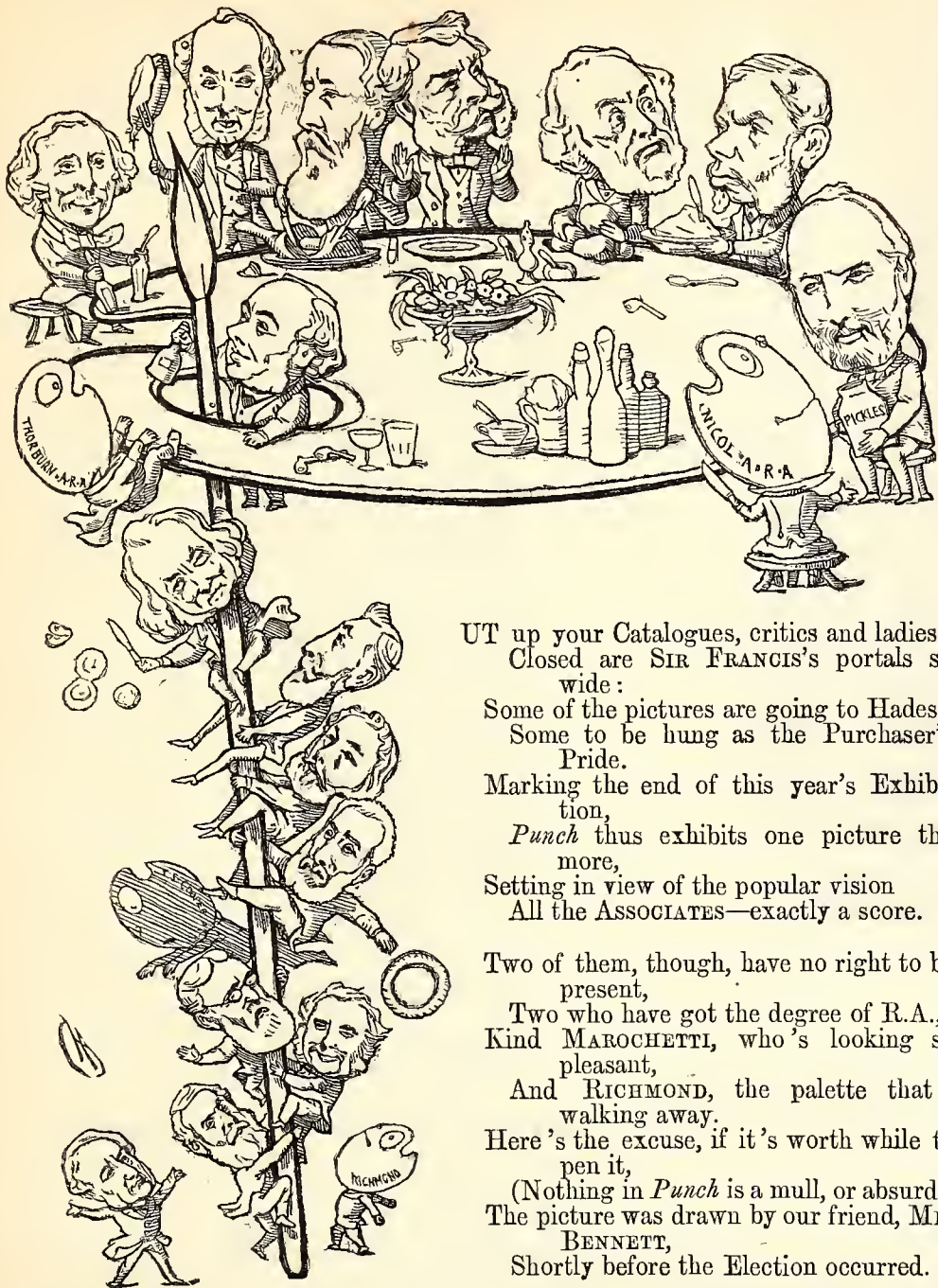
"THOSE crying nuisances," said a sanitary reformer, "at a time like this ought to be abated." "Then," observed a horrid old single gentleman, "we shall have to kill all the babies."



NO ROUGH-IANISM.

WORKING-MAN. "LOOK HERE, YOU VAGABOND! RIGHT OR WRONG, WE WON'T HAVE *YOUR* HELP!"

THE ASSOCIATES.



UT up your Catalogues, critics and ladies,
 Closed are SIR FRANCIS's portals so
 wide:
 Some of the pictures are going to Hades,
 Some to be hung as the Purchaser's
 Pride.
 Marking the end of this year's Exhibi-
 tion,
Punch thus exhibits one picture the
 more,
 Setting in view of the popular vision
 All the ASSOCIATES—exactly a score.

Two of them, though, have no right to be
 present,
 Two who have got the degree of R.A.,
 Kind MAROCHETTI, who's looking so
 pleasant,
 And RICHMOND, the palette that's
 walking away.
 Here's the excuse, if it's worth while to
 pen it,
 (Nothing in *Punch* is a mull, or absurd.)
 The picture was drawn by our friend, MR.
 BENNETT,
 Shortly before the Election occurred.

A LETTER FROM AN OLD LADY.

DRAT them "Bears," I say. I really can't a-bear 'em. It's all through them as I've been well nigh worried to death. You know they partly caused the Panic by their precious goings-on, and what that Panic's been to me in worry and vexation is more than you would guess. The way as I've been worried nobody would credit, and they drained away my life's blood till I really got quite empty, and had scarcely any circulation in my veins. Pray, dear *Mr. Punch*, do try and stop folks from a-spekkerlating as they have done, and a-gambling with their money as isn't theirs in fact, but their customers' who lends it 'em. And do say a word to help the passing of that Bank Act for to put a check upon the swindling—I beg pardon, the selling of bank shares. Men who sell a lot of property which they haven't purchased, and then damage the same property that they may buy it cheap, are animals whom Stock Exchange zoologists call "Bears," but which I prefer to call 'em horrid good-for-nothing brutes.

I feel all of a tremble with most virtuous indignation, when I think of all the misery these beasts have been a-causing, and I have hardly nerve to sign myself,

Your most obedient Servant,

THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

P.S. Ruining a family, by breaking all the banks in which its money is invested, is not yet made in England an indictable offence. But it would serve 'em only right to pump upon the brutes. A notice of there having been "Another Fine Bear Watered!" might certainly do something *pour encourager les autres*.

THE SACREDNESS OF OPEN SPACES.

THE right of holding political meetings in the open air is one of those privileges of a Briton which every true Conservative would, equally with every true Liberal, desire to conserve. Only let them be held in proper places, that is to say, where they are not calculated to occasion a breach of the peace, or of windows, or of heads, and skins. What are those proper places? To be sure they are open spaces. Let the Legislature, therefore, make due provision to prevent all open spaces hitherto accessible to the Public in the neighbourhood of large towns from being enclosed. For the purpose of public meetings, the more remote their neighbourhood is from those towns, and especially from London, the better.

COLUMBUS FOR THE CALENDAR.

The Roman correspondent of the *Post* says that:—

"An enthusiastic pamphlet has been addressed to the Pope by a French prelate, ardently advocating the cause of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS as a worthy candidate for the honours of canonisation. The work has been translated into Italian, and is creating a good deal of attention, but it is to be doubted whether the Congregation of Rites and the 'Devil's Advocate' will waive such an essential condition for canonisation as the documentary evidence of the candidate's having performed three well authenticated miracles, although the author, whose name I cannot recollect at this moment—although I have looked through his pamphlet—declares that CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS performed a miracle greater than that of any other Saint by discovering a new world and converting the inhabitants to Christianity."

The discovery, by COLUMBUS, of a new world was probably as great a miracle, and a miracle as well authenticated, as any one ever really and truly performed by any saint whom the Pope has canonised. There is one miracle.

COLUMBUS's conversion of the new world which he had discovered to Christianity, regarded as a fact, was no less miraculous; and if the conversion is not a fact so generally notorious as the discovery, it is yet perhaps full as well authenticated as most of the miracles of which his Holiness requires proof as a condition to canonisation some three centuries after the saint's decease. Well, there is miracle number two. Wanted, miracle number three. What historical occurrence can be more readily cited? The third miracle performed by COLUMBUS of course was his making the egg stand upright. Let St. Vitus, or St. Valentine, or St. Antony Bobola, beat that. There are three miracles for the Devil's Advocate and the Holy Father, to attest the sanctity of COLUMBUS; and if they are not satisfied with them, we should like to know what sort of miracle, established upon what sort of evidence, it is that they require.

AN ULTRA-LIBERAL SUBSCRIPTION.

We have much pleasure in announcing that a subscription has been opened to raise a fund for the repair of the windows and other property damaged or destroyed during the late riot in Hyde Park. The name of MR. EDMOND BEALES at the head of the subscription list, followed by the names of his principal associates of the Reform League, will afford satisfactory proof that they repudiate the acts of the criminal classes who took the opportunity which the meeting convened by that confederacy afforded them, to gratify their savage passions by outrageous and brutal violence. The appearance of the names of MR. AYRTON, MR. JOHN STUART MILL, and MR. LAYARD amongst the subscribers, will also be hailed with gratification. The numerical importance of the Reform League will be forcibly illustrated by the amount subscribed, should it prove large enough to defray the expense of replacing the Park railings.

Something Racy.

WHEN the Horse-Eating Society dined together in Paris, we wonder how many *horse-d'œuvres* were consumed among the viands, and whether the horseflesh was served up *à la cart*. A lunatic friend suggests that the toast of the evening should have been drunk in a *cheval* glass.

SOMETHING LIKE A TELEGRAPH.

WHEN the Atlantic Cable is completed, it is a fact, that a message will be received in America five hours before it leaves England.



PRIVATE GIGLAMPZ

HAVING DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF AT WIMBLEDON THIS YEAR, TAKES THE OPPORTUNITY OF ISSUING HIS FIVE-AND-TWENTIETH DISTRIBUTION OF CARTES DE VISITES TO HIS FRIENDS!

SONG BY A MAIMED SOLDIER.

STUMP, sole remaining fraction
Of good leg crushed in action;
I gaze on thee despairing,
My sad heart fury tearing.

I mourn no limb that, fighting,
I lost, in war delighting,
For hire, or loot, campaigning,
Of just desert complaining.

For Fatherland defended,
The thought that 'twas expended,
Had been some consolation
For grievous amputation.

But in a herd, like cattle,
A Conscript driven to battle,
Stump, yon old King's ambition,
Brought me to this condition.

Ah, no more lightsome gambols!
No wood or mountain rambles!
More hope in this world, never!
Gone, all joy, gone for ever!

O misery thus to linger!
I'd not have sold a finger
For all the world's vain glory,
And fame in song and story.

Could empty honour please me,
There's little to appease me.
A one-legged soldier passes
Observed—as a lame ass is.

Wreck that I am, and ruin!
Would all war-makers knew in
Their sweet selves the privation,
The woe of mutilation!

For Heaven itself, a martyr
Would groan his limb to barter.
For man's pride, by a quarter,
O wretched me, cut shorter!

THE RIOT "ACT."—Closing the Park-gates.

ECONOMY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

MR. PUNCH,

RINGS, bracelets, necklaces, and other trinkets, made of precious stones, gold, and silver, articles sold by a jeweller, have hitherto been denoted in the aggregate by the word "jewellery." Some of your contemporaries have lately taken to substituting for that word the word "jewelry." Now, "jewel" and "gem" are convertible terms. Pray, Sir, do you think it would be proper to call gems "gemry?"

If we are to follow the fashion, regardless of heterography, let us at least preserve the analogy of orthography. If, instead of "jewellery," we write "jewelry," by parity of spelling we should in place of "stationery" put "stationry," and, for "confectionery," "millinery," and "drapery," use "confectionry," "millinry," and "drapry." Let us sacrifice both orthography and etymology to economy, in regular style. Then, in each of the foregoing words, we save an *e*. Never mind the consideration that we also elip the Queen's English.

Suppose we say "buffoonery," then we mean the practice of a buffoon. What if we say "buffoonry?" The change of termination would perhaps suggest a change of sense: of course we know that there may be some sense in buffoonery even. Buffoonry might be taken to mean a set of buffoons, amongst whom the innovators who affect the word "jewelry" are welcome, if they please, to class your humble Servant,

FITZ-DILWORTH.

Rough and Ready.

A GOOD many of the roughs who rioted in Hyde Park at the Reform Demonstration have been sentenced to imprisonment. *Quod est demonstrandum* by such a demonstration is, that the demonstrators may be sent to quod.

WHY is the Birmingham of Belgium the most loyal place in that Kingdom? Because its inhabitants are all Liege subjects.

HOSPITAL TEACHING.

WALKING the hospitals is a most salutary practice. It not merely teaches healing, but, rightly undertaken, it refines the mind. The sight of suffering induces pity and compassion, and a wish to proffer help; and these sympathies improve and elevate the thoughts.

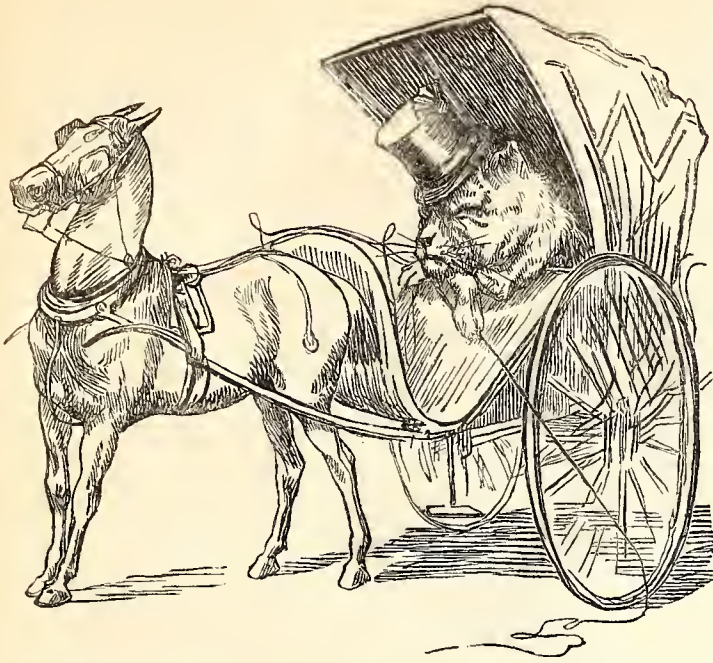
Do the minds of Kings and Emperors at all need to be refined? Is the sight of human suffering at all likely to improve them? Then let their Majesties go forth, and walk the hospitals a while, and be softened in their mind by the agony they witness. Would monarchs shrink from war, if they saw the cruel sufferings it surely must produce? Then let them pay a visit to the villages of Germany, and see the thousands of poor creatures who are lying torn and tortured by sabre-cut or bayonet-thrust, or wound by shot or shell. Would not their pride be somewhat humbled at the sight of all the misery it may have helped to cause? And would they, being human not the less for being royal or imperial, not be softened in their hearts by the sufferings they witnessed, and be even led to think that glory or dominion is purchased far too dearly at the horrid cost of war?

RHYMES TO A RITUALIST.

FRIEND Ritualist, how can a cope
Encourage any Christian's hope?
And what advantage hath a stole
To render his immortal soul?
Aught can a chasuble conduce
To any spiritual use?
In what way can an alb relate
To anybody's future state?
Or dalmatics concern hereafter?
No more expose thyself to laughter.

WHEN does a boy begin bird-keeping? When he first sets up a (h)owl.

THE SKELETON IN THE HOUSE.



ELL, you see, Ma'am, it happened in this way. Many, many years ago there was an old gentleman named Constitution, who was born in this House, so some say, though I've heard on good authority, Ma'am, that he was born at Runnymede, and was the son of a Carter. Well, Ma'am, old Mr. Constitution was taken very very ill, and two celebrated physicians, DR. GREY and DR. RUSSELL were called in, and they sounded him and said he was weak at the chest, and then they put him on a poor man's plaster, and at last

with great exertions they brought him round, but not before he was very much reduced. So much so, poor gentleman, that being only a holder of £10, he went into business in the Borough Market, and it is said, Ma'am (but this is between ourselves) that he speculated a little in Wotes.

"Well, Ma'am, years rolled on, and again old Mr. Constitution was taken very—very poorly. This time DR. RUSSELL and his assistant, MR. GLADSTONE, a young Oxford man (he was very much hurt by being thrown from his seat, you may remember, Ma'am, on a University 'bus) was called in, and they sounded him, and said Mr. Constitution was weak at the chest, and must have another poor man's plaster, much stronger and bigger than he had before. But here, Ma'am, some of Mr. Constitution's rich relations interfered, and said, "No! the old gentleman is not weak at the chest, and he don't need a poor man's plaster, and what is more, he shan't have one, leastways, not of your making!" Well, Ma'am, upon this, DR. RUSSELL, who is a little sensitive, and his assistant, MR. GLADSTONE, who

is rather high, and won't stand to be talked to by any party great or small, said they would throw up the case, and they did throw up the case, Ma'am. Well, you must know, wheu they had thrown up the case, DR. DERBY (who practises homœopathy, which you know, Ma'am, is giving very small doses, which neither kills nor cures) and his assistant, young MR. BENJAMIN were called in, and they took their places by the bed-side of old Mr. Constitution, and were looking very grave, as many doctors look when puzzled what to do, when all on a sudden a knocking was heard at the door, and a hollow voice said, 'We want to come in.' Just so: whereupon, young MR. BENJAMIN went to the door, and said, 'Who is it that wants to come in, and what do you want to come in for?' To which no answer was made, but only groans—groans—deep groans. Upon this, MR. BENJAMIN, with a solemn air (which you know, Ma'am, is natural to one who was brought up for a Minister) turned to DR. DERBY, who was feeling Mr. Constitution's pulse, and said, 'It's my opinion, Sir, that there's a skeleton in the House.' 'Ah!' said DR. DERBY, looking very hard at MR. BENJAMIN; 'I shouldn't wonder.' 'What had we better do, Sir?' said MR. BENJAMIN. 'H'm,' said DR. DERBY, putting his hand to his chin. 'Well, BENJAMIN, perhaps, we had better keep our places, and if we hear those groans again—do you see that knot in the curtains, BENJAMIN?—cut it.'—*Mrs. Politic's Random Recollections.*

DISCOURAGEMENT TO A DEMAGOGUE.

THE following statement, relative to the Hyde Park row, extracted from a newspaper, is surely too bad to be true:—

"It has been stated that MR. BEALES lost his watch, and to this we may add that the same 'patriot' or some friend also 'annexed' the illustrious gentleman's pocket-handkerchief and two pair of gloves."

Let us trust that MR. BEALES sustained no losses of the kind. If his pocket was picked he was not at all rightly served. A tribune of the people does not deserve to be plundered at the hands of that very portion of them which derives the most advantage from any concourse which he can collect.

THE MISSING LINK FOUND.

The First Message of the Atlantic Telegraph.—Friday, July 27, 1866.

HERE'S a word to JOHN BULL, that I send all the way
From the little *Glass-house** in Foil-hommerum Bay,
Where the ould KNIGHT OF KERRY, wid whisky galore,
Dthinks "the top of the mornin'" to Heart's Content shore,
And the Sthripes and the Stars bids good luck to the Green,
And laughs at bould Neptune's broad back laid between,—
Mighty sore to be probed wid the deep sounding lead,
And his sleep spoilt wid wires laid the length of his bed,—
And sets the big battheries a blaze at long range,
That makes friends out of foes wid each shot they exchange.

An' at last there's a tie betwixt Old World and New;
An' UNCLE SAM answers JOHN BULL's "How d'ye do?"
An' they pass rate of markets, and news o' the day,
As if the Atlantic was out o' the way.
An' they're free to shake hands, like two neighbours that meet
From across the *boreen*,† or from over the street;
An' a joke stops a jar, and a truth kills a lie,
That from molehill to mountain might grow by-and-by;
An' you've silenced the scoffers, put croakers to shame,
'Tis ould Ireland that JOHN BULL may thank for that same.

There's been bad blood betune us, as when was there good,
Betwixt them that was tasked and the taskmaster's brood?
There's been wrong to remember, and wrong to forget:
Small love to bear seed, and deep hates to o'erset;
I've lied, plotted, risen, you've headed and hung,
E'en our creeds, in our hate, at each other we've flung.
But at length kinder thoughts, juster moods, have found way
To both of our hearts,—so I feel, so you say,
And let this, my last service, on these set the seal,
To knit up the old feuds, and the deep festers heal.

They told you the Yankees upon you I'd bring,
To untittle your Lords, to un-crown Queen or King;

Bid the big British Lion skedaddle in fright,
And set up the Republic, with PRESIDENT BRIGHT.
Well, the Yaukees I've brought, but for Peace not for War,
The telegraph-wire makes the trace of her car;
Not to bind, or to hang, serves Valentin's rope,
'Tis the cable that fastens the anchor of Hope.
Through the side of ould Ireland that cable is laid,
And of peacc and good-will the conductor she's made.

Yes—of peace and good-will either side of the sea,
To those I should love, and to those should love me;
To the New World that loudly its sympathy bawls,
In caucus, from platform, through Fenian squalls;
Show your sympathy still, but to knit, not unwind
The links that Ould England with Erin should bind:
Let the good-will that's flashed through the wires all the way
From far-off Heart's Content to Foil-hommerum Bay,
On Erin, in passing, its blessings bestow,
Till from England's half-sisther her sisther I grow.

A Welcome Sensation.

STEADY people have lately been often disgusted at the frequent sight of the word "Suspension," in large capitals, at the head of the list of contents on the advertising boards of the papers which principally circulate among the weak and excitable classes. The other day, however, that word produced, on a second look at it, a pleasant impression. It did not refer to a commercial failure. The announcement commencing with it was found to be "Suspension of Hostilities."

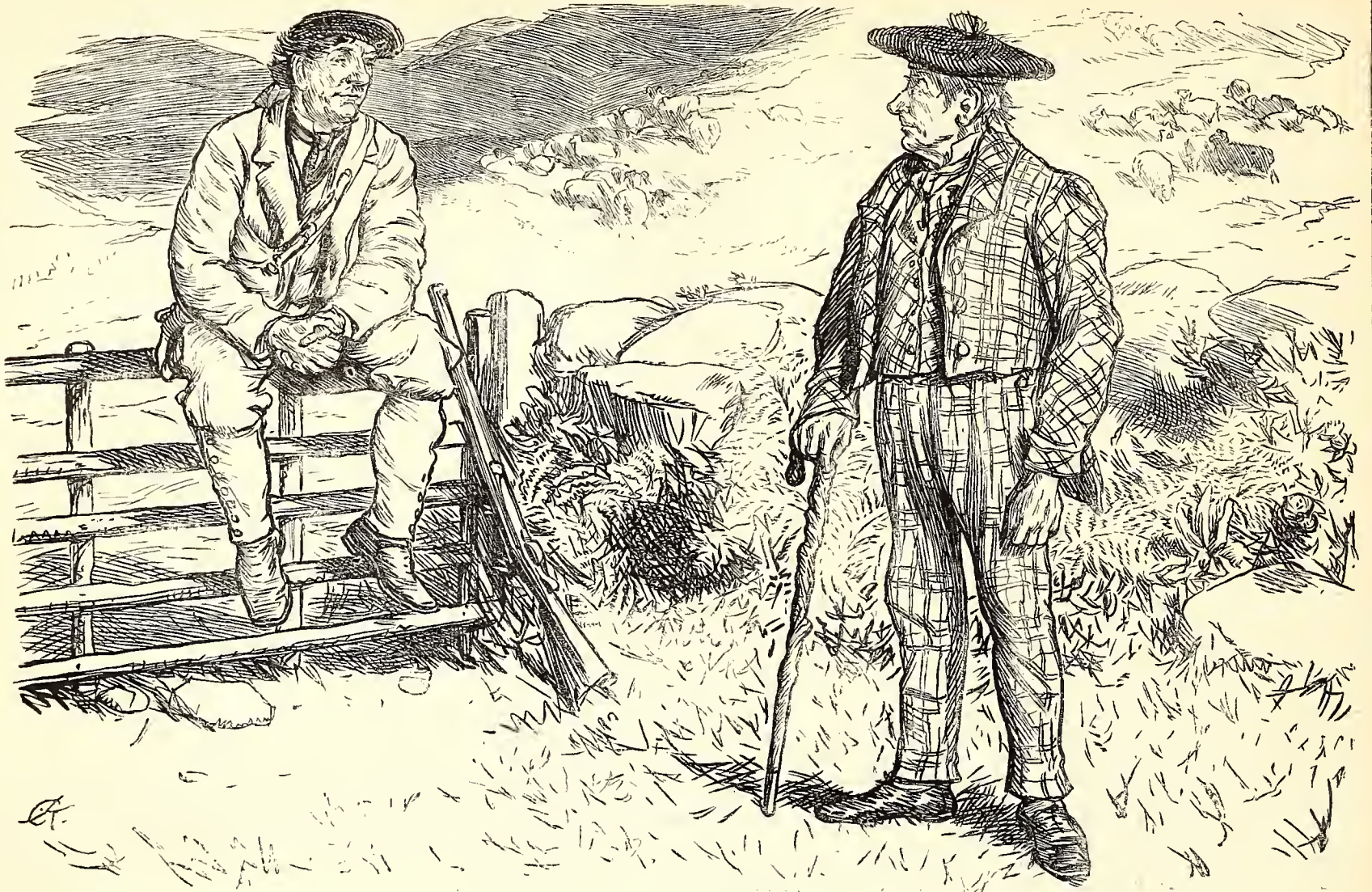
TALLEYRAND IN PARLIAMENT.

It is, or it should be, a saying in the House that "No M.P. is an orator before his reporter."

MUSICAL NOTE.

JUST Published, a Sequel to the affecting Song, "O ye Tears," entitled, *O ye Pocket-handkerchiefs.*

* MR. GLASS is the chief engineer in the enterprise of laying the Atlantic Cable.
† Field-path.



“CANNY.”

First North Briton. “T’S A FINE DAY, THIS?” *Second Ditto.* “NO ILL, AVA.”
First North Briton. “YE ’LL BE TRAVELLIN’?” *Second Ditto.* “WEEL, MAYBE I’M NO.”
First North Briton. “GAUN T’ABERDEEN, MAYBE?” *Second Ditto.* “YE’RE NO FAUR AFF’T!!”

[Mutually satisfied, each goes his respective way.]

OUR MILITARY CORRESPONDENT AT MILE END.

MR. PUNCH,—HONOURED SIR,

I HAVE just been reading about that great Battle of Sad’war (that’s how I spell it, for there can’t be a sadder war) to my great uncle, who is an out-door Chelsea Pensioner, and was a Serjeant-Major.

“What, Sir,” said he, charging his pipe, “do you mean to tell me that it was all along of the Proosians being armed with needles that the Austrians was worsted?”

“Needle-guns, Uncle,” said I.

“Whitechapel-needle fizgigs,” returned my Uncle.

“Fired from the hip.”

“Hip-hip,” said my great uncle, stammering with scorn, “do you think, Sir, that Old Brown Bess, would have let herself down in that way? No, Sir, the worst you can say of her is, that she was a little too skittish and fond of dancing at a ball; but as for needles,” he continued smoking very fast, “with a hip—hip—do you call that War, Sir? I call it tailoring—cockney popping at a goose on a common—phoo!”

“But, Uncle, if you cripple your enemy—”

“Cripple my enemy!” said the retired Serjeant-Major, shifting about in his three-cornered chair in a red rage, “would you like to see a regiment of cripples? How can every bullet have its billet with your Whitechapel needle?—(Where’s my ’bacca?) Sir, the service is going to the—and what’s to become of martial order? How, Sir, can you expect a man in the field to stand upright, when by a little bending of his knees he can give a shot a free passage—eh, Sir? Answer me that—you’re a military man.

I reminded him that I was only a militia man.

“Sir,” said my Uncle, drawing himself up after a prodigious puff of smoke, “mark my words—we shall have an army of waddlers, Sir. Every corporal will be in himself a hollow square, and it won’t be our arms, Sir, but our legs that will carry terror to the foe.”

Upon this harrowing picture my Uncle closed his lids, and with a loud sigh went to sleep.

Fearing, Sir, you may do likewise if I don’t halt here, allow me to subscribe myself,

Your humble Servant,

GEORGE GOOSESTEP.

A GOOD WORK.

THE Improved Industrial Dwellings Company have recently completed another of their blocks of buildings for the accommodation of London artisans. Every publication that is interested in the welfare of this immense class should do for the Company’s project what they do for the dwellings they raise—ventilate it well; and make widely known an undertaking in which all may take a share (yielding, too, a fair profit), without any sacrifice of political principles, although the buildings are divided by a party-wall, and the scheme may be hopefully regarded as a radical cure for some of the plagues of this swarming town.

The Proprietary are not the worst of City Missionaries, engaged, as they are, in a contest which, remembering the name of the Alderman at their head, may be called the Battle of WATERLOW against vice, disease, and manifold misery. Who will not wish him and his comrades many peaceful victories, many gladdening triumphs! Long may “Palmerston Buildings” minister to the comfort and happiness of those for whose use they have been erected!

HYDRAULIC NEWS.—We hear that MR. WALPOLE is about to be raised to the Peerage with the title of LORD WATERSHED.

WHY would it be useless going to an auction where CHANG was? Because he would be surc to be the highest bidder.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

WINDLING away, but doing its duty, Parliament met, for its last complete week, on *Monday*, July 30. The progress of the cholera was the very melancholy subject before the Lords. In the metropolis alone the rate of mortality had doubled, the increase being solely due to this scourge. The Commons, however were doing what they could in the way of legislation for the public health, and, as yet, the Lords had only to speak of a theological remedy, which is applied in an awkward way. The Prayer has, unhappily, become an anachronism, but my Lords the Bishops will doubtless rectify this.

ALDERMAN LAWRENCE demands that Waterloo Bridge shall be opened free, for the benefit of the many who

will be ejected by the clearance for the Temple of Justice. Government had no intentions to announce. Later, it was mentioned that the Architects, who are stated to be fully informed of the requisitions of Law, are to send in their designs by the 15th of December. We recommend as mottoes for the competitors, "*Astræa Redux*," "*The Virgin and the Scales*," "*The Oyster*," "*Fee-Farm*," "*Causes produce Effects*," "*Glorious Uncertainties*," "*Agree with thine Adversary*."

MR. O'BEIRNE was informed by the SECRETARY FOR IRELAND that MR. JOSEPH NAPIER does not believe that his infirmity, deafness, would prejudice public interests, but as the reverse impression has been produced, he declines judicial office. MR. NAPIER'S course is so graceful and honourable that *Mr. Punch* scorns to hint that a certain marvellous Cartoon may have had any influence. The picture has evidently not been seen by CHIEF JUSTICE BLACKBURN.

The Weather Office will probably be re-modelled. We mention the announcement chiefly that we may express a hope that the subscription for the family of ADMIRAL FITZROY, who died in doing his duty—and more—to the nation, is still being increased. JOHN BULL is easily stirred to an instant generosity, but his memory is not of the best.

Touching Fortifications, about the true principle whereof we seem to be nearly as much in the dark as ever, it is satisfactory to state that Government abandons a plan for taking £50,000 for the defences of Chatham and Tilbury. At the same time, it would be agreeable to have a few guns mounted in the very pleasant garden of the Rosher-ville Hotel, as, after a good dinner, under the direction of MR. WATES, it would be rather amusing to play upon the passing craft; and these are days when all rational entertainments should be encouraged.

Public Health and Reformatory Schools occupied us until two in the morning, and we had a little Protestant row about Popish sponsors, who are thought to baptise infants, surreptitiously, into the Catholic Church. We hope that they make amends by liberality in regard to apostle spoons and ivory-clad missals.

Tuesday. A Currency Debate. MR. DISRAELI has well remarked in one of his sparkling novels, that the subject of Currency, which most concerns everybody, is the subject, therefore, about which nobody knows or cares anything. He had to sit out a long debate in refutation of his theory. We shall certainly not report the speeches. But with Two Hundred Companies in a state of smash, and with Bank discount at £10 per Cent., it is hard lines for those who have not, like *Mr. Punch*, cellars groaning with gold. The debate was adjourned, like the consideration of a good many payments, just now.

Then we had a Jamaica Debate. Briefly, every humane person deplores the excesses that were committed under martial law, and every just person gives MR. EYRE all credit for the vigour with which he acted, and which saved Jamaica. It is clear that GORDON was a seditious and dangerous person, who might possibly have been hanged

by a regular tribunal, but it is equally clear that he was hanged on insufficient evidence. Several individuals have still to answer to the law in Jamaica, and thus the matter should stand, for the present. MR. RUSSELL GURNEY, who acted so ably as Commissioner in Jamaica, spoke in the debate, and stated that the origin of the rebellion was a general desire by the blacks to become the possessors of lands. For saying this he has, of course, been horribly abused by the Negrophiles, but what better testimony can be had than that of an English Judge, who has heard the evidence? The House rejected all the resolutions proposed by the Jamaica Committee, except one which embodied the expression of regret that all must feel. The Committee threaten to prosecute MR. EYRE, and are touting for subscriptions for the purpose. This will produce a re-action, and MR. EYRE will be presented with a sword of honour. Does the Laureate sing in vain against the Falsehood of Extremes?

Wednesday was given to MR. GLADSTONE'S Bill for the Abolition of Church Rates. The Government object to it, on principle, but did not oppose the Second Reading, as nothing more is to be done this Session. *Mr. Punch* seldom quotes, in this page, but will call attention to a Sign of the Times. Read these eloquent lines, which refer to the debate:—

"Englishmen know too well the services which the Church has rendered, to wish for her decline. She has given us the finest theological literature in the world; her clergy have in every age been renowned for their scholarship, their eloquence, and their goodness; she has been the home of piety and tolerance, the haven of rest to many a storm-tossed soul; and while culture has, generation after generation, accepted her divine guidance, she has emphatically been the Church of the poor. To maintain the stability of such a Church, no exertion should be spared; and the bulk of the nation have no sympathy with the iconoclasts who assail her with sacrilegious hands. She will retain her hold over the hearts of the people so long as she is adequate to the fulfilment of her office."

You admire both the sentiments and the language. So do we. But whence come they? Not, of course, from the *Record*, for no uncharitable taunt is in them, besides, the phrases will bear parsing. Nor are they from the Defender of the Faith, our friend the *Standard*. They are from the *Daily Telegraph*, an ultra-Liberal organ. Who, in his senses, will say that men have not become more thoughtful and tolerant than their fathers? Would a radical writer have dared to say this to radical readers twenty-five years ago? And you owe the change to the teaching of the First Gentleman of the Universe, *Mr. Punch*. He is not changed—his soul is like a star and dwells apart—but you all are, and you know it. Let us liquor.

In the evening the Lord Mayor feasted the Ministers. Let us say for LORD PHILLIPS that he has not only done all the hospitalities of his office splendidly, but has also done them gracefully, and with such oratory as is too seldom heard from the Fathers of the City. This is not the gratitude which is defined as a lively sense of future favours, as, in the first place, it is a favour on *Mr. Punch*'s part to dine with anybody, and, in the second, he accepts no more invitations this season. The Ministers spoke well, having nothing to say, and the Mayor quoted LORD DERBY'S *Homer* to his Lordship, which was a neat compliment.

Thursday. SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, the Board of Trade, was asked whether anything would be done by Government in case the creditors of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway should come down on the lines and shut out the public. SIR STAFFORD did not think there was any danger. Nor can *Punch* imagine that even creditors would be such asses. But really, if a Company is to have enormous powers, destroy whole suburbs, and get people into a habit of using certain conveyances, protection against creditors should be granted, not for the sake of the speculators, but of the public. Fancy the shock to a Swell, hastily handing his shiny bag to supposed guard, and telling him to put it into a carriage and lock the door, as he wanted to smoke, and then, in return for his half-crown, (accepted, of course) hearing from a Sheriff's Officer the words, "Can't do no locking up here, Sir, but if you'll step up to Cursitor Street, I can oblige."

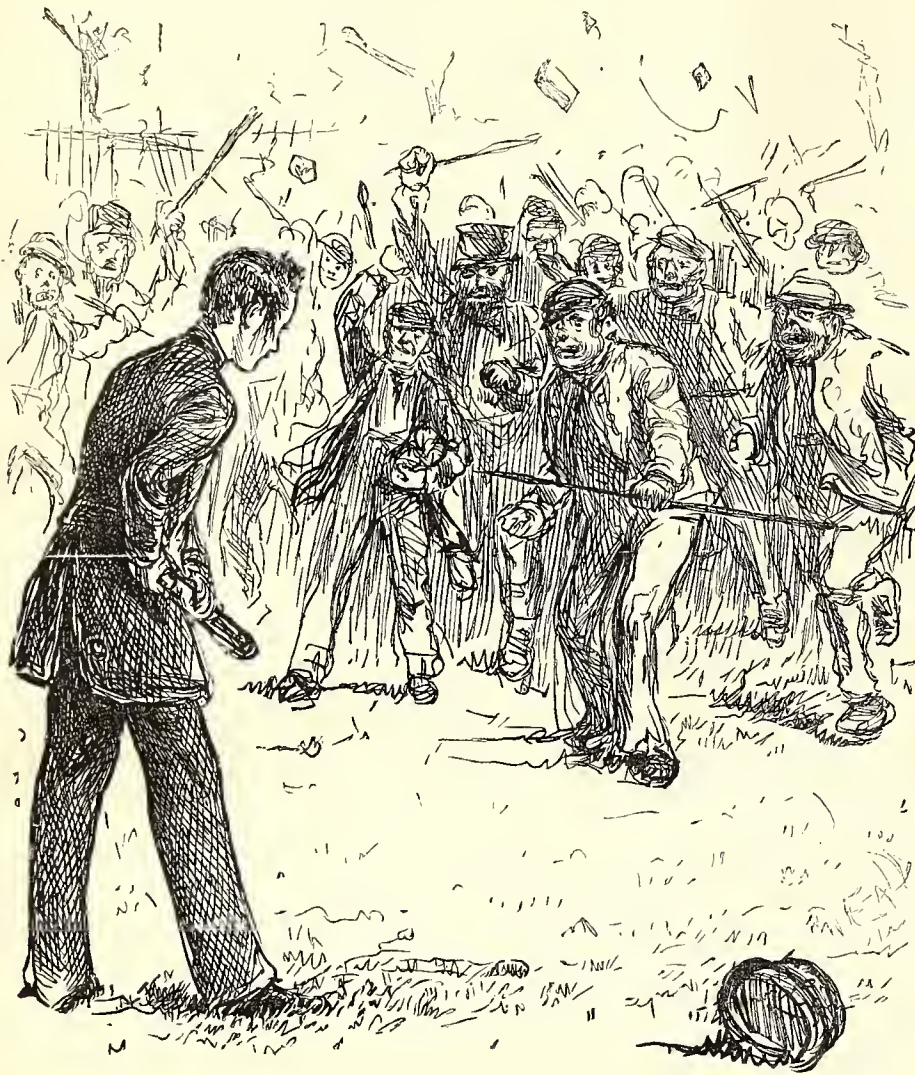
MR. MILL presented a petition complaining of the closing of the Park Gates against the Reform Meeting, and condemning the conduct of the Police. The charges are perfectly distinct, and we regret to see them amalgamated, as *Mr. Punch* has taken great pains to illustrate the difference between the Artisans and the Roughts. The complaint of the former is on a question of law, that of the latter—we are happy to say a well-founded one,—is that their ruffianism received an instalment of the punishment it deserved.

Government asked for leave to continue the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, and it was of course granted. MR. MAGUIRE, MR. O'BEIRNE, and MR. BERNAL OSBORNE made very good speeches, however, and in so far as they affirmed that reform in the Hibernian land-system was needed, *Mr. Punch* is heartily with them. But we can have no mob-law, on either side the Irish Sea. Much Fenian ammunition was seized at "Limerick Prodigious," on the very day of the debate.

Friday. In the Lords there was a little wrangle between LORDS RUSSELL and DERBY about the state of Hyde Park. The public is concerned only with the facts that there is an idea of introducing police

instead of the miserable Keepers, and that at present, and in the year 1866, the Park is officially declared to be habitually unsafe after dark! Ghost of KING ALFRED!

The Commons, afraid of more Currency, got Counted Out, after a debate on the Second Reading of the Extradition Bill (which was carried) and some miscellaneous chat, enlivened by a description from COLONEL SYKES, of the hideous methods in which our allies, the Chinese, torture prisoners to death.



RUFFIANLY POLICEMAN

ABOUT TO PERPETRATE A BRUTAL AND DASTARDLY ASSAULT ON THE PEOPLE.

A WORD FOR A FRIEND.

MR. PUNCH is informed by the *Flâneur* that—

“MR. HEPWORTH DIXON sailed in the *Java*, on Saturday. He goes to Utah and the Salt Lake. QUEEN EMMA, of the Sandwich Isles, sailed in the same vessel.”

Just so. But, as SERJEANT BUZFUZ says, “you have not been informed by my learned friend, because it did not come within my learned friend’s province to tell you,” that the accomplished editor of the *Athenæum* has not become a Mormon, nor has he induced the amiable and royal widow above named to be his companion to the Lake of Salt. MR. HEPWORTH DIXON, whose researches in Palestine have shown that he has that rare and special gift for which travellers “of the writing sort,” (as MR. CARLYLE says,) should pray—keenness of observation and fidelity of description, is *en route* to do us all a service by making an impartial inspection of the singularities and pluralities of Mormonism, and his literary character is a guarantee that we shall have from him a narrative in which facts, and not hysterics, will be the staple. We have had all sorts of wild shrieks about Mormonism, and now we may hope for a philosophic diagnosis. While the telegraph charges a dollar per letter, and cigars are a shilling each, it would be wronging ourselves to outstrip our friend MR. HEPWORTH DIXON with electric credentials from ourselves, but we send these lines after him to assure American friends that no hospitable attention which they may show him will be excessive payment, *d’avance*, for the intellectual attention he will bestow on anything else they may show him. Where-with, and all good wishes, we commend him to the Pony Express.

A HISTORICAL PARALLEL.—Why are the sensation articles on the late riots in the *Morning Star* and *Telegraph* like Hyde Park?—Because their railings have fallen flat.

REMEMBER THE GROTTO.

You have often, no doubt,
Noticed placards about
Which are headed with “PARKINS AND GOTTO,”
Whereunto, any time,
If you’re asked for a rhyme,
You may answer, “Remember the Grotto.”

Shortly after July,
Children tease passers-by,
In a way the young wretches ought not to;
Every brat whom you meet,
Boy or girl, in the street,
Crying, “Please, Sir, remember the Grotto.”

“Grotto! I’ll grotto you,”
Roar old gentlemen, who
Say more definite cannot find what to;
“Go along—get you gone!”
But they only keep on
Saying, “Please, Sir, remember the Grotto.”

What a nuisance and bore,
To be dunned evermore
By those goblins as though you’d forgot to;
Dread that trial severe,
Once too often a year
When they bid you “Remember the Grotto!”

How they get in your way,
And your progress delay!
One would think ’twas a regular plot to
Make you frantic designed,
Drive you out of your mind,
Importuned to remember the Grotto.

With their oyster-shells pressed!
In the front of your chest,
You, distracted, desire the whole lot to
Be off—go to the deuce!
’Tis of not the least use:
They keep on, “Please remember the Grotto.”

Interrupting the thread
Of your musing, your head
They confound, by your sides as they trot to
Plague you out of your pence
On that idle pretence,
That appeal to “Remember the Grotto.”

’Tis when oysters come in
That this game they begin;
For “an R in the month” ’s not their motto;
Oh the maddening pest
Of that constant request—
“O Sir, Please Sir, remember the Grotto!”

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

(During the Long Vacation.)

ALL the Colleges at Cambridge are lying on the backs. Nothing doing. The fountain in Trinity Court, whose work is mere play, has stopped here for this month: in fact stopped up. The Master of Caius was observed the other day at a hairdresser’s, from which it is presumed that he was having something done to his locks. The present Government may perhaps wish to add some further emolument to the revenues of this mastership, and may give him a per-centage on river dues; if so, he will style himself Master of Gonville and Quays.

From Oxford, we hear that the Fellows of All Souls propose giving a Long Vacation Ball. It is to be called a *Bene Vestitus’s* dance.

The following Classical address was written by a scholar of Oriel to a spring insect:—“*Tu sis!*” You May bee.

To finish. What Greek letter would a pompous University Don be most pleased to meet? A *kappa*.

B.A.

A NAME OF SHAME.—Mention a British Admiral, whose ghost must have blushed for his name during the late riots.—SIR HYDE PARKER.



SCENE—PRIVATE BREAKFAST-ROOM, TROSSACHS HOTEL.

Mrs. General Jaunders, United States Army (pointing to Portrait over Fireplace). "KNOW WHO IT IS, GENERAL?"

The General. "AIN'T ANY IDEA! 'SURE TO BE BY SIR JOSHER OR VANDYKE, OR ONE OF THOSE FELLOWS. PERHAPS A LIKENESS OF FITZJAMES, OR SOME OTHER GENTLEMAN IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD!!"

THE LOGIC OF THE WAR.

Mr. Punch has not lately devoted much space to the affairs of his Catholic friends, for which omission he has some idea that they will cheerfully accept his apology. But being naturally anxious to ascertain in what way their English organ accounted for the great Protestant victories in Germany (though he was quite sure that a good and sufficient reason for the overthrow of ultra-Catholic arms would be adduced), Mr. Punch has referred to his excellent contemporary, *The Tablet*, and of course has not been disappointed. The Catholics of England are told why the heretics have vanquished. Reason No. 1 is this:—

"The official and the military mind in Austria is tainted with a deep-seated aversion to religion; laxity of moral and mental enervation follows as natural consequences. In the present campaign glaring instances of such a state of mind have not failed to show themselves. When, for example, the common soldiers, before going into action were desirous of receiving the sacraments, they were told in many instances by their officers to leave such follies alone. Such taunts told on the mind of the soldier."

Reason the second is this:—

"The Jesuit Fathers sought in vain permission to follow the Catholic soldiers of Austria to the field of battle. Such a permission, granted to the Jesuit Fathers by Protestant Prussia, was refused by the military officials of Austria."

Reason the third, and strongest, is this:—

"The absence on the day of the great pilgrimage to "Merrahulf" of (with a few notable exceptions) the civil and military authorities. The two theatres, however most notorious in Vienna for scandalous laxity, have been crowded night after night since the outbreak of the war."

"Can we be surprised, therefore," asks *The Tablet*, "that Austria," &c., &c.

To which we reply, with the Irish echo, "Certainly not;" and we trust that Konningratz will long be an awful warning to the Catholic world against military frivolity, the snubbing of Jesuits, and the going to theatres.

A PIECE OF ADVICE TO PRUSSIA.—An advice of peace to Austria.

OLE DAN WALPOLE.

AIR—"Ole Dan Tucker."

I CAME to town de oder night
I hear a noise, I saw a sight,
De roughs dey all out for a lark,
A rioting and rowing in Hyde Park.
Out ob de way, Ole Dan WALPOLE,
Out ob de way, Ole Dan WALPOLE,
Out ob de way, Ole Dan WALPOLE,
You ain't got de brains for de place in your small pole.

I went across dat Park alone,
I wouldn't ha' done it if I'd known
De roughs were forty-five to one,
Dey stole my watch and away I run.
Out ob de way, &c.

A lady chanced to go dat way,
De brutal mob dey made her pay,
Dey hit her all about de bones
Till she dropped half dead upon de stoues.
Out ob de way, &c.

Dis child him pay him rate and tax,
Am dis de why he get dese whacks?
Oh, in dat Park I'd like to see
Massa WALPOLE wallopped instead of me.
Out ob de way, Ole Dan WALPOLE,
Out ob de way, Ole Dan WALPOLE, (bis)
You'd cry out "Police" when dey break your small pole.

WHY did not SIR JOHN THWAITES lay the first stone of the Southern Embankment? Because he got TITE.

GREAT BALLAD CONCERT.

PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1866.

THE Programme observed on the closing of the Parliamentary Session having of late years lost its principal attraction, it has been decided, on this occasion, to give a Concert, in which the following eminent *Artistes* (amongst others) will appear:—

THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS.

EARL OF DERBY. EARL RUSSELL.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

EARL OF CLARENDON. LORD STANLEY.

MR. GLADSTONE. MR. WALPOLE.

THE SPEAKER.

DUKE OF ARGYLL. MR. WHALLEY.

AND

MR. JOHN BRIGHT.

The LORDS COMMISSIONERS will sing "When shall we three meet again."

The LORD CHANCELLOR will sing "Bid me Discourse."

The SPEAKER will sing "In this Old Chair."

EARL RUSSELL will sing "Resignation," and with MR. GLADSTONE, the Duet—"All is lost now."

THE EARL OF DERBY will play a solo on the first fiddle.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON will sing "Do not Mingle."

LORD STANLEY will sing a Parody, entitled "Here's to the Treaties of Eighteen-Fifteen."

MR. GLADSTONE will sing "Oh, Willie! we have missed you," and "We may be Happy yet."

MR. BRIGHT will sing "My own, my Guiding Star."

LORD ELCHO will introduce "The British Volunteer."

THE EARL OF KIMBERLEY will sing "The Irish Emigrant."

MR. WHALLEY will sing "Rome! Rome!"

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL will sing "The Yellow-haired Laddie."

MR. WALPOLE will sing "Tears, idle Tears."

Tears, idle tears—a sweet sensation scene—
Tears at the thought of that Hyde Park affair
Rise in the eye, and trickle down the nose,
In looking on the baughty EDMOND BEALES,
And thinking of the shrubs that are no more.

The LORD CHIEF BARON will sing (assisted by a Chorus of Country voices), "All among the Barley."

Members of "The Cave" will sing (with glee) "Here in Cool Grot."

AND

BLACK ROD will give "The Message."

The Band of the Adullamites will perform Overtures—by LORD DERBY.

Conductor, MR. DISRAELI.

The Palace will be illuminated—in February.

Grand Display of Fireworks—next Session.

Great Fountains—of Justice, at the particular request of the Irish Members.

Special (Ladies') Trains for the occasion.

Stalls—for Bishops.

Reserved Seats—for Members who have not disclosed what they mean to do next Session.

Tickets to be had at all the Government Offices.

Doors open at One. Performance to commence at Two.

CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED IN AID OF THE ROUGHS MARTYRED IN THE PARK.—A Few Cracksmen, 2s. 6d.; Captain and Mrs. Macheath, 5s.; Nine Cads, 4½d.; A Ticket-of-Leave Man, 1s.; Moss Melter, 2s. 6d. (bad); Anti-Bludgeon, 6d.; Three of Nature's Noblemen, 1s. 6d.; Nimming Ned, 6d.; "Cheese It," 4d.; "One who has sworn at the Crank," 8d.; Scarificatus, 1s.; A Fence and his Pals, 2s. 6d.; Armodus and Harrystowjton, 2d.; An Enemy of Coercion, 3s. 6d.; The Artful Dodger, 6d.; Vengeance in due time, in the meantime 2d.; Friends in the Employ of Old Fagin, Esq., 9d.; The Executors of Jonathan Wild, Esq., 5s.; A Poor but Honest Garotter, 6d.; A Vow, One day's Cly-faking, 6s. 4d.; A Foe to Knocks (Knox), 3s.; Seven Glaziers, 7s.; To Defend "Slogging Bill," 4s. 6d.; Anti-Bobby, 1s.; Hindignation, 8d.; Remember Whitehall, 3d.; A Ratcatcher's Daughter, 2s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. Buggins, 1s.; Roughts in Council, 2s.; A Beadle who hates the Police, 1s.; A Returned Convict, 5s.; Cato, 3d.; A Guardian of the Poor, 2s. 6d.; Jimmy Twitcher, 6d.; One who hopes to out-run the Constable, 3s. 6d.; Out on Bail, 6d.; Proceeds of a day's Pot-stealing, 5s. 6d.; A Few Indignant Gents, 1s. 9d.; A Nest of Jailbirds, 3s.; Henemy of Lord Walpole, 6d.; Quashibungo in England, 2s. 6d.; An Exasperated Burglar, 1s. 6d.; A Crimp, 1s.; Friends in Newgate, 3s. 6d.; A Poor Area-Sneak, 2d.; A Reader of the *Morning Star*, 4d.; Four Fenians, a Head-centre's note for two dollars; From a Thieves' Kitchen, 4s. 6d.; Scum that has Boiled over at such Tyranny, 2d.

KING CHOLERA'S RIGHT-HAND MAN.

CLEAR a path for my wheels, whose nave
Is sharp with the cold blue scythe of Death;
My way with good intentions pave;
Offer me incense of wasted breath—
Breath in warning vainly outpoured,
Doomed to scorning from Vestry and Board.

Who at my right hand place shall hold,
As my Prime Minister, Grand Vizier?
Shall it be Filth, Stench, Hunger, or Cold,
Drink, or Despair, or shivering Fear?
None of these!—On my right hand
BUMBLE THE GREAT, as Chief, shall stand.

BUMBLE, whose fool-bells drown the cry
Of the wretches that crouch beneath my wheels
From the plagues that my 'vant couriers fly,
With their "anti-centralisation" peals;
Whose penny-wisdom o'errides the land,
And whose pound-foolishness arms my hand.

'Tis he keeps watch till the hidden Death
Hath driven his mine from sewer to well,
And the open water-butt's drunk the breath
Of plague that reeks to taste and smell.
'Tis his flabby heart and leaden skull
That keep the rates down and the dead-house full.

Then let our helpful BUMBLE ride
Upon King Cholera's blue right hand,
His Local Self-Government hobby astride,
O'er festering filth, by stagnant strand,
And let each minist'ring cramp and chill
Hail him, mainstay of our royal will!

STEREOSCOPIC VIEW OF A REFORM MEETING.

MR. PUNCH, whose sole object is to ascertain, promulgate, and preach on Truth, has been somewhat puzzled by the perusal of the accounts of the Reform meeting at the Agricultural Hall. The reporters contradicted one another as flatly as sailors in a salvage case, or Irish in any case. His only course seems to be to present two accounts, and leave posterity to reconcile their slight discrepancies.

"The 'Reformers' had another series of 'demonstrations' last night. The 'gatherings' consisted chiefly of boys, roughs, and idlers. The banners were generally of the shabbiest description; and the principal flag bore the legend of 'GLADSTONE and Manhood Suffrage.' Although large placards stigmatising the affair as a 'great Donkey show' were hoisted, 'horse play' and rough practical jokes were the order of the evening. A number of enthusiastic Reformers, who had paid *half-sovereigns* for places on the platform, were disgusted to find that 'the people' had asserted their whole 'sovereign rights' and taken possession without pay. MR. BEALES found no chair left for him to take. After an effort to get a hearing, which was not very successful, MR. MASON JONES was the first speaker, but he, carried away by his own enthusiasm, quite forgot that MR. STUART MILL, M.P., was waiting to follow, and MR. JONES had to be pulled down by the coat tails. Then MR. MILL, of whose speech not a word was audible, gesticulated for some minutes so ludicrously that the mob left off shouting to laugh at his grotesque appearance. The hon. member, who seemed quite bewildered with the hubbub, left in a hurry, in order to describe in his place in Parliament this orderly and majestic demonstration of the people. A free fight followed; the reporters' table was smashed, and the scene of confusion and misrule which followed must be left for the imagination."

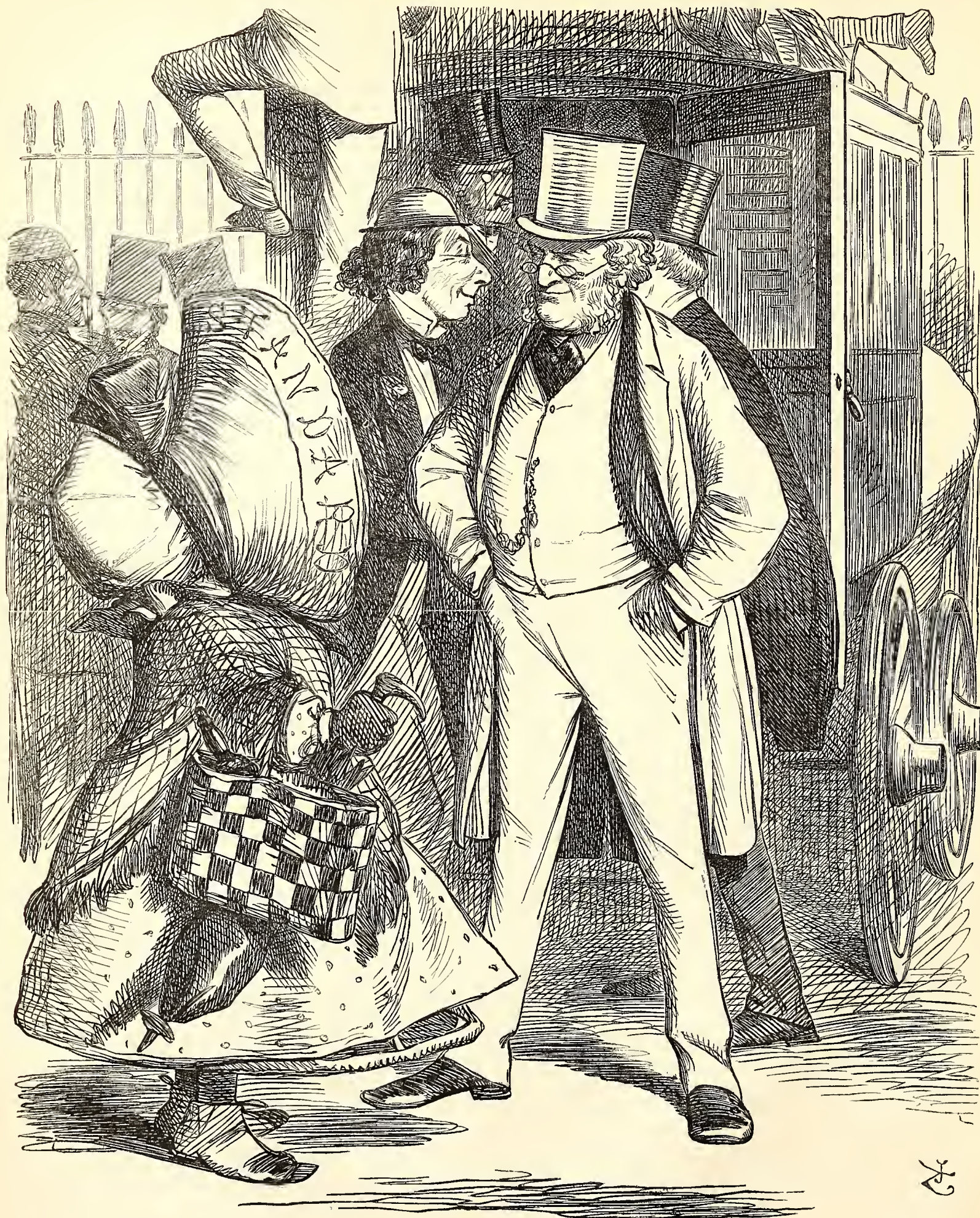
Conservative Report.

"Such an indoor meeting as London itself never before witnessed was held last night in the Agricultural Hall. At least forty thousand must have been present; for not only were the area, the organ-loft, and the side galleries absolutely crowded, but listeners swarmed upon the iron beams and girders of the edifice, and many were festooned along the gigantic ribs which support the roof. The reports describe to us, indeed, a marvellous spectacle. The faces of forty thousand men turned to one point, with one object, silent together, shouting with agreement together, unanimous in cheers that roll like thunder, and in hisses that sound like the menace of some monstrous snake. * * * The scene presented by this vast concourse was one which no one who witnessed it will ever forget. Those who are fond of comparing MR. MILL's present position with that which he occupied before he had proved that the greatest living sage was capable of sustaining himself in the turbulent element of popular politics, and of winning from the populace the admiration he had long enjoyed amongst the highly educated of his countrymen, might well have felt a thrill of curious excitement had they seen the distinguished man's colossal reception by this vast assemblage. * * * There never yet was held in the world so great a meeting, and in this dictum we are pleased to have the concurrence of a gentleman second to none in his acquaintance with the great mass meetings for which America is celebrated."

Liberal Report.

A Geographical Error.

SEVERAL Correspondents (Grocers) are hereby informed that the Valentia, of which they have heard so much lately, is not the place of that name noted for its raisins, but another spot on the Irish Coast famous for its electric Currents.



AN UNEXPECTED TREAT.—THE WHITEBAIT DINNER.

Mrs. GAMP. "WHICH WELL I KNOW'D, DEAR BOYS, THE TIME WOULD SOME DAY COME AS YOU'D DINE AGIN AT GRINNIDGE."



FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

NEPTUNE (*The Heavy Father*). "BLESS YE, MY CHILDREN!"

A MAGIC MARRIAGE.



As a rule, Mr. Punch seldom interferes with other people's business. But when people proclaim their domestic arrangements to the world, by means of advertisement, it may be supposed that they wish every notice taken of the same. This appears in the *Times* among the marriages:—

“At St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, ALEXIS HEINE, of Frankfort, Astro-

loger, to VALESKA, seventh daughter of the late F. G. HARTE, of Homburg. No Cards.”

Rarely have so many suggestive matters been condensed into one brief announcement. It will expand, like isinglass. An Astrologer's Marriage. He selects the Church of St. Dunstan, whose magical treatment of the nose of the Enemy was more prompt than polite. He marries a Seventh Daughter, and we know what mystic power resides in a seventh child. He comes from Frankfort, where, in the dark ages, terrible magicians dwelt, and according to the authorities, “laid spells over Germany.” Probably he is one of their descendants—the Prussian conquerors had better look out for him, as he may know how to “set the imprisoned angels (and other coins) free.” And with a cynical smile, he adds, “No Cards”—he who has but to wink at a card on a salver in London, and the enamelled tablet will, the self-same moment, be found in the card-case of a lady driving up Broadway. No Cards, when his visiting carriage, or *cart de visite*, is a chariot drawn by fiery dragons. We are, in these days, so accustomed to wonders that we give them small heed, but Mr. Punch cannot help noting the Magic Marriage, and wishing supernatural happiness to ALEXIS and VALESKA.

THE GODS AND LITTLE FISHES.

OR, WHITEBAIT AT GREENWICH.

Aug. 4, 1866.

OH, ye Gods and little fishes,
On the couches, and the dishes!
Eat, oh Gods, small fish, be eaten,
Place attained and GLADSTONE beaten!
Scarce ye dreamed so soon again,
In the Halls of QUARTERMAINE,
Thus to clear your rival's dishes,
Oh ye Gods, and little fishes!
Jove as DERBY sits serene,
Swift of speech and haught of mien,
Watching with paternal pride
The chaste Dian at his side
In the masculine disguise
Of a STANLEY ware and wise,
Toning down, with sense of awe,
His more jovial papa,
As he marks how, hour by hour,
Waver Europe's scales of power,
With that eye so clear and cold,
Wherewith Dian froze of old
Young Endymion's ardent gaze,
Quenched and quelled in icy rays.
While Minerva and her owl—
But especially the fowl—
Sit, combined, in WALPOLE bland:
See the turn-cock's key at hand,
Wherewith to turn on the rain
Of emotion's ready main.
Wisdom's Goddess could not wear
Look more kind or debonair:
Nor her owl, in stately speech,
Loftier heights of dulness reach.

See, his conch where Neptune blows
In the Pakingtonian nose;
Fork for trident glad to play,
Delft, for armour-plates, to-day;
REID and COWPER-COLES set by,
Here are other fish to fry!
Mars his blade of Sheffield steel
Plies as burly GENERAL PEEL,
Shovelling down the white-bait feast—
Muzzle-loaders, here, at least.
Hercules, his club pared thin;
Changed for lamb's his lion's skin,
In mild GATHORNE HARDY'S mould
Dares worse labours than of old—
Bumble's hydra-heads to maim,
Brazen-fronted Boards to tame,
Vestry harpies scare and scout,
Clean the Augean stable out,
Where the bed-rid pauper lies,
Till in filth he rots and dies.
While in MANNERS, mask'd Apollo
Out-rhymes MARTIN TUPPER hollow,
Leads the Muses and the Graces
Through our Parks and public places;
First appearing, bound in boards,
In Park Lane's reforming hoards;
Bidding the Park flower-knots shine—
Duty quite in Phœbus' line—
And with rhymester's tinsel free
Gilds an “old nobility.”*
Indian Bacchus, “with pink eyne,”
Shows in CRANBOURNE saturnine,
Vinous, turn'd acetic, acid,
Bitter tongue and mood un placid:
India's Council, all amort,
Gulps its chief's astringent port,
Feels the draughts inflame its blood,
Crustier than from the wood.
See, who last pervades the board,
Of all shapes Protean Lord.
Who shall name his many names!
Who shall sound his various fames?
Great in tactics, tongue, and pen,
Asian mystery to men—
Hermes, Mercury, or Thoth,
Roman, Greek, Egyptian both,
Triple Godhead, free to move,
Realms below, and realms above.
See where this mysterious power,
Masques him for the passing hour,
In the Sphynx-like face and eyes,
Wherein sheltered DIZZY lies,
Coiled like snake in slumbering ring,
But like snake, with power to spring,
And to strike with tongue and fang;
Where 's the hide but owns the pang,
Where the blood but turns to gall?
As the venom poisons all?
There he sits this Lord of wiles,
Never frowns, but rarely smiles!
Who shall say what projects strain
Supple will and teeming brain?
Who this mystery shall scan,
Square this many-sided man?
Lose who may, crown him the winner
In the Olympians' white-bait dinner.

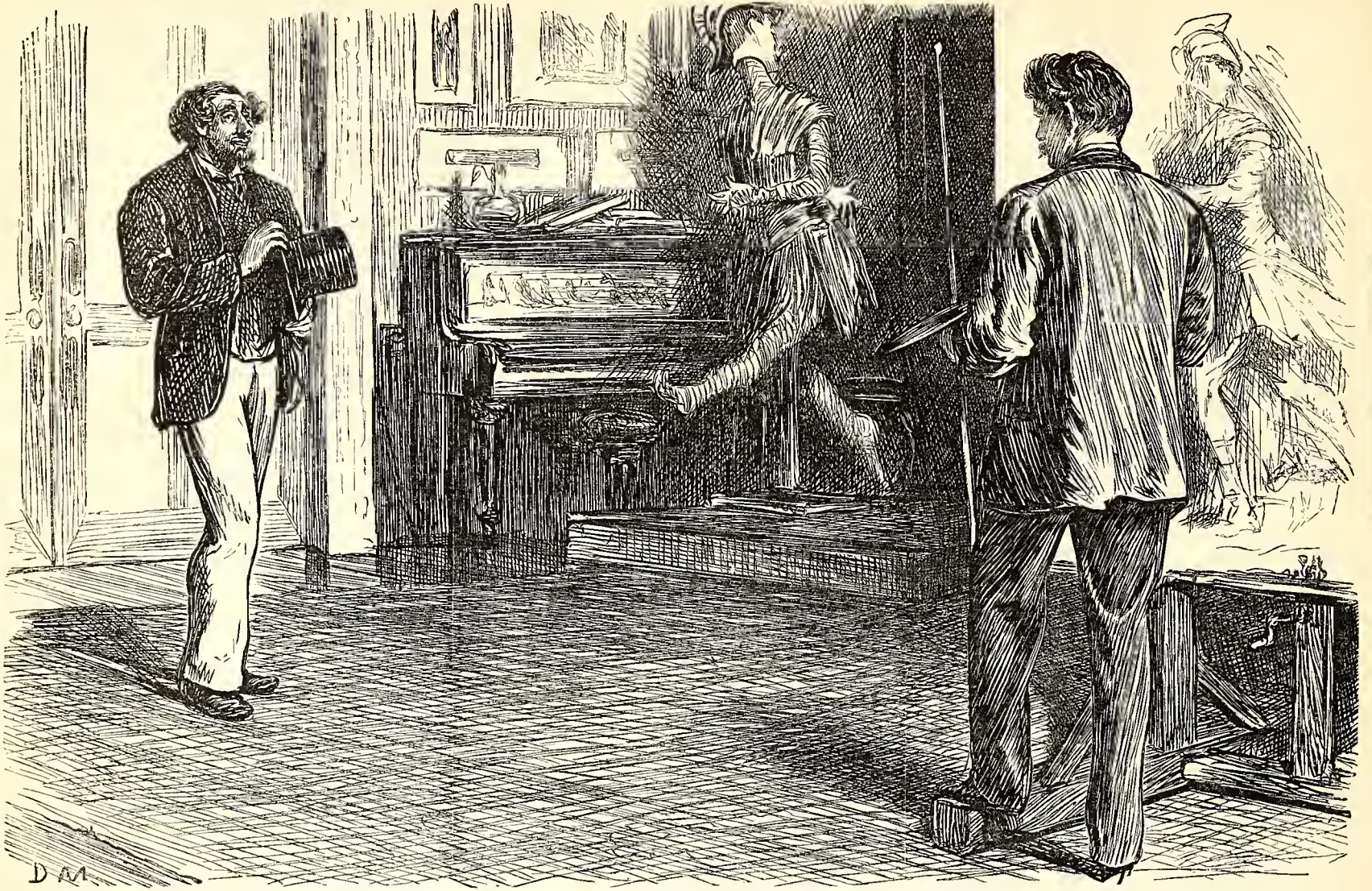
* When shall the world forget those deathless lines,
Where MANNERS rhyme and reason so combines?
“Let art and science, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility.”

How to Become Invisible.

THE gift of invisibility was formerly believed to be procurable by means of fern-seed; but no peculiar power of rendering people invisible resides especially in the seed of fern. Put on any very seedy suit of clothes, and walk about in the streets. You will very soon find that your acquaintance will pass you without seeing you.

A COOL HINT.

WE would suggest to the Purveyors of the Refreshments at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts, that they should introduce a new summer beverage, to be called,—MELLONADE.



BEHIND THE SCENES.

Artist. "HULLO, JAKES! HOW'S THIS? I'VE BEEN TRYING TO DO WITHOUT YOU—I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU COULDN'T COME THIS MORNING?"

Model. "SO I DID, SIR! I WAS ENGAGED TO MR. MACMOUGH, TO SIT FOR THE LEGS IN THE DOOK OF HIPSWICH'S PORTRAIT."

Artist. "WELL?"

Model. "WELL, SIR, WHILES I WERE A-SITT'N, THE DOOK HE 'COME IN QUITE HUNEXPECTED LIKE; AN' WHEN HE SEE ME, HE SAYS HE'D A DEAL SOONER SIT FOR HIS LEGS HISSELF. SO I COME ON STRAIGHT HERE!"

A PICTURE OF INTELLIGENCE.

THE following is a reporter's portrait of a gentleman as he appeared before a coroner's jury charged with murder:—

"The prisoner is of short stature and short build. He has a round bullet head, thick neck, small dark eyes, and peculiarly overhanging beetle brows. His demeanour was throughout dogged and indifferent, but there was nothing in his appearance to indicate an absence of a low order of intellectual faculty."

There is an obscurity in the conclusion of the foregoing extract, perhaps occasioned by a misprint. The statement that the prisoner's demeanour was dogged and indifferent is not clearly qualified by the counterpoised remark, "but there was nothing in his appearance to indicate an absence of a low order of intellectual faculty." Why "but"? Of course there is nothing in the appearance of any one whose demeanour is dogged and indifferent to indicate an absence of a low, as contradistinguished from a high, order of intellectual faculty. It is conceivable that, on the contrary, the presence of a low order of intellectual faculty might be indicated by something in such an one's appearance. But then again a dogged and indifferent demeanour is compatible enough with intellectual faculty of a high order. If we were told that a person's demeanour was dogged and indifferent, but that there was nothing in his appearance to indicate an absence or a low order of intellectual faculty, we should then know that we were given to understand that his appearance, for all his doggedness and indifference of demeanour, did not betoken an absolute idiot or even a very stupid man. Is this the opinion which the physiognomist above quoted intended to express as to the prisoner whose personal characteristics were a round bullet head, thick neck, small dark eyes, and peculiarly overhanging beetle brows? Did he mean to represent the individual of whose appearance such were the distinctive specialties as rather intelligent looking? If so, he is the man to re-edit LAVATER.

AFTER THE BENEFIT.

Mr. Punch. Help yourself, MR. BUCKSTONE.

Mr. Buckstone. Sir, I usually do.

Mr. P. It is well. Now, my dear BUCKSTONE, one word about one word in your speech. Why did you begin by saying that you had "concluded" to close?

Mr. B. So I had, Sir.

Mr. P. Why "concluded"?

Mr. B. The word is sanctioned by Webster.

Mr. P. MR. WEBSTER is an admirable Manager and a personal friend of mine, but what have you to do with the Adelphi?

Mr. B. Bother, I mean WEBSTER, the American dictionary-man.

Mr. P. You supposed yourself to be American?

Mr. B. Certainly, *Our American Cousin.*

Mr. P. I am answered. As Guardian of the British language I was bound to ascertain your meaning. Take another cigar.

Mr. B. I will. (*Does.*)

"What's in a Name?"

THE last new peer, LORD STRATHNAIRN, appears to have been doubtful what title he should assume. A question of no importance, for has not SHAKSPEARE, with his usual prescience, observed, "A Rose by any other name would smell as sweet"?

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

WHAT wonder that the *Kaiser* has succeeded in running down the *Ré d'Italia* at sea! How long has VICTOR-EMMANUEL been running down FRANCIS-JOSEPH on shore?

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Happy Thoughts.—I have now hit upon a very happy thought. Being in need of quiet, in order to commence my great work on "Typical Developments," I have found a charming retreat on the banks of the Thames, somewhere about Twickenham, or Teddington, or Richmond, or Kingston, and all that part. Capital fishing here. In punts with a man and worms: average sport, one tittlebat in ten hours.

First Happy Day. Charming; perfect quiet. See a man in punt fishing. Asked him how long he had been there? He says, "Three hours." Caught anything? "Nothing." He is quite cheerful. Full of happy thoughts, and commenced my "Typical Developments." In the evening caught an earwig; not a bit frightened of him. *The pincers in an earwig's tail don't bite.*

To bed early. Leave the man fishing; his man with the bait asleep. Been there all day? "Yes." Caught anything? "Nothing." Quite contented.

Second Happy Day. Up early. Same man in punt, still fishing; new man with bait. Ask him how long he has been there? "All night." Caught anything? "Nothing." Not at all irritable. * * * Killed two earwigs in my bath. Sat in my parlour to write.

Before me is my little lawn: at the foot of the lawn runs the river.

9 A.M. I commence my "Typical Developments," and note the fact, keeping by me this journal of observation in case anything turns up. Something has turned up: an earwig. Distracting for a moment, but now defunct. All is peace. I walk down the lawn. Caught anything? "Nothing." His voice is, I fancy, getting weaker. I am meditating, and my soul is rising to sublime heights. * * * A Barge is passing slowly, towed by horses against a strong stream, while the happy bargeman trudges cheerily along; and other happy bargemen, with their wives and children loll lazily on deck. (The fishing punt has suddenly disappeared.) Ah! how easily may we float against the stream of life, if we are towed! How sweet it is to—a Barge has stuck on the shallows.

Scientific Note.—How distinctly water conveys sound. I can hear every word that happy bargeman on the opposite shore says, as if I were at his elbow. He is using language of a fearful description to his horses. The other bargeman has lifted himself up (he was on his back kicking his legs in the air on deck) to remonstrate. His remonstrances are couched in still stronger language, and include the man and the beasts. Woman (his wife I should say) interferes with a view to peacemaking. Her soothing words are more forcible than those of the two men, and include them both with the beasts. The children have also joined in, and are abusing the bargeman (their father, as I gather) on shore. My gardener tells me they'll probably stick here till the tide turns. I ask him if it often happens? He tells me "Oh! it's a great place for barges." My sister and two ladies in the drawing-room (also facing the lawn) have closed their windows. "Typical Developments" shall have a chapter on the "Ideal Bargeman." To write is impossible at present. A request has been forwarded to me from the drawing-room to the effect that I would step in and kill an earwig or two. I stepped in and killed five. Ladies in hysterics. The punt has reappeared: he only put in for more bait. Caught anything? "Nothing." Had a bite. "Once, I think." He is calm, but not in any way triumphant.

Evening. Tide turned. Barge gone. They swore till the last moment. From my lawn I attempted to reason with them. I called them "my good men," and tried to cajole them. Their immediate reply was of an evasive character. I again attempted to reason with them. Out of their next reply I distinguished only one word which was not positively an oath. Even as it stood, apart from its context, it wasn't a nice word, and my negotiations came to an end. Went back to my parlour and killed earwigs.

Night.—Man in punt still fishing. He informs me that he doesn't think this a very good place for sport. Caught anything? "Nothing." He is going somewhere else. I find that I can write at night. No noise. I discover for the first time that I've got a neighbour who looks at the Moon and Jupiter every night through a large telescope. He asks me would I like to step in and see Jupiter? * * * I have stepped in and seen Jupiter (who gave us some difficulty in getting himself into a focus) until my head aches. No writing to-night. During my absence five moths, attracted by the gas-light, and at least a hundred small green flies, have perished miserably on my MS. paper and books. * * * Screams from the ladies' bed-room. Off. * * * Maid servant up!!! Lights!! "Would I mind stepping in and killing an earwig." Bed. I open my window and gaze on the placid stream. Why, there's a punt; and a man in it: fishing. He has returned. Caught anything? "Nothing." Good night. "Good night."

Third Happy Day.—Five earwigs in bath, drowned. Fine day for "Typical Developments." Man and punt gone; at least I don't see them. Commenced Chapter 1st. * * * Dear me! Music on the water. A large barge with a pleasure party. They're dancing the *Lancers*. The gardener says, in reply to my question about the frequent recurrence of these merry-makings, "Oh yes, it's a great place

for pleasure parties and moosic. They comes up in summer about three or four at a time; all a playin' of different toons. Quite gay like. The *Maria Jane* brings up parties every day with a band." The *Maria Jane* is the name of the pleasure barge. Bah! I will overcome this nervousness. I will abstract myself from passing barges and music, and concentrate myself upon—tiddledy tiddledy rum ti tum—that's the bowing figure in the *Lancers*—hang the bowing figure!—Let me concentrate myself upon—with a tiddledy tiddledy rum ti tum. It's difficult to remember the *Lancers*. The barge has passed. Now for "Typical Developments."—"Would I step in and kill an earwig in the work-box." * * * A steamer! I didn't know steamers were allowed here. "Oh yes," the gardener says, "it's a great place for steamers. They brings up school children for feasts." They do with a vengeance; the children are shouting and holloaing, their masters and mistresses are issuing orders for landing: thank goodness on the opposite bank. They've got a band, too. "No," the gardener explains, "it's not *their* band I hear, that belongs to the Benefit Societies' Club as has just come up in the other steamer behind." The other steamer! They're dancing the *Lancers*, too. I must concentrate myself; let me see, where was I? "Typical Developments. Chap. 1." Tiddledy tiddledy rum ti tum, with my tiddledy tiddledy rum tum tum and my tiddledy tiddledy, that's the bowing figure, now they're bowing—and finish, yes, tiddledy tiddledy rum ti tum. The *Lancers* is rather fun * * * Good heavens! I find myself unconsciously practising steps and doing a figure. I must concentrate myself.

Afternoon.—Barges and swearing. Pleasure boat with band, and party dancing *Lancers*, for the fourth time. Return of all the boats. Steamers and barges; they stop opposite, out of a mistaken complimentary feeling on their part, and play (for a change) the *Lancers*, Tiddledy tiddledy rum ti tum. Becoming a little wild, I dance by myself on the lawn. The maid comes out. "Would I step in and kill an earwig?" With pleasure—bowing figure—and my tiddledy iddledy rum ti tum.

Night.—The turmoil has all passed. I walk down the lawn and gaze on the calmly flowing river. Is it possible? There is the punt and the man, fishing. He'd been a little higher up. Caught anything? "Nothing." Gardener informs me that people often come out for a week's fishing. I suppose he's come out for a week's fishing. Neighbour over the hedge asks me, "Would I like to have a look at Jupiter?" I say I won't trouble him. He says no trouble, just get the focus, and there you are. He does get the focus, and, consequently, there I am. I leave my "Typical Developments, Chap. 1." * * * Looking through the telescope makes one's head ache. We did have some brandy-and-water. Shan't stop up so late again. Cocks begin to crow here at midnight. It's quite light at midnight. I can't concentrate myself like the man in the punt. Caught anything? "Nothing." Good night. "Good night."

Fourth and Fifth Happy Days.—"Typical Developments, Chap. 1." Man in punt disappeared. *Lancers*, tiddledy iddledy rum ti tum from 11 A.M. till 2 P.M. School feasts 2 till 5. Earwigs to be killed every other half hour. Cheering from Odd Fellows and Mutual Benevolent Societies. Barges at all hours and strong language. Festive people on opposite shore howling and fighting up till past midnight. Gardener says, "Oh! yes, it's a great place for all that sort of thing." Disturbed in the evening by Jupiter, Saturn and the Moon, which have always got something remarkable the matter with them.

Happy Thought.—I have found a more charming "Retreat" on the banks of the Thames, *i.e.*, to retreat altogether. Have heard of an old Feudal Castle to be let. Shall go there. Moat and remote, put that into "Typical Developments, Chap. 1." We have packed up everything. I open my note book of memoranda to see if I've left anything behind. I walk down the lawn to see if I've left anything behind there. Yes! there he is. The man in the punt, still fishing. He says he's been a little lower down. Any sport? "None." Caught anything here? "Nothing." Good bye. "Good bye." And so I go away and leave him behind.

We Defy Omens.

CERTAINLY we do. Nevertheless it is true that Thirteen Members of the Government sat down to dinner at the LORD MAYOR'S table. Another remarkable thing occurred. A Minister, not asked to speak, suddenly jumped up, and in a fervour of graceful enthusiasm, proposed a lady's health. Nothing could be more proper, especially as the health was that of the admirable LADY MAYORESS. But who was this impassioned reveller? Don't take it from us, look at the reports. It was—LORD STANLEY! Has the electric cable turned the Gulf Stream among the icebergs?

FRESH CAUGHT.

WHAT fish is like the beautiful girl who draws your beer for you at the roadside inn? The Bar-belle.

What fish did OLIVER CROMWELL object to in Parliament? The Barbel. How do you know this historically? Because he said, "Take away that barbel."



DIFFICULT TO PLEASE.

Donkey Woman. "THEM'S FASHIONS, I SUPPOSE! ONE ALL HAIR BEFORE, T'OTHER ALL HAIR BEHIND!"

ON THE RIVER.

I SAT in a punt at Twickenham,
I've sat at Hampton Wick in 'em.
I hate sea boats, I'm sick in 'em—
The man, I, Tom, and Dick in 'em.
Oh, gentles! I've been pickin' 'em
For bait, the man's been stickin' 'em.
(Cruel!) on hooks with kick in 'em.
The small fish have been lickin' 'em.
And when the hook was quick in 'em,
I with my rod was nickin' 'em,
Up in the air was flickin' 'em.
My feet so cold, kept kickin' 'em.
We'd hampers, with *aspic* in 'em,
Sandwiches made of chicken, 'em
We ate, we'd stone jars thick, in 'em
Good liquor; we pic-nic-ing 'em
Sat: till our necks a rick in 'em
We turned again t'wards Twickenham.
And paid our punts, for tickin' 'em
They don't quite see at Twickenham.

Abortive Attempt to Blow up the Houses of Parliament.

As if the nine pounds of gunpowder, with a slow match attached, found by the police at three o'clock in the morning of last Monday se'night in the neighbourhood of the House of Commons, could effect this! The feeble incendiaries who made this childish attempt are hereby warned that the only person licensed to blow up the Houses of Parliament, and all in them, whether Lords or Commons, is *Mr. Punch*, and that this well-deserved duty is religiously performed every week during the Session.

RIDDLE (by a distinguished Haytian).—What Shakspearian character ought to keep a Hotel? *Hotello*.

A NEW ERA FOR THE DRAMA.

By all means let us have Continuations. We do not refer to that portion of the masculine wardrobe which is usually put on before the vest and the coat; far be it from us to assert that the men of England need any advice to eschew Highlanderism. We allude to Continuations of Plays. When an author has invented a series of characters, and has worked out a plot, why should not another author steal his characters, and taking such hints for a second story as he can obtain from the first, put the old lot on the stage? It is much easier than original composition. The experiment has lately been tried, and though the intellectual deficiencies of the second author seem to have caused the result to be a Mull, another effort in the same line may be luckier. We suggest that at Drury Lane Theatre, about to open for the legitimate drama, the novel expedient should be resorted to, and we learn from good authority that another aspiring young dramatist has submitted to MR. CHATTERTON a Continuation of *Othello*. It is called, *The Moor of Venice, or a Year After*. We all know the end of the SHAKSPEARIAN play. *Othello* stabs himself, and falls. The second SHAKSPEARE has supposed, that, owing to a want of anatomical knowledge, *Othello* missed a vital part and slowly recovered. *Iago* is tortured to death before the audience, and *Emilia*, who was but slightly wounded, becomes, of course, a widow, and resolves to marry *Othello*, who, as *Iago* states, had, before the opening of play No. 1, paid her marked attentions. But *Bianca*, who breaks with *Cassio*, on account of his having become a confirmed drunkard, is *Emilia's* rival, and moreover turns out to be an unrecognised daughter of *Brabantio*, by whose death she has become rich. We do not propose to injure the success of the piece by detailing the progress of the plot, but all ends happily, and the grand scene at the end where *Othello*, now Doge of Venice, goes on the "Canal" to perform the celebrated ceremonial of the Marriage of the Waters, will demand all MR. BEVERLEY'S best energies to do it justice. The theatrical public may be congratulated on the new device for its entertainment.

WHEN is a crop likely to be deceptive? When it is all your rye.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ORIBUND, a Session demands little of *Mr. Punch's* august notice, but he mentions that on *Monday*, August 6, SIR HUGH ROSE, now LORD STRATHNAIRN, took his seat as a Peer, and is hereby complimented on having attained an honour merited by much valuable service to the public. He is not one of the Lords who have received coronets merely because they were rich men or good partisans. We did not inquire *Rosa quo sera moretur*, because SIR HUGH has always been in good time, whatever he has had to do.

The Public Health Bill went through five stages at a gallop, and will, we hope, be earnestly carried out. The authorities may rely upon an act of indemnity for any little excess of vigour which they may exhibit in the way of executing any vestry-

man, Blackguardian, municipal councillor, beadle, or other obstructive.

MR. J. A. SMITH most properly asked MR. HARDY whether Parliament ought to separate without providing the means of summary interference, where vestries or others should neglect their duty in regard to sanitary measures at this crisis. MR. HARDY promised a large Bill, next year, for dealing with such subjects, hoped that the new Health Act would do good, and distinctly said that Local Authorities were now On Their Trial, and that if they failed, their powers must be transferred. As they certainly *will* fail, we advise that the new Bill be framed on the basis that they have done so.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITH is uneasy about the designs of France or Italy, but LORD STANLEY was unable to make any answer to the question of the honourable and uneasy gentleman. It is a comfort that *semper vigilat in aede Lar, Darbius*.

We agreed with MR. WATKIN that it was inexpedient to talk any more about Currency. MR. GILPIN hoped that the Government would consider the subject deeply during the recess. If it will be of any assistance to MR. DISRAELI, we beg to place at his disposal the information that a Bank Note is nothing but a Mint Certificate, and when we say Mint, we do not mean *Mentha viridis*, usually served up to spoil lamb, but the coin manufactory on Tower Hill.

It is not exactly comforting to be told by SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, Lord of Admiralty, that the Navy is in a most unsatisfactory condition, and that after spending Seventy Millions in Seven years, we have scarcely any ships in Reserve for an emergency. Still, such of us as are unfortunate enough to keep servants know that when a new housemaid comes, the kind soul of Materfamilias is worried out of her with the fresh comer's incessant complaints that not a brush, dust-pan, or duster is serviceable, that the house is in a shocking condition, and that she will have enough to do for a month at least in putting things straight. But go to work, SIR JOHN.

The Indemnity Bill was passed. The law ordains that a lot of oaths shall be taken by all sorts of persons, and by way of illustrating the value it sets on such profane nonsense, it always steps in at the end of a Session with an intimation that if the oaths have not been taken "it is of no consequence." The farce ought to be called the Toots Act.

Also the Extradition Bill was passed. LORD STANLEY had charge of it, and MR. MILL said that if his Lordship were always to be Foreign Secretary, no further security against the mis-use of that law could be wanted, but "as we were not likely to be always so favoured" (do you already hear those cries of "Divide, divide," in a crammed house, at 2 P.M., MR. MILL?) the operation of the measure had better be limited to a year. LORD STANLEY assented.

Tuesday. That discreet and venerated nobleman, LORD WESTMEATH, made complaint to LORD DERBY touching Ritualistic practices. To him the Earl gravely replied, that the business concerned the BISHOP OF LONDON, who was absent, but that such practices were to be deprecated, as mischievous, although no doubt the Church allowed much latitude to her priests. By the way, when the Bishops shall have extinguished the Candles on the Altars, some indignant Ritualist will probably exclaim (if such persons can understand POPE) that the poet's prophecy is fulfilled, and

"Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires."

The Commons met for the last night of debate. MR. WALPOLE vindicated MR. KNOX, the Magistrate, for a judgment which he had given in a Hyde Park riot case, and who had well remarked to a complainer, "Do not blame a constable for a chance blow, but blame those who turned the scum and refuse of the town on its peaceable inhabitants." As *Mr. Punch* has already signified, the feeling of all lovers of order is with the excellent Beak who is so savagely abused by the friends of Roughianism.

There was not much to amuse us, except a hope by MR. AYRTON, when the Public Schools Bill was withdrawn, that we should soon abandon unsuccessful attempts to teach

the classic languages to the Middle Class. Gracious, what a tyrannical and exclusive wish! Shall only the haughty aristocrat read *Horace*, must a man have a coronet ere he can open *Cornelius Nepos*, and shall *Terence* be a shut book to all but the Territorials? The spirit of the age is against such bigotry, and if it is to be practised, *Punch* himself will raise the banner of revolt, and organise a Free Latin League.

Nothing more until *Friday*, when LORD DERBY PROROGUED LORD PALMERSTON'S PARLIAMENT.

Before that operation, some questions were asked, but they were not particularly interesting, and seemed to have been put for the sake of saying something, just as one asks one's third cousin how his wife is, or how he likes his new house. An exception occurred in the case of a query put to LORD STANLEY by SIR GEORGE BOWYER, who demanded whether France were not demanding a cession of territory by Prussia. LORD STANLEY only knew that communications to that effect were going on. So! His IMPERIAL MAJESTY begins to think of "picking up the pieces."* We trust that WE did not put it into his head.

Our ROYAL MISTRESS said, *via* LORD CHELMSFORD, That *She*

Was happy to release her Lords and Gentlemen.

Had watched the German War with anxious interest, had not interfered, and hoped that negotiations would produce a lasting peace.

Had all but suppressed Fenianism in Ireland.

Was rejoiced at the loyalty of Canada and the good faith of the United States, in regard to the Fenian nuisance.

Wished that the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland could be terminated.

Was much obliged for Supplies.

Regretted the Monetary Pressure. It was not sensibly mitigated, but alarm was subsiding.

Was grateful for the diminution of the Cattle Plague.

Deplored the Visitation of Cholera, had given directions for Prayer, and cordially approved the Legislative remedies that had been provided.

Hoped that the latter would be vigorously carried out.

Rejoiced in the success of the Atlantic Telegraph, and—

Dismissed Parliament with the usual admonition and assurance.

There was no mention of *Mr. Punch* in the speech, but his Royal Lady and he understand one another, and he will only add that Her pleasure in dismissing Parliament is only equalled by his own. *Toby*, is the portmanteau locked? Call a Hansom. Jump in, dog. To the Great Northern Railway. *O rus quando?*

PUNCH.

* See PUNCH, No. 1301.

He and She.

WHEN spooney He, on leaving Her,
Looks, loving, back, and sees
In a white cambric cloud a stir
Made by the passing breeze,
Let him, ere blest with fond belief,
This to himself propose—
Or does she wave her handkerchief?
Or does she blow her nose?

Railway Arrangement.

WE should be happy to be enabled to announce that all the Railway Companies, considering the danger of extortions to which male passengers travelling singly are exposed, have determined on running distinct carriages for unattended females, who will not be permitted to enter any other.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEA.

LET us shout for the Land of the Brave ;
 Let us roar for the Isle of the Free !
 Ne'er shall one foreign foe,
 With the tip of his toe,
 Touch Britannia, the Queen of the Sea.
 Rule Britannia the Queen of the Sea.
 Reign Britannia, the Queen of the Sea.
 She did always, of yore,
 And she shall, evermore,
 Reign Britannia, the Queen of the Sea.

Wooden walls were our bulwarks of old,
 But of iron they now are to be ;
 When our sea-walls we've got,
 Which at present we've not ;
 But Britannia's the Queen of the Sea.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Other nations have navies of steel ;
 Iron-clads we have got two or three.
 Never mind. Who's afraid
 A descent can be made
 On Britannia the Queen of the Sea ?
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Though our souls are with business engrossed,
 Yet ten times seven millions have we
 In experiments spent ;
 Goodness knows how it went :
 But Britannia's the Queen of the Sea.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Railway Members, and Members for Trade,
 Legislation for England decree :
 Parliamentary snobs,
 Have connived at gross jobs :
 Still Britannia's the Queen of the Sea.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Let us hope with all maritime Powers,
 That we still shall contrive to agree,
 Whilst creating a fleet,
 Fit their navies to meet :
 For Britannia, the Queen of the Sea.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

WHO WRITES THE TIME-BOOKS ?

DEAR PUNCH,

You know everybody ; pray do you know the author of the railway time-tables and time-books ? Because, if so, I wish you would just tell him, with my most respectful compliments, that I wish he would be earlier in sending in his "copy" for those interesting works. Trains usually are changed upon the first day of the month, and the time-books as a rule are never ready to be published till the morning of that day. To be of service, then, they clearly should be issued a week earlier, so that one may lay one's plans beforehand for one's journeys, and be saved from the annoyance of arriving at a station just in time to be too late.

I travel a good deal, and have spoilt a splendid temper through the trains which I have missed by not having a time-book, there being none procurable until the day on which the times are altered for the trains. The mysteries of a time-book are not easy to unravel, and on this account alone, if for no other reason, the time-books should be issued considerably before their information is required. Just touch up the talented author who employs his time in writing them, and bid him be in time in telling us the times, and thus save from countless miseries your tormented,

VAGABUNDUS.

Animal Instinct.

THE Sea-Bear has whispered to his friend and Keeper that the grief he feels at the death of the Sea-Cow on its passage to England and the Zoological Gardens (which the Seal broke to him), is not unbearable. The creature is supposed to have been alarmed for the popularity he now enjoys—to have felt it was fishy.

INTERESTING TO SMOKERS.

A NOVEL is announced, called *Brought to Light*. It may be very good. And we know many that are certainly as fit to be made Spills.

A SAND-PIPERS' WHISTLE.

IN its largest type, as indeed, befits the terrible occasion, MR. BRIGHT's organ inserts the following frightful announcement from a Correspondent, DR. SANDPIPER, of Kars :—

"I firmly believe that under the present Government the lives of such men as MR. BRIGHT and MR. BEALES are unsafe, and I am confirmed in this belief by sundry observations I hear in society."

Unhappily, we are enabled to confirm the terrors of the writer. We had been disposed to give a contemptuous toleration to the existing Cabinet, which is but temporary, because we think, with the late DUKE OF WELLINGTON, that it is generally the duty of a good citizen to support the QUEEN's Government *de facto*. But we now denounce that Government, and swear to do our utmost for its overthrow. It seeks the lives of BEALES and BRIGHT. We are in possession of facts. LORD DERBY has sworn by St. Joan (a family oath, referring to his ancestress, Joan of Aldithly) that he will eat no pheasant of 1866 until he has received the head of BEALES at Knowsley, carriage paid, and no fee to porter. We need not say what this means, when uttered in the hearing of remorseless sycophants. Several attacks have already been made upon MR. BEALES, and though he has been hitherto providentially unharmed in consequence of the thickness of his skull, who shall say that this will always be proof against the ruffianism of the blood-thirsty scions of aristocracy ? THOMAS A BECKETT fell in the Canterbury Cathedral, and BEALES may be destined to a like fate in the Canterbury Hall. *Ullor ex Ossibus*, as MR. GLADSTONE says, may arise, but even if Bones should jump down from among the other Ethiopians, and revenge BEALES in the most sanguinary manner, what atonement is this to a bereaved nation ? But BRIGHT is not destined to succumb to the private vengeance of the haughty Lord of Derby. An impeachment, with a packed majority in the Houses, is to send BRIGHT to the block.

"The House impeach him, CONINGSBY harangues."

Yes, the malice of MR. DISRAELI is at length to be satiated. His imaginative eye already sees the end, the shouted verdict, the awful sentence, the dreadful array on Tower Hill. He hears the toll of St. Peter ad Vincula. He beholds WILBERFORCE vainly trying to induce the faithful Quaker to give some sign of attachment to the Church of England, if it be only to bless a beadle. He sees WHALLEY, in his Protestant mask, preparing the axe for the deadly enemy of all Jesuitism. He marks ODGER weeping, RODGERS in convulsions, BUBB bellowing for a rescue, and GILL trembling lest his own dark doom be near. Then, with a face calm as young *Alroy's* when led to the stake, the Oriental Minister turns to the savage CAIRNS, and bids him, at the peril of his own life, be sure that the forms of law are duly observed. But the hatred of the tyrants may yet be baffled. We tell them to their cruel faces that their prey may foil them yet. It can do no harm, now, to reveal, that BEALES may pass at any moment through Temple Bar in the disguise of an organ-grinder, and no minion of MAYNE shall detect the patriot ; or that MR. BRIGHT fishes peacefully in a secret salmon-stream while DISRAELI rages and thirsts for his blood. Yet the warning is well given, HUMPHREY of Kars, Correspondent of the *Star*. Well whistled, HUMPHREY SANDPIPER, and the observations we hear in society, touching thee, would well reward thee for thy noble patriotism.

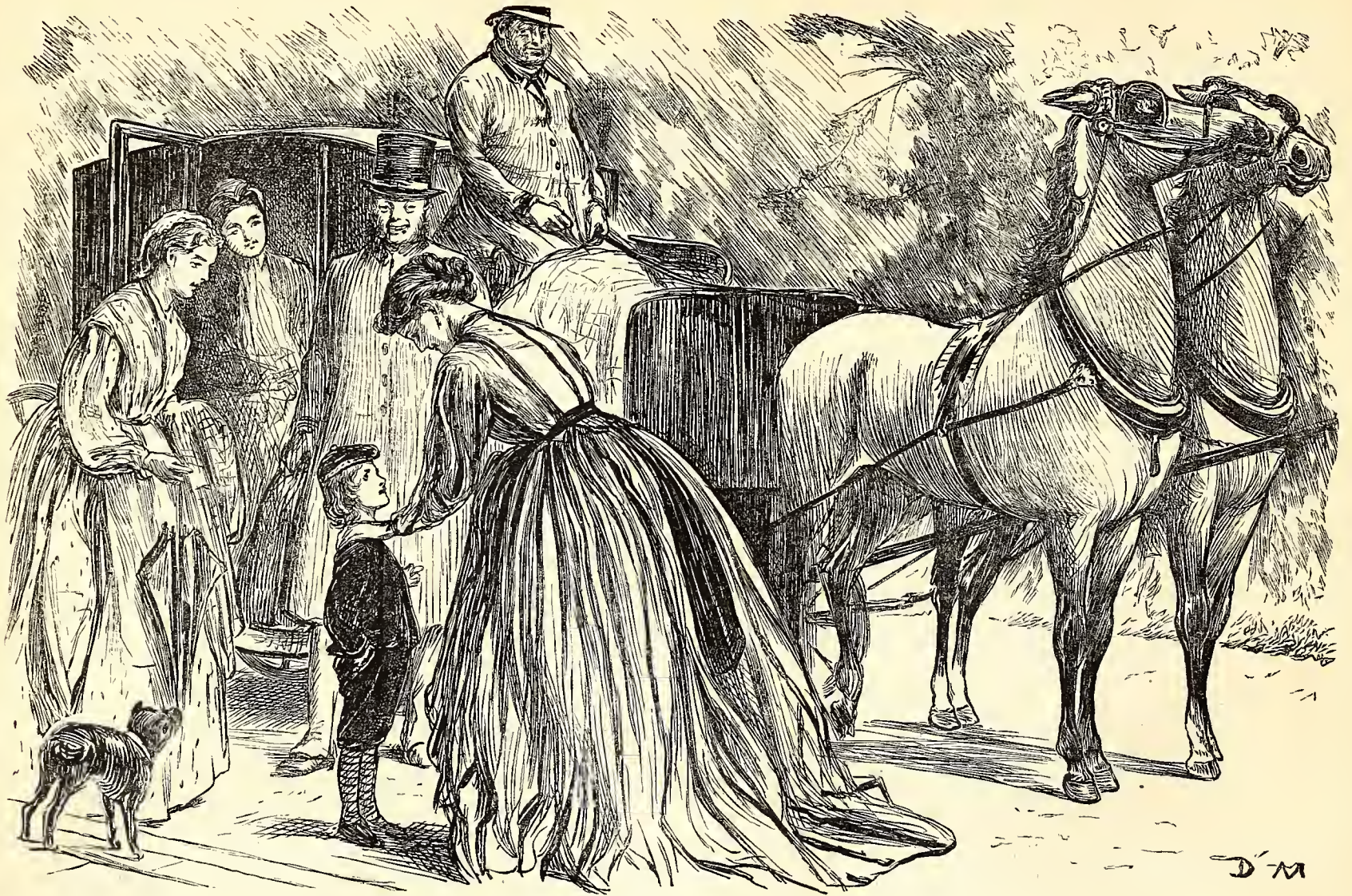
THE EPITAPH OF THE SESSION.

AUGUST 10, 1866.

HERE lies the Session that has ended,
 Whereof "the least said soonest mended."
 It talked a deal about Reform,
 And lashed itself into a storm,
 That nigh wrecked GLADSTONE's reputation,
 Lifted LOWE high, and bored the nation :
 BEALES and his roughs brought 'bout our ears,
 And moved a WALPOLE's pious tears.
 Turned out the measures and the men
 That now we are calling for again :
 And gave us men, who can't pass measures,
 Nor serve our profits or our pleasures.
 Six hundred M.P.'s six months' skill
 It used and hardly passed a Bill.
Sic transit, to the Banks of Styx,
 Session no-Session, Sixty-six !

Tell us, in a Word,

WHEN the Park rascals come—what they ought to get—and who ought to deal with them ?
 Nox—knocks—KNOX.



ETIQUETTE IN KNICKERBOCKERS.

(CECIL TINEYTIMB IS GOING TO SPEND THE HOLIDAYS WITH HIS COUSINS IN THE COUNTRY.)

Mamma. "Now, then, Cecil dear, are you sure that you have got everything that you wanted to take?"

Cecil. "Yes, Mamma. (After thought.) ONLY I WISH YOU WOULD SEND ME SOME VISITING CARDS, WITH 'MR. TINEYTIMB' ON THEM, FOR ME TO LEAVE AT HOUSES."

THE FLEET OF THE FUTURE.

"THE Fleet of the Future,"—what d'ye mean?
The Fleet that in times to come will be seen,
When the great case of COLES *v.* REED has been tried,
Cupola principle versus broadside;
When we've fought the duel 'twixt plate and gun,
Wood and iron, armour and none;
Between *Monitor* and *Achilles* model,
New-fashioned ram, and old style of noddle;
When all these questions and scores beside,
(That my Lords to come will have to abide)
Are docketed, pigeon-holed, red-tape tied,
The wonderful fleet we then shall see,
Will that "The Fleet of the Future" be?

No, "The Fleet of the Future," whereof this week,
Mr. Punch takes leave his mind to speak,
Is the fleet that as yet we cannot see,
The fleet that is always about to be,
The fleet for which our millions we spend,
To a tune that seems to have no end,
Board after Board, and year after year,
But that never seems a whit more near.
The Fleet that from CLARENCE PAGET is due,
And the wonderful DUKE OF SOMERSET too,
That most egregious "administrator,"
Whose zeal and honesty beat all natur',
But who somehow, though with PAGET to plan,
And STANSFELD and CHILDERS to sum and scan,
With a REED to settle scantling and stuff,
And no JOEY HUME to cry "Hold enough!"

Has been trying in vain, with all his might,
To bring as the "Fleet of the Future" to light.

When will this "Fleet of the Future" appear?
This twelvemonth, or this time a hundred year?
When Dockyard waste is at an end:
When the Dockyards can show how much they spend;
When we set ship-builders to building of ships,
And overhauling of docks and slips,
Instead of admirals from half-pay,
And naval captains who've had their day,
Nor when after five years' bungling they learn
A little about the vast concern,
Keep turning them out and appointing others,
As ignorant as their naval brothers—
When that sort of child's play ceases to be,
The "Fleet of the Future" hope to see.

Till then, while JOHN BULL, ass-like, bears
His burden with patient back and ears,
Let the Services pile on his shoulders broad
Never so huge and heavy a load;
While he lets Routine lead Common Sense
Through the quicksands of waste, the slough of expense;
While he doffs experience curtly aside,
And snubs suggestion, in asinine pride;
Till he sweeps, with a besom new and stout,
His Admiralty Augean out;
Be it SOMERSET, PAKINGTON, in the chair,
Be it PAGET or LENNOX for *Secrétaire*,
Our Fleet still a "Fleet of the Future" will be,
And England, instead of her ships, at sea.



“THE CRITIC” (SLIGHTLY ALTERED).

TILBURINA. “I SEE THE FLEETS APPROACH—I SEE——”

FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY. “THE BRITISH FLEET THOU CANST NOT SEE—
BECAUSE—IT IS NOT YET IN SIGHT!”

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(Collected in Happy Days.)



URPRISING! I couldn't get that man in a punt out of my head, so I found in my note-book a few mems about fishing. It it there recorded as a—

Happy Thought, that I would stop in a small house near a running stream for a few days, on my road to the Feudal Castle, which is, I hear, to let. There is a meadow between my lodging and the river. It is a fishing village, and the natives generally wear high boots, so as to be ready to go into the water in pursuit of their favourite amusement and business at any hour. I believe they sleep in their boots.

First Morning, after breakfast.—Put on my landlord's big boots and walk in the meadow. Man in a small boat fishing; ask him civilly what he's doing. He answers, without taking his eye off his hook, and being disturbed, he answers gruffly, "Dibbling for chub."

I watched him dibbling. Dibbling appears to consist in sitting still in a boat and holding a rod with the line not touching the water. A fish to be caught by dibbling must be a fool, as he has to come four inches nearly out of the water in order to get at the bait. Luxurious fish they must be too! epicures of fish, for the bait is a bumble, or humble, bee. The moral effect on a Dibbler is to make him uncommonly sulky. All the villagers dabble, and are all more or less sulky.

End of First Hour of watching the man dibbling for Chub.—Man never spoke; no fish. He is still dibbling.

End of Second Hour.—I have been watching him; one chub came to the surface. He wasn't to be dabbled; man still dibbling.

End of Third Hour.—I fancy I've been asleep; the man faded away from me gradually. I am awake, and he is still dibbling for chub.

End of Fourth Hour.—I begin to feel hungry. I ask him if he's going to leave off for luncheon; he shakes his head once, and goes on dibbling. Much dibbling would soon fill Hanwell.

Fifth Hour.—I have had luncheon and sherry; I come down the meadow in the landlord's boots. Man still dibbling; no chub. I think I will amuse him with a joke, which I have prepared at luncheon. I say, jocosely, "What the *dibble* are you doing?" He answers, without taking his eye away from his line, "I'll punch your 'ed, if you ain't quiet." I try to explain that it was only a joke, and beg him not to be angry. He says, "I'll let you know if I'm angry or not;" but he goes on dibbling, and I say no more.

Eighth Hour.—I have been asleep again; it is getting damp. Man still dibbling. I ask him politely if there is any chance of catching a chub to-day. He says, "Not while you sit there chattering." Whereupon I rise (which is more than the fish do) and wish him a very good night. At ten o'clock I notice him in the clear moonlight still dibbling. Up and down the stream there are dabble. To-morrow I shall dabble.

To-morrow.—I am divided between two suggestions. A man interested in me as far as letting his boat out goes, says, "Go out a dibbling for chub?" The landlord, disinterested, says, "Sniggle." I ask, "Sniggle for chub?" He pities me, and answers, "No, sniggle for eels." So, I am divided: dibbling for chubb, or sniggle for eels: that is the question. The man with a boat settles it, like a Solomon. "Dibble," says he, "by day: sniggle," says he, "by night." That's his idea of life. It gives me an idea for a song. The fisherman's chant:—

Oh! the Fisherman is a happy wight!
He dabbles by day, and he sniggles by night.

He trolls for fish, and he trolls his lay—
He sniggles by night, and he dabbles by day.

Oh, who so merry as he!
On the river or the sea!
Sniggle
Wriggle
Eels, and higgling
Over the price
Of a nice
Slice
Of fish, twice
As much as it ought to be.

Let me request MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN to put a little old English music to this, and if he'll bring a piano on board the gallant punt, I'll sing it for him, anywhere he likes to mention, on the river Thames.

Oh, the Fisherman is a happy man!
He dabbles and sniggles, and fills his can!
With a sharpen'd hook and a sharper eye,
He sniggles and dabbles for what comes by.

Oh, who so merry as he!
On the river or the sea!
Dibbling
Nibbling
Chub, and quibbling
Over the price
Of a nice
Slice
Of fish, twice
As much as it ought to be.

They tell me chub are good eating, when caught by dibbling. The village children are all fed upon it; in fact, I guessed as much, from noting their chubby faces. (N.B. Nobody, here, sees a joke. I try some jokes on the landlord. I tried the song on the landlord; he liked it very much, and demanded it three times. N.B. I've since found out that he's a trifle deaf in *one* ear, and the other has got no notion of tune. He was under the impression that I had been singing *God Save the Queen*.)

Third Day.—In bed: having been out all yesterday dibbling, and all night sniggle. Caught nothing, except (the landlord knows this joke and always laughs at it) a violent cold. I have no books, and no papers. I shall compose my epitaph:—

"Here lies a Sniggle and a Dibbler.
Hooked it at last."

Then a few lines on a Shakespearian model might come in—

To sniggle or to dabble, that's the question!
Whether to bait a hook with worm or bumble,
Or take up arms of any sea, some trouble
To fish, and then home send 'em. To fly—to whip—
To moor and tie my boat up by the end
To any wooden post, or natural rock
We may be near to, on a Preservation
Devoutly to be fished. To fly—to whip—
To whip! perchance two bream;—and there's the chub!

The Doctor has just come in to say my head must be kept cool. He allows me to write this note, and then I must take a soporific. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my dibbling and sniggle! Good night.

Postscriptum. I re-open my dairy (that's rather funny, because I mean "diary") to say that I've been able to go out in the garden in a Bath chair. I asked what I could do to amuse myself for an hour in the Bath chair. The landlord said, "Dabble for trout." What extraordinary lives these people lead! The Boots was out all last night, sniggle. Whether he was successful or not, I do not know, as he was discharged on his return.

Six Years Before, at the Olympic.

MR. PUNCH, who forgets nothing, begs to compliment MR. JOHN OXENFORD on a couple of prophetic lines from his pen. They were first uttered by MRS. EMDEN, on the 26th December, 1860, in *Timour the Tartar*:—

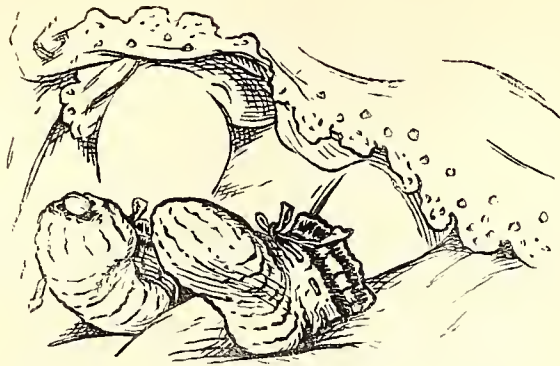
"For he who goes, though seemingly in clover,
Too oft to OVEREND, ends in going over."

A CHOP AT THE CHURCH.

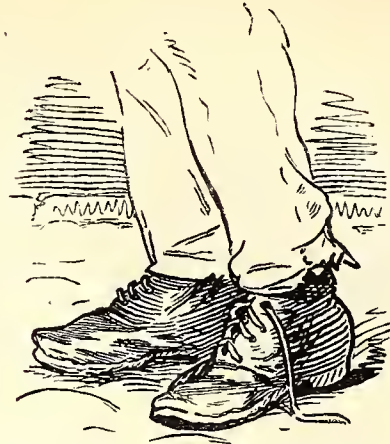
THE Irish Church is certainly done for now. On the episcopal throne of Meath, LORD DERBY has seated a BUTCHER. Is the Cathedral dedicated to St. Mary Axe?

THE UNITED STATES.—England and America.

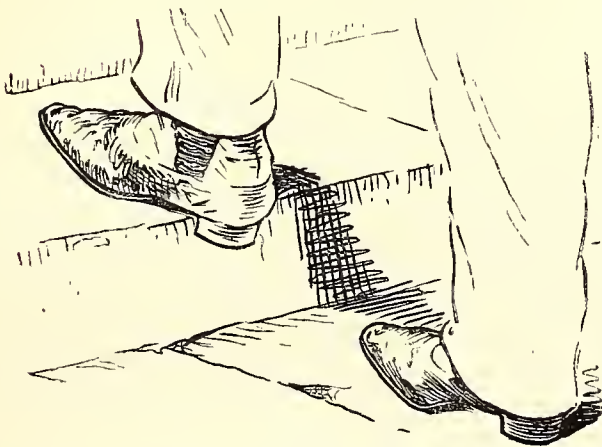
THE SEVEN AGES (IN A NEW STYLE OF ART).



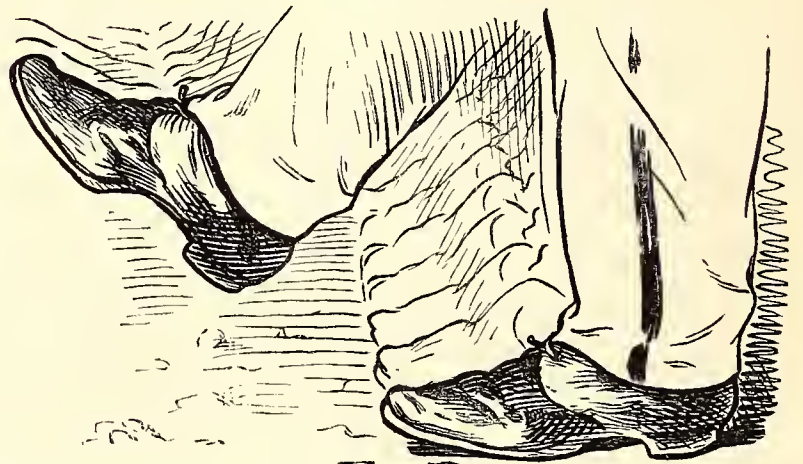
"At first, the Infant"—A BOUNDLESS SENSE OF ENJOYMENT DELICATELY GIVEN IN THE SECOND TOE OF THE RIGHT FOOT.



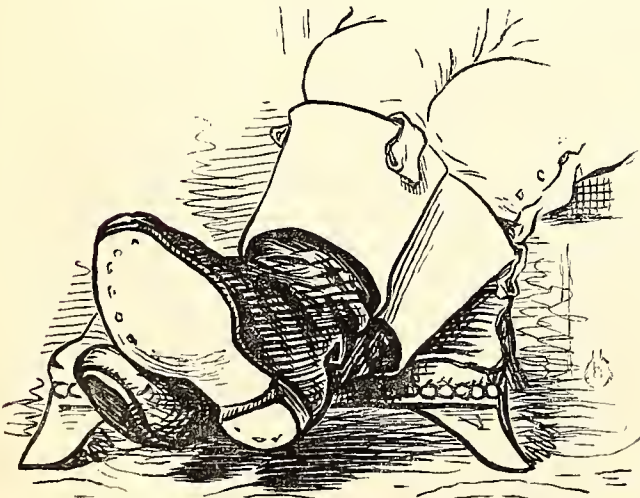
"And then, the whining Schoolboy, creeping like Snail"—UNDER AN OVERPOWERING SENSE OF UNWILLINGNESS, DELICATELY SHOWN IN THE FORESHORTENING OF THE LEFT HEEL.



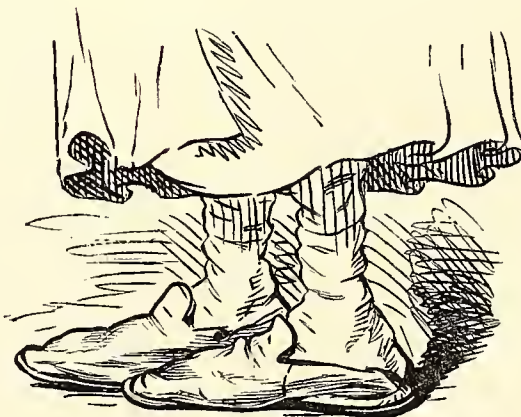
"And then the Lover"—NOTABLY PAYING A VISIT TO HIS "MISTRESS," AT HER PAPA'S BELGRAVIAN MANSION. VERY BEAUTIFUL IN THE LINGERING BUT RHYTHMICAL STRIDE THAT FAULTLESSLY INDICATES A SONNET WHOLLY TO "EYEBROWS."



"Then a Soldier"—THE WRINKLES IN HIS RIGHT BOOT MARVELLOUSLY SUGGESTIVE OF "STRANGE OATHS;" THE LEFT ALTOGETHER BETOKENING HIS HONOURABLE JEALOUSY; BOTH FEET MARCHING, FULL OF POWER, AFTER THE "BUBBLE REPUTATION" AS FAST AS THEY CAN GO AT QUICK MARCH: THE CHIEF PRACTICAL OUTCOME OF THIS MATTER BEING THE SUBTLE SUGGESTION THAT THE LOVER, FAILING TO ENGAGE THE AFFECTIONS OF HIS LADY, HAS ENLISTED IN THE GRENADIERS.



"Then the Justice"—SUCH "TOPS" AS ONLY DARE BE WORN BY ONE WHOSE "FAIR, ROUND BELLY" IS LINED WITH GOOD CAPON (NOT TO SAY, BEEF AND ALE): WHOSE "EYE SEVERE" MATCHES A FORMAL-CUT MUTTON-CHOP WHISKER. SEE, ALSO, WITH WHAT DELICATE FEELING THE "WISE SAWS" ARE EXPRESSED IN THE SOLE OF THE RIGHT BOOT.



"The Sixth Age shifts into the lean and slippred"—A MOST PATHETIC PICTURE. NOTE HOW THE TURNING OF THE TOES BEARS MASTERLY WITNESS TO THE ONCE MANLY VOICE PIPING AND WHISTLING "IN HIS SOUND." BUT A REAL STROKE OF GENIUS, THE MANIFEST IMPOSSIBILITY OF SUCH SLIPPERS BEING WORN SO DOWN AT HEEL WITHOUT "SPECTACLES ON NOSE."



"Last Scene of All"—SANS EVERYTHING. EXCEPT A FOOT-BATH, WHICH SHAKSPEARE FORGOT TO MENTION.

To a Jolly Young Waterman.

(Advice from an Old Bird.)

Go well forward, and feather your oar
As long as you can; but, when no more
You're able to row, and your oar works o'er,
You'll settle down with pleasure to rest,
If you haven't forgotten to feather your nest.

Ichthyological.

"The LORD CHANCELLOR has conferred the vacant living of St. Margaret Pattens on our excellent sub-editor, the Rev. J. L. FISH, M.A., of Exeter College."—*John Bull*.

A Wise appointment. Long, in sacred togs,
May this good priest read vespers and read matins:
But though we've often seen a Sole in Clogs,
We never saw before a Fish in Pattens.

GRIMALKIN FOR GAROTTERS.

No less than six roughs, two of them garotters, convicted at Manchester Assizes, of robbery with violence, were sentenced the other day by MR. JUSTICE LUSH, to be, in addition to penal servitude, flogged with the cat-o'-nine-tails. Their united terms of slavery amount to thirty-two years, and the sum total of the number of lashes which they were to receive is one hundred and twenty. Before passing sentence on these rascals the learned Judge delivered a few admirable observations, the point of which consisted in the announcement that he should, at the present assizes, as he had done at the last, avail himself of the new powers given him by the statute, of inflicting punishment by the lash in addition to the ordinary terms of imprisonment and penal servitude. He further expressed the opinion, which cannot be too enthusiastically cheered, that it would be the duty of the rest of Her Majesty's Judges to pursue the course he was himself adopting. His Lordship then proceeded to dispose of the gentlemen in the dock, with a discretion whereby, according to the subjoined extract from a police report, which will be regarded by every truly benevolent mind as most agreeable reading—

"Michael Carroll and Aaron Alcock (who had just been convicted of a street robbery) were sentenced to five years' penal servitude each, and two dozen lashes each with the cat-o'-nine-tails.

"Mark Fagan, (convicted of having, with two others not in custody, committed a garotte robbery, leaving the victim insensible)—five years' penal servitude and eighteen lashes.

"Michael John Flaherty, (who had pleaded guilty on two indictments, of having committed two garotte robberies on successive days, 12th and 13th February)—seven years' penal servitude and eighteen lashes.

"Peter Kelly and William Wright, (robbery with violence)—five years' penal servitude and eighteen lashes."

Among the judicious remarks with which MR. JUSTICE LUSH pre- faced his dictation of these excellent arrangements for the defence of the community, was the proposition that—"The object of punishment was not so much to inflict pain on the criminal as to deter others from committing offences of a like character." Just so. Not so much. Still the object of such punishment as that of flogging, administered to a garotter, is very much indeed to inflict pain on the criminal. The garotter is, in general, unfortunately devoid of "the heart that can feel for another." He possesses, however, a skin that can feel for himself. Therein, to restrain him from the repetition of cruelty, it is necessary to make him feel very acutely. If there is in his nature any degree of latent sympathy, inactive from want of imagination, it can be stimulated to due activity only by a whipping which will give him considerable pain. All that pain is economy of pain; of so much pain as it saves respectable people from suffering by brutal violence.

The ruffians sentenced to the lash by JUDGE LUSH have received their discipline in the presence of several of the prison officials and visiting Justices. In one or two cases the effect was excellent. But it would have been more excellent had there been also present several foot-pads. The flagellation of a garotter should always be witnessed by as many convicts as the place of punishment will hold, together with all the roughs that can be got, by a distribution of tickets, to come and see their fellow-man undergo the degrading punishment of the scourge, unfortunately necessary with a view to their own instruction, and, if possible, to render him gentle and good.

Some out of the six scoundrels whipped at Manchester, being pachydermatous, made a show of bravado. To preclude this in future, let all such offenders be sentenced to be flogged two or three times.

CELEBRITY FOR SAMUEL, BROTHERS.

THE subjoined announcement has gone the round of the papers:—

"NEW MEDICAL CLUB.—A new Club is to be established for the medical profession. It is to be called 'The Sydenham,' in honour of the celebrated Physician of the time of CHARLES THE FIRST."

The intended Medical Club had much better be called "The Harvey." The discoverer of the circulation of the blood is the most celebrated physician of the time of CHARLES THE FIRST, or of any subsequent reign. HARVEY is a greater name than SYDENHAM, and though it is associated with a popular sauce as well as with a grand physiological discovery, it is not prejudiced by a disadvantage so ludicrous as that of association with a puff and a pair of trousers. As sure as fate, if the new Medical Club is named "The Sydenham," it will be nicknamed "The Seventeen-six."

Private Telegram.

(Came to hand at 85, Fleet Street.)

I'VE got all my guns ready, and am quite prepared for the shooting season.

Paris: L. N.

NARROW ESCAPE.—A Fire Escape.

LA MER DE GLACE.

"—— Vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto."—HORACE.

"CANNING to GLASS."—Times.

WHEN Dædalus to Icarus gave
(Dreaming the sea should be no more
A barrier between shore and shore)
Wings for his flight across the wave,

Fair Science, weak in infancy,
Gave the Adventurer only fame;
He sank, and dying left the name
Icarian to the glassy wave.

The centuries unrolled, until
The full-armed Goddess now appears,
Grown wise beneath the weight of years,
And strong with a diviner will.

Another Dædalus comes, to join
Two worlds in one with magic chain;
The golden age is come again;
Peace moves along the mystic line.

Peace comes, that shall no longer pass;
And all the world, with loud acclaim,
Old ocean hails with happier name,
The sea of peace, the Sea of GLASS.

"THE ENGLISH NE'ER SHALL REIGN IN FRANCE."

(Communicated.)

UNHAPPY France! Unhappy Emperor!
The words, or some like them, have been read before, but it is the destiny of history to repeat itself, with variations.

We also repeat Unhappy France, Unhappy Emperor!
Both lie prostrate. Who shall lift them up? Not all the Emperor's horses and all the Emperor's men.

The *Courier du Dimanche* has been suppressed.

It was—alas that we write in the past tense—an admirable journal. It was read chiefly by the educated classes in this our beloved France. Among its writers have been—we accept the enumeration of the British radical print, *L'Etendard*—the leading men of the French press—JULES SIMON, PRINCE DE BROGLIE, J. DE LASTEYRIE, DUVERGIER DE HAURANNE, VICTOR COUSIN, COUNT D'HAUSSONVILLE, JOHN LEMOINNE, EUGÈNE PELLETAN, ST. MARC GIRARDIN, J. J. WEISS, EDOUARD HERVÉ, ALFRED ASSOLANT, ALPHONSE KARR, and many others whose names are not known in England, though enjoying a high reputation here.

It is suppressed. M. DE LAVALETTE reports to the Emperor, and NAPOLEON, by the Grace of God and the National Will Emperor of the French, considers, and crushes.

Even to down-trodden France some pretence of a national reason must be given by the Emperor of the National Will. We are told of an article by PRÉVOST PARADOL, insulting France by representing her as spoliated, beaten, stupified, and degraded by recent events of war.

PRÉVOST PARADOL is a profound thinker, a brilliant wit, and a true Frenchman. Such men do not slander their country. The pretext is infamously transparent.

Here is the paragraph in the article of M. PARADOL, which has brought suppression to the *Courier*, and the true humiliation to France, her Sovereign, and her Press:—

"Our birds of prey are already croaking with delight at the news of the disturbances in London—a riotous multitude, a few policemen beaten, gates pulled down, a Fool trying in vain to restrain the mob he has himself excited, and reduced to say, according to custom—'I must follow them, as I am their chief!' What a delightful spectacle for those whom the too uniform spectacle of the freedom and prosperity of England annoys as a reproach, or haunts as remorse."

Whom does M. PARADOL mean by his Fool?

It is not for us to say.

But the *Courier* of the 29th July had scarcely been received in the Reform Club, in Picadilli, when a telegram flashed to the Tuileries—

One Beales, colleague of Bright, denounces the Vile Caitiff of the Courier, and demands vengeance.

Messages are carefully delivered to the Tuileries. DE LAVALETTE, the Emperor by the national will, the suppression, are but the logical consequences of that flash.

One BEALES reigns in France as in England.

Unhappy France! Unhappy Emperor!

EDMOND ABOO.

THE FASTEST THING GOING.—A Hunting Watch.



MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.—No. 1.

MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES PREPARES FOR A SKETCHING EXPEDITION IN THE HIGHLANDS. LEAVING THE BEATEN TRACK, SHE WILL ESTABLISH HERSELF IN SOME REMOTE FARMHOUSE WHERE SHE CAN FIND READY ACCESS TO FINE SCENERY AND QUIET OPPORTUNITIES FOR PRACTISING HER ART. SHE SUPERINTENDS THE PACKING UP OF A FEW NECESSARIES. (*To be Continued.*)

SONG IN PENAL SERVITUDE.

I'm a Rough, I'm a Rough as practised the garotte.
Has for me and Reform I've ad that ot and ot.
The effects on the baek ow I still feels 'em smart;
But I ope that the lesson has gone to my art.

I've been whipped, I've been whipped! Eighteen lashes I took,
And didn't I find it a treat with a ook!
Eighteen cuts with the Cat wus than hever a knife:
Never spent a ten minutes so bad in my life!

Some the Chaplain's dewout exhortations don't touch,
But the blest eat-o'-nine-tails I feels werry much;
And, with all due respect to the Reverend Gent,
My conversion I owes to that there instrument.

Wen my five years is up—now I knows wot is pain—
Whosoever I robs I'll from wilence abstain!
I've been whipped, I've been whipped; I've been chastened,
yer see,
Hand the Cat to repentance is all wot brought me.

Which way the Cat should Jump.

SEVERAL scoundrel Garotters have been soundly and properly flogged at Manchester. As one of MR. DICKENS'S ladies remarks, "Their owls was horgans," and organs which, we hope, will intimate to the garotting world generally that society is pleased to see the 'eat jump in such a direction.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.—We believe that it was simply for the sake of making a bad pun, that somebody the other day reported there had been a brush near to Lake Como.

OUR WOODEN WALLS.

CAN anybody tell us of what use are all the obsolete old wooden yellow hulks, which lie rotting at Sheerness and our other naval doekyards? They are clearly not kept floating for any warlike purpose, for in these days of rams and ironclads they are both harmless and defenceless. The *Miantonomoh* could sink them with a couple of shots apiece, and then steam away unhurt by all the broadsides they could blaze at her. What it yearly costs to paint them, and keep them at their moorings, is more than we can guess; but it is clearly a waste of money to let all this *inutile lignum* lie rotting in our harbours, when it might be sold for firewood, and so return a few pounds of the thousands it has cost. Will somebody in Parliament just ask why our old hulks are kept afloat when useless for any warlike end? We have no doubt a good answer to this question can be given: but we know that *ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius*, and wooden heads are sometimes connected with the management of England's wooden walls.

More Justice for Ireland.

JUSTICE, whose fillet slipped of late
Down over both her ears;
Now bends her back beneath the weight
Of five-and-eighty years.

AN UNPLEASANT REMINDER.

IF the tiresome street-children beg any of the Members of the late Government to "Remember the Grotto," how painfully their words must force them to Remember the Cave!

EVIDENT.—With what material ought the Needle Rifles to be loaded?
GUIL cotton, of course.



WHAT WITH EIGHT PER CENT. DISCOUNT AND NOBODY IN TOWN, OUR "BUS" CONDUCTOR CAN TAKE IT EASY!

SONG OF THE GROUSE.

AIR—"Ye Mariners of Spain."

YE Members of each House,
Now resting on your oars,
Go shoot the savoury grouse,
That are lying on the Moors :
Ye gillies, brawny built,
Large if the bags should be,
Oh, great your master's guilt,
If they don't send birds to me.

The singers sing their last,
The theatres close their doors ;
Oh, take the train marked fast,
For your shootings on the Moors :
The Country and the Sea,
Bronze every cheek but mine,
The last man doomed to be,
Beside the Serpentine.

Breech-load, breech-load your guns,
And make amazing scores ;
Oh, think not of your duns—
Forget them on the Moors :
Mine is a hapless fate,
To stay, the season over—
Your boxes I'll await,
And then be off to Dover ;
One word I'll only say,
To my friends on shooting tours—
Be sure the carriage pay,
For it's heavy—from the Moors.

Cookery and Coffee.

SOMEHOW, although we are of course the cleverest people in the world, the French contrive to beat us in the making of clear coffee. When an English cook attempts to serve you "*café noir*," as he is sure to call it, he sends you up a drink that is quite thick enough to eat ; in fact, you may quite literally call it *café gnaw*.

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

WE have received numerous inquiries about the Vacation Judge in Chambers. Our Legal Young Man has undertaken to give our readers all the necessary information.

The Vacation Judge is the only Judge left in town during Vacation. He is the "last rose of Summer left blooming alone, all his pleasant companions are faded and gone."

It is, generally speaking, a punishment (the only one which can be inflicted upon so high a legal functionary) for bad behaviour during term time, and is, evidently, the very opposite of College Rustication.

His duties are light, but this is small compensation for the long imprisonment. He spends his time in starting imaginary objections, in taking notes of ideal cases, in making speeches to himself before the looking-glass, and in summing-up!

When tired of this, he plays leap-frog with the chairs, and dashes his wig.

After luncheon, he amuses himself by playing on a small comb through a piece of brown paper. Smoking is strictly prohibited in Chambers, but his Lordship is not unsuccessful in keeping on the windy side of the law by putting his head out of window in order to enjoy the fragrant Havannah. At seven o'clock his dinner is brought to him, and after that he is allowed one turn on a barrel-organ. At ten o'clock he sings a little thing of SIR ROUNDSELL PALMER'S composition, and retires gracefully to his couch, which has been prepared for him at an earlier hour.

Anybody may look in and see the Vacation Judge, on payment of a small fee to the clerk in the outer office. The Vacation Judge is quite quiet, and will talk to a visitor through the bars of his window, or through the keyhole of his chamber-door, with much playfulness and good temper.

Give him a joke to crack, and he will evince his gratitude in his own peculiar fashion.

Such, for the instruction of your readers, is the amount of information which I can give you about the Vacation Judge.

EXTRAORDINARY HUMILITY.—There is, among the Ritualist party, an Anglo-Catholic curate of extraordinary sanctity, who is so humble that whenever he writes in the first person, he employs a small *i*.

REASONS WHY LADIES SHOULD NOT SHOP ON SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.

BECAUSE it is tantalising to young men who are fond of the river to be handling watered silks.

Because it is hard on young men and women who would like to be at the Crystal Palace, listening to music, to have their attention confined to lutestring, and their thoughts busy with band-boxes.

Because it would be a pleasure to see the cheeks of the girls in the cloak department mantle with the glow of health (fast colours).

Because it is better for young men, who are cricketers, to be minding the bails of their wickets than the bales of their employers, and far more agreeable to them to take part in a "tie" (both sides alike) than to tie a scarf.

Because the shop-walkers may occasionally prefer a country lane to a *crépe laine*.

Because it is pleasanter to be shown English meadows than to be showing "Sicilian lawns."

Because if you detain young women "matching," you may prevent them making a good match elsewhere.

Because it is aggravating to young men who are Rifle Volunteers to be answering questions about shot silks, giving replies concerning drills, and producing "Garibaldis" for inspection.

Because too much of the shop may in the end bring on counterpains.

Because if it is to be all work and no play, any idea of enjoyment in life becomes mere—*illusion*.

Our Army Reserves.

IN days when Royal despotism was possible in this country, the British Public was always traditionally jealous of a Standing Army. This is no longer the case; and now the desire of the British Public is that the British Army shall be kept up to the mark of defensive efficiency, lest our Standing Army should prove, in time of need, a running army.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

WHAT town in Bohemia does a boy name when he asks his father to help him write portions of his holiday task? Par-du-bitz.

THE FOOLERIES OF FASHION.



HERE are many feminine fools in the world! To whom but fools, for instance, can the following be addressed?—

TO THE LADIES OF ENGLAND.—Miss T....., thirty years lady's maid in the highest circles of England, Paris, and Spain, will forward on receipt of thirty stamps, full directions in the new and beautiful art of getting up the face and eyes in the most brilliant style, with other recipes for the toilet, standing unrivalled. Address, Miss, T....., Vanity Fair, Boothia Felix.

This advertisement we quote verbatim, merely cancelling the name and changing the address. We see it every week in a journal of high standing, which has doubtless circulation among the "highest circles." By implication it would seem from the mention of these circles that the "art of getting up the face and eyes" is practised in their midst. However this may be, the advertisement must pay, or it would no longer be paid for; and we therefore feel quite justified in our extremely unpolite and barbarous assumption that there are feminine fools existing, even in high life. Surely no one but a fool would wish to ruin her complexion with disfiguring cosmetics, and blind her eyes most probably by smearing them with paint.

Surely no one but a fool would waste a score and half of stamps in learning how to make herself more ugly than by nature she may happen to be made. The art of getting up the face and eyes can never make a woman "beautiful;" on the contrary, indeed, it can only make her hideous to men of any taste. As far as a mere

face goes, what a mau likes in a woman's face is something nice to look at and something clean to kiss; and he about as soon would think of kissing his cook's dredging-box as a face beflowered and plastered with pearl-powder and paint.

WHITEBAIT AND WISDOM.

"SIR," quoth a sweet ingenuous youth,
Whose blue eyes beam'd with ardent truth;
"How is it, spurning sumptuous dishes,
That great men dine on little fishes?"

"My Son, great men have child-like dreams,
They love to sport in shallow streams;
Where myriads are quickly netted
With twine, hard tugs have never fretted.
The finny tribe to homely bread
By gracious Ministers are wed.
Who in that union doubtless see,
Things not reveal'd to you and me.
Then lemon's acid juices serve
To rouse of taste the latent nerve;
Apt emblem of those adverse powers
Express'd in Opposition sours,
And wanting which, ev'n place might fail
In relish, and prove flat and stale,
For gentlemen who sit at ease.
Delight to see a skilful squeeze,
And find in friends much comfort, since
We feel no pain when others wince."

Your question 's answer'd now, my child,
The Politician said, and smiled.

Foreign News.

THERE is some truth in the report that MR. GUNTER has been elected King of Iceland.

The Palace has, it is said, already been fitted up for him, and all the Spoons of the First Royal Refrigerators are out every morning exercising.

An artificial lake is to be made, in the grounds of Strawberry water.

The footmen will wear powdered sugar on their heads.

The only qualification for the Court Balls will be a written guarantee for the guest being a nice person.

IMPROVEMENT AND EVICTION.

THE Americans talk of having improved Red Indians from off the face of the earth. The authorities directing our civic improvements might also boast that they have improved poor people out of the slums, if in so doing they had not improved them out of house and home; which is an improvement hardly to be boasted of.

On Monday last, in the Sheriff's Court, before the Common Serjeant, more than twenty ejection summonses were brought against inhabitants of Lower Union Court, Holborn Hill, who had received notice to quit, in order that their dwellings might be improved off the face of that locality. Their time was up: they had not gone. What had they to say for themselves? A young labourer said:—

"If I am turned out, I do not know where I can go. I have a wife and three children, and have walked many miles looking for a place. I cannot afford to give much rent, and now that the cholera is much about people will not take us. There is another thing too. I work for the Sewers' Commissioners, and of course people will object to my brooms."

No doubt, if he had walked westward he would have found the "Clarendon" and the "Alexandra" hotels, as well as every other public-house, open to him, on payment for accommodation. Upon that condition, perhaps, the people ministering at those establishments would not even have objected to his brooms. Of course, a public-house in the neighbourhood of Holborn would be more eligible for a scavenger. But, having a wife and three children, and earning, probably, eight or nine shillings a week, he would have found every neighbouring public-house practically closed against him as completely as any such other and superior public-houses as those above-named.

All that the learned Judge could say was, that "he was very sorry for the defendant, but he must go out in ten days," and to the remonstrance of an elderly man, who asked where could they go if they could find no places, he could only reply that he "confessed that all this was very painful, but the law must be carried out." He could neither help the unfortunate defendants nor himself.

Well, to be sure, the law of ejection must be carried out; but could not a law of provision for the ejected be carried in? Could there not be introduced among the statutes an Act obliging authorities who preside over improvements to provide house-room for the helpless people whose habitations they improve out of the way? The landlord whose houses are taken gets his compensation; if the tenants receive not theirs there may be sauce for gander in this matter, but there is negation of sauce for goose; sauce being understood to mean justice.

The Common Serjeant humanely expressed a hope that sufficient and suitable habitations would before long be provided for the labouring population of London; but while the bricks-and-mortar are in preparation the houseless may perish. They would then be improved off the face of the earth: but this would be no improvement to survivors, on whom, by causing a scarcity of sweeps, scavengers, and other labourers of that description, it would entail the expense of higher wages for their labour. It will be a saving of money to save the victims of improvement.

Lovers' Logic.

Edwin. You see, dearest, a fellow can't exist without his heart, and, as you happen to have mine, of course I can't exist without you.

Angelina. O you absurd creature!

BREAKDOWN OF THE BARBAROUS LINE.

THE Loudon, Chatham and Dover Railway has defaced the City with its girder-bridges. Its expensive disfigurements of London have ended in insolvency. Vandalism does not pay.

INFORMATION WANTED.—"A Meat Salesman" writes to say he hears there is a book called *The Goblin Market*, and wishes to know whether it refers to Leadenhall or Newgate.

FAIR GAME.—Black Cock.

RIVER SPORTS.

(From our Colwell-Hatchney Correspondent.)



Our holidays are now approaching (we can see them by going up to the top of the house), we broke up the forms the other day, some of the teachers' heads, and put all the Head Master's pictures into the cucumber frames. Athletic exercises have been all the rage, and some fellows, who cheat, are enough to make one very angry. However, as our worthy Chaplain says, an argument with the sharp end of the boat-hook, soon settles matters very amicably. We have had Jumping Matches, that is, matches of jumping upon each other,

Walking Matches, Boxing Matches, and matches which will not strike even on the box. Our gala day was when we had a Grand Regatta.

The Hanney Collegers challenged the students of Colwell-Hatchney, on the water, on the following terms. A match between the rival Eights in the Dormitory, for a hundred a-year a side, payable in toothpicks. We settled that no racing boat should be permitted to carry more than twelve inside, and one out to oblige a lady. Fore-cabins in outriggers to be charged extra. Having determined this, the bills were soon out. They were headed—

GRAND REGATTA.
(Extra Night.)

The Eleven of Hanney (with a boat) v. The Twenty-two of Colwell Hatchney (on shore).

Umpires and Vampires in attendance. Stewards of the Course, with brandy, &c. White to Mate in Eight Moves.

Half-price at Nine. Outriggers in Bonnets not admitted.

The TIDE will be taken at ten o'clock precisely. On reaching St. Paul's the BAND OF THE FIRST ROYAL MARINE PARADE, Brighton, seated in Bath Chairs, will howl a Serenade. A Deputation from the Parent Society will then Swim round the Aisle, and be washed by the Dean and Chapter, who have kindly given their Soap gratuitously on this occasion.

Admission to the Grand Stand by Iced Tickets, which can only be obtained by villainy from the Master of the Ceremonies. No Cards. Friends at a distance will please to receive this intimation, and look through a telescope. Every Visitor must be provided with a knife, fork, spoon, fire-balloon, towels, and a small piece of blanc-mange.

This placard attracted many who otherwise would have stopped in bed with their boots on.

The Start.—On rapping the Starter's knuckles sharply, he dropped the flag, and the first boat got out of the reach of the stones as quickly as possible. The Stroke went in head over heels, and was fished out by the Humane Society, who had driven down in their drags. On re-appearing he was put on the kitchen hob, until dry.

The Hanney Eleven (with one professional invalid) came down to the Post with their celebrated war-dance and hoops. They rowed three strokes, and then boarded the Colwell-Hatchney boat. The Twenty-two (with a steam-engine) were sulky, and wouldn't play at Pirates. We shan't speak to them again.

Casualties.—A young man in the bows who refused to give his name, speechless. An elderly gentleman who would get underneath the rudder and stop the boat, pulsation stopped: and somebody else, knocked in by one of our fellows, just to make up three; not found on our going to press, so went without him.

The Second Heat.—80 to 1 in the shade, taken and off. This was a sculling match, and came off, as usual, in the scullery. Prize, the Boiled Globules, and a bag of last year's muffins. The winner to save his stakes.

Third Race.—Present Colwell-Hatchneyites v. Absent Dittos. The latter easy victors. The measles were caught, first ball. Prize, a knock on the head with a gong; taken and offered.

THE SCULLS.

The Colwell Champion (not out, luckily) Box.
The Hatchney Pet Cox.
The Hanney Conqueror Mrs. Bouncer.

The Hatchney Pet got hold of the Colwell Champion's scull, and would have scalped him, but that he was a little out of practice. The umpire, however, interfered, and was immediately scalped. Being released, the Colwell Champion got away cleverly, and hid in the boat-house among the black-beetles. The Hatchney Pet rowing up and down everywhere to find him, until he was tired, when he went to bed, and the Pet coming out, carefully and judiciously, was adjudged the victor. The Hanney Conqueror, having mistaken the day, was seen rowing about in the offing, but without any palpable results. He was brought to with a twenty-four pounder.

I have presented myself with a testimonial, as a mark of respect, steam, and fervent perspiration, and then on we went again.

CANOE RACE.

THE COLWELL COCKYWAX v. ANY TWO OF HANNEY.

Any Two of Hanney got into the Cockywax's Canoe, with a view to tickling his legs and preventing him from rowing, but the Colwell man had been beforehand with them, and having secreted himself in the state cabin, cut his way through the keel. It was fair for all. They have not been seen since.

We then stormed the Ran-dan, and finally blew it up. Hooray!

There was a capital Double Punting Match, and it was most exciting to see both the fellows in the punt trying to get hold of the pole. We must protest, in the name of true sport, against secreting fire-irons about one's person. Fair play is one of the brightest jewels in the British crown, and so forth; but it is a great pity to have recourse to a poker, or shovel, or even the tongs, when a neat little life-preserver would do equally as well, and a revolver better. Let us hear no more of these petty quarrels.

One man alone returned to Colwell Hatchney Seminary uninjured, and he owned that he had spent a very happy and rational day in a neighbouring cellar. Floreat Colwellia-Hatchneia, and we won't go home till morning.

"I WILL STAND BY MY FRIEND."

NIGHTLY ENCORED.

(Copyright.)

I WILL stand by my friend if he's got an umbrella,
Which perhaps he will share, if unwilling to lend,
Nor sceptical be (like JUDÆUS APPELLA)
Of finding my gain in the hand of a friend.
O yes, I'll stand by him, while slaty clouds cluster,
And elements threaten their rage to expend,
And when the fierce rain-storm comes down in a Buster,
How sweet at that moment to stand by my friend!

I'll stand by my friend, if he's dressed out in Sweldom,
And I look as seedy as any old Jew,
In greasified *paleot*, hat brushed very seldom,
And waistcoat that hardly was decent when new.
I'll stand by my friend, folks will see us together,
And half of his lustre on me shall descend;
Is Friendship a Name? If it's not, in bad weather,
Or queer looking toilette, I'll stand by my friend.

An Incomparable Paving Material.

ACCORDING to MR. SEELEY'S statement, the truth of which is admitted in effect by SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, some of the dockyards are paved with the best cold-blast iron, worth more than £5 a ton. "My Lords," now that attention had been drawn to the value of this costly paving, will no doubt replace it by some less expensive material. We should recommend them (to lay down in lieu of these pigs of ballast, the pig-heads of the different departments of the Admiralty, which, to judge by their administration, must be about the densest and most impenetrable material ever employed for such a purpose.

Bumble to Hardy!

(On a recent throw over.)

KISS me, HARDY! Cut FARNALL adrift;
To infirm'ry inquiries cry "starn-all!"
If our wards be *Infernos*, (see HART,
Inquiries there should be "In-farnall."

HINT TO HOUSEMAIDS.—How to destroy flies—Encourage spiders.



DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

“ WHY SPEND THREEPENCE? WHY NOT TAKE IN THE ‘TIMES’ FOR AN HOUR EVERY DAY, AS WE DO?”

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S REVOKE.

I was nibbling my pen to a point
For satirical excoriation,
On the EMPEROR'S nose out of joint
In his project of rectification.
When on BISMARCK he made the demand,
Growing out of the new situation;
“Come, what are *you* going to stand,
If *I* stand this new Prussification?”

'Twas a theme so prolific of hints
For cheap satire about “abnegation;”
“Making war for ideas,” and squints
At Savoy and Nice annexation.
The two thieves, one with hand on the swag,
'Tother eager for participation,
In hopes to crow down with his brag
His fellow-thief's huge exultation!

But, I thought, is it wise to ignore
The more generous interpretation
Of the motives for shrinking from war
Of Europe's two Lords of Creation?
Is it well to presume while they preach
Truth and Right, and the Hopes of a nation,
They hold these but as figures of speech,
For diplomacy's cool calculation?

Must our satire still level these men
With the lowest and least of their station,
In conception of duty and ken,
Of right and wrong's tangled relation?
Must we give them no credit for sense
Of the shame of bare-faced spoliation;
And the waste of blood, not to say pence,
That may follow on “rectification?”

No; let's laugh with a good-natured laugh,
At Louis' imagined vexation;
And let fly our time-honoured chaff
At the French cock's aroused indignation.
But let's be just e'en in our joke,
And give credit for some penetration,
To him who knows how to revoke,
Though he go without “rectification.”

WANTED, A BISMARCK.

JUDY knows, and *Toby* too—plumpest of pugs—that *Punch* has no love for despotism abroad or at home. Yet there are seasons when in no splanetic mood, but with a pensive and chastened indignation, he feels as if a little “paternal government,” assuming that those terms are synonymous with promptitude vigour and pressure—would not be altogether distasteful to him. The seasons in question are—

1. When a friend with an earnest heart describes his walk through a sick pauper-ward, until he himself became faint with horror, *Mr. Punch*, looking around for some responsible supervisor, exclaims, “Wanted, a BISMARCK.”

2. When *Mr. Punch* is reminded of tanks, cisterns, bins and butts, for miles along a tainted shore being overlooked by a mythical Inspector of Nuisances instead of being looked into, he in his utter bewilderment is tempted to exclaim, “Wanted, a BISMARCK.”

3. When a Correspondent writes of perils encountered in his scamper not over American prairies, but through Hyde Park of regal fame, and dimly relates how he was hustled, robbed and maimed on that privileged plain by Anglo-Saxon savages, *Mr. Punch*, raising his solemn eyes to the imperturbable Woods and Forests, says, with a despairing sigh, “Wanted, a BISMARCK.”

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

“A CITY CLERK” wishes to know what profit is made on the transaction, when Parliament is prorogued “by Commission.”



PEACE—AND NO PIECES!

BISMARCK. "PARDON, MON AMI; BUT WE REALLY CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO PICK UP ANYTHING HERE."
NAP (*the Chiffonnier*). "PRAY, DON'T MENTION IT, M'SIEU! IT'S NOT OF THE SLIGHTEST CONSEQUENCE."

HARDY HOOD-WINKED.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GATHORNE HARDY, from his place in the House of Commons, lately told us, in allusion to the treatment of sick paupers in the London Union-houses, that "Local Self-Government" was on its trial. And so JOHN BULL feels it ought to be; and asks nothing better than to see BUMBLE hauled up at the bar of public opinion whenever a *prima facie* case is made out against him for inhumanity to our sick and suffering, paupers though they be. But MR. HARDY's notions about the mode of trial, the judges, and the verdicts, in these cases, seem to differ from JOHN BULL's as much as from those of his predecessor in office.

We have lately seen BUMBLE arraigned on some rather remarkable cases of alleged cruelties and neglects of the sick in the Paddington, Rotherhithe, and Strand Unions, in which MR. FARNALL conducted the case for his clients—who sued *in forma pauperis*—while the President of the Poor-Law Board (then the RIGHT HON. C. P. VILLIERS) sat as judge, and (as the inquiry was public, and very fully reported) the British public was empanelled as jury. The Judge has not yet, we believe, pronounced sentence, but we violate no secret when we say that the jury have made up their minds as to the verdict, and that it is against BUMBLE on all the counts—"Guilty of the grossest inhumanity, stupidity, and neglect of duty"—accompanied, certainly, by no recommendation to mercy; but if by anything, by a suggestion of as much extra whipping as the law allows. But now it seems from what we hear that MR. HARDY's notions of bringing BUMBLE to trial on some even graver charges still hanging over his head, are altogether different from those of his predecessor. BUMBLE, if he must be brought to trial, is to appear before a jury of BUMBLES, with one of the BUMBLE family to prosecute, and another to pronounce sentence—MR. HARDY sitting merely as official assessor, to ratify the BUMBLE verdict and sentence. We need hardly add that the result hitherto has been, and may in all future cases be expected to be, a triumphant "Not Guilty," and a general whitewashing, by all the BUMBLES concerned, of their respected relative and very humble servant in the dock. When we state that the scene of the alleged offences in the first case thus tried was Shoreditch Workhouse, and that among the charges on which the accused was put to his purgation, were the following agreeable little "counts"—

"That a patient was tied in a chair for hours barely clad, and that he was repeatedly beaten; that foul substances were forced into his mouth as a punishment for his dirtiness, and, being ejected, were again forced upon him; that another patient was tied, beaten, and kicked, and laid upon the stones and denied water to drink,"

it will be admitted that the case is no joke, except to the BUMBLES, who can get fun out of even such grave materials as mesenteric disease and starvation—so they be among paupers.

But if MR. HARDY's notion of putting Local Self-Government on its trial, comes to this—to refer to the Guardians all inquiries into the grossest alleged misconduct of their own paid officers—misconduct which, by implication, involves the Guardians themselves—we can hardly doubt that all the trials will result, as this Shoreditch one has resulted, in a triumphant acquittal of the accused on all the main counts in the indictment. In the name of JOHN BULL, *Mr. Punch* is instructed to move for a new trial in the Shoreditch case—for a trial in which no BUMBLE shall be allowed to take part, except as witness or accused, instead of being invited, as MR. HARDY seems disposed to invite them, to occupy both the seat of counsel for the defence, the jurymen's box, and the Judge's chair, to the exclusion of more competent, unbiassed, and disinterested agents of authority and ministers of justice. If the farce of the Shoreditch inquiry be repeated by the new President of the Poor-Law Board, it will be a case not only of hardi-hood, but of "HARDY hood-winked;" and we need hardly add, that for a head of the Poor-Law Board to *wink* at such infamies and abuses, is only the first step towards having that head removed to make way for a better.

CASES FOR THE CAT.

THE worst of our legislative system is, that if a law is found to want mending in August, we are obliged to wait before we can get it mended till February. For instance, now, there is the statute relative to robbery with violence. A case occurred the other day at the Middlesex Sessions, showing that Act, excellent as far as it reaches, not to reach far enough; but there will be no procuring the requisite enlargement of it for the next six or seven months. Three fellows, described in the Assize report as "determined looking ruffians," and as "a sample of the roughs who frequent Lisson Grove," were indicted for a murderous assault upon CHARLES AMES, a butcher in that neighbourhood. They had stolen some meat from AMES's shop and made off with it; and on his following them, and taxing them with the theft, they all three set upon him in the manner thus detailed by the prosecutor, whose statement was confirmed by other evidence:—

"BLAKE struck him twice on the face, while SHEEN (who is a powerful fellow) struck him several violent blows immediately behind the ear. They threw him

down, and CAIN jumped upon him. The prosecutor struggled to his feet again, when CAIN put his leg round that of the prosecutor, throwing him violently to the ground and breaking his leg in two places. The other prisoners were all this time striking and kicking him in the ribs, and other parts of his body."

Having been convicted of this outrage, MESSRS. SHEEN, BLAKE, AND CAIN were sentenced by DEPUTY-ASSISTANT-JUDGE PAYNE to such punishment as the law enabled him to award them. MR. SHEEN was consigned to five, MR. BLAKE to seven years' penal servitude. MR. CAIN got off with two years' imprisonment and hard labour. The reason why they were not, in addition, condemned to be severely whipped, doubtless was because they were indicted merely for assault, not for robbery accompanied with violence, and whipping cheer appears to have been only provided for assault in connection with robbery. It is very desirable that judges should have the power to prescribe the cat-o'-nine-tails in all cases of ferocious outrage. For ruffians who have broken a man's leg in two places no punishment can be considered complete unless, for part of it, they have their backs scored in several. Corporal punishment for brutal violence is payment in kind. The administration of knotted whipcord would probably be also found preventive of wife-squelching, or jumping and stamping performed by a savage on his wife with the advantage of hob-nailed ankle-jacks. Moreover, it is likely that, if by a murderous assault every ruffian incurred the visitation of the lash, considerably fewer murders would be committed. To this result nobody could possibly object but MR. CALCRAFT, whose income it would reduce. If, indeed, that gentleman were younger, the loss might be made up to him by employment in the application of the scourge which would supersede the noose. But, unfortunately, MR. CALCRAFT is somewhat advanced in life, and his arm cannot now have that very great muscular power the fullest possible exertion of which is necessary on the part of an executioner when he whips a garotter, or any other brute who has been guilty of a cruel assault.

MR. WALPOLE'S "TEARS, IDLE TEARS."

WE have been requested from so many quarters to give the rest of the beautiful version of "*Tears, Idle Tears*," by the RIGHT HON. S. W., of which we printed the first stanza only in our penultimate number, that we have obtained the right honourable gentleman's consent to the reprinting of that stanza, and the printing of the others for the first time.

Tears, idle tears—a sweet sensation scene—
Tears at the thought of that Hyde Park affair
Rise in the eye, and trickle down the nose,
In looking on the haughty EDMOND BEALES,
And thinking of the shrubs that are no more.

Fresh, as the first greens glittering for sale,
Brought by the vans up from their garden world,
Sere, as the last that linger on a stall,
Whose stock has not been cleared at lower'd charge,
So fresh, so sere, the shrubs that are no more!

Ah sad and strange, as in dark summer dawns,
The stern "move on" of half-awakened blues
To park-tramps' ears, when upon park-tramps' eyes
Is slowly turned the bulls'-eye's glittering glare,
So sad, so strange, the cads that rob no more!

Dear as remembered hisses to the roughs,
And sweet as those by baffled BEALES arranged
For me from angry Leaguers, dear and sweet,
With lessons fraught, though source of deep regret,
MAYNE force, Hyde Park, and rails that are no more!

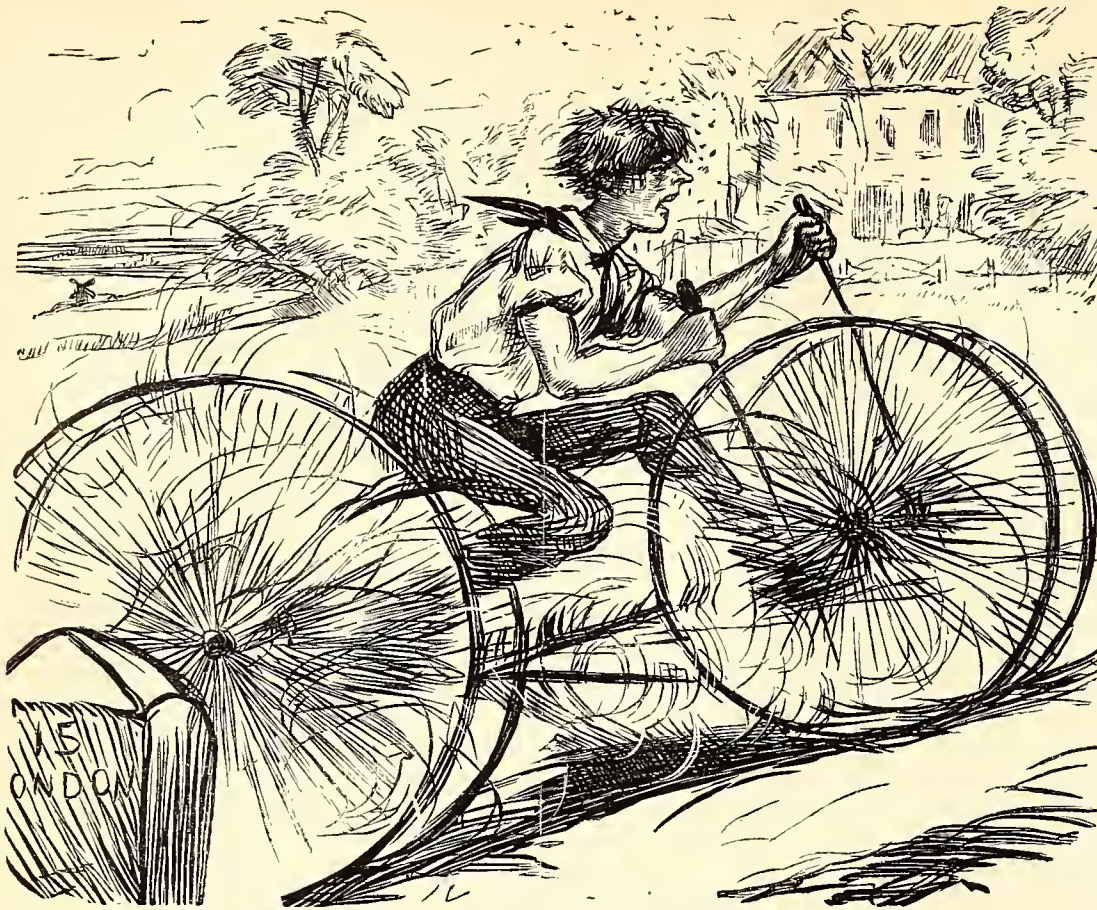
WANTED IRON WALLS.

THE Shoemaker's Wife, as everybody knows, is always the worst shod woman in the parish. In like manner the Shipbuilder's Wife appears to be the worst off in the world for ships.

All the maritime nations of the earth are armed with iron-clads, designed by, or after, COWPER COLES, and mostly built in British Dockyards. This country, apparently, is actually behind every other as to naval armaments; being even in the rear of Brazil. BRITANNIA supplies the world with ships of war in plenty, and is stinted of them herself. But while CRISPINA's lack of shoes is thrift, BRITANNIA's deficiency of ships is extravagance. It has cost her seventy million pounds.

A silk purse is not to be manufactured with the ear of a certain female pachyderm. Neither are iron walls to be made out of wooden heads.

HOMAGE TO SUCCESS.—BISMARCK is a man to be envied by dramatic authors: his tragedy has succeeded.



NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE.

"I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULD NOT ENJOY MYSELF A LITTLE ON SUNDAY—I WORK HARD ENOUGH ALL THE WEEK!"

A MUSICAL PHENOMENON.

Of all the curiosities of literature, quite as curious as any are the singular announcements which one finds in any newspaper connected with the stage. The following is a sample of the oddities of language one is certain there to see:—

WANTED, a LEADING VIOLIN; must be Double-handed; for a First-class Portable Theatre. Salary sure. Open all the year round.

Double-handed swords were common in old times, as double-bladed penknives are common with us now: but where are we to find a double-handed violin. Perhaps two spirit-hands might manage to take hold of one fiddle, while a third might scrape away upon it with the bow. But out of spirit-land a violin is always held by one hand only, and it puzzles us to think what the requirement of two hands for it can possibly here mean. If anybody told us upon entering a theatre that we probably should hear a double-handed fiddle, we think we should make answer, "O pooh, nonsense, fiddle-de-dee!"

Branded.

THE Austrians, anticipating speedy withdrawal from Venice, are stated to be robbing the Venetian libraries and archives of their most valuable treasures. They may hope thus to prove their title to be considered Men of Letters, but then it can only be in the sense implied in the Latin phrase, "men of three letters"—F. U. R.; or, adopting the English equivalents, "men of five letters"—T. H. I. E. F."

THE SOAKER'S PARADISE.—Dropmore.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Happy Thought.—To take that Old Feudal Castle which is to be let for one month, to see how I like it. I have written about it, and the answer is "two months, with the shooting." I may certainly note it down as a happy thought that I have agreed to the terms, including the shooting. The next thing is a gun. I must ask what sort of guns are used now. That'll do in a week or two; I think I'll get a WHITWORTH, or a needle.

Happy Thought.—To pack up at once and leave the dibbling and sniggling country. * * [Besides my portmanteaus I carry a rug, an umbrella, a fishing-rod, a stick, a great coat, and a writing-case.] * * Having done so, I am overtaken, on my road, by the boots with a Telegram, (I find I had forgotten to tip the Boots), to say that the present family are going to stop in the Feudal Castle for a fortnight longer; so I must defer my tenancy. I don't think I can return and dabble. A happy thought just at this time occurred to a friend, whom I met at the Popham Road Station. He said, "Come down with me to Boodels," the name of his little place in the country, "and we'll have some fun." I said, "With pleasure, what fun?" He replied, "Oh, lots of things: drag the pond." I saw that he was enthusiastic upon the subject, so I rubbed my hands, clapped them together, and cried, "Capital—the very thing: nothing I should enjoy more—by all means, drag the pond." We will be off by this train. My friend, who appears much troubled at the loss of a watch-key, here asks "What's the *exact* time?" I put down my rod, my umbrella, rug, great coat, and writing-case, unbutton my frock-coat, and tell him "2.15." Just as I'm doing this he sees the station clock, and begs pardon for having troubled me. I say, "Oh, no matter," and button up my frock-coat again.

(N.B. As I find that at the end of a day it is difficult to keep my diary of "Happy Thoughts" satisfactorily, I now take down jottings as I go along. My friends think that I am collecting materials for my great work on "Typical Developments," which I commenced in Twickenhamshire. I smile, and say, "Ah!")

Old MERRIVAL, whom I haven't seen for ever so long, says, "Hallo! you here?"—as if, in the ordinary course of things, he had expected to meet somebody else. I answer candidly, though without much point, "Yes, here I am!" He says, "Well, and how have you been this long time?"—by which he means an interval of ten years. I give him a condensed report, and reply, "Oh, pretty well, thanks!" and ask him how *he's* been, in a tone which might convey the notion that I shouldn't be surprised at hearing that he had had the measles, scarlet

fever, hooping-cough, chicken-pox, and a series of minor illnesses. He answers carelessly, looking out of the window, "Oh, much the same as ever;" and I haven't an idea what he means. After a pause, during which Old MERRIVAL regards with curiosity my friend from Boodels, who is fast asleep, with his leg over the arm of the seat, looking like the letter "V" in a quaint vignette, I hit upon a

Happy Thought.—I ask after his brother TOMMY, who went into the Army.

My friend says, "Haven't you heard?" I reply "No," pleasantly, expecting to find TOMMY made a Lieutenant-General. It turns out that the mention of TOMMY is unpleasant: he has not been heard of since he went out to hunt alligators in a bush. I wish I'd not been so confidently inquisitive. A damp has fallen on our spirits.

Old MERRIVAL presently attempts a change in the conversation by inquiring where I'm going. I tell him "Boodels." He says, "Oh! where they had the fever so bad at the beginning of the year." I inform him that "I don't think *that's* Boodels." He says, "Oh, I'm wrong. Boodels is where all those burglaries took place. By the way," he adds, musingly, "they've never caught the fellows." I pretend to attribute no importance to the news, but I don't like it. I tell him, in order to show him that Boodels is not entirely given up to burglary, that "we're going to have some fun there." He says, as I did, "What fun?" I reply, as if that *was* something like a joke, "Drag the pond." He doesn't seem to take much account of this, and rather snubs my notion of pleasure by remarking, inquiringly, "Slightly slow work, isn't it?" I reply, sticking (up for it, "Oh, no! capital fun." The train stops at Hincham, and he gets out. He says, from the platform, "Very glad to have seen you again." I return, "so am I him." He adds, as a happy thought, just as the train is moving, "If you're coming by this way at any time, look us up, will you?" I answer that I'll be *sure* to do so, and wonder how he'd like me to look him up at 1 A.M. He nods, and adds, "Don't forget!" I say (with my head out of window), "I won't." He turns away, and shows his ticket to the station-master, with whom I see him, the next second, in conversation, and then we leave each other for another ten years. This idea tending to melancholy, I shake off the remembrance of MERRIVAL, and begin to doze. Hereupon, my friend of Boodels wakes up, and says, "Hallo! where are we, ch?" being under the impression that we've passed the station. He informs me that he has been asleep. He wants now to know the *exact* time. I rouse myself with much trouble, and tell him, adding, that I am now going to follow his example, and doze. He says, "You can't; we're just there." Whereupon I shake myself, fold up my rug, exchange my travelling cap for my hat, take down

with considerable difficulty, my umbrella, stick, and fishing-rod from the net above, strap up my writing-case, stuff my newspapers inconveniently into my great-coat pocket—

Happy Thought.—I must learn the art of folding a newspaper into a portable form—

I button up my frock-coat, and, having forgotten what time I said it was just now, unbutton it to look at my watch, rebutton it, place my writing-case, umbrella, fishing-rod, and so forth, on the seat, in order to put on my gloves, take all the newspapers out of my great-coat pockets, in order to find my gloves, which, however, are in the breast-pocket of my frock-coat, where I had put them in mistake for my pocket-handkerchief, button my coat for the third time, put on my gloves, take my writing-case and rug, fishing-rod, and umbrella in my hands again, my great-coat over my arm, and sit as if meditating a sudden spring out of the carriage-window on the first opportunity, when friend from Boodels, who has suddenly found his watch-key, wants to know "the exact time." I pretend to guess it. He says, "No! do look, as I want to set my watch." I lay down, for the third time, my rod, umbrella, stick, writing-case, rug, and great-coat, and unbutton my frock-coat, also for the third time, take out my watch, and tell him "3:30," with perhaps a little irritability of manner. He doesn't say "Thank you!" but sets to work winding up his watch. By the time I have my umbrella, great-coat, rod, writing-case, rug, and stick, in my hands, and on my arms, for the fourth time (it seems the fiftieth), he inquires, "Did I say 3:30 or 3:36?" I reply, "3:30; but that now it may be 3:35." He puts his watch to his ear, looks at it, appears satisfied, and pockets it. The train stops opposite a small platform. Low, flat country all round. "Boodels?" I ask. No; it's where they take the tickets.

Take the tickets? Oh, that entails laying down my umbrella, stick, writing-case, fishing-rod and rug for the fifth time, unbuttoning my coat and feeling for the ticket. Ultimately, after much anxiety, I find it, with my latch-key, which appear, both together, to have made a hole for themselves in my waistcoat pocket, and gone on a burrowing excursion into the lining. Thank goodness, I get rid of the ticket at last. Not at all: the man only snips it with a pair of champagne-wire clippers, and goes on. It appears that we are half-an-hour from Boodels. I won't put my ticket into my waistcoat pocket again, because of the nuisance of unbuttoning, &c. The question is, for such a short time, is it worth while to undo one's rug, exchange hat for travelling cap, take off my gloves, unbutton one's coat for the sixth time, and be comfortable? I get as far as taking off my gloves, when my friend says, "It's no good doing that, we're just there." So it is. We are before our time. Boodels at last; and what the deuce I've done with my ticket, since it was snipped, I'm hanged if I know. Friend says, "you put it into your waistcoat pocket again." I am

positive I did not. I unbutton my coat for the seventh time and don't find it. My friend is more positive than ever that it's in my waistcoat pocket. I unbutton again for the eighth time, and find it with my watch. How it got there I don't know, as I assure the guard and my friend, "I never by any chance put a ticket in my watch-pocket."

Happy Thought.—To have a separate pocket made for tickets. But where?

Happy Thought.—To have separate pockets made for everything.

Happy Thought.—That here we are at Boodels. Friend's groom not here. Friend wants to know the exact time. I refer him (being buttoned up myself) to his own watch. He says, "It's stopped again, he can't make it out." I have just put down my fishing-rod, umbrella, writing-case and rug on the platform, and am unbuttoning my coat, when friend says, "Oh, don't bother, here's the Station-master will tell us," who does so, and I button up my coat for the eighth time.

The groom arrives, with pony trap. The groom says while we're driving that the pond can't be dragged before the day after to-morrow. My friend is satisfied. So am I. So's the groom. I say to the groom, affably, who is sitting with his arms folded regarding the country superciliously, "It's good fun dragging a pond, eh?" He answers shortly, "Yes, Sir," as if he thought I was taking a liberty in addressing him.

Happy Thought.—Always ingratiate yourself with servants: talk to grooms about horses, if you can. Here we are at Boodels. It turns out on arriving at the House, that the time at Boodels is different from either London time or railway time, and, therefore, just as I am going up-stairs to my room, my friend asks me for the exact time. I place my rug, umbrella, coat, fishing-rod, stick, and writing-case on the hall table for the tenth and last time, and tell him 4:30. Whereupon he goes off and sets the big clock in the hall, the musical clock on the stairs, the little clock in the dining-room, the time-pieces in the bedrooms, while the butler disappears, and is heard telling the cook all about it, when a whirring noise comes from the pantry and the kitchen. The Groom goes off to set the clock over the stable door; the Gardener walks down to the sun-dial; the Footman returns looking at his own watch. I follow him up-stairs to my room. Before he is out of the room I find myself asking him the time, and referring to my own watch. He should say (diffidently) that it's "about twenty minutes to five." I correct him, and give him the exact time. He withdraws thankfully, and I remain standing opposite the window, meditatively, with my watch in my hand, ready to give anyone the exact time.*** Knock at the door: "Dinner is at half-past six to-day." Very well, thank you. "Could I give Master the exact time, as his watch 'ave stop again."

Happy Thought.—I send him the watch bodily; and calmly commence dressing for my first dinner at Boodels.

SANITARY HONOURS.



FROM the success of his African travel CAPTAIN GRANT has been deservedly appointed a Companion of the Bath. After travelling in Africa, a Companionship of the Bath may be acceptable; although, in general, one would rather have a bath to one's self. It had been inaccurately stated that the dignity conferred on CAPTAIN GRANT was that of Commander of the Bath; a title which would not have been more than the due of a distinguished explorer, but might, perhaps, with a more special propriety be given to MR. JOHN SIMON, with corresponding authority to enforce the Order of the Bath on everybody constituting himself a nuisance by the neglect of ablution. The sanitary

state of society would be greatly improved if there were Commanders of the Bath who could command all such persons to bathe.

To the foregoing remarks it is sufficient to add, that there is a mistake in the supposition that the uniform of the Knights of the Bath is an ordinary bathing dress.

THE HEIGHT OF INDUSTRY.—We know a girl so industrious that when she has nothing else to do she knits her brows.

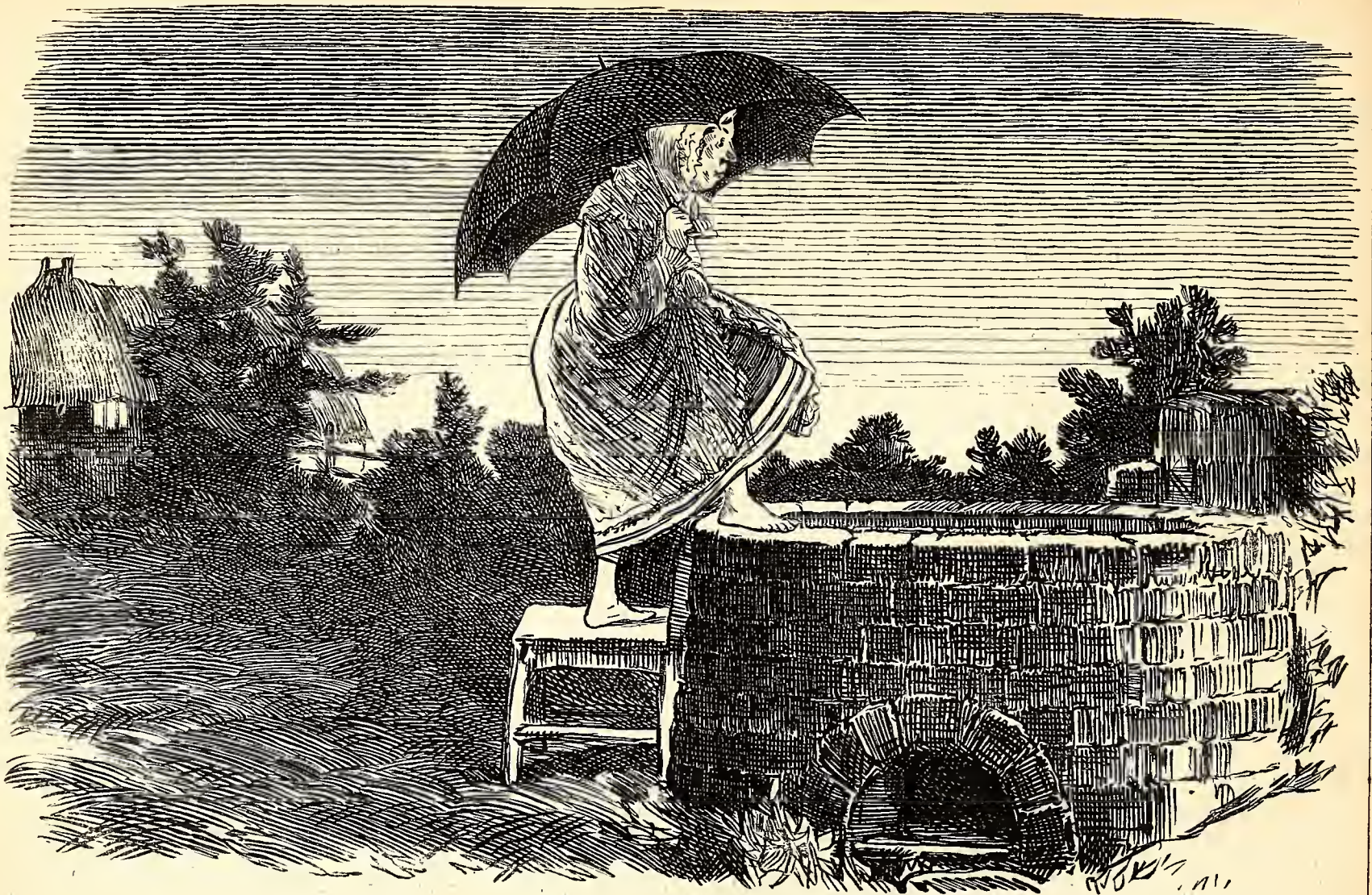
CALUMNY ON THE CORPORATION.

AT a Special Court of Aldermen the other day a complaint was made by MR. ALDERMAN GUTTLE, of disrespectful language applied in the *Pall Mall Gazette* to the Corporation and the LORD MAYOR. The worthy Alderman said with the permission of the Court he would read out the passage which he considered objectionable. It was as follows:—"It is by no means a satisfactory thing that the eating of luxurious feasts should be habitually looked up to as the *summum bonum* of human life by that numerous body whose apex is the Lord Mayor of London." He defied the writer of that passage to bring forward the shadow of proof that any sum had been boned by the respectable body on which he (the writer) cast the imputation of looking to a *summum bonum* in connection with eating and drinking; and he (ALDERMAN GUTTLE) should like to know what he (the writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*) meant by calling the LORD MAYOR an apex. The LORD MAYOR OF LONDON was no more an apex than the writer who termed him one, and if London's Chief Magistrate was an apex, he would not hesitate to say the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was another. The observations of the worthy Alderman were ordered to be recorded in the minutes.

A Blue Look-out.

MR. GLAISHER has discovered a "blue fog" at Greenwich, which he thinks may be connected with the cholera. From all we could ever learn on the subject, "blue funk" is a more probable predisposing cause of cholera than "blue fog."

ADVICE TO THE TORIES WHO WANT A "GOOD CRY."—Apply to the Home Secretary.



MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.—No. 2.

SETTLED IN HER COUNTRY LODGINGS, LAVINIA FINDS SHE HAS FORGOTTEN HER BATH, BUT HER INGENUITY ENABLES HER TO OVERCOME THE DIFFICULTY BY DEVELOPING THE RESOURCES OF THE PLACE.

THE POPE TO THE MEMBER FOR PETERBOROUGH.

Son in the faith right well beloved, health and benediction,
Whilst Our paternal heart is torn to tatters with affliction,
Of thy most zealous labours on our part, a true narration,
Hath, through Our ears into Our breast, poured balm of consolation.

We hear that thou, with wondrous art, as of a mime or actor,
Dost feign thyself of Catholics a most absurd detractor,
And dost, the faithful, as it were, so kick at and bray after,
That on the name of Protestant thou bringest scorn and laughter.

Thy simulation is, we learn with no small joy, so thorough,
That it hath won for Peter's see the seat of Peterborough;
Whereof, deluded by thy skill, the heretics demented
Imagine by a heretic in thee they're represented.

In Parliament thou never dost omit to seize occasion
Whereby thou mayst discredit thy so well assumed persuasion
By calumnies prodigious of our creed and practice, founded,
In semblance, on mendacity or ignorance unbounded.

So that the House of Commons, for thy great apparent folly,
When thou wouldst speak, deriding thee, is wont to cry, "Sing,
WHALLEY!"

And, what is most desirable, suspicion is excited
That with great Protestant great fool is commonly united.

Moreover, what with too much praise, indeed, We cannot mention,
From real scandals to Our Church averted is attention;
And certain ridicule awaits the impious endeavour
To interfere with Us and Ours in any way whatever.

Go on, then, persevering, with a constancy unshaken,
By British worldly wise ones for true Protestant mistaken.
We send thee, for devoting to Our service, as a jester
That gift of thine, a portion of the nose of St. Silvester.

For filial buffoonery the further to reward thee,
We absolution plenary for everything accord thee,
On thy reciting after Mass thrice *Ave*; first confessing:
And lastly, We impart to thee Our Apostolic blessing.

DANCING DINNERS.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Post* says that, at Anjou, about the period of the Craon races, "a ball and several *dîners dansants* are spoken of, to be given by the COUNTESS ALBERT DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD in her beautiful château in *la Poterie*." We had often before heard of a "*thé dansant*," but a "*dîner dansant*" is something new. Of course the legs of mutton do not dance at a *dîner dansant* any more than the muffins do at a *thé*. A *dîner dansant* seems a very questionable species of hop. Who but a young lady, or a very young man, would ever dance directly after dinner, having really dined? At least, no prudent person would venture on a waltz, recollecting what *Stephano* says: "Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant." We wonder whether the guests of the COUNTESS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD in *la Poterie* danced, at or after their dancing dinner, amongst the dishes of their fair hostess, as Scotchmen dance between swords, and some people between eggs, which would do for a *déjeuner dansant*.

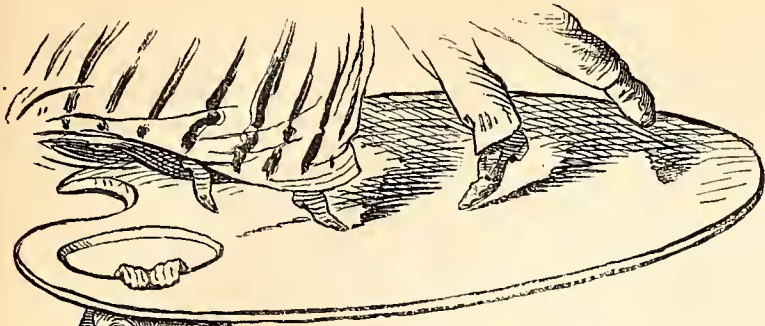
There is a light in which a dance round a vessel containing food appropriate for a certain class of consumers, may be regarded as having been somewhat of a *dîner dansant*.

"Lost to Sight, to Memory Dear!"

AFTER the Admiralty has spent twelve millions yearly on our Navy, Our first Lord of the Admiralty declares he has no ships. Instead of calling our men of war, as we have done, "our invincibles," at present we should speak with greater truth of them as "our invisibles."

WHAT THE GERMAN BUND IS.—Moribund.

STUDIES OF EXPRESSION.



UNCH,—My illustrations to SHAKSPEARE'S *Seven Ages* have evidently thrown such a burst of new light upon the hidden meanings of the Immortal Bard, that I send you a few Studies of Expression applied to the present day. They will doubtless revolutionise Art before the first Monday in May 'Sixty-seven.

They relate to an invitation given by JACK PUGSBY, owner of the yacht *Whipster*, to his club friend and general acquaintance FREDERICK PHIPSON, Esq., who, abandoning that WORK for which he is so famous in the "General Utility Office" at Whitehall, indulges in the PLAY of leaving off early, and

walking to the Waterloo terminus; but, on his way down suffering

untold agonies from the REPOSE and snore of an elderly stout gentleman with a pretty niece, he revenges himself upon the sleeper by conversing with the young lady, to whom he shows marked POLITENESS when attempting to hand her from the carriage on their arrival at Southampton; but the WRATH of the disagreeable Uncle produces an abject sense of FEAR in PHIPSON, which is but imperfectly allayed by the appearance of JACK PUGSBY, whose tarry hand he feels obliged to shake in a spirit of true FRIENDSHIP. The ready HELP afforded him by the first mate in handing him on to the *Whipster* is however very distressing to him, and the CAUTION which he shows when vainly trying to hold his straw hat on his head in a stiff gale, foretells his ALARM on their shipping a sea, but the DESPAIR into which he sinks when, while making himself useful in preparing the midday meal, he misses his footing and pitches knives, forks, glass and crockery overboard at "one fell swoop" is something not to be depicted at all.

So that as his THIRST can only be quenched out of a two gallon stone bottle, and HUNGER is but barely appeased by gnawing a mutton bone, he lands at the first place they "put in" to, and seeking DIRECTION from a friendly post, takes the Express back to town, especially filled with DISGUST at the inefaceable marks of Tar upon his delicate hand—much worse than PUGSBY'S—and which offers a long standing excuse against further exhibitions of MORE WORK.

Believe (or disbelieve if you like) me to remain,
Ever faithfully,

YOUR ARTIST REDUCED TO EXTREMITIES.



WORK.

PLAY.

REPOSE.

POLITENESS.

WRATH.

FEAR.

FRIENDSHIP.

HELP.

CAUTION.

ALARM.

DESPAIR.

THIRST.

HUNGER.

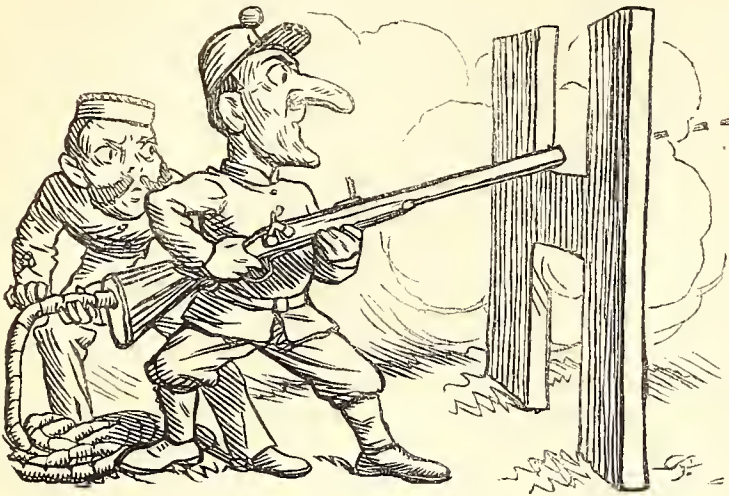
DIRECTION.

DISGUST.

MORE WORK.

THE SEAT OF WAR.

From our own Special Correspondent.



HERE I am in the Seat of War. Every one is sitting down now, and there is no fighting. The army was at one time sitting down before a town, but it got up again. You don't perhaps understand these deep military phrases. Have you received all my letters? I don't think so, as no circular notes have arrived for me. But another time don't send out such fellows as your Military and

Naval Correspondents on both sides. They waylay my letters, make use of my name, and then (here I specially allude to the chap with the Austrian army) point me out as a good mark for the enemy on every possible occasion. I've had several very narrow escapes. However, I nearly succeeded in getting your Austrian Military Correspondent hanged as a spy. I don't know why they didn't do it; they promised me they would. There's no trusting those Austrians. Praps they've shot him. I haven't heard any report to that effect. If they have, that will be one off your staff, and you can give me the extra salary.

The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH wrote to BISMARCK the other day,—but perhaps I am hardly justified in breaking a confidence. The Prussians have a new weapon called the needle-gun, it has proved very serviceable during the recent war. I have (being, you will be *ashamed* to hear, in want of funds) invented a new rifle, myself, which has given, as far as the *drawing* goes, a great deal of satisfaction to the Prussian Generals. It is so constructed as to be *capable of being fired while running away*; and in time of peace, or in bivouac, it will serve as an admirable amusement for the soldiers, as there is a musical box in the stock which plays two tunes.

They now treat me very well: they didn't. Out of politeness they offered me a front place in the last battle, which however I thought it politic to decline with thanks, as you used to do all my articles over forty words. I think I shall settle here for good. If you don't send me out those circular notes I shall be obliged to. Since I have been out campaigning I have learnt to play the drum, and a little of the fife. I intend bringing them home, and giving "An Evening with the Prussian Army" by way of an entertainment. I think it will be very good, my only regret being that I'm not a ventriloquist, or else I'd have pretended to hold a dialogue with an Austrian up the chimney, and an Italian down in the cellar. This style. "Hallo!"

My Voice up the Chimney (faintly). Hallo!

Myself. Who are you?

My Voice up the Chimney. I'm GENERAL BENEDEK.

Myself. What are you doing there?

My Voice up the Chimney. What's that to you?

My Voice in the Cellar. Don't you talk to that fellow.

Myself (to audience). Why there's GARIBALDI in the cellar. (*To him.*) What did you say?

My Voice (as Garibaldi, in the cellar). I said don't you talk to that fellow.

And so forth. Then a drum and fife solo by way of refreshment. If they imprison me again (as they did before), I'll take the opportunity of practising ventriloquism. I can't write any more, as I think they've come to imprison me. * *

They have. I write you this in a hurry. I am being dragged off to prison. It's all through that Austrian Military Correspondent of yours, of whom I borrowed a small sum, and he won't wait for payment until we return to England.

Such are the chances of war.

To-day in the glittering camp: to-morrow in the prison cell; or to-morrow in the glittering camp, and the day after that in the prison cell. Hush, 'tis the night watch. I don't mind being imprisoned in the way of business; as I shall make a capital entertainment out of it on my return, with wigs and appearing as somebody else. Adieu: Don't forget the circular notes. Yours, &c.,

THROCMORTON S.

A LOT SOLD AT MANCHESTER.

A SAD disappointment was inconsiderately inflicted on a numerous portion of the British Public the other day at Manchester. A man had been sentenced to be hanged. His execution was appointed to take place at the New Bailey Prison on the 18th of August. For some reason or other, it was postponed. Let the *Times* relate what ensued:—

"The postponement of the execution was unknown to great numbers of people up to Friday, and on that evening many persons from a distance took their stand under the prison walls with a view, by remaining there all night, of securing a favourable position from which to witness the spectacle, and many lingered about some hours, unwilling to believe when told that the

execution had been postponed, although they could see no drop or other signs of preparation on the part of the prison authorities."

What a shame! How cruel to create hopes only to mock them! The prison authorities of Manchester ought to have advertised the postponement of the tragedy which they had announced. A placard, notifying the alteration, resolved on, should have been posted outside the prison. If the delay had arisen from CALCRAFT'S indisposition a medical certificate to that effect ought to have been published. No doubt when the Manager of the New Bailey next appears on the stage of that institution, he will be hissed. It was too bad of him to allow an anxious crowd of spectators to remain half the night, casting their longing and lingering looks on the prison walls, without so much as a drop to comfort them.

GROVE AND HIS ELEPHANT;

OR, CE N'EST QUE LE PREMIER PAS QUI COÛTE.

GROVE, Q.C., high installed in the chair
Of the wise men assembled at Nottingham,
Surveys Earth and Heaven, Sea and Air,
By Science's metres and bounds plotting 'em.
Pokes his fingers well under Earth's crust,
Explores our dirt-pie's darkest corner,
Pulls Geology's plums from their dust—
Philosophy's "little JACK HORNER!"

Treads, serene, æther's luminous field,
With an eye above fancies or fallacies;
Tests the metals in Phœbus' own shield,
And puts star-light through spectrum-analysis.
Identifies heat, electricity,
Reviews the Magnetical Forces;
Shows the Universe in its simplicity—
Cell, *plus* power of so many horses.

Till we ask, with a GROVE in the van,
What the dickens is science afraid of,
Thanks to spectra and forces, now man
Has quite settled what the world's made of?
We know matter and force and no more;
For that ghost—a first cause—we have laid it;
But the bore is, the world is still there,
And weak people will *still* ask, "who made it?"

Not content with *cell-matter* and *force*,
"Causarum par solum et nobile,"
Awe-struck noodles, a-gaze at earth's course,
Will insist on some great "*primum mobile*."
So GROVE, Q.C., to these noodles bends,
(After all, they're more sinned 'gainst than sinning)
And having knocked off nature's ends,
Condeseends to discuss her beginning.

This nut e'en to GROVE, Q.C.'s hard,
(However his primitive cell he vaunt),
But still he, by way of trump card,
Tries his hand at creating an elephant.
From a cell he supposes it grew
Under pressure, by process Darwinian.
That there *is* a *cell* here may be true—
Is't in elephant, or in opinion?

We can readily fancy the shock
Of a ready-made elephant bringing
His trunk from the heart of a rock,
Or his tusks from a hollow-tree wringing;
But would it less shock (what we're urging
Will disgust GROVE, Q.C., we know well)
To witness the monster emerging
From the round of the primitive cell?

No—to Heaven's might and what from it springs
No GROVE, Q.C., man's heart can ossify:
In heaven and earth there are things
Not dreamt of in Grovian philosophy.
Folks will scarce leave old lights for the new.
That your spectra from sun or from star win;
Nor believe with poor *Topsy*, they grew,
Like an Elephant made *à la* DARWIN.

BEAT THAT.—We know a man so clever with his lathe that he can even turn a deaf ear.

PUNCH'S AUTOGRAPH SALES.

IN accordance with a previous notification, *Mr. Punch* proceeds to offer a Specimen Page of a Great Catalogue of Autographs which he proposes to sell to a discriminating public. He warrants every item to be a genuine portion of the Correspondence with which he is favoured. No reduction, and Post-office Orders to be made payable to *DOGGE TOBY, Esq.*, 85, Fleet Street.

1. **Letter** suggesting a Cartoon which the writer "is sure would take." BISMARCK is to be shown conquering Germany, in the distance JOHNSON reconstructing America, and MAXIMILIAN making his escape to the EMPEROR NAPOLEON. BRITANNIA (or the QUEEN) seated on a throne in front, saying to EARL RUSSELL "Rest and be thankful," while LORD DERBY represses MR. BRIGHT, and JOHN BULL is pouring large sums of money into boxes inscribed "London Hospital," "Convalescent Asylum," "Children's Excursions," and the like. If there is room, introduce various other nations looking enviously at England . . . 5s.

2. **Letter** in a lady's hand-writing, enclosing seventeen verses beginning as follows:—

"A CAUTION TO LADIES.

"He bids me forget the day we met
And also the place of our meeting
I must think no more of the days of yore
And dare not remember his greeting

"He bids me forget that I ever let
My affections centre in him
Though I care for no other be they friend or brother
And I never will try to forget him

"When I cease to live Ill cease to give
My warmest affections to him
But I think even than I shoale feel a pang
When rending my heart from him." . . . 8d.

3. **Very Interesting Note**, with Epigram:—

MY DEAR PUNCH,
I forward you a sentement on the completion of the Atlantic Telegraph:—

"May the cable that joins us one to another,
Be the Siame's band binding Brother to Brother." . . . 2d.

4. **Long Letter** from a Bristol Idiot, abusing *Mr. Punch* for his "Dirty Radicalism." . . . 2d.

5. **Long Letter** from a Southampton Idiot, abusing *Mr. Punch* for his "Brutal Toryism." . . . 2d.
(or the two for threepence.)

6. **Letter**, with name and address, enclosing four jokes which the author has copied from the *Facetiae* in a country newspaper, and for which he begs "a few stamps" may be sent as encouragement. N.B. Two of the jokes are good . . . 1s.

7. **Letter with Verses** beginning thus:—

"THE MIANTONOMOH.

"Now listen, my children, if you care to know,
What they say of the ship called the *Miantonomoh*.
She came from the New World in this year '66,
And has thrown old JOHN BULL straightway into a 'fix.'" 6d.

8. **A Lot of Letters** (seventeen at least) asking why Austria's resistance to Prussia was foolish, and answering, "Because it was *needle-less* (needless) . . . 1s.

9. **Letter** from a Scotch correspondent (nine sides) requesting *Mr. Punch* to state his reasons for not inserting the gentleman's previous communications, to give him advice as to the best means by which he can "educate himself into a popular writer," and to state what "remuneration" *Mr. Punch* offers as an inducement to that labour. Also asking "rules for the preparation of MS. for the press, and hints as to the etiquette of communication with editors and publishers." (Scarce, we should think) . . . 6d.

10. **Envelope** enclosing this, which we make no sort of pretension to understand:—

"IMPORTANT TO NAUTICAL MEN.—The best light for the Binnacle.—Stearine Candles" . . . 1d.

11. **Verses** (one folio page), on MR. EYRE, by a Negrophile. The following specimen will recommend them:—

"Military and Naval acts do appear
Both prompt, smart, and judicious
Though Martial law was we very much fear
Rather stringent on those men seditious
"To practise punishment, of so cruel a kind
As flogging and other depravity
No excuse could the Commissioners find
For such a great want of humanity." . . . 8d.

12. **Letter** from an enraptured Scotch Bridegroom who has just married a lovely Irish young lady "of stately bearing and brilliant accomplishments," and who has put a pretty conjugal dialogue (too pretty for a cold-hearted world) into verse . . . 6d.

13. **Envelope** with this gem of wit:—

"The following occurred to me yesterday: What is the latest optical delusion.—The eye (high) Church." . . . 6d.

14. **Letter** with another Negrophilistian reference to MR. EYRE:—

"MOTTO FOR SOUTHAMPTON.

"Shall freedom and legallity expire—
Arise ye *Plebs* and glut your EYRE." . . . 1s.

15. **Letter** with a Reform epigram:—

The most steadfast member of the Reform League—MR. HOLLY OAK!
[N.B. If this is by Mr. H. O. himself, he had better call and claim it.] . . . 1d.

16. **Commencement of Letter**, remarkable for the propriety with which the writer approaches The Presence. He is so polite that we regret he is not equally witty:—

"Suffer me to lay these trifles at your footstool, with the hope they may meet your approval, as encouragement sometimes begets improvement." . . . 3d.

17. **Letter**, with very long poem beginning—

"Dear *Mr. Punch*,
I sat at *lunch*
And wondered why you wore a *hunch*,
'Why, it must be,'
My *wife*, says she,
'Because he's son to *Mother Bunch*.'" . . . 1s.

18. **Letter** from Liverpool, with the newest thing out:—

"A selfish class—*Fishmongers* (sell-fish)" . . . ½d.

19. **Epigram**, remarkable for its elegance and lucidity:—

"GREASE AND GRACE.

"When, grinned at by a man whose face
Is strange, you bows to sate 'im use,
Your vague salutes lack sadly grace;
But, O! if you pomatum use,
Or any oil, beware do then,
Of ever to a fair dresser
Attempting to take hat off, when
You have just left your hairdresser!" . . . 3d.

20. **Frightfully** damaging onslaught on the POPE:—

"ACROSTIC.

"Pray, who swindles men most of their 'pences'
Of all, who overreach their senses?
Pos'tively he, who selling 'indulgences'
Ever thus victimises 'under false pretences.'" . . . 4d.

21. **Letter** from a Ritualist Clergyman, stating that "it would give him sincere pleasure to beat *Mr. Punch* within an inch of his life" (Anonymous) . . . 2d.



A BOY WHO DOESN'T READ THE PAPERS.

Emily. "OH, LIZZY, WILLIE WOULD DRINK OUT OF YOUR AQUARIUM, AND HE HAS BEEN AND SWALLOWED A LIZARD!"

DRESS AND DISCOUNT.

(*A Mermaid's Sea-side Song.*)

By the sad sea waves,
I listen while they moan
And Papa with visage glum
Sighs, with them, groan for groan.
What the wild waves were saying,
Or what their moaning meant,
I can't say, but Pa's sighing
Sounded like "Ten per cent.!"

When one comes down to Ramsgate
And its salubrious bay,
One expects Mas to be lively,
And Pa's gracious, if not gay:
But Mamma's in *such* a humour,
And Pa gives his temper vent,
Asking, "*who's* to make things pleasant,
With cash at ten per cent.?"

If one hints at bonnets labelled
"In plain figures," Oh—so nice!—
Or sweet things in muslin going
At an awful sacrifice,
Ma nudges and looks grumpy,
And Pa "won't have money spent!
How is a man to make it,
With cash at ten per cent.?"

So we've cut off pony chaises,
And come down to donkey-chairs,
And we're mending our old Houbigants,
Not sporting nice new pairs:
We're poked up on a second floor,
And out like frights we're sent,

And when we sulk, Pa says "It is
All cash at ten per cent.!"

And here, in last year's jackets,
We list the organ chimes,
And there's Pa sitting sulky,
As usual, o'er the *Times*.
No—I declare he's smiling—
And hark . . . such an event!
"Huzza, girls . . . for new bonnets,
Cash down to seven per cent.!"

THE BENEFITS OF BUDDHISM.

CERTAIN Members of the Church Militant are, like some military officers, particularly particular in the matter of their clothes. What an army of martyrs they probably would think themselves if their wardrobe were restricted, as among the Buddhists, thus:—

"No Buddhist priest is allowed more than one set of robes, consisting of three pieces, the dimensions not to exceed a specified length, and, when new, the cloth must be disfigured with mud, or otherwise, before he puts it on."

If this be really so, instead of calling them the Buddhists, one might, with a bad cold, speak of them as the Muddhists. And if one were not afraid of being indicted as a pickpocket for making such a pun, one might say that the Hindoos exacted in their clergymen considerable hindoo-rance. Moreover, having but one suit of clothes must be a little awkward in any change of climate; and we should fear that if cold weather came the Buddhist rites of worship included that of Shiva.

Conundrum for Convocation.

A REVEREND gentleman, the Canon of a Cathedral, had his pocket picked. Why was this Canon like an Armstrong Gun? Of course, because he was rifled.



A SEA-SIDE RIDDLE.

BLANCHE. "WHAT CAN IT BE THAT MAKES PAPA SO JOLLY THIS MORNING, FLO.?"
FLORA. "CAN'T IMAGINE; AND HE ACTUALLY SAID SOMETHING ABOUT NEW BONNETS! ISN'T IT AWFULLY KIND?"

“FORBIDDING TO MARRY.”



HERE, young ladies, what do you say to this? A letter, addressed by a CELIBATE to the *Church Times*, contains a piteous expression of regret that the patrons of church livings will do nothing to prevent marriages among the clergy. But there is balm in Columbia yet. The Celibate would fain—

“Make a suggestion. There is a Celibate Society existing amongst our clergy already. Why not affiliate to it Clergymen who, though married, feel that the other is the better way; Ladies, married and unmarried. The former undertaking not to perform the marriage ceremony for any priest (unless legally compelled), or even to be present at his wedding; the latter, if mothers, promising to refuse their consent to any clerical suitors for their daughters, and the daughters giving the like pledge for themselves.

A CELIBATE.”

We repeat, young ladies, what do you say to this? Manly young parsons, what say you, also, to this monk? *Punch* leaves the matter to you, only offering the suggestion that the creature's name expresses his nature—A Silly bête.

But, perhaps he has sold the *Church Times*. Let us hope so, though the fact would prove that there are fools to whom such trash is acceptable.

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,

You prob'ly didn't meet my uncle WILYIM when he was on these shores. I judge so from the fact that his pursuots wasn't litrary. Commerce, which it has been trooly observed by a statesman, or somebody, is the foundation stone onto which a natiou's greatness rests—glorious Commerce, was UNCLE WILYIM's fort. He sold soap. It smelt pretty, and redily commanded two pents a cake. I'm the only litrary man in our fam'ly. It is troo, I once had a dear cuzzun who wrote 22 versis onto “A Child who nearly Died of the Measles, O!” but as he injoodiciously introjuiced a chorious at the end of each stanzy, the parents didn't like it at all. The father in particler wept afresh, assaulted my cuzzun, and said he never felt so ridicklus in his intire life. The onhappy result was that my cuzzun abandiud poetry forever, and went back to shoemakin, a shattered man.

My UNCLE WILYIM disposed of his soap and returned to his nativ land with a very exolted opinyin of the British public. “It is a edycated community,” said he; “they're an intellectooal peple. In one small village alone I sold 50 cakes of soap, incloodin barronial halls, where they offered me a ducal coronet, but I said no—give it to the poor.” This was the way UNCLE WILYIM went on. He told us, however, some stories that was rather too much to be easily swallerd. In fact, my UNCLE WILYIM was not a emblem of trooth. He retired some years ago on a hansum comptency derived from the insurance-money he received on a rather shaky skooner he owned, and which turned up while lyn on a wharf one night, the cargo havin fortnitly been removed the day afore the disastriss calamty occurd. UNCLE WILYIM said it was one of the most sing'ler things he ever heard of; and, after collectin the insurance-money, he bust into a flood of tears, and retired to his farm in Pennsylvauy. He was my uncle by marrige only. I do not say that he wasn't a honest man. I simply say that if you have a uncle, and bitter experunce tells you it is more profitabile in a peconery pint of view to put pewter spoons instid of silver ones onto the table when that uncle dines with you in a frenly way—I simply say, there is sumthun wrong in our social sistim, which calls loudly for reform.

I rived on these shores at Liverpool, and proceeded at once to London. I stopt at the Washington Hotel in Liverpool, because it was named in honour of a countryman of mine who didn't get his living by makin' mistakes, and whose mem'ry is dear to civilised peple all over the world, because he was gentle and good as well as trooly great. We read in Histry of any number of great individooals, but how few of 'em, alars! should we want to take home to supper with us? Among

others, I would call your attention to ALEXANDER THE GREAT, who conkerd the world, and wept because he couldn't do it sum more, and then took to gin-and-seltzer, gettin' tight every day afore dinner with the most disgustin' reg'larly, causin' his parunts to regret they hadn't 'preuticed him in his early youth to a biskit-baker, or some other occupation of a peaceful and quiet character. I say, therefore, to the great men now liviu' (you could put 'em all into Hyde Park, by the way, and still leave room for a large and respectable concourse of rioters)—be good. I say to that gifted but bald-heded Prooshun, BISMARCK, be good and gentle in your hour of triumph. I always am. I admit that our lines is different, BISMARCK's and mine; but the same glo'rus principle is involved. I am a exhibiter of startlin' curiositys, wax works, snaix, etsetry, (“either of whom,” as a Americau statesman whose name I ain't at liberty to mentiou for perlitical resins, as he expects to be a candidate for a prom'nent offiss, and hence doesn't wish to excite the rage and jelisy of other showmen—“either of whom is wuth dubble the price of admission”); I say I am a exhibiter of startlin' curiositys, and I also have my hours of triumph, but I try to be good in 'em. If you say, “Ah, yes, but also your hours of grief and misfortin;” I answer, it is troo, and you prob'ly refer to the circumstans of my hirin' a young mau of dissypated habits to fix hisself up as a A real Cannibal from New Zeelan, and when I was simply tellin the audience that he was the most feroshus Cannibal of his tribe, and that, alone and uassisted, he had et sev'ril of our fellow-countrymen, and that he had at one time even contemplated eatin his UNCLE THOMAS on his mother's side, as well as other near and dear relatives,—when I was makin' these simple statements, the mis'ble young man said I was a lyer, and kuoect me off the platform. Not quite satisfied with this, he cum and trod hevily on me, and as he was a very musculer person and wore remarkable thick boots, I knew at once that a canary bird wasn't walkiu' over me.

I admit that my ambitiou ovelept herself in this instuns, and I've been very careful ever since to deal square with the public. If I was the public I should insist on squareness, tho' I shouldn't do as a portion of my audience did on the occasion jest mentioned, which they was employed in sum naberin' coal mines. “As you hain't got no more Cannybals to show us, old man,” said one of 'em, who seemed to be a kind of leader among 'em—a tall dis'greeble skoundril—“as you seem to be out of Cannybals, we'll sorter look round here and fix things. Them wax figgers of yours want washin'. There's Napoleon Bonyparte and Julius Cæsar—they must have a bath,” with which coarse and brutal remark he imitated the shrill war-hoop of the western savage, and, assisted by his infamus coal-heavin companyins, he threw all my wax-work into the river, and let my wild bears loose to pray on a peaceful and inoffensive agricultooral community.

Leavin Liverpool (I'm goin' back there, tho—I want to see the Docks, which I heard spoken of at least once while I was there) I cum to London in a 1st class car, passin' the time very agreeable in discussin, with a countryman of mine, the celebrated Schleswig-Holstein questiou. We took that int'resting question up and carefully traced it from the time it commenced being so, down to the present day, when my countryman, at the close of a four hours' annymated debate, said he didn't know anything about it himself, and he wanted to know if I did. I told him that I did not. He's at Ramsgate now, and I am to write him when I feel like givin him two days in which to discuss the question of negro slavery in America. But now I do not feel like it.

London at last, and I'm stoppiu at the Greenlion tavern. I like the lan'lord very much indeed. He had fallen into a few triflin errors in regard to America—he was under the impression, for instance, that we et hay over there, and had horns growin out of the back part of our heads—but his chops and beer is ekal to any I ever pertook. You must cum and see me, and bring the boys. I'm told that GARRICK used to cum here, but I'm growin skeptycal about GARRICK's fav'orit taverns. I've had over 500 public-houses pintoed out to me where GARRICK went. I was indooeed oue night, by a seleck comp'ny of Britons, to visit sum 25 public-houses, and they confidentially told me that GARRICK used to go to each one of 'em. Also, DR. JOHNSON. This won't do, you know.

May be I've rambled a bit in this comunycation—I'll try and be more collected in my uext, and mcauwhile, b'lieve me Trooly Yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

A Hint to President Johnson.

By a telegram from America we are sorry to learn that—

“MR. DAVIS's health is rapidly declining. His counsel is still endeavouring to obtain his release on bail.”

Would it not be creditable to forestall Death in granting the captive a happy release?

COMPARISONS ARE ODISIOUS.

GORDON Jamaica's JOHN BRIGHT call'st thou, SLACK? The men are different as white and black.



A DELICATE HINT.

Kate (looking at the Wrong Cousin through her glasses reversed). "OH, JOHN, HOW FUNNY! YOU LOOK SO NICE SUCH A LONG WAY OFF!"
Right Cousin. "Aw—JUST SO."

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

A Happy Literary and Scientific Evening at Boodels on the night before dragging the pond.—Dined with BOODELS (of Boodels) alone. Nothing so conducive to Happy Thoughts as a good dinner. Had it. BOODELS (to whom I have imparted the fact of my being engaged upon my grand work entitled *Typical Developments*) says, "Well, old boy, I'm glad to have an evening together. We'll have a regular literary and scientific conversation. Hey?" I say, "By all means!" and we adjourn, it being a little chilly outside, to the study. BOODELS (of Boodels) is a bachelor, and enjoys literary ease. He says that I shall be perfectly quiet here, no one shall disturb me, and that I can get on with my work on *Typical Whatshisnames* (being corrected, he says yes, he means "Developments") as fast as I like. He adds, that there'll be lots of fun besides. I find he means dragging the pond. I say, out of compliment to him, that I am looking forward to this; and he seems pleased. He lights a cigar, and we then enjoy literary conversation—that is, I read to him my manuscript materials for my work. Just as I am commencing, he asks me for the *exact* time, as at nine o'clock he has a friend coming in. I tell him it's past that now, whereupon he says, "Perhaps he won't come: it's only MILBURD, who lives in the next place; he won't disturb us," and finishes by asking me to "go on, old fellow!" I go on, accordingly.

Happy Thought.—It's a rare thing to find any one possessed of the faculty of appreciation. BOODELS has it. BOODELS is a very good fellow. I don't know any one for whom I would do more than I would for BOODELS. There are very few to whom I'd read my manuscript materials for *Typical Developments*—very few; but I don't mind reading them to BOODELS. It isn't every one to whom I'd say, "Now, my dear fellow, pray tell me any fault that strikes you: do." But I say it to BOODELS, because BOODELS is not a fool.

9h. 5m. P.M.—*Note.* I shall time myself in reading this first chapter. Now. "*Typical Developments*, Book I., Chap. 1. In the earliest—" BOODELS stops me. I have asked him to stop me whenever anything strikes him. Something has struck him. "Why do I call it *Typical Developments*?" Why? Well, because,—in fact,—I explain, that

opens up a large question. He will see, I inform him, as I go on. He says, "Oh, I only asked." I thank him for asking, and tell him that that's exactly what I want him to do. He replies, "Yes, he thought I liked that." I say, "Yes, I do." The lamp wants trimming, and BOODELS rings for the butler. There is silence for a few moments, because one can't read while a butler is trimming a lamp. The butler says "he thinks that'll do now, Sir." BOODELS says, "Yes, that'll do." I say, "Oh, yes, that'll do capitally" (N.B. Always be on good terms with the butler), and, the butler having retired, I recommence. "Typi—"

Happy Thought.—Must time the reading. Let's see. 9:20 P.M. "*Typical Developments*, Book I., Chap. 1. In the earliest" (correct this with pencil to "very earliest") "In the very earliest—" BOODELS pushes a cigar towards me without speaking. No, thank you, not while reading. "In the very earliest—" I don't know: yes, I will just light a cigar. Let's see the *exact* time—9:27. Now we begin fairly.

"In the very earliest and darkest ages of our ancient earth—"

Happy Thought.—Stop, to alter "ancient" to "old" with a pencil. Read it to BOODELS. "Ages of our *old* earth." How does he like it? He is dubious. If he doesn't like it, why not say so. Well, he thinks he *doesn't* like it. "Ancient's" better? I ask. On the whole, yes, he thinks "ancient's" better.

Happy Thought.—Alter "old" to "aucient" with a pencil. I respect BOODELS because he speaks his mind; if he doesn't like a thing, he says so. "Won't I," he asks, "have a pen and ink?" No, thanks! I'd better. Well, then, I will. If I'd known that this would have entailed ringing for the butler, who had to fill the inkstaud and find a pen, I'd have been perfectly satisfied as I was with the pencil.

"Now, then, old fellow, fire away!" says BOODELS, who is lighting another cigar. Mine is out. "Better light it," says BOODELS, "it's more sociable." Well, then, I will. No matches. Bell. Butler: who explains that he told JAMES, the footman, to see that the box was filled every Thursday. Bell. Footman: corroborates butler, but says, "ANNE must have taken 'em away by mistake when she cleared." Explanation satisfactory. Matches are produced. Butler remains

(officially—who the deuce wants to have his cigar lighted by a butler?) to light the cigars. Butler leaves us. "Five weeds, them, eh?" says BOODELS. They are. "Fire away, old boy, will you?" says BOODELS, as if I'd been making the interruptions.

Exact time, 9:50. BOODELS doesn't think MILBURD will drop in at this time. "However, if he does," he explains again, "he needn't disturb us." He needn't, but it's very probable that, if he comes, he will. "Fire away, old fellow! it's getting late."

9:57.—I am firing away. "In the very earliest and darkest ages of our ancient earth, before even the grand primæval forests—" BOODELS interrupts me, and says that comes from LONGFELLOW. I protest. He says, "No, no, you're right: I was thinking of something else. Go on." I go on—"the grand primæval forests could boast the promise of an incipient bud—" BOODELS (who is a little too captious sometimes) wants to know "what I mean by 'forests boast the promise?' Why 'boast?'" I tell him he'll see as we go on. He returns, "All right: fire away!"

I shirk "boast," and continue—"an incipient bud, there existed in the inexhaustible self-exhausting Possible, innumerable types—" Here BOODELS suggests what a capital idea it would be for me to give a Public reading. Safe to do. Take enormously.

Happy Thought.—To give a Public Reading. What of? I can't help asking, though. "Wouldn't it, p'raps, be a little slow?" BOODELS, on consideration, says, "Yes, it might be, without a piano; but, of course, I'd have a piano; and a panorama; or, he's got it, wigs!" "Wigs," he thinks, would make the thing go first-rate. "I might, he fancies, give it here, in the large room at the inn, and see how it went." I object, "Oh, no, that wouldn't do." BOODELS is serious, "He can't see—why not?" Well, because—"Well never mind; fire away, old boy." I fire away. *Exact time, 10:15.*—"haunting Possible, innumerable types." I've got it.—"umerable types, of which the first generating ideas having a bearing upon"—. Here MILBURD dropped in. With an eyeglass and a pipe. He's afraid he disturbs us. "Not in the least," from BOODELS. "Oh no, not at all; not the slightest," from me. What'll he take? Well, nothing, thanks; he's only just dined. "Tea?" Are we going to have tea? "Always have tea now," says BOODELS. "You'll have tea." (to me). Of course, just the thing. "And we'll read afterwards, eh." Bell. Butler. Orders. BOODELS explains to MILBURD that I was reading my work on *Typical Developments* to him. MILBURD says, "O yes, very nice. Yes," as if it was jam, and goes on to observe that "he'd only come round to know about dragging the pond." Bell. Butler. Butler uncertain as to to-morrow's arrangements. Footman with tea. Difficulties with window-shutters between footman and butler. Complicated by the assistance of BOODELS. Further complications arising from MILBURD "lending a hand." Departure of butler and footman. We sit down. MILBURD's afraid he's disturbed us; would I go on with the "*Biblical Elephants*." (This fellow's a fool. Biblical elephants! Idiot). I correct him. He laughs stupidly, and says it would have been funny if it had been elephants. BOODELS says, "Yes, it would." (N.B. I am astonished at BOODELS.) I remark, that, I fear my paper won't much interest him (meaning the man with eye-glass, MILBURD). He replies, "Oh yes, it will. Jolly. He likes being read to like winking." He seems a hearty fellow, after all. Shall I begin where I left off? or from the beginning? MILBURD replies, "Let's have all we can for the money: the beginning." Very well. "In the very earliest and darkest ages of"—. MILBURD begs my pardon one moment. Has BOODELS heard that the niggers are at the Inn to-morrow, the CHRISTY'S, or something, with an entertainment. He tells us the word "darkest" in my MS. had put it into his head. He begs pardon, will I go on, as he must be off soon.—"ages of our ancient earth, before even—" Butler, without being called, with footman to clear away. Then footman alone with the chamber candles.

Eleven o'clock. "Not eleven?" says MILBURD. BOODELS had no idea it was so late. "Past eleven, Sir," observes the butler. BOODELS refers to me for the *exact time*. I say "11:10." MILBURD, through his eyeglass, "makes it," he says, "11:15." The footman, at the door, appeals to the hall clock, which 'as struck just as he came in. We all go to the hall. MILBURD says, "Ah, he makes it 11:17." We all make it our own time, and MILBURD says he s'poses he'll hear in the morning about dragging the pond. P'raps he'll drop in. Not into the pond. "Ha! ha!" (Hate a fellow who laughs at his own jokes.) Good night! good night! "Nuisance to be interrupted," says BOODELS, going up-stairs. "I'm very much interested in it. Good night!"

Happy Thought.—I'll go to my room, and read it over to myself with a view to corrections. Now * * * *

11:45.—A knock at my door. BOODELS, in a dressing-gown. "Come to hear some more *Typical Developments*?" I ask, smiling. No. With some diffidence he produces a manuscript, and tells me he wants my opinion on a little thing of his own—a—in fact—poem, which he thinks of sending to the *Piccadillytany Magazine*. Of course, I shall be delighted. Didn't know he wrote? "Oh, yes, often." It isn't long, I suppose? "Oh, no—merely thrown off."

12.—Middle of his reading. (N.B. I never can follow poetry when I hear it read to me for the first time.)

12:15.—Still reading. (*Note.* That last line rather pretty.) Still reading. I've lost the thread.

12:45.—Still reading. I've asked him to "read those last few lines over again," in order to show that I am interested.

1 A.M.—Still reading. He is my host.

1:20.—Still reading. I say something feebly about that's not being quite so good as the last. I make this note, too. I don't know what I'm saying.

2.—I think he's begun another. I don't recollect him finishing the other.

3.—He says, reproachfully, "Why, you're asleep!" I reply, "No, no! merely just closing my eyes." He wants to know which I like the best. It appears he's read *ten* of his little compositions. I say, "I don't quite know; I think the third's the best," and get into bed. He observes, "Ah, you can't judge all at once: you must hear them again. Good night, old boy!" And the *exact time* is 3:20. Oh, my head!

THE BAKERS.

COME, bother all politics, Tory and Whig,
With those of our friend MR. BRIGHT, the bold Quaker.
Come, join in a chorus—who won't is a prig—
A chorus of honour to SAMUEL WHITE BAKER!

We once had a school of Lake Poets, it's true,
But what were those bards to our African Laker?
He acted Romance and proud Poetry too,
And so let us fill up a health to S. BAKER.

His wife, the brave Lady, comes into the toast,
('Twas perhaps over-bold among niggers to take her)
'Tis hard to decide which to honour the most,
The high couraged bride or her Benedick BAKER.

She stood by his side in the perilous hour,
No storms could affright her, no menaces shake her,
And Hungary well may be proud of the flower
That's woru at the heart of the chivalrous BAKER.

They gained the great basin of mystical Nile,
But fighting their passage there, acre by acre;
What eye does not light and what lip does not smile,
When we find at The Sources our Bride and her BAKER?

Our QUEEN, and God bless her, has made him a Knight,
Of a better She never has yet been a maker;
Nor ever were spurs won in gallantest fight,
More nobly than those at the heels of S. BAKER.

Three cheers for the Knight and the Lady so brave,
If Echo's asleep let us lustily wake her;
For none are more worthy of shout and of stave,
Thau the Two who ennoble the old name of BAKER.

COURT ENGLISH.

THERE used to be a peculiar style of penmanship called "Court-haud." We have now a peculiar style of writing, which ought to be called "Court English." As an example of it, we quote from the *Court Circular* announcing the QUEEN'S arrival at Windsor from Osborne:—

"HER MAJESTY still adheres to mourning attire."

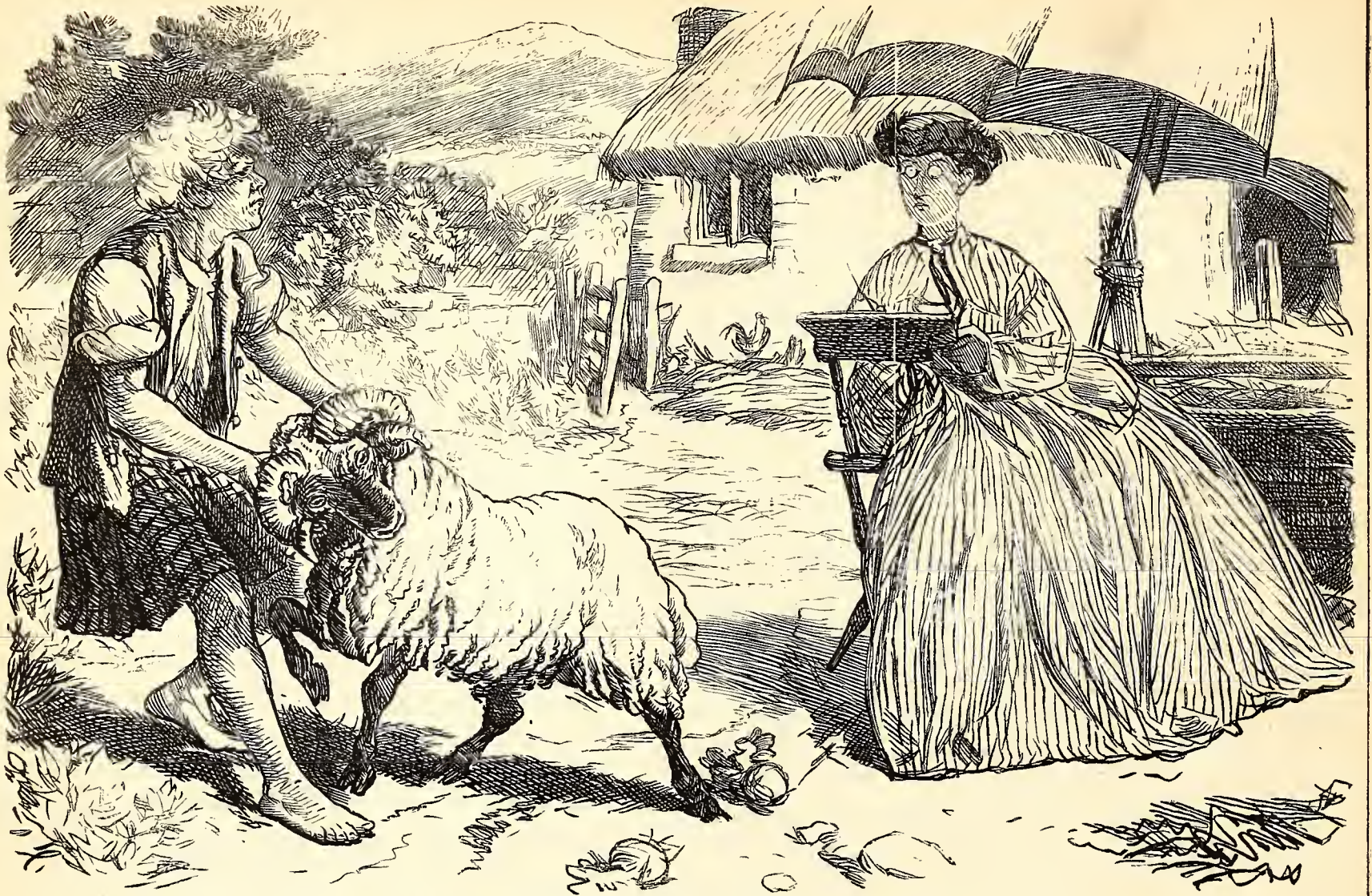
Is this Court English for "the QUEEN still wears mourning?" Or are we to understand by "The QUEEN adhering to her attire," that her attire adheres to the QUEEN, and that this is, after all, only an announcement in Jenkinese that the QUEEN has set an example to the ladies by giving up Crinoline?

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH'S FIRST BABY.

WE read in the *Times* of the 16th August, that on the 11th August there was born, at New York, a son unto ALEXANDER BARRET, Esq., of Lancaster Gate, London.

York and Lancaster baby, how proud you must be,
And what a remarkable baby you are!
ALEXANDER of Greece would have cried to foresee
Time and space conquered thus by his namesake, your Par.
Punch drinks to the health of the Infantine BARRET,
Pa, Ma, Nurse, and household, from kitchen to garret.
JUDY.

"It is remarkable," says a critic, "that BLIND TOM, whose sole Idea is music, is an Idiot." Why remarkable? That critic does not go among musical people.



MISS LAVINIA BROWNJONES.—No. 3.

HAVING SECURED A MODEL FOR "THE FLOCKS" IN HER PICTURE OF "CATTLE LIFTING"—

LETTER FROM A LADY.

DEAR SIR,

I do not trouble myself much about politics, of course. They seem to be a tolerably harmless, if not very quiet amusement for grown-up boys. If they meant anything serious, I suppose that they would be taken up seriously by the Government. In the meantime, if it entertains my husband and other women's husbands to chatter and clatter over them while they finish their claret, I do not know that there is any objection. Men must be amused.

But mischief is often done by meddling with what people do not understand; and though I am not at all fond of seeing myself in print (except in the lists of our parochial charities), I must ask you to let me say that MR. MILL and his friends have been at this work.

Having to stay in town when every decent person is out of it (I will not intrude reasons which might cause *just* shame on a certain face), I thought that I would order in coals, which I naturally supposed would be cheaper at this time of year. To my astonishment and disgust, I found that the price was higher than in last spring.

"What does that mean?" said I to the agent, who is a very civil man.

"Well, M'm," he said, "the fact is, that gentlemen in Parliament chose to raise an alarm that the coals of the country were being exhausted, and the coalowners took the hint, and raised the prices, and, what's more, I don't believe we shall see them down again."

Now, *Mr. Punch*, I call this beyond a joke. It is always so when men meddle. As sure as fate, when I hear that any tax has been taken off in the Budget, I know that the article will be charged more in my little red books, and so it always is. That is natural. But that Members of Parliament should go and raise an alarm, and make war, as I may say, upon the family coalskuttle, is rather too bad, and I hope that MR. MILL and all the scientific men who have been talking nonsense,—as if coals would't last our time,—will find their skuttles full of slates all through the winter. I wish you would make a picture of this, and oblige

Your obedient Servant,
MATERFAMILIAS.

ADMIRALTY ACCOUNTS.

AIR—"A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A COOKED Sheet that is queer to see,
Where items follow fast;
So much for hull, so much for sail—
So much for rope and mast.
'Tis much too much to last, my boys!
Strange things, 'twixt you and me—
A trusty wight has brought to light,
Down at the Admiralty.

"Now for a fair and true account!"
CHARLES SEELY he did cry:
The First Lord raised an awful breeze,
And mounted the horse high.
He mounted the horse high, my boys,
But a fig for SIR JOHN P.!
We'll know how much our ships have cost,
Spite of the Admiralty.

There's tempest in the public mind,
The fleet's beneath a cloud:
And hark the murmurs, Admirals!
The people grumble loud.
The people grumble loud, my boys!
That gold should be wasted
On ships as useless as the Lords
Who rule the Admiralty.

THE TUNE THE HUNGRY COW DINED OFF.

If a Cow were hungry, what air of MEYERBEER'S would she think of singing? *Grâce pour moi.*

THE PHILOSOPHERS OF NOTTINGHAM.



Fools say Philosophy tends but to ossify
Hearts, and teach people amusement to shun?
Stuff, and her worshippers mustn't be cross if I
Show her High Priesthood as figures of fun.
We've been to Nottingham, spotting 'em, potting 'em,
Sketching away with the patience of Job;
Down in a picture you see we've been jotting 'em,
Each an Ethardo atop of his globe.

There's the bold President: nothing irrelevant
Comes from that learned and thoughtful Q.C.,
Only you notice we've left out his Elephant
Growing a trunk from the trunk of a tree.
Something the President calls continuity
Furnishes GROVE with his magical key;
Certain old writers, of some ingenuity,
"Didn't know everything down in Judee."
We've been to Nottingham, &c.

There's the kind friend of adventurous travellers,
RODERICK VICH MURCHISON, ho, ieroe,
Secrets now known had had fewer unravellers,
But for the aid that induced them to go.
Here is a gentleman dancing in glory,
That's MR. HUXLEY a playing the bones,
Here stands before ye American MAURY
Blowing the storms to appropriate zones.
We've been to Nottingham, &c.

Here's MR. FAIRBAIRN; how bombs in the air
burn,
And rifles hit hardest, his fate was to hear,
He knows better things, and in days when we
dare burn
War's gory stories, his name will be dear.
He who'd a flam say in presence of RAMSAY,
A topper might get from that hammer of Thor;
He's read every stratum 'twixt Jedburgh and
Jhamsi,
And knows every hill from Mont Blanc to
Mam Tor.
And we've been to Nottingham, &c.

MR. CROOKES, for a frolic, dispenses Carbolic,
Drawn from the deepest of chemistry's wells,
Until MR. ODLING, afraid of the colic,
Requests that his friend discontinue his smells.
O'er Europe and Asia the brave MR. GLAISHER
Glides calm, his balloon being charged with
Blue Mist,
While TYNDALL, whose honours are safe from
erasure,
Rides the biggest of teapots believed to exist.
And we've been to Nottingham, &c.

Binocular BREWSTER, how gallantly you stir
When aught's to be done for obtaining "More
Light,"
Fame reads out your name by its own brilliant
lustre,
Nor needs those large glasses in aid of her sight.
And what is this last apparition so splendid?
'Tis HUGGINS the starry, who's perched on
the sun:
With which blaze of glory our triumph is ended—
Now say if Philosophy isn't good fun?
For we've been to Nottingham, &c.

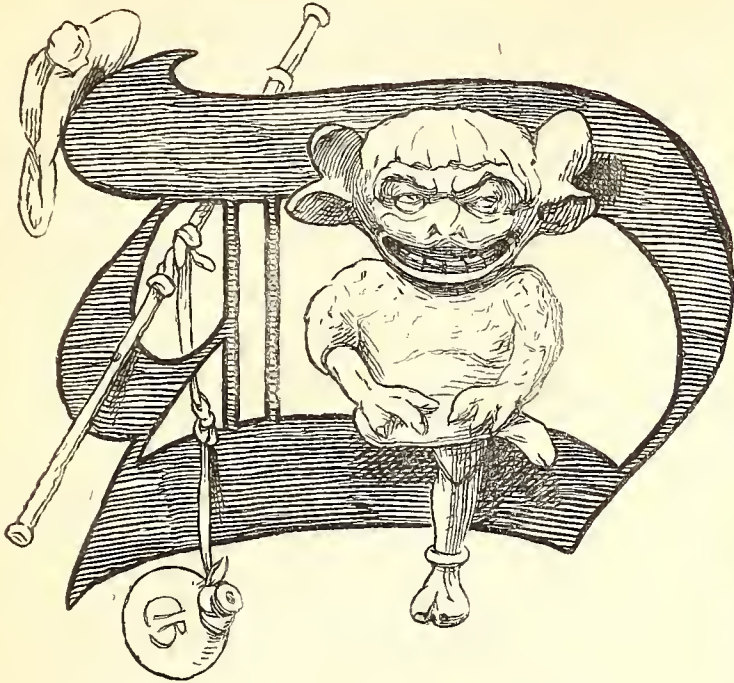
AN INSECTIVOROUS TRIBE.

SERVANTS, in London and its suburbs, have often much to complain of the black beetles which infest kitchens, and, let masters and mistresses bear in mind, larders also. To get rid of these coleopterous nuisances, many housekeepers are wont to engage a hedgehog, in addition to their domestics. Now, sometimes these object to the company of their prickly companion. The subjoined extract from a leading article in the *Daily Telegraph* indicates a possibility of exterminating black beetles, cockroaches, and any other such intruders into our abodes by the simple aid of servants who are themselves insectivorous:—

"MR. POSTON, the agent of the United States Minister of the Interior, tells us that, having been requested by the Smithsonian Institute at Washington to collect for scientific purposes all the bats, snakes, insects, rats, rabbits, birds, beetles, fish, grasshoppers, and horned frogs in Arizona, he found, on arriving there, that none of those animals were left, the Indians having converted them all into food."

And we call these people savages!—so far in advance, as they are, or the consumers of shrimps, prawns, and turtle, in utilising esculent forms of reptile life, and other inferior organisations. It is true that they had been deprived of better sustenance than the horned frogs, and the other things above enumerated, by the failure of the customary fertilising inundation of the Colorado River, but there can be no doubt that they ate their snakes with all the appetite that a serpent can be devoured with by a mungoose. If some of these Arizona Indians could be imported into this country, and put into livery (which would become them), they might be employed down-stairs in the twofold capacity of footman and hedgehog. And when they had eaten up all the beetles, and rats and mice, then they might be turned into the garden to destroy the slugs and snails, and worms, and woodbobs, and the like. Only they would have to be told to let the toads and frogs alone, because these creatures are not only harmless but useful; for they kill flies, and in Paris toads are now fetching a high price, being sold to be put into cucumber and melon frames for that purpose.

THE SPITEFUL CLUB.



URING the Recess, a select party of un-choice spirits, who are compelled to remain in London when all the rest of the world (except two millions and three quarters) is out of it, have formed themselves into an association for the purpose of revenging themselves. This is found to be rather refreshing. The union is called The Spiteful Club. They dine together, and in lieu of the ordinary fulsome toasts and humbug, they devote glasses to sentiments of which we have been favoured with a

specimen, which was brought us by a surly member simply because it is against the rules of the S.C. to reveal any of the proceedings.

The QUEEN, and may we have a long and heavy Rain.

Absent Friends, and may they keep so.

Bad Weather to all Tourists.

The Health of Brigands, Custom House Officers, Hotel Keepers, and other enemies to Travellers.

Late Trains and No Beds.

Nick Pick the day for the Pic-Nic.

Any Excursion, and may it be as dull as WORDSWORTH'S.

Walking Tourists, and may their pleasure be Walker.

Pegs in the Heels of Pedestrians.

Cross Roads for Cross Travellers.

May the Finger-post of Direction always want an Arm.

Servants left in Charge, and their Ticket-of-Leave Men.

May Lodging-keepers remember that their year, like that of Mercury (God of Thieves) has only Three Months.

"The Earwig, the Midge, and the Bedroom B.,
Never forgetting the gladsome Flea."

May the Letters awaiting our absent Enemies be as disagreeable as their best Friends could wish.

We have pleasure in annexing the Seal of the Spiteful Club. The figure is from the "scarified" Cathedral of a City over which a Party is said to look hatefully, and he glares, as in old days, at the signs of Pilgrimage.

PAROCHIAL HIGH ART.

WE are happy in being able to announce that the directors of the School of Design intend to offer prizes for the best pictures suitable to adorn the walls of workhouses, with a view to elevate the conceptions of their inmates above the realities of Union life. For that purpose engravings from the pictures will be made for the parishes whose guardians may be disposed to purchase them, since the ratepayers can hardly be expected to stand frescoes. Two distinguished artists are already at work on paintings for the decoration of our chief parochial institutions. The subject of one is the assistance rendered to the man who fell among thieves, and a guardian of the Shoreditch Union is sitting for the *Good Samaritan*. That of the other is *Alfred Dividing his Loaf with the Beggar*; the model for ALFRED being a Beadle in his official costume.

A FACT AND A FICTION AT BOULOGNE.

THE other day at Boulogne-sur-Mer the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame of that ilk was consecrated with great solemnity. This church has been erected in celebration of the arrival, in the port of Boulogne, A.D. 636, of a boat without pilot or sail, and of course without steam, enveloped in a mysterious light, and containing for its sole crew a wooden image of the Madonna and Child. During the great French Revolution this miraculous image is said to have been destroyed by the *sans culottes*. This, however, is incredible. There can, of course, be no doubt about the arrival of the image, by superhuman impulse in Boulogne Harbour in 636. But it cannot have been destroyed in 1793. A miraculous image is quite capable of holding its own, and this one, if it had submitted to be smashed to pieces, would have put itself together again. It will turn up.

THE TWO G'S.

Two big G's (not capital)

Constantly do quarrel!

Each G. calling 'tother G.

"Impotent," "immoral."

"Penny-wise," "pound-foolish,"

"Shirking," "shilly-shally,"

"Muffish," "mindless," "mulish,"

"Dawdling," "dilly-dally"—

Central G. and Local G.,

Each upon its mettle;

Its teeth doth set, for a duct,

A la Pot and Kettle.

"Look at your self-Government!"

(Central G. shrieks shrilly),

"Paupers squalid in their dirt—

Starving o'er their skilly.

Casual wards like hells on earth,

Filth and immorality;

Sick rooms, to make devils' mirth,

Suffering and brutality.

Guardians who, the rates to save,

Sacrifice the pauper:

Human kindness roused to rave,

Duty drugged to torpor."

"Yah! just look in at Whitehall"—

(Local G. may crow for 't)

"Seventy millions in a haul,

Deuce a fleet to show for 't.

Muffs for Lords and meddlers,

Doing and undoing;

Peculating pedlers,

Screwing and unscrewing.

While official dinners,

Calm the Board partakes of—

And old Dockyard sinners,

Cash make ducks and drakes of."

"*You're a nice 'un, You are!*"

(Central G.'s retort is)

"Humbug and Hypocrisy,

Vestrydom's support is!

Jobbery in large concerns,

Snobbery in small ones;

A tail of pigmy lick-spittles

Toadying the tall ones!

Public interest defied—

Private ends regarded;

Modest merit thrust aside,

Blatant brass rewarded!"

"Look at home, Sir, if you please,"

(Is Local G.'s defiance,)

"At the Public Offices,

Where idlesse is a science.

Business hampered in its course

With a red-tape tangle;

Fair claims, in official course,

Met but with a wrangle.

Only civil when you're crost,

Only sharp in shirking,

At the maximum of cost,

The minimum of working."

So they jar, this brace of G.'s,

Tort and retort urging;

While BRITANNIA'S busy bees,

Round the hive are surging.

Little reeking—so the row

Breaks not labours sunny,—

Question who shall take, or how,

Toll of wax and honey—

Still they toil, while both the G.'s

When they've had their scold out,

Boldly dip among the bees,

And bale their tax of gold out.

In Bankruptcy.

AN Insolvent Dairyman complained that his only persecuting creditor was his Dun Cow.

An Asylum for Lunatic Creditors would find an appropriate site at Duns-inane.

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

YOU'LL be glad to learn that I've made a good impression onto the mind of the lan'lord of the Greenlion tavern. He made a speech about me last night. Risin' in the bar he spoke as follers, there bein over 20 individooals present: "This North American has been an inmate of my 'ouse over two weeks, yit he hasn't made no attempt to scalp any member of my fam'ly. He hasn't broke no cups or sassers, or furnitur of any kind. (*Hear, hear.*) I find I can trust him with lited candles. He eats his wittles with a knife and a fork. Peple of this kind should be encurriged. I purpose 'is 'elth!" (*Loud 'plaws.*)

What could I do but modestly get up and express a ferviut hope that the Atlantic Cable would bind the two countries still more closely together? The lan'lord said my speech was full of orig'nality, but his idee was the old stage coach was more safer, and he tho't peple would indors that opinyin in doo time.

I'm gettin' on exceedin' well in London. I see now, however, that I made a mistake in orderin' my close afore I left home. The trooth is the taler in our little villige owed me for a pig and I didn't see any other way of gettin' my pay. Ten years ago these close would no doubt have been fash'u'ble, and perhaps they would be ekally sim'lar ten years hens. But now they're diff'rently. The taler said he know'd they was all right, because he had a brother in Wales who kept him informed about London fashins reg'lar. This was a infamus falshood. But as the ballud says (which I heard a gen'l'man in a new soot of black close and white kid gloves sing t'other night), Never don't let us Despise a Man because he wears a Raggid Coat! I don't know as we do, by the way, tho' we gen'rally get out of his way pretty rapid; prob'ly on account of the pity which tears our boosums for his onhappy conditiou.

This last remark is a sirkastic and wither'in thrust at them blotid peple who live in gildid saloons. I tho't I'd explain my meanin' to you. I frekently have to explain the meanin' of my remarks. I know one man—and he's a man of varid 'complishments—who often reads my articles over 20 times afore he can make anythin' of 'em at all. Our skoolmaster to home says this is a pecoolarity of geneyus. My wife says it is a pecoolarity of infernal nonsens. She's a exceedin practycaal womau. I luv her muchly, however, and humer her little ways. It's a recklis falshood that she henpecks me, and the young man in our naberhood who said to me oue evenin', as I was mistein' my diafram with a gentle cocktail at the villige tavun—who said to me in these very langwidge. "Go home, old man, ouless you desires to have another teapot throwd at you by B. J.," probly regrets havin said so. I said, "Betsy Jane is my wife's front name, gentle yooth, and I permits no person to alood to her as B. J. outside of the family circle, of which I am it princippally myself. Your other observations I scorn and disgust, and I must polish you off." He was a able-bodied young man, and, remoovin his coat, he inquired if I wanted to be ground to powder? I said, Yes: if there was a Powder-griudist handy, nothin would 'ford me greater pleasure, when he struck me a painful blow into my right eye, causin' me to make a rapid retreat into the fire-place. I hadn't no idee that the enemy was so well organised. But I rallied and went for him, in a rayther vigris stile for my time of life. His parunts lived near by, and I will simply state 15 minits had only elapst after the first act, when he was carrid home on a shutter. His mama met the sollum procession at the door, and after keerfully looking her orfspring over, she said, "My son, I see how it is distinctually. You've been foolin' round a Trashin Masheen. You went in at the place where they put the grain in, cum out with the straw, and you got up into the thingamyjig, and let the hosses tred on you, didn't you, my son?" The peu of no livin Orthur could describe that disformit young man's sittyvation more clearer. But I was sorry for him, and I went and nussed him till he got well. His reg'lar original father being absent to the war, I told him I'd be a father to him myself. He smilt a sickly smile, and said I'd already been wuss than two fathers to him.

I will here obsarve that fitin orter be allus avided, excep in extreem cases. My principle is, if a man smites me on the right cheek I'll turn my left to him, probly; but if he insinooates that my gran'mother wasn't all right, I'll punch his hed. But fitin is mis'ble bisniss, gen'rally speakin, and whenever any euterprisin countryman of mine cums over here to scoop up a Briton in the prize ring I'm allus excessively tickled when he gets scooped hisself, which it is a sad fack has thus far been the case—my only sorerer bein' that t'other feller wasn't scooped likewise. It's diff'rently with scullin boats, which is a manly sport, and I can only explain MR. HAMIL's resunt defeat in this country on the grounds that he wasn't used to British water. I hope this explanation will be entirely satisfact'ry to all.

As I remarked afore, I'm gettin' on well. I'm aware that I'm in the great metrop'lis of the world, and it doesn't make me onhappy to admit the fack. A man is a ass who dispoos it. That's all that ails him. I know there is sum peple who cum over here and snap and snarl 'bout this and that: I know one man who says it is a shame and a disgrace that St. Paul's Church isn't a older ediffis; he says it should be years and even ages older than it is; but I decline to hold

myself responsible for the conduck of this idyit simply because he's my countryman. I spose every civ'lisid land is endowed with its full share of gibberin' idyits, and it can't be helpt—leastways I can't think of any effectooal plan of helpin' it.

I'm a little sorry you've got politics over here, but I shall not diskuss 'em with nobody. Tear me to peaces with wild omnibus hosses, and I won't diskuss 'em. I've had quite enuff of 'em at home, thank you. I was at Birmingham t'other night, and went to the great meetin' for a few minits. I hadn't been in the hall long when a stern lookin' artisan said to me,

"You ar from Wales?"

No, I told him I didn't tliuk I was. A hidgyis tho't flasht over me. It was of that onprinciplid taler, and I said, "Has my clothin' a Welchly appearance?"

"Not by no means," he answered, and then he said, "And what is your opinyin of the preseut crisis?"

I said, "I don't zackly know. Have you got it very bad?"

He replied, "Sir, it is sweepin' over England like the Cymoon of the Desert!"

"Wall," I said, "let it sweep!"

He ceased me by the arm and said, "Let us glance at hist'ry. It is now some two thousand years——"

"Is it, indeed?" I replied.

"Listin!" he fiercely cried; "it is only a little over two thousand years since——"

"Oh, bother!" I remarkt, "let us go out and git some beer."

"No, Sir. I want no gross and sensual beer. I'll not move from this spot till I can vote. Who ar you?"

I handed him my card, which, in addition to my name, contains a elabrit descriptioun of my show. "Now, Sir," I proudly said, "you know me?"

"I sollumly swear," he steruly replied, "that I never heard of you, or your show, in my life!"

"And this mau," I cried bitterly, "calls hisself a intelligent man, and thinks he orter be allowed to vote! What a holler mockery!"

I've no objection to ev'ry intelligent man votin' if he wants to. It's a pleasant amousement, no doubt; but there is those whose igrance is so dense and loathsum that they shouldn't be trustid with a ballit any more'n one of my trained serpuntis should be trusted with a child to play with.

I went to the station with a view of returuiu' to town on the cars. "This way, Sir," said the guard; "here you ar," and he pinto to a first-class carrige, the sole ockepaut of which was a rayther preposessin' female of about 30 summers.

"No, I thank you," I earnestly replied, "I prefer to walk."

I am, dear Sir,

Very respectivly yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

OFF TO THE SEA.

AIR—"Over the Sea."

"OFF to the Sea! off to the Sea!"
Hear what a coaxing wife whispered to me—
"Off to the Sea! off to the Sea!"
Dearest, you're working too long:
Theu, CHARLES, CHARLES, CHARLES,
Let's all go together,
This warm Autumn weather,
For, CHARLES, CHARLES, CHARLES,
The children are not looking strong."
So it's off to the Sea! off to the Sea!
Hear what a cunning wife whispered to me—
"Off to the Sea! off to the Sea!"
Somebody's working too loug."

Off to the Sea! off to the Sea!
Tickets the clerk has just given to me,
Off to the Sea! off to the Sea!
Now then for Ramsgate once more.
There we'll bathe, bathe, bathe,
And hear the waves roar
On its populous shore;
There we'll boat, boat, boat,
And saunter in straw-hats along.
So, it's off to the Sea! off to the Sea!
Hear what a wily wife whispers to me—
"Off to the Sea! off to the Sea!"
CHARLIE, you're going once more."

FOUND.—The individual who was lost in thought has since been discovered in a brown study.



MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.—No. 4.

—THE MODEL PROVES REFRACTORY!

THE BRUMMAGEM ROUGH TO THE TOTNESS
RESPECTABLE.

COME down, Respectability—
Come down out of that gig, Sir ;
At Yarmouth, Reigate, Totness,
We've seen you run your rig, Sir.
You're a nice chap, *you* are, to scoff
At radical and rough, Sir ;
Pitch left and right into JOHN BRIGHT,
And middle-class rights puff, Sir.

Whose hands are dirtiest, yours or mine ?
Which of our dirties is cleanest ?
Which bows down at the lowest shrine,
Which of our means is meanest ?
I may be too fond of big words,
Better big words than bribes, Sir :
Are Demagogues much fouler birds
Than Pharisees and Scribes, Sir ?

Your ten-pound shop, your smooth brush'd crop,
Your broad-cloth and your beaver,
Be't ne'er so wide, won't serve to hide
Bribe-giver or receiver.
Town after town, shame hunts you down,
Dirty, dirt-eating varmints,
Upsets your gig, and inside out
Alike turns masks and garments.

Let honest folk, who crane or croak,
For fear of us, the millions—
Say which they'd sooner trust, the coach
To drive, or ride postilions ?
Fellows like these, who buy and sell
Constituents like cattle,
Or the sort we trust, p'raps too well,
In our cause to do battle ?

" I THINK, HERE BE TRUTHS."

ENGLAND'S Mission is to tell the truth to all sorts of people. Her sons are seldom deficient in the will and the courage necessary to this end. We think that a stronger evidence of the fact has seldom been given than on a recent occasion by the Italian Special Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. All his senses outraged by the atrocious uncleanliness of an inn at Bergamo, MR. SALA expressed his opinions to the landlord. This fellow—

" Was insolent enough to tell me that the incredibly horrible nature of his domestic arrangements was thought good enough for Italians, and *pari passu*, ought to suit English people. But I told him that his inn could not have been intended for Italians, whom I respected as a noble and intelligent people, seeing that his house was fit only for skunks and swine, of whom I added, by way of a compliment, he was one. Whereat he looked as though he would have stabbed me, but ultimately subsided into a kitchen."

As PETER PINDAR said, when his satires on KING GEORGE THE THIRD were thought rather too emphatic, " It is of no use whipping pigs with velvet." There be also hostelries, nearer home, in which, *non obstante* the cant about the perfection of British inns, and in defiance of the hack quotation from SHENSTONE, some such mild remonstrance might not be undeserved. But it is desirable that the administrator should be prepared with the British fist to back up the British criticism. We speak as those who have been bitten, overcharged, cheated, and insulted, and who have read the above extract with a vengeful pleasure.

The Medical Officer's Friend.

WE understand that the Surgeons of the United Kingdom contemplate getting up a subscription for a testimonial, as valuable as they can afford, to be offered to the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, in acknowledgment of the earnest and successful efforts which his Royal Highness has ever made to uphold the position and maintain the rights of medical officers, and altogether to promote, as highly as possible, the efficiency of the Medical Department of the British Army.



THE BRUMMAGEM FRANKENSTEIN.

JOHN BRIGHT. "I HAVE NO FE—FE—FEAR OF MA—MANHOOD SUFFRAGE!"—*Mr. Bright's Speech at Birmingham.*

THE NEW PAUL PRY.



FOR some inscrutable reason, our leading comedians think their *curriculum* incomplete until they have played *Paul Pry*. They regard this as a bending of the Bow of Uliston. The play is a stupid one, ill-constructed, without defined characters, and may fairly be called a long and bad farce. But it has prescriptive title to its place on the stage, and the appearance of a new *Paul Pry*, therefore, is a theatrical event to be chronicled. MR. TOOLE has come forth in the part, and *Mr. Punch* has attended the performance. His high opinion of the actor in question is upon record, and is confirmed by his *Paul Pry*. MR. TOOLE is a true artist, and has brought a true artist's mind to bear upon the character which LISTON created, and which REEVE, BUCKSTONE, and WRIGHT have rendered more and more difficult for a successor who desires to give an original reading. The incon-

ceivable stolidity of MR. TOOLE's *Paul Pry*, who never for a second becoming suspicious that he is either impudent, intrusive, or injudicious, elevates the absurdity of the part into a coherent conception. His "hope I don't intrude" is the merest form, seldom introduced, never insisted on as an apology—it is nothing more than the yours faithfully in a letter. Other actors have made it a catch phrase for the galleries, MR. TOOLE knows nothing of intrusion. His art is, perhaps best displayed in the very last scene, where secrets and blunders crowd on him until he can only hover about and revel silently, or with an occasional irrepressible outcry, in the wealth of revelations. He is thoroughly LISTONIAN in this

scene. MR. TOOLE will therefore accept our gratulation on having done so much with a task we should never have set him. A word for MRS. MELON, who merits more words than we can afford, for her admirable *Phoebe*, who never ceases, for a single moment, to be the genius of the scene, and often makes us forget its absurdity, and another word for MISS GODSALL, for playing *Eliza* so lovingly, and for looking so loveable. This young lady is wonderfully like the bewitching *Widow Wadman* in MR. FRITH's last picture.

We also mention a farce, *Keep your Door Locked*, which would not need mention but for its affording MR. TOOLE an opportunity of indulging in the wildest extravagance of comic agony, and for MRS. BILLINGTON's looking admirably, and making an effective part out of materials which it were gross flattery to call scanty. And O, MISS FURTADO, in *Helen*! If we were not *Punch* we would be *Paris*.

A STORY ABOUT SPURGEON.

(To the Editor of *Punch*.)

SIR,

You are not the only person to whom idiotisms are sent under the name of jokes. Of course, the subjoined statement, in the *South London Press*, cannot be serious:—

"MR. C. H. SPURGEON has just notified, on smart pink paper, to a member of his flock, that he discourages as much as possible the practice of returning thanks to God after child-birth, by any of his congregation, since in most cases it is merely an absurd superstitious practice!"

The purport of the note above imputed to MR. SPURGEON is evidently as impossible as its colour. But MR. SPURGEON is a man of common sense, and I can conceive an observation to have been made by him that afforded an infinitesimally partial basis for the foregoing tale. Perhaps he remarked, on occasion, that he wondered that people should return thanks for children, and not for other afflictions. I am, Sir, what the females of my acquaintance call a horrid brute, Your humble Servant,

ANTI-BABY.

Re-Organisation of the Army.

WHO has not observed, with disgust, the dirty shabby uniforms of our militiamen? This part of the British Army is sometimes called the raw militia. Of course the militiamen will be always raw till they are properly dressed.

THE WORST OF BRIBERY.

O WILLIAM, what wrong, is there, dearest, in Bribery?
I think it all Phariseism and Scribery
What's put in the papers about the objection
Against paying money to gain an election.

At Yarmouth, suppose the four thousand pounds, taken
For votes on the side of SIR WHATSHISNAME LACON
Had out of his own pocket come in reality:
Why, what would that prove but his true liberality?

A man that will give so much must be sincere,
Although those who get it may spend it in beer;
He must have the good of his country at heart
More dearly than I should wish you, for my part.

And all that to lead such a hardworking life!
I'm glad I'm no Member of Parliament's wife,
So many long nights with her husband home late
By having been kept at a nasty debate!

What reasons can working men have for their votes?
None better, that I see, than gold or bank-notes.
And so let them choose, independent and free.
I hope when you vote you'll be guided by me.

There's my old piano—and I want a new;
And how could you vote with a worthier view?
When people will bribe you to serve you, what plan
Is like being bribed for a family man?

What say you? To business the rogues have an eye,
And votes, but to serve their own purposes, buy—
Their railways and other concerns to make pay:
So much the more sensible candidates they!

Why not? For example, on lucre intent
Such Members let hundreds of millions be spent
On armaments, yet we've no navy to show
That's fit to resist any maritime foe.

Oh, dear! And so this once impregnable shore
Is safe from a horrid invasion no more!
Oh, dreadful! If that is in any way due
To bribery, hang bribed and bribers all too!

Intelligence for the Army.

AMONGST other questions relative to the British Army, a Correspondent of the *Times* asks, "Can any scheme be devised for attracting into the Army the abler instead of the less able young men from our public schools? Yes. The scheme of giving the more able young men commissions, instead of leaving them to be bought by those others, who have more money than brains. Who, possessing a sufficiency of the former, would adopt a profession exposing the latter to be blown out, unless he were a fool? Whereas there are plenty of men well endowed with cerebral substance, who are willing enough to risk it for adequate pay; for without money what are brains? Only the pay must be adequate.

The Revised Barrister.

"TIME stands aghast amid his awful rush" to behold what hath been done unto BEALES, M.A. But it takes something from the national guilt that BEALES has only been sacked, not beheaded—that it is not his head that has been doomed to the block, but only his wig.

U.S. SHOWING A Y.Z.—The Americans, weary of the faction-struggle after the great fight, are endeavouring to arrange matters by means of a well-organised Convention. For the first time, we congratulate a nation on Conventionalism.



ON THE BOULOGNE PIER.

(TWO ASIDES.)

Young England. "RUMMY STYLE OF 'AT!" *La Jeune France.* "DRÔLE DE CHAPEAU!"

A METEOROLOGIST IN A MIST.

At a meeting of the British Association the other day, according to a report of the proceedings:—

"MR. GLAISHER explained some particulars with regard to the blue or cholera mist, and stated that its peculiar feature was, that where the mist was most dense, at that place there was no cholera."

With all deference to a gentleman of MR. GLAISHER'S scientific altitude—which has amounted to five miles above the height ever reached by any other philosopher, we would ask whether the mist which is most dense where there is no cholera should not be rather named an anti-cholera mist. Surely it can only be called a cholera mist in such wise as *Bottom* said his dream should be called *Bottom's Dream*, because it had no bottom.

Nimmo Nos Impune Lacessit.

THE tiniest vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic is on view in the Crystal Palace. We mention this to add that MR. NIMMO has made a similar arrangement for the *Great Eastern*, which will be exhibited there on her return.

AN Author-friend of ours says that all the elegant Cookery-books talk about the Still Room. He only wishes that his adored family would allow *him* such a room.

WHY is St. Paul's like a pillar letter-box? Because there's no collection on Sundays.

MOVEABLE FEASTS.—"Baked Tatures all hot!"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

At Boodels. The morning after the literary conversation already recorded. Second day at Boodels. 6:30 A.M. exact time.—It's wonderful to me how BOODELS (of Boodels) manages to get up at half-past six in the morning, after going to bed at 3:20. He *does* do it, with a horn too, which he comes to my bedside and blows (*his* idea of hearty fun!), and with dogs, which he brings into one's room. I didn't see the animals last night; now I do. I don't like them—at least in my bedroom. There's one Skye, a black-and-tan, a pug, and an undecided terrier. He explains that two of 'em always sleep in his room, and he then makes them jump on my bed.

Happy Thought.—Always lock your bedroom door, on account of sleep-walkers. I recollect a story of a monk stabbing a mattress, and somebody going mad afterwards, which shows how necessary it is to lock the door of your cell. At all events, it keeps out any one with a horn, and dogs.

6:35.—BOODELS says (while dogs are scampering about), "Lovely morning, old boy," and pulls up my blinds. I like to find out it's a lovely morning for myself, and pull up my own blinds, or else I get a headache. The undecided terrier and the pug are growling at what they can see of me above the counterpane. I try (playfully, of course, because BOODELS is my host) to kick them off, but they only snap at my toes. BOODELS says, "They think they're rats." Ah, they're as sensible as Christians, when they know you." They don't know me, however, and go on taking my toes for rats.

6:35 to 6:45.—BOODELS says, "We'll have a little air, eh?" and opens both windows. He says, "There, that's better." I reply, "Yes, that's better," and turn on my side, trying to imagine, by shutting my eyes, that BOODELS, with dogs, is not in the room.

Happy Thought (made in my note-book suddenly under the clothes. Always have note-book under my pillow, while collecting materials.) "Poodles" rhymes to "BOODELS."

He then says, examining his horn, "This is how they get you up in Switzerland;" and then he blows it, by way of illustration. He says, "That wouldn't come in badly in an entertainment, would it?" He suggests that it would come in capitably when I give a public reading. At this point, the voice of JAMES, the footman, summons the dogs below. Rush—scamper—rush—avalanche of dogs heard tumbling down-stairs.

BOODELS says, "JAMES always feeds 'em." I reply, sleepily, "Very kind." BOODELS says, "What?" I answer, rather louder, that "it's very kind," and keep my eyes shut. BOODELS won't take a hint. He

goes on—"Look at this horn! ain't it a rum'un?" and I am obliged to open my eyes again. I ask him, feebly, "where he got it?" BOODELS says, "What?" (I begin to think he's deaf.) And I have to repeat, "Where did you get it?" He then begins a story about a fellow in Switzerland, who, &c., which I lose about the middle, and am recalled to consciousness by his shaking the pillow, and saying, "Hi! Hi! You're asleep!" I explain, as if hurt by the insinuation, "No, only thinking." Whereupon BOODELS says, "Ought to think about getting up." [This is what he calls being happy at a repartee. I find he rather prides himself on this.] "Breakfast in half-an-hour?" I say, "Yes, in half-an-hour," lazily. He is silent for a minute. I doze. He then says, "What?" And I repeat, more lazily, to show him I've no idea of getting up yet awhile, "Yes, in half-an-hour." BOODELS goes away. I doze. He reappears, to ask me some question which begins, "Oh, do you think that—" But he changes his mind, and says, "Ah, well, it doesn't matter!" adding, in a tone of remonstrance, "You're not getting up!" and disappears again, leaving, as I afterwards found, the door open.

I doze * * * * Something in my room. I look, inquiringly, over the side of the bed. A bulldog, alone! White, with bandy legs, a black muzzle, and showing his teeth: what a fancier, I believe, would call a beauty. Don't know how to treat bulldogs. Wish BOODELS would shut the door when he goes out. I look at the dog. The dog doesn't stir, but twitches his nostrils up and down. I *never* saw a dog do that before. I say to myself, in order to inspire myself, "He can't make me out." I really don't like to get up while he's there.

Happy Thought.—To keep my eye on him, sternly. He keeps his more sternly on me. Failure.

Happy Thought.—To pat the bed-clothes and say "Poor old boy, then! Did um, a poor old fellow, then! a leetle mannikin, then; a poo' little ehappy man, then"—and other endearing expressions: his eye still on me unflinchingly. Then in a laudatory tone, "He was a fine dog then, he was!" and encouragingly, "Old boy, then! old fellow!" His eye is mistrustful; bull-dogs never growl when they're going to fly at you: he doesn't growl.

Happy Thought.—If you hit a bulldog over the front legs, he's done. If not, I suppose you're done. [This for my chapter, in *Typical Developments*, on "Nature's Defences."] If you wound a lion in his fore paw, he'll come up to you. On second thought, p'raps, he'd come up to you if you didn't. Bulldogs always spring at your throat. If in bed, you can avoid that by getting under the clothes.

Happy Thought.—One ought always to have a bell by the bed in case of robbers, and a pistol.

7:45. The dog has been here for a quarter of an hour and I can't get up. WILLKS, the butler, appears with my clothes and hot water. The dog welcomes him—so do I, gratefully. He says, "Got Grip up here with you, Sir? He don't offen make friends with strangers." I say, without explanation, "Fine dog that," as if I'd had him brought to my room to be admired. WILLKS, the butler, informs me that "Master wouldn't take forty pounds for that dog, Sir;" and I say, with surprise, "Wouldn't he?" Butler repeats, "No, Sir, not forty pounds—he's been offered thirty." Whereupon, finding I've been on a wrong tack (N.B. Never be on a wrong tack with the butler), I observe, knowingly, as if I was making a bargain, "Ah, I should have thought about thirty—not more, though." Butler says, "Yes, Sir, Master could get that," and I answer positively, "Oh, yes, of course," which impresses the butler with the notion that I'd give it myself any day of the week. Think the butler likes me better after this.

I calculate upon getting ten minutes more in bed. "What's the exact time?" The butler has a watch, and is ready. "8:10." "Exact?" "Exact." "Then" (by way of a further delay) "bring my clothes, please." They are here. "Oh, well," (last attempt,) "my boots." Been here some time. Then I *must* get up, that's all. That is all, and I get up. Breakfast. MILBURD has sent in to know if we drag the pond to-day. BOODELS consults WILLKS "What does he say, eh?" WILLKS consults the footman, and the footman says, the gardener has been to see a man in the village about it, and it can't be managed to-day. All the dogs are at breakfast, whining for bits.

Happy Thought.—Politie to feed strange dogs. Specially the bulldog. Terrier still vicious. BOODELS says, "Oh, he'll soon know you." I hope he will: I hate a dog who follows you, and then flies at your legs. BOODELS says, "Well, if we don't drag the pond, you'd like to get on with your work, eh?" With *Typical Developments*? Certainly: very much. BOODELS is fond of literature, and says that I can go to my room, and shan't be disturbed all day. I observe, I should like to get to work at once. Just 9:30: capital time. I show him that I can do a good deal to Chapter One between 9:30 and 1. He is glad to hear it; and I tell him that, if he likes, I'll read what I've done to him in the evening. He says "he should like that." I say, "I won't, if it bores you." He answers, "Bore me! I should be delighted!" I tell him I like reading out loud to an appreciative friend, because he can give advice. He says, "Yes," rather quickly, and proposes one turn, just as far as the pond, before I sit down to work. I think I ought to get to work: but how far is the pond? "Not a hundred yards, or so." Very well; just *one* turn, and then in. "With a cigar?" Well, p'raps, a *very* mild cigar. We are at the garden door.

9:40.—Excellent time. Still at the garden door. The butler and the footman have been looking for BOODELS' little stick with a notch in it. BOODELS says "It's very extraordinary they can't leave that stick alone." That being found (in BOODELS' bed-room, by the way), we

want the matches. Butler thought they were in the study. Footman (who is followed everywhere by all the dogs while clearing away) recollects seeing them there last night. Thinks ANNE, the housemaid, must have taken them. Will ask her. BOODELS says, "It's very extraordinary they can't leave the matches alone." ANNE, from a distance—voice only heard—says "she ain't touched them ever since they were put baek last night." Being appealed to before the footman and butler, I say, "I think I recollect them in the study,"—trying to corroborate everybody. Subsequently, WILLKS finds them in BOODELS' bed-room.

10.—Now, then, for *one* turn, and then in to work hard at my MS. WILLKS asks BOODELS, "Will he speak to the cook about dinner?" "Oh, yes," BOODELS answers, "or you won't get any dinner." This to me good-humouredly. I laugh (stupid joke, really), and say, "Well, make haste!" While he's away, I think of the first sentence I'll write when I get in, so as not to waste time. "In the very earliest and darkest ages of our ancient earth—" when BOODELS comes baek quickly, to hear if I like turbot. Yes, I don't care. Because there's a man come with turbot. "One can't get," he explains, "fish regularly in the country." I answer, "Oh, anything." He says "I'd better come and see the turbot. He's no judge." I protest, "No more am I." But he thinks, at all events, I'd better see 'em. I assent, "Very well." He says, "What?" (He must be deaf sometimes.) I explain that I only said "Very well." We go to the turbot man. The cook is already there. We are joined by the butler. The footman looks in. BOODELS asks him "if he thinks they're good." He replies, "Yes, Sir, looks very nice," and refers to the butler. The butler is a little uncertain at first, but decides for the turbot. I say, "Yes, I think very nice." The housemaid, passing by, stops for a moment with her broom, and says nothing. Cook feels them, and weighs them in her hand. We are all silent, meditating. Turbot settled on. When I get baek to the hall, it is 10:45. BOODELS says, "Now, one turn to the pond, and baek, just to freshen you up." I say, "Very well, and then I *must* get to work."

Happy Thought.—While walking I needn't waste time: make notes. N.B. For the benefit of note-takers, I insert this. Always make your notes as full as possible; if not, much trouble is caused. Thus, with my notes, when I came in—

First Valuable Note in Book.—"Snails—why—who"—What the dickens was it I thought about snails? Snails, let me see. Quarter of an hour lost over this: give it up. Try next valuable note—"Ogygia—seen—Philip—but wasn't." Ogygia: what was it made me think of that? PHILIP! I recollect saying something about PHILIP, very good, to BOODELS. He laughed: that was the thing, he said, ought to be in some magazine. Can't remember it. Try next valuable note: "Floreate hues—Firkins—why not?" Can't make it out.

Happy Thought.—Always to make full notes in future.

A NEW WORD.



HONOURED PUNCH,—You are so profound an authority on the English language that I hasten to ask you to solve a difficulty for me. I have discovered a new Word, or rather a Word which must have a new meaning. This latter you must help me to.

I lunched, the other day, with three friends at a pleasant hotel in Berkshire. The repast was good, the waiters were exceptionally evil, and I make no complaint of the bill, which I subjoin:—

Luncheons	8s. 3d.
Ale	1 0
Soda & Brandy	2 0
Attendance	1 6

12 9

The waiter, to whom I handed a sovereign, brought me the proper change, and I concluded that we had now nothing more to do except light our cigars and ascend our carriage.

But the waiter lingered close to me. I am not vain, but I thought that he might have found out my name, and that he wished to tell his grandchildren's children that he had spoken to a contributor of yours. I therefore indulged him by assuming an abstracted air, that he might stamp my fine features in his memory.

Having allowed him time for this operation, I turned to my change, which was lying on the plate, and as I took it up I observed that his gaze was upon it. He kept close by my side.

"Attendance is charged, I see," I remarked, putting the money into my pocket.

"Yes, Sir," he said with a watery smile, "but *we* get nothing by it." "I fail to apprehend you," I returned. "Attendance I understand to mean charge for service. I am charged for service, and you ask me for additional guerdon"—or words to that effect; for, like LORD MACAULAY, I always put the best language into the mouth of my favourite, who happens in this case to be myself.

"Yes, Sir, but we get none of that eighteen-pence." "Then I am to pay a waiter twice over?" "We get none of that, Sir," he replied, with some iteration but undisturbed meekness.

If I gave him anything more, I will not mention it, lest he be required to render it up. That trifle is dismissed from my mind, and I come to this inquiry, *Mr. Punch*, "What does the word Attendancee mean?"

Until this problem shall be solved, I shall refresh myself and friends at some other Hotel than that at which I am charged for service and the waiters tout for extra gratuity on the plea I have stated. Also, I remain (lolling in town)

Yours respectfully,

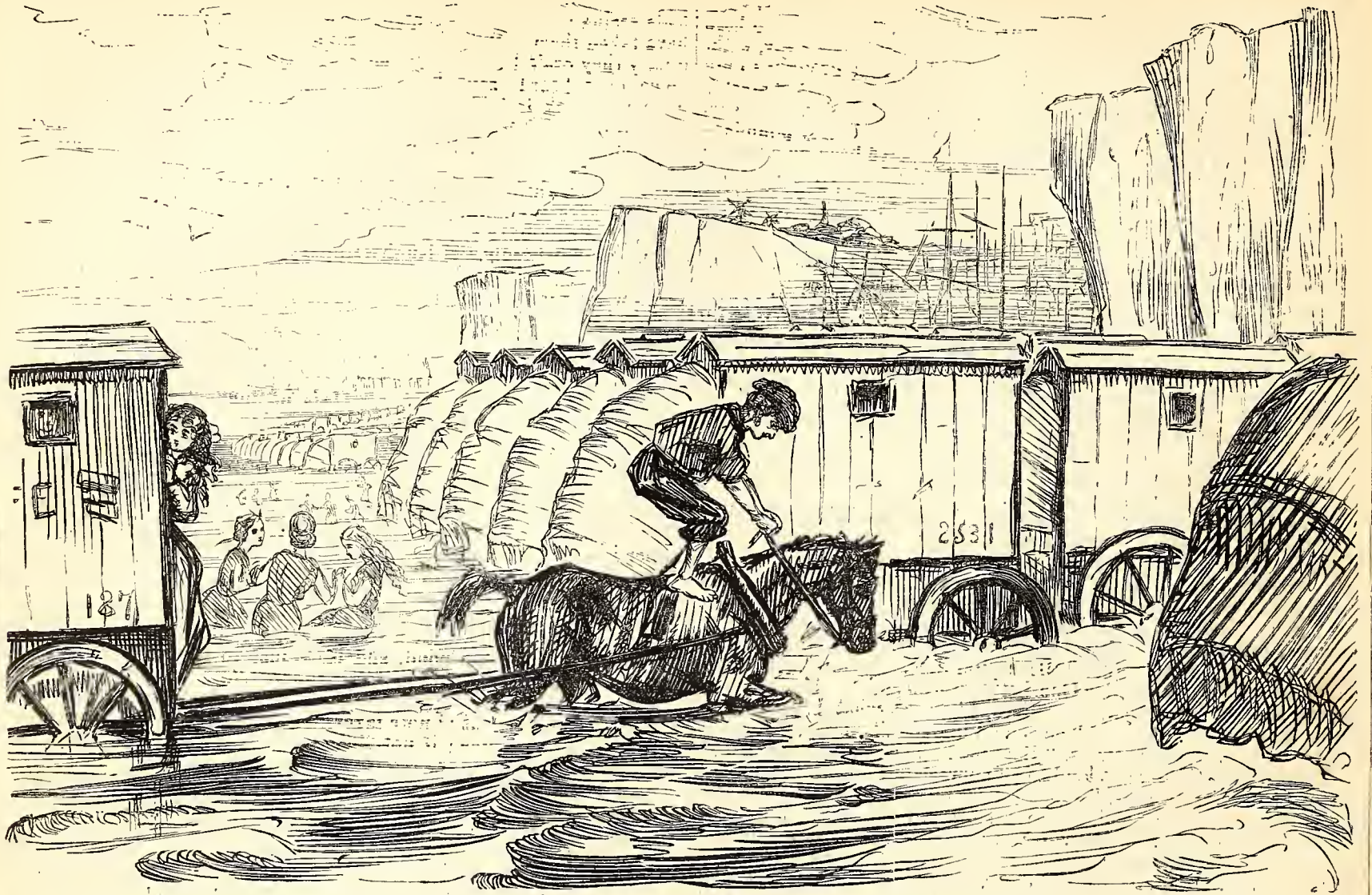
Regent's Park.

LOLLIUS URBICUS.

A Settler for a Smoker.

A PRETTY young Americaness, whose Christian name is ANNA, on receiving a cigar from a young gentleman who had not pluck enough to say he wished to marry her, twirled it playfully beneath her nose, and, looking archly at him, popped the question thus—"Have-Anna?"

WHAT A NAME FOR A SENATOR.—"DOOLITTLE!"



THE WOODEN WALLS OF OLD ENGLAND.

MISS ETHEL (AT THE DOOR OF THE BATHING-MACHINE) IS, WE REGRET TO SAY, THINKING LESS OF THE IMPOSING SCENE THAN OF THE TREACHERY OF CHARLES, MARIA, AND LAURA, WHO ARE ALL INVISIBLE TO US, BUT WHOM SHE SEES BUT TOO DISTINCTLY, GOING OFF IN A BOAT TO FISH, IN VIOLATION OF THEIR PROMISE TO WAIT FOR HER. SHE POSITIVELY HATES THE LITTLE EQUESTRIAN WHO HAS NEGLECTED HER INCESSANT CRIES FOR THE HORSE, AND ALTOGETHER WE FEAR HER BATHE TO-DAY WILL DO HER LITTLE GOOD.

LADIES' LABOUR AND THE POOR.

"WHAT shall I do with my money?" is a question one sees advertised, and a question which most people have small trouble in answering; for most people find the needful expenses of their living are quite enough to swallow up what money they can earn. Some people, however, have some money they can spare, and which from time to time they feel desirous to invest. Now, there are few better investments than judicious works of charity, which are sure to bear good interest both in this world and the next. Such, for instance, are the works of the Ladies' Sanitary Association, which is urgently in need of an addition to its funds. [N.B. 8, Pont Street, Belgrave Square, is where the money should be sent.]

The chief aim of this Society is to help the poor to live in cleanliness and health, and teach them to appreciate the value of clean dwellings, clean habits, and clean dress. It also aims to give them some good lessons in economy, and teach them to avoid the extravagance of finery, and to try by careful cookery to prevent the waste of food. Now that the black cholera and pallid death are knocking at our doors, how great is the good done by a Society like this! By the labours of the ladies who undertake its management, and the money of subscribers entrusted to its care, it visits our sick poor, and distributes soap and flannels, brooms and disinfecting fluids, in the neighbourhoods in need of them. It calls remedial notice to the misery and sickness caused by crowded overworking, and saves poor girls from stitching all day long in stifling rooms. It provides a home for servants when they are out of place, and teaches mothers how to nurse, and their daughters how to cook. Moreover, Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, just listen to this further information, if you please:—

"The Committee have sent out during the last five seasons *one thousand three hundred and fifty-eight* parties of the poorest children in London, from the Ragged Schools, &c., into the Parks, for fresh air and healthful recreation, providing toys, and where the parents cannot afford it, giving a slice of bread to be eaten in the

Parks. Paying guides, who are generally the masters and mistresses of the schools, to conduct the children to the Parks, and keep them there three or four hours, twice in each week, during the summer months, in each year. Thus, *ninety-one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two* poor children have been benefited in health and spirits."

Just think what it must be to live a little child in London, and have nothing but the pavement and the gutter for a play-ground! And just think that there are thousands of poor children now in London, who, but for the kind helping hand of charity to lead them, would never have the pleasure of a gambol in the parks! Just think, too, how much freer would the pavements be for walking on, were the little ones who cluster there more frequently conveyed to fitter places for their play! And then just read, and ponder on the following appeal:—

"Funds are urgently required to carry on the work. The Committee closed their financial year with £18 in hand. This season the Lectures have been stopped. Next season the Park Parties must be stopped, unless this appeal is responded to.

If cheques be not sent in, forthwith, a check is put to sending out poor children for fresh air. Well, our City friends inform us that, although the Bank has recently reduced its rate of discount, money still is tight. But we trust that there are people, who will set loose their purse-strings, and if only from politeness give aid to these good ladies in doing their good work.

Sporting Extraordinary.

THE following story is told of a gentleman well known in sporting circles. Being mounted on his thorough-bred hunter, on which he had backed himself to take any thing, he rode up to an *unfurnished five-storied house*, and *took it*. Both horse and rider returned home in perfect safety.

WHERE does a Sailor go when he wants to pawn his watch?—To a Water-spout.



THE RITUAL MOVEMENT.

THE REVEREND AUGUSTINE COPE, OUR HIGH CHURCH CLERGYMAN, HAS ORDERED A SET OF VESTMENTS. HIS PRETTY COUSINS WAYLAY THE PARCEL, AND DRESS THEMSELVES UP IN ORDER TO ASTONISH MR. AUGUSTINE. THE REVEREND YOUNG GENTLEMAN IS "GRIEVED TO FIND THAT THEY HAVE NO RESPECT FOR SOLEMN THINGS."

PUNCH ON THE LOW WIRE,

AND GLASS ON THE HIGH ROPES.

THERE is an ancient Joe that tells
How once an Irish steward,
Let fall the tea-pot overboard,
One morning when it blew hard.

He to the Skipper went forthwith
And popped this question flying—
"Captain dear, can a thing be lost
When ye know where it's lyin'?"

"No! you Blest fool!" the Captain roared;
"Ah, thin!" quoth PAT, quite gay—
"Sorrah the pot's lost, 'tis, I know,
At bottom of the say."

Time was this seemed an Irish bull,
But now its breed is crost;
What lies at bottom of the sea,
Henceforward, is *not* lost.

In Neptune's bosom, three miles deep,
On Mid-Atlantic's floor;
Lay of the wire of sixty-five,
A thousand miles and more.

And when GLASS spoke of catching it,
The world laughed, by direction:
"GLASS must be cracked; must be a Glass
With no power of reflection!"

"Mrs. GLASSE writes—'first, catch your hare,'
Then dishes it for table;

But Mr. GLASS, unlike Madame,
Forgets 'First, catch your cable.'

"Suppose it caught, to lift that weight
From that depth perpendicular!
"Ridiculous" can't be compared,
Or, we'd ask, 'What's ridicular?'"

So when three ships, with three-mile lines,
For this strange catch went fishing,
They'd little of BULL's faith or hope,
Tho' much of his good-wishing.

When, lo, this deep-sea fishing proved
An easy business quite:
Scarce a day passed but every ship
Got, at the least, one *bight*.

Hooked, raised, hauled in from ocean's bed,
Spliced, sheathed with hempen thrum;
The wire, for all its sleep profound,
Proved neither dead nor dumb!

All the year, in Valentia's Bay,
An anxious watch they kept;
And they that watched, though far away,
Heard it talk, as it slept,

Broken, unmeaning sounds, but now
It uttered sense again;
Spoke all the better, for the long
Deep snooze that it had ta'en.

Till of Atlantic shares (that seemed
Drowned deep in Neptune's cup),
As of Atlantic engineers,
You may say "They've picked up."

Heaven speed them past all fear and doubt!
 May GLASS and CANNING win:
 And find that all this "paying out,"
 Brings us much "hauling in."

And sure the cable *should* succeed,
 If the best-trained excel,
 For everybody must admit
 It's been brought up *so* well!

What HORACE of the sea has said
 Of the sea's lord say we—
 That "*perucidior vitro*," none,
 "*Brighter than Glass*" can be.

With CANNING, THOMPSON, and the rest,
 This long fight's brunt that bore,
 Higher he stands, a cable's length,
 Than e'er GLASS stood before.

And so we drink his health in *Punch*!
 Round let this "*waes hael*" pass;
 And if the modest man ask why,
 Bid him—"Look in the GLASS!"

A MEWSÆUM AT EDINBURGH.



Two Poets, in two different ages born, did England and the United States adorn. One of them is a LONGFELLOW, and the other was a short fellow. The latter, whose poetical altitude is in inverse proportion to his bodily stature, has told us that there are persons who:—

"Die, and endow a college or a cat."

But perhaps the little nightingale of Twickenham never contemplated the possible existence of people who live and endow cats. Rapt into future time, bards may foresee many things, but the eye of MR. PORE, however prophetic, probably never fell upon the subjoined paragraph in the *Weekly Dispatch*:—

"Some tender-hearted people in Edinburgh have recently established a home for cats, which may have been abandoned by their owners. As it is considered that the existing laws afford no protection to poor puss, it has been suggested that the name and address of every person guilty of the atrocity of turning their cats into the street shall be published to the world without regard of rank, position, or profession."

The founders of a home for houseless cats would doubtless be inclined to go farther than the infliction of mere exposure on any wretch convicted of trying to turn a cat out-of-doors. They would perhaps even be inclined to doom, if they could, such a barbarous person to a visitation of the cat with a plurality of tails. But actually to perpetrate the barbarity of turning a cat out-of-doors is practically impossible. Cats may be shut out of the house, but they always come back again, and if people attempt to starve them out, they steal. Moreover, anybody capable of turning a cat into the street would also be capable of killing it, and would prefer that more certain way of getting rid of the cat.

Deserted dogs can be distinguished easily enough, but the recognition of a deserted cat must be a matter of some difficulty. Suppose the necessary officers of a Cats' Home were commissioned to "comprehend all vagrom" cats, and did so, they would deprive many an old lady of a cherished darling abroad on a mere excursion. Their employment, by the way, would be hazardous, involving many perilous adventures on the tiles, and particularly the risk of getting mistaken for burglars and taken up, or perhaps shot. The tender-hearted founders of a home for cats may, however, in some measure realise

their amiable purpose by saving kittens from being drowned, and thus preventing the crime of catulicide, which, there is reason to believe, is on the increase.

What sort of creatures can those be who conceived the foundation of a home for cats? Doubtless a sort actuated by a strong affection for their fellow creatures. It is not perhaps too much to surmise that they are what in language more familiar than respectful is called a set of old tabbies. Accordingly they may be considered to evince a great love of their species, and whatever may be thought of their heads there can be no question that they are endowed with feline hearts.

PARSIMONY AND POTATOES.

WHERE is the reverend gentleman who once created a sensation by saying that the Irish rejoiced in potatoes? If still in the land of the living, he must surely be the author of the annexed advertisement in the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*:—

WANTED, by a Clergyman in the Country, the DUTY of a small Agricultural Parish (population 160) performed for Six Months from the present time. Duty being very light, the Advertiser offers only a large furnished house and garden with potatoes. One female servant left in the house. Neighbourhood very healthy.—Apply to R. M., &c., &c., Devizes, Wilts.

It has been said that culinary skill in general may be measured by ability to cook a potato. If that is true, and the one female servant left in the house above advertised, to cook the potatoes which are to constitute its occupant's stipend, can cook them well, she will be up to cooking anything else, in case he can afford to find himself in meat, and is not content to rejoice in potatoes. Perhaps it is that, as able to cook a potato, therefore as a good cook, therefore as a valuable woman, she is mentioned as part of the consideration proposed in lieu of money.

But an offer of potatoes for pay can only be addressed to a curate out of place, whom the high price of butcher's meat has compelled to be a vegetarian. However, many potatoes are kidneys. There is the walnut-leaf kidney, the ash-leaf kidney, the Lancashire kidney, and a kidney which is a genuine kidney, although it is named the fluke kidney. There are also red-nosed kidneys, though they are scarce now, like red-nosed Rectors.

Now the one servant left in the house may be competent to devil this sort of kidneys for the poor parson whom hunger may constrain to accept a very light duty for a very small remuneration, and then it may be possible for him to rejoice in potatoes exceedingly. But as to the reverend advertiser for a potato-fed curate, though the proprietor of a garden, he can be no gardeuer, because, as MR. BERNAL OSBORNE might say, he does not know the difference between potatoes and salary.

TEMPERANCE AND COOKERY.

MAN has been defined to be an animal that cooks; and a man who is content to eat his food uncooked may be deemed to be degraded to the level of the beasts. Yet Englishmen in general know nothing about cookery, and even in the present era of enlightenment are satisfied with dining upon underdone potatoes and a bit of half-raw beef. In England food is mostly but half-cooked in the kitchen, and the culinary process is imperfectly continued by the agency of drink. An Englishman when dining lights a spirit lamp inside him, and imbibes sufficient alcohol to cook and partly make digestible the viands he consumes. Such cookery, however, must always be imperfect, and must lead to indigestion and the evils in its train. Hence one often hears an Englishman complaining of dyspepsia, and one finds the English journals teeming with advertisements of medicines for the stomach-ache and biliary complaints.

Moreover, lighting inward spirit lamps tempts people to intemperance, and men who find a drop of brandy needful for their comfort are tempted not infrequently to take a drop too much. Instead, then, of denouncing the vice of insobriety, our teetotalers should preach against the evils of bad cookery, and endeavour to persuade people to pledge their word of honour not to put up with bad cooks. On the plea that men are tempted to habits of intemperance by having ill-cooked viands given them to eat, let a national appeal be made to Englishmen in general no longer to submit to eat their dinners badly dressed. Not merely health but wealth is wasted by bad cookery, and any Englishman with sense enough to take the pledge against it would soon find himself improved both in his person and his purse.

Possible Publications.

(For the ensuing Month.)

SHORTLY to appear *Your Goose, and How to Cook It a Thousand Different Ways*, by the Authoress of *Fish*, and *How to Cook It in One Hundred Different Ways*.

Three Loo, its Rules and Pools, by the Author of *The Three Louisas*.

THE BARK CALLED ST. PETER'S, IN EXTREMIS.



WE-STRICKEN, silent,
though not mine
her creed,
I watched the angry
agony of Rome.
Heard her proud
prelates cry in
their sore need,
While Kings turned
from her, to that
crying dumb.
I marked the props
struck down, one
after one,
That still sustained
her show of
earthly pride:
Saw the time-serv-
ing swarms for
shelter run,
Fearing a ruin, as
her empire, wide.
Throne after throne
of Kings who put
their trust
In him, who held
her throne and
triple crown,

I saw, some slowly crumbling into dust,
Some with a swift destruction toppled down.

“*Urbi et orbi!*” that wide blessing hailed
Once by a kneeling and believing world,
By cold doubt sapped, by open scoff assailed;
Her bolts un hurtful, save to those that hurled.

I saw young giants, looking, in amaze,
At swaddling clothes their infancy had worn,
But bid to don those swathes of other days,
Flushing in wrath, or laughing loud in scorn.

I thought is this the throne they deigned to fill,
HILDEBRAND, LEO, JULIUS—chiefs of men!—

Who excommunicated Kings at will,
Tamed brutes with brain, and made sword slave to
pen?

Is this sore-shattered craft, St. Peter's bark,
That hath braved storms of eighteen hundred years,
To go down now, dry-rotted, in the dark,
Its pilot doting, its crew crazed with fears?

Can this inglorious end be the doomed close
Of so much glory?—this foul stink and snuff
Set of a star that to the zenith rose,
The sun's vicegerent, for earth sun enough?

So pondering I slept, and saw, in dreams,
The calm unwrinkled brow of one that bare
The keys of Heaven, and in his eye such beams
As draw knees earthwards and raise hands for prayer.

He walked upon the sea with feet secure,
And I that saw the bark which bore his name
So nigh to sink, deemed that to make secure
Her leaks, and save her crew, St. Peter came.

So wondered sore to see him pass her by
And from their erylng a deaf ear incline:
As one who should say—“It is an alien cry:
The ship may bear my name—'tis none of mine.

“Look to its gold and gauds, smirch'd though they be,
Its crown'd poop, towering masts, and stately side!
Is this the fishing-boat of Galilee?
This argosy, this wreck of pomp and pride?”

“St. Peter's hand will guide St. Peter's bark,
And if that bark the Church for freight must bear,
'Twill float, be sure, though storm-clouds gather dark,
Seas rave and rend, and thunder shakes the air.

“But for this huge, cross-key'd, tiara'd hulk,
Sink it or swim, 'tis no concern of mine.
A cock-boat there *may* be aboard its bulk,
Sea-worthy, let them launch *that* on the brine.

“And cut loose from the rotten ribs that now
Are drinking death in at a hundred seams,
While that crown'd figure-head that forms her prow,
Settles down slow, and the scared deck-watch screams.”

PROFESSIONAL LOVE-LETTER.

From MR. ALFRED PYE, *Professed Man Cook*, to MISS MARTHA BROWNING.

WHAT a stew I was in all Friday, when no letter came from my PATTY! Everything went wrong. I made a hash of one of my *entrées*, and the *chef*, who guessed the cause of my confusion, roasted me so that at last I boiled over, and gave him rather a tart answer, for, as you know, I am at times a little too peppery. Thy sweet note, when it *did* arrive, made all right. I believe I was quite foolish, and went capering about with delight. And then I cooled down, and composed a new *soufflé*. So you see I do not fritter away *all* my time, whatever those malicious people who are so ready to carp at me may think.

You say you always like to know where I go in an evening. Well, I went to the TROTTERS last night, and FANNY played the accompaniment, and I sang—how it made me think of you!—“*Good-bye, Sweetbread, good-bye!*” (How absurd! Do you see what I have written instead of “*Sweetheart*”? All the force of habit. It will remind you of that night at Cookham, when we were the top couple in the supper quadrille, and I shouted, “*Now, Side-dishes, begin!*” and everybody roared except a certain young lady, who looked a trifle vexed. Don't you remember that Spring? You must, because the young potatoes were so small.)

Your *protégé*, PETER, goes on famously. He's a broth of a boy, not a pickle, like many lads of his age, and yet he won't stand being sauced, as he calls it. He and I nearly got parted at the station, for the crowd was very great after the races—in fact, a regular jam. It rained hard when we reached Sandwich, and I got dripping wet, for I had forgotten my waterproof, and there was not a cab to be had. But now the weather has changed again, and we are half baked. A broiling sun and not a puff of wind.

There was no one in the train I knew. Some small fry stuffing buns all the way, and opposite me a girl who had her hair crimped just like yours, and wore exactly the same sort of scalloped jacket. A raw young man with her, evidently quite spooney; and they larded their

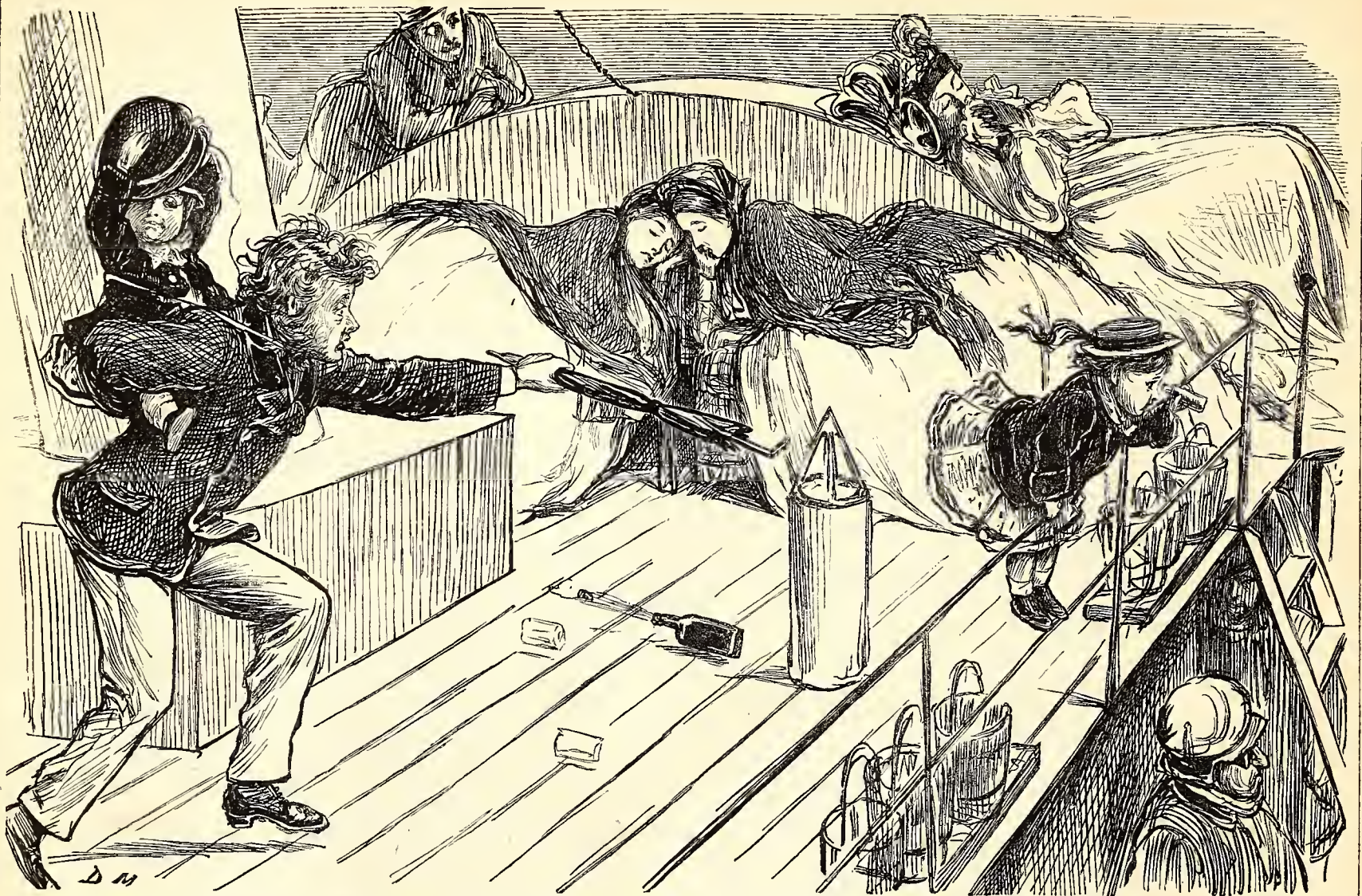
talk with rather too many “loves” and “dears” for my taste, for you know *we* are never tender in public. It grated so on my ear, that at last I made some harmless joke to try and stop it, but Mademoiselle, who spoke in that mincing way you detest, turtled up, so I held my tongue all the rest of the way, and amused myself with looking at your *carte*, and concocting one of my own for our great dinner on the 29th, for the *chef* has gone to Spithead, and left all to me. And now, my duck, not to mince matters, when I have got that off my mind (if the dinner is only as well dressed as you, it will do), you must fix the day. I am quite unsettled. I cannot concentrate my thoughts on my gravies as I ought, and my desserts are anything but meritorious. All your fault, Miss. You are as slippery as an eel. I must have it all arranged when I come up to the City next week. I have some business in the Poultry, but shall slip away as soon as I can, and bring your mother the potted grouse and chutney. (“*Cunning man,*” I hear you say, “he wants to curry favour with Mamma.”) And you will do what I ask? Where shall we go for our wedding trip?—Strasbourg, Turkey, Cayenne, Westphalia, Worcestershire? Perhaps I think most of coming back to the little house which I know somebody will always keep in apple-pie order, and of covers for two; and I shall admire the pretty fibert-nails while she peels my nuts, and we will both give up our flirtations, mere *entremets*, and sit down soberly to enjoy that substantial *pièce de resistance*—Matrimony. Do you like the *menu*? Then, my lamb, say “yes” to

Your own
ALFRED.

P.S. I know my temper is rather short, but then think of my crust! And it speaks well for me that I would rather be roasted fifty times, than buttered once. I *do* hate flummery, certainly.

A Standing Nuisance.

WHEN an M.P. takes his seat he is called a sitting Member. But before he can sit, it is needful that he stand. At such places as Totnes, or Lancaster, or Yarmouth, the first question to a Candidate is “What are you going to stand?”



NAPOLEON TITWILLOW, ESQ., HIS BETTY, THE TWINS (WASHINGTON AND LUCRETIA), AND THEIR RESPECTIVE NURSES (ANN AND SARAH), "ONG ROOT POOR BULLOIN-SEWER-MAIR."
[Betty and the Nursemaids are prostrate: Mr. N. T. is on the verge of prostration himself, and wishes to goodness the Twins were prostrate also.]

NO QUACK NEED APPLY.

THE subjoined advertisement lately appeared in one of the penny papers:—

DIPLOMA (Medical) to be DISPOSED OF, a bargain. Address, &c.

This announcement attests the high respectability of the cheap but well-conducted journal that gave it insertion. That journal, no doubt, has a large circulation amongst archæologists and collectors of biographical relics. The medical diploma, advertised as above, is, of course, the diploma of HARVEY, SYDENHAM, JOHN HUNTER, or some other eminent physician or surgeon of a past age. It must be intended to meet the eye of a medical gentleman who would like to possess a memorial of an or-



ON LANDING, N. T.'S GALLANTRY RECEIVES A SHOCK. HE POLITELY OFFERS TO "PORTY SAY BAGGARGE LWEE-MAYM;" BUT THE LADY IN CHARGE THEREOF EXPRESSES HER PERFECT READINESS TO "PORTER LUI-MEME" INTO THE BARGAIN.

nament of his profession, and cannot possibly be addressed to a rogue desirous of practising under the mask of a sham diploma. If it were, the newspaper in which it was published might as well admit advertisements of jemmies, centre-bits, skeleton-keys, machinery for coining, and forged bank-notes.

Justice to Scotland.

WE have heard that there has been difficulty in settling the question how to arrange a Scottish Valhalla. Scotch theology stops the way. But could not something be done by giving eminent Scotchmen an *iche* in the Temple of Fame?

THE MERCHANT'S PATRON SAINT.—St. Ledger.



BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

HON. MEMBER (*on Terrace of Parliament Palace*). "O, YOU HORRID DIRTY OLD RIVER!"

FATHER THAMES. "DON'T YOU TALK, MISTER WHATSYERNAME! WHICH OF US HAS THE CLEANER HANDS, I WONDER?"

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,

IT IS NOW some two weeks since a rayther strange lookin man engaged 'partments at the Greenlion. He stated he was from the celebrated United States, but beyond this he said nothin. He seem'd to prefer sollytood. He remained mostly in his room, and whenever he did show hissself he walkt in a moody and morose manner in the garding, with his hed bowed down and his arms foldid across his brest. He reminded me sumwhat of the celebrated but onhappy *Mr. Haller*, in the cheerful play of *The Stranger*. This man puzzled me. I'd been puzzled afore several times, but never so severally as now. Miue Ost of the Greenlion said I must interrigate this strange bein, who claimed to be my countryman. "He hasn't called for a drop of beer siuce he's been in this ere Ouse," said the landlord. "I look to you," he added, "to clear up this dark, this orful mistry!"

I wringed the lan'lord's honest hand, and told him to consider the mistry cleared up.

I gained axes to the misterus bein's room, and by talkin sweet to him for a few minits, I found out who he was. Then returniu to the lan'lord, who was nervisly pacin up and down the bar, I said,

"Sweet ROLANDO, don't tremble no more! I've torn the marsk from the hawty stranger's face, and dived into the recesses of his inmost sole! He's a Trans-Mejim!"

I'd been to the Beefanham theatre the previs evenin, and probly the drammer I saw affected me, because I'm not in the habit of goin on as per above. I like the Beefanham theatre very much indeed, because there a enthoosastic lover of the theatre like myself can unite the legitermit drammer with fish. Thus, while your enrapterd soul drinks in the lorfty and noble sentences of the gifted artists, you can eat a biled mack'ril jest as comfor'bly as in your own house. I felt constrained, however, to tell a fond mother who sot immegitly behind me, and who was accompanied by a gin bottle and a young infant—I felt constrained to tell that mother, when her infant playfully mingled a rayther oily mack'ril with the little hair which is left on my vener'ble hed, that I had a bottle of scented hair oil at home, which on the whole I tho't I preferred to that which her orspring was greasin me with. This riled the excellent female, and she said, "Git out! You never was a infank yourself, I spose! Oh no! You was too good to be a infank you was! You slid into the world all ready grow'd, didn't you! Git out!" "No, Madam," I replied, "I too was once a infant! I was a luvly child. Peple used to come in large and enthoosastic crowds from all parts of the country to see me, I was such a sweet and intel'gent infant. The excitement was so intens, in fack, that a extra hotel was startid in the town to accommodate the peple who thronged to my cradle." Havin finished these troothful statemints, I smilt sweetly on the worthy female. She said, "Drat you, what do you come a-chaffin me for," and the estymible woman was really gettin furis, when I mollyfied her by praisin her child, and by axin pardin for all I'd said. "This little gal," I observed, "this surprisngly luvly gal—" when the mother said, "It's t'other sect is he, Sir: it's a boy." "Wall," I said, "then this little boy, whose eye is like a eagle a-soaring proudly in the azure sky, will someday be a man, if he don't choke hissself to death in childhood's sunny hours with a smelt or a bloater, or some other drefful calamity. How surblime the tho't, my dear Madam, that this infant as you fondle on your knee on this night, may grow up into a free and independent citizeu, whose vote will be worth from ten to fifteen pounds, accordin as suffrages may range at that joyus perid!"

Let us now return, jentle reader, to the lan'lord of the Greenlion, who we left in the bar in a state of anxiety and perspire. Rubbin his hot face with a red hankercher, he said, "Is the strange bein a American?"

"He is."

"A Gen'ral?"

"No."

"A Colonial?"

"No."

"A Majer?"

"Not a Majer."

"A Capting?"

"He is not."

"A leftenant?"

"Not even that."

"Then," said the lan'lord of the Greenlion, "you ar deceived! He is no countryman of yours."

"Why not?" I said.

"I will tell you, Sir," said the lan'lord. "My son-in-law is employed in a bankin house where ev'ry American as comes to these shores goes to git his drafts casht, and he says that not one has arrived on these shores durin the last 18 months as wasn't a Gen'ral, a Colonial, a Majer, a Capting, or a leftenant! This man, as I said afore, has deceived you! He's a impostuer!"

I reeled into a chair. For a minit I was speechlis. 'At length I mur-

merd, "Alars! I fear it is too troo! Even I was a Capting of the Home Gards."

"To be sure," said the lan'lord; "you all do it, over there."

"Wall," I said, "whatever nation this person belongs to, we may as well go and hear him lectur this evenin. He is one of these spirit fellers—he is a Trans-Mejim, and when he slings hissself into a traus state, he says the sperrits of departed great men talk through him. He says that to-night sev'ril em'nent persons will speak through him—among others, CROMWELL."

"And this MR. CROMWELL—is he dead?" said the lan'lord.

I told him that OLIVER was no more.

"It's a umbug," said the lan'lord; to which I replied that we'd best go and see, and we went. We was late, on accounts of the lan'lord's extensiv acquaintans with the public house keepers along the road, and the hall was some two miles distant, but we got there at last. The hall was about half full, and the Mejim was just then assumin' to be BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, who was speakin about the Atlantic Cable.

He said the Cable was really a merrytorious affair, and that messiges could be sent to America, and there was no doubt about their gettin there in the course of a week or two, which he said was a beautiful idear, and much quicker than by steamer or canal-boat. It struck me that if this was FRANKLIN a spirituool life hadn't improved the old gentleman's intellecks particly.

The audiens was mostly composed of rayther pale peple, whose eyes I tho't rolled round in a somewhat wild manuer. But they was well-behaved, and the females kept saying, "How beautiful! What a surblime thing it is," et cetry, et cetry. Among the females was one who was a fair and rosy young woman. She sot on the same seat we did, and the lan'lord of the Greenlion, whose frekent intervoos with other lan'lords that evenin had been too much for him, fastened his left eye on the fair and rosy young person, and smilin lovinly upon her, said, "You may give me, my dear, four-penny-worth of gin—cold gin. I take it cold, because—"

There was cries of "Silence! Shame! Put him out! the Skoffer!"

"Ain't we at the Spotted Boar?" the lan'lord hoarsely whisperd.

"No," I answerd, "It's another kind of bore. Lis'en. CROMWELL is goin' to speak through our inspired fren', now."

"Is he?" said the lan'lord—"is he? Wall, I've suthin to say, also. Was this CROMWELL a licensed vittler?"

"Not that I ever heard," I anserd.

"I'm sorry for that," said the lan'lord with a sigh; "but you think he was a man who would wish to see licensed vittlers respected in their rights?"

"No doubt."

"Wall," said the lan'lord, jest you keep a eye on me." Then risin to his feet he said, in a somewhat husky yet tol'bly distink voice, "MR. CRUMBWELL!"

"CROMWELL!" I cried.

"Yes, MR. CROMWELL: that's the mau I mean, MR. CROMBLE! won't you please advise that gen'l'man who you're talkin through; won't you advise 'im during your elekant speech to settle his bill at my 'ouse to-night, MR. CRUMBLES," said the lan'lord, glarin' savigely round on the peple, "because if he don't, there'll be a punched 'ed to be seen at the Greenlion, where I don't want no more of this everlastin nonsens. I'll talk through 'im! Here's a sperrit," said the lan'lord, a smile once more beamin on his face, "which will talk through him like a Dutch father! I'm the sperrit for you, young feller!" "You're a helthy old sperret," I remarkt; and then I saw the necessity of gettin him out of the hall. The wimin was yellin and screamin, and the men was hollerin' perlice. A perliceman really came and collerd my fat fren. "It's only a fit, SIR RICHARD," I said. I always call the perlice SIR RICHARD. It pleases them to think I'm the victim of a deloosion; and they always treat me perlitely. This one did, certinly, for he let us go. We saw no more of the Trans-Mejim.

It's diffikilt, of course, to say how long these noosances will be allowed to prow round. I should say, however, if pressed for a anser that they will prob'ly continer on jest about as long as they can find peple to his'en to 'em. Am I right?

Yours, faithful,

ARTEMUS WARD.

Teaching the Young Idea How to Shoot.

THE New Latin Primer abounds in hard words which "no fellah can be expected to understand," and which must be utterly unintelligible to a small boy. According to that distinguished scholar, DR. KENNEDY, this Primer "must be viewed as the final result of much consultation." Haven't too many cooks spoiled the broth? But, now that breech-loaders have come into use, is it not time for all Primers to be converted?

WHAT'S FUN TO YOU IS DEATH TO US.

WHAT is that which a London Tradesman takes with pleasure, and a Russian Serf with pain?—*An outing.*



PLEASANT FOR CIGARS AT TENPENCE.

Costermonger (to his navigating friend). "HERE YOU ARE, BILL; THIS IS THE SMOKE CARRIAGE."

A COURT OF APPEAL FROM ASSES.

POOR plodding JOHN BULL sadly labours
To do some things done by his neighbours ;
To match their battalions
Of fighting rascallions,
And cope with their rifles and sabres ;

To play the piano and fiddle ;
In Art his position is middle ;
A statue he never
To make should endeavour,
But give up the thing as a riddle.

He could once well manage finances :
There, now, his superior France is,
As witness his troubles
Through bursting of bubbles,
And monstrous and reckless advances.

But still his belief and firm trust is
One point, which concede him you must, is
His claim to be reckoned
To nobody second
In administration of justice.

Judicial spite, vengeance, or fury,
Or prejudice, calm and secure, he
Sets quite at defiance,
A steadfast reliance
Reposing on trial by Jury.

Oh, fond is that cherished delusion !
How often, in stupid confusion,
Twelve fools lay together
Their thick heads of leather,
And come to a foregone conclusion !

Their verdict, which dooms men unduly,
The Home Office can, very truly,
Reverse if it chooses ;
But oft it refuses,
As WALPOLE the Weeper did newly.

To quash an unjust condemnation,
Of French law in late imitation,
Why can't our law-makers
(They're not all wisecracks)
Establish a Court of Cassation ?

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Happy Thought.—I find that, generally speaking, materials for the lives of remarkable men are found in their pocket-books. Shall use pocket-books in future. By the way, MILBURD spoils BOODELS. I regret it, but he does. BOODELS used to sit for hours either listening to me reading my manuscripts to him, or enjoying my conversation. Now he doesn't, and has taken to personal remarks, which he calls repartee (hate it), and he and MILBURD play at *Clown* and *Pantaloone* in the passage. It's really waste of life and talents.* * * * Talking of that, let me get to work.

11 o'clock, A.M.—By the *exact* time, which I have just given BOODELS from the top of the stairs. Ought to have begun at nine. Good room for writing my *Typical Developments* in. View of a lawn. No noise. BOODELS said I should be undisturbed, and quite alone. I like that in BOODELS: he is considerate, when he sees you are in earnest. Delightful morning: just enough breeze to cause a sigh through the trees. N.B. Mustn't forget "breeze" and "trees" when I write a serenade. [Mentioned this idea, subsequently, on a lovely moonlight night, to MILBURD, who immediately made a hideous grimace, and said, "Yah! yah! yah! Ho!" with a sort of steam-engine whistle, "Nigger! are you dar? Bolly golly black man, boo!" and then he and BOODELS both laughed. What at? I pitied them. BOODELS is really losing all sense of poetry. MILBURD said that my saying "serenade" had suggested the Ethiopian Serenaders to him.]

To work. "*Typical Developments*, Book I., Volume I., Chapter 1, 1st Section, Paragraph 1. In the very earliest and darkest ages of our ancient earth, before even the grand primæval forests could boast the promise of an incipient bud, there existed in the inexhaustible self-inexhausting Possible, innumerable types, of which the first generating ideas having a bearing upon the forms of the Future, were at that moment in too embryotic a condition for beneficial production." Good. I think that's *good*—very good. I'm getting into the swing. My ideas flow. Paragraph, No. 2. Now. "Man at once

possible and impossi—" Knock at the door: nuisance: pretend not to hear it. "And impossi—" Knock. "Come in," I say, very pleasantly. It is WILLKS, the butler, diffidently. "Oh, Sir, Master thinks he left his cigar-case here." I haven't seen it, and I don't rise to look. The butler says, "No, he don't see it," begs pardon, and retires. I hear BOODELS on the landing, saying, "It's very odd they *can't* leave my cigar-case alone!" The slightest interruption gets you out of the swing of ideas. I must try back again. "Man at once possible and—" Knock at the door. "Come in." BOODELS puts his head in, and sings, "Who's dat a knocking at de door?" as if that placed the interruption in a more sociable point of view. It only reminds me of that idiot, MILBURD. I think MILBURD copies BOODELS, or BOODELS MILBURD. Whichever it is, I hate an imitation. However, he explains that "he wouldn't disturb me without knocking first," as if he'd have disturbed me more by not knocking. I look as pleasant as possible; "he wants my advice," he says. I am flattered; though if he didn't come to me, his old friend, for advice in a difficult matter, to whom should he go? Not MILBURD. He commences by asking, "How are you getting on, eh?" and I answer, "Oh, pretty well," when WILLKS returns with the cigar-case, which has, it appears, been (as usual) found in BOODELS' bedroom. As BOODELS after this seems inclined to wander, I bring him back to the point by asking "what he was going to say to me?" BOODELS waits a minute, looking out of window, and then says, "What?" (He is getting deaf. If he gets very deaf, I shall go away.) I repeat my question. He replies, "Oh, yes; look here. Do you think I ought to give the man who came about dragging the pond a shilling, or not?" I try to interest myself in the question. "Well," I say, dubiously, "What's he done?" "Well," explains BOODELS, "he hasn't exactly done much; but he's been up to the pond, and examined it, and so forth, you know." I say, decisively, to show that I'm a man of business, "Oh, yes, give him a shilling," and take up my pen again, by way of a hint to BOODELS. "It's rather too much to give him, eh, for merely looking at a pond?" objects BOODELS. I return, settling to write again, "Oh, no!" as if I generally gave double that sum. "What?" says BOODELS. (He

must be deaf.) I explain that I only said, "Oh, no." "Oh, no! What?" he asks, rather testily. I think he's in a nasty temper: you never know a man well till you stay with him. *Happy Thought* that. I lay down my pen. "Well," I explain, mildly, because it's no use having a row with BOODELS about this confounded pond, "I mean if the man has come to—to—or if he merely—why—that is, if the fellow—I own I am wandering. BOODELS notices it, and says, with some tinge of annoyance in his tone, "I came to ask your advice; I really thought you might have attended to me for one minute. You can't be so busy as all that." I feel hurt. Some people are easily moved to tears. A little more, and I should be moved to tears. As he is going out of the door (he's hurt, too), he turns back, somewhat mollified, and asks me, "I say, if I give him a shilling, to-morrow, when he comes with the net, it will do, eh?" I say, enthusiastically, "Yes, that'll do—the very thing!" which only elicits from BOODELS a "What?" and I have to repeat, encouragingly, "Yes, that's the idea! A shilling to-morrow—capital!" BOODELS leaves me, and as he does so I feel a sort of pity for BOODELS, I don't know why, and then become sensible of a beast of a fly on my neck. Bother! Missed him! By the way, when you *do* miss a fly, can't you hurt your ear tremendously! It's a buzzing fly. I'll get a book, and smash him. * * * I have got a book, but I haven't smashed him; at least, I don't think so. * * * I hate uncertainty as to whether you've killed an insect, or not. They turn up afterwards with three legs and one wing—a sort of Chelsea pensioner of an insect—in uncomfortable places. Think I had him there. No. Had the ink, though. That'll be a nuisance. Ink always hangs about the side of your little finger, and smears itself all about your papers after you think it's all been dried up with care. Bless it, inked my light trousers conspicuously. Inked my wristband. Inked everything within reach. Brute of a fly! * * *

Paragraph, No. 2. "Man at once possible and impossible"—let me see—"man at once poss—" knock at the door; I wish I could abstract myself. Knock again: appearance of BOODELS' head. "Only me, SAMBO!" says BOODELS. (What a fool BOODELS is getting; but I laugh, because he's my host; I shouldn't if it was that donkey MILBURD. For my part I don't believe that black people go about laughing "yah yah," and asking each other riddles and "gibbing 'em up" like BOODELS and MILBURD do; or else where are the Missionaries? *Happy Thought* that.) BOODELS comes in and says kindly and seriously, "I wouldn't disturb you, old boy, without first knocking, 'cos I know how busy you are." I thank him, and say it doesn't matter. "It's very near luncheon time," says BOODELS. Good heavens! and I've only written six lines. It appears that he came up to tell me this, and to ask if I'd like to lunch later, say at two. By all means. "What?" asks BOODELS. (How provoking it is to hear a fellow always saying "what?") I explain that I only said, "Yes, by all means," and add inadvertently "as the old DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE used to say in Church." "Oh, what's that?" inquires BOODELS, and I have to tell him the story, beginning "Oh, it was only that the old Duke once," &c., and it doesn't come out well after all; besides, when I've finished, it appears that BOODELS knew it, only he thought it was something else.

Happy Thought.—To get up a few stories to tell well. Makes you popular in country houses. I find that everyone knows this one about the old DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. WILLKS the butler announces MR. MILBURD and another gentleman down-stairs, just when BOODELS had begun to recollect a story. Lucky, very. "Who is the other gentleman?" He didn't catch the name, but MR. MILBURD has come to see about the pond. BOODELS wonders "who the other fellow is," and leaves me, reminding me, "lunch at two." Thank goodness for the next hour, if there is an hour,—no, three-quarters—I shall be at peace.

Let me get into the swing again: now then. Read over first few lines. * * * Good. Now: Paragraph 2. "Man, at once possible and impossible, was by his original destination—" Odd sound, now, as if people were creeping about on tip-toe outside my door. It is impossible to write when you've a nervous feeling of people hovering about you. Let me abstract myself. "Man at once possible—" Knock at the door. "Come in." A tall gentleman appears in a shooting suit, with very long light beard, reddish moustachios and a slouching white hat in his hand. With him, BOODELS. I have never seen the tall gentleman before: I rise. BOODELS apologises: "I told Captain," name I don't catch, "that we mustn't disturb you, but he said as he's going away almost immediately" (by the way, he was here the whole afternoon and then missed his train) he'd like to—" Here BOODELS looks at the Captain, and that gentleman evidently feeling that his opportunity has been thrust upon him rather too suddenly, pulls at his moustache, and says with a short, jerky, nervous laugh, "Ya-ya, ya-as, ya, ya." Not unlike that MILBURD's boasted negro delineations, only that it's natural. "You-ar-don't r-remember me?" No, I don't remember him. I try to, feeling that I ought to remember him. I smile and shake my head. I haven't even the faintest recollection. He is somewhat taken aback by this non-recognition; I don't wonder at it, seeing that I hear, afterwards, how when he thought I was

miles away, he had exclaimed on hearing my name, "Know him! I should think so. Ah, I should like to see *him* again." He looks at me, almost imploringly. BOODELS looks anyhow, and the tall man says, half defiantly, "My name's CAWKER." His face bothered me, but his face *and* his name together have knocked me over.

Feeling that something hearty is expected of me, I say, radiantly, "Oh, of course, CAWKER! How are you?" In fact, I am very nearly overdoing it upon the spot, and calling him Old CAWKER. We shake hands heartily, and, I suppose, to myself, that, in the course of conversation, he'll let out where the dickens I've seen him before. CAWKER laughs very nervously, "Ya-a-a—haven't-a-a—seen you far"—(he puts *a* for *o* very often, I notice, but this doesn't recall him to my memory)—"far an agc." Then he laughs, and so does BOODELS. Why? I answer, steadily, "No, not since—" and I leave him to fill up the blank, which he does, unsatisfactorily, with a laugh. There we stop. After awhile, CAPTAIN CAWKER, who has been staring at my papers, says cleverly, "Writing something, eh?" and laughs. I reply, that I am writing something, "Yes." He answers, "Ah, ya-a-as—not much in my line, writing." I say, "No? Indeed?" flatteringly, to give him the idea that he might do it if he liked. BOODELS comes to the rescue. It appears CAWKER and I were schoolfellows. Ah, I know now. He used to be hated, and called "SNOBBY" CAWKER, but I don't remind him of this. "You're so altered," I tell him. "Ya-a-a-as," he returns, conceitedly, stroking his red moustache, "Ya-a-a-as. *You're* not. I recollect him," (here he turns to BOODELS, and talks of me) "at school." Here I begin to be interested. "He was a little, short, pudgy, fat fellow, all suetty." I am obliged to laugh; but when he's gone, I'll tell BOODELS that we used to call him "Snobby" CAWKER at school. I wish I hadn't said he was altered.

BOODELS cuts in. "Well, come along, we mustn't delay you." CAWKER (who is a Captain, too! Snobby CAWKER a Captain! how the Army must be going down!) says, "Ya-as—leave him to his writing, ya-a-as," and laughs. I feel as if I will give up writing there and then, and be transported for merely one kick at CAWKER. BOODELS wants CAWKER to come and take a turn before lunch.

Happy Thought.—As I haven't been able to get on with *Typical Developments* this morning, I'll pretend to go to bed early, and work to-night. And as I only came here to see a little life, that is, I mean, see the pond dragged, if it isn't dragged the day after to-morrow, I go. Luncheon bell.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

AIR—" *Britannia's the Pride of the Ocean.*"

BRITANNIA's the pride of the Ocean,
The home of the brave and the free;
But Yankees it seems have a notion,
That we're much greater fools than we be.
Two men and a dog crossed the briny,
Of course we believe it, we do;
In a boat of two tons, vessel tiny,
And they called it *The Red, White and Blue!*
And they called, &c., (*In Chorus*).

In spite of the caviller's malice,
In spite of the doubts on her thrown;
It is now at the Crystal Palace,
And "seeing is believing" you'll own.
Their dog's tale is lost, a sad *thing* this!
But the men with their Craft remain, two.
So to the Marines let us sing this
New song of the Red, White and Blue.
Here's the Craft of the Red, White and Blue,
Here's the Craft of the Red, White and Blue.
So to the Marines we'll go and sing this,
New song of the Red, White and Blue.

Painful Parallel.

A NEW book, by a clever author, is announced, with the title, *Lost Among the Wild Men*. A cynical friend of ours, who is obliged to stay in London, and see a good deal of his humble relations, declares that he can write a more affecting autobiography, to be called *Found Among the Tame Men*.

SYMBOLISM.

"WESTMINSTER ABBEY," as DEAN STANLEY may have wittily observed the other day, "has been undergoing one small Altar-ation." It is, indeed, a piece of beautiful symbolism that the new altar-piece of our Christian Cathedral should be executed in Mosaic.

THE LANCASTERIAN SYSTEM.—Bribery.



MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.—No. 5.

OVERCOME BY FATIGUE AND EXCITEMENT, SHE HAS SLEPT PROFOUNDLY, BUT TOWARDS MORNING SUFFERED SEVERELY FROM NIGHTMARE. ON AWAKING, SHE FINDS HER MODEL WHERE SHE LEAST EXPECTED IT!

PRUSSIAN POT AND HANOVERIAN KETTLE.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA is advertising "Stolen Goods" in the shape of a list of the bonds, bills, notes, and securities which KING GEORGE OF HANOVER carried off in his flight from his dominions, and giving notice that payment of them is suspended. We have heard of Kings putting themselves in the *Gazette*—as conquerors, if not as bankrupts: but this is the first instance on record, we should suppose, of one monarch putting another into the *Hue and Cry*. KING GEORGE declares that he has a right to his capital, and his interest besides; and so he means to keep the money. He may plausibly contend that he has as much right to do Hanover *out* of bonds, as Prussia has to do Hanover into 'em. If it comes to the question of stealing (as between KING G. and KING W.)—well, we should observe that there is a good deal to be said on both sides.

Regiments on the Run.

THE *Army and Navy Gazette* contains the following announcement:—
"RUNNING DRILL.—We are at last, we believe, about to adopt the 'running drill;' not too soon, considering how long the Continental armies have used it."

There would be a great necessity for Running Drill if the British Army could escape from better organised and better armed foreign troops by running. If we keep behind Continental nations in the art of war, we can only expect to flee before them in battle. Let us run a-head of them in the race of military improvement, and then Running Drill will avail us, on occasion, by enabling us to run after them.

Science and Smoke.

At the imminent meeting of the Social Science Congress, according to announcement, "DR. ANGUS SMITH will discuss the evils produced by the non-consumption of smoke." The learned Lecturer might suggest that railway companies could, in a great measure, remedy these evils by the establishment of smoking-carriages.

CHRONOLOGY IN CLERKENWELL.

A GRATIFYING proof of the progress which education has made among the masses was afforded in a remark made by one of them the other evening at the meeting held on Clerkenwell Green to denounce MR. EYRE. One of the orators, though professing himself a Republican, said the QUEEN was "the best Sovereign the country had had since ALFRED THE GREAT." For this concession he was reprehended by another speaker, because it was going so far back as the time of ALFRED THE GREAT—a period of "about two centuries ago." A parallel passage to this occurs in *Tristram Shandy*:—

"'They are SOCRATES'S children,' said my *Uncle Toby*. . . 'He has been dead a hundred years ago,' replied my mother."

The critical democrat in the concourse on Clerkenwell Green was evidently a humourist and had read STERNE.

Impossible.

A NEW addition to MADAME TUSSAUD'S is BISMARCK—

Fancy BISMARCK—wax!
Fancy BISMARCK—a model!

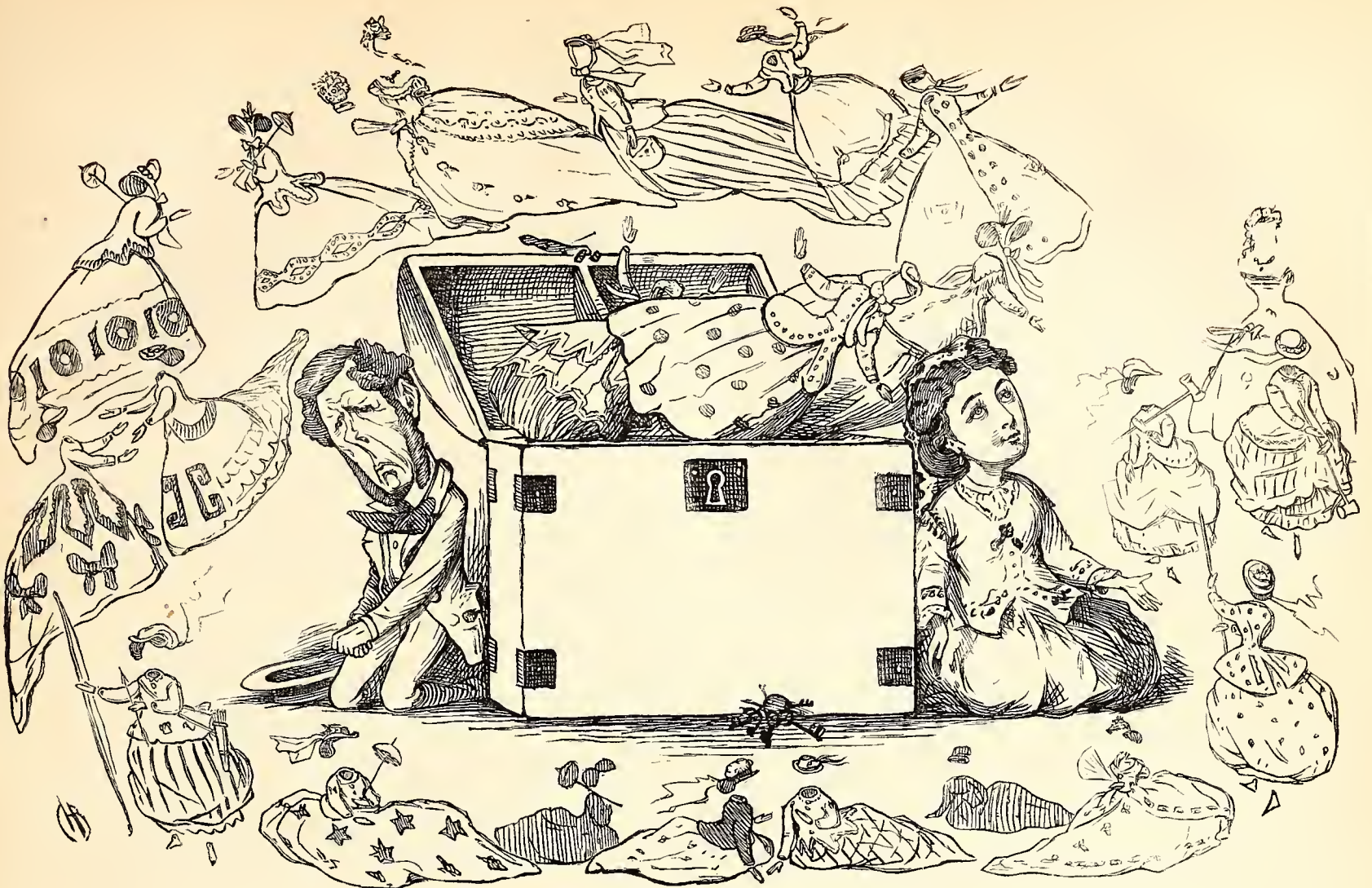
EMPHATICALLY THE BEST.

On the Latin Primer question we have only to remark, that accent the first syllable, and you get in "A Grinder of Small Boys" the best Latin Primer.

A DARK NIGHT.

At the Olympic Theatre the pieces for one evening were *Othello* and *The Gentleman in Black*. Surely for "and" read "or."

MAJOR PALLISER'S POUNDERS.—The day of red-hot shot has departed. Their place is now supplied by chilled projectiles.



MRS. LADYBIRD'S LUGGAGE.

MY MOTHER BIDS ME FIND AN HEIR.

AIR—"My Mother bids me Bind my Hair."

My Mother bids me find an heir,
 And give up Cousin HUGH,
 Who came so often to the Square—
 Poor cornet—Horse Guards Blue.
 "For why," she cries, "A younger Son,
 While plainer girls win peers,
 Alas! Another Season's done,
 And still you're all Miss VERES."

The *Post* announces *he* has gone
 To shoot and stalk the deer;
 I canter through the lanes alone,
 And wish it was next year:
 And as I draw the amber thread
His slippers to adorn,
 No novel that I ever read
 Had heroine so forlorn.

PROFESSIONAL LOVE-LETTER.

From MR. NORMAN DORMER, Architect and Surveyor, to Miss CAROLINE TOWER.

MY PRECIOUS,

PITY me who must stay and fret in London, while you are enjoying yourself at Broadstairs. How I long to be there, surveying the ocean by your side, and tracing your dear name on the sands! But fate and a father have placed a barrier between us. So I pace up and down before the old house in T— Square, and look up at a certain dormitory on the second story—in no state of elevation you may be sure—and make plans for the future, and build castles in the air, and try to forget that my designs on your heart appear ridiculous to your Papa, whose estimate of me I am aware is not in excess. For can I forget what he said that wet Saturday afternoon in the back drawing-room, when I tendered myself to him as a son-in-law, and the

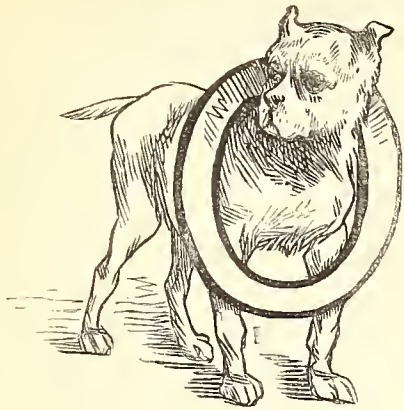
tender was not accepted? After telling him that it was the summit, the pinnacle of my ambition to win you as my wife, did he not answer that he considered I ought not to aspire to your hand until the statement of my pecuniary means (as he worded it) was more satisfactory, and, meanwhile, requested me to discontinue my pointed attentions? Never until *you* bid me. Only be firm, and the difficulties now in our way will but serve to cement us more closely together; only be true and I will wait patiently for that day which shall put the coping-stone to my happiness. I build upon every word, every look, every smile I can call to mind. You *will* write and assure me there is no foundation for the report of another and more fortunate competitor, but that I still fill the same niche in your affections I ever did? For, CAROLINE, were I to hear you were an "engaged" Tower, I could not survive the blow. I should stab myself with my compasses in the back office. —But away with such gloomy fears. Let me picture her to myself. How plumb she stands! How arch she looks! What a beam in her eye! What a graceful curve in her neck! What an exquisitely chiselled nose! What a brick of a girl altogether! I must stop in my specification, or you will think there is something wrong in my upper story, and not give credence to a word I say.

I have just been calling on your sister, and saw your little pet POPPY, who talked in her pretty *Early English* about "TANT TARRY." AUNT SARAH was there, staying the day, looking as mediæval as ever, and with her hair dressed in the usual Decorated style. She hinted that you were imperious, and that any man who married you must make up his mind (grim joke) to fetch and Carry at your bidding. And then you were so ambitious! The wisacre! why, I will leave no stone unturned to get on in my profession if you will only be constant. I will be the architect of my own fortunes—your love the keystone of my prosperity. The columns of every newspaper shall record my success; every Capital in Europe shall know my name. She did not unhinge me a bit, and the shafts of her ridicule fell harmless; although, she made an allusion to "dumpy" men, which I knew was levelled at me, and sneered at married life as very pretty for a time, but the stucco soon fell off. Poor AUNT SARAH! I left her sitting up quite perpendicular with that everlasting work which she is always herring-boning. And now, CARRY darling—oh, dear! I am wanted about something in our designs for the new Law Courts, and have only time to sign myself,

Your own, till Domesday, NORMAN.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(My stay at Boodels comes to an abrupt termination.)



N this evening I will retire to my room early, to work at *Typical Developments*, Chap. I., Book I., Volume I., Section I., Paragraph No. 2. I feel that if I don't do it now, while I am in the vein, I never shall.

9:30.—We are alone, BOODELS (of Boodels) and I, in the study. I shall leave BOODELS, unless he drags the pond to-morrow, because that's what I came down for. BOODELS praises MILBURD in his absence, as if he was disparaging me. I don't like the tone. Shall leave BOODELS unless he drags the pond to-morrow.

I am now sitting with my note-book in my hand, so as not to waste my time, watching BOODELS. BOODELS is apparently going to sleep in his arm-chair. Good. When BOODELS is asleep, I shall retire very quietly to my room. It's a bad habit, that of BOODELS', sleeping after dinner. He is only dozing; if I move, he'll wake. I'll pretend to read; but I'll watch. I am going to think, so as not to waste time. Can't fix my thoughts. Something flits through my brain about Mesopotamia,—then fire-irons,—then cockles,—then—

* * * * *

I've been asleep: BOODELS has gone.

11 P.M.—Another evening passed, and no *Typical Developments* done. WILLKS, the butler, appears with my bed candle, and says that his master is smoking a cigar, up-stairs. I'll just say "good night" to him, and then to work—to work in the silent night—at *Typical Developments*, Vol. I., Book I., Section I., Chapter I., Paragraph No. 2.

I find BOODELS on a sofa, with all his dogs. They jump up, and bark at me; all, except the bulldog, who creeps round me, smelling my calves.

This noise makes BOODELS quite lively. He says, Oh, don't go to bed yet." I plead "work." He says, "Bring it in here." Shan't I disturb him? "Not in the least: he'd like it; wants to hear how I'm getting on." I like BOODELS when you've got him alone; he's himself then. Evil MILBURDS corrupt good BOODELS. I think of this while I fetch my MS. My paper is spread out: pens, ink, all ready.

My last sentence where I left off commences, "Man at once possible and impossible—" I stick there. BOODELS is petting the dogs, and it distracts me. Seeing that it has this effect, BOODELS considerably tells the dogs to lie down, and then he smokes solemnly. Somehow, this distracts me more than ever. I feel a strong desire to talk. I must get myself into the swing. Would BOODELS mind my reading aloud just to get myself into the swing? "No; he'd like it immensely."

Happy Thought.—Always try to interest your host.

I tell him that I consider him as representing a section of the public, and I should like to have his opinion. "Candidly?" he asks. "Candidly," I answer, "as a friend." He says, "Very well; fire away." I fire away. I read what I've done. * * * * Well, how does he like it? "Candidly?" he asks. Yes, of course. Well, then, he *doesn't* like it at all. He doesn't set up for a judge, he admits. I should think not. BOODELS a judge of this sort of thing! Good heavens! I tell him that I don't think he understands it. He answers, rather tetchily, "Very likely not." I ask what passage he finds fault with? He answers that "he dislikes the idea." I say, "Hang it! dislike the idea! That's confoundedly illogical." He replies, that "he's not a logician; and if he'd known I would have got so angry on hearing an honest opinion, why—" "Angry! No, dash it! I'm not angry; because there's nothing I like to hear better than an honest opinion; but I mean to say that if he dislikes this of mine, why, he wouldn't care about BUCKLE'S *History of Civilisation*, or DARWIN'S 'Book'" (I forget the name, so I call it "book"), "or HUME, or JEREMY BENTHAM" (I like saying "JEREMY," it sounds familiar), "or the old metaphysical writers" (I think this will shake him a little), "or, in fact, any of those fellows." I didn't want to say "fellows," feeling that it rather lowered the tone of my argument. BOODELS rejoins, sharply, "Good heavens! you don't mean to say you put yourself on a par with DARWIN, and BUCKLE, and BENTHAM!" I don't say I do. He says, "What?" I repeat, loudly, "I don't say I do." He takes me up—he is very nasty to-night, "Do, indeed! I should think not." He adds, "that he doesn't know what I mean by *Typical Developments*, and he supposes that I don't, either." I repress myself—he is my host—and luckily recollecting a repartee of SHERIDAN'S, or some one's, which I've used successfully on several occasions, I say, with quiet satire, "My dear fellow, I can't find you books and brains, too."

Having said it, it strikes me that I hadn't got the repartee quite right. BOODELS returns, "Find brains for me! You must have sufficient difficulty in providing yourself with that article." [N.B. On calm consideration, this is such an evident reply that I don't think I could have got my repartee right. If I did say it right, why didn't some one make that reply to SHERIDAN?]

Happy Thought.—The wits of whom we hear so much were not such very sharp fellows, after all. For *Typical Developments*, Chapter XIII., when I get to it.]

Silence. Can't see the answer to BOODELS' repartee. There must be one. BOODELS takes his candle to go to bed. We shake hands. He's a good fellow, after all, only he oughtn't to talk about what he doesn't understand. I regret, to myself, while shaking hands, that I can't think of an answer to BOODELS' repartee. Something about "his not having any brains" would do it, but I can't see my way. He makes a discovery. We've been talking so much, he's quite forgotten to ring for WILLKS to take the dogs away. All servants in bed now. The pug always sleeps in his (BOODELS') room, but the bulldog and the terrier ought to be outside. I propose letting 'em out. It appears we can't without disturbing the entire household in order to get the keys.

A happy thought, as he calls it, strikes BOODELS. "He will take the pug and the terrier to his room, and I shall take the bulldog and the skye to mine." He says, "it's better than disturbing the whole household." I don't think so, but, under the circumstances, wouldn't make an objection. I hope the bulldog will settle the matter for himself, by refusing to follow me. This difficulty is obviated by BOODELS carrying him. BOODELS wishes me "good night," and retires with his pug and the terrier.

12:30.—I am alone. The bulldog and the skye have not moved from the door. The skye is sniffing, and the bull is watching me, mistrustfully. I'll take no notice of them, but put on my dressing-gown, and sit down to write. While brushing my hair, I wish, for the fourth time, that I'd thought of an answer to BOODELS' repartee about brains.

Now, for an hour's quiet work. * * * * Both dogs have taken to sniffing, or whining, alternately. This'll drive me distracted. I don't like to turn them out in the passage, BOODELS is so particular about his dogs. P'rhaps they'll tire themselves out. Let me write. "Man at once possible and impossible, took his origin from the pulverisation of hitherto conflicting natural particles. Man was developed, slowly, among the ruins of a mammoth world, to rule the brute creation, to make the tawny lion bend before his iron will, to—" That infernal bulldog has got on the bed; just on the part where the sheet is turned down—in fact, where I get in. He is disposing himself for sleep. If the bulldog sleeps there, I don't. I'll wait till he's asleep, and shake him off suddenly. I'll bide my time. Let me see. "Man—to rule—to make the tawny lion bend before his iron will, to—subdue, by the mesmeric authority of his intelligent eye, the stupendous elephant, the" (leave a blank for a good epithet here), "rhinoceros, the untamed denizen of the primæval jungle, the—" The bulldog is asleep. I approach the bed on tiptoe. He knows it, the beast; and growls, without taking the trouble to open his eyes! I retire to my chair. How am I to get into bed?

Happy Thought.—To open the door. Hang BOODELS, I can't help it if he likes it or not; they must go into the passage. I shall leave this to-morrow. * * * The scheme has succeeded—they've gone. In the distance I hear them scratching at BOODELS' door and whining. To bed—turn the key. * * * Savage knock: BOODELS in a rage: why the deuce I can't keep the dogs. Row: I won't open the door. Wish for the fifth time that I could think of an answer to his repartee about brains: it would have just come in now. I shall certainly go to-morrow: BOODELS is rude.

Next Morning.—First post: two letters. In consequence of my not deciding to take the Old Feudal Castle with the shooting, the landlord has let it, and the shooting, separately, to a MR. WYNSFORD, and another party. I know WYNSFORD: will write to him. A Feudal Castle must be so calm and retired. And then the moat and the bastions! charming. The other letter is from MRS. PLYTE FRASER. An invitation to Furze Lodge. "We shall be so delighted to see you, and I dare say you will be able to pick up some character here: our neighbourhood abounds in curiosities." Clever woman. After all, one must have female society. To see much of BOODELS and MILBURD, CAWKER, and dogs has a very deteriorating effect on one's mind. I'll accept MRS. FRASER'S note, at once: in fact, telegraph, and go to-day.

Happy Thought.—Tip the butler: he's really been very civil, so has the footman. So has everyone: tip everyone. Difficult thing to do neatly. One ought to make some pretence about it: say, for instance, to the butler, "Here's half a sovereign for you to buy ribbons," or shoes, or neckties, or something. I have tipped them—awkwardly, I'm aware: they took it condescendingly. BOODELS is sulky to-day; MILBURD looks in to know about dragging the pond; BOODELS don't know. I should like to try SHERIDAN'S repartee on MILBURD, and see what he says. The Fly has come. BOODELS doesn't say he'll be

glad to see me again. MILBURD makes an ass of himself by pretending to embrace me and then cry bitterly.

Happy Thought.—Never ask a friend's opinion on one's original MS. Leads to difficulties.

Happy Thought in Railway Carriage.—I've thought of the answer to BOODELS' repartee. When he said that about "my not being able to find him in brains," I ought to have said, "Brains! don't talk of what you know nothing about." That would have done him; I wish I was quicker at thinking of these things. I must practise repartee.

Happy Thought.—Having nothing to do in the carriage, I'll begin practising repartee with myself, in my note-book.

Let's suppose cases. *1st Hypothesis.* Some one says to me "What a fool you are!" Now, what's the repartee for that? I don't know what I should say exactly. There must be an answer to it of some sort. To return "Not such a fool as you are," sounds rather weak; at least it isn't the brilliant style of repartee that I want to have at my fingers' ends. I'll try it on somebody presently, and see what he says. Better try it on a boy; some sharp lad, not too big.

Suppose another. *2d Hypothesis.* Some one says to me, "Why you've got no more brains than a cat." What should I reply to that. Something about "cat:" I don't quite see what, but that's the line of thought for the repartee to that. Odd, how slow I am at this sort of thing: I must practise.

Happy Thought.—As I can't see any little boy, I'll try "What a fool you are" on some sharp-looking railway porter, just as we're moving away from the next station. * * * Now * * * I have tried it: I thought we were moving on, but we were only taking on fresh carriages or something, and came back to the same place. The man, a herculean porter, was at my window again in a second, very angry. "If I'd come out there" (he meant on the platform) "he'd show me if he was a fool or not." He got quite a crowd round the door. I couldn't give him a shilling because everyone was looking. The station-master came up for my name and address. I tried to explain that it was merely a sort of witticism, but the Policeman, with the station-master, said it was wilfully provoking an assault. The porter wouldn't take an apology. I have left my card. This doesn't help me with repartees: I must think 'em out for myself.

London Terminus.—To another station on my road to Mrs. FRASER'S. Repartee with cabman about fare. Cabman had the best of it in strong language. He finished up by crying out, at the top of his voice, "Call yourself a man! Why, I'm blanked if I ain't seen a better man than you made out of blanky tea-leaves!" There was a shout of laughter from every one at this, and he drove off before I could get up a repartee. There must be one to this. I'll get a good one, and be ready with it. Off by train again.

MUSICAL ADULTERATION.



DULTERATED as evcry-thing that we eat and drink now-a-days is, excepting eggsperhaps, where will the mania for adulteration stop? We breakfast off adulterated tea and bread and butter, we have adulterated soup and beer and jelly at our dinner, with our dessert we get a head-ache from adulterated wine, and after it they serve us adulterated coffee. Then the bed on which we toss and tumble in the pangs of indigestion is stuffed, we may discover, with adulterated feathers, and finally,

the doctor whom we send for in the morning makes up his prescription with adulterated drugs. Nor is our palate the only part attacked. We wear upon our backs adulterated coats, and adulterated silk is the material of our neckcloths. Our linen is washed weekly with adulterated soap, and our boots are daily polished, not with brilliant EVERETT'S—but with adulterated blacking. Half of what we read is written in adulterated English, scraps of French and Latin being needlessly lugged in; adulterated pictures are vamped up for our eyes, while our ears are sorely tried with adulterated music.

Musical adulteration is performed in this wise. Somebody without the brains to write an air himself lays hold of one composed by some more gifted writer. This he twists and turns about, first in one key then another, putting what should be the treble in the bass, now whispering the tune in the softest of *pianos*, and then thundering it forth in the noisiest of *fortes*, keeping up the while a hop-and-skip-and-jump accompaniment, which so effectually disguises the melody in treatment that they who know it best can with difficulty recognise it. All its beauties are disfigured, distorted and destroyed, and a simple charming air becomes a complex piece of senseless jingle-jangle. When his work is published, the adulterator calls it a "Theme with Variations;" and if he have a name for the concoction of such rubbish, thousands of pianos will be thumped with the poor tune until it is supplanted by some newer "composition."

What wonder that when girls are taught to practise stuff like this they lose all taste for music, and buy whatever trash their teachers choose to foist upon them? Playing brainless music is as weakening to the mind as reading senseless novels, and for the health of female intellects there ought to be a social Act of Parliament to stop it. If the pains young ladies take in learning how to knock a tune about on the piano were devoted to such works as those of MENDELSSOHN and BEETHOVEN, their minds as well as fingers would in some measure be stretched, and their time would be by no means unprofitably spent.

There is a real pleasure in striving to interpret and give a proper utterance to the thoughts of great musicians, and both the player and the hearers may be benefited by them. But in studying a fashionable "air with variations," not mind but merely mechanism is the thing required, and all the player aims at is dexterity of fingers. Instead of giving admiration to these musical gymnastics on account of the agility and skill which are displayed in them, nine people out of ten who have the benefit of hearing them must think it a great pity that so much time has been wasted on what gives so little pleasure when it is achieved. Watch the faces in a drawing-room when MISS THUMPINGTON performs one of these acrobatic *morceaux*, and you will see the shade of boredom spreading as she plays, and that every one will look relieved and happy when she finishes. "The Battle of Prague"—or *Plague*—was bad enough to have to listen to, but these "airs with variations" are infinitely worse; for one can't help feeling savage that the themes of a great master should be put to such a use. For all who have a hand in this adulterated music (whether they be writers, publishers, or players) *Punch* wishes that a Cave of Trophonius were handy, whence Silence might be prayed to take all sound out of their works. Blondinism on pianos is a misuse of dexterity; and as for giving any praise because adulterated music is difficult to play, *Punch* inclines with DR. JOHNSON to wish it were impossible.

SOVEREIGN ALLEY.

As down in Sovereign Alley
For "sugar" I did go,
Admiring of the gutters
Which in that alley flow,

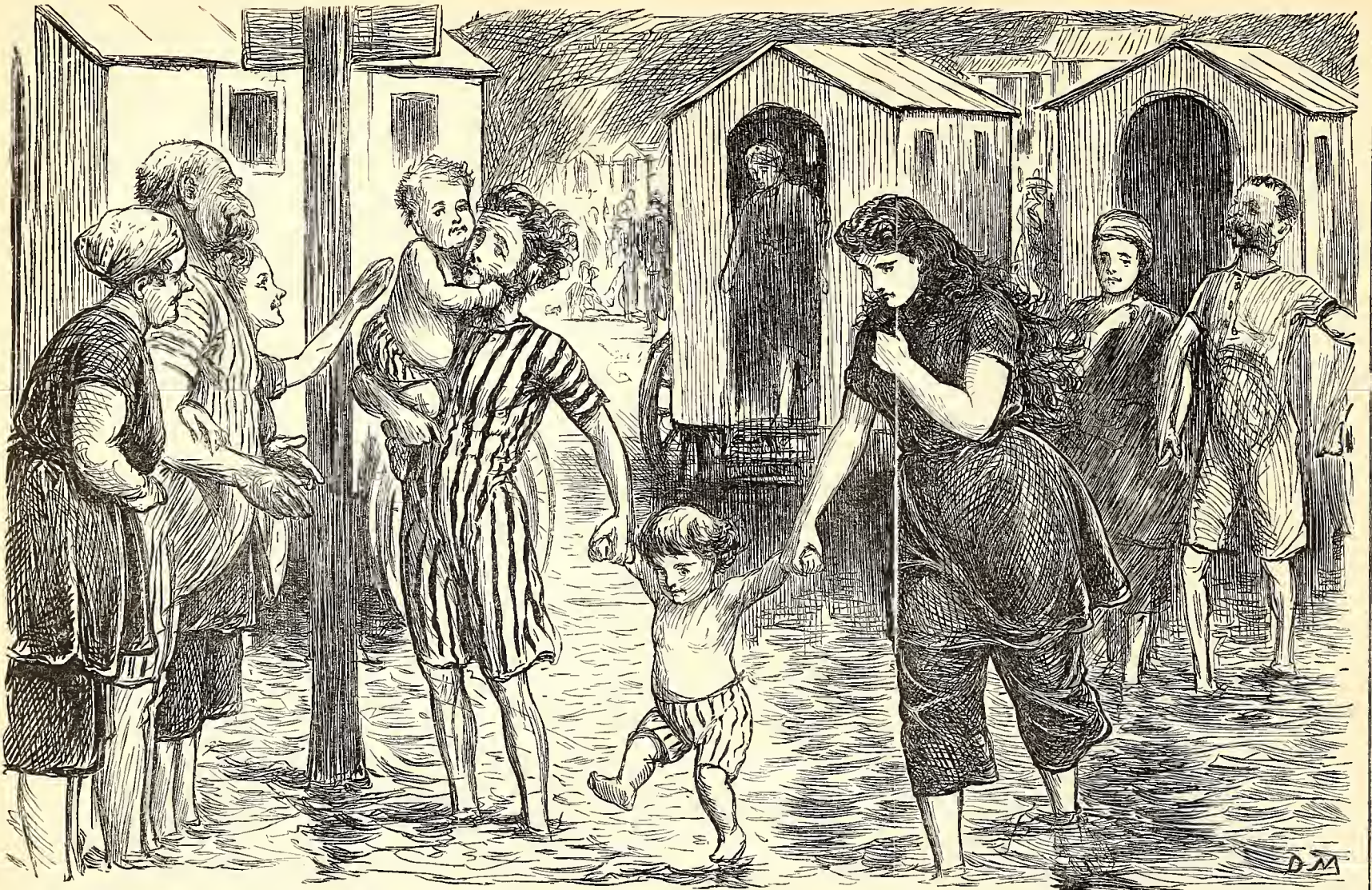
I there did meet a voter,
And unto him did say,
"Beest thee engaged on either side?
Come tell me uow, I pray."

I ben't engaged on either side,
I solemnly declare;
For I've took this here one's money,
And means to vote that there.

BEAR AND EAGLE.

ACCORDING to a telegram which arrived the other day from St. Petersburg, at a farewell banquet lately given at that capital in honour of the United States Embassy, PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF made a speech wherein he expressed his confidence in the permanent duration of a good understanding between North America and Russia, and said, in addition:—"This good understanding is neither a danger nor a menace to other nations, and is dictated neither by ambitious or covert designs." Of course the Prince made this declaration with profound gravity. If a Russian dinner is always a *dîner à la Russe*, at which the guests are served by attendants, of course the American Ambassador had no opportunity of saying, "Shall I help you to Turkey?" and enabling the Russian diplomatist to reply, "Thank you—perhaps you would like to take Canada."

SERIOUS WORK ON BREACH-LOADERS.—*The Needle Gun; or, Bismarck's Call to the Unconverted.*



BAIN DE MER.

THE TITWILLOWS TAKE A "BANG DY FAMEEL," OR FAMILY BATH. THEY MEET SOME TABLE-D'HÔTE ACQUAINTANCES, CONSISTING OF AN "ANCIENT COLONEL OF CAVALRY IN RETREAT," AND HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER, WHO OFFER TO TEACH THEM THE PRINCIPLES OF NATATION. MRS. T. DOESN'T LIKE IT AT ALL.

THE LAUGH OF THE LEFT-BEHIND ONE.

THEY wouldn't let me have my leave,
Sec, under-sec, head-clerks and all,
Claimed choice of times, left me to grieve
An August and September thrall!

They had their country-house invites,
Their moors or stubbles, yachts or streams,
Their little tours, their foreign sights,
And I was left to dream my dreams—

To dream of pleasure out of town,
And wake to toil, from ten till four;
Doomed civil-servant of the Crown,
Upon a Whitehall second-floor!

With everybody out of town,
And nothing even in the *Times*
To keep the weary yawning down,
From ten's curs'd stroke to four's glad chimes.

"Happy that sec, and under-sec,
Thrice happy those chief clerks"—methought—
"Let loose from office work and check,
To catch Time flying, kill him, caught!"

"And miserable me! still doomed
In London's desert lone to pine;
Cabined and cribbed, red-taped and roomed,
With scarce a Club whereat to dine;

"In all the painters are let loose,
From attic high to area low,
And one small room serves every use—
'There's nobody in town, you know!'

"The houses where my cards I drop—
Each house that's good for feed or ball—
Close shuttered from ground floor to top,
Stare blankly at me, one and all!

"The Park a waste—the swells withdrawn—
The chignons fled from Rotten Row;
Like swallows with the summer gone
To happier fields than I may know."

So, left behind, I dreamed of joy
For them, of dreariness for me,
And deemed my draught without alloy—
The bitterest bitters that could be.

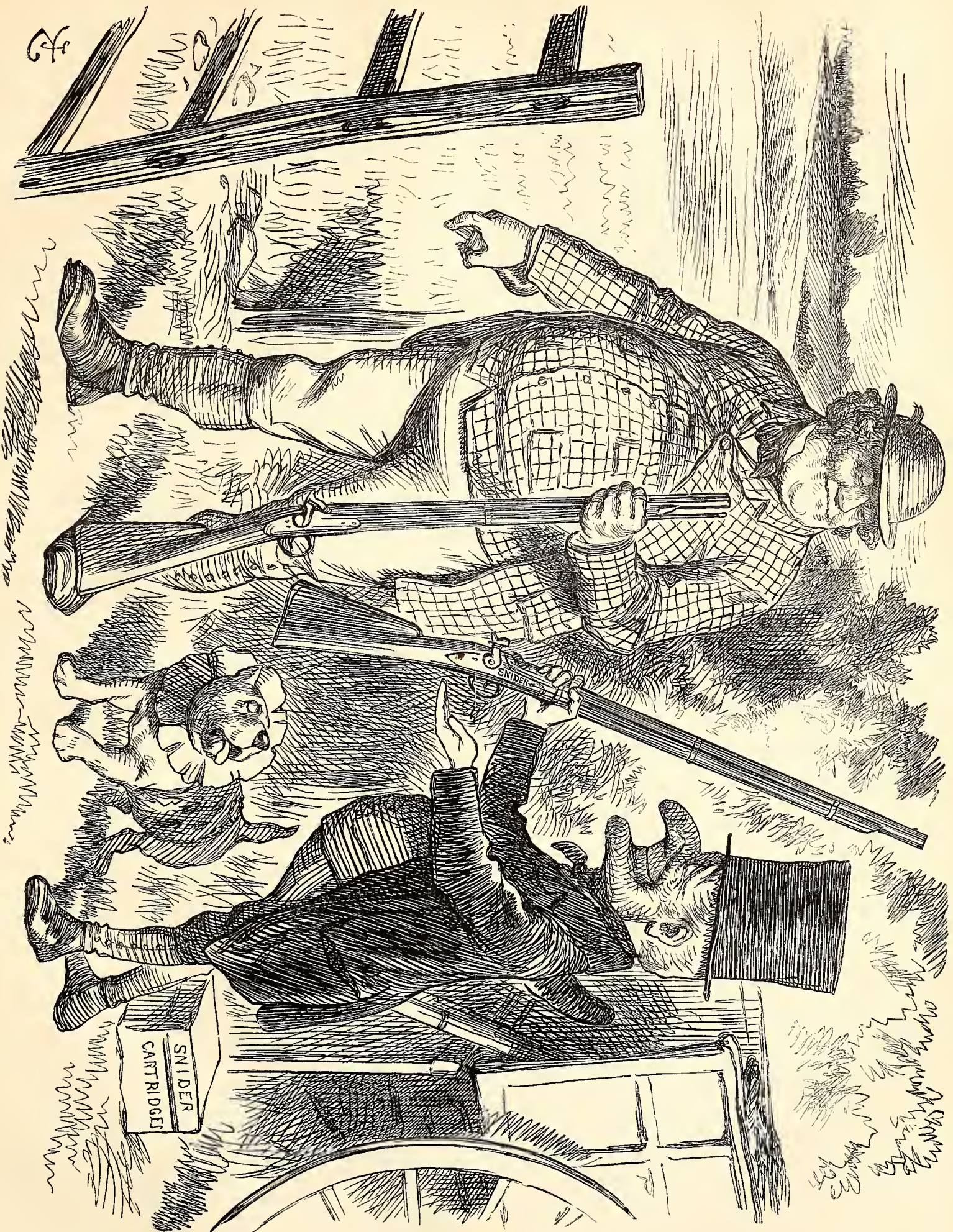
When lo, the weather has come down
As my avenger! Day by day,
I mark the sky's forbidding frown,
I hear the rain that rains away.

I think, "Now, if they're off to shoot,
How precious wet through they will be!
If yachting, soaked from head to foot,
And such a devil of a sea!"

"If on the moors, the grouse won't lie
In this delightful wind and wet;
In stubbles, old birds will be shy,
And half the young 'uns drowned, I bet.

"And it is just the same, I'm glad
To hear, for those abroad that roam:
The weather is so jolly bad
The tourists are all coming home!

And so I smile, and fold my wraps,
And bless the fate that shapes our ends,
And serves out egotistic chaps
Who take their leaves before their friends!



SPORT IN EARNEST.

HEAD-KEEPER PUNCH. "YOU REALLY MUSTN'T SHOOT WITH THE OLD MUZZLE-LOADER, MR. BULL. THIS IS THE GUN FOR YOU, SIR—THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY!"

WORKMEN IN POSSESSION.

O YE who are out on the mountains and moors,
Released from all business, remote from all bores,
How well you are off were you only aware!—
As long as you can, wise ones, stay where you are.

Repose in the lap of content far away,
Until you can't sponge any longer, or pay;
Nor homeward return from the game and the grouse,
At least ere the workmen are out of your house.

Poor wretch, whom necessity calls back to Town,
When there his abode he finds turned upside down,
The carpets all up, walls of paper laid bare;
The premises all undergoing repair!

Doors, balusters, passage, with paint are all wet
Your coatsleeves besmeared in the first place you get;
Size mingled with turpentine, grateful perfume
Exhaling, with fragrance pervades every room.

Lo, buckets and pails in your way all about:
Steps standing within, doors and ladders without,
Here scattered are paint-pots and brushes, and slabs,
There, stuck in the corners, of putty lie dabs,

There's trampling of highlows about naked floors,
Loud talking, and laughing, and banging of doors;
Continual hammering vexes your ear,
And ever at eve the men ask you for beer.

You sleep where you can, and your bed-room must do
For sitting-room, study and library too,
Your papers a chaos, your books strewn around,
In heaps, on the chest of drawers, table, or ground.

A looking-glass smashed may your fury provoke,
Perhaps a rude fist your barometer broke:
Some damage or loss, more or less you are sure,
When workmen dismantle your house, to endure.

Discomfort, distraction! The wealthy how blest
With leisure to flee and ascend alpine crest!
The time and the money they're able to spare,
Escape smell of paint and breathe fresh mountain air.

But, scaling a slope with a footing like glass,
To make a false step and slip down a crevasse,
In what a position the climber would be!
One not to be envied, now even, by me.

TOASTED CHEESE.

"TALHAIARN," of Llanfair, Abergele, North Wales, has written to the *Times* a letter in vindication of the Eisteddfod, with special regard to the Welsh language and Welsh music. He omits to notice the testimony to both which the divine WILLIAMS (of Welsh extraction evidently) puts into the mouth of *Hotspur*:—

"Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.
By 'r lady, he's a good musician."

If Welsh is particularly a language of humour and harmony, the best thing the Eisteddfod could do to effect its objects would be to establish in this metropolis a Welsh Comic Opera. There can be no doubt that a Welsh Opera might be very comic even though meant to be serious. An overture performed by an orchestra consisting of Welsh Harps, however, if possible, would be novel. Hitherto the great Welsh composers have had no theatre for the display of their genius.

"The intention," says TALHAIARN, "of the Eisteddfod is to cultivate poetry and music, art and science." Another object of Welsh nationality might be the cultivation of that excellent vegetable the leek, which TALHAIARN, like his compatriot *Fluellen*, taking up the cudgel on behalf of his country, might compel English *Pistols* to eat, washing it down with *crw*: a liquor in which we shall ever be happy to drink "Success to the Cymri." Another toast we would propose is that of cheese; and the Eisteddfod might profitably turn its attention to the development of the Welsh rabbit.

NO WONDER.

THERE is a deficient supply of seamen for the Merchant Navy. Can we be surprised when we consider the Scurvy treatment they receive?

TOO MUCH LEARNING.

If a Pupil wants a good deal for his, or her, or friends' money, let him matriculate at the London Academy of Music. See here:—

THE LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC, St. James's Hall, 28, Piccadilly.

Principal—PROF. WYLDE, Mus. Doc.

Harmony and Composition—DR. WYLDE.	Violoncello—M. PAQUE.
Pianoforte—DR. WYLDE, HERR HENSLEK, and MR. J. F. BARNETT.	Italian—SIG. MAGGIONI.
Italian Singing—SIGNORI GARCIA, LABLACHE, GILARDONI, and SCHIRA.	French—M. TOURRIER.
Harp—MM. OBERTHÜR & T. H. WRIGHT; Sight Reading, HERR GANZ.	Department—M. PETIT.
Organ—MR. GEORGE COOPER.	
Harmonium—M. LEMMENS.	
Concertina—SIG. REGONDI.	
Violin—HERR JANZA.	

A Lady-Superintendent and Governess.

The NEXT TERM COMMENCES Oct. 1st. The Academy is for amateurs and professional students, ladies and gentlemen. Students residing at a distance can receive all their lessons on one day.

Fourteen branches of knowledge taught and nineteen masters to teach them. So far so good and very excellent. But the point to which we would draw attention is this—"Students residing at a distance can receive all their lessons on one day." We suppose the students would come up to town, and not have their lessons given them by telegraph. The Italian singing lesson with SIGNORI GARCIA, LABLACHE, GILARDONI, and SCHIRA at one end of the wire and the pupil at the other would be an amusing novelty. M. PETIT would perhaps find more difficulty in adapting his lessons on Department to telegraphic communications. But as we said before, of course the Pupil comes up to town, fresh from the country to be touched up in these fourteen departments of useful knowledge by the nineteen paid professors. Perhaps they will be all waiting in the hall to receive him or her. DR. WYLDE first with music-paper and pens; HERR HENSLEK carrying a pianoforte, with J. F. BARNETT inside. The Italian professors singing a quartette, accompanied by the harp-players OBERTHÜR and WRIGHT; while apart from the rest in a corner will be seated at a small table, with a patent safety lamp, if necessary, HERR GANZ reading something at sight.

Say he or she arrives at 9 o'clock in the morning.

First hour, 9-10.—DR. WYLDE Harmony and Composition.

Second hour, 10-11.—Pianoforte, DR. WYLDE again (*piu lento*), HERR HENSLEK (*agitato*), J. F. BARNETT (*furioso, pomposo*).

Third hour, 11-12.—Italian singing without pianoforte-players for a change. SIGNOR GARCIA first. SIGNOR LABLACHE who doesn't quite approve of SIGNOR GARCIA's method. Then SIGNOR GILARDONI, who doesn't think much of either of them; and SIGNOR SCHIRA who is unteaching what has gone before when the lesson concludes. Five minutes allowed for refreshment, and the Lady-Superintendent brings in a supply of wet towels and snuff; or, if for a lady, eau de Cologne.

Fourth hour, 12-1.—Harp; Pupil comes up smiling, but a little shaky. MM. OBERTHÜR and WRIGHT show their separate ways of playing. Pupil grateful, but wandering.

Fifth hour, 1-2.—When pupil would have lunch, if at home. Lesson on Organ, by MR. GEORGE COOPER. Pupil glad to play on it with his or her feet. Pupil wants to smoke the organ pipes; matches removed by MR. COOPER.

Sixth hour, 2-3.—M. LEMMENS on Harmonium. Pupil won't let him get off harmonium. Altercation; introduction of a New Poker. End of the harmonium.

Seventh hour, 3-4.—SIGNOR REGONDI arrives with Concertina; Pupil violent. SIGNOR REGONDI leaves without Concertina.

Eighth hour, 4-5.—HERR JANZA comes to teach violin; Pupil plays Concertina to him. Lady-Superintendent telegraphs for police.

Ninth hour, 5-6.—M. PAQUE looks in at the door, and just shows the top of his violoncello. Pupil flies at him; end of ninth lesson. Pupil knocked on the head by a friend. Pupil asleep; better.

Tenth hour, 6-7.—SIGNOR MAGGIONI hears Pupil translate the first scene of an Italian opera, "Oh, heavens! 'tis he! Shameless one!"

Eleventh hour, 7-8.—French lesson. M. TOURRIER enters and says, "Commongvoopertyvoo." Pupil says, "Trabang Myshoo," and dances round him.

Twelfth hour, 8-9.—M. PETIT to teach deportment. Walks with Pupil up and down the room. Pupil carries him pick-a-back suddenly. Finally, M. PETIT undertakes to see him, or her, carefully back again to the country, say as far as Colwell-Hatchney, where for the future this highly educated person will reside.

Gazette Extraordinary.

As some old friends have been grumbling at SIR SAMUEL BAKER being only made a Knight, and not getting a Baronetcy, *Mr. Punch* has had to compromise the matter with HER MAJESTY. LADY BAKER will be at once raised to the peerage, made a Peeress in her own right, and will take the title of "The Lady of the Lake."



SEASONABLE LUXURY.

Old Gent (disgusted). "HERE, WAITER! HERE'S A—HERE'S A—A—CATERPILLAR IN THIS CHOP!"

Waiter (flippantly). "YESSIR. ABOUT THE TIME O' YEAR FOR 'EM JUST NOW, SIR!"

THE MEETING OF THE WINES.

A HIGHLY-PRICED Meeting of established old Wines was recently held at The Green Seal in Cork Street, called together to consider their present position and future prospects. OLD PORT, who met with a most cordial reception, presided, and opened the proceedings by remarking that he and his fellow-decanter felt it to be their duty, he might say their wine-duty, to broach a subject which, in the privacy of their particular bins, and the seclusion of their own saw-dust, they had long and soberly discussed. Born in the year '20, he was of an age to remember the good old drinking times, and the contrast between their convivialities and the effeminate sobriety of the moderu mahogany often racked him with anguish, and caused him to pipe his eye in secret sorrow. But they had not met by the dozen to whine over this sad change, although he feared the doctrines of those amiable fanatics, the teetotallers, (*hisses and confusion,*) were being rapidly imbibed by all classes, even by the very top crust of society, for only the other day he was disturbed by hearing that a nobleman of high rank regaled his guests with—giuger cordial. (*Here a shudder of horror ran through the whole wine-party.*) No, it was not a selfish motive that had induced them to exchange the calm quiet of the cellar for the heat and ferment of the platform, for they had made a pretty good thing out of the British public, and would have been satisfied to rest tranquil in their ancestral cobwebs; but a regard for the uerves, the temper, the digestive apparatus, the internal mechanism of the human frame compelled them to warn the nation against those low-priced and pernicious compositions with which the kingdom was now flooded, boldly placarded as Port and Sherry in the windows of every grocer, confectioner, and licensed victualler, until they, the long-descended wines of genuine foreign extraction, were ashamed of their names and vintages. The veteran PORT, whose remarks were hailed with a storm of applause, and heeltaps, concluded by calling on his friend, Excellent SHERRY, to address the Meeting.

Excellent SHERRY, in his natural dry manner, lamented the decay of

A VOICE AMONG THE BRAES.

(Lines by a Lady Tourist.)

O EDWARD, O mine own!
Those echoes wake again;
I love to hear that trumpet tone,
Arouse this lovely glen.

There's Scotland's prickly flower,
With bloom of purple blee;
It bids defiance to the power
Of all the world but Thee!

And thou hast borne me here,
In solitude profound;
To pour thy voice into mine ear—
Repeat the charming sound!

Behold yon crystal lake!
Come, bear me to its brink.
My EDWARD there his thirst may slake,
Though he is choice of drink.

Would I, if to proceed,
Thou, EDWARD, should'st decline,
With cruel hand enforce thy speed?
Oh never, EDWARD, mine!

I'd feed thee, cheer thee, try
Persuasion's patient ways.
O EDWARD, lift thy voice on high
Once more among the braes!

All my Eye.

RESPECTING the late well-known astronomer, M. HERMAN GOLDSCHMIDT, newspapers declare that:—

"Though only an amateur in the science, he had discovered the telescopic planets, and his only instrument was a common opera-glass."

Surely not a common opera-glass. The opera-glass must have been an uncommon one. A common opera-glass will not render telescopic planets visible to an astronomer, and can only enable him to make observations on certain histrionic Stars.

"THE MASTER OF THE HORSE."—Lord Lyon's owner.

the golden age, protested against others making a butt of him, declared he was done brown, and solemnly assured his brother bottles that he frequently turned pale at the thought of the stuff consumed under his name, especially by ladies and the humbler clergy, to whose consciences and digestions he made a most impressive appeal. He closed by saying that he had a great regard for his poor relation, MARSALA, but must entreat him not to suffer himself to be handed round (aloug with sweet biseuits) as SHERRY.

[At this pint in the proceedings the venerable MADEIRA was introduced, having just arrived from a long voyage, and placed in his decanter with every mark of respect.]

CLARET said he had drunk in every word that had been dropped, and thought no respectable wine ought any longer to bottle up his wrath at the indignities he was exposed to; but though somewhat corky and inclined to pour forth his grievance, in humble imitation of the forbearance of their exhilarating Cheerman he should only say, as to much of the Lafitte in circulation, that he felt disposed to laugh it to scorn; and of the Médoc he met with in society, one word would express his opinion—medioere. He must add that he had no connection with the fluid he saw ticketed at 1s. a bottle. (*Sensation.*)

CHAMPAGNE, who could no longer be kept in, was up the instant CLARET resumed his jug, and indulged in some sparkling allusion to the common gooseberry and familiar rhubarb. He was followed by MOSELLE and HOCK, who both rose together, as they found it impossible to be still any longer, but being slightly elevated the Cheerman put them down. The bottles then broke up, and things took a convivial turn.

Amongst the company we noticed VIN DE GRAVE (looking very serious), TOKAY (with an Imperial), BURGUNDY white with rage, which he could hardly gulp down, HERMITAGE in a retired corner, MOUNTAIN hampered with TENT, and CHABLIS, who protested against the practice of servants calling him Shabby.

Several Greek, Hungarian and Sicilian wines were unable to obtain admission.

THE VETERAN IN WOODSTOCK WORKHOUSE.



BY HERCULES, *Mr. Punch*, *Nil admirari* is no motto of mine. I could only adopt it by construing your friend "Q. H. F." in a very literal sense. Could one admire nothing, as girls and babies laugh at nothing, that, indeed, would be something to make and keep one happy. Nay, it is not easy to conceive greater happiness than that of being constantly in a state of admiration with nothing at all to admire. This would be like a perpetual enjoyment of all the pleasures of the table without turtle, or venison, or tripe. It would correspond to an everlasting state of beer *minus* beer, and apart from anything else like Château d'Yquem. But man cannot enjoy empty dishes. Nonentity won't do for mutton. As I want something to eat, so I want something to admire. I

esteem the capability of admiring answerable to a good appetite. Therefore, I systematically admire everything that I can. I am always finding some fresh object of admiration, and what I now see chiefly to admire is the condition of the British Army and Navy in general, but particularly, (with a letter I have recently read in the *Times* before me), the self-sacrifice of the British soldier.

Even you, Sir, were once a baby; so was DR. JOHNSON. Well, *Mr. Punch*, in early days, both of you were perhaps occasionally exasperated by nursemaids reciting, in the thought that they were diverting you, certain doggerel amœbæics beginning with—

"Who comes here?
"A Grenadier."
"What do you want?"
"A pot of beer."

Experience, however, sometimes discovers a pertinence in the idiotisms of the nursery which may afford delight. There is, Sir, now a soldier in the Woodstock Union Workhouse, one JOSEPH OLIVER, whose case appears to have been contemplated by the prophetic bard that originally composed the lines above quoted, doubtless in a state of clairvoyance. The Chaplain of that Union, who is also Master of the Woodstock Grammar School, gives us, in the *Times*, a short speech, of the sort which the military pauper, an old Waterloo man, is in the habit of delivering to those who sympathise with him under the circumstances in which he has been suffered, in his destitute old age, to place himself by a grateful country. According to the reverend gentleman:—

He says, "I feel I am fast going down hill, but I could eat better and suffer less pain if I could have something lighter to eat. I don't think I've eat an allowance of cheese these three weeks. If I could but have half-a-pint of beer a day it would be everything to me. I could do with that and my bread, and should be contented. I hope I am as happy as anybody can be in a workhouse, but I never knowed anybody stop in as could get out. Oh, how glad should I be to have liberty once more!"

This old soldier, it is true, was not a grenadier in the limited meaning of the word. He fought at Waterloo in the 95th Rifles, now the Rifle Brigade. But a Rifleman, is, to all intents and purposes a British Grenadier, as contemplated in the song which asserts the incomparability of CONON, LYSANDER, and all the other valiant heroes to that one. Nor does this veteran in the grey uniform demand a pot of beer in the pot-house sense of the word. That, as you and I, and MORLEY, and SAM POPE, and LAWSON know, is a quart. The British Grenadier in the workhouse limits his request to a pot of beer in what we will call the workhouse sense of the word. He asks for only half-a-pint of beer a-day; a pot so named rhetorically, part for the whole, a parochial pot, a union pot of beer. If the old man who in youth adventured to pour out his blood like water at Waterloo, could now get a small measure of beer poured out for himself, "it would be everything to him." He was ever a good soldier. At Waterloo he "followed LORD HILL up three times within pistol-shot of BONEY'S platform;" and after the fight was over he saved two lives. He is now aged 74 years, the last six of which he has spent in the workhouse, an example to its other inmates. After seven years' service, he had left the Army, and remained in his native village, working in the Stonesfield slate-quarries till he was nearly blind. The parish then allowed him out-door relief to the amount of half-a-crown and a loaf a week; but, since this

allowance, however generous for the needy people of Woodstock, was one "as I couldn't," he said, "live honest on," he was obliged to enter the institution wherein he now abides, sighing, "Oh, how glad I should be to have liberty once more!" and vainly craving half-a-pint of beer.

Small beer indeed, *Mr. Punch*, ought not that country to think of itself which permits its veterans to implore half-a-pint of swipes in vain?

But now, don't you admire, like me, the self-sacrifice performed by the British soldier in entering the service of a country that will let him want half-a-pint of beer in his old age? Don't you, Sir, also admire this treatment of British soldiers, and don't you unspeakably admire the magnitude of our Army, which, notwithstanding such usage, is kept up to a strength not less, perhaps, than one-fifth of the force that would be necessary for any serious attempt to resist invasion? All this is very admirable, certainly. Of course, we cannot, for one moment, entertain the fear that too hard trial of the self-sacrificing spirit of our voluntary soldiers will one day end in the alternative of a conscription, or no Army at all. There is one thing more, *Mr. Punch*, that cannot but greatly excite your admiration, as it does mine. That is the vast military expenditure of a nation so frugal that it cannot afford an old soldier half-a-pint of beer. "For Heaven's sake a pot of your smallest ale!" How much longer shall JOSEPH OLIVER be permitted to remain ineffectually uttering that piteous entreaty of

CHRISTOPHERO SLY?

GOOD AND SAFE WOMEN.

MR. PUNCH,

I've no patience with the fuss that is being made by those stupid papers about bribery. Of course, if a man really thinks he ought to vote on one side, and takes money to go and vote on the other, he doesn't do what is quite right, unless he has claims upon him that he ought to consider before everything; but how often is it the case that he has any idea which is the right side and which is the wrong? I'll be bound to say not ninety-nine times in a hundred, nor so much, scarcely ever. Nobody knows what a woman has to go through with a large family, and for a man in that situation, unless he is very well off, not to vote for whoever will pay the most, I think it positively wicked. It's a shame that women have no votes. Why not Womanhood Suffrage as well as Manhood Suffrage? I know what I would do with a suffrage I could get a hundred and fifty pounds by, or even ten.

But whether women have votes or no there is one thing I know, they could do much better than men, I mean managing the bribery, which I am sure there is no wrong in, or why do men laugh and joke about it, if they think it serious? I have heard them talk of a great briber years ago—I mean the briber lived many years ago—whose name was FRAIL. Who was it said "frailty thy name is woman"? meaning to be satirical, but I'm confident any woman would be much better than FRAIL at electioneering. We should be able to coax the voters in a way men can't, and get their votes at a much more reasonable rate, which would be a great save. What was that story of the butcher, I think, who let the beautiful Duchess of Whereabouts have his vote in favour of her candidate for a kiss? Only if the butcher's wife had known, she would have taken care that her husband shouldn't have been such a fool.

And besides, the women could do all the bribery among themselves, and that would prevent the money being spent at the public-house instead of in new dresses for the children, and paying the bills which run up in no time to a degree which is perfectly dreadful, and I'm sure it's always best to pay all the tradesmen as soon as you can, or else they put down all sorts of things you never had, and as to giving evidence before Commissions like Great Yarmouth, I should like to see how much they would get out of one who would only just like to be

THE WOMAN IN THE MOON.

P.S. It's the best plan always to send the money to the voter's wife, like the four sovereigns at Reigate done up in the starch.

THE LESSON OF THE LEGER.

WHAT Reform of the House were so thorough,
Could we manage with man as with horse;
And do in each county and borough,
What's been done on the Doncaster Course.
Our M.P.'s we might safely rely on,
And e'en household suffrage might bolt,
Could our polls show the famed British Lion,
Always beating the *Bribery* Colt!*

* The name under which *Savernake* first ran.

Telegrams (from Leicester Square).

THE Mutilated Statue is as well as can be expected. In consequence of the inclemency of the weather at night, another coat of paint has been ordered for him.



MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.—No. 6.

LAVINIA ARRIVES AT THE BRINK OF A GREAT WATERFALL, AND ASKS ITS NAME OF A PASSING SHEPHERD. SHEPHERD DOES NOT KNOW ENGLISH.

FEMININE SUPREMACY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

BEING a *lady*, I of course but very seldom read the newspapers. Politics and such stuff are all very well for *men*, but there is little in a paper that is interesting to women, except perhaps the *murders* and the *fashions*, and the *breach of promise* cases. The other day, however, I chanced to see a letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, written by a lady upon quite a lady's subject, namely that of the employment of a charitable sisterhood for "such works as hospital nursing, teaching in schools, and visiting the poor."

Having a *husband* to manage, as well as five small children, I have, you may imagine, as much work as I can do, and have scarce a *moment's* leisure for visiting rich people even, and naturally none at all for visiting the *poor*. But I thoroughly agree with the writer of the letter that very much good may be done by a charitable sisterhood; and though, being a true Britoness, I think that nothing, except *bonnets*, should be copied from the Continent, I quite admit with her that foreigners might give us a few vastly useful hints upon this *interesting* work. But I do not at all agree with her in stating as an axiom that—

"Every woman wishes for a beaten and familiar path to walk in. Whether rightly or wrongly, the most highly educated women are generally the most ready to feel and urge the impropriety of any unnecessary singularity, or anything like a disregard of public opinion, or even of custom, in their own sex."

"Unnecessary singularity" I abominate most heartily, as I have often told my husband when scolding him because he *meanly* will persist in keeping for my use a merely *one-horse* vehicle, while nearly all my friends are accustomed to a *pair*. But I deny that "every woman wishes for a beaten path to walk in," for I am very sure that most of us now much prefer to *ride*. Nor do I admit that women always feel inclined to comply with public custom. For instance, it is customary for a wife to make a promise that she will *obey* her husband, but I see no "impropriety" in her not keeping her word. And this leads me to another foolish statement in the letter, which I utterly dispute—

"Every woman likes to be ruled, and prefers that her ruler should not be of her own sex."

"Likes to be ruled" indeed! What stuff and nonsense, to be sure! I have no patience with the woman—if it really *be* a woman, which I'm half inclined to doubt. It's just the style of language that men *very often* use, when, cowards that they are, they try to make a woman fancy she was born—poor thing!—with brains inferior to their own. Before I married him, my husband sometimes talked in this way about the "*weaker*" sex. But I soon showed him that *some* women were quite as strong as men, and indeed a little stronger, both in mind and body too. The precious "*lords of the creation*," as they delight to call themselves, often find out that they have to give in to the *ladies*. "Like to be ruled," do we? Well, if this really be the *rule*, there are plenty of *exceptions* to it, and among them you may reckon,

Sir, your very *humble* Servant,

GRIFFINA GREYMARÉ, *née* PRANCER.

P.S. Pray does *Mrs. Judy* like being ruled by you? * If so, poor thing, I pity her!

* Yes, Madam, she does: for she is a true woman. And can do without your pity, thank you.—*Printer's Angel*.

A LUCID EXPLANATION.

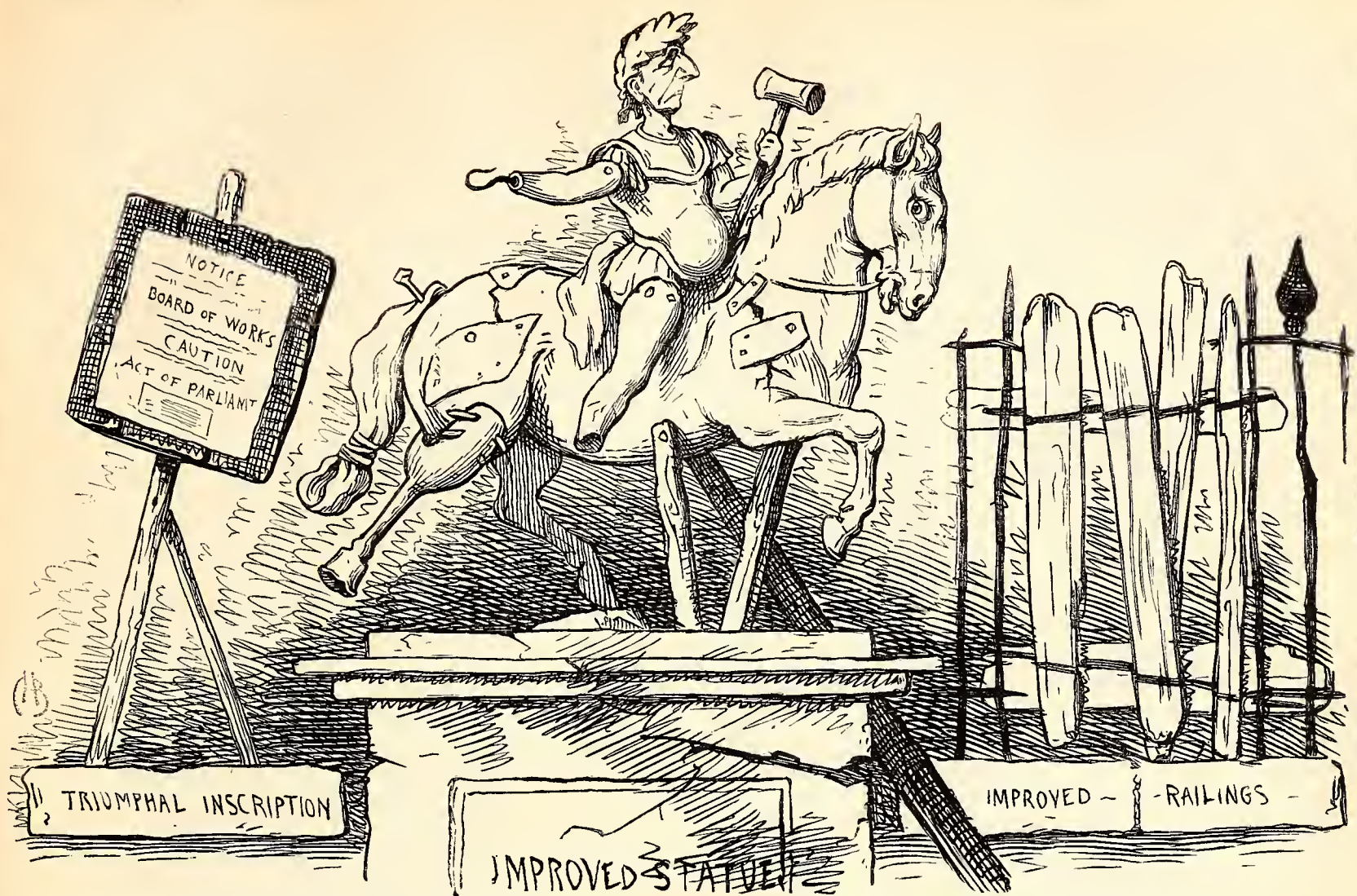
SAID ANGELINA to her EDWIN, as they looked through an old glee-book, "EDWIN, dearest, pray what is the meaning of the line—

"Unnumbered surges grace the foaming coast"?

Serge, you know, is woollen stuff, like my bathing dress, you know. But one don't spell it with a "u," you know."

Said EDWIN, "M sure I don't know. P'raps it's a misprint. Fellow very likely wrote it down at Ramsgate. Tried to count the bathers there, and found he couldn't do it."

INCURABLE.—There's a man in Middlesex with such a bad memory that he constantly forgets himself.



HINTS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF LEICESTER SQUARE.

BY THE ARTIST WHO WHITEWASHED THE STATUE.

A GOOD OLD ATROCITY.

Not long ago a man, suspected of murder, committed suicide. A coroner's jury returned him *felo de se*. With reference to this case, the *Times* states that "a memorial is about to be presented to the Crown that the claims to the property of the deceased may be waived by HER MAJESTY for the benefit of the children." Of course the claims of HER MAJESTY will be waived. But how is it that the law which punishes the widows and orphans of suicides for a crime committed principally against themselves, has been allowed to survive the laws that burned witches and disembowelled traitors alive? The present punishment of wilful suicide is no less barbarous than that which was appointed for treason and witchcraft, and much more unreasonable; for the persons who were burnt or eviscerated were the witches and traitors, and not their relations. When the law in regard to self-murder was altered, the Legislature did away with the least absurd and least brutal part of it only. They abolished the burial in cross-roads, and transfixion with a stake, of senseless corpses, and they retained the infliction of beggary on innocent survivors.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS ABROAD.

WHAT slipslop ladies, "educated" ladies even, write! See, here is a queer specimen:—

BRIGHTON.—A lady of education, having a luxurious HOME (for the first time) is desirous of meeting with an elderly gentleman and his wife, or two ladies to join the family table (if slightly invalidated not objected to).

For whom, we wonder, does this lady intend the covert taunt that it is "for the first time" that her home is now luxurious? And what advantage can there be to her in mentioning the fact? Of course she cannot mean to say it is her table which is "slightly invalidated;" but after having boasted about her education, she might as well have taken the pains to write correctly the half-score words of English her advertisement required.

A CULINARY QUESTION.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I UNDERSTAND there is nothing you don't know, from comets to cookery. Will you help me in a little difficulty? I am sure you will. BERNARD and I have not been long married—indeed, we have only just returned from our wedding tour—and I am *most* anxious to have everything *very* nice for him for breakfast before he goes to the office. Now, I hear there is a book called *A Century of Potting*, and I want to know whether it tells you how meat, and game, and fish have been potted for the last hundred years, or only gives a hundred receipts for doing veal, and grouse, and lobster, and other good things, like the books that instruct you how to cook eggs, or apples, or rabbits in three hundred and sixty-five different ways?

Tell me this, and I will have anything potted for you that you like to choose, from peacock to partridge, from salmon to shrimps, and sent to your address, *carriage paid*.

Ever yours, BERTHA.

[Mr. Punch would have been delighted to answer this note, and receive the promised dainties, but unfortunately BERTHA, accustomed he supposes, to sign her letters to BERNARD as above, has forgotten to give either her surname or address. Mr. Punch, therefore, can only recommend her to look carefully into the works of the learned POTTER.]

A SMILE FOR THE SERIOUS.

RESPECTING a deceased clergyman, who was a leader of the Ritualists, the *Church and State Review* says:—

"It is intended that his friends—and they are legion—shall pay their tribute to his memory by completing the work which he loved best."

Very good; but what a name is Legion for the friends of any Clergyman to give themselves and each other! Legion, as the *Church and State Review* knows, is a noun of multitude, signifying many. Many what? Has our Ritualistic contemporary never considered who they were whose mouthpiece, on a certain occasion, named them Legion? The adoption of that word by a party of High Churchmen will no doubt be what is vulgarly called nuts for the opposite party.

CRETÀ NOTANDA.



RETE, it is reported, has recently been the scene of an action between Greeks and Turks, in which 40,000 are said to have been engaged on either side. The probability is, that not 10,000 armed Greeks could be collected in the island. This sort of *canard* shows that *one* element at least of the old reputation of the island, as expressed in a famous verse* of a Cretan poet has not yet disappeared.

Crete was famous in old times for three things, a great law-giver (Minos), an intricate labyrinth, and the skill of its inhabitants with the long-bow.

The labyrinth may still be found—in Hellenico-Cretan politics: the skill with the long-bow has been equally long lived, and is being laid under vigorous contribution in the recent communications from the island; as for the famous law-giver,—if *he* survives, like the other features of old Cretan celebrity,—for mercy's sake let Crete be annexed to Hellas, and her law-giver be established *en permanence* in Athens.

* “Κρήτες ἄνθρωποι, πάντα θήρια, γόστρετες ἄνθρωποι.”

“The Cretans were ever liars, nasty brutes, lazy gorbellies.”

BUTTS IN THE BACK SETTLEMENTS.

THERE are butts upon Wimbledon Common,
Where riflemen practice pursue;
That of neighbouring Sheen there are some on:
There are butts upon Wormholt Scrubbs too.
Such butts, in most suitable spaces,
Are stationed all over the land,
And those butts are in just the right places:
Where they are it is well they should stand.

There are butts among men, who, by folly,
Themselves make the targets of wit;
Those butts yield good sport; they are jolly:
They never feel when they are hit.
And some butts are butts but from the weakness
Which obliges them insult to bear;
They are schooled in the virtue of meekness
By the bullies to snub them who dare.

There are other butts holding the water,
Reserved for some people to drink;
Stuff that qualifies thousands for slaughter
Who victims to pestilence sink.
In crowded and close habitations,
The homes of the labouring poor,
Absorbing all foul emanations,
The butt stands behind the back door.

Its contents, at the best, filtered sewage,
Such drink as the Thames or the Lea,
Have worked into a horrible brewage,
That teems with things wondrous to see.
Confervæ replete with 'tis rendered,
And fungus-like growths, in brief time,
Infusoria, and insects, engendered
Amid rotten wood, rank ooze, and slime.

What a mixture for Christians to swallow!
These butts, though they targets are not,
Might breed, for the shaft of Apollo,
Such a mark as the Python he shot.
O parochial rulers, remove them,
To some monster before they give birth!
O ye vestries and guardians, improve them,
At once, off the face of the earth!

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(In the intermediate state between BOODELS' and FRASER'S.)

At the London Terminus.—Chopford is the station for Furze Lodge or Cottage, or Furze Heath Lodge or Cottage. I've lost the address, but recollect that whatever else it is or isn't, it's certainly *Furze* something or other.

Happy Thought.—To buy a little book for addresses only, and keep it in my pocket. Or have a pocket made for it. That reminds me I was going to have a special pocket made for railway tickets.

Luggage to be labelled “Chopford” immediately. Porter says it's no good labelling it immediately, as the train doesn't go for two hours. It appears that only the very slowest trains, which have nothing better to do, stop at Chopford. But I say, “There's one at twelve.” “Was one at twelve,” he corrects me, adding, that “if he'd a known as I was going by the Chopford train when I was talking to the cabman, he'd a told me as there warn't time to spare.” It was trying; that confounded repartee lost me the train. A policeman says, affably, “Late, sir! Very unfortunate, sir. There's a nice refreshment-room for waitin' in, Sir,” and he offers to conduct me thither. I know what he means. He wants a glass of beer. I hate such sycophancy. I reply, sternly, “No. I don't want the infernal refreshment-room. I want the train.” A Hansom cabman (impudent fellows those Hansom cabmen, because they're so high up), says, jocosely, “Have a ride, Sir? it'll cool your temper.” I should like to have had something ready for that. That's what I want—ready wit. I must get some ready. Good subject, by the way, for a chapter in *Typical Developments*, Book VI., Vol. III., Ch. X., Part I., when I come to it; heading, “*Ready Wit. Its Origin. In Use among the Ancients. Examples in Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Life.*”

Happy Thought.—Might compile a small Handbook of Repartees for Travellers. 'Twould make a most useful pocket companion, with marginal references to *Typical Developments*.

Happy Thought.—I'll have plenty of marginal references in my book. I like them. I'll arrange this Handbook of Repartees alphabetically. Thus, A: What comes under A? Armourer. Well, there you are, repartee to an armourer. Also (so as to be quite fair), repartee to be said to an armourer. B. What's B? Baker. Butcher. Repartee for

baker or *to* baker; ditto for butcher or *to* butcher. C stands for Cook. Capital little manual for cooks and housekeepers in conversation with tradesmen. There might be permutations and combinations with bakers and butchers and cooks. This opens up a large subject. Will try a little book specially for notes on repartees: to put in my pocket. Might have a pocket made on purpose for it: also for railway tickets, and addresses.

Nearly two hours to wait at the Terminus. My life seems to be cast among railway officials. Dull work waiting: no man with a note-book can be dull: I am, though. I might as well have remained at Boodels as waste my time here. Perhaps, if I had stopped, he'd have dragged the pond. On second thoughts, it was better to come away when I did. Never stop too long at a friend's, or they won't regret your leaving. I dare say BOODELS misses me. Don't know, though; dare say he doesn't. I think he'd miss me if it wasn't for MILBURD: MILBURD's an ass. Time goes very slowly at a station.

Happy Thought on seeing the Bookstall.—One can pick up a great deal of knowledge from desultory reading. Take out the last new books as if you were going to buy them; read a page here and there. You can get an idea of most of them in ten minutes; at least, enough for ordinary conversation. For instance, when MRS. FRASER, who reads everything (well-informed woman, MRS. FRASER), says to me “have you read *Felix Holt*?” I am able to reply, “Well, I've not had time to go right through it,” having, in point of fact, read not more than three pages in the first volume, in consequence of the stall-keeper's becoming rather annoyed at my taking down ten books one after another without buying. I shan't tell MRS. FRASER this. Some one at dinner will suppose that “Of course, you've read SIR SAMUEL BAKER's book,” and I am enabled to reply, “Well, um, not *all* of it,” as if I'd only got one chapter more to finish. This is an age of cheap literature. Mine is, perhaps, the cheapest form of acquiring superficial knowledge. Go and see a train off. They won't let me on to the platform, without a ticket. * * * Been doing nothing for the last quarter of an hour. Go and see a train come in: might pick up character. Can't: too much noise. Back to bookstall. Man objects to my taking any more volumes down, and suggests his terms of subscription. I have not pacified him by the purchase of a penny paper. Dull work even with a note-book.

Happy Thought.—I don't know much about locomotives. Will go

and talk to a stoker. I walk up (having eluded the official, at the wicket, on the pretence of seeing a friend off by this train) to an engine. On it are two dirty men: I don't know which is the stoker. Say, the dirtier. Good idea to open the conversation by making some remark about steam. I say to him, "It's a wonderful invention." One grins at me, and the other winks, knowingly. Odd, this levity in stokers; that is, if they're both stokers. Whistle—shriek: they are off. The train passes me. I feel inclined to wave my hand to the passengers. A funny man in the second-class nods familiarly to me and says, "How's the Missus, and the shop, eh?" Guards on platform laugh: I've nothing to say. A repartee ought to have flashed out of my mouth, like an electric spark: but it didn't. Gone—I am lonely again. The Guards are telling other Guards what the second-class man said to me: they enjoy it—I don't. Wish I was at Boodels. * * * Been doing nothing for another quarter of an hour. Other trains starting and arriving. I will take some luncheon. Inspecting the refreshment counter, I note pork pies whole, pork pies in halves, flies, pork pies, in quarters, with parsley, Bath buns, plain buns, more flies, ham sandwiches, two blue-bottles, acidulated drops (who refresh themselves with acidulated drops?) cuts of chicken and sprigs of parsley, flies, salad in little plates, pickled something in the fish line, cakes with currants, crowds of flies. Indecision. * * * Wasted another quarter of an hour. Young women behind the counter sewing, and stopping to giggle. More indecision, resulting in my asking for an Abernethy biscuit: this leads to a request for ginger-beer.

Both together lead me to wish that I hadn't asked for either. I should think they keep their ginger-beer near an oven. * * * Another quarter of an hour gone. I wish I'd stopped at Boodels. At all events, being here insures me against all hurry and bustle when my train *does* start. It suddenly occurs to me that I've never been inside St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. There's another three-quarters of

an hour good. Which shall I go to? One ought to see these things. * * * P'raps I'd better leave it for another day. Indecision. The comfort is, that here I am in plenty of time for my Chopford train. * * * Another quarter of an hour gone. Horrid ginger-beer that was. * * * I suddenly find that it's just ten minutes to two, when my Chopford train starts. Hurry. Get my luggage. As much rushing about as if I'd only just arrived, and was late. Porter fetches somebody else's luggage out of the Parcels' Room. Rush to the train. In the carriage with five other people. Guard looks in. "All here for Pennington and Tutcombe?" I correct him, rather funnily, I think, "I am 'all here' for Chopford." His reply is startling—"The Chopford train's on the other side." I am conscious of not coming out of the carriage well. I wish I hadn't been funny at first; or wish I could have kept it up when getting out, so that the people might miss me when I'd gone! One ought to have good things ready for these occasions. Must get some up.

At last fairly off for Chopford. After all it's just as well I didn't sleep at Boodels. Horrid ginger-beer that was. BOODELS used to give us capital luncheons. I rather enjoyed myself at Boodels. It's impossible to make notes in a train. On referring to some I made the other day, all the letters appear to be "w's" and "y's" straggling about. I'll get my MSS. out of my desk and look over them. "Man at once possible and impossible," Vol. I., Book I., Section I., Ch. I., Paragraph No. 2. * * * I'm tired: never *can* sleep in a train. * * * Am awoken by somebody getting in. He begs pardon for disturbing me. I say, "Oh, not at all." Shriek—whistle: on we go. "Beautiful country, this," observes my companion: I assent, and ask where we are. He replies, "This is all the Chopford country." Lucky I awoke. "The next station is Chopford?" I inquire. "Oh, no," he answers, "where we stopped just now. I got in at Chopford."

Confound it, I wish to goodness I'd stopped at Boodels.

LOLLIUS IN BOLONIA;
OR, BOULOGNE UPON THE SEA.



That place, Mr. Punch, I have been tarrying certain days.

If not to my own profit, to that of my host at the Hotel. Likewise of money-changers, vendors of rubbish, keepers of tables for games, proprietors of warm and cold baths, confectioners, market women, drivers of carriages, priests, beggars, tobacconists, porters, and the great French nation generally.

I have read many French newspapers.

I approve, and therefore imitate the Gallic custom of breaking up an article into many small

sentences, which may be read with ease and understood with promptitude.

Not that I have anything new to say of Bolonia, now Boulogne. That would be difficult, unless one tried to say something good of it, and that would be unrighteous.

Nor can I speak well of certain of my fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen, in regard to their sojourn at Bolonia, now Boulogne, except that some of the latter, being excessively lovely, inspire the envy and hatred of the French ladies. Moreover, the foolish saying that a Frenchwoman dresses better than an Englishwoman is utterly smashed and destroyed when we behold them in company. Whether it be a merit to be victress in such a *lutte*, judge ye who pay the milliner.

Some of my countrymen, who are possibly not Cads, behave as such.

They omit the customary and wholesome courtesies of France.

They shout to one another in public rooms.

They put their booted feet on velvet seats designed for ladies.

They wear, at dinner, dresses which they would not dare to wear in England.

They stare vulgarly at ladies, and remark on ankles revealed by the sea-breezes.

They sit in vulgar attitudes at the play, and as they would not do at the Adelphi or Haymarket.

They grin at the priests and the female Religious.

They speak loudly in the Cathedral, and walk noisily during worship. There are better ways of demonstrating Protestantism.

Against my lovely and beloved countrywomen I will raise no voice, but I will gently whisper:

Why do you encourage your male friends to make you chatter aloud while the musicians at the Etablissement are playing so admirably?

Why do you go to the balls, refuse to dance, and sit laughing at the dancers?

Why—nay, I will tell you what I saw.

There came to the Etablissement three English Females, and as they entered, the courteous official asked whether they were subscribers.

"O yes, yes," said one lady, hastily.

"Madame subscribes," said the official; "but do the other ladies?"

"Yes, yes," repeated the lady, with a heightened colour, and hastening onwards with her friends.

He was too polite to stop them.

When they were in the room, they laughed, as having done a clever thing.

Not one was a subscriber. They had saved three francs—two shillings and sixpence.

But then they had told twelve lies—the leader telling four and the others consenting, and they had cheated the Etablissement.

Was this worthy of the British Lioness?

I hear that male Cads do this, much, and even boast at the hotels that they "never pay at the dashed place."

I apprise the French nation that English ladies and gentlemen do not do these things, but would rejoice to see the perpetrators brought to confusion and shame.

Boulogne hath evil smell, as of old.

It hath been afflicted with a pestilence, whereof I speak only that the authorities may learn wisdom.

Why do they humbug, instead of telling, English fashion, the exact truth? Do they think to keep visitors by trying secrecy. These learn from every tradesman in the town something which may not be truth, but which is nearer truth than the official stories. Then they take fright and bolt, to the delight of my friend, the Mayor of Folkstone, and Bolonia, now Boulogne, howls at the flight of liberal guests.

Fifteen francs is more than I would give for a kitten; nevertheless, those sweet things in the cages are angelic kittens.

The pictures in the Cathedral are abominable Art. I did not see the aged crypt, and I hereby inform the excellent Bishop that the reason why the Church of Rome lost my franc was that the crypt-keeper had gone away to dinner.

"To his wife," said my witty friend, KIKIUS DELINEATOR, "in fact, he is a *Cryptogame*." You lack Greek to understand this—I am unaware, Mr. Punch, whether you have Greek.

I do not know why no French window shuts close, but I do know that the rain (invading my chamber on one of many nights of tempest), has utterly ruined my best trousers.

I love *meringues*. They are very good in Bolonia.

DIDON *dina, dit-on, du dos d'un dodu dindon*.

You have had the contents of my Bolonian diary. *Agréez, &c.*



“HONI SOIT,” &c.

ANN AND SARAH SEE SOME FISHWOMEN “CLOTHED *THAT* INDELICATE THAT YOU MIGHT HAVE KNOCKED THEM DOWN WITH A FEATHER !”

THE WAR BLACKSMITH.

(After LONGFELLOW.)

UNDER its sulphurous canopy
Old Vulcan's smithy stands,
And Vulcan, grown a man of war,
Has so much on his hands,
That stocks run low, and files but show
War-orders and demands.

His Cyclops when he needed most,
Off every Cyclops ran :
For why should not a Cyclops do
As another working-man,
And take the time when trade is brisk
To insist on all he can ?

So every day and all day long
Poor Vulcan's sweat must flow,
Toiling for Europe's sovereigns,
And still the orders grow
For breech-loaders, and armour-plates,
Steel-shot and chilled also.

With Chassepots for the EMPEROR
(O'er Dreyses they've the pull),
With Remingtons for Austria,
And Sniders for JOHN BULL,
Balls, Cochranes, Mountstorms, Henriès,
His hands may well be full !

Meanwhile the EMPEROR writes to us,
And bids us be good boys :
It does one good to hear him preach,
And see how he enjoys
The shift of weights that trim the Powers
For Europe's equipoise.

How glad he is that Prussia comes
So strong out of the row,
That Italy Venetia gains—
Via France, all allow :
Proving “whatever is, is best”—
At all events *just now*.

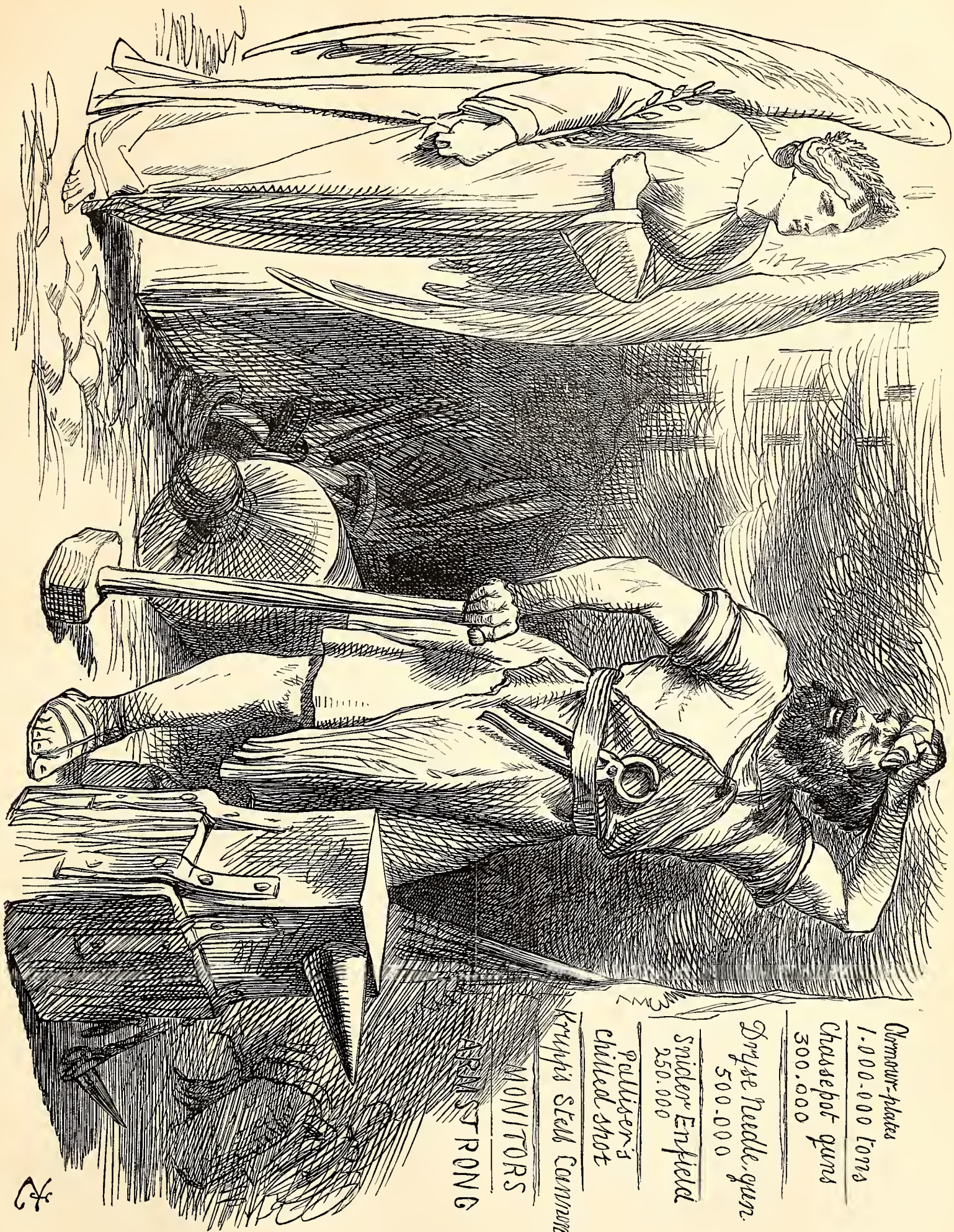
And when France sulks that East and South
Her neighbours' power increases,
He hints, 'tis not from *every* smash
She can “pick up the pieces,”
While Peace is Peace, although it brings
No Savoys, and no Nices.

Some say 'tis like the voice that once
Wiled EVE in Paradise :
But it preaches so delightfully,
And gives such good advice,
Bidding France arm, because she's sure
Of peace at any price.

So Vulcan all his toil and stock
Must on War's tasks bestow,
And iron, good for spade and share
For sword and gun must go :
For before this the EMPEROR's word
Has been a word and blow.

Then let us thank the EMPEROR
For the lesson he has taught,
That it is in the forge of War
The arms of Peace are wrought :
And if we haven't breech-loaders,
Breech-loaders must be bought.

A PROTESTANT MUSICAL MOTTO.—No *pot-pourri* !



Osmond's plates

1,000,000 tons

Chassepot guns

300,000

Dryse Needle guns

500,000

Snider's Enfield

250,000

*Pellissier's
chilled shot*

Krupp's Steel Cannon

MONITORS

AREN'T STRONG

VULCAN'S BEST CUSTOMER.

PEACE. "NOT MUCH DOING, I SUPPOSE, MR. VULCAN?"

VULCAN. "DOING! THANKS TO YOU, MISS, I'VE A'MOST MORE WORK THAN I CAN MANAGE."

W

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,

I've been lingerin by the Tomb of the lamentid SHAKSPEARE. It is a success. I do not hes'tate to pronounce it as such. You may make any use of this opinion that you see fit. If you think its publication will subswerve the cause of litteratoor, you may publicate it.

I told my wife BETSY when I left home that I should go to the birthplace of the orthur of *Otheller* and other Plays. She said that as long as I kept out of Newgate she didn't care where I went. "But," I said, "don't you know he was the greatest Poit that ever lived? Not one of these common poits, like that young idyit who writes verses to our daughter, about the Roses as growses, and the Breezes as blowses—but a Boss Poit—also a philosopher, also a man who knew a great deal about everything."

She was packing my things at the time, and the only answer she made was to ask me if I was goin to carry both of my red flannel night caps.

Yes. I've been to Stratford onto the Avon, the birthplace of SHAKSPEARE. MR. S. is now no more. He's been dead over three hundred (300) years. The peple of his native town are justly proud of him. They cherish his mem'ry, and them as sell picturs of his birthplace, &c., make it profitble cherishin it. Almost everybody buys a pictur to put into their Albiom.

As I stood gazing on the spot where SHAKSPEARE is s'posed to have fell down on the ice and hurt hissself when a boy, (this spot cannot be bought—the town authorities say it shall never be taken from Stratford) I wondered if three hundred years hence picturs of *my* birthplace will be in demand? Will the peple of my native town be proud of me in three hundred years? I guess they won't short of that time, because they say the fat man weighin 1000 pounds which I exhibited there, was stuffed out with pillers and cushions, which he said one very hot day in July, "Oh bother, I can't stand this," and commenced pullin the pillers out from under his weskit, and heavin 'em at the audience. I never saw a man lose flesh so fast in my life. The audience said I was a pretty man to come chiselin my own townsmen in that way. I said, "Do not be angry, feller-citizens. I exhibited him simply as a work of art. I simply wished to show you that a man could grow fat without the aid of cod-liver oil." But they wouldn't listen to me. They are a low and grovelin set of peple, who excite a feelin of loathin in every brest where lorfty emotions and original ideeas have a bidin place.

I stopped at Leamington a few minits on my way to Stratford onto the Avon, and a very beautiful town it is. I went into a shoe shop to make a purchis, and as I entered I saw over the door those dear familiar words, "By Appintment: H.R.H.;" and I said to the man, "Squire, excuse me, but this is too much. I have seen in London four hundred boot and shoe shops by Appintment: H.R.H.; and now *you're* at it. It is simply onpossible that the Prince can wear 400 pairs of boots. "Don't tell me," I said, in a voice choked with emotion—"Oh, do not tell me that you also make boots for him. Say slippers—say that you mend a boot now and then for him; but do not tell me that you make 'em reg'lar for him."

The man smilt, and said I didn't understand these things. He said I perhaps had not noticed in London that dealers in all sorts of articles was By Appintment. I said, "Oh, *hadn't* I? Then a sudden thought flasht over me. "I have it!" I said. "When the Prince walks through a street, he no doubt looks at the shop windows."

The man said, "No doubt."

"And the enterprisin tradesman," I continnerd, "the moment the Prince gets out of sight, rushes frantically and has a tin sign painted, By Appintment, H.R.H. ! It is a beautiful, a great idee !"

I then bought a pair of shoe strings, and wringin the shopman's honest hand, I started for the Tomb of SHAKSPEARE in a hired fly. It lookt, however, more like a spider.

"And this," I said, as I stood in the old church-yard at Stratford, beside a tomb-stone, "this marks the spot where lies WILLIAM W. SHAKSPEARE. Alars! and this is the spot where——"

"You've got the wrong grave," said a man—a worthy villager: "SHAKSPEARE is buried inside the church."

"Oh," I said, "a boy told me this was it." The boy larfed and put the shillin I'd given him into his left eye in a inglorious manner, and commenced movin backwards towards the street.

I pursood and captered him, and after talkin to him a spell in a skarcastic stile, I let him went.

The old church was damp and chill. It was rainin. The only persons there when I entered, was a fine bluff old gentleman, who was talkin in a excited manner to a fashnibly dressed young man. "No, ERNEST MONTRESSER," the old gentleman said, "it is idle to pursoo this subjeck no further. You can never marry my daughter. You were seen last Monday in Piccadilly without a umbreller! I said then, as I say now, any young man as venturs out in a uncertain climt like this without a umbreller, lacks foresight, caution, strength of mind and stability: and he is not a proper person to intrust a daughter's happiness to."

I slapt the old gentleman on the shoulder, and I said, "You're right! You're one of those kind of men, you are——"

He wheeled suddenly round, and in a indignant voice, said, "Go way—go way! This is a privit intervoo."

I didn't stop to enrich the old gentleman's mind with my conversation. I sort of inferred that he wasn't inclined to listen to me, and so I went on. But he was right about the umbreller. I'm really delighted with this grand old country, *Mr. Punch*, but you must admit that it does rain rayther numerously here. Whether this is owing to a monerkal form of gov'ment or not, I leave all candid and onprejudiced persons to say.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE was born in Stratford in 1564. All the commentaters, Shaksperian scholars, etsetry, are agreed on this, which is about the only thing they are agreed on in regard to him, except that his mantle hasn't fallen onto any poet or dramatist hard enough to hurt said poet or dramatist *much*. And there is no doubt if these commentaters and persons continner investigatin SHAKSPEARE'S career, we shall not, in doo time, know anything about it at all. When a mere lad little WILLIAM attended the Grammer School, because, as he said, the Grammer School wouldn't attend him. This remarkable remark, comin from one so young and inexperunced, set peple to thinkin there might be somethin in this lad. He subsequently wrote *Hamlet* and *George Barnwell*. When his kind teacher went to London to accept a position in the offices of the Metropolitan Railway, little WILLIAM was chosen by his fellow pupils to deliver a farewell address. "Go on, Sir," he said, "in a glorus career. Be like a eagle, and soar, and the soarer you get, the more we shall all be gratified! That's so."

My young readers, who wish to know about SHAKSPEARE, better get these vallyable remarks framed.

I returned to the hotel. Meetin a young married couple, they asked me if I could direct them to the hotel which WASHINGTON IRVING used to keep?

"I've understood that he was unsuccessful as a lanlord," said the lady.

"We've understood," said the young man, "that he busted up."

I told 'em I was a stranger, and hurried away. They were from my country, and ondoubtedly represented a thrifty Ile well somewhere in Pennsylvania. It's a common thing, by the way, for a old farmer in Pennsylvania to wake up some mornin and find ile squirtin all around his back yard. He sells out for 'normous price, and his children put on gorgeous harness and start on a tower to astonish peple. They succeed in doin it. Meantime the Ile it squirts and squirts, and Time rolls on. Let it roll.

A very nice old town is Stratford, and a capital inn is the Red Horse. Every admirer of the great S. must go there once certinly; and to say one isn't a admirer of him, is equv'lent to sayin one has jest about brains enough to become a efficient tinker.

Some kind person has sent me CHAWCER'S *Poems*. MR. C. had talent, but he couldn't spel. No man has a right to be a lit'rary man onless he knows how to spel. It is a pity that CHAWCER, who had geneyus, was so uneducated. He's the wuss speller I know of.

I guess I'm through, and so I lay down the pen, which is more mightier than the sword, but which I'm fraid would stand a rayther slim chance beside the needle gun.

Adoo! adoo!

ARTEMUS WARD.

TURTLE SONG.

AIR—"Sweet and Low."

CLEAR and thick, thick and clear,

Turtle from over the sea;

Cheer, cheer, esculent cheer,

Turtle from tropical sea!

Onwards the hurrying waiters steer,

Plate after plate soon disappear—

Calipash and calipee—

When my City friends, when my witty friends, feed.

East and west, east and west,

Doctor will come to you soon;

Vest, vest, snow-white vest,

Pangs will be under you soon:

Doctor will come to prescribe for the guest,

Eating his turtle now with zest

Under the civic moon—

Pause, my witty friends, pause, my City friends, pause.

Uncommon Impudence.

THE passengers in a first-class railway carriage, on arriving at the terminus, were addressed by the guard with the customary request:—"Gentlemen, show your tickets." Among them there was one man rather showily attired. He produced a ticket-of-leave.



A CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE.

West-End Man (addressing, as he supposes, *Intelligent Mechanic*). "CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE MOORGATE STREET STATION?"

Seedy Party. "MO'RGATE STREET STATION, SIR? STRAIGHT ON, SIR, FUST TURNIN' T' THE RIGHT, AND IT'S JUST OPPOSITE. AND NOW, YOU'VE INTERDOOED THE SUBJECT, SIR, IF YOU COULD ASSIST ME WITH A TRIFLE, SIR, WHICH I'VE 'AD NOTHIN' TO EAT SINCE LAST FRIDAY——"

[*West-End Man* not having an answer ready, forks out, and exit.

INFORMATION FOR THE CRIMINAL CLASSES.

THERE has appeared a little narrative in the *Daily Telegraph* which concerns the dangerous classes. It is to the effect that a riot nearly occurred the other day at Chatham Convict Prison, in consequence of the change lately made in the quantity and nature of the food supplied to the criminals confined there. One Sunday, as soon as dinner was served, several of those rascals began to behave in a mutinous manner. Before their example could be followed by the rest of the villains, they were promptly seized, ironed, and hurried off to the solitary cells. Finally, twelve of them "underwent corporal punishment," and will be reduced to a lower class, in which they will be curtailed of all the "privileges" which they had "enjoyed" before.

It is desirable that thieves and ruffians should be let know that if they get into gaol, they will there be restricted to diet which is unsatisfactory in quantity and distasteful in quality, that, should they dare to murmur at their coarse and low diet, they will be soundly flogged, and that, after having "undergone corporal punishment" they will be reduced to a state more uncomfortable than that which they previously "enjoyed"—in the sense in which invalids are said to "enjoy ill health." They will be deprived of even all the enjoyment compatible with hard labour and hard fare. The paragraph whence the foregoing particulars are derived should be reprinted for gratuitous distribution by the police, and it should be posted about in all places where it is likely to meet the eyes of the rascality. For the especial benefit of the "R. & W. Imp." class, the text should be accompanied with an illustration, which would render it the more edifying—a woodcut representing the convict mutineers "undergoing corporal punishment."

Telegrams (from Leicester Square).

THE Statue is still here. He can't get off his horse until he has a new pair of legs; or, at all events, one leg to go on with.

TOILERS OF THE SEE.—Underpaid Curates.

"THESE BE BRAVE 'ORTS."—*Fluellen*.

OR, TWO READINGS OF HISTORY—ARCHBISHOP MANNING'S AND MR. PUNCH'S.

SAFE, beyond power of banning,
Still rides St. Peter's boat,
If bold words and stout *Manning*,
Can keep the craft afloat.

The Archbishop of Westminster,
Ex-Anglican divine.
Proclaims St. Peter's blest minster
An ark that from the brine

Of Revolution's ocean
Shall the tiara save,
And for a world's devotion
Yet lift it o'er the wave.

Let but our MANNING get a
Due douche of myth and mystery,
His eyes, with his beretta,
Blind to the facts of history,

He'll prove you nought is meet
Than that a throne be given,
To him who from St. Peter
Derives the keys of Heaven.

"Holy Church stands on *free* stone:
A Crown its Head must wear:
This of the arch is key-stone
That props St. Peter's chair."

If so, one needs must wonder
How Peter's chair could stand,
The years that Papal thunder
Came from a subject's hand.

Those centuries imperial
With POPE at Emperor's side,
Earth's moral and material
Dominion to divide.

Ages when crown and sceptre
And cross held each their sway:
And the Church wisely kept her
Her own great part to play.

Not meddling with men's bodies,
When she their souls could rule;
Nor leaving heights where God is,
To mount a monarch's stool.

To him who looks at history
Without a Manning glass,
Nor in the name of mystery,
Writes himself down an ass,

One lesson seems fair written
From CONSTANTINE his day,
From big Rome to small Britain,
From Cadiz to Cathay,

That contact of the sceptre
The cross has but defiled:
Sworn pupil turned preceptor
And strong man sunk to child.

Put strength in rule of weakness,
Shewn great things dwarf'd to small:
Mock Majesty, mock meekness,
God's servant, Mammon's thrall.

Roman Nursery Rhyme.

HOLY poly POPEY,
Was he going to slope, eh?
Come, stay at home,
Still Bishop of Rome,
Holy poly POPEY.

PARTRIDGE'S SONG IN SEPTEMBER.—"I would I weren't a Bird."

THE LOVER'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.



THE world once upon a time was indebted to Mr. Punch for his Complete Letter-writer, which, it is needless to remind that world, has ever since been its manual for epistolary compilation. Therein the Merchant, the Bishop, the Statesman, the Shop-keeper, the Lover, could find a guide and a familiar friend. There were samples of all sorts, colours,

and sizes, fitting every hand better than the finest Parisian kid. In such a volume, of course, particular attention could not be given to the various individual cases included under any one head, therefore the appearance of a small red-covered book entitled *The Lover's Correspondent*, has not in any way taken Mr. Punch by surprise. On the contrary he has long expected such a production, and it has come at last. Much, however, as this little work has achieved, it yet falls short of being a Complete Lover's Manual "in all matters relating to Courtship and Matrimony." It is no disparagement of the book to say that it is an Incomplete Letter Writer, for the complementary suggestions which Mr. Punch, by the hands of his ready writer, intends to throw in, can only be appreciated after a careful perusal of the volume in question. With this slight, but necessary, preface Mr. Punch will now offer to the letter-writing public, a few elegant specimens of such a style as will, if happily imitated by even the very dullest lovers, speedily lead to a termination eminently satisfactory to all parties concerned.

LETTER I.—From a Gentleman to a Lady he has only seen once, when he was mounting to the knife-board of a Brompton omnibus.

Madam or Miss, 19, Bucklersbury Walk.

The first glimpse that you caught of me the other day must have been when I was half way up on my road to the top of the public conveyance, which had the inexpressible delight of carrying you as far as it is legally allowed, "all the way," for the small sum of one-third of a shilling; that is, Madam or Miss, you would have seen me, or part of me, if you had then cast your sparkling glances in the direction of my boots, which I now remember, with regret, were more or less sprinkled with the murky mud, for which the streets of our metropolis are so famous.

But, Madam, or Miss, I had seen you; and, in one second, the telescopic dart of Cupid the God of Love had pierced through to my heart. Feeble must necessarily be any description of the sudden shock, which, together with that occasioned by the onward movement of the vehicle, caused me to fall forwards and clutch with the desperation of a drowning man at the legs and umbrellas of my fellow-passengers. Did you not, Madame, or Miss, feel a sympathy with me during the journey? I sat above you, having selected a seat just over the spot where I knew your beautiful head was. Yes, Madam, or Miss, there was, as the Poet has observed—

"A sweet little Cherub who sat up aloft
To keep watch for the life—"

of the lady of his heart. Did you not notice a gentle tapping against the window-pane at your back? 'Twas caused by the cane of your devoted admirer, and was meant to convey the intelligence that he was ever thinking of Thee. Ah! Madam, or Miss—

"Ever of Thee, I'm fondly dreaming
"Thy gentle heart my (I forget what, exactly) can cheer."

As that lovely song says, which, no doubt, you sing. Prompted by this impulse, I ascertained your name from the Postman, who, a few moments after your arrival at your own portals, which were shut in my face by an untutored maiden, brought a letter to the house. Now, Madam, or Miss, I offer you my hand, and trust that you will deign to send me a few words of reply, by way of encouragement to such an ardent lover as is

Your Impassioned Slave,
AUGUSTUS DU GOSLING.

To Mrs., or Miss Dash, 19, Knittington Villas, Brompton.

Reply to the former (slightly unfavourable).

From CAPTAIN DASH, 19, Knittington Villas, to MR. AUG. DU GOSLING.

Sir,—You are a conceited snob, and an impudent, impertinent low blackguard of a puppy. If I find another letter of yours here, or catch

you in the neighbourhood, I'll give you the soundest hiding you've had for many a long day.

DASH. (*Late Bengal Light Blue.*)

LETTER II.—From a Small Tradesman, who has fallen in love with a casual customer, supposed by him to be nothing less than a Countess in her own right.

To MRS. or MISS STARLING, 150, Belgrave Square.

Honoured Maddam or Respected Miss,

Yours to hand and note contents which was a postoffice order for the sum expended in groceries and such like As my house has no rival competitors in this same line of business which your image has not neither in my bosom. I trust you will not deem the pursuit of commerce incompatible with refined sentiments, &c. When I handid you them currents the last time as you was making your few purshases did you not notice a somethink in my eye as purtended more than a ordinary transaction? If you counted them on returning to your homicide * you would perceive the quantity to be increased by six more than can be in a ordinary way obtained for 2½d. This I hope you saw, also, in the green and black teas, and the lump; if you will honour me some other time by counting your lumps you will find that I helps you as I loves you, very good measure over and above. Should this communication appear sudden and abrupt, consider that I am writing it on my counter under very distracting circumstances. I offer you my hand and my heart and you can look over my ledger and the books, at any time, to see the increasing extent of my very prosperous business. Thanking you, honoured Madam, or Respected Miss, for past favours and hoping for a continuation of the same, and to deserve them for the future, though you may be far above my lot of life, but am ambitius to perspire to your eksalted station, which will never make any deference in my regards as to you Honoured Madam or Respected Miss, though you were an Empress or a daughter of a Lord, I finish this present with a few saline words as may be found appropriate to the circumstancies, in a cracker which was returned as having no sweet inside of it:—

"I love you Miss with my whole heart,
Why should you and I for ever part."

Which is my sentiments to a tea, and hoping they leave you as this does me at present I remain

Honoured Madam, or Respected Miss, your fond adorrer,

Mogg & Co.'s Tea Warehouse,
Elizu Street, Pimlico.

JOHN MOGG.

Answer (favourable) to the above.

From MISS STARLING, 150, Belgrave Square (supposed to have been the Countess.)

My Dear MR. MOGG,

I have receive your amabel letter and shall hav much pleshur in continering the akaintans so formd. My time out is nex Sundy night for evnin Church which I will met you by the pillow post where this is post too do not be impunkshal, or affer all you have ben an say to me in your litter I shal die, I no I shal, til I see you at that our 5½ nex Sundy.

Your luving

SUSAN ANNE.

P.S. I *did* feel you skeesun my hand but fund no more currents than arskt for. The potry was buterful.

* Small tradesman for Domicile.

SHOCKING BRUTALITY.

MR. PUNCH,

SOMEBODY, I believe, has lately thought fit to publish a compilation of the sayings of celebrated authors in the praise and dispraise of "lovely woman." I have not seen that work. I do not wish to see it, but all well-regulated female minds will agree with me when I venture to assert that it contains nothing so atrocious as what I am about to introduce to you.

In a report of the proceedings of the Commission sitting to inquire into the purity, or otherwise, of the Electors of the Borough of Totnes, one of the Commissioners was a MR. BERE, and he was examining a witness called CHAPPLE:—

"MR. BERE. Did you tell any human being about your coming here to-day?
"WITNESS. Human being? No, Sir."

Should not MR. BERE have been satisfied? I say, emphatically, Yes. But he fiendishly proceeds:—

"MR. BERE. Did you not tell your wife?
"WITNESS. Yes, Sir."

Let us hope, Mr. Punch, for the sake of that unhappy witness, that MRS. C. is not a highly-developed strong-minded female, but that she is small in stature, and of an angelic temperament.¹

You may, or may not, just as you please, consider me a misogynist, but I have much pleasure in subscribing myself,
A BACHELOR.



MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.—No. 7.

A BRIGHT IDEA STRIKES THE SHEPHERD, AND BEFORE LAVINIA CAN REMONSTRATE, HE TRANSPORTS HER, IN THE USUAL MANNER, TO THE OTHER SIDE.

THE POPE A PERFECT CURE.

SOMETHING like a miracle has at last really occurred at Rome. It is attested by the *Morning Post* in the following statement:—

“THE POPE’S HEALTH RESTORED BY DU BARRY’S FOOD, THE REVALENTA ARABICA.—Cure, No. 68,413. Rome, July 21, 1866. The health of the Holy Father is excellent, especially since, abandoning all other remedies, he has lived entirely on DU BARRY’S Food, and his Holiness cannot praise this excellent food too highly.—*Gazette*.”

Fancy the POPE figuring in DU BARRY’S list of cases as “Cure, No. 68,413.” Think of Pio Nono brought down to “No.” But what does DR. CUMMING make out of “No. 68,413?” That “No,” at any rate is not the number of the Beast.

We shall perhaps shortly see published, in the form of an advertisement, an Allocution delivered by the Holy Father to the assembled Cardinals on the virtues of the Revalenta Arabica Food. The statement that “his Holiness cannot praise this excellent food too highly” bears internal evidence of authenticity. It is clearly the Sovereign Pontiff’s own declaration put in the third person singular. Of course when the POPE declared that he could not praise the excellent food which had cured him too highly, his negation of ability so to extol it was stated in the first person plural. The expression used by the Successor of St. Peter was *non possumus*. In this point we recognise the difference between a genuine announcement and a puff. No doubt the POPE is justly represented in the paragraph above quoted as a Cure, though of course not in the grotesque sense wherein that term is vulgarly applied to Guy Fawkes. Nevertheless the idea of Infallibility cured by an infallible remedy is like that of Newcastle receiving a cargo of coals.

Very Natural.

COUNT BISMARCK is said to be suffering from neuralgia in the left leg.

Well he may be, considering his late enormous strides in the way of annexation.

THE PIRATES OF THE PRESS.

It has been said that imitation is the truest form of flattery; and, as some people like flattery, there may possibly be persons who are fond of being imitated. But sometimes imitation sinks into thievish roguery, as in the case of a forged signature at the bottom of a cheque. Similar knavery is practised by tradespeople who fraudulently copy a trade mark, or closely imitate the title of some celebrated firm, that thereby the unwary may be tempted to their shop. In the *Times* the other day MESSRS. GEORGE J. COCKERELL & Co. drew notice to this fraud, and *Punch* sees sufficient reason to echo their complaint:—

“Our name and peculiar style of business are copied and traded upon under every possible variation, and advertisements most insidiously framed in imitation of advertisements of our own are constantly appearing in the columns of the most influential journals.

“Our case only represents many others of the same nature in other trades as well as the coal trade.”

Messieurs, you are right. Even *Punch* has not escaped these fraudulent attacks. Plagiarists have done their worst to copy *Punch* in his shape and outward semblance. One may be certain that their pages must be filled, for in one sense there is sure to be no scarcity of “copy.”

The Militia and the Line.

WITH reference to re-organisation of the Militia, an officer in that force suggests, in a letter to a contemporary, “that the promotions should be taken entirely from the Colonels and Lord-lieutenants, and placed in the hands of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, or some other competent officer of the line.” There is partial wisdom in this suggestion. It is certainly desirable that promotions in the militia should be placed in the hands of some competent officer of the line.

NATIONAL COLOURS (FOR GERMANY).

PRUSSIAN-BLUE *v.* Red, Black and Gold superseded.



CONVOLVULUS SEASIDEIENSIS.

"THIS DELICATE ANNUAL HAS BEEN SEEN IN GREAT ABUNDANCE THIS AUTUMN ALL ROUND THE COAST. IT FLOURISHES BEST IN EXPOSED SITUATIONS, AND DURING INCLEMENT, WINDY WEATHER."—*Vide "Jolly Gardeners' Chronicle."*

A SHOOTING QUEEN.

THE *Post* lately contained the announcement following :

"The KING and QUEEN OF DENMARK are expected to arrive at Marlborough House in the course of the ensuing week, from Denmark. Their Majesties will remain a fortnight in London, after which they go to Sandringham for pheasant shooting."

What, both of them? So it seems that the QUEEN OF DENMARK is a sportswoman. As such we hope that she will set an example in pheasant shooting; go out and kill pheasants fairly, and give no countenance to slaughtering them in a battue.

LAY OF A LOAFER.

I wish I were a King,
But one without a throne;
A heavy Crown is not the thing
I wish to call my own.
'Tis not a reigning *Rex*
That I would wish to be:
I'd rather have prefixed an "ex"
Unto my Majesty.

Let me, a King *sans* care,
Retired from business, dwell,
First having taken dashed good care
My nest to feather well.
Ye Sovereigns dispossessed,
Italian, German too,
Three meals a day, and perfect rest,
Oh, how I envy you!

Figures of Fact and Figures of Speech.

WE don't know any Manchester Demonstration so conclusive as the *Manchester Guardian's* Demonstration that the ground on which the open-air League Meeting was held in that city, could not possibly have contained more than 50,000 people, packed as close as human beings can be packed, and that it did not, as a matter of fact, contain half that number on that particular occasion. So, between the *Star's* 130,000 and the *Telegraph's* 40,000, if we split the difference, we shall still be enormously above the mark in gauging the Manchester assemblage by the League's sole standard—numbers.

A DEBATE OF THE FUTURE.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT. *Monday, June 21, 1876.*

THE House met at four o'clock. It being the Hebrew Chaplain's turn to read prayers, that ceremony was performed by the REV. DR. ADLER, whose magnificent intonation excited much admiration.

Petitions being no longer presented since the Manufacture of those articles was suppressed, the SPEAKER, the RIGHT HON. S. H. WALPOLE, who had been unanimously elected for his great knowledge of Parliamentary practice and for his affable and hydraulic manners, called for any Questions which Members desired to put.

In answer to LORD STANLEY, SIR JOHN BRIGHT said that he was furnishing the British Army as rapidly as possible with the new fulminating powder, and as War Minister he was glad to say that he believed the novel invention would be most destructive, though, of course, as a Member of the Cabinet, he trusted the war would be avoided.

In answer to LORD JOHN MANNERS, SIR ERNEST JONES (the Solicitor-General) said that it was the intention of Government to prosecute the persons who had held a riotous political meeting on Shakspeare Hill (late Primrose Hill) and had destroyed the oak. He regretted that Conservatives should so misconduct themselves, but they must be taught to respect the law. (*Cheers.*)

In answer to MR. WHALLEY, SIR GOLDWIN SMITH (the Home Secretary) said that the endowment of the Roman Catholic priesthood in Ireland was working exceedingly well, and that Her Majesty's Government was not inclined to disturb existing arrangements.

On the orders of the day being taken,

LORD CRANBORNE moved the Second Reading of the Bill for giving votes to Paupers in Workhouses.

MR. ODGERS moved that the Bill be read a second time that day six months. He condemned the revolutionary conduct of the Tory party. The franchise had been made quite extensive enough by the Reform Act of 1867, and he should oppose any endeavour to give political power to those who were notoriously unfit for its exercise. To have

become a pauper implied, in the majority of cases, either indolence, incapacity, or immorality, and either of these conditions disqualified a man from using a vote rightly.

GENERAL PEEL said that the honourable Member talked cussed nonsense. (*Order, order.*) Well, he withdrew the expression, and would substitute unimaginable bosh. Many persons had become paupers from no fault of their own, but from the working of a system which they desired to be able to alter. The Honourable Member had no sense of religion, or he would not speak in that way of the poor. Many of them were very jolly chaps.

MR. BEALES said that this might be so, but jollity was not, *per se*, a qualification for electoral rights. Gravity and sobriety were better claims. The course of the so-called Conservative party reflected little credit upon them, and they would not be allowed to overthrow our venerated institutions. LORD DISRAELI had said in the House of Lords (*Order, order*)—in another place, that we were "drifting into oligarchy." It was perfectly untrue, but oligarchy was better than anarchy, and he for one would be no Anacharsis.

LORD JOHN MANNERS said that when the PREMIER was simply LORD AMBERLEY he had used very different language from that of his present subordinates and supporters, but ever since he had taken his seat beside his venerable father, as a peer of the realm, he had hidden all true liberality in his gilded coronet. Even EARL GLADSTONE had more advanced views, and he wished that noble Earl were in the Cabinet, instead of confusing himself with translating CONFUCIUS.

MR. BUBB deprecated personalities, which he observed always came from the aristocracy. EARL GLADSTONE had done enough when, as Governor-General of India, he had re-arranged the finances of that Empire in such a way as to make India prosperous, and provide for the speedy extinction of the National debt, which was now inconsiderable.

GENERAL BROWNLOW KNOX said he did not care much about this Bill, but as an old and veteran soldier he would ask the Secretary for War why he refused votes to Chelsea and Greenwich pensioners.

SIR JOHN BRIGHT replied that he wished the honourable and gallant Member would talk only of what he understood, though at the cost of

the House being deprived of his oratory in almost every debate. The Army—and he would add, the Navy, taking leave to say what his honourable friend the First Lord, (MR. ROEBUCK,) would say much better, were among the noblest of professions, but fighting had nothing to do with voting. Besides, a pensioner compelled its holder to support the system that gave it, and therefore he had gladly carried the Bill disfranchising every pensioner, high and low. This Bill was of a revolutionary character, and the object of its promoters was to set class against class. He had an awful good mind to ascertain whether they could not be prosecuted for sedition. (*Hear, hear.*)

SIR JOHN TROLLOPE said that his brother Barouct was a little hard on political antagonists, to whom he might at least concede the good intentions which they had always conceded to him. (*Cheers.*) Why should not a pauper have a vote? Did bribery exist, he admitted that there might be danger, but bribery having been made impossible by MR. PUNCH'S Patent Invisible Franchise Pills, he saw no harm in giving these poor men the right of voting.

MR. LUCRAFT said that the pauper was without political instruction, and unless they were prepared to supply the workhouses with the seventy-two morning and ninety-five evening daily papers, an expense which his friend the Chancellor of the Exchequer (MR. LOWE) might not view favourably, he could not sanction the measure, even were it genuine, instead of a manifestation of Tory spite against our Constitution.

EARL GROSVENOR was no enemy to the Constitution, and indeed walked up Constitution Hill every day of his life. (*Ironical cheers.*) He had no doubt that allusions to the Park were distasteful to many Honourable Members, and he was glad that they had the grace to be ashamed of certain passages in their history. He should support the Bill, as poverty was no crime.

MR. MILL begged to protest against the last proposition of the noble Lord. To profess compassion for poverty was needless, all good men

had that, but poverty represented criminality somewhere, as logic would show the noble Lord. Would it not be better to wait until poverty should be extirpated, as there was every reasonable hope it would be after a few years' working of the Self-Maintenance Act?

SIR DARBY GRIFFITH hoped that poverty would never be extirpated. What would benevolent people have to do, especially females, if their pauper neighbours, whom he might say they preserved, like pheasants, were taken away? He hated this new-fangled flying in the face of nature, and considered that paupers, if kept in their places, were highly conducive to the benefit of society, as affording a field for the exercise of patronage and charity.

SIR ERNEST JONES had yet to learn that we had a right to keep people in penury that we might practise virtue on them. As for this Bill it was a bit of popularity hunting and clap-trap, if not of the darker character ascribed to it by his honourable friend the Minister for War.

LORD CRANBORNE would not occupy the House long with a reply, and he would avoid the personalities in which Ministers and their friends had indulged so disgracefully. The Cabinet was tyrannical and its friends were insolent. Of this he did not complain, for he expected nothing better. But he did complain that efforts in favour of the helpless and the oppressed were slandered as this had been, and he hoped that at the coming elections the people would notice who had sought to extend the franchise.

SIR JOHN BRIGHT. We understand you—so will the people. There were loud cries for a division, and the Bill was rejected by 492 to 60.

The Punch Testimonial Bill, the Abolition of Bells and Street-Organs Bill, the Folkstone and Boulogne Tunnel Tolls Bill, the Night Balloon Traffic Bill, the Licence on Wings Bill, the Private Moons Bill, and the Luuar Railway Bill were severally advanced a stage, and the House adjourned.

A REAL LIFT FOR THE DRAMA.



EAR JONES.—The Autumn, as you know, is a dull time for the theatres; and, as the Managers are mostly now enjoying their vacation, they certainly have ample leisure to read letters. So, as I have a small suggestion which I think would very greatly benefit the stage, the present seems a fitting time to call professional attention to it.

Reality is now the chief attraction of the drama. We have real fire-engines and gas-lamps for street scenes, and sometimes the great sensation of a real horse and cart. Cascades of real water splash upon the stage, and there is sometimes the sensation of a really real pump. Real cocks and hens are shown in pantomime farmyards, and regardless of expense, some managers hire nightly real cows, and sheep and pigs.

Now, presuming it be really ascertained that these realities attract, there are surely other ways in

which the drama may be made more real than it is. For instance, real banquets might be served upon the stage, and, instead of venison pasties being made of paint and pasteboard, they might be manufactured with real meat and crust. Toasts might be proposed and drunk in real bumpers, and not with empty goblets, or a glass of coloured water which is made to pass for wine. For rewards of honest service, or as bribery for crimes, real money might be given and not bits of brass or metal counters jingling in a purse. It would add, too, in some measure to the interest of a play, if certain of the characters were really what they say they are. Were the actors really wealthy who play the rich old uncles, or benevolent old fathers, how very much more naturally they would perform the part! Only fancy how the audience would warm up to them when saying, "There, take her, you young dog, and here's a real cheque for you, upon a real banker, and you may really get it cashed!"

Being an actor myself, and not having any money, I am competent to feel how very difficult it is to personate the character of a man of handsome property, in which, however, I feel certain I should make a splendid hit. It would be really worth the while of any Manager, I fancy, to settle an estate, or a comfortable income, on some member of his company, who should be specially engaged to play the wealthy parts. If you hear of any Manager who feels at all inclined to act upon this notion, I shall be happy to act for him at a moderate weekly wage. Of course, however, the estate must first be legally secured to me, or else a good round sum invested for me in the funds. I feel perfectly convinced that I should make a great success as a large landed proprietor, or a Cæsus of a capitalist, if I really had the money such a character requires.

Begging you to find some one to follow out this happy notion, if only for my sake, I remain, yours to command (upon the terms which I have hinted at)

BOANERGES BUSKIN BROWN.

Theatre Royal, Starborough.

DOMESTIC REFORM.

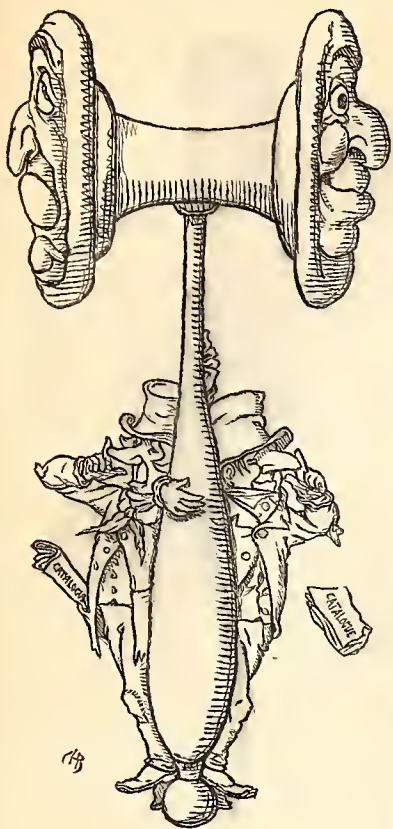
DEAR MR. PUNCH,

So much as there has been said lately about the Working Man nobody says a word for the wife, and I'm sure she very often works the harder of the two. I declare with me it's work work work and nothing else from morning to night, and what with one thing and another I never get a moment's peace, there's wash wash wash, and mend mend mend, the children always tearing their things, never out of mischief, and the cooking to attend to, and help clean the things, and make the beds, and lay the table-cloth and knives and forks, and plates and dishes, there's no end to it, I am sure nobody knows what it is to have a family and only one servant; and now and then a charwoman to do extra work, which she only muddles, and leaves things worse than they were before, and the house always in a mess and a state of confusion, and then when one's husband comes home he expects his dinner ready for him and grumbles if he has to wait only half-an-hour and is cross because the potatoes are cold, and then there's often a piece of work of a morning about the shirt-buttons.

Talk of Reform in Parliament, it may be wanted there, but there's a great deal more want of it somewhere else. I know a House where there's more room for it than enough, but it could only be done with plenty of money, and when a man says he can't afford it what are you to do? I sometimes feel like I don't know what, and wish I was I don't know where, and how I get through it all goodness gracious knows, and it's no use complaining; but I can't bear such a to-do made about Working Men, and your BEALESSES, and BRIGHTS, and ODGERSES, and BODGERSES paying no attention whatever to those who work a great deal more than any me do, and never any amusement or recreation hardly, and I will say if there is any class that ought to be represented, if that would do any good, it is that of

A WORKING WOMAN.

"KNOCK-OUTS," TRADE AND PARLIAMENTARY.



HERE'S been enough of auction-rooms,
their tricksters, touts and liars,
Their Jews and brokers leagued to
fleece poor *bona-fide* buyers ;
How by mock bids 'gainst others
they "the green horn put the
cheat on,"
Till he pays five times the value for
the lot that he is sweet on.

And when at this nice little game
these rogues have had their in-
nings,

We've heard how in a snug knock-
out they meet to square the win-
nings.

Dividing losses, if there's loss, or
profits, if there's profit,
Till whichever way the sale has gone,
they get their "reg'lars" off it.

So to bid or buy at auctions if hence-
forth you make bold, Sir,
'Tis with warning private buyers are
the *one* lot that is sold, Sir ;
And if the bargain-hunter with the
broker tries conclusions,
'Tis a case of wilful ignorance, in an
age of dis-illusions.

But there's another auction-mart
where craft and fudge and flam are
Seen in quite as great perfection as
in sales under the hammer,

Where bids are just as duffing, and brokers even bolder,
And *bona-fide* customers more certain to be sold are.

And that's the auction-mart maintained by our election-brokers,
Who to fresh-fledged ambitions of new men act as stokers :
At MR. NEWMAN'S ear they buzz, M.P. before him dangle,
While for his purse with subtle bait and well-barbed hook they angle.

Some public cause, with honest will, poor NEWMAN p'raps espouses :
They translate "*pro bono publico*" "for the good of public-houses,"
Their man's the man who'll "cut up well," nor question of the slices,
That have melted down so quickly, in paying folks their prices.

Poor NEWMAN steps into the mart : he's set his heart a seat on :
No borough in particular, but any borough sweet on :
Legal expenses must be paid : he don't mean to be shabby,
But of bribery and corruption he no more dreams than a babby !

The touts are busy round him : most respectable of visitors—
Local grandees, trade magnates, and sharp-witted keen solicitors,
What's wanted in the market is his purse and not his person,
Legal expenses only trust his brokers to disburse on.

And so they play their little game, the vote market is flourishing,
Corruption's stream, like sewage, runs so foul and fat and nourishing :
The brokers bid, with tongue in cheek, the struggle most intense is :
And all the principals have got to do, is to pay expenses.

And when the contest's over and Buff has won the borough,
Blue's agents file petitions and demand inquiry thorough ;
And Blue and Buff must pay again, for accusing and defending,
And there's another bill run up, and so on without ending !

When the game's out, or Blue and Buff will not stand further bleeding,
The brokers meet, and pleasantly compound, or stay proceeding :
And at a snug "knock-out" arrange their late (mis)-understanding,
And square accounts, the difference one to the other handing.

A Problem for Demonstration.

(Set in the Manchester School.)

GIVEN BRIGHT + COBDEN = Moral Force,
And BRIGHT + BEALES = Physical do.

Required the distance in *leagues* between the two.

EYRE EST FUROR BREVIS.

THE case of GOVERNOR EYRE, between the rabid statements of his
assailants and his defenders, is rapidly becoming one of "Pull, devil—
pull, Baker."

THE LOVER'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

LETTER III.—From a Young Gentleman engaged in a Solicitor's Office to
a Lady by whom he has been rejected fifteen times.

Messrs. Olde, Parch, Munt & Co.'s
5A, Bendum Chambers, Gray's Inn.

My Dear MISS ANGELICA (on the one part),

I, for myself, on the other part, again address you in the in-
tervals of my many arduous labours. Would it were mine, in spite
of the previous obstacles thrown in the way, to have and to hold
all those charms and appurtenances of which you are seised, all to
the contrary, nevertheless, notwithstanding. This communication,
my dear MISS ANGELICA, is privileged. Do I go at all near the truth
when I say that in the tone which you adopted on the occasion of your
sixth verbal refusal, my ears noticed a slight tremor, an abatement of
the anger and scorn with which you expressed yourself on the first
five times. Am I right in conjecturing upon such evidence, as my own
ears aforesaid, that you are allowing a gentle passion to assert itself in
your heart? that, during the last ten times, your "No" has been
more and more like "Yes," or am I wrong? Is my title bad—in law?
or, have I not sufficient to live on? My dear MISS ANGELICA, I am
possessed of all that message or tenement known as the second
floor of No. 8, Tilbury Place, Islington, which your fairy presence
would render a Garden of Paradise. Anxiously awaiting your answer
which will now, I flatter myself, be in the affirmative,

I remain (on the other part),

Yours, faithfully and honourably,

YOUR OWN JAMES PETER.

P.S. Do not judge of me from my professional pursuits, but see me
on the Serpentine, or in Anerley Gardens.

Answer to the above (unfavourable).

I hate and detest you. If you annoy me any more I'll tell your
master.
A. C.

LETTER IV.—From a Gentleman to a Father who has refused to allow him
to pay his addresses to his Daughter.

Sir,

Address: Post Office, Bloomsbury.

Although you have not permitted me to see the object of my
affections, yet I take the first opportunity of dropping this into your
letter-box. I am not to be repressed by any ordinary discouragement,
yet I cannot suffer myself to be shown out of your mansion in the
manner I was, without offering some expostulation. I do not, you
perceive, condescend to the meanness of sending you in my doctor's
bill, (I have, alas! been ill for several days since), nor do I even
propose to threaten your menials with a prosecution for assault and
battery. No, Sir, this is beneath me; and your butler may be ever
grateful to the fact of his serving the father of the beloved object
of my affections, that I did not turn upon him and strangle him
where he stood. It is possible that certain points of my character
have been misunderstood. *One* glass of wine will often put an enemy
into the head of an over-excitabile person and steal away his brains, as
SHAKESPEARE, you know, Sir, has observed. There may be attaching
to me some failing—of which I regret I have many, and who has not?
—but it is, I hope, needless to assure you that the three silver forks
were put into my tail coat pocket by some malicious person who
designed my ruin. This simple explanation will, you must admit, also
apply to the tea-pot and the two spoons. However, be that as it may,
I trust I am not regarded by you with positive dislike, or unconquerable
aversion, and I implore you, and your accomplished daughter, to afford
me the opportunity of removing any prejudice that may yet exist
against

Your most faithful friend,

And (I trust) future Son-in-law,

SAMUEL SLOPER.

To Stephen Grimshaw, Esq.,
Bedford Street.

Answer to the above (favourable) from S. GRIMSHAW.

Sir,

Pray call as soon as you can; a gentleman from Bow Street
will have great pleasure in renewing your acquaintance, and both my
daughter and myself will be delighted to see you in the Station-house.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

S. G.

LETTER V.—From a Lady to a Gentleman who proposes an elopement.

Yes. Eleven o'clock, when they're all in bed. Whistle twice.

YOUR OWN DARLING.

NO PLACE LIKE LONDON.

THE Man who has a Stake in the Country writes to say that he is
longing to get back to a Chop in Town.

TITWILLOW FOR TATWILLOW.



ONE FINE MORNING MR. TITWILLOW STEALS AWAY FROM HIS BETTY'S SIDE.



THE DESPERATE DEED IS DONE! AWFUL MEETING ON THE SANDS BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE!!



TERRIBLE RETALIATION OF MRS. TITWILLOW!!! WHEREBY DOMESTIC PEACE IS RESTORED.



NAPOLEON TITWILLOW, HIS PENANCE,



AN ELECTIONEERING "KNOCK-OUT."

NOBLE LOCAL RESIDENT. GREAT TERRITORIAL INFLUENCE, MY DEAR SIR:—CAN'T DO WITHOUT ME!"
FIRST LOCAL ATTORNEY. "LET ME BID FOR, YOU—INSURE A SEAT FOR £10,000!"
SECOND LOCAL ATTORNEY. "ENGAGE US—OR YOU WON'T HAVE IT AT ANY PRICE!"
LOCAL PUBICAN. "NO SORT O' USE BIDDING ON YER OWN ACCOUNT!"
LOCAL ROUGH. "BETTER SQUARE IT WITH US 'LAMBS,' GUV'NOR!"

W. M. G.

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,

It is seldom that the Commercial relations between Great Britain and the United States is mar'd by Games.

It is Commeree, after all, which will keep the two countries friendly to'ards each other rather than statesmen.

I look at your last Parliament, and I can't see that a single speech was encoored during the entire session.

Look at Congress—but no, I'd rather not look at Congress.

Entertainin this great regard for Commerce, "whose sales whiten every sea," as everybody happily observes every chance he gets, I learu with disgust and surprise that a British subjeck bo't a Barril of Apple Sass in America recently, and when he arrove home he found under a few deloosiv layers of sass nothin but saw-dust. I should have instantly gone into the City and called a meetin of the leadin commercial men to condem and repudiate, as a American, this gross frawd, if I hadn't learned at the same time that the draft given by the British subjeck in payment for this frawdylent sass was drawd onto a Bankin House in London which doesn't have a existance, but far otherwise, and never did.

There is those who larf at these things, but to me they merit rebooks and frowns.

With the exception of my UNCLE WILYIM—who, as I've before stated, is a uncle by marrige only, who is a low cuss and filled his coat pockets with pies and biled eggs at his weddin breakfast, given to him by my father, and made the clergyman as united him a present of my father's new overcoat, and when my father on discoverin it got in a rage and denounced him, UNCLE WILYIM said the old man (meanin my parent) hadn't any idee of first-class Humer!—with the exception of this wretched Uncle, the escutchin of my fam'ly has never been stained by Games. The little harmless deceptions I resort to in my perfeshion I do not call Games. They are sacrifics to Art.

I come of a very clever fam'ly.

The WARDS is a very clever fam'ly, indeed.

I believe we are descendid from the Puritins, who nobly fled from a land of despitism to a land of freedim, where they could not only enjoy their own religion, but prevent everybody else from enjoyin *his*.

As I said before, we are a very clever fam'ly.

I was strollin up Regent Street the other day, thinkin what a clever fam'ly I come of, and looking at the gay shop-winders. I've got some new close since you last saw me. I saw them others wouldn't do. They carrid the observer too far back into the dim vister of the past, and I gave 'em to a Orfun Asylum. The close I wear now I bo't of MR. MOSES, in the Commercial Road. They was expressly made, MR. MOSES informed me, for a nobleman, but as they fitted him too muchly, particly the trows'rs (which is blue, with large red and white checks) he had said, "My dear feller, make me some more, only mind—be sure you sell these to some genteel old feller."

I like to saunter thro' Regent Street. The shops are pretty, and it does the old man's heart good to see the troops of fine healthy girls which one may always see there at certain hours in the afternoo, who don't spile their beauty by devourin cakes and sugar things, as too many of the American and French lasses do. It's a mistake about everybody being out of town, I guess. Regent Street is full. I'm here; and, as I said before, I come of a very clever fam'ly.

As I was walkin along, amosin myself by stickin my penknife into the calves of the footmen who stood waitin by the swell-coaches (not one of whom howled with angwish), I was accosted by a man of about thirty-five summers, who said, "I have seen that face somewheres afore!"

He was a little shabby in his wearin apparil. His coat was one of those black, shiny garments, which you can always tell have been burished by adversity; but he was very gentlemanly.

"Was it in the Crimea, comrade? Yes, it was. It was at the stormin of Sebastopol, where I had a narrow escape from death, that we met!"

I said, "No, I wasn't at Sebastopol. I escaped a fatal wound by not bein there. It was a healthy old fortress," I added.

"It was. But it fell. It came down with a crash."

"And plucky boys they was who brought her down," I added; "and hurrah for 'em!"

The man graspt me warmly by the hand, and said he had been in America, Upper Canada, Africa, Asia Minor, and other towns, and he'd never met a man he liked as much as he did me. "Let us," he added, "let us to the shrine of Bachus!" And he dragged me into a public-house. I was determined to pay, so I said, "MR. BACHUS, give this gen'l man what he calls for."

We conversed there in a very pleasant manner till my dinner-time arrove, when the agree'ble gentleman insisted that I should dine with him. "We'll have a banquet, Sir, fit for the gods!"

I told him good plain vittles would soot me. If the gods wanted to have the dispepsy, they was welcome to it.

We had soop and fish, and a hot jint, and growsis, and wines of rare and costly vintige. We had ices, and we had froot from Green-

land's icy mountins and Injy's coral strands; and when the sumptuous reparst was over, the agree'ble man said he'd unfortnity left his pocket-book at home on the marble center-table. "But, by Jove!" he said, "it was a feast fit for the gods!"

I said, "Oh, uever mind," and drew out my puss; tho' I in'ardly wished the gods, as the diuner was fit for 'em, was there to pay for it.

I come of a very clever fam'ly.

The agree'ble gentleman then said, "Now, I will show you our Club. It dates back to the time of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR."

"Did BILL belong to it?" I inquired.

"He did."

"Wall," I said, "if BILLY was oue of 'em, I need no other endorsement as to its respectfulness, and I'll go with you, my gay trooper boy!" And we went off arm-in-arm.

On the way the agree'ble man told me that the Club was called the Sloschers. He said I would notice that none of 'em appeared in evenin dress. He said it was agin the rools of the club. In fact, if any member appeared there in evenin dress he'd be instantly expeld. "And yit," he added, "there's gencyus there, and lorfty emotions, and intellect. You'll be surprised at the quantities of intellect you'll see there."

We reached the Sloschers in due time, and I must say they was a shaky-lookin lot, and the public house where they convened was certingly none of the best.

The Sloschers crowd round me, and said I was welcome. "What a beautiful brestpin you've got," said one of 'em. "Permit me," and he took it out of my neekercher. "Isu't it luvly," he said, parsin it to another, who parsed it to another. It was given me by my Aunt, on my promisin her I'd never swear profanely; and I never have, except on very special ocaasions. I see that beautiful boosum pin a parsin from one Sloscher to another, and I'm reminded of them sad words of the poit, "parsin away! parsin away!" I never saw it no more. Then in comes a athletic female, who no sooner sees me than she utters a wild yell, and cries:—

"At larst! at larst! My WILYIM, from the seas!"

I said, "Not at all, Marm. Not ou no account. I have heard the boatswain pipe to quarters—but a voice in my heart didn't whisper SEU-ZAN! I've belayed the marlinspikes on the upper jibpoop, but SEU-ZAN's eyes wasn't on me, much. Young woman, I am not you're Saler boy. Far different."

"Oh yes, you are!" she howled, seizin me round the neck. "Oh, how I've lookt forwards to this meetin!"

"And you'll presently," I said, "have a opportunity of lookin backwards to it, because I'm on the pint of leavin this institution."

I will here observe that I come of a very clever fam'ly. A very clever fam'ly, indeed.

"Where," I cried, as I struggled in vain to release myself from the eccentric female's claws, "where is the Captiug—the man who was into the Crimea, amidst the cannon's thunder? I want him."

He came forward, and cried, "What do I see? Me Sister! me sweet ADULAIDE! and in teers! Willin!" he screamed, "and you're the serpent as I took to my boosum, and borrowed money of, and went round with, and was cheerful with, are you?—You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Somehow my coat was jerked off, the brest-pocket of which contained my pocket-book, and it parsed away like the brestpin. Then they sorter quietly hustled me into the street.

It was about 12 at night when I reached the Greenlion.

"Ha! ha! you sly old rascal, you've been up to larks!" said the lan'lard, larfin loudly, and digging his fist into my ribs.

I said, "BIGSBY, if you do that agin, I shall hit you! Much as I respect you and your excellent fam'ly, I shall disfigger your benevolent countenance for life!"

"What has ruffled your spirits, frend?" said the lan'lard.

"My spirits has been ruffled," I ansered in a bittur voice, "by a viper who was into the Crimea. What good was it," I cried, "for Sebastopol to fall down without enwelopin in its rooins that viper?"

I then went to bed. I come of a very clever fam'ly.

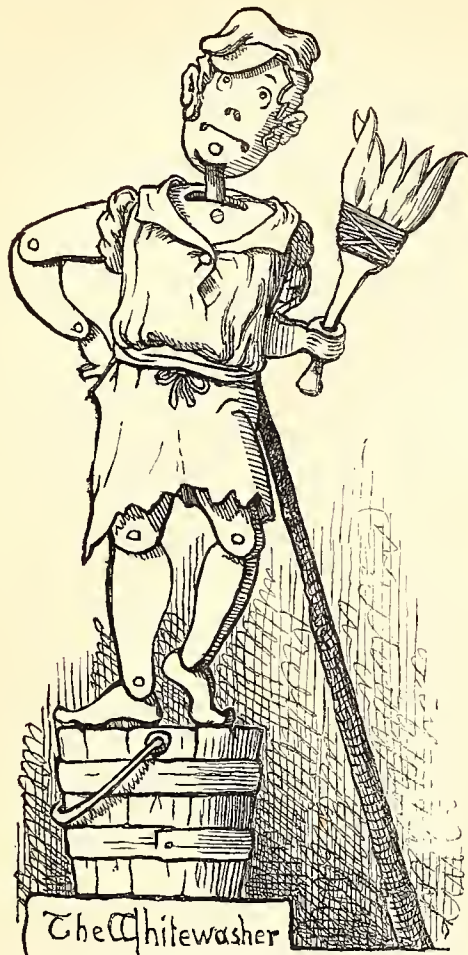
ARTEMUS WARD.

Report of a very Simla Case to Taffy's.

(In the Nursery Rhyme.)

JERVIS was the aide-de-camp,
Of a shabby chief,
JERVIS ruled SIR W. M.'s
Pickles, muttou, beef;
SIR W. called JERVIS "chouse";
JERVIS held his own;
SIR W. court-martialled him,—
He'd best left that alone.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.—At the next Meeting of the Zoological Society a paper will be read "On the Tears of the Crocodile."



DESIGNS FOR LEICESTER SQUARE STATUES.

BY OUR OWN WHITEWASHER.



A STREET DUOLOGUE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOMEBODY (*who can't be serious for a moment*).ORDINARY PERSON (*by himself*).

TIME: Club Hours.

SCENE—*St. James's Street.*

Ordinary Person (meeting Somebody, asks, after the usual formularies of salutation). Have you seen TOMKINS lately?

Somebody (shaking his head solemnly). Ah! Poor TOMKINS.

Ordinary Person. Why "poor TOMKINS," eh?

[Is glad to get something to interest him, and to serve him for conversation with any one else who may know TOMKINS.]

Somebody (more solemnly). Gone to the bad, I'm afraid?

Ordinary Person (foreseeing a story worth retailing).

Why? What's the matter?

Somebody (very seriously). I passed his house to-day. You know where it is?

Ordinary Person (impatiently). Yes! Well?

Somebody (confidentially). I think (more confidentially) there's an "execution" in it. (Nods at him portentously.)

Or at all events there's going to be one.

Ordinary Person (conventionally sorry for Tomkins, but glad of the circumstance in the way of news). Good heavens! an execution!

I didn't know that he was hard up. (Wishing to get some confirmation of the story, he adds:) Are you quite certain?

Somebody. As to the execution? Oh yes. (Prepares to go, and as he shakes his friend's hand says:) There either has been, or is going to be an execution, because I saw—(pauses)

Ordinary Person. What?

Somebody (shaking his head impressively).—The scaffold outside. Good bye.

[Nods cheerfully and leaves hurriedly. ORDINARY PERSON annoyed, wishes that SOMEBODY could be serious just for once.]

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(*In the intermediate state 'twixt BOODELS' and FRASER'S. Relief.*)

My lot seems to be cast among railway officials. I am obliged to get out at Slumborough, and I have to go back to Chopford, which we passed while I was asleep.

Memorandum for suggestion to Railway Authorities.—At any station if the guards see a passenger asleep they ought to wake him. Or, there might be,—a very Happy Thought this,—there might be a set of officials, called Shakers, attached to every train, whose duty whenever it stopped, should be to go into all the carriages, shake any one they might find asleep, and ask him where he's going?

Happy and Poetical Thought.—Female shakers might wake the gentlemen, and win gloves. No shaker to be eligible over six-and-twenty.

It's an out-of-the-way place, is Slumborough station. No one to talk to. Let me observe. There's a porter, who is always whistling; an impulsive station-master who won't be stopped to be spoken to, he's so busy; a potatoe-garden, a small neat cottage, three broken helpless looking trucks, the commencement of an unfinished line, with the ends of its rails turning upwards towards the sky, as if that had been their destination. I may note down as a

Happy Thought—That this is a sort of Tower of Babel line. When this idea comes to be developed, Vol. IV., Book VIII., Chap. I., *Typical Developments*, it will be very poetical. Odd, how full of poetry I am to day. This is the second poetical thought I've had within the last half hour.

I ask the porter, in order to get at statistics, "How many trains pass here in a day?" He stops his whistle, about four bars from the end of the tune I should say, and answers, "If you look at the time-table, it's all up there," and then he starts a fresh tune. An express passes, and I wonder if there's any one I know in it. The porter takes another turn at the truck, and then strolls into the potatoe-garden, and kicks the potatoes. P'raps this is the process of gardening in this part of the country. (*"Agriculture," Typical Developments, Vol. III., Book VI.*) I should like to talk to the station-master. I go inside. Office shut up. Behind the partition I hear the scratching of a pen, and rustling of paper. He is then, probably, hard at work. While I am thinking this, the door in the partition opens and he comes out briskly. I say to him, "Can you tell me—" He replies impulsively, "Yes, there's the time-table," and goes out on to the platform. In a minute he is back again, as brisk as ever. I address him, "Will the train—" He replies, with

his hand on the brass knob of his door, "Office open five minutes before train comes," and disappears. More scratching of pen and rustling of paper within. There is a large clock with an impressive tick. I compare my watch with it, and, though I arrive at no conclusion on the subject, feel satisfied at having done something.

In the Waiting Room.—Dreary. Wonder if BOODELS' butler packed up my sponge? Hate uncertainty in these matters, but don't like to unpack in the station. I'll go into the office, and see if my portmanteau is there. No. Where? Of course taken out at Chopford. I shall see it there, at least I hope so. The pigeon-hole suddenly opens, and the station-master appears. Now's the time for conversation, and picking up character and materials. I have several questions to ask him. I say, "I want to know first—" he catches me up impulsively, "First, where for?" "Chopford," I answer, and before I can explain the accident which has brought me to Slumborough, he has dashed at a blue ticket, thumped it in one machine, banged it in another, and has produced it cut, printed, double-stamped, and all complete for authorising me to go to Chopford. "One and a penny," says he. I explain that, "I don't want it, because—" He listens to nothing more, but sits down at his desk, pounces upon a large book, which he opens and shoves aside, then seizes a pen, and begins adding up something on one sheet of paper, and putting down the result on another. While he is engaged in this, I see the telegraphic needles working. He is too absorbed to notice it. 'Twill be only kindness on my part to direct his attention to it. I say, "Do you know, Sir,—" He is up in an instant, with a pen behind his ear. He evidently doesn't recognise me. "Eh, First? where for?" I can't help saying "Yes, Chopford—but—" when he dashes, as before, at the stamping machines, and produces, like a conjuring trick, another ticket for Chopford. I tell him I don't want it, and am adding, "I don't know if you observed the telegraph needles—" when he sits down, evidently in a temper, growling something about "if you want to play the fool, go somewhere else." I'd say something sharp if he wasn't at work, but I never like disturbing a man at work. Stop, I might ask him, it wouldn't take a second, how far it is from Chopford to Furze. I approach the pigeon-hole, I say mildly, "If you would oblige me, Sir, for one second—" He is up again more impulsively than ever. "One, Second. Thought you said, One First," and before I can point out his mistake he has banged, thumped and produced for the third time a ticket to Chopford, only now he says "Tenpence," that being the reduction on Second class. I am really afraid of making him very violent, so I buy the ticket. What a sad thing to have such a temper, and be a station-master!

The Train arrives.—Hurrah! For Chopford at last. Now, do the FRASERS live at Furze Lodge or Cottage?

Chopford Station.—Get out. Official receives my ticket. Very nearly getting into a difficulty with him, as I have tendered my Second class ticket from Slumborough to Chopford, and he saw me get out of the First class carriage. * * * What an agony it puts one in not to be able to find the proper ticket. * * * Right at last. I've often said I must have a regular pocket made for tickets, and so I must. Luggage here. No name on it, but labelled Chopford. I am going to Furze Lodge I tell him: because if it *isn't* Furze Lodge and *is* Furze Cottage he'll correct me. The official is most civil. "Furze Lodge, oh, of course." The FRASERS are evidently well known and highly respected. "The carriage for Furze Lodge is waiting, Sir, to take you. Here's the footman." He takes me up to a tall menial in a handsome livery and a cockade. (I note that the FRASERS are going it.) The menial touches his hat, on the station-master introducing me politely as "the gentleman for Furze. A porter puts my luggage into the carriage, and I put myself in after it. The coachman touches his hat on seeing me, the footman bangs the door, the station-master salutes me, the porter interests himself in my welfare to inquire "if I've got everything," which simply means sixpence for himself. (*Note for travelling.* Always carry threepenny bits.)

My spirits rise. Such a carriage. Damask lining; softest cushions. I suppose FRASER is a Deputy-Lieutenant or something, or else why should the servants wear cockades? It can't be to impose upon the country people. No, FRASER's above that. He is not a snob.

We enter Furze gates. Pretty little lodge at the gate. Old woman comes out and bows a curtsy to me. Nice old woman. I bow to her and smile. For a moment I imagine myself the Prince of Wales. It must be very tiring to go on bowing and smiling; but gratifying. Deer in the park. Old timber.

Happy Thought.—I must get up my sketching again, and practise trees. Splendid oaks. Chestnuts. Cows. Two labourers: or peasants. What's the difference between labourer and peasant? One's real, and the other poetical. (Query this in Vol. IV., *Typical Developments.*) They touch their hats respectfully to me. I return, graciously. More gates. What a delicious place FRASER has. Knowing him and his wife only in town, where they take lodgings for a month in the season, I had no idea he was so wealthy. (N.B. Never judge a man by his merely taking lodgings in London for the season.)

An artistically-planted flower garden. A lawn, like a soft green carpet without a wrinkle in it, laid out for Croquet exclusively. On it is a Croquet party. They are in fancy costumes; from which I gather it is a Croquet Club. Charming. I shall enjoy this. MRS. PLYTE FRASER, too, is such a nice person. All clever people here I'll be bound, or they wouldn't do this sort of thing; because there is originality about it. Delightful; simply delightful! I think I see FRASER and MRS. FRASER among the party. I wave my hand. I feel exhilarated. I shout, "How are you, how are you?" Meaning FRASER, who of course can't answer at that distance, but will take the inquiry for what it's meant. I like being hearty with people.

Here we are at the door of Furze Lodge. A grey-headed butler descends, solemnly: he is like a clergyman, indeed for the matter of that, an archbishop. Livery opens the carriage door. The archbishop stands on the steps as if about to impart a benediction. I should like to kneel to him.

Happy Thought.—If I do get up my sketching, I'll draw a picture of *Hospitality in the Olden Time. Arrival of Pilgrims at the Archbishop's.*

More livery servants. FRASER must be *very* rich. (I have time to make a note or two while they are engaged with my luggage.) The butler tells the servants "The Blue Room," and I think of *Fatima* and *Baron Abomelique*. (N.B. Another subject for a sketch.) I see my packages being carried up the grand old oaken staircase adorned with portraits of FRASER's ancestors, all with very white hands. This is just the place I like. Beautiful!!! I address the butler for the first time, having given my hat, coat and umbrella to a livery, who has disappeared with them. In an offhand manner, in order to show that I am accustomed to all this grandeur, and am quite one of the family, I ask him, "Are they in?" He replies, benignly, "I was to show you to the study, Sir, directly you came." I answer, "Oh, very well," and then inquire, also in an offhand manner, "Who's in the Croquet ground?" The butler calmly replies, "There's LORD ADOLPHUS, Sir, and LADY ADELA, they only came down this morning; there's MR. AYLMER, CAPTAIN DOODLEY, MISS ASCUTT, COLONEL LYNE, LADY TULKORNE and MISS GRÆME, and the family, Sir. His Grace hasn't been able to go out, Sir, for three days." I had no idea the FRASERS did this sort of thing. What a letter I shall write to old BOODELS about the place. He'll be precious glad to get me back again to Boodels, thinking I'll introduce him to the FRASERS. But I won't; or perhaps I will, and astonish him. That vulgar fellow, MILBURD, wouldn't get on here. I note this while in a library, where the butler has left me, while he prepares his master for my coming. From what the butler says I fancy poor FRASER has got the gout. "The gout," the reverent domestic has casually observed, "does make an invalid very irritable." He returns and motions me towards a door artfully con-

cealed from view by sham bookshelves. I enter, prepared to say, "Well, old boy, I'm sorry to see you like this," when the butler announces me softly, so softly that I cannot hear what he says, to the invalid, who is in a large comfortable chair, swathed in flannels. The room is partially darkened, and I see that noisy heartiness is out of the question.

I go up to him. "Well, doctor," says he, groaningly, "glad you've come." Fancy of his to call me doctor, I suppose. What a change: FRASER's voice is quite altered. I reply, "Well, I hope I shall be a good doctor to you, old fellow. Cheer you up a bit."

He turns round sharply and almost fiercely, "Who the —?" * * *

It isn't FRASER: and I've never seen his face before in my life.

* * * * *

I have been shown out. There is a very simple explanation, and this is it. The FRASERS live at Furze Cottage, but at Furze Lodge resides his Grace the DUKE OF SLUMBOROUGH, who is now suffering from a complicated gout, and to whom I have just been presented. * * *

His Grace being irritable won't listen to apologies. The butler, who is the *major domo* of the establishment, receives his dismissal on the spot. * * * I don't exactly know what to do. The butler is still in the study with his Grace, and I am in the library. As all the doors, I now observe, are concealed by sham bookshelves, the general effect is that there are no doors at all. When I do get out, how shall I obtain my luggage from the Blue Room? How can I face the butler? No more Archbishop's benediction. Subject for sketch, *Archbishop Cursing Pilgrims*: companion picture to the other. Very uncomfortable. How can I defend my presence in the library to the Duchess if she comes? Dreadful! I must (as I have said often before) get an address book, and write them all down. When I get out of this infernal hole I will. I thought the FRASERS couldn't live here. * * *

Out at last. Son of the family found me. Introduces himself; LORD HEATH. Had heard of the mistake. My luggage is all down and put into pony chaise. Will I take anything before I go? MR. FRASER's cottage is not far from here, he says, a pretty place. In fact, it is on his father's estate. His father, the Duke, has been ill for some time; it makes him very irritable. Yes. Hope I'll enjoy myself at Furze Cottage. Good bye. I am driven off by a groom in a small pony carriage, which is just large enough to hold us and my luggage. I am conscious of the eyes of the Croquet party. I don't wave my hand this time. The pony is very slow. LORD HEATH has joined his friends. I hear them laughing. I feel savage with the aristocracy generally. I could be a Democrat, if it wasn't for the groom by my side, who is inclined to treat me flippantly. Silence and Thought. We drive out of the Lodge Gate. The old woman doesn't curtsy. Sycophant!

THE SHOEMAKER OF SOVEREIGN ALLEY.

JAMES SHARPLES, shoemaker, was examined before the Lancaster Election Committee. Voted for FENWICK and SCHNEIDER, received £9 for his vote from EDWARD HUTCHINSON, and £2 from MR. H. WELCH for assistance; also received £1 before the election, and his wife got £1 for a new dress. Respecting this garment the report of MR. SHARPLES's examination ensues:—

"A blue dress?—No, it had yellow stripes. (*Laughter.*)

"Was it bought at a blue or yellow mercers's?—Yellow, Sir; all yellow. (*Laughter.*)

"Have you always voted yellow?—Nearly."

Yes. As a general rule, no doubt, MR. JAMES SHARPLES has been accustomed to vote for the yellow-boys.

The Two Sick Men.

SOME count in Europe one Sick Man,
For whom there is no hope;
But is the SULTAN sicker than
His Holiness the POPE?
Sick men in Europe there are two;
The fact 'tis vain to smother.
One at Constantinople view;
At Rome behold the other.

An Error Corrected.

As many persons appear to be at sea respecting the Nautical Prize Drama now acting at the Surrey Theatre, it may be as well to explain—the attention of Volunteers is particularly drawn to what follows—that the title of this play is *True to the Core*, not *True to the Corps*.

CLASSICAL.

If a pig could talk in Latin, what would he say? Why, doubtless, "*Porka verba!*"



MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.—No. 8.

SHE COMES SUDDENLY ON A STRANGE STRUCTURE—APPARENTLY A NATIVE FORT, AND IS JUST GOING TO SKETCH IT, WHEN A SAVAGE OF GIGANTIC STATURE, AND ARMED TO THE TEETH, STARTS FROM AN AMBUSH, AND MENACES HER IN GARLIC!

THE ARMY AND NAVY RE-ORGANISED.

THE Re-organisation of the Army and Navy appears to be in course of being accomplished by private enterprise. One day last week a contemporary announced that:—

“At the Annual General Meeting of the United Service Company (Limited), held on the 13th instant, a dividend of five per cent. was declared for the past year.”

The United Service thus appears to be now in the hands of a private company. How quietly the transfer from the War Office and the Horse Guards and the Admiralty has been effected! It must have been authorised by an Act of Parliament, smuggled with wonderful secrecy through both Houses. As the speculation pays five per cent., it is a profitable one. Let us hope that, since the United Service Company is thriving, the United Service has improved. Perhaps the money which has heretofore been squandered will henceforth be saved, and partly devoted to a reasonable increase of soldiers' and sailors' pay. Very likely the grievances of the Army and Navy surgeons will soon be redressed, and their just demands will be conceded, inasmuch that the United Service Company will not have to advertise, as the Government which it seems to have superseded had, for medical officers of an inferior description. The fact that the United Service is now under the management of a joint-stock company (limited) is not generally known. When it comes to be, then, perhaps, there will be no longer any lack of duly qualified and decently educated candidates for medical commissions in Her Majesty's land and sea forces.

Facetiæ.

SHORTLY will be published, in three volumes folio, condensed from the columns of the morning papers, and profusely illustrated with comic cuts and initial letters, *Broad Grins of Bribery, and Cachinations of Corruption*, being a collection of the “good things,” “spicy sayings,” “rich repartees,” and “choice chaff,” of the Royal Commissioners for inquiring into the Totnes, Reigate, Lancaster, and Yarmouth elections. Dedicated, without permission, to the Editor of *Punch*.

A WEIGHTY MATTER.

STRANGE are the stage wants we every week see advertised. For instance, look at this:—

WANTED, to Open on Saturday, September 13th, A Heavy Gentleman, who can play *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Richard the Third*, &c. Address, &c.

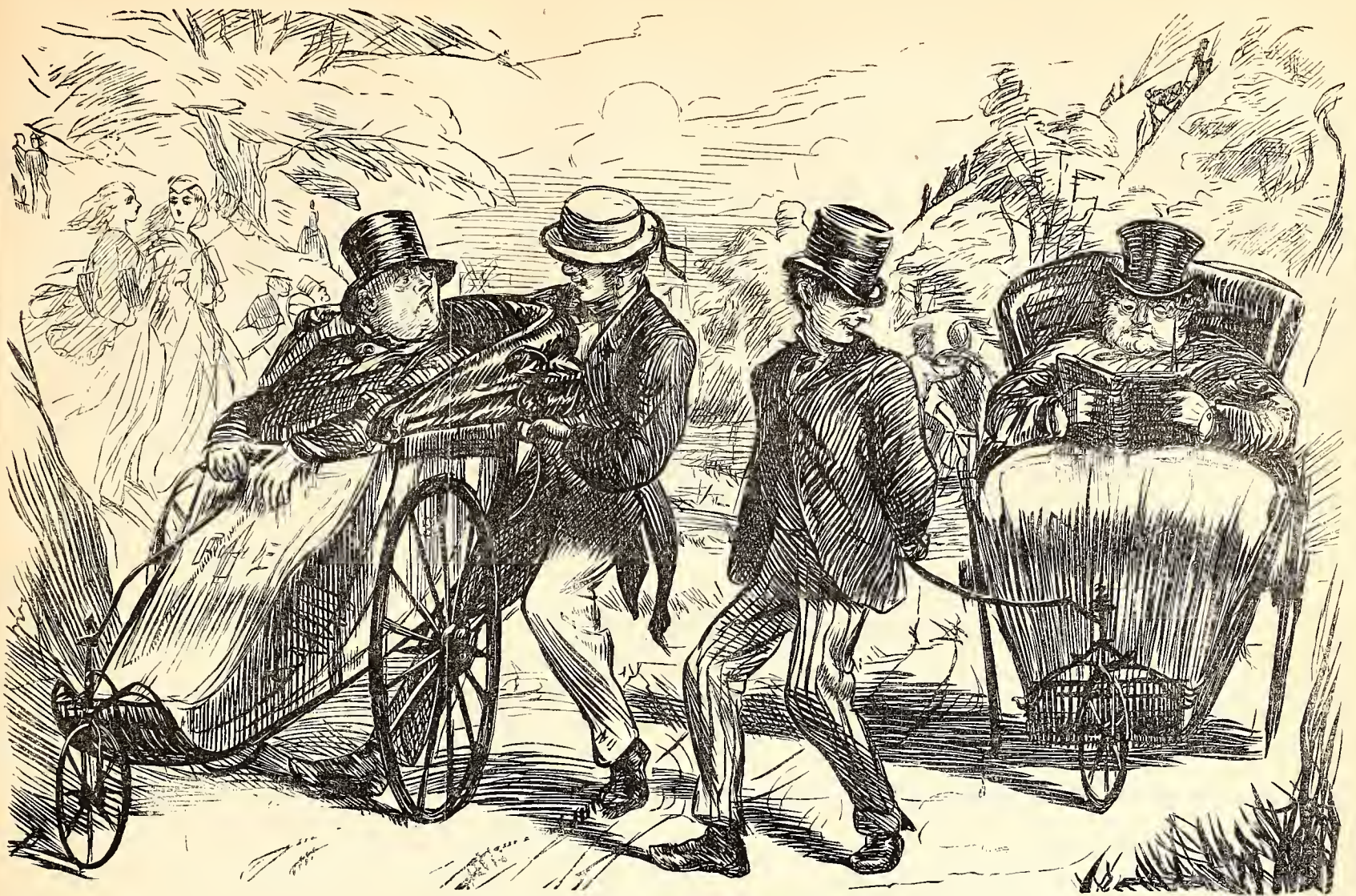
The verb “to open” is an active one. What then is the substantive omitted after “open” in the above establishment? Is it “doors,” or “oysters,” or “champagne bottles,” or what? And pray why is a “heavy” gentleman required? Is it requisite to have a man of substance for *Othello*? Can a man not play *Macbeth* unless he be of certain weight? If so, how many pounds, pray, are deemed needful for the part? Surely the amount should have been precisely stated, so that applicants might go to scale before applying for the post. Suppose a heavy gentleman to have answered the advertisement, and been approved of by the manager, how awkward he would find it, while dressing for *Othello*, to be told he was too light to undertake the part! We often hear of actors being “overweighted.” Do heavy gentlemen, we wonder, like jockeys in a handicap, strap belts of shot about them, to bring them to the right amount of heaviness required?

Cotton-Waste.

WE are told in one of Tuesday's papers of the various claims to honour of COTTON, the successor in the Aldermanic Chair of the ingenious MECHI. We are glad to believe COTTON is the right man in the right place; but it was surely superfluous to tell us that the said COTTON was “a conspicuous member of the Lancashire Relief Committee.” Surely everybody would have taken *that* for granted of COTTON.

A PASSING THOUGHT.

THE great difference between the young and the old is this—the young have the world before them, whilst the old are behind the world.



A GENTLE STIMULANT.

Old Gent. "NOW, THEN, WHAT ARE YOU PULLING UP FOR?"

Chair Man. "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT I'M ONLY WAITING FOR T'OTHER MAN, 'CAUSE WE'RE GOING TO RACE DOWN THE HILL, SIR."

THE CRUELITIES OF COOKERY.

DEAR PUNCH,

WE consider the Chinese an unenlightened people, but in some respects they clearly are more clever than ourselves. For instance, it is known that they invented gunpowder long ere we had dreamed of it, and that they hatched fish artificially long before ourselves: nor can we regard them as being very much behind us in enlightenment, because we chanced to be before them in lighting streets with gas. While we call them semi-civilised, they term us mere barbarians, and certainly in some respects we quite deserve the name.

In our cookery for instance we clearly are most barbarous, when compared with many nations, including the Chinese. Not but what a haunch of venison, as served up at some tables, is a pleasant dish enough; and a good plum-pudding, even, is not a thing to sneer at, or a slice of tender, juicy, well-cooked English beef. Nor am I altogether tempted to exchange our simple modest apple-dumplings for the glutinous and gummy, and far more cloying dainties which are dished for the Chinese. Still with profit we might take a leaf out of their cookery books, in respect of the vast care with which their dishes are prepared, and the persevering industry with which they study to invent surprises for the palate, and educe the finest flavour from the meats they have to cook.

We read, for instance, that they make a most delicious dainty by placing living ducks upon a heated iron plate, which is thinly covered with seasoning and sauce. By the heat the blood is gradually attracted to the feet, which thus are swollen by degrees to a considerable size, and are most deliciously impregnated with spice. As the warmth becomes unpleasant, the ducks lit up their legs continually, and paddle to and fro, and their toes grow nicely soft and tender with the exercise, much in the same manner as the flesh of hunted hares. The cook stands by, the while, and watches them most carefully, and gradually increases the fire which is beneath them, until the feet are cooked. Then he chops them off, and serves them up for dinner, and gourmets taste a luxury to dream about at nights.

Such cookery no doubt must be considered somewhat cruel, and

doubtless this consideration would prevent an English palate from relishing the dish. But the Chinese are too wise to reflect upon the subject, and pay little heed to sufferings which give them satisfaction, and add a fresh enjoyment to the pleasures of a feast. Besides, it really is not certain that the ducks are made unhappy by thus being slowly cooked. Perhaps they feel that they die martyrs in the noble cause of cookery, and are solaced in their sufferings by the thought that they will certainly be held in quite the highest estimation after death. Instead of feeling consolation in selfishly reflecting that they die extremely tough, as the remarkably old turkey is amusingly reported by *Sam Weller* to have done, perhaps while they are dabbling in the heated spices, they feebly quack a little to express their satisfaction that men will be made happy by eating their poor feet.

Fully trusting this is so, and strongly wishing that our cooks would learn from the Chinese to give such patient, watchful heed to the preparing of their dishes, I beg leave to smack my lips at the thought of spiced duck's feet, and sign myself yours, most serenely,

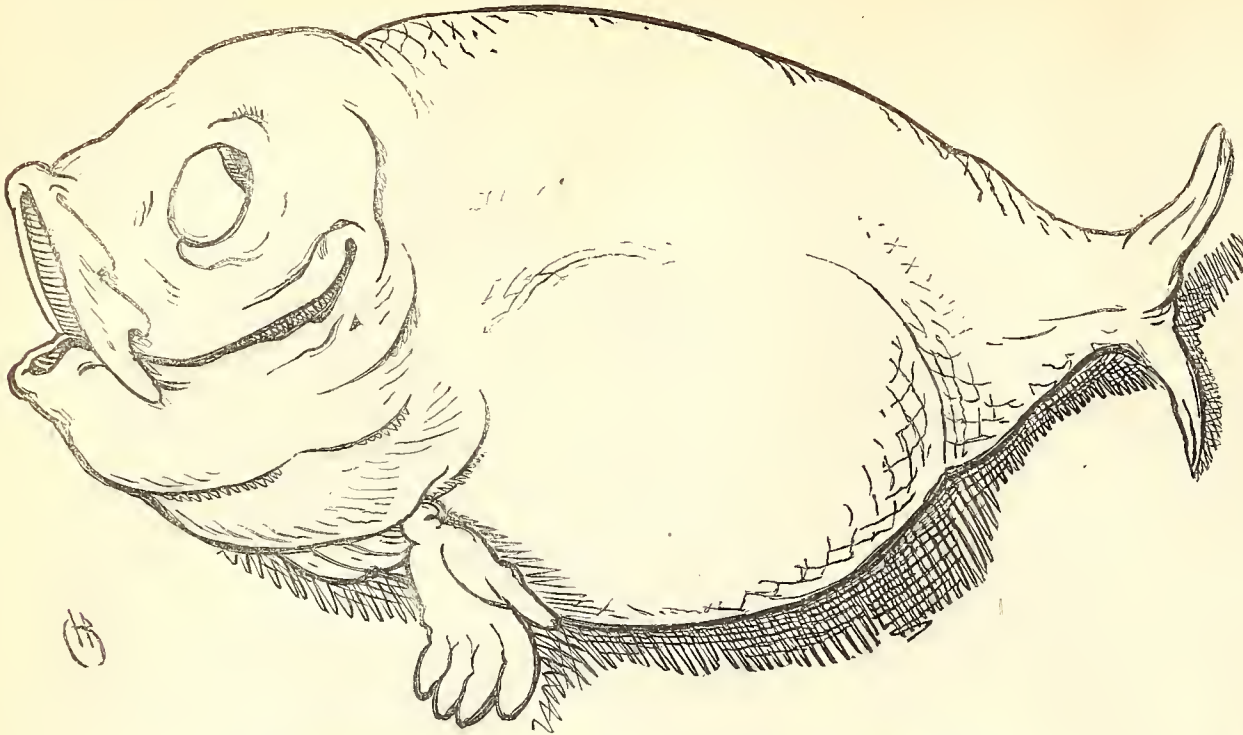
EPICURUS SMITH.

P.S. The camel has seven stomachs. How I envy the camel! Conceive the luxury of filling them with Chinese spiced-alive duck's feet!

The Protestant Entrenchment in Ireland.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH, in his late Charge, has taken up the cudgels for the Irish Protestant Church Establishment, and its endowment of £450,000 a-year, for a Church which includes less than twelve per cent. of the population, against nearly seventy-eight per cent. of Roman Catholics. We often hear it said that the defenders of the Irish Protestant establishment are ready to die in the last ditch for their Church and its endowment. What if that last ditch should prove to be *the Trench* in question.

SPORTING.—How to know a Racing Prophet.—By the tip of his tongue.



A BRIBERY BLOATER FROM YARMOUTH.

THE UTILISATION OF BRIBERY.

It is a point of wisdom to make the best of a bad bargain. The sale and purchase of a vote may be regarded as a bargain of that description. If seats in Parliament must needs be bought and sold, the country at large may as well have the benefit of the transaction. Instead of altogether disfranchising electors who sell their votes, might not the Legislature authorise the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to dispose of corrupt constituencies to the highest bidder? By this arrangement the country would at least be enabled to know better than it now does how many members of the House of Commons are the representatives of mere money.

THE "STAFF" OF LIFE.—At our Hospitals.

"THE LONG STRIKE."—Twelve!

THE AUGEAN STABLE—INSIDE AS WELL AS OUT.

(Respectfully Dedicated to LORD SHAFTESBURY and the Social Science Association.)

IN an age of bounce, and a land of brag,
Veneered with gratulation,
From pens that flourish, and tongues that wag,
In our noble selves' laudation,
When aught makes peg for boast or beg,
At some public dinner-table,
From the last successful swindle
To the great Atlantic cable,
Good work they do who usher us through
JOHN BULL'S Augean stable.

It rears with pride a fair outside
With nothing but white-wash seen,
And neat-raked litter the dirt to hide,
Edge-plaited, trim and clean:
JOHN takes his guests to look at it,
And himself looks at it, too,
As the model of all a stable should be—
Which it might be, if shows were true,
If there wasn't an *inside* as well as an *out*,
And if things be judged *on view*.

Each side the gate, as porters wait,
A pauper, gaunt and cowed:
And to balance him, in portly state,
A Bumble large and loud,
And over-head, in letters of lead,
But shining in the sun,
With Gilt as of best gilt-gingerbread,
JOHN'S favourite mottoes run,
"Look after the pence, and leave the pounds,"
And "Take care of Number One!"

There JOHN BULL stands, with folded hands,
And calm contented mien;
Admires the white-wash, and the strands
Of straw, that look so clean:
Points to the gilt that gilds his lead,
Invites attention due
To the wise morals therein read,
So safe, if not so new:
But shakes his head, and bows, instead,
When asked to show us through.

But Manchester provides a band
Of Guides, in JOHN'S despite:

With Shaftesbury—a Lord of land!
His reading must be right.
They'll show the filth, forbid to pass
Beyond those white-washed walls;
Turn up to sight the festering mass
That 'neath this litter crawls;
So stop your nose, and 'ware your clothes,
And through the Augean stalls!

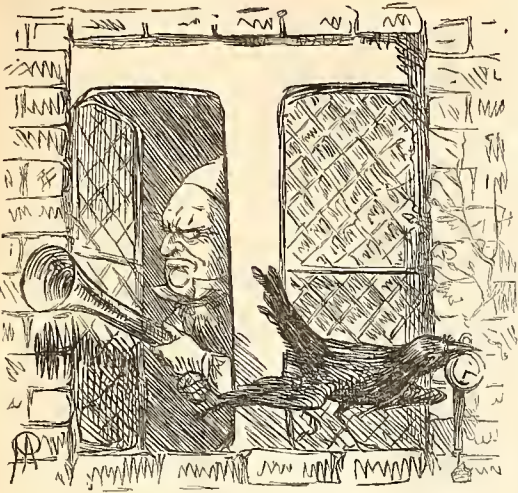
Slime overhead, filth under-foot,
Dark mildew, dirt three-piled:
Foul things in foulness that find root,
Defiling and defiled:
Fester of wealth ill-got, ill-used,
Fester of want, ill-borne:
Weakness o'ertasked and youth abused,
Sex of its graces shorn:
Infancy poisoned in its bud,
Age ere its time outworn.

The sewage that should feed the land,
Made poison for the town:
The streams, but sewers for the strand,
To drink its ordure down.
The home a den, where human souls
In beasts' lairs bestial grow:
The bright blue face of Heaven with rolls
Of furnace reek hung low;
And hand in hand, that sister band
Vice, Drunkenness, and Woe!

In front, at back, on either hand,
The Augean stable spreads:
Where'er we step, on filth we stand:
Filth drops upon our heads.
An awful place! where heart of grace
Scarcely resting-place can find;
Of God's own ground so scant the trace,
God's light so far behind:
All forms of ill that Body kill,
Dwarf Heart, and dwindle Mind!

But not for this, take we amiss
Their work who grasp our hand,
And force us through a scene like this,
Nor outside let us stand,
Among the crowd, whose peans loud
On us, our land, our law,
Fall with cold cheer upon their ear,
Whom Bumble cannot awe,
As through the Augean stable drear
Siek'ning they stir the straw.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.



THE Theatres are nearly all open, and once more I am hunted from marshy joys, like the expiring frog, to run up to the Metropolis, in order to go everywhere, see everything, and tell you all about it.

I began my "Evenings" this season with the Princess's, that being the last theatre I had visited before quitting town. Many numbers ago, I gave you a sketch of *The Huguenot Captain*. The Captain has been doing very well, and

MR. SHORE, who plays the *Due d'Hamandveul* (I haven't kept a playbill, but the name is something like that), has discarded the gorgeous dressing-gown which I had (stupidly, I own) thought, up till now, was the chief point in the plot. The ballet is simply, the best grotesque ballet that has been seen for years in London or anywhere else, Paris included; and it is not out of place here to mention the fact that its success is almost entirely due to M. MILANO, who, despite his name, is an English Master of the Dance, and who invented, at the shortest possible notice, this Bohemian ballet which has been the rage, ever since the first night of its production. MR. VINING handsomely and substantially acknowledged M. MILANO's services, as well as those of every one who, on this occasion, worked with a will. I heartily congratulate MR. VINING on all past and present success, which his liberality thoroughly deserves, and wish him the best luck for the future.

I went, Sir, to the Surrey Theatre, to see MR. SLOUS's play of *True to the Core*. In brief, the plot is this. CRANMER's grandson was brought, as a treat, to see his worthy relative in the fire, and while he was standing near the stake, his eye caught that of a naughty Jesuit, who was making derisive grimaces (in the language of the boy of that period, "cutting snooks") at his (CRANMER's) respected grandfather. Instead of knocking him down there and then, or getting him alone in a corner, and "punching his head for his himperence," Young CRANMER waited for nearly thirty years, following this Jesuit through a long course of study in several Jesuitical colleges abroad, and at last tracking him to England, and there denouncing him as a Spanish plotter against QUEEN ELIZABETH and a Plymouth pilot. Mixed up with this very original plot, is a seducer in large boots, a diffident *Admiral Drake*, *Sir Walter Raleigh*, without a pipe, a boisterous *Walsingham*, and a gipsy girl of some strange tribe now lost to our shores. The Jesuit is the character, and a precious black character his is. This play, you must know, gained the T. P. COOKE prize; and, as M.P.'s do occasionally offer little bribes here and there, it is not improbable that MR. WHALLEY, for purely Protestant purposes, sent gifts unto the Selecting Committee, having first prompted MR. SLOUS to write the drama. MR. WHALLEY knows how to convert the stage into a mighty Protestant engine. MR. SLOUS obtained a hundred pounds as his prize: the drama then, it appears, became the property of the trustees under the T. P. COOKE will, who take a share, as I am credibly informed, in the nightly profits accruing to MESSRS. SHEPHERD and CRESWICK, lessees of the Surrey, from the performance of this attractive piece, while the author has never received, and, probably, never will receive, another penny. I hope this is not so; and for the sake of Trustees and Managers, I sincerely trust that I am misinformed. I have alluded to one Manager handsomely recognising the services of those to whom he owes his success. Surely, then, something is due to the author for the performance of a piece, over and above the award of the hundred pounds' prize, which he would have received independently of its production! Let *Mr. Punch* hear some more of this liberality of Managers.

Telegrams from Leicester Square.

THE Statue has sent a petition to the Government to take the horse away and accommodate him with a perambulator.

THE SPECIALITIES OF YARMOUTH.

GREAT Yarmouth is a place that's famed for bloaters,
But rendered infamous by venal voters.

IS THIS SO?

For Notes and Queries. The uncomfortable limp of a lame sheep dog in the North first suggested the expressive word *Colly-wabble*. (?)

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE Publishing Season, just commencing, promises to be one of great interest and importance. Amongst the works that may be expected to appear we book the following:—

A Companion volume to "*The Philosophy of the Conditioned*," entitled, *The Philosophy of the Ill-Conditioned, or the Patience of Poverty; Our Countrywomen, or Her Majesty's Females*, by the Author of "*Her Majesty's Mails*;" *The River Plate and the Basin of the Nile*, by an Ex-Minister at Turin; *History of the Edgeware Road*, by the Master Cutler, profusely illustrated with engravings on steel; a new Book for Boys, with the attractive heading, *Tales of the Boldest*, by the writer of "*Story of a Boulder*;" *Rural Rambles*, being Strolls in Tower Hamlets, Shepherd's Bush, Short's Gardens, Knightsbridge Green, and other sequestered spots; *Acids, their Powers and Properties*, by Saturday Reviewers; *The Clap'em Sect*, by an old Stager; *Thoughts on Vestments*, by a Superior Washerwoman; *The Law of Capture*, by a Mother of six well-married daughters; and *A Handy Book of Pickpocketing*, by an Ex-Thief.

The readers of fiction are promised, *How to make both Ends meet: A Tale of Personal Suffering*, by an Acrobat, and Novels by the Authors of "*The Second Mrs. Tillotson*," "*Thrice His*," and "*The Three Louisas*," entitled, *Two to One, or The Beautiful Bigamist*; *Three Times Three*, being Tales by a Toastmaster; and *Sixes and Sevens, or Family Jars*. LORD LYTTON is said to have in hand a revised edition of "*The Last of the Barons*," and there are rumours of a new story from his everpointed pen, to be called *The Lords of Creation*. From the Clarendon press we may look for an Essay, by the Professor of Rural Economy, with the taking title of *How to Live in the Country on Three Hundred a Year*; and a new Magazine to be devoted to the fashions—*Cap and Gown*. Fresh editions of *The "Bridgewater Treatises"*, by eminent railway engineers, and *The Drap(i)er Letters*, by promoters of the Saturday half-holiday, are in progress. Several new translations of HOMER in blank verse, hexameters, heroics, the Spenserian measure and hendecasyllabics, will shortly be given to the world—and the waste-paper basket. SHAKESPEARE will not be neglected, some new facts about his life and pocket-money having been discovered at Wroxeter (the ancient *Uriconium*) including his clasp-knife and first copy-book.

Lovers of Illustrated Literature may expect a rich Christmas feast, and the admirers of DORÉ will be glad to know that he is engaged night and day on pictorial editions of HOMER, VIRGIL, MILTON and SHAKESPEARE, the Delphin Classics, the Benedictine Fathers, the Lives of the Saints, Domesday Book, *Jack the Giant-Killer*, and other Standard Works. A new *Handbook to the Isle of Wight* will issue from the Press of MESSRS. BLACK; and we have been favoured with an early copy of *Thoughts in Turkish Baths*—in sheets.

The only musical novelty we have to note is "*The Stokers' Galop*," by the composer of "*The Guards' Waltz*."

MR. CALCRAFT'S MINOR OPERATION.

As long as the columns of our contemporaries continue to present us with paragraphs headed "Garotte Robbery," so long will they gratify us whenever they afford us such information as that which we proceed to copy from the *Times*:—

"FLOGGING GAROTTERS.—Three persons, named DANIEL and DAVID BRYANT, and WILLIAM PRENDERGAST, who were convicted at the last session of the Central Criminal Court to be flogged prior to undergoing sentences of imprisonment and penal servitude for robberies in the street, accompanied by personal violence, underwent the most unpleasant and painful portion of their punishment on Saturday in Newgate. The flogging was inflicted by a cat-o'-nine-tails by CALCRAFT."

Here, benevolent reader, you will perhaps pause. Knowing that MR. CALCRAFT has now been some time before the public, you may be apprehensive that the muscular power of that gentleman at his time of life, though perfectly adequate to drawing a bolt, may, when a cat-of-nine-tails is to be exercised on the back of a garotter, not be quite sufficient to produce the desired effect. You will be reassured by the sequel of the foregoing narrative relative to the subjects on whom MR. CALCRAFT operated:—

"Although they were sentenced to receive 40 stripes, MR. GIBSON, the surgeon of the prison, felt himself justified in ordering CALCRAFT to desist after the prisoners had received 20 lashes only."

It is satisfactory to find that MR. CALCRAFT proved fully equal to the occasion. The preceding statement has been found to require some modification, but that only renders it the more satisfactory. The practical lesson in humanity which MICHAEL, not DANIEL, and DAVID BRYAN, not BRYANT, and BARTHOLOMEW, not WILLIAM, PRENDERGAST, received from MR. CALCRAFT, was given to them on the 25th of September, and not on Goose Day or the Feast of St. Michael. The MESSRS. BRYAN had their full allowance of 40 lashes. It was only on MR. PRENDERGAST that the executioner was obliged to abridge his discipline. In that one case, however, the vigour of his arm was amply demonstrated. Nevertheless, the next garotter MR. CALCRAFT has to flog, more power to his elbow!



A CAUTION TO UNOBSERVANT YOUNG MEN.

LOOK WELL BEFORE YOU TAKE UP YOUR POSITION AGAINST THE RAILS!

DR. MANNING AND HIS MASTER.

MR. PUNCH,

BEFORE going over to Rome, except as a visitor, and before agreeing to drink the health of the QUEEN after the POPE's, I should like to ask DR. MANNING a few questions suggested by his late Pastoral concerning his master's Temporal Power.

Is not the number of Popes, who have been persecuted since the time of CONSTANTINE THE GREAT, pretty considerable?

If the POPE were to become mere Bishop of Rome, would anybody who does not dare to persecute him now dare to persecute him then?

In case his Holiness were simply Bishop of Rome, who could possibly persecute him but the Constitutional Government of Italy?

Were the Italian Government to persecute him, could not the Catholic Powers of Europe interfere for his protection as effectually as they can now?

As long as the POPE continued to be an Italian subject, would not any foreign power that might attempt to coerce him have first to fight Italy?

But, then, if the Papacy were deprived of the temporal power, would not that be a signal demonstration of the fact that the Authority which theoretically claims the right to govern the world is practically unequal to the government of a petty territory? Would not Popery thus lose what in French is called *prestige*—in plain English the magical humbug of a name?

If the Most Reverend DR. MANNING knew his own mind would he not know the affirmative of these last questions to be the real reason why he and other Ultramontane Roman Catholics are so fearfully anxious that the Sovereign Pontiff should be maintained in possession of his temporal sovereignty? And would not the contraband ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER also know that the consideration that, if the POPE were only a spiritual Sovereign, the worldly consequence of dignitaries of the Romish Church would be considerably diminished, is also some reason why those dignitaries for the most part object to the reduction of the States of the Church to a kingdom which is not of this world? Answers would oblige.

Yours truly,

PHILALETHES BLOKE.

BETTERING THE INSTRUCTION.

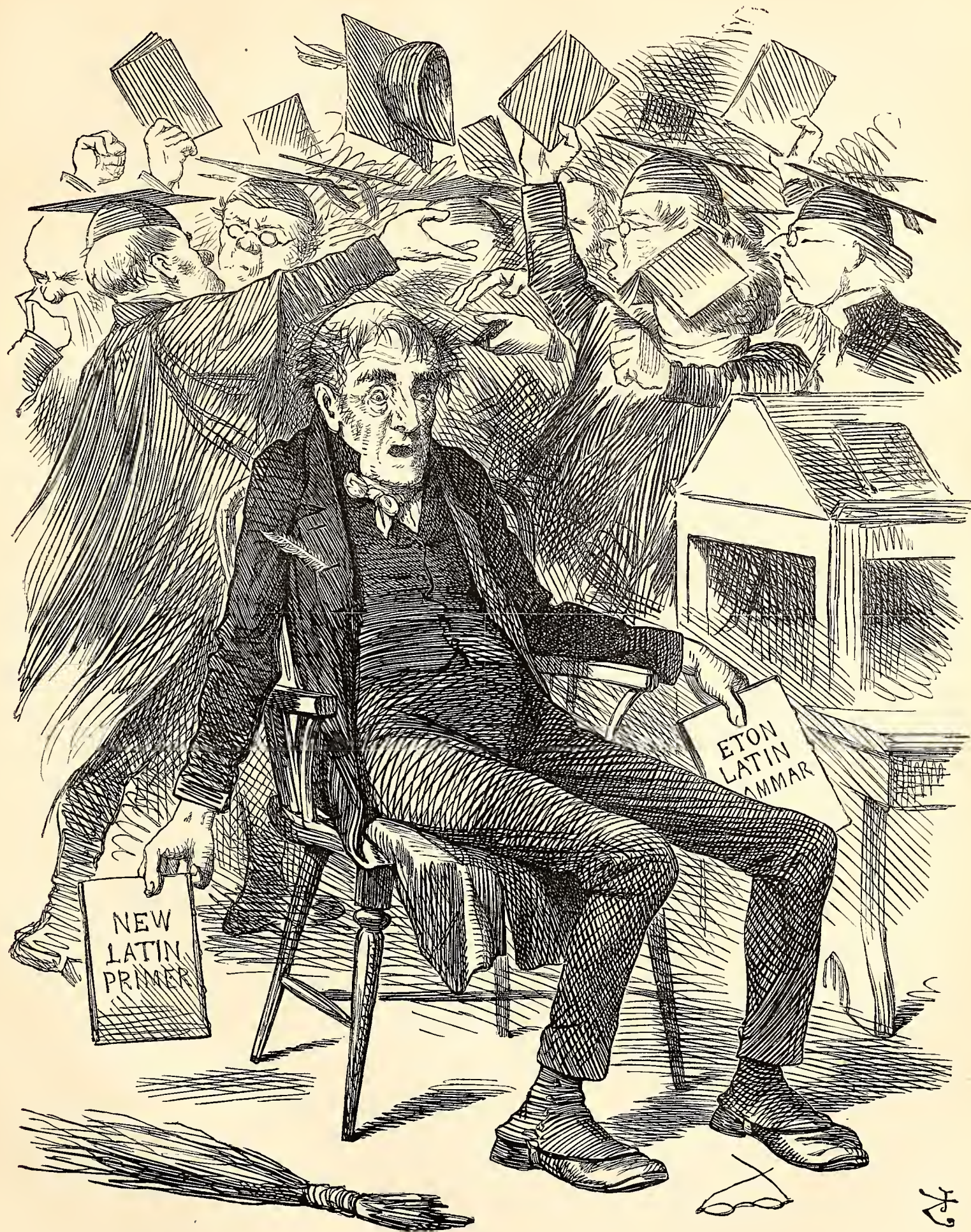
IN the "high-falutin" address presented by the Manchester Branch of the Reform League to MR. BRIGHT last week, we find, among other bursts of eloquence, the statement that "the voice of the metropolis of the empire has echoed through the land. Hyde Park and Parliament Street, to the venerable Abbey, have been compactly filled with law-respecting, freedom-loving multitudes of our fellow-countrymen, solemnly resolved to regain those rights which a proud and overbearing minority still presumes to withhold from them"—including, we presume, the right to break windows, pick pockets, and tear down railings.

By way of practical comment on this, we read of the hop-pickers at Loose Court, in Kent, the other day, striking work, arming themselves with hop-poles, demolishing the bins in another garden, where abject country hands, who hadn't been taught their rights by the League, were engaged, and threatening their employers unless he raised the terms they had agreed to work for, "to show him what Hyde Park riot was like."

Evidently, the voice of the metropolis of the empire, if it have not echoed through the land, has echoed in the Maidstone hop-grounds. And the Loose Court hop-pickers seem to have viewed MR. HOPSOLL, in the light of the Manchester Address, as one of "the proud and overbearing minority" which "presumed to withhold their rights from the law-respecting, freedom-loving" "roughs" out of the slums of Westminster, the alleys of Whitechapel, and the courts of Bloomsbury. Who henceforth will deny that the majestic Hyde Park demonstrations have borne fruits—and that these are of them?

Commercial Intelligence.

MUCH anxiety has lately been felt in the City for the safety of a well-known and long-established National Bank, but it is hoped that the alarm may now be considered groundless. We allude to the Bank of the Rhine, which, it is understood, is to be left alone—at least, for the present—by those who were disposed to take French leave and overrun it.



THE SCHOOLMASTER (ALL) ABROAD.

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,

I SKURCELY need inform you that your excellent Tower is very pop'lar with peple from the agricultooral districks, and it was chiefly them class which I found waitin at the gates the other mornin.

I saw at once that the Tower was established on a firm basis. In the entire history of firm basisis I don't find a basis more firmer than this one.

"You have no Tower in America?" said a man in the crowd, who had somehow detected my denomination.

"Alars! no," I anserd; "we boste of our enterprise and improovments, and yit we are devoid of a Tower. America, oh my onhappy country! thou hast not got no Tower! It's a sweet Boon."

The gates was opened after awhile, and we all purchist tickets, and went into a waitin-room.

"My frens," said a pale-faced little man, in black close, "this is a sad day."

"Inasmuch as to how?" I said.

"I mean it is sad to think that so many peple have been killed within these gloomy walls. My frens, let us drop a tear!"

"No," I said, "you must excuse me. Others may drop one if they feel like it; but as for me, I decline. The early managers of this insti-tootion were a bad lot, and their crimes was trooly orful; but I can't sob for those who died four or five hundred years ago. If they was my own relations I couldn't. It's absurd to shed sobs over things which occur durin the rain of HENRY THE THREE. Let us be cheerful," I continerd. "Look at the festiv Warders, in their red flannil jackets. They are cheerful, and why should it not be thusly with us?"

A Warder now took us in charge, and showed us the Trater's Gate, the armers, and things. The Trater's Gate is wide enuff to admit about twenty traters abreast, I should jedge; but beyond this, I couldn't see that it was superior to gates in gen'ral.

Traters, I will here remark, are a onfortnit class of peple. If they wasn't, they wouldn't be traters. They conspire to bust up a country—they fail, and they're traters. They bust her, and they become statesmen and heroes.

Take the case of GLOSTER, afterwards Old DICK THE THREE, who may be seen at the Tower, on horseback, in a heavy tin overcoat—take MR. GLOSTER's case. MR. G. was a conspiriter of the basist dye, and if he'd failed, he would have been hung on a sour apple-tree. But MR. G. succeeded, and became great. He was slewd by COL. RICHMOND, but he lives in histry, and his equestrian figger may be seen daily for a sixpence, in conjunction with other em'nent persons, and no extry charge for the Warder's able and bootiful lectur.

There's one king in this room who is mounted onto a foamin steed, his right hand graspin a barber's pole. I didn't learn his name.

The room where the daggers and pistils and other weppins is kept is interestin. Among this collection of choice cuttlery I notist the bow and arrer which those hot-headed old chaps used to conduct battles with. It is quite like the bow (and arrer used at this day by certin tribes of American Injuns, and they shoot 'em off with such a excellent precision that I almost sigh'd to be a Injun, when I was in the Rocky Mountin regin. They are a pleasant lot them Injuns. MR. COOPER and DR. CATLIN have told us of the red man's wonerful eloquence, and I found it so. Our party was stopt on the plains of Utah by a band of Shoshones, whose chief said, "Brothers! the pale-face is welcome. Brothers! the sun is sinkin in the West, and WA-NA-BUCKY-SHE will soon cease speakin. Brothers! the poor red man belongs to a race which is fast becomin extink." He then whooped in a shrill manner, stole all our blankets and whiskey, and fled to the primeval forest to conceal his emotions.

I will remark here, while on the subjeck of Injuns, that they are in the main a very shaky set, with even less sense than the Fenians, and when I hear philanthropists bewailin the fack that every year "carries the noble red man nearer the settin sun," I simply have to say I'm glad of it, tho' it is rough on the settin sun. They call you by the sweet name of Brother one minit, and the next they scalp you with their Thomashawks. But I wander. Let us return to the Tower.

At one end of the room where the weppins is kept, is a wax figger of QUEEN ELIZABETH, mounted on a fiery stuffed hoss, whose glass eye flashes with pride, and whose red morocker nostril dilates hawtily, as if conscious of the royal burden he bears. I have associated ELIZABETH with the Spanish Armady. She's mixed up with it at the Surry Theatre, where *Troo to the Core* is bein acted, and in which a full bally core is introjooeed on board the Spanish Admiral's ship, givin the audiens the idee that he intends openin a moosic-hall in Plymouth the moment he conkers that town. But a very interesting drammer is *Troo to the Core*, notwithstandin the eccentric conduct of the Spanish Admiral; and very nice it is in QUEEN ELIZABETH to make MARTIN TRUEGOLD a baronet.

The Warder shows us some instruuments of tortur, such as thumb-screws, throat-collars, etc., statin that these was conkerd from the Spanish Armady, and addin what a crooil peple the Spaniards was in

them days—which elissited from a bright-eyed little girl of about twelve summers the remark that she tho't it *was* rich to talk about the crooilty of the Spaniards usin thumb-screws, when we was in a Tower where so many poor peple's heads had been cut off. This made the Warder stammer and turn red.

I was so pleased with the little girl's brightness that I could have kissed the dear child, and I would if she'd been six years older.

I think my companions intended makin a day of it, for they all had sandwiches, sassigcs, etc. The sad-lookin man, who had wanted us to drop a tear afore we started to go round, fling'd such quantities of sassige into his mouth, that I expected to see him choke hisself to death, he said to me, in the Beauchamp Tower, where the poor prisoners writ their onhappy names on the cold walls "This is a sad sight."

"It is, indeed," I anserd. "You're black in the face. You shouldn't eat sassige in public without some rehearsals beforehand. You manage it orkwardly."

"No," he said, "I mean this sad room."

Indeed, he was quite right. Tho' so long ago all these drefful things happened, I was very glad to git away from this gloomy room, and go where the rich and sparklin Crown Jewils is kept. I was so pleased with the QUEEN'S Crown, that it occurd to me what a agree'ble surprise it would be to send a sim'lar one home to my wife; and I asked the Warder what was the vally of a good, well-constructed Crown like that. He told me, but on cypherin up with a pencil the amount of fums I have in the Jint Stock Bank, I conclooded I'd send her a genteel silver watch instid.

And so I left the Tower. It is a solid and commandin edifis, but I deny that it is cheerful. I bid it adoo without a pang.

I was droven to my hotel by the most melancholly driver of a four-wheeler that I ever saw. He heaved a deep sigh as I gave him two shillins. "I'll give you six *d.*'s more," I said, "if it hurts you so."

"It isn't that," he said, with a hart-rendin groan, "it's only a way I have. My mind's upset to-day. I at one time tho't I'd drive you into the Thames. I've been readin all the daily papers to try and understand about GOVERNOR AYRE, and my mind is totterin. It's really wonderful I didn't drive you into the Thames."

I asked the onhappy man what his number was, so I could redily find him in case I should want him agin, and bad him good-bye. And then I tho't what a frolicksome day I'd made of it.

Respectably, &c.

ARTEMUS WARD.

SENTIMENT IN A SMOCK FROCK.

THERE'S many a larned discussor,
Holds death of all evils the wust.
But I thinks there's one that's still wusser,
And that is when Beauty goes fust.

Thee, Sweetheart, like many another,
Bist lissome as e'er a fawn now;
But what a fat ooman's thy mother!
A good dale more like an old zow.

And I, if so be as I marry thee,
And lives about twenty year more;
Shall find I beant yeable to carry thee,
If thee't be as she wuz afore.

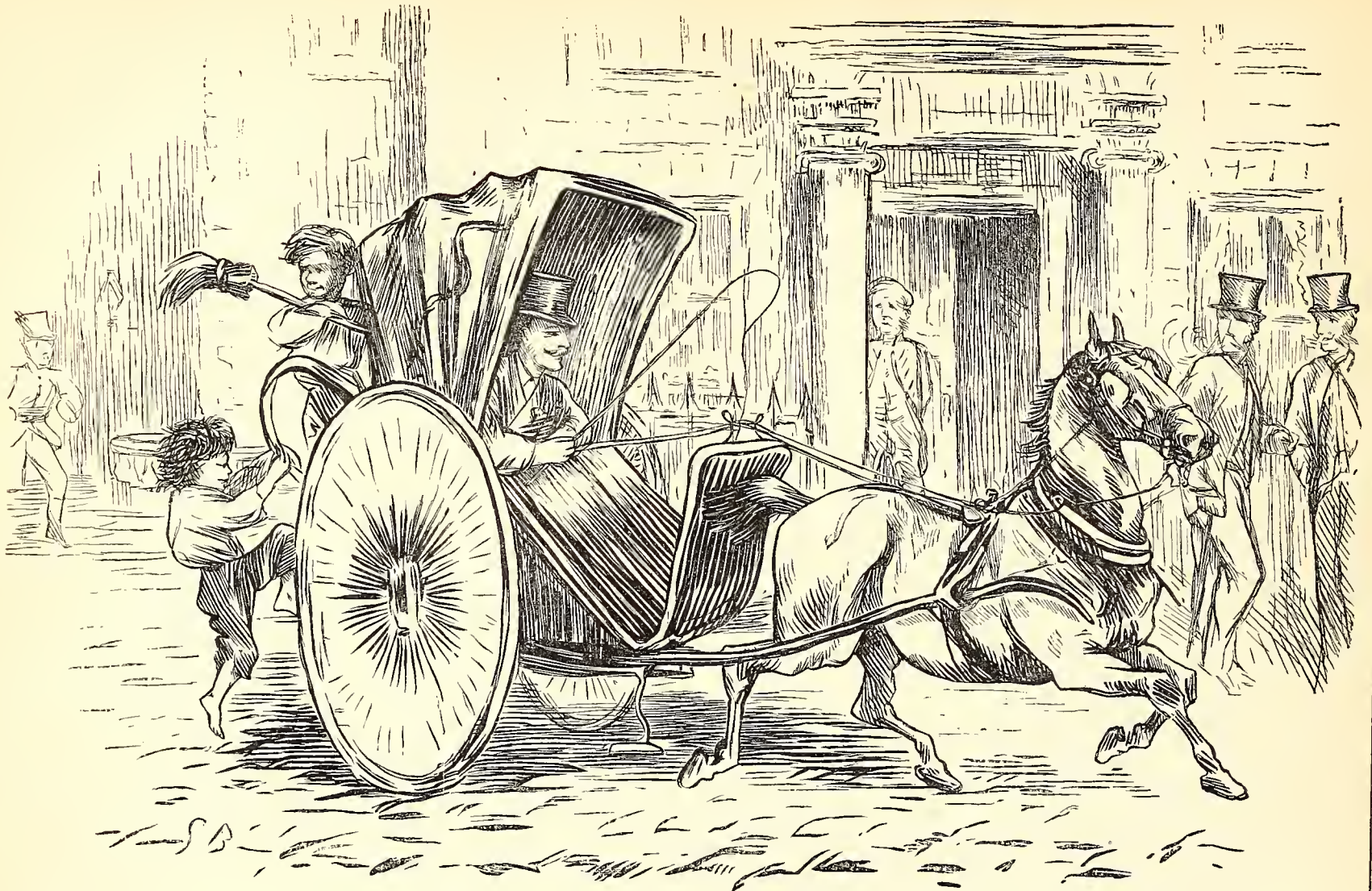
LADIES AND THEIR LUGGAGE.

ONE finds in our old Comedies the term "baggage" applied on some occasions to a woman, at times as an endearment and at times as a reproach. The word is well nigh obsolete, but we think that it might be revived with some propriety, in its latter sense at any rate, when we notice in the newspapers such paragraphs as this:—

"The American public have been greatly astonished by the announcement that MADAME R— requires 107 trunks and boxes to carry her personal baggage—a number far in excess of the standard heretofore necessary for a Saratoga belle in full fashion."

What luggage may be needful for a Saratoga belle we are not competent to guess. Peradventure eighty trunks and boxes may content her, or indeed, if they be big ones, fifty may suffice. Ladies here in London now go about in trains, but the Saratoga swellesses must go about in luggage trains, for every lady must require a dozen railway trucks at least for all the luggage that she takes with her. When we picture the hundred or more trunks that ladies travel with, we cannot help reflecting how happy is the elephant, whose wife, when on a journey, only has one trunk!

THE BEST REMEDY FOR A KNOCK-OUT.—A Knock Down.



“WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS,” &c.

SPANKER THINKS HIS NEW BOY MUST BE A GREAT SET-OFF TO HIS CAB, ELSE WHY DO PEOPLE SEEM TO ADMIRE HIM MORE THAN USUAL ?

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

At Furze Cottage. A Literary Conversation.

Notes written down soon after my arrival at Fraser's.—The groom who took me in the pony carriage was not quite certain which was Furze cottage. After going up a considerable hill, we came to a door which seemed to appear suddenly out of a plantation. There was nothing outside to indicate that it belonged to the FRASERS, or anybody else. Here I find notes made on the spot.

Pretty place, if FRASER's or any one's. Honeysuckles, ercepers and crawlers all over the wall.

Happy Thought.—Must learn the names of plants. *Typical Developments*, Vol. VII., to be entirely devoted to Floriculture.

See a small window: a child appears at it. I call out to him, is this MR. FRASER's? Whereupon he makes faces at me. Little idiot. I repeat my question, and he repeats his faces. I threaten him, when he suddenly disappears, having, as I hope, tumbled off a chair. If this is the FRASERS, they have children, or at all events one child, who makes faces at visitors. I don't like this.

Why the groom on seeing the child should say, “Oh, yes, this is Furze Cottage,” I don't know: on looking again at the window I catch sight of a comely nurserymaid, and from certain indications on her countenance I am inclined to think that the groom is upon, at all events, winking terms with the domestic. The groom gets out to ring the bell while I hold the reins. I am glad when he has rung, and is at the pony's head.

Happy Thought.—Must practise my driving.

A youngish butler opens the door, he lacks the stateliness of the archbishop at Furze Lodge, but he is dapper and genial; and a butler should be genial. Wishing to do things well for the sake of the FRASERS, and with a view to reading the Duke's groom the useful lesson that a menial mustn't despise anyone who may happen to be shown out of a nobleman's house, I give him half-a-crown. I watched the effect upon him. None, visibly. Turning suddenly, a few seconds afterwards, I am confident I saw him with the half-crown in his right eye, pretending to ogle the nurserymaid at the window. Analysing this act subsequently,

(with a view to materials for chapter on *Human Nature*), I find in it ingratitude, immorality and tomfoolery. [*Query.* Why Tom foolery, why not Henry-foolery or John-foolery. Must think over this, and startle the world when I've found it out.]

Happy Thought.—That groom's a Lothario. Who was Lothario? Useful thing to get a history of him. Everybody is hearty at FRASERS. The butler and the footman are hearty. They get out my luggage heartily. They hang up my hat, on a peg in the hall, heartily. The butler putting down my hat-box “thinks that that's all,” heartily. The footman thinks yes, that that is all, very heartily. They smile at one another and breathe, heartily. I begin to feel hearty myself. The load of the aristocracy is off me, now that the Duke's groom (much worse than the Duke himself as oppressing me, until I saw him with my coin in his right eye) is gone. I notice that there are about ten pairs of little shoes, and hoops, and hoopsticks in the hall. The FRASERS have evidently a large family. Didn't know this before. MRS. PLYTE FRASER comes in from the garden. She talks in italics, most heartily. “So glad to see me: so delighted: so sorry if I hadn't come: should never have forgiven me: never. You'll have a cup of tea? We're just come in to have tea: and a chat: so long since we've had a chat.” Mrs. FRASER then gives some directions about MASTER ADOLPHUS coming down to dinner, and the others to dessert. Very large family, I'm afraid. Asking for FRASER, I am told he is arranging a bin. I like MRS. PLYTE FRASER, she is thoroughly appreciative. She is fond of literature, specially of the higher walks in which I am engaged, and she interests herself in what interests me. I shall get her to give me an opinion on the first Chapter of *Typical Developments*. A clever woman's opinion is worth a great deal; and then, of course, she represents a class. Now my mistake in appealing at all to BOODELS was, that he didn't represent anybody.

Odd question for MRS. FRASER to put to me, almost directly we are in the drawing-room, “So you're not married yet?” I laugh, and reply, “No, I'm not married yet,” having, in fact, no other answer ready. She returns, knowingly, “Well, we'll see what we can do for you?” I smile, but I don't quite like this style of conversation. Analysing it, subsequently, for materials for chapter on *Human Nature*, I find in it frivolity and curiosity. I take this opportunity while we're

sipping our tea of informing MRS. FRASER how hard at work I am on *Typical Developments*. She says, "Oh, she should like to see it so much! I must read it to her;" and adds shyly, "I'm sure it's romantic; I do like anything really romantic."

She is so enthusiastic on the subject that I don't feel inclined to explain that it has nothing to do with romance, but say dubiously, as if I hadn't quite made up my mind about it, "Well, no, not perhaps exactly romantic, that is in the sense you mean." She was at me in a moment, she is so quick, "Romantic in another sense? I don't quite understand." Being unable to put it in a clearer light, I say smiling mysteriously, "You shall see," which pacifies her for the time.

Happy Thought.—I'll throw in a little romantic touch here and there, before I read it to her. Perhaps it would improve it: on consideration, I don't quite see how.

Here three young ladies join us. The MISSES SYMPERSON and MISS FLORELLY. I wish MRS. FRASER wouldn't introduce me as "a gentleman of whose literary fame you've often heard, I've no doubt." It is so awkward when people don't know anything about you. This was the case with the SYMPERSONS and MISS FLORELLY: rather stupid girls. When MRS. FRASER said this, I laughed and said, "Oh, no, no, no," as if their ignorance of me was just pardonable and that's all.

Happy Thought.—I must get something published at once, because, then, when you are introduced, as above, you can refer to some work or other that everyone knows something about. But if you're introduced as a gentleman of great literary fame, and on being asked what you've written are obliged to reply "nothing," it makes one look so foolish. I don't say "nothing," I qualify it; I reply, "I have published nothing though I have written a great deal," and then I depreciate publication as merely a gratification of personal vanity. This was what I said to MISS HARDING, who is another young lady at the FRASERS', supposed to be very clever and very sharp, and asked, I find, on my account. MISS HARDING replies, "Gratification of personal vanity! then MILTON, BEN JONSON, SHAKESPEARE, BACON, CHAUCER, simply gratified their vanity? for they all published. You surely can't mean that?" I do not mean that, or at least I didn't expect to be taken up so quickly, and wish to goodness she wouldn't talk so loud, as MRS. FRASER, and everyone in the room is listening. I feel that I am placed on my mettle: by a girl only eighteen, too! I reply, "No, they were not, vain,—and when I said that publication was a gratification of vanity, I did not suppose for one minute you would understand it literally." Everyone, I see, is satisfied with this answer: she is not. "If not literally," she returns, "how do you mean it metaphorically?" I reply, seeing that everybody is waiting for me to crush her, "Well, you see, you must analyse the motives which prompt a man of high cultivation and lofty soul-stirring aspirations to"—here PLYTE FRASER himself comes in, from the wine-cellar. He dusts himself and shakes hands with me apologetically, "Glad to see you—don't let me interrupt you." I say, "No, no, not at all." "Ah," says he to MISS HARDING, "you get him to sing to you 'The Little Pig Jumped over the Wall.' It's capital—he does the squeak, and everything." MISS HARDING raises her eyebrows, and I protest I don't sing now—that I've given it up. PLYTE FRASER insists: "You'll give it us this evening—squeak and all—and we'll have the children down to hear it." Here he slaps me gently on the back. He's stopped too long in the wine-cellar; a little tasting is a dangerous thing. I must take the first opportunity I can of explaining to FRASER that I am not a buffoon.

MRS. FRASER and the other ladies are in the garden. One of the boy FRASERS, nine years old, is there. I don't know how many children they have: on inspection I don't think this is the one who made faces at me from the window. We join them. At any other time I should have disdained croquet, but a man who does the pig and the squeak (confound FRASER'S memory!) cannot affect to be above a simple lawn sport like croquet. MISS FLORELLY says to me sweetly during the game, "Oh, I do hope you'll sing that song about the pig. MR. FRASER says you wrote it yourself. It's wonderful to me how you can think of such clever things." Here's a reputation: not as the author of *Typical Developments*, but the writer of "The Little Pig Jumped," who sings it, and does the squeak himself! When shall I be known in my true character? When will my lofty aspirations be recognised? I think all this in a corner of the croquet-ground, and I find myself frowning horribly.

Here I am called upon to push a ball through a hoop: I fail. The boy FRASER says, "You can't play as well as I can," and is told not to be rude. MISS HARDING not only laughs at me, but hits me (I mean my ball) to the other end of the ground. The boy FRASER then alters his remark, "You can't play as well as MISS HARDING, you can't." I say pleasantly enough, wishing to be friends with her, "You've sent me a long way off, MISS HARDING," and she replies earnestly, "Yes, terrible, isn't it?" The boy FRASER, whom I begin to detest, says, "You can't run as fast as I can." I nod to him pleasantly to propitiate the boy, but he only asks "What do you mean by that?" and imitates me. I have to run across the ground: I am conscious of not appearing to advantage when running. I wish that croquet had never been invented: I feel that I am scowling again: it

strains me to smile. Now at BOODELS one wasn't bothered to play at croquet with women and children. I must explain to MRS. FRASER that I want to have as much time as possible to myself for working, and I can't be playing croquet all day. FRASER himself doesn't play, and I'm the only man here. He looks into the ground for one minute, and says, "Hullo, getting on all right?" I reply, smilingly, "Oh, yes, all right," and he disappears into the cellar again, I believe, as the next time I see him is in the hall, with a couple of cobwebby bottles in his hands. Bell: thank heaven: dinner time. The worst of being the only man with five ladies is that one has to pick up all the croquet balls, put the mallets back in the box, draw the stumps, and carry the whole lot of things into the house. The boy FRASER refuses to assist me, and says, "Pick 'em up yourself." Nice child this! I should like to pinch him, or box his ears; but I'm afraid, he'd make such a noise.

Happy Thought while Dressing for Dinner.—To tell FRASER quietly that I don't care about croquet, and then he'll get me out of it another time. Hope there's not a party at dinner. Hope he's forgotten all about asking me to sing "The Little Pig." * * * Lost a stud. Can't find it anywhere. This is annoying. Hate going down hot and uncomfortable to dinner. Ring bell. Footman after some delay answers it. He brings up hot water (which I've had before) and announces that dinner will be ready in five minutes. We both look for the stud. He thinks his master has a set, though he don't generally wear 'em. While he is gone, I find that the stud is missing which fastens my collar. Ring the bell again. This causes another bell to ring. Hate giving trouble in a strange house. Little boy FRASER comes to the door as the butler enters with more hot water. The horrid boy makes remarks on my dress. I tell the domestic my difficulty. Master don't wear studs, it appears. The boy FRASER is overhauling the things on my table. I ask him to leave my comb alone, and he goes to the brushes. The footman (with more hot water, not knowing the butler was there), says the Maid would pin it on, if that would do? That must do. The boy FRASER is putting hair oil on my clean pocket-handkerchief. He thinks it's *scent*. Another minute and the Maid appears. Shall she sew on a button? "Is there time," I ask. "Well, she'll try," she answers, and goes for the button. I implore the boy FRASER, who is now trying on my boots, to go away. He won't. The dinner-bell rings. Now I'm keeping them waiting. Boy FRASER informs me that he's coming down to dessert. Maid returns. What a time sewing takes. Painful attitude it is to stand in, with your head in the air, and trying all the while to see what a mischievous child is doing with your watch. Done at last. White tie won't come right. Dash it, let it come wrong. Rush down to the drawing-room. Obligated to leave horrid boy in my room. I stop on the stairs. Forgotten my watch. Run up again. Rescue it from boy who was going to examine the works with the aid of my gold pin. Luckily one of his nurses appears. I leave them to fight it out, and rush down-stairs again. At drawing-room door, standing on mat to button my waistcoat, which, in my hurry, I had left undone. Door opens. Every one is coming out.

Happy Thought.—Always be careful to finish dressing before one makes a public appearance. Apologies from Master and Mistress of the house. Large party; all paired, except myself and a youth from school about fourteen years' old in jackets. I don't know him at all, but he wants to be sportive, and says, "I s'pose you'll take me in." I snub him. I think the servants are laughing at something he's doing. Hate boys of this age. It was a smaller one than this who made faces at me from the window.

Dinner.—Seated: next to the Lady of the House. MISS HARDING on the other side. I mentally note as not at all a happy thought, that if there's anything to carve I shall have to do it. I hope the old gentleman on the other side of MRS. FRASER will offer first. She introduces us across. He is an American general. On being told by MRS. FRASER of my literary fame he only says, "Oh! indeed," and appears surprised. I wish she wouldn't say anything about it. I have my pocket-book ready for short-hand notes, as he'll be full of information. Dinner goes on.

SHAFTESBURY ON SWEEPS.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, in the address delivered by him to the Social Science Congress at Manchester, said:—

"When England, a few years ago, took a high and noble tone in denouncing American slavery, an accomplished and zealous lady, of the Southern States, alluding, in a tale called 'Tit for Tat,' to the wretched chimney-sweepers, upbraided us with our hypocrisy that, while we had so much sympathy with the blacks, we had none whatever for our own white children."

The remark thus quoted by the noble Lord suggests a somewhat interesting inquiry, namely, whether our chimney-sweepers are white or black. Perhaps they may be said to be white and black also; thus proving that under certain conditions black is white and white is black. The discussion of this question might have, perhaps, not unprofitably occupied the time and attention of the Congress for the Advancement of Social Science.

A BUTTON BURST AT BERLIN.

AN accident, which might have been attended with fatal consequences, happened the other day to the KING OF PRUSSIA. His MAJESTY, after dinner, requested COUNT BISMARCK, who had been invited to a seat at the Royal table, to read out to him a report of the address delivered by LORD BROUGHAM to the Social Science Congress. The Minister, reading on, came to this passage:—

“In the middle of the nineteenth century a wide-spreading war has raged, and tens of thousands have perished, or been consigned to a life of wretchedness by their wounds, and all this has been made to secure an extension of dominion or increase of affluence.”

Here BISMARCK momentarily paused, and slightly grinned. The KING groaned and turned up the whites of his eyes, and then thrust his tongue in his cheek. Again BISMARCK proceeded, reciting to his sovereign's great amusement, the rest of LORD BROUGHAM'S remarks on the subject of war, until he arrived at the following declaration:—

“Nor will mankind ever be free from the scourge of war until they learn to call things by their proper names, to give crimes the same epithets, whatever outward form they may assume, and to regard with equal abhorrence the conqueror who slakes his lust of dominion with the blood of his fellow-creatures, and the more vulgar criminal, who is



MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.—No. 9.

LAVINIA TAKES A SIESTA,

executed for taking the life of a way-faring man that he may seize upon his purse.”

At this, COUNT BISMARCK made another face, as though he couldn't help it, and KING WILLIAM fell into a violent fit of laughter. His MAJESTY laughed so long and heartily that he became almost blue in the face, and so strong were his convulsions of merriment as at one time to suggest fears for the safety of the royal sides. At last something was actually heard to give way, but this audible rupture proved to be nothing worse than that of a waistcoat button which the KING had burst. When he came to himself he declared that he was much delighted to find the venerable LORD BROUGHAM capable, at his time of life, of making so capital a joke as the comparison of a successful conqueror to a cut-purse and a cut-throat.

An Airy Nothing.

To “A Young Astronomer” who asks our advice as to the best method of observing the stars, we reply—“Go to Devonshire, for there you may with advantage study the Cidereal System.”

WHAT is the companion game to Parlour Croquet? Cricket on the Hearth.



AND THE FRIGHTFUL SITUATION SHE FINDS HERSELF IN AT THE END OF IT.



ON THE MOORS. CONSIDERATE—VERY!

Laura. "OH, CHARLES, DO RUN TO KITTY! SHE DAREN'T COME ON, AND HER PONY IS CARRYING ALL THE BEST OF THE LUNCHEON!"

OUR SOCIAL CHURCH SCIENCE CONGRESS.

(From Our Colwell-Hatchney Correspondent.)

I've been quiet, haven't I, for a long time. But what of that? Is it because a Briton must never be a slave that therefore he is to submit to tyranny? Never! Our Christmas holidays are put off until Midsummer, and we, the students of Colwell-Hatchney, have complained in consequence. There was a grand demonstration which no one was able to attend, for reasons which are easier described than imagined. But we have had a Social Church Congress. All shades of opinion were represented, including sun-shades, lamp-shades, and PEPPER'S Ghost.

To prevent any unseemly squabbling, it was provided that there should be no argument above a whisper, unless enforced at the point of the bayonet. Playing on the flute was strictly prohibited. Periwinkles admitted half price: No shrimps, except by voucher. Evening dress at first: afterwards Harlequin. Villains of the deepest dye can only be admitted under ten years of age free.

On the evening of the eleventh ultimo, which followed, as you may remember, the sixty-first proximo [quartered in Ireland for the time being,] the Congress was held as tightly as possible in the Dormitory, after the lights were put out. Thousands were unable to gain admittance. In spite of the crowded state of the place, a proposal was made to open the ceiling, and let in a few of our weaker brethren in the room above. This was negatived by five, armed with fire-shovels, to one, without. They then shook hands, and got to their corners.

The Meeting was divided into Sections. One Section that liked it, and one that didn't. Another Section that hated it whatever it was, and another that only knew it to love it. They all wreathed the bowl with smiles. The extreme Ritualist party, who were scarcely to be detected from the Anti-rattles in the dark, wore nightgowns and caps, according to their degrees. One wore a splendid robe of 60 degrees in the shade. At 8:30 the clock struck nine, and all was delirious joy. On the first cessation of hostilities, several members wanted to adjourn to the infirmary. (Cries of "Yah!" "Coward!" "Sneak!")

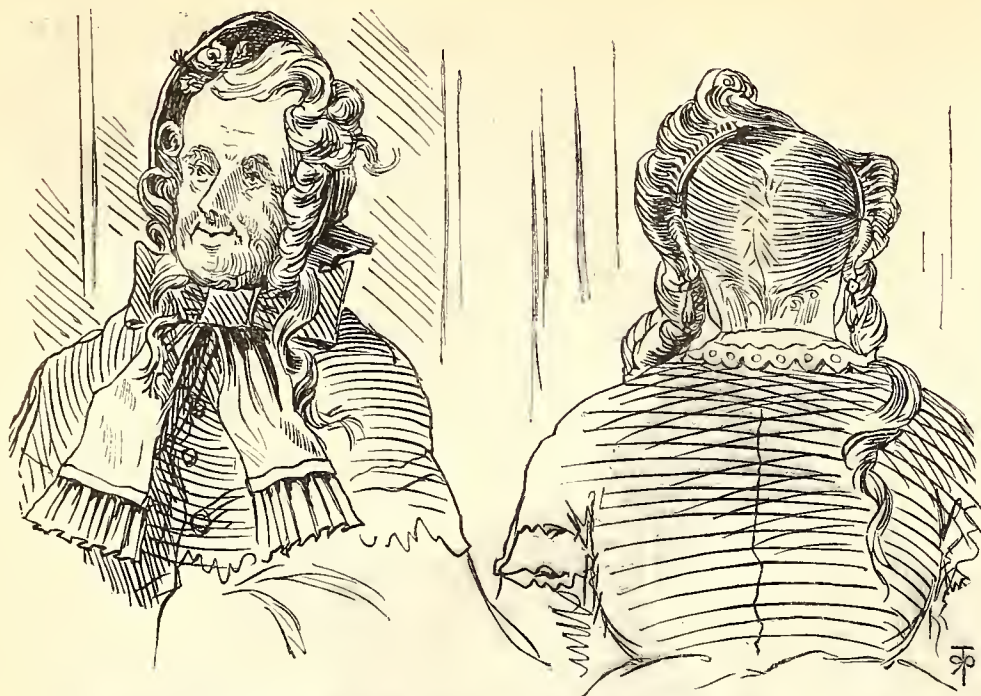
A gentleman calling himself the Bishop of Hippopotamus asked the first question, "Do you bruise your oats?" (Cries of "Shut up!" "Brute!" "You're Another!" and so forth.)

An Apology was then read from an Oratorio who was to have enlivened the proceedings. In his absence the *Hailstone Chorus* was performed by all the students. Every available instrument was used. The effect was electrical: in fact, the Principal of the College came in and owned that he was shocked. (Meeting adjourned until he'd gone.)

On re-meeting, a representative of the Irish Church asked any one to tread on the tail of his night-gown. Here shillelaghs were introduced, and ten minutes were allowed for refreshment. Time called. Hunt the slipper and other amusements served to pass away another hour or so, and when Aurora with her snowy streaks brought happiness to the fair maiden who dwells on the tower (admission fee to warden sixpence), then, and not till then, did the party separate, throwing boots and shoes at each other's heads for good luck. The good luck was, not to get much hurt. The casualties are still unreported; but all acknowledged that they had spent a rational and truly instructive evening.

THE WAY TO WOMANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

THE cause of Womanhood Suffrage was ably pleaded by MADAME BARBARA BODICHON, at the Social Science Congress, and MADAME BODICHON was gallantly followed on the same line by DR. MARY WALKER. It may safely be said that if every man is fit to vote, so is every woman; on conditions. These, of course, are, that if women are to exercise political functions, like men, they must accept all the obligations of the sterner sex. For instance, the right of voting would give women a voice in the organisation of the army. This ought not to exist apart from liability to be drawn for the Militia, or to become subject to conscription, if that method of recruiting should come to be adopted in this country. The ladies who sigh for the suffrage should lose no time in enrolling themselves in regiments of Amazonian volunteers to signify that whilst they demand the rights, they are ready to accept the duties of citizenship.



MAKING THE MOST OF IT, AND HOW TO DO IT.

WAS LORD BYRON A SPIRITUALIST?

PRAY, *Mr. Punch*, are Spirits ever resident in things animate as well as things inanimate? For instance, do they dwell in fish as well as furniture? I am led to put the question by perusal of a passage in LORD BYRON'S play of *Manfred*, which in my edition is printed wrongly thus:—

"I should be *sole* in this sweet solitude,
And with the Spirit of the *place* divide
The sovereignty of these waters."

Clearly, the word "place" ought to have an "i" in it. Any one may see that with only half an eye. From the context it is obvious that "place" the fish is here alluded to, and not "place" the locality. By the emphasis which is laid upon the two words "sole" and "place," it is clear that an antithesis is marked between two fish. Spirits, we know, are often found in water, and I can see no reason why they should not exist in fish. At any rate, I fancy that the passage I have cited is a good proof that LORD BYRON fully entertained the notion that Spirits *do* exist; and this, no doubt, will be considered extremely satisfactory to those who think that Spirits are really

WORTH A RAP.

NOTE BY AN EVANGELICAL.

"Dangerous Crossings."—Those of the Ritualistic party.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

*(An Intellectual Dinner and Musical Evening at Furze Cottage.)**Notes made at intervals during the evening, collected at night.*

AT Dinner. In consequence of having to listen to several whispered observations on the company present from MRS. PLYTE FRASER, who tells me who every one is, and how clever they all are, I find myself left alone, eating fish. I make three picks at my fish and finish. The butler and footman are both in the room, but neither will catch my eye, and I can't get my plate removed. The coachman, who comes in to wait occasionally, and is very hot and uncomfortable all the time, *does* catch my eye, and sees me pointing to my plate. He looks in a frightened manner at me, as though begging me not to ask *him* to do anything on his own account. He is evidently debating with himself whether he oughtn't to tell the butler that I'm making signs. I should say that this coachman is snubbed by the others. His rule for waiting appears to be, when in doubt play the lobster sauce; which he hands with everything.

MRS. FRASER whispers to me to draw the American General out. "He was in the war," she says, behind her fan. I say, "Oh, indeed!" and commence the process of drawing out. It's a difficult art. The first question is everything. I ask him, diffidently, "How he liked the war?" Before he can reply, MRS. FRASER informs the company, as if she were exhibiting the military hero, "Ah! GENERAL DUNCAMMON was in all the great engagements—". The General shuts his eye and nods towards a salt-cellar. "He knew," she continues, still exhibiting him, "all the leading men there—". The General looks round the table cautiously to see, perhaps, if anybody else did,— "and he was in the very centre of the battle, where he received a dreadful sabre wound, at— at—" she looks for assistance to the General, who seems rather more staggered than he probably did in the battle, and PLYTE FRASER, from the top of the table, supplies, "Bull's Run." "Bull's Run," repeats MRS. FRASER to the General, as if challenging him to contradict it if he dares. "GENERAL DUNCAMMON'S property," she goes on, still lecturing on him as a kind of mechanical wax-work figure, "was all—all—all—dear me, what's the word I want?" She turns to me abruptly. I don't know. The General doesn't know. Everybody being appealed to, separately, "has the word on the tip of his tongue!" "You," says MRS. FRASER to me, "of course have quite a storehouse of words. I never can imagine an author without a perfect magazine of words. It must be so delightful *always* to be able to say what you want, you know. Now what is the word I'm waiting for? You know, when a man has all his property taken by Government—taken away—not 'compromised'—no—dear me—". All eyes are upon me. Of course I know. Boldly but with a nervous feeling that I'm not quite right yet, I say, "Sequestered," and lean back in my chair.

Happy Thought.—Sequestered.

MRS. FRASER adopts it. "Sequestered by Government." MISS HARDING goes into a fit of laughing. I see the mistake, so does MRS. FRASER, so does every one. Everyone laughs. They all think it's my joke, and MRS. FRASER taps me on the hand with her fan and

explains to the General "*sequestered* you know for *sequestered*." Everyone laughs again, except MISS HARDING, who, MRS. FRASER keeps whispering to me is "such a clever girl, so well read. Draw her out." She won't be drawn out any more than the General. The party, I subsequently find, has been asked expressly to meet *me*, and the FRASERS do their best to give everything a literary turn. Odd; I don't feel a bit brilliant this evening. Very disappointing this must be to the guests. I can't even talk to MISS HARDING. In consequence of what is expected of me, I can't stoop to talk about the weather, or what anyone's "been doing to-day." After the haunch of venison I am going to begin to MISS HARDING about "the Human Mind in its several aspects," when she says, "I thought you authors were full of conversation and sparkling wit." It's rather rude of her, but MRS. FRASER shouldn't lead her to expect so much. I can only say, "Did you?" As an afterthought I ask, "Why?" She replies, "Well, one reads of the meetings of such men as SHERIDAN, BURKE, GRATTAN, DR. JOHNSON, and they seem to have said witty things every moment." I feel that I am called upon to defend the literary character for *esprit* in the present day. I reply, "Well you see," deliberately, "it's so different now, it's in fact more—" I am interrupted by a gentleman, on the other side, in a white waistcoat and iron-grey whiskers, "No wits now-a-days," he says. "Why I recollect COLERIDGE, COUNT D'ORSAY, SCOTT, SOUTHEY and TOMMY MOORE, with old MAGINN, Sir, at our table. Then, Sir, there was poor HOOK, and MATHEWS, and YATES. I'm talking of a time before you were born or thought of—" He says this as if he'd done something clever in being born when he was, and as if I'd made an entire mistake in choosing my time for an existence. Every one is attending to the gentleman in the white waistcoat, who defies contradiction, because all his stories are of a time before any one at the table "was born or thought of." It's very annoying that there should ever have been such a period. |

Happy Thought.—In Chap. X., Book IX. of *Typical Developments*. "The Vanity of Existence." From literature he gets to the Drama. He seems to remember every actor. According to him, no one ever did anything in literature or art, without asking *his* advice. His name is BROUNTON, and he speaks of himself in the third person as HARRY. I try to speak to MISS HARDING, but she is listening to a story from BROUNTON about "Old MATHEWS." "You didn't know old MATHEWS," he says to FRASER, who humbly admits he didn't. "Ah, I recollect, before he ever thought of giving his entertainment, his coming to me and saying, 'HARRY, my boy'—he always called me HARRY—'HARRY, my boy,' says he, 'I'd give a hundred pounds to be able to sing and speak like you.' 'I wish I could lend it you, MATTY,' I said to him—I used to call him MATTY—'but HARRY BROUNTON wouldn't part with his musical ear for'—". Here a diversion is created by the entrance of the children. I see the one who made faces at me from the window. Ugly boy. The child who would bother me when I was dressing is between MRS. FRASER and myself. I give him grapes and fruit to propitiate him: great point to make friends with juveniles. He whispers to me, presently, "You don't know what me and CONNY'S done." I say, cheerfully, "No, I can't guess." He whispers, "We've been playing at going out of town with your box." I should like to pinch him. He continues, whispering, "I say,

it's in your room, you know: we got such a lot of things in it." I don't like to tell MRS. FRASER, who says, "There, DOLLY, don't be troublesome." I am distracted. The boy on the side of MRS. FRASER (he was the nuisance in the croquet ground) says, pointing at me, "Oh, he's got such a funny hat," and is immediately silenced, I should like to hear more about this hat. I ask DOLLY, who whispers, "the nurse took it away from him, 'cos she said that he'd hurt himself." The little FRASERS have evidently been smashing my *gibus*. The ladies rise, and the children go with them. "You won't stop long," says MRS. FRASER, persuasively. "No, no," answers FRASER. "Because, I've allowed the children to sit up on purpose," continues MRS. FRASER, looking at me. "All right," returns FRASER; "we'll just have one glass of wine and then we'll come into the drawing-room, and"—smiling on me—"he'll give us '*The Little Pig Jumped*,' with the squeak and all."

I find that all the guests have been asked expressly to hear me sing this: I also find that there are a great many people coming in the evening for the same special purpose. I haven't done it for years. FRASER seems to think that any man who writes is merely a buffoon. I only wonder that he doesn't ask me to dance a saraband for the amusement of his friends. I am astonished at MRS. FRASER. I tell FRASER I've forgotten the song. He won't hear of it: he says, "You'll remember it as you go on." I say, I can't get on without a good accompaniment. He returns that the Elder MISS SYMPERSON plays admirably. Every one says, "Oh, you must sing." The American General who speaks for the first time, now says, "He's come ten miles to hear it." BROUNTON supposes "I don't recollect Old MATHEWS *at Home*?" I don't, and he has me at a disadvantage.

He goes on to ask me if I accompany myself? No, I don't. "Ah!" says he, "I recollect THEODORE HOOK sitting down to the piano and dashing off a song and an accompaniment impromptu. You don't improvise?" he asks me. I am obliged to own frankly that I do not, but in the tone of one who could if he liked. "Ah," he goes on, "you should hear the Italian Improvvisatori! Ever been to Italy?" No, I haven't: he has, and again I am at a disadvantage. "Ah," he exclaims, "that is something like improvisation: such fire and humour—more than in the French. Of course you know all BÉRANGER'S songs by heart?" Before I have time to say that I know a few, he is off again. "Ah! the French comic songs are so light and sparkling. No English comic song can touch them—and then, where are your singers?" I wish to goodness he'd not been asked to hear "*The Little Pig*." Going out of the dining-room, FRASER says to me, "Capital fellow, BROUNTON, isn't he: so amusing." If I don't admit it FRASER will think me envious and ill-natured; so I say heartily, "BROUNTON! very amusing fellow—great fun,"—and we are in the drawing-room.

Here I find all the people who have been invited in the evening. I should like to be taken ill. The children are at me at once. "Ma says you're to sing." Little brutes! The elder MISS SYMPERSON, who will be happy to play for me, is seated near the piano. She is half a head taller than I am, very thin, and very dry. My last chance is trying to frighten her out of accompanying me. I tell her the tune is difficult to catch. Will I hum it to her? I hum it to her. Two children standing by the piano give their version of it. I say, "hush" to them, and lose the tune. MISS SYMPERSON does catch it, and chooses a key for me. FRASER thinking the song is beginning, says "Silence," and interrupts BROUNTON in a loud story about his remembering "Old MATHEWS singing a song about a pig—he was inimitable, MATHEWS was"—when I have to explain that we're not ready to begin yet. The conversation is resumed: MRS. FRASER seats herself on an ottoman with her two very youngest children, who are fidgety, near the piano; the two others insist on standing just in front of me by the piano. MISS HARDING takes a small chair quite close to me; by her sits a Captain some-one, who has come in the evening with his sister. I feel that she despises buffoonery, but if the Pig-song is to be anything at all, it must be done with a good deal of facial expression. The Captain is evidently joking with her at my expense. Don't know him, but hate him: because it's very ungentlemanly and unfair to laugh at you, just when you're going to sing a comic song. I tell FRASER, apologetically, that I really am afraid I shall break down. BROUNTON says, "Never mind—improvise." MISS SYMPERSON says, "Shall I begin?" I answer, "If you please," and she plays what she thinks is the air. I am obliged to stop her, and say that it's not quite correct. This makes a hitch to begin with. BROUNTON says something about a tuning-fork, and everyone laughs except the Captain, who is talking in a low tone to MISS HARDING. MRS. FRASER'S youngest child on her lap, says, "Ma, why—doo—de"—Hush! MISS SYMPERSON, in not a particularly good temper, plays it again. More like a march than a comic song, but I don't like to tell her so. I begin—

"A little pig lived on the best of straw,
Straw—hee—haw—and Shandiddlelaw."

And the idea flashes across my mind what an ass I'm making of myself. At the "hee-haw," the pianist has to do six notes up and down, like a donkey braying. This is one of the points of the song. MISS SYM-

PERSON doesn't do it. I hear, afterwards, that she thought it vulgar, and omitted it purposely. I go on—

"Lillibullero, lillibullero, lillibullero,
Shandiddlelan,
My daddy's a bonny wee man."

I feel it is idiotic. MISS SYMPERSON plays a bar too much. She didn't know I finished there. I beg she won't apologise. Next verse—

"This little pig's mother she was the old sow,
Ow, ow, ow and Shandiddleow."

I feel it's more idiotic than ever. Here I see MISS HARDING exchanging glances with the Captain, and MRS. FRASER with several ladies; they raise their eyebrows and look grim. I suddenly recollect I've got some rather broad verses coming. The idea also occurs to me for the first time that when FRASER *did* hear me sing it, years ago, it was amongst a party of bachelors after supper. I go on with lillibullero, and have half a mind to give it up altogether:—

"The Farmer's wife went out for a walk,
Walk, ork, ork, and shandiddle lork.
'I fancy,' says she, 'a slice of good pork.'"

This I used to do, I remember, with a wink and making a face like a Clown. I risk it. I feel I don't do it with spirit, and nobody laughs. I see BROUNTON whisper behind his hand to the American General and I am sure that he's "seen old MATHEWS do this very thing," or something of that sort. Getting desperate I make more hideous faces in the Lillibullero chorus. MISS HARDING looks down, the ladies regard one another curiously, I believe they think I've had too much wine, the ugly boy, by the piano, begins to imitate my faces, and the youngest in arms bursts into a violent fit of tears. MISS SYMPERSON stops. The child won't be comforted. MRS. FRASER tells the wretched little brat that "the gentleman won't make any more ugly faces, he won't." And turning to me, asks me to sing it without the grimaces: "They can't," she argues, "be a necessity;" and FRASER reminds me, reprovingly, that when I sang it before, I didn't make those faces. I have half a mind to ask him (being rather nettled) what faces I *did* make? The result is, however, to set the two boys off making faces at their little sisters, for which they are very nearly being ordered off to bed instantly. MISS SYMPERSON asks me, "Shall I go on?" I say, despondently, "yes, if you please, we may as well."

"The farmer's wife was fond of a freak,
Eak, eak, eak, and shandiddleleak,
And she made the little pig squeak, squeak, squeak."

Here used to follow the imitation. I think it better not to do it now, and am proceeding with the next verse when FRASER says, "Hallo! I say, do the squeak." I tell him I can't, I don't feel up to it. He says, "Oh, do try." I hear MISS HARDING say, "Oh, do try." The Captain, too, remarks (I see his eye) "He hopes I'll try," and BROUNTON hopes the same thing, and then tells something about HOOK (probably) behind his hand to the General. I say, "Very well," and yield. I begin squeaking: I shut my eyes and squeak: I open them and squeak. I try it four times, but am obliged to own publicly "that there is no fun in it unless you're in cue for it." No one seems in cue for it. The children begin squeaking, and are all packed off to bed. People begin to resume the conversation. I say to FRASER I don't think there's any use in going on with the song? He answers, "Oh, yes, do—do by all means." But as he is not by any means enthusiastic about it, I thank MISS SYMPERSON, who acknowledges it very stiffly and coldly, and cuts me for the remainder of the evening. BROUNTON comes up and tells me loudly, "That he remembers old MATHEWS doing that song, or something exactly like it, years ago; it was admirable." MISS FLORELLY asks me quietly, "If I'd written many songs." I disown the authorship of the pig. The Captain sings a sentimental ballad about "*Meet me where the Flow'ret droops*" to MISS HARDING'S accompaniment, and every one is charmed.

Happy Thought.—Bed-time. I'll never sing again as long as I live.

In my Room.—My shirts, brushes, combs, ties, opera-hat, fire-irons, boots, collars, sponges, and everything, have been thrown anyhow into my portmanteau. Who the—

Oh, I recollect: this is what that horrid little wretch meant, when he told me at dessert, that he and his sister had been playing at packing up in my room.

I wish I was back at BOODELS'. I dare say they're dragging the pond, and enjoying themselves. I don't think I shall stop here any longer.

A One-Pound Note.

(BY ANTI-BRIGHT.)

EXTEND the franchise to one-pound voters and then will the elections be made according to the will of the *Sovereign* People.

A SAD CASE.—"An Old Schoolmaster" thinks it very hard that he has to teach little boys the new Latin Primer in his declining years.



IGNORANCE AND FASHION.

Rustic (paralysed). "MY! THERE'S A PRIS'NER 'SCAPED FROM JAIL, WITH HER CHAINS ON!"

POOR JOHN BULL'S PRESTIGE.

We have kept clear of foreign contention,
Of the Russian stronghold since our siege,
So, by reason of non-intervention,
We are told we have lost our *prestige*.
Had we deemed interference our mission,
There is reason, truth bids us allow,
To believe that our present position
Would be other than what it is now.

Had we fought to save Denmark from plunder,
We a generous act should have done,
And committed a chivalrous blunder,
Matching Enfield against needle-gun.
Great renown a campaign would have brought us!
In the Duchies, a brave British band,
That which Austria's example has taught us,
Would have long ago learned at first hand.

On the side of Secession engaging,
Had been boldness whereof we might brag;
And the Stars and the Stripes would be waging,
At this time, war against Britain's flag:
And on either side Ironsides, ranging
The Atlantic, might now, foe and foe,
Shot for shot on the waves be exchanging,
For the messages crossing below.

Suits of black, and crape hatbands, surrounding
On all hands, would denote them that grieve;
Wooden legs we should see, too, abounding:
Also many an empty coat-sleeve,
And, at best, a solution no better
Of disputes than what Europe has found,
With thine Income-Tax, national debtor,
At some two or three shillings a pound.

If the loss of *prestige* has pain in it,
In our case there's this salve for the sore,
That we might, in attempting to win it,
Have both lost it and also much more.
And *prestige* is a consideration
Of small weight as compared with expense.
But let no cost be spared by this nation
That it needs to insure its defence.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE STAGE.

NEXT to the perplexing mysteries of *Bradshaw*, the mysteries of stage advertisements are most puzzling to unravel. For instance; just see here:—

THEATRE ROYAL, BLANKTON. Wanted immediately acknowledged artistes, to complete company. Stars invited to send dates.

What a curious invitation! To which of the stars, we wonder, can it be addressed? Besides, what a queer notion to ask the stars for dates! Pray, when was it discovered that dates grew in the stars, and by what atmospheric railway can they possibly be sent to us? Coconuts, perhaps, grow in the milky way, but it really seems ridiculous to ask the stars for dates.

PIETY OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

William (above-stairs, calling down pipe). Haven't we annexed the Duchies?

Bismarck (below). Yes, Sire.

William. Added Electoral Hesse to our dominions?

Bismarck. Ay, your Majesty.

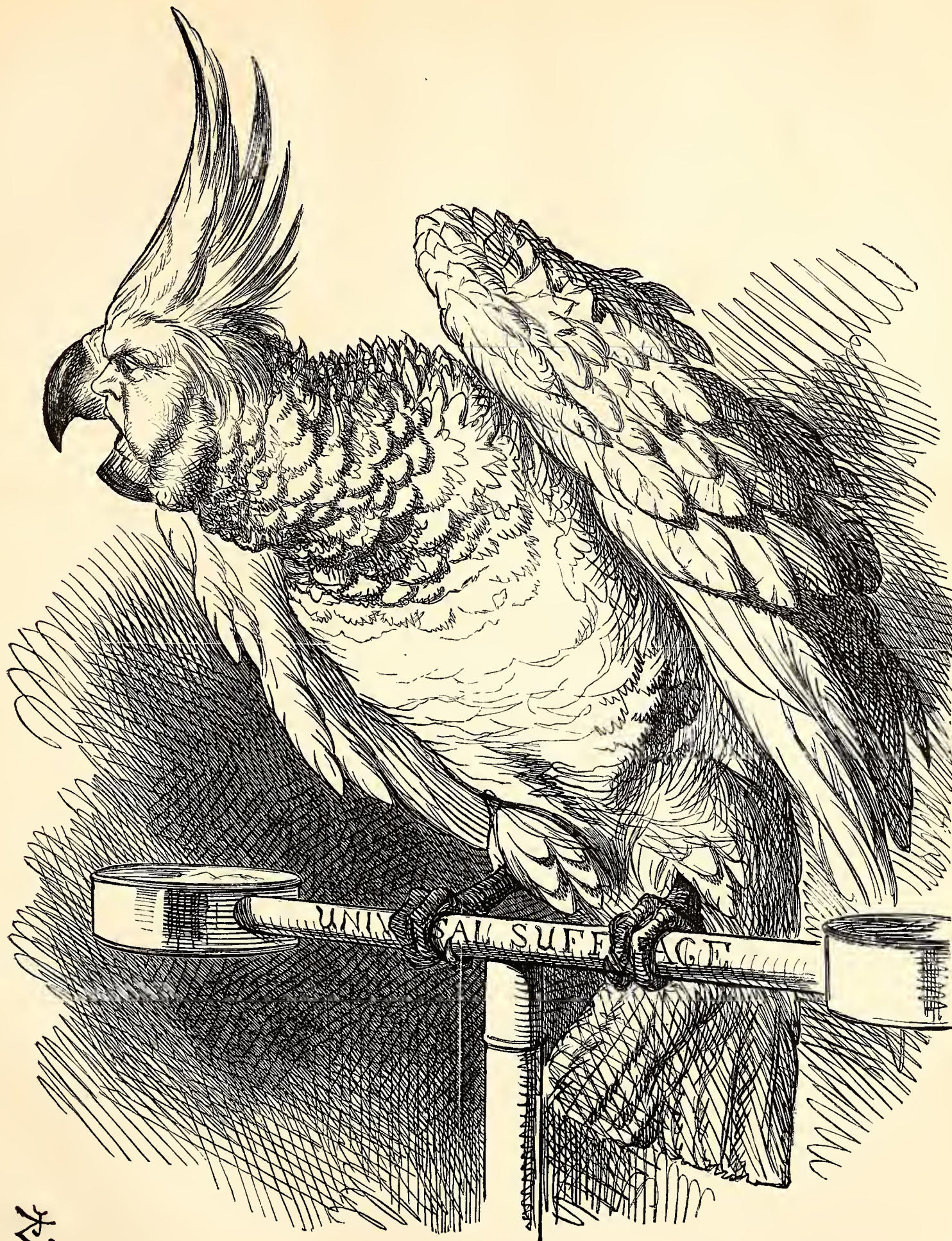
William. Likewise seized Nassau and Frankfort?

Bismarck. True, O King!

William. Deprived our neighbour, the KING OF HANOVER, of his dominions against his will and the will of his people?

Bismarck. Even so, Most Gracious Sovereign by right divine.

William. Then come up to prayers.

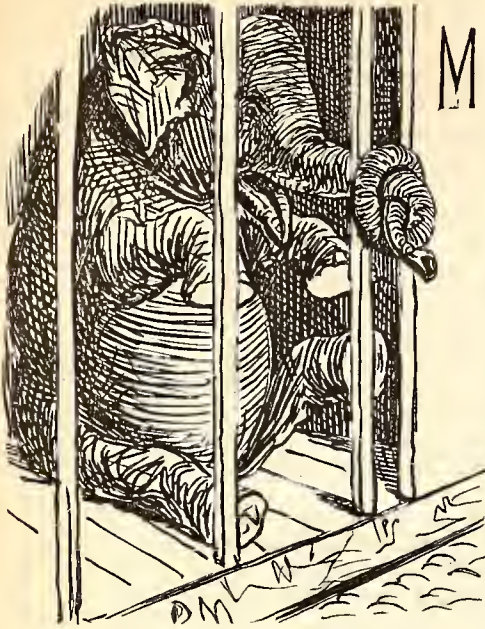


W

THE POPULAR POLL-PARROT.

PARROT SONG. "PRETTY DEMOCRA—A—ATS! TAKE 'EM TO THE POLL! NAUGHTY BOB LOWE!
SCHGREE—E—E—YX!!!"

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.



MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,—
I was a little [disapiuted in
not receivin a iuvitation
to jine in the meetins of the
Social Science Congress.

I don't exackly see how
they got on without me.

I hope it wasn't the iu-
tentions of [the] Sciencers
to exclud [me] from their
delibrations.

Let it pars. I do not
repine. Let us remember
HOMER. Twenty cities
claim **HOMER** dead, thro'
which the livin **MR.**
HOMER couldn't have got
trusted for a sandwich and
a glass of bitter beer, or
words to that effect.

But perhaps it was a
oversight. Certinly I have
been hospitably rec'd in
this country. Hospitality
has been pored all over me.

At Liverpool I was asked to walk all over the docks, which are nine miles long; and I dou't remember a instance since my rival in London of my gettin into a cab without a Briton comin and perlutely shuttin the door for me, and theu extendin his open hand to'ards me, in the most frenly manner possible. Does he not, by this simple yit tuchin gesture, welcum me to England? Doesn't he? Oh, yes—I guess he doesn't he. And it's quite right among two great countries [which speak the same langwidge, except as regards H's. And] I've been allowed to walk round all the streets. Even at Buckingham Pallis, I told a guard I wanted to walk round there, and he said I could walk round there. I ascertained subsequent that he referd to the side-walk insid of the Pallis—but I couldn't doubt his hospital feelins.

I prepared a Essy on Animals to read before the Social Science meetins. It is a subject I may truthfully say I have successfully wrastled with. I tackled it when ouly nineteen years old. At that tender age I writ a Essy for a lit'ry Institoot, eutitled, "Is Cats to be Trusted?" Of the merits of that Essy it doesn't becum me to speak, but I may be excoos'd for mentionin that the Institoot parsed a resolution that "whether we look upon the length of this Essy, or the manner in which it is written, we feel that we will not express any opinion of it, and we hope it will be read in other towns."

Of course the Essy I writ for the Social Science Society is a more finisheder production than the oue on Cats, which was wroten when my mind was crood, and afore I had masterd a graceful and ellygant stile of composition. I could not even punctooate my senteuces proper at that time, and I observe with pane, on lookin over this effort of my yooth, that its beauty is in one or two instances mar'd by ingrammaticisms. This was unexcusable, and I'm surprisid I did it. A writer who can't write in a grammerly manner better shut up shop.

You shall hear this Essy on Animals. Some day when you have four hours to spare, I'll read it to you. I think you'll enjoy it. Or, what will be much better, if I may suggest—omit all picturs in next week's *Punch*, and do not let your contributors write anything whatever (let them have a holiday; they can go to [the British Mooseum;]) and publish my Essy intire. It will fill all your collumes full, and create comment. Does this proposition strike you? Is it a go?

In case I had read the Essy to the Social Sciencers, I had intended it should be the closin attraction. I had intended it should finish the proceedins. I think it would have finished them. I understand animals better than any other class of human creatures. I have a very animal mind, and I've been identified with 'em doorin my entire per-fessional career as a showman, more especial bears, wolves, leopards, and serpunts.

The leopard is as lively a animal as I ever came into contact with. It is troo he cannot change his spots, but you can change 'em for him with a paint-brush, as I once did in the case of a leopard who wasn't nat'rally spotted in a attractive mauner. In exhibitin him I used to stir him up in his cage with a protracted pole, and for the purpuss of makin him yell and kick up in a leopardly manner, I used to 'casionally whack him over the head. This would make the children inside the booth scream with fright, which would make fathers of families outside the booth very anxious to come in—because there is a large class of parents who have a uncontrollable passion for takin their children to places where they will stand a chance of being frightened to death.

One day I whacked this leopard more thau ushil, which ellisited a remonstrance from a tall gentleman in spectacles, who said, "My good man, do not beat the poor caged animal. Rather fondle him."

"I'll fondle him with a club," I anserd, hitting him auother whack.

"I prithy desist," said the gentleman; "stand aside, and see the effect of kindness. I understand the idiosyncracies of these creeturs better than you do." With that he went up to the cage, and thrustin his face in between the iron bars, he said, soothingly, "Come hither, pretty creetur." The pretty creetur come-lithered rayther speedy, and seized the gentleman by the whiskers, which he tore off about enuff to stuff a small cushion with.

He said, "You vagabone, I'll have you indicted for exhibitin dangerous and immoral animals."

I replied, "Geutle Sir, there isn't a animal here that hasn't a beautiful moral, but you mustn't fondle 'em. You mustn't meddle with their idiotsyncracies."

The gentleman was a dramatic cricket, and he wrote a article for a paper, in which he said my Entertainment was a decided failure.

As regards Bears, you can teach 'em to do interestin things, but they're onreliable. I had a very large grizzly bear once, who would dance, and larf, and lay down, and bow his head in grief, and give a mournful wale, etsetry. But he ofteu annoyed me. It will be remembered that on the occasion of the first battle of Bull Ruu, it suddenly occurd to the Fed'ral soldiers that they had business in Washington which ought not to be neglected, and they all started for that beautiful and romantic city, maintainin a rate of speed durin the eufire distance that would have done credit to the celebrated French steed, *Gladiator*. Very nat'rally our Gov'ment was deeply grieved at this defeat; and I said to my Bear, shortly after, as I was givin a exhibition in Ohio—I said, "Brewin, are you not sorry the National arms has sustained a defeat?" His business was to wale dismal, and bow his head dowu, the band (a barrel orgin and a wiolin) playing slow and melancholly moosic. What did the grizzly old cuss do, however, but commence darucin and larfin in the most joyous manner. I had a narrer escape from being imprisoned for disloyalty. I will relate another incident in the career of this ritchid Bear. I used to present what I called in the bills "A Beautiful living Pictur—showing the Bear's fondness for his Master: in which I'd lay dowu on a piece of carpeting, and the Bear would come and lay down beside me, restin his right paw on my brest, the Band playing "Home, Sweet Home," very soft and slow. Altho' I say it, it was a tuchin thing to see. I've seen Tax-Collectors weep over that performance.

Well, one day I said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, we will now show you the Bear's fondness for his master," and I went and laid down. I tho't I observed a pecooliar expression into his eyes, as he rolled clumsily to'ards me, but I didn't dream of the scene which follerd. He laid down and put his paw on my breast. "Affectiou of the Bear for his Master," I repeated. "You see the Monarch of the Western Wilds in a subjugated state. Fierce as these animals natrally are, we now see that they have hearts, and cau love. This Bear, the largest in the world, and measurin seventeen feet round the body, loves me as a mer-ther loves her che-ild!" But what was my horror when the grizzly and infamas Bear threw his other paw *under* me, and riz with me to his feet. Then claspin me in a close embrace he waltzed up and down the platform in a frightful manner, I yellin with fear and anguish. To make matters wuss, a low scurrilus young man in the audiens hollered out, "Playfulness of the Bear! Quick moosic!" I jest 'scaped with my life. The Bear met with a violent death the next day, by bein in the way when a hevily loaded gun was fired off by one of my men.

But you should hear my Essy which I wrote for the Social Science Meetins. It would have had a movin effect on them.

I feel that I must now conclood.

I have read **EARL BRIGHT**'s speech at Leeds, and I hope we shall now hear from **JOHN DERBY**. I trust that not only they, but **WM. E. STANLEY** and **LORD GLADSTONE** will cling inflexibly to those great fundamental principles, which they understand far better thau I do, and I will add that I do not understand anything about any of them whatever in the least—and let us all be happy, and live within our means, eveu if we have to borry money to do it with.

Very respectfully yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

A Compromise with a Cloud.

THE important question of smoking in Railway carriages might be satisfactorily settled if an Act of Parliameut were passed as early as possible next Session, compelling every Railway traveller who indulges in a cigar or a pipe to cousume his own smoke.

WHY AND BECAUSE.

WHY is the KING OF PRUSSIA like an exorcist?
Because he has dispossessed his neighbours.

POOR THINGS!

It seems an impossibility for two silly lovers ever to agree, seeing that between them there can be no understanding.



"BETWEEN TWO SHOEBLACKS WE FALL TO THE GROUND."

First Shoeblick. "I COTCHED 'OLD ON 'IM FUST!"

Second Ditto. "YOU 'RE A —!" [Old Gentleman is flung heavily.]

THE APOLOGY OF THE YARMOUTH BLOATER.

HERE'S your regular Yarmouth Bloater,
Free and Independent Voter,
If you like, a Ten-pound-noter,
And as much more as may be.
Where's my virtue? Safe, I've hid her
In my pocket. I consider
Him that is the highest bidder
For my vote, the man for me.

In no party name I glory,
Stand not in the category
Either of a Whig or Tory.
But I always give my voice
For a Liberal politician
Answering to my definition.
Liberal hand's the one condition
For the Member of my choice.

Talk to me of conscience? Gammon!
What care I which side I am on?
To the market as a salmon
Let your Bloater go—to sell.
Even if my inclination
Were to form some valuation
Of the best man for the nation,
That is more than I can tell.

Say I were to sky a copper,
And to vote for tail or topper,
Would that method be more proper
Than the course which I pursue?
Why, if I've no better reason
For my choice at polling season,
Should I not; which side I please on,
Vote for lucre as I do?

Sold again and got the money!
"Sugar" is more sweet than honey.
Let me, whilst the time is sunny,
Do my best at making hay.
Sugar! I will not refuse it
For my suffrage. Must I lose it
Knowing not how else to use it?
Will you take my vote away

ROME AND ITS DEFENDERS.

THE Foreign Legion has made its entry into Rome—in the midst of that profoundest mark of respect—dead silence. We are told that its organisation is excellent; its officers picked men; its uniforms very elegant; and that, in fact, it is a corps of the French army under a foreign flag. This explains what puzzled dull people in the EMPEROR'S Lavalette letter, the sentence about the army of occupation being withdrawn, to be replaced by the shadow of French protection. This is the protection in question, and if it throw a shadow on Rome, Rome returns the compliment, and looks black on it.

But if the Romans scowl and are silent, the Vatican has a warm welcome for its new defenders. They were feasted in the Belvedere, adorned for the occasion with Gobelin tapestry—the ghost of a temporal power ought to live in rooms hung with Gobelin tapestry—trophies of arms, including, let us hope, the pastoral crook and festoons of laurel and myrtle—the olive being omitted, no doubt, as superfluous, where NAPOLEON and PIUS THE NINTH are ruling powers. Don't we all know *L'Empire c'est la Paix*; and isn't the Pontiff the Prince of peace *in propria personā*? Then what need of the olive-branch?

The end of the saloon was occupied by a plaster model of the colossal statue of the Immaculate Conception. There is something very neat in the adaptation of material to dogma. What could be better than plaster (Plaster of Paris, no doubt, out of compliment to the Eldest Son of the Church) for a model of the Immaculate Conception—plaster as immaculate as the conception, and as easily crumbled into dust as the doctrine? And under the statue—as he has bent his neck under the dogma—stood the bust of PIUS THE NINTH—a hollow white head, without arms to use, or legs to run away.

The table of the superior officers was separated from the other eight tables—what should officers and rank and file have in common in such a service?—by an artificial garden, including, let us suppose, mustard, in playful allusion to the gathering of the Legion, with rue, for the probable upshot, and parsley, which the etymologists tell us, is—like the papacy itself,—only a corruption of "*Pater selige*," or St. Peter,

patron at once of the Vatican and the entertainment. But it was an artificial garden. The laurels and pot-herbs had no root to them, any more than DR. MANNING'S hopes for the temporal power; any more than the Holy Father's trust in Peter's pence, or Catholic powers; any more than the flowers of speech which were lavished on the occasion when GENERAL KAUZLER minister of war—appropriate mouth-piece of the Prince of Peace—proposed the health of the POPE. "The Minister spoke timidly—in a very low voice—and one could only distinguish some confused words about France, the EMPEROR, and continual protection."

What could have been more appropriate to the occasion? Here *is*, in a few words, the secret of such health as poor old Pío Nono can boast. It all hinges on France, the EMPEROR, and confused words about "continual protection." But of all the speeches of the day commend us to that of the Colonel of the Legion:—

"Gentlemen, forget not the army from which we have come, and learn to esteem that of which we form part, in crying with me, 'To the EMPEROR and PIUS THE NINTH!'"

How LOUIS NAPOLEON ought to love COLONEL D'ARGY! He must be a man after the Imperial heart, fit to do duty as interpreter of the double-dealing oracle of Delphi, or to act as prompter to the Sphinx.

Next day the Legion *defiled* before the POPE. The Holy Father abandoned his design of presenting it with a flag. Did the officers fear the "defiling" of *that* too? Or was it felt that it would be difficult to hit on the right colour of the banner, or to determine its symbols? It would hardly do to march to battle under the hand with the two outstretched fingers and thumb of blessing—"urbi, et orbi," and objections might be raised by the many zealous Romanists who think the EMPEROR means to swallow the POPE whole, to merely quartering the cross-keys of the POPE in the Bees of his eldest son.

The Legion marched past to the sound of trumpets, shouting, *in French*, "Vive le Saint Père!" and then the officers and sub-officers came out of the ranks, and mounting the steps of the throne, kissed the POPE'S hand, who, after he had blessed them, gave each a medal of the Immaculate Conception, till the supply was exhausted. But those

who marched past after the Immaculate Conception medals ran short, were more lucky, they got each a new coin of the value of four *baiocchi*, about 2*d.* sterling. How the two-penny squads must have felt their pull over the medallists! But alas! the store of papal two-pences soon came to an end—and what wonder, seeing how the parent fountain of Peter's pence has run dry—and nothing remained for the last comers but morsels of the paper in which the coppers had been wrapped, which were solemnly presented by the Holy Father.

We hope that some perfume of the Papal coin still clung to these blessed wrappers—just enough to swear allegiance by. "*Odor lucri bonus est*," says the Latin Grammar, "the smell of money is good," be it never so faint, and in all probability, this smell of the Papal *baiocchi* is about as substantial a reward as the Legion is likely to receive in its new service. The cruel case is, that of the first comer, who got the medal. Twopence a man is a princely donation: even the rear squads, who received the paper with a lingering aroma of the *baiocchi* had something for their pains; but Heaven help the poor fellows who were fobbed off with a pinchbeck token of a pinchbeck theological figment!

UN-ENGLISH CONDUCT OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

(To Mr. Punch).



BEIEVING — to say nothing of the higher motives which do honour to our heads and hearts—how extremely useful in a business and advertising point of view the getting up and presenting of testimonials is found in this country, and seeing the wide prevalence of this touching mode of expressing our feelings to all sorts of parties, on all sorts of grounds, I have been disgusted as an Englishman to observe the very flip-pant, if not insolent behaviour of the CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA and his cousin PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES, with reference to the testimonials of two handsome swords subscribed for and presented to them by a body of patriotic Berliners. The deputation which attended to present the testimonial

must have been highly respectable, for it consisted principally of proprietors of hotels in the Unter den Linden, which I understand from my son (who has had lessons in German) is a sort of Regent Street, Piccadilly, and the Mall in one, the principal thoroughfare in Berlin, and the road by which all the processions and demonstrations take their way through that city. Considering how the respectable hotel proprietors in such a thoroughfare must have benefited by the late imposing entries of the victorious Prussian army into the capital, the money they must have made out of strangers taking apartments, and by letting their windows, to say nothing of the sale of refreshments and drinks to patriotic Prussians, I don't see why their motives in giving a testimonial to the Crown Prince and his Cousin should be ridiculed or suspected. It's all the same whether one looks at the parties the testimonial was meant for, as Princes or as Generals. Without Princes there would have been no Royal Family, and without a Royal Family there would have been no BISMARCK, very likely, and most certainly no annexation, and without annexation there'd have been no triumphal entries, and without triumphal entries, there'd have been no profits to the hotel proprietors of Unter den Linden. Or, looking at the Princes as Generals, it comes to the same thing. Without Generals there'd have been no army; without an army there'd have been no victories; without victories there'd have been no popular rejoicings; and without popular rejoicings there'd have been no profits to the hotel proprietors of Unter den Linden.

I take my stand on either principle, and I ask you, Sir, and I ask

you emphatically, if these highly respectable gentlemen are not the proper parties to get up a testimonial to the Princes, I should like to know who *are*? The Crown Prince, I must say, and sorry I am to say it, as he is married to our own Gracious PRINCESS ROYAL, and I was humbly instrumental in getting up a Bible and Prayer-book testimonial to her on the occasion of their union—treated the deputation in a most unbecoming—if he wasn't a Prince I should almost say coarse or even brutal—manner. Not only did he flatly refuse the sword which one would have thought was bad enough, but he added insult to injury by saying—"*He did not like to receive presents which had been got up by persons whose chief object was to make themselves talked of, and got up moreover at the expense of their fellow-citizens.*"

Now, I put it to you, Mr. Punch, if this is the sort of thing that is to be blurted out in the face of a highly-respectable deputation, when they attend to present a testimonial? Why, Sir, what's to become of nine-tenths of the testimonials by which parties express their feelings in this country, if the parties they're presented to were to take upon themselves to impute motives to other parties in this style? A precious sight of testimonials you'd have, if none were to be accepted that were got up by parties whose chief object was to make themselves talked about! Why, bless you, Sir, I know all about it, having been regularly in the testimonial line, off and on, this thirty years, and, though I say it, having got up more costly black silk gowns and tea-pots with sovereigns in 'em, to ornaments of the church; more silver services to M.P.'s with a proper sense of what they owed to their constituencies and their country, in course; more portraits to masters of hounds; more silver cups to disinterested members of vestries for their exertions in resisting the advocates of a profligate and bloated expenditure of the rates; more handsome *épergnes* to managers for their exertions in the cause of the drama; and more Shakspearian vases to actors for their professional sacrifices in elevating the public taste, than any other man in our line—I mean the Honorary Secretary business. And I've yet to hear of the testimonial where the parties as get it up *didn't* like to see themselves and their subscriptions in print, and the bigger print the better. Why, Sir, people, to my knowledge, like to have their better feelings properly ventilated; and ain't the fact a credit to human nature? What can be pleasanter to a real disinterested, enthusiastic disposition—and naturally it's mostly that kind expresses themselves in testimonials—than to be able to say to all the readers of the *Times*, "Go thou and do likewise." There's Scripture for that, I rather think. Feeling that if the PRINCE OF PRUSSIA's line were to be generally taken, we shall be bungling up all the gushing impulses of our common humanity that now find a channel in testimonials—and I'm proud to say they're always a-running and a-running freely through that channel in this public-spirited and patriotic country—public men of all sorts may go on toiling and mowing all their lives, without any recognition from their fellow-men; and them that makes it their business to see virtue rewarded, and has all the trouble of receiving the subscriptions and making arrangements for the advertising, and choosing and settling for the testimonial, and getting up the dinner; and all the other little matters that falls to the hard lot of an honorary secretary (which we are proud to do it, and I for one was never heard to grumble) will be forced to drop our laborious and gratuitous line of business, that of reducing into testimonials the better feelings of human nature.

I am, Mr. Punch, your 'urt but umble reader,

HON. SEC.

P.S. I have often talked to parties about a testimonial to Mr. P. Couldn't we meet and square it? My figure is as moderate as any man's in the market—ten per cent. on the gross amount of the subscriptions: and to make terms for the testimonial.

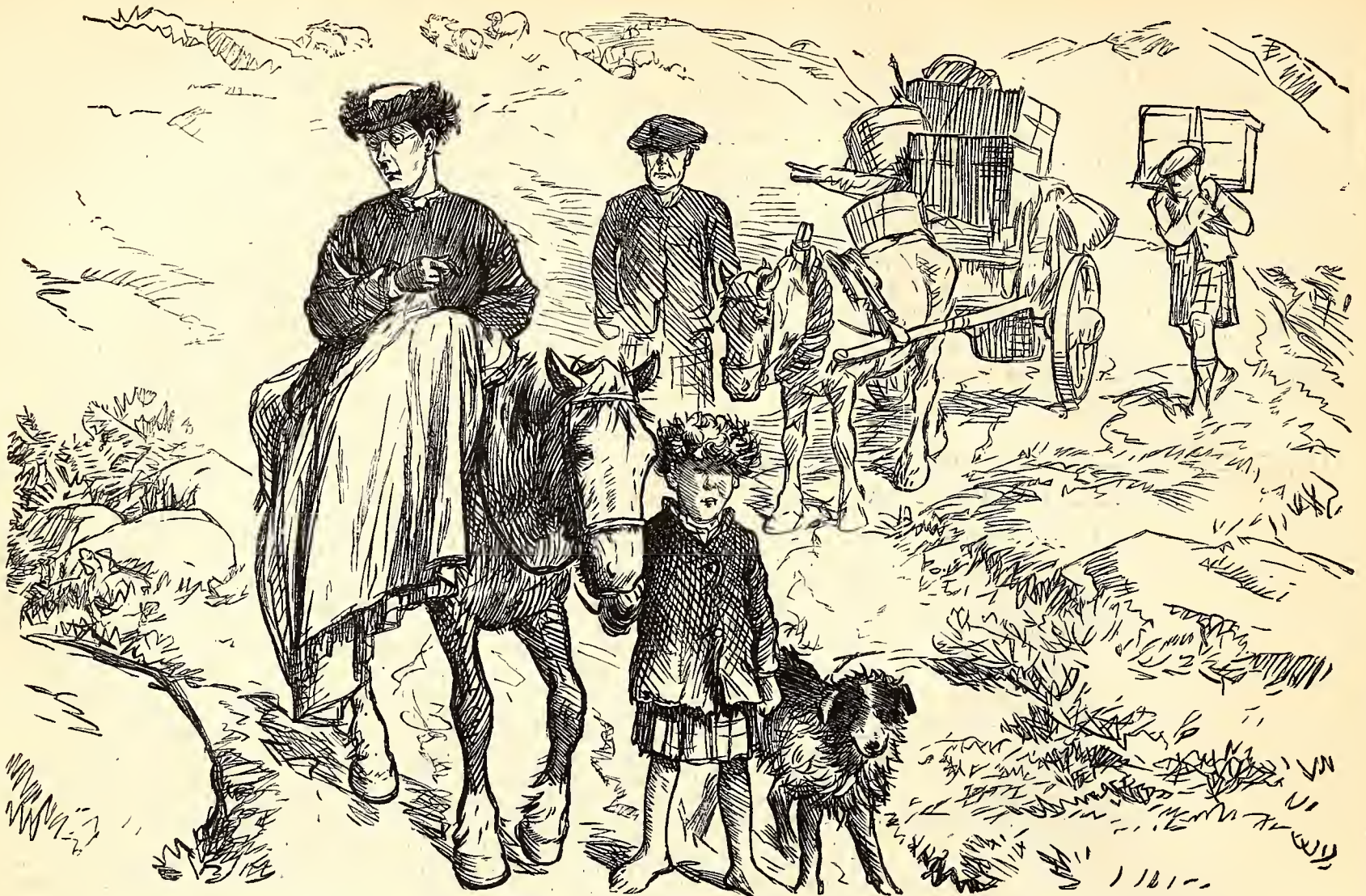
TWIGGING THE REASON.

It seems that the great oyster-growers of Arcachon and Ile de Rhé have long ago discovered that fascines or bundles of twigs are the worst receptacles that can be used for the spat.

One is not much surprised to find that it is precisely this kind of receptacle that has been selected to receive his spat by Mr. HOARE, of Dublin, the principal Irish oyster-grower. The odd thing is, that the Irish oysters should have shown as national a turn for taking things by the wrong end as the Irish oyster-grower, and should have attached themselves ardently and by scores to these fascines or bundles of twigs which your Arcachon or Ile de Rhé oyster wouldn't so much as look at. For some time we were puzzled to account for this, but we believe we have now discovered the reason. The twigs were shillelagh cuttings, and the oysters natives of Ireland.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTING.

M. TOUTMONGEIL has addressed a memoir to the Academy of Sciences representing that indulgence in hippophagy is calculated to result in ossification of the heart.



MISS LAVINIA BROUNJONES.—No. 10 AND LAST.

THE RETURN HOME.

CHEERS AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

HOLDING forth in the Church Congress at York, the very Reverend the DEAN OF CORK, on the subject of "Dogmatic Teaching from the Pulpit," said that:—

"Science discovered facts; but theology accepted revelation and clung to creeds."

This observation elicited "*loud cheers*." It is not easy to see why. MR. G. J. HOLYOAKE might make just the same remark to an assembly of Secularists, and they with equal reason might respond to it with shouts of hip, hip, hip, hooray!—which, as expressions of assent to a theological proposition on the part of a concourse of divines, are new, and may be thought to sound a little unclerical.

The Dean proceeded:—

"Science allowed them to say that this or that thing would be the truth; but it would not allow them to say this is *the* truth; has been *the* truth, and always will be *the* truth. (*Cheers*.) The Church was bound to protest against this phase of the age, and assert the right of the supernatural over the natural, and that there were certain truths which were and must be true, although they did not admit of logical demonstration. This state of mind was further due to the lawless and revolutionary character of modern religious thought. (*Hear, hear.*)"

Hear, hear, again, is a cry which although eminently parliamentary, may not be accounted equally canonical. Apart, however, from that consideration, it is one with which the foregoing assertions would be hailed by another Church Congress than that which has been meeting at York. If DR. NEWMAN or DR. MANNING were to make the same observations to a Congress of Roman Catholics, their audience would also cry, if not Amen, hear hear as loud as they could bawl. Indeed the POPE's last Encyclical contained something very much like the language above quoted. But who shall decide about dogma when doctors of theology disagree? And what authority can anybody claim for dogma who denies that of the original dogmatists. "Hear hear, indeed. Yes, to be sure," his Holiness will say, "Hear the Church. Hear me." The Protestant DEAN OF CORK further spoke and said:—

"Men had ceased to believe that it was right to burn a man for his religious opinions; but they were in danger of believing that there was hardly any opinion worth burning a man for. (*Laughter and cheers.*)"

The laughter is intelligible. Perhaps there were present some consistent thinkers who perceived that if any opinion was worth burning a man for, it would be right and not wrong therefore to burn him. Perhaps also the DEAN OF CORK's hearers included some logical members of the English Church, who thought it absurd as well as wrong to burn any man for his religious opinions.

EVENINGS FROM HOME. 7

I HAVE assisted at few more exciting entertainments than *The Derby Day* at the Holborn Theatre. "The tip," MR. SEFTON PARRY might advertise, "is *Flying Scud* for any night in the week;" and I dare say the horse will run some considerable time. The attraction, there, is undoubtedly the scene on the Epsom Downs, which is most admirably managed. The Derby winner is not, perhaps, as a general rule, ridden by its jockey into the very midst of the Aunt Sallies, *Punch* shows, and niggers, the very moment after the victory; and by the way, the owners of racehorses usually confine their betting transactions to the ring. But an audience, unlike SIR BOYLE ROCHE's bird, can't be in more places than one at once; and therefore is it that the exigences of stage effect excuse such breaches of custom as mentioned above. The judicious in the stalls may grieve at the jockey boys and their master performing a thorough stage-ballet hornpipe; but as gallery and pit applaud, the incidental dance is likely to be retained in the bills, by favour of the gods and groundlings. *A propos* of stalls, the seats are most comfortable, and an ordinary sized gentleman can walk from end to end of a row, with comfort to himself, and, which is a still greater point, without incommoding the sitters.

The first two acts are very good, and the scene, where the reading of the will occurs, has about it all the comedy tone of *London Assurance*. After the Second Act it possesses neither such telling dialogue as delighted every one in *Arrah-na-Pogue*, nor is it admirable for its close construction, as is *The Long Strike*. It is not a dramatic success, but it is undeniably a *theatrical* success, and that, I take it, is sufficient for the Manager, who has evidently been most liberal in its production.



CUB-HUNTING.

Lucy (to favourite hack). "AH, IT SHAN'T COME OUT IN THE DARK AGAIN, POOR 'ITTLE PET, WHEN NOBODY SEES HOW PRETTY IT IS!"
Master Frank. "LIKE YOU, IT PREFERS THE PARK,—EH, LUCY?"

A PHYSICIAN ON FUMIGATION.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THERE is a controversy which has begun in smoke, and will probably end in smoke. I mean the controversy about Smoking on Railways. The practice of smoking will doubtless go on as before. Railway Directors had better accept the situation, and provide smoking carriages exclusively for smokers.

I don't at all disapprove of smoking in moderation. Indeed, I always smoke a cigar the last thing before going to bed. Of course, if I am called up in the night I put on a fresh dress. A medical education accustoms the nose to worse things than tobacco-smoke. However, I really like the smell of it. But many of my patients don't. That's the worst of travelling in company with smokers. Smelling of smoke, in vain I tell them I have been the fellow-traveller of smoking men. They say, "Oh, come Doctor, that won't do," and imagine that I have been sotting with medical students. They are simply terrified by the suggestion that tobacco-smoke is a good disinfectant for a physician who may have just been visiting a case of small-pox.

Now it is a bore to lose patients by a graveolence derived from other people's tobacco, and therefore I want smoking carriages, or rather some non-smoking carriages in which passengers really mustn't smoke. At the same time I must say there seems something absurd in the necessity of making arrangements to meet the fact, that the majority of men are unable to remain, during their waking hours, an hour or two together comfortably without a cigar or a pipe in their mouths. They thus keep their nervous systems under the constant influence of a narcotic. As a medical woman I cannot but consider this practice injurious. Constant smoking must affect the brain, and, I believe, exerts a peculiar influence on those parts of it whereby the human brain exceeds that of brutes. The immediate effect of smoking is ease of mind. A pipe or a cigar smothers anxieties, and stifles reflection. Continual smoking fosters supreme satisfaction with the present. This ends in a habitual state of selfish serenity. So men get indifferent to injustice, tolerant of rascality, and acquiescent in cruelty and oppression. Hence the prevalent cynicism that sneers at all earnestness, and

calls the abhorrence of wrong sentimental. I am confident that inordinate smoking tends to stupefy the higher moral affections and intellectual faculties. This, although I am a moderate smoker myself, and an advocate of smoking carriages, is the firm opinion of

Yours truly, AMY SYDENHAM, M.D.

P.S. The smoking carriages should be for men only. No woman can want to be *always* smoking. Many men would be glad to be able to insure themselves against the possibility of a shameful extortion.

A MODEL LOCAL BOARD.

MR. PUNCH hastens to call attention to the spirited and energetic conduct of the Local Board of Oswestry in regard to a sanitary duty. He reads in the *Oswestry Advertiser* that the Local Board resolved to deal with a pestilent and hideous nuisance, known by and well deserving the name of the Clawdd-du, or Black Ditch. The active and intelligent Council met, and unanimously agreed that such a place ought not to exist in the pretty and thriving borough of KING OSWALD. They wasted little time in discussion or experiment, and they did not permit any jobbing considerations to stand in their way. With a promptness and decision which command all respect, and which should be imitated by all other local authorities, they instantly removed the blot from the map of Oswestry, by re-christening the Black Ditch, and calling it Market Street. The new name was to be put up immediately. We hear that though it is not usual to reward a Board for merely doing its duty, silver medals have been forwarded to all the Oswestry Councillors from the Local Government Act Office in London. We add (with regret that a generally well conducted contemporary should forget itself) that the *Oswestry Advertiser* is exacting enough to express a hope that some day the Black Ditch "will disappear in substance as it has done in name," a piece of press impertinence to which we find it difficult to affix the befitting condemnation.

Is it remarkable that Sheffield logicians try gunpowder arguments when MR. BRIGHT is always blowing everybody up?

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

At Furze Cottage. Mysterious Impulses.



HAPPY THOUGHT.—To stop here as long as I can. I don't get on with *Typical Developments*. Have hardly made a note for three days, except about the SYMPERSONS: they live in the neighbourhood. MRS. FRASER likes the Younger Miss SYMPERSON, MISS FRIDOLINE, very much. I have had to escort her a good deal: she can talk sensibly. I have consulted her on several subjects in *Typical Developments*. She understands me, and is not a mere fritterling. No one has asked me again to sing "The Little Pig," and Mrs. FRASER is now more impressed with the serious and deeper-toned side of my character. I reproached old FRASER with making me appear a buffoon. He owned his mistake, and said I was not a buffoon: we are as good friends as ever. In fact, to humour

him, I offered to sing the "Little Pig" the other night when no one was here, feeling in the vein. They were delighted at the proposal, but feared it would wake the children: so I didn't.

The above is a brief *résumé* for the last few days up to to-night.

Happy Thought.—I've not left my present address anywhere, so business can't call me away. I am in the humour for the pen. Now: the moon is shining: the sweet autumn moon.

Happy Thought: Midnight.—If I open my window I shall see the SYMPERSON'S carriage pass here on their road home: she will be inside, and how it will delight her to see me watching for her. Not in my dressing-gown though: my dark shooting-coat. I sit down to *Typical Developments*. Can't do it. I feel poetical: inspired. My pen. A poem—I feel it; coming. I will dash it off—

"Ah! fairest! whose dear eyes"—

"Dear eyes" suddenly strikes me as too nautical. Odd thing inspiration is: it's almost oozing away now. I will fix it:—

"Ah, fairest, whose blest form,
Calm as pale DIAN'S orb"—

Wheels: I am at the window with a palpitating heart. No—yes—no! A cart, a wanderer's cart; a houseless pedlar, maybe. Whoever he is he's very intoxicated, and calls me "Old Cockywax," which gets a laugh from another miserable creature, invisible. This is not the SYMPERSONS. * * *

"Ah, fairest FRIDOLINE, whose"—

I don't think I ought to introduce her name into the first line. Strange: inspiration has ceased.

Happy Thought.—Will write her a song. To the window. I say rapturously, "Oh, Moon," but nothing comes of it, except that my eyes begin to water. How quiet and still. Not a soul stirring: not even a patrol. One o'clock: why this house might be broken into, over and over again, without a patrol. Carriage-wheels! louder, louder, louder,—less loud—faint, fainter, fainter—it has taken a turning—not the SYMPERSONS. * * * I look at myself in the glass: I am pale. Am I going to be ill? * * * Yes, I shall be ill: given up. FRIDOLINE will rush into the room. I shall then confess my concealed passion; so will she. I expire in her arms, or am about to expire, when the crisis passes, and I suddenly get quite well: then we are married. Happy thoughts, all the above. There are tears in my eyes: I call myself a fool. A minute afterwards I find myself shaking my head, pointlessly, at the moon.

Happy Thought.—To write a novel on this subject. Might make notes for it now.

Half-past One.—No patrol—how very dangerous: I shall certainly call FRASER'S attention to this. * * * Yes, Mrs. FRASER asked me when I first arrived, "If I was still a bachelor?" She likes FRIDOLINE SYMPERSON, and talks to me of her. How happy the FRASERS are: ah, how delightful to retire—* * * Wheels? no. * * * to retire into married literary ease. Little secluded cottage, honeysuckles up the

trellis, sort of church-porch before the door, myself writing at a window opening on to a beautiful lawn, my wife sitting knitting on a small stool. I write a bit, then read it to her; she smiles and encourages me. I write another paragraph, and then read that to her; she smiles and encourages me again. So we go on: reading, writing, smiling, and encouraging. Then, in my old age, when my name shall be known everywhere in connection with *Typical Developments*, I shall sit in the porch, grey hair falling on to my shoulders, my hands patting the little children's heads, while I strew fresh flowers every morning, before breakfast, over a little white stone in the churchyard, whereon is inscribed but two words, in old English characters, "MY FRIDOLINE." I see it all: tears dim my eyes: I'm feverish.

Two o'clock, A.M.—Odd that there should be no police. I will mention it in the morning.

I wonder with whom she is dancing? Is she dancing with that fellow, TALBOOTS? I wish I had spoken to her yesterday, when I walked twice past their house, waiting for an opportunity to go in. I saw her in the garden, and only bowed; agony. I will call to-morrow, and ask how she is after the party; a capital excuse.

She told me she wished she hadn't got to go. I wonder if she has one passing thought for me. Yes, I believe in sympathy; in that strange electrical bond of union which binds two hearts together. There will be fools who talk nonsense to her; she hates that vapid frivolity. To-morrow I will call on her. The FRASERS won't mind it: Mrs. FRASER understands me. I'm afraid it will look too pointed, though. I wish I had gone in yesterday when I saw her in the garden. I went there on purpose, yet I only bowed and walked on. Fool! thrice sodden fool! * * * All this sort of thing is very bad for calm writing.

Three o'clock.—No wheels. There, I've sat here for three hours and not seen a sign of a watchman or a policeman. I shall certainly call FRASER'S attention to the absence of the patrol. He will complain to the inspector. The air is getting chilly. * * * How a sneeze relieves one's head. I can smile now: what at? I don't know. The roll of wheels—the spanking trot of fast horses—lights—it is the SYMPERSON'S carriage! They mustn't see me at the window: I withdraw on one side. * * * It has passed: what an ass I was not to stand at the window, and wave, or perhaps kiss, my hand. I dare say she was looking out: she *might* have been! I wish it would come over again. There's a ledge in front of my window, by stepping up there, I can see them turning into their own gates: I do it. The candle gutters out. I am on the leads. Ah, FRIDOLINE! dear FRIDOLINE! No, the gates must have been open, as they've driven in, and vanished. Ah, FRIDOLINE! my sweetest dreams. . . . Somebody moving below; in the road. A voice, "Hallo!" Probably another drunken creature (degrading vice of the country!) I will get in again, and not encourage him in his coarseness. A light shines about me vividly. What is it? From below. The same rough voice says, "Hallo! what are you up to there?" It is the patrol. I say quietly from the leads, "S-s-s-h, it's all right." He won't believe it, and says he'll soon *make* it all right. I tell him I'm stopping in the house. He wants to know "What I'm doing up there, then?" I answer, "Nothing." "I thought so," he says. "You just come down." He adds, "Or else he'll very soon know the reason why," threateningly. I assure him that he's wrong. He is getting very angry, and tells me, "He'll soon let me know if he's wrong or not." I own to him candidly that appearances *are* against me, but that I came out there to look after the SYMPERSON'S carriage. I wish him to understand that it's only a joke. These country police are so officious; always in the way.

Happy Thought.—To throw him sixpence. He is indignant. I implore him not to be a fool. He now loses his temper entirely, and says, "He'll soon let me know who's the fool." I tell him, in as soft a whisper as can be audible from the leads, to call in the morning and I'll settle it. I point out to him (hearing a window opening somewhere) that he's disturbing the house. He says, "He means to," the idiot! and rings the gate-bell violently. I get into my room and close the window. I hear Mrs. FRASER screaming, "Is it fire?" FRASER growling, the children crying, and the servants moving about below.

Happy Thought.—If I explain, I shall look such a fool, and FRASER will be in such a rage. Will tell him when it's all blown over.

Happy Thought.—Jump into bed. FRASER, butler, footman, with pokers, tongs, and shovels enter in a tumult. In the distance I hear the maids and Mrs. FRASER all more or less hysterical.

Happy Thought.—I ask, "What's the matter?" They all say, in a muddle, "Man—broke in—p'liceman saw him." I haven't seen him: no. Patrol, from outside, says he hasn't come back again. One of the maids shrieks, and they all rush out, thinking some one's caught sight of him on the stairs. I try to pacify them: I tell Mrs. FRASER, it must have been the patrol's fancy. I begin to wish I'd explained everything at first. The butler, who now returns from conversing with the policeman, describes the burglar as dressed in a short sort of dark coat, and details the substance of my remarks to him (the policeman) from the leads. "He said as he was a lookin' after MISTER SYMPERSON'S carriage." FRASER at once convicts the burglar as a

liar, "Because," as he informs me, "the SYMPERSONS' carriage hasn't been out this evening, in consequence of their not going to the ball."

3:30. Everyone announces the impossibility of going to bed again. The coachman can't make out why the dog didn't bark. With the groom he searched the grounds. Everyone goes about searching everywhere, and coming upon each other suddenly round sharp corners; frightening one another, as if it was a game. FRASER pops out of his room every other five minutes on some false alarm, to ask me "If I heard anything, then?" or to say, nervously, "Who's there?" when the answer generally is, "It's only me, Sir," from the butler or the footman, who appear to be running away from FRASER, or catching each other, like blindman's buff. An *al fresco* game of the same kind is being played in the grounds by the groom, the coachman, and the policeman. The prevailing idea among the females is, that there is a man in the store-cupboard: the strictest search will not convince them to the contrary.

The butler spends the remainder of the night on the plate-chest, with a poker in his hand. The footman sits at the top of the servants' stairs, and alarms the entire household, for a second time, by falling asleep, and tumbling down half-a-dozen steps. He spends the remainder of his night in brown paper, vinegar, and groans; but heroically at his post, at the bottom of the stairs where he fell, with a poker. Everyone seems to have got a poker.

Happy Thought.—Shan't say anything about inattention of police, or they'll find I was at my window. Oh, FRIDOLINE. Bed—sleep.

LOLLIUS IN DIEPPE.

La Plage.



DEAR SIR,—I am sure that you will be glad to hear from me, at least I hope so. I am certain that I feel very kindly towards you, and belief in the good feeling of others is the way to create it. Do not think again of the outrageous and unkind letter you sent, hinting that I had been away more than twice as long as I had promised to be. I have quite forgiven it, and have shown you that I would take no notice of a friend's temporary forgetfulness of propriety. Rather than add to your self-reproaches, I would stay here another fortnight.

For it is very pleasant. The season has long been over. All the Parisian idiots and idiotesses, who used to

change their dresses three times a day, have departed, and there are few visitors here except some pleasant Englishmen, who do not dress three times a day, but in revenge wash at least once, to the astonishment of the servants, accustomed to French habits. Do not you set this down as a bit of old-fashioned Anglican prejudice. I am very fond of the Frenchman. I like his readiness to be amused, for ever so long, with the slightest trifle. I like the solemn and earnest care which he bestows on his pretty gloves. I like his courteousness of manner, when nothing has annoyed him. But he does not wash. Send out a commission to inquire into the subject—those light-hearted Commissioners on Election Corruption would be just the men, as the French love small and weak jokes. Their report would be in the language used by MISS EDGEWORTH'S bear, who put his head in at the barber's window and cried "No Soap!"

Everybody knows Dieppe, of course, and therefore, though I for one have never been here before, I scorn to describe it, as otherwise I could do elegantly, for I am known to have much graphic power. There are some good hotels. I am at that of *Les Bains*, to which I resorted because, although my Parisian accent is perfect, it is not appreciated at Dieppe, which is a provincial town. I therefore prefer to converse with an English host. But I think that the French waiter (he is called a *garçon* in French) partly understands me, with the aid of my pantomime, when I ask for the mustard. The hotel is very comfortable and the charges are reasonable, and if you see any reason why I should not say this in favour of MR. MORGAN, you may excise the paragraph, and put in some stupid joke about *Fata Morgana*.

It was near here that HENRY THE FOURTH, of France, fought the battle of Ivory. The memory of the victory is still preserved, for there is no town so celebrated for its ivory work. Wishing for a relic, which should be a representative type of the French mind, I have bought an ivory mousetrap to catch flies in.

I fear that there may be one or two persons in Paris who are not strictly honest. My reason for saying this is, that a lady whom I have

met, purchased in that metropolis, for the sum of fifty francs, a kitten which was warranted to be a Persian, and certain to have a splendid tail. The vendor thought that the lady was going at once to perfidious Albion. But she stayed here for three months, instead, and the kitten has grown into a hideous common cat, with a tail like a radish. I would willingly believe that the seller was deceived, but the Parisians are perfectly well acquainted with cats, as they use them so much in the light of rabbits. ALEXANDRE DUMAS admits this, and he always speaks the truth.

It is pleasing to see the doctrine of Equality carried out so well as it is in France. Woman is regarded not only as equal to man, but as equal to man's work. I was smoking for an hour on the east cliff, near the coastguard's station, and watching the women toiling on the beach below. It was work to which, in our unenlightened country, we should put only the strongest sort of navy. Each woman had to take a long walk with a basket on her back. She came to a heap of stones. She filled the basket till she could hardly lift it to her back, but she did. Then she toiled back again, up a steep hill of shingle, up a plank at a severe gradient, and along a quay, until she came to the place for unloading. She emptied the basket, and instantly set out to repeat the journey. It was awful work. When I had looked at it for some time, my own back began to ache, and I moved away, as one should never distress oneself. The sight did not distress a lot of stalwart men who sat smoking their pipes near the toiling creatures. I regret that my own weakness of nature unfitted me for longer observation of these proofs of the civilisation of the French.

The superior classes, however, are exquisitely refined. Just before the Parisians departed, I had an illustration of this. Two French gentlemen, staying at the hotel, used, I observed, to engage every morning in earnest conversation, and by their gestures I saw that they were discussing some process, perhaps of chemistry. After four or five days, each produced a small paper, in which was a powder, and they eagerly compared their powders, with a profusion of debate. Being myself, as you know, one of the most intelligent attendants at the lectures in Albemarle Street, I was interested, and I got a friend, who knew the gentlemen, to inquire what the philosophical investigation referred to, in order that I might report to DR. FARADAY. My friend informed me that the philosophers could not agree as to which powder made a man's complexion look the prettier, after shaving.

The amusements of the refined classes in France are also of a high order of elegance and intellectuality. I hoped that the *Diva* THERESA would come here, for I anticipated a great treat from the singing of a lady who is so great a favourite at Court, and with the *salons*. She will not come, however, but I have received a copy of one of her latest songs. It is sung in the character of a provincial wet-nurse, who has a lucrative engagement in Paris, but who laments her home. I regret that the differences of English and French taste are so marked that if I should translate for you any verse in this Court song, and you should print it, no subsequent number of your publication would ever enter an English household. Something else certainly divides the French and English besides the sea.

I shall remain here a little longer, chiefly in order to convince you that I have entirely forgotten your unkindness. This country, as you are aware, is Catholic, but Protestants are tolerated, and I am happy to say that my countrymen here show great respect for the Sunday, for on that day they always wear hats instead of wide-awakes. There are excellent English clergymen here. It was not always so, for a horse-racing friend remarked at the *table d'hôte*, touching a minister who was here some years ago, "He could not preach an ounce."

Dear Sir, if the weather keeps fine I shall stay here, because it is so pleasant; and if it gets bad, I shall not leave here, because I cannot bear a rough sea. But I shall be very happy to hear from you—letters go round by Paris, perhaps Marseilles and Algiers—therefore my return and reply are somewhat uncertain.

Ever your devoted,

LOLLIUS URVICUS.

THE LIBERTY OF FATHERLAND.

AFTER all, the aggrandisement of Prussia is the extension of a constitutional monarchy—is it not? The States recently annexed to the Prussian Kingdom will all share in the enjoyment of that political and personal freedom which is the common blessing of KING WILLIAM'S subjects. As witness the subjoined telegram from Copenhagen:—

"BARON SCHEEL-PLESSEN, the Prussian governor of Schleswig, has prohibited the raising of subscriptions by the Danish inhabitants for the purchase of a wedding gift for the PRINCESS DAGMAR."

"Freedom, freedom, hey-day freedom!" the KING OF PRUSSIA'S new Danish subjects may exclaim with *Caliban*. Perhaps there is as little love lost between the Danes of Schleswig and their prosperous master as there was between *Caliban* and *Prospero*.

WHY ought a policeman to be well acquainted with the Holy Land? Because he spends a great portion of his life in some area (*Samaria*.)



PROVOKING.

Modest Youth. "PRAY CAN YOU TELL ME THE NAME OF THE YOUNG LADY WHO SPOKE TO YOU JUST NOW?"
Bathing Woman. "LOR' BLESS YOU, NO, SIR! I ONLY KNOWS MY LADIES IN THE WATER."

VENETIA VICTRIX.

OCTOBER 20, 1866.

FANGS filed, and talons blunted, his once wide wings clipped low,
 The Lion of St. Mark hath been the wonder of a show.
 For years on years the crowds have flocked, to see him in his cage,
 To note his beauty, and his strength, his weariness and rage.

The light of ancient majesty in the sunk eye smouldered dim:
 Dreams of old deeds seemed weak to nerve each huge but wasted limb:
 As hot with hunger of his heart, in that ignoble show,
 The close-caged Lion of St. Mark, paced, ever, to and fro.

Now and anon the sunk eye lit, the great throat gave a sound,
 A growl of warning thunder, that scared the gazers round:
 The huge limbs thrilled, the broad wings shook—then all was as before—
 We saw the Lion of St. Mark pacing his narrow floor.

Pacing, as who must pace till death—but lo, what now we see,
 The Lion of St. Mark is loose,—his gaunt limbs stretching free—
 Trying with wonder and delight the stiff wings, once so wide,
 Free and agaze, not pacing his cage from side to side!

Free and agaze, in ecstasy, across the green lagune,
 Where marble gleams and colour glows, in cloudless blue of noon,
 Looking for the long-awaited, greeting the come at last—
 The day that sees white, red, and green on the campanile mast!

VENETIA VICTRIX! Let the cry of joy swell on the breeze—
 Her VICTOR comes to wed her, his fair bride of the seas—
 She that was plight of old with Doge and Bucentaur and ring,
 Now, rejoicing, to her bosom takes her Italian King!

THE ROAD TO RUIN.—London, Chatham and Dover.

A MODEL BISHOP AT YORK.

MY DEAR PUNCH,

OH, how happy you must be to be able to do what you like, and go where you please! You might, had you chosen, have attended the Church Congress at York, you might have visited the "Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition" in that city, and there you might have feasted your eyes on an object, which, from the account of it given by a love of a fashionable reporter, must be perfectly charming. It is the figure of a Bishop in full vestments, of which the following description when I read it, made me ready to dance with ecstasy:—

"Sandals of purple velvet, banded with cloth of gold, jewelled; cassock of purple silk, trained; rochet of fine lawn, edged with Irish point lace; alb and girdle of fine linen; tunicle of blue silk, banded and fringed with silver; dalmatic of gold coloured silk, banded and fringed with gold; mitre of cloth of gold, embroidered with passion flowers; gloves of purple silk embroidered with gold; ring, a sapphire surrounded with brilliants; pastoral staff of ivory and ebony, set with topaz, emeralds, and carbuncles."

Oh, how sweetly pretty! How nice it would be if live Bishops were to appear in such lovely dresses as the one worn by the model prelate in the York Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition! Then they would be models indeed, and particularly for the toilettes of us girls. If Papa would have taken me to the Church Congress, it would have been a real treat to feast my eyes on the pretty Bishop in effigy, only I should have envied it so! It is tantalising enough to look at an elegantly attired dummy in the window of a dressmaker's shop, but the episcopal one at York must have inspired a still more ardent longing. The dear Ritualists, who get up these things, are taking the right way to win the female heart; and my stupid old uncle may say if he likes that clerical purposes are not likely to be promoted by lay figures.

Believe me, dearest *Punch*, ever yours, affectionately,

FANNY.

P.S. Why don't they publish Ecclesiastical Fashions for October, and so on, every month in *Le Follet*?



VENETIA VICTRIX.

MRS. POPE. "THERE, GO ALONG WITH YER! I FORBADE THE BANNS. I'M ASHAMED OF YER!"
VENETIA. "YOUR TURN WILL COME NEXT, DEAR."

CASE (FOR THE OPINION OF MR. PUNCH).

CASE.

BEFORE the Legislature gives its sanction to any Railway Bill, involving the construction of New Works, it requires that such Bill shall enact:—

1. The amount of the Share Capital to be subscribed.
2. That the whole of this Share Capital has been subscribed for, and that one-half of the amount has been paid up, and that a Justice of the Peace (not interested) has certified to the above state of things, before any of their borrowing powers can be exercised by the Company.
3. No Railway Act confers any borrowing powers beyond one-third of the declared amount of the Share Capital of the Company.

The object of these enactments is evident.

No issue of debentures being legal, except against a share capital of three times the amount, one-half actually paid and certified, on a statutory declaration, to be so paid by a Justice of the Peace, and the other half at call, debenture-holders are secured against loss by ample and *bona fide* security.

4. The London, Cheatem and Clover Railway (in April, 1864) being in want of money for their Eastern Extension, entered into an agreement with an eminent firm of Contractors, SLEEKOWE, GETTS, & VAMPEN, of Great Lupus Street, Westminster.

5. Under this agreement, the Company gave a receipt to the Contractors in the terms and form annexed:—

(Copy) LONDON, CHEATEM and CLOVER RAILWAY.
Secretary's Office, Queer Street, Pimlico, S.W.
April 1, 1864.

Received of Messrs. Sleekowe, Getts, & Co., the sum of Four Hundred and Twenty-nine Thousand Seven Hundred Pounds for Deposit, and in anticipation of Calls on 85,000 Metropolitan Extension (Eastern Section) "A-Z" Shares.
£429,700. (Signed) W. E. STRAWMAN, Secretary.

6. The Contractors, at the same date, gave a receipt to the Company in these terms:—

(Copy) 9, Great Lupus Street, Westminster, S.W.,
April 1, 1864.

METROPOLITAN EXTENSION (EASTERN SECTION).
Received of the London, Cheatem and Clover Railway Company the sum of Four Hundred and Twenty-nine Thousand Seven Hundred Pounds in respect of our Contract for the Construction of the above-named Section.
Per PRO. SLEEKOWE, GETTS, AND VAMPEN,
ABRAHAM OILY.
£429,700.

7. These receipts of the Contractors to the Company, and the Company to the Contractors, were then entered as payments on the Company's books.

8. The declaration required by statute, of the fact of these payments, was then made before a Justice of the Peace, who duly issued his certificate, and thereupon the full amount of debentures authorised by the statute (£356,300) were issued, and are still outstanding.

9. Our client, MR. SAP GREEN, holds £40,000 of these debentures, on which a year's interest is in arrear, and which the Company are bound to redeem at two months' notice.

10. The Company is now in Chancery and insolvent; and is equally unable to redeem the principal or to pay up the interest on these debentures.

11. On an official investigation into the affairs of the Company, it appears that both the receipts above given were illusory.

12. No such payment on account of works was ever made by the Company to the Contractors. No such payment on account of shares was ever made by the Contractor to the Company, and in consequence our unfortunate client is left without any available security for his advances.

You are requested to advise on the above facts.

OPINION.

1. Whether a criminal charge can be sustained against either the representatives of the Company, or the Contractors.

1. I am of opinion that a criminal charge can be sustained on the facts as submitted. I am at a loss to distinguish the case from the many well-known reported cases in which criminal proceedings have been taken successfully against persons obtaining advances on fictitious title-deeds, dock-warrants, or deposits fraudulently represented to be of value, the depositor knowing them to be worthless. See, *inter alia*, *Smug's Case* (2 V. & H. 180) in which SMUG obtained an advance of £10,000 on certain stones, certifying them to be Indian diamonds of the first

water, they being proved to be, to his knowledge at the time, certain imitations of diamonds, of little or no value, commonly called "Bristol Stones." He was thereupon found guilty of obtaining money on false pretences and sentenced, MR. JUSTICE GARROW observing that "such proceedings are calculated to undermine all confidence in commercial dealings between man and man, and that they seemed to him of a higher degree of turpitude than petty larceny, burglary, or any of the coarser forms of criminal inroad upon property." See also *Cole & Windle's Case* (4 Criminal Reports, p. 674.)

2. I am of opinion that an indictment would lie against either the Company or the Contractors, singly, or against both jointly.

3. If the indictment be laid against both jointly, I am of opinion that it should be for conspiracy to obtain money on false pretences. If it be laid against either Company or Contractor singly, I am of opinion it should be for obtaining money on false pretences.

4. In advising generally on the case I think it would be well that the prosecution should bear in mind that the Conspiracy, or the False Pretences, in this case having for object the raising of enormous sums of money, great difficulty is likely to be experienced in procuring a conviction; and that it must not be supposed that either the evidence, or the reasoning, that would support an ordinary indictment of the kind in a Criminal Court will satisfy a jury where the sum raised amounts to nearly fifteen millions, and where the accused are such eminently respectable persons.

2. Whether, if such charge can be supported, proceedings should be taken against both the Company and the Contractors; or one of them, and if against one only, against which.

3. How the indictment should be framed: Whether for conspiracy to defraud, or for obtaining money on false pretences, or if neither, how otherwise.

4. You are requested to advise generally on the case.

It is not in accordance with my experience that a jury can be readily brought to regard the fraudulent operator who works for millions in the same light as the petty offender who cheats for pence or pounds. Finance has its own morality; and such transactions as those stated in this case may be within its limits. I do not think, however, that this could be pleaded in bar of an indictment. It is true that the Court will recognise the customs of trade in interpreting contracts; but I am not aware of any case in which such custom has been held to justify an utterly false representation of the value of a security, proved to be made with knowledge, on the strength of which large sums have been advanced; particularly where the representation is one required by statute, and supported by the certificate of a Justice of the Peace.

I observe no question is submitted as to the legal effect of making the statutory declaration falsely. By many statutes the making of such declarations falsely is made punishable as perjury, though they are not on oath. This point should be considered.

Altogether, I think this eminently a case for raising the question whether there is such a crime known to English law as raising money on false pretences, where the money raised amounts to millions. It may also do much to fix the limit (as yet undetermined) at which "financing" ends and "swindling" begins.

PUNCH.

3, Laurel Court, Inner Temple.

Mr. Walpole's Resignation.

WE regret to announce the resignation of the Right Hon. SPENCER WALPOLE, Home Secretary, though we cannot say that we are surprised at the course the Right Hon. gentleman has adopted. He felt so strongly that as Hydraulic Minister he was entitled to be present at the opening of the Aberdeen Water-works by HER MAJESTY, that on failing to receive a summons to the North, he wrote to LORD DERBY, resigning office. We hear that while penning the dispatch MR. WALPOLE was affected to tears.



FAIR GAME.

Cousin William. "THERE Y' ARE, CHARLOTTE! BUCK OVER THE FENCE, TAKE THE INSIDE, AND HAVE FIRST 'POT' AT THE WOODCHUCKS!"

JOHNNY NOODLE.

(SONG OF A SUBVERSIVE.)

AIR—"Yankee Doodle."

OLD JOHN BULL, 'tis time that you
 Changed your constitution,
 Turned from Old JOHN into New
 By a revolution.
 Brandy-smash for ale and stout,
 Also timber-doodle,
 Here you have to slake your drought :
 Liquor, JOHNNY NOODLE !
 JOHNNY NOODLE, NOODLE, New,
 JOHNNY NOODLE Nincom,
 Here are Yankee draughts for you :
 Liquor up and drink 'em.

Take that poor old signboard down,
 Where the one-horned pony
 With the lion guards the crown.
 Scorn all ceremony :
 Turn the British Lion loose,
 Where he likes to wander.
 Change your Lion for a Goose :
 Goosey goosey gander.
 JOHNNY NOODLE, &c.

CYRUS FIELD—give glory due
 Whenever you are able—
 Has joined the Old World to the New
 With his Atlantic Cable.
 So, now we're annexed, in fact,
 To yonder mighty nation,
 Let England by that model act,
 In humble imitation.
 JOHNNY NOODLE, &c.

Haul we down the Union-Jack,
 In a quiet manner.
 Hail the Stripes—they hurt no back.
 Hoist the starry banner.
 JOHN, thy bull-dog keep no more ;
 Keep, instead, a poodle.
 All the ancient ways give o'er,
 New JOHN, JOHNNY NOODLE !
 JOHNNY NOODLE, &c.

THE GRAND JURY QUESTION.

REVERED SIR,

THE enemy's guns are pointed against another of the ancient bulwarks of our glorious Constitution. I knew some dreadful catastrophe would result from the suppression of that Latin Grammar which we have all had flogged into us, and I am right in my foreboding. Men are deliberately, and in cold ink, writing against the Grand Jury system, and clamouring, like wild beasts at feeding time, for its abolition. I say, Sir, it will be a grand injury if they succeed in their nefarious design. Have they for one brief moment considered the position in which REUBEN STIBBS, accused of stealing a pint pot from the railings in front of *The Jolly Nose*, will stand, if this Palladium of our liberties is numbered amongst the things of the past, with benefit of clergy and wager of battle? What will there then be left to depend upon but the preliminary investigation by the Police, the hearing of the case, it may be with a remand, by the committing Magistrate, the opening speech of the counsel for the prosecution, the examination of the witnesses for the Crown and their cross-examination, the speech of the counsel for the defence, the evidence of the witnesses for the prisoner and their cross-examination, the remarks in reply, the summing up of the Judge, the deliberation of the jury, and the publicity given to the whole proceedings by the penny press, especially in their evening placards? Are we to have nothing left to remind us of the glories of the Heptarchy; to recal the mild wisdom of ALFRED, and the beneficial rule of ÆTHELRED? We have parted with many a time-honoured institution, from the Wittenagemot to witchcraft, from bows and arrows to breeches and needles; and soon, if the spoiler has his wish, shall have nothing to cling to that is venerable and moss-grown but Convocation and Courts-martial. At which of the sacred edifices of this happy land will these iconoclasts throw their sacrilegious stones next? I am in the decline of life, and shall not live to lament many more ruthless innovations, indeed the thought of the rude shocks I shall escape goes far to reconcile me to my lot—but I tremble when I think that another generation may see even the end of vestries, of the Board of Admiralty, of the Irish Church, of the London Corporation, of Latin

verses, of flogging soldiers and sailors, of church-rates, cocked-hats, court-suits, ramrods, and the Lord Privy Seal?

I fear the POPE and ARCHBISHOP MANNING are at the bottom of the attack on the Gentlemen of the Grand Inquest; and I trust MR. WHALLEY has his eye on this fresh effort of Jesuitical machination. I have one hope to sustain me, and save my grey hairs from going down, &c. A Conservative Government will, I am confident, never part with anything that is old and helpless, consecrated by the wisdom of our ancestors, embalmed in the tradition of ages. I am persuaded the present Ministry will defend the Grand Jury system as the cornerstone of our Constitution, as the brightest jewel in the British crown, as the inalienable birthright of every Briton whose "home is on the sea;" and will all rather die in a compact body on the floor of the House, the PREMIER first and GEORGE WARD HUNT last, than interfere with country gentlemen (and great game-preservers) assembling at the Assizes, and returning a true bill against ill-fed, ill-taught, and ill-cared-for agricultural labourers, for night-poaching. But we must, for all that, be up in arms; we must take time by the forelock, we must sound the tocsin, we must make the welkin ring, we must hoist the old flag, we must fling ourselves into the breach, we must stand in the van, we must have a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, we must be continually rallying round something or other, lest we should again (for the fiftieth time) have to dread the untimely setting of that Britannic Sun whose permanent disappearance is constantly endangered by demagogues, free-thinkers, and rabid incendiaries. Shades of ELDON, and ELLENBOROUGH, and CHARLES WETHERELL! if ye take cognisance of what happens on this sublunary sphere, how must your sainted spirits be perturbed by these wanton onslaughts on a hallowed institution which has withstood the storms of "a thousand years, the battle and the breeze!" I can no more. I fear in my agitation I have been slightly incoherent. But pardon,

Yours, despondingly,

A BLUE COAT AND BUFF-WAISTCOAT MAN.

A RASCAL HOOKED.



British Female to understand that genuine telegraphic messages are inscribed on a form of which Paterfamilias will do well to give his harem a specimen, and that even, if refused, they are never "sent back," and that scoundrels of the YOUNG class should be detained (no change ready, or some such excuse) until B. 1407 can be found. MR. YOUNG himself will not deliver any more messages at present, as MR. ARNOLD very properly refused bail, and we trust that the Judge who will sentence YOUNG is a family man.

A BRADFORD BLUNDERER.

Nemo bis vexari, and so forth, saith a law maxim; and as Mr. Punch is morally sure that the unhappy Editor of the *Bradford Observer* will ere this have received from MR. BRIGHT, per post, a private flagellation, in return for the scribe's abject attentions, Mr. Punch will merely notice, not for the Editor's sake, but Yorkshire's, a slander which the *Observer* has published in reference to Mr. P.'s last beautiful and suggestive Cartoon. The Bradford writer is a "numb hand;" and we imagine that he will speedily discover that the canny Yorkshiremen are not to be humbugged by a scribbler who is too lazy to turn to the file of a journal which he wishes to vilify. He had charged Mr. Punch with having caricatured the late MR. COBDEN, the last time he was mentioned in *Punch*. Yorkshiremen are accustomed to straightforward language, and we leave them to apply the right name to the Editor of the *Observer*, when they have been reminded that, about two months before MR. COBDEN's death, he was referred to as a "true statesman," and a kindly hope was added that he would not support certain Liverpool financiers. He was never alluded to again in *Punch*, during his life, but tributes both in verse and prose appeared when the nation was mourning him; and, if Mr. Punch divulged confidences, he could show that those tributes were welcome where such servility as that of the Bradford scribe must have inspired disgust. So much for the Bradford Blunderer. He may settle with MR. BRIGHT for having contended that, because MR. COBDEN was a great and good man, MR. BRIGHT ought not to have been depicted in the admirable Cartoon in question.

WORSE THAN HOUSE-BREAKING.

A MAN, calling himself a gentleman, was lately convicted, on his own confession, of taking up his residence.

HIGHLY JUDICIOUS JESUITS.

THE *Echo du Luxembourg*, as quoted by the *Express*, publishes the following bill of fare of a banquet which followed the inauguration, with a mass and a sermon, of the Jesuits' Palace at Arlon:—

"Huitres d'Ostende, potage à la tortue, crépinettes à la Richelieu, saumon à la Hollandaise, filet de bœuf à la jardinière, caneton aux olives farcies, filet de soles, matoles Normande, perdreaux au naturel; sorbets au kirsch, céleris farcis, lièvre à la poivrade, dindonneaux truffés à l'épiscopale, bécasses, anguille au beurre Montpellier, jambon d'Ardenne en gelée, homards, pâtés de foie gras, bavaroise panachée, Macédoine au Champagne, glaces, fruits, dessert."

He who leads a good life is sure to live well, as the "Holy Friar" says in the canticle of that title. The Jesuit Fathers of Arlon appear to have adopted the rule of that worthy cenobite's order. "It is hardly necessary," continues the journalist, with reference to the foregoing catalogue of good things, "to add that this succulent repast was enlivened with old wines of the choicest vintages. Among others is mentioned a certain white Tokay, which drew exclamations of delight from the pious guests." As, for example, "*Hoc est bonum in visceribus meis.*" "You mean," the speaker's next neighbour perhaps suggested, "*Tokay est bonum.*" "*Pro omnibus bibo*" was perhaps sung by some brother of the Society in a state of enthusiasm, although doubtless he had passed the bottle. Ah! these are sad times for the poor persecuted monks and priests of the Roman Catholic Church, and they require all the support wherewith the best of eating and drinking can strengthen them to endure the martyrdom which they nowadays undergo continually.

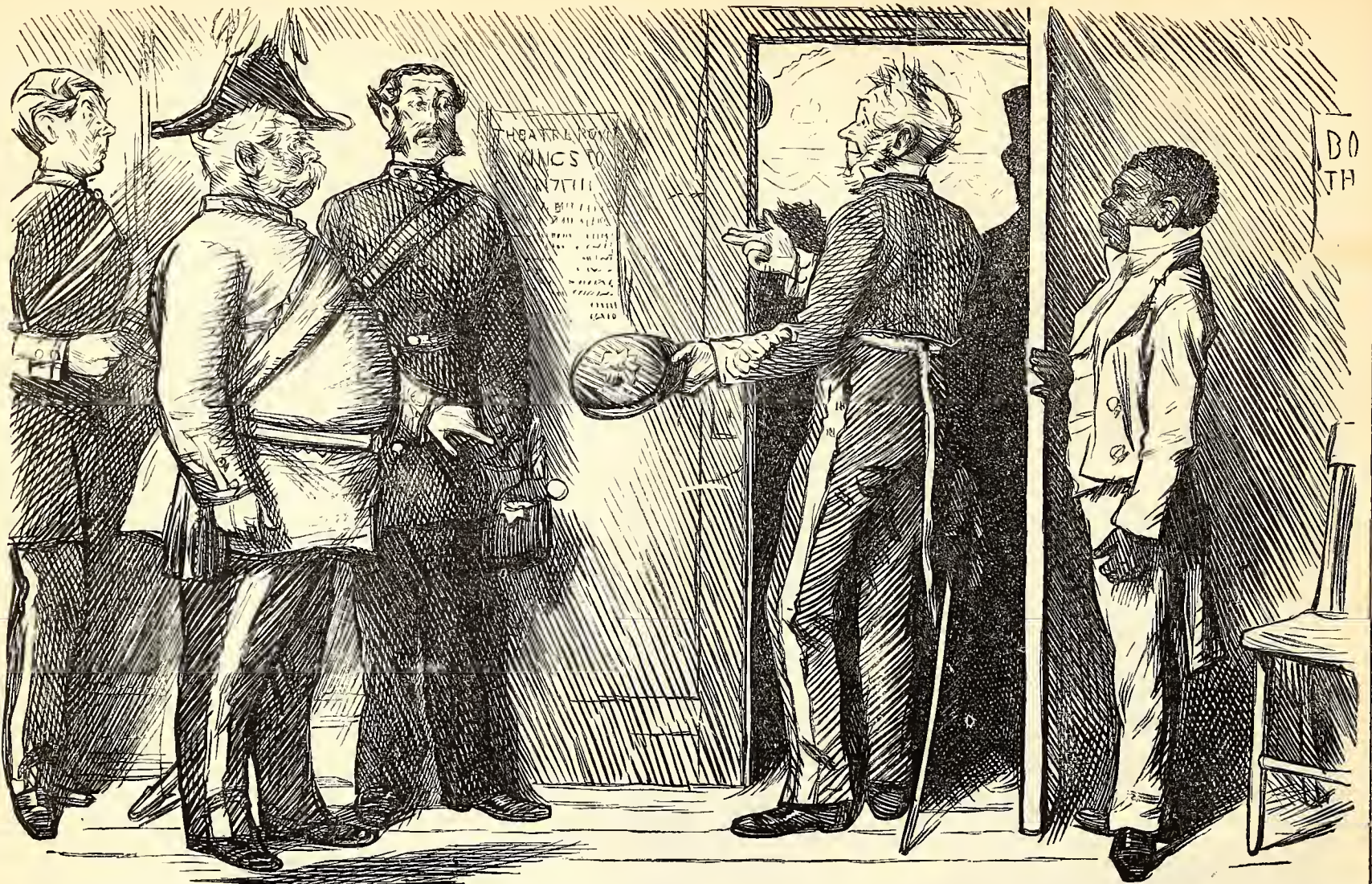
WHY is Brighton more aristocratic this year than last? Because it has one Pier more.

DON'T CALL BAD NAMES.

MR. PUNCH has always pleasure in encouraging little pleasures which promote the harmless happiness of society. It is delightful to him to see a round—or oval table of grown-up and bearded gentlemen sniffing at Pharaoh's Serpents, or evincing ecstasy at Fairy Bubbles. But a certain good taste should dominate our delights. We certainly disapprove of the vulgarity which has given to the last new plaything a name which should not be made a household word. Certain little balls, like peas, may be thrown into water, when they ignite and spit fire into your eyes and shirt-front, to the delight of the social circle, but it is not proper to call them the tears of the Enemy of Souls, and Mr. Punch suggests to the leash of Jewish persons who advertise the articles, (with some doggerel which it would be appropriate, were it not coarse, to call infernal) that the sale of the spitfires is not likely to be promoted by the name. Respectable newspapers are requested to receive this intimation. Could not the peas be called Walpole's Tears?

THE NEW PRIMER.

FOR the use of those who teach the young idea how to shoot, there has very lately been invented a new Primer. We have not yet had the leisure and the pleasure to examine this new weapon of instruction carefully, but we believe that, although it may be found to miss fire here and there, upon the whole it pretty fairly contrives to hit the mark. Clearly, it is better for the noble army of our martyrs—we mean to say our schoolmasters; the two words are synonymous—that they should all be furnished with one uniform weapon of instruction, than have half a hundred to pick from and perplex them. The new Primer on the whole is the best that is in use, and, although some of our great guns may differ in regard to it, we believe it will be found a very serviceable noddle-loader.



VOLUNTEERS AND REGULARS.

SCENE:—BOX-LOBBY, THEATRE-ROYAL, KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

General Officer (in a rage, thinking he has discovered a flagrant breach of "Orders"). "WHAT REGIMENT DO YOU BELONG TO, SIR? WHAT THE D' YOU MEAN BY COMING IN THAT TOM-FOOL'S DRESS, SIR? I—I—I—"

Volunteer Captain (independent of, and not under the General's command). "YOU THE BOX-KEEPER? TOO LATE, OLD BOY; YOU SHOULD HAVE OBJECTED AT THE DOOR. TA, TA!"

[General looks Close Arrests and Drum-head Courts-Martial, but can't articulate.]

GLADSTONE UNMASKED.

DEAR PUNCH,

WHEN, in my admirable speech the other day, I accused MR. GLADSTONE of entertaining towards true Liberalism and Progress that "concentrated malignity" which the poet has described as existing in the "Spanish Cloister," I meant to have quoted the following adaptation of MR. BROWNING'S verses, to which I referred. But time pressed, so I send the travestie to you. It is very close, and I have placed in the mouth of the Malignant as much bitterness as I well could. Gratified at having revealed the hitherto unsuspected wickedness of MR. GLADSTONE, believe me,

Yours, sincerely,

Eden, near Banff.

GRANT DUFF.

MR. GLADSTONE'S REAL SENTIMENTS AS TO PROGRESS.

GR-R-R— there go, you worst of ogres,
Talk your cant of Manhood, do!
If hate killed folk, MRS. PROGRESS,
Bless me, would not mine kill you!
What, the English Church wants trimming?
Oh, the Irish has first claims,
Then the tax-cream you'd be skimming—
Don't I see your little games?

In the House we sit together,
Salve tibi! I must hear
Birds of every kind of feather
Screeching nonsense in my ear.
Listening to such trash and stuff, rage
Makes me look uncommon black:
What's the Latin name for Suffrage?
What's the Greek name for "a Quack."

Whew! We'll have our Education,
Free from article and test,
Dogma is our detestation,
Each man's creed is in his breast.
O'dear yes, and why should College
With its Greek our jawbone wrench?
What it ought to teach is knowledge
How to call a cab in French.

Progress—Bah! I see your meaning,
Things will get beyond a joke,
But, my friend so overweening,
In your wheel I'll put a spoke.
Row your Liberal boat, yes, row it,
While I steer it into storm:
I, although you may not know it,
Am the man that killed Reform.

Don't I hate you and your preachers,
Chiefly don't I hate GRANT DUFF,
With his most obnoxious features,
And his skimble-skamble stuff?
You will find me bold and wary—
You beware this tongue of mine!
Ossibus exoriare
Ullor ali— Gr—you swine!

Brutal.

OLD SINGLETON, on hearing there was a song called "The Children's Hour," remarked, that it could of course only mean bed-time. He added a hope that the song did not sanction the absurd idea of after-dinner being the children's hour.



DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Wife. "CHARLES, DEAR, DON'T YOU LIKE MY NEW CAPE?"

Rev. Charles (Perpetual Curate). "YES. WHERE DID YOU MANAGE TO GET IT?"

Wife (delighted). "WHY, I CUT UP YOUR PRESENTATION GOWN!"

SNIDER'S EPITAPH.

(BY THE WAR-OFFICE POET.)

HERE SNIDER lies! His neat conversion plan
Gave us breech-loaders at twelve bob per man.
"In medio tutissimus" has been
BULL's rule: he's safe with us, for we're "the mean."
When SNIDER made his claim upon the Crown,
We passed him on to CLODE—CLODE cut him down.
Two millions he had saved us, SNIDER swore;
We granted that much, but would grant no more.
For near three thousand, SNIDER, shameless, cried.
We offered one: he took it, blushed, and died!

THE WOMAN IN WIGHT.

THE quiet of Ventnor has been disturbed by an incident which might have been attended with circumstances more or less serious, but, fortunately, was accompanied by nothing of the kind. It is thus recorded in a paragraph apparently comprising a week's news from the Isle of Wight:—

"VENTNOR. Agent, MESSRS. KNIGHT & SON.

"ACCIDENT.—A lady was coming down from the railway station into Grove Road, last week, she trod upon a stone which lay in the road, and her foot taking a rather peculiar turn, she fell to the ground without, happily, receiving any severe injury."

The sensational announcement above quoted from the *Hampshire Telegraph*, may at first seem to indicate that in the Isle of Wight there has not been much stirring lately, but—as a popular comedian used to say—stagnation. This idea arises from the want of a due appreciation of the sensibility of Isle of Wight people. At any rate, the inhabitants of Ventnor have hearts that can be affected by a sister's fall, even when not only are no bones broken by it, but even so much as a bruise does not appear to have been sustained. But who was the sufferer of that alarming accident? we would ask—if only she

had suffered anything. Who was the heroine of the startling occurrence, related in the foregoing paragraph, which frightened the Isle of Wight from its propriety? We know not. There are perhaps reasons why we should never know. Let her remain unnamed—a mystery. Suffice it to speak of her as "The Woman in Wight."

FUNCTIONAL INACTION.

THE late BISHOP BLOMFIELD was thought to have said a good thing when, having been asked what an Archdeacon did, he replied that an Archdeacon "performed Archidiaconal functions." Some people may be inclined to consider that, by way of definition, it might with equal and corresponding propriety be said, that a Bishop performs Episcopal functions. But, with regard to our present Bishops, this would be saying a very great deal more than the truth. Clergymen of the Established Church, in Anglican churches, are acting Popery under their Bishops' noses. Those Bishops take no steps to banish and drive the strange doctrine and practices away. It is far too much to say of such Bishops that Episcopal functions are performed by them. On the contrary, the fact, as touching a Prelate of the Church of England would just now be more exactly expressed by the statement that a Bishop does *not* perform Episcopal functions.

A CARD TO CLERGYMEN.

HERE WE ARE! MR. TOM MATTHEWS (who has retired from the active duties of his profession), and his Associate MR. BARNES, having a few hours at their disposal daily, are willing to devote their intervals of leisure to giving instruction in Attitudes and Postures to Clergymen of the Ritualistic Party in the Established Church. Rectors, Vicars, and Curates, with the assistance of MR. T. M. and MR. B. may, in a few short and easy lessons, be thoroughly accomplished in the performance of genuflections, and perfected in all other business incidental to Ecclesiastical Pantomime, with privacy and expedition. MESSRS. MATTHEWS & BARNES have also the honour to announce that they are prepared to assist reverend Ritualists in personal decoration, and have entered into a mutual arrangement with MR. NATHAN, the celebrated costumier of Tichborne Street, who has always on hire a large assortment of second-hand Roman Catholic Vestments nearly as good as new.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(The morning after. At Furze.)



HERE is no one up: except the servants. FRASER is in the wine-cellar, as usual, some samples having just arrived from town, and two cases. MISS FRIDOLINE calls, while I am at work on *Typical Developments*. I can see her arrive, from my room. She is talking to the footman, who, from his rubbing his left shoulder very often, is evidently telling her about his having fallen downstairs, and last night's affair generally.

Happy Thought.—To let her see me at my window.

I wonder if she *did* see me. I ought to have looked at her. She's gone in. I really must work. Ch. IV. Vol. I. "*On the Varieties of Unanimate Nature*." I sit

down to write. Hearing a door slam, I jump up again. It is not MISS FRIDOLINE. To work. "Philosophers, in every age, have directed their attention to the—" A rustling in the passage by my door. I look out quietly. It is the housemaid, who, not having got over her fright of last night, screams on seeing me. The household, being generally nervous this morning, is immediately disturbed. The matter is explained, unsatisfactorily, because MRS. FRASER begs I'll be more quiet, and I return, rather annoyed (it is annoying to be misunderstood) to *Typical Developments*. "Philosophers, in every age, have directed their attention to the possibilities of the power inherent in mere particles. The calm mind of inductive science, undisturbed by—" It is MISS FRIDOLINE. I hear her saying, "Yes, MRS. FRASER, I'll get them for you." She passes my door, and descends the staircase. Shall I? I will. *Typical Developments* can wait.

Happy Thought.—Brush my hair, and settle my tie.

We meet in the hall. She is going to the hothouse, to get some grapes for "poor MRS. FRASER." I say, "I'm going in that direction, myself," and then look at her with a smile intended to be full of meaning. On repeating, afterwards, the same smile to myself in the looking-glass, the meaning doesn't appear sufficiently distinct and definite. But then it is difficult to look tenderly at oneself in a looking-glass.

Happy Thought.—Try the effect in the glass, before, not afterwards, another time.

We are walking along the gravel-path, about two feet apart from one another.

She is humming a tune. I feel that all my conversational powers have entirely deserted me. She says, "I'm sure it's boring you very much to walk with me. I really can go alone, I assure you." I feel taken aback by the remark: somehow, with all my knowledge of human nature, it isn't what I had expected her to say. I should like to come out with something now which would clinch matters. I reply, "Oh no, I'm not bored," which, I feel, implies that I am only saying so out of politeness. After this, it seems that my power of speech has entirely deserted me. If I talked at all, I should like it to be on very serious subjects. It strikes me that if there was a third person here, I could be brilliant. We enter another path. MISS FRIDOLINE remarks, laughingly, that I don't talk. Again I have no answer ready. I can't make out where my answers have gone to. I am sure she knows what my feelings are towards her, and she oughtn't to laugh. I'm afraid, after all, she is frivolous. I ask her "What we shall talk about?" She says, "Oh, you must start a subject." Something, I don't know what, suggests, as a subject, "Beetles." I can't put it down as a happy thought.

Happy Thought.—The art of talking to anyone with whom you are secretly in love, is included in the power of making repartees.

She is evidently getting tired of me. She wants to know if I haven't any stories to tell her. No, I haven't. "Dear me!" she returns, "I thought you would be such an amusing companion. I thought you'd have a fund of anecdotes." So I have: somewhere. I defend myself by saying, "I didn't come out to tell anecdotes." I am obliged to laugh after this speech, as I am conscious of its having a certain amount of surliness in its tone. "Didn't you?" is her reply. "You don't expect me to do it." I feel I am becoming cross: I tell her that "I don't want any one to do it." A little more, and we shall quarrel. She suggests, "Well, you can sing me a comic song, then?"

I'm sure you must know numbers of songs." This is an allusion to "*The Little Pig Squeaked*." I don't like it. The idea of walking about with the girl whom you secretly love, and doing nothing but sing comic songs to her! I brood over this, and am silent. I make up my mind to lead up to the subject nearest my heart, on the next opportunity. We turn up another gravel path. She observes that she's "afraid I'm not well." Is this an opportunity? No; I'll wait for a better. I tell her that I'm not very well this morning, in order to excite her compassion. "Then," she says, "don't fatigue yourself to walk with me." The time has come. I pump up my voice, with difficulty, through a very hot throat. When it does come out, it sounds as if I'd been eating a pound of nuts, with the husks on, and was talking under a blanket. I say, "I can't feel fatigued," here I clear my throat, but am still under the blanket, "while walking with you." And I clear my throat again.

Happy Thought.—Not to clear your throat in the middle of a speech. Ineffective.

She apparently hasn't heard my observation, as she remarks, immediately, "What a beautiful place this is!" I answer, coming a little way out of the blanket, but hotter than ever, "You didn't hear what I said?" She asks, "What, just now?" I answer, "Yes." Her reply is, "that she *did* hear it: but why?" I don't know "Why."

Happy Thought.—Always have some fixed attitude for one's hands. To pocket them looks careless when you're talking to some one you really like.

I try to explain "why." I say, pointedly, with my wide-awake well shading my eyes, "I don't think you understand me." I am getting to the point. She returns, that "she didn't know there was anything particular to understand." Not seeing my way to an explanation, I say, "Oh!" in tone of disappointment. She suggests that we had better make haste to get to the grape-house, as poor MRS. FRASER is waiting. I say nothing, but quicken my pace despairingly. She commences another topic. "What a very nice person MRS. FRASER is!" Not caring to talk about MRS. FRASER, I feel inclined to depreciate her. I say, sourly, "Nice!" I hate that phrase." Well, then, MISS FRIDOLINE will substitute "so agreeable and kind, and so lively;" adding, "I like lively people." I am aware this is a cut at me. Feeling hurt, I can't help saying, "I'm afraid I'm not lively." She returns, "No; you do not seem very lively this morning."

Happy Thought.—Never give anybody an opening to make a cutting remark.

"One cannot always be lively," I answer, bitterly, "and playing the fool. Women, I suppose, are fond of that sort of thing." "Thank you," says MISS SYMPERSON, "I didn't know I was fond of playing the fool." "I didn't say that," I explain. "I give you credit, MISS FRIDOLINE, for appreciating thoughts of a more serious character." I should like to talk to her about my *Typical Developments*. While I am thinking how I shall begin, she asks me, "Are you generally so dull?" I see the opportunity. I answer, "No, not always; but—" (here I made the plunge) "with *you* I can't help it." She interrupts me, "Oh, then, with anyone else you'd be lively and cheerful? That's a nice compliment."

Happy Thought.—Never come out without a pocket-handkerchief. When you're talking with anyone you really care about, it's a very difficult thing to use a pocket-handkerchief with anything like grace. You can't say, "I love you!" with your nose hidden. I find it; but wait for an opportunity. If we come to a narrow path, where I can walk behind her, I'll use it then.

We turn a corner, and come suddenly upon the children. "Dear little things!" cries MISS FRIDOLINE. She takes the baby from the nurse. I look on, morosely. The ugly boy is there making faces at me. I think I could strangle them all. MISS FRIDOLINE shows me the baby, and asks me if it isn't a pretty little darling? I smile on it, and say, "Charming!"

Happy Thought.—Always take care what one says of children before the nurses. They may tell MRS. FRASER. One of the children, a sharp little girl, who ranks between the ugly boy and his younger brother, begs to be allowed to walk with "FRIDDY." Nurse says, "She'll be a nuisance to MISS FRIDOLINE," who replies, "Oh, no—not at all; do let her come; I'll take care of her." I agree with the nurse, but keep it to myself, and say, gratuitously, "I always get on well with children." The child says, "Come on, FRIDDY." How I should like to call her "FRIDDY!" Away we walk towards the hothouse—she, I, and the sharp little girl. The sharp little girl begins pleasantly. She says to FRIDOLINE, "I say, FRIDDY, we don't want *him* with us, do we?" meaning *me*. I should like to box her ears. I say, "Oh, yes, you *do*, though," and smile. She continues, "Oh, you're a great stupid, you are; we don't want *you*." MISS FRIDOLINE laughs. I laugh, too; such a laugh! I tell the child, hoping to stop her sharpness, "You mustn't be rude." Whereupon she cries out, "You're MISTER PIGSQUEAKER, you are; that's what we all call you, MISTER PIGSQUEAKER!" MISS FRIDOLINE is laughing: the child is encouraged, and goes on, crying out, "Wee, wee, wee, MISTER PIGGY-SQUEAKER!" I should like to duck her in a pond. MISS FRIDOLINE says, "Hush, EDITH!" but not with authority; and the child, who

can't be very sharp, as she's only got this one idea of fun, goes on in a sort of variation on the theme, "Piggy, wiggy, squeaker, MISTER PIGGYWIGGYSQUEAKER." She is beneath notice; I will address my conversation, over her head and intelligence, to MISS FRIDOLINE. I begin, "Do you believe in sympathies springing up between two beings for the first time?" MISS FRIDOLINE pauses, to reflect. I have touched the chord. The odious little brat cries out to me, "I say, when are you going away?" I tell her, condescendingly, that I do not know, and ask her if she wouldn't be very sorry to lose me? Her reply is not in keeping with my assertion that I get on very well with children: it is, "No, I shall be very glad. You're a MISTER PIGGY-SQUEAKER." The child has picked this name up from somebody else. Perhaps from the nurses; perhaps from MRS. FRASER. Perhaps the whole household calls me MISTER PIGGYSQUEAKER. It's impossible to make love in this character. I wish to goodness I'd never come down. That was the beauty of BOODELS' place: there were no horrid children about; and one couldn't fall in love with MILBURD.

In the Hothouse.—The gardener gives us some beautiful peaches. MISS FRIDOLINE offers me one. I accept it from her, and begin to eat it. The infernal child says, "Oh, what a mouth!" I wonder if my mouth is so very large. Children often speak the truth, unintentionally. I must be careful how I open it when laughing. I take the opportunity afforded by the necessity of wiping my hands, to use my pocket-handkerchief. The child gets hold of the other end, and tries to pull it away from me. MISS FRIDOLINE does not reprove her. Tenderness is out of the question. I loiter behind with the gardener, and hear him talk about mushrooms. I could almost weep on his shoulder. I suppose I must look unhappy, as he observes, "He thought that peach as I was eating warn't a very ripe 'un." He takes me to the mushroom-house. It is damp and tomy. I feel that I have nothing to live for, and should like to stop there. The gardener is waiting for me, with the key in his hand. I come out. MISS FRIDOLINE and the abominable child have disappeared. I return to the house. I will leave this place to-morrow. I ask where MR. FRASER is. I want male society. He is in the cellar arranging a bin. He always is, during the daytime, in the cellar. To my work: I have been wasting my time. I will go to-morrow morning. I sit down to work. The butler enters. He looks very serious. "A policeman," he informs me, "wants to see me." A policeman! It can't be that window affair, last night. "Show him in."

MR. PUNCH TO SIR MORTON PETO.

MY DEAR SIR MORTON,

THERE is an integrity like the diamond. There is also an integrity like the Bristol stone. The one is pure, transparent, lustrous: it has no flaw, and it defies scratching. The other looks like the same thing—only it isn't. You may polish it up, flash it in the light, set it off with all the arts of foil-backing, puff it, praise it, preach over it, maunder over it, but you can't turn a Bristol stone into a diamond—"nohow you can fix it." You have been trying your best—and very good your best is—to accomplish the transformation. You have put yourself on a jury of your supporters, and they have not acquitted you exactly, but—thanked you for your explanation. I haven't an idea what their thanks may be worth under the circumstances. One has heard the phrase "thank you for nothing." Your supporters, who crowded St. Martin's Hall, Broadmead, had *that much*, at all events, to thank you for. Your explanations, my dear SIR MORTON, come precisely to nothing.

You have learnt, among your other chapel experiences, the great virtue of "spounding and 'splaining" in the abstract, without reference to the quality of the exposition or explanation. That virtue was never more apparent than at the Broadmead meeting. It even projected its blessed influence in advance, and seems to have satisfied your congregation that all was satisfactorily "'splained"—even before the "'splaining" began. I read in the report of the meeting that—

"On SIR MORTON entering the room he was received with a burst of applause. The company rose *en masse*, and gave vent to their feelings by waving their hats and handkerchiefs, and vociferously cheering for a considerable time."

Some crotchety people may think that the reception indicates what is vulgarly called a "packed" meeting. I recommend you to treat the insinuation with silent contempt. If I were you, I would certainly not stoop to "'splain" the enthusiastic demonstration of your Broadmead audience before you even opened your mouth.

I have read your explanation, and, like your Bristol friends, am quite ready to thank you for it. But having given thanks for what I have received, like *Oliver Twist*, I have the audacity still to feel hungry, and to ask for more. I appeal to you, my dear SIR MORTON, in your own name—"PETO"—I seek—I seek a leetle more explanation. In fact, I want an explanation of your explanation: what at Cambridge would be called an explanation squared—to the facts. I am very sorry for my stupidity. I grieve that I can't feel satisfied with what was so satisfactory to the Broadmeadians. I would if I

could, but I can't. And, therefore, I am compelled, with many apologies, to put you through a second course of "'spounding and 'splaining."

But before I begin, it is best that we should understand each other—that you should know what I want to have "'splained."

This is the more necessary, because I see that, clear-headed as you are, you seem to be under a misapprehension on this point.

"It was impossible," you remarked,

"For anyone who had read the report dispassionately to come to any other conclusion but that the firm of PETO & COMPANY had been guilty of selfish conduct, and had taken advantage, in an improper way, of the railway."

You may make your mind perfectly easy on that point, my dear SIR MORTON. No one, I can assure you, ever dreamed of accusing you of having taken improper advantage of the London, Chatham and Dover, any more than of accusing the London, Chatham and Dover of having taken improper advantage of *you*. The public is quite satisfied that, as far as you and the Company go, it is a case of "six to one, and half-a-dozen to the other." What I *have* heard both you and the Company accused of, is of "taking advantage, in an improper way," of the public, especially of the unfortunate London, Chatham and Dover debenture-holders.

So I must ask you to direct your 'spounding and 'splaining to this point.

And, first, you say, when you were called in on December 17, 1863, to assist the Directors with your valuable financial advice and counsel, you found a million and a quarter of Lloyd's Bonds outstanding, and taking precedence of all Debentures. And thereupon you—

"Gave them the best advice that you possibly could, and it was this—that unless the whole of these Lloyd's Bonds were taken up and paid off it was impossible for them to go into the market as honest men to borrow money, because the debenture-holders were not able to know the position that they were in."

And then, instead of the Lloyd's Bonds, you advised the Company to issue £1,500,000 of ordinary Stock, and to raise £500,000 of Debentures on *that*. And the Company *did* issue the Stock, but the public did not come forward to buy it, so the Company handed it over to you, and you never paid a penny on it, but took it into the market and raised money on it, and gallantly redeemed the Lloyd's Bonds—and earned, or ought to have earned, the gratitude of the Company.

Will you please explain, SIR MORTON, whether the holders of the £500,000 Debentures issued against the £1,500,000 Stock, which you had used to redeem the Lloyd's Bonds, and of which not a share had been *bonâ-fide* subscribed for, "were able to know the position they were in?"

Will you please explain, also, where lay the difference, in real value, between the £1,500,000 unsubscribed stock, deposited by you, and the million and a quarter of Lloyd's Bonds which you withdrew with it? I *can* see one difference, and it is this: that on the Lloyd's Bonds the Company could not issue any Debentures, whereas on the unsubscribed Stock, in your hands, they could issue Debentures for half a million, in illusory—it would be offensive between friends to use such a word as "fraudulent"—compliance with the law?

Next, I should be extremely obliged if you would explain, whether, when you gave the Company a receipt for £429,500 which you had never received, for works you had never done, and the Company gave you a receipt for £429,500 which you had never paid, for shares which had never been really taken up, and when, on the strength of that exchange of dummy receipts, the Company issued £350,000 Debentures, on a Justices' certificate that three times that amount of shares had been subscribed for, you considered that the people who took these Debentures "were able to know the position they were in?"

I see you say that the same sort of thing was done by MR. CRAMPTON, in making the line from Sevenoaks to Maidstone; and that you had the advice of MR. NEWMAN, a solicitor, of the firm of FRESHFIELD, NEWMAN & Co., for all you did.

MR. FRESHFIELD, MR. NEWMAN's partner, denies this point-blank.

Don't you think it might be advisable that you should explain the contradiction? May I suggest also that you should explain how two wrongs can make a right: and how right and wrong, truth and falsehood, can change their natures as well as their names under the advice of a solicitor. I want you to explain—in short, I want you to EXPLAIN YOUR EXPLANATION—as I said before—and I find I can't say it better.

En attendant, I remain, dear SIR MORTON,

Your affectionate friend and admirer,

PUNCH.

Bumbelius Lambethiensis Loquitur.

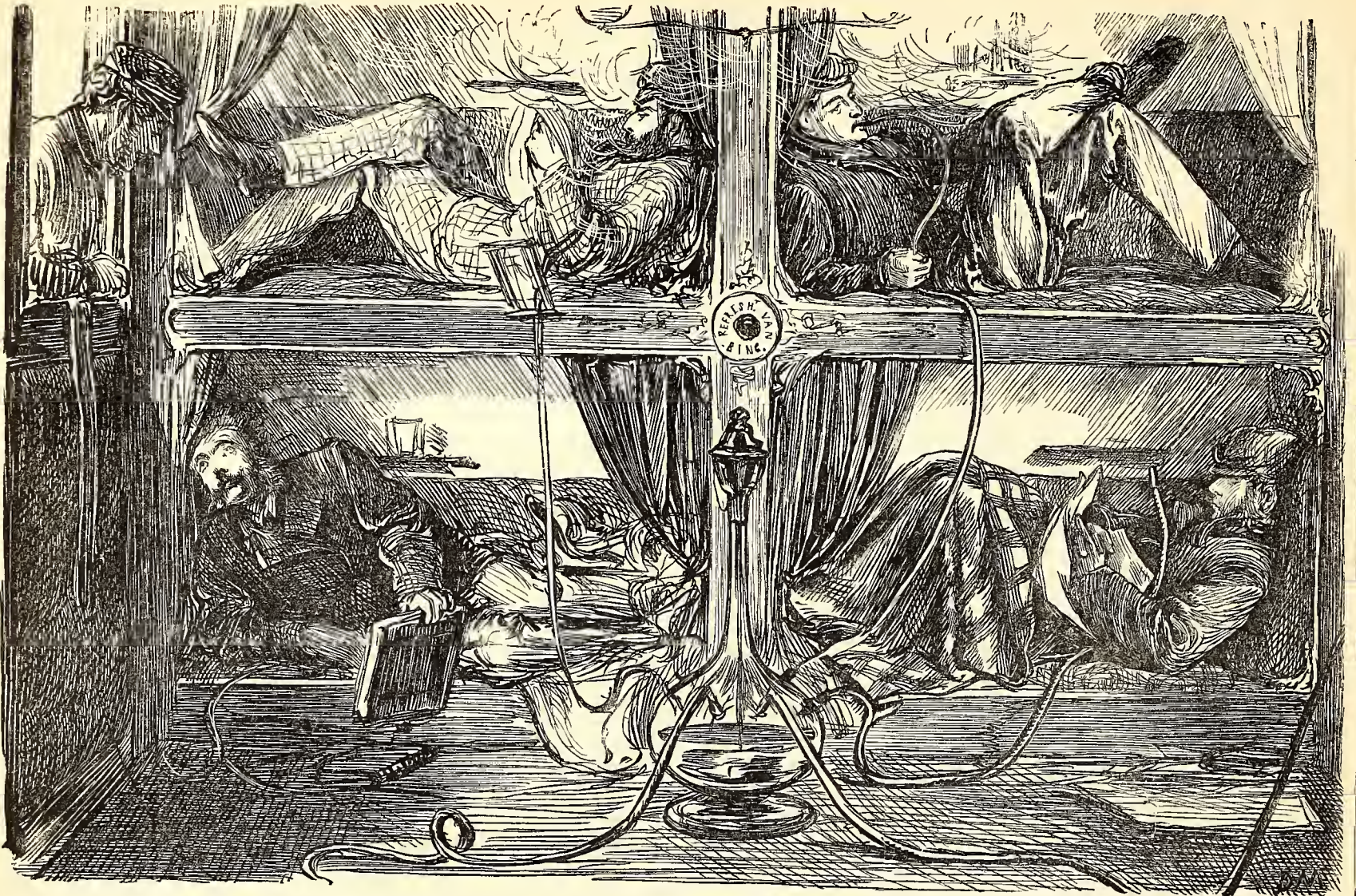
"The Master of Lambeth workhouse having been charged with illegally black-holing, ducking, and otherwise violently assaulting the paupers under his charge, an investigation being threatened, has resigned, and his resignation has been accepted by the Guardians."—*Daily Papers*.

"BLACK-HOLE and duck your paupers," and you'll find,

Though you sarve *them* well, guardians will sarve *you* ill:

The dogs lick'd LAZARUS, and *they're* called kind;

When I lick LAZARUS, why am I called cruel?



RAILWAY TRAVELLING AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

Guard. "DID YOU RING, SIR?"

Passenger. "YES. WHERE ARE WE NOW?"

Guard. "JUST PASSING DONKEYSBRIDGE, SIR. SHAN'T STOP TILL WE GET TO STUNNINGTON, FORTY MILES FURTHER ON."

Passenger. "OH! AH! THEN JUST BRING ME ANOTHER SHERRY-AND-SODA, AND A CIGAR, AND TWO OR THREE MORE VOLUMES OF PUNCH."

Guard. "YESSIR."

THE COUNTERFEITS AMONG THE CLERGY.

THERE is a waistcoat called M.B.; you know its etymology. It indicates a parson, of a party in theology Which, to the genuine Roman, bears precisely the relation Of British brandy to Cognac—a spurious imitation.

Bow, wow, wow!

Dumb dogs the Bishops are, so, bow, wow, wow!

The counterfeit inebriates as much as the reality, It only wants the raciness, the smack, and sapid quality, Moreover, in as far as its effect is insobriety, The sham is of the two the more pernicious to society.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The preachers of mock Popery in their gaudy vestments figure, As like to Popish priests as a gorilla is to a nigger. The Ritualist impostor by the normal Roman "missioner" Is looked on as a Quack is by a regular practitioner.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

In stole and cope and chasuble these mimes and masqueraders, Jackdaws in peacocks' feathers, feign themselves authentic traders. They say, "It is the same concern." Pretence there is none frailer. A falsehood more untradesmanlike was never told by tailor.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

What if these quack Confessors gain the end at which they're driving? Your wife and daughters they will get to go to them for shriving. Paterfamilias, truly, will approve of this auricular Confession; that's to say, if he is not at all particular.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Let every man have liberty to preach his own opinions; But Popery of one kind alone 's enough for these dominions, Unrecognised, unbenediced, all Church endowment lacking, Go thither all ye Ritualists, before we send you packing!

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

WAIF FROM THE WAVES.

A GREAT conception seems to have been realised, from an advertisement which has appeared in the *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette*:—

PICKED UP, and TOWED into HARWICH, a WAGER BOAT, named VIOLET, with a Gentleman in it. If not CLAIMED by the 11th instant, the BOAT will be SOLD to pay the expenses. Address.

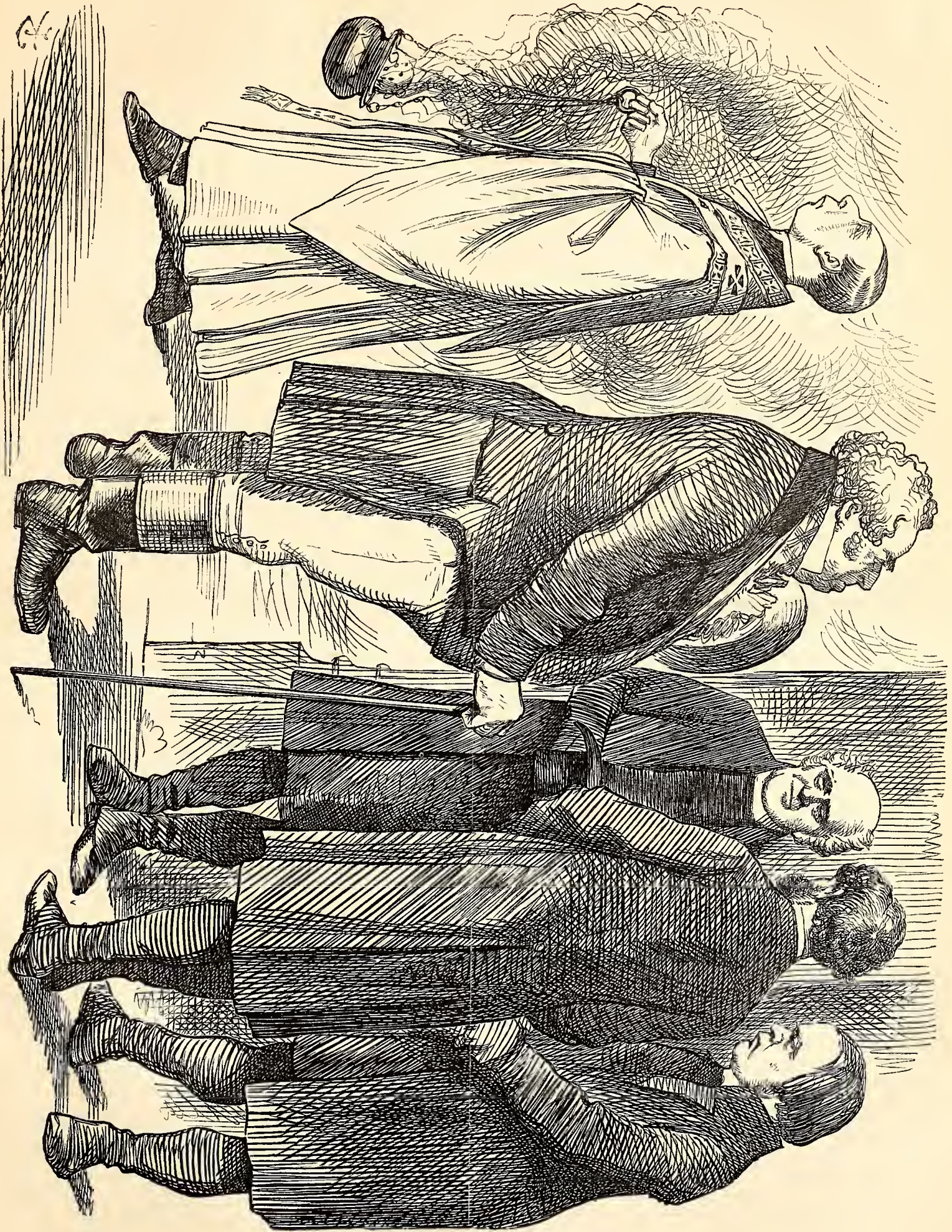
JOHN BENNETT, Boat "Champion," Harwich, Essex.

Who was the Gentleman picked up in the Wager Boat of which he could evidently give no account? Probably a living counterpart to the hero of COLERIDGE'S chief poem, with the difference of being unable to tell his story, having been struck dumb, and deprived of reason, by horrors similar to those which befel the *Ancient Mariner*.

A Cool Idea.

EXPERIMENTS have recently been made with "chilled projectiles," which have proved them to be prodigiously destructive. Of old, when it happened that an enemy hove in sight, the order to the gunners was to "give it to him hot." In future, "take it coolly," will perhaps be the command; and we shall not hear so much about the heat of an engagement, when the victory is won by chilled projectiles and cold steel.

COMMON SENSE.—An Inclosure Act.



“PERNICIOUS NONSENSE.”

MR. BULL. “I PAY YOUR REVERENCES TO LOOK AFTER MY ESTABLISHMENT, AND IF YOU NEGLECT YOUR DUTY, I SHALL SEE TO IT MYSELF.”

ARTEMUS WARD IN LONDON.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,

You didn't get a instructiv article from my pen last week on account of my nervus sistim havin underwent a drefle shock. I got caught in a brief shine of sun, and it utterly upshot me. I was walkin in Regent Street one day last week, enjoyin your rich black fog and bracing rains, when all at once the Sun bust out and actooally shone for nearly half an hour steady. I acted promptly. I called a cab and told the driver to run his hoss at a friteful rate of speed to my lodgins, but it wasn't of no avale. I had orful cramps, my appytite left me, and my pults went down to 10 degrees below zero. But by careful nussin I shall no doubt recover speedy, if the present sparklin and exileratin weather continners.

[All of the foregoin is sarcasum.

It's a sing'lar lack, but I never sot eyes on your excellent British Mooseum till the other day. I've sent a great many peple there, as also to your genial Tower of London, however. It happend thusly: When one of my excellent countrymeu jest arrived in London would come and see me and display a inclination to cling to me too lengthy, thus showin a respect for me which I feel I do not deserve, I would suggest a visit to the Mooseum and Tower. The Mooseum would ockepy him a day at leest, and the Tower another. Thus I've derived considerable peace and comfort from them noble ediffises, and I hope they will long continner to grace your metropolis. There's my fren COL. LARKINS, from Wisconsin, who I regret to say understands the Jamaica question, and wants to talk with me about it; I sent him to the Tower four days ago, and he hasn't got through with it yit. He likes it very much, and he writes me that he can't never thank me sufficient for directin him to so interestin a bildin. I writ him not to mention it. The Col. says it is fortnit we live in a intellectooal age which wouldn't countenance such infamus things as occurd in this Tower. I'm aware that it is fashin'ble to compliment this age, but I ain't so clear that the Col. is altogether right. This is a very respectable age, but it's pretty easily riled; and considerin upon how slight a provocation we who live in it go to cuttin each other's throats, it may perhaps be doubted whether our intellecks is so much massiver than our ancestors' intellecks was, after all.

I allus ride outside with the cabman. I am of humble parentage, but I have (if you will permit me to say so) the spirit of the eagle, which chafes when shut up in a four-wheeler, and I feel much eagler when I'm in the open air. So on the mornin on which I went to the Mooseum I lit a pipe, and callin a cab, I told the driver to take me there as quick as his Arabian charger could go. The driver was under the infloence of beer, and narrerly escaped runnin over a aged female in the match trade, whereupon I remonstratid with him. I said, "That poor old woman may be the only mother of a young man like you." Then throwing considerable pathos into my voice, I said, "You have a mother?"

He said, "You lie!" I got down and called another cab, but said nothin to this driver about his parents.

The British Mooseum is a magnifcent free show for the people. It is kept open for the benefit of all.

The humble costymonger, who traverses the busy streets with a cart containin all kinds of vegetables, such as carrots, turnips, etc., and drawn by a spirited jackass—he can go to the Mooseum and reap benefits therefrom as well as the lord of high degree.

"And this," I said, "is the British Mooseum! These noble walls," I continnerd, punching them with my umbreller to see if the masonry was all right—but I wasn't allowd to finish my enthoosiastic remarks, for a man with a gold band on his hat said, in a hash voice, that I must stop pokin the walls. I told him I would do so by all means. "You see," I said, taking hold of the tassel which waved from the man's belt, and drawin him close to me in a confidential way, "You see, I'm looking round this Mooseum, and if I like it I shall buy it."

Instid of larfin hartily at these remarks, which was made in a goakin spirit, the man frowned darkly and walked away.

I first visited the stuffed animals, of which the gorillers interested me most. These simple-minded monsters live in Afriky, and are believed to be human beins to a slight extent, altho' they are not allowed to vote. In this department is one or two superior giraffes. I never woulded I were a bird, but I've sometimes wished I was a giraffe, on account of the long distance from his mouth to his stumuck. Hence, if he loved beer, one mugful would give him as much enjoyment while goin down as forty mugfuls would ordinary persons. And he wouldn't get intoxicated, which is a beastly way of amusin oneself, I must say. I like a little beer now and then, and when the teetotallers inform us, as they frekently do, that it is vile stuff, and that even the swine shrink from it, I say it only shows that the swine is a ass who don't know what's good; but to pour gin and brandy down one's throat as freely as though it were fresh milk, is the most idiotic way of goin' to the devil that I know of.

I enjoyed myself very much lookin at the Egyptian mummys, the Greek vasis, etc., but it occurd to me there was rayther too many "Roman antiquitys of a uncertin date." Now, I like the British

Mooseum, as I said afore, but when I see a lot of erthen jugs and pots stuck up on shelves, and all "of a uncertin date," I'm at a loss to 'zackly determin whether they are a thousand years old or was bought recent. I can cry like a child over a jug one thousand years of age, especially if it is a Roman jug; but a jug of a uncertin date doesn't overwhelm me with emotions. Jugs and pots of a uncertin age is doubtless vallyable property, but, like the debentures of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, a man doesn't want too many of them.

I was debarred out of the great readin-room. A man told me I must apply by letter for admission, and that I must get somebody to testify that I was respectable. I'm a little 'fraid I shan't get in there. Seein a elderly gentleman, with a beneverlent-lookin face, near by, I venturd to ask him if he would certify that I was respectable. He said he certainly would not, but he would put me in charge of a policeman, if that would do me any good. A thought struck me. "I refer you to Mr. Punch," I said.

"Well," said a man, who had listened to my application, "you have done it now! You stood some chance before." I will get this infamus wretch's name before you go to press, so you can denounce him in the present number of your excellent journal.

The statute of Apollo is a pretty slick statute. A young yeoman seemed deeply impresst with it. He viewd it with silent admiration. At home, in the beautiful rural districks where the daisy sweetly blooms, he would be swearin in a horrible manner at his bullocks, and whacking 'em over the head with a hayfork; but here, in the presence of Art, he is a changed bein.

I told the attendant that if the British nation would stand the expens of a marble bust of myself, I would willingly sit to some talented sculptist. "I feel," I said, "that this is a dooty I owe to posterity." He said it was hily prob'l, but he was inclined to think that the British nation wouldn't care to enrich the Mooseum with a bust of me, altho' he venturd to think that if I paid for one myself it would be accepted cheerfully by MADAM TUSSAUD, who would give it a prom'nent position in her Chamber of Horrers. The young man was very polite, and I thankt him kindly.

After visitin the Refreshment room and partakin of half a chicken "of a uncertin age," like the Roman antiquitys I have previsly spoken of, I prepared to leave. As I passed through the animal room I observed with pane that a benevolint person was urgin the stufft elephant to accept a cold muffin, but I did not feel called on to remonstrate with him, any more than I did with two young persons of diff'rent sexes who had retired behind the Rynosserhoss to squeeze each other's hands. In fack, I rayther approved of the latter proceedin, for it carrid me back to the sunny spring-time of my life. I'm in the shear and yeller leaf now, but I don't forgit the time when to squeeze my BERTSY's hand sent a thrill through me like follin off the roof of a two-story house; and I never squozed that gentle hand without wantin to do so some more, and feelin that it did me good,

Trooly yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

THE VIRTUE OF INTEMPERANCE.

MAGISTRATES with Midas ears, harken to the words of HENRY BROUGHAM, delivered at the meeting of the Social Science savants:—

"One sees with astonishment and indignation, in cases before Magistrates in the country, intoxication urged in extenuation of offences, whereas it is a gross aggravation. No Magistrate is entitled to suffer one such word to be uttered before him on the part of the accused. Any Magistrate is bound to stop the party or his advocate the instant he begins on this, and to tell him that if intoxicated he must suffer a punishment more severe, and the Magistrate is further bound to take it into his consideration when the prosecutor has stated it in explaining the circumstances of the case. It is undeniable that a most wholesome effect would be produced by the general impression being made that drunkenness though by law it may be not liable to punishment, except by small pecuniary penalty, yet makes offences to which it has given rise more severely punishable."

Bravo, HENRY BROUGHAM! These words of yours should be inscribed in every country justice-room and common sessions chamber. First impose the fine for drunkenness, and then an aggravated penalty for the offence which has been aggravated by the drunkenness which led to it. Temperance is a virtue: but in the eyes of purblind Magistrates there is a virtue in intemperance, and they foolishly regard it as extenuating crime. If drunkenness be viewed as an extenuating circumstance, there is a direct encouragement for criminals to drink. A man who wants to trash his wife may first get tipsy at a pothouse, and then beat her to a jelly, and feel sure of a light punishment because of the excuse that he was influenced by drink. Thus, from the sword of justice he is shielded by the beer-pot. But LORD BROUGHAM is surely right, drunkenness should be treated as aggravating crime. Men never ought to run the risk of getting tipsy, if they lose all self-control and act either like maniacs or criminals when drunk. Drunkenness is an offence, and legally indictable; and if one offence is held to extenuate another, we may hear, perhaps, of murder being pleaded in excuse of forgery or theft.



“LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG!”

Old Lady. “MARY, DEAR, WOULD YOU MIND CHANGING SEATS WITH POOR FLUFF? HE LIKES HAVING THE AIR IN HIS FACE!”

TENTATIVE REFORM.

WOULD it not be, to some extent, possible to determine political controversies by experiment? For instance, there is the question of Vote by Ballot. The advocates of that method of voting allege that it would put down Bribery. Would it? Let us see. Let Parliament pass a special Act, to remain in force for a limited time, instituting Vote by Ballot at Norwich. Its practical results would show how much or how little the Vote by Ballot had done to suppress Bribery, and moreover what amount, in other respects, it had produced of good or harm. Harm it could hardly do any at such a place as Norwich. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili.*

THE POLICY FOR PAPA.

BEHOLD two Rulers of Japan,
The temporal and ghostly.
That, too, for Rome the better plan,
The Roman folk think, mostly.

Pontifical from regal state
Dissever, pray, Papa, do;
Cast the Tycoon: consolidate
Thyself in a Mikado.

LATEST QUOTATION OF THE LONDON, CHATHAM AND DOVER (on changing their law-advisers).—“To-morrow to FRESH-FIELDS and NEW-MANS new.”

A DEAD LETTER.—Too often H.

A CABINET COUNCIL.

Present—HER MAJESTY'S Conservative Ministers.

Lord Derby (in continuation). Ha! ha!

Lord Chelmsford. Ha! ha! ha! Shiver my timbers, as I used to say when I was a sailor, I haven't heard a better thing for an age.

Mr. Disraeli. It is neat, and has the additional advantage of being utterly untrue, as the lady has not been in England for two years.

Lord Derby. Bother, that's a Rigby way of treating a joke. It is capital. Well, I say, business. Come, Duke, keep us in order.

The Duke of Buckingham. Order, my Lords and my Gentlemen. We are all supposed to be out of town, and exchanging elaborate correspondence upon our course during the coming Session. But here we are, and now what has anybody got to say?

General Peel. I've got to say that we should be all the better for a fire. I've a fire at home. There are fires at all the Clubs. Why the deuce can't we have a fire? Jolly comfortable thing is a fire.

Mr. Disraeli. Avoid Sybaritism, my dear General, and warm yourself at the fires of patriotism. If that argument seems too exalted, I would add, practically, that the chimney smokes.

Lord Derby. Then we won't light it, as smoke makes one's eyes water, eh, WALPOLE?

Mr. Walpole. Your Lordship is pleased to be unkind.

Lord Derby. Don't say that. Perhaps RUSSELL stuffed something up the chimney on retiring, in order to rile us, a bundle of the Reform statistics very likely. I'll ask him, anyhow. And *apropos* of Reform, I suppose that is what you want to talk about?

Mr. Disraeli. I own that it might be as well for me to know what the Cabinet proposes. I am in the hands of the Cabinet. I have no individual volition.

General Peel (aside to LORD CRANBORNE). What does he mean by “volition”?

Lord Cranborne (after considering whether he shall “sell” the General, decides that he will not on the present occasion). He'll do as he's bid.

General Peel (aside). Good, good—that's right. Discipline must be attended to.

Lord Derby. Well, now then. Is it worth while? (*Looks round mischievously.*) Does nobody bid? No bidding for office! One, two—you are going to speak, MALMESBURY?

Lord Malmesbury. I don't want to speak, but I want just to say something. (*Laughter.*) I don't see what there is to laugh at. I

really think, you know, that the country expects that—yes, I do think that we ought to bring in a Reform Bill—there.

Lord Derby. Very well. Have you got such a thing about you?

Lord Malmesbury. Me! Do you think I would presume to dictate?

Mr. Disraeli. I don't know. You dictated that letter to GLADSTONE, and it was so nicely written, you remember, that he wouldn't believe it came from you.

Lord Malmesbury. MR. GLADSTONE was very rude; but, my dear MR. DISRAELI, you have a most objectionable memory.

Mr. Disraeli. I never forget the deeds of great men, my political superiors.

Lord Derby. Don't, DISRAELI. Hit one of your own size. - You haven't got a bill for us, then, MALMESBURY? Has anybody?

Sir John Pakington. I apprehend, my Lord with all due deference to your Lordship, that the preparation of a legislative measure previously to the usual preliminary discussion upon its necessity and expediency would be what I for one should feel free to designate a premature operation.

Lord Stanley. Let us do business. We are not in the dark. We know exactly what is going to happen. We shall retire after Easter, if we bring in a Bill before that time—

General Peel. And if we don't?

Lord Stanley. We shall retire before Easter.

Mr. Disraeli. The noble Lord is candid. I will venture to imitate his candour, and say that though probabilities may be with him, something may turn upon the mode in which the House of Commons is managed. I am the last person to over-rate my humble abilities, but this representation is due to those whose mouth-piece I have the honour to be.

Lord Derby. You will make a capital fight of it, DISRAELI, nobody here doubts that. Question is, *shall* we fight?

Lord Malmesbury. But please just to let me ask a question, only one, and I will not detain you a minute, only I should greatly like to say this. Is it quite necessary that we should have a fight, or could we not bring in a nice kind of measure that would please everybody, and then all would go agreeably—there, that was all I wanted to ask, and I beg your pardon for intruding upon you, I am sure.

Lord Derby. Who answers MILORD SEAL, as the French call him?

Lord Malmesbury. No, do they? How funny, I must tell that at home. I think you hear everything. MILORD SEAL. It's like the Zoological Gardens, isn't it?

Mr. Disraeli. I make no request. I ask no indulgence. I wish no concession made to what some persons may not unnaturally regard as the legitimate ambition of a Parliamentary leader, who may deem that

his lowly but faithful services have entitled him to claim the right to attempt to settle a great question, in the presence of the Sovereign and the people. I merely wish it placed on record that I have declared no unwillingness to grapple with Reform.

Lord Stanley. I understand.

Mr. Disraeli. No one doubts the noble Lord's admirable understanding.

Mr. Walpole. The cold and cynical tone in which certain remarks have been made, and noticed, affects me to tears. Surely, we shall work together better by cultivating a more affectionate spirit. Judah should not vex Ephraim— (*Colours.*) I did not mean to say that. But let us be friendly and kind to one another.

Lord Derby. That is just it, my dear WALPOLE. *Rem acu.* It was for all our good—at least, for all your good—that I ventured my hint that we might just as well go out of office without the additional entanglements and admissions which a Reform debate, initiated by us, must force upon us.

Lord Carnarvon. I am very much interested in the Colonies. I assure you that the department is a very important one, and it has received my very best attention.

Mr. Disraeli. The noble Lord is probably about to suggest that the Colonies should be directly represented in Parliament. When he shall have had more time to examine the subject, he will inform himself that all the more important of these interesting dependencies have Parliaments of their own.

Lord Carnarvon. I only spoke generally.

Mr. Disraeli. I would advise the noble Lord generally not to speak. In reply to the noble Lord at the head of the Government—or rather

not in reply, but in deferential suggestion—I will merely say that I am not convinced of the expediency of violating old pledges and abandoning new duties.

Lord Derby. Deducting epigrams, some of us don't see any chance of coming into a new coalition Ministry, and therefore are not afraid of a compromising fight.

Mr. Disraeli. England dislikes coalitions.

Lord Stanley. England is a wise child, and though it dislikes physic, takes it when necessary. I have no doubt that we shall see a Ministry in which all the leaders will not be selected from one side.

Mr. Disraeli. Wishing the noble Lord a good place in such a Ministry, I have done. My views are before the Cabinet.

Lord Derby. I don't wish to seem offensive when I say that I really do not care which way we decide, but as a veteran who has fought his battles, I think it fair to give advice to younger soldiers. The great Duke never fought a battle needlessly. But I own that it is also fair that DISRAELI should have this chance, and not be laid open to taunts that he dared not bring in a Bill.

Mr. Disraeli. Pray do not consider me.

Lord Derby. But I will. We have not many to whom we owe so much. And (*laughing*) it really does not much matter. If you will undertake to prepare a bill, DISRAELI, the Cabinet will stand by you. I think I may say that. (*Some assent.*) The response is not very warm, but the best soldier shouts the least.

Mr. Disraeli. I am not addicted to fervour, and I do not desire it. I accept the proposal, though it was not of my own seeking.

General Peel (aside). Walker!

[*After which remark from this rude old man, the Cabinet separated.*]

EVENINGS FROM HOME.



O the St. James's, to see MRS. COWLEY'S comedy, *The Belle's Stratagem*. MISS HERBERT, as *Letitia Hardy*, made me regret both that I had not seen her play this part before, and that (with every wish for the success of the new-comer), in three days' time, I should be disappointed of my present chances of seeing it again. Carried away by the originality of her design on *Doricourt*, MISS HERBERT is brilliant throughout; and it is only when the consummation, for which she has devoutly

wished, has arrived, that, to my thinking, MISS HERBERT ever loses a single point. When *Letitia* throws off her mask, she must feel, with fear and trembling, that the manner of her reception by *Doricourt* will be by no means certain. His pride might have resented the trickery, even though the trickster were his own sweetheart. From what *Letitia* knew of *Doricourt's* character, it could have been by no means clear to her that, on her throwing off her disguise, he would exclaim, "Rapture! Transport! Heaven!" And her speech, "This is the most awful moment of my life!" spoken behind her mask, loses its force with an audience who are more ready to take the words as jestingly applicable to the matrimonial ceremony just concluded, than to the revelation about to be made. It was altogether a very good performance, as you won't get a much better *Mrs. Rackett* than MRS. FRANK MATTHEWS, nor a better representative of *Mr. Hardy* than her husband. MR. WALTER LACY is perhaps a trifle too stately for the town butterfly, *Flutter*, but then with him not a speech misses its mark, not a sentence is gabbled over for the sake of merely "fluttering" in the part. MISS HERBERT is to be thanked for her laudable endeavours to instruct the boxes and stalls. I recollect visiting this theatre on the revival of *The School for Scandal*, and sending *Mr. Punch* some notes made in the stalls. I append a conversation:—

Young Gentleman (probably a Student of the Temple). I like seeing these old comedies. (*He evidently has a literary reputation among his friends.*) Instead of the Sensation Scenes of the present day, it is delightful to hear such sterling dialogue as this.

His Friend (who prefers on the whole, "The Black Mask, or the Delirious Demon," but doesn't like to own his taste in the present company). Well, yes—(*with greater certainty*)—Oh, yes. Yes. (*They didn't get a bill as they came in, as his companion "knew all about it."*) This was one of SHERIDAN'S, wasn't it?

Young Temple Gentleman (who didn't take a bill because he wished to

save box-keeper's fee, and thought that his friend's questions would only be about the names of the actors). SHERIDAN'S? Let me see—(*Up to this time he had a general idea that everything was SHERIDAN'S.*) Yes, I think so. (*Giving what he does know.*) *The School for Scandal* was his, you know.

His Friend. Oh, yes, of course; but I thought this was a very old comedy.

Young Temple Gentleman. Well, yes; but that would make it so.

[*Feels he has ventured on dangerous ground.*]

His Friend (feeling that he's sure of SHERIDAN'S date). No, no; SHERIDAN, you know, was not—

Young Temple Gentleman (throwing the onus on his friend). Ah, you don't quite understand. I mean the play from which SHERIDAN took his, and the one from which the other author took his, would make it—

His Friend (hopelessly). Oh, yes; I see.

[*They both wait in expectation of getting a play-bill.*]

Young Lady (to her Uncle). MRS. COWLEY'S play. Who's MRS. COWLEY?

Uncle (who has taken his niece to see something of the old school, is much amused). She's not alive now.

Young Lady. Of course not—how stupid I am. She was a poet, wasn't she? When did she live?

Uncle. Eh! oh! (*tries to find it in the bill*) in—in—in DR. JOHNSON'S time. [*His date for everything.*]

Young Lady. DR. JOHNSON, you mean DR. BENCE JONSON?

[*She is mixing up BEN JONSON and DR. BENCE JONES.*]

Uncle. His name wasn't BENCE—at least it may have been—

[*Determines to dip into Boswell before he goes to bed.*]

Vague Well-Informed Person. MRS. COWLEY. Oh, yes. She wrote the *Whatyoumaycallem*—dear me—in two acts, you know—it's in the library at home.

His Friend (who looks to him for information). Oh yes, I know. What reign did she live in?

Vague Well-Informed Person. Reign? Oh, ELIZABETH'S.

His Friend. But the dress is GEORGE THE THIRD'S style, surely?

Vague Friend (contemptuously). My dear fellow, there's no necessity to dress the people of your drama in the costume of the writer's time. If *Whatshername* (*explaining*)—Mrs. Thingummy, I mean—lived in ELIZABETH'S reign—or if I did—why shouldn't I write about people in another reign? [*Thinks that conclusive.*]

His Friend. Well, but, hang it! ELIZABETH came before GEORGE.

Vague Well-Informed Friend. You might just as well say that Thingummy, who wrote the—what is it?—dear me—came before Old *Whatshisname!* Of course you can dress your play in what costume you like.

[*His Friend feels that he has got the best of the argument, but is only just settling how to put it when Curtain rises on Second Act. Argument ends.*]

When the Masquerade Scene came, there were differences of opinion as to whether it was at Ranelagh or Vauxhall, and as to whether *Pierrots* were known in the Middle Ages. The last remark I heard from my Vague Neighbour was, that "he liked seeing Old *Whatshisname* in these sort of things, as he was better than Thingummy, who was here when *Whatyoumaycallem* had the theatre."



THE NUTTING SEASON.

"WHAT! ANOTHER REFORM MEETING IN THE PARK, AND SHYING STONES AT THE ARISTOCRACY AGAIN!" IT STRUCK MR. TUSSLEWIG (IN SEVERAL PLACES) AS ALARMINGLY LIKE IT, AT-FIRST; HE WAS SITTING UNDER A TREE, QUIETLY READING HIS *STANDARD*; BUT IT WAS ONLY THE LITTLE BOYS TRYING TO KNOCK DOWN THE CHESTNUTS!

[On the right you may perceive the vigilant Park-Keeper a-smoking a Cigar!]

WINTER MUSIC.

THE robin piping on the spray, the north wind howling through the trees, the hail when pattering on the pane, the hounds when running in full cry, all these make Winter Music, and any one who wishes may attend the winter concerts Nature annually gives.

But there are other Winter Concerts which are annually given, at the Crystal Palace, namely, every Saturday afternoon. Here the man who hath some music in his soul may listen to the symphonies of BEETHOVEN and MENDELSSOHN, of HAYDN and MOZART, played as nearly to perfection as wood and brass, and sheepskin, and lip, and hand, and catgut are capable of reaching. Here a man may listen to such sermons in tones as may comfort heart and soul, and make him feel the better man for having lent his ears to them. Here the wondrous chords of BEETHOVEN may thrill him to the bone, and fill him with fit reverence for the majesty of music. Here, too, the female mind, that cannot comprehend a symphony, may be entertained with ditties which are usually well sung, and with lighter instrumental music following the symphony. Between BEETHOVEN and the ballads, five minutes intervene, that hearers who have different tastes may have their exits and their entrances, and need not be forced to listen to that which does not please them. If they have no mind for a symphony, *Punch* pities them sincerely, believing that it yields the very highest kind of musical enjoyment. Still, they who do not choose to try and cultivate their taste, may walk among the orange-trees, or peep into Pompeii, or chatter to the cockatoos, or study the old statues, or criticise the newest bonnets, till the symphony is over, and may then go to their seats and listen for an hour to the soloists and singers.

Then, supposing that their appetite for music be not satisfied, while they feel the wakened cravings of an appetite for meat, they may banquet at the Palace upon mutton-chops or turtle, and, after their dessert, may take their seats at Covent Garden, and listen to the music of melodious MR. MELLON.

FACILIS DESCENSUS, OR, BRIGHT BRUMMAGEM LACQUER.

"The mendacious *Times* is manifesting daily its weather-cock propensities—(laughter). The literary blackguards of the *Saturday Review* are beginning to abate some of their insolence, if none of their filthiness; and the political dandies of the *Spectator* and *Pall Mall Gazette*—[A Voice: How about the *Worcester Journal*?]—they are beginning to do homage to the majesty of the people—(hear.) And, as of the press, so of the platform. Everywhere the admission is made that Reform is the question of the day, and it is for you, my countrymen, to say what that measure of Reform shall be. Never before had you instructors so many or so wise. They deserve your implicit confidence, no matter to what section they belong. Your great and noble leader, never before so noble as now, is leading you on, let it be to a certain and speedy triumph—(applause). Prove yourself worthy of his leadership by rallying round him and supporting his hands; and then, come what may, your cause is won—(loud applause). Yes, won! won in the grinding teeth of angry despots—(a laugh and applause)—won in opposition to the despicable foes of timid selfishness; won in the very presence of the opposing army of English flunkeys—(laughter)—won despite—

'The tyrant's haste,
The cynic's jeer,
The fool's indifference,
And the apostate's leer.'

—(applause). Won 'Not for an age, but for all time.' Won, that is, not for yourselves alone, but for posterity, for countless myriads yet unborn. Won! to your own honour, and to the satisfaction of your acknowledged leader, JOHN BRIGHT."—*Speech of Mr. W. Wright at the Reform League Meeting, Birmingham.*

FROM GLADSTONE first to MILL, from MILL to BRIGHT:
FROM BRIGHT to BEALES, from BEALES to W. WRIGHT!
By swift descents so move we, proudly, down,
Till sense is shamed, and Bunkum takes the Crown!

MEDICAL.

"M. D." writes to say that he finds the great complaint at Brighton is still—the Shingles.

A SKYLARK.—A Balloon Ascent.



FLUNKEIANA.

Master. "THOMPSON, I BELIEVE THAT I HAVE REPEATEDLY EXPRESSED AN OBJECTION TO BEING SERVED WITH STALE BREAD AT DINNER. HOW IS IT MY WISHES HAVE NOT BEEN ATTENDED TO?"

Thompson. "WELL, SIR, I REELY DON'T KNOW WHAT IS TO BE DONE! IT WON'T DO TO WASTE IT, AND WE CAN'T EAT IT DOWN-STAIRS!!"

"ETHEL" AT THE ADELPHI.

MANY worse plays than *Ethel* have found kinder critics. Why it should be so, we will not presume to guess. Dramatic criticism in the London daily papers is now, and has long been, a mystery: one of the mysteries, however, best left alone—on the old principle that the more you poke in it the less agreeable you are likely to find its savour.

It seems that *Ethel* was half-damned the first night. One is so thankful to find that the power of dealing theatrical damnation still remains to our excellent British Public, that one would hardly quarrel with *any* exercise of the function. But the *Ethel* of the first night must have been much worse than the *Ethel* we saw last week, or the British Public, as often happens with functions rarely brought into play, was making a mis-deal of its double d's. In point of fact, we are told that one particularly offensive scene, in which MR. STEPHENSON (as father) and MR. BILLINGTON (as son) indulged in a prolonged chuckle over the subject of seduction, has wisely been cut out; and that our old friend, the pruning-knife, has been beneficially applied in other places. That useful instrument might still be advantageously called in to lop some ten minutes off the opening part of the first act, and nearly as much off the earlier portion of the last.

Probably JOHN BULL, when he shouted "trash" and "rubbish" as the curtain fell on *Ethel* the first night, sniffed the French atmosphere which pervades the piece, and didn't like it. In truth, that atmosphere is not pleasant; and it does not lose in offensiveness when a strong dash of English vulgarity is stirred up with the original "stock" of French profligacy. The French piece or story is one that needed especially delicate handling in the adapter and in the artists. Such handling, with some eminent exceptions, it has not had at the Adelphi. The vulgarity which is rampant in the part played by MR. BILLINGTON, for example, would have been toned down by a more tasteful adapter, or softened by a more refined artist. Such a *Hilton* throws the unfortunate *Ethel* quite out of gear. One can't, for one's life, understand how so refined a girl—and of course in the gentle hands of KATE TERRY we cannot forget *Ethel's* refinement for a moment—should have tolerated such a swaggering snob, and even sacrificed for his most offensive

advances the affections of the well-spoken, decently-behaved little *Doctor*, so nicely played by MR. ASHLEY.

If MR. BILLINGTON had dressed and acted his part with more judgment, we should not feel *this* incongruity. As it is, it is forced home upon us every moment. MR. BILLINGTON has fallen into the great and perfectly superfluous mistake of making *Hilton Wordley* more vulgar than the other parts he plays. Let him try to refine the part as much as he can, and he will hardly come up to the mark of bearing and manners required to make the retired linendraper's son tolerable.

There is not a word to be said on this score against MR. STEPHENSON'S *Old Wordley*. His purse-proud, selfish snobishness was natural, quite in keeping with his position in the piece, and very artistically shaded throughout. It would be hard to point out any actor in London who would have played the part better. But the part of *Judith* is another instance in which adapter and actor concur to make an offensive original more offensive in the copy. MISS FURTADO should be less pert and shrewish, which should be easy for one so pretty and intelligent.

It is very common for our dramatic critics to confound the part and the performer, and to ascribe merits to the latter, of which the former ought to have all the credit; but *Ethel* is really a part in which the actress has an excellent action for heavy damages against the adapter.

With all the drawbacks we have allowed for, and in spite of the drama's narrow escape the first night, there is nothing now to be seen in London comparable to MISS TERRY'S performance of *Ethel* for refinement in the truest sense, which in no way excludes power, but is rather power in its most sublimated form; for those subtler graces of acting which reach the heart while they delight the eye; which satisfy the most exacting criticism, and contain nothing to offend the most fastidious taste. With the appreciation of gifts like hers are bound up the best hopes of those who value refined theatrical art at the present not very brilliant epoch of its fortunes.

There is no fear of a British public not appreciating hearty fun, and well-uttered humour, in the hands of so true a mistress of her craft as MRS. MELLON. But with an average audience, we fear, the fun goes farther than the art at all times, even in winning favour for such an *Abigail* as MRS. MELLON. Considering what our public is, when our comic actors are conscientious as well as laughter-moving, we ought to be very much obliged to them. We owe MRS. MELLON a heavy debt of obligation on this score. She is always a true artist, and never loses sight of nature and its limitations, even when at her blithest and broadest. But all lovers of the stage, and especially all theatrical critics, should pray for, and promote the due appreciation of that more refined art which finds expression in an actress like MISS KATE TERRY; for such appreciation requires culture and delicate perceptions, fine susceptibilities, and hearts as well as heads in the right place. May she long continue to delight us, and may she soon have a pleasanter part, one giving more scope to her great powers, and with cheerier surroundings than she has in *Ethel*,—though we must, in fairness, end as we began, by expressing a very decided opinion that many a worse, and infinitely worse-acted, piece has found kinder critics.

Calling a Thing by its Right Name.

HAVING read MR. SWINBURNE'S defence of his prurient poetics, *Punch* hereby gives him his royal licence to change his name to what is evidently its true form—SWINE-BORN.

RISK-ALLAH.

TOUCHING the hero of this memorable *cause-célèbre* an unfeeling contributor remarks that his case seems to have had about it a good deal more of the *Risk* than the *Allah*.

MEDICAL.

A SCULPTOR friend, who has strabismus, consoles himself with the thought that he can always keep his profession in view through having a cast in his eye.

RITUALISTIC.—It is proposed to change the locality of St. Alban's, Holborn, to St. Alban's, *Vestmentster*.

TO BENJAMIN PHILLIPS, MAYOR.

MY DEAR LORD MAYOR,
 About to leave your chair,
 And live in Portman Square,
 (A neighbourhood I much prefer
 Unto the noisy City stir)
 To GABRIEL resigning
 The dining and the wining,
 The chain so rich and shining,
 The robe with costly lining,
 The seat where you sit fining
 The sinner, but combiuing
 Justice with mercy, twining
 The sword with ivy, signing
 Stern warrants with repining ;
 Now, that your sun's declining,
 Hear me Swear,
 Or, perhaps, in talking to a Beak,
 More discreetly I should speak,
 And say Declare,
 That of a many Mayors who've sat in glory,
 (Each having been my host),
 You, for a many reasons known in story,
 Have pleased me most.
 Take the certificate, I'm glad to pen it,
 And take the picture by my C. H. BENNETT.

My Lord,
 For so you are while I indite,
 And when the Public, with delight,
 To buy me go,
 You'll still be so,
 (Though ere my date you quit your state)
 Your Board
 Throughout your Consulship, or year,
 Of which the termination's near,
 Has been—well—all a Lordly Mayor's should be,
 And every dainty culled from earth and sea
 Has been your guests'
 Until their vests
 Expanded, and their buttons started free.
 But 'tis not therefore that I raise my song,
Fixere fortes ante Benjamin,
 And I have sat at civic feasts too long
 To be much moved by aught I find therein.
 Nor, that your speeches do the City credit,
 Though that's the truth, for I, my Lord, have said it,
 Nor that before a King, and not long since,
 You bore you like a gallant Merchant Prince,
 When Brussels cheers
 Our Volunteers
 Hailed—and the wine and wassail did convince—
 (Convince, I mean, that Belgian love was great,
 Not in the *Macbeth* sense—intoxicate.)
 Not for all this I raise my praiseful strain,
 One that a King might sue for, and in vain.
 But that because
 When the fiend Famie gnashed her cruel jaws,
 And rushed along her Indian way,
 While the poor dead in heaps behind her lay
 (Some cheeks will blanch when England asks the cause).
 And when the sister fiend, that fierce Disease,
 Sent a remorseful nation to its knees,
 Wailing for its neglect of Nature's laws,
 You, generous-hearted Jew,
 Stood nobly out to do
 Your part in work that made the Slayers pause.

So, PHILLIPS, take, with PUNCH's parting bow,
 Praise rarely given by those who give it now.



REVERENCE FOR THE SEAT OF ROYALTY.

GENUINE humility is something very rare, but an instance, or rather two instances of it, occurred the other day in the Scotch metropolis. The DUKE OF EDINBURGH, sojourning in the city of his dukedom, found himself incommode by the multitude of flunkeys who followed him about and thronged him. To evade this nuisance, his Royal Highness, having need to go shopping, took a hack-cab from the stand. In this proceeding, however, he had been espied by two ladies described as "well-dressed" in the *John o' Groat Journal*, according to which newspaper, as soon as he got out of the vehicle, they "stepped up to the cabman, and in winning accents demanded, How long will you let us sit in your cab for a shilling?" What Saint in all the Roman Calendar ever performed such an act of humility as this? How very little indeed the ladies must have thought of themselves to think they could derive any dignity from mere contact with the cushion bearing the recent impression of the Royalty which it had sustained! Of course they supposed that it communicated to them some of the honour which, together with warmth, had been imparted to it by the surface which had rested on its own. What an utter absence of pride, not to say of self-respect, is implied in this truly humble idea!

But people who feel that they can contract from a cushion honour which it has been imbued with by Royal use, are capable of humility still deeper than the lowliness of seeking to acquire that honour by venturing to use the cushion likewise. In the profundity of their self-abasement they would probably not hesitate to pay it the same homage as that which enthusiastic Romanists render to the POPE's slipper.

MOULE'S NEW GROUND-PLAN OF SANITARY REFORM.

SHAKSPEARE, we all know, knew everything, foresaw everything, had been in all lines himself, and has put all things in his lines. It doesn't in the least surprise us, however it may startle some irreverent and un-Shakspearian people, to learn that he even saw—in his mind's-eye—the earth-closet—that admirable invention of the excellent Vicar of Fordington. This is clear from the passage in *Hamlet* :—

"Well said, old MOULE! Canst work i' the earth so fast?
 A worthy pioneer!"

We make a present of the line, as a motto, to the Company that is working MR. MOULE'S valuable—or should we not rather say, *invaluable*?—discovery.

PRETTY PATRONS.

THE *Standard*, in its account of the Norwich Musical Festival, says, in reference to one of the evening Concerts :—

"The attendance was inconsiderable, particularly in the Patrons' gallery, which was accounted for by the rumour that the county families did not attend for fear of not being thought to be amongst the invited to Costessey Hall, where there was a ball."

And this is what the British Rural Swells mean by "patronising" music. They stay away from a capital performance (*Mr. Punch* is glad to read much praise of a new overture by his highly meritorious and also young friend, MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN) for fear that the rustics of the lesser sort should imagine that the bigger ones had not been asked to a ball given by the biggest. Truly, Art must be proud of such "patrons." Is it not almost time that the flunkeyfied word should be got rid of by artists of all kinds?

A SOUNDING BOARD.—Directors of the Royal Academy of Music.

PROHIBITIVE PRICE OF BEER.



Ale brewers, that from the 1st of October the price of that commodity will be raised to 66s., or 6s. per barrel, in consequence of the blight in the hops."

Everybody knows that big brewers never drink beer; but few have ever imagined the possibility of their conversion to teetotalism, and concurrence in an operation designed to stop the consumption of pale ale. For that can be the only object of raising its price by so much as six shillings a barrel. At any rate, it will doubtless be the effect of that step. Wonderful, however, as a measure so thoroughly

ERTAINLY these are wonderful times. Astonishing event succeeds astonishing event with astounding rapidity. The fact announced in the subjoined statement by a contemporary, will be regarded by the public at large as the biggest wonder out:—

"PALE ALE.—A good deal of commotion has been excited among the licensed victuallers of the metropolis and other large towns, by an announcement made almost simultaneously by MESSRS. ALLSOPP, BASS, IND, and COOPE, and other Pale

teetotal may appear on the part of brewers, this is not the first time they have combined in such an attempt at commercial self-sacrifice, not to say suicide. We are further informed that:

"A similar proceeding was adopted by the brewers in 1860, but upon strong representations of the trade the additional charge was withdrawn the following year. It is understood that the trade have again remonstrated with the brewers on the subject."

The self-sacrifice of the wealthy brewers, however, is inconsiderable and moreover inconsiderate. It may be all very well for those gentlemen, who have made their fortunes, to retire from business; but in kicking down the beer-barrel, which has raised them to opulence, they will overturn the support of all the poor publicans and licensed victuallers, who will be unable to stand any longer if it is knocked from under them. The commonalty of the beer-trade object to be ruined through the destruction of their business by the act of their chiefs, to whom its existence is no longer any object, because they can afford to live without it in the height of splendour and magnificence. Beer, at present, and especially pale ale, costs a great deal more than it is worth, and the public will not have it at any price which is even higher than that; so that, if it is made any dearer, the licensed victuallers and publicans will have to sell it at a loss or not at all.

QUESTION TO A CLERICAL RITUALIST.—Who's your Milliner?

PLUCKING MADE EASY.

SCENE—*The Un-Civil Service Examination Room. Examiners, President, and Secretary.*

President. Gentlemen, let me call your attention to a most insulting communication (*exhibits a letter*) which I have received through the Trustees of the British Museum, from MR. PANIZZI. The late Chief Librarian of the Museum complains that we have passed a person as possessed of the requisite knowledge and ability for the office of Assistant in that—what shall I say?—institution—who proved himself totally incompetent—in PANIZZI'S words, "ludicrously broke down as soon as he was put to the test of actual work."

Examiner A. As how?

President. Well, it seems chiefly in French and Latin. PANIZZI gives instances of what he calls the blunders which the man made. Would you care to hear them?

Examiners. Not much; but perhaps we might as well.

President. One isn't used to reading Latin *sotto voce*, so you must make allowances. This is one of the examples that PANIZZI quotes; a translation from a manuscript of the fourteenth century "*De Aspide.*" Of the Asp.

Examiner B. The hook of a door?

President. No; a sort of snake. The thing that what's-her-name used to kill herself.

Examiner C. DIDO?

President. No; not DIDO. CLEO—something.

Examiner A. PATRA?

President. CLEOPATRA; that was the party. Well; the passage—which the man had to translate, you know, is this, Ahem! (*Reading slowly and spelling out all the longer words.*) "*Sed naturaliter cauta est contra incantationem, nam aurem terræ affigit, alteram cauda obturat.*" Obturat or Obturat? Is it long or short?

Examiner B. What does it matter? Cut on.

President. Well; the young gentleman's translation is as follows:—"If it has been caught in its wild state, it plants its nose and ear in the earth, and stops up the other ear with its tail."

Examiner C. Really, I don't see anything so very much amiss in that. It is what one would call a free translation. *Cauta est*, has been caught. It's monkish Latin.

All. Certainly.

President. There are several more instances of Latin; but now for the French. Wind-up of a letter. (*Reads with the accent of an evident native.*) "*Que l'on ne peut estre plus sensible que je le suis.*" Translation—"That his nephew is more sensible than he is."

Examiner A. Nobody could be more sensible than the holder of our certificate, anyhow. We must stick to that.

All. Decidedly.

President. Do you want to hear any more? There are also some quotations of bad English.

Examiner B. It is of no use going into them.

Examiner C. Right or wrong, it won't do for us to submit to criticism from PANIZZI.

Examiner A. Certainly not.

Examiner B. He complains of our being too lenient, does he? Let us show him that we can be severe enough if we please.

All. Hear, hear. We'll let him see. We'll let him know.

Secretary. Gentlemen, there's a candidate waiting to be examined outside. He has been recommended by the Museum authorities for promotion in the Zoological department.

Examiner C. Hang the department!

Examiner A. We don't want to know his antecedents.

President. Call him in. [*SECRETARY rings Bell. Enter CANDIDATE.*]

President. Now, Sir, you are well up, of course, in Zoology?

Examiner B. Beasts, birds, fishes, insects, reptiles—and all that sort of thing.

Candidate. I hope, gentlemen, you will find that—

President (aside). "Hope told a flattering tale." You (*to Candidate*) have read GOLDSMITH'S *Natural History*, no doubt?

Candidate (smiling). Well, Sir, I believe that once celebrated work has hardly now that scientific reputation which it had formerly; but—

President. GOLDSMITH, Sir! GOLDSMITH is a classic author. What do you know, Sir, of the British Classics? MILTON was a British Classic. What did MILTON write, Sir?

Candidate (a little astonished). Why, really, Sir, poetry is rather out of my way. But MILTON—he wrote *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Lycidas*, besides his prose works, and—

Examiner C. Did he write any sonnets, Sir?

Candidate. Yes, Sir, MILTON was the author of certain sonnets.

Examiner C. Now, come, Sir; how many sonnets has MILTON left us?

Candidate. Why, really, Sir, I have not the chalk head to take that very arithmetical view of poetry. It never occurred to me to count MILTON'S sonnets.

Examiner C. Then count them, now, Sir. You ought to know them by heart. Write one of them out.

Examiner A. Write out any striking passage of ten or twelve lines that you remember of one of BURKE'S speeches, stating the connection in which it occurs.

Candidate. Surely, gentlemen, you don't imagine that I can have committed the whole range of English literature to memory?

Examiner A. Oh, don't we, though. You'll see. Now! Is there any readjustment you can propose of the parts of speech in English? Point out the incorrectness of their distribution as usually found in English grammars.

Candidate (bewildered). Sir?

President. You're a pretty fellow for an appointment in Zoology! (*After a moment's consultation with his colleagues.*) The Board, Sir, is under the painful necessity of pronouncing your rejection. You will have the goodness to retire.

Candidate (in astonishment). Eh!

All. Sir, you may go!

[*Exit Candidate, distracted.*]

President. I think we had him there.

Examiner B. There are some things that no fellah can be expected to know.

Examiner C. Those are the things to examine MR. PANIZZI'S young friends upon; and we'll make a rule to pluck every candidate sent up to us from the British Museum.

Scene closes.



THE PET PARSON.

Aunt Constance. "WHAT, BEATRIX, NOT KISS MR. GOODCHILD?"

Beatrix. "NO! I WON'T."

Aunt Constance. "WHAT! NOT WHEN HE ASKS YOU HIMSELF?"

Beatrix. "NO! NO! NO!!!"

Chorus of Aunts. "WHAT AN EXTRAORDINARY CHILD!!"

PAT'S WELCOME TO JOHN.

HURRAH, the bould Quaker! Let Erin awake her,
And rush to the halls where he bellows away,
And as for vile England he'll pummel and rake her
Till ready to hide her base head in the say.

And only just hear how the Bishops, the darlins,
Is writing him letters of welcome and glee,
And stuffs in their pockets their quarrels and snarlins,
And joins all harmonious to praise the big B.

It's he lets us know how this poor island suffers
Beneath the black Saxon's tyrannical rule,
How WILLIAM OF ORANGE and similar duffers
For ages has given sad Erin her grule.

Bedad, it's the hoighth of enjoyment to hear him
Discoursing our wrongs till he moves us to tears,
No wonder the dark aristocracy fear him,
For singing such songs in their arrogant ears.

No fear but we'll mind all the Birmingham lessons,
(And mend 'em, mayhap, like the tragedy Jew)
He points out our way to get hould of the blessins
The Saxons has robbed us since BRIAN BOROO.

It's the Land we're to have, boys, and by the same token
We'll make the proud Britishers sell their estates,
Which if they resists, ungenteel and provokin',
We'll ask CAPTAIN ROCK for to sheddle the rates.

That bargain completed, it's nothing but candour
To hint we've a subsequent scheme to produce,
For, boys, a good sauce for the Englishman's gander
Won't make a bad sauce for the Irishman's goose.

There's lands besides them what's the Saxons, be jakurs,
Might all be the better for selling right chape,
We'll send our Surveyors inspecting them acres,
Modest night-walking boys, with their faces in crape.

Meantime we give thanks for the loan of the wedge-end
He brings us for claving the way to the right,
In his honour we'll alther the national legend,
And cry, for the future, boys, *Erin Go Bright*.

NOTIONS IN STREET NOMENCLATURE.

AN Act of Parliament, just issued, authorises the London, Chatham and Dover Railway to make two new streets, and alter a third, in connection with the Ludgate Station, and, for the enlargement of the Station, to take part of the property of Apothecaries' Hall. How are the Apothecaries to be paid by the London, Chatham and Dover Company? Is that Company empowered to take the Apothecaries' land without paying for it, or to pay for it in debentures, which would come to the same thing?

The names of the new streets about to be made by the insolvent concern above-named do not appear to have been settled. There is in the ancient, holy, and venerable city of Winchester, a street named Cheese-hill Street, pronounced Chisel Street. With this spelling, it might be adopted for one of them. The other two might be named respectively Doo Street and Diddle Street.

Tally, Ho!

As Congresses are now all the fashion, the Cowkeepers propose to hold one at an early date in the Pump Room, Bath. It will be known in our Social History as the Milk Diet.

THE CLEVEREST THING IMAGINABLE.—An Accomplished Fact.



DR. DULCAMARA IN DUBLIN.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Leaving Furze—a Consultation.



POLICEMAN to see me: show him in. Hitherto a policeman has been considered by me as a bugbear for children, and a terror to the lower orders. He is shown in, and is evidently not at his ease. I try to think of historical examples of anybody receiving the officers of justice in a dignified manner. I ask him, blandly, "Well, policeman, what's the matter?" He replies, "This here," and hands me this printed paper:—

"WHEREAS you have this day been charged upon oath before the undersigned, one of the Magistrates of the Police Courts of the town of Dornton, sitting at the

Town Hall of Dornton, in the county of Dampshire, and within the Boddington Police District, for that you, on the 16th day of September instant, at the parish of Little Boddington, in the county of Dampshire, and within the said district, did unlawfully assault and threaten and beat one GEORGE CORNELIUS PENNEFATHER, whereby the said GEORGE CORNELIUS PENNEFATHER goes in fear for his life.

"THESE ARE THEREFORE TO COMMAND YOU, IN HER MAJESTY'S NAME, to be and appear before me, on the 1st of October next, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Police Court aforesaid, or before such other Magistrate of the said Police Court as may then be there, to answer to the said charge, and to be further dealt with according to Law.

"Given under my hand and seal," &c., &c. "MORGAN JAMES BULLYER."

Good Heavens! Where's Dornton? Where's Boddington? Who on earth is GEORGE CORNELIUS PENNEFATHER? I tell the official, then and there, that I never beat, or assaulted, or threatened, anyone. He says, "He ain't got nothing to do with it; it's forwarded from the other county district." He adds, as a formula, that "anythink as I say now is safe to be used agen me at my trial," and goes out with the butler. "In Her Majesty's name!" I wish I was a Magistrate.

Happy Thought.—Refer to my diary. It was on that day, I find, that I tried to get the repartee out of the railway porter, and there was a disturbance in the Station. I suppose the porter's name is PENNEFATHER. Why, I'd forgotten all about it: PENNEFATHER hadn't, though. He's been going about in fear for his life ever since: PENNEFATHER must be a fool. "To be further dealt with according to Law." Don't understand it. I'll run down to see what FRASER says to it.

Happy Thought.—N.B. Anyhow, consult a solicitor.

FRASER's in the cellar, arranging his bins, as usual. From the top of the stairs I shout, "I say, FRASER!" and then his voice comes up suddenly from the cellar, "Hallo!" like a ventriloquist's. I say to him, still from the top of the cellar-steps, "What shall I do in this case?" He answers, "Is there another up, then?" being under the impression that I am alluding to wine.

I explain, coming down five steps to do so, and FRASER listens, while putting away some curious old Madeira. When I've finished, I ask him what I shall do? He replies immediately, "Dine at six, sharp." "Yes," I say, "and after dinner I'll go up by the last train to town, and see my solicitor in the morning."

FRASER agrees with me, and as I come up the stairs, CAPTAIN TALBOOTS and a MR. MINCHIN, who was at the party the other night, come to make a call of ceremony. MRS. FRASER can't receive them, being still unwell, so I call down to FRASER, and announce them. He replies, from below, just like the ventriloquist's man in a cellar, "All right, I'll come up directly." I tell TALBOOTS about the summons. He is bellicose, and says, "If he was me, hanged if he'd pay any attention to it. Blessed if he wouldn't go and punch the infernal Magistrate's head." I point out to him that this would hardly clear me of a charge of assault.

Happy Thought.—Note, while I think of it. I will take lessons in boxing: capital exercise. Gives you such a quick good eye: and such a bad eye occasionally. See about it, after my solicitor.

MINCHIN, who is a young barrister, wants to hear the case, in full. FRASER joins us, and listens, with TALBOOTS, like a couple of jurymen. MINCHIN appears in several characters, during my story; but first, as the judge, with his hands in his pockets, his legs apart, and his head

very much on one side, like a raven. I feel, while I am telling it, that I am making an excellent case for the porter. In attempting to be unprejudiced I catch myself knocking over my own defence and strengthening PENNEFATHER's position. On finishing, I don't seem to have put matters in a very brilliant light, as far as I'm concerned. FRASER and TALBOOTS look to MINCHIN. MINCHIN, in the character of prosecutor's counsel, examines me, as if on my oath. On the whole, I begin to wish I hadn't mentioned anything about it to MINCHIN.

Happy Thought.—In recounting your own grievances never try to be unprejudiced. No one gives you credit for candour.

"Now," says MINCHIN, for the prosecution this time, "Did you, or did you not, strike this railway official?" I hesitate, and MINCHIN repeats the question, emphatically. I answer, "No, I did not strike him." MINCHIN repeats, as if to show FRASER and TALBOOTS what a clever chap he was to get that admission from me. "No, you did not strike him," and then goes on, evidently enjoying it, "And now, Sir, let me ask you, did you or did you not touch him?" I admit I did. MINCHIN is calmly triumphant, repeating, "You did," whereat FRASER and TALBOOTS, in their impersonation of jurymen, shake their heads. MINCHIN continues, "Did you or did you not call this railway official a fool?" I can't help it, I am obliged to admit that I did. Jury dead against me. MINCHIN, now as the judge, having evidently abandoned any idea of appearance as counsel for the defence, sums up carefully. Somehow or another MINCHIN's opinion suddenly appears most valuable to me, and I listen anxiously.

MINCHIN says—"You touched him, lightly or heavily, no matter, the fact stands that you touched him. If you had no weapon in your hand, yet you touched him. The porter was an unarmed man, you own that you had an umbrella, and you are not sure that you did not touch him with that." I shake my head. "Be that as it may, you touched him, and that touch was an incitement to him to riot. It is no defence to say, 'I touched him gently on the shoulder,' the question is whether you could have touched him roughly in the position you were placed in, that is, from the window of the railway carriage? But the law deals with intentions, and judges of the intentions both by words and deeds. Now, you accompanied this blow—(I deprecate the use of 'blow,' and he substitutes 'touch,' as if it really didn't make any difference)—You accompanied this blow with the opprobrious epithet of 'Fool.' Now the law having regard to the liberty of the subject, and being no respecter of persons, will not allow any man to go about touching his fellow citizens, lightly or heavily, and calling them fools. No," says MINCHIN, discarding the Judge, and appearing finally as a private friend, "I'm afraid it's a nasty case." I own I think so, too. I put it thus, "If he says I did, and I can't say I didn't, what defence am I to make?" I don't see. MINCHIN considers: FRASER is perplexed. CAPTAIN TALBOOTS says, with a laugh, "Oh, you sing 'The Little Pig Squeaked' to the Magistrate, and he'll let you off." His levity is ill-timed. They smile out of compliment, but the joke is a failure. MINCHIN says, "Well, he must be off." TALBOOTS says, "He must be off, too."

Happy Thought.—They are off.

Dinner, 6. Melancholy. FRASER thinks it good taste to joke about "the prisoner sat down to his usual meal of which he partook heartily." On my telling him how much I have enjoyed my stay here, hoping that he'd re-invite me (Oh, FRIDOLINE!), he replies, jocosely, "The prisoner expressed himself sincerely grateful to Mr. JONAS, the Governor of Newgate, for all his kindness." My train goes at nine; at half-past eight I hear music in the drawing-room. I find out that it's MISS FRIDOLINE, who's been dining up-stairs with MRS. FRASER. A fly at the door. CAPTAIN TALBOOTS arrives with his cornet-a-pistons: he and MISS FRIDOLINE are going to practise a duet. He offers me his fly to take me to the station: I am obliged to accept it.

I go in, drearily, to wish MISS FRIDOLINE good-bye. She says, "Oh, are you going so soon?" I have no reply ready, except "Yes, I'm going now." Whereupon she returns my adieu with the addition of wishing me a pleasant journey. As I am stepping into my fly I hear the piano and corneopean in a duet, "Yes, we together," from Norma. If I could run back, burst into the room, jump on TALBOOTS's back, and cram his corneopean down his throat, I would do it. He might summon me, if he liked, I should soon become used to that. Drive on: he drives on. Furze Cottage is a thing of the past.

Happy Thought, or rather Unhappy Thought.—An opportunity missed. When FRIDOLINE said to me, "Are you going away so soon?" I ought to have returned impressively, "Soon! I am glad to hear that since I have been here, the time has flown so fast. It will appear like an age to me before I see you again. For," and here I should have taken her hand, and if neither TALBOOTS, nor FRASER, nor the butler was looking, I might have kissed it fervently, saying, as I relinquished it, "FRIDOLINE, I love you." Then, unable to utter anything more, I should have got into my fly comfortably. I wish I could have those minutes over again. I wonder if I should really do what I think I should. I should like to drive back and try it. No—it can't be.

Happy Thought.—To prepare oneself for occasions of this sort. I'll suppose cases as I go up in the train.

Nine o'clock. Off to London: Addio, FRIDOLINE and Furze.



PROMISING PUPIL.

Bobby (who is being put through his English History by Papa—Saxon Period). "AND HE WAS TO MIND AN' WATCH THE CAKES SHOULD NOT BE BURNT—AN' WHEN SHE WAS GONE OUT—HE ONLY JUST LOOKED ROUND FOR A MINUTE—AND—ER—A—HE WAS TURNED RIGHT INTO A PILLAR O' SALT!!"

LINES ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

O GREAT LORD MAYOR, how glorious is thy state!
Sound drums and trumpets; let the Church bells ring.
O most renowned, right royal potentate!
Monarch sublime of London! City King!

Thee, at the head of Europe France reveres,
Deems thee magnificent beyond compare,
A Lord whose Lordship is above the Peers.
She calls thee evermore "*Le Grand Lor' Maire.*"

Yet thou art mortal, 'tis not truth to speak
That saying "The King never dies" of thee.

For if thy spirit yonder stars should seek,
No Heir unto thy kingdom there would be.

But as thou art in this so is the POPE,
And he hath no such majesty as thine.
Besides, his Crown is cracked beyond all hope.
No jewel of thy own shalt thou resign.

Alas, that thou canst wear it but a year,
Must then the common gossamer resume!
Brief must be, splendid so be thy career.
What tanks of turtle on my vision loom!

O great LORD MAYOR, the spicy Loving Cup
Bid able hands prepare the feast to crown;
Ladle the soup out: let us suck it up.
And look that you have Punch to wash it down.

AN AUXILIARY SCREW.—An Infantry Field Officer's Second Charger.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—When our cobbler has nothing else to do, he mends his pace.

HOW THE FOREIGN BARRISTERS DO IT.

SCENE—A Court of Justice. Prisoner at the Bar.

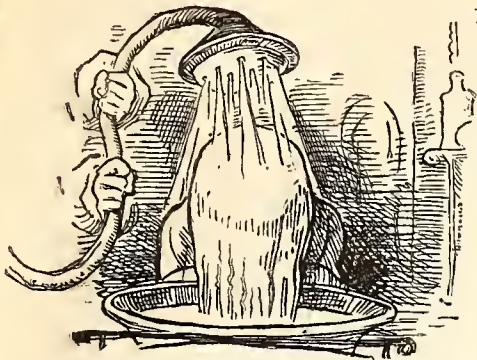
PUBLIC PROSECUTOR (*rises*).—Gentlemen of the Jury. You can't be in any doubt, I hope, whether that fellow standing there is guilty or not. Of course he is guilty. You might take my word for it. I am never deceived, and something in that fellow's nose and left whisker convinces me that he committed the crime. But law demands logic, and conscience requires conviction, and you shall have both, of the severest kind. Why shouldn't he have committed the crime? He is just the sort of man to do such a thing. He is five feet nine, and I have statistics to show you that five feet nine is the average height of criminals. He squints, too, and what can be more likely than that moral obliquity should accompany physical? Besides, Gentlemen, he has told you himself that he was born on the 7th of July. He little thought, when he made that fatal admission, that it was his sentence of condemnation. Why, Gentlemen, do you not know that at least five great criminals who have gone to the scaffold during the last century were all born on that evil day, the 7th of July? I cannot insult you by doubting that you will convict him. But there is more. I have evidence to show that when he was a little boy he pushed a cat into a well, from which the unhappy animal was rescued only by a marvellous accident. The child is the father of the man, and it is plain, therefore, that the prisoner did the deed of which you are about to find him guilty. But I will overwhelm him with an avalanche of evidence beneath which the guilty miscreant shall struggle in vain, like Enceladus under Etna. (*The jury took notes of this illustration.*) A witness, whose testimony is unimpeachable, was told that somebody has once heard the prisoner say that his grandfather never went to church. Gentlemen, it is revolting to lay bare the black secrets of crime, but in the interest of society it is necessary. What sort of morals can you expect from a man whose grandfather never went to church, and who mentions this detestable fact without a shudder? How, then, can you doubt that he committed this crime? Again, gentlemen, what was found in his portmanteau? He had but one clean shirt. There is guilt, blazing as the sun at noon. Gentlemen, the despairing voice of his criminal conscience told him that he should want but one clean shirt—only one—the shirt in which he should be led to expiate his crime in the eyes of an execrating crowd. That fatal linen enveloped him as the shirt of Nessus clad the dying Hercules. (*Jury take notes.*) Does an innocent

man go about with only one clean shirt? Gentlemen, I have sixteen, and I dare say that the care of your admirable and amiable wives has provided similar stocks for each and all of you—for you are innocent, and unlike that guilty and trembling wretch. Bear with me still, Gentlemen, while, as the organ of public justice, I adduce more evidence of this atrocious monster's culpability. The crime is supposed to have been committed at half-past six o'clock in the morning. The criminal's watch was overwound, and the works broke, stopping the hands at half-past seven. There is complete evidence of itself. He took one hour to reflect over his wicked deed (and I do not wish to torture him by recalling the agonies of that hour), and then, with a shaking hand and in a nervous rage he tried to wind up his watch, and broke it. An hour, Gentlemen, is just the time which it would take a man of average sensibility to recover from the excitement of a crime like that which yonder felon committed—this I shall prove to you by the evidence of physicians of the highest character. Again, Gentlemen, I beg you to observe him. It is afflicting to have to call the attention of virtuous men to a vile object, but I ask you to steel your nerves, and observe him. There he stands, the criminal! Does he look pale? No; he has hardened his heart. Does his eye fall? No, in anticipation of this day, and perhaps by the advice of my learned friend, whose defence will lack no merit but truth, he has schooled his base eyes to confront those of honest men. But does he smile? No; even his consummate wickedness is not bold enough to let him smile. But did you mark one thing, Gentlemen? My learned friend uses an eye-glass, and I am sure that I deplore his being in need of such an aid. A few minutes since it caught the rays of the sun, and the reflection sparkled in the criminal's eyes. He drew back hastily. Gentlemen, what did he see? A useful and scientific assistant to a failing sight? No, Gentlemen. He saw something more dreadful. He saw the fatal knife of the guillotine, glittering in the sun rays of morning, and ready to descend upon his neck—and he shuddered. He laughs. Does that false and brazen laugh deceive you, Gentlemen? Ah, no; and he will do well to lay aside all such miserable and abject devices for avoiding the doom which he sees written on your virtuous lips. Gentlemen, I sit down, and it is with no feeling of pride that I conclude my task of wreathing round that frightful malefactor a coil fatal as the snakes that encircled the devoted Laocöon. (*Jury take notes.*) I denounce that man to the Justice of the Universe.

[*Loud applause from the Judge, opposite Counsel, jurors, and public, in which the prisoner heartily joined.*]

LET THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE BE HEARD IN THE LAND.

To Mr. Punch.



SIR,—We live in an age which calls itself an age of humanity. I call it an age of humbug. We ain't humane. I used to think we were, but now I say we're brutes, or next door to it. It's true there's what's called the Humane Society, to look after broken-down cab-horses with raws on 'em, and over-driven bullocks, when the drovers helps 'em on by twisting their tails and using ten-penny-nails at the end of their goads. I'd like to know how the Society would manage to get an over-druv animal to the slaughterer, if *they* was asked to set about it? And I think I've heard of a Society for looking after stray dogs, and restoring 'em to their owners. Such societies may be all very well in their way—though I don't see it myself—but, bless you, suppose they was what they talk 'em up for, how far do they go? For one act of what they call cruelty that they're down on, there's a thousand they take no count of, and can't be expected to, if they was twice as sharp as I take 'em to be. No, Sir, we're little better than a set of brutes. I may seem to speak strongly, but it is because I feel strongly. At this moment I am blushing for Old England, when I think of our horrible cruelty, and unparalleled ingratitude as well, to what I will venture to call the most blessed and bountiful of all our benefactors. It ain't our poor I'm alluding to. Paupers is paupers, and wants a tight hand over 'em. Mind I don't say they ought to be allowed to die of bed-sores, bad air, and vermin, for all that. And I've often told our Board that the newspaper people will be down on us if we shut up our bed-ridden people at nights without fire, candle, or attendance. There's sure to be a fuss if anything was to happen to any of 'em, such as tumbling out of bed and not being able to get in again, or going off sudden in a fit of coughing along of nobody lifting their heads up, or such like, as old people will do, you know. I've even voted for two paid nurses to our three hundred sick paupers, and I think you'll own that's liberal, and shows what I'm made of. And we've got 'em, too—leastways we've got one, and have another under consideration; only there's two crotchety chaps on the Board objects to her because she's been turned out of three hospitals for drinking. No; our workhouses is right enough while there's Guardians like me on the Board, and there's enough of us, I think I may say, to leaven the lot. And I don't mean our outdoor poor, neither, that ain't on the rates—what's called “the lower orders,” you know—them that works for weekly wages. There's a deal talked and wrote about that class—you hear as how landlords is hard, and agents sharp and screwy; how they won't give their small tenants a wholesome water-supply, and proper repairs, and sinks, and sewers, and such luxuries. Bless you, I've had small house property—worse luck!—and I know what that means. Give your tenants all they ask for, and they'd never stop asking. That sort don't like being comfortable. Start 'em with a nice water-butt, the best of brass taps, Company's water on twice a day for an hour at a time, a beautiful pipe-drain, and in a week there'd be a dead dog in the water-butt, the brass tap would have walked off to the nearest marine-store, you'd be under notice for running the water to waste, and the pipe-drain would be blocked up with old hats and blacking-bottles. It's all very well talking of keeping such a set as tidy as if they was living in Portland Place; but it can't be done, and give you twelve per cent. for your investment, and that's as little as you can get on with, in small house property. No, Sir, depend on it our small tenements is all right. Trust the landlords to look after them.

And it ain't our climbing boys, neither, nor our little pottery hands, nor Sheffield grinders' boys, nor our journeymen bakers, nor our milliners' work-girls, nor our slop-workers. Poor people must live, and work for their living, and can't be nasty particular how or where they does it: and employers must have their profit. All the talk about ventilation and healthy workshops, and inspection, is like the talk about better houses for the poor. If it means anything it's centralisation (and we all know what *that* would do for us, ruining our glorious constitution, and treating us like Frenchmen or Prussians), and if it don't mean anything, which it usually don't, it's bunkum. Nor it ain't our sailors neither that I'm alluding to, for all they talks about dirt and bad air, and bad food and scurvy in the merchant service. They don't think of the expense of lime-juice. No, it ain't none of these I've my eye on. Besides, even if all these kind of people was as hard used as some people say they are, they've lots to look after 'em—from my LORD SHAPTESBURY—which I won't say anything disrespectful of him, as he's a peer, but he ought to remember peers has their

duties as well as their rights—and the House of Commons, to the chaps that write in the papers. But the poor creatures that I'm speaking up for, seem to have no friends. They can't talk for themselves, being dumb animals, and they'd got nobody to talk for 'em till the other day. And yet think what they suffer—and think what we owe 'em—the blessing and the comfort, and the high and holy pleasure they've given us. Why, they only come here to contribute to our innocent enjoyment as human beings, the suffering innocents, and yet we make their passage to our shores a scene of such torture and suffering, that the old slave trade was a joke to it.

I allude to OUR TURTLE—OUR FINE LIVELY TURTLE, the blessed creatures that flounders on the West India Dock quays, that flops in the tanks at the Albion, and ultimately, bless 'em! comes to delight our palates and comfort our stomachs at Corporation and Company's dinners and other feeds given by parties that know what's what, and haven't to pay the bill.

Yes, Mr. Punch; WE'RE ACTUALLY CRUEL TO OUR TURTLE! After that I'd like to know what right we have to call this “an age of humanity.”

Here's the passage I cut out of the *Pall Mall Gazette* last week. I ain't partial to the paper. Its religious principles are shaky—little better than rational, our rector tells me—and it don't respect Boards of Guardians. Things always goes together, if you'll observe, and Constitutional Institutions hangs by one another. However, though the *Pall Mall Gazette* can put up with BISHOP COLENSO, and believes in DR. ERNEST HART, I'm thankful to see it ain't quite lost to all good feeling. It can still speak up for the poor suffering *Turtle*. Here is a copy of the paragraph. Excuse blots—which they're tears:—

“Now that the slave trade has been abolished, humanitarians are turning their attention from the negro to the turtle. That miserable reptile suffers quite as much as the African has ever done from the horrors of the middle passage. Its fins are brutally stitched to its sides with rope yarns, and it is then packed either upright on its tail, or standing on its head, for the better economy of space on board the steamers which convey it to its doom in New York and in London. In these distressing positions thousands of turtles cross the Atlantic in all weathers. Many die *in transitu* from agony and fatigue; or rather would die, if they were not killed. But the butcher's knife generally anticipates the exhaustion of nature, and every morning the turtle pen on board the transatlantic steamer is narrowly scanned by the steward, in order that those which exhibit the most decided signs of approaching dissolution may be butchered for the use of the first-class passengers' table. A benevolent society in America has at last raised up its voice against the wasteful and unnecessary cruelties practised on these poor creatures when at sea, and is about to communicate with the London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals on the subject.”

Well, at last, there's a chance of that London Society doing *some* useful work—something it may be proud of. Protecting *Turtle* is a thing a man might be glad to subscribe for. I've sent my name to the Society, for a guinea annual, as long as they look after the *Turtle*.

I hope you won't think I'm stepping out of my line if I enclose you a copy of verses. They ain't mine, but a young man in my establishment, that I spoke to on the subject.

Entre noo, He's the party as do our advertisements, and well worth his salary, though I say it.

“Where is the hand that will crown with the myrtle
The bust of that old City worthy sublime,
Who the palate first cultured to love of the turtle,
And crowned its green-fatness with punch of the lime?
All unknown is that name that with glory should shine,
Should be blessed o'er our soup, and invoked o'er our wine.
When of 'clear' and of 'thick' we inhale the perfume,
And a double allowance of green-fat consume;
When the loving-cup carries my LORD MAYOR's salute,
And the voice of the toast-master never is mute;
When on fish of the sea, and on fowl of the sky,
And on beasts of the earth, civic gourmets feed high;
When the swells and the nob's at the Mansion House dine,
'Till with toasting and talk my LORD MAYOR seems divine;
What still crowns the feasting and hallows the fun?—
'Tis the juice of the Turtle, when all's said and done.
Oh, if earth have one joy that has ne'er proved a sell,
'Tis the fat that you taste, and the soup that you smell!”

There, Mr. Punch, I think you'll own that's about equal to BYRON. I hope this well-deserved mark of respect to the ill-used *Turtle*, that we all owe so much to, will have its effect, and that we shall hear no more of the atrocities of the *Turtle* pen and the horrors of the middle passage.

I am, Mr. Punch, your obedient Servant,
MARMADUKE MARROWFULL.

King John of Saxony.

THE KING OF SAXONY having been forced to knock under to Prussia, is recommended to accept the inevitable, or in other words, “to cut his coat according to his cloth.” Considering the beating he has had, one may say that the Cloth in this case is decidedly “Saxony-double-milled.”



POLITENESS.

Keeper (who is fonder of pheasants than foxes). "NO ROAD THAT WAY, SIR."
Young Topboots. "QUITE GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, THANK YOU!"

NORWICH FESTIVAL.

I've done what I could, I've heard what I could, I've seen what I could, and the best reporter in the world could not have done, heard, or seen any more.

You *must* complain to the authorities if my account is unsatisfactory. I don't believe that anybody else, professionally engaged, could have managed better, only as far as letter-writing goes. They may perhaps have more vivid imaginations.

I found out the exact *route* the PRINCE was to take, and posted myself in an excellent position. Some idiot (or designing fellow belonging to another paper, as I afterwards discovered) suggested that I could get a better view by ascending the Cathedral tower. Remembering how DR. W. RUSSELL saw the battle of Thingummy from a similar place, and how somebody observed the movements of the Russians by going up in a balloon in the Crimean War, I jumped at the notion, and, enthusiast that I am, jumped off my form, and made for the Cathedral as fast as my legs could carry me, stumbling only twice over the rough stones of the city, and grazing my knees but slightly. No matter; no one is going to buy me, and my future wife won't require a warranty. Besides, you said you'd pay all expenses, and a slip of diachylon and a glass of brandy-and-water won't ruin you. I *did* get to the top of the tower, and couldn't see anything, having unfortunately left my glasses behind at the hotel.

Rushing down again, I had another severe fall, but I did not complain, except about the brandy-and-water, which I was obliged to take again, in order to set myself on my legs, and which was, I am sorry to say, not so good as it might have been. By the time I had regained the street, the PRINCE had passed: at least, I believe he had, as I waited there for two hours after the crowd had departed, and didn't get a glimpse of him.

While commencing my letter to you on the stirring events of the day, the waiter informed me that the PRINCE was coming back. I rushed to my window, and was surprised at the absence of anything like a crowd. I afterwards discovered that the PRINCE had gone down

another street. This comes of going to a second-rate hotel: I told you that you might as well have paid my bill at the best, but you wouldn't, and this is the consequence.

In the evening I went to hear MR. SIMS REEVES sing at the Hall. He didn't sing, so I can't tell you much about him. CUMMINGS sang. I didn't hear him either, because in consequence of some informality in my ticket I couldn't get in. I went to bed early, and believing that the PRINCE was passing my room about eleven at night, I cheered from under the bedclothes; but I wasn't to be humbugged into running to the window.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN's new overture is a great success. I am delighted with it. I didn't hear all of it; in fact, I didn't go, having mistaken the time; but a friend, who attended the concert, whistled a few bars to me, with which I was enchanted.

I *did* get a place for SIGNOR BENEDICT's *Cantata*; but unfortunately hadn't my evening dress with me, and as that costume in my seat was indispensable, I was obliged to leave. I heard what I could of *it* from outside: but can't convey to you any distinct notion of its beauties. Adieu!

Signs of the Times.

ANOTHER Summer's dead. Alas! another Autumn's dying,
 And many a sign is seen, that tells how fast the months are flying.
 The sleepy Sun looks sullen from behind his dusky shroud,
 And all things lie enveloped in a soul depressing cloud:
 The lamps are lighted early, the air is raw and chill,
 The brown leaves whisper sadly, as they struggle down the hill;
 But the sign which tells most surely that the year is growing old
 Is that my morning sponge-bath is becoming *beastly cold*.

INTERESTING NEWS FOR EXETER HALL.

AN advertisement announces "Convertible Ottomans." Missionaries for Constantinople wanted immediately.



PLEASING INTELLIGENCE

FOR YOUNG VERDANT, WHO NOW POSSESSES A HUNTER FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Ensign Verdant. "HAW! YOU WEALLY THINK HE WILL SUIT ME?"

Dealer (assuringly). "I CAN ONLY TELL YE, SIR, THAT HE 'AS DISTINGUISHED HISSELF WITH ALL THE CRACK PACKS IN THE COUNTRY, AND IF HE ONLY HEARS HOUNDS, HE WILL BE WITH 'EM; AND ONCE WITH 'EM, WHY—NO MAN IN ENGLAND CAN STOP HIM."

THE MAN OF ASCOT HEATH.

MY GOOD MAN,

SOMEBODY, I hope, will read you this letter. I saw the account of you given by MR. PEARSE to the BISHOP OF OXFORD. He sent it to the *Times*. It made me laugh. So you won't let your children go to school, even though they may go there for nothing. You are a fine fellow!

I day say, now, you would like to get some money. I will tell you how you can. The Fat Cattle Show is coming on. You have a will of your own. So has a pig. If you were to be shown close by the Fat Cattle Show, most of the people who go there to see the pigs, because they admire pigs, and like their ways, would also go and see you.

If you like, I will propose a subscription to raise money enough for the hire of a place to show you in at Islington, where the Fat Cattle Show will be. You shall have all the profits. Afterwards you could go about the country in a travelling van, and be shown at fairs, among sheep with six legs, pig-faced ladies, and other monsters. Many such as yourself would come to see you, shake hands with you, pat you on the back, and poke your sides. Then you might be shown at Manchester and the like large towns, where you would be stared at by crowds of a more knowing sort of people. Lastly, I would speak to my friend MR. BARNUM, and try and get him to take you over to America, and show you in the United States; for the well-taught Americans would look upon you as a great curiosity.

You would be put to no trouble in being shown. You would only have to sit at ease in a pen, and lie down when you liked. There would be bacon and bread-and-cheese for you, and beer, in plenty, and a pipe to smoke. You might speak when spoken to, or not, just as you chose; and, if you did speak, nothing more would be expected of you than a grunt.

The charge to people for being let in to see you, we will say, would

be one shilling. There would be a picture of you, as large as life, outside of the show, and a man would stand there blowing a horn from time to time, or beating a gong, and shouting "Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen! Walk up and see the Man of Ascot Heath who won't let his children go to school." "The Man of Ascot Heath" is the name which you would go by; or you might be shown as "The Unlearned Pig." You will neither send your children to be taught, nor let others teach them, and so you act a sort of Pig that beats the famous Dog in the Manger. There are many people who would go a long way to see such a chap as you, and besides the money they would pay for that sight, there would be what might be got by the sale of your likeness, done upon a card by the help of sunshine, and so, in your *carte*, you might be represented as a carter. Your picture, I am sure, would be a very cap-ti-va-ting object in the pages of

PUNCH.

P.S. Perhaps MR. BRIGHT might like to take you with him to public meetings, and show you as a disgrace to the gentry and clergy.

THE GRAMMAR CLASS EXAMINATION.

Preceptor (blandly). Very good, CHARLES, very good, indeed. Now, CHARLES, what is a verb?

Charles. A verb is a noun, Sir.

Preceptor (aghast). A what? A verb a noun? How d'ye make that out?

Charles. Because it's the name of a thing, Sir.

Preceptor (furiously). Name of a thing! What thing, blockhead?

Charles. Of a part of speech.

Preceptor (cuttingly). And, pray, what in your wisdom may a part of speech be?

Charles. Part of a noun, Sir; because speech is a noun.

[CHARLES is told he will be called up privately.]

MR. BRIGHT AND MR. SHAKSPEARE.



Y a contemporary we are told that a question lately announced for discussion at a meeting of the Oxford Union Debating Society was, "That, in the opinion of this house, MR. BRIGHT is a reproach to the country that gave him birth." What wags those Oxford men are—some of them! MR. BRIGHT a reproach to the country that gave him birth—the country that he loves so well, and is ever extolling! If you want, not only eloquence, but wisdom, if you want argument, if you want statesmanship, if you want practical suggestion, if you want candour, if you want veracity, if you want generosity, if you want gentlemanly feeling, if you want conciliation and forbearance, and, above all, if you want earnest exalted patriotism, would you go to the oratory of any other man, or the speeches of MR.

BRIGHT? If you want acts as well as words, particularly Acts of Parliament for the benefit of Ireland, where, when Bills are undergoing consideration in the House of Commons, would you go to find their supporter but to the seat diligently occupied by the Hon. Member for Birmingham? Echo answers, "Nowhere!" However, no doubt, it was good enough fun for the Oxford Union Debating Society to dispute if JOHN BRIGHT is a reproach to his country. The next question which that argumentative but humorous body will propose to consider, will perhaps be, "Was WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE an Ass?"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(In London. Consulting a Solicitor.)

Going up in the Train by Night.—I intend to call on my Solicitor about this assault affair directly I get to town. Think I'd better dismiss all thoughts of it from my mind. Will read paper. Can't. Light in carriage so bad. At the first station I want to get out to complain to Guard. Can't: carriage locked. Passenger gets in with his own key, and brings with him a private railway lamp: most useful. Other Passengers get in: all got keys and lamps. If we go on like this we shall bring our own cushions. Last man *did* get in with a cushion. The next thing will be to bring your own carriage.

Happy Thought.—To buy a railway lamp.

Can't sleep on account of the blaze of light in my eyes from lamp opposite. Arrive in town late. Go to Solicitor's. Shut up. To hotel. Get up early to-morrow. I see that I'm chalked up on a black board. 89. 7:30. The Boots is satisfied: another Boots coming by accidentally is satisfied. Waiter assures me, on my inquiring anxiously, that if I gave the Boots my instructions it would be all right.

Difficult to get to sleep. Noise, after quiet of country, terrific.

Happy Thought. Central hotels bad for going to sleep in. Do for men of business, though, who want to be up early in the morning. Bed.

Morning—Not called: had to ring the bell to tell them to call me. Boots says he didn't know I wanted to be called, didn't see it on the black board. A different Boots. I refer him to the other Boots for confirmation, in fact to the other pair of Boots. He doesn't know them: he alludes to them disdainfully, as the Night Porters.

Happy Thought. Small Hotel's best: where the Boots and Night Porters are on friendly terms. Do it next time.

I'm very late. They bring me number ninety's boots; and number seventy-five's breakfast, which I don't like. More delay. Off at last to Lincoln's Inn Fields. To SEEL's, my Solicitor's.

On the door is MR. SEEL above, and MR. PERCIVAL SEEL below. Who MR. PERCIVAL is I do not know; probably SEEL's son just come into the business. I knock and ring.

The clerk is a small boy with a large forehead, ready for all the law that's coming in to it one of these days, curly hair which won't lie down under any pressure of pomatum, and large eyes, which wander all over me.

On being asked if MR. SEEL is within, he replies, "No, he's *not*," in an uncertain sort of manner, which leads me to suppose that

he *is* in. I give him my card. He looks at it, and then at me, as if unable to trace any connection between my name and my appearance.

Happy Thought.—I note that to be brought up in a lawyer's office makes boys suspicious. He evidently doesn't believe either me or my card.

Boy says, "He's *not* in:" but he adds, "you can see MR. PERCIVAL, if you like." He speaks of them as if they were a show. I ask who MR. PERCIVAL is, and he replies that he's MR. SEEL, JUNIOR, which he evidently thinks is a more dignified form of description than calling him MR. SEEL's son. I consider. Well, yes, I *will* see MR. SEEL, JUNIOR. I am shown suddenly into MR. SEEL, JUNIOR's room. MR. SEEL, JUNIOR, is very much junior to MR. SEEL, SENIOR.

He offers me a seat timidly. He says, awkwardly, that he believes my business is with his father. I say yes, but I suppose he'll do as well. He evidently detects some hesitation in my tone, as he answers boldly, and, to my thinking, defiantly (as though if his father *did* come in *he* didn't care), that, "Oh, yes, it would be precisely the same thing."

I tell him it's a very simple case, whereat I fancy he seems more at his ease. I suppose he can advise me. He replies, "Oh yes, of course." But he doesn't inspire me with confidence. I tell him, to re-assure him, I've known his father some years, which seems to make him uncomfortable. I tell my story very carefully. When I've finished, he asks me to tell it again. I do. At his special request, I tell it once more, with (I can't help it) variations, which puzzle him. I ask him what I shall do? He appears confused, and thinks; at last, he says, "Well, you see, I've only lately come into the office, and—" (here he laughs nervously) "I can't exactly advise you—without—without—um—" (here he loses his theme, but recovers himself) "without, in fact, consulting my father." Then I'd better see his father? "Yes," he says, diffidently, "if you please." I say I will, whereat he is much relieved, and, so to speak, breathes again. I must see his father to-night—most important—at eleven. I suggest, at all events, that, having spent one hour with him in painstaking narration, MR. PERCIVAL may put the case before his father. I don't believe he's understood a word of what I've been saying, as he replies, "No, you'd much better do it yourself."

Happy Thought.—What a dreadful thing it would be to have an idiot Solicitor!

Eleven to-night, punctually! Eleven. Special appointment. I note it down. Good-bye.

Happy Thought.—Nothing to do in London. Dismiss all thoughts of PENNEFATHER'S assault from my mind. How shall I amuse myself? Go to Charing Cross. Stand for ten minutes waiting to cross the road. Don't know why I should cross at all, having no object in reaching the other side, except to come back again. I came up to be very busy with my Solicitor, and here I am with nothing to do. I stroll into Bow Street.

Happy Thought.—Visit the Police Court, and get up the forms and ceremonies, so that when I have to appear, if I ever have, before a Magistrate, I may know when it's my turn to speak, and when to be silent. Go into what I take to be the Police Court. Am asked what I want by two policemen. They are civil, but suspicious. I won't go in: I will dismiss all these thoughts from my mind. I find myself continually dismissing these thoughts.

Drop into my Club. Letter waiting for me from — at the Feudal Castle. Will I come down when I like: only telegraph. I will when this business is over. This business—no, I said I would dismiss these thoughts from my mind, and I will. But I must answer him. Not necessarily. I can wait until I know if I am free to Dismiss thoughts again for the third time within ten minutes.

In St. James's Street. Somebody slaps me on the back, and says "Hallo! What brings *you* to town?" It is MILBURD. I dislike MILBURD at Boodels, but when you meet him in town, and can't get any one else to talk to, he's not a bad fellow. I wish he wouldn't think slapping on the back a sign of heartiness. He tells me afterwards that he considers "slapping a fellow suddenly on the back when he doesn't know who the deuce it is," a first-rate practical joke. I don't think it first-rate. "Well," he puts it, "not bad." I state my general objection to all practical jokes. He agrees with me, excepting slapping on the back. I give in on this point, not liking to be obstinate, and suffer for it, as he's always, being with me for two hours in the day, trying to take me by surprise. I tell him my case. He sympathises. He is not a bad fellow when you know him. He says, "Look here," I avoid his slap, and he goes on somewhat disappointed, "come and dine with me this evening. Dismiss all thoughts of your trial." I don't like his way of speaking of it, but his idea is the same as mine about dismissing the thoughts, "and spend a quiet evening. I'll give you dinner at my Club." I tell him that I'm not in the humour for a dinner-party. He informs me that it's no party, only BYRTON of the Fusileers. I repeat, "Oh, only BYRTON of the Fusileers," as if his presence was nothing at all; though I've never seen him in my life. MILBURD says, "Yes, that's all: say 6:30 Bradshaw."

Happy Thought.—Always note down engagements. I am noting

this. MILBURD (he is an ass sometimes) says, "Good-bye, old boy," and slaps me on the shoulder. I am inclined to be annoyed, but he laughs, and cries out, "Another practical joke, eh?" so I can't be angry. Besides, he has asked me to dinner.

He comes back for one minute, to ask me "if I think that bonneting a fellow, knocking a hat right over his eyes, is a good practical joke, eh?" I treat the notion with contempt, as beneath such a man as MILBURD. I think this is the best way of stopping him, by representing such conduct as *unworthy* of him, or if I don't, he might crush mine in: he's just the sort of fellow to do it. "Full of animal spirits," his friends say. It's a nuisance if you're not full of animal spirits at the same time. Go to my hotel. Unpack writing materials. Try to do something in *Typical Developments about Spirits of Animals*. Think of FRIDOLINE. Think if this matter ends happily. . . . Dismiss all thought of this sort from my mind. Doze. Hot water. Dress to go to MILBURD's Club.

He introduces me to BYRTON of the Fusileers. He is friends with me in five minutes, and is telling us in a half-whisper with his head well forward towards the soup tureen something "which of course," he knows, "won't go beyond this table."

BYRTON can tell us curious circumstances about every one. If we talk of the Great Mogul, he is ready with a curious circumstance about him of course *entre nous!* MILBURD and I are perpetually swearing ourselves to secrecy all through the dinner. Trying to note down (privately outside the door) one of his remarkable anecdotes, names excepted, I find myself making rather a muddle of his confidences.

Happy Thought.—Capital wine, Moselle: sparkling. Not so strong as champagne.

We dispute this point, and try champagne. I note down the name of the wine-merchant. BYRTON tells us something rather curious about *him*. It is decided that we shall return to the Moselle. I must keep my head clear, having to see my Solicitor at eleven. MILBURD says, "Oh, don't think about that, *now*. We will have some more

Moselle, or champagne." [On referring to my notes in the morning, which I made as opportunities occurred outside the door, I find the names of several wine-merchants put down as "MR. MOSELLE" and "MR. CHAMPAGNE SPARKLING," and I don't know quite what I meant.] The dinner goes on. So does the Moselle.

Happy Thought.—Ask for Moselle at my Club. Ask MILBURD and BYRTON to dine with me. [Referring to notes in the morning can't make out date.]

They accept. We accept to dine also with BYRTON: don't know when. The room is getting hot. The next bottle of Champagne wants more icing. Capital wine Champagne: so's Moselle. We are all telling good stories in confidence, hoping they'll go no farther than that table, like BYRTON. I am telling good stories: and it seems to me that we are all talking together, or else some one is speaking very loud. Liqueurs. I say, must go S'lic'tor. Not time yet. Dismiss thoughts. Fine Port.

Happy Thought.—Lay-in-stock-port. We're talking Theol'gy. BYRTON is telling us something cur'ous 'bout ARCH'SHOP CRANBURY. I say it's not CRANBURY. MILBURD agrees—me. What's it then? BYRTON wants—know. "ARCH'SHOP," I tell him, "OF CRANTIER-BRARRY." Smoking room. Don't like going up-stairs. Come down 'gain. Time go S'lic'tor. Cab.

Happy Thought in Cab.—'Stake t'king port a'fer Mamselle: mean M'selle. Think I've had 'nough. Sh' like biscuit: and water. Very soon at S'lic'tor's. Very. SEEL SEN'R in. Come talk: ser'ous mat'r: 'sault. SEEL wantsknow pericklers. I've f'gott'n p'ricklers: ask PEN'TATH'R. He thinks I'd bet'r call morn'g. Very hot in 's room. While tell'ng p'ricklers refer'n notes sleepy

Hotel.—Think it's 'tel. S'lic'tor still here: somehow. Can't make him un'stand. Stupid. * * * * So's the waiter * * * * Stupid won't un'stand * * * * very sleepy. * * The weather * * odd weather * * trouble undressin'.

Happy Thght.—Go to bed in my boots. * * * *

A FIDDLER'S PUFF.



CERTAIN Professors of the Divine Art of Music claim for it the power of elevating and refining and spiritualising, and doing all sorts of wonderful things. And this is their defence (and if true, not a bad one) against the irreverent outside world, which profanely remarks that a great musician is generally found to be, out of his art, a great bore. Still, some portion of the musical world has a fine sense of the fitness of things, and a reasonably good notion of what vulgarians call "puffing." We are always delighted to vindicate the characters of any class which is habitually and unjustly attacked. We have now the opportunity of doing so.

There is a fiddler, whose real name we do not know, but who has modestly taken that of the deceased—well, we do not wish to help to puff a gentleman who can puff himself so notably, and we will say, therefore, the deceased STRADUARIUS, or STRADIVARIUS (d. 1728), and who made fiddles. We will suppose that the puffing gentleman calls himself STRADUARIUS REDIVIVUS, and that provincial critics have no word of remark upon this piece of sweet taste, but accept the same, and laud the fiddler as if he were a JOACHIM. These facts would not be very remarkable, as times go. But look at this certificate which the fiddler publishes. We will not give the real name of the city, though it is a beautiful one, and we have even disguised the names of the signatories, though we hardly know why we should take the trouble to do so:—

ATHENÆUM, BROGUETOWN.

PROFESSIONAL TESTIMONIAL TO STRADUARIUS REDIVIVUS.

DEAR SIR,—We, the undersigned, being amongst the recognised musical authorities of Broguetown, and as many of us have had the honour of being personally and professionally acquainted with the original STRADUARIUS, think it our pleasing duty to assert that your playing of fantasias, unaided by any other accompaniment than that supplied by *your own* violin, was to us a source of

wonder and admiration; also, that your performance of the Overture to *William Tell*, upon *one string only*, and *without any hairs to the bow*, is *absolutely marvellous*: and that by it you have, in our opinion, extended the limits of "the possible" in violin playing to a degree hitherto undreamt of *even by your great prototype himself*: in fact, you have out-Straduariused Straduarius. You cannot fail to awaken in every town the same excitement and enthusiasm that you did here.

- (Signed) SAMUEL JUNE, Professor of the Violin.
- JOHN RAINY, Professor of the Violin.
- ROBERT COGWHEEL, { Professor of the Violin and Leader
- { of the Ancient Concerts' Society.
- WILLIAM PEDALS, Organist of * * * Church.
- JAMES PEDALS, Organist of * * * Church.
- ALBERTO JUNE, Professor of Music.

Broguetown, Oct. 29th, 1866.

We commend the above to the notice of the Professors of the Divine Art. To take the name of a great dead man, and to vulgarise it as has been done in this case, are not acts that we should think worth notice. Fiddlers must live, or at least they think so. But if the "Recognised Musical Authorities" of an important city endorse that sort of mount-bankery, we think that the Professors of the Divine Art generally should be aware of this new homage to its dignity; and so we throw away a couple of paragraphs on a fiddler's puff.

THE TURN OF A CORKSCREW.

A PART of the DEAN OF CORK's speech at the late Church Congress turns out to have been incorrectly reported in the paper whence it was quoted by *Punch*, with comments. The Very Reverend Dean did not say "that men had passed to the extreme of thinking there were no opinions *worth burning men for*." What he did say was, that "they had passed into the extreme of thinking there were no opinions *worth being burned for*." A very particular friend of the Dean writes to *Mr. Punch*, pointing out the misstatement as above, and says, "The DEAN OF CORK is sure that you can have no more wish to *roast* him in *Punch* for words which he really never said—than he (the Dean) has to *burn* any man for any cause whatever." Well said. *Mr. Punch* has to thank the DEAN OF CORK's friend for a good joke, although a joke at *Punch's* own expense. Indeed *Mr. Punch* is very happy to stand the joke.

THE NOVEMBER METEORS.

To the Editor of *Punch*.

SIR,—I have lately been keeping a sharp look-out at night for the November meteors, which made their appearance sooner than I expected. I did not suppose that I should see any until the 12th or 13th; but they presented themselves several days earlier. The sky was streaming with them in all directions, and, strange to say, although it was very cloudy, from six or seven till nearly twelve on the night of the 5th instant.

I am, Sir, &c., OBSERVER.



INNOCENCE.

“AND DID YOU ASK ANY LITTLE GIRLS TO YOUR WEDDING, MAMMA?”
 “YES, DEAR, SEVERAL LITTLE GIRLS.”
 “AND, PRAY, WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK ME?”

THE PARSON IN PETTICOATS.

(AN ECCLESIASTICAL ECLOGUE.)

“MY! LAURA, dear, how very nice this morning, you do look, going to Church, Miss, eh, with that smart gilt-bound prayer-book? Well now I really do declare that *is* a pretty dress!”

“Now, MABEL, you must know that I am going to confess.”

“Indeed now! You don't say so! What in Church? The truth to say,

I always thought you went there to do something else than pray.”

“Oh, MABEL, fie! How can you? That of course I don't forget, and then I go and whisper my confession to my Pet!”

“How nice for him! A happy Pet! And may I ask his name?”

“Oh! Don't you understand. Our dear young Priest, of course. For shame!

He has the most expressive eyes that I have ever seen, and wears such charming vestments coloured purple, red, and green.”

“Oh, what a funny parson.” “Naughty girl! His alb is plain.”

“What's that? His robe; white muslin.” “Does he wear it with a train?”

“Oh no! There is a chasuble, embroidered, over all, upon his back and shoulders.” “Then his chasuble's a shawl.

And has he on a bonnet too?” “That mightn't quite be liked.

A black his under gown is.” “Are his petticoats vandyked?”

“No: though 'twould be becoming could the petticoat be seen.”

“And does the Reverend Gentleman sport any Crinoline?”

SELF APPRECIATION IN EXCELSIS.

MR. PUNCH, not happening to want the services of the accommodating creature who advertises as below, reprints a delightful announcement:—

A CHANCE WANTED, by a married gentleman, who is qualified for a superior or subordinate situation, who can keep a set of books by double entry with any one, write a leader on any given subject, act as an efficient secretary to an individual or a company, fill any general office, with credit to himself and satisfaction to his employers; requite confidence and kindness with energetic, faithful, and devoted service: and who, in short, wants little but what he here advertises for—a chance. Address, Nil Desperandum, &c.

Nil Desperandum seems an unworthy motto for such a Phoenix. The wonder is that such a wonderful being should not already be Prime Minister, or College Porter, or something of a tremendously superior kind. His politics are not in his way—he will write a leader on any given subject, and of course in any given direction. He will fill any general office, whatever that may mean, perhaps the office of a General—why does not JONATHAN PEEL take him into partnership? He will requite kindness with devotion—he wants only to be patted on the head a little, and he will jump over any stick, or bite anybody energetically. And he is married. He may have married without “a chance,” as he says, which is not considered wise in ordinary cases, but his prescience told him that his future was safe, and MRS. NIL DESPERANDUM must be an enviable lady. Failing anything else, could he not apply at the Horse Guards, and ask whether there is a vacancy for a jolly good trumpeter?

Contradiction.

WE do not believe the statement that the Jamaica Committee intend to follow up their proceedings against MR. EYRE by a prosecution of M. DU CHALLU for shooting and stuffing so many of our African relations, the Gorillas.

BISMARCK'S LAST.—The Belgian motto is *L'Union fait la Force* whilst that of the North German Confederation is to be *La Force fait L'Union*.



OVER THE WAY.

DOCTOR PROTESTANT. "TAKE YOUR GEWGAWS TO THE OLD LADY AT THE CROSS-KEYS OPPOSITE; SHE LIKES THEM, AND I WON'T HAVE THEM."

THE POPE AND MR. GLADSTONE.

"MR. GLADSTONE has had a long interview with His Holiness, and is reported to believe himself to have wrought certain convictions in the mind of PIUS THE NINTH."—*Correspondence.*

Mr. Gladstone (bowing with much elegance as he approaches His Holiness). Salve, Sanctitas.

His Holiness. Tu quoque salvus sis, mi fili.

Mr. Gladstone. Placetne paulisper confabulari, Sanctitas?

His Holiness (smiling). Non recuso. Moreover, having all knowledge at our command, we shall be happy to converse with you, Sir, in the tongue in which you are said to have marvellous skill; we mean, your own.

Mr. Gladstone. I thank your Holiness. Visiting in the Eternal City, with some personal and political friends, I have thought it respectful to your Holiness to solicit the interview which has been so graciously accorded.

His Holiness. I am always glad to see visitors. FANNY ELLSLER came to see me. So did LORD DUDLEY. Take a seat, and pray forget that I am anything but an old Italian clergyman, who is very happy to receive an English friend.

Mr. Gladstone. Your Holiness's condescension is very kind. But might I venture to ask its further extension?

His Holiness. Refreshment? Dabo tibi aliquid boni. (*Is about to sign to a servant.*)

Mr. Gladstone. Ego domi jentaveram, thanks, your Holiness. I did not allude to creature comforts. I should not have thought of such a thing.

His Holiness. I had an idea that you English never fancy yourselves welcome anywhere unless you are set eating and drinking directly.

Mr. Gladstone. We certainly eat and drink too much, your Holiness, but some of us can dominate our appetites. I was about to ask your Holiness whether I should be regarded as officious if I touched upon public affairs.

His Holiness. Do you know, I would much rather hear a few anecdotes of your London society.

Mr. Gladstone. My poor budget should be heartily at your Holiness's service, but you will be asked to receive a visit from one who can tell you much more, I mean my friend and late chief, the EARL RUSSELL, who edited the Journals of TOM MOORE, and has a very good memory for the stories contained in that book.

His Holiness. As you please, my son. But at least tell me how your Ritualists are getting on.

Mr. Gladstone. Not to speak irreverently, Holiness, the cauldron of mock-turtle soap will boil over one of these days, and then let the cooks look out for scaldings.

His Holiness. Real turtle being at their service, I shall not compliment their present tastes or sympathise in their future misfortunes. Enough (*with majesty*). And what does MR. GLADSTONE want to say to St. Peter?

Mr. Gladstone. Nay, if your Holiness takes that attitude, the humble visitor has only to thank your courtesy, and withdraw. (*Rises.*)

His Holiness. Sit down, can't you? I thought you would appreciate a touch of finesse. Do you want to talk Liberalism to me?

Mr. Gladstone. Definitions, your Holiness, are perhaps not the thing in the best society, but the word you have used approximates to the suggestions I had ventured to think of making.

His Holiness. Make them fearlessly. Do you want me to go away with you, and sail in MR. MILNER GIBSON'S beautiful yacht for Malta, where I shall be received with a salute from the English cannon, be treated with every luxury, and find on my toilette table a book obligingly supplied by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Non possumus.

Mr. Gladstone. I cannot sufficiently admire your Holiness's good spirits and pleasantries. Though out of office, I may take the liberty of assuring your Holiness that England would know how to honour a venerable guest. It is not with an inhospitable purpose that I would suggest what might make such asylum needless.

His Holiness. Shall I send a Golden Rose to King Gallantman?

Mr. Gladstone. Better so, Holiness, than that Rome should send to him to come for that and some other articles.

His Holiness. ANTONELLI would go mad to hear you.

Mr. Gladstone. The Cardinal is mad already. Quem Deus, and so forth, your Holiness. His counsels are most detrimental to your best interests.

His Holiness. There is an old proverb to the effect, that if you can't kill your enemy, you should give him your daughter to wife. I can't hang ANTONELLI, so I obey him.

Mr. Gladstone. It is the earnest wish of all thoughtful men, your Holiness, that anything like violence should be avoided in the changes which are coming upon Rome. The bigots who express personal hostility to a Pope are in a miserable minority.

His Holiness. MANNING telegraphed to me that there were a great many Guys in London on the Fifth, and that several of them represented myself.

Mr. Gladstone. Precisely, Holiness. Dirty boys and foolish old women of both sexes represent your personal enemies in England. If an Englishman were so fortunate as to assist in the settlement of your difficulties, he would receive the applause of the best part of his countrymen.

His Holiness. I am very glad to hear it. Poor England shall be remembered—wherever I may have influence. But your English prescription I take to be more effectual than agreeable. I am to give up everything, and then nobody will ask me for anything more.

Mr. Gladstone. Not so, your Holiness—

His Holiness. What? They will ask me for more after I have given up everything! That will be rather exigent.

Mr. Gladstone. I scarcely like to submit alternatives to your Holiness, but it really appears to me that you will soon have only Three Courses open to you.

His Holiness. Name them, Peelides?

Mr. Gladstone. Let me put it with more periphrase than I had intended. It may be that your Holiness will reconstruct the present system here—it may be that you will prefer retirement to another locality—it may be, pardon me, that your retirement may be enforced by the Romans.

His Holiness. Reformation—abdication—expulsion. Three pleasant things. Well, of three evils, I will choose the least.

Mr. Gladstone. I may venture to assume, and I do so gladly, that your Holiness means—

His Holiness (smiling). We must not tell all our State secrets at once, and to a foreigner, before apprising our own advisers. Be assured that we are much obliged by your kind interest in our welfare.

Mr. Gladstone. Ignosce, quæso, si quâ in re offenderim.

His Holiness. Ego abs te idem peto. Discedamus, for such humble food as an aged priest can offer awaits us, and if you do not say that the Lachrymæ is scrumptious—

[*Exeunt.*]

[*But the Allocution of Grief and Defiance came out all the same.*]

QUERIES WITH ANSWERS:

I AM desirous to know when a haughty Aristocracy first oppressed the people of this country with tyrannical Game-laws?—PLEBICOLA.

Snaresbrook.

[Game-laws are coeval with the discovery of poached eggs, preserves, and Welsh rabbits. See *Guesses at Truth*, by the two HARES, the edition with portraits by PARTRIDGE.]

Can you recommend me a sound work on the Heart, especially with reference to its palpitation?—CORDELIA.

[This query is rather out of our beat, but you will find a good deal about "the beating of our own hearts" in one of R. MONCKTON MILNES'S (LORD HOUGHTON) productions.]

I refer to you as a Judge of Appeal on all questions of language. What, therefore, is the exact difference between "cheers" and "applause"?—A PURIST.

Clapton.

[About the same as between "lodgings" and "apartments;" or "bill of the play" and "programme."]

Quotations wanted:—

1. "The Wealth of Ind."—INDOPHILUS.
2. "O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness!"—FREEMASON.
3. Where shall I find the song beginning, "O MARY, go and call the cattle home?"—DEESIDE.
4. "The divinity that doth hedge a king."—P. P. BETTS.
5. "O tempora! O mores!"—JUVENIS.

- [1. Send a line to the Romford Brewery.
2. Consult LODGE'S *Portraits*.
3. Perhaps in DRAYTON'S *Poly-olbion*.
4. Commission some betting-agent to tell you.
5. Refer to a notice in the *Times* of the family picture of the MORES in the late National Portrait Exhibition.]

AN AWFUL WARNING.

MR. PUNCH is the last person to spoil sport. "More Atès, more Atès, stir them on," is his motto. Pacification is the thief of fun. Still, fair play is the brightest dew-drop in the British Lion's mane, and when a combatant is exposed to an unforeseen peril, *Mr. Punch* is the first person, singular, to cry *Mens tuus oculus!* In this spirit he respectfully invites the persons who are touting for subscriptions in order to get Ex Governor EYRE hanged for saving Jamaica, to take note of the fate of *Shylock*. That gushing Hebrew, under pretext of avenging the wrongs of an oppressed race, sought to use the law unjustly, to the detriment of a gentleman. The fearful result was, first, that the prosecutor was heavily fined, and secondly—we tremble to hold up such a menace to our vengeful friends—he had to turn *Christian*.



THE CONNOISSEUR.

Host (smacking his lips). "THERE, MY BOY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT? I THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU A TREAT. THAT'S '34 PORT, SIR!"

Guest. "AH! AND A VERY NICE, SOUND WINE, I SHOULD SAY! I BELIEVE IT'S QUITE AS GOOD AS SOME I GAVE 37s. FOR THE OTHER DAY."

NOTORIETY FOR KNAVES.

THE more hilarious portion of British playgoers would doubtless be highly diverted by a sufficiently laughable burlesque of *Fidelio*. In the prison-scene of the mock opera, where the hero and his companions in captivity come out of gaol, a fine effect (the idea of which would have amused BEETHOVEN) might be produced by the introduction of the *Rogue's March*. But a more suitable adaptation of that piece of music is suggested by a paragraph in the *South London Press*, to wit:—

"UNJUST WEIGHTS.—At a Special Sessions at Newington, on Wednesday, sixty-eight tradesmen were fined for having in their possession unjust weights, scales, or measures. The list comprised twenty-five licensed victuallers and beer retailers, eleven chandlers, five butchers, eight bakers, one eating-house keeper, five coal and potato dealers, five grocers and cheesemongers, one fruiterer and fishmonger, two marine storekeepers, one corn-chandler, one woolstapler, one iron merchant, and one zinc worker. The fines amounted to £121 15s. Curious to relate, one of the persons fined—a widow—rejoiced in the name of VIRTUE INNOCENT!"

And a truly proper name: as much so as BLANCHE would be for the niece of *Aunt Sally*, or for the sister of the *Coal Black Rose*. But to revert to the *Rogue's March*. A most edifying impression would have been made on the mercantile mind in a small way of business if the Magistrates who fined the sixty-eight tradesmen above referred to, and MRS. VIRTUE INNOCENT, could have caused them and her to be marched, to that good old English military measure, during a certain time every day for a week, about the streets of London. To render this procession the more distinctly instructive, the convicts composing it might have been made to carry banners, respectively specifying the name and fraud of the bearer. An Act of Parliament ought to be passed, enabling justices to institute, on occasion, this sort of spectacle with appropriate musical accompaniment. Moreover, it should empower them to compel every tradesman convicted of using false weights and measures, of adulteration, or of any sort of cheating or imposition, to exhibit, for a stated period, in his shop window, a large poster notifying the particulars of his conviction, and also, at his own expense, to advertise them at least thrice in the *Times* newspaper.

"THE HEAD AND FRONT OF THEIR OFFENDING."

LADIES! if you go on diminishing the size of your head-dresses, you must be punished—you must be bonneted.

JEM THE PENMAN (CONVICT) TO SIR MULTUM SLEEKOWE (BART. AND M.P.).

FROM the quarries of Bermuda, in my intervals of leisure,—
E'en in grey and yellow dittos one has leisure to improve,—
I put my time to profit and to melancholy pleasure
In studying the journals of the London of my love.

Oh, London! scene of trial, school of grown men's education,
Where some, like you, win prizes, some get "kept in," like me:
Arena where brain wrestles with law for wealth and station,
Metropolis of industry, whose knights we boast to be!

To me, a baffled actor, driv'n from the stage with hisses,
In convict-garb and quarry-gang condemned to eat my heart,
What reflections in these mirrors of life, its hits and misses,
What instructions in these records of the Court, the 'Change, the Mart!

"Ah, if youth possessed the knowledge, if age possessed the power!"
Had I my life to live again, what a different life were mine!
Here in hard garb, hard fare, hard toil, 'neath Law's rude hand I cower,
And, with a sigh, contrast my fate, oh, wiser friend, with thine!

Year after year I've followed thy fortunes, upward soaring,
As from each crash of thy ladders, thou, brave climber, still didst
rise;
Grand Trunk, Great Eastern—shareholders might all be left deploring,
Boards of Northern Navigation end in smoke before our eyes—

Still thou, from out the ruins, serene and smoothly smiling,
With a firm hand didst drive thy gig o'er prostrate stock and shares,
Respectable, respected, while poor rogues, their dockets filing,
Cursed and railed at thee unheeded, or but earned thy Christian
prayers.

And now thy high career of bold rectitude high-crowning,
Like MARIUS at Carthage, amid collapse uncowed,
Bayed by London, Chatham, Dover debenture-holders frowning,
Thou drown'st loud accusation in defiance yet more loud.

Ah, had I but had the wisdom, in my days of young ambition,
Like thee, friend, to look upwards, and choose the better part!
To aim at high financing and scorn small imposition,
And despising tens and hundreds; to millions raised my heart!

Had I felt the truth that with their scale things English change their
nature,
That what in pence is "swindling," "speculation" grows in pounds:
I perhaps had learnt to elevate to thine my moral stature,
And from my gig, like thee, defied detraction's baying hounds!

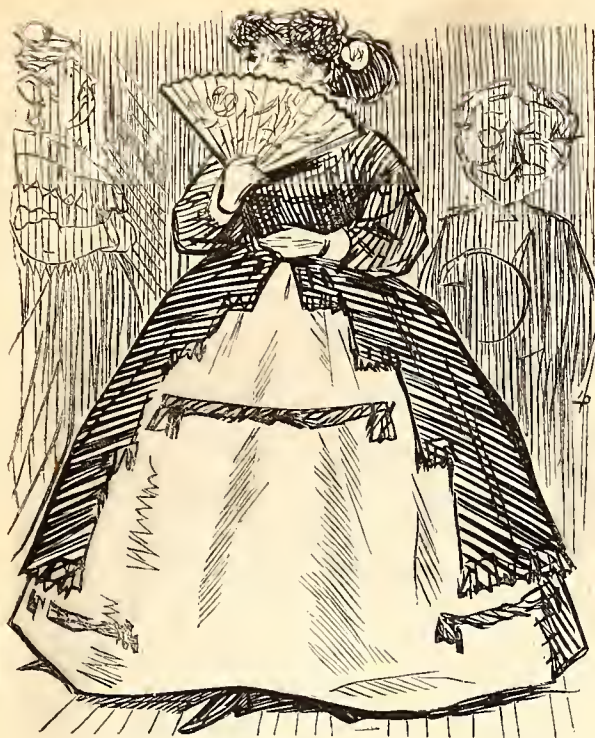
Had I but been respectable, far-sighted, and sagacious,
Not stooped to snap up trifles, swindled, forged, been lagged, brought
low,
I, too, might with "financing" swag have filled hands as capacious,
"Bart" and "M.P." as additions to my name I, too, might show!

As it is, here in Bermuda, a convict, sad and seedy,
I read of my friends' progress in finance's pleasant ways,
His ever ready charities unto the poor and needy:
The fair chapels he endows, and the unctuous prayers he prays.

And I feel that what our chaplain says is true unto the letter,
(And wish like you to prove it, I'd my life to live again)
That Heaven helps those who help themselves—and take the more
the better,
And that—back'd by good financing—still Godliness is gain.

A QUESTION FOR LLOYD'S.—Are Sub-Editors Underwriters?

FASHIONABLE ECONOMY.



N announcement in *Le Follet*, under the head of Fashions for November, will afford some, but not much, gratification to mean Paterfamilias, and to ridiculous young men who want to get married, but have not money enough to enable them to support wives under the indispensable obligation of obeying the ordinances of society with regard to dress. Ladies are informed that:—

“Day by day the diminution, both in the width and length of dresses, may be perceived; although up to the present time only in walking dress. For the evening wear the skirt retains its graceful length.”

The absurd men, young and old, who, whilst American toilettes are costing between six and seven thousand pounds, desire that English matrons and English girls should limit their apparel by considerations of economy, will rejoice to hear of the daily diminishing length and width of dresses; but they will be dissatisfied with the information that the diminution is as yet confined to walking dress. They will learn, with due vexation, that evening dresses continue as long as ever, and they will derive peculiar annoyance from the fact that the Oracle of Fashion commends the length of the skirt in calling it “graceful.” Nor let them flatter themselves that they are going to save, or to be encouraged with the prospect of saving, anything by a partial retrenchment of skirts. This will be safely compensated by augmentation of the garniture thereby revealed. All ladies of taste will indemnify themselves for their diminished drapery by extension in crural investment. They will, of course, take generally to wearing Hessian boots of increased altitude, and more and more costly materials and manufacture, in defiance of mankind’s opinion, and to the envy and admiration of each other. What are these things to men, except articles which it is their place to pay for? And the great recommendation of long trains for evening wear is that, as often as they are trodden on and torn a necessity is created for a new dress. It is hardly possible now for a lady to walk out of a theatre without having her train arrested in descending the stairs by the foot of the man behind her, who is looking about him, and thinking about SHAKESPEARE, or something else. This is as it should be; and the curmudgeons who object to so natural a course of things from parsimony, ought to provide the ladies for whom they are responsible with train-bearers.

An effort, according to *Le Follet*, is being made to “make the bonnets more bonnet-like,” in spite of which, “at present, the ‘Catalane’ and the ‘Lamballe’ are very perceptibly the favourites.” Nevertheless, it is the opinion of our papilionaceous contemporary that “as the winter sets in a more comfortable coiffure will make its appearance.” It had better: otherwise the consequence will be the very general indisposition of fashionable females. Lucky will be those who merely catch the slight catarrh; influenza will be prevalent amongst the influential, and beauty will be very generally affected with cold in the head; so that, in recording the approaching winter fashions, *Le Follet* will have to state that noses are now worn red at the end.

FENIAN SURGEONS IN THE ARMY.

THE Fenians, and all such friends of England, will be overjoyed by accounts received by the *Pall Mall Gazette* from the Army Medical Training School at Netley. These accounts the *Pall Mall Gazette* calls more pleasant than surprising. The Fenians, and their like, will perhaps deem them more surprising than pleasant; though that is not certain. The fact is, that the unpopularity of the military service with the medical profession is so great, that, as our discerning contemporary says—

“For some years it has hardly been possible to obtain any English students, and not many Scotch. The Irish schools have been swept freely. The present batch of students at Netley exhibits this peculiarity of national distribution in common with

others of the last few sessions, but it seems to have a greater variety of *mauvais sujets* than usual. Two of these medical gentlemen have been lately expelled for drunkenness, and one publicly reprimanded.”

Now, the Fenians will of course rejoice to learn, first, that the majority of students in training for Army-Surgeons are Irish, and, secondly, that they are *mauvais sujets*; because an Irishman who is also a *mauvais sujet*, or bad subject, may be presumed to be, or to be ready to become, a Fenian. We all know what work a Fenian Army-Surgeon would be likely to make with a knife in his hand, and a British officer at his mercy. The notion of Fenian Army-Surgeons in Her Majesty’s Service, must, of course, then, be extremely pleasant to MR. STEPHENS and the rest of the Brotherhood; but surely, in the present state of Europe, and in the face of their own conspiracy, the existing condition of our Military Medical Service must be still more surprising. It surprises us immensely when we think how perseveringly the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has been for several years labouring to carry out the regulations of the Royal Warrant designed to meet the wishes of medical officers; and especially, when we consider the signal encouragement to enter the Army which his ROYAL HIGHNESS has just afforded the medical profession by promoting MR. ELKINGTON, of the Guards, in defiance of all remonstrance—of course, on the ground of pure merit—over the heads of his seniors.

SPORTING NEWS.

MR. PUNCH is happy to announce that the Garotting Season has opened, and that some very good sport has already been afforded. On Monday, at dusk, Mr. Conky Bill and Mr. W. Sikes succeeded in bringing down an old gentleman with one of the finest gold watches that have been seen in Houndsditch. The next evening, Mr. Horse-monger Lane and Mr. Bigg Bludgeon brought down the father of a family by a couple of well-directed blows on the back of his head, but their skill and gallantry was not rewarded by the spoils, in consequence of the approach of a little girl, whose steps they mistook for those of a policeman. But on Wednesday night, Mr. Gorging Jack and Mr. Guzzling Jimmy, assisted by that promising young sportsman, Little Billee, garotted a governess who was returning from Clapham with her week’s salary, and they effected an easy retreat. About the same hour on Thursday, Mr. Black Muzzle, accompanied by his friends Mr. Thomas Loafer and Mr. John Cadger, made a determined attempt upon a War-Office clerk, who was on his way home to Kilburn, but we regret that the ferocity of the quarry not only prevented a capture, but injured one of the sportsmen, whose eye was poked out by the umbrella of the infuriated clerk. On Friday, the only success we heard of was gained by a party of sportsmen from Bow, conducted by the well-known ranger and guide, Isaac Moses Smouch, whose sagacity soon brought them behind a gentleman who was incautiously carrying in both hands presents for his children, and who therefore was soon at the feet of his captors. But on Saturday night there were several splendid heads of game brought down, among them a noble medical man on his rounds among the poor, and who fell to the bludgeon of Mr. Richard Ghymes; an old city clerk, going home to his family, and whose pocket-book rewarded the daring of Mr. Nobbler and Mr. Smasher, junior; and an author who, on his way to his club, unguardedly took a short cut through an unfrequented street, and who was brought down by four or five sportsmen promptly repairing to the spot, and making short work of the unlucky scribe. We may therefore congratulate the garotting public on the auspicious inauguration of their season, and we may add the good news that several Members of Parliament have been viewed, and are reported as haunting the Belgravian and Tyburnian Squares. We doubt not that our adventurous sportsmen will give a good account of some of this game, as the dark nights come on.

MILLINERY AND MURDER.

AMONG other fashionable novelties, we see that the “Sadowa Autumn Dress” is pretty largely advertised. What a delightful taste it is to use the title of a battle as the title for a lady’s gown, thus mingling in the mind ideas of finery and bloodshed! Perhaps we next may see the “Murderer’s Mantle” advertised, or else the “Cut-throat Crinoline.” The Solferino scarlet has been popular in its day, and bright eyes have sparkled at beholding the Magenta crimson. It is so nice to mix up millinery and manslaughter. Perhaps the “Strangler’s Shawl” may next come into fashion, or else the “Burglar’s Bonnet.” War, in many cases, is merely wholesale murder; and if Sadowa dresses are held in high repute, there would seem to be no reason why the fair sex should not like the names of their new clothes to be taken from the columns of the *Newgate Calendar*.



A HARDSHIP.

Mistress. "I THINK, ELIZABETH, I MUST ASK YOU TO GO TO CHURCH THIS AFTERNOON INSTEAD OF THIS MORNING, BECAUSE——"
Elizabeth (indignantly). "WELL, MUM, WHICH IN MY LAST PLACE I WAS NEVER AS'ED TO GO AN' 'EAR A CURATE PREACH!"

MORE SERVANTGALISM.

OUR friends the Servantgals are going too far a head for us. See here:—

PARLOURMAID, or Housemaid and Parlourmaid *in a small carriage family.* Wait well at table. Good needlewoman. Five years' character.—E. M., &c.

What does E. M. mean? What is a small-carriage family. A family that keeps a perambulator? If so, what is that to a Parlourmaid? We did not know that it was her duty to wheel the children about the streets. But perhaps she means a small family that keeps a carriage. Again, what is that to the Parlourmaid? We should be sorry to send ours into the mews, to mop the carriage and whistle, and swear at the horses as they stamp in the stable, as is our coachman's business. But, thirdly, she may mean that she desires to wait on people who go out in a carriage. And thirdly, we don't see what that is to her? Ladies do not usually offer the third seat in the carriage to their Parlourmaid, however pretty she may be. Unless E. M. means that she intends to flirt with the coachman, and thereby get him to drive her out in the small carriage when the family is out of town, we really cannot tell what the gal has to do with the vehicle. Is she particular about the arms on the carriage, or would she be good enough to specify whether she wishes for silver axle-boxes?

A Parting Word.

THERE are those who think that the Corporation of London want a fillip. On this point we express no opinion, but one thing is certain that the Corporation got what they did want in a PHILLIPS.

MEDICAL.

You cannot thoroughly understand the force of the description—a person of a full habit—until you see a stout lady on horseback.

HEARTBREAK.

(AFTER LONGFELLOW).

The hero, Christian name ANTHONY, determines to go to the sea.	A YOUTH wrote down from Bloomsbu-ry, And said, "O friends, take rooms for me."
He starts.	He hailed a cab, and cried, "Drive on, O Cabby, lest the train be gone."
He journeys.	And hurried seaward miles away, Crying, "I'm due, a month to-day."
Is thirsty on arriving at the terminus.	He said unto the barmaid, "Stout!" On stopping and on getting out.
Is hungry on reaching his lodgings.	He touched the bell and made it ring, And said, "O MARY, dinner bring."
Receives a communication from the heroine.	And kissed a note, "O 'TANTY, dear, Your MARION's come; be on the pier."
Interval of a week. Catastrophe.	He whispered in her curls one morn, "Papa rejects my suit with scorn."
Peremptory order to the Landlady.	He shouted out to MRS. TOWER, "Prepare my bill, I go this hour."
Mournful and premature exit.	He crossed the Old Steyne with a sigh, And unto Brighton said, "Good-bye."

General Massacre.

A GALLANT French friend was horrified on being told on the Ninth of November that there was hardly a municipal town in England where men were not busily engaged in "Shooting the bell(e)s!"

RAILWAY FARE FOR SHAREHOLDERS.—Cooked Accounts.



THE SERVANTS' BALL.

(OF COURSE PATRONISED BY THE FAMILY.)

Admiring and Envious Housemaid. "YOU SEE, EMMA, JAMES IS SO MUCH IN THE DRAWING-ROOM, HE KNOWS HOW TO MAKE HISSELF PLEASANT TO THE LADIES, AND FEELS QUITE AT HOME, LIKE!"

BRAVO, BOXALL! WELL DONE, WORNUM!

WE have to record an act of heroism on the part of the Director and Superintendent of the National Gallery. Not the muzzling of MR. GREGORY, nor the taking off of MR. AYRTON or MR. CAVENDISH BENTINCK by poison, nor the dexterous dispatching of MR. MORRIS MOORE to a world where there are no Raphaels in the market but his own. They have done a feat far more heroic than any of these. They have dared to brave the bray of the noodles and the nincompoops—a very powerful body among the connoisseurs—and to have the dirt taken off some of the National Pictures! Not off all, unhappily, but off just enough to give us a relish of the beauty that lies drowned, fathom deep, under SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT'S liquorice-water, and the late MR. SEGUIER'S favourite brown varnish. These men have actually had the pluck to dive to the bottom of these filthy brown standing pools, and to bring up the jewels of RUBENS, and POUSSIN, and SALVATOR ROSA, as bright as when they left the hand that set them.

They have ventured to let us see trees green, and skies blue, as these ridiculously naïf old masters actually had the courage to paint them. They have removed the crust and the rust, and the patina of venerable antiquity,—in other words, the old cleaner's dirty work,—till we stand, for the first time in this generation, face to face with the Château of Stein, the grey walls, the small stone-framed windows aflame with sunset, and the briery copses of the chase, where the keeper is stalking the sitting covey, and the hay-wain comes lumbering home; and the grey-green willows of the polders, square on square, through which the full streams course lazily, for miles of flat, to where the towers of Antwerp twinkle against the sky in the golden smile of the setting sun. If they never did another stroke of work in the Gallery, MR. BOXALL and MR. WORNUM have earned the nation's gratitude, the freedom of the city of London, the Humane Society's first prize for saving persons apparently drowned, and the Geographical Society's gold medal for the most interesting discovery of the year, by stripping the BEAUMONT stucco of brown varnish off RUBENS'S Château.

They have done an equally successful work, and one quite as much wanted, for GASPAR POUSSIN and SALVATOR ROSA. But though *Abraham* and *Mercury* look all the better for having their faces washed, there was no such beauty as RUBENS'S to bring to light from under the yellow mask.

Of course, these bold innovators can't hope to escape the penalty of their pluck. They must expect to be abused by old fogies of the BEAUMONT school, who like their trees brown, and their skies black; by snarlers of the MORRIS MOORE breed, who find everything a National Gallery Director does ill done; and by the echoes always ready to swell the chorus of Noodledom. The pack has opened already. An idiot, writing in the *Telegraph*, raves over the ruin of the renovated Rubens, and talks about its having been "painted over with lemon-yellow and filthy megilps," the fact being that not a touch of colour or a drop of megilp has been put on to the canvas, only some inches of filth most carefully removed, under the Director's own eye, by a dexterous Italian hand. So well has that hand done its work, that it deserves to be immortalised in our columns, and it shall be. The dirt-destroyer in all these cases, is one SIGNOR PINTO. No relation to the well-known FERDINAND MENDEZ—for he tells no lie when he calls himself "a cleaner."

Mr. Punch, in the name of the nation, thanks MR. BOXALL and MR. WORNUM for their good sense and courage, and congratulates them on the triumph which they have achieved. And looking round his National Gallery with pride and pleasure—which culminate as he takes his hat off before the homely but most touching pathos of REMBRANDT'S "*Christ Blessing Little Children*," the new Director's first purchase, and a noble one—he notes how of his Art-treasures some of the grandest—notably, the *Lazarus* of SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO—still wear the "coat of darkness," which we have read about in *Jack the Giant-Killer*, and which renders the wearer invisible. Turning from the renewed Rubens to the sunken and smothered Sebastian, he asks why the courage and skill which have bared for us the real face of the one, should not be employed,—under close and competent superintendence,—in taking the mask of dirt off the other?

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(My Solicitor. Amusements. A Sermon.)



ON'T know how I got to bed last night. Odd that I should forget to wind up my watch. I find from my notes of the previous evening, that I *did* go to see my Solicitor. Can't tell from them, as they're so indistinctly written, whether he advised me. I think he advised me to go to bed. Don't feel at all well to-day. It's the weather: and when the weather is unhealthy, it doesn't do to mix Champagne, Sherry, Moselle, and Port. Horrid weather. Might write a short chapter in Vol. VI. of *Typical Developments*, "On Influences."

I am rather hazy as to what I did to my Solicitor last night. I hope I didn't hurt him. I have got some sort of notion that I wanted him to dance. However, he's a man of the world, and knows that, if it's at all unhealthy weather, or if you are a little out of order, or not quite the thing, one so easily gets upset by a

single glass of wine, and then you become excited in conversation, and do some stupid things which in cold blood you would not do. Of course, in cold blood one would not dance with one's Solicitor.

Happy Thought.—Better call on him, and make it all right. Bring him some game from the country. Sort of little attention he'd like.

Happy Thought.—Buy the game as I go along. Grouse. Without telling him a positive untruth, I will give him to understand that I shot them myself.

With MR. SEEL, SENIOR.—He hears my story. No allusion to last night, except on my part. *He* appears to have forgotten it entirely. I wonder if he'd been dining, too. I've got a great mind to ask him whether he wanted to dance with me, or I with him. I won't. He says he'll settle this assault case and PENNEFATHER into the bargain. Finding that this is an easy matter, I suggest retaliation. Can't I bring an action against the Company? He asks, what for? I tell him that I suppose he knows this better than I do. I'm to hear from him in a couple of days; this is Saturday—say Monday evening. Conversation. I tell him where I've been. He asks me if I've had any shooting yet? I say, "No." Remembering the birds in the passage, I add, "Nothing to speak of." On leaving, I present him with the grouse. He remarks, that he didn't understand me to say I'd been to the moors. I tell him that I haven't; and he replies, "Oh, indeed!" and smiles.

Happy Thought.—The study of law engenders a habit of suspicion. But I ought to have asked, when I bought the game, where these sort of things are shot. I thought all birds got into turnip-fields: and turnip-fields are everywhere. SEEL asks me if the birds are very shy this year. I answer, in an offhand manner, "No, not very shy: at least, I didn't find 'em so," as if they made an exception in my case, as, indeed, they might have done if I'd had a gun. I must take up shooting and hunting, this winter. Can't help thinking of FRIDOLINE. I should like to appear before her one morning in a red coat, buckskiu breeches, and brown tops, and wave my hand to her as I gallop away on my bright chestnut.

Happy Thought.—Buy a horse for the winter: not too high.

Nothing to do in London. Walk about. Inspect small streets near Leicester Square. Useful to know London. One street smells as if all the inhabitants were preparing to dine off onions. Walk about. Think I'll get my hair cut. Stop, to look at a wheel turning round in a shop-window. Feel myself fascinated by it. Small crowd looking on. Everyone apparently fascinated. Wonder what the other people see in it. Ask a respectable elderly person what it's for. He doesn't know. I ask another. He laughs, and doesn't know. Now, I'll go and get my hair cut. Walk on. See another crowd round another window. Wait until I can work myself to the front. In the shop-window is a small jet of water, which takes up a little gilt ball with it as it rises. Everyone appears pleased. Nobody offers to go in and buy it. Having seen it for four minutes, I experience no sort of

inclination towards walking into the shop to purchase it. Strange, after seeing this, I feel depressed. Stop to look at a man with a bird-whistle.

Going to get my hair cut. Meet CHESTERTON. Haven't seen CHESTERTON for years. He has lately become a clergyman. Quite lately. His manner is subdued and gentle, and I should think he intends it to be winning. He asks me, sorrowfully, to lunch with him to-morrow (Sunday). I accept. He informs me that two friends of his, whom I know, are coming—HUXLEY and WRIGHT. They are coming to hear him preach his first sermon, in the afternoon, after luncheon. He must leave me now, he says, having to write his discourse. He smiles sadly and seems to glide away. Too late to have my hair cut to-day. Something to do for Monday.

Saturday Evening.—Dinner alone at the Club. Don't know anybody. Read newspaper: that is, try to. Find myself reading the same lines over and over again. Afterwards, I write to my Solicitor, and ask how he's getting on. Don't know what to do with myself. Will go to the theatre. Come in at the end of a farce. Comic man in red check trousers is saying, "So, after all, MARIA, it was not you." Roars of laughter. Allusion to a bracelet. More laughter. Wonder what it was about. Ask a gentleman sitting next me. He informs me that it's just over. I say I know that, but he is sulky, and goes out as the curtain comes down. I don't think he treads upon my toes by accident. Wish I hadn't come. In the lobby I meet MILBURD. Capital man to fall in with in town. Knows everybody.

As a piece of news he tells me that "Old BOODELS is going to drag the pond next Monday. What do I say to coming down." I reply, "yes, by all means, but," not to make myself too cheap, "I'm afraid I've got an engagement." I own I can manage to put it off. I don't tell him that it's only to have my hair cut, which I forgot to-day. Capital. Not having a bill, I ask him to point out any celebrities. He asks me do I know PHELPS. I do by reputation. Odd, until MILBURD showed him to me, I had always thought he was a tragedian, and here he is with a red nose and a red wig, dancing a sort of double shuffle, and singing something about being "a magnificent brick, my boys, my boys, for I"—meaning himself MR. PHELPS—"I'm a magnificent brick!" As MILBURD has heard it all before, and as I've not long to stay in town, I ask him to take me somewhere. We go to a Music Hall. MISS EMILY MONTACUTE is obliging the company with another song. She has a weak voice, but does a great deal with her right eye, and her hand. The audience, who are taking refreshments and tobacco, join in the choruses enthusiastically, being principally incited thereto by the chairman, who applauds everything by hammering upon the table, and announces, after every song, good or bad, encoored or not encoored, that Mister, or Miss, or Mrs., as the case may be, "will sing again." He amuses me. No one else does. The chairman recognises MILBURD on his entering and condescends to wink at him as he passes to his seat. Immediately after this he raps sharply, as though to recal himself to a sense of his dignified position. A man comes on in an absurd dress with a tall hat, and sings something about "his, or her, being a cruel deceiver, with his (the singer's) diddlecum doddlecum doddlecum doodlecum didlecum day." The tune is catching, and I find myself humming it. MILBURD, who doesn't at all understand the depth of my character, suggests that I should turn my *Typical Developments* into a Comic Song, and do it at a Musical Hall, with a good chorus. He says, "Look here, capital idea, chorus, 'with my Typical Typical Typical Typical toodlecum ti.'" I smile, but do not encourage him. We leave: I with a headache. Before parting I inform him of my engagement to-morrow with the REV. EDWARD CHESTERTON. It appears that MILBURD knows him. I tell him that it's on the occasion of his first sermon. MILBURD cries out, "What a lark! I'll come"—and then sings, "with my Typical Typical Typical toodlecum"—but here I stop him, and say, not priggishly, that it's not a thing to joke about. To which he replies, "No, this here ain't a Comic Song, am it?" We part good friends (with the exception that I don't like his going on singing with my Typical toodlecum, which is all very well for once and away; but it doesn't do) but on the whole I wish I'd not told him about CHESTERTON.

Happy Thought.—Go to bed.

Sunday.—Luncheon with CHESTERTON. Rather heavy, being *his* dinner. HUXLEY and WRIGHT are old College friends of his. Their reminiscences are hardly fitted to the occasion, being of Beefsteak Club dinners, wild drives to Newmarket, Loo parties, and one great one about bonneting the porter of Chesterton's College. CHESTERTON is evidently uncomfortable. After luncheon, which finishes about 2.30, they smoke. CHESTERTON leaves us for half an hour, begging we'll make ourselves at home. MILBURD drops in and soon makes *himself* at home. I try to draw their attention to serious topics. MILBURD, who will make a jest of everything, calls them "Serious Toothpicks;" and the two others, who are becoming stupid and sleepy, laugh at him. The REV. CHESTERTON returns. "Will we come now?" he asks sadly, as if he was taking us all to instant execution, with benefit of clergy. We will. He is delighted, he says, to see MILBURD. Will he too come and hear his poor efforts? MILBURD answers that he means to encoore him if it's very good. Poor

CHESTERTON smiles with melancholy sweetness. He evidently means to be winning.

Happy Thought.—To get a comfortable seat in the corner of the pew. Away from MILBURD.

Four o'clock.—Note book. MILBURD is seated next to me. The three very decorous. CHESTERTON is in the pulpit. I miss the text because MILBURD will make such a noise blowing his nose, and the two others cough. People settling themselves. I think CHESTERTON is nervous. He looks towards us, and MILBURD jogs me with his elbow. I frown. Sermon proceeding. Small boy in front of me keeps looking round. Frown at him. Shake my head reprovably. Boy laughs. His mother angry. Boy cries, and points at me. CHESTERTON sees it but goes on: is annoyed. MILBURD snores. I am afraid of pinching him. HUXLEY, who is in the right-hand corner, has succumbed to drowsiness, and is suddenly awoke by his head coming sharply against the back of the pew. WRIGHT, who has been opening and shutting his eyes for the last five minutes, gives way at last and falls against MILBURD. They are falling against one another like cards that won't stand upright. I wish I could appear as if they didn't belong to my party. Boy is looking round at us and grinning. His mother, I fancy, must be deeply interested in the discourse, as she doesn't take any notice of him. I try to avoid his eye.

Happy Thought.—I will close my eyes to prevent distractions, and listen critically to CHESTERTON'S sermon. I note down a good passage. * * * I am roused by the general movement of the congregation, and MILBURD whispering to me, "Oh, how you have been snoring!"

We meet CHESTERTON coming out of the vestry and greet him with "Excellent! first-rate! just the right length!" He seems pleased. WRIGHT wants him to publish it. So does HUXLEY. MILBURD turns to me and suggests that I might throw in a chorus "With my typical, typical, topical," &c., which notion I repudiate.

Happy Thought.—Don't think I shall go down with MILBURD to drag the pond at Boodels. Doesn't do to see too much of MILBURD. Shan't be at home when he calls, and if SEEL sends to say Assault case settled, I shall run down at once to the Feudal Castle.

Happy Thought.—Hair cut on Monday. No dragging ponds.

SEMPER IDEM AT EXETER HALL.

To Mr. Punch.



COULD you be so kind, Sir, as to use your irresistible influence with the government of the Sacred Harmonic Society, so as to induce them to provide some succedaneum for occasional performance in the place now invariably occupied by MENDELSSOHN'S *Lobgesang*. There are certain nights when that Society is accustomed to present the Public with two several compositions, the works of two different masters. One of these, on one night, is, for example, MOZART'S *Requiem*, another, on another night, ROSSINI'S *Stabat Mater*, a third, on a third night, BEETHOVEN'S *Mass in C*. But, on every one of the three nights, one of the two works performed is always

the *Lobgesang*. So that, suppose a man has heard the *Requiem* at Exeter Hall, and goes to hear the *Stabat Mater*, of necessity, unless he eschew one-half of the performance, he must also hear the *Lobgesang* a second time. I will not say that the *Lobgesang* will not bear hearing a second time, but I will say, that I, for one, found a second hearing of it as much as I could bear, without impatience. But now suppose that the man who has heard the *Requiem* and the *Stabat Mater* wants also to hear the *Mass in C*. He cannot hear the *Mass in C* at Exeter Hall without having again to hear the *Lobgesang*, or to hear only half of the music which he has paid to hear. Now, to many men, at the third hearing the *Lobgesang* begins to be a bore. It did to me. But the *Requiem*, and the *Stabat Mater*, and the *Mass in C* will each of them bear a second hearing at least as well as the *Lobgesang*. A second hearing of each of those works involves, in succession, a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth hearing of the *Lobgesang*, or so many payments for hearing it if not heard. Surely this is an intolerable deal of *Lobgesang* in comparison with other music. If the directors of the Exeter Hall Concerts cannot do without the *Lobgesang*, if they insist on adjoining it to every other

work whose performance takes up a certain time, could they not make the inevitable *Lobgesang* the second instead of the first of the two works performed. It would then be possible for us who are bored with the *Lobgesang* to bolt as soon as the work which we came to hear was over, and thus escape the alternative of enduring the other or risking our seats. If we must take fat and lean together for our allowance, let us at least have the option of leaving the fat without hazarding forfeiture of the lean, or *vice versa*. I do not insist on the special analogy between the *Lobgesang* and fat. To my taste its frequent repetition at Exeter Hall has given it rather a similarity to stale bread. Its conjunction there with something better is the musical equivalent to stale bread-and-jam, and many who like the jam, will, as to the bread, be disposed to say ditto to yours truly,

JAM SATIS.

A KING'S JUDGMENT.

SINCE the Judgment of SOLOMON, there has not been a more remarkable sentence than that which Mr. Punch, an all-unworthy medium, now imparts to the myriads.

The subject is the merit of that great Welsh Bard CRISTON, or CYNDDYLAN, of whom honourable mention was made at the last Eisteddfod, mention which he deserved by a Poem, noble passages of which are translated as follows:—

"A sigh ascends up to the heavenly land,
From the heart in the shape of the letter O."

And thus—

"The army in fear of his manœuvres fled,
In the absence of an arm they were thankful for a leg—"

And again (David describes his fight with the lion)—

"He gave a leap; but o'er my head he leaped;
More angry still, he back again did spring,
But sideward, I jumped over his back."

And, finally,—

"As the ox is charmed by the green grass of the dingle,
As man is charmed by night's deceitful light,
As youth is charmed by woman's eye of love,
As the cuckoo chaffer is by the cuckoo charmed,
So is David charmed upward toward heaven."

This inspired bard has been a good deal chaffed by the cold-hearted, and a King comes forth to vindicate a Minstrel. We read in a Shropshire paper a letter from a Mr. THOMAS, of Derbyshire, who says, "In conclusion we will quote the REV. W. CALEDFRYN WILLIAMS'S, the KING OF MODERN WELSH BARDS, adjudication on CYNDDYLAN'S prize elegy on the late 'REV. DAVID ROWLANDS of Llangeitho,' Cardiganshire:—"

"Another competitor would have a real claim for this prize were it not that 'Criston' (CYNDDYLAN) stands before him on the list. This author is full of originality and spirit, akin to the spirit and originality of ROWLANDS himself, when he broke over the sanctified folds. ROWLANDS was a peculiar man in his days. It was therefore necessary to have an elegy for him superior to all that have ever been written before in Welsh; and we have this in a great measure by 'Criston.' The most callous and obdurate stoic could not read this elegy without feeling intestine emotions. It would defeat even DAVID HUME, the notorious infidel."

The King has spoken. Let the people note his words, and be dumb.

TO EVERY WIFE AND MOTHER.

DEAR MATERFAMILIAS,

DOES Paterfamilias want new shirts? Do the dear boys want any?

If so, I advise you to advise them to wait until you have better "advices" from those rogues of Drapers.

Listen, dear Madam. Not to me, but to a gentleman who knows exactly what he is talking about to the *Daily Telegraph*.

The manufacturers are charging your Draper, for a good quality of white long cloth, or fine shirting (36 inches wide) an average of Seven Pence per yard.

The Rogue is charging you Thirteen Pence—nearly double.

I have no idea what glazed white Jaconets for dress linings are, but they cost your Draper Four Pence Halfpenny a yard, and he charges you Eight Pence Halfpenny.

Don't believe the humbug with which he will try to mystify you. These be truths.

Ever your own faithful,

PUNCH.

Peabody or Peashell?

As with the sound of a trumpet we rejoice to proclaim that the munificent MR. PEABODY has just added to the number of his large largesses the sum of 150,000 dollars to Yale College, after having endowed Harvard to the same amount. What a PEABODY it is to shell out!



SCENE: HOTEL. TIME SUNDAY MORNING.

Lady. "LET ME HAVE DINNER AT FOUR THIS AFTERNOON."

Page. "YES'M. WOULD YOU LIKE IT HOT OR COLD?"

Lady. "HOT. I SHOULD LIKE A CHICKEN."

Page. "YES'M. WOULD YOU LIKE IT ROAST OR BILED?"

Lady. "BOILED. IS THERE A CHURCH NEAR HERE?"

Page. "YES'M. WOULD YOU LIKE IT HIGH OR LOW?"

SIR M. P. REFORMER AND MORALIST.

SIR MORTON PETO has been making a telling speech at one of the Colston Festival dinners at Bristol. We are informed by the Bristol papers that SIR MORTON was vehemently cheered. But as the Bristolians cheered SIR MORTON'S "explanation," they could hardly do less for his speech.

If they cheer SIR MORTON, they hissed BURKE. Taste runs in the blood electoral, and probably the two things explain each other.

SIR MORTON'S subject was Reform. We do not observe among the Reforms he recommended the appointment of an Official Registrar of Railway Debentures, to check over-issues, or that of an *ex-officio* Director, on every Board, to prevent cooked accounts, and generally to spoil the Directorial or Contractorial broth.

SIR MORTON lecturing on Reform is an edifying spectacle, and will suggest to many a modification of an old saying about physicians healing themselves.

SIR MORTON was very great in exposing the delinquencies of our naval and military administrations. Who should know better what mismanagement means than SIR MORTON? Why won't these wretched public departments take a hint in conducting their business from our railway companies? Why the clever fellows at the London, Chatham and Dover would teach them how to knock off a couple of millions from the estimates, and add four millions to the expenditure, in no time, without Parliament's knowing a fraction about it, unless they took it into their heads to appoint a Committee of Investigation. And then, think what a blessing it would be if we could have great "financiers,"—men with a real modern genius for finance, and a thorough mastery of every dodge in the money market—men like SIR MORTON and MR. HODGSON, or poor calumniated GEORGE HUDSON—at the Exchequer! Why they would conduct the Government on Railway principles, rig the three-per-cents up to fifty premium, and pay off the national debt—by debentures. And if it *did* come to a national bankruptcy, what then? We needn't pay our creditors. Railway Companies don't.

But as we can't have SIR MORTON at the Exchequer, and probably cannot hope even to keep him long in Parliament, it is a comfort to think we have him to point our morals for us. He says that what has taken place with reference to poor MR. SNIDER has quite shocked the moral sense of the entire country. So it has, SIR MORTON, and so have one or two other things. Ah, if poor SNIDER had only invested his capital in London, Chatham and Dover debentures, instead of breech-loaders!

A CABMAN'S SUGGESTION.

SIR,

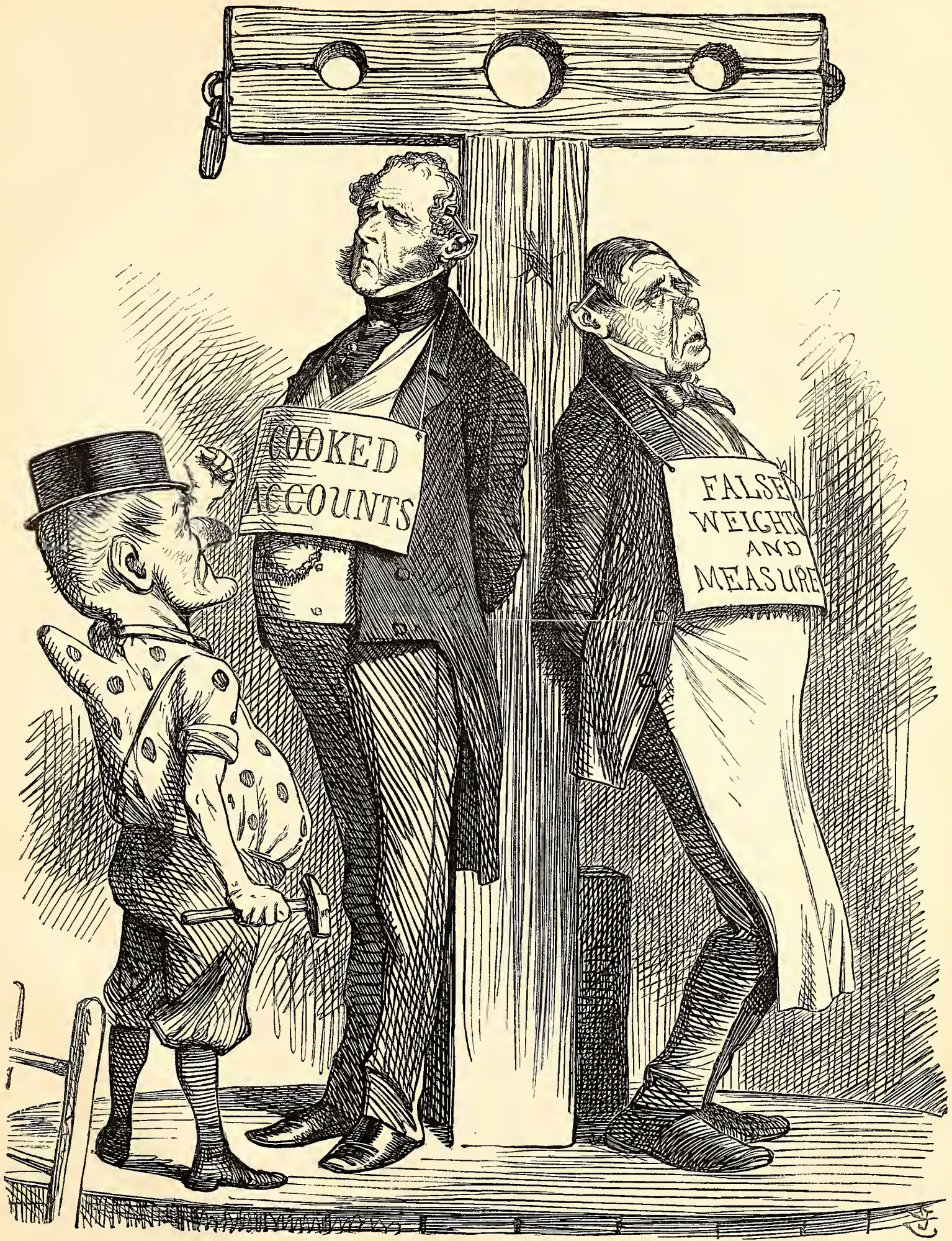
BEING a Cabman but as you are Freind to justice I write to say that if the Publik complains it is Their falt and not mine and I hope you will insret these Few lines Between man and Man Sir have had Misfortune to nock Down 4 in the Last fortnight and ask you How the Publik can expect [me] to Pull up wen the horse have way upon him which Nobody that know a Hors mouth can expect nor will Be done away wile the Publik is not forse to understand by law they have No more right to Be on my Road than my Cab have On their Paiment which They wold make a jolly Row about and the beak too which sh^d know better they mostly using carriges Sir I wold Have regular Crossins for the publik with Red Postes at the same Cross their if you Like and welcome and cab to Look out and drive slow but the Publik have no Right to Spread abroad over the Road as if it where Paiment nor complain of their Necks except at crossins wich is Fair to both and Sir ought to Be law of The land by insreting wich will obldige

your obedient serv^t

A CABMAN.

AN OUT-AND-OUT-ER.

OUR friend, DACEY GREYLING, is such an ardent angler that, when he can do nothing else, he fishes for a compliment.



ROGUES IN BUSINESS.

“PILLORY, A SCAFFOLD FOR PERSONS TO STAND ON, TO RENDER THEM PUBLICLY INFAMOUS, THAT ALL MIGHT AVOID AND REFUSE TO HAVE ANY DEALINGS WITH THEM.”

[See Dictionaries.]

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

A VERY pretty domestic piece by MR. CRAVEN is to be seen at the New Royalty Theatre. The country landscape in the Second Act is one of the most charming bits of painting I've ever seen on any stage, large or small. The three small houses seem to be doing excellently well:—the Strand, with its *Neighbours* and its *Der Freischütz*; the Prince of Wales's with its *Ours* and its *Der Freischütz*, and the New Royalty with *Meg's Diversions*. Why MR. CRAVEN should have called one of his characters *Pigeon* and the other *Crow*, merely for the sake of ringing the punning changes on their names, is beyond me, and I wish he had been above it.

At the Princess's MRS. JOHN WOOD, with an American reputation, has not obtained a fair hearing. I don't mean from those persons, who, as MR. VINING complained, began to hiss before there was anything worthy of condemnation, but from the fact of not having chosen a better piece to appear in than this transatlantic version of *Barnaby Rudge*. True, MESSRS. VINING and WATTS PHILLIPS have put their names to the bill, but will the public take it up? MRS. JOHN WOOD is not unlike the French *bouffe* actress SCHNEIDER, but I don't think MME. SCHNEIDER would go down in London. What Englishmen laugh at in Paris, they would condemn here. The scenery is admirably painted; the house on fire effective, as also is the ruin. The story as told in the present version might be called *Barnaby Rudge* in disguise. The following conversation was picked up while waiting in the hall:—

Lady (who had never read "Barnaby Rudge," says timidly). I don't quite understand the story.

Gentleman (who has read it long ago). Oh, don't you—very simple. But several characters left out: you ought to have read it. DICKENS, you know.

Lady. Oh, yes, I know. But who was *Barnaby Rudge*?

Gentleman (annoyed). Who? Why he was the son of—of— (He is going to say "his mother," but observes several people listening, in order to get some information upon the subject)—of the *Widow Barnaby*—I mean the *Widow Rudge*.

Lady. Yes, but why did he burn down that house?

Gentleman (wondering how she can be so stupid). He didn't burn down the Warren. That was LORD GEORGE GORDON—that is—that you know (becoming a little confused)—the Gordon Riots were going on at that time.

Lady (who now thinks she knows all about it, and clearly is of opinion that her next remark will please her husband). Oh, of course, yes: that was when they talked about—(becoming nervous)—about cutting the Gordon Knot? [Sees from her husband's face that she has made a mistake.

Gentleman (horrified). Gordon Knot—why—hang it—

[Enter Linkman, Exit Gentleman brusquely, with his wife meekly.

Elderly Lady (explaining what she understood of the plot from the play. She is evidently not a good hand at remembering names). Well, you see, dear (to her niece) VILLIERS is a villain.

Niece (who came late and missed the first two Acts). VILLIERS, Aunt? [Refers to bill.

Elderly Lady. Well, never mind his name: he arrives on the nineteenth of March, twenty years after somebody's been murdered, and there's a thunderbolt, and then he drinks brandy—yes—that was very good—and then—and then he bothers his wife, and she tells him that Burgundy—

Niece. Barnaby—

Elderly Lady. Well, I mean Barnaby Grudge, or Rudge, whatever it is, is his son. But (considering)—why the man who was brought in was murdered in the first scene, or what became of him, I don't know. Well, then, there's *Sir John Fairfield*—

Niece (referring to bill). You mean *Chester* or *Haredale*, don't you, Aunt?

Elderly Lady. Well, it doesn't matter; they fight, and then—or that comes earlier—let me see—but at all events you saw the house on fire at the end.

Niece. But who is *Hugh*?

Elderly Lady. Oh, the fat man who put on regimentals? I couldn't make out.

Niece. Hugh, Aunt, is the ostler.

Elderly Lady. Yes, that was it: he was an ostler. (Thinks it over and sticks to it.) But why an ostler should put on regimentals to break into a house—that was—Oh, MR. FLYNNE (recognising a friend) you can tell us. Who was *Hugh*?

Intelligent Person. Oh, he was in the novel, the son of *Sir John Chester*. I forget why he was disguised: it's a long time ago since I read a novel. Very well played, that part, wasn't it?

Elderly Lady (giving up the plot as hopeless). Yes, he was capital.

[Carriages announced. Event omnes.

Intelligent Person (meeting Vague Friend lighting cigar). Not much like DICKENS's tale, eh?

Vague Person. No: they've left out all about *Quilp* and *Squeers*, you know; and then the thingummy's not kept up. (He means "the interest is not sustained.") Good night.

INVITATION TO PAPA.

SHOULD Rome become too cold to hold you,
(The Romans won't make it too hot)
Let the arms of BRITANNIA enfold you;
Come to us, Holy Father. Why not?
The faithful their Peter's Pence giving
The Shepherd, beloved of his flock,
Would yield him so ample a living,
That he'd live like a game fighting-cock.

And then, as for glorification,
If your Holiness cared about that,
You would meet with profound adulation,
Upon all sides, as fulsome as fat.
Wherever you went, I will bet, you
Would be lustily cheered by the mob,
And assiduous crowds would beset you,
With the taste of the true British Snob.

If you preached, admiration would urge on
Greater numbers to go and hear you,
Than have ever yet sat under SPURGEON,
Or been drawn by the REVEREND BELLEW.
Expositors hostile endeavour
To make out that Rome's Pontiff's the Beast.
Thus much we may grant them, however;
You would here be a Lion, at least.

Lords and Dukes would compete for the favour
Of your tasting their dishes and wine;
And of course—in Lent turtle would savour—
The LORD MAYOR would invite you to dine.
Then, over the Loving Cup, rubbing
His gown with pontifical robe:
Your blessing you, after the grubbing,
Could impart to the City and Globe.

Encyclicals, Bulls, Allocutions,
At Rulers and States you could aim;
If you only abused institutions,
And inveighed against no one by name.
For needful were that limitation
Of libel to keep a free course;
And our Alien Act give Prince or nation
No occasion to bid us enforce.

Observing this easy condition,
You would live more completely at home;
And hold a much safer position,
Holy Father, in London than Rome.
And should you, the Vatican quitting,
To England be pleased to repair;
You would find here a mansion as fitting,
The Alhambra, to wit, Leicester Square.

ON FASHION'S HEAD HORRORS ACCUMULATE!

AMONG other highly interesting scraps of fashionable intelligence, we are charmed to see the following:—

"Artificial insects are still worn in the coiffure, there being an especial favour for gilt butterflies."

Artificial flowers are pretty ornaments enough, although we must confess we have a preference for real ones. But what are we to say of artificial insects? Fancy CLARA with her head full of artificial earwigs! Imagine HENRIETTA with her beautiful long curls adorned by a small family of artificial bluebottles! Conceive the horror of poor EDWIN when asking ANGELINA for a lock of her back hair, to find in it a lot of artificial cockroaches! Think of your wife's wearing caterpillars on her head with the view of adding to her caterpillary attractions! Imagine any fair one with the golden locks having the bad taste to adorn them with gilt butterflies! How empty must be the inside of a head, of which the outside is quite full of artificial insects!

Besides the fashion, after all, has not even the charm of novelty about it. *King Lear*, we know, was written some three hundred years ago, and we find in it the words:—

"And laugh at gilded butterflies."

So gilt butterflies were doubtless worn in SHAKESPEARE's time, and we are not at all surprised that he enjoins a laugh at them.

A RELIEF.—If the trees could speak, to what officer would they appeal? The re-lieving officer.



LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

Captured Pickpocket (as his Lordship's Carriage passes). "SORRY I CAN'T BE AT THE 'FEED,' YER VORSHIP. BUT P'RAPS YER VORSHIP VILL WAIT ON ME AT THE MANSION-'OUSE ABOUT TEN O'CLOCK TO-MORROW MORNIN'!"

PUNCH'S POLISH FOR A BELGIAN JEWEL.

THE Order of Leopold is, we suppose, a jewel, and we are sure that fair play is another. *Mr. Punch*, the Patron of all the Academies, the Artist's Benevolent Friend, and the only critic whose opinions are of the slightest importance to art, artists, or the public, has an idea that he is called on to deliver an utterance. Certain British artists recently exhibited works in Belgium, and upon two of those gentlemen the aforesaid Order has been conferred. Whatever lustre may flash from it ought to be cheerfully hailed by their brother artists, and the donation should be considered as a compliment to the profession. MR. CLARKSON STANFIELD and MR. WILLIAM POWELL FRITH have received the Order. We imagine that in the case of the first gentleman all who are interested in art must rejoice at any foreign recognition of the genius which he has so long and so nobly displayed. He reposes on his laurels, yet not so quietly but that he occasionally rises to paint for us a fine picture, worthy of his fame. The other gentleman who has been decorated stands very high in his profession, and his works enjoy a popularity which is shown by their being household favourites, nor can we see why he should be grudged the Belgian jewel. MESSRS. STANFIELD and FRITH did not receive the Order for courtly reasons, but in accordance with the recommendations of the Belgian jury which sat to deliver verdicts in regard to the merits of the works exhibited at Brussels. This is the official answer to the inquiry made by the younger recipient of the honour. *Mr. Punch*, who values no distinction which is not conferred by himself, (or by his Sovereign at his suggestion) nevertheless deems it his business to set this matter exactly right for the world and for The Ages.

A Delicate Offer.

THE Senate of Oxford has been informed by the outgoing Vice Chancellor that an offer has been made by a gentleman to found an annual prize of the value of £40 for good reading among the Candidates for Holy Orders at the University. The gentleman in question wishes to be anonymous. No wonder. Offering candidates for Holy Orders a prize for good reading is like offering a young lady a tooth-brush. But in the case of clergymen, at least, the occasion for the offer is very commonly too evident, as soon as a parson opens his mouth.

LES ÉTOILES QUI FILENT.

PHILOSOPHY puts questions,
Of the planet-populations,
Their gravities, digestions,
Heights, habits, occupations.
Are Mars'-folk all belligerent?
Are Venus's all lovers?
Are Pallas, more refrigerant,
And Vesta, old-maids' covers?

Is Mercury the region
Of a financiering race,
Where the PEROS' name is Legion,
And carries no disgrace?
Is Jupiter surrendered
To celestial sweldom's reign;
With a race, of Dukes engendered,
And six toady-moons for train?

In far-off belted Saturn's
Fair round belly who may dwell?
Inhabitants of gay turns
And saturnine as well?
Or is 't a lofty Limbo,
A celestial Botany Bay,
Where cross old frumps, *in nimbo*,
Whist, with cloudy faces, play?

If science makes no blunder
When the stars with life it fills,
Beyond the stroke of thunder,
And the shot of human ills
Can it tell what life's enlisted
Aboard those meteors fast,
At whose dance we assisted
On the night of Tuesday last?

Such short accounts they tender,
They leave so brief a trace
Of evanescent splendour
On Heaven's eternal face;
Coming with moonlike glory,
And gone ere we can heed,
Ne'er name rushed into story,
Or out on't, with such speed!

Are they homes for reputations,
As quickly spawned as spoiled:
Greeted with loose laudations,
With scorn as random soiled?
Is their rise in *Leo* reason
For supposing them the trails,
Of Lions of the season
That to Lethe take their tails?

Are these lights that vanish o'er us
Like a dream that we have dreamed,
Our rising young men's store-house
Of pledges unredeemed?
These Will-o'-the-Wisps that over
Embroider Heaven's black cope,
Homes for London, Chatham Dover
Debenture-holders hope?

Defying the attrition
Of Planets and fixed stars,
And threatening collision
With the red planet Mars,
Are they the bright, brief presage,
Of the Commons' coming storm,
Omen at once and message,
Touching projects of Reform?

Blown by some unknown bellows,
And kindled at a stroke,
That they are stars, folks tell us,
And yet they end in smoke.
Can those of chief dimensions,
That soonest flash and go,
Be the homes of good intentions,
For the paving-works below?

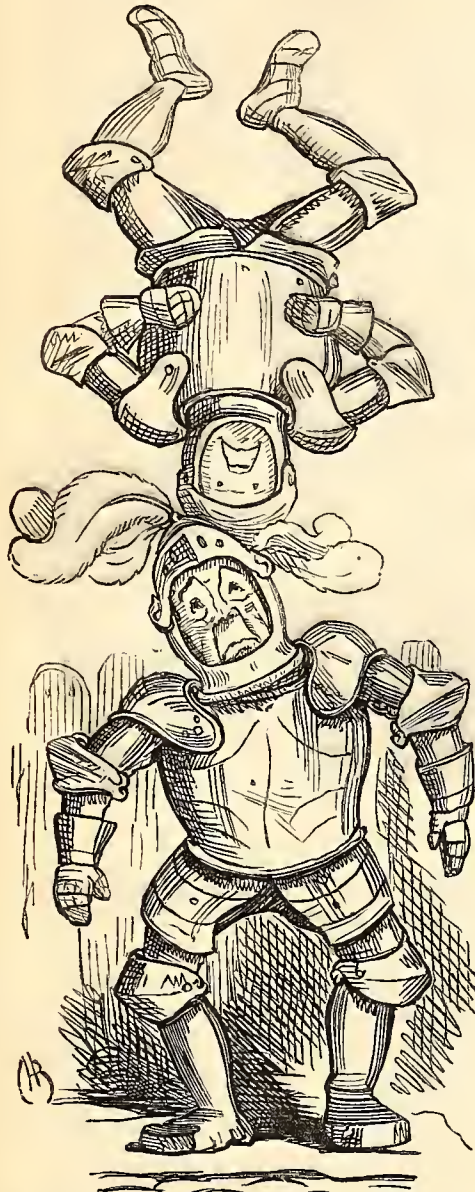
PERPETUAL MOTION DISCOVERED.—The *winding* up of public companies.

A SHINDY IN THE CITY.

"A Court of Aldermen was holden yesterday in the Long Parlour at the Mansion House, at which the new Lord Mayor (ALDERMAN GABRIEL) presided for the first time. The proceedings were stormy."—*Daily Papers*, Nov. 14.

THE LORD MAYOR began by expressing his satisfaction at his election. His brother Aldermen had always been very kind to him, and he hoped that they would continue their amiability.

ALDERMAN COPELAND thanked the late Lord Mayor, ALDERMAN PHILLIPS, for the way he had behaved while the first man of the first city of the first country in the world.



Alderman Sidney. And it is a great shame that the Government will not allow him to wear the Order of Leopold.

Alderman Rose. Nonsense. He is not a great soldier or sailor, and Government acts only according to law.

Another Alderman. Vot did he take it for, then?

Another. Cause it vos given him.

Another (defiantly). Very vell, then.

Another (more defiantly). Very vell.

Alderman Sidney. I observe that Alderman SIR ROBERT CARDEN is present.

Sir Robert Carden. That's no great feat to perform with the naked eye. I suppose I am visible enough.

An Alderman. I am in the ands of the Court. That isn't the pint. I want to know whether SIR ROBERT, sitting for the Lord Mayor, was promiseuous enough to intimidate an opinion that Lord Mayor's Show ought to be abolished.

Sir Robert Carden. In course I said so.

An Alderman. You did?

Sir Robert Carden. I did, though. And what's more, I would say it again.

An Alderman. Then you didn't ought, sitting where you sat.

Sir Robert Carden. Sitting or standing, I repeat that the show gathers all the eads and thieves of London, most prehensile manner.

An Alderman. You mean reprehensible.

Sir Robert Carden. I mean what I say. Prehensile means grabbing hold of things, like monkeys do.

An Alderman. I rise to order. The line must be drawn somewhere, and in this Court it ought to be drawn above monkeys.

Sir Robert Carden. I am always willing to meet the views of my respected friends in this Court, and I substitute apes. But the Show is a nuisance.

An Alderman (profoundly). So is many things. (*Loud cheers.*)

Alderman Wilson. I have a much more important grievance to ventilate. The arrangements at the Guildhall dinner were abominable. People could not get their places, and when they wanted to come away they could not get their carriages.

The Remembrancer. Well, look here. How can people expect good places when the officers of the Corporation bring in three hundred and forty friends of their own.

Alderman Wilson. What do you mean by saying that?

The Remembrancer. I meant to say that the Lord Mayor brings fifty-seven, each of the Sheriffs twenty-seven, and that there were at least three hundred and forty civic parties who claimed seats.

An Alderman. It's quite correct what ALDERMAN WILSON says. The political swells was shoved out of their right seats. Even LORD DERBY wasn't in his.

An Alderman. He will be, though, very soon.

Alderman Wilson. That's neither here nor there. LORD CHELMS-

FORD wasn't allowed by the police to have his carriage, and only that he is the most good-natured man out, there might have been a row.

The Remembrancer. GENERAL PEEL was pushed down by other swells.

An Alderman. You don't care—you had your dinner comfortably enough, I dare say.

The Remembrancer. Then you're just out, for I got no dinner at all.

Alderman Wilson. I have dined at Guildhall for thirty years, and I never saw such confusion.

An Alderman. Then you might stay away, and make room for somebody else, who hasn't had so much of the city turtle.

Alderman Wilson. I know I might, but I shan't.

An Alderman. I tell you all what. You've gone and offended DERBY and PEEL, and one of these blue moons something else may be abolished besides the Show. (*Sensation.*)

Alderman Rose. I cannot ascribe such littleness to Conservative statesmen, being one of them myself. (*Cheers.*)

An Alderman. Many of the Foreign Ministers were misplaced.

An Alderman. That's natral. Who's to distinguish between their outlandish and un-English titles? They know'd no better.

Another Alderman. Likely not. Besides, all foreigners is the same, and what does it matter whether SIGNOR BLACBUFFALO sits above MONSEER NONGTONGPAW, or vicy versy?

Alderman Rose. I never saw such higgledy-piggledy, however. Are these the Stately Banquets of the Merchant Princes and Fathers of the City?

An Alderman. Don't talk sentimental. This here is the nineteenth sentry, and every man look after himself.

A Very Old Alderman. Excuse me. But if that way of thinking is to be the fashion here, the sooner Mayor, Show, Corporation, Dinner, and all the rest of it are given up the better. We are a tradition of the past, a historical link, or we are awful nonsense, and the Loving Cup is the pasteboard gible—goblet, I mean—of the stage. The moment we begin to laugh at ourselves, let us abandon our turtle and eat our goose—for it is cooked. (*Sensation.*)

This speech made a deep impression upon the Court, and the subject was referred to the Committee of Privileges. The LORD MAYOR had wanted to go in State to Guildhall to help the DUKE OF EDINBURGH to open an excellent Charity Bazaar, but it appeared that the Mace could not be removed from the Court during a sitting, so the Charity suffered a heavy loss: but the dignity of the Court was preserved, and a proposal by a young Alderman that the LORD MAYOR should go with the Mace, and leave his Umbrella to sustain the Majesty of their proceedings was indignantly scouted. *Punch* does not yet despair, therefore, of the safety of the civic republic.

A PERTINENT QUERY.

I SAY, MR. PUNCH, OLD BOY,
Now my old friends, SIR MORTON, and HODGSON, and all them chaps is euttin up so respectable, and being so jolly well white-washed, and made such a deal of, in and out of Parliament, how about me?

WHEN'S MY WHITE-WASHING TO BEGIN?
I've been a very hard-used man, but I ain't a-going to complain. Financing wasn't understood in my time as it is now. I was the inventor on it, in fact. But I was out of pocket by my invention, like all great benefactors of our specie.

I've been waiting a precious long time for—what d'ye call it—"rehabilitation." I ain't quite sure about the spellin, but it means setting a man of ability, who has come to grief, on his legs again in the opinion-market. Just pop this question for me, in your next, and hint that "what's sauce for the PETO, ought to be sauce for the HUDSON," or t'other way, if you like that better, and oblige,

Your old friend and constant reader,

GEORGE HUDSON.

P.S. If you do what I want, I can put you up to a real good thing in Spanish lines. "There's life in the old dog yet," as my friend SIR EDWIN would say.

Stage Wit.

WHY cannot a stage Irishman say half-a-dozen words without exclaiming "Arrah!" Irishmen in real life but seldom use this exclamation, if indeed they do "at all—at all." We cannot hold this "arrah!" to be a shaft of wit, or, if it be considered so, it really has no point. Nor can we regard it as a bit of good broad fun, seeing it is merely an-arrah observation.

A NEW READING.

"DIRT Cheap" is the usual expression, but the connection between filth and cholera, which we know to our cost exists, makes it certain that we ought now to say dirt dear.

WHAT THE MEN IN ARMOUR WILL COME TO.



METEORS.

UNCLE JOHN PROPOSED TO TREAT HIS NEPHEWS TO A GRAND PYROTECHNIC DISPLAY, AND TAKES DOWN A CHOICE ASSORTMENT, BUT LIGHTING HIS CIGAR, THE VESUVIAN DROPS AMONG THE COMBUSTIBLES, AND THE ABOVE MAGNIFICENT, BUT UNTIMELY, "COUP DE FIREWORKS" TAKES PLACE ON THE TOP OF THE 'BUS. THE SENSATION WAS TREMENDOUS!

RIGHT AND TITLE.

If a man thinks of a Name which he imagines will make a good title for a Periodical or anything else, he can go in extreme secrecy and register it. He can then hold his tongue, and when the same idea strikes anybody else, and the latter announces it, the first thinker can burst forth upon him, and claim the invention. The only objection to this is the secrecy. An inventor should be obliged to insert his idea in a register which should be regularly published. Then there would be no quarrels over precedence, as there has been over the painfully feeble title, *Belgravia*, which has just been fought about in Chancery, to the great cost of two parties, and the benefit of neither.

Mr. Punch, whose gloriously lavish imagination is always overflowing with new ideas, hereby registers the following titles, and dares anybody to touch one of them without his august permission:—

- The Dundreary.* A Fashionable Magazine.
- The Pillow.* A Somniferous Magazine for Reading in Bed.
- The Club-Window.* A Scandalous Magazine.
- Half Hours with the Worst Authors.* An Olla Podrida.
- While She Dresses.* A Handbook for Patient Husbands.
- Late, as usual.* Tales for Wives who allow Latchkeys.
- The Alcove.* Reading for the Park.
- The Shingles.* A Magazine for the Sea-side.
- Duckydiddles.* A Handbook of Courtship.
- The Little Stranger.* A work for Sponsors.
- My Learned Brothers.* Stories for little Barristers waiting for Briefs.
- The Private Box.* Readings during the dull part of a Play.
- Charing Cross.* A Magazine for Charwomen.
- Turt Sayings and Good Puffs.* For reading while at lunch at the Pastrycook's.
- A Century of Bad Rhymes.* Manual for Burlesque writers.
- The Husbands of the Six Housemaids.* Companion to "The Wives of the Six Valleys."
- War to the Knife, or Why I hate Carving.* Companion to "Self-help."

Papers from Pandemonium. [An eminent publisher announces the work which gave us this idea, but on the whole we had rather not reprint *his* title, though he assures us that the Letters from **** are sent up by a Clergyman.]

Arithmetic without Figures. Sequel to "Astronomy without Mathematics."

A Voice from Great Snoring (Essex). Hints to bad Sleepers.

Why Peter Grievous wallopped his Children. Sequel to "Why Paul Ferroll murdered his wife."

Now just touch any one of those titles, will you, and we'll speak to SIR JOHN STUART, descendant of the royal house of that name, but an awfully good fellow, notwithstanding.

Hint for a Happy Home.

SOMEBODY advertises a Shakspeare Paper Collar. We presume that it bears an Avonian motto. Any lady who neglects her husband's buttons will do well to buy for him a set of the new articles, inscribed with the motto long ago glorified by *Mr. Punch*,

"Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your *Choler* question."

A LADY'S QUESTION.

AN Advertisement in the *Times* announces "THE LADY'S OWN PAPER." Is it tinted paper or curl paper?

ANOTHER ROYAL AUTHOR.

It is rumoured that the EX-KING OF NAPLES has employed himself in his retirement in writing a novel, to be called *The Two Cicelys*.

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIM.—The Archbishop in Scotland.

"SOUND INVESTMENT."—A Ritualist clergyman chanting.



“WITH A DIFFERENCE.”

Foxhunter. “THE LADY HAS GOT OVER, JIM.”

Jim. “AND THE GENTLEMAN, TOO, SIR.”

FOXES AND GEESE.

A Dining Room.—Dessert. UNCLE and NEPHEW.

Nephew. Is it true that DR. PUSEY denies that he and his adherents demand or enforce Confession?

Uncle. Yes. I hope he means what he says, and says what he means. If he preaches the necessity of Confession, when he says that he doesn't enforce it he equivocates; and an equivocation, meant to mislead, is simply a lie.

Nephew. Does PUSEY claim the same powers as those asserted by Roman Catholic Priests?

Uncle. So I understand.

Nephew. What do the Roman Catholic Priests say of his pretensions?

Uncle. That they are false. The Roman Catholic Priests disown all connection with DR. PUSEY. They consider him no priest at all, and not even a Catholic. In their estimation he is no more a priest than I am, and no less a heretic. The Roman Catholic Priests, with the POPE at their head, and the whole Greek Church besides, Patriarch and all, hold precisely the same opinion of DR. PUSEY as that which the President and College of Physicians, and the President and College of Surgeons entertain of Professor HOLLOWAY.

Nephew. That is to say, they regard DR. PUSEY as an ecclesiastical quack?

Uncle. Yes; or rather a lay quack; no ecclesiastic at all.

Nephew. May not DR. PUSEY's pretensions be as well-founded as theirs?

Uncle. Yes; if theirs and his are equally unfounded. By far the greater part of Christendom votes DR. PUSEY a humbug. I do not say a conscious humbug; but still a humbug. On the question whether he is a humbug or no, that is, whether he is a priest or no, DR. PUSEY is in a very small minority. All Protestants think him a humbug. All Roman Catholics think him a humbug. The contrary opinion is confined to the High Church party in the Church of England. DR. PUSEY is certainly not a humbug—if the authority which the POPE claims is vested in that body of English parsons.

Nephew. Was a young lady caused to remain in an Anglican convent against her will by DR. PUSEY's threat that, if she did not, he would cease to be her “spiritual director,” and no longer grant her absolution, for want of which she feared she would be “lost”?

Uncle. Such a statement has been made in an account published by a lady of her experience in an Anglican Sisterhood. Let us hope that the lady was misinformed, and that the story is utterly untrue.

Nephew. Don't you believe it?

Uncle. I have no evidence for its truth, and the gown of DR. PUSEY remains on his shoulders.

Nephew. You don't approve of Father Confessors?

Uncle. Especially not of amateur Father Confessors. Confession has been abominably abused even in the Roman Church, by the Romanists' own showing, as in the evidence for the defence in that *cause célèbre*, *ACHILLI v. NEWMAN*. It is liable to foul abuse even there where it is practised as a system, subject to strict regulation. The probable results of its irregular and unrestricted practice may be imagined.

Nephew. Cannot your sham Father Confessors be turned out of the Church?

Uncle. Hardly. In these days it would be almost impossible to turn a Mormonite out of the Church—let alone a Puseyite. The only feasible plan is to turn them out of the house whenever they are found in it, and the process of ejection would be best performed by the act of kicking as hard as possible, for which I would recommend *PATER-FAMILIAS* to choose out the thickest and heaviest pair of boots in his whole collection.—Pass the claret.

PAPERS AND PASSENGERS.

WE lately noticed a placard, advertising a certain journal as a “First Class Evening Paper.” The idea of a first-class paper implies the supposition of second and third class papers. Why should not the two latter classes of papers be also advertised as such? By an extension of the same plan novels and other works could be announced as first, second, and third class publications. People would thus be guided in the selection of newspapers, periodicals, and books, so as to be enabled readily to choose those suitable to their tastes and circumstances; and the option of taking his own class would accommodate every traveller on the lines of literature.

AN INCOMPLETE TRIO.—The Seal and the Tapir at the Zoological Gardens, for they want—the wax.

DON'T HALLOO TILL YOU'RE OUT OF THE WOOD.



CHAUNT OF THE INDIGNANT DIRECTOR.

Through the Wood, through the Wood, follow and find me!
 Search each prospectus, and share-market sell!
 And I shan't leave a trace of my earnings behind me,
 Allottees, they'll renounce, call-arrears they will swell!
 Take the North-British, and ask how it rose:
 Into the books of the Great Eastern peep:
 Think of applying to great specs like those—
 Rules small concerns and small people must keep.
 Through the Wood, through the Wood, &c.

O listen! Here's VICE-CHANCELLOR SIR W. P. WOOD has set aside an allotment of shares in the Estates Investment Company on the ground of lies in the Company's Prospectus! Bless us and save us! What is to become of nine-tenths of the joint-stock companies in the kingdom, if share and debenture-holders take to following MR. ROSS's example, and repudiating their liability because they have been taken in by false representations, and if other Judges don't rush in to over-rule VICE-CHANCELLOR PAGE WOOD?

Our indignation makes verses, as JUVENAL says, and vents itself in this:—

If truth in prospectuses only can clear me,
 I should like to know how things can pleasant
 be made:
 WOOD may talk, but with PETO and HODGSON
 so near me,
 I maintain there's no lie in the trick of the
 trade.
 Through the Wood, through the Wood, follow
 and fine me!
 Probe my share-dealings, my riggings expose!
 And soon to my creditors I must assign me,
 And come down as like stick, as like rocket I
 rose!

ALARMING OBITER DICTUM.

DELIVERING judgment on the case of the REV. E. PARKER v. LEACH, in the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, LORD WESTBURY made the remark that:—

"Painful feelings had been created in this case, and more painful would they be if the point raised by the reverend Appellant could prevail, for then it would be clear that for some forty years services had been performed—baptisms and marriages—which could not be valid, as the Church needed to be consecrated."

That is a nice condition of law which renders the validity of a marriage dependent on the consecration of the church in which it has been celebrated! If the parsons do not bestir themselves to get this state of things promptly altered, they will necessarily be supposed to be desirous of driving matrimony to the dissenters' meeting house, or the office of the Registrar.

A Thought in Regent Street.

"THE Delicacies of the Season" appear to be coming in sooner than usual, and from a new quarter; judging by the tickets in the shops (drapers' shops, too!), which announce "Ice-land Lamb."

QUERIES WITH ANSWERS.

What is a Railway "plant?"—HORTICULTURIST.

[Inquire at the Offices of the London, Chatham and Dover.]

I am compiling a work on the origin of the names of London streets, and am puzzled about Maddox Street. Can you suggest any interpretation?—F.S.A.

Cowbridge.

[STRYPE, on the authority of a "terrier" of KING CHARLES's found among *Dandie Dinmont's* papers, and a passage in SUETONIUS, tells us that there was formerly a great cattle and dead-meat market here, removed to Smithfield at the dissolution of the monasteries by CROMWELL's Ironsides, who set fire to the organ in York Minster, and then threw themselves off from the Monument crying in rapid succession *βαλαττα! βαλαττα!* But TACITUS is silent on the subject, and STRABO, with his usual obliquity, merely glances at a supposed reference to the Serpentine by PORPHYRY, who flourished about the time of the Elgin Marbles and the introduction of Aberdeen granite into Monumental Sculpture.]

I have for years devoted all my leisure hours to the investigation of a subject which has hitherto, I believe, escaped the notice of authors—*Medical Students, their Hospitals and Hospitalities*; and should be glad to be referred to any authentic sources of information.—U. GREEN HORNE.

[Perhaps *The Borough*, by CRABBE, might supply some particulars, but are you not mistaken in supposing you have got hold of an untried horse? Consult the Catalogues of the British Museum, *passim*, and CHETHAM's Hospital and Library, Manchester.]

Where can I find the celebrated exclamation of the immortal NELSON—"Westminster Abbey, or Waterloo Bridge!" (or something to that effect). Also, of the great NAPOLEON—"Forty sentries look down upon us from these Pyramids!"—E. GYPSHOW HALL.

[Have you tried *Things Not Generally Known*?]

ASSURANCE DOUBLY SURE.

"An Englishman's word is his bond." Certainly; a bond with two sureties: say, SIR MORTON PETO and MR. JOHN HODGSON.

THE LADIES' STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE following announcement, in a list of similar notifications, appears in the *Queen*:—

"I have a packet containing 100 unnamed coloured crests, 60 unnamed coloured monograms, 20 coloured coroneted crests, regimental badges, seals, &c., and 30 foreign postage stamps, all different. I require for the lot a cock canary of any colour, so long as it is in good health. It must be either a last year's or this year's bird.—FAN. N***F.

It seems, from the foregoing proposal, that there exists among young ladies a Stock Exchange for the sale and purchase, or barter, of such valuables as those above enumerated. "FAN" has evidently an eye to business. The canary, for which she offers the "lot" of articles specified in her tender, may be estimated as fairly worth five shillings; whilst all those things, if only appraised, would be valued at less than nothing, since they are of no manner of use, and would just cost any sensible person, into whose hands they might come, the exertion of throwing them away. However, the worth of anything is just as much as it will bring. If young ladies will buy monograms, and crests, and regimental badges, and seals, and foreign postage stamps, so much the better for the vendor, who does as wisely as sailors that sell glass beads to savages. But the savages at least wear the beads, whereas young ladies are not, so far as we know, accustomed to decorate themselves or their dresses with obliterated postage stamps, and the other rubbish of a similar description which appears to constitute the stock of the Young Ladies' Stock Exchange.

Action and Reaction.

RAISING the Paten and the Cup,
 Rouses JOHN BULL to frown;
 'Tis clear (he thinks) such *lifting up*,
 Requires a *setting down*?

MEDICAL.

OUR Doctor's ceiling fell in the other day. To prevent a recurrence of the accident, he immediately repaired it with Sticking-plaster.

SUNDAY "BANDS."—Our Chrute's.

THE SPIRITED YOUNG MEN MARKET.



HOSE people who have read over the Report on the Recruiting of the Army returned by the Commissioners appointed to consider that pressing matter, will perhaps be of opinion that the most valuable part of it consists in the following postscript or appendix:—

"DISSENT.

"Feeling most strongly that a sufficient pension is what soldiers look to more than any other boon or advantage that may be offered to them, and also being of opinion that the recruiting for the Army may be much injured by the unfavourable account that a dissatisfied pensioner may give of the service, and *vice versa*, in the case of a satisfied pensioner, I reluctantly dissent from the recommendation of the Commission as to the amount proposed to be added to the pension, and think that 4*d.* instead of 2*d.* should be added to the present rate of all pensions to non-commissioned officers and soldiers."

"B. RADCLIFFE, Colonel,
Royal Artillery."

There is no object that more tends to counteract the eloquence of the recruiting sergeant than the sight of a ragged and famishing old soldier, or of a veteran in the workhouse. If the superannuated hero has the cuff of an empty sleeve pinned to his breast, or is hobbling on a wooden leg, he is a spectacle all the rather operating to the discouragement of martial impulse. He is, as it were, a scarecrow, deterring all reasonable spectators from adventuring to tread the path of glory in which he got mutilated, so that he is now for the town's end to beg during life in order that he may be enabled to eke out a starvation allowance. If the soldier's retiring pension is even raised by fourpence instead of twopence, making it twelvepence a day, will what a grateful country thinks of its brave defenders be very much more than adequately represented even by the munificent sum of one shilling?

TOUCHING THAT PRIMER.

CARISSIME DOMINE PUNCH,

Post horas Scholæ.

FIGOR. Careo te juvare me. Nunquam in totâ meâ vitâ vidi aliquid simile huic. Vide hîc. Fui ad scholam quinque annos. Ivi primum ad miseram privatam scholam, ubi Grammatica Etonensis in meum caput quotidie verberatum erat. Ivi tum ad publicam scholam, ubi illa Grammatica non utebatur: et ergo res prima quam habui facere erat dediscere omne quod scivi, et discere nullum finem novarum regularum. Nunc, crede mihi si potes, novem viri, suâ opinione terribilissimi tumores, novam Grammaticam scripserunt: et solum hodiè in scholam venit Magister meus, et dicit "Pueri, omnes vos hunc librum discite." Bene: aperui librum; et talem farraginem nunquam antè vidi. Quid putas de hoc? Genitivus casus venit post accusativum. Quis infans non scit bene ut naturâ rerum genitivus sequitur nominativum? Solemniter declaro ut omnis hic pretiosus liber plenus est errorum. Tuum tempus nimis pretiosum est audire unum dimidium eorum; sed cape meum verbum. Quod dico verum est; et quod ego volo hoc est: Volo ut habui hic illos novem doctos, ut ipsi putant, viros. Volo ut habui docere illis hunc librum. Volo ut omnia eorum capita unum caput erant; O mei oculi, quomodo id unum caput frangerem!

Sum tuus fidus servus,

PUERULUS.

P.S. Forsitan aliqui putabunt ut non possum scribere valdè bonum Latinum, et ut ergo non faciet mihi ullam injuriam discere hanc novam Grammaticam. Stulti!

A DEFUNCT MONSTER HOTEL.

WHY is a Company that fails, unlike a watch?—Because it stops instead of going when it is wound up.

The foregoing question and answer have been suggested by the statement, published amongst recent Law Intelligence, that, in the matter of the "Richmond-hill Hotel Company," in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, a winding-up order was made last week. We do not rejoice in the losses of our neighbours, but if there is any grief that people can come to which could give us satisfaction, it is that incurred by them in trying to make money at the cost of spoiling one of the finest views of the world.

ADDRESS TO A RITUALIST.—Who's your Triple Hatter?

PLEASE, BE CHEERFUL.

(After LONGFELLOW.)

TELL us not, in mournful "numbers,"
Life is all a ghastly dream!
Such as those we have in slumbers,
When the night-mare makes us scream.

Life is dark enough in earnest,
Without bringing in the gaol;
Only readers of the sternest
Like their heroines out on bail.

Not to swindle, or to borrow,
Is the reputable way;
Not to marry, and to-morrow
Kill your bride, and run away.

Arson's wrong, and poisoning dreary,
And our hearts, though pretty brave,
Now and then get rather weary
Of the gallows and the grave.

In the great domestic battle,
In the matrimonial strife,
Be not like those Mormon "cattle!"
Give your hero but one wife.

Wives and Daughters should remind you
There are women without crime:
Draw them, and you'll leave behind you
Fictions that may weather time;—

Fictions free from that Inspector
Who is sent by RICHARD MAYNE,
And finds footmarks that affect a
Solemn butler in the lane.

Let us, then, have no more trials,
No more tampering with Wills;
Leave the poisons in the phials—
And the money in the tills.

A WORD ON RAILWAY SLEEPERS.

(To Mr. Punch.)

SIR,

I READ, the other day, a statement in the *Times* with the signature W. I. S. H. I wish you would allow me to say something which it suggests. The writer avers that he not long since was talking to a guard in the Midland Counties, and that he found on inquiry that very often men were compelled to work thirty-six hours uninterruptedly; that if a man, thus overworked, ventured to remonstrate he was invariably dismissed from service; and hence it is that engine-drivers are often found asleep on their engines, or at least so drowsy as to be unfit for further duty, though still having some hours' duty to perform. No wonder, observes W. I. S. H., we have accidents, but who, he asks, are the persons blameworthy?—and he so far answers his own question as to reply, "Surely not the overworked engineer, but rather they who exact more than is reasonable from those in their employ." That is to say, I suppose, the Railway Directors. Now, Sir, I am a British householder, and I am liable to be summoned to serve on Coroner's Juries, and I will tell you what I will not do if ever I have to sit on the fragments of the body of somebody who has been smashed by a railway accident, arising from the drowsiness of any official occasioned by overwork, or, let me add, from inexpertness, or incompetence, the fault of inadequate remuneration. I will not, whatever a fool of a Coroner may tell me, be such an ass myself as to agree in returning the verdict which the asses, who too commonly constitute Coroner's Juries, are accustomed to return in such cases. I will not be a party to finding a verdict imputing criminal negligence to the merely unfortunate guard, stoker, engineer, signalman, or pointsman.

That is what I will not do. Now, Sir, I'll tell you what I will do. I will insist on giving in a verdict of manslaughter, not to say wilful murder, against those Directors who, because they will not give wages enough to ensure ability, engage servants who are unequal to their duties, and unfit to be trusted with peoples' lives. I will, as I am a true-born Britain; if I don't,

I am, A DUTCHMAN.

Oratio Longa Vita Brevis.

THEY say the limited enlistment plan has had some excellent results in the Army. Suppose we tried the effect of a few "short-service men" in the *Church militant*?



A PASSION FOR ASTRONOMY.

ZADKIEL'S OWN FUTURE.

It is with pain that *Mr. Punch* has read in the *Globe* newspaper the paragraphs to which he is about to refer. But he hastens to say that that excellent journal has erred only from want of the information which is in *Mr. Punch's* possession. In reviewing the predictions which the unfortunate *Zadkiel* has made for 1867, the *Globe*, with a natural and gentlemanly indignation at the liberties which the astrologer has taken with the names of distinguished persons, observes,—

“September threatens the **KINGS** of ITALY and SAXONY—and the **PRINCESS** LOUISA again: why cannot the fellow leave our Princesses alone? Does it delight his maid-servant readers to find evil prophesied of princesses. Constantinople and Venice, Manchester and Liverpool (again!), are to have troubles in October; but royalty is spared in that month for a wonder. However, in November the **PRINCESS HELENA** is again persecuted by the stars.”

Even severer remarks than these would have been more than justified, but that it is not generous to strike a person when he is menaced by terrible dangers. The *Globe* had not taken the trouble to consult the stars in reference to the future of the astrologer himself. *Mr. Punch* has before him **ZADKIEL'S** own horoscope for 1867, and a sad one it is. In January the persecution of the unlucky creature will begin, for Jupiter is in the second house, and the aspect of Sirius is lurid. About the middle of the month, **ZADKIEL** will nearly be choked by the tail of a shrimp, but will cough it up. Without giving the astral configurations by which his fate is made clear to the youngest student of the sublime science, we briefly state the rest. In February, he will be terribly cut in shaving. In March, a maid-servant will, out of spite, manage to spill a kettle of boiling water over his left leg, and he will be confined to his house until April, when he will slide over a piece of orange-peel, and severely damage his southern configuration. In May, he will have many things stolen from his house, and his chimney will catch fire. In June, he will fall down-stairs. In July, he will be knocked down by a carriage. In August, he will buy some toad-stools instead of mushrooms, and be awfully ill for several days. In September he will sit down upon a live cat, and be severely bitten, but cauterisation may prevent evil results. In October, the stars seem to indicate a treacherous calm, but it will end early in November, when he will fall over the coal-skuttle, break his shins, and knock his head

against a pewter beer-pot. And in December his medical attendant will make a revelation to him which we earnestly counsel him to take into his serious consideration. It has nothing to do with tripe or buttered muffins, but Saturn and Mars are in trine with Gamma Baconis, and everything points at something awful. We make these revelations with pain, for though **ZADKIEL** himself has no scruple in trying to make the Princesses uncomfortable, the miseries which he will himself undergo in 1867 will render him a subject for tolerance and compassion. We shall announce the fulfilment of each prediction, and mark how **ZADKIEL** bears his fate.

FASHIONABLE BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

ACCORDING to the *Liberté*, ladies in Paris have begun to come out in dresses trimmed all over with feathers, so copiously that:—

“Sportsmen cannot supply them in sufficient quantity. Feathers of the peacock, partridge, pintado, pheasant, jay, blackbird, and pigeon are all seized with eagerness, and even the ducks of the poultry-yard are plucked to satisfy the caprice of our fashionable ladies.”

An occasion whereon ladies might appear suitably decorated with feathers would be a musical assembly. If they took part in it as vocalists, they might, being feathered all over, be considered as appearing in the character of singing birds. Ducks, indeed, do not sing; but swans are said to, and a dress covered with swan's plumage would be suggestive of a song with the burden of Down, derry down. But, to satisfy the caprice of a fashionable lady, the ducks of the poultry-yard would yield feathers less appropriate than those which might be derived from the geese.

A Thought in Church.

THE income of the excellent **ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY**—long may he enjoy it—is £15,000 a-year. If he were travelling, with a year's income about him, and he were attacked by robbers who took about eighteen hundred pounds from him, we wonder whether he would express thankfulness that they had left him a “remnant” of his property.



POLITICAL "ECONOMY."

MANAGER. "NOW, THEN, BENJAMIN, WHAT HAVE WE GOT FOR THE OPENING SCENE?"

PROPERTY-MAN. "WELL, SIR, HERE'S THE OLD '59 BANNER! A LITTLE TOUCHING UP 'LL MAKE IT AS GOOD AS NEW."

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Monday, in my Hotel.—Dull: no news from Solicitor. Send up porter with note to SEEL to ask how's the matter going on. Lonely place a hotel when you don't know anybody. Go to the bar and ask for letters.

Happy Thought.—To ask for letters at a hotel gives you some importance. No letters: didn't expect any. Porter returns: SEEL not in. No answer: provoking. Go and write a Chapter for Vol. VIII. *Typical Developments*, on "Loneliness in Crowds." Think the idea's been done before: will ask some one. Won't write just now: go and have my hair cut.

Man who cuts it wishes to know insinuatingly, whether I use their Bohemian Balsam. I don't like hurting his feelings, but am obliged to say that I do not. He can recommend it strongly he says, and wishes to "put up a pot for me." I say no, not to-day. I feel that I am in his hands, and if he presses it very much, I'm done. He supposes, as a matter of course, that I am never without their Chloride of Caranthus. I answer, in an off-hand way, that I haven't used any of it lately, though I don't add that I've never heard of it before. Shall he put me up a couple of bottles? I take time to consider: as if this was a difficult matter to decide. I answer after a few minutes, "Well—no—not to-day," whereupon he proposes sending it to me in any part of the country.

Happy Thought.—To tell him that I don't like the Chloride of Caranthus: that will settle it. I tell him: it doesn't settle it. He is astonished to hear this from me, and says, "Indeed! dear me!" quite pityingly. I wonder if he's taken in. He tries to flatter me by pretending that he recollects how I like my hair cut. "Not very short, I think," he says. Humbug: I've never been here before. He tells me that some gentlemen *do* prefer the Gelatinium; perhaps he inquires, that is *my* case, perhaps I prefer the Gelatinium. On my saying, dubiously, "No," he proposes putting up a bottle of each to try.

Happy Thought.—Always be decided in speaking to a hair-dresser. Say boldly that you don't use any of these things, or that you don't want anything at present.

I casually praise a brush whirled about my head by machinery, and he offers to put that up for me, machinery and all, I suppose. Nothing easier, he explains. Will I have my head washed? I answer, "Yes," adding inadvertently, "I have not had that done for some weeks." He seizes upon the admission, and deduces from it that I have none of their Savonian Bruilliantine. I have not. He says decidedly that he will put me up a couple of bottles. He is actually going to give the order when I call out, "No, I won't." A little more and I should lose my temper altogether. He's afraid that I don't use their Gelissiton Sphixiad for my whiskers and moustache. He says this in a tone implying that I may expect them to drop off at once if I don't adopt his remedy. I despise myself for getting cross with a hair-dresser; but one is entirely in his power. You can't jump up and run away with the apron sort of thing round your neck. He is very officious in assisting me with my coat and waistcoat: his hands are greasy, but I don't like to hurt his feelings. Won't I have any soaps, brushes, combs? can't he put up any little thing for me? toilette bottles? Then he concludes, with "Nothing more to-day?" Whereupon I reply, as blandly as I can, "No, thank you, nothing more to-day." He bows me out.

Happy Thought.—Won't go *there* again. Ought to go to a dentist's. Shan't. It hurts; and I might be laid up with a swelled face.

Back to hotel. Send message up to Solicitor. Ask for letters again. None. Porter returns. No answer from Solicitor. Odd. Think I'll write to FRASER. In his letter send a message to MISS FRIDOLINE. Can't send her "my love." "Kind regards" is what you would send to an elderly lady. I'll put it generally, thus: "Remember me to all at Furze." Send up to Solicitor's, for the third time to-day. Think I'll take a walk. As I go out, ask for letters. None. I appear surprised and puzzled. Don't think the Manageress is taken in. Solicitor sends answer:—"All right. You can go away. Send me your address, in case of an accident. PENNEFATHER withdraws."

I am in high spirits. Hang PENNEFATHER!

Happy Thought.—Go down to Bovor Castle at once. Change of scene. Telegraph—"Coming down. Last train. Dine in town. No answer."

Splendid invention, telegraphing. So easily done. I send a line: in an hour's time CHILDERS gets it: orders a trap to meet me by last train: prepares supper, fire, bed for me: and everything is ready for my arrival.

Dine at my Hotel.—Notice character. Patronising head-waiter, who keeps on catching my eye. Officious waiter, who will insist upon bringing every course before I want it, and receiving everything before I've quite done. One man dining alone smiles on everyone as if he'd be ready to drink or eat with anyone at a moment's notice. Another bestows his umbrella carefully away in a corner at his elbow, as though there were some chance of its raining during dinner-time, in which case he would be prepared. A third calls the waiters by their Christian names, and gets served quicker than any one; whereat others (myself included) are scowling. The head-waiter whispers to him the

best cuts, and keeps him alive to the arrival of the hottest joint. There is another unfortunate man, who sits down at the same time as myself, and, apparently, asks for everything they haven't got, and is only beginning his fish as I am finishing my dinner. Cab. To Station.

Happy Thought.—When I return to town, to learn boxing. To give an impertinent cabman one on the nose, or in the eye, would beat repartees all to nothing. As it is, I have to give him sixpence over his fare, to avoid a row.

Ticket for Beckenhurst. Nearest station for Bovor Castle. No sleeping this time.

Bright night. Carriage shaky. Hope my luggage is all right. It suddenly flashes across me that I don't remember packing up my sponge. Wish I could get at my portmanteau, and see. No good, by the way, if I could.

Beckenhurst.—Luckily some one in the carriage tells me it's Beckenhurst, or I should have missed it. Get out. Very cold. I've got two portmanteaus, a bag, a writing-desk and a dressing-case. I tell this to the guard, who whistles, and the train is off. I find my luggage on the platform. Station-master asks for my ticket. I give it him. Porter asks me where I'm going to? I say "Bovor Castle," with a feeling that there's something wrong. On the contrary, all right. Station-master says, politely, "Oh, you're the gentleman who telegraphed from town to say he'd be down by last train." I am, I reply. Station-master runs off to look after two or three other tickets.

To telegraph was a Happy Thought indeed. The telegram (I say to myself) has arrived: old CHILDERS has sent a trap for me, prepared supper, and all I've to do is drive to Bovor as quickly as possible, and enjoy myself. The train is half-an-hour late, but that doesn't matter, as the telegram has arrived. Station-master returns. I am curious to know how quickly that telegraphic message travelled. "When?" I ask him in the greatest good humour, "did you get it here?" "Well," replies the Station-master, "the fact is, the line was a little out of order." "Ah, I see, it didn't come as quickly as usual; well, at all events, it came." "Oh yes," continues the Station-master, slowly, "it came; but they sent it to Brighton first." "To Brighton!" I exclaim. "Why?" The Station-master says he doesn't know why to Brighton, as they needn't have done *that*. "Well," I ask, "when did you get it then?" [I think to myself it *is* a wonderful thing this telegraphing: here a message goes by mistake fifty or sixty miles out of the way, and it makes hardly any difference after all. Wonderful!] He answers, "Well, Sir, it didn't come till very late." I begin to be nervous. "But," I inquire, "you sent it on to MR. CHILDERS at Bovor?" "Well, no I didn't," he replies. "Not!" I exclaim. "But, good heavens! here I've come from London on purpose to—to—to to go to Bovor—" I am aware of the climax not being powerful, but proceed, angrily, "—and had settled everything—and—hang it—I telegraphed on purpose that there might be no inconvenience. Why on earth didn't you send it on?"

"Well, Sir," says the Station-master, deprecatingly, "it wouldn't have been any use, as you'd have been there before the telegram." "What!" I exclaim. He explains, "the message only arrived ten minutes before you came down." He adds, that his porter walking wouldn't get to Bovor, which is four miles off, as soon as I should driving, and therefore he didn't send it: he then begins to recapitulate the circumstances of the line being wrong, message going to Brighton when I cut him short. "I shall complain of this," I say, wishing to frighten him. He isn't a bit frightened, and agrees with me. He says, "yes, there ought to be a complaint about it." "To whom?" I ask, producing my pocket-book. Well, to the London Telegraph Office, he thinks. It shall be done. I make a great note, "To the Manager of the Telegraph Office—To complain—Brighton," and return the memorandum to my pocket.

What's the time? Eleven. Why they'll all be in bed. The Station-master thinks it not improbable. Shall I go over there? The porter can get me a fly: in five minutes. He does so: in a quarter of an hour. "If," I ask the Station-master who has sat down to work, and has quite forgotten me, "I *do* go to Bovor, and can't get in to the Castle, I suppose I can get a bed in the village." "What village?" he asks. Well, I mean in Bovor village. "Oh," he says, "there's no Bovor village, there's only the Castle; it's a good four miles from here." "Well, then, I must return to Beckenhurst, if I want a bed." "Yes, that's it," he says, adding, "that there's a fairish inn at Beckenhurst."

Shall I stop at Beckenhurst, and go on in the morning? I am undecided. The fly arrives. The porter decides me by placing my luggage in the boot. It isn't a fly at all, it is a sort of dog-cart, and I have to sit next to the driver. It is very cold. It is very dark, after coming out of the station. Brightish night. We start for Bovor Castle.

A Trio.

THERE are three men living together in Chambers: a Barrister, a City man, and a West-end Government Clerk. Their friends call them *Temple Bar*, *Cornhill*, and *Belgravia*.



SYMPATHY.

Giles (ruefully). "VILLIAM, I'VE BEEN AN' GONE AN' 'LISTED!"

William. "LOR'! 'AVE YER, THOUGH? GOT THE SHILLIN'?"

Giles. "YES."

William. "WELL, THEN, LET'S GO AN' 'AVE A GLASS AT THE 'BARLEY-MOW.' DON'T LET'S BE DOWN'EARTED!"

WHO'S YOUR POPE?

THAT the cowl makes not the monk,
Is a truth our fathers knew:
Mimes, in apish folly sunk,
Be it also known to you.
When a parson is arrayed,
In an alb, a stole, and cope,
Not thereby a Priest he's made.
Who's your Pope? Who's your Pope?

PRO NONO, when at home,
Sits supreme in Peter's Chair,
Which at present is at Rome,
May not be much longer there;
For, wherever he may go,
He will bear it, should he "slope"
If you do not kiss his toe—
Who's your Pope? Who's your Pope?

Claim ye power to bind and loose?
To absolve on hearing shrift?
Say, ere you delude your goose,
Who bestowed on you that gift?
Tell us, Sarum, will it wash?
Oxon, how art off for soap?
If you talk not utter bosh—
Who's your Pope? Who's your Pope?

Priests to Rome's Pope who belong,
Pope and all, disown you quite.
How, if you declare them wrong,
Make ye out that you are right?
They maintain that you are shams,
Heretics beyond all hope;
Wolves, not shepherds, to your lambs—
Who's your Pope? Who's your Pope?

Kneel to Rome, confess the name
Of Rome's Pontiff; or deny.
But, if you the Pope disclaim,
Let us have no Popery.
While at Popish Priests you play,
For the farce allowed free scope,
Let all men who meet you say—
Who's your Pope? Who's your Pope?

WHY is an Hotel Ghost like a policeman? Because it is an Inn-spectre.

HORACE HALL-RAYS ON THE GREAT DIAMOND QUESTION.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

THERE have been loud, and I daresay very just complaints of the extravagant price of beef and that sort of thing. Not being myself a family man, however, I am precluded from entering into a pure table-talk matter like this with so keen a zest as my friends who are more happily situated. When conversation takes a higher tone, when eloquence, eschewing steaks, is fired by stars—not astronomical, but aristocratic—a sympathetic chord is struck in every noble breast. For, let me ask, what man of refinement and sensibility can dilate on the present preposterous price of gems without his voice becoming tremulous with emotion? Who can stand for an hour in an auction-room, where jewels are driving competition to madness, and not feel humbled by his own comparative worthlessness and insignificance? Precious stones are knocked down by the irrevocable hammer to a startling tune. A necklette is "run up" to a figure that a hunter couldn't reach. For pearls you must dive in your spare cash deeper and deeper still. A pansy-brooch shall cost you a clump of trees; and in catching a butterfly you may drop as many ten-pound notes as, judiciously distributed, would secure you a seat in Parliament.

Sir! this question has a moral as well as a monetary aspect. The imitative genius of our manufacturers was never more conspicuous than at this moment. From pictures to pepper, shams confront us on every side, and it is wonderful how true they are to nature and art. As great original gems recede from our view, a white light no less than a red one may come to be regarded by timid men as a signal for caution. Let me explain. An impulsive Major, lately returned from India, was attracted by a German Baroness (the relict of an unpopular diplomatist), in a ball-room at Wiesbaden. Fascinated by jewels, which he fondly supposed to be of pure water, my poor friend plunged into the giddy whirlpool of love, and striking out boldly, soon found himself in

that ridiculous piscatory position which a fishing-line suggests, Madam being at one end and Major at the other. When too late he became conscious that he had acted like a gudgeon, and been caught ingloriously with *paste*.

One word of consolation, and may it yield comfort to all who sigh, alas! unavailingly for earth's too costly gems. In this favoured land may be found many rough diamonds more noted for their sterling worth than for their shining qualities; but depend upon it our beloved country will never lose her native lustre so long as she can boast, as she does now, in countless profusion of those "real brilliants," Beauty and Wit.

Cameo Villa.

Ever yours,
HORACE HALL-RAYS.

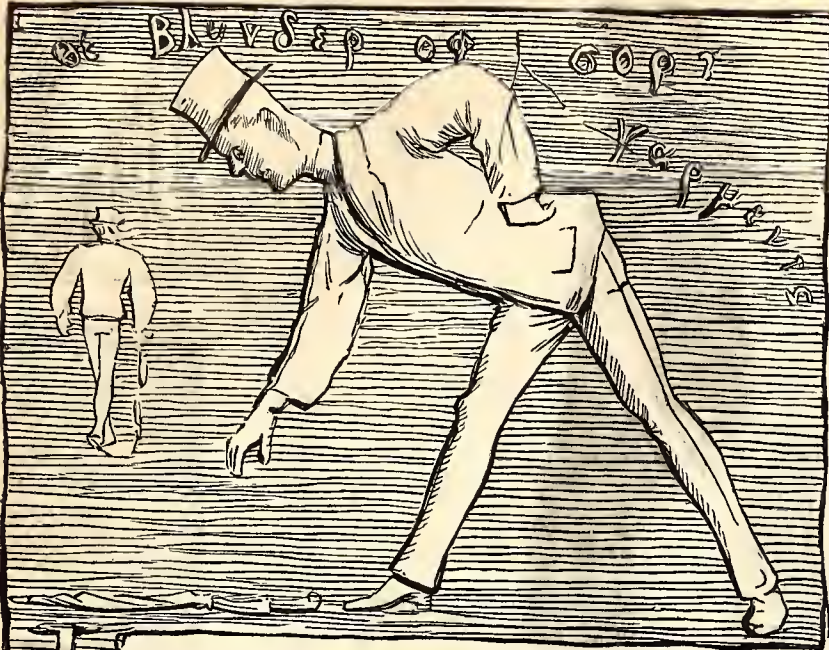
AN HONEST WELCOME.

THE Electors of Wexford have done themselves honour by choosing as Member an accomplished gentleman named KAVANAGH, who, according to social report, will be an admirable representative. It happens that MR. KAVANAGH was born without arms or legs. Nevertheless he has been a great traveller, and is a splendid horseman, and as good a salmon-fisher as MR. BRIGHT, and, in fact, seems to make it doubtful whether arms and legs are not superfluties. To notice these peculiarities, by way of excuse for heartily welcoming MR. KAVANAGH to the senate is no impertinence on the part of *Mr. Punch*, who is himself the most gifted of mortals, yet, as the portrait on his title-page shows, is not exactly a Duke of Limbs! Ha! ha! MR. KAVANAGH, the strength of some of us is in the Head.

A SENSIBLE ADVERTISEMENT!

"A GOOD HUNTING SEAT WANTED"—by a very bad rider.

A BALLAD OF BLUNDERS.



The Blunder of Short Garments. Thou shalt wear
Thy supple thighs in sheaths of splendid fit,
Much use whereof shall surely render bare
The mystery, yea, the very threads of it;
And cold shall seize thee standing; should'st thou sit,
Thy skin shall vex thee with its tenderness;
Or stoop, thy perilous underseam shall split;
This is the end of every man's excess.

The Blunder of Gay Seasons. Strange delight;
Thy seething garb shall cleave to thee, and cling;
Thy red wet palm shall reek beneath the white;
And fierce black shining leather bite and sting,
A future of sore troubles gathering;
The dawn shall send thee, cold and comfortless,
Creeping along the kerb, an abject thing.
This is the end of every man's excess.

The Blunder of Much Music. Sit thee down,
Nay, stop thine ears, and sleep. For verily,
She that is playing heedeth not thy frown,
And she that singeth takes no thought for thee;
And song shall follow song till thou shalt be
Smitten and bitten with fierce restlessness
To bite and smite in turn, or turn to flee;
This is the end of every man's excess.

The Blunder of Great Banquets. Out of sight,
Beyond the reach of hands that heal for gain,
The dish of thy desire and thy delight
Shall vex thy sleep. Thou shalt behold again
The Lord Knight Mayor, thy host, as King of Pain;
And lo, the worthy Lady Mayoress
As Queen of Pleasure in thy fond heart shall reign;
This is the end of every man's excess.

The Blunder of Long Speeches. Thou shalt burn
To see men whisper, and thy voice grow thick,
And shame shall stain thee red and white by turn,
And all thy wine shall rise and make thee sick;
And short swift sobs shall take thy breath betw-hic!
And in thy skull shall be much emptiness,
And in thy stead, the likeness of a stick.
This is the end of every man's excess.

The Blunder of Late Hours. Leave thy sad bed;
See what strange things shall grieve thy straining sight:
Stray broken glass to greet the dawn; grey dead
Strewn ashes of the weeds of thy delight;
Sick sterile leavings of the hot fierce night;
Yet must thou bend thee to thy business
Thy brain to brood; thy tremulous hand to write;
This is the end of every man's excess.

The Blunder of Strong Spirits; warm and sweet,
Or cold without, and pale; whereof to tread
The wild wet ways is perilous to thy feet,
And in thine eyes, where green was, lo, the red;

And where thy sinew, soft weak fat instead;
Burning of heart, and much uneasiness
About thy girdle, and aching in thine head;
This is the end of every man's excess.

The Blunder of Much Rhyming. If thou write
That once again that should be once for all,
These market-men will buy thy black and white
Till thy keen swift full fervent ways shall fall
On sated ears; thy stinging sweetness pall;
And barren memories of thy bright success
Shall burst in thee the bladder of thy gall;
This is the end of every man's excess.

The Blunder of Long Ballads. Bide in peace;
For when the night is near, the day shall die,
And when the day shall dawn the night shall cease,
And all things have an end of all; and I
An end of this, for that my lips are dry,
And the eleventh hour's exceeding heaviness
Doth overweigh mine eyelid on mine eye . . .
This is the end of every man's excess.

MORAL.

Poets, who tread the fast and flowerful way,
Heed well the burden these sad rhymes impress;
Pleasure is first, and then the time to pay;
This is the end of every man's excess.

CHATOUILLARD.

SOLDIERS AND CIGARS.

FRIEND PUNCH,

PERADVENTURE thou hast seen that the Army Re-organisation Commissioners propose that soldiers, after twelve years' service, should be tempted to re-enlist for nine years more by an addition of 2*d.* a day to their pay, and a retiring pension of 1*s.* a day.

I think the pay at present actually received, after all deductions, by a private soldier, amounts to about 1½*d.* daily. At that rate the pay, *per diem*, of the re-enlisted soldier, would be 3½*d.*

Thou didst, peradventure, also see that when the KING OF PRUSSIA quartered his army on certain provinces which he had seized, he exacted from their inhabitants a tribute which included, for each soldier, a large allowance of cigars.

How many cigars dost thou think a British soldier could buy for 3½*d.*? I suppose thou wilt answer, Two penny Pickwicks and a Cuba. Dost thou think the KING OF PRUSSIA would have been satisfied with the supply of such cigars to his soldiers? Wouldst thou smoke them thyself?

How many men, thinkest thou, besides the few who love fighting for its own sake, are likely to enlist for the price of one Cuba, and re-enlist for the equivalent of one Cuba and three penny Pickwicks a day? How many, in thine opinion, will the prospect of 7*s.* a week for their sustenance in old age allure to resume the occupation of exposing their viscera and their limbs to be lacerated and crushed by lumps of lead and masses of iron? Imagine the effect of an Armstrong bolt on thine own shins.

Methinks, friend *Punch*, that if the British Army is to be recruited with a sufficiency of volunteers, they must be encouraged to take their chance of death or mutilation by advantages considerably higher than the wages as above recommended.

Which if the country cannot afford, it will of necessity have to submit to a general conscription irrespectively of rank and riches, which is what the principal nations of the Continent have brought upon themselves by their glorious victories. Truly that would be a great calamity, especially for Members of the Society of Friends, even if they were allowed to buy substitutes, which would be as contrary to their principles as serving themselves. For a consistent Friend would refuse to do either; and then, friend *Punch*, I fear that grievous persecution would be the lot of thy friend,

OBADIAH.

Gone Goose in Venetia.

POOR old POPE! His Holiness scolds Italy for having "destroyed the Convention stipulated by us with our dear son FRANCIS-JOSEPH, Emperor of Austria." A pretty pass that same Convention has brought our dear son FRANCIS-JOSEPH to! The Concordat pretty nearly destroyed the Austrian Empire, and the Holy Father wonders that it has been destroyed by the Italian Kingdom. The POPE has many virtues, but by far the most admirable of all his qualities is simplicity—or a magnificent imitation of it.

MOTTO FOR ALL DRAMATIC PERFORMERS.—"Act well your part."



“INGENUAS DIDICISSE,” AND SO ON.

Urbane Foreigner. “THE—AH—CONTEMPLATION OF THESE—AH—RELICS OF ANCIENT ART IN THE GALLERIES OF EUROPE, MUST BE MOST INT’R’STING TO THE—AH—EDUCATED AMERICAN!”

American Tourist. “WA’AL, DON’T SEEM TO CARE MUCH FOR THESE STONE GALS, SOMEHOW, STRANGER!”

A WARD THAT DESERVES WATCHING.

MR. PUNCH would recommend “funny men,” on or off the stage, to hear ARTEMUS WARD “speak his piece” at the Egyptian Hall, and then, in so far as in them lies, to go and do likewise. Everybody who is liable to be afflicted by funny men, whether in his business—as dramatic author, say,—or in his pleasure (so called), say as theatre-goer or diner-out, must continually have felt how the dreariness of funny men is enhanced by the emphasis and effort with which they force their facetiousness into your face, or dig it into your ribs. The low comedian of the second-rate theatre, the comic singer of the music-hall, is probably the most offensive organ of what is called “amusement,” ever allowed to outrage good taste, good sense, and good breeding, and to minister, unreprieved, to coarseness, imbecility, and vulgarity. But nothing contributes so much to the irritating effect of an “entertainer” of this deplorable kind, as his way of emphasising his own fatuousness, and writing himself down an ass in italics. Without this peculiarity, he would only make us sad: with it, he makes us savage.

Oh, if these unhappy abusers of gag, grimace, and emphasis,—these grating, grinding, grinning, over-doing obtruders of themselves in the wrong place,—could take a leaf out of ARTEMUS WARD’S “piece,” and learn to be as quiet, grave, and unconscious in their delivery of the words set down for them as he is in speaking his own! Unlike them, ARTEMUS WARD has brains. That is, of course, beyond hope in their case. But if they could once be made to feel how immensely true humour is enhanced by the unforced way it drops out of A. W.’s mouth, they might learn to imitate what, probably, it is hopeless to expect they could understand.

To be sure, ARTEMUS WARD’S delivery of fun is eminently “un-English.” But there are a good many things English one would like to see un-Englished. Gagging, gross, overdone low comedy is one of them. Snobbishness is another. The two go hand in hand. One of the best of many good points of ARTEMUS WARD’S piece is that it is quite free from all trace of either of these English institutions. And it

is worth noting, that we owe to another native of the States, JOSEPH JEFFERSON, the best example lately set us of unforced and natural low comedy. His *Rip Van Winkle* was very un-English, too.

A LITTLE LESSON.

MR. PUNCH is pleased to see that a decoration has been given by the QUEEN to the Finance Minister of Victoria [Victoria is one of the Australian colonies, it is at the southern extremity of the continent, Melbourne is the capital, and the inhabitants are far in advance of England in regard to civilisation—for instance, they have compulsory education]. The HON. GEORGE VERDON came over on a mission to our Government. Victoria wants an armour-plated ship, for which she will partly pay, and a training ship, and SIR JOHN PAKINGTON has assented. The Minister, for his various services to the colony, has received the Bath Cross. Should it not have been the Victoria Cross? This little goak is the bit of sugar with which *Mr. Punch* rewards his readers for learning more than most English people know about one of our noblest colonies. If his readers are good, they shall have another colonial lesson some day. For we have other colonies besides Victoria.

A Good Judge.

SIR HUGH CAIRNS is said to have declined a Peerage which was offered to him on his elevation to the Bench. If he did, no doubt he was wise. We may presume that the title which he declines was a mere barony, which would have been a barren honour.

THEOLOGICAL DEGREES OF COMPARISON.

Positive, Monk. *Comparative*, Monkey. *Superlative*, Ritualist.

HOW TO KILL TIME.—Shoot Every Day.



TOUCHING—RATHER!

My Lord. "DEAR ME, WHAT A REMARKABLY SMALL PHEASANT, ROGERS!"

Rogers (the Keeper). "WELL, SHE ALLUS WER' A WEAKLY BIRD, M' LORD. I NEVER THOUGHT I SHOULD 'A REARED HER!"

THE PRESS AND THE LAW.

MR. PUNCH cannot regret the result of MR. DOULTON'S application to the Queen's Bench, touching a remarkably severe castigation which was awarded to that gentleman by the *Daily Telegraph*. Much that was in the article *Mr. Punch* thinks might well have been omitted. MR. DOULTON had only exercised the right of a Member who scorns to be a Delegate. But the remarks were addressed to Lambeth, and the writer probably considered the tastes of that quarter, which is not famous for refinement. Be that as it may, there is far too much encouragement given to persons who are irritated by press comments to avail themselves of the aid of old father Antic, the Law. Instead of profiting by newspaper counsel, and amending any conduct which is justly complained of, the chastised individual flies to an attorney, and too many juries assist the couple in obtaining pecuniary consolation for a well-deserved punishment. Many jurors are simply stupid asses, and many others have a fellow-feeling for a man whose tricks of trade they probably practise, with better luck. For instance, this very Lambeth is notorious for its crop of rascally tradesmen who cheat the poor with false weights and measures. MR. THOMAS HUGHES, the Member for Lambeth, with his accustomed courage, flung the fact right in the teeth of a meeting of Lambeth-folk the other day, and the report says that he was hissed. The hissers were probably either scoundrels who had been fined, or sympathisers with knavery. The ridiculous little penalties that are inflicted on those who cheat with false weights and measures are the laughing stock of that class of tradesmen, who pay the fine, grin, and recoup themselves, by the same means, in a couple of days of roguery. *Punch* would like to see their ears nailed to their shop-doors, or to a pillory, as he delicately hinted in a recent picture. The remedy is preposterously weak, and there is no publication of the names of the knaves. Consequently, the journalist has a right to speak out on the part of the public. Yet, if *Mr. Punch* should select a few of the names of the rascals, and parade them before the public, some dirty attorney would bring an action against him, and idiotic or dishonest jurors would probably be found to give damages to the cheating scoundrels, though *Mr. Punch*, who cannot know anything personally of such fellows, would have acted only in the interest of society. His remarks, of course, do not apply in the remotest degree to the case of MR. DOULTON, who has shown himself a gentleman of spirit, and also

BALLADS FOR BACHELORS.

THE LOVER TO HIS LAMP.

COLZA! thou dear deceitful oil
Pray give a gladsome light,
While fancy springs from this dull soil
Like Lark in vocal flight.
For thee trim taper I resign—
PRICE—PALMER—short and long,
O! Smile as thou wert wont, benign
On my unfinished song.

A simple Sonnet fain I'd pen
To BLANCHE'S bow-like brow,
Of lines I have completed ten,
And four are wanting now.
The Troubadour of olden times,
Though many miles he'd tramp,
Was not pull'd up, when press'd for rhymes,
To coax a sulky lamp.

Oh! shocking sight my Colza smokes,
(A horrid habit she has)
In vain my heart the Muse invokes,
Clouds compass my ide-as.
With what wild rapture would I write,
By gloom no more depress'd,
If thy flame, Colza, burnt as bright
As that which warms my breast.

An Awkward Reminiscence.

ONE of the Fenian orators (in America) said, according to the *Tribune*: "England! Do we fear her guns? They will be found loaded with blank cartridge only." Perhaps. But she found guns so loaded very effectual in disposing of certain Indian rebels. However, we hope to manage without remitting MR. STEPHENS, by instalments, to the haddocks in Dublin bay.

MEDICAL.—Annuitants are subject to a peculiar malady known as the long-liver complaint.

of sense (except in his ill-advised attempt at a press prosecution), but we are glad that he has failed, and *Punch* will always be glad to see a failure of any endeavours to gag the press, whether such endeavour be made by an honest politician, in a moment of unwise irritation, or by an advertising quack writhing under a newspaper lash. The result of the action by "DOCTOR" HUNTER against our contemporary the *Pall Mall Gazette* must delight everyone who honours the noble profession of which the plaintiff pretended to be a recognised member, and *Mr. Punch* thanks LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN for steadily keeping the facts before the jury, and *Mr. P.* also compliments the jury on their exact appreciation of the value of the plaintiff's professional character. HUNTER got a verdict, damages one farthing, and the public is to be congratulated on the termination thus put to the medical career of a man who traded on the ignorant terrors of the afflicted.

SKIRTS AND STREET-SWEEPERS.

STREET-SWEEPERS and scavengers will rejoice in the prospect of increasing employment which they may derive from the intelligence, announced by *Le Follet*, that—

"As winter costumes make their appearance, short dresses are seen to be more and more in favour; in fact, for walking dress the trained skirts may be said to be quite out of date, they are reserved for in-doors or carriage wear."

Instead of sweeping up the mud, and other varieties of "matter in its wrong place," about the streets, the skirts of ladies will now, it may be hoped, sweep clear of those incidental trimmings to the hems of their garments. A man riding inside of an omnibus, when the female passengers brush by him, will perhaps no longer be liable to have his knees anointed with the borders of their trains.

University Intelligence.

YOUNG Oxford appears to be Conservative, not to say reactionary. Every week we expect to read that the great partiality the men show for "coaches" has resulted in a majority at the Union against Railways; or to hear of a motion being carried in favour of a return to spade husbandry, by the votes of those undergraduates who are averse to a "ploughing."

THE ART OF MAKING FACES.



"OH MY EYE PLEASE REMEMBER THE GROTTO!"

a night, so as to enable him, if he chose, to perform, say, *Julius Cæsar*.

THE theatrical world will be interested by the subjoined extract from a newspaper:—

"IRA ALDRIDGE.—The negro actor, IRA ALDRIDGE, has had a great success at Versailles in *Othello*—the only tragedy he can appear in."

He cannot appear in *Zanga*, because no audience would now stand—that is to say, sit out—*The Revenge*. But why should he not appear in *Macbeth*, *Richard the Third*, or *Hamlet*? Why not even in *Romeo and Juliet*, as *Romeo*? If a white tragedian can play *Othello*, why should not a black one be able to play *Iago*? Is whitewash less available than lamp-black? There is a Daughter of Israel who keeps continually advertising preparations by which she professes that she can make old ladies beautiful for ever. Surely, if she can do that, she could make MR. ALDRIDGE equally beautiful for

GREATNESS AND GLORY.

WE used continually to read in the newspapers, and to hear in public speeches, that the schoolmaster was abroad. Our journalists and our orators have ceased to tell us that. The schoolmaster is now no longer abroad. It is the drill-sergeant who is abroad at present; abroad and at home, too. "The progress of civilisation" was, within man's memory, a stock phrase—a common heading of newspaper paragraphs.

The newspapers contain few examples of the progress in civilisation now. But they contain a great many illustrations of the progress of brutalisation; and here, extracted from a contemporary, is one of them:—

"THE RESULTS OF WAR.—A Berlin letter says: 'The following is one result of the late Prussian campaign. Out of a total of rather more than 130,000 Berlin households 85,000, or 60 per cent., were unable to pay the house-tax due in July. Add to this the number of families not subject to this tax in consequence of the lowness of their rents, and you will have a pretty accurate idea of the sort of prosperity at present enjoyed by the inhabitants of the Prussian capital.'

In these days, "tremendous events," as the saying is, "succeed one another with such extraordinary rapidity," that the immense event of one day is put out of mind by that of the next. The last grand battle swamps the memory of the one that preceded it, and then its own dies away, and, except for the few who have gained by it, nothing of it remains but taxes, grief, and the life-long wretchedness of mutilation. Oh yes, there is one thing more—the consolidation of a certain number of states into a military monarchy; which is a fine thing for those who, as MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD says, have "got Geist." There are, perhaps, too many Philistines amongst the ignoble British vulgar who will say, "Geist be blowed!"

A HINT ON HUMAN CHARCOAL.

THE share and debenture holders of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway have burnt their fingers, but nothing else; unless, perhaps, their debentures and shares, as waste paper. There is, however, another line, on which, though its shareholders may rejoice in having escaped the fire, certain passengers the other day, if indeed they were not actually roasted alive for some time, appear to have narrowly missed being burnt to death. In the *Post* of Tuesday last you will find the statement following:—

"A PASSENGER TRAIN ON FIRE.—The 10.45 express from Bedford, which runs through to London, was stopped yesterday morning near Hitchin, owing to one of the second class carriages taking fire. The passengers were unable to attract the attention of the guard by their united shoutings, whistlings, and banging of doors for at least ten minutes, during which time a hole was burnt in the roof, and the carriage filled with smoke."

From this account the inference would seem to be that the occupants of the burning carriage must have been, for the time above specified, undergoing a culinary process, and that, if they had failed for a little longer to attract the guard's attention, they would soon have been done. As, however, the fire was caused by a tarpaulin having been blown over the lighted oil-lamp, it began in the roof, and raged over their heads. But when fires occur in railway carriages, they will not always break out in a convenient situation. Therefore, it is satisfactory to know that—

"MR. ALLPORT, the general Manager of the Midland Railway, was in the train, and by his prompt exertions the fire was soon extinguished, and the passengers removed to another carriage."

If a preventible accident is to happen to a train, it cannot happen better than to one which contains the Company's Manager, unless it happens to one containing the Chairman and the Directors. The Manager of the Midland Counties will doubtless now take good care to press on the Direction the necessity of instituting some means of communication between the passengers and the guard. If they think the thing is not to be done, they are right—because it *has been* done; and an apparatus contrived for the purpose by MR. PREECE, the electrician, is now in use on the London and South-Western line. If the other railway companies know of any invention better than MR. PREECE's, let them kindly give us the benefit of their information; if not, employ that one, together with the London and South-Western.

IF DOUGHTY STREET MY LADY PLEASE.

SONG OF AN ACCEPTED SUITOR.

AIR—"If doughty deeds my lady please."

WITH ALL APOLOGIES TO MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

If Doughty Street my lady please,
I'll choose our dwelling there,
Whence daily she can cross at ease
To Mecklenburgher's Square.
The houses once were very swell,
And may be so again,
Despite the neighbouring noise and smell
Of Gray's Inn's squalid Lane.

Ere long that Lane, mis-called a Road,
The navy's pick will clear,
And many a tall and proud abode
Its stuccoed form shall rear.
Three Railway Stations near, one sees,
Demand improvements fair:
If Doughty Street my lady please,
We'll take a mansion there.

TWIN TYRANTS.

WE are shocked to read that—

"THE KING OF DAHOMEY has had another grand sacrifice. According to a letter from Lagos, of the 10th of October, his Majesty was about to go to war with the Ashantees, and to propitiate the gods he had ordered 200 men to be put to death. This is the third sacrifice within the year."

Well, he is a foul and cruel savage, and we should all rejoice to hear that some condemned victim had protested emphatically by cutting off his Majesty's head. But is Dahomey the only country which sanctions the idiotic practice of killing your men yourself instead of saving them that they may kill the enemy? Recollecting certain Crimean and Indian stories, we are ashamed to say more against the KING OF DAHOMEY than that there is another tyrant called The System, and that we wish the two Molochs were in the same grave.

A BOX OF PUZZLES.



HAT, *Mr. Punch*, can those tailors mean who invite me, by circular, to try their "Chancery Trousers"? If they offered me Chancery suits, I could understand the proposition, although I might decline the risk; but the only Chancery "bags" the world ever heard of are made of a material and in colours not usually thought adapted for masculine adornment. Certainly, if I allowed myself to be incased in these "Chancery Trousers," I should expect all my friends would arrest my progress on the Queen's Highway to view each of my legs as a limb of the law, and counsel me to add to my wardrobe a Bankruptcy Vest and a Common Law coat, the latter for general wear, with a Conveyancing Wrapper for the top of the omnibus on foggy mornings. The price of these trousers, as given in the circular, is inexpensively low, and just fits my exchequer; but I would suggest to the learned Bench of Tailors that they

might find the article take better if offered at a still smaller sum—say, thirteen-and-fourpence.

What can those shopkeepers mean who by tickets in their windows try to allure me to buy "French Wrists"? Can we wonder at the degeneracy imputed to our medical students when a useful portion of the human frame is thus publicly exposed for sale? Where are the professors of Muscular Christianity? We spend thousands on the conversion of an occasional cannibal or two in the Pacific Ocean: we had far better give our attention and money to the hosiers in Tottenham Court Road. What I have quoted is it not enough to put our relations with France out of joint, and to set the two nations by the ears? We shall have the Paris shopkeepers retaliating with some such announcement as "English Chests," if this nefarious traffic is not immediately stopped. Let the police be instantly instructed to search the premises of these retailers, where they will probably find secreted the members of other nations—the Roman nose, the Austrian lip, the Grecian profile, and the Grand Trunk of Canada.

What can Advertisers mean who tempt me to take houses with "entertaining rooms"? If Egyptian Hall or St. James's were to let, such a designation might not be inappropriate, but I do not see how it can be applied to private residences, unless, indeed, it has reference to their excellent stories. My friends are few, and my digestion indifferent, so I rarely go into company, but if what I hear and read be true, dining-rooms are anything but entertaining rooms—rather chambers of horrors.

Lastly, why do the promoters of public concerts solicit me to take "Fauteuils" at half-a-guinea, or to go into the "Parterre" with a florin? Is the English language bankrupt, and the Dictionary in the hands of assignees? Are "Stalls" only fit for cobs and canons? Are we grown so genteel as to have a soul above "the body of the Hall," to leave the "Area" to the Policeman, and be as much ashamed of "Back Seats" as we are of poor relations and holes in our gloves?

A BLUE-COAT AND BUFF-WAISTCOAT MAN.

A BRUSH BETWEEN BROTHERS.

RECENT intelligence from America includes the announcement that "the shoeblacks of New York are to have a trial of skill for the championship of America." In what contest? Professional or pugilistic? In operations on leather, or in the art of "leathering" each other? In blacking shoes or in blacking eyes? Will they compete in polishing boots one with another, or will they try to polish one another off? The white shoeblack, being a sort of black that may be said to be white, is susceptible of a certain polish, which, however, differs from that effected by the manual art exercised by shoeblacks. According to *Sam Slick*, however, this latter species of polish has been brilliantly developed on the negro skin. Let us hope that it is not the only polish of which our sable brethren are capable.

TOUTING FOR PICTURES.

THE British Public likes nothing better than being on familiar terms with its favourites. A theatrical audience is perfectly delighted when any casualty causes an actor to step out of the picture-frame and speak to his generous benefactors in his natural voice. Church-goers who happen to have the pleasure of being in their pews when the clergyman utters a few secular words on a bit of parochial business are quite pleased, and smile at one another and treasure the little incident for tea-table talk. All of which is very amiable, in its way. But we really think that some public people go a little too far in cultivating the private regards of their friends. Look at this notice in a pious contemporary:—

"THE EDITOR'S ALBUM.—The special friends of the *Christian World*—both ladies and gentlemen—are respectfully informed that the Editor will be much gratified to receive their *cartes-de-visite* for his Album; and that he hopes to be able to make a collection of several hundreds of them at least. Name and address should, of course, be written on the back of each portrait."

Now, *Mr. Punch* discharges his editorial functions in his own way, and begs to disclaim any idea of interfering with the course which his Christian brother, above-mentioned, may deem wise. But *Mr. Punch* earnestly prays and entreats that the Special Friends of *Punch* (that is to say the world at large) will not think that he, also, would like to be favoured with the photographs and autographs of his admirers. Fleet Street already presents blocks enough, thanks to empty cabs and the Van Demons, but what would it be if an extra thousand parcels were delivered every day? And what would become of the Post Office, while the men of the DUKE OF MONTROSE should be groaning and toiling under the additional myriads of letters to No. 85? Setting aside this view of the case, which is exceptional, and could occur only in regard to *Punch*, he puts it to his friend the Editor of the *Christian World*, whether an Editor gains by seeing the likenesses of his correspondents. Some of the best of writers are alarmingly ugly, while many elegant men and adorable women send rubbish. Even an Editor is human, and might be inclined to read unfavourably the MS. of a party who looked like a snob, while as unwise a tenderness might be felt for a pleasant-looking swell, or a charmingly-depicted young lady. Again, why should an Editor have a contributor's likeness? To aid the police in case the contributor bolts, after cheque, without sending his article? That is practical, but we should care little for a contribution extorted while Z 365 was at the writer's elbow. But does the Editor of the *C. W.* give *soirées*, at which his photograph books are handed round with the tea? We hope better things of a fellow-craftsman. We, at least, hold no such spony re-unions. Fancy any of *Punch's* fellows, or his darling she-fellows, sending their *cartes-de-visite*, to be inspected over claret and through smoke. Truly, their ears would tingle at the candour with which their lineaments would be remarked upon. However, if the *C. W.* does give *soirées*, we shall be obliged by an invitation. A deputation from *Punch* shall attend, and a report may be relied upon.

TO ABOUT FIFTY CORRESPONDENTS.

IGNORANT idiots gasp in despair
Over a rhyme to the name of the Mayor,
"GABRIEL—GABRIEL—O it's a teaser.
Help us, omnipotent *Punch*, if you please, Sir."
Blockheads, I come,
Beating a drum,
Drum, which if beat before Alderman GABRIEL,
(If he had lived in the days of QUEEN BESS),
Would have been known as a "Tabor," or "Tabriel"—
There is a rhyme for you, boobies, I guess.

Of Course we Don't Mean the — Theatre.

IN France, a portion of the Theatrical Receipts is given, by law, to the Hospitals. Here, it might not be unjust if some theatres had to make a contribution to a certain Asylum on your left as you go to Brighton. For the class that furnishes inmates furnishes audiences.

OF ANYTHING BUT THE RIGHT BRAND.

POOR LIEUTENANT BRAND, in his letter to MR. C. BUXTON, M.P., has only succeeded in *branding* himself. As his correspondence with the benevolent brewer has led to his own cashiering, he may take rank henceforth as BRAND, the XXX-Lieutenant.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

ACCORDING to COCKER, although it is impossible to square a circle, it is extremely possible to get round a Square. Moreover, a round sum is often the best thing for the squaring of accounts.



RUSTIC RECOLLECTIONS.

Boy. "PLEASE, PA-ARSON, MOTHER WANTS SOME SOUP."

The Rector. "BUT I TOLD YOUR MOTHER SHE MUST SEND SOMETHING TO PUT IT IN."

Boy. "OH, PLEASE, SHE 'VE SENT THIS YEAR PA-AIL VOR 'UN, PA-ARSON!!"

A CONSULTATION ON THE IRISH CASE.

DR. DULCAMARA. DR. SLOP. DR. BULL.

Dr. Bull. Well, gentlemen, now you have seen this troublesome case. What do you think of it?

Dr. Dulc. There is evidently a good deal of constitutional disturbance.

Dr. Slop. Apparently threatening an eruption. I expect, one of the *exanthemata*.

Dr. Bull. I wish it was likely to be such an *exanthema* as measles or smallpox, which the patient would have once for all. But for its attendant fever, I should consider it as a peculiar form of *scabies*. But the *morbus Caledonius* is one thing, and the *morbus Hibernicus* another.

Dr. Dulc. You think this is the old Irish complaint.

Dr. Bull. The old Irish complaint with a new name. The *urticaria Feniana* is essentially the same disease as the Irish nettle-rash which has been so long endemic in the Isle of Breakings-out.

Dr. Slop. It is a very troublesome disorder.

Dr. Dulc. Very obstinate, indeed; seems to have become almost inveterate.

Dr. Bull. In fact, it is a malignant eruption. Well, gentlemen; but what are we to do with this case? You know what the old treatment was; we exhibited steel, and threw in lead; and followed up these heroic remedies with the liberal employment of hemp.

Dr. Dulc. The time for that very active treatment has gone by.

Dr. Bull. Humph! I hope it is not to come.

Dr. Slop. *Principiis obsta*. I recommend palliatives.

Dr. Dulc. I concur in that recommendation.

Dr. Slop. And in the first place I would remove that excrescence, which creates so much irritation—that *ecclesio-sarcoma*.

Dr. Bull. It is rather unsightly. But it is not at the root of the disease; and it has such important connections that its removal, whilst it would probably do little or no good, would certainly do more or less harm.

Dr. Dulc. One peculiarity of this disease is analogous to an occa-

sional symptom of *hysteria*, or some abnormal condition of the female subject; a craving for earth. I should certainly administer earth in small subdivisions. My opinion is that it would prove a certain specific.

Dr. Bull. You would never satisfy the morbid craving, and the patient affected with it tells you himself that he had rather help himself to that. If he tries it will be the worse for him!

Dr. Slop. What will you do yourself, DR. BULL? It is for you to decide, you know.

Dr. Bull. I mean to persevere in the practice which I have been pursuing. I shall watch the case attentively, and endeavour to remove all causes of excitement, especially those which are imported *ab extra*.

Dr. Dulc. You consider the disease contagious?

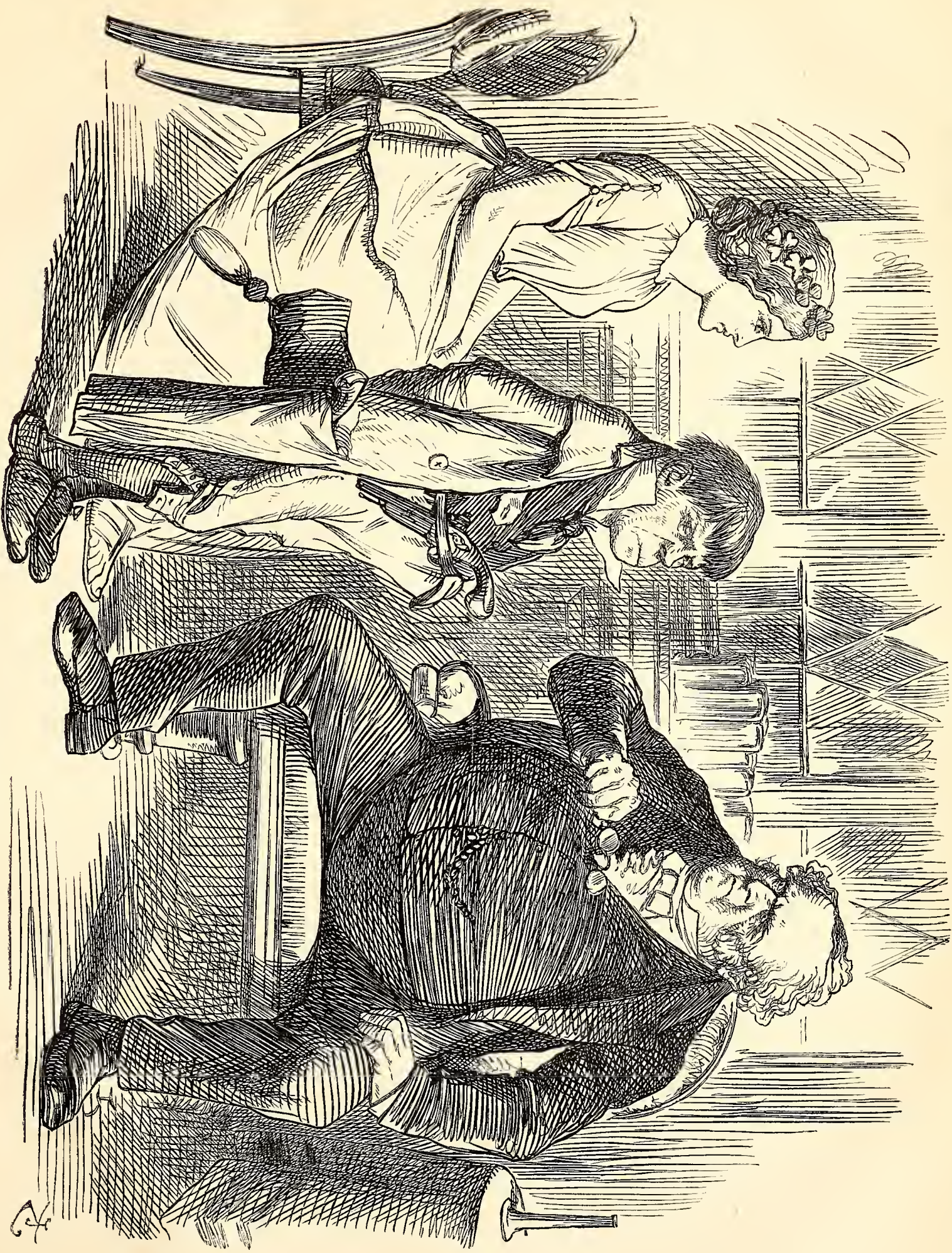
Dr. Bull. Certainly, and the susceptibility of it is especially peculiar to the Irish system, irrespectively of climate. It rages violently among the Irish in America. The infected who arrive here propagate it afresh. I mean first to deal with them, and stamp it out, if possible, as I did the Cattle Plague.

Dr. Dulc. Suppose you can't, and the disease declares itself in actual eruption?

Dr. Bull. Ha! Why then, as I told the boy's mother, I must act. I have seen a great deal of this sort of case in India and elsewhere, and shall know what to do.

Less than Kind—ersley.

MR. MALINS, the new Vice-Chancellor (the legal luck of these Tories is appalling, and suggests—never mind) was famous for afflicting the House of Commons with interminable speeches, and as he never approved of anything, the poor Parliament used to catch it often, as well as at great length. It is very irreverent, but we cannot help fancying we hear the Chancery Bar calling to him in the words of the constable in one of LORD LYTTON'S novels, when the robber is going to shoot a banker, "Fire away in this direction, my hearty. *We're paid for it.*"



PHYSIC FOR FENIANS.

ERIN, "I'M AFRAID, DOCTOR DEAR, HIS SYMPTOMS ARE GETTING DANGEROUS."

DR. BULL. "HA! I SEE! I TREATED A SOMEWHAT SIMILAR CASE TO THIS VERY SUCCESSFULLY IN INDIA; LEAVE HIM TO ME."

HAMPSTEAD HEATH TO THE RESCUE!



HERE seems to have occurred an extraordinary case of smuggling. Witness the following portion of a newspaper paragraph:—

“BUILDING ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.—Yesterday the attention of the Marylebone Vestry was drawn to the fact that SIR THOMAS MARYON WILSON had commenced building huts on the best part of Hampstead Heath, to be let on short leases of twenty-one years.”

Does, then, the popularly-received story that SIR THOMAS WILSON was inhibited by his father's will from building on Hampstead Heath, turn out to be a myth? If not, surely some Bill, which has em-

powered him to convert that open space into slums, must have been very craftily smuggled through Parliament. If such a Bill was necessary, and has not been obtained, what law is there to hinder the Vestry of Marylebone from proceeding to demolish the odious hovels which SIR T. M. WILSON is disfiguring Hampstead Heath with?

According to a correspondent of the *Times*, a part of Hampstead Heath is also in course of conversion into brick-fields. Parts of it, in loads of sand, are being carted away by Railway Contractors, the Despoilers General of England's sanctity and beauty. Between SIR THOMAS WILSON and those other Vandals, Hampstead Heath, unless their havoc is arrested, will soon be converted into a wilderness such as Wilderness Row.

The fact, to which the attention of the Marylebone Vestry has been drawn, that SIR THOMAS MARYON WILSON has commenced the abolition of Hampstead Heath, is one to which, with shrieks and screams of alarm, we hasten to direct the notice of all London. Hampstead Heath, no doubt, has its price, and if WILSON could obtain that, which he has a right to claim, might be redeemed from the ravager.

COOKS AND CREEDS.

No obliging Correspondent sent us this advertisement. We found it out for ourselves in the *Bath Chronicle*:—

WANTED, by a small family in the country, a thoroughly Good PLAIN COOK, not under 28 years of age, and of the Church of England, to undertake soups, made dishes, &c.

The question that occurs to us is, Why a Member of the Church of England? What has a cook's creed to do with her cookery? For that matter, a cook is generally held to be without much religion, and BEN JONSON, in the *Alchemist*, has put the matter somewhat plainly:—

“The place he lives in, still about the fire,
And fume of metals that intoxicate
The brain of man, and make him prone to passion.
Where have you greater Atheists than your Cooks?”

But, waiving this view, we incline to infer that the person who wants a Church of England cook has an idea that in Dissenting households there is less attention to the refinements and luxuries of creature comforts than in the dwellings of the orthodox; and that a cook who knows the Assembly's Catechism is likely to be less accomplished than one who answers “M. or N. as the case may be.” Now we beg to inform the advertiser and the world that this is a vulgar error. We have dined, during the moribund year, with many Dissenters, and we have much pleasure in stating that the dinner *à la Russe*, and all the comforts and extravagances of orthodoxy are to be found in full bloom on the tables of schism. Finer claret, at a hundred and twenty, than was given us last week by a jovial Independent, we do not desire to taste, and a Baptist friend of ours has some still champagne which is a precious deal better than that of our friend, the BISHOP OF BELDRAGON, and so we tell him. The Dissenters are going in, fast, for all the elegancies, and we rather suspect that it will be the thing, one of these days, among epicureans, to cultivate sectarian Amphitryons. Churchmen had better look to their reputations. Meantime, noticing that at Bath the old prejudice lingers, *Punch* feels it his duty to propagate more catholic sentiments. Art has no nation, and cookery no creed.

CAN YOU FORGIVE HIM?

MY DEAR MRS. GRUNDY,

I AM a young bachelor, and have a handsome face and figure, and (what some people may think of vastly more importance) a handsome fortune also. It is not very surprising therefore that the pleasure of my company is pretty frequently requested by ladies who have daughters of a marriageable age. There is a fable, I believe, about the Heir and many friends. For myself, I find my friends (so at least they please to call themselves) have daily been increasing since I came into my property; and none of them appear more anxious to maintain their friendly footing in my house than the ladies I have mentioned, who have daughters to provide for. To these good people it appears to be a matter of astonishment that I have not a wife. If my ears were only long enough I should doubtless hear them whispering their wonder at my wretchedness. “So fine a property, my dear, and so fine a person too, it is really most surprising our young friend is still a bachelor.” But the fact is, my dear Madam, my wild oats are not all sown; and I have no wish to be a slave of the ring just at present. That there are pleasures in a married life I don't mean to deny; but allow me to observe, that there are pleasures in a single one. You see, one has at least the pleasure to do just what one pleases; and husbands as a rule are seldom left at liberty to do the things they like. If one stays out a bit late, one has no fear of being lectured for it; and though a sweetly smiling face undoubtedly is pleasant to behold on coming home, there are few things more unpleasant than to see a sour or sulky one. Besides, a wife is certainly a most expensive luxury, and costs more than a yacht, say, or a couple of good hunters. My pocket, it is true, is tolerably well furnished; but there are many little comforts which, I fear, if I were married, I should for prudence sake find it were needful to deny myself. Cigars that cost a shilling each are vastly pleasant smoking, but a married man is hardly justified, I fancy, in consuming very many of them. Besides, most women hate smoke, although they may not like to say so (at least while they are single); and how can I be sure that, when I wanted half a whiff, my devoted little wife would not act as a tobacco-stopper.

But the thing that most deters me from committing social suicide, and bringing to a close my bachelor existence, is the difficulty that I feel in knowing something of the girl with whom my life is to be linked, before I pop the fatal question. Except on very rare occasions, young fellows such as I am can only hope to meet young ladies at a party or a pic-nic, when they are pretty sure to be in their best dresses and best tempers and demeanours. Now, the social treadmill often claims me for a turn, but one cannot spend one's life in going out to parties; and before I make an offer, I should like to see how AGNES looks on her off-nights, and whether she is very yellow in the morning. I want to see her in her sulks a bit, as well as in her silks, and to find out if her temper be as equable at home as when she is out visiting. Living chiefly at a club, as I am privileged to do, I am unable to make these needful observations, and I have no kind female friend on whom I can rely to go and make them for me. When I am staying at a house where there are marriageable daughters, they are on their good behaviour from breakfast until bed-time, and I rarely get a chance of seeing what their real habits are. If Mammas would only let their daughters be more natural, and less formal and constrained by what is termed good breeding, a young fellow such as I am would more easily be smitten by them. I would willingly forego half the parties I get cards for, if people would allow me to take them in the rough, and, without a formal bidding, to look in when I liked. Only, if I chanced unluckily to call some day when AGNES was in a dowdy dress, or had her temper slightly ruffled, I fear, when my knock came she would not be “at home” to me.

As a wife is chiefly wanted for domestic purposes, it is surely a mistake that men should only be allowed to inspect their future help-mates when they are least domestic. Girls gorgeous in a ball-room are quite other creatures from girls dowdy in a breakfast-room, and with their back-hair badly brushed. A partner for life should not be chosen lightly, like a partner for a polka. The qualities one most desires to see united in a wife are by no means what one looks for in a girl one wants a waltz with. Let me see how AGNES behaves herself at home in the bosom of her family, before I ask her leave to take her to my own manly breast. Depend on it, dear Madam, could young men only see young ladies in the daytime, while doing their home duties, and not pranked out for a party, there would be far more happy marriages and far fewer of those unhappy ones, wherein proposals made in ball-rooms so frequently result.

Pray then, my dear lady, do put forth your utmost influence to encourage homely visits for the purposes of love-making; and meanwhile pray believe me, your most devoted Servant, but no slave yet of the ring,

CRÆSUS NARCISSUS CÆLEBS SOLON SMITH.

LOOKING FORWARD.—A Man we know kept his bed the night of the great star and meteor shower, but he has since made an appointment at Greenwich Observatory for next generation.



"FIFTY UP!"

Old Lady. "WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? ONLY THIS MORNING I SAW THAT BROAD-BACKED JULIA WITH FRANK JOHNSON, PLAYING A GAME! I HEARD HER SAY, QUITE COOL, AND WITHOUT THE LEAST CHANGE OF COUNTENANCE, 'A KISS! THAT'S THIRTY-FIVE FOR YOU!' A FEATHER MIGHT HAVE KNOCKED ME DOWN!"

[Of course, Julia and Frank had been playing billiards.]

A HINT TO DR. CUMMING.

OUR friend, DR. CUMMING, is a most excellent good fellow, and although we are rivals in the prophetic line, none of the rancour of fellow-tradesmen has ever saturated our happy intercourse. We are always pleased when he makes a hit, and we are always sorry when he has to back out of an overbold bit of vaticination. Just now, the Angelic Doctor has been obliged to explain himself away a little, but we see nothing to raise a shout about. His date for the end of the world has come upon us, but the world perversely goes on spinning through space, occasionally splashing among the meteors, and being bespattered, as we all beheld the other night. But the Doctor excuses himself perfectly well, and we solemnly assert that our faith in him is quite as strong as it ever was. He justly observes, that if the finish does not come now, all the calculators have been wrong. But if it does not come one year, it may come another. This we apprehend to be an unassailable position. But DR. CUMMING lets us into a new secret. The world is not to be destroyed, but only to be transmogrified. Now we put it to him whether it would not be safer and more amusing, if, instead of bothering about dates, which are always dangerous, he would devote himself to the publishing a series of treatises, in his extremely exciting manner, on the sort of changes for which we are to be prepared, with maps of the new world, and engravings of the principal scenes as they will appear after the re-arrangement. These would have a great sale, and be quite as useful as anything that even our accomplished friend has yet done. We make him a present of the hint.

PROVERB.—No fool like a gooseberry fool.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

GET into the gig, and leave the Station. Very cold. At first starting it seems a brightish night. Getting away from the Station (where the gas is on, which is all the difference), it is pitch dark.

Happy Thought.—I think of the word "pitch," and hold on by the rail at the side of my seat. Feels unsafe. Always feel unsafe when being driven.

Happy Thought.—What must others feel when I'm driving them?

Recollect I once did drive some one through a lane, in Devonshire, in the dark. I say "some one:" I now forget who he was, as I never saw him again. Drove him and every one up against a wall, which I thought was the continuation of the road. Recollect driving once again in Devonshire, after dinner, by moonlight. We walked the horse, so as to be particularly careful. Drove him up a bank, which I thought wasn't a bank, and upset everybody, with a boot full of rabbits which we'd shot, and three guns. Didn't drive again in Devonshire, except once more in broad daylight, when I tried to turn a corner very neatly. I recollect, on that occasion, one fellow went into a green mud pond, and was laid up for three weeks, and the other fellow disappeared over a hedge, and said he wasn't hurt much. The driver always falls easier than the others: at least, I did.

I wish I hadn't recollected all these things.

Happy Thought.—Unfasten the apron, so as to be ready.

Talk to the man in order to give him confidence, and not to let him think I'm afraid. I observe to him, "It's very dark." He observes, "No, it ain't," which doesn't promise well for a sustained conversation. I think we're turning a corner, by the feeling of being at some sort of an angle with the hand-rail, but I can't see. Whatever it is, we're safe again, and (I think) on a straight road.

The horse stumbles. I suggest he'd better "hold him up." Hate careless driving, specially in the dark. Man, who is well wrapped up, replies from behind a high coat-collar and comforter, and from beneath a hat (which three things are all I can see of him), "He's all right." Man is sulky: perhaps been called out of bed to drive me to Bovor Castle, and doesn't like it. I shouldn't.

Happy Thought.—Be kindly towards him. Hint at the possibility of his having a warm drink on the road, if he'll only drive carefully.

Happier Thought.—To give it him at the end of the journey, not at the beginning. He might get excited.

In a dark, narrow lane. I say, as pleasantly as possible, "Nasty place, this; can't pass many things here," by which I mean to convey that if any other vehicle was meeting us, one of the two would be in the ditch. He admits, with reserve, "No, there ain't much room." He doesn't seem to know what he should do if another vehicle comes. I wonder (to myself) if I could jump into the hedge. Something is coming. No. Yes. No. Horse stumbles again. I laugh, and, not liking to give advice to a professional driver, say, "He wants a little holding up, eh?" Man replies, gruffly, "No, he don't." From his tone I gather that he won't take advice. Stars are appearing, as it seems to me.

Happy Thought.—Looking at the stars (it is clearer now), I remember how African travellers in the deserts, or jungles, or prairies, or somewhere where nobody is, except occasional lions and tigers, guide themselves by the stars. Wonder how they do it. M. DU CHAILLU in his book says he did it. I suppose it requires a thorough knowledge of the Heavenly Bodies. At present the only Heavenly Body I know is the Great Bear; which, by the way, is about as much like a bear as—as—say a poker. [That's where I fail, in simile.] If I looked at the Great Bear, I wonder where I should get to at last. In other directions, too you see other stars and lights. This would be very puzzling. Sailors, steer by the stars. It must be very difficult to find which way to turn at sea. First turning to the left, we'll say, for instance, takes you to America. Well, that can't be easy to find at any time—specially at night. At least, I've always thought so, looking at it from Brighton.

These thoughts distract me from my present danger. I don't know that there is any danger, but I feel as if there was. Horse stumbles. Man informs me that "We're going down a rather steep hill." Odd, I don't know it. But why doesn't he "hold him up"? I ask. He replies, "He doesn't want any holding up." He says, "he knows the horse well enough." So do I by this time: a beast. Driving on. Another corner. The driver is rather rash at corners, but steady in the straight road. I feel I should like to say to him, "Don't try to drive so dashingly." But perhaps it will only irritate him.

I want to pull his right rein when he's going round a left-hand corner. Perhaps I make matters worse by interference.

Shall be glad when this is over.

"Where," I ask, "is the Castle?" He answers, "Oh, that ain't here: this is Beckenhurst, this is." "Well," I say, "we've come two miles, and the station was Beckenhurst." He corrects me, with,

evidently, the clear knowledge of a native, "No, that's Beckenhurst Station: this is Beckenhurst village."

"What, *all* this?" I ask, alluding to the distance we've already travelled. He informs me, with his whip pointing straight forward, and then from left to right, at the hedges, "Yes, all this: Bovor's a matter of four mile from here."

I tell him that they said it was only four miles from Beckenhurst Station: which notion seems to amuse him behind his collar and comforter, and under his hat.

Happy Thought.—These country people never know what distance is: therefore, he may be wrong. Yes, but wrong which way? Is it more or less than four miles? I ought to have asked at the station how much a mile the fly charges here. This is just one of those occasions when I want presence of mind. I think of these things, just like my repartees and similes, a quarter of an hour after I ought to have said them.

Happy Thought.—To pretend I know the road: then he won't impose on me. I do recollect having been in this neighbourhood, or at all events in Kent, when I was a child. I observe, with decision, "Oh, it's not more than four miles." It doesn't seem to make very much difference to him, so perhaps they charge here by the hour. I don't like to ask him to drive fast; and yet if he dawdles for the sake of running up a bill, I shan't get to Bovor Castle, until, perhaps, one o'clock in the morning, when everyone's fast asleep.

Unhappy Thought.—Supposing I can't get in? Because, hang it, as my telegram has not arrived, they don't expect me. If I do get in, p'raps they won't have got a bed. House full, perhaps. I put this case to the driver, and add, "I suppose (as a matter of course) that I can easily get a bed at the Hotel." He asks, gruffly, "What Hotel?" I say, "Why, at Bovor." This amuses him under his wrapper, as before, and he observes presently, "There ain't no Hotel." I think he's stickling for names, and putting too fine a point (so to speak) upon it; so I explain that when I say *Hotel*, I mean village Inn. He answers me, displaying some little petulance, "There ain't no village:" adding, as a consequence, "and there ain't no Inn." "No Inn!" I exclaim. I hardly like asking after this if there *is* a Castle. Supposing it should be only a practical joke of CHILDERS? Impossible.

"If the worst comes to the worst," I say, "I can get a bed at the hotel at Beckenhurst, then?" He is doubtful about this, as they're sure to be closed, being so late.

Happy Thought.—This flyman comes from some stables: the stables belong to an inn, of course. I put this to him, thus, that "if the worst *does* come to the worst, I can get a bed at *his* inn. He extinguishes all hope in this quarter by telling me that "his master only lets out horses and flies."

I hope to goodness CHILDERS will be up. He used to be a great fellow in town for sitting up late. Perhaps in the country he goes to bed early.

Happy Thought.—Dismiss anxiety, and obtain information about the country from the driver.

I ask him about the crops. He doesn't know much about crops. "Any floods?" I inquire. He's not heard of any.

Happy Thought.—Get some statistics from him about Cattle Plague. I ask him "if he's had much Cattle Plague here." He is angry and returns that "he hasn't had no Cattle Plague." He thinks I'm laughing at him. These country people are very tetchy. I tell him politely, that I don't mean that *he's* had the Cattle Plague (though he's ass enough for anything, but I don't *say* this), but I want to know has it been bad here. "He hasn't heard as it has."

Perhaps he's got some information about the antiquities of the county. No he hasn't. "Bovor Castle's very old," I suggest, to draw him out. He "supposes as it is." I ask "How old?" He don't know; but it's been there ever so long. "Is he acquainted with MR. CHILDERS?" "No he ain't."

He won't be drawn out. It is lighter now. The moon shines. Delightful night to arrive at an old Feudal Castle. I imagine to myself a grand entrance: Gothic or Norman arches: [*Happy Thought.* Get up my architecture.] a fine old bridge, a large massive gate, with an iron rod at the side, which moves a deep toned bell on the arrival of a guest. Or perhaps, a horn hung up outside wherewith to summon the warder. Shall read *Ivanhoe* again. We go down hill.

We are in a lane full of ruts: there is no doubt about that. He informs me "We're just there." It is past twelve o'clock.

I can't see the Castle; perhaps it will burst upon me presently in the full light of the pale romantic moon. It doesn't, however, and my driver pulls up at an old wooden five-barred gate leading into a field.

"Here's Bovor Castle," says he, as we stop short; and he looks over his comforter at me as much as to say, "And what are you going to do now?"

I don't know. I only see a common gate leading into a sloshy field. "Can't we get nearer to the Castle than this?" I ask, not seeing the Castle at all anywhere.

It appears we can't, as the Castle is in a sort of hollow. It is surrounded by a moat, and there's no getting up to it driving, nor even on foot, if the drawbridge is up.

Happy Thought.—To write a Chapter in *Typical Developments* on the idiocy and thoughtlessness of our Norman ancestors. I wonder if they ever arrived late at night and couldn't get in. I will descend.

Happy Thought.—To doubt the honesty of this country driver. If I descend, he may drive off with my luggage; and I shall never see him again. In fact, as he has been behind his wrapper, coat-collar, and underneath his hat, I haven't seen him *yet*, and couldn't swear to him in a Court of Law.

Happy Thought.—To make *him* get down and drag my luggage out, while I stand at the horse's head. Good. But what's next? Here's my portmanteau, box, desk, bag, hat-box, rugs, dressing-case, and how am I to get up, or down, to Bovor Castle?

Happy Thought.—He shall take them on, and I'll remain with the horse. He doesn't like the idea, and mistrusts my stopping with his gig and horse. These apparently simple bumpkins are full of low cunning. Capital subject for a chapter in *Typical Developments*. He opens the gate, and carries my portmanteau across the field. Following him with my eyes, I gradually become aware of a building in the distance, across apparently two fields, by moonlight. Not my idea, at present, of Bovor Castle.

If CHILDERS is not up, and I have to carry all these things back, and then drive about Kent during the night looking for a bed, it will be pleasant.

Happy Thought.—CHILDERS shall get up. What a surprise for him! Luggage still being carried. Half-past midnight.

REFLECTIONS, CYNICAL AND COMMERCIAL.

BY SIR MUNGO MALAGROWTHER.

CHARACTER is formed by circumstances—some say. I deny it. Look at the turf, how green it is! but does it impart any verdure to those whose grand stand is upon it? Go from the turf to the bank. Some simpletons suppose that all who get up a bank must necessarily have lofty views. Pshaw! A bank has natural attractions for men with a keen scent, and who don't mind little slips in trying to secure their *summum bonum*—cent. per cent. I know a bank (it is not that whereon the wild thyme grows). People shouted "Look at the mint there!" and straightway a rush took place to get up the bank. Of course there was a ditch at the bottom, and every man of them put his foot in it.

Turning aside from banks, let us look at rails. Women and children, with here and there a country parson, fancy that everything connected with rails must be perfectly straightforward. I thought so once, but my faith was shaken in travelling from London to Chatham and Dover. Rails, I have lately discovered, are carried out in very crooked ways, and those who lay down the sleepers are themselves remarkable for being very wide awake. Rolling stock, like rolling stones, gather sometimes but little moss, and those who have leant heavily upon it, too often lose their balance.

I am about to make an original remark, and expect to be ridiculed and reviled—by those who never take up either an opinion or a newspaper until it has been aired. Public confidence, like an eel, has wonderful vitality. It may be fearfully cut up, but its power of voluntary motion is not annihilated. Perhaps, like its prototype, according to popular tradition, it rather likes to be stripped of its outer integument alive. When put over the glowing fire of Chancery, at the final winding-up, it wriggles about a little, but gradually becomes reconciled to the rarefied atmosphere, and is obedient to the call of the *chef de cuisine*. What conclusion, then, am I driven to? This, in plain prose—that being frizzled yourself does really afford you as much pleasure as cooking accounts for your most trusting friends.

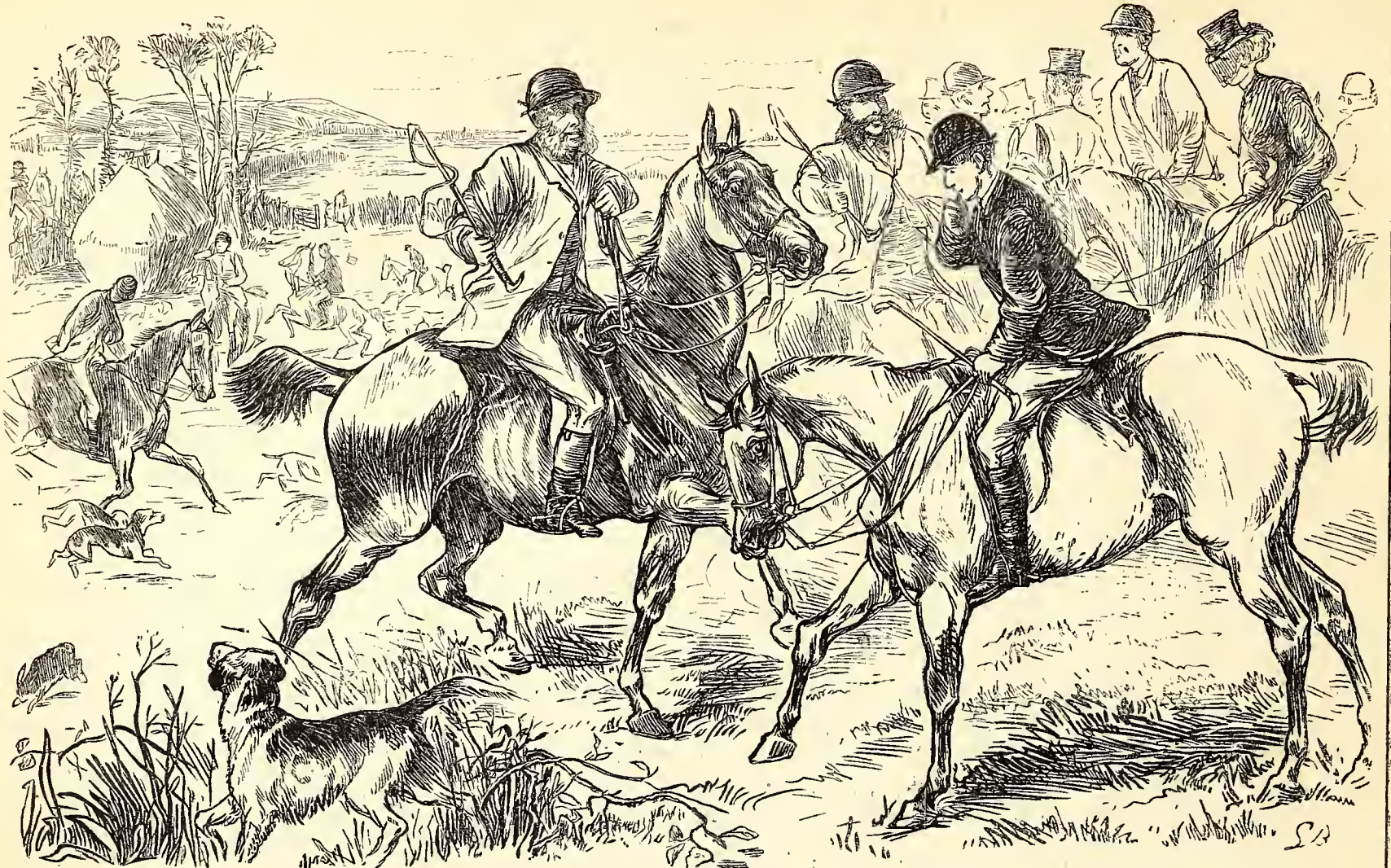
From banks and rails a short cut brings us to the Commons. There is some talk—a large sum—about putting the fences further back. You needn't walk far to meet wisecracks who are for removing them altogether. These fences no doubt keep out many a great goose, and hence arises a deal of angry cackle. I hate cackle, and shall be thankful if a limited number of outsiders receive a general invitation to come in with their bills. A green goose, inspired by this charming thought, addressing his equals, exclaimed in my hearing,

"'Tis sweet to think that Bright eyes mark our coming,
And will look brighter when we come!"

Sweet-stuff! Did you ever see any that wasn't coloured with poison and trash?

To a Retiring L. C. J.

FAREWELL, kind WILLIAM ERLE!
Though your wig go out of curl,
And moth upon your scarlet cloth may gnaw with hungry jaws
Let *Punch* your scutcheon fix:
Brave Judge, who loved to mix
Justice's nobler Essence with the Spirit of the laws.



MISTAKEN IDENTITY; OR, A "CURRANT-JELLY" AFFAIR.

(CAPITAL FINISH AFTER A BLANK DAY, WHEN THEY DREW FOR A FOX, AND FOUND A HARE. DELIGHTFUL FOR THE GENTLEMAN WHO INDUCED THEM TO COME.)

Indignant Master of Foxhounds. "THERE'S THE FOX YOU VIEWED, MR. SNAFFLES, POINTING FOR YOUR LARDER."

THE QUEEN IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

GRACIOUS QUEEN VICTORIA, Wolverhampton greets you:
Pranks her unlovely face in smiles, with homage as she meets you:
Underneath her Arch of Coal loyally entreats you,
Wreaths nails locks and bolts, and near the iron trophy seats you.

Grimy labour washes and puts on its Sunday clothes:
For holiday unwonted forges cool and smithies close:
Pale toil-stunted children leave their nailing for the shows;
The stream of subterranean work, idly, above ground, flows,

In honour of the QUEEN, whose very name sounds strange and odd
To many here that know no more of a Queen than of a God.
Slaving from dawn to darkness at nail-hammer and nail-rod,
Their backs bowed to the anvil, and their souls chained to the clod.

The QUEEN comes honouring those who honour him she loved and
lost,

ALBERT, good, wise, and thoughtful, who in spite of chill court frost
Kept the green spring of head and heart alive, not counting cost
Of time, or toil, or scorn that scoffed, or doubt his work that crost.

'Tis well his statue should stand high, in this Black Country's core,
Looking across these cindery wastes, seamed, scathed, and ashy-hoar:
Where the eviscerated earth knows seasons' change no more,
Where the only seed is gold, the only harvest coal and ore.

Where greed has gone upon its quest, with naked hand and brow—
Naked and not ashamed—bent to gain, not caring how:
Blighting man's life, even as it blights the blossom and the bough;
Over souls and over bodies driving its iron plough.

Till stamp of sex is beaten out, and youth is hard and old:
Rude toil makes ruder leisure: man grows brutal, woman bold:

And so the iron is but dug and forged, and hived the gold,
Few question how Heaven's grace recedes, and the Devil's sway gains
hold.

'Tis well the good, wise, thoughtful Prince should show his gentle
face,
Betwixt the wealth and wretchedness of this unhallowed place,
Pointing to Christian goals Competition's reckless race,
Making Property less selfish, to rude Labour adding grace:

Guide, for teaching of the highest, how good work should be done;
Proof, for comfort of the humblest, that high and low are one:
Record of a life's course, by love's and duty's compass run—
All lessons needed here, that Earth's smoke quench not God's sun!

RITUALISM AFLOAT.

A NEW regulation will, with the approbation of the Ritualist bishops, be shortly introduced into the Navy. The necessity of the innovation will be rendered clear by the following painful fact. A Ritualistic Naval Chaplain, who had recently joined one of H.M.'s vessels, was nervously anxious that a certain genuflexion, at a particular part of the service, should be made due East. He therefore requested one of the midshipmen of the watch to report to him, at the right period, which way the ship's head was pointing. The young gentleman duly appeared, at the proper moment, and whispered, "N.W. and by W- $\frac{1}{2}$ -W., Sir." The way in which the Chaplain, unskilled in nautical matters, went round and round in doubt and uncertainty, before the admiring officers and crew, has been reported at home, and in future all Naval Chaplains are to be able to Box the Compass.

THE SANITARY REFORMER'S PARADISE.—Freshwater.



OLD BROWN,

WHO, THANKS TO THE ADMIRABLE ARRANGEMENTS OF THE SOUTH-EASTERN COMPANY, HAS JUST ENDURED THE HORRORS OF A TWELVE HOURS' PASSAGE FROM BOULOGNE, DOES NOT APPRECIATE THIS CUSTOMARY JOKE AT ALL.

THE QUACK'S FARTHING.

WHENEVER a thief doth come to grief
In his attempt to plunder :
With heart and voice we do rejoice,
And shout hurrah like thunder.
The rascally quacks, how wroth they 'll wax,
And howl with fear and fury,
When they peruse, in the public news,
The award of a British Jury!
Crying—"Out on the British Jury!
Confound that British Jury!
We can no more,
Rely, as of yore,
On the brains of a British Jury.

Time was, a Quack did the Press attack,
When he brought his legal action ;
And twelve fools gave, the dirty knave,
A swingeing satisfaction.
Which counsel's jaw, if he go to law,
No longer will secure : he
May sue in vain, or a farthing gain,
The award of a British Jury.
Crying, &c.

He must bear the lash, or lose his cash,
For his lawyer's bootless trouble ;
And besides he may have costs to pay,
His loss which will redouble.
Sing hey for the Judge, who is up to fudge,
And my LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, you're he ;
Having ruled that a Quack, exposed, should lack
The award of a British Jury.
Crying, &c.

Statistics of Penal Discipline.

SIX garotters were flogged the other day at Newgate, in the presence of the prison authorities. Their names were HENRY WILSON, CHARLES EVERETT, MICHAEL MACK, DAVID BENJAMIN, GEORGE NAIN, and WILLIAM WHITE. Their united ages amounted to 157 years, the sum total of the number of lashes they received was 145, and they will, collectively, retire into 40 years of penal servitude.

A SMILING COUNTENANCE is "The Happy Mien."

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THERE are some folks in the world who can't let other folks alone, and, unluckily for me, my friend MRS. CUDDLEWELL happens to be one of them. She is really, I must own, a most estimable woman : as a wife and as a mother, her behaviour is most admirable ; but I cannot say I think she is quite faultless as a friend. She is, however, sensible enough to read *Punch* pretty regularly, and that is why I beg of you to let me say a word or two about the way in which she worries me, and other nice young men with whom she happens to be intimate. She may relent from teasing, when she sees herself in print.

A better creature hardly can exist than MRS. CUDDLEWELL, but her fault is that she never can be friendly with a fellow without doing all she can to make a married man of him. She is for ever preaching little sermons on the benefits of wedlock, and showing how, to her view, it is selfish in a man to attempt to live a bachelor after he is thirty. From that age until sixty, no single man is safe with her. You may be sure when you receive an invitation to her house, that she wants to introduce you to some "charming girl" or other. Her house is certainly a pleasant one, and you are sure to meet nice people there ; but, I own, these "charming girls" have well nigh frightened me away from it. I like croquet well enough, but it becomes a precious bore when one is asked to play it daily for some five hours at a stretch, and with always the same "charming girl" selected for one's partner. I like a picnic very well, but I also like variety ; and this is not attainable when one has a "charming girl" confided to one's care, and special steps are taken to prevent one's being civil to any other charmer. Like a cat upon a mouse, MRS. CUDDLEWELL keeps constant watch upon a single man, and pounces on him in a moment if she ever finds him straying from the girl she has picked out for him. She is constantly inventing the most delightful opportunities for fellows to make love, and planning those snug *tête-à-têtes* which are so likely to provoke it. Her garden and conservatory are full of quiet nooks where there is a seat for two, and every seat placed there may be regarded as a man-trap.

Now, falling in love is one thing, but pitfalling is another. A man dislikes the thought of being trapped into a marriage. Let "charming girls" by all means be asked to meet young fellows, but let the men alone to profit by the meeting. A man is pretty sure to find a wife when he desires one ; and nothing is more likely to deter him from a marriage than to be continually advising him to marry. He naturally feels frightened, and as timid as a hare, when he finds that he is hunted by a pack of marriers.

Hoping MRS. CUDDLEWELL, and all the other match-makers, will take the hint I proffer them, allow me to subscribe myself,

Yours, in single blessedness,

The Hermitage, Tuesday.

CÆLEBS SOLON SMITH.

A Palpable Error.

IMPOSSIBLE that there should have been, as some affirm, youths, apparently apprentices, in the Reform procession, for everyone who walked from the Mall to Beaufort House must have been a journeyman.

HOW TO GET RID OF WEEDS.

ALWAYS put your Cigar-case and its contents at the service of your friends.

WHY do Young Ladies confess that Ritualistic Curates are a desirable speculation ? Because they are pretty in-vestments.

SONG FOR THE HYDE PARK ROUGHS.—"Rule, BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA rules the MAYNE!"

THE HEIGHT OF POLITENESS.—Exemplified in our favourite jockey who never omits to call upon his horse.

INTELLIGENCE IN HEREFORDSHIRE.



former well-read men. It may be supposed that the Hereford graziers generally are conversant, for example, with the *Bucolics* of VIRGIL, and all the agriculturists with his *Georgics*, and know, between them, all that the bard of Mantua has to say about stock, dead and live. Then the squires must all be men of universal attainments; and as for the parsons, they must be absolutely omniscient. What is it that has made the Herefordshire people so sharp? Is it drinking cider?

NUMBER of the Monthly Paper of the National Society, an educational periodical, contains a gratifying evidence of the progress of education in the shire of Hereford. Read it:—

WANTED, a SCHOOLMISTRESS for a Village School of about 25 children. Husband can have employment as labourer either in the garden or on a farm, or else as waggoner. Address, stating age, references, and salary required, W. H. B., Bredenbury Court, Bromyard, Herefordshire.

The intellectual condition of the agricultural labourer in Herefordshire must be very much higher than it is in the southern counties. Perhaps there is not, in all Hampshire, one carter's wife competent to take the situation of schoolmistress, and teach a village school of twenty-five children. Such carters' wives must be plentiful enough in a district where one of the sort is advertised for in the common way. Either very ill-assorted unions must proportionately abound there, or the carters must commonly be decent scholars. If such are the carters and the carters' wives, what must the farmers and the farmers' wives be? The latter should be for the most part highly accomplished ladies, and the majority of the

BALLADS FOR BACHELORS.

THE BACHELOR TO HIS KETTLE.

OSUSAN! Sing that soothing strain,
That antiquated air,
Which draws me to my hearth again,
And charms my easy-chair.
Thy tone so very soft and low,
Betrays a gentle heat;
To thee my solace sole I owe,
Heigho! my sighs repeat.

No picture decks my room but one,
A priceless photograph;
Loved semblance of BELINDA BUNN,
Who hemmed this chequered scarf.
So faultless she, in face and form,
From fashion's fetters free,
Oh! could my Muse her heart but warm
How sweet would be my tea!

And yet, nor rose nor violet
That type her cheek and eyes,
Can make me foolishly forget
The metals some despise.
For though at shows, fine flowers win
Much praise from pretty lips,
The smiles that beam from simple tin,
Sweet SUE! all shows eclipse.

Not Likely.

As the Roman Catholic Clergy have for so long a time acquiesced in the giving up of Matrimony, the POPE may also acquiesce in the giving up of Patrimony.

COMMUNICATED.—The report of a split in the Cabinet arose out of a conversation at Tattersall's concerning the Derby "crack."

THE BLACK COUNTRY.

IS IT AS BLACK AS MR. PUNCH HAS PAINTED IT?

SOME lines in our last number called "The QUEEN in the Black Country" have, it seems, given pain to certain susceptible inhabitants of Wolverhampton.

One lady returns our last week's number to the publishers, as unworthy to be bound up in this year's volume, on account of an article embodying "so much ignorance and ill-feeling," as she finds in the lines above referred to.

Mr. Punch is not sorry that his arrow has gone home: that it has not only inflicted a wound, but rankled there. He would rejoice if not Wolverhampton only, or Birmingham, or Dudley, or Bilston, but all the Black Country, from end to end, could be roused to indignation by his lines, provided that the indignation did not stop there: that it roused those who felt it to inquiry and thought; to look in the face the ignorance, vice, overwork of children, disease and degradation round about them; to measure the evil and to set about its amendment in right earnest. Mr. Punch is only sorry that his picture of the Black Country should be so true. He did not make either his colours or his subject: he found both. Compare his picture with this in the sober official Report on the Trades in the Wolverhampton district—A Report made only two years ago—for the Children's Employment Commission, by MR. F. D. LONGE:—

"The large working population of this district are peculiarly isolated from the rest of society. All the large employers live far away from the workpeople whom they employ. A few ministers of religion are almost the only representatives of the upper class resident in the 'Black Country.' No one, unless compelled by duty or necessity, resides in a district from which nature has been so roughly excluded. Huge, ugly heaps of refuse, spoil from the pits, or cinder from the iron-furnaces, cover the whole surface of the country, to the very doors of the houses in which its denizens live, while smoke issuing, night and day from hundreds of furnaces, shuts out the sun and stifles what little vegetation the few patches of soil left unoccupied by buildings or rubbish might afford. Although conditions of life such as these would seem very unfavourable to the development of either refinement or intelligence, the industrial occupations of these districts undoubtedly offer less impediments to the education of the young than those of many other places."

Does this last sentence lighten the sorrowful impression left on us by the description which precedes it? Hardly.

Mr. Punch spoke of the excessive hours of youthful labour, as stunting the bodies and souls of the children condemned to it.

What says the blue-book?—

"The peculiarity of the employment of many of their children and young persons and women is that in the blast-forges, and in the mills and forges, large numbers of children and youths are employed in 'night-sets,' between 6 P.M. and 6 A.M., and that in the miscellaneous trades overtime is very common, a great number of children, young persons, and women working the same long hours as the men from 6 or 7 A.M. to 9, 10, and 11 P.M.; among them little girls are often kept at bellows-blowing (very hard work for children) fourteen hours a-day: the work on Saturday afternoons being in but few cases abridged, and the work towards the end of the week being generally much increased in duration, in consequence of the habit of the men of idling on Mondays, and occasionally a part or the whole of the Tuesdays also."

Mr. Punch has given offence by saying that many of these overworked little toilers know as little of a Queen as of a God.

As to their knowledge of a God let the blue-book bear its witness,—

MR. WHITE'S *Evidence on the Birmingham District*.—"Of very many the state of mind as regards the simplest facts of religion is dark almost beyond belief. It is not too much to say that to many God, the Bible, the Saviour, a Christian, even a future state, are ideas entirely or all but unknown. God is 'a good man,' or 'the man in Heaven.' 'I've heered that (Christ) but don't know what it is.' Nor do others know 'where he lives,' or 'about the world being made,' or 'who made it,' or of the Bible—'It is not a book,' 'Had not heard of Christ; I had not done my work till so late.' 'Have heard about Jesus Christ, but it's so long since that I've forgot.' 'Don't know if I am a Christian, or what it is, or means, but all people are so.' Heaven was heard of only 'when father died long ago; mother said he was going there.' Some think that 'bad and good go there alike,' or on the other hand, that 'them as is wicked shall be worshipped, that means shall all go to hell;' or, again, that when people die, 'they be buried, baint they?—their souls as well as their bodies.' 'All go in the pit-hole, when them be buried; they never get out alive again; they have not a soul; I have not one.' 'The soul does not live afterwards; it's quite an end of people when they die.' 'The devil is a good person; I don't know where he lives.' 'Christ was a wicked man.'"

For their knowledge of the QUEEN, let MR. WHITE'S report vouch—

"As many as 32 persons averaging over 12 years each, and including a young man of 20, and 3 girls or young women, one of 18 and two of 17, could not tell the QUEEN'S name. Q. 'Is it VICTORIA?' A. 'Oh, no; I don't know what I hears of so.' 'Can't understand them things.' Some did not know of her existence; others showed a dark and lately-got glimmering, by such answers as that 'she is the Prince Alexandra,' 'is the Prince of Wales,' 'him and her got married,' 'she belongs to all the world,' and so on. Inlead a question about the QUEEN when put was scarcely ever answered. These 32 persons were in a variety of workplaces and occupations; 28 of them in Birmingham, 1 at West Bromwich, and 3 girls, the eldest of them 16, near Stourbridge. Very few, indeed, of them were under 11."

The Assistant-Commissioner goes on:—

"This however is merely part of a wider general ignorance shown by large

numbers. Of the commonest and simplest objects of nature, flowers, birds, fishes, rivers, mountains, sea, or of places such as London, &c., or England, or other countries out of it, or how to get there, many knew little or nothing. London is 'a county,' but also 'is in the exhibition.' Ireland is 'a little town.' A violet is 'a pretty bird'; lilac is 'a bird'; 'believe I would know a primrose: it's a red rose like.' 'Don't know if a robin red-breast is a bird, or if it flies or sings'; 'don't know what a river is, or where the fishes are'; 'a mountain would be in the water I should think'; 'don't know where the snow falls from, or whether it comes from the clouds or sky, or where'; 'the sea is made of land, not of water.' A picture of a cow being milked is shown; 'he's a lion.' A map is incomprehensible to a young man of 20, who thinks that 'the sun is in the north, or the middle of the day; no, it sets in the north.' Even women sometimes are unable to tell the clock."

But it may be said these are isolated cases of special stupidity. Hear MR. WHITE again:—

"Out of 80 girls of from 7 to 16 from one factory, 72.5 per cent. admitted they could not read; 13.75 practically could not; 12.5 could read a little; 1.25, i. e., one girl, could read effectually."

Mr. Punch accused the conditions of labour, and the greed of gain in the Black Country, with blighting lives as they blight vegetation, and with driving their iron plough over souls and bodies.

For souls, let such extracts as those above, quoted from the latest official inquiry, speak.

For what concerns bodies, let us call into Court DR. GREENHOW, the inspector charged by the Medical Department of the Privy Council to inquire into the effect of occupations on health (in 1860 and 1861). In his inquiry into the Wolverhampton district, DR. GREENHOW tells us that—

"The rate of mortality from pulmonary disease in Wolverhampton, both in adults and in persons of all ages and either sex, is considerably above the standard rate, an excess which, as regards the adult mortality at least, may with perfect truth be largely attributed to circumstances connected with the individual occupations of the inhabitants."

SOCIETY FOR RELIEF OF THE WILFULLY BLIND.



ERE, in the Quarterly Report just issued, we observe several very obstinate cases of this prevalent malady. Some are strongly calculated to stir our sympathies. We have below drawn a few notes at sight, which we offer for public acceptance, hoping they will be found of value to those who suffer under a singular affliction.

HORATIO V.—. Poet. Published *Poems on Pegasus*, in six canters! Scientifically dissected in *Little Turnstile Observer*. Poet could not see any motive for this revolting mutilation, but personal animosity, occasioned by his having waltzed three times in one evening with LADY LEONORA C. Critic supposed to

be present and unable to waltz at all. Poet remains in infirmary incurable.

DIONYSIUS D.—. Politician, returned by large majority, carriage free. Could not see that he was hampered by pledges. Exercised discretionary powers. Constituency up in arms. Politician pelted on public platform. Vision much improved. Recommended next time to look before leaping; promised he would.

TOMMY T.—. Aged 9. Pupil at DR. SWITCHEM HALL'S. Taken ill shortly after receipt of box from home, containing two puddings, raisins, &c., &c. Total prostration. Advised by sympathising friends to try simple division of plums, and live low. Couldn't see it. Still blind.

PATERFAMILIAS.—Charming daughters; charming wife; delightful opportunity of visiting beautiful Venice, the Bride of the Sea, with SIR VITRUVIUS and LADY ROVER. PATER unable to see it. Charming family, silent as nuns. PATERFAMILIAS nervous. Family Physician consulted. Change of scene recommended. On learning that, two young Oxford ROVERS will accompany the family, PATERFAMILIAS sees it all in a minute. Sight restored.

MISS MARIAN K.—, age 37, little less, or more. Fortune £50,000, in Nova Zembla bonds. Handsome Irishman (O'SHAMROCK, B.A.) eloquently pleads for MARIAN'S transfer into nuptial ditto. Brother Dean of Faculty can perceive wolf in sheep's clothing. Bride expectant can see nothing but pure Milesian innocence and love! Case of colour blindness—patient by long musing on the shamrock, having got a little tinge of green in the eye.

AUGUSTUS X.—. Plucked at Civil Service examination. Totally blind, being unable to see why a fellow should be sneered at for spelling

As regards souls and bodies taken together, the Children's Employment Commissioners (in their Report of 1864) come to this general conclusion:—

"That the system of night-sets in the blast furnaces, and in the mills and forges; the frequent overtime in the foundries, and other miscellaneous occupations of the district, and the state of many of the places of work are causes of injury to the health of the young employed in such great numbers, and occasion material obstruction to them in regard to their education, has been amply shown by the above review of the evidence upon these subjects; and the conclusion plainly suggested by these facts is, that as far as it is practicable to apply remedies by legislation, it would be desirable to do so."

Mr. Punch has no wish to paint the "Black Country" blacker than it is. The question suggested by the Report he has been quoting, is whether it be possible to paint it blacker than the black reality. He is thankful to know, however, that black as this country is now, it was blacker once; and that, however grim, gloomy, and depressing be the picture to be made out of the materials furnished by the Report of 1864, it is light and hope itself compared with that to be gathered from MR. HORNE'S and DR. MITCHELL'S reports made for the original Children's Employment Commission in 1841.

There has been an improvement among the workers even in this sad and unlovely region, thanks to the influence of enlightened minds and lives of Christian effort, like the PRINCE CONSORT'S. But, allowing for all the improvement that the last twenty years have brought about, there is still suffering, ignorance, neglect, and degradation enough in this Black Country to justify the writing of far harder things than the hardest Mr. Punch could write, even at the whitest heat of his indignation, in the deepest blush of his shame, in the bitterest scolding of his sorrow, in the warmest glow of his pity.

40 as many people did—"fourty" (*vide* parlour, honour, &c.), or for stating what he still believes to be correct, that an "isthmus" was a fossil, of which there was a specimen in the British Museum.

MRS. CUMBERMOULD. Defective vision. Couldn't see anything worth a tenth part of the dreadful exertion, in a view from any Swiss or other mountain you can mention. (N.B. This lady's opinion being in harmony with her presence, ought to carry great weight.) By proper diet and regimen much improvement is anticipated.

MISS CUMBERMOULD. Hereditary complaint. Couldn't see any charm in croquet; never played, being afraid of damp boots from exposure to the atmosphere, &c. No hope.

The Committee conclude their Report, and base their claim to public support on that famous axiom, "None are so blind as those who won't see."

ECONOMY AT ATHERTON.

ECONOMY is the soul of Local Government. This maxim is illustrated by the Local Government Board of Atherton in the following advertisement, which has appeared in the *Manchester Guardian*:—

CLERK WANTED.—The Local Government Board for the district of Atherton, in the county of Lancaster, require the services of a Gentleman competent to fulfil the duties of CLERK to the Board. He will require to reside within the district. His duties will be to keep the books and accounts of the Board, according to a system similar to that adopted by the Poor-law unions and approved by the district auditor; to examine and check the weekly accounts of the surveyor and collector; attend personally at every meeting of the Board and Committees, take the minutes of every such meeting; write out the rate-books of the Board, there being at present two general district rates made per annum; prepare all demand notes, receipts, &c., for the collector, and all contracts, agreements, notices, forms, &c., required by the Board; conduct all correspondence, and otherwise perform all the duties of the said office, carrying out the spirit of the "standing orders" of the Board, the Local Government Acts, and the other incorporated Acts relating to the powers and business of the Board. The salary to be allowed has been fixed after the rate of £40 per annum; no additional remuneration whatever will be paid for extra services of any description rendered to the Board. The person appointed will be required to enter upon his duties immediately; the appointment to be held during the pleasure of the Board.—Applications, in the hand-writing of the candidates, stating age, &c., and enclosing testimonials as to fitness for the office, must be addressed to "The Clerk to the Local Government Board, Atherton, near Manchester," not later than Wednesday the 5th day of December next.

By Order of the Board.

Boardroom, Public Hall, Atherton, 22nd November, 1866.

Another maxim, however, equally true, is "Parsimony begets Embezzlement." The great amount of labour for which forty pounds a-year are offered in the foregoing announcement as a remuneration, is worth a great deal more than that comparatively small sum. Yet the offer will no doubt be accepted, for forty pounds are forty pounds, and the duties to be performed in return for that salary may afford opportunities of eking it out, whilst the performance of those duties may admit of being considerably neglected. So that the Local Administration of Atherton ought not to be surprised if one fine morning they find, should any needy fellow accept their laborious and underpaid clerkship, that he has bolted with a portion of their funds, and left their accounts in confusion.

PARAPHRASE.—Scratch a Ritualist and you find a Roman Catholic.



TRUE POLITENESS.

Conductor. "FARE, MISS? DON'T MENTION IT!"

MEMENTO TO MISLEADERS.

INSINUATE that mine's a drunken lot,
I'll soberly disprove the imputation.
But talk to me as though I were a sot
Myself, and you'll excite my indignation.
Who calls me fool offends me not so much
As he who shows me that he thinks me such.

Say we're impulsive, and I little care.
That charge my smiling calmness shall refute.
But much you will insult me if you dare
Attempt to play on me as on a flute,
To agitate me with false eloquence,
Meant to create sensation, not strike sense.

Don't go to work me up with gross appeals
To purblind passion and stupidity,
Which declamation, void of truth, reveals
That you attribute in your heart, to me,
Whilst with your tongue, that much your mind belies,
You tell me I am all that's good and wise.

Don't extol me, don't butter me, don't soap.
Don't flatter me. I'm neither king nor fool.
Don't think to wield me at your will; don't hope
Me with the vapour of your mouth to rule.
A working man a thinking man may be.
Sway, Demagogue, the mob—but I'll be free.

Ritualists.

THE Ritualists now lay great stress upon the point of their close resemblance to the Early Church. The Roman Catholic Oratorians at Brompton are, after all, nearer than these mock turtles, as they have their first service at 5.30 or 6 A.M., which is Early Church enough in all conscience.

THE CULTIVATION OF ANAKIM.

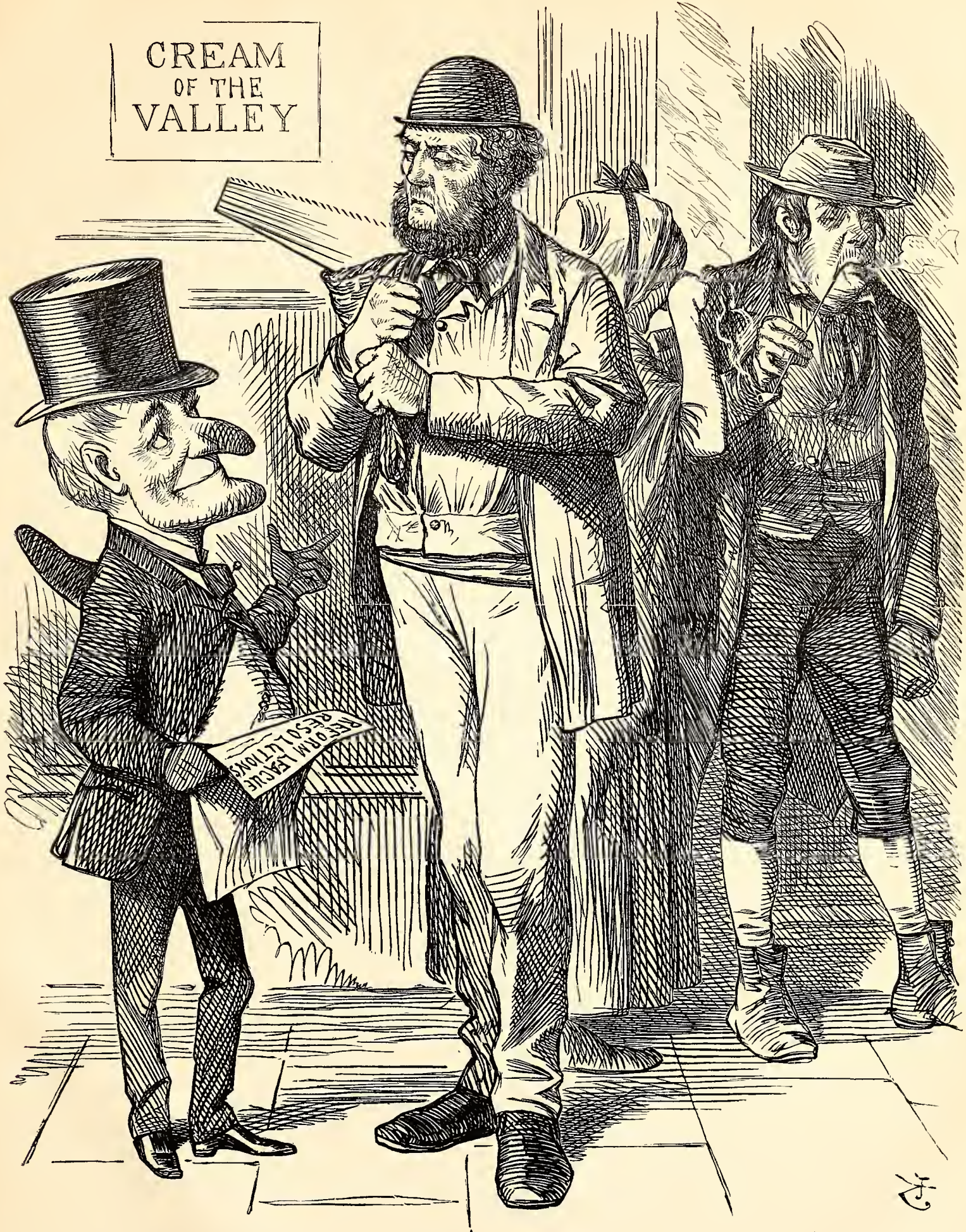
THE language which has been employed by MR. BRIGHT in his speeches on Reform may be strong, but is not nearly so revolutionary as that employed by SIR DAVID BREWSTER in delivering a lecture to the Edinburgh Royal Society, "On Light as a Sanitary Agent." The learned Professor is reported to have expressed himself as follows:—

"If, then, the light of day contributed to the development of the human form and lent its aid to art and nature in the cure of disease, it became a personal and national duty to construct our dwelling-houses, our schools, workshops, factories, churches, villages, towns, and cities, upon such principles and in such styles of architecture as would allow the life-giving element to have its fullest and freest entrance, and to chase from every crypt, and cell, and corner, the elements of uncleanness and corruption which had a vested interest in darkness."

Who can doubt the soundness of scientific reasoning advanced on such authority as that of SIR DAVID BREWSTER? If accepted and acted on it will, however, effect a complete revolution in our domestic architecture. Our houses will be as conservatories and greenhouses, our cottages as melon-beds and cucumber-frames. Who can fix any limit to the dimensions which the human form may attain to if Posterity is grown under glass? The British people may wax great indeed when it comes to be raised in this way. England's Royal Palaces will be all Crystal Palaces; and then what great Kings and Queens and Princes will spring up! Morality will rise to a high degree when the actions of all the inmates of every abode become visible to their neighbours. There will be no more any street Arabs, or any other mischievous boys to break windows; because there will, on the one hand be no windows to break, and, on the other, of course those who live in glass houses will not throw stones.

Explanatory.

THE Compositors, it appears, declined to join the Trades' Reform Procession. Probably they thought that if there was any crowding or crushing in their division, people would say it was the letter-press. But printers can hardly be classed with working-men, they more resemble the Bourgeois type.



MANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

MR. PUNCH. "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY, MY FRIEND, THAT *THAT* IS THE SORT OF MANHOOD YOU WISH TO BE MIXED UP WITH?"

THE UNITED CABINET.

A COUNCIL IN DOWNING STREET.

Lord Derby (in continuation). Yes, all very fine to call it a *canard*, but the wild duck flies with the wind. It is a bore that such a thing should appear in the *Scotsman*.

Mr. Disraeli. So unfounded a statement, too. At least, I suppose that it is unfounded. Our organs have declared it to be so, and they ought to know best.

Lord Cranborne. I am sure that nothing that has occurred here could justify the assertion that we are not unanimous—painfully unanimous—monotonously unanimous. To say that I am not upon the best of terms with the right honourable gentleman, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER!

Mr. Disraeli. Or that he entertains feelings less exalted than reverence and admiration for the noble Lord who presides over India!

Lord Cranborne. If there is anything which I honour, it is frankness, consistency, and large statesmanship.

Mr. Disraeli. And if there is anything which I adore, it is good-nature, modesty, and self-abnegation.

General Peel (aside to Mr. Walpole). What are those chaps humbugging about?

Mr. Walpole. I never understood a second meaning, but I hope that they are only poking some kind of fun—not that such a thing is appropriate in a serious discussion.

General Peel. O, I like fun as well as anybody, and the more we have of it the better in this bothering old world, but look at their mugs. Those ain't strictly funny, as at present made up, eh?

Lord Derby. Well, gentlemen, we'll take mutual regard for granted, and go to business. Now, DUX BUCKS.

The President of the Council. Order, my Lords and my Gentlemen.

Lord Stanley. Here is December. We have eight weeks, and then the Speech must be written. What is to be said about Reform?

Lord Cranborne. Without wishing to be in the slightest degree disagreeable, might one ask why the initiative in reference to domestic Legislation is taken by the Secretary for the Colonies?

General Peel. Bother! Hang it! What the deuce does it matter who takes it? I move that we say nothing about Reform. There!

Lord Cranborne. I beg to second the motion of the gallant General.

Lord Derby. Come, that's like business. The Anti-reform Cock's in the pit. Who puts down a cock to fight him?

Mr. Disraeli. I compliment your Lordship on your loyalty to the traditions of Lancashire. And I accept the invitation. I move as an amendment that HER MAJESTY'S Speech should contain, as its first paragraph, an announcement that, in a week, a Bill for the improvement of the representation will be laid before the Legislature.

Mr. Walpole. I don't move anything. I beg pardon for interrupting. But should not the Speech begin with thankfulness about the Cattle Plague, you know?

Mr. Disraeli. Let the cows alone, and take the bull by the horns.

Lord Stanley. Certainly. I second the proposal of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. And we ought not to separate to-day without settling the question.

The President. Has anybody got anything more to say?

Lord Malmesbury. Why, really, nothing has been said at all. Surely, surely, we are not going to rush at a decision without hearing the arguments.

Lord Derby. Argue away, my dear fellow.

Lord Malmesbury. O, I haven't got anything to say, at least anything particular.

Lord Derby. Then say something general. Anyhow, let's get on.

Lord Malmesbury. I would really rather listen to others than speak.

Mr. Disraeli. It is an odd taste, but eccentricity is the flavour of society. I, as mover of the amendment, had better give you my reasons for supporting a Bill. It is that I do not wish—I mean that I do not think it will be for the good of the country—that we should go out in March.

General Peel. I don't know about that. We could be turned out comfortably, and go off, jolly, for the Easter holidays. Let's see, when do they fall? I must look at *Punch's Almanack*, which I always carry about me. (Takes out *THE Almanack*.)

Lord Derby. After you, PEEL.

Lord Chelmsford. And after you, LORD DERBY.

General Peel. I just shan't. Buy your own copies. How mean you are!

Mr. Disraeli. The Tories were always mean to the press, not that they are niggardly, but that they have no true appreciation of its power.

General Peel. I bought a hundred copies—went to *Punch's* office myself for them—and I've been giving them away to everybody. Here you are, "Easter Sunday, the 21st April." I say—that's awfully convenient. Let's go out the second week in April.

Sir John Pakington. My dear General, this is positively outrageous. Why do you talk about going out, as if it were part of a programme? I am not prepared to say that it is not unconstitutional.

General Peel. My honourable and bumptious friend, don't be a humbug.

The President. Order! order!

Mr. Disraeli. Permit me, though opposed on this topic to the gallant General, to say that I am convinced that when he termed the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY a humbug, he only meant to express his belief that to affect to anticipate the retention of office, while abandoning the only means of securing it, is a course savouring less of intelligence than of insincerity.

General Peel. Precisely. Put that in your pipe, PACKY.

Sir John Pakington. The good humour of the gallant General disarms hostility, and I will now address myself to the main question. I am free to confess that I share the opinion of those who do not disbelieve that it would be possible for HER MAJESTY'S present administration to frame a Reform measure which might not be unsatisfactory to the country.

General Peel (to Mr. Walpole). Is he for or against? Blest if I can disentangle his blessed negatives.

Mr. Walpole. For.

General Peel. Pump!

Lord John Manners. It would be very distressing to have to go out, just when one had got the flower-gardens into such good order for the spring. COWPER knows nothing about flowers, and he will make the most piteous work with my nice arrangements.

Lord Derby. You shall come and look over my gardeners at Knowsley, JOHN. I am sure that we shall be enchanted to see you, and you shall read poetry to the ladies in the evening.

Lord John Manners. That would be a great consolation, my dear friend, and I am very much obliged to you. But I have taken no end of pains with the Parks—the word makes me ready to weep.

Mr. Walpole. Don't! Always command your emotions.

Lord Chelmsford. We are as slow as Chancery. Let us come to the point. Do we care enough for a chance of our places to sacrifice our principles—our recorded principles?

Mr. Disraeli (slowly). Yes—recorded principles, LORD CRANBORNE.

Lord Cranborne. Other records might be as inconvenient as the speeches of last session, MR. DISRAELI.

Lord Derby. Pardon me—*noblesse oblige*—and so on. I cannot hear the matter discussed in that manner. I do not care one farthing about office, and, but that I serve my party, I would sooner be out than in. Don't let us talk vulgarly.

Lord Chelmsford. I am not vulgar. I used to be called the elegant THESIGER. I never did or said a vulgar thing in my life.

Lord Derby. Never. I know it. I retract vulgarly, and substitute without due regard to conventional decorum.

Mr. Disraeli. I do not affect to despise office. But you may buy gold too dear. However, it may facilitate our settlement if I say that I decline becoming the advocate of any Bill which shall not be apparently large enough to afford me some chances in the combat. If I throw a tub to the whale, it shall be a big tub.

General Peel (aside to MR. WALPOLE). If he was thrown to the whale, like JEHOSHAPHAT—or somebody—we should get on better.

Mr. Walpole. Hush! Pray do not be irreligious.

Lord Cranborne. The right honourable gentleman is ambitious to add to his other fictions a *Tale of a Tub*. I decline to be a member of his publishing firm.

Several Voices. Divide! divide!

General Peel. Ain't we divided enough?

Lord Derby. A moment, DUX BUCKS. I must claim my right as First Minister to say something definite. You will accept it or not. We have promised a Reform Bill when it was not asked for. Now that it is very much asked for I can't see that we can omit such promise. My view is, therefore, that we bring in a decent kind of Bill, a little larger, perhaps, than might be expected from us. We shall go out upon that, and save our characters. If you see your way to this, the Bill shall be prepared.

General Peel. And if we don't?

Lord Derby. Then, JONATHAN, in the words of HOMER, translated by a nobleman who shall be nameless:—

“ Πηλείδης μὲν ἐπὶ κλισίας καὶ νῆας ἔϊσας
 ἦϊε σὺν τε Μενουτιάδῃ καὶ οἷς ἐτάροισιν.”

General Peel (to Mr. Walpole). What does he mean? Blow HOMER!

Mr. Walpole. That he'll cut us.

General Peel. Arbitrary cove! But that settles it. I suppose we may shut up. Who's taken my *Punch's Almanack*?—Just you hand that over here, BUCKS DUX.

(The Council disperses in silence.)

Lord Derby. Give me your arm to the Square, STANLEY?

Lord Stanley. With pleasure, my dear father.

Lord Derby. Well?

Lord Stanley (after a pause). Yes.

Lord Derby (laughing). Just my sentiments. And what a shame of the *Scotsman* to tell stories!



YOUNG ENGLAND.

Mamma. "CHARLIE, DEAR, GO AND TELL JAMES TO FETCH A CAB FOR YOUR AUNT."
 Charlie. "ALL RIGHT, AUNT. WILL YOU HAVE A 'SHOVEL' OR A 'GROWLER?'"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(Exterior of the Feudal Castle. Interior.)

WHAT inconvenient places these old castles are! This Bovor Castle is in a splendid state of preservation: one of the few, I believe, with a drawbridge. The drawbridge, when I arrive, is up for the night. I wish CHILDERS was up for the night. No bell. No knocker. No horn. Nothing.

Happy Thought.—Tell the flyman to shout.

He says if he shouts it will frighten the horse. I *must* shout, and he must run back and tie his horse up: then return and shout. In his absence I walk along the side of the moat, to see if there's any way of crossing without the bridge. None.

It's very solemn and grey, in the moonlight, and mysterious and dark out of it. I feel as if I'd come to release MARY, Queen of Scots. I see a punt moored to the opposite bank: MARY, Queen of Scots, again.

I see the places where they used to pour hot lead out on to the people below.

Hope CHILDERS isn't hiding, and going to have any practical jokes.

Flyman returns. I tell him to shout.

Happy Thought.—A man can't shout with any energy in cold blood. The shouting of a hireling cannot be so hearty as that of the person interested.

I tell him to shout louder. He asks "what name he shall shout?" I tell him "CHILDERS." He begins, "Hi, CHILDERS! CHIL-DERS!" I don't like hearing him behave so familiarly, but won't stop him, in order to insert the "Mister," or perhaps he won't shout any more. I fancy he takes a secret pleasure in calling the present owner of the castle "CHILDERS."

He says he can't do it any louder. Absurd! A flyman, and can't shout!

I begin, "CHILDERS!" I take a turn of two minutes. There's no echo; no effect of any sort, except a growing sense of hopeless desolation. The flyman is sitting on a portmanteau, and beginning to doze. "CHIL-DERS! CHIL-DERS! CHILDERS!"

I can't believe they're all asleep. They hear me, and won't get up. It's cruel. "CHIL-DERS, hi!! Hi!!!" He may not be at home. Somebody must hear.

Happy Thought.—Make the flyman shout *with* me.

Duet—"CHILDERS! Hi! Hi! CHIL-DERS! Hi!" I don't like leaving off for a minute, but we are obliged to do so for want of breath, the hireling giving in first.

Happy Thought.—Throw a stone at a window. Glazier less expensive than driving to a hotel.

We look for a stone. Flyman says *he* should like to break a window or two. I tell him there's no necessity for that. Can't find a stone. Can't throw grass.

Shout once more. Wish we'd not left off shouting, to look for stones; as, if we had roused them, they'll all have gone to sleep again.

Wish I was in London—in bed. Wish I'd asked for an answer to my telegram. Wish all this while I shout.

A light behind a red curtain at a window. A voice, which comes in as a pleasant relief to ours, says, "Hallo!" A stupid thing to say, by the way. I shout, "Hallo, CHILDERS!" He answers, "Who's that?" That settles the question: it *is* CHILDERS. I tell him that I am here. He exclaims, "You! By Jove, all right!" and disappears, light and all. I wonder if he's glad to see me! I wonder what he's saying now!

The flyman suddenly becomes more respectful, I fancy; he had evidently begun to think that I didn't know anyone at Bovor Castle.

Noise on the other side of the gate. Unbarring.

CHILDERS is there in a dressing-gown, with a lantern, like Guy Fawkes. He cries out, "Stop a minute, and I'll let down the drawbridge," as if I was going to attempt crossing over without it.

It is down: he works it with one hand. He says, "Oh yes, it was no good calling the maid to do it. They're all in bed." Flyman crosses with the luggage. I pay him, standing under the portcullis: he grumbles, and I pay him again. I stop to admire the romantic scene. CHILDERS says "Yes, deuced cold though. See it better to-morrow morning." He closes the gate, and leaves the drawbridge down. He tells me he was asleep when I arrived.

Happy Thought.—Praise the place as much as possible to put him in a good humour. Wish I could recollect if he's got a family or not, I'd ask after them. Ought to recollect all these sort of things before calling on anybody. Safe question to ask him, "All well at home!" only it sounds as if he had just arrived, not I. His reply is, "All quite well," and I wonder to myself whether there is a MRS. CHILDERS. I've only known CHILDERS as a bachelor in town. I don't recollect his mentioning MRS. CHILDERS then.

We cross a court-yard, which reminds me of being in a small college, and coming home late. In fact I can't help expecting to see plenty of lights, and hear jovial voices. Neither.

He asks me, doubtfully, if I won't take any supper. I say, "No, no, my dear fellow; don't let me put you to any trouble." By which I want him to understand that I'm very hungry, and had expected to find chickens, champagne, and salad awaiting my arrival. He replies, "Oh no trouble in the least. As you don't want any, you'd like to go to bed at once."

I say "Yes, at once!"

Happy Thought.—Never travel without biscuits. Makes you independent. So do matches and soap.

A noise in the passage. Two men come in loudly. One, who I should say sleeps in his spectacles, has evidently had his trousers, slippers, and shooting-coat close by his bedside. The other has only been able to lay hold of the two first articles. They rush in, shake me by the hand heartily, and say "How d'ye do, old fellow?" I respond as energetically, "How d'y do? How are you?"

Happy Thought.—I have certainly never seen either of them before. They are asleep I think.

They insist on shaking hands again. They then look at one another and laugh. I laugh. CHILDERS laughs. We all laugh. We then sit down, and there is a pause.

Happy Thought.—I say, cheerfully, "Well, I've kept my promise. Here I am."

The short man in spectacles laughs as if he were going to make an observation, but doesn't. The taller man smiles thoughtfully at the candle. I am almost positive they are asleep. CHILDERS observes, "That he didn't expect me so late," but adds, that "he's deuced pleased to see me." The short man in spectacles leans forward to shake hands with me again, and laughs. The taller has evidently expended all his energy at first, and is fast asleep upright in his chair. More noise; another man enters in a sort of barbarian costume, consisting of knickerbockers and a railway rug, and a Scotch cap. He says, "He thought the orchard was being robbed:—he'd loaded his gun, and looked out."

Happy Thought.—Narrow escape, this!

Seeing me, he says, cheerfully, "How d'ye do?" I respond equally cheerfully, and we all laugh again, including the tall man, who wakes up to do it, and then resumes his dosing.

I suppose they don't introduce people at Bovor. Wonder if they're brothers or cousins, or only friends. Must take care what I say.

Short man in spectacles inquires for something to drink. CHILDERS, addressing him as "BOBBY," tells him he can't want anything at that hour. It appears, however, that he can, and does. The taller man also wakes up at the mention of something to drink; and the barbarian, who has now lighted a pipe at the solitary candle, is struck with the idea, as a good one.

They all know where everything is to be found. BOBBY says he wouldn't mind something to eat. Tall man, becoming more wakeful every minute, suggests "cheese," and, as an after-thought, "bread." The barbarian, taking a kindly view of my case, asks me to join him in a pipe, and wait till CHILDERS brings in some cold pie. This (with the exception of the pipe) is thoughtful. I take to the barbarian.

Happy Thought.—Note for *Typical Developments*. The short cut to a man's heart is through the stomach.

Everyone's gone to get something. There is an air of hospitality about them all that I like. But I can't make out whether they are all Childerses, or friends, or cousins. Each one seems to be the host.

CHILDERS returns alone, with a cold pie and a plate.

Happy Thought.—To ask him, now he's alone, who the other fellows are. He is surprised. "What, don't I know them?" No. Oh, then he'll tell me. The short one, in spectacles, is BOB ENGLEFIELD, the dramatist. Don't I know him?

Happy Thought.—Say (in order not to offend him), "I've heard the name somewhere."

"The tall one," he continues, "is a very rising fellow—JACK STENTON." I ask, "Rising? in what way?" CHILDERS replies, "Oh, in every way: philosophy, and that sort of thing." Then adds, as if this wasn't enough to determine his character, "Writes for several reviews."

Happy Thought.—Best thing to say is, "Does he, indeed?" which I say accordingly.

The Barbarian in the rug is POSS FELMYR. "Old POSS is writing a novel down here," he tells me. All I can say is, "Is he, indeed?" again.

I remark that they've all got familiar Christian names—BOBBY, JACK, MAT (CHILDERS is "MAT," I find), and POSS.

"Why POSS?" Nobody knows: they've always called him so.

Happy Thought.—I like these sort of names. They're terms of affection among men. I never had a name of this sort. I wish these fellows would call me "POSS," or something. I like this style of thing: all men, clever, brilliant, literary, and artistic.

I give out this sentiment over the pie:

CHILDERS says, "Oh, my wife's here." I say, "Oh, indeed!" and try to explain away my remark by saying, "Ah! that's a different thing."

They smoke, eat, and drink all at once.

I make a good supper off pie, cheese, and cold brandy-and-water.

The next question which occurs to the party is, "Where shall we put him?" meaning me.

I say, politely, anywhere. Hope (to myself sincerely) that it will be a comfortable room.

BOBBY jumps up, and says, "He's got it."

We regard him inquiringly.

He looks round at us and says, "How about the Haunted Room?"

I repeat (I am aware, feebly), "The Haunted Room?" and smile. Of course, I don't believe in ghosts. Pooh!

PUNCH'S PROVERBS.



ost sticks have two ends, and a muff gets hold of the wrong one.

The good boy studies his lesson; the bad boy gets it.

Who steals my railway debentures steals trash.

If sixpence were sunshine, it would never be lost in the giving.

The man that is happy in all things will rejoice in potatoes.

Three removes are better than a dessert.

Dinner deferred maketh the hungry man mad.

Bacon without liver is food for the mind.

FRENCH. They are scarce of horseflesh that eat saddle of mutton.

Forty winks or five million is one sleep.

You don't go to the Mansion House for skilligolee.

Three may keep counsel if they retain a barrister.

What is done cannot be underdone.

You can't make a pair of shoes out of a pig's tail.

Dinner hour is worth every other, except bed-time.

No hairdresser puts grease into a wise man's head.

An upright judge for a downright rogue.

Happiness is the hindmost horse in the Derby.

Look before you sit.

Bear and forbear is Bruin and tripe.

Bought wit is best, and *Punch's Almanack* cannot cost too much.

Believe twice as much as you hear of a lady's age.

Content is the conjuror that turns mock-turtle into real.

There is no one who perseveres in well-doing like a thorough humbug.

The loosest fish that drinks is tight.

Education won't polish boots.

Experience is the mother of gumption.

Half-a-crown is better than no bribe.

Knowledge without practice makes poor Pilgarlic.

Utopia hath no law.

There is no cruelty in whipping cream.

Care will kill a cat; carelessness a Christian.

He who lights his candle at both ends, spills grease.

Keep your jokes to yourself, and repeat other peoples.

Ritualism.

A LADY recently asked a High Church Clergyman the meaning of Ritualism.

"It is sticking *close* to the rubric, Madam," was the reply.

"It seems to me to be rather sticking *clothes* to the rubric," rejoined the inquirer.

[*Collapse of the Ritualist ensued.*]

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE QUESTION.

DE CRESPIGNY COOINGTON, who has just got his "first," asserts that Oxford honour-men are *The Working Classes*.

A SANGUINARY SPOT.—Kensington Gore.



THE NEW RUNNING DRILL.

(A RESPECTFUL APPEAL TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.)
CAPTAIN BLUARD, AS HE APPEARED IN COMMAND OF HIS COMPANY.

SYMPATHY SUPERSEDED.

It is with heartfelt pain that, compelled by a sense of duty, we give the advantage of universal publicity to the paragraph subjoined:—

“FLOGGINGS FOR HIGHWAY ROBBERIES.—At the Stafford Winter Assizes yesterday, THOMAS HARRISON, CHEAVERIL WELCH, and JAMES ARMSTRONG were convicted of assaulting and robbing THOMAS BROADBENT on the 2nd of September at Wolverhampton. MR. JUSTICE BYLES said that people must walk the streets in safety, and he should pass a most severe sentence on the prisoners. HARRISON, who had been previously convicted, was sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment, and to receive 25 lashes with the cat-o'-nine tails. The other prisoners were sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment and to receive 20 lashes each.”

POOR THOMAS HARRISON! POOR CHEAVERIL WELCH! POOR JAMES ARMSTRONG! No wonder at the sequel of the foregoing extract:—

“The sentences were received with evident dismay by the prisoners.”

The feeling mind must sympathise with the mental pain with which the poor footpads above named anticipated the physical pangs which they were doomed to experience. It would be well if garotters and other thieves accustomed to combine robbery with violence were aware that, when a criminal is flogged, the executioner who administers the lash waits about half a minute between each application of it. This gives the convict under its infliction full time to realise to the utmost the sensation which it excites, and to reflect on the inexpediency of committing the crime which earns such a recompense. Poor HARRISON, poor WELCH, and poor ARMSTRONG probably didn't know this when they assaulted and robbed THOMAS BROADBENT. But they were most likely informed of it by some kind fellow-prisoner in gaol. Some companion in confinement, who had himself been whipped, also perhaps explained to them thoroughly the physical effects and the impression on the sentient nerves produced by the cat-o'-nine-tails. Well, then, may the poor fellows have regarded its prospective endurance with dismay.

But pity for the destined sufferers of the scourge, however distressing, ceases to grieve us when we consider the likelihood that their suffering will prevent some cruel outrage which, but for it, would be perpetrated on somebody or other. This consideration would make us contemplate

the punishment they are to undergo as we should regard a surgical operation, only we should not smile upon the latter as we should upon the former, because pain is not the essential of the surgeon's handiwork, whereas it is that of the executioner's. Therefore, we cannot recommend that the patients whom JUSTICE BYLES has most judiciously sentenced to flagellation, should be subjected to that process under the influence of chloroform.

FENIANISM.

SIR,

I DREAD a rebellion. I dread it, Sir, on account of the fearful destruction of property which must ensue. Directly I heard that there was going to be an outbreak I exclaimed, “Good Gracious!” I nearly fainted. Why Sir? Why, can you ask me *why*? Because I have property in Ireland, Sir, which a ferocious lawless mob may utterly destroy. You will say, “I must suffer for my non-residency.” Perhaps so. Where I dine, I sleep generally; because I generally sleep directly after dinner. But, Sir, because I have property in Ireland, *must* I reside there? I quake lest the Fenian rioters discover my treasures. Yes, Sir, I tremble, because, after leaving Ireland, two months ago, I discovered on arriving safely at my own London home, that I had unwittingly left my tooth-brush and a piece of scented soap in the Hotel at Dublin.

I remain, Sir, your distressed

TOMMY.

A Rival to Wolverhampton.

CONSIDERING how necessary it is to keep a careful watch over one's nose in London, the Metropolitan District has a good claim to be called the Black Country.

OMITTED FROM THE BLUE-BOOK.

WHEN SERGEANT CATCHLEY is unable to enlist any more Country Bumpkins, he retires into the “Blue Boar,” and recruits himself.



THE PLAY-GOERS.

LAUGHABLE MISTAKE (NOT AN UNACCOUNTABLE ONE UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES) MADE BY TWO WEST-END GENTS AFTER A TASTING-ORDER AT THE DOCKS.

BALLADS FOR BACHELORS.

THE BACHELOR TO HIS BUTTONS.

ADIEU! thou ill-starred race, adieu!
Thy banishment I'll not bewail;
But trust I never more may view,
The broken rings which fret my nail.
How oft on wrist or collar band
A disc delusive dangled, where
Urged by some mercenary hand
The iron stern had entered there!

Oh, Woman, who did first invent
That badge of our dependent state;
Hast thou not laughed at our lament,
When buttonless we stamped irate?
Sweet nymphs have struck a tender chord,
And smiling, whispered, half in dread:
"How helpless is a noble lord,
Whose happiness hangs by a thread."

But, lo! a mighty thought is born,
From Jove full-armed Minerva springs;
The hollow mould which roused our scorn,
Gives place to firm and brighter things.
Then idle girls, who watchful see
Man's jocund freedom, softly say,
"Strong, Sir, as golden links may be
Love's links are stronger far than they."

SPECIFIC FOR SCURVY.

It appears that sailors in the merchant service are very apt to shirk taking the lime-juice necessary to secure them from scurvy. They are not altogether fools for doing so when, as is often the case, the lime-juice, having been ill-kept, in casks, has turned mouldy and bad.

Now, on board Her Majesty's ships, we understand, the lime-juice is preserved in bottles, with the addition of a certain quantity of rum, which keeps it good. That is the thing to preserve lime-juice with on the one hand, and to get it taken on the other. Strengthen the lime-juice with a certain proportion of rum; add a little sugar, and moderately dilute the mixture with hot water, and there is hardly a sailor who will not drink as much of it as is ever served out to him.

THE MANHOOD OF LAMBETH.

LAMBETH, famous for Short Weights and Bad Measures, had to vindicate its character. When MR. THOMAS HUGHES reminded his constituents of the little distinction above indicated, he was met by hisses. Lambeth then considered the situation, and on the whole arrived at the just conclusion that something ought to be done. England clearly looked scornfully at Lambeth, and regarded it as a fosterer of rascality. So it was thought that when an opportunity arrived for another meeting, it would be well for the masses of Lambeth to show that they could extend patient and respectful attention to their representatives, and even should either of the latter entertain views which were not those of the majority, he should be judged fairly, and, if necessary, censured calmly, and as became men who held themselves entitled to pronounce political verdicts. The opportunity was last week afforded. MR. DOULTON, M.P., invited an audience, and it came. The *Morning Star* shall continue the story:—

"The Chair was taken by MR. ALDER, Carriage-BUILDER, of Newington, who tried in vain to obtain a hearing. After having essayed to do so for some time, he gave up the attempts in despair, and MR. DOULTON then came forward. The scene at this moment was of the most exciting and extraordinary character. For several minutes the honourable Member stood facing the assembly, his friends cheering vociferously, whilst from the body of the meeting came counter demonstrations of the most tumultuous description. Several gentlemen with excellent intentions advanced to the front of the platform, and gesticulated wildly in the vain hope of quelling the uproar. These attempts, however, only provoked a fresh storm of shouts and jeers, whilst above the noise some electors gifted with more stentorian lungs than others could be heard uttering expressions of indignant disapproval of their Member's Parliamentary conduct."

This statesmanlike proceeding lasted for a long time, and at length MR. DOULTON thought that it might be more practical to address the reporters only. Those gentlemen, whom nothing ever deters from their duty, took such notes as the impassioned utterances of the assembly would permit, but occasionally the howling was too frantic to permit the speaker's sentences to reach the stenographers. But they took down enough to show that MR. DOULTON endeavoured to argue fairly, and to offer his antagonists his reasons for the votes he had

given in Parliament. But even this modified arrangement did not please the friends of Manhood Suffrage, and the *Star* proceeds:—

"At this juncture the people occupying the body of the hall became intensely excited—the pottery boys lost all self-control, if they ever had any—and the 'ticket-holders' of the platform sent defiant cheers in the teeth of the loud and unmistakable disapprobation manifested by those who formed three-fourths of the main body of the meeting. A rush was made for the platform across the tables occupied by the reporters, who, effecting a precipitate 'skedaddle,' notes in hand, took the platform by storm."

Nevertheless the gallant reporters, driven off for a time, returned to the charge, and managed to hear MR. DOULTON say,

"If anything were wanting to show the tyranny of those who, up to the present time, have been leading the people, and to show how they would exercise their influence over them, I think we could find it in the infuriated language used in the last few weeks to render this meeting of mine impossible."

The discussion continued, but MR. DOULTON pluckily stood his ground, completed his address, and retired amid a storm of yelling and hooting. Then some folks of another sort mounted the platform, and were heard with applause. They carried resolutions in favour of giving every man a vote. MR. PUNCH heartily congratulates Lambeth, the meeting, and the promoters of the good cause upon their amicable and patriotic tolerance, and the decided advance which such demonstrations cause to the fortune of Manhood Suffrage.

Might makes Right.

We read that retribution dark
Awaits removing a land-mark.
A newer reading Prussia sends
Who plucks both marks and lands from friends;
And, in her grasp their wealth possessing,
Bids them esteem her theft a blessing.

THE PARADISE OF THE COMPASSIONATE.—The Pitti Palace.

LOVE-WRITING ON THE WALL.



if we saw on every wall such gushing effusions as these:—"To Widows, &c. Minds wanted. Age no object. Address, HUGH BIGG NINIE, Esq.," and so on. Or "Matrimonial Alliance. No fortune required. Address, CYRIL CROWSFOOT, Esq.," and so on. A hollow heart wearing a mask would be a charming illustration to one advertisement, while the other might be felicitously adorned by a fool in a ring.

JUDGES ALWAYS AT FAULT.

THE report of an assault case which occurred in the Court of Common Pleas, before LORD CHIEF JUSTICE BOVILL and a special jury, the other day, contains the subjoined passage, commencing with a statement given in evidence:—

"The defendant would not let the cabman into the house, saying, 'Don't put your foot inside my door, or you will have to pay fifty bob.' (Laughter.)"

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. Fifty what?"

"MR. STRATTON (Examining Counsel). It means shillings, my Lord."

There is one particular wherein the learning of learned Judges appears to be commonly at fault. Their Lordships in general evince a remarkable unacquaintance with those synonyms which, amongst the masses, are usually substituted for words which have a place in *Johnson's Dictionary*. In short, no Judge ever seems to understand slang. As, for instance, when a witness is undergoing an examination, and there ensues a colloquy of this sort:—

Counsel. And then you said, what?

Witness. And then I said, "Here's me and BILL agin you two and that other bloke."

Judge. What does he say, Brother GABBLES?

Counsel. Bloke, my Lud; a word in use among the humbler classes. It means man.

Judge. Homo or vir?

Counsel (grinning). Vir, my Lud.

Judge. Very well; go on.

Counsel (to witness). And then you said, "Here's me and BILL agin you two and that other bloke." Well, and what did the prisoner say?

Witness. He said I'm good for two-and-a-kick.

Judge. Two-and-a-kick?

Counsel. Half-a-crown, my Lud; two-and-sixpence. A kick, in the language of persons of the witness's station in life, means sixpence.

Judge. Sixpence. Oh! Sixpence. A kick—sixpence.

Counsel. It also signifies, your Ludship, that part of a glass bottle which a French Minister described by saying that the bottom entered the interior. But sixpence is the witness's meaning.

Judge. I understand.

Counsel (to Witness). When the prisoner said he was good for two-and-a-kick, did he do anything?

Witness. He put down the money.

Counsel. He put down the money. Was any observation made in the prisoner's hearing?

Witness. BILL said, "Who stole the moke?"

Judge. Stole the what? Stole the bloke—the man? How could he steal the bloke?

Counsel. Moke, my Lud, not bloke. A moke is what costermongers call a donkey.

Judge. Really the language of that class of persons is very extraordinary.

When the case has been completed, and the Judge sums up, he is pretty sure to make some remark on the strange expressions which he has heard, speaking of them as though they had then occurred to his ear for the first time. As thus:—"And then, Gentlemen, the witness, as you heard, used certain words, which perhaps may be new to you. He spoke of a bloke, and he mentioned a moke. Now, Gentlemen, bloke and moke are words that sound very much alike, but you must know they are not convertible terms; that is to say, they don't mean the same thing: for bloke, as we are informed by the learned counsel, whose explanation of these terms is, I have no doubt, as correct as it is clear, signifies man, and moke donkey. Not but that some men may be termed donkeys in a certain sense; but that is not the sense in which the witness used the word moke. Well; and then, the phrase two-and-a-kick, Gentlemen, means, as you heard, not anything involving a peculiar assault, but a sum of money—the sum of—eh, brother GABBLES?—two shillings and sixpence."

Whether the learned Judges whom such words and phrases as those above instanced apparently puzzle, never possessed any knowledge of them at all, or have simply unlearned them, is a question that may be asked. There is somewhat pleasing in the thought that the purity of the ermine exerts on its wearer a mysterious impulse that expels from the memory every word of a grotesque and undignified character which it may have been charged with during its experience at the bar. A certain propriety, too, appears in a Judge's innocence of thieves' Latin.

Hard but Natural.

ON MR. WALPOLE'S name being submitted to the PRINCE OF WALES among the guests invited to meet him in his Norfolk shooting-parties, the Prince objected, on the ground that MR. WALPOLE would be certain to "wipe his eye."

MEDICAL.—It has been observed that in northern countries the cold invariably proceeds to extremities.

SUICIDE BY CRINOLINE.



HOSE ladies who are fond of reading by the fire-light are requested to peruse and ponder on the following:—

“The coroner remarked that this case, and that of the poor girl whose death in Sloane Street was last week recorded in *The Times* were instances of the extreme liability of women being injured or killed by fire. In the one case the distended dress was the cause of the calamity, and this one showed that the material of women's dress added to their risks. There were 3000 women burnt to death annually in England and Wales, and for every death by fire there were twenty persons injured who recovered, and this being the case, it might well be said that there was room for a reform in women's dress.”

Reform? Yes, we should think so: but how are we to get it? To reform the

House of Commons is difficult enough, but it is merely child's play to the labour of reforming the follies of the fashion. Here we see that crinoline and muslin kill women at the rate of three thousand a year; but the risk of being burnt to death is nothing in the eyes of fools whose aim is to be fashionable. Better die a fiery death than live out of the fashion.

So the Sutte system spreads, and women commit suicide without thinking of the sin of it. Perhaps were this view of their wickedness plainly put before them, it might serve as a deterrent. Deaths which are occasioned by wearing dresses specially constructed to catch fire, can hardly be regarded as being accidental. One might as well expect to smoke a pipe in safety in a powder magazine, as sit in safety near a fire-place in a protruded petticoat. When the dress catches fire, it cannot be extinguished, because of the air under it. Yet women, knowing this, still wilfully persist in wearing suicidal clothing. Perhaps they might be somewhat frightened towards reform, if, instead of giving verdicts of “accidental death,” our juries returned verdicts of “Suicide by Crinoline.”

PUNCH'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

Kelly's Post-Office Directory, for 1867. pp. 2904.

“A GREAT hook is a great evil,” said the eminent Grecian, but he might have reconsidered his famous *dictum* if he had had the advantage of beholding and studying this colossal work, which is not less remarkable for its vastness than for its accuracy and convenience. The industry which could collect, and the skill which could condense and distribute into accessible departments so enormous a mass of information, are worthy of an age of engineering triumph, and we unhesitatingly declare KELLY'S *Post-Office Directory* to be one of the most signal memorials of British energy and talent.

Our young man had written thus far, when his wife looked over his shoulder.

“My goodness, ALPHONSO,” she said, “are you out of your senses? Are you writing for *Punch*? What are you composing all those absurd sentences for? They are just nothing but a stupid commonplace review, such as any one of *Punch's* office boys would write.”

“I don't care,” said ALPHONSO, recklessly. “It's twelve o'clock, and I am too tired to write wit.”

“Well, leave it alone, then. I'm sure I wouldn't send in such stuff as that.”

“What do you mean by stuff? It's very elegant—you women are no judge of composition. I shall do nothing else,” said this dogged and venturesome young man.

“Yes, dear, do,” said the affectionate counsellor. “At least add that it is the most wonderful hook in the world, and how they find out the addresses you can't think. Why, we have only been in this house three weeks, but here we are—

“ALPHONSO SMITH, 16, Lucretia Villas, Alabaster Road, West Camberwell, S., and Arts Club, W.”

“Wonderful hook, beautiful print, capital map, strong binding, indispensable to everybody,” said ALPHONSO. “Blessed if I don't send in what you've been saying—teach you to interfere with a great writer.”

“Oh! ALPHONSO!”

“I shall, though.”

And he did.

[And for his flippancy received a wiggling which will remain on his mind until he is ordered to notice the *Directory* for 1868.—*Ed. P.*]

A BEAST SHOW IN THE HAYMARKET.

THE Cattle Show, as usual, has been held this year in Islington, and some remarkably fine heasts were as usual exhibited. But we see there is announced to take place in the Haymarket another public exhibition of—not to put too fine a point upon it—beasts. Being borrowed from the French, the show is called by a French name, it being difficult to find a fitting English title for it. In the advertisement of this “*Bal d'Opéra*,” as the show is called, considerable emphasis is laid upon the statement, that visitors may “with perfect propriety,” take tickets for the purpose of seeing what goes on, which of course provokes the inference that they cannot with the like propriety take part in it.

Moreover, it is said that “the arrangements are acknowledged to be most effective:” but as it is not said by whom this acknowledgment is given, there may be a reasonable doubt about its worth. What sort of enjoyment may be looked for at this *bal* may be a little gathered from the fact that a quadrille has been expressly composed for it, entitled, “*Therèse*, founded on airs sung by the celebrated Parisian *chanteuse*, MADAME THERESA.” If the dancers only equal the coarseness of the *chanteuse*, there will be ample cause to justify our giving to this *bal* the title of a Beast Show.

THE CANON LAW'S DELAY.

WHY is an Ecclesiastical suit like the course of true love? Because it never doth run smooth. Witness, for example, the following announcement in the *Globe*, which is a sort of one as familiar to every reader of newspapers as the paragraph about the great gooseberry:—

“BERNEY v. BISHOP OF NORWICH.—This case, which was argued before the Judicial Committee of Privy Council for two whole days last week, is to be re-argued, it having been ascertained by their Lordships that the hearing was invalid, as no Prelate was summoned as a Member of the Court, in accordance with the provisions of the Church Discipline Act. Their Lordships will appoint an early day for the rehearing of the cause.”

How is it that the lawyers who are charged with the conduct of ecclesiastical causes always omit to observe some technicality prescribed by the Church Discipline Act, or by some other? The progress of every such cause is sure to be impeded by some such blunder, tending to frustrate the ends of ecclesiastical justice. Hence protracted litigation, which would be ruinous both to the Bishop and the party on the other side, if they were not both well backed by their respective supporters. Perhaps the lawyers know that the expenses on either side will be defrayed by subscription, out of which they think they may as well get as much for themselves as they can by contriving to make mistakes that will necessitate proceeding *de novo*. Are ecclesiastical attorneys particularly stupid, or are they too clever by half?

NOBLE CONDUCT OF SIR THOMAS WILSON.

THE *Times* publishes a copy of a very brief but very gratifying letter addressed by SIR THOMAS M. WILSON to a resident at Hampstead, who had written to SIR THOMAS in reference to the Heath. We also subjoin it, from the *Times*, but we have the additional pleasure of stating that the letter to which it is a reply pointed out to SIR THOMAS WILSON that it would be very agreeable to the inhabitants of London, if they were permitted to mark out a Race-Ground, and erect a stand, with a view to holding races on the Heath. This explains the answer, which, as given by our contemporary is,

Charlton House, Dec. 7, 1866.

Sir,—Take your own course.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

THOMAS MARYON WILSON.

Arrangements will at once be made for carrying out the plan so generously assented to by SIR T. M. WILSON.

The Sister's Penance.

(As performed in a brotherly way, if not at the *Adelphi*.)

BRITANNIA having to put the strait-waistcoat on Hibernia; though to judge by the arrests, the part of *Mys-tery* is not quite so well kept up in Dublin as that of *Miss Terry* in London.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

GREAT surprise was expressed by many country visitors when they found that the POPE had not sent any of his Bulls to the Cattle Show.

POETRY ON THE PAVEMENT.

THE other evening a Policeman was overheard to say, that he regarded a good supper as his *area pensée*.



WHAT A FIB!

Julia. "'GUSTA, DEAR, DO SEE THE LOVE OF A BOUQUET CAPTAIN DASH GAVE ME!"

'Gusta (who is a little jealous). "YES, DEAR, IT'S VERY PRETTY. HE OFFERED IT TO ME BEFORE YOU CAME DOWN."

NON-PLUS AND NON POSS;;

OR, THE POPE BETWEEN SEVERAL STOOLS.

We cannot own that two and two make four,
So long as the sum's worked in Liberal figures:
We cannot hold that human reason's more
Than a big blunderbuss, with feather-triggers:
We cannot give lay-gunners leave to load it,
To point it, fire it, its recoil to face:
We cannot see a safe way to explode it,
Without our priests to warn folks from the place.
And this protest we under seal and cross,
And our Pontifical NON POSS:, NON POSS:!

We cannot with our keys lock laymen's tongues;
Nor with our Fisher's seal seal laymen's eyes:
Nor with our staff, backed by infallible lungs,
Stay, more than CANUTE could, the ocean's rise:
Nor clap our triple crown o'er the sun's ball,
Nor to the dust restless Inquiry spurn,
And in its place Authority instal,
With the old rods to scourge, old fires to burn:
And this protest we under seal and cross,
And our Pontifical NON POSS:, NON POSS:!

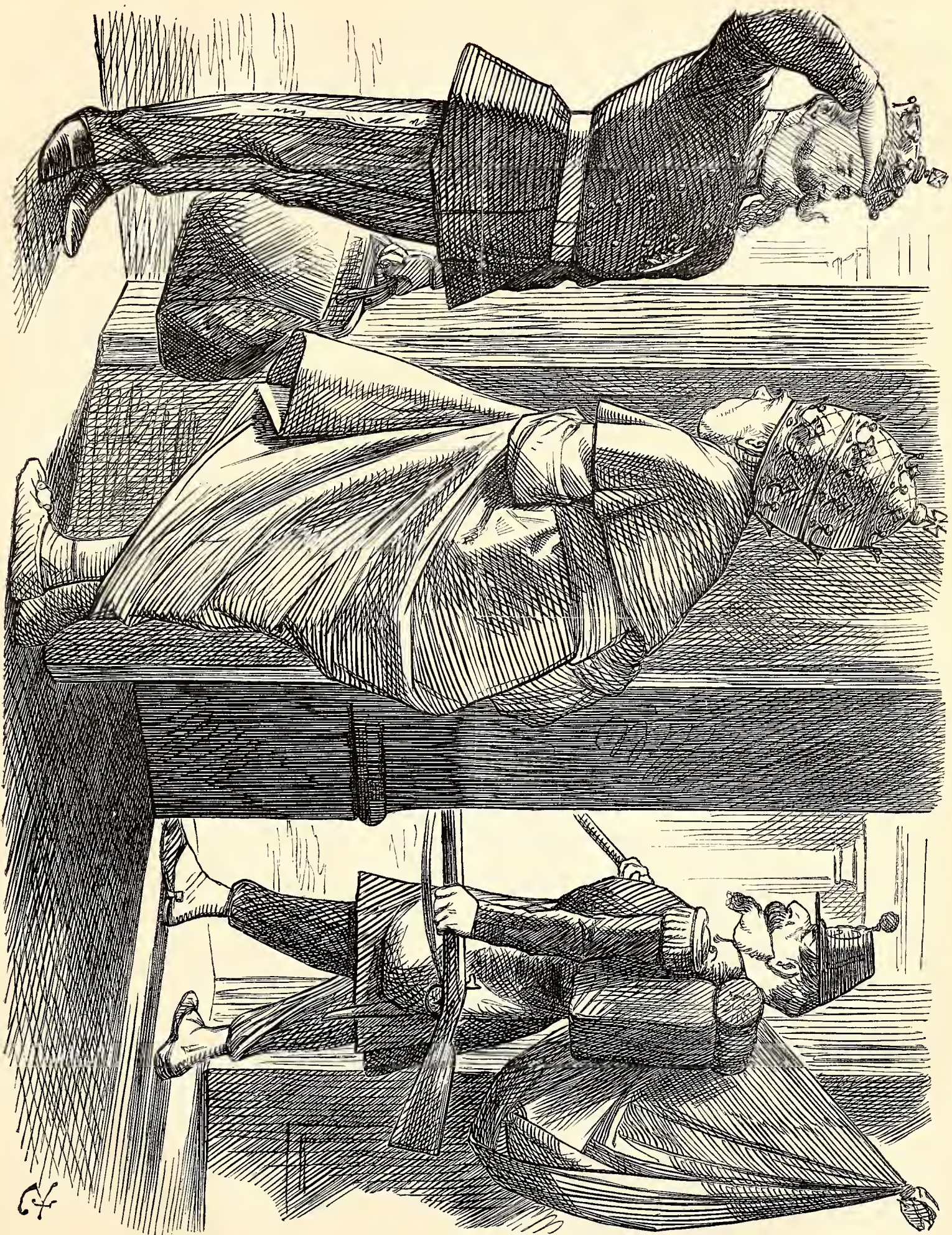
We cannot stay in Rome that once was ours,
And own to Rome that it is ours no more:
We cannot keep out Italy, with flowers,
And loving looks, a wooer at the door:
We cannot turn Venetia's saffron veil
Into a pall to shroud, a mask to hide
The fair face now so bright, though pinched and pale,
That smiles to Roman hope and Roman pride!
And this protest we under seal and cross,
And our Pontifical NON POSS:, NON POSS:!

We cannot fly from Rome that still has been
The seven-hilled pedestal of PETER's chair;
Nor leave our Vatican, whence earth has seen
Our power grow high as heaven and wide as air.
Nor stoop from English heretics to crave
A roof for shelter, or a tomb for rest:
Nor act the sovereign, and be the slave,
As Paris' or Vienna's hostage-guest.
And this protest we under seal and cross,
And our Pontifical NON POSS:, NON POSS:!

We cannot be the young MASTAI again
Who prayed that Italy might yet be one:
Cannot re-ope the old Pio-Nono vein,
Where lay pulse beat and natural blood would run.
We cannot be, as when, alas, sun-blind,
At struggling Italy's new-birth we stood,
With hand up-raised, and reverent head inclined,
To bless her baptism of fire and blood.
And this protest we under seal and cross,
And our Pontifical NON POSS:, NON POSS:!

We cannot be the Jesuit's supple slave,
MÉRODE's poor puppet, ANTONELLI's tool:
Cannot think LOUIS fool, or VICTOR knave;
Cannot doubt LOUIS knave, and VICTOR fool:
We cannot lend our name to those who hate
This Italy, which, spite of all, we love:
We cannot square our feelings and our fate,
Cannot stay as we are, and cannot move!
And this protest we under seal and cross,
And our Pontifical NON POSS:, NON POSS:!

THE HEIGHT OF DIFFICULTY.—Sitting on the top of an omnibus
on a windy morning, unfolding *Punch's Almanack*.



ROME. 1866.

“Welcome the Coming, Speed the Parting Guest.”

A LITTLE TALK WITH A YOUNG MAN.

Mr. Punch. LYULPH STANLEY, my boy, come here. I want to speak to you.

Lyulph. Awfully honoured, I am sure, Sir.

Mr. P. You are, Sir. For you have written a silly letter about me, and instead of treating it as I treat ninety-nine out of a hundred impertinences, I condescend to talk it over with you. Do you know why?

Lyulph. Well, no, I really can't say. My father's a Peer, and all that.

Mr. P. Don't be absurd. Do you think that I should take notice of a young man of seven-and-twenty for no better reason than that?

Lyulph. It is not much of a reason, certainly. Upon my honour, I can't give any other, though, unless you happen to be so good as to think rather well of my intentions.

Mr. P. That's nearer the mark, young man. Five hundred young aristocrats might have scolded at a picture of mine, and I should have heeded them just as much as if they were five hundred scavengers, unless they had something better than the accident of birth to recommend them to my notice.

Lyulph. I am glad you see something better in me.

Mr. P. Sir, I had consigned your ridiculous letter to the wastebasket when I read a speech which you made, and in which there are some things that give me a notion that you may have something in you, and may mature into a statesman.

Lyulph. You make me very happy.

Mr. P. No doubt, Sir. But I tell you as frankly that if you wish for my favour and the regard of the country, you must at once abandon your youthful habit of writing about things which you have not taken the trouble to understand.

Lyulph. Have I made that mistake, Sir?

Mr. P. Have you, Sir? Take this picture in your hand. Look at it. This is the picture which you, the Honourable EDWARD LYULPH STANLEY, son of LORD STANLEY of Alderley, have not been ashamed to describe as follows. Listen to your own words, Sir:—

"How is it that by the side of all this virtuous indignation expended against MR. BRIGHT, there is no word of condemnation for a most truculent proposal in last week's *Punch*? The large picture suggests dealing with the Irish, as we dealt with the Indian mutineers, and lest the reference should be misunderstood, there is another paragraph pointing out that guns loaded with powder alone are a most effective means of repression—that is, advocating the blowing of Irish peasants from guns."

You wrote that, I believe, Sir?

Lyulph. Yes, I did. But now that I look again at the picture, I see that I have entirely mis-described it.

Mr. P. O, you see that, do you? Well, Sir, as my friend DR. PUSEY says that confession is good for young fellows, be good enough to confess what blunders you have made. I say "blunders," for a gentleman supposes that when another gentleman tells untruths, it is by inadvertence.

Lyulph. I thank you, Sir. I have, however, been guilty of worse than inadvertence. I ought to have examined the picture carefully, and even then, if I had disapproved of it, I ought to have been modest enough to suppose that *Mr. Punch*, who was fighting the battle of progress before I could spell, might be a better judge than myself of what was fitting for the time.

Mr. P. You justify the hope I entertain of you. Still, you may as well prove to me that you see your errors.

Lyulph. I entirely mis-stated your meaning, though it was clear before my eyes. Your picture is not truculent.

Mr. P. What is truculent? It is not so long since you were at school.

Lyulph. From the Latin *truculentia*, and means fierce, savage, barbarous.

Mr. P. Go on.

Lyulph. I implied that your admirable likeness of a brutal Fenian clown was a type of Ireland, though there sits close to him the real type of Ireland, that beautiful and saddened woman.

Mr. P. Ho! you see that.

Lyulph. I do. And I see that you meant that it was on that truculent Fenian, the savage who was designing to bring the hideous horrors of civil war into a peaceful country, that vengeance ought to fall.

Mr. P. And you see that?

Lyulph. I am really ashamed more than I can tell you.

Mr. P. Never mind telling me that. You are a gentleman, and therefore I take the shame for granted. But there is more. I have read to you what you say about "another paragraph." Now, that is a more flagrant case than the first, because you have actually reversed what I said.

Lyulph. Pray pardon me. I must have been in an awful muddle.

Mr. P. Not to put too fine a point on it, I think you must. What I wrote was in answer to a bellowing Yankee Fenian, and what I expressly said, was that I hoped we should be able to do without blowing away even the ruffian STEPHENS into Dublin Bay. And this you have been good enough to call the advocacy of blowing Irish peasants from guns. My young friend, had you dined?

Lyulph. I had not even that poor excuse. I have no excuse—I sincerely beg your pardon, and I can say no more.

Mr. P. A gentleman desires no more. Take more care for the future, and at present take a cigar. How's your father?

A NEW PLEASURE FOR PUNCH.

MR. PUNCH, the other day, had the pleasure of experiencing a new and delightful sensation. He read, in a newspaper, as follows:—

"GENERAL PEEL AND THE ARMY.—Hitherto a married soldier, whether a non-commissioned officer or a private, has when on detached duty had the burthen thrown upon him of maintaining his wife and family in the garrison which he has temporarily left. By a recent order of the War Office this is no longer to be the case. The wife and family are to be allowed rations out of the Government stores, or, if preferred, the wife is to receive 3*d.*, and each of the children 1½*d.* a-day instead.

The pleasure experienced by *Mr. Punch*, for the first time for many a day, was that of being pleased with the British Government for an act on its part towards the British Army. That this act, an act of the barest consideration remained to be done, is a fact that reflects great disgrace on all preceding administrations. We have been accustomed from time immemorial to hear Ministers in Royal Speeches tell the House of Commons that "the estimates have been framed with a due regard to economy"—which was altogether false. They were always framed without any regard to economy, which means exact distribution, but with an undue regard to parsimony and petty saving. So, whilst the supplies were squandered on the one hand, the soldiers were pinched on the other. Now, when the men are sent from a garrison on detached duty, their wives and families will no longer be left behind to starve. This is not to be regarded as an improvement in a merely sentimental sense. The occasional liability of a soldier's wife and children to starvation was one of the objections to a soldier's life which tended to keep decent men out of the Army, and at any rate prevented them from re-enlisting. These objections must be removed, if the QUEEN'S service is to compete successfully with more easy and remunerative employment. The alternative will be conscription, and a lot which, for those who have no passion for a military life, is penal servitude with the chance of violent death or mutilation. *Mr. Punch* begs to congratulate a Conservative Government on the adoption of a liberal policy, which he hopes it will maintain, in its treatment of the Army.

NEW SAILING ORDERS.

(To be in force on or after the next *Ultimo instant*.)

The Darkest Night.—Any man not knowing when the darkest night is will be discharged.

Inquiries can be made any day at the Admiralty from 10 till 4, excepting from 1 till 2, when all hands are piped to luncheon.

The Rule of the Rowed at sea is similar to the rule of the sailed.

No ship must come into collision with another.

If two steamers are on the starboard tack, they must return to the harbour and begin again.

Any steamship likely to meet another steamship must reverse and go somewhere else.

Any Admiral out after 12 o'clock will be locked up wherever he is.

Nobody, however high in command, can be permitted to sit on a buoy out at sea for the purpose of frightening vessels.

All complaints to be made to the Admiralty, or to one of the Mounted Sentries at the Horse Guards.

An Admiral is on duty all night to receive complaints.

Every Mounted Marine on joining must bring his own fork, spoon and towel horse.

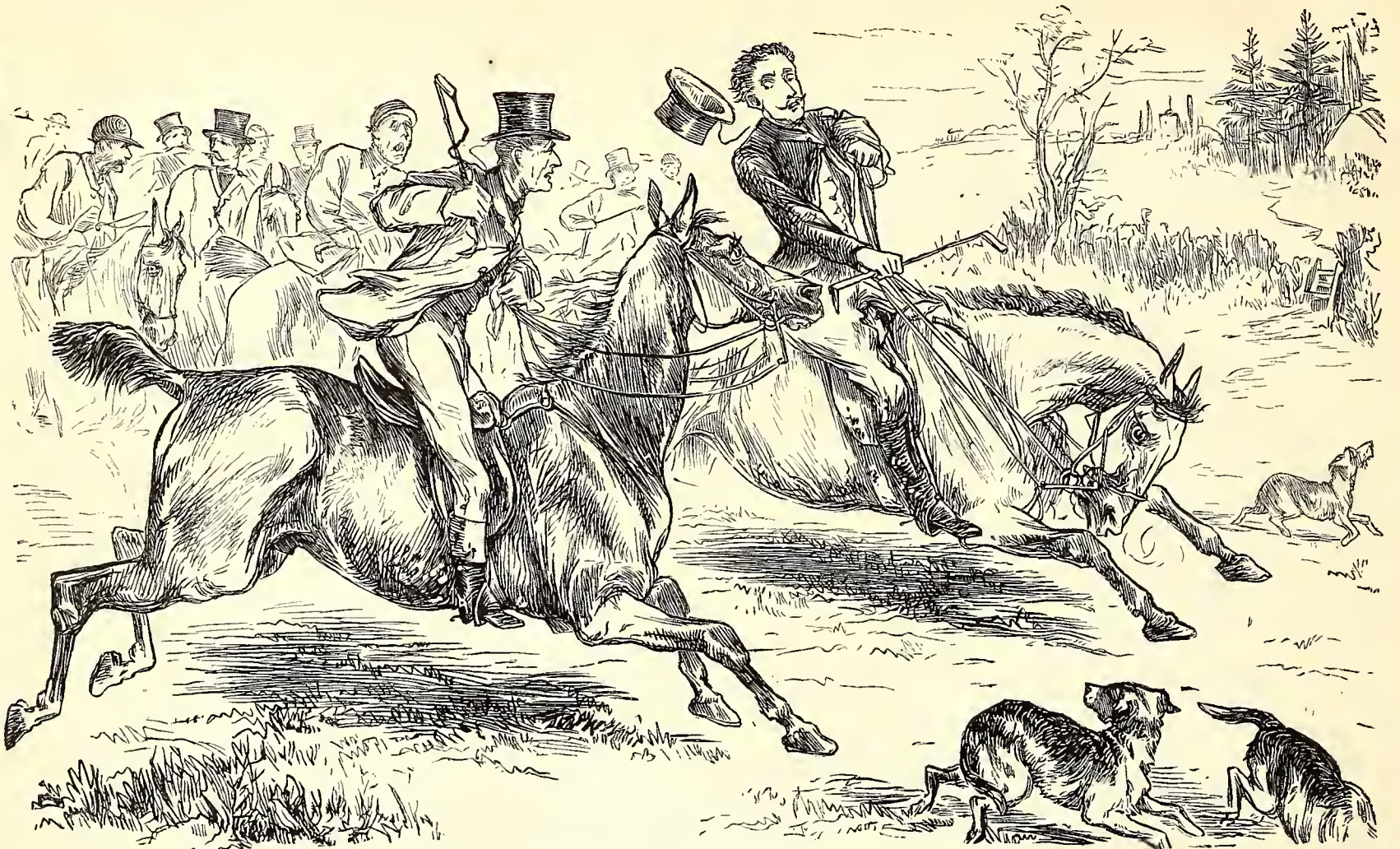
If two vessels are meeting end on, take one end off. The other loses and forfeits sixpence.

Any infringement or infraction of the above rules and regulations will be reported by the Head Winds to the Deputy Toastmaster for the current year at Colwell-Hatchney.

N.B. On hand a second-hand pair of gloves for Boxing the Compass. Remember the 26th of December is near, when they may be wanted. The equivalent of a Chaplain-General to the forces has been appointed. He is to be called Chaplain-Admiral to the Fleet. The cockpits are being turned into pulpits. If not ready by next Sunday he will deliver his first sermon from the maintop gallant jibboom mizen. The Colney-Hatches will be crowded.

The Same Thing under Another Name.

PEOPLE are unreasonable enough to complain of their horses being lamed over the sharp granite now being widely laid down on the west-end thoroughfares, and to insist upon it that as LORD JOHN MANNERS promised a steam-roller to macadamise the rough stone, a steam-roller should be employed. LORD JOHN may at least plead that he has set several hundred horse-power to the work.



PLEASANT ALTERNATIVE.

Master of Foxhounds. "HALLO, SIR! DON'T RIDE OVER MY HOUNDS IN THAT WAY!"

Unfortunate Man (on wooden-mouthed animal). "REALLY CAN'T HELP IT, SIR, MARE PULLS SO—CAN'T HOLD HER!"

Master of Foxhounds. "THEN TURN HER HEAD THE OTHER WAY, AND LET HER GO!"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(Night at the Feudal Castle.)

"Of course I don't mind a haunted room?" Of course not.

I announce, as a curious fact, that I never was in one. Somebody says, "No? really!" as if I was quite an exception to the general rule.

Happy Thought.—Try to test them by saying, "You've not seen a ghost?"

They admit they've not; "but, perhaps," CHILDERS says, "he'll be more polite to visitors." Have I had all I want? CHILDERS wants to know. Yes. We retire from the dining-room in procession, BOBBY first, CHILDERS last, myself just before CHILDERS.

It is a very old house. Tiles on the floor in some parts. Can't see the advantage of tiles: perhaps they thought they were going to build roofs, and changed their minds.

We pass through a large hall with a splendid old fireplace. Enormous chimney. [Note for *Typical Developments.* Look up authorities about the Mediæval Sweep.] There is an oak screen at one end.

My candle (they know their way about without any), though not particularly brilliant, puts everything else in the shade.

I can't help exclaiming, having an eye for the picturesque, "Charming, delightful old place!"

CHILDERS replies, "Yes. Wants doing up."

"Doing up!" I exclaim. "Oh, no."

"Ah," says he, "you don't know it. Rats and damp. Come along to bed."

Somebody says "Hallo!" from above. It startles me. Whether it is the shadows or the candle, or the family boots all in a row, I don't know, but I am nervous. CHILDERS points BOBBY's face out to me, high up, looking out of a little window in the screen. I daresay an ancestor put it down as a "Happy Thought" to have a window in the screen. Idiot!

I stumble up the glorious old oak stairs. My candle only shows me the next step each time. The shadows which I make by moving the

light about, look exactly like rats. These stairs twist so. Ancestors could never have walked straight.

Happy Thought.—To ask if there are any black beetles.

No. None. Except in the hall through which we've just passed. I stumble up three more stairs and some loose tiles. Did ancestors have carpets?

Happy Thought.—Look out in some Useful Knowledge Dictionary, "Carpets. When introduced into England. By whom?"

We are on an old landing. I ask, jocularly, whose ghost it's supposed to be that haunts my room?

CHILDERS doesn't know. JACK STENTON (the rising philosopher) does. He informs us, "Old woman burnt."

I say, "Oh?" inquiringly. "Old woman burnt, eh?" and meditate on it. I don't know what I think about it. But I *do* think. We all stop to think.

"Let's get in," I suggest. They say, "Let's do so."

CHILDERS stops on a stair to say, he hopes I'm prepared to rough it a little, as he didn't expect me.

I tell him I like roughing it. Wonder (to myself) what *his* idea of roughing it is. I knew a man whose idea of roughing it in the country was to have a villa in a park, a French cook and a valet. He used to tell me he would be perfectly content with homely fare: his idea of homely fare was *potage à la reine*, mullet and woodcocks. Hope CHILDERS calls *this* roughing it. CHILDERS stops suddenly, and looks at BOB ENGLEFIELD, the dramatist in spectacles. A notion has struck him. He says, "I don't know how we'll make you a bed, though."

This promises to result in roughing it.

I am ready with a manly reply, "Oh, I can sleep anywhere." I qualify this by adding, "for the night."

BOB ENGLEFIELD, who has a ready invention, says, "Oh, I've got a rug."

STENTON, the reviewer, who appears more thoughtful perhaps because he's sleeper than the others, says, in a deep voice, "Sheets."

With a view to lesson the roughing it process as much as possible, I say decidedly, "Yes, sheets."

CHILDERS doesn't know where the sheets are.

POSS FELMYR asks, "how about a pillow?"

With the same view as before, I second this inquiry.

BOB ENGLEFIELD has it. "The sofa cushion."

Carried *nem. con.*, and I brighten up.

BOB ENGLEFIELD has it again. "There are two sheets in his room for him to-morrow."

I say, "don't bother on my account" politely. CHILDERS replies cheerily, "Oh, we'll dodge it somehow," and I look forward to roughing it. We are obliged to bring all my luggage up, as I can't recollect in which thing my sponge is.

*Happy Thought (noted down while resting with carpet-bag on stairs).—*How easily a man becomes accustomed to hardships. When I return home I'll take to visiting prisons and workhouses in disguise, like MRS. FRY and the Casual Ward. Splendid subjects for *Typical Developments*, "Human Miseries," Vol. XI.

Some one (the novelist, I think) says he'll lend me a towel. Each one will give something like the three Witches in *Macbeth*. They all say, "Here's a lark!" and run off to collect the materials. CHILDERS gets the sofa cushion, and we make for my room. Luggage on a landing.

In my Room.—This is, I am informed, the Haunted Chamber, where the old woman was burnt. Odd; as I remark there is no fire-place. BOB ENGLEFIELD, JACK STENTON, and OLD POSS are making my bed. It is one of those iron unfolding things which is intended for a chair and a bed.

CHILDERS apologises for its being a little cranky, and OLD POSS tells me I must take care when I am lying down to lean more on the left than the right side, or it will give way.

They enjoy making the bed. I fancy they laugh because they think it'll be uncomfortable. It appears none of them have ever done such a thing before. POSS FELMYR says he recollects making apple-pie beds at school. I'll examine mine when they're gone.

Happy Thought.—Every man ought to be able to sew his own buttons on, and make beds if necessary. If I ever have a family they shall learn all these things.

The bed is made, and, as they are all immensely pleased, I thank them, and they retire, hoping I'll find it all right, and adding that "If the Ghost comes, I'd better throw the sofa cushion at her."

I do hope that there are not going to be any practical jokes. I recollect hearing of a man becoming an idiot when a practical joke about a ghost was played on him.

Happy Thought.—To wind up my watch while I think of it.

CHILDERS walks to the window.

"I'm afraid," he says, apologetically, "that the window doesn't fasten very well."

I say, "Oh, never mind," implying that there's no necessity to send for a plumber and glazier at this time of night on my account.

"But," he explains, "it's a tumble-down old place."

I tell him I like this sort of thing amazingly. He expresses himself glad to hear it.

"Am I quite comfortable?" is his last inquiry.

I look round at the truckle bed, at my bag, at the towels, and reply, that I am, cheerily. I have a misgiving that I shall want something when he's gone.

Happy Thought.—To ask where the bell is.

There's no bell: what fellows our ancestors were! [When were bells invented, and by whom first used in private castles. *Typical Developments*, Book X., Vol. XII.]

The servants sleep on the other side of the castle, where the children are. [Note. CHILDERS' children: ask after them.]

"If I want anything, I can call to the other fellows," I suggest.

"Yes, you can," CHILDERS admits, jocularly, "but," he adds, "they won't hear you." It is an oddly built place; everyone appears to be sleeping in "another passage," with a staircase all to himself.

I make the best of it, and say cheerfully, "Oh, I shan't want anything till morning."

"Then, that's all right," returns CHILDERS. He comes back to tell me that if I want a bath in the morning, ENGLEFIELD's got it.

I thank him. When he's gone I remember that I don't know where ENGLEFIELD's room is. He comes back once more to tell me that the door doesn't fasten very well. He wishes he could give me a better room. "My dear fellow," I say, "Capital—excellent—the very thing I like. So quaint," I add.

"Well," he says, "it is a quaint little place: better than a great uncomfortable modern room."

I don't answer this. Somehow I don't like his praising the room. He ought to have left *that* to the visitor. CHILDERS wants tact. He hopes I shall sleep comfortably, and laughingly trusts I won't see any ghosts.

I reply, I'll tell him all about the ghost in the morning. I remember (as he says good night) a story of this sort in WASHINGTON IRVING, I think, where a man jested about telling them in the morning about a ghost and *was* haunted. I think his hair turned white, and he saw a picture roll its eyes, and the top of the bed came down: I forget exactly; but it's not the sort of thing to remember just as you're going to bed in a strange place. He is gone, and I quite

forgot to ask him about ENGLEFIELD's bath. How my presence of mind deserts me!

Happy Thought.—Brush my hair.

Very dull and lonely here. My face in the glass looks spectral; not like it does in other glasses. I feel as if some one was going to look over my shoulder. Shake this off. Make notes. Analyse my nervousness for a chapter in *Typical Developments*.

Oak panels. No fire-place. Wind is getting up.

Happy Thought.—Early wind getting up as I'm going to bed.

Joke this. Laugh to myself. Look in the glass. In the glass I appear like a dull photograph. Window blown open. No blind. As CHILDERS says, it does *not* fasten well: as a matter of fact.

Wind getting up more than ever. Rain, too. Casement windows begin to rattle.

Happy Thought.—Fasten the window-latch with my rug-strap. Done.

Rats in the wall, I think. Can't come out. Manage to latch my door. Very cold and damp feeling. Think of FRIDOLINE SYMPERSON. Fancy some one's coming in. A sense of desertion and loneliness comes over me. Note it down, and, having done so, feel it less. Horrid candle, and no snuffers.

Happy Thought.—Put my note-book and candle by bedside on my portmanteau, and jump into bed quickly. Do it.

Truckle-bed gives. They've managed to make the bed so that I get more blanket than sheet. The sheet seems to be chiefly round the pillow. Try to pull it down. Worse. Leave bad alone. Will read in bed. Remember some one saying it's dangerous. Suddenly think of the old woman burnt. Casement rattles. Rug-strap won't hold. * * * Window blown open. Shall I get out, and shut it. Think over this.

No: more healthy to let the air in, as there's no fireplace. * * * Let me give myself up to romance. This is a feudal castle. * * * This is a feudal castle. * * * I don't get beyond this idea. Feudal castle. Feudal castle. Barons. CHILDERS' children. * * * See MRS. CHILDERS to-morrow. * * * Wonder what she's like? Wind * * * Violent gusts * * * Candle out.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

Hunted Down at the St. James's. I only arrived after the Second Act had commenced, and derived additional gratification from the accident, as the mystery of the plot was rendered doubly mysterious. It was admirably acted: all good. An elderly gentleman in the next stall to me allowed the curtain to descend without making any observation, and it was not until we were well into the afterpiece that he suddenly exclaimed to a young lady at his side, "Oh, then she was his wife,"—which I take it meant that he had suddenly discovered the whole point of the plot.

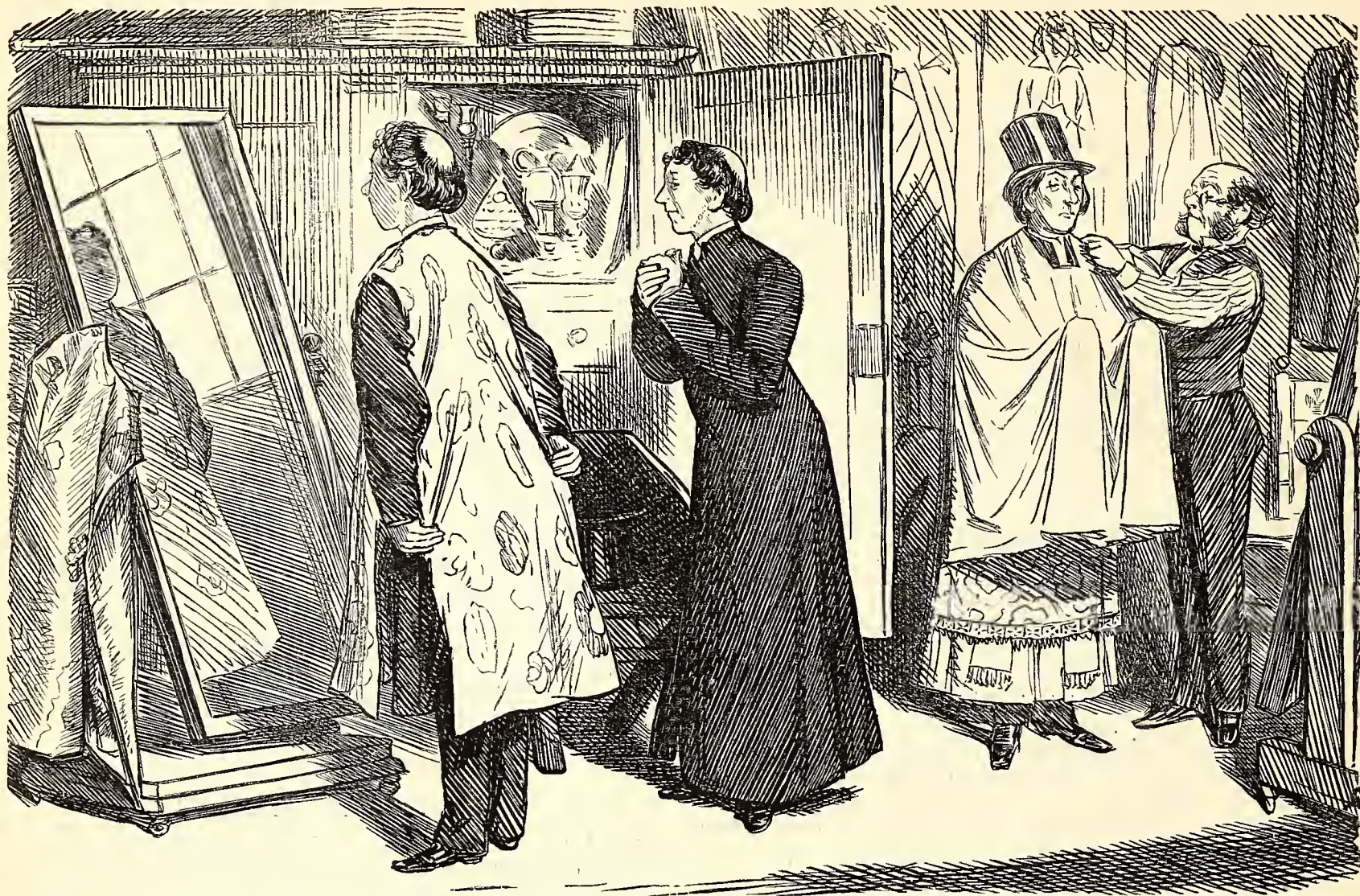
MISS OLIVER & Company have made a great success with the burlesque version of *Black-eyed Susan*. Union is strength, and the actors at the New Royalty play well together. It is not like many burlesques, made a mere piece of patchwork by the vanity of ignorant professionals. There is not a song for Miss So-and-So here, and a dance for Mr. Whatshisname there, and twenty lines for somebody (who ought not to be allowed to say twenty words) somewhere else. No, at this theatre individuals work for the general effect, and both in *Meg's Diversions* and *Black-eyed Susan* the result is a genuine success; in fact so strongly has "the business" of one of the songs taken hold of the public that the management of another theatre has copied it as nearly as possible. A graceful compliment, undoubtedly, as imitation is the sincerest flattery.

THE GAIN OF GERMANY.

THE dull and stolid English middle classes, who do not see that Germany has got much good by the late conquests of Prussia, will not perhaps have their vision greatly improved for that matter by the subjoined telegram from Dresden relative to the Saxon Chambers:—

"To-day the Upper House unanimously adopted the new Army Bill, which proposes the introduction of general liability to military service, and adopts the other essential points of the Prussian system."

To be sure our Philistines know pretty well that German unity is rather a good thing for themselves. They are not unaware that an united Germany constitutes an equipoise to France, and that the possible inconvenience for England of a German fleet is at any rate remote. But they are far too dense to envy the states annexed to Prussia, or constrained to acknowledge Prussian supremacy. Seeing that the Saxon Parliament has voted the introduction of general liability to military service, the Anglo-Saxons, for the most part, are even stupid enough to rejoice that they are living in England, and not in Saxony.



HEIGHT OF FASHION.

Ardent Ritualist. "OH, ATHANASIUS, IT'S CHARMINGLY BECOMING!"

A PLEA FOR PANTALOONS.

It would be incorrect to call DR. MARY WALKER a physician in petticoats. She is a physician, indeed, and a duly qualified one; a physician, moreover, of experience not only in actual practice, but also in actual service. Still she is not a physician in petticoats: for DR. MARY WALKER wears nether garments of a description similar to those which are worn by the majority of doctors. Only they are named "pantalettes."

Now, why pantalettes? Call a spade a spade. MISS WALKER is not styled "Doctress." What is the good of mincing phrases? Let pantaloon be named pantaloons. When physicians go to Court they are attired, as to the lower limbs, in the fashion which gentlemen were wont to use before pantaloons were invented. Suppose a female physician took to wearing the like, as she probably would if she married, there would be no refinement in modifying their simple name. They would not be rendered at all the more becoming by being called "breechesettes."

Some people laugh at the idea of ladies' pantaloons. Certainly, crinoline is a more serious matter. We must perhaps take with some grains of salt the statement that three thousand women annually fall martyrs to hooped petticoats. Still, no doubt, a very large number of cooks, and housemaids, and small shopkeepers' wives, who continue to wear them, do get roasted to death in their own cages during the year. Ladies who laugh at DR. MARY WALKER's pantaloons, are earnestly implored to take care lest one day they laugh on the wrong side of the mouth.

At this season of the year, when the public mind is intently occupied with the anticipation of Boxing Night, no apology can be necessary for the discussion of pantaloons.

A Well-Earned Title.

BARON HAUSMANN, the Prefet of the Seine, who boasts of the number of domiciles he has pulled down in Paris, is about to be raised in the French peerage with the title of "*Le Duc Un-house-man.*"

SOME TRUE ART.

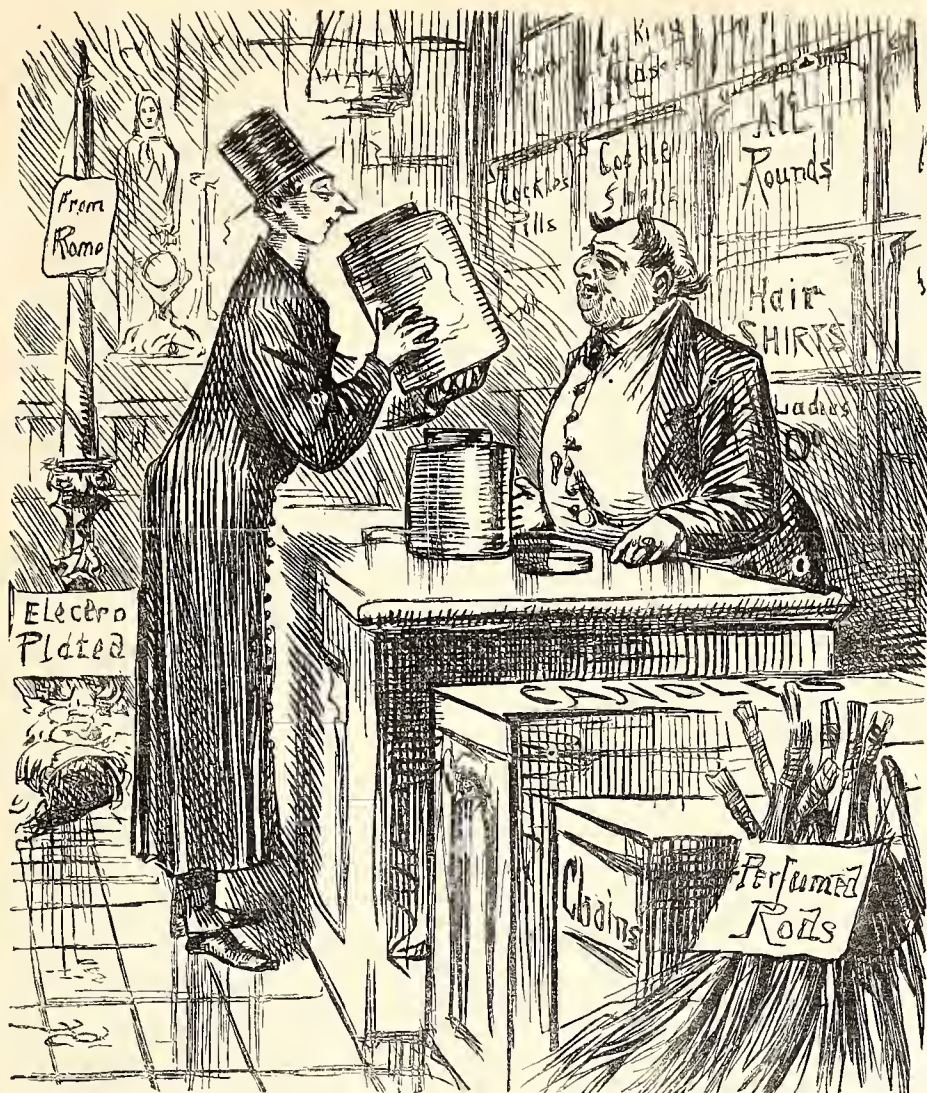
"I AM the Company," said HANDEL, a great epicure as well as a great musician, and he ordered in the dinner. The composer of "*Alexander's Feast*" had a right to feast himself as he pleased, yet the tale (which we don't believe) hath a smack of selfishness. It was left for woman to refine the story into grace, and to make the speech one of hospitality. "I am the Company," says MISS GLYN, at the St. James's Hall, and she proceeds, alone, to enact a Shakspearean play, and to do it far better than any existing company could play it as a whole. For not only does MISS GLYN set before us the realisation of a fine conception of a great part, which she gives with marvellous power, but her reading elevates the minor parts to the intellectual level designed for them by the poet, and thus we have a noble picture, instead of a single prominent figure surrounded by puppets. The admiration which *Mr. Punch* feels for MISS GLYN's personation of characters which are properly her own, is largely shared by all whose opinion is worth having, but he pays this homage, especially to the true Shakspearian taste which works up the small parts, through which small actors walk as if such trifles were unworthy of conscientious study. There are no trifles in art, or, rather, the true artist is shown in trifles. We thank MISS GLYN for giving us an opportunity of preaching this doctrine, and we advise all persons with brains to go and listen, carefully, to her readings.

Brown to Jones.

(After MARTIAL.)

No; Manhood Suffrage, JONES, I do not fear,
Given—MAN, calm, honest, thoughtful, and sincere;
But to the bullying Brute, who yells and groans,
I will not give a Beasthood Suffrage, JONES.

HINT TO WHIST-PLAYERS.—If you can, secure a teetotaller for your partner: naturally he will not bottle-up his trumps.



INCENSE-IBILITY.

Reverend Father. "YOU ARE SURE THIS IS SOMETHING QUITE NEW?"

Incensor. "OH, YES, REVEREND FATHER. IT HAS ALL THE BEAUTIES OF THE 'JOCKEY CLUB,' WITHOUT ITS PROFANITY."

A GAROTTER'S CHRISTMAS.

AT the Leeds Winter Assizes a poor fellow, named MICHAEL GUTY, was convicted of a street robbery, committed on the 15th of September last at Bradford. He had the misfortune to be tried before MR. JUSTICE LUSH; for the robbery appears to have been accompanied by violence; and JUDGE LUSH is accustomed to take care that the law recently enacted for the punishment of that species of crime shall be carried out. Moreover, a previous conviction had been proved against poor GUTY, and, although only twenty-six years of age, he appeared to have led, for many of them, a life of crime. So:—

"His Lordship sentenced the prisoner to ten years' penal servitude, and said that as the Legislature had recently given the power to punish by flogging crimes of this nature, and as the present case seemed a very proper one for the exercise of that power, he should further order the prisoner to receive twenty-four strokes with the cat-o-nine-tails before the commencement of the sentence of penal servitude."

The day fixed for the chastisement allotted to MICHAEL GUTY was not named. Time is usually allowed a convict to prepare for the scourge. Perhaps, if MICHAEL has not been flogged as yet, his flagellation was postponed till after Christmas. We affectionately invite our dear roughs to consider what a Christmas, in that case, he must have passed. Together with all the rest of his brethren in bonds, he was probably regaled on Christmas-Day with the "customary old English fare—roast beef and plum-pudding." With what appetite could he have partaken of Christmas cheer when "whipping cheer" awaited him? A victim of ruffianly violence may derive some satisfaction from imagining the emotion with which MR. MICHAEL GUTY, anticipating the reception of two dozen lashes, must have heard the wish, possibly addressed to him, of "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

That, by the way, is a compliment of the season which we take this opportunity of paying to that judicious provider of whipping cheer and a warm back for garotters, MR. JUSTICE LUSH.

SHORT BUT AFFECTING DOMESTIC ANECDOTE.

A CRUEL Stepfather unmercifully beat his two stepsons. The elder went for a soldier; the younger went for a policeman.

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

THE Waits, the Waits, the Christmas Waits,
All in the dark and cold,
Without the Future's close-barred gates
Their chilly night-watch hold.
Their discord drowns the Christmas chime
That peals the blessed birth:
Nor theirs the song of Christmas time,—
Peace and Goodwill on Earth.

Look, the POPE waits for Rome to rise,
And Italy to fall,
By Spain's and Austria's emprise,
At Ultramontanes' call.
Waits till the ages' course run back,
Till, with the dial's turn,
New Dominics shall ply the rack,
New Torquemadas burn.

Lo, Rome waits till the POPE decide
If he shall shake her dust
From his vexed feet, or gulp his pride,
And "cannot" change for "must."
Waits till the leopard shift her spots,
The Æthiop his skin,
Till priests know God's from CÆSAR's lots,
And let lay-rulers in.

Lo, where NAPOLEON waits to crown
The structure of his will,
That for the Freedom promised long
Has waited, and waits still.
Waits till his broader tighter grasp
On France's strength is laid;
Till Europe shall, like Paris, clasp
His sovereign knees, dismayed.

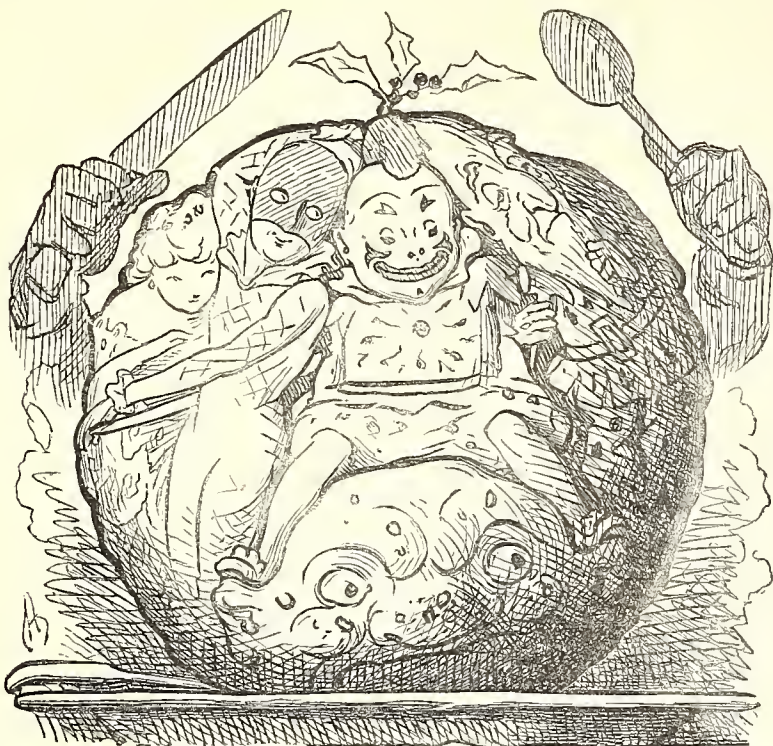
Lo, where, with mushroom growth of might,
Half elate, half aghast,
Prussia, upon her dizzy height,
Waits BISMARCK's daring cast.
Waits till she know if what is left
Of Germany shall fall
Into her lap, or she be cleft,
Herself, in pieces small.

And lo, where batter'd Austria waits,
With a *Micawber* air,
For something to turn up, her fates
To change from foul to fair:
Waits PRESIDENT, waits Congress keen,
Two athletes on their guard,
To give each other back-falls clean,
And hit each other hard.

Britannia waits to see what Bill
The DERBY lot can hatch:
BRIGHT waits for DIZZY—DIZZY, still,
Waits for BRIGHT at the scratch.
Financiers, great in cant and crash,
Wait Justice blind and dumb;
Choused shareholders wait for their cash
Till the Greek Kalends come.

A PARCEL OF PROVERBS, &c., COMPLETED.

TAKE time by the forelock—to have his hair cut.
Follow your leader—in your daily paper.
The proof of the pudding is in the eating—a great deal of it.
Never look a gift-horse in the mouth—lest you should find false teeth.
The hare with many friends—was eaten at last.
A stitch in time saves nine—or more naughty words, when a button comes off while you are dressing in a great hurry for dinner.
One man's meat is another man's poison—when badly cooked.
Don't count your chickens before they are hatched—by the patent Incubator.
Love is blind—and unwilling to submit to an operation.
First catch your hare—then cook it with rich gravy.
Nil Desperandum—PERCY VERE.



SEASONABLE INGREDIENTS FOR A CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

AN HONOURABLE PROFESSION IN FRANCE.

THE following announcement in the *Post* suggests a high idea of the dignity of the French Bar:—

“THE BAR AND THE TURF IN FRANCE.—The French Council of Advocates has decided that to be a Member of the Jockey Club is incompatible with the profession of a barrister.”

The Jockey Club is an institution which has for one of its objects that of keeping the Turf as clear as possible of rascals. This, of course, cannot be the reason why the French advocates consider membership of that body incompatible with the forensic profession. Their objection to the Jockey Club must be supposed to rest on the belief that it does not succeed sufficiently well in its endeavours to keep the Turf honourable. Hence follows the inference that the Bar of France has fixed for itself a very high standard of honour. Accordingly we suppose that no French barrister would ever condescend to accept a brief on behalf of a notorious quack, for example, bringing his action for libel against a critic who had called him a scoundrel. So, neither, we presume, would an honourable member of the French bar, deign to undertake the cause of the plaintiff in an obviously speculative action for breach of promise of marriage; for what black-leg can be farther below the dignity of a true gentleman than a “gentleman of the long robe” who suffers his tongue to be hired as an instrument of extortion?

BEGGING THE QUESTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

PAPA is so hasty and speaks so loud that I always tremble when I ask him for an explanation of any little simple thing. Were it otherwise, I am sure I would not trouble you, dear *Mr. Punch*, knowing how much of your valuable time is taken up by young ladies desiring information on various matters of importance, but whose perplexities cannot be greater than mine are at the present moment.

I am very anxious to know what is meant by a phrase I have often heard Papa use in argument—“Begging the Question,” and I’ll just mention how my anxiety arises. At a *thé dansante* very recently, CHARLES proposed and I accepted, on the understanding, of course, that he obtained Papa’s consent. Well, last evening an opportunity offered; Papa was alone in his study, CHARLES knocked and walked in. I listened, at the door with a faint feeling, and distinctly heard Papa say sternly, “Sir, you are begging the question,” so I concluded that begging the question of Papa was the same as popping the question to me.

Now, dear *Mr. Punch*, don’t you think it a sad thing that high-minded young men like CHARLES should be obliged to beg in this way? In distant countries where pastoral manners prevail, a lover is not required to humble himself to obtain his dear one’s hand. No, he comes with his flocks and herds to the rustic dwelling of his intended, and if her parents are pleased with his offer they take his lambs and give him their LIZA. What a pity it is we can’t do so in Belgravia. If this custom could be introduced there, how nice it would be, and what a sweet pretty picture it would make. Oh, fancy a very fair-

haired young man with a shepherd’s crook leading his sheep into the Square, while BLANCHE’s Mamma, from the balcony with her eye-glass, calmly calculates the value of his wedding gift. Unhappily, in our case, CHARLES has no flocks and herds. If he had, I think Papa would give him a kind answer, and not revile him, poor fellow, because circumstances over which (during his uncle’s lifetime) he has no control, compel him to do what I know his pride revolts at, though I suppose many do it every day without blushing, but then, as you are aware, dispositions differ, and some poor young barristers would, I dare say, rather die single than expose their briefless condition by begging the question. Pray pardon, dear *Mr. Punch*, this intrusion, and believe me,

Yours very very sincerely,

The Olives.

AMELIA SWANSDOWN.

P.S. I have solved the prize enigma in my—that is, dear *Punch*, in your *Pocket-Book*: it is “Two-lips.” Papa says no, but I point out to him it must be that or something similar, and then he becomes warm and vehement, and concludes by reproaching me for begging the question. Whether I am innocent or guilty I dare not, in my present ignorance, venture to say.

[You are wrong, dearest AMELIA.—*Ed. of P. B.*]

A CRUSHING REFORM.

THE Vestrymen of London and its neighbourhood are respectfully advised to repair, as soon as they conveniently can, to Hyde Park, so as to see in operation there the machine mentioned in the subjoined newspaper paragraph:—

“STEAM-ROLLER IN THE PARKS.—At last a Steam-roller has been set to work in the Parks. It is a cumbersome looking machine, and is worked at night. One result of its working may be seen on the Kensington side of Hyde Park, where some newly laid granite was transformed into a smooth and compact mass on Friday night.”

The brutality which mends the roads with fragments of granite, leaving them to be ground down by carriage-wheels and the feet of horses, has long been a disgrace to British local self-government, and afforded a spectacle to foreigners’ derision. There is something extremely ludicrous in the excess of dogged barbarism. This eminently parochial quality is frequently displayed in the expedient of laying down logs of wood on either side of the sharp stones which a tract of road has been newly mended with, in order to prevent drivers and riders from shirking them. The brutes accustomed to resort to this contrivance may now go and learn how stones may be crushed by an engine which the stones cannot hurt in return, as they do a horse or a carriage. If steam-rollers are not put immediately in use on our highways, the savages whose duty it is to mend the roads ought to be compelled to walk, barefooted, over a good mile of their own macadam.

THE PUSEYISED “CHRISTIAN YEAR;”

OR, THE SWAN AND THE GOOSE.

DYING Swan by geese beset,
KEBLE, as it doth appear,
Them, the silly creatures, let
Tamper with his *Christian Year*.

So they changed one little word
In a hymn, and their word, sole,
Turned sound doctrine to absurd,
Made mere nonsense of the whole.

PUSEY, with the Thirty-Nine
Articles play fast and loose;
But pervert not, dull divine,
Song of Swan with quill of Goose!

THOUGHTS, MAXIMS, SENTIMENTS, AND SUBJECTS
OF THE SEASON.

“MAY Christmas bring us dumb waits and deaf waiters.”

(A consummation devoutly to be wished, considering how invariably the former sing out of tune, and the latter listen to the guests’ good things, instead of dispensing the host’s ditto.)

How odd that it should be precisely at dinners à la Russe that we are not condemned to witness attempts at the dismemberment of Turkey!

The only kind of Christmas Bill and Christmas Box *Mr. Punch* and his young folks have any toleration for.—A Bill of the best pantomime, and the right Box at the right theatre!

Subject for a Christmas Cartoon (liberally placed at the service of the illustrated periodicals which have used up Father Christmas, and rung all the possible changes on Christmas carols, Christmas chimes, Christmas logs, Christmas firesides, Christmas waits, and Christmas kissings).—Good Digestion waiting on Appetite, to warn him against plum pudding.

OUR GOOSE CLUB.



EN who stick a glass in their eye, when their sight is perfectly sound.

People who send us hampers at Christmas, and forget to pay the carriage.

People who go to Quack Doctors.

People who when they lose at whist invariably say it's the cards.

People who give you Marsala, and call it Sherry.

People who eat olives when they don't like them.

Women who trail silk dresses along dirty pavements.

Women who say "dear" to each other when they are on the verge of a quarrel.

People who propose your health after supper.

People who call everything nice.

People who have white and fluffy things on their couches and easy-chairs.

People who encourage street-organs.

People who say "thanks."

People who collect old postage stamps.

People who laugh at jokes in French, of which they don't understand a single word.

Railway Directors who persist in refusing smokers, smoking carriages.

People who won't wear glasses, because they are afraid of being thought old.

People who say "No, thank you," (or worse still, "No, thanks") at dinner, when they want some more turkey all the time.

People who are afraid of taking fish twice.

People who sing without voice, ear, or taste.

People who bet on races when they hardly know a horse from a haystack.

Hotel-keepers who will not make their fortunes by giving drinkable wine at a reasonable rate.

People who are ashamed of owning they never let a gun off in their lives.

People who give money to the Waits.

People who persevere in going to the theatre after encountering the following trials—preliminary visit in the morning to the box-office and extortion of fee for the privilege of paying their money; period of suspense (wet night) until a cab arrives; appeal for coppers from dirty boy for opening the cab-door, which he was never asked to do; fears (nervous lady) lest the vehicle should have been recently used for the conveyance of a fever patient to the Hospital; circuitous route (past seven already, and an effective situation in the first act) in consequence of the street being "up" with gas, water, paving, or underground railway excavations; close siege, on arriving within half-a-mile of the theatre, by vendors of play-bills and books of the words; dark looks on the face of the man with the brass-badge round his neck when he gets nothing for opening the door of the cab, an attention altogether superfluous; contention with the cabman touching the fare; renewed persecution by the sellers of bills and books, with the probability of oranges and fuses being submitted to public competition; importunities from male attendants anxious to relieve male visitors (for a consideration) of hat, coat, stick, gloves and muffler; disappointment of female attendants, when the ladies of the party show no desire to enter the cloak-room; procession, headed by box-keepers with hungry eyes for fees, to the seats which are either the very last in the row, and cannot be reached without passing in front of ladies in evening dress, (several of them stout in person) or the very first, in the draught of the door, and where it is necessary to stand up at least half-a-dozen times to allow others to get to their places; money transactions (the crisis) with the box-keeper who generally looks dirty, disappointed, and ill-used, and surrenders one "programme" (for four persons) with visible reluctance; further pecuniary dealings with the same functionary when a book of the Burlesque is required, or an opera-glass is sought in lieu of one left at home; indifferent refreshments at high prices with more fees to attendants; lecture from the stage-manager, if a hiss is raised at anything extravagant, absurd, or dull; long intervals between the acts; great heat and bad ventilation; general confusion, uproar and delay when the entertainment is over, and cabs are precious (night still wet); abuse from the tout who brings the four-wheeler, if he gets less than he expected; sullen demeanour of the cabman at the end of the return journey, if he is not highly overpaid—and that particular thing which was ordered for supper found to have been forgotten, when the dining-room door opens and the fire is discovered to be out.

Last and chief of all,

People, if any exist, who don't buy *Punch's Almanack*.

THE STOCKS AND THE STOCK-EXCHANGE.

LITTLE did *Mr. Punch* once think that he should ever live to lament the abolition of the Pillory. He does, however, lament it for the sake of the members of the Stock-Exchange. If the Pillory were still an institution, the occasional exposure in it of one of the too numerous Bears that prowl amongst those gentlemen, would probably have the effect of rendering their body a very much more respectable one than it is at present.

The lying Bear who set about the report that the Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway had failed, would, with his face and fore-paws fixed in a Pillory erected in the place where Stock-jobbers most do congregate, present them with a most edifying spectacle. In default,

however, of the Pillory, the Stocks would do pretty well. It would be very fit and proper that, for malepractices in Stocks of one kind, scoundrels should have to put their feet in Stocks of another. The Corporation of London should forthwith erect a pair of Stocks hard by the Stock-Exchange. The Stocks would at least, whilst those who could if they chose refuse to put the Bears down, be a standing testimonial to the Stock-Exchange Committee.

MOSES MOSES.

WIPE your eyes and blow your noses,

Let us sing of MOSES MOSES,

Helped along life's tedious journey

By Recorder RUSSELL GURNEY:

For the tale contains a moral

Wherewithal there's none can quarrel.

MOSEY's business was receiving

What his clients got by thieving,

And the tale would tire your patience

Of this Jew's accumulations.

Gold and silver, gems and eameos,

Jewels fit for Eastern Daimios,

Saddles, bridles, vases, caskets,

Rich electrotypic baskets,

Cases for my lady's dressing,

Chalices for Churchman's blessing,

Sticks, Malaccas, golden-headed,

Coins in tankards deep-embedded,

China (such as aged aunt owes

Niece's cares to) new portmanteaux,

Sweet perfumes and books quite blinding

With their gorgeous gilded binding,

Such a list not half disloses

Of the gains of MOSES MOSES.

Now, our keeper of the paschal

All his life had been a rascal,

And in '54 his nation

Lost this blotch, by transportation,

Twice seven years was MOSEY's sentence;

But, of course, he shammed repentance,

And the usual idiot's blunder

Set him loose again to plunder.

Vich he done, ma tear, owdacious,

As you've heard, and contumacious.

But the fatal Goddess, Nemesis,

Hovered round the Hebrew's premises,

Not in form designed by FLAXMAN,

But in likeness of a cracksmán.

In a morning, last October,

Thieves broke in and robbed the robber.

MOSES, yelling out invectives,

Madly sent for two detectives,

Who the evil burglars potted,

And the greater scoundrel spotted,

Laying bare of rags and boardings

All poor MOSEY's awful hoardings.

So the victim of his fury

Faced once more a British Jury,

And, though counsel and attorney

Did their worst, stern RUSSELL GURNEY

Heeds no pleading vain or venal,

But decrees a Twenty Penal.

MOSEY took what wasn't his'n,

MOSEY's in a convict-prison,

And till Eighteen Eighty-Six is

Guest of Law, my bricksiwickies.

Moral for a rascal, "*Semper,*

Mind your eye and keep your temper."

Moral for the Law that's watched him,

"Keep your rascal when you've coted

him."

Sweetly thus the Muse disposes

Of the tale of MOSES MOSES.

An Inscription in Longs.

(By a Creditor who would fain "take it short.")

To creditors' assignee and depositors' active attorney

Sic OVERTEND transit, sic transit gloria GURNEY!



STUPENDOUS TRIUMPH OF THE HAIRDRESSER'S ART!

THE VERY LAST THING IN CHIGNONS.

A BOX FOR BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

SIT down to eat and drink on this glad day,
And blest be he that first cries, "Hold, enough!"
Gorge, boys and girls; and then rise up to play.
You *can*. A game in season's Blindman's Buff.

The ready fillet round the seamless brow
Of youth or maiden while quick fingers bind,
Beneath the golden-green pearl-berried bough,
What fun it is to play at being blind!

But some at Blindman's Buff with eyes unbound
Might join, for whom less sport that game would be;
Because it is their life's continual round:
The Blindman's Buff of those that cannot see.

If poor, for alms they can but grope about.
But Science to their need assistance lends;
And "knowledge, at one entrance quite shut out,"
Puts veritably at their fingers' ends.

Thus they who else would starve to labour learn.
Does that consideration strike your mind?
Their living do you wish that they should earn,
Instead of crying "Pity the poor Blind?"

Then know there's not a charitable Dun,
Subscription seeking at your gate who knocks,
That more deserves your bounty than the one
Who for the Blind requests a Christmas Box.

At Oxford Street's two-hundred-and-tenth door
Inquire within about the Blind Man's Friend.
Or send your guinea, if you like, or more;
As many more as you can spare to send.

THE BLACK COUNTRY, NOT ALL BLACK.

LET our friends and correspondents of the Black Country—good or ill-natured, regretful or angry, reasonable or unreasonable—be assured that in anything *Punch* has written of their district, in connection with the inauguration of PRINCE ALBERT's statue at Wolverhampton, he has neither meant to malign the country nor to ignore or undervalue the efforts of those—and they are many, as he is thankful to acknowledge—who are doing their best to educate and improve the habits of its working population. The very purpose of his lines was to point out how much needed such efforts were, and how appropriately PRINCE ALBERT, as the advocate, aider, and abettor of popular education, the great promoter of social improvement, the foremost asserter of the duties of capital and culture to labour and ignorance, took his place in the centre of a region where education, improvement, and culture have been so terribly neglected heretofore, and are so sorely needed now.

Surely, there was nothing in this that could justly offend those who are helping in the good work to which the PRINCE CONSORT owes his highest honours.

If the bitter waters of truth have caused wry faces to any such, *Mr. Punch* is sorry; the tonic was not meant for them. It was administered lovingly; and even those who like it least, will, he is convinced, acknowledge, on cool reflection, that the medicine was not superfluous, nor the dose excessive.

A Voice from Vestment-stir.

CHURCH millinery, now-a-days, is thought of such importance by a certain set of Clergymen, that, instead of the Church Militant, we fancy they must speak of it as being the Church Millinery-tant.

LATEST FROM HANWELL.

Q. If *Othello* had been lamer than *Scipio Africanus*, why would *Desdemona* have resembled *Lucy Ashton*?

A. Because she would have been the *Bride of Lamer-Moor*.

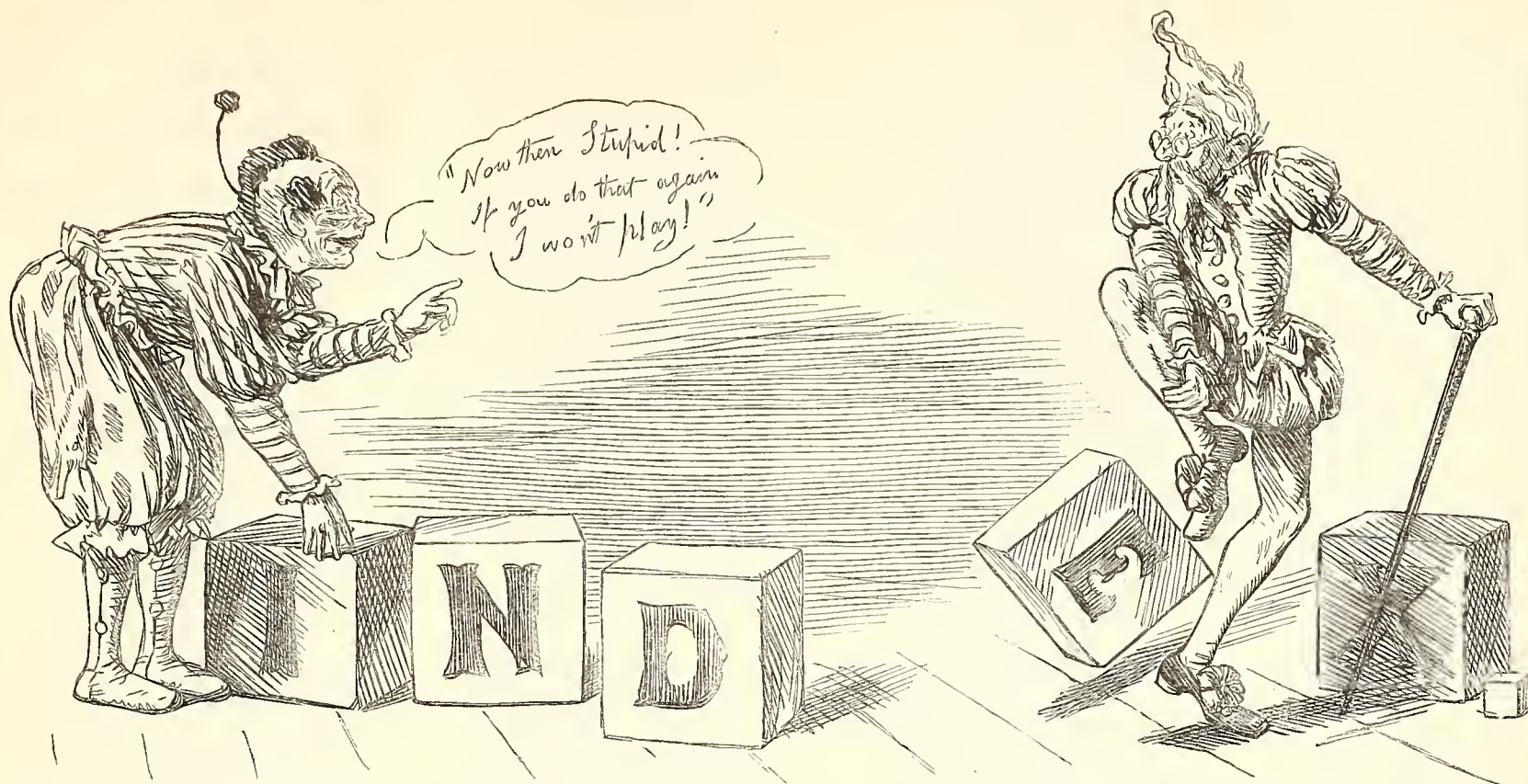


THE FESTIVE SEASON.

(A Pleasant, but we fear a somewhat Improbable, Picture.)

MR. B****, M.P. "I SHAY LOWE, OLD F'LA, LESH SHWEAR 'TERNAL FR'EN'SHIP!"

MR. L****, M.P. "ALL RIGHT, JOHNNY. BEEN BOSHE IN THE WRONG."



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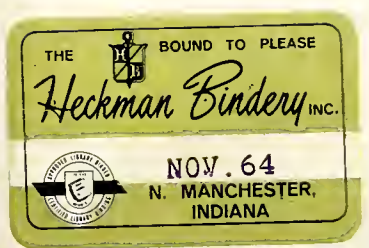
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