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PUNCH

VOL
XXXVIII



JUNE 1860.

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

1860.

LONDON :
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

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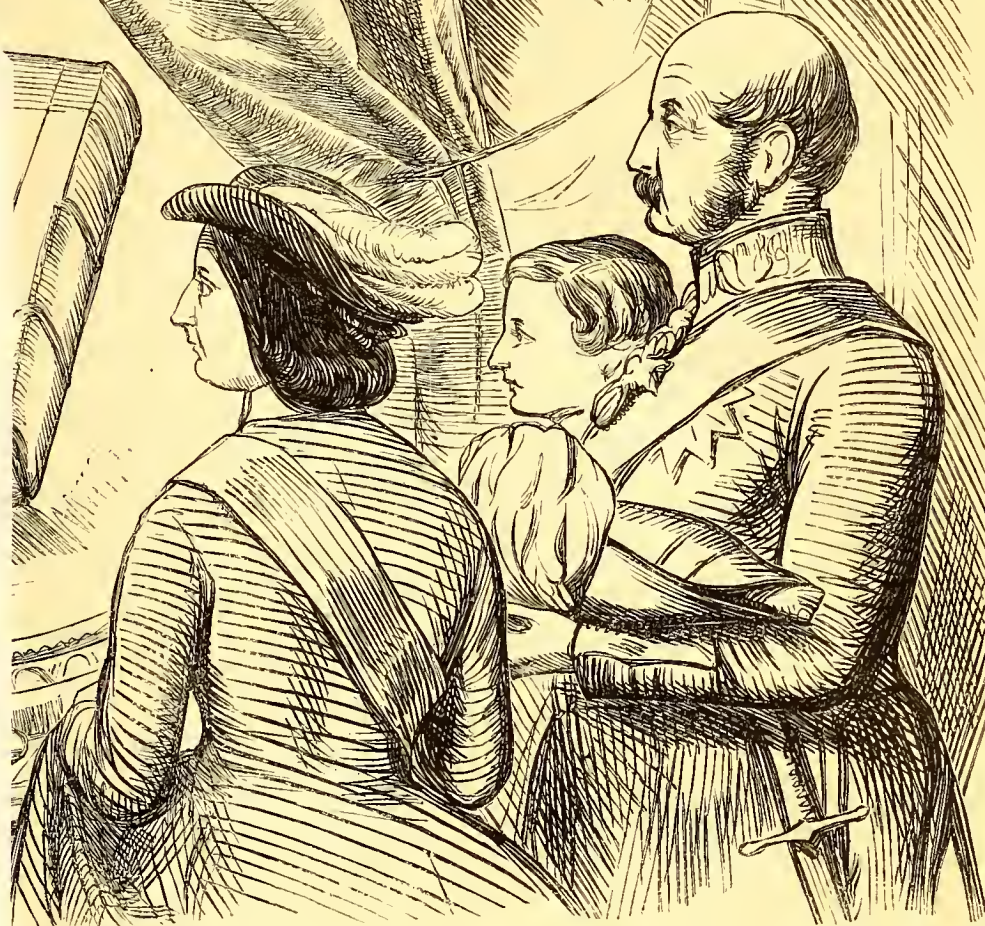
XXXVIII

1860

LINES

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PREFACE.

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

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

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

"Astounding man!" said SIR CHARLES PHIPPS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Tell me," said his Royal Mistress.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thirty-Eighth Volume.



VOL 38



ALL THE WORLD'S TWELFTH-NIGHT.

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

And a Dream came unto him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Macaulay.

DECEMBER, 1859.

O dying year, did'st break thy latest scoll
On those who, wearied with thee, bade thee go,
And, parting, did'st with palsied hand strike off
The noblest name our Golden Book could show ?
Vain spite ! Self-branded, thou shalt pass away,
Bearing his life whose fame was England's pride ;
But through the ages English tongues shall say,
"That year ! An ill one. Then Macaulay died."

A Mistletoe.

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



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

JUVENILE RIFLE CORPS.

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

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

"Your young Friend,
"BRIGGS, JUNIOR."

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

Too Good by Half.

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

STAGE LAWYERS.

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

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

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



Wanted—A Ruin.

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

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

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



“SOME GOOD ACCOUNT AT LAST.”

AMATEUR SKATER. “Entirely my own idea, Harry,—ease, elegance, and safety combined.—I call it the ‘Skater’s Friend.’”

THE POPE AND THE PIG.

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

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

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

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

MUSIC AND MYSTERY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

VERY FISHY.

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

LATE AND EARLY SWEDES.



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

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

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

in higher latitudes than they have heretofore been supposed to flourish in.

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

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



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

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

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

THE BARD OF BICESTER.

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

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

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

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

TO M.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Bicester."

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

THE HOME MARKET.

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

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

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

He's not Everybody.

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

THE WESTMINSTER REPRESENTATION.



WHEN *Mr. Punch* informs his readers that Westminster must be consoled with for having been deprived of her Representation, his readers naturally will ask, what can Westminster have done that she should be disfranchised? and imaginary cases of bribe-giving and corrupting will perhaps be conjured up by their imaginative minds. There is, however, in reality no cause for such imaginings. Westminster, until lately, has had two representations: the one wherein SIR JOHN SHELLEY and SIR DE LACY EVANS have been popularly chosen to appear in the first parts, and the other wherein *Davus*, *Phormio*, and *Geta* have been among the principal characters assigned, and have from time to time elicited cheers quite as loud

as those which ever have awakened the echoes of St. Stephens. It is this latter Representation which Westminster has lost, and which *Mr. Punch* and all "old Westminsters" lament. *Amplius haud!*—were *Mr. Punch* in an elegiac mood, he could indite some touching lines on this suggestive subject. *Amplius haud!*—let the student put in classic phraseology even so prosaic a statement as the following, and provided that his lines will scan, and there be no false quantities, he may depend on getting praise in abundance on next "Verse day:"—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TWO HUNDRED RIDES IN THE QUEEN'S VAN.

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

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

AN UNUSUAL NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

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

Ignorance in High Life.

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



RATHER A KNOWING THING IN NETS.

Admiring Friend. "WHY, FRANK! WHAT A CAPITAL DODGE!"

Frank. "A—YA—AS. MY BEARD IS SUCH A BORE, THAT I HAVE TAKEN A HINT FROM THE FAIR SEX."

CLERICAL OLD CLO' MEN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

an age so progressive as our own. They indicate to our mind a back-sliding in the Church; a sliding back, that is, to the costumes of the past, which are like its customs, quite unsuited to the present.

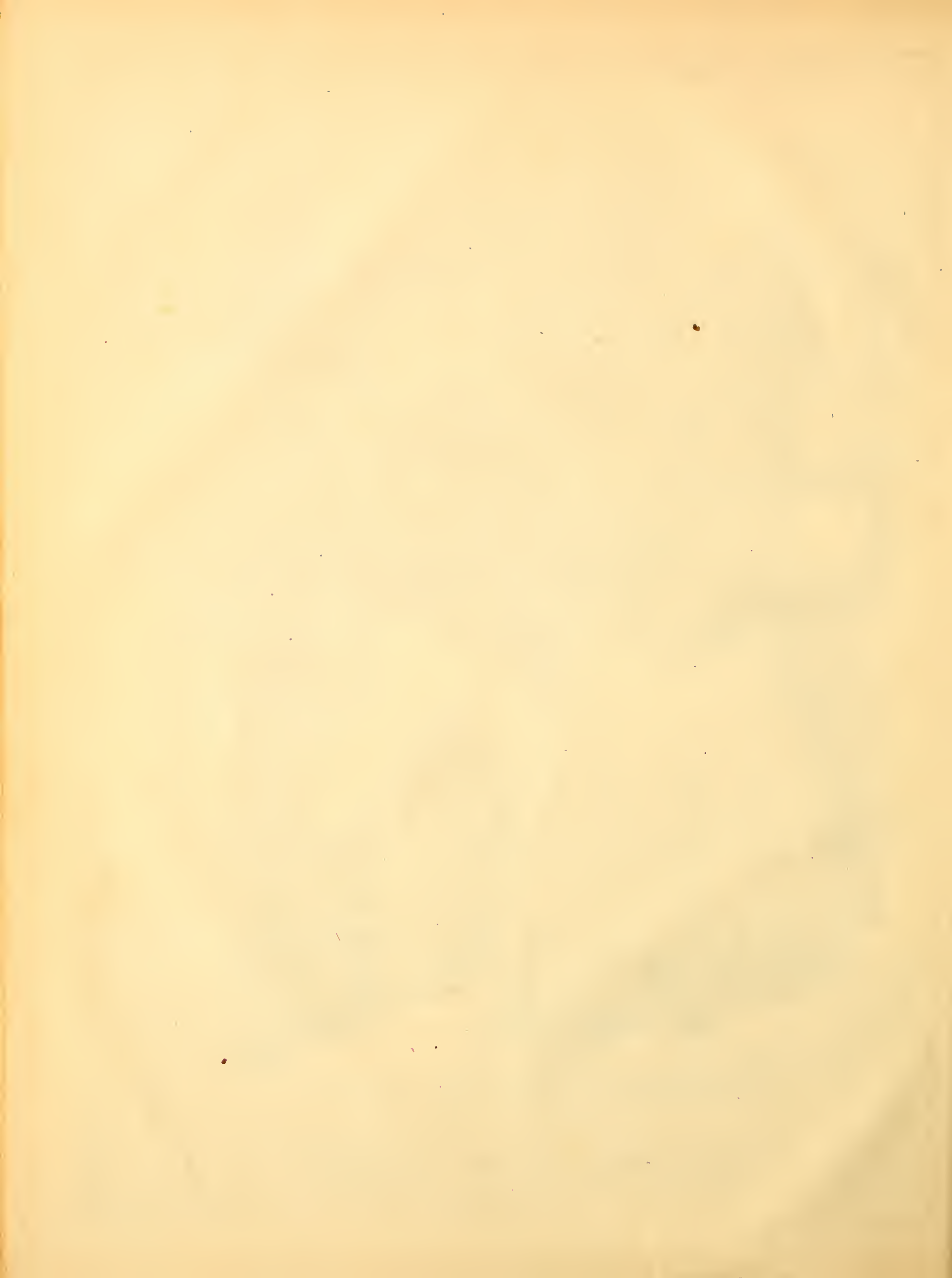
At any rate, however, if the habit be persisted in, we trust our bishops will take leaves from the Puseyitish fashion-books, and come out in the "gorgeous array" of some two hundred years ago. They might, in one respect at least, find the costume not unserviceable. The formidable boots which were in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

ROMAN CATHOLIC EMIGRATION.

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



WON'T-EE GO TO CONGRESS?



1815 AND 1860.



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

But never New Year, me-
 thought, did wear
 Upon his baby-brow,
 Less blithesome cheer than
 this New Year
 That we have crowned
 e'en now.
 His baby head is helmeted,
 In his baby grasp a brand,
 In his baby eye a mystery,
 And a look of stern com-
 mand:

And babe though he be, it is plain to see
 He has man's work on hand.

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

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

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

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

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

The NAPOLEONS have turned up again,
 And the BOURBONS fallen through.

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

LADIES' TRAINS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"OXYGEN."

ALDERMANIC REASONING.

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

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

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

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

DEATH OF A VALUABLE MEMBER OF SOCIETY.



heard of any other that was upright?) right on the tip of his tail. He has been disappointed, also, in not having been invited to dine with LORD COWLEY, who, on this occasion,—and this occasion only—might have been able to boast of having had Fish for dinner; but all these wonderful things, and many more, have been abruptly checked in their career by the untimely decease of this duosyllabic wonder, who, when he met you, did not accost you with, “I have just two words to say to you,” and then, like too many talkative monsters in human form, detain you by the button-hole for at least a couple of hours. He was eminently a fish and not a bore. He said his two words, and no more, simply because he did not know more than two. His tongue was always dancing a *pas de deux* (the

paternal and maternal salutations above alluded to), and you could never persuade him to execute any other *pas*, or “Ma” either. He must have been a good son, this Talking Fish, for you never could get him to talk upon any other subject but that of his parents. In fact, he was endeared to his master from the fact of his pay-rental propensities, which he would exhibit more or less strongly at every new place he went to.

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

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

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

of, besides its being difficult to deal with, but that sort of very troublesome, irritating, disagreeable illness that made everybody fidgety and frightened unless the medical man was constantly in the house. He thought, however, that any demonstration on their part was unwise, as there was already a feeling abroad that if people washed themselves well, lived well, took exercise, talked cheerfully, and laughed often, they might do without a good deal of the medical attendance they now paid heavily for, and it would be well not to increase any prejudice against the profession.

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

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

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

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

LORD BYRON, LORD PUNCH, AND LORD FINGALL.

LORD FINGALL, an Irish Catholic nobleman, has very properly refused to join the ridiculous movement which the Irish priests have commanded their dupes and tools to perform on behalf of the POPE.

His Lordship’s father has his name embalmed in a verse by LORD BYRON, which verse *Mr. Punch* (in every way a superior poet to the latter) begs to modify as follows, in honour of the son:—

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

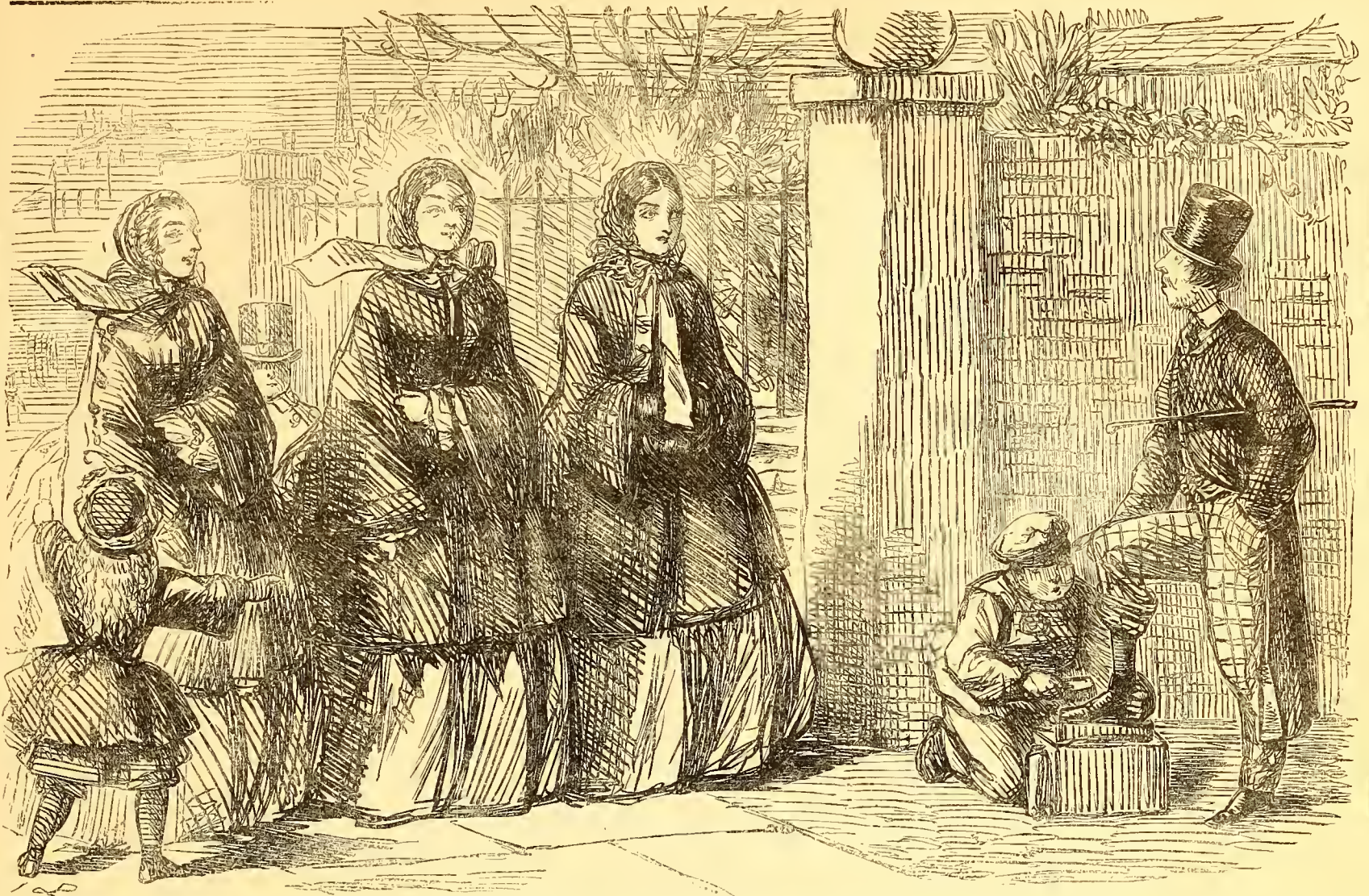
IMPORTANT MEDICAL MEETING.

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

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

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

MR. D’EMULGENT said that their friend had gone off in such a hurry, aparently (*roars of laughter*), that he had forgotten his resolution. Truly they ought to be thankful, for never was there so much sickness about—not dangerous, mind you, for that it would be wrong to be glad



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

TOBACCO-STOPPERS WANTED.

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

That the evil is a "growing one" among us is quite patent. Growing lads of any age from six to sixteen daily practise it. Besides the little vagabonds who prowl about our streets, and play at pitch-and-toss on Sundays with short pipes in their mouths, there are a higher class of juveniles who ought to have their pipes put out, and *Mr. Punch* would willingly assist that operation. The latter lads stand higher in point of social status, and their position in the streets is certainly more elevated. But although they commonly are seen upon the knife-board of an omnibus, they are by no means raised thereby in *Mr. Punch's* estimation; and their habit of short-pipe smoking tends still more to lower them. As a rule, these lads do not smoke because they really like it, but because they think it manly to be seen to smoke, and fancy that they show their independence by so doing. It is, therefore, not for pleasure, but for snobbishness, they smoke, and there is no redeeming reason for excusing them. Their pallid pimpled cheeks, and sallow tallowy complexions, are sufficient indications that

tobacco does not agree with them: and while their moral health suffers through the snobbishness aforesaid, their vital stamina is sapped by the sucking of their cutties. Every whiff which they inhale blows a portion of their brains out; the more they fill their pipes, the more their heads they empty. They begin to smoke too young, and grow prematurely old by it. By the time that they reach manhood, they have become the very poorest apologies for men; for it is the nature of the weed to make all those grow "weedy" who precociously indulge in it.

THE TREATMENT OF THE NAVY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

POPE AND CONGRESS.

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

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

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

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

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

A NEW LITERARY INVENTION.

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

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

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

No. 1.

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

"Highbury Terrace, N.

No. 2.

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

"Isleworth, W.

No. 3.

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

"Eltham, S.E.

No. 4.

"MY DEAR WIFE,
"YOUR letter would have been answered immediately, but in

"Ratcliffe Highway, E.

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

No. 5.

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

"Pimlico, S.W.

No. 6.

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

"Strand, W.C.

No. 7.

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

"Lord's Cricket Ground, N.W.

No. 8.

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

"Danes' Inn, W.C.

No. 9.

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

"Old Kent Road, S.

No. 10.

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

"Brompton, S.W.

No. 11.

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

"Welbeck Street, W.

No. 12.

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

"War Office, S.W.

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

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

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

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



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

A CHANT FOR CHRISTMAS.

BY A POET WHO BELONGS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PUNCH v. BURGOYNE.

(IN THE MATTER OF “LINE v. VOLUNTEERS.”)

“NOTHING like leather,” quoth the currier in the old story.

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

But where does SIR JOHN find his ideal Regular?

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

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

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

From what class is the Line recruited?

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

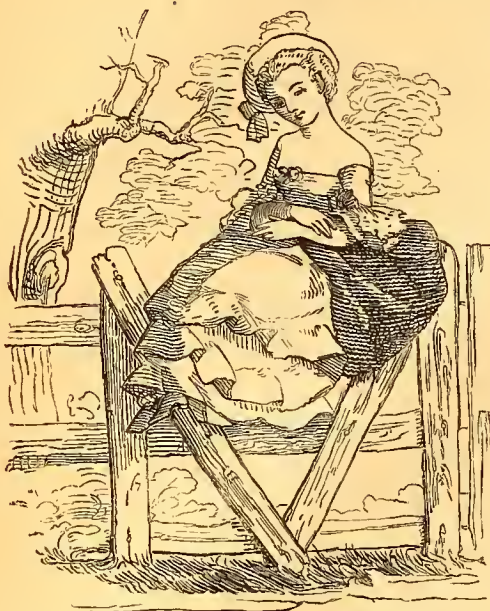
How is the Linesman lodged at home? how abroad? How is he fed? How is he clad? What is the effect of his barrack duties,—of his night-guards,—of his accessibility to the temptations of the canteen, the barrack-neighbouring trull-house, and beer-shop, with its singing and dancing rooms, its atmosphere of drink and tobacco, and its low excess? Are these the influences likely to harden bodies, any more than to improve souls? Do they particularly fit a man to face

heavy work, long marches, a wet back, and an empty belly? What is the *fact*, as indicated by the figures collected by the commission which reported on the sanitary condition of the Army in 1858? Why, this—that, comparing the death-rate of different classes at ages between twenty and forty, seventeen Linesmen and twenty Guardsmen die annually to eight agricultural labourers and out-door workmen in towns, to nine printers, eight policemen, and ten miners. But our Volunteers are not agricultural labourers at ten shillings a week; nor printers, shut up for long hours in the close atmosphere of the composing-room; nor policemen, liable to long spells of night and day duty without shelter in all weathers; nor miners, subject to impure air and explosive gases in the pit, and to foul skins and dirty clothes, and too often filthy habitations out of it. Our Volunteers are the very *thews* and *sinews* of the population—the pick and flower of the middle class, the young farmers and squires of our rural districts,—the tradesmen, and merchants, and gentry, and clerks, of our cities.

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

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

A NEW FAMILY PAPER.



ARK!—NO MORE BALLS, EVENING PARTIES, or any other EXPENSE.—The *Photographic Advertiser*, shortly to be published, offers peculiar advantages to Parents naturally anxious to dispose of their grown-up Daughters in Marriage, precluding all necessity of mixing in extravagant society, and all the cost and trouble involved in going to, and giving in return, *soirées, réceptions, dancing and musical parties, &c.* Each advertisement of a young lady will consist of an accurate description of her personal advantages, accompanied by a sun-portrait, by which the exactness of the text will be capable of being tested,

and which will obviate any danger which may be apprehended by country gentlemen of "buying a pig in a poke," or even of being induced to deal for the fair creature whose charms may be unsuited to their peculiar taste. The *Photographic Advertiser* offers its columns to the bereaved widow, as well as to the spinster, regardless of years; the mature conviction of its proprietors being, that no time of life, and no antecedent ties, are adequate to forbid the loving heart of woman from endeavouring to cling, like a tendril, to any eligible object of the stronger sex, that may happen to be brought within its reach: an approximation to effect which is the express object of the *Photographic Advertiser*. To gentlemen, the *Photographic Advertiser* is likewise open, and those happily gifted with regular features, luxuriant whiskers, a prepossessing expression, and symmetrical proportions, will be enabled, by its means, to negotiate all these endowments with the utmost facility and at the very lowest terms. Gentlemen less fortunate in ordinary estimation, will find in the *Photographic Advertiser* a medium for the exhibition of those peculiarities of physiognomy or configuration, which are not without their admirers in a world wide enough for us all, not excepting those who weigh eighteen or twenty stone. The nose which has never attained to, or which transgresses, the proportion, or which deviates, in what shape soever, from the outline of beauty; the eyes which are peculiar in their convergence or in the speciality of their colour; the mouth which differs widely, or by opposite dimensions, from APOLLO'S bow, will be presented by the *Photographic Advertiser*, in the most attractive light to those individuals of the other sex to whose predilections they have been adapted by the plastic and pictorial hand of Nature. For further particulars inquire at the Office, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.; where attendance will constantly be given to receive any amount of subscriptions.

MINISTERS AT A PROVERB.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"All right, my boy!" said PALMERSTON.

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

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

Mr. Punch looked dubiously round.

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

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

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

"How are your Riflemen getting on, SIDDY?"

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

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

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

Mr. Punch addressed MR. GLADSTONE.

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

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

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

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

"Very neat," said the PREMIER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



A RISING CORPS.

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

COMIC CHRONOLOGY.

A TABLE SHOWING THE ANTIQUITY OF JOKES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

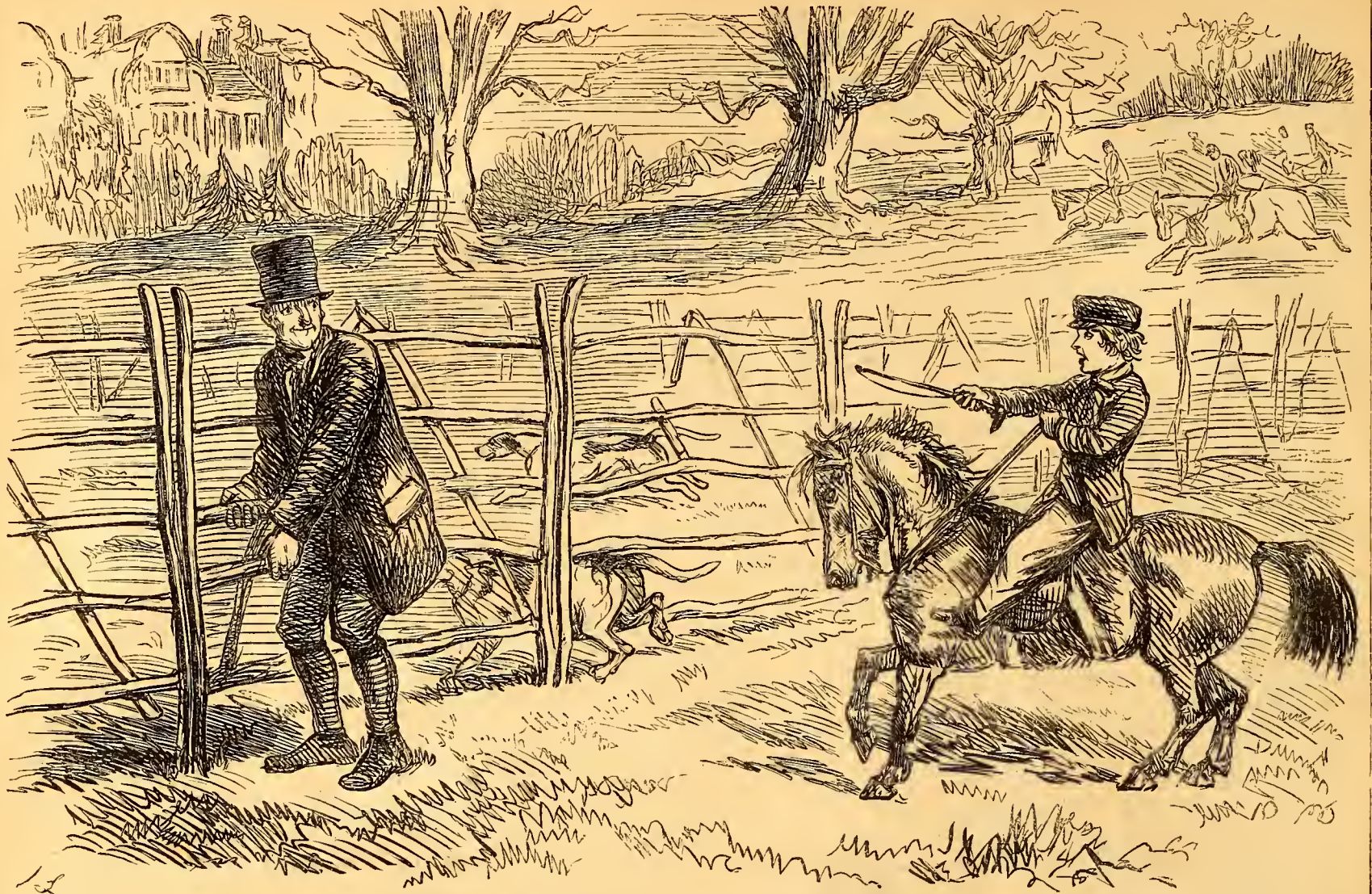
B.C. 303. DIOGENES, while dancing *à la Polka* with ANTIGONE, in a lull of conversation cries out, "Pray, Miss, who's your hatter?"

POPE AND POLE.

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

["Stars unnumbered gild the glowing Pole."]

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



SCENE—A PARK. HOUNDS RUNNING.

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

THE MOCK DUTCH AUCTION.

A Little Comedy from Real Life.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dizzy. Well—I don't see why we shouldn't 'ave our reg'lars.

They've 'ad more than their fair share o' the swag—(pointing to JOHNNY and PAM)—'Owver we're all in it—now—for this 'ere Reform article.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dizzy (aside to MR. BULL). If I was you, Sir, I'd go ten all round—
Ned (with apparent eagerness). Ten all round.

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



YOUNG 1860.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A PUT DOWN FOR THE POISONMONGERS.



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

BORGIAS could not have been a whit more cruel than the BROWNS:—

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

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

"The confectioner, when closely pressed, admitted that, being ambitious of making his buns appear extra rich, he had coloured them with chrome-yellow (*i. e.*, chromate of lead, an insidious poison, and, like all the compounds of lead, persistent

and accumulative in its action on the system). To procure this, he repaired to a druggist only two doors off, who must therefore have known his occupation, and might have suspected the probable use to which he would apply a yellow powder. However, 'no questions asked' was the order of the day, the pigment was handed over, and the buyer and seller are at direct variance as to whether or no the word 'poison' was written on the packet. The confectioner confesses that he mixed this powder with his dough in the proportion of about six grains to each bun, and in a very few hours his unsuspecting customers were writhing in agony from its effects."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Volunteer Rifle Movement.

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

THE VERY WORST THAT WAS EVER ATTEMPTED.

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

LE PHOQUE EST MORT, VIVE LE PHOQUE!

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

MEETING OF SOUTHAMPTON MAINEIACS.



HERE was a gathering of Teetotallers and advocates of the Maine Law in the Town Hall of Southampton on Tuesday evening last week. The chair was occupied by the Worshipful the Mayor, MR. F. PERKINS, who had convened the meeting in compliance with a requisition of a numerous body of simpletons. The magnanimity of the Mayor in acceding to their ridiculous request, will be appreciated by our readers when they are told, if they do not know, that he is an eminent liquor merchant. We wonder that the bare name of PERKINS, its associations considered, had not deterred them from the attempt to hold their abstemious orgies under the presidency of its bearer; but probably if MEUX had been Mayor of Southampton, they would have perpetrated the same ab-

surd impropriety; and would not have stuck, under similar circumstances, at offering a similar impertinence to TRUMAN, HANBURY, or BUXTON. Perhaps Vegetarianism will take root and flourish in Southampton; for the soil which nourishes monomania in drinking is to an equal extent favourable to the allied insanity in eating. The Southampton Vegetarians will, in that case, perhaps, assemble to discuss their greens under the auspices of a butcher. If there are many members of the Peace Society in the "Liverpool of the South," we shall probably soon hear of their meeting, or proposing to meet, with LORD CLYDE in the chair. They could not, to be sure, have a better chairman, regarding him from a rational point of view, and, in like wise, a distinguished wine-and-spirit merchant may be considered to be a very suitable person to preside over an assembly having for its reasonable object the practice of moderation in the use of fermented liquors.

SO MUCH FOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE!

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

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

THE SENTIMENT OF COLOUR.

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

HIS PERSECUTED HOLINESS.

To ARCHBISHOP CULLEN.

MOST REVEREND SIR,

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

THE MORTARA CASE.

"MODENA, JAN. 2.

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

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

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

PUNCH.

WANTED, A LITTLE MORE IMPROVING.

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

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

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

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

A HUNDRED TO ONE.



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

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

The number of men estimated by the DUKE

Corps should be borne in mind by all those whom its remembrance may concern; and perhaps it will be rather the more deeply impressed upon their memory by consideration of the paradox involved in a statement which apparently makes out that one hundred men will serve to constitute the kernel of a regiment.

STANZAS TO A RESPECTABLE CONVICT.

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

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

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

THE BLACK QUACK AND HIS WHITE BROTHER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Now, HABBAKUK, you are a Jew quack, are you not?” Prisoner. ‘Vell, I can't say as I ain't a Jew, but quacks is matters of opinion.’ ‘You call yourself a medical man, but you have had no regular medical education.’ ‘Vot's the odds?’ ‘You advertise yourself everywhere.’ ‘Vell, advertisin' ain't no crime, I spose.’ ‘But you pretend to cure what you don't understand?’ ‘So does many folks.’ ‘You begin by telling a patient that he is horribly ill and in awful danger, and you

extort large fees out of his terrors.’ ‘O vot's the fools of this here earth for, my dear, if not to be plunder for the vise thereof.’ ‘You artfully draw from him his family history, and then, if he hesitates in paying you, you threaten to make unpleasantness.’ ‘Fools should keep their mouths shut.’ ‘And you don't do him any good after all, but harm.’ ‘Anyhow, he's got a lesson.’ ‘I commit you for trial.’”

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

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

FANCIES WRITTEN BY THE FIRELIGHT.]

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

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

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

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



THE MANUALS.

SERGEANT (*in a breath*). "Present—Arms! At th' word Wonn seize th' rife t' th' loover barnd raisin' t' few inches by slightly bendin' th' right arm but 'thout moving th' barrel from the shoulder, 'nd leph the thumb t' th' right hand under th' cork fengers under th' gyard t' th' front slantin' downwards both arms close t' the body, left hand square t' the left elbow—so—tha's all yer got to dew—"
(SPRIGGINS thinks it does not look so difficult as it sounds.)

TRANSLATION OF THE ABOVE.

SERGEANT (*in a breath*). "Present—Arms!—At th' word Wonn, seize th' rife t' th' loover barnd, raisin' t' few inches by slightly bendin' th' right arm but 'thout moving th' barrel from the shoulder, 'nd step the thumb o' th' right hand under th' cork, fengers under th' gyard t' th' front, slantin' downwards both arms close t' th' body, left hand square t' th' left elbow—so—tha's all yer got to dew."

A STRIKE IN THE PARLOUR.

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

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

An Admiral Adrift.

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

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

ST. LUKE'S AND BEDLAM.

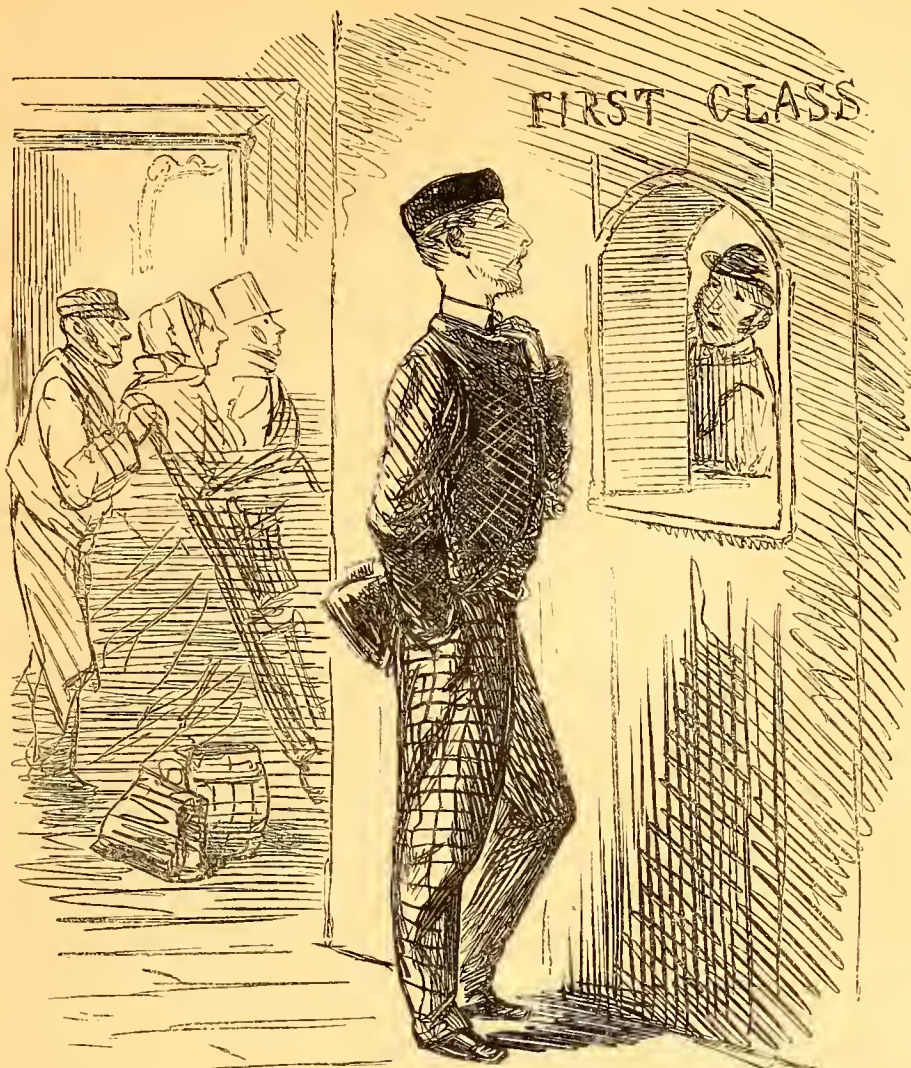
ON Wednesday evening, last week, took place the Annual Christmas Ball of the patients in St. Luke's Hospital. On the previous day the Roman Catholics of London met together at the Hanover Square Rooms, to express sympathy with the POPE, and antipathy to LORD PALMERSTON, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, and LOUIS NAPOLEON.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

authority on his temporal power; and also their opinion that the one could not be duly exercised apart from the other. The proceedings came to a conclusion attended with the characteristic incident thus reported:—

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

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

FOWL PLAY.—Chicken Hazard.



Railway Clerk. "HAVE YOU GOT TWOPENCE, SIR?"

Swell. "DEAW, NO! NEVAW HAD TWOPENCE IN MY LIFE!"

Clerk. "THEN I MUST GIVE YOU TENPENCE IN COPPER, SIR!"

[Swell is immensely delighted, of course.]

THE CONVERTED CABMAN.

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

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

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

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

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

MURDER IN JEST.

To MR. SLEIGH, Barrister-at-Law.

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

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

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

than it was; brutal duels have lately taken place in France; duels more brutal still in America.

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

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

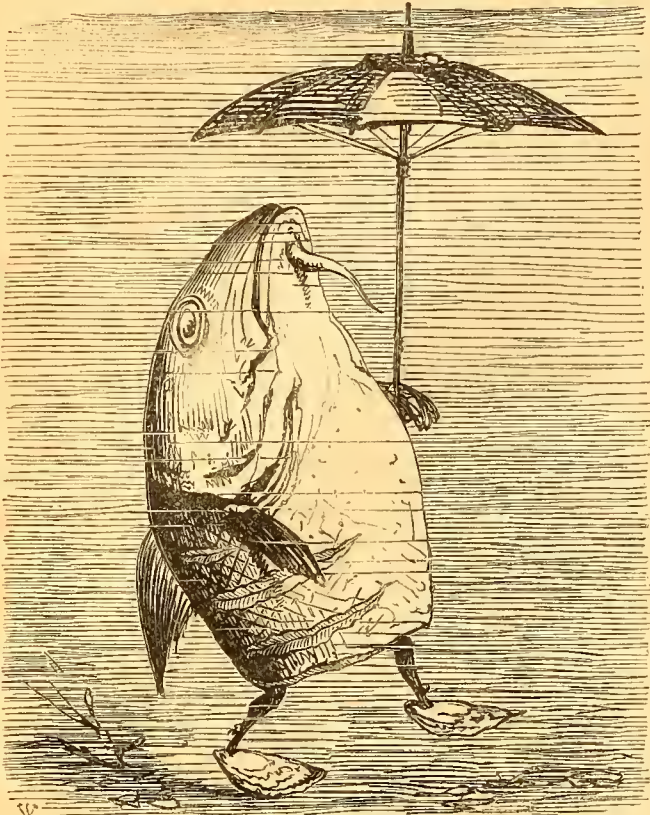
PUNCH.

Laurels for Laurie.

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

THE ADVANTAGES OF HAVING WET WEATHER IN THE COUNTRY.

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



HERE is no doubt that it is unpleasant when one goes into the country for sake of out-door exercise, to be shut up in the house by a succession of wet days; and if one happens to be somewhat of a sporting turn of mind, the moisture of the weather is most trying to one's temper. One is blue-devilishly apt to come to breakfast with black looks, when the rain has all night long been beating hard against one's window, and there seems to be no hope of its holding up ere dinner time. With foxes waiting to be hunted and pheasants to be shot, one can't help feeling savage when one daily finds the glass midway between "Much rain," and "Stormy," and inclining, if one knocks it, to fall rather than to rise. To the people one is staying with the bore is not so great, inasmuch

as they, one thinks, can take their sport at any time. But to an unaged Cockney, whose country visits are like angels', few and far between, it is no joke for a week to be swamped out of one's shooting, and to find the happy hunting grounds, of which one has been dreaming, are of no earthly use to one, from being under water.

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

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

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

Add to this, that, besides one's exertions in the billiard-room, there are other occupations to which one may betake oneself, and which have both a bodily and mental good effect. For instance, when confined by stress of weather to the house, one has time to make oneself not unpleasant to its mistress, and to pay her that attention which is properly her due. It happens not infrequently that, when they have fine weather, male visitors go out directly after breakfast, and do not reappear until the summons of the dinner-bell; and that all the evening they talk

of dogs or horses, unless they fall asleep, or else slink furtively to bed. Now, wet weather prevents such selfish want of gallantry, and makes gentlemen who visit her attentive to their hostess, if only for the cause that they have nothing else to do.

MACAULAY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

JANUARY 9, 1860.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MORE FANCIES BY THE FIRELIGHT.



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

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

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

The grate looks bright and cheerful in the evening, when the fire is in it; but see it the next morning, how dead and dull it is! So is it with the

Great. They shine brilliantly at night when the champagne fire is in them; but when their soda's brought next morning the shine is quite gone out of them.

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

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

ITS NATIVE ELEMENT.

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

Paw and Maw.

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

THE SCOTCH PHARISEES' LAST!

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

"SABBATH DESECRATION IN SCOTLAND.

"At a Meeting of the Edinburgh United Presbyterian Association on Tuesday, a report was read by the REV. W. REID on the subject of Sabbath Desecration. At the outset it referred to the abatement which had taken place since 1853 of certain forms of Sabbath desecration, noticing specially the shutting up of the public-houses by the Forbes Mackenzie Act. It then noticed, as 'another form of Sabbath desecration which had been somewhat abated,' the practice of burying the dead on Sundays. During the five years terminating with 1848 the interments on Sunday in Warriston Cemetery were 20.70 per cent. of the whole, while during the five years just terminated they have been only 16.36 per cent. 'This decrease,' continued the report, 'while gratifying, is far from being what is desirable. While it cannot be denied that there are frequent instances in which the nature of the disease causing death, and the limited accommodation of the dwellings in which death takes place, may demand burial, even on the Sabbath, it is evident that the practice extends far beyond the limits of this necessity. The reasons which sustain the practice are doubtless the convenience of friends and relatives—in some instances, it is feared, the pride of securing a large attendance—while the solemnity of the duty commended itself to many as quite in accordance with Sabbath-day observance. It has been suggested that did ministers decline attending funerals on the Sabbath, much would be done to abate the evil."

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

"painfully
Did cover them with leaves"?

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

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

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

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

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

"Reweigh this Justice."

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

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



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

THE DRAFT THAT CHEERS HIS HOLINESS.

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

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

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

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

No doubt his Holiness was greatly consoled by the receipt of £10, accompanied by an address which probably tended to intimate that there was more money where that came from. Such sterling consolation under the inevitable afflictions of this life is acceptable to almost anybody; by most people it is regarded as the only true solace which can be administered to real distress. The POPE is very likely hard up; but even if he were ever so flush, his Holiness, in common with all mankind, would be safe to know what to do with a £10 note,

if sent to him. Whatever may be the result of Congress, or the policy of LOUIS NAPOLEON, the Holy Father will doubtless continue open to subscriptions to any amount, whilst the smallest contributions will be sure to be thankfully received. Let not the bashful Irishman, therefore, be ashamed to offer his mite to the common Father of the Faithful, who will be very glad of it, and whom it will help to afford a more respectable maintenance than tribute extorted from involuntary subjects.

ALBERT SMITH'S "PIGEON."

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

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



THE CONGRESS PARTY.

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

SUICIDE AT STOCKBRIDGE.

“MEASTER PUNCH, ZUR,

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

PIGEON SHOOTING!

TO BE SHOT FOR,

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

On Wednesday, January 18, 1860,

A CHESTNUT GELDING,

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

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

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

SHOOTING TO COMMENCE PUNCTUALLY AT 12 O’CLOCK.

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

“Your sarvant to command,

“Blue Boar, Jan. 1860.”

“SMOKER.”

SADDLING THE RIGHT HORSE.

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

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

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

Succour for Scotchmen.

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

BEARS AND LYONS.

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

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

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

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

“This Cab, number 1756, was hired on
day, the _____ of _____, at _____ o’clock,
By
Mrs. Blank, Blank, who resides at
(Residence in full)

And who makes the following complaint against the Driver.

(State your Grievance.)

You are requested to fill up this form, if there be reason, and to drop it, unpaid, into any letter-box.”

It is addressed to the Superintendent of Police Traffic.

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

Sweets to the Sweet.

“PRAY, can you tell me, my dear MR. JENKINS,” asked with admiring eyes a very pretty young lady, “How is sugar refined?”
“When a lady gives it to you, Madam,” was the happy reply of the great artist who grinds the fashionable organ every day.

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

BUCHANAN ON HUMAN STOCK.



hands by further legislation. Had it been decided that either Congress or the territorial Legislature possess the power to annul or impair the right to property in slaves, the evil would be intolerable."

MR. BUCHANAN talks about property in slaves with the calm assurance of a moral philosopher; just as if he had not the least idea that the title to such property had ever been disputed. He speaks of the right to that sort of property as coolly and confidently as if he really believed that such right was something distinct from might. Yet, in a subsequent part of his Message, he condemns the Slave Trade. What objection is there to the Slave

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

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

Trade, if it is possible to acquire a right of property in slaves? If slaves are property, how do they differ from buffaloes in a commercial sense, and in what respect is the Slave Trade worse than the buffalo trade?

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

Most Indecorous.

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

What is Twaddle?

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

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

THE RIGHT COLOUR FOR A RIFLE CORPS.

"FRIEND PUNCH,

"Broadbrim Villa, Brompton.

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

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

when worn by Riflemen who arm as ours do, not in menace but in simple self-defence. A Rifle Club so formed is a truly Friends' Society, formed for keeping friends with all who fear it as a foe; and by adopting for its dress the colour which the Friends' Society hath chosen, it shows its mission plainly as the noses on its front.

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

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

"BOANERGES BROADBRIM."

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

The True Aristocracy.

MY DEAR BRIGHT,

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

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

PUNCH.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.

Q. WHAT do you call Antimony? A. The Austrian Currency.
[Candidate is instantly admitted into the Foreign Office.]

A WELCOME TO WINTER.

BY A POET WHO BELONGS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE POPE IN A FIX.

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

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

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

FRENCH AND ENGLISH MARRIAGE-MARKET.

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

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

The female operatives of Paris can hardly be expected to have the least idea of political economy; for, if they had any, they would be considerably wiser, not only than the males of their class, but than the vast majority of Frenchmen; French statesmen inclusive. It is, therefore, natural that they should request the legislature to encourage

matrimony by imposing upon celibacy a duty which they, doubtless, would wish to be rendered prohibitive. Their proposal to create a demand for wives by an artificial stimulant is not more absurd than the mercantile protectionism of their countrymen.

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

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



AN IRISH ANGEL.

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

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

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



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

SWELL, SEN. ("Stwangear to the other fellow.") "'Bject to Gawison Town m'self—have to meet so many Second-rate Men!"

CRINOLINE FOR CRIMINALS.

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

As an instance of how largely the large petticoats are used in acts of petty larceny, we may mention a small fact which has come within our knowledge, and which it may be to the interest of shopkeepers to know. Concealed beneath the skirts of a fashionably dressed female were, the other day, discovered by a vigilant detective the following choice proofs of her propensity to plunder; *viz.*, twenty-three shawls, eleven dozen handkerchiefs, sixteen pairs of boots (fifteen of them made up with the military heel), a case of eau-de-Cologne, a ditto of black hair-dye, thirty pairs of stays, twenty-six chemises, five dozen cambric handkerchiefs, and eleven ditto silk, nineteen muslin collars and four-and-forty crochet ones, a dressing-case, five hair brushes (three of them made with tortoiseshell and two with ivory gilt backs), a pair of curling irons, eight bonnets without trimmings and nine-and-twenty with them,

a hundred rolls of ribbon, half a hundred weight of worsted, ten dozen white kid-gloves and twenty dozen coloured ones, forty balls of cotton, nine-and-ninety skeins of silk, a gridiron, two coal-scuttles, three packets of ham sandwiches, twenty-five mince-pies, half a leg of mutton, six boxes of French plums, ten ditto of bonbons, nine *pâtés de foie gras*, a dozen cakes of chocolate and nine of portable hare soup, a warming-pan, five bracelets, a brace of large brass birdcages, sixteen bowls of gold fish, half a score of lapdogs, fourteen dozen lever watches, and an eight-day kitchen clock.

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

What Sparkle!

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

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

Phrenology Right for Once.

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

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

Because they have Quad-Drills every day.



MARK, WOODCOCK!

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

A PILL FOR THE POPE.

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

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

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

Materials for History.

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

POLITICS AND PETTICOATS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"XANTIPPE ROSE SOPHIA SOPHONISBA SMITH."

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

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

VOLUNTEERS AND VETERANS.



SIR,—I say, *Punch*, my boy, I wish you'd just pitch into the old pipe-clay chaps a bit for the way in which they talk and write about us Riflemen. They seem to fancy all we mean is just to play at being soldiers, and that when the work comes we intend to cut it. Their minds are so jog-trotty, they can't keep pace with the *Times*, and the rifle movement clearly is something quite ahead of them. I believe they think the thing a sort of amateur theatricals, and imagine that we drill for the mere sake of the dress. They've a notion that we like to come out spiffy in our uniforms, and think that our ball practice is just for fancy-ball work. And then they drop out hints that even

if it's proved that we've the mind to fight, it will certainly turn out that we have not the muscles for it. How can your young fellows who never have camped out, or had anything to harden them, be fit to go a-field, and rough it like your 'regulars?' By Jove, Sir! Why they'd catch their deaths of cold in the first drizzle, and be sent home invalided if they marched a mile, by Jove, Sir! without their umbrellas!

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

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

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

fox: the hounds coursing him for the last quarter of a mile, and killing him. A very good hunting run of forty-five minutes with a second fox: when, the afternoon becoming so stormy, and the rain so heavy, the hounds were taken home."

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

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

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

"Believe me, my bo-o-o-o-oy,

"Yours everlastingly,

"YOUNG NIMROD."

NIGHTINGALE'S NOTES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

An Orleans Plum.

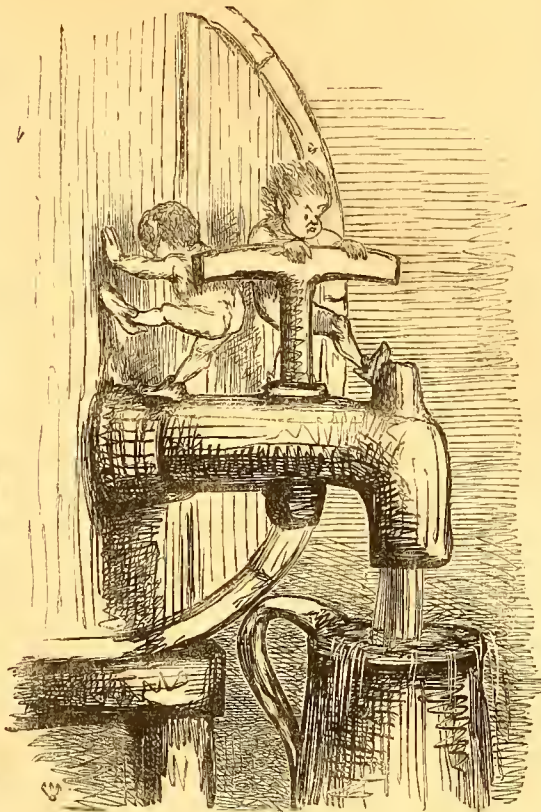
"The selection of the High Schools at Edinburgh for the Orleans Princes has caused great offence to the Roman Catholic Clergy."—*Tablet*.

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

An Ominous Present.

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

GRAVESEND'S CASE STATED.



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

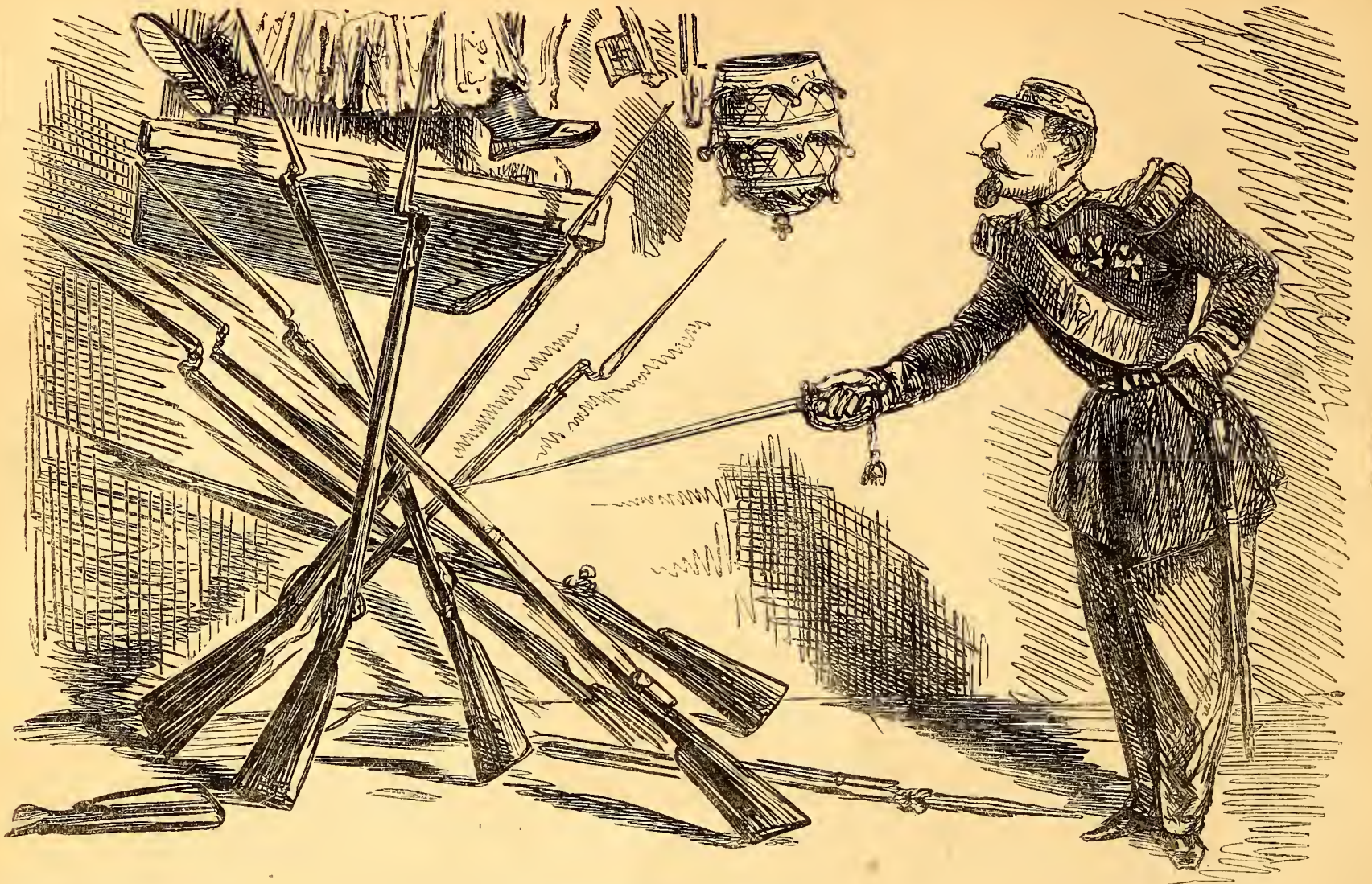
- 1st. Because the aristocratic element predominates far too largely in Gravesend, it having no fewer than three Piers.
- 2nd. Because half its population lets apartments, and would therefore expect its member to spare no pence in setting a Bill in a proper light.
- 3rd. Because the other half of its population boils shrimps, and is therefore not likely to be deceived by political Feelers.
- 4th. Because it is quite opposite Tilbury Fort, and therefore likely to resist profligate military expenditure.
- 5th. Because it is celebrated for its water-cresses, and is therefore likely to enforce official reform in the way of Small Salary.
- 6th. Because its lodging-letters rob their lodgers' brandy bottles, and therefore must understand the spirit of the age.
- 7th. Because, being burned down about once a year, there is no kind of Policy with which it is not familiar.
- 8th. Because there is a popular demand for a Digest of laws, and a person accustomed to Gravesend cookery can digest anything.
- 9th. Because it is next Milton, and therefore as good as SHAKESPEARE, who is always being represented.
- 10th. Because genteel people now go on to Margate, and compensation to Gravesend, in the way of election expenditure, would be highly acceptable.
- 11th. Because it is aggravating to see so many returning officers going over to Tilbury, and not to have one Returning Officer for Gravesend.

THE PAPAL POSITION.

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

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

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



RHODOMONTADE.

"I HEAR A VOICE, SAYING, 'ROBBER! TAKE YOUR HAND FROM THE THROAT OF THE VICAR,' " &c., &c.

WELL, MR. DIXON, AND SUPPOSE HE DOES TAKE HIS HAND FROM &c. &c., WHAT BECOMES OF YOUR PRECIOUS BROWN PAPER? "

THE FREE-TRADE SCHOOLMISTRESS AND HER FRENCH SCHOLAR.

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

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

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

It was fun-ny to hear her make him spell,—F, r, dou-ble e, Free; T, r, a, d, e, Trade,—Free Trade; and I, m, p, o, r, t,—Im-port, and E, x, p, o, r, t—Ex-port; and also Ta-ri-ff and Du-ty, and so on; and teach him the mean-ing of all those hard words of one, two, and more syl-la-bles. At last, when he was per-fect in his les-son, he went and re-peat-ed it to the lit-tle boys, to try and make them learn it.

And then he told them they must now be-gin to let one a-no-ther go and buy things wher-e-ver those things were to be sold, and not cry and make a piece of work if French boys dealt with o-ther boys.

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

INTERESTING TO PERVERTS.

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

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



DAME COBDEN'S NEW PUPIL.

VERBUM SAPIENTI.



GOVERNOR WISE, an American pro-slavery spouter, has been good enough to refer to a Cartoon which *Mr. Punch* issued during the Italian War, and in which two Eagles are represented as fighting, watched by the British Lion. The respected Governor, in a speech also containing much other ridiculous matter, declared that the Eagles meant the North and South in the Union,—the Free and the Slave states,—and that Britain was watching their Slavery quarrel in order to pounce on

America. It is no news, either to *Mr. Punch's* English or American friends, that GOVERNOR WISE is an Awful Ass; but he might have given *Mr. Punch* credit for more ornithological accuracy. Had that gentleman intended to typify the South and its foul means of subsistence, he would not have drawn an Eagle, but a Carrion-Crow. He respectfully hopes GOVERNOR WISE will accept this explanation.

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

No. I.

“MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

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

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

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

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

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

“AGNES, on the other hand, inclines with more favour towards the clerical profession. Now, Ecclesiastical sentiment may be shown in various ways, and there is as much fashion in its manifestation as there is in the cut of MR. BUCKMASTER’S coats, or in the shape of my lady’s bonnet. You, my dear *Punch*, will remember, when Evangelical principles were in vogue, that if a young lady wished to show her respect

for a pet parson, she would purchase a yard of Bishop’s lawn, and forthwith make him a set of ‘bands.’ Occasionally slippers were worked by the faithful. Sometimes his Reverence received a silver tea-pot.

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

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

“‘What on earth is an antependium?’ said I, snatching up MR. RIDDLES’ famous dictionary.

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

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

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

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

“‘Yes, my dear,’ I said (for in truth it is tolerably prosy).

“‘I hope you’ll get it printed, Sir, that we may all profit by it,’ said she, dropping me a saucy curtsy.

“‘That,’ said I, ‘will depend on *Mr. Punch*.’

“Whose faithful servant subscribes himself,
“JACK EASEL.”

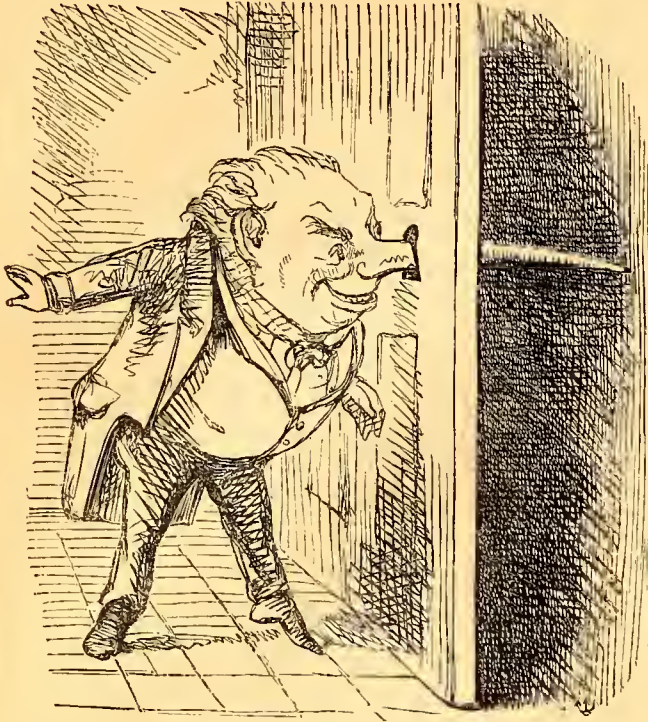
Missionary Economy.

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

Glorious News.

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

HUMOURS OF THE HOLY SEE.



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

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

“MOMMOLO” is plainly an Italian diminutive of MOSES; the same playful species of appellation as our English “Mo,” or as the familiar and affection-

ate name of IKEY, substituted for ISAACS. MORTARA is, as evidently, one of those euphemisms for MOSES which correspond to MOSS and MORRIS. It is incredible that the POPE, who is personally a decent kind of man, should have spontaneously and impertinently bantered the Jews who came to pay their respects to him on such a subject as that of the bereavement which he has considered it his duty to inflict on MR. MORTARA. Gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion are generally rather prone, in conversation, to adopt a style of facetious personality, with small regard to the dignity of the personage to whom their observations are addressed. If his Holiness said anything about “MOMMOLO,” the probability, is that it was only a retort, provoked by the Jews in offering the Sovereign Pontiff some of their chaff. “What will you take for your temporal crown?” or “Want any clo’ for your foreign troops?” or some other such pleasant colloquial inquiry on their part, may be presumed to have elicited the

allocution respecting SIGNOR “MOMMOLO’s” health, and their opinion of the probable action of Congress in that sufferer’s behalf. One thing no doubt led to another; we can conceive that gibes were respectively exchanged about Saturday and Sunday, or that raillery was banded in like relation to celibacy and abstinence from black-puddings; the Holy Father finally dismissing his visitors by poking fun at them with the corner of his mantle folded into the shape of a pig’s ear.

THE DEATH OF THE CAT.

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

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

CLERICAL COSMETICS.

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

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

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

Deserters at St. Martin’s-le-Grand.

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

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

“*The Great Tribulation Coming.*” Parliament meets on Tuesday!

FRIARS’ BALSAM.

A Gregorian Chant.

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

We will do so,
Kneeling, as though
Thou didst bestow
All that we owe,
Heads, which we mow

Bare, bowing low,
Punctilio
Not to forego,
Singing, oh, oh!
Oh, oh, oh, oh!

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

Wit in Literary Circles.

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

SIMPLE, BUT AGRICULTURAL.

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

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

A TOBACCO CONGRESS.

(From our Foreign Intelligencer.)



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

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

The principle on which the preparations in question are based is suggested by the circumstances under which their Imperial Majesties the EMPERORS OF FRANCE and AUSTRIA, meeting, discussed and came to an agreement on the preliminaries of the Treaty of

Villafranca. Their Imperial Majesties, on that memorable occasion, met, and talked over the politics of Italy, and were enabled to settle the affairs of many millions of men, with cigars in their mouths.

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

These provisions, summarily stated, are liquor and tobacco, with their accessories. In detail, they include, besides wines, spirits, and cigars of all the higher qualities, Bristol Bird's Eye, Turkey, Latakia, Cut Cavendish, C'Naster, and Common Shag, together with an adequate proportion of pipes and beer. The latter will comprise all varieties of malt liquor from stingo to swipes, which may be preferred by some of the illustrious diplomatists,

who, nevertheless, think no small beer of themselves. The former will embrace every species of meerschaum, hookah, cutty-pipe, narghilé, and churchwarden.

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

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

Nevertheless, it will be in the power of this grand modern council of Amphictyon, to imitate, if it pleases, the wisdom of the ancient Scythians, and discuss all matters submitted to its consideration twice; the first time during a state of intoxication, and, secondly, when sobriety shall have resumed her sway; so that its determinations may not, on the one hand, want vigour, nor, on the other discretion.

It is not too much to hope that the Sachems of the smoking Congress will conclude their labours by passing round the pipe of peace. The only possible obstacle to this desirable result will be, the deplorable obstinacy of a sovereign who persists in obsolete pretensions, and who, if he will not accept the cigarette which will be offered him, will be recommended to put nothing whatever in his pipe, and smoke it.

THE RIGHTS O' MAN.

(A Southern Version of them, in black and white.)

In the Rights o' Man I du believe, with WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON;
But from them ondyng patriots a pint or two I deffers on:
In their noble declaration they oughter set out fuller,
That black and white stands oppersite, in rights as well as colour.

They'd no pesky abolitionists, a hatchin' revoolotions
To upset our Southern chivalry's domestic institootions;
If they'd a' know'd such varmint as in GREELY'S *Tribune* figgers,
They'd a' had two declarations—one for whites, and one for niggers.

To supply this 'ere omission is what I du propose to,
And this 'ere's the sum and substance, pretty much, o' what I goes tu;
White rights is all whites likes to take; and as for blacks—(I'm sick
o' them)—
Waal, I guess their rights, is jest what's left, when the whites has
had their pick o' them.

Or, stoopin' to perticlars (though it's what I kinder scorn tu)
I conclude that chains and cowhides both whites and blacks was
born tu.
With this slight difference, that whites was for their active use meant,
Blacks, for suff'rin on 'em passive, for white profit or amusement.

The corner-stone of all white rights,—and there ain't nowheres a
bigger—
Is the innate right of every white to wop his private nigger.
And all I doubt is whether the right's bounded to his private one,
And don't reach to niggers gin'rally, whene'er you can let drive at one.

In course I hold there's dooties that correspond to rights, Sir,
(The first belongs to niggers, and the second all to whites, Sir:)
So, if the white exerts his right to cowhide, and don't spare it,
The correlative black dooty is fur to grin and bear it.

The white man's right to freedom's wide as universal natur;
But beyond the MASON-DIXON line the black's ain't wuth a tatur,
In fact, I rayther kalkilate, that this side of it, either,
If nat'ral justice had its way, 't aint wuth a tatur, neither.

The white he has a heaven-born right to make the black his chattel,
And chattels can't be citizens (see PUFFENDORF and VATTEL):
But in our magnanimity the exclusion we relaxes,
And gives blacks the right o' citizens, as fur as payin taxes.

This makes the critters sarcy, till from inch to ell extendin,
On the priv'lege of tax-paying they would hook that of tax-spendin: }
And the next thing 'll be askin place on the electral rolls, Sir,
Till at last I shouldn't wonder if they set up claims to souls, Sir.

By way o' mild corrective to such doctrines underminin,
This declaration I submit for gin'ral nigger signin;
With gradooated punishments for those who fail or falter—
To begin with tar and feathers, and to wind up with a halter.

" I, Blank—a nigger born and bred—hereby make declaration,
I havn't no rights to nuthin—name, church, vote, home, nor nation;
For the blessins of my slavish state I'm grateful to my master,
Who feeds and clothes and flogs me fust, and then pays for the plaster.

" Should I be so onlucky as fur to sink to freedom,
And be druv to cast my chains aside, however much I need 'em,
I declare I won't stay in this state, to cut that frightful figger,
That it stands to reason must be cut, by a mis'able free nigger.

" For New-England or the Canadies I straightway will absquatulate,
That on one free nigger more them States themselves they may congra-
tulate;
So to pay for their free-negroism the abolition varmint,
Who backed up old OSAWATOMIE, and said there warn't no harm in 't.

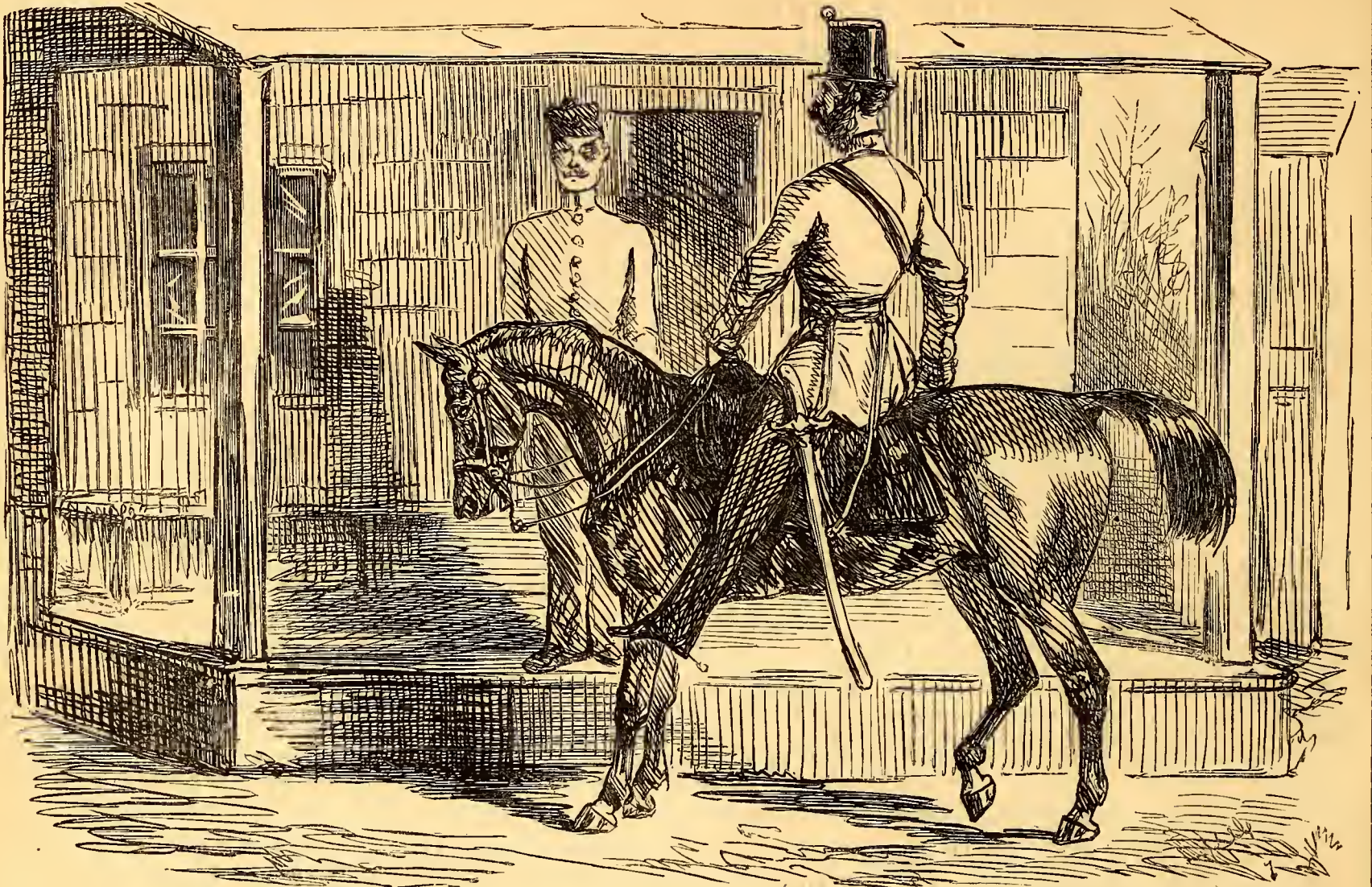
" If cotched at liberty, myself illused I du consider
If I ain't took up and sold right out unto the highest bidder:
And cheerfully I will go back to chains, cowhide, and collar,
So help me GIN'RAL WASHINGTON, and 'THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR!'"

The Maine-iac's Advice.

" FRIEND! Imitate the example of the railway-engine. He is the
greatest teetotaller running—can keep up for hours at the rate of forty,
and even sixty, miles an hour—and whistles over his work all the while;
and yet he never takes anything but water when he wants to wet his
whistle!"

Old Beaux of Brown Bess.

THERE are probably some old martinets who still retain their
admiration of old Brown Bess as she was when she wore powder in her
prime; and who contend that she was preferable at that early period
to what she became when, before discarded for her Enfield rival, she
took to wearing caps.



Field Officer of the Day. "HULLO! WHY DON'T THE GUARD TURN OUT?"

Solitary Private. "PLEASE, SIR, THEY'RE GONE TO TARGET PRACTICE!"

Field Officer of the Day. "AND WHO THE DEUCE ARE YOU?"

Solitary Private. "PLEASE, SIR, I'M THE PRISONER, SIR!"

[Related to us as a fact, but which, as a distinguished Field Officer ourselves, we don't indorse.]

WHAT REFORMATORIES HAVE DONE.

THERE has been a Meeting, not of theoretical, but practical, Reformers, at Birmingham, in favour of the Reformatory movement. As usual at such meetings, MR. M. D. HILL, the energetic Recorder, took a prominent lead. He proved, by the strong force of figures, how much better it was to send young criminals to school, where they were instructed, instead of locking them up in gaols, where they only got corrupted. To them the gaol was as good as a College of Crime, and the juvenile JACK SHEPHERDS confined there were perfect Undergraduates of Vice,—with this simple exception, that the young rascals paid more attention to their studies than Undergraduates generally do. The difference of the two plans of treatment is so largely in favour of the former, that the only wonder is, that it was never put in force years ago. By the Reformatory, young sinners, whose sins are more the fault of their parents than themselves, are reclaimed, and the ranks of good citizens strengthened; and by the prison, a sacrifice is consummated of a poor miserable young creature to ignorance, "to be returned again into society as a double vengeance and as a redoubled punishment upon society which had so ill-treated him."

The wrong thus committed by society falls with a two-fold severity upon itself. MR. HILL fixed the number of our felon population at 160,000, and he stated that the amount of property annually stolen by them was no less than £13,000,000 sterling.

MR. KYNNEERSLEY, another philanthropic labourer in the same good cause, remarked that the general diminution of crime in the whole kingdom, since 1856, was, according to the report of MR. SYDNEY TURNER, 26 per cent.—a clear gain of rather more than one-fourth. "How was a fact so incredible to be accounted for?" inquired the honourable gentleman. "In a great measure (is his reply) to the Reformatory movement, that puts it in the power of Magistrates to send young criminals to these institutions for reformation for a lengthened period."

Since these Reformatories have had the effect of diminishing crime to the extent of one-fourth, it is but fair to conclude, that that sum of £13,000,000, stated to be annually stolen, would have been one-fourth larger supposing that these schools of redemption had not been in existence; and since this diminution has been in operation ever since the year 1856, the gain resulting to the country by their establishment during those three years has been a sum of not less than £12,000,000, representing a saving of a clear four millions every year. To this sum must also be added the cost of maintaining the children constantly in prison, supposing the old method of allowing them to ripen in gaol into adult criminals had been persevered in. This, however, is only the ledger view of the question, and that is a very small consideration when compared with the large practical utility, and the great humanising charity, which are the principal moral features of this movement, whose beneficial effects will be felt by succeeding generations even to a greater extent than by ourselves. As schools are better than prisons,—as it must be more agreeable to teach than to punish,—as prevention has usually been considered a more rational course of treatment than cure,—we are astonished that the Government does not interest itself a little more warmly in the establishment and increase of these valuable institutions, that have aided most materially the cause of civilisation by preventing so many young pupils of crime growing up under able tuition into so many trained professors.

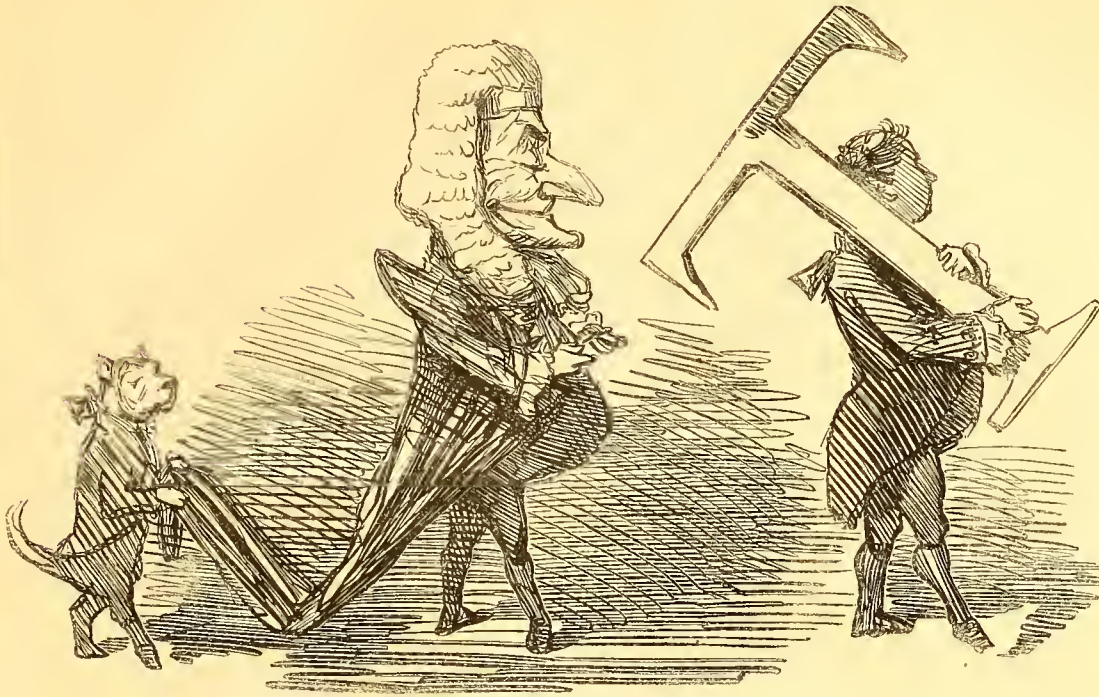
ONE THING THEY MANAGE BETTER IN FRANCE.

THEY wash better; for it must be confessed that a French washerwoman with her linen beats an English washerwoman *all to rags*.

THE MOST DIFFICULT QUESTION OF ALL.—"Who's your Friend?"

A BAR TO PUBLIC PROGRESS.—Temple Bar.—*Peter Cunningham.*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE QUEEN.

Great Peers of England, pillars of the State,
And you, whom I may also call its piers
(Excuse the jest), because you do support it,
Right glad am I to meet you once again,
And ask for your assistance and advice,
Not being in the slightest need of either.
With all Ten Tea-Pots ('tis an anagram
Culled from the *Boy's Own Book*, and, analysed,
Makes Potentates) I'm on the happiest terms—
"Footing" I see is writ, but that is WALKER,
And if my Ministers had studied WALKER,
Or sturdy JOHNSON, or fastidious MURRAY,
Or even the Yankee lexicographer,
NOAH WEBSTER, such research perchance had taught
A better style, to set before their QUEEN.
Their grammar's like the scrambling messages
By telegraphs—I call it Telegrammar.

In August last I told you I'd been asked
To send my envoy to the general Congress
That was to settle the Italian questions
More formally I've been invited since,
And I have said I'd send, provided always,¹
(And mind, upon this one condition only)
That no external force should be employed
Upon the Italians. They have burst their chains,
Italian irons are gone out of fashion,²
The POPE has sold his mangle, and henceforth
Freedom shall wash her Happy Shirts at home.
There is a hitch about the Congress now,
But if it meets, my sentiments are known.

I've made a Treaty with the EMPEROR
For letting in French wines and other things
At a diminished duty—better far
To tap the Frenchman's claret in that way,
Than bellicosely, and as MR. SAYERS
In April means to try BENICIA's tap.

Spain (urged by France) has blundered into war,
And now is blundering through it, and I trust,
One of these days will blunder out again.
What better things can any country hope,
Whose Sovereign, when she sends her troops to war,
Makes fine new petticoats for holy dolls,
And begs their blessings on her cannon-balls.
Not so I mean to teach JOHN CHINAMAN,
Who at the Peiho forts repulsed my ships,
That folks had better play no tricks with me.
Our expedition's getting ready now
(In concert with the French), and it will cook

TIME—Tuesday, 24th January, 1860. SCENE—The Palace of Westminster. On the rising of the curtain is discovered the interior of the House of Lords, crowded with spectators. In the C. the Throne, on which is seated QUEEN VICTORIA, superbly robed in silver tissue with a train of crimson velvet lined with ermine, a magnificent stomacher of diamonds completely concealing the front of the dress, and on her head a massive demi-crown of brilliants. PRINCE ALBERT in F. M. costume and leaning on his sword, L. PRINCESSES ALICE and HELENA on woolsack, C. with their Royal backs to the spectator. Foreign Ambassadors in masquerade costumes, L. Peeresses splendidly dressed, but without crinoline, all down the R. side of the House; distinguished lady spectators, similarly attired, alt down the L. A thin margin of Peers, in robes, in front of the ladies. SPEAKER of the Commons, with several Ministers and a crowd of Members at the bar, facing the Throne. Near the Throne, and on each side, Great Officers of State with the Crown, the Cap of Maintenance, the Sword of State, the Grand Marshal's bâton, and the Great Seal (the latter in mourning for the demise of its namesake the Talking Fish), soldiers, trumpeters, bouffettiers, pages, heralds, and the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

The Chinese goose right expeditiously.

Touching that stupid question of San Juan,
We might have got into an awkward row,
With BROTHER JONATHAN, had not my men
Behaved with all forbearance.—I believe
That squabble will be pleasantly arranged.

LORD CLYDE has trodden out the mutiny
That might have lost me India; and LORD CANNING
Walks all about, and with a liberal hand
Showers gold, estates, and honours on the chiefs
Who had the brains to see that we must win.
All is serene in India. With Japan
And Guatemala compacts I have made,
Which, I dare say, will be enormous boons,
But leave it to yourselves to find out why.

'Tis meet to say that no economy
Dictates, this year, the coming Estimates,
Except that best economy of all,
That spares not pennies when the pounds are stakes.
These islands must be guarded, O my Lords,
So, O my Commons, tumble out the tin.
There's no excuse for shilly-shally, Sirs,
The revenue is satisfactory.

LORD MELVILLE, the Scotch Baron, is a Pump,
To talk the trash he did about the Rifles.
I, on the contrary, receive with pride
And gratitude the aid they volunteer.
It adds an element to our defences.
So do not heed that Scottish Pump, LORD MELVILLE;
He is a gallant soldier—but you know
A soldier's not, *toujours*, a SOLOMON.

And now, my Lords and Gentlemen, perpend!
You will be shortly asked to give your best
Attention to a measure of Reform.
Amendment and extension are your cues,
I pray you tackle to the task in earnest,
And let's be quit of that same botheration.
There are some law reforms that need your care—
Bankruptcy and Conveyancing the chief,—
And if, by any wise amalgamation,
You can infuse into the bread called law
Some little leaven that's called Equity,
It would be very well. Now, I have done.
The nation's tranquil, crime's diminishing,
And so is poverty; and everywhere
Loyalty, order, and contentment reign,
For which all thanks unto a Higher Power
Than mine. Be your deliberations blessed!

[Exit QUEEN, attended by Court. Scene closes.]

SCENE II.—*The Same Chamber. Five o'clock. Lords present.*

Lord Fitzwilliam (moving the Address). Mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble. (*Applause.*)

Lord Truro (seconding the Address). Mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble. (*Applause.*)

Lord Grey. Some of the Address is all very well, but the Commercial Treaty with France is a mistake. Why should we take off the duties on French products, unless to do ourselves good? All stuff. If France chooses to be so idiotic as to stick to prohibitions, let her suffer and be laughed at, until she takes them off without a bribe from us. And we are all wrong about China, and might serve trade better without war. I move an amendment to that effect.

Duke of Newcastle. You know nothing about the Treaty, and you don't understand the Chinese question. The honour of this country is not to be made subservient to the interest of the tea-trade.

Lord Normanby. I—a—am very old, uncommon old, I assure your Lordships—and—and I am myself assured that I was never very wise when I was young, and wrote 'silver-fork novels, sneering at everybody that didn't live—a—in Belgravia. But I hope you won't do anything to encourage that firebrand, MR. GARIBALDI; for I do assure you, my Lords, that the Dukes and Princes of Italy are the dearest fellows on earth—most gentlemanly, I assure your Lordships—most attentive to myself—uncommon attentive, yes.

Lord Brougham. Let the Italians do their own work. Let us arm.

Lord Derby (pleasantly). I couldn't hear a single word that those two fellows said in moving and seconding the Address, but I've no doubt they made deucedly fine speeches, and I beg to congratulate them. But I don't congratulate anybody on the Commercial Treaty, and I don't at all see my way in the China business, and though I don't in the least understand what position Ministers have taken up on the China business, I condemn them just as much as if I perfectly comprehended it.

Lord Granville. As you talk only for the sake of talking, I shall say very little in reply, except that we have done everything for the best, and that a great loss has been sustained by the House and the country, in the death of LORD MACAULAY. (*General assent.*)

Lord Grey. I shan't withdraw my amendment; but as those Tories are afraid to support me, though they would like, I shan't divide.

(*Address voted, and Scene closes.*)

SCENE III.—*The House of Commons. SPEAKER in Chair.*

The Speaker. Order! Order! (*Reads the QUEEN'S Speech.*)

Mr. St. Aubyn (in Rifle Costume). I move the Address.

Lord Henley (in Deputy-Lieutenant's costume). I second the Address.

Mr. Disraeli. You read so unusually ill to-day, my dear DENISON, that I could hardly hear you. What have you been doing with yourself, to lose your elocutionary powers. However, I suppose that all is right. But I want to know why the mention of Reform comes so late in the Speech. I want to know why we have not got the Commercial Treaty before us. I want to know what Ministers have been doing with Continental questions since August. I want to know whether PALMERSTON really means to produce the papers he promises. And I specially want to know how LORD JOHN RUSSELL dared to mix himself up in the Italian question, and undertake to settle Italy.

Lord John Russell. How do you know I did?

Mr. Disraeli. Why, I read it in telegrams.

Lord John Russell. Telegrams! Anonymous messages! A nice kind of party you are, to bring charges on such grounds.

Mr. Disraeli. All very fine, but I should like to know the truth; because it is a most solemn and important question. I invite a reply. R.S.V.P.

Lord Palmerston. I accept the invitation, and beg to inform you, my dear MR. DISRAELI, that the whole story is bosh. My valued young friend, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, never entered into any compact at all; and I fear that you must add this to your already extensive, celebrated, and highly interesting collection of mare's-nests. We mean to leave Italy to settle her own affairs. If she loves her Princes, let her call them back. If she adores her POPE, let her keep him. But she shall do as she likes. I do mean to produce the papers; and when you have read them, you will see that we have done everything in the most superior manner.

(*Address voted.—Curtain Falls.*)

Wednesday. MR. CARDWELL distinguished himself by an epigram. On the report on the Address, somebody complained that the QUEEN had said nothing about Ireland. MR. CARDWELL replied, that "the absence of mention of Ireland in a QUEEN'S Speech was in itself a matter of congratulation." If the Hon. Member can write as well as talk in that style, he may hear of something to his advantage by calling at 85, Fleet Street. After some miscellaneous talk on things in general, the Address was agreed to.

Thursday. LORD BROUGHAM stated, that all the territories of Sar-
dinia were in Italy, and LORD NORMANBY declared that they were not.

We believe that a bet was made, and that the question is referred to the editor of the *Family Herald*. There was nothing else, except the introduction of a little Chancery Bill for making some tiny improvements in practice,—prescribing that India-rubber bands shall be as lawful for fastening up papers as red tape, or some such national boon.

In the Commons the first fight of the Session took place. MR. BOUVERIE, who partakes, a good deal, of the character of the official Prig, and thinks that nothing can be properly done except "in the Department," is scandalised at Private Members taking up the time of the House on Fridays with questions that raise discussions and delay the progress of work. But the zealous Prig got a good deal snubbed, and his proposal for silencing people was rejected by 166 to 48. MR. BRIGHT then came out with a proposal which showed the mild character of democratic rule. There has been bribery in Gloucester; so the friend of justice and freedom proposed to withhold the right of voting from everybody, innocent or guilty, in Gloucester, for Ten Years, that during this penal servitude everybody might point at the place as a blot and blotch on our system. The proposal has not yet been carried. MR. GLADSTONE then commenced his wonderful financial manipulations, to the utter bewilderment of the House, which, after a few of his explanations, despairingly told him he must do as he pleased.

Friday. VISCOUNT DUNGANNON'S interference in Church matters is usually extremely undesirable: but to-night he was exceptional, and made a proper protest against certain zealous but unwise Clergymen, who commit "the foolishness of preaching" on the boards of Theatres. MR. EDWIN JAMES demanded a Court of Appeal in criminal cases; and the HOME SECRETARY had to defend himself for not having hanged DR. SMETHURST, SIR GEORGE'S excuse being that it was quite possible that SMETHURST might not have been guilty. CARDINAL WISEMAN'S Cross-Bearer, MR. BOWYER, attacked the Divorce Court. Is it not curious that the Romish priests everywhere oppose the granting relief to unhappy married persons? On the Continent one can understand this; for there the teachings of Rome have so demoralised Catholic society, especially female society, that if men with bad wives had a way of escape the scandal to the Church would be awful. But as most Catholic women in England are as good as most Protestant women here, the Priests and their tools might as well let the subject alone. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL promised his Bankruptcy Bill immediately; and so ended the first week of the last session of a Parliament pledged to Suicide. *Mr. Punch* will be classically ready to cast his three handfuls of earth, and in the mean time proposes to himself the pleasure of throwing a few stones on account.

ST. STEPHEN'S AND ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.

MR. DANBY SEYMOUR having inquired, whether the Government intended to take any steps for the relief of parishioners from Romanising incumbents, SIR G. C. LEWIS is reported to have said—

"I am not aware that it would be possible to lay down by law any such definition as the hon. gentleman points to, and the Government are not prepared to introduce any Bill such as he has described. (*Hear, hear.*) If he himself should wish to produce a bill on the subject, I shall be extremely delighted to find that his ingenuity has been able to frame such a measure as will draw a line between the extremely obscure limits he has pointed out. (*A laugh.*)"

No doubt the Home Secretary is quite right; and theological discussion in Parliament is to be deprecated. The House of Commons, open to all sects, should be influenced by none. St. Stephen's cannot consistently legislate for St. George's-in-the-East. That being so, what are the parishioners of St. George's-in-the-East to do? If they cannot be enabled to dispense with the services of a Tractarian fanatic, and do not choose to grin and bear them, they have no resource except to hiss them. If Parliament cannot help people, it is not wonderful that they should help themselves, although by means which are popular and ungentle. It may be irreverent to express disapprobation of an officiating clergyman; but the desecration is initiated by the parson who turns his Church into a theatre. The REV. BRYAN KING should leave off playing at Mass, and then his flock should cease to hoot their pastor.

HOW TO PREVENT BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

REPEAL the Corrupt Practices Bill, and legalise Bribery. All the rogues will then combine in bribing and being bribed, and all the honest men will unite in maintaining purity of election. Petty political distinctions will be annulled; there will exist only two great parties, or rather, let us hope, a great party and a smaller one; the honest men and the rogues. The latter, though constituting a minority, are sufficiently numerous to warrant the belief, that, by adopting the above suggestion, the Legislature will succeed in placing Government by Party, both on the right side and the left side, or the right side and the wrong side, upon a broad and substantial basis.



First Elegant Creature. "A—DON'T YOU DANCE, CHARLES?"

Second ditto, ditto. "A—NO—NOT AT PWESENT! I ALWAYS LET THE GIRLS LOOK, AND LONG FOR ME FIRST!"

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER I.—THE ANCIENT BRITISH PERIOD.



UNDER this head, we purpose to write the history of Costume from the earliest British period down to a time which is within the memory of men who are still living. We shall recount the follies which from age to age have alienated thoughtful minds from following the fashion. We shall trace the course of that revolution which terminated the long struggle between periwigs and pigtails. We shall relate how the old shoe-buckle was during many troubled years successfully defended against the newer bootlace: how to the stiffened ruffs and frills

of a past period have succeeded the "all-rounder" and starched "gills" of the present time: how the modern "pegtops" sprang from the *bracca* of antiquity: how from the inauspicious union of the vilest breeds of brain-cover came the hard black "tile" or "chimney-pot," in which so many hundred headaches have had birth.

Nor will it be less our duty faithfully to record disasters mingled with triumphs, in the fashionable struggles of the fairer sex. It will be seen that the dear creatures, whom in gallantry and justice we account as our chief blessings, have in expenditure of pin-money been not without alloy. It will be seen how, on the earlier simplicities of clothing, fashions fruitful of marvels have been gradually established. It will be seen that, being cursed by the domination of the dressmakers, Lovely Woman has been blighted and distorted in her beauty, and pointed at reproachfully by critics, satirists, and cynics: that in an evil time she learned to deform herself with stays, and has been made consumptive by small bonnets and thin boots; that for years she tottered out beneath a head-dress so gigantic that, compared with it, the Pyramids sank into insignificance; and that by other means she has grown monstrous in men's eyes, and still disfigures her fair form with the wide, street-sweeping petticoat, which is descended, crinolineally, from the ancient hoop.

As to the course which we intend to pursue with former writers, we shall use them or not use them precisely as we please, and quote them or misquote them exactly as we like. We shall, when so disposed, take down the ablest of historians, and get up as much or little of their books as we think proper. But while consulting, when we choose, the learnedest opinions, we shall stick at all times to that which is our own; and as we don't feel bound to believe the best authorities, we shall, where we think fit, give credence to the worst.

But instead of wearying the reader with detailing what we mean to do, our better plan perhaps will be to go to work and do it. Beginning, then, at the beginning, or as near to it as history enables us to get, we commence with the costume of those old ancestors of ours, to whom not without irreverence, we moderns have applied the name of "Ancient Britons." Now, where the Ancient Britons came from, and at what period they came from it, is a point on which historians seem rather in the dark, and even *Punch* himself cannot say much to enlighten them. But since it is not probable that they were born of rainbows, or were dropped out of a water-spout like a reporter's shower of frogs, we may reasonably conjecture, that they must have come from somewhere; * and it is scarcely more presumptuous, in a gifted mind like ours, to suppose that when they came they brought their wardrobes with them. It is probable, however, that their clothes' bags did not form a very bulky baggage; for when JULIUS CÆSAR landed he found the natives, as he says, "*in puris naturalibus*," which an elegant translator renders, "being dressed in bare skin." To tell the naked truth, in fact, they showed the Roman WELLINGTON their figures in the nude, except so far as they were covered by a bit or two of hide, which as that ass ASSER saith, "dydde notte sauc y" fromme a hydyngge."

Both CÆSAR and HERODIAN say the Britons were tattooed, and the former talks about their "*cæruleum colorem*," which he says they wore to make themselves look fearful frights in fighting ("*horribiliori sunt in pugna adspectu*."). OVID, however, writes of them as "*virides Britanni*;" so that from the pictures of our ancestors, which these

* This conjecture is supported by the learnedest authorities. HERODOTUS and PLUTARCH say the Cimbrians and Celts were the first colonists of England; and this dictum, if established, would suffice to prove our point.

old word-painters have left us, a doubt seems to arise if they were painted green or blue.* We think, had we to arbitrate, we should give judgment in the matter, in the sage manner adopted in the case of the chameleon; there being colourable grounds for thinking both colours were worn, and believing that at times green was as fashionable as blue. We have little doubt the natives wore the bluest of blue looks when CÆSAR came and saw and conquered them; and when, after he had peppered them, he found how strong they mustered, there is no question he regarded them as being precious green.

Be this point as it may, there is plainly no disputing that our ancestors wore paint; and barbarians though they were (in this matter especially), they set a fashion which their feminine posterity have followed, however much their masculine descendants may have blushed at it. To the inquiring mind, indeed, it seems as clear as mud, that an Ancient Briton's dressing-case consisted of a paint-pot: and doubtless the sole care that he took about his toilette was, as a Celtic bard informs us—

“To laye ytte onne soe thycke
Chatte some mote surelye stycke.”

* Not to interrupt ourselves, it may be noted in a note, that these colours were adopted by the poets and the priests. Of the latter, some, who doubtless were the Puseyites of the period, “wore vestments of bright green,” like their descendants in St. George's, who certainly are “green,” although they may not be thought “bright;” while the bards, CYNDELW informs us, were partial to “sky blue,” that colour being viewed as “emblematical of peace:” so that the lacteal liquid sold to Londoners may in truth as well as poetry be called, not cow's, but dove's milk.

IRISH NATIONAL HUMOUR.



THE truly well-informed Liberal well knows that the penal laws which our bigoted forefathers enacted against the Roman Catholics, were wholly uncalled for and unjustifiable; particularly with regard to the Roman Catholics of Ireland. The *Nation* newspaper places the needlessness and injustice of those laws in a very amusing light by certain statements which it pretends to put forward in reply to the *Tablet*; that journal having ascribed to the Irish people profound attachment to HER MAJESTY'S throne, and to British institutions. Historical facts are gravely adduced by the *Nation*, to show that the Irish never were, and never can be, loyal; but every unprejudiced person will see, that those citations are meant to

prove quite the contrary to the point which a Protestant ass would think them intended to demonstrate. For instance, after alluding to the conduct of “St. Lawrence O'Toole” Archbishop of Dublin, with respect to HENRY THE SECOND, MR. MITCHEL'S playful organ puts the following question:—

“In later times did not certain Popes grant indulgences to all who fought against the English Government in Ireland? Is not the following an extract from a Bull of POPE GREGORY THE THIRTEENTH, addressed to the Archbishops, Bishops, and other Prelates, as also the Catholic Princes, Earls, Barons, Clergy, Nobles, and People of Ireland—‘A few years ago, we admonished you through our letters when you took up arms to defend your liberties and rights, under the leadership of JAMES GERALDINE, of happy memory, that we would ever be ready to assist you against those English heretics who have deserted the Holy Church of Rome. Praiseworthy throughout all time must his exertions be in thus endeavouring to cast off the hard yoke which the English have imposed on you.’ These, as we learn, are the words of a Pope written in the year 1580, and called forth by the circumstances of the time. . . . Again we learn that the same holy Pope rendered material assistance to the fitting out of a warlike expedition destined for the shores of Ireland, not, as it would appear to us, with the object of enforcing submission to British authority.”

Of course everybody who is at all acquainted with the history of the period to which the above quotation refers, must know that GREGORY was joking. So is the *Nation*; and none but dull men will understand in any but a jocular sense either the foregoing or the further specimen of grave banter:—

“We also learn from Irish history that another Pontiff sent his benediction to a certain PRINCE HUGH O'NEILL, who was by no means remarkable for meekness and obedience to the English monarch of his day, and sent also liberal indulgences

to all who should fight—actually fight—under his standard, against the rule and authority in Ireland of the said English monarch. That was done by his Holiness POPE CLEMENT THE EIGHTH.”

It is useless to point out to the average Protestant intelligence, that the preceding passages are burlesques of the preposterous tales which popular writers are accustomed to relate in order to inflame the stupid public against what they vulgarly term Popery. Even the following audacious fudge will be impalpable to the dense masses:—

“Again POPE URBAN THE EIGHTH sent money and blessings to Ireland, to people who were engaged in proceedings which cannot well be called demonstrations of attachment to the British Throne. Subsequently POPE INNOCENT THE TENTH sent his Nuncio RINUCCINI to Ireland, with large powers and authority, with money and arms, not for the purpose of inculcating obedience to English law. The Nuncio brought with him 2,000 muskets—for what purpose? 2,000 pike-heads—in the name of common sense for what purpose? 400 brace of pistols—what to do with them? 20,000 pounds of powder, with match, shot, &c.—to be used in what manner?”

The irony of the *Nation* is exquisite, but too subtle. No doubt the penal laws are defensible only on the supposition that the Popes were the enemies of England, and that the Irish, if not all the Roman Catholics, were a faction of traitors, subservient to the POPE. But just as footmen and housemaids read SWIFT'S *Directions to Servants* for instruction, so will the swinish multitude take the *Nation*'s extravagant fictions about those hostile Popes and traitorous Papists for realities of history. Entertaining that ridiculous supposition, they will only wonder why all the Roman Catholics in Ireland, if not in England also, were not exterminated like vermin; just as they think that DR. CULLEN and DIXON, whom they really believe to have uttered the ravings ascribed to them, ought to be shut up, and that the Editor of the *Nation* ought to be hanged. Our facetious Irish contemporary should not cast those pearls of his before the British Public. There are old women amongst us who not only believe that Popes and Papists have in times past burned Protestants alive, but that even now the POPE keeps in his clutches, and refuses to surrender, a little Jew whom he stole from his parents. Many of these anile simpletons are possessed, too, with an idea that “Popery” is something more than a pure, mild, and reasonable religion, and regard it as involving allegiance to an alien rule, opposed not only to the established creed, but also to the established government. A journal which pretends to superior intelligence, and appeals to genteel sympathies, must ever, studiously and systematically, deride those ignorant snobs.

A WORD IN THE SWELL VOCABULARY.

A YOUNG gentleman in an office at Somerset House, was highly delighted by reading in the letter of the Alexandrian correspondent of the *Morning Post*, the statement, that the Suez canal, as contemplated by its projectors, would have to be excavated “by the labour of the fellahs of Egypt,” and that—

“Indeed it would be difficult for a foreigner to form an adequate idea of the disastrous and ruinous consequences to this country, if, as originally proposed, and insisted on as indispensable for the success of the undertaking, by M. LESSEPS, this Pharaonic work had to be executed by the labour of the Egyptian fellahs.”

“By Jove!” he exclaimed, “that fellah in the *Morning Post* is a deuced cleva fellah! Knows how to spell fellah. Those other fellahs deuced clever fellahs too—those phonetic fellahs—spell fellah same way. Shall always spell it so myself in fuchaw. Wish all the wawk a have to do to-day had to be executed by the labaw of those Egyptian fellahs.”

Mr. Justice Punch on Consolidation of the Law.

MR. SLEIGH announces another “Handy-book” of Law, called *Personal Wrongs and Legal Remedies*. The Law seems gradually being bottled off out of the old-fashioned treatise-cask into these little handy-book-quarts and pints, first introduced by LORD ST. LEONARDS. But we will help MR. SLEIGH to a still further condensation of his subject:—

“Personal wrongs”—bad enough.
“Legal remedies”—still worse.

The Cat on its Last Legs.

THERE is an old saying which says that “Care killed the Cat.” Now, whether this can be proved true in the case of the decease of any common cat of nine lives, there may be very possibly a reasonable doubt. But with regard to the now dying cat-o'-nine-tails, there is not the slightest question that the proverb has been verified. It cannot be denied that, in our Army and in our Navy, a proper care for the well-being of the men has killed the Cat.

A PLEASANTRY FOR THE POPE.

A DISTINGUISHED foreign personage, being asked by an Englishman, if he intended to take away the POPE'S possessions, replied with pleasant naïveté, “I cannot tell, *mon ami*; *mais* I may take Vat-i-can!”





THE TRUE LOVERS' KNOT.



PAM AND THE JACKDAW.

PAM. "TELEGRAM, INDEED! I'LL TELEGRAM YOU!" (FLOORS HIM.)



THE WEED AND THE FLOWER.

A Domestic Opera.

Laura.

It's really provoking, you will go on smoking,
The smell's never out of these curtains of ours,
And the money, good lack, O! you spend in tobacco
Would buy me such loves, dearest HENRY, of flowers.

Henry.

My dear, you are joking, I can't give up smoking,
Without it I should not be able to do;
And as for the flora you talk of, dear LAURA,
Believe me, I care for no flower, love, but you.

Laura. It's really provoking;
Henry. My love, you are joking;
Laura and Henry { You will go on } smoking;
Henry { I can't give up }
Both. What is one to do?
Laura. I might have such roses;
Henry. Some folks have fine noses;
Laura and Henry { And marriage } supposes
Henry { A husband }
Both. Compliance a due.

Henry.

My child, leave off crying, I meant not denying
One innocent pleasure that sweetly beguiles,
Accept this small cheque, love, and hasten to deck, love,
Your tables with flowers, and your features with smiles.

Laura.

O HENRY, my darling, forgive my slight snarling,
You're really too good to me, HENRY, by far;
But now my behaviour shall merit your favour,
Do let your own LAURAKINS light your cigar.

Both.

In future united we'll live, and delighted
To please one another by words and by deeds,
And often, shall HENRY'S gift-Flowers be requited
By LAURA'S presenting her darling with Weeds.

A STOPPER FOR A BOTTLE-STOPPER.

THE hot wrath of DEAN CLOSE lately smoked against tobacco; and now we find the fumes of wine have an ill savour in his nostrils. The Dean was terribly whole-hoggish in his intolerance of pigtail; and as an advocate of temperance, he is as terribly intemperate. When he appeared as a tobacco-stopper, he not merely clapped his veto upon smoking in excess, but denounced the "filthy weed" as being the root of every evil; and when now his Very Reverence comes before us as a bottle-stopper, he not merely would impede the over-circulation of the claret-jug or beer-pot, but would stop the make of these and other stimulating beverages, on the ground that drink which cheereth *must* certainly inebriate.

Whether water-drinkers suffer much from water on the brain, is a point which we throw out for the doctors to determine. But their orations are, in general, very watery and weak, and their flow of words not seldom becomes the merest dribble. The late outpouring of DEAN CLOSE to the Members of the Carlisle (so-called) Temperance Society, forms clearly no exception to this aquatic rule. Here, for instance, is a sample of the wishy-washy stuff which, no doubt, passed for "true Pierian" with those who sat and drank in the Dean's dean-unciation:—

"His Christian friends had no idea of the extent and ramifications of the misery occasioned in this country, not by drunkenness, but by drink,—by the thing itself, by that which intoxicates. He did not care what they called it, or what the Bible might call it, but it was the something that made people drunk, whatever that might be, only it was not water."

"Only it was not water." Readers will please note the importance of these words. Something makes people drunk: the Dean don't care what it's called; only it is not water. How surprisingly CLOSE-reasoning a brain the Dean must have, to arrive at the conclusion that a something makes men drunk, and that this something is not water!

Further on we get another sprinkling of wish-wash, such as no one but a water-spouter could have managed to pump up:—

"Whatever made men drunk—he would not say, reduced them to the level of the beast, for beasts never got drunk,—but whatever reduced them to the state of madmen, robbed them of their mental power, so that they could not distinguish right from wrong; this was the evil that percolated through society."

Here is set a fresh proof of the Dean being a CLOSE thinker. Having informed his hearers that beasts do *not* get drunk, whatever the unlearned in zoology may say of them, the Dean proceeds to argue that, whatever makes men mad deprives them of their mental power; and hence it is, he reasons, that they are unable to distinguish right from wrong. This is a conclusion that we cannot get away from, and we congratulate the Dean on so convincing a remark.

In what follows this, however, the Dean is not so happy, and, with however great a diffidence, we must own we disagree with him. In the course of our experience, which is not a slight one, we have so much more frequently seen our friends made jolly than made miserable by wine-drinking, that we cannot coincide in defining wine to be

—"an artificial drink, which God never intended man to take, and which man only drank to his own misery."

AS DEAN CLOSE reads the Bible without "caring what it calls" things, one cannot be surprised at finding him misreading it. Perhaps the Dean will at his leisure add a footnote to his text, and quote the sacred passages which prove to him that wine was not "intended" to be drunk. It is the fashion with some preachers to boast of being taken, as it were, behind the scenes, and having further insight into millstones than mere laymen. But to our ears it assuredly smacks of profanity to make profession of acquaintance with heavenly requirements, and of knowing what Divinity "intended" to be done.

His Very Reverence the Bottle Stopper next proceeds to tell us that—

"He had often thought people appeared stupid, and when he came to ask the cause, the answer was *Drink*."

Drink? Yes, very possibly; but of what sort, please your Deanship? Do you mean us to infer that only wine-drinkers seem stupid? If so, we must beg tee-totally to differ from you. We don't believe that water is a good thing for the wits. Mental faculties get low when kept on a *l'eau* diet. Claret, while it clarifies, invigorates the brain, while water but dilutes, and consequently weakens it. Indeed, if you doubt the fact, your Deanship, of waterbibbers being stupid, one need not seek much further than your Deanship's speech to prove it.



Great Social Questions.

WHICH is the right side of twenty? What do you say to fourteen? Is twenty-one the wrong side? Should you call twenty-nine the wrong side of twenty, or the right side of thirty? Has forty any right side at all, nearer than some figure under thirty? If there is a right side of forty, is it not that which is the nearer to three-score and ten?

PERFORMING PARSONS.

WE think the Pit and the Pulpit should not be jumbled up together. When the former is invaded by the latter, we doubt if the pull is altogether on the side of the Church. We shall be having the Beadle going round next, as often as there is a pause in the service, and crying out, "Any apples, oranges, or ginger-beer?"



LATE FROM THE NURSERY.

Governess. "NOW, FRANK, YOU MUST PUT YOUR DRUM DOWN, IF YOU ARE GOING TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS."

Frank. "OH, DO LET ME WEAR IT, PLEASE; I'LL PROMISE NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT."

BOOK-KEEPING BY THE FRENCH METHOD.

THE Annual Report on French finance, presented by the Minister of that department, M. MAGNE, to the EMPEROR, this time contains some remarks which are important, if true. For example, take these:—

"The excellence of our financial system principally reposes on two valuable guarantees—control and publicity; control, which prevents the smallest sum that leaves the hands of the tax-payer from entering into the public treasury, or from passing from one office to another and thence into the hands of the creditor of the State, without the legality of its receipt, the regularity of its movements, and the legitimate employment made of it being proved by responsible agents, verified judicially and on documents by fixed magistrates, and definitively sanctioned in the legislative accounts; and publicity, which every year places before the eyes of the great bodies of the State and the public the periodical table of the receipts of the taxes, the special accounts of the Ministers, the labour of the commissions of control, the declarations of the Court of Accounts, and the general statement of the Finance Department."

Of this general statement of the Finance Department, which, though general, goes into the most minute particulars of expenditure and fiscal economy, M. MAGNE speaks in the following observable terms:—

"Thanks to that important document—the indispensable manual for all those who wish to obtain a practical knowledge of our finances, and which I every year endeavour to render more and more clear and complete—it may be said, with all truth, that in France the management of the public money takes place in the broad light of day, and that its results have a character of certainty which cannot give rise to the slightest dispute."

Can the public money be one of those things which they manage better in France? is the question which one is incited to ask by the above information. I wonder, one says to oneself, whether the control and publicity on which the financial system of that country reposes have anything to do with the maintenance of half a million soldiers, and a navy nearly as big as our own, at a rate so much less expensive as it is than that of British armaments? What becomes of all the money? is the demand which we are continually hearing on every side. Suppose the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had to answer it after the French fashion, might he not soon begin to see a faint prospect of abolishing the penal Income-Tax at some period between this and the Millennium?

What delightful results might be produced by the adoption of the French method of "control" in the dockyards and arsenals, and at the Horse Guards and the Admiralty, if it would only work! But there's the rub; that is to say, perhaps our official wheels would get clogged by friction. The only control of military and naval extravagance that we have ever attempted has been exerted by means of a checkstring of red-tape, always getting into a harl, tying itself into knots, and entangling everybody. This celebrated texture is one of those products of our administrative industry on which LOUIS NAPOLEON would, of course, retain a prohibitive duty, if there existed among his subjects any demand whatever for such an inferior article. It is manufactured entirely for home consumption, like British wine; and we can only wish that it was as likely, as that fluid humbug is, to be superseded by the importation of a better thing from France.

INSPECTOR-GENERAL DR. RUSSELL.

WILLIAM RUSSELL, LL.D., who told England how the authorities managed her Army, and who thereby did even a better thing for the Army than in immortalising its deeds in his noble narratives of our wars, has taken up his pen in behalf of the Service in Red, and the Service in Blue. He directs a newspaper for himself, and will, it appears to *Mr. Punch*, materially assist that gentleman in his efforts for the good of our Combative Institutions. It would appear that even the terrible exposures made during the Crimean War, and the indignation that followed, and the promise of reforms that followed that, have not quite cured officials of neglect or jobbery. MR. RUSSELL discovered, and announced in his *Army and Navy Gazette*, the fact that some of the woodwork of the carriages for the Armstrong guns that were put on board the *Himalaya* was rotten. Those splendid engines, of which we have lately read so much, would therefore be useless when wanted to be used. MR. RUSSELL called the attention of the Authorities to the fact. As usual, when any shortcoming is pointed out by a civilian, the first thing is to give him the lie. Out comes the duly instructed *Morning Post* with a bullying reply, thus—

"A statement appeared in the *Army and Navy Gazette*, to the effect that the carriages manufactured at the Royal Arsenal for the Armstrong guns, on being hoisted on board the *Himalaya* steam-ship, were found to be rotten, &c. This assertion is (we are informed on good authority) entirely incorrect. The carriages in question were constructed from timber most carefully selected, and as regards materials and workmanship, they were considered by practical men in the carriage department to be perfect specimens."

This is the true official style—not only is the thing not bad, but it is the very best thing in the whole world. But MR. RUSSELL has had some experience of official veracity, and is not exactly the man to be very much impressed by such an answer. He institutes a new examination into the case, and favours the Authorities with the following rejoinder:

"If the 'good authority' were present on the occasion of hoisting the guns on board, we would request him to favour us with an interview, for the purpose of discussing a matter of fact. As he could not have been on board, or his contradiction would not have assumed such a positive form as 'entirely incorrect,' we beg to reiterate our statement on better authority than his own, and to repeat, on that authority, it was found, on hoisting some carriages of the Armstrong guns on board, that portions of the woodwork were unsound, i.e. 'rotten.'—EDITOR."

That is an awkward wunner. Perhaps the Authorities will recollect themselves, and WILLIAM RUSSELL also; and consider whether, in the future cases of neglect or jobbery that he will assuredly have to point out to them, it will be of any use to try to put down the Pen of the War by falsehood and impertinence, and whether it will not be better to amend the error and thank the critic.

Proceed, EDITOR. The name is fortunate, for you "exhibit" not only our fighting men, but the folks who make their fighting a crueler task than it need be. And we rejoice to see you do it like a true Roman Editor, *per libellum publicè affixum*, and called the *Army and Navy Gazette*.

Quite Enough Too.

THERE is a new paper called *The Dial*, which, in its great moderation, tells us it is published only "once a week for the present." We suppose when it becomes a daily as well as a weekly paper, that it will change its name then to the *Seven Dials*?



TWO SWELLS BOW TO LADIES; OLD CLOTHESMAN ACKNOWLEDGES THE SALUTE, MUCH TO SWELLS' ANNOYANCE.

SCOTCHING THE BANKRUPTCY SNAKE.

THE Scotch enjoy the reputation of being a long-headed people, but in the article of conscience they seem singularly short. With the "Scotch system" of banking, as exemplified not long since in the broken Western Bank, our commercial readers doubtlessly are pretty well familiar; and we are willing to believe that their familiarity, with a not less doubtlessness, has been productive of contempt. It now appears that the "Scotch system" which has been applied to bankruptcy is fully as contemptible as that applied to banks. Defaulting English tradesmen make use of this Scotch system as a means of getting comfortably free of all their creditors, and taking quiet sights at those who wish to see them safe in quod. As soon as business blackguards find our soil too hot to hold them, they coolly start away to Scotland for a change of air, and find the Northern climate most refreshing to their pockets. Directly they begin to feel shaky in their credit, they pack up their portmanteaus for a journeying due North, and don't think of coming back till they are quite set on their legs again.

With reference to this system, the *Times* last week informed us that—

"The trade of the Scotch lawyers in getting English bankrupts quietly out of all their difficulties is still said to be increasing, the decision of the judges at Edinburgh a few months back, which virtually dispensed with the necessity for the parties to be so designated as to insure their identification by their distant creditors, having greatly smoothed all such operations. So long as the system is tolerated, it will scarcely be necessary for the Government to trouble themselves by proposing any measure of bankruptcy reform in this country."

The writer of this makes a most judicious choice of words when he speaks of the Scotch "trade" of getting scoundrels out of difficulties. A lawyer's business usually is spoken of as his "profession," but when he does things unprofessional another term should be applied to it. As in the law's eye the assistant in a crime must share the penalty, so an attorney who assists in a dishonourable system for the purpose of assisting swindlers out of punishment, ought in justice to be viewed as a dishonest trader.

As Scotchmen always stick together, especially in trade, of course we cannot hope that the Edinburgh judges will alter their decision,

while the Edinburgh lawyers daily fatten on its faults. It remains, therefore, we think, for the English judges now at once to lay their wigs together, and devise some means of checking the move of their Scotch brethren, which is moving all our bankrupts to take tickets for the North. If this "Scotch system" continue, Scotland will be looked on as a refuge for our rascals, and a sanctuary or safety-place for those who swindle us in trade. In fact Edinburgh now is the Gretna Green of commerce, and is repaired to by all our runaways in debt.

If an English law be passed to check "the trade of Scotch lawyers" of which the *Times*, and every honest tradesman, so complains, we suppose we shall hear talk about "Another Scottish Grievance," and be threatened with (at least) Annihilation in revenge. SANDIMON McLEVI will tear his blue bag into bits, and make oath that for each shred he'll have a pound of English gold, by way of compensation for his injured legal rights; and his example will be followed by all the Scottish Jew-attorneys, who, being noted to the world as the sharpest sharps in Christendom, are not likely to submit to be laid flat without a fight for it.

Save us from Such Friends!

A WEAK-MINDED young man whom we should much enjoy to kick, but can't just yet afford to pay a lawyer for that luxury, observed last night in our hearing, that he considered rifle-shooting a very vulgar exercise, inasmuch as those who practised it were so often taking sights.

Omission at the Opening of Parliament.

(From the Court Circular.)

A CARRIAGE drawn by six piebald horses, containing ⁷Mr. Punch.

OMENS OF FREE-TRADE.

ACCORDING to a common superstition the present of a knife is unlucky. The consent of the French to take our hardware assures us, however, that friendship will be created, and not love cut, by the knives which MR. ROEBUCK'S constituents will send them.

A COOKE'S HEAD ON A CHARGER.



OUR excellent friend MR. WILLIAM COOKE, the much respected lessee of Astley's, announces his farewell season. His own benefit, on the 30th of January, was, of course, a bumper,—ominous as was the choice of a day which gives one associations with calves' heads—instead of COOKES—on chargers.

There is at least one COOKE who has deserved well of the public. The French talk of "*des chevaux dressés pour le manège*," but there is no Cook who has "dressed" so much horse-flesh in this way as the COOKE in question. Has he not dished up for us

"*Manège horses hot, manège horses cold, Manège horses (cream and spot) no end of seasons old!*"

Has he not sauced SHAKSPEARE for us, like roast beef, with a spicy sprinkling of horse-radish,—tossed up opera à la pas de Galoppe,—and served

solid *pièces de resistance* of contemporary military history with a flourish of horse-music, such as beseems the rough throat of Mars? In short,—though we are not of the Hippophagous school of M. DE ST.-HILAIRE,—may we not say, that MISTER COOKE has proved himself a Master Cook in the composition of his bills of fare at Astley's, of which horse-flesh has always formed the standing dish? Never were there so many COOKES associated in any culinary enterprise before, without spoiling the broth. WILLIAM has been Head COOKE; but he can boast a numerous train of COOKE-boys and COOKE-maids: Gallant, graceful, and agile JOHN HENRY; lithe young ALFRED, and elastic young HARRY; brown-eyed, round-limbed, and graceful KATE, prettiest of *Haute-école écuylères*, now lost to the ring of Astley's, alas! by her suit and service to the ring of Hymen; and ALICE, KATE's younger sister, as brown-haired, as brown-eyed, and as pretty, but not quite such a Hippodamia,—not so consummate a tameress of horses; modest and maidenly CLARISSA; and last, not least, fair, slender, and statuesque EMILY, a Hebe on horseback, or an Iris, under the floating arch of her rainbow scarf!—and even then our catalogue is incomplete. But only think of so many COOKES, male and female, and not a Plain Cook among them!

It is difficult to conceive an equestrian artist in retirement. Does he always, I wonder, wear the blue single-breasted coat, white tights, and riding-boots, which are his nearest approach to the vulgar attire, while in his enchanted state of a slave of the ring? When he gives an entertainment, is it a "drawing-room one," à la RISLEY? When he rides to hounds, does he bound along by the side of his horse, vault over five-barred gates, by aid of the pommel of the saddle, with a "*houp la!*" in the manner of the well-known *British Foxhunter* of the arena? How does he bring up his children? In a series of round turns, like the professors whom we see tying their infant progeny in knots round their own necks, or at the end of a long pole, like the acrobatic parent of the side-street pitch? Can he forbear breaking out, from time to time, in the airy splendour of trunks, alike spangled and scanty, and the statuesque simplicity of fleshings? Does he never take a turn on his lawn, on summer mornings, as *The Grecian Statues*?

When brother COOKES encounter, are their greetings like those of common men, or like those of the "bounding Olympian," or "Athenian" brothers of the Circus—consisting in a rapid smiting of the chest, a rigid striking of an attitude, a sudden fall of one brother into the *Dying Gladiator pose*, and a rearing of the other over him, in the manner of the *Destroying Hercules*? But—whatever be the occupations, pleasures, pursuits, of MR. COOKE's retirement,—*Mr. Punch* wishes him wealth, health, long life, and happiness to enjoy it. He has always—*Mr. Punch* is pleased to know—maintained the character, which his family have upheld for generations of equestrian managership. He is a kindly, honest, and industrious man; a good trainer, a good rider, and has been, in his time, a daring athlete of the arena; and, crown of all, he is the most affectionate of sons, husbands, fathers, brothers, and uncles.

Long may his pot boil, while generations of COOKES gather round it—helping to fill, helping to empty.

A HAPPY NAME.—We notice in the list of the pantomimic company at Drury Lane, the name of SIGNOR GRATZANY. This is as it should be; except that *G, r, a, t,* is not the way to spell *great*.

A PANEGYRIC ON PARLIAMENT.

THE Papers daily I peruse,
Because I wish to learn the news,
That up to last night I may be
Informed in current History.

The Parliamentary Debates
Are quite a feast, which never sates;
As tea and toast or morning roll
Refresh my frame, so they my soul.

As full as any egg of meat,
I find the intellectual treat
Which every orator affords,
Both in the Commons and the Lords

The speakers, each one, so condense
Their flow of lucid eloquence,
That when I skim it o'er, I seem
As though I were enjoying cream.

How many thoughts in words how few,
How many phrases, neat and new,
Which render high conceptions plain,
Their speeches brief and terse contain!

Their logic, too, is oh, how sound!
At once perspicuous and profound,
Close to the point they always keep,
Intelligible when most deep.

No crotchets any men display
In either House; what sense EARL GREY,
Renowned for colonies improved,
Talked, the Amendment when he moved.

D'ISRAELI, too, both just and wise,
How fairly does he criticise!
The other party's acts and deeds,
And business ne'er with talk impedes.

The gentlemen from Erin's Isle,
The Powers that be who ne'er revile,
The public weal alone in view,
Contend but for the Good and True.

In every fresh debate I find,
Still something to improve my mind:
The only fault of that good stuff,
Is that I never have enough.

One runs it through a deal too soon,
Sometimes before the afternoon;
All night if members talked away,
The papers we could read all day.

But if they say their say too fast,
The more good measures thence are passed,
Well, therefore, may we be content
With our sententious Parliament.

Simply Idiotic.

Has the *beau-temps* anything to do with the bell-wether?

We decline answering the above question, because, in our opinion, it is simply idiotic. We trust the reader has the good sense to agree with us.

ONE WORD TO ENGLISHMEN.

A GRAND Ship—the grandest the world has ever heard of—has for some years been approaching completion. The ship is, and rightly, a subject of pride to England. A brave man—held to be the best man that could be found—has been drowned in the discharge of his duty to the vessel. He has not died rich, and he has left a family. Will any one who has stood upon the deck of the *Great Eastern*, and considered what kind of man he should be who could be entrusted with such a care, willingly omit to aid the household that has given—and lost—such a man? A HARRISON Testimonial Fund is opened.

PUNCH.



THIS IS JONES, WHO THOUGHT TO SLIP DOWN BY THE RAIL EARLY IN THE MORNING, AND HAVE A GALLOP WITH THE FOX HOUNDS. ON LOOKING OUT OF WINDOW, HE FINDS IT IS A CLEAR FROSTY MORNING. HE SEES A SMALL BOY SLIDING—ACTUALLY SLIDING ON THE PAVEMENT OPPOSITE!! AND—DOESN'T HE HATE THAT BOY—AND DOESN'T HE SAY IT IS A BEASTLY CLIMATE!!

A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE.

“MR. PUNCH, SIR,
 “I AM obliged to you for your invitation to me to give you a full and graphic account of the visit,* which at your request, I have just made to the dominions of the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON. I am the more obliged because I shall be enabled to confound certain spiteful parties (this is a very spiteful world, *Mr. Punch*) who I find have hinted that my temporary absence from England was caused by what a recent writer on finance prettily called ‘the disturbance of the desirable equilibrium between receipts and expenditure.’ I paid my laundress to the last shilling before leaving (including eightpence for the mending one of my shoes), and yet had another with which to guerdon a postman whose Christmas box I had forgotten. These details may seem trifling, *Mr. Punch*, but a great man has said that the sooner a lie is trampled out the better.

“You desired me to go to France and adjust with the EMPEROR and M. FOULD various points in the Commercial Treaty which were too intricate to be settled by MR. COBDEN. Had I not gone, the Treaty, as you are aware, would never have been signed.†

“It may not be necessary for me to describe minutely my journey to the station near London Bridge, or my progress by rail to the point of embarkation. Suffice it to say, that the South Eastern Line performed its engagements with its usual punctuality, and that I am able to speak in favourable terms of a Bath-bun purchased for me by the obliging guard, at Ashford. The whole of the females who embarked at Folkestone had made up their minds to be ill (though the sea was as calm as *your* mind, *Mr. Punch*) and woman, as usual, did what she had determined to do. Under the circumstances, and believing that you would wish me to escape observation as far as possible, (though it is difficult for a distinguished-looking man of thirty-nine‡ to avoid it,) I felt myself justified in abstaining from offering any assistance to any of my fellow-passengers, and in enveloping myself in a cloud of smoke raised by myself in a comfortable corner under the bridge.§ The way some

of the foolish persons in the cabin groaned and moaned was very objectionable, and I think those who cannot take a volunteered voyage without making such helpless idiots of themselves had better stay at home, or seek inland recreation.

“Moored alongside Boulogne, and the gangway ascended (ladies with indifferent ankles complain of its steepness), I passed into the Douane. My ears are keen, and I detected an affected sternness in the demand of the gendarme who inquired whether I had a passport. A glance at his face showed me that my telegram had been received. It was the COUNT DE M—Y, sent on by his imperial patron to see that no difficulty was thrown in my way. Needless to say that in another minute I was passed out at the other door, and amid a chorus of touters recommending the thousand and one hotels of Boulogne to my patronage, I caught a well-known voice, that suggested “Hôtel du Nord.” Of course *he* would recommend anything Du Nord—that WALEWSKI—no admirer of despotism like your converted patriot. However, as I knew that he had been ordered to give me the hint, I took it, the rather that I have loved MUHLBERQUE’S ever since the evening when at the *table d’hôte* I induced the sparkling yet affectionate ANNA MATILDA * * * * to own that of all the—but I will not intrude these recollections upon you. I went to the Hôtel du Nord, in Five Bob Street, Boulogne.

“I shall have occasion hereafter to allude to what I ate and drank, and therefore will only remark, that my duty to my country dictated my denying myself nothing that could tend to make me comfortable and fit for the duty which you had imposed upon me. But shortly before eight o’clock I threw over me a noble Inverness cape (would I could have ‘thrown in’ some noble Inverness whiskey, not that the Marasquin was bad, but ’tis woman’s drink, *Mr. Punch* *), and lighting a cigarette, I proceeded to the end of the eastern pier. It was deserted. Moonlight played upon the lapping and plashing billows, and shone out on the big letters all along the roof of the Imperial Hotel. The pier lighthouse had been newly whitewashed, *not without a purpose.*

“Lightly humming to myself the favourite French chanson which I have so often heard on the pier amid crowds of perfumed and crinolined matrons, ‘*Comment, Madame—er, n’avez-vous pas un mari?*’ I lighted a second cigarette. The signal was noticed, and in another instant Three Men stood at the end of that pier, far out in the waters. The first was your Correspondent. The Second was M. FOULD, who had for some reason disguised himself as a Jew with beard and gaberdine. The Third was the Elected of the Millions! We saluted, and the next moment M. FOULD signed to a sentinel, whom I had not previously seen, to prevent our being intruded upon. The order was not in vain, for during our emphatic colloquy which followed I heard footsteps approaching—some one was ordered back, and was contumacious. I heard the bayonet clash, and the intruder splash heavily into the harbour—but we were engaged on too important a business to notice trifles.†

“What passed between those Three Men must be known only by the Treaty. How its provisions were then discussed and re-discussed will never be known at all. We drew out our pencils (a gold one handed to me by the EMPEROR I shall retain, though I do not approve of every act of his life‡), and the lighthouse, *newly white-washed*, was covered, as high as the hand could reach, with our *chiffres*—our calculations. It was whitewashed again before the public were admitted in the morning, and as the whitewashers might have revealed secrets, they were, at the conclusion of their job, deported to Cayenne, for no great good was ever achieved without a little suffering.

“The Treaty was completed. How the trio spent the remainder of that night need not be said. Perhaps we went to the Café Vermond, and played at dominoes. Perhaps we went to the Café Martin, and played billiards, and perhaps that old Hebrew FOULD tried to do the old lady out of three *sous*, and failed in a remarkable manner. Perhaps we disguised ourselves *à la matelote* and went into the Fisherman’s town, and exchanged harmless jokes with the younger and prettier mermaids. Perhaps we

* This burst of epicurean sentimentalism means something, we suppose, or we should excise the whiskey.

† This anecdote we firmly believe to be an outrageous and gratuitous lie.

‡ If the EMPEROR has really given you anything, and it is worth having, you will leave it at the office, if you please.

* Nothing of the kind. We only desired him to send in his bills.

† This may be true.

‡ Forty-seven or eight, and looks it.

§ We notice the hint, but decline to pay a bill incurred by our correspondent with our respected neighbour, MR. KIRK, the tobacconist.

went to the Cathedral, knocked up the Bishop and Chapter, and made them bring out their richest wines for the Eldest Son of the Church and his particular friends,—FOULD the Jew sneering at the Church whenever the EMPEROR wasn't looking. All this concerns not the public even in an age when Bohemia records whether a public man takes lemon-juice or lobster-sauce with his salmon. Let me only say that the Alliance is stronger by the events of that night, and that M. FOULD has solemnly promised me to read PALEY'S *Evidences*.

"Which way I returned to my native country matters not. I did return, and wishing for a quiet day to make up my despatches and memoranda of what had occurred, I remained at an English hotel. I think it was called the Quintilian. I know that it was very comfortable, and that though there was only one bell in my bed-room there, though there were four bells in my bed-room in France, that one had an advantage possessed by none of the four, namely, that it rang. I know that there was an excellent *table d'hôte*, at which the landlord of the hotel, a foreign gentleman, took his seat among the guests, and was the loudest and freest spoken among that congregation of Swells, arguing, confuting, and rallying as if he were one of Us. Nay, I was delighted to see how the Swells (and there were grand ones) abated their Anglican haughtiness, and permitted M. DORENAVANT to sit among them in the smoke-room, match his experiences with theirs, travel more miles, catch larger fish, and be cured of more awful complaints than any of them. They looked surprised, certainly, but tolerant, and even permitted themselves to be occasionally amused. Truly

comfortable, also, was the British bed, on which you laid down in confidence, assured that a battery of springs would not repel you, with a jerk, out of window or into the fireplace. I slept the sleep of the good.

"I have but one more revelation—a double one—to make, and it is of a financial character. I went to the French Hotel on a Monday, and I left it on the following Friday. I went to the English Hotel on a Friday, and left it on the following Saturday. I sought to live exactly in the same manner at each place—that is, I had a bed-room, and took my breakfast and dinner at the public table. I was Eighty-Six Hours at the French Hotel, I was Twenty-Six Hours at the English Hotel. My bill in France for the long term was only twice my bill in England for the short term. For all I had in three complete and two incomplete days I was charged no more in France than I was charged in England for my twenty-six hours. I was perfectly comfortable at both places, and I am not complaining in the least, especially as you, *Mr. Punch*, have generously paid my expenses.* But the narrative of a diplomatic mission regarding a commercial treaty may properly terminate with a financial statement.

"Agrééz, Monsieur,

"&c., &c., &c.,

"*Boltons, S.W.*"

"YOUR DIPLOMATIC YOUNG MAN."

* On the contrary, we must see these bills before paying them. The above general statement, though interesting, will not go well into our petty cash book.



JUVENILE ARTIST (to his Model). "I tell you what, Gran'ma,—would you mind standing upon a CHAIR?"

Louis Napoleon's Master Stroke.

FRANCE, say the French, is Paris: and Paris is, to them, the world: and the Emperor of France is therefore master of the world.

The English may dispute this proposition as they please; but they cannot deny, that LOUIS, by a recent act, has shown himself the master of the *Univers*.

A FACT FOR MR. BOWYER.—If there be any truth in the Shakspearian saying that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," we can easily imagine that the head of the POPE must at present be trebly uneasy, since he wears three crowns.

NI PLUS NI MOINS.

MR. PUNCH is pleased with this advertisement, and if he lived in the Portland Road instead of not having the faintest idea where it is, he would certainly buy his greens of MRS. NYE.

WANTED, a FEMALE SERVANT, who can cook in a general way, and be useful in other respects, where a housemaid is kept. Only three in family. Hoops are objected to, and so is a want of cleanliness. Apply to Mrs. NYE, Greengrocer, Clipston Street, Portland Road.

Hoops are objected to, and so is a want of cleanliness. Very sensible coupling up, MRS. NYE. Over-dressed folks are often slatterns also. A general cook that goes about in hoops has, ten to one, kitchen drawers of an evil-odorous character. You have a shrewd appreciation of character, MRS. NYE, and we wish you a good servant, and many happy returns of your carrot-cart.

A SAD PROSPECT INDEED.

THE most intimate friend of GARIBALDI in this country was lately observed to look very sad, and to sigh heavily, at the mention of the General's name.

"Why do you sigh?" he was asked.

"Poor GARIBALDI!" he said, and sighed again.

"Poor GARIBALDI? Why 'Poor GARIBALDI?' Because he was forced to resign the command in Central Italy?"

"Worse than that."

"Because SIR JAMES HUDSON'S objection compelled him to sanction the disbanding of the *Nazione Armata*?"

"Worse than that."

"Because he has lately taken to himself a wife?"

"Worse than that!"

"What stronger ground for commiseration can there be?"

"ALEXANDRE DUMAS is going to write his life!"

Mr. Punch comprehended the sigh, and echoed it.

Bright on the Old Ways.

WHEN SIR GEORGE LEWIS brought in his Highway Bill, MR. BRIGHT "protested against Bills being brought in from Government Offices to disturb ancient arrangements." At that moment the Ghosts of LORD ELDON and the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE were observed, by that eminent spiritualist SIR E. B. LYTON, placing a laurel-wreath on the head of the Honourable Member for Birmingham.

THE VERY MAN FOR IT.

WE see that there is a *Divorce Journal* announced for publication. We will say nothing about the good taste of such a periodical, but we conclude that SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL is engaged upon it to do the "Answers to Co-Respondents."

HOMAGE TO THE PUBLIC SERVICE.



R. PUNCH is not in the habit of frequently admitting that he is in the wrong. If he were, he would be in the habit of frequently telling a falsehood. But he has been sometimes led into error. Any person can "sell" an unsuspecting gentleman, because in good society frankness and straightforwardness are considered proper, and persons do not lie in wait to snap up one another, whereas a smart bagman or shrewd attorney's-clerk is perfectly un-saleable, and always wide-awake. Hence *Mr. Punch* has once or twice formed an erroneous judgment, which he has freely confessed. There may have been half-a-dozen grains of common sand in the millions of grains of the purest gold dust with which

he has been filling the hour-glass of Time for the last eighteen years. He is now going to own that there is one more sand-grain to account for. He has been undervaluing the intellectual accomplishments of members of the public service.

There may be some excuse for him. Certainly, as a general rule, talking to our Public Servants does not impress you with awful respect for their brains. If you discuss matters with one of those elegant young public servants from the West, you will be charmed with his collar, and delighted with his anecdotes of the "*Jésuites de la robe courte*"—usually known as the ballet. If you converse with one of those smart young public servants from the East, you will be enchanted with his powers of slang, and instructed by his researches in the casinos. If you engage in friendly confabulation with an exciseman, you will be put up to some curious dodges practised in the world he persecutes, and hear much abuse of his superior officers, and if you talk to a postman—which you ought not to do when he is on his rounds—you will hear, with indignation, that he is extremely hard worked and ill paid. But there is not much in the conversation of these Public Servants to impress you with a notion of what they must have learned—of their marvellous knowledge.

Examinations have been heard of, no doubt, and *Mr. Punch* himself has given some specimens thereof, in the way of parable and illustration. But does anybody know the real examination—what its terrors are—what its tremendous demands? *Mr. Punch* owns to having undervalued its awfulness. But happening to take up a book by MR. JOHN BOULGER, called *A Master Key to Public Offices*, in which the author explains to every ambitious young man in England what he may get from Government, from Premiership to Postmaanship—and how, *Mr. Punch* turned to the Specimens of Examination Papers. The real questions, mind, the real rocks against which Hope has been dashed to pieces. Among them were some which MR. BOULGER is good enough to call "easy," but the phrase is a mockery. Look here, fathers—but you have flinty hearts, and will say, "he ought to be able to answer, after what I've spent on his schools;" no, look here, mothers of England, and see the questions on which the souls of your darlings in peg-tops are grated like nutmegs.

To get into the CUSTOM HOUSE, a lot of geographical queries are put, into the victim has "from 2½ to 3 hours" to answer. Here is an "easy" one:—

"Which are the highest mountains of Europe? Give approximately [what's that?] the height of some of them, and of any of the Scotch or English mountains."

Why a clerk in the Custom-House should have to gauge mountains, unless he ascends them in search of smuggled mountain dew, is one thing; whether *Mr. Punch* himself could answer the question in any satisfactory exact way, is another. Yet he has been up Snowdon, and Mont Blanc, and Etna, and Hecla, and Mount Pleasant. But here is another:—

"State the greatest length of England, Ireland, and Scotland. the number of square miles, and the population in each [mile?] according to the last census."

Why, the demand is perfectly insulting. How many fishes are there in the sea? But now try the INLAND REVENUE, which means Taxes.

"Name the Independent Sovereigns belonging to the Germanic Confederation."

If this is to teach the young tax-gatherers to look sharp after sovereigns generally, we can understand it. But what's this for?—

"On a rough outline map of India mark the positions of Agra, Lahore, Cape Cormorin, the Kistnah, the Godavery, Assam, and the Run of Cutch."

The Run of Cutch, indeed! The run of kegs might be more to the purpose, though that should be asked of the Customs-candidate. Who, of *Mr. Punch's* readers reading the above, can comply with the demand? Upon honour, now, what's the Kistnah, VISCOUNT WILLIAMS? Yet you have obtained a gaudy corouet.

Let us pass to History. The fourth demand is,—

"Give an account of the Star Chamber, the Constitutions of Clarendon, the Petition of Right, the Habeas Corpus Act."

Would the examiners be merciless if a poor bewildered lad, after looking at them tearfully, should write—

"The Star Chamber was a celebrated Observatory, LORD CLARENDON has a very good constitution, I see in the paper yesterday as the Petition of Right was wrong, and going to be knocked up in Parliament, and the Habeas Corpus Act is a blessed invention?"

Would he be plucked, or would they try him again with—

"State, distinctly, the claims asserted by EDWARD THE FOURTH and his rivals, respectively, to the throne of England?"

Or would they give him one more chance?—

"Give an account of the political and social state of England (1) at the Accession of HENRY THE EIGHTH, (2) at the date of the Restoration."

But that is nothing. Talk to a War-Office Clerk, next time you meet him at PADDY GREEN'S, and ask him this. He has answered it, so must be able to do it again.

"Who were the contending parties in the following battles:— Marathon, Cannæ, Ilerda, Granicus, Chæroneæ, Pavia, Vittoria, Marengo, Borodino, Megiddo. Describe minutely the circumstances and results of any three, and in all cases give the dates."

If the War-Office Clerk answers you except by a libation of MR GREEN'S excellent stout in your face, you ought to stand him poached eggs, or any other delicacy he may put a name to. And then when he is in a very good humour, ask him what he answered to this:—

"Sketch the history of the Peloponnesian War, mentioning the States concerned in it, the chief men who took part in it, and its results."

And then, perhaps, you had better change the subject, and remark upon the excellence of the beer.

But suppose a candidate wants to get into SOMERSET HOUSE, he must be prepared for this:—

"I buy wine of A. for £50, and sell it to B. for £55. B. gives me a bill for £25 and cash for £30, and I pay A. on account. Give the journal entries A. and B. would make for these transactions."

We sadly fear the "journal" would run this way. "Told A. I'd give him £50 for his wine, but it was such fishy stuff I offered it to B. for £55. He forked out £30, and gave me a bill for £25, and as he'll find out the bad swizzle before that's due, I shall never get a shilling of that, so I gave his bill to A. and spent the tin, and that matter's off my mind."

But, finally and lastly, what do you, young friends, say to this?—

"Take three hours, and write a comparison between the English national character, and that of any other people, ancient or modern."

You can't do it in three hours. But perhaps the Examiners would let you do it in three minutes, from some nursery reminiscences:—

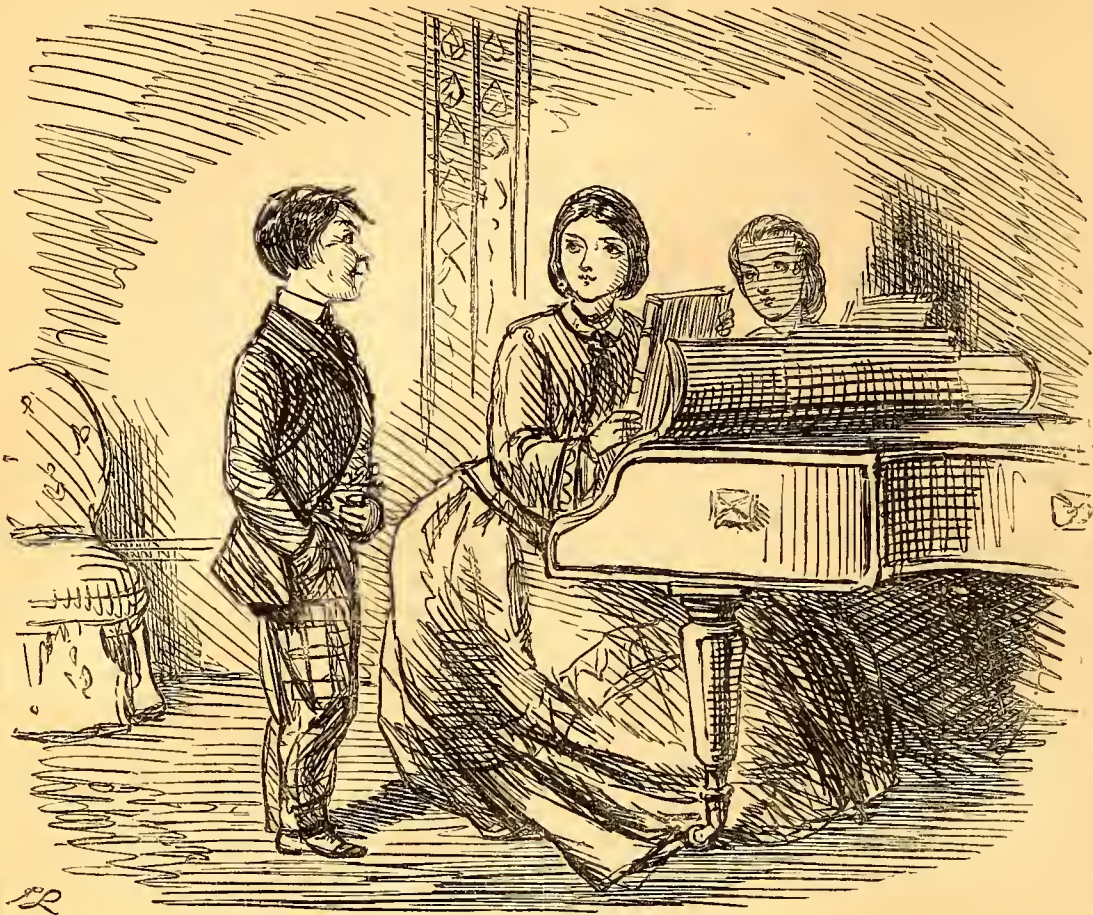
"Two skinny Frenchmen and one Portuguese,
One jolly Englishman will lick 'em all three."

"Write an account of any part of Great Britain or Ireland with which you are acquainted with special reference to the agriculture or commerce there carried on, and the social state and manners of the population."

The following is the specimen of a reply to this inquiry, and the candidate was instantly recommended to office:—

"Well, I don't know. There's Squashford where I was raised. As for agriculture, the farmers is uncommon stupid and sulky, and don't get beery, oh no! on market days. There's no commerce like, the shops is all shy, and if you ask for anything, it's my head to a 'aperyny they haven't got it, but it's coming next week if you please. The population are not social at all, but quite the reverse, and as for manners, my eye! an educated bear beats 'em to fits. I don't know the latitude and longitude, but it's on the South-Northern line, and a precious dirty walk from the station."

But has not *Mr. Punch* made out his proposition that men who have taken such honours ought to be held in honour? Henceforth, he takes off his hat whenever he sees a Public Servant.



Georgina. "WELL, GUS! AND HOW DID YOU LIKE YOUR PARTY LAST NIGHT?"

Gus. "OH, JOLLY!—I GOT ELEVEN ICES, AND NO END OF NEGUS, AND WENT DOWN FOUR TIMES TO SUPPER!"

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

YE who rejoice in beer and pipes,
You ought not to repine,
But be right glad if British swipes
Compete with light French wine;
Because the contest will be, which
Potation shall prevail,
And small beer then will grow more rich,
And men brew better ale.

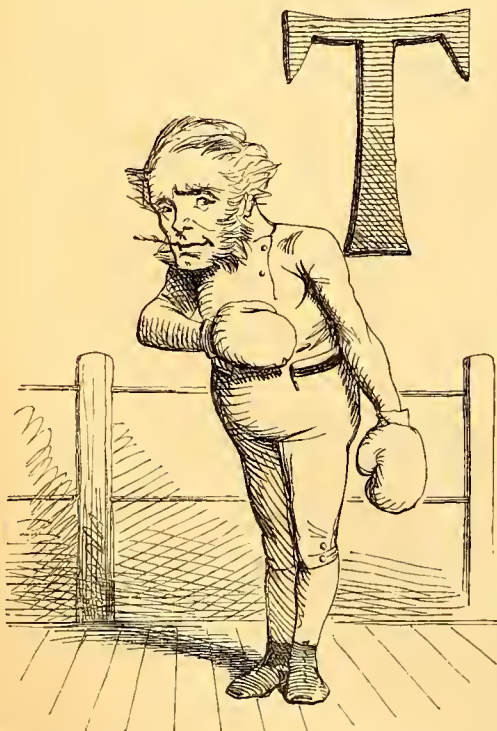
Brew better ale, I will repeat,
Not bitter, understand,
Beyond the flavour, counted meet,
Of old, in English land;
The taste of sound and wholesome hops;
And we shall fill our jugs
With nappy ale, instead of slops
Imbued with foreign drugs.

Big Brewers will, by cheap Bordeaux,
To look alive be made,
For fear that they should little grow,
Through falling off of trade;
And publicans will take some care
To sell their porter pure,
When people will no longer bear
The stuff they now endure.

Good Beaune will better bad brown stout,
Light Macon when we get
At lower price, it will, no doubt,
Improve our heavy wet.
The stingo of our sires of old,
That made their noses shine,
Again in England will be sold,
Along with cheap French wine.

TAUTOLOGY.—Calling a woman an angel. *Jenkins.*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE CHANCELLOR (*Monday, January 30*) introduced some Bills for consolidating and assimilating (nice long words, are they not?) the criminal law of England and Ireland. It is characteristic of lawyers that they must actually make *some* bills, instead of one, even for the act of consolidation. The omen is not propitious. The only point LORD CAMPBELL explained was, that, by one of these bills, conspiracy to murder in Ireland is to be made a lighter offence than at present, which alteration seems hardly necessary, considering that a shot from behind a hedge at an unarmed man is already regarded as a legitimate overture for a re-adjustment of terms with a landlord. The BISHOP OF LONDON referred to the means by which it is sought to restore the purity of Protestant worship in

St. George's in the East; namely, the tearing up seats, destroying railings and lamps, and sending Bibles and Prayer-books flying about the church, amid the shouts and yells of ticket-of-leave Luthers and Calvins from the House of Correction, and his Lordship wished to know whether the Government had any intention of dealing with this Revival. LORD GRANVILLE thought the demonstrations objectionable, but could not say what would be done, and a similarly satisfactory answer was obtained in the other House from the HOME SECRETARY.

Guatemala is in Central America, and adjoins the British Honduras. It is an independent republic of the Roman Catholic persuasion. LORD MALMESBURY thought, very properly, that it would be an extremely good thing to define the boundaries between ourselves and

the Guatemalakites, for there is no knowing in these days when a squabble may arise. So not only do we pay the expenses of the survey, but those of the survey for a road entirely in our neighbour's territory. However, it is a small matter, and one in which a great neighbour, like England, can well afford to assist a small one. LORD JOHN RUSSELL explained this, but he did not say, possibly because he was not asked, why the Guatemala cigars are not better than they are. It is impossible to smoke above a dozen or so of them in the evening without getting a headache.

MR. EDWIN JAMES asked LORD PALMERSTON why a new Chief Commissioner of Works was not appointed. The Premier said he intended to appoint one directly, meantime the *ex-officio* Commissioners were competent to do any anything necessary. In that case, what was the use of filling up the office? LORD PALMERSTON has ordered back the shrubs and flowers in the Park which were grubbed up last year in a way that nearly produced a revolution, and has made his step-son, MR. COWPER, the Chief Commissioner.

The HOME SECRETARY introduced the meekest of all conceivable bills for reforming the City of London Corporation. It does not touch a single point that people care about, the coal duties, the metage dues, or the other civic extortions, and simply deals with the constitution of the corporation, as if any reasonable person knew or cared whether a Sword-bearer elected an Alderman, or a Remembrancer elected a Beadle, or Gog elected Magog, or the reverse. The whole Corporation is a Sham. Where were the bloated Fathers of the City when they allowed the Gas Companies to consolidate, and get it into their power, if they took offence, to turn out all our lights, like a sulky waiter in a billiard-room, or to send us like naughty boys to bed in the dark. If the wretched Aldermen had stood forward, and tried to protect London against such a clique, they might have done some good. As it is, we earnestly hope that the gas may all be turned off in the Mansion House some night, with an awful smell, just as they are getting into their second help of turtle. The House scoffed at the Bill, let it come in, and then applied itself with more gusto to a personal row about the last election jobbing connected with the mail-packet service. A committee on the subject had been appointed last year, and SIR H. WILLOUGHBY, one of the members, bore testimony to the fact, that it had paid attention to the squabbles only, and not the least to the public interests.

Tuesday. The Shipping Interest bewailed and bemoaned itself, through MR. LINDSAY and some others, and demanded a Committee to inquire into its afflictions. MILNER GIBSON, for Government, did not see that it had much to howl about, but granted the request. If



THE NEXT INVASION.

LANDING OF THE FRENCH (*LIGHT WINES*) AND DISCOMFITURE OF OLD GENERAL BEER.



there was a Committee to inquire into the grievances of emigrants and others who go out in the ships of the Shipping Interest, and who are exposed to insult from the officers, outrages from the sailors, neglect by drunken or ignorant surgeons, and bad and insufficient food from the cooks, there would be a pleasant story to tell of a good many of the vessels whereby these bleating shipowners make their fortunes. MR. MELLOR brought in a bill for trying what the criminal law would do upon bribers and bribed. The House laughed, but had not the indecorum to refuse to admit the measure.

Wednesday. MR. M'MAHON moved the second reading of a Bill for giving an Appeal in Criminal Cases. The HOME SECRETARY, who is the Appeal, opposed the measure, as unnecessary, as objected to by the highest legal authority, as calculated to diminish a juror's feeling of responsibility, and as interfering with the execution of justice. He was supported by several speakers competent to give an opinion, and the Bill was rejected. It is noteworthy that, at these Wednesday sittings, when Members assemble in the daylight, and talk before dinner, the most rational and thoughtful speeches are made, and the House becomes really a deliberative council.

Thursday. LORD ST. LEONARDS, in a confidential whisper, explained to LORDS BROUGHAM and CAMPBELL the provisions of a Real Property Bill, and they declared themselves delighted. When the secret of the character of the Bill is revealed, LORD PUNCH will be happy to add his opinion to that of his two noble and learned brethren.

MR. DISRAELI demanded of LORD JOHN RUSSELL what was going on about Savoy. LORD JOHN stated that LORD COWLEY had told the French Government that we should disapprove Savoy's being grabbed by our friend L. N. MR. WISE then made a very impertinent motion. He asked for a Committee that should be a sort of Audit Office (only not useless as a check, like the Audit Office opposite the Edinburgh Castle), and see, annually, how the Government had really applied the money they had taken on account of the Miscellaneous Estimates. Naturally, the Government resented this; but the House did not think the proposal by any means an absurd one, and voted the Committee by 121 to 93. Evidently the age is losing all its good manners. To think of asking Lords and Honourable Gentlemen whether they have applied the people's money for the purposes for which it was given! We wonder some of the eminent Swells did not resign, rather than take salary from such vulgarians as their paymasters.

Beverley is so abominably corrupt a place, that the gentleman who was defeated there last week declared he was afraid to petition against his victorious Conservative antagonist, for fear that the town should be disfranchised. Therefore the prosecuting two unlucky Liberals, for bribing for their man at the preceding election, does not seem likely to do much in the way of purification, but it can do no particular harm, and was directed this evening.

MR. HUBBARD introduced so reasonable a Bill on the subject of Church Rates, that it would be unreasonable to expect it to pass. Any person signing a declaration that he is not a Member of the Church is to be exempt from church-rates, and church affairs are of course to be managed only by those who pay. And a committee was appointed to inquire into the mode of making anchors and chain cables for the Merchant Service; a very right thing; for it seems that Commerce supplies our ships with bad metal, and then when the storm and stress come, miserable catastrophes occur, all that Commerce may carry extra profit to her account. To SIR JAMES ELPHINSTONE belongs the credit of demanding this investigation, and having been a sea-captain he knew what he was talking about.

Friday. Who says that the Peers of England are not affable? They condescended to receive a petition from a law-stationer in Chancery Lane, who complains that the Holborn end of that evil thoroughfare is so narrow that traffic is impeded, and cabmen are quarrelling there all day. As Lawyer Lane is W.C. (remember it by Wicked Cheats) we suppose the City Corporation have nothing to do with it, or we might have recommended that some of the plunder the greedy Fathers of the City collar, by letting St. Paul's be blocked up by new warehouses, should be applied to doing away with so much of the nuisance of Chancery Lane as is of an inorganic kind. However, we do not see very much in the grievance, because any impediment to the usual run of professional business in Chancery Lane must be a benefit to society generally.

LORD PALMERSTON made a pleasant little joke when explaining all about the Great Shrub and Flower in the Park Question. He said it had been alleged that the despoiled part was to be made a nursery. In one sense it was true, "for a nursery was a place full of children." The mammas in the Lady's Cage laughed out delightfully at such wit, and as *Punch* is notoriously the only printed reading for which LORD P. has time, the latter will perceive with gratitude that his friend and Mentor has embalmed the epigram. LORD JOHN RUSSELL answered SERJEANT EÖTHEN that he had no call to be alarmed at French military or naval preparations, and SIR G. C. LEWIS stated that the laws of Jersey were being inquired into, with a view to the civilisation of that island at some future time. If anybody wants to know what a Petition of Right is, *Mr. Punch* apprises him that inasmuch as the QUEEN is

our Sovereign Lady and Mistress and Supreme Head and Governess, if wrong has been done to any of us in her name, we do not sue her as if she were our equal, but by a more respectful process, in short by asking her leave to have the matter inquired into. The QUEEN replies, "Let Right, and not my subject, be Done." MR. BOVILL is passing a meritorious Bill for simplifying the proceedings. MR. BOUVERIE growled at the number of speeches that had been made that evening, and the VISCOUNT OF LAMBETH growled at MR. E. BOUVERIE. SIR RICHARD BETHELL was unfortunately ill, so the Bankruptcy Reform was postponed. And now for the Budget and Reform, unless Ministers break up on the question of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON's European policy, on which it is said they are quarrelling like fun, four against ten, but then three of those four (L. N.'s friends), the three best men in the Cabinet, P—N, R—LL, and G—E. *Qui vivra verra*, but it is a great bore to have changes just as one has got a nice new Don.

ALLOCUTION ON THE UNIVERS.

PIUS PUNCH, P. P.

THE suppression of the *Univers* caused our paternal heart severe affliction, but we derived an equal amount of consolation from the subjoined telegram:—

"Brussels, Jan. 27.

"The *Univers*, which has just been suppressed by the French Government, will be continued here."

We are wonderfully reassured in mind by this comfortable intelligence. When first we heard of the tyrannical decree which imposed silence on the organ of our beloved priesthood, we almost began to despair of the continued edification which, in common with all our faithful subscribers, we have so often derived from accounts of apparitions such as that of La Salette, and miracles of the nature of the winking image of Rimini. We feared that we should never more be agreeably astonished by those wonderful shots with the long bow, or amused with those more subtle and profound inventions, with which we had been accustomed to be entertained by our excellent VEUILLOT. We were very much afraid that we should cease to be charmed with that eloquent vituperation of which he is endowed with so singular a talent. But now we are enabled to indulge the pleasing hope that, with a change only of place, his pious zeal will continue to supply us with the customary recreation which has so often occasioned our bosom to expand, and our sides to be convulsed with merriment.

"DOING A BIT OF STIFF."

SCENE—*John Bull's great Discount House in the City.*

Enter LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Louis Napoleon. Permit—MONSIEUR JOHN BULL—that I offer you a leetle bill for discount.

John Bull (gruffly). Let's see it.

Louis Napoleon. Le voilà! (*Hands over his Bill.*)

John Bull (turns it over and over). H'm—I see—endorsed "COBDEN"—A good name, Mounseer—but I don't like negotiating foreign paper. However, let's see—What's this?—At eighteen months?—Payable in October, 1861? And you want ready money for this?

Louis Napoleon. Mais oui—the security, you see, is excellent.

John Bull. Is it? How do I know where your firm may be before it comes due?

Louis Napoleon (reproachfully). Ah—Monsieur!

John Bull. Well—we have seen a good many come to grief, in your line of business, you know, Mounseer. However—you may leave the Bill—I'll think it over—And let you know my terms for discount.

The Bank of Faithful Ireland.

DR. CULLEN has issued a letter authorising a collection in aid of the POPE. We wish he may get some money, so that, when his HOLINESS shall have been dethroned by his subjects, his worshippers may support him by subscription. There can be no objection to voluntary PETER's Pence; but, from Ireland at least, the successor of ST. PETER will be lucky if he gets anything but PETER's Promissory Notes, or PAUL's Paper.

LE ROI FAINÉANT.

MR. HENRY BERKELEY, at the last Meeting of the Ballot Society, declared that "Nothing but the Majesty of the People can carry the measure." His Majesty the People doesn't appear to be in any particular hurry. His Majesty merely endorses the Bill—as the old French sovereigns used to endorse the *projets de loi* of their Estates—*Le Roi s'avisera.*

EIGHTEEN PENN'ORTH OF SNUFF.

THE following advertisement lately appeared in the *Halesworth Times* :—

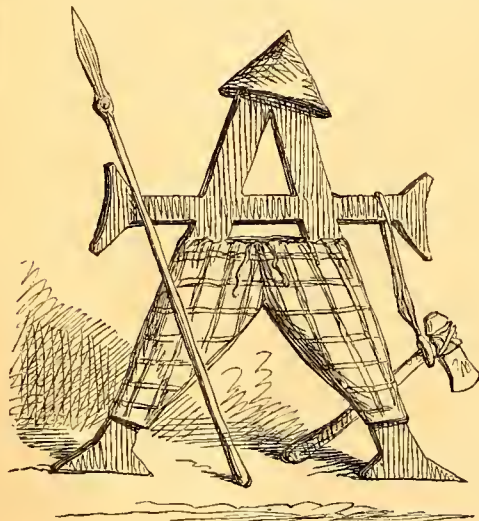
PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.—Persons in search of employment, either as a source of income or to fill up their leisure hours, may hear of such, by which means £2 to £4 a week may be realised in town or country by either sex, station in life immaterial, by applying to MR. H. HARVEY, 35, Upper Belgrave Place, Pimlico, London, enclosing eighteen postage stamps, with a stamped directed envelope for reply."

This notification was given to the reporters by the Magistrate of the Westminster Police Court, MR. PAYNTER, to whom it had been sent by a gentleman who had tried the experiment of writing to MR. HARVEY and enclosing a fee of eighteen postage stamps, to see what would come of it. Nothing came; no reply to the first letter, nor any to two others afterwards written. MR. SUPERINTENDENT GIBBS, B, sent by MR. PAYNTER to look after MR. HARVEY, of course discovered that "no such person as MR. HARVEY resided at 35, Upper Belgrave Place, Pimlico." The Superintendent was, however, informed that letters addressed to that gentleman "were regularly fetched away by a man well known as one of a gang of persons who had for a length of time been carrying on a system" described as "of this sort;" which may perhaps be supposed to mean a system of obtaining money under false pretences.

MR. HARVEY, of somewhere else than 35, Upper Belgrave Place, Pimlico, and rejoicing peradventure in an *alias* as well as an *alibi*, must not be indistinctly pronounced a rogue. He differs, at any rate, from a common rogue, and though he may be deemed an uncommon rogue, there is some doubt whether he is exactly a rogue in law. Those who send him eighteen postage stamps, and receive no reply are answered by his silence. By saying nothing, he tells them that he has got the stamps: which would have been returned by the Post Office, if he had not received them. They are thus instructed that, if they are seeking a source of income, they may find it in postage stamps, and that, if they wish to fill up their leisure hours, they may follow his example, and employ all or part of the time at their disposal in putting advertisements such as his own in the provincial papers. Are the pretences on which money is thus obtained false? We must recollect the lesson inculcated on our youthful minds by the copy-books, and "Condemn not hastily."

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER II.—THE ANCIENT BRITISH PERIOD—(CONTINUED).



So we have said, the Ancient Britons were fond of wearing paint; in which respect they have been followed by some few (say a dozen) of their feminine descendants. Whether the ladies then made use of it to "give themselves a colour," and thought that by so doing they added to their charms, is a matter for conjecture to those who choose to think about it. If the fact were really so, and the gentlemen approved of it, the paint is doubtless noticed in the love-songs of the period. For such a phrase, for instance, as "She's all my fancy

Painted her!" there would then have been a somewhat colourable pretext: and seeing that sky-blue was the colour most in fashion, a sentimental songster might have written of his mistress:—

"Marked you her cheek of heavenly blue,
Her nose-tip of cerulean hue,
Her chin of that same colour too?"

As this blue paint, we are told, was made from a plant called "woad," we cannot wonder that the wearers got the epithet of "woaden-headed:" and to quote, with fit disgust, another vile pun of the period, their public singers, it is said, washed their faces before singing, lest wags among the audience should bid them not to "holler" till they had got clear of the "woad."

But it must not be imagined that the clothing of our ancestors consisted only in their colouring, and that their dress-coats were merely coats of paint. The Romans, it is true, at first inclined to this idea; but, like some one or two of the *Idées* of NAPOLEON, their idea, as it turned out, was utterly unfounded. The fact was simply this, that,

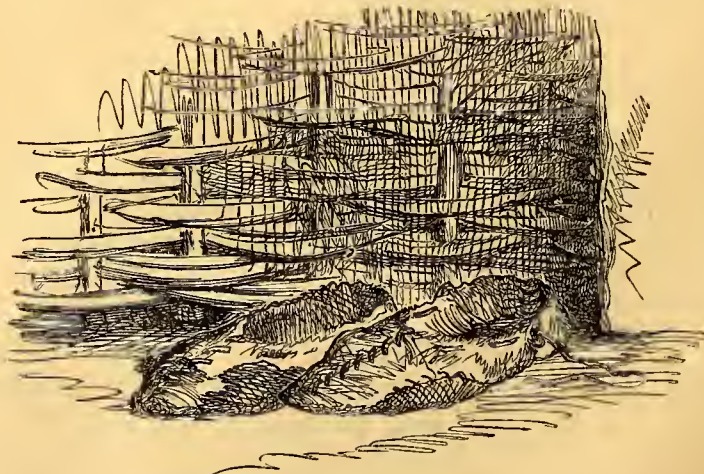
feeling fettered by their clothing, our fathers, like their children, often stripped to fight; and hence CÆSAR, when he landed, thought the natives all lived naked. This however, as it proved, was as preposterous a notion as it would be now to fancy that TOM SAYERS hath no toggery, should one see him stripped for fighting the BENICIA BE-HOY. Like the Cyclops, *nudus membra*, when he turned out for a scrimmage, the Ancient Briton when at home received his callers with his clothes on; and there is very little doubt that the P. R. of the period indulged in "fancy" dresses, which were gaudy if not neat.



ANCIENT BRITON IN COMPLETE ARMOUR.

While the lower orders dressed in little else than paint and bear skin (the latter bearing proof that bears abounded then in England; though, except upon Stock Exchange, there are none left living now), the gents and upper classes came out much more extensively, and were clothed from top to toe in a variety of vestments, which with the help of the old writers we may venture to describe.

Commencant par le FIN, we incline to think their "fins," like their faces, were left naked, inasmuch as we can find no mention made of gloves, and may guess that, like umbrellas, they had not been yet dreamt of. Nor can we say much about the boots of the Old Bricks,* seeing that it is doubtful if they'd any boots at all: and for want of our Balmorals, for ought we know, the dandies may have sported blacked-up bare feet. Some of the swells, however, wore a kind of shoe, which being made of neat skin, made their feet perhaps look neat: but whether their possessors used to put their shoes for "Boots" to clean, outside their bedroom doors, is a point which DRODO(O)RUS has



ANCIENT BRITISH HIGHLOWS AND BEDROOM DOOR OF THE PERIOD.

said nothing to clear up. That they wore *braccæ*, or breeches, is placed (of course) beyond dispute by the fact that MR. MARTIAL mentions that they did; but he quite omits to tell us, whether or no the gentle-

* A Celtic synonym for Britons.—*Coz.*

men monopolised the use of them, or if the privilege of wearing them was extended to the ladies. That they wore a tunic also is equally indisputable, inasmuch as it is mentioned both by PLINY and HERODIAN; and over this the swells threw a *sagum* or short cloak, which in the Celtic was called *saic*—a word which seems to throw some light upon the nature of the garment, as it corresponds exactly to our gentish “sack.” Posterity, however, is completely in the dark as to whether the old Britons used braces for their *bracca*, or whether they suspended them by buttons to the tunic, in the fashion of the modern “roley-poley” suit.

Perhaps, however, the most curious part of their costume was the article of clothing which they used by way of head-cover. This was called a *cappan*, from the Ancient British *cab*, a word which meant, however, not a hansom, but a hat. It was called so, we are told, because its shape was conical, and bore resemblance to a roof; and this explains the ancient jokes by which the modern gent now calls his hat a “tile,” or, still more reconditely, alludes to it as “thatch.”

We believe the Ancient Britons wore their hair in the old way; that is to say, not having hair-cutters they never had it cut. It was turned back, we are told, upon the crown of the head, and fell behind in bushy curls which “oftte dydde tangle inne y^e bushes.” We are not quite so well up in our CÆSAR as we might be, although we had his writings literally “at our fingers ends” at school, and our fingers’ ends long tingled with the raps his volumes gave us. But we believe that writer says there’s nothing new beneath the Sun, and if he doesn’t he has certainly recorded that which proves it. By what we learn from him we find that our recent

Moustache Movement has been only a revival, and has restored to us a fashion which we fondly thought was new. The Moustache Mover in fact is nothing but a plagiarist. Tell it not in Regent Street! the Ancient British Swells did precisely as the moderns do; that is to say, they shaved the chin, but wore immensely long moustaches. STRABO describes those of the dwellers in the Scilly Isles as actually “hanging down upon their breasts like wings;” in which respect—with all regard for Regent Street we say it—we think these Scilly fellows were quite worthy of their name.

As to the dress worn by the women very little can be said, inasmuch as, it is feared, there was but very little of it. Books of fashion were not written so profusely then as now; and even CÆSAR, though he penned a volume *De Bell. Gall.*, had scarce the gallantry to mention a single belle or gal in it. Perhaps it may have been his modesty which caused his silence on the subject: for, so far as we can learn, the costume which was mostly worn by Ancient Britonesses was cut much in the same fashion as the dress of that young lady, of whom the poet tells us that—

“A single pin at night undid
The robe that veiled her beauty:”

Or, as pins were probably not known in that blest age, a thorn may be assumed to have been used by way of fastening. Of course there were however some exceptions to this rule (for when were women, except sisters, ever known to dress alike?) and compared to the mere commonalty, and maids-of-all-work of the period, the swellesses, we find, were really splendidly got up, considering, that is, the early time of their up-getting. DION CASSIUS informs us that QUEEN BOADICEA came out, like MISS DINAH, in most “gorgeous array,” for she wore a torque of gold, and a many-coloured tunic, and over it a robe of coarse stuff, fastened by a brooch.

At this mention of a brooch we may fitly broach the question as to what were the chief ornaments which were used by our great, great—we really can’t enumerate how many times great—grandmothers: and if it be no fib, we find that besides *fibula*, they wore necklaces and

armlets, both having been discovered in the early British barrows, which for purposes of digging resemble the Welsh wheals. Whether, although their wardrobes were but scantily supplied, dress much occupied the thoughts and conversation of our ancestresses, is a point which being moot, we shall ourselves be mute upon. But as women then were women, one might fancy that it did; and one might make a fancy-sketch of a tea-party of the period, whereat these ancient ladies met to talk about their torques.

A SCHOOLMISTRESS ABROAD.

THE fact is scarcely worth our notice, but now we think of it perhaps we may as well just mention it, that one very often finds the very funniest advertisements are those which are quite clearly meant to be most serious. Here, for instance, is a specimen of the strict scholastic sort, which (*nomine mutato*) lately edified the readers of a rural weekly print:—

THE Duties of MRS. STUFFEM’S Establishment for Young Ladies will be RESUMED D.V. JANUARY 19th, 1860.

The patronage which has been bestowed, and the success which has attended MRS. STUFFEM’S system of Tuition, form for the Parents a guarantee for the improvement and happiness of their children.

The course of education comprises music, singing, drawing, the modern languages, every branch of useful study, plain and ornamental needlework.

Terms, moderate, forwarded on application; also references if desired to the parents of pupils in Great Britain and the Colonies.

At the request of numerous friends, Africans of Colour are not admitted.

This composition is remarkable not less for its omissions than it is for its redundancies. Of the latter, the “D.V.” is a conspicuous example, inasmuch as nothing can be done without God’s will, and to refer to it thus specially is needless and profane. Equally redundant is the mention of the “plain and ornamental needlework,” which of course must be regarded as extremely “useful study,” and would clearly be included if “every branch” thereof were taught.

Coming now to the omissions, we have to ask MRS. STUFFEM for a key to her fourth sentence; which, if taken as a sample of her English composition, does not say much for the way in which “the modern languages” are taught at her establishment. Her Grammar in fact seems to be as “moderate” as her terms, and it bewilders us to guess whether the “parents” or the “pupils” are “in Great Britain and the Colonies;” and whether it be to them, or whom, that she will forward references should they be desired. We are, however, still more puzzled by the words which MRS. STUFFEM uses for a climax, and which point out an omission we should like her to supply. In saying that “at the request of numerous friends” [of whom?] she has no admittance for “Africans of Colour,” she darkly hints at the existence of Africans not coloured, to whom there is no bar to entrance at her school. Where on earth uncoloured Africans are to be found, she does not tell us, and we are driven to our wits’ end to guess about their whereabouts. We have heard of an attempt to scrub the black out of a blackamoor, and if the trial had succeeded we might think uncoloured Africans were some of its results. The experiment, however, as ÆSOP tells us, failed; nor so far as we can learn, has it ever been repeated. We are therefore in the dark about uncoloured Africans, and it would much relieve our mind if MRS. STUFFEM would enlighten us. Were she to tell where they are visible, we would go and take a sight at them; indeed, we would endeavour, on some colourable grounds, to bring the whitest of them over to make at once a public exhibition of himself. In a country where white blackbirds are thought great curiosities, mints of money might be made by showing a blanched blackamoor, which we fancy that an African without colour would be.

Election Colours.

“It appears to me,” quoth LORD PALMERSTON, in the debate on MR. MELLOR’S Bribery at Elections Bill, “that in several places the Electors—especially those of the lower class—do not look upon the receipt of a bribe as an offence of that moral dye which we consider it to be.” We should much like to know the colour of the “moral dye” which—to the eye of the House of Commons—invests bribery at Elections. We should be inclined to think it something like an “invisible green.”

Ask the Clerk of the Weather.

A METEOROLOGICAL article discourses eloquently on the “mean quantity of rain” that fell during the month of January. Our rheumatic recollections prompt us in justice to remark, that the quantity of rain that fell during that aquatic month was far too copious and liberal to deserve such an ignominious epithet as “mean.”

HAVE YOU ORDERED THOSE COALS, DEAR?—Happy is the Husband whose Wife never asks him for any jewellery, save Black Diamonds!



BRITISH SWELL OF THE PERIOD.



VOLUNTEER (HE OF THE 'TASTY' UNIFORM). "And it's so comfortable and easy, that I shall most decidedly 'shoot' in it next Season."

FISCAL FUN AND FROLIC.

"MR. PUNCH,
 "CHEAP wine is a very desirable thing; for my own part there is no commodity that I am more anxious to procure at a low price. I like wine; and the fact is, that I enjoy a very comfortable income, which consists partly of the interest of a large sum in the 3 per cent. Consols, partly of the rent of many acres of arable land and pasture. Therefore I shall not at all care how much the Income-Tax is raised in order that the duty on Claret may be lowered to a proportionate degree. I am only sorry that any duty on wine whatever is to be retained at all, for the purpose of revenue, because the direct taxation of income would answer that, at least as far as I am concerned, with my income alone taxed and my capital escaping.
 "Raising the Income-Tax in order to cheapen luxuries just suits my convenience, and I also look upon it as a good practical joke at the expense of those who earn every farthing which they receive; for, in taxing their whole uncertain means at the same rate as that which is imposed upon only a part of my secure and handsome independence, the Legislature takes away money which they ought to lay by, whilst, on the other hand, by offering them wine and other good things at a reduced cost, it proposes, as compensation for its seizure of their savings, encouragement to spend the remainder of their income.

"I am, &c. &c.,

"JUSTITIA."

A New Sensation at the Haymarket.

THE *Stranger* has been revived at the Haymarket, amid sympathetic cries of "Welcome Little Stranger!" Miss AMY SEDGWICK has been playing *Mrs. Haller* with great success. "Excelsior!" should, however, be the maxim observed in theatricals, as in most other affairs. What a capital play the *Stranger* would be, if MR. BUCKSTONE himself would but perform the principal male character!

THE SILENT CITY.—We read that in Rome all cries, no matter of what kind, are prohibited. We certainly envy the Holy City in that one respect. We only wish that no cries were allowed in the streets of London.

THE CRITIC; OR, A TRAGEDY HEARSED.

LAWYERS should teach justice, and Priests should teach kindness. Yet to be between the two (we are going to speak of our contemporary the *Critic*, who is *affiché* between the *Law Times* and the *Clerical Journal*, at a big house in the Strand) does not always induce either justice or charity. Theatrical "notices" are often curious things, comprehensible only by those who know *why* one author is "let down easy," and another fustigated: *why* a long piece at one theatre is briefly dismissed, and a short one at another treated at vast and complimentary length; and *why* a failure occurring at one house is plainly told, and delicately left to inference if occurring at another. Human nature solves those problems, if one has the key. But why a piece that has not been produced should be stated to have come out, and been a failure, we do not know. Nevertheless, such was the statement of the *Critic* in regard to the LYCEUM version of the *Tale of Two Cities*. The work was not produced until last Monday, the 31st, but on the preceding Saturday the *Critic* recorded its production, and failure. This curious circumstance we cannot explain. Nor is much more light thrown upon it by the statement of a gentleman who was the theatrical critic to the *Critic*. He says that he wrote to the Office of the journal that "the *Tale of Two Cities* had failed him," (meaning that it had not come out) "and therefore he had nothing to write about." But the Editor, it seems, preferred to write what appeared. Would it be taking too great a liberty to ask his reasons? We make the request for them as respectfully as *Sancho's*—"Why did your ladyship come by land from the place, seeing that it is an island?" Why did your Editorship say that the piece had come out and failed, when it had not even come out? May we hear?

The Successor of the Fisherman's Billingsgate.

M. GRANDGUILLOT, in the *Constitutionnel*, quotes BOSSUET to prove that the POPE has no power "over things temporal and civil." The language in which his Holiness has lately been indulging more than confirms the position of the BISHOP OF MEAUX; for it shows that the successor of St. Peter cannot even keep a civil tongue in his head.

WISE BETIMES.

It will generally be remarked, that in moving for an annual Select Committee to inquire into the Miscellaneous Civil Service Expenditure of the year preceding, MR. WISE acted with suitable wisdom. The fact that the motion was carried is truly cheering; for an ever increasing outlay, accompanied by a constantly re-imposed Income-Tax, frightful in amount, and outrageously unjust, has plunged the mind of everybody but the careless millionaire into an abyss of despondency. The present House of Commons is not a year old; but it is beginning to take notice. If its existence were to be prolonged, it would perhaps proceed farther in the path of an inquiring mind. It would want to know something, also, about the details of our Military and Naval Expenditure, which is so vast compared with the moderate strength of our National Defences which we have to show for it. But when this House shall have been dissolved, Reform will furnish us with another, which, we trust, will prove even yet sharper in its infancy than its juvenile predecessors, and constitute a real addition to our political happiness.

Deux Rues Incomprises.

THERE is a street in Paris called Rue Lord Byron (COLONEL WAUGH lives there in luxury and defiance of his creditors, but that's not the matter now) and Frenchmen point to that Rue, and take credit to themselves for paying proper homage to the name of a great poet, though of another nation. Furthermore, they remark that London pays no such compliment to a bard of France. *Mr. Punch*, in the interest of literature and alliance, begs to deny this latter proposition entirely. Cornhill is simply the Anglican pronunciation of CORNEILLE, and you can scarcely hear a person in London directing another without hearing "that is the Way Hugo."

LARGE DESIGNS.—LOUIS NAPOLEON, having failed in setting the Thames on fire, has been obliged to content himself with crushing "the Universe."



ACTIVE CAD (Playfully Metaphorical). "Let me cut you off Twopenn'orth, Mum."

THE SOLDIER'S LIFE PRESERVER.

ONE of the most efficient weapons of the British soldier is his belt. It is a heavy leather strap, armed with a massive buckle, and, when wielded by the strong arm of a grenadier, will cut an enemy's head open, and inflict upon him other dreadful injuries. Its efficiency is most remarkable in a *mêlée*, wherein it enables a powerful man to prostrate surrounding adversaries right and left, mutilating and maiming them with the severest lacerated wounds. At the Middlesex Sessions, the other day, two privates in the Guards, GEORGE HALES and CHARLES HUMPHREYS, were convicted of demonstrating the effects of these weapons on the persons of certain policemen and others, and have, consequently, obtained twelve months' release from military duty and the same period of employment in hard labour. The gallant fellows mistook surrounding circumstances for those of the field of battle, or the storming of a town, whilst in a state of intoxication. Had they happened to be wearing their bayonets, they would no doubt have used them instead of their belts, and it would have been as well if they had, because a bayonet inflicts a wound much less nasty than a strap and a brass buckle, and is of the two the preferable instrument of offence for a soldier to exercise on his fellow citizens. If, therefore, the belts are to be worn any longer by our private heroes about the streets, the bayonets likewise had better be added; because the belt without the bayonet looks absurd; whereas, in the hands of a drunken ruffian, it is equally formidable.

How the Truth Leaks Out!

SCENE—Hyde Park. Time: Five o'clock.

Friend. Any news? Anything in the papers?
Government Peg-top Clerk. Can't say. Haven't been to the Office to-day, my boy.

"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD."—We see that many states are trying their hardest to bolster up the POPE, but we fancy that his Holiness, in spite of this, will not have a very comfortable pillow, after all.

THE INCOME-TAX FOR EVER.

You struggling traders who subsist on small uncertain gain,
 And you who live from hand to mouth by art, or toil of brain,
 Prepare for more extortion; for the pressure of the screw
 Of Income-Tax untempered, to be put again on you.

You wretches, who for feeble age a pittance fain would save,
 To ease your downward passage, as you totter to the grave,
 Prepare to have your earnings wrung from year to year away,
 Whilst merely on the fruit of wealth the rich not more will pay.

Prepare from this or that mischance, to see your pittance stop;
 From broken health, or brain o'erworked, or failure of the shop;
 Then hey for workhouse or for gaol! since now the means are gone,
 Whereby, if saved, through time of need you might have struggled on.

The Income-Tax will take them; will prevent the little hoard
 Which should against the evil day in health and strength be stored;
 And you will thirst and hunger, of your pay and work bereft,
 Because the State has taxed your all, and you have nothing left.

But then your jolly neighbour there will eat and drink his fill;
 He'll not have lost his income; no, he'll live in clover still.
 No need had he for saving aught—a man of land and rents,
 His name is written in the Bank—the Book of Three-per-Cents.

He pays the tax that you do now; as much; no more nor less;
 And he will be in comfort then, whilst you are in distress:
 And then your consolation will—as fiscal sages say—
 Be, now that you are ruined, you'll have no more tax to pay.

Meanwhile at such a prospect lest your heart, perchance, should sink,
 To give you consolation you'll have cheap Bordeaux to drink,
 And with that acid draught you may wash down your bitter pill,
 And so spend all the Income-Tax will spare you, if you will.

Now are not these good tidings, far too pleasant to be told
 In the harsh, croaking, raven's voice of one who has a cold?
 And was it not worth while to wait until, in accents clear,
 A sweet financial singer could discourse them to the ear?

They whom the Gods do love die young—by them of old 'twas said;
 Than outlive health and strength, they thought, 'twas better to be
 dead;
 Heaven for an early tomb you now have greater cause to thank;
 The Income-Tax will let you put no money in the bank.

Thus left without provision since you'll be in Life's decline,
 Come, let us fill the bowl, and quaff a draught of cheap French wine,
 Hurrah for short and merry lives; hurrah for Schedule D!
 And when we're in the Union, oh how happy we shall be!

THE GENEROSITY OF GREEN ERIN.

HIBERNIA has cast her mite into the POPE's treasury. The faithful Irish have subscribed for their common Father the sum of £207. Of this amount, £100 has been contributed by DR. CULLEN himself. Heretical Churchmen have been accused of putting sovereigns into charity-plates to serve the purpose merely of decoy-ducks; but let DR. CULLEN have the credit of offering his Holiness the genuine sacrifice of £100. We cannot but respect the devotion which expresses itself in forking out. DR. CULLEN cares at least £100 for the POPE; how much the faithful Irish at large care for him, we shall perhaps know by-and-by; at present, the figure seems to be a fraction of a farthing a head. In the mean time, they should bear in mind that they cannot possibly do anything so certain to please the Holy Father as sending him a lot of money,—that nothing could more highly gratify his paternal heart than the receipt of any given sum, except the receipt of a greater sum; and they may be quite sure, in spite of any doubts that some weak brethren may suggest to the contrary, that, whilst the largest donations will be those most acceptable at the Vatican, the smallest contributions will be thankfully received.

THE MINT OF MODENA.

THE *Modena Gazette* of January 20th publishes a decree of FARINI's for a new coinage. Among the contemplated coins should have been enumerated the one which is most loudly asked for—the new Italian Sovereign.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, *February 6.* DEMOSTHENES (who was the son of a cabinet-maker of the same name, by his wife, *née* CLEOBULE GYLON, whose papa was an objectionable kind of Governor, inasmuch as he sold the colony he ought to have governed to the Scythians, and made a Scythian lady the grand-mamma of the said DEMOSTHENES) was once going to deliver a very important speech. But a party against whose interest that speech was to be directed, sent our eloquent friend a golden gift. Whereby, when the oration should have been made, DEMOSTHENES appeared with his throat wrapped up in no end of woollens and comforters, and intimated that he had no voice. *Mr. Punch* at the time made a Greek joke, which is wholly untranslatable into British. He is reminded of the circumstance by the fact that to-night an orator quite as eloquent as DEMOSTHENES, and in every way a superior character,

was to have delivered a grand Financial Harangue; but, having lost his voice, was unable to do so, the accident causing great detriment to the country. In other respects, there is not the slightest parallel between the cases, but a Scholar and a Gentleman are not to be prevented from displaying his classical erudition by a trifle of that kind, and *Mr. Punch* is quite sure that his accomplished friend, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will agree with him, and if he does not, *Mr. Punch* doesn't care in the slightest degree.

Disappointed of the Budget, and of the particulars of the Cobden Treaty, which however His Majesty the Elected sent to a Belgic paper, and its principal points were published to the world this very evening, Parliament sat for a couple of hours only. By the Constitution of England, measures are discussed,

"Up-stairs, Down-stairs, and in MY LADY'S Chamber,"

a line hitherto mystical, but now explained by *Mr. Punch* to be a dark allusion to Lords, Commons, and HER MAJESTY. Up-stairs, to-night, or rather, before dinner, nothing was done, but LORD BROUGHAM expressed his hopes that the jurisdiction of the County Courts will be increased to cognisance of claims of all sizes. Really, this proposal requires consideration. The County Courts answer their present purpose very well, that is to say a tradesman has only to bring an action against a person not in trade, and the judge instantly orders the latter to pay; or if he is foolish enough to demand a jury, the jurors, also traders, immediately and indignantly return a verdict for their fellow-craftsmen, usually appending a recommendation that the defendant, as soon as he has paid, shall be hanged, for having dared to dispute a bill. But this would scarcely do in some cases. Suppose the EARL OF SHREWSBURY, for instance, who has recently recovered his splendid estates, should be attacked by some new claimant, say *Mr. Punch* (not that he proposes that course) and be sued for £200,000 of rents, in a County Court. The judge's "Now then, TALBOT, how do you want to pay this? Half to-morrow, and the rest on Tuesday week, eh? Or will you be locked up?" would sound a little peremptory under the circumstances. EARL DE GREY AND RIPON, SIDNEY HERBERT's *sub.*, paid a high compliment to the Volunteers, but declined a further payment rather sillily asked by LORD VIVIAN, namely, that of their tailor's bills. LORD DONOUGHMORE wanted to know whether the Belgian account of the Treaty was correct, to which LORD GRANVILLE made the inconceivably absurd answer, that not being a subscriber to the *Indépendance Belge* he could not say. As if everybody had not read the translation in the English evening papers. The Lords were so disgusted with his flippancy that they left the House at a quarter to six o'clock.*

* We have received a note from our friend the LORD CHANCELLOR, apologising for not having expressed himself more plainly on bringing in the Criminal Consolidation Bills. He made *Mr. Punch* believe that the law of Conspiracy to Murder was to be made as light for Ireland as it is for England. JOHN CAMPBELL says that on the contrary, it is to be made as heavy for England as it is for Ireland. We are glad to hear it, and entirely forgive him for our having misunderstood him, and drink

Down-stairs, LORD PALMERSTON announced MR. GLADSTONE'S illness, and postponed the Budget till Friday. MR. DISRAELI expressed his sorrow, and wanted the Treaty *d'avance*. LORD PALMERSTON wished he might get it. MR. BYNG complained of the outrages in St. George's-in-the-Yeast; and SIR G. C. LEWIS complained that such trifling theological protests as breaking altar-rails, shooting peas, and shying Prayer-books, should be called outrages, said he had done all he meant to do in the matter, and blew up the REVEREND BRYAN KING, Incumbent. Both parties deserve a severe whacking,—the rioters from the *bâtons* of the Police, and the REVEREND BRYAN from the hard end of the crozier of BISHOP TAIT. As the ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN says—

"BRYAN O'KING has no business to wear
Ridiculous garments in preaching or prayer:
What's pro-e he should read, and what's vers? he should sing,
But he's Popish at bottom, is BRYAN O'KING."

Tuesday. Up-stairs, this same subject was brought up by LORD DERBY, who pitched manfully into the Puseyites, but protested against a mob being left to enforce Church Discipline. LORD GRANVILLE hoped that the Puseyites would take warning from the great Church-Champion, LORD DERBY, and added that the Police had orders to do their best. LORD BROUGHAM said he had no "right to say that his Brother was wrong, who thought it right to make certain changes of posture at certain periods,"—which was fair, as his Lordship changes *his* about eleven hundred and thirty-three times in five-and-twenty minutes,—but he called on the Bishop to shut up the Church. The Bishop thought that the rioting might be stopped by Police convictions, and that he could then settle the differences between the parties who have theological convictions. That effete old party, the MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, then went into the Savoy and Nice Annexation question, and LORD GRANVILLE stated that he was assured that Sardinia had no intention of handing either over to France. LORD GREY thought (with LORD PUNCH) that the conduct of the Elected on the subject was highly unsatisfactory; and LORD SHAFTESBURY came out with a straightforward and spirited protest against the annexation. The Earl's language was so earnest that it quite frightened the poor DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, who bleated piteously against such a tone,—it was all very well for an Earl, with convictions of right and wrong, to be fervid about children's destitution, or education, or over-work, or any other trifling matter in which over-zeal could do no mischief, but that really was not the way to talk when diplomatic considerations came up. LORD BROUGHAM did not seem to share this feeling, for he said that the proposed annexation, if not the voluntary act of the people, would be "atrocious;" and LORD DERBY spoke eloquently, and at our friend ELECUS, upon the extreme propriety of his trying to establish a character for honesty and pacific intentions. The Constantinople Pet, who has so often floored a Gallic Champion,—need we name LORD STRATFORD DE THERAPIA,—added his voice on the same side; and, in fact, Up-stairs did its duty by a Debate of Protest, —a very desirable sermon to the VICTOR of Sardinia and the Victor of Solferino upon the Hebrew text, "Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's land-mark."

Down-stairs, LORD JOHN RUSSELL made an important statement. He had been making proposals for the final settlement of the Italian question. Dramatised, and with the replies, they went thus:—

Lord John. LOUIS and FRANCIS, you shall neither of you interfere by force, without leave from the five other Powers.

Louis. Very well.

Francis. I am the Lord's Anointed, and I shall not demean myself by any engagement of non-interference.

Lord John. You, LOUIS, take your soldiers out of Rome and Lombardy.

Louis. With pleasure—when quite convenient to me.

Lord John. Nobody at all shall interfere with you, FRANCIS, about Venetia.

Louis. Very right, too.

Francis. You are highly obliging, but I am quite competent to defend myself there.

Lord John. VICTOR EMMANUEL is not to send any troops into Central Italy until she has decided on her own future; but if she decides to be annexed to Sardinia, she may, and then he can do as he likes.

Louis. I must speak privately to you, FRANCIS, about this. (*They converse apart.*)

Francis. I repeat that I shall make no promise, and I will see VICTOR blowed before I recognise his doings, but I have no intention of sending any soldiers outside my own property.

Louis. I hope that we shall settle everything charmingly, *mes amis*.

Lord John. I'm sure I hope so.

Francis. Humph!

Then LORD JOHN MANNERS endeavoured to introduce a Bill for closing the doors of the Divorce Court against audiences, and the House of Commons closed its own doors against his Bill by 263 to 83. The proposal was eminently spooney. Denial of the right of the Press

his health, and if it is his birthday, wish him many happy returns of the day—also if it isn't. Why does he not call oftener?

to publish reports of the proceedings in any law court is out of the question, and therefore the merely shutting out the handful of disreputable people who crowd into the little den to listen to what does not concern them would be foolish. At the same time it behoves the Press to publish only what is necessary to the comprehension of a divorce case and of the principle on which it is decided. With which dictum *Mr. Punch* gladly dismisses an unsavoury subject.

The Quakers are dying out, and desire to form alliance with the world that turns down its coat-collars. They ask for legalisation of Quaker marriages where one victim is not a Quaker. We presume that in such unions compromises will be made on the subject of grammar, and when REUBEN asks ROSA-MATILDA, "Art thee going out?" the fair worldling will reply, "Yes, I air."

Wednesday. The Church of England was utterly and finally destroyed, SIR JOHN TRELAWNEY'S Bill for the abolition of the forcible collection of about a quarter of a million of her income being carried by the (diminished) majority of 263 to 234. To be sure she has a million and a half of voluntarily subscribed income beside, and may have almost as much as she likes for the mere asking civilly, but what's the pleasure in money one has given to one—one likes to grab money as matter of right.

Thursday. Up-stairs, another blow was dealt at the persecuted Church, by the second reading of a Bill for enabling Dissenters to send their children to Endowed Schools, and for legally qualifying those dreadful schismatics to be Trustees thereof. The Bishops made no resistance. We have fallen upon evil times. Perhaps the Dissenters will put down VIRGIL and HORACE, and insist on sixth forms being up in "Can you tell me, child," &c. And what will become of PLAUTUS and TERENCE, writers of vile stage-plays? What *are* the Bishops about?

Down-stairs, SIR F. KELLY introduced a thunderingly terrible and utterly useless Bribery Bill. The only sensible thing that was said was the condemnation by MR. MALINS of attorneys for taking retainers, that is bribes, in elections. He might go a little further. Every attorney is a sworn official of one of the QUEEN'S LAW COURTS, and every solicitor is a sworn official of the Court of Chancery, and it is most unconstitutional as well as indecent for these persons to interfere in elections. If good were intended, KELLY would introduce a clause making any attorney or solicitor who should take part in an election liable *ipso facto* to be struck off the Rolls. But the attorney-power in the House is far too strong for any such salutary measure to pass. TOM DUNCOMBE then proposed to let the ballot be tried in the next elections for Gloucester and Wakefield, but this was refused by the (small) majority of 149 to 118.

Friday. Up-stairs, the Lords made short work of it, being eager to come down-stairs and hear the Budget. A brief *Conversazione*, as MR. DISRAELI elegantly calls the Friday evening questioning, having taken place, and the English Demosthenes having also taken his, amid loud cheers from all sides of the House, the latter went into Committee, and received

THE BUDGET OF 1860.

Out spake the gallant Chancellor, the CHANCELLOR OF X,
While all the listening Swells outstretched their senatorial necks:

"At present, MR. MASSEY,—and I say it from my soul,—
We're all, financially at least, in what I call a Hole.
"T'wixt taxes dead, and duties off, and awful outlays too,
We must really scratch our heads, boys, and consider what to do.
There's China, whose misconduct will compel us to disburse,
And France, to whom we've wed ourselves for better or for worse:
Each has her pull, though, luckily, there comes a little gain,
Whence none would have expected it,—a debt is paid by Spain.
But, on the whole account, I find, I clear myself, about,
Though turning ignominiously my pockets inside out;
And to intelligence like yours, of course, it's very clear,
That we must make, and instantly, provision for the year.

"Well, now, the country's very rich, and richer every day,
There's money to be got at, but the question is, the Way.
Yes, Ways and Means are now the point, but 'twill be also seen
That Parliament must choose a Way the People won't call Mean.
We're all exceeding prosperous, as Income Papers tell,
And even 'Mr. Farmer' owns he's doing pretty well;
But, bless my soul, my Affables, if you go on to pitch
Your money right and left, you know, you never will be rich.
Within the last six years your wealth has taken to increase
Above Sixteen per Cent.,—but then we haven't kept the peace;
And how d'ye think Expenditure's expanded for that date?
The figure of per-centage, Blessed Friends, is Fifty-Eight!
It's almost needless to remark that this will never do,
And for economical reforms the people look to you.
Well, we must fill the gap up, and a real statesman scorns
To shilly-shally, and he takes the bull by both his horns
(That is a dig for DIZZY, whose financial end and aim
Was the making things agreeable by postponing every claim);
So put your shoulders to the wheel, and let us shove along:
This Eighteen Sixty is a year for doing something strong.
Reforms, commercial ones I mean, to which you should aspire,

Will make JOHN BULL more willing to fork out what we require—
He really likes the Income-Tax, although upon his tongue
There's grumble, and one person wrote that 'GLADSTONE should be hung!'

"Now, on we go to Turkey, and *d'abord*, it seems to me
That I shan't touch the duties on sugar and on tea;
One would have liked to take them off, but as I've often said,
The real way to help the poor's by stimulating trade.

"Then comes the Treaty. *Inter alia*, France will soon let in
(At p. c. 30) sugar, crystal, iron, coal, and skin,
Brass wire, and dyewoods, china, glass, cotton and cloth, and soap,
Hosiery, steel, and carriages, machinery, brandy, rope,
And a long list of other things to hammer, drink, or munch,
I very much regret to add, she will not let in *Punch*.
We on the other hand propose to let in, duty free,
Sulphuric acid, agates, arms, corks, and embroidery,
Clocks, gloves, hats, canes, quinine, brocade, raw fruits, and China ware,
Oils, and pianos, perfumes, grapes, and all things made of hair.
Then, as to wine, we'll let it in at duties much brought down,
Three bob a gallon for the best that can be bought in town,
Brandy at eight and tuppence to the British shore shall come,
And the same duty fall on French as on Colonial rum.
There is the Treaty, meant to bind two nations very tight,
I hope our project will have luck, I'm certain it is right;
Of course each separate interest will attack me for the plan,
But that's all beastly Selfishness, a vice innate in man.
For such objectors I must say profound contempt I feel,
Let's cut up private fatted calves, and help the Common-Weal.
Good wholesome wines of France let's bring to everybody's door,
Let him who never drank it drink, who drinks drink all the more.
Let's swamp the nasty African, not African at all,
And be the British wines henceforth doomed to the servants' hall.
Good wine is medicine—then how hard upon the labouring poor,
When ill to drink the public-house decoction, so impure—
The wine our poor sick sailors get's as grimy as Old Nick,
Upon my honour, gentlemen, it nearly made me sick.
I'm sure I touch you to the heart, I'll only add that soon
Trade will find out our Treaty is a most enormous Boon.

"And now to knock some duties off, a process that must please:
Henceforth be Butter free, and Tallow, Nuts, and Eggs, and Cheese,
The Orange and the Lemon, mark, the Nutmeg and the Date
Shall cease in future to bring in revenue to the State,
With Foreign Paper, Liquorice, and many a thing that sounds
A trifle, yet the whole bring near Four Hundred Thousand Pounds.
That same amount, too, I release,—I always said I should,—
By knocking off the Timber Duty. Hear that, CHARLEY WOOD?
Then, on some other articles of great and daily use
The duty we will not take off, but largely will reduce:
Currants and Raisins, Figs and Hops: I think that I may say,
About a Million is the total sum I throw away.

"How to make up for all these boons. A plan as good as any,—
Charges on every Package shipped, or brought to shore, one penny;
It is a trifle, which I call a Registration Fee,—
Three Hundred Thousand Pounds, my Coves, that trifle brings to me.
The system that's called Warehousing—it's very full of 'jargon,'
But I've a plan for taxing it—you'll find I've got a bargain,
Some chicory duty, and some stamps will bring me in some aid,
And then I've got a plan will rile the Wilters, I'm afraid,
I mean to let Confectioners, likewise the Slap-Bang Line,
Take out a licence to supply their guests with beer and wine;
And little game certificates I'll sell to Cockney shots
Who shoot but for a week or two—I'm told that there are lots,
And when I've added that I'll stamp a cheque, though drawn by Self,
I've told you all my Little Games for pocketing the pelf,
So now I'll burst upon you like a roaring boar or Aper,
I mean, my boys, ABOLISHING THE DUTY UPON PAPER.
There goes a Million—never mind—let's act like honest men—
The Pen does justice to us all, do justice to the Pen.

"One way or other we shall lose Two Millions, rather more.
How shall we get that money back—that mighty sum restore?
I'll tell you. Take the credits up which Malt and Hops enjoy,
Screw up John Barleycorn, he's been too much indulged a boy.
Nearly a million and a half by this means we obtain—
Then, the beloved old Income-Tax must go on once again,
It is as nice as Ninepence, but we'll raise it to the rank
Of such a pretty coin of France—we'll make the Tax a Franc.
There is at once a mine from which our losses we'll supply—
And such a graceful compliment to our adored Ally.

"So there's my scheme. I've often read that Queens in times of old
Among their subjects scattered showers of silver and of gold,
That was a goodly sight, no doubt, but 'tis a goodlier sight
To see this Council of our QUEEN assembled here to-night,
Enabled by Heaven's Providence to fling, with liberal hand,
Such boons as I suggest you scatter broadcast o'er the land."
Thus amid all those orators, of whom he's Lord and Rex,
Outspoke our gallant Chancellor, the CHANCELLOR OF X.



SPREAD OF THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.—SCENE THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

Young Larkins. "OH, HERE'S MAMMA! NOW, MA, IF YOU'LL FALL IN BY G'INA, I'LL PUT YOU THROUGH YOUR FACINGS. 'TEN-TION!"

THE DEFIANCE OF SIR JOHN BARLEYCORNE.

'Twas stalwart Sir John Barleycorne,
And he satte in his elbowe-chaire,
With his milk-white creste of the foamyng
yeaste,
And his corselette of pewter fayre.

On either hande a valiaunte bande,
Ycladde in wood and glasse,—
Sir Porter le Perkins, Sir Stoute de Meux,
Pale Alsoppe and bitter Basse.

And the Guinnesse of Dublin, briske and brighte,
As an Irish kern mote be:
And Sir Ale de Alloa, Scotland's Knyghte,
A headie knyghte was he!

And aye they laughed and aye they quaffed,
The colde and syne the hotte,
And with crabs aroaste, and the spicie toaste,
They passed aboute the pottle.

When in there came a little foote page—
Small Beere of Romforde towne,
And unto Sir John de Barleycorne
Righte lowlie louted down.

"Now newes! now newes! Sir John," he saide,
"Now newes of dole and feare:
That Basse to knowe more bitter will growe,
Browne Stoute turn pale to heare!"

"Fair England's strande from thy stout hande
There are knaves would fain see torne;
And *De Vin's* French race set up in the place,
Of Sir John de Barleycorne!"

"From cellar and tappe they would ouste thy
sappe,
Till thou thy place foregoe
To the fierie stock of Burgundie,
And the thinne bloode of Bordeaux."

Then uppe sprang stoute John Barleycorne,
And upon the boarde smote he,
That glasses rang and pewters did clang,
And the foame flew merrilie.

"Now by the sugar of malte," quoth he,
"And the bitter of hoppe, I vowe,
While there's water in Trent and kilns in Kent,
And graine in the barley-mow,—

"While there is virtue in British beefe,
And fogge in British aire—
So long as Britayne's sons are stoute,
And Britayne's daughters faire—

"So long as '*Rule Britannia*''s sung,
And eke '*God Save the Queene*,'
So long shall the bloode of Barleycorne
Be here what it hath been!"

"A fig for the thinne and hungrie draffe
Of the Loire and the Garonne;
For the frothy strain of brisk Champagne,
And the soure-faced growthe of Yonne!"

"Let them come in their bilious bottle-greene,
With their long corke shakos crowned;
The skinny Mounseers will give their eares,
They had ne'er touched British grounde.

"Their corks we'll drawe, their bottles we'll
flawe,
Were we but one to tenne;
The British floode shall drinke their bloode,
But never y^e Britische menne!"

'Sour growthes and smalle, come one, come all,
Your inroade we defie!
The fewe of ye sea-sicknesses spares,
In bonde full long shall lie."

John Barleycorne hath ta'en his casque,
And sounded his humming horn;
And his stalwart kinne come trooping in,
By blacke dray-horses borne.

Burton hath sent from banks of Trent,
Her pale and bitter broode,
And London her route, both heavy and stoute,
Dark-faced and stronge of mood.

From those the triple crosse that weare
In token of commande,
To the smallest of small beers that beare
Romford's or Chiswick's brande.

Barclay's strong draught, and Meux's best,
And Courage's Entire;
And Philipps' and Wigan's mild old ales,
Yet nursing youthful fire—

"Sounde trumpets," quoth John Barleycorne,
"Sounde cymbal and kettle-drum,
Now bid advance the growthe of France—
Let rot-gutte Gallia come!"



A SOP FOR CERBERUS.

A COOL QUESTION AND A COURTEOUS ANSWER.

MR. PUNCH lately received the following polite communication from the indefatigable assessor of Income-Tax for the district in which *Mr. Punch* carries on his labours for the benefit of his species :—

“ 2, Falcon Court, Fleet Street, February 3rd.

“ You will please fill up the enclosed Form with the names and addresses of those Gentlemen who WRITE for *Punch*, in order that they may be duly assessed to the Income-Tax. Please return it to my office within Seven days.”

This letter took *Mr. P.* by surprise. He had not been accustomed to consider that his distinguished, though anonymous, correspondents, were “ persons in his service or employ ”—as specified in the heading of the Form enclosed by the assessor. Satisfied, however, that no assessor of Income-Tax could possibly have over-stepped the limits of law, still more, that such an official could have asked any question he had no right to ask, and thus have been guilty of an impertinence, *Mr. Punch* loses no time in satisfying the curiosity of that official, and at the same time takes the opportunity of indulging the natural eagerness of the public for information as to the sources of the wit and wisdom that weekly irradiate his pages, by filling up the return as follows :—

| | |
|--|---|
| No. 8. INCOME TAX. | |
| For the Year 1859, ending 5th April, 1860. | |
| City of London. | Parish of St. Bride. No. First. |
| To <i>Mr. Punch</i> | |
| IN pursuance of the Acts of Parliament granting to Her Majesty Duties on Profits arising from Property, Professions, Trades and Offices, you are required to fill up such of the following Lists as are applicable to your Case, and to deliver the same to us at our Dwelling-house, situate at | |
| No. 2, Falcon Court, Fleet Street, | |
| within <i>Twenty-one</i> Days from the date hereof, under the Penalty contained in the said Acts on neglect so to do. | |
| Dated this 2nd Day of May, 1859. | |
| William Halksworth, } Assessors. James Donald Munro, } | |
| LISTS to be delivered by Persons employing <i>Clerks</i> , or <i>Servants</i> , or having <i>Inmates</i> and <i>Lodgers</i> , and by <i>TRUSTEES</i> , <i>AGENTS</i> , &c. | |
| Christian and Surname of every Person in my Service or Employ (except Domestic Servants whose Total Incomes are respectively less than £100 a Year), whether resident in my Dwelling-house or not, and the Place of Residence of those not residing with the Master or Mistress. | |
| Christian and Surname. | Place of Residence of those not residing in my Dwelling-house. |
| BENJAMIN DISRAELI, | Grosvenor Gate, Park Lane, and Hughenden Manor, Bucks. |
| THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, | Cambridge House, Piccadilly and Broadlands, Hants. |
| WISCOUNT WILLIAMS, | Park Square, Regent's Park. |
| RALPH BERNAL OSBORNE, | Charles Street, St. James's, and Newton Anner, Co. Tipperary. |
| HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CONSORT, | Buckingham Palace, &c. |
| MESSRS. BUCKMASTER (Army Tailors), | New Burlington Street, West. |
| SIR GEORGE W. W. BRAMWELL, | Deans' Yard, Westminster, and Court of Exchequer. |
| JAMES MYERS, | (Travelling with a Circus, and not having any fixed residence, so far as I know.) |
| COL. THE HON. SIR C. B. PHIPPS, | Buckingham Palace; Osborne, Isle of Wight; Balmoral, Co. Aberdeen; and Windsor Castle, Berks. |
| BARON NATHAN, | Rosherville, Gravesend. |
| JOHN JENKINS, | <i>Morning Post</i> Office, Wellington Street North. |
| THE VERY REV. FRANCIS CLOSE, | Deanery, Carlisle. |
| THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, | Downing Street. |
| (Signed) <i>Punch.</i> | |
| Dated (by anticipation) the 1st day of April, 1860. | |

Lists of Clerks, Travellers, and Servants.

FACTS FOR FOREIGNERS.

SOME people may have smiled at the following announcement, which was inserted in the *Times* of not many days ago. More thinking minds, however, will probably agree with us, that the statement should elicit commendation more than laughter, as it tends to show how England is made much of on the Continent, and how foreign writers try to magnify her might :—

“ THOSE ENGLISH!—Some of the German journals announce seriously that a Company of English capitalists have made an application to the KING OF NAPLES for a concession for the extinction of Vesuvius. The principal seat of the fire of that volcano is situated several thousand feet below the level of the sea. By cutting a canal which would carry the water into the crater, the fire would be completely extinguished, and the operation, which would only cost 2,000,000*l.*, would restore to cultivation land of ten times that value.”

As a pendant to this story we are authorised to state, that there are several new Companies now forming in this country, by which our surplus money will be usefully employed, and highly profitable work be found for those who want it. Among the projects now in prospect we may mention the few following, which will instance what grand schemes have of late been started in the city, for the purpose of employing our few millions of spare cash :—

The first that may be noticed is a Company established to set the Thames on fire, and by this means to deodorise and render it salubrious. A second purpose of this project is, by means of the caloric which thus will be engendered, to keep up a supply of hot air in cold weather, whereby the streets of London will be always kept well warmed, and those who walk in them will save the cost of wearing a great coat.

Another Company is now in progress of formation for the purpose of importing the summit of Mont Blanc; which, after being carried round the country as a peepshow, will be put up in Hyde Park as a practice-ground for tourists.

A third project has been started to employ our idle capital in bringing all the gold-fields bodily to England, so as to save the cost of working them so far away from home. By avoiding the expense of the export of machinery, and the higher price for labour which is paid abroad than here, it is reckoned that, at quite a moderate calculation, the profits of their project will be fully cent. per cent.

The next scheme to be noticed is a plan by which the Sun will be induced to shine at night; so that the public will be able to dispense with burning gas, and need no longer make complaints about monopolising companies, who supply it of low quality at rather a high price.

Besides a plan just set on foot for making champagne out of cucumbers, a scheme has been devised for procuring the extraction of pea-soup from London fog. When the foreigner remembers that our fogs are now so frequent that the clear blue sky in England is never clearly seen, he may form a faint conception of the work which is cut out for this new Company of Soup-makers. The fog will daily furnish a lot of raw material, which English ingenuity will soon cook into soup.

Another paying speculation is that which has been started for importing the Great Pyramid, for which purpose (it is known) we have been building our Big Ship. It is stated that the stones of which the pyramid is made will fetch ten millions sterling as ballast for our fleets, for which pacific purpose all the paving-stones in England have been long ago grubbed up. The myriads of mummies which the pyramid contains will of course fetch a high price among our farmers for manure: while the mummy-wheat alone will pay the whole cost of importing, for every one has heard how prolific it has proved, and there cannot be a grain less than a million billion bushels of it to be unearthed.

Our foreign friends moreover should know, that some half-dozen of our great West-end capitalists have subscribed among themselves eleven millions of loose cash, for excavating bodily the biggest of the glaciers, and placing it *en masse* in MR. GUNTER'S ice-house. How many sherry-coblers will be made from its contents, we leave the schoolmasters abroad, if they live long enough, to calculate.

We may state too for a fact, that shares are now in course of issue for a Company whose work will be to dig up some few square miles of the Sandwich Islands, and to import for home consumption the richest of their strata, which are composed of bread and butter with alternate ham and beef. By way too of providing liquefaction for these viands, another project has been thought of for digging up and shipping some few dozen of the Geysers, which when mixed with British brandy will afford the best of grog.

But perhaps the most surprising proof of English enterprise is the fact that application has been made to the Americans for concession of Niagara for sake of importation. The torrent when brought over will be made a “ water privilege,” and its vast power will be used to work the printing-press for *Punch*!

To these examples of our energy and speculative spirit we could, if we had space, add many dozens more. We have said enough, however, to convince the German journalists that the scheme which they assign to us falls far short of the truth: and as they have already been stretching their credulity, if they swallow their own stories, they may easily bolt ours. It is not wise to underrate the power of an enemy, and we think our foreign friends will be the less apt to attack us, the more they are convinced of our gigantic strength.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER III.—THE ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD.



or because this is leap year, we may make a leap here over the Anglo-Roman period, but because there is but little change of costume to record in it. The only noticeable novelty which TACITUS relates was, that the better classes mostly "threw away their braccæ," and wore the Roman tunic, which descended to the knee. Scotch writers have however discredited this statement, as it tends to bring discredit on the prudence of their ancestors. It seems indeed incredible that any forefather of Scotchmen could have ever been so wasteful as to throw away his breeches, and we think it far more likely that the better classes either gave away their cast-off clothing, or else let their servants sell it for them to the Jews.

Even in our present extravagance of dress, it is seldom that one hears of swells throwing away their trousers; and we imagine when the braccæ first went out of fashion there were many ways of turning them to profitable account. Poor relations were, no doubt, very thankful to get hold of them; and we can fancy the delight of a Roman-British matron at finding an old pair of braccæ in a closet, and exchanging them forthwith to some Roman-British costermonger, for a "hornament to her fire-stove" or a "bowl of 'andsome gold-fish."

We proceed now to a period of which the costumes have been much more frequently depicted, and we have not to draw so largely on our fancy to describe them. When the reader bears in mind that it was in the Anglo-Saxon time that HAROLD lived and died, we need surely say no more to convince him on this point. Every student of High Art has dressed up a lay figure to represent how HAROLD lay upon the field, and from the various costumes in which his body has been found, we may arrive at something possibly approaching to the truth.

Hasty critics might imagine that the Battle of Hastings would not afford much notion of the fashions of the period, any more than in a picture of the Battle of Waterloo one would expect to see the pantaloons and pumps then worn at Almack's. But of the Saxons we are told that nearly all of them were soldiers, and they were therefore much more military than civil in their habits. The great guns of historians cite the *Canons* of KING EDGAR, which enjoined, as a great penance, that men should go unarmed; and from this we may infer that the male part of the people went about in mail, and used their spear or sword by way of walking-stick or switch. The addition of a shield to their ordinary clothing would make them just as ready for the fray as for the feast; and as the latter very often ended in the former, we can fancy that they sometimes armed themselves with dish-covers, which now bear a close resemblance to the Saxon shield.

It would indeed seem from the dresses of these ancestors of ours, that their organs of Destructiveness were most prodigiously developed, or else their bumps of Cautiousness were most unusually big. "Every man his own policeman" was apparently their motto, and one would think the Danger-signal always stared them in the face. As a proof of their pugnacity we learn, that they preferred to wear a shortened tunic, "because in it they could most freely wield their weapons;" and they added to this vestment a metal rim or collar, which at times when they grew mettlesome, served by way of breast-piece. This pectoral was no doubt a great protection to the chest, and shielded it from cold as well as from a sword-cut. Besides being a breast-plate, it acted, we do not doubt, as a sort of poor man's plaister, and saved the wearers from bronchitis not less than from a blow.

To protect themselves still further, both from cutting winds and weapons, the Saxons wore a kind of ringed tunic, or *byrne*: so called, perhaps, because it was exceedingly warm clothing, and very likely made the wearers burning hot. The imaginative reader may form some faint conception of the nature of this byrne, by reading an enigma which was made by BISHOP ADHELM, and which, as being a fair specimen of the riddles of the period, it may not be out of place to copy into *Punch*.

"I was produced"—says the bishop, speaking as the byrne—

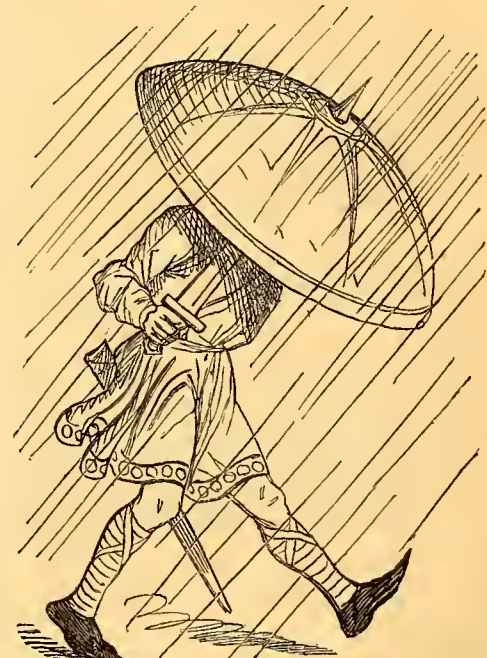
"I was produced in the cold bowels of the dewy earth, and not made from the rough fleeces of wool: no woofs drew me, nor at my birth did the tremulous threads resound; the yellow down of silkworms formed me not; I passed not through the shuttle, neither was I stricken with the wool-comb; yet, strange to say, in common discourse I am called a garment. I fear not the darts taken from the long quivers."

Serious people may be shocked at finding that a Bishop has stooped to make a riddle, but this episcopal enigma may serve to shut their mouths, when they protest that riddle-making is a frivolous employment, which no one but a punster or a pickpocket would take to. It cannot be denied that the enigma is far-fetched, considering the long distant date from which we fetch it. Still, for such an early effort, it is really not so bad, and we think none the worse of the good bishop for making it.

Whether or no the Scalds were the inventors of the byrne, is a question far more easy to be asked than to be answered. It seems however not unreasonable to fancy that they were, for the byrne was just the thing for fiery people like the Scalds, who were so continually getting into hot water. Being, as we learn, extremely difficult to pierce, it was doubtless of great use in what the Yankees call a "difficulty." At the time of which we write the thoughtful reader may remember that revolvers were not known: and, as duels then were fought with daggers, spears, and swords, the byrne, there is no question, often saved the skins of those who came up to the scratch.

The Anglo-Saxon shields were oval and convex, with an iron boss, or umbo, projecting from the centre like the handle of a dish-cover; to which, as we have said, the shields bore somewhat of resemblance. But though they looked like dishcovers, their chief use was as head-covers: and we have no doubt they were useful in peace as well as war-time, and could ward not only weapons but water from the brain. Their projecting umbo gave them quite the look of umbo-rellas, and they were doubtless of good service in a shower or a scrimmage, and could protect the head from anything, whether wet or blows, which happened to be rained on it.

These dish-covers, however, were not their only brain-covers; for, as the sapient observer has possibly remarked, men don't wear an umbrella with a view to keep their heads warm. So besides their shields the Saxons wore by day a sort of night-cap, which a modern writer tells us was "borrowed from the Phrygians." We think though, that this writer writes wrongly on this head; for we can't believe our ancestors were so hard up for hats, that they were forced to go so far as Phrygia to borrow them. The old illuminations throw some light upon this cap, which seems in shape to have been a cross between a nightcap and a foolscap. In material, however, it differed from them both, being made of leather, which was sometimes edged with metal: so that, at least in one material respect, this queer cap bore resemblance to the French *chapeau de cuir*.



NOTES ON NAPLES.

THE *Court Circular*, the other day, contained a statement that the band of the 1st Life Guards was in attendance during HER MAJESTY'S dinner, and played, amongst other pieces of music, a "*Mélange*" by BINDER, named "*Souvenir de Naples*."

MR. BINDER'S medley we may suppose to have been one of a descriptive character; such as the celebrated *Battle of Prague*. In the latter composition, our grandmothers used to hear the "groans of the wounded;" in the former the Royal dinner party probably distinguished the groans of the tortured, and the rattling of the prisoners' chains. Such sounds "most musical, most melancholy," would necessarily constitute the strongest effects in the performance of any accurate harmonic recollection of Naples.

QUESTIONS FOR THE ADMIRALTY.

Is a screw steamer, if a man-of-war, a male screw or a female screw?
Does the screw principle involve any economy of coals?

THE FREEWOMEN OF VENICE.



ENICE is asserting herself. According to a letter from that fair city,—

“Not many days since the word was given by the ladies through the Venetian provinces that, in order to be distinguished from the female companions of their oppressors, one and all should renounce wearing Crinoline.”

The Venetian ladies have done admirably in signifying their hatred of an abominable despotism by the renunciation of an odious fashion. In thus acting, they have vindicated the dignity of their sex; for the gregarious and sheepish submission to the burden of hoops and whalebone, on the part of the softer sex, had rendered it questionable whether woman, how-

ever stubborn and obstinate she may sometimes be, really possesses any intelligent will of her own. The Venetian ladies, however, by bursting the bonds and casting away the cords of Crinoline have proved themselves endowed with sense, reason, and the power of free agency; faculties which, therefore, we may regard as only paralysed in the case of the rest of the females, who persist in wearing clothes which are inconvenient and ridiculous, as if they were unable to help themselves. As the ladies of Venice have rejected the yoke of the LADY BELLASTON dynasty revived, so may they, by the help of men who are worthy of them, very soon be enabled to get rid of the atrocious tyranny of the Imperial dastard who suffers his execrable hangmen to whip them.

A GO AT THE GAS-ROBBERS.

CORRESPONDENTS keep complaining of the badness of their gas, and of the insufficient quantity with which the streets are lit, and as they don't quite seem to know on whom to fix the blame, they as usual make appeal to the omniscience of *Punch*. This they do as usual with their stereotyped facetiousness, saying they are rather “in the dark” about the matter, and begging *Punch* to “throw a light upon the subject,” and to “blaze away” at somebody for sake of a “flare-up.” One writer makes remark, that from the bad gas in the theatres the audience looks “ghas-tly;” and another says, that gas is now of no use for “gas-tromony,” inasmuch as one can't cook by it, and can hardly see to eat. They most of them agree too, that the gas is “no light matter,” and seeing that its badness is a constant “heavy loss,” to them, they disclaim the least intention or endeavour to “make light” of it.

Now, *Punch*, once for all, must state, that he cannot any longer be a martyr to these witticisms, and he trusts the manufacture of them may at once be stopped. If there be just cause for a serious complaint about the gas, let the charge be made in seriousness, without making a bad joke of it, and *Punch* will “seriously incline” himself forthwith to hear and see to it. If it be true that, as one writer sentimentally observes,—

“The gas of other days is faded,
And half its glory gone:
The lamps of Regent Street are shaded,
Their cocks but half turned on.”—

Punch, who has a hatred of doing things by halves, will fire away unceasingly at those who are in fault, until the missing moiety of gas-light be restored to us. With his literary powder always kept dry for emergencies, *Punch* with pleasure will blow up any gas-making monopolists, who are proved guilty of giving scanty measure through their meters, and of sending out bad gas although they get in a good price for it. Ever at his post—although it be but a street lamp-post—*Punch* will keep his eyes unwinkingly upon our gas suppliers, and bring his *bâton* down on any who may give a short supply. “Turn on, Old Cock, to th' full thy gas!” will be his warning adjuration to any London lamplighter, who may be paid to keep his burners nightly at half-cock. To rob the streets of gas is a sort of highway robbery, which *Punch*, personifying Justice, never will abet; and he will not stay his pen from passing condemnation until the gang of gaseous TURPINS be turned off—like their lamps.

TRUE AND FALSE PROPHETS.

THE Irish Revival is not by any means approved of by the priesthood over which DR. CULLEN presides. From the following statement made by a Dublin journal in reference to the present state of King's County, it appears that some of those reverend gentlemen pretend to prophetic gifts of their own:—

“The priests openly proclaim the banishment of all Protestants from the district, and prophecy that before winter is ended many of them will make clay in the churchyard.”

What do DR. CULLEN and his episcopal coadjutors say to these predictions? They may, if they please, contrast the prophecies of their own clergy with those of the Revivalists, and argue that the latter, being unfulfilled, are evidently the utterances of mere enthusiasm, whereas the former must be regarded as attestations of true faith, because they are verified: for if Irish priests predict that Irish Protestants will make clay in the churchyard, their words are pretty sure to come true.

A Nominal Duty.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Post*, signing himself HOPEFUL, proposes to avoid any addition to the Income-Tax by the expedient of imposing “a tax of 5s. on every name but one a child of HER MAJESTY's subjects receives at its baptism or registering.” The aristocracy are requested to observe, that the adoption of this proposal would involve the impost of five Bob for every extra REGINALD, HUBERT, BERTRAM, or other proper name of a noble boy.

ARGUING IN A CIRCLE.—The POPE's Encyclical Letter.

A DREADFUL BLOW AND GREAT DISCOURAGEMENT.

MONSIEUR BURAT is a French Protectionist. He is so enraged at the attempt of the EMPEROR in favour of Free Trade, that he has actually registered a vow before Heaven that he will rather henceforward—

“Blow his nose on his fingers than use a pocket handkerchief of English make.”

Spoken like a true *mouchard*, who does not mind lending his hand to anything! MONS. BURAT has strange tastes, and it will be rather awkward for him if he is in the habit of taking snuff. He has registered a vow that is certainly more curious than nice, and we only hope that he may come clean out of it. He pulls his own nose, and then fancies he is tweaking Free Trade's. We suppose he would not mind cutting his nose right off, if he thought by so doing he could damage the face of any Free-Trader. Clearly, MONS. BURAT is one of those short-sighted Protectionists who can see no farther than his nose: the bridge of it must be a regular *Pons asinorum*.

British and Foreign Exchange.

THERE is a way for the pacification of Italy which might perhaps be adopted with success. Suppose the POPE and QUEEN VICTORIA were to change subjects as far, on the QUEEN's part, as Ireland is concerned, Protestants excepted. HER MAJESTY could perhaps take the inhabitants of the Duchies too, and give an equivalent in certain Britons who also had rather be slaves. Constitutional Sovereign and Despots would then be accommodated with contented peoples, and the Legislature would enjoy a good riddance of bad rubbish.

“WHAT CAN'T BE CURED MUST BE ENDURED.”

“THEY say that smoking cures hams, and herrings, and haddocks, and many other things—but all I know is, that I have tried it on my wife's temper for the last dozen years, and it hasn't had the smallest effect in curing that.”—*A Persevering Husband*.

EXTRAORDINARY VEGETABLE.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, having proved so successful with his “plants,” has turned his attention to vegetables, and is at present engaged in forcing a gigantic specimen of *Savoy cabbage*.



A CAPITAL FINISH.

Excited but rather Behind-hand Party. "NOW THEN, MY MAN, HAVE YOU SEEN 'EM? WHICH WAY HAVE THEY GONE?"
Man. "ALL RIGHT, SIR. THEY'RE DOWN 'ERE; FOX AN' 'OUNDS IS JUST RUN INTO TH' INFANT SCHOOL!"

LITERATURE LOOKING UP.

WHAT was it that MR. MILTON pocketed for his *Paradise Lost*? (We have a horribly bad memory, and have mislaid our Commonplace book, or we should never dream of asking so commonplace a question.) Was it Ten Thousand Pounds, think you? Certainly not more, you say. Well, then, we can tell you, there is extant now a poem, whose estimated value equals that of MR. MILTON'S, and yet, actually, no offer has, it seems, been made to publish it!

This we learn from a perusal of the following advertisement, which was copied from the *Hull Advertiser*, the other day, into the *Times*:—

WANTED to borrow £500 on a manuscript poem, the estimated value of which is £10,000.

The *Times* calls this, in irony, "A Modest Request." But what the *Times* intends for sarcasm, we prefer to take as truth. To ask for such a paltry sum as only Five Hundred Pounds to be advanced on what is estimated to be worth Ten Thousand, appears to our mind a request that could never cause a blush. As for raising brutal doubts if the security be really of the value it is judged at, it is enough to point to poems which have recently been printed, and which, according to the statements of reliable authorities (of whom "Our London Correspondent" stands conspicuously first), have been paid for at the most exorbitant of rates. When it is known that sums of one, three, five, nay, even twenty, fifty, and a hundred pounds per line have just been handed across counters for poetic compositions, one surely can't feel wonder that a poem should be valued at a mere Ten Thousand Pounds, nor that the Milton who has written it, instead of keeping "mute," should open wide his mouth.

No! Prosaic as we call ourselves, Poetry is looking up. Poets are no longer out at elbow and of credit, whatever they may possibly have been in days of yore. They can afford to put their Pegasus in harness as a carriage-horse, and are not driven to use him as a half-fed printer's hack. Every line they write is, now-a-days, a golden line: every verse they scan for us is worth a guinea a foot. Their manuscripts are all

of them negotiable paper; money-lenders will advance on them to an uncountable amount. Rampant idiots who doubt this, and who question if a poem now would fetch Ten Thousand Pounds (whatever, in its writer's estimation, be the value of it), may be silenced in a jiffy by propounding just one problem: How many Hundred Millions is the "estimated value" of the poetry of *Punch*?

REVEREND HISTRIONICS.

THE REV. FREDERICK GEORGE LEE has written a letter to the *Times*, the conclusion whereof is remarkable. Repeating what he had told his congregation from the pulpit, he says,—

"And, moreover, I observed that, as MR. KING and his Curates had not transgressed any law, either of the Church or State—as they pay their taxes, and have not been outlawed—they deserve that protection in the performance of their duty which, in a country professing religious liberty, is so justly awarded to the Mormonite and Unitarian, and which SIR RICHARD MAYNE even kindly bestows upon those clerical gentlemen who have recently taken to the stage."

A very pretty sneer, MR. LEE, is that with which you refer to the clergymen who have been preaching at various theatres. But, reverend and sarcastic Sir, which clerical gentlemen are the more culpable, those who use theatres for churches, or those who turn a church into a theatre?

The Beginning of the End.

THERE can no longer be any doubt entertained as to the imminence of Austria's downfall in Venetia. *Punch* has been put down in the streets of Venice! A rising of the people is momentarily expected.

NEW BULLS AND BEARS.

WE understand that it is the intention of the Government to grant every private soldier admission to the Stock-Exchange, by enabling him to change his black choker for a convenient tie.



EXPERIENCED YOUNG FELLOW. "Ah, Clara, you should have seen the Pantomimes that I've seen; these modern affairs ain't half so good."

A BALLAD ON THE BUDGET.

TUNE—"The Dog's Meat Man."

I FIND it hard my rent to pay,
That's due on every Quarter Day,
But then I did, with free consent,
Agree to take this tenement.
I know it was my act and deed;
But if a tenant comes to need,
He underlets, and off he packs;
But I can't run away from my Income-Tax.
Sing oh, the heavy Income-Tax,
Unequal burden on our backs,
No greater do my profits wax!
But my rulers go on adding to my Income-Tax.

Before, if earnings chanced to fail,
I could reduce taxation's scale
By eating and by drinking less,
Or by economy in dress;
But now that luxuries are cheap,
Small gain from abstinence I reap,
And am unable to relax
The stress of that inevitable Income-Tax.
Sing oh, &c.

When I can earn no more, 'tis true
My Income-Tax will then cease too;
But then, what will become of me?
A wretched pauper I shall be.
For I shall have no money left,
Of what I should have saved bereft,
Since all my thrift that impost sacks,
The villanous abominable Income-Tax.
Sing oh, &c.

Were I a wealthy Lord or Squire,
The Income-Tax I should admire,
For I should have no need to hoard,
And cheap good things could well afford.
Had I an ample income, sure
That ample income would endure,
I'd drink, in wines of choicest smacks,
Everlasting imposition to the Income-Tax!
Sing oh, &c.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, Feb. 13. LORD CHELMSFORD'S Bill for doing away with the Grand Jury Nuisance within the metropolitan police district was read a second time, with the approval of LORDS CAMPBELL and BROUGHAM. LORD WENSLEYDALE, who was put into the Lords simply and solely because it was thought he must have picked up a good deal of legal knowledge which might be useful when Law Bills were discussed, and who therefore takes every opportunity of protesting against any law reform, made his usual grumble. He is WENSLEYDALE of Walton, but it ought to have been Walton-on-the-Nays. However, his objection was very properly unheeded, and the Secret Tribunal, as LORD CHELMSFORD called it, will one of these days be as extinct as the *Yehme Gericht*.

The vestry and inhabitants of St. George's-in-the-Yeast petitioned against the doings of the REV. BRYAN O'KING. The BISHOP OF EXETER said that O'KING had done many objectionable things, but nothing contrary to law, and that a mob ought not to be allowed to interfere. So said LORD BROUGHAM, who mentioned that he had been accused of turning Romanist, because he refused to condemn another person for worshipping after his own fashion. *Punch* would as soon accuse his old friend of having a Roman nose. The BISHOP OF LONDON said, that the presence of sixty policemen in the church had kept the rioters in awe the last Sunday. LORD GRANVILLE said, they had made as much row as they dared. A highly creditable state of things altogether. If the police would clear out the mob, and the bishop would clear out the parson, a new clergyman might come in with advantage, though as was said in old time, "What can the man do that cometh after the King?"

MR. FITZJURLD will no longer wield wild arrums and employ minacious terrums as an Irish patriot. JUDGE PERRIN retires, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND takes a place on the venerable binch of secret *Thaymis*. MR. SERJEANT DEASY is made easy by being shoved up to FITZJURLD's place; and MR. O'HAGAN, the Pagan, takes DEASY'S. So that thrife of justice to Ireland is adjusted; but of course there is a row—somebody has been overlooked or neglected, as always happens in Ireland.

The Commons had a Chinese Debate, which came to nothing, except

that CHARLEY NAPIER asked for the Victoria Cross for the gallant old ADMIRAL HOPE; and CHARLEY is hereby clapped sonorously on the back for that piece of good taste and good feeling. After which, LORD CLARENCE PAGET moved the Navy Estimates, and got votes for 85,000 men and boys, and about Five Millions of Sovereigns to pay and feed them.

Tuesday. LORD NORMANBY, who has all the spiteful pertinacity of a not very wise old man, abused our *chargé d'affaires* at Florence for attending the official reception of SIGNOR BUONCOMPAGNI, the Governor-General under the new order of things. There was talk on the subject for about three hours, and it was, of course, made perfectly clear that our *chargé* had acted quite properly, and that LORD NORMANBY was only carping at what was distasteful to his friends the ex-tyrants. This being Valentine's Day, *Mr. Punch* sent the old goose the following lines:—

"When young you were a smartish fribble,
But now your talk 's the merest dribble:
Don't kick up such a feeble Shine,
My Pantaloon and Valentine."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL stated, that the Spaniards had actually forked out £493,885, which they owed us. We all know how one hates a creditor who has asked one for a just debt, and the bitterness of the Spanish press against England just now may be easily understood. If Spain were more in the habit of paying her debts, she would not perhaps find it so very disagreeable. MR. SPOONER brought on the Maynooth question, and MR. PATRICK O'BRIEN reminded the House of O'CONNELL'S saying, that the worst enemy to religion was a pious fool. MR. NEWDEGATE flared up; but MR. O'BRIEN explained that he had not meant to be personal, only playful, and apologised like a gentleman. The Spooner motion was rejected by 186 to 128 pious fools, we suppose. The evening ended with some talk about certain alleged inconveniences to Dissenters at Cambridge, but LORD STANLEY said that all was right,—so of course it is.

Wednesday. MR. MELLOR'S Bill for inflicting terrible punishment on people who were guilty of bribery was squashed. *Mr. Punch* rushed down to the House hearing that something was up about the character of MR. BALFE. Thinking it was about his friend MICHAEL, who writes the elegant operas, *Mr. Punch* instantly rose and delivered a splendid

eulogy on the *Rose of Castille*, with introduced compliments to the admirable vocalism of MISS LOUISA PYNE and MR. HARRISON, at the end of which the SPEAKER smilingly informed *Mr. P.* that it was not the composer who was being talked of, but some Irish magistrate named BALFE, who had been oppressed, but that the House was only too happy to hear *Mr. Punch* on any subject whatever. *Mr. Punch* was not in the slightest degree abashed, told the SPEAKER that he, *Mr. P.*, knew quite well what he was about, and delicately worked round the subject from the Royal Italian Opera House, and MR. WALLACE'S new opera, to the Floral Hall, and so to the Volunteers' Ball, and thence to the Volunteer Movement, and to the state of the country generally, until the House, instructed and delighted, rose.

Thursday. CALIGULA made his horse *Incitatus* a Roman Consul (in imitation of which feat a good many British and Foreign Consuls are made out of asses) and it is a pity that we have not an Hereditary Legislator out of the *Incitatus*' stock. His lordship would have been useful to-night, when another Hereditary Legislator, LORD REDESDALE, actually thought proper to invite all the other Hereditary Legislators to consider whether it would not be well for them to give their official attention to racing matters. He pathetically deplored the evil practice of putting "ridiculously light weights" upon racers, inasmuch as the practice encouraged gambling, and like a practical Hereditary Legislator, he was provided with a proposition to remedy so terrible an evil. He suggested that no horse should, after this year, be allowed to run with less than Seven Stone on him. It is due to his hearers to add, that they not only gave their best ears to the subject, but showed their acquaintance with it; for when LORD REDESDALE inadvertently said "pounds" instead of "stone," he was instantly corrected by a dozen Hereditary Legislators. The question, he said, was too important to be disposed of hastily, as if it were a mere Church Rates Bill or Reform Bill, and therefore he would fix the second reading of his measure at a distant date, in order that the Hereditary Legislature might have ample time to meditate on the proposed alteration. Perhaps witnesses had better be examined, in which case *Mr. Punch* would like to hear the sentiments of certain Crimean Hereditary Legislators, who should know something of horses, having introduced a new mode of feeding cavalry chargers, namely, by leaving them to devour one another's tails.

LORD EBURY wanted a document (upon the subject of a revision of the Burial Service) which was in the private library of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, and was severely abused by the CHANCELLOR and LORD BROUGHAM for making so ungentlemanly a demand. LORD BROUGHAM, indeed, who visited the House of Commons on the night of MR. GLADSTONE'S budget speech, and had never been there in the interim between that night and his own elevation to the Woolsack, did not seem to have been greatly conciliated by anything he saw or heard Down-stairs, for he pitched into the Commons uncommonly, for having made the same demand as LORD EBURY. The EARL OF AIRLIE assailed the Coal proposals of the Budget, and was told that he did not understand the question, which was probable enough, though the Ministerial reply could scarcely be considered civil.

Down-stairs, LORD JOHN RUSSELL gave notice that he should bring in his Reform Bill on Thursday, the First of March. He had previously mentioned, in a Cocky sort of manner, that this would be an auspicious day for the purpose, meaning that it was on a First of March, twenty-nine years ago, that he brought in his first Reform Bill. We don't know what he meant by auspicious, but *that* Bill was read by a majority of one only, and smashed on the first hostile amendment. Is that sort of thing what our courageous young friend is looking to?

He, our courageous young friend, then explained that the Americans had shown their usual smartness in interpreting a treaty between themselves and us. When we repealed the navigation laws, JONATHAN promised to be equally liberal, and in fulfilment of his promise has excluded us from the whole trade between New York and California, pretending that WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN provided for such exclusion. LORD JOHN was so struck by an appeal to the American LORD SOMERS and LORD GRENVILLE, that he could not find it in his heart to say we were owdaciously cheated, as no doubt we are.

It was then announced, by bits, that our ally the Elected was enforcing his demand for Savoy and Nice by withholding his consent to the union of the liberated provinces of Italy. He pretends to be afraid lest his frontier should be endangered by a powerful Sardinian kingdom. LORD JOHN had to be put on the rack a little to get the fact out of him, but he finally confessed. *Mr. Punch* would not wonder if the Opposition made a valuable handle of this pleasant announcement, before the Budget debates are over. MR. DISRAELI may, by a stress of imagination, be conceived "reposing the most illimitable confidence in a sagacious Sovereign, our valued friend and ally, but a diminished and attenuated confidence in the ministerial wisdom that could resign invaluable revenue as a propitiatory sacrifice to an Imperialist idea."

LORD JOHN further stated, that the KING OF NAPLES is so awfully afraid of plots, that an English officer, who bought a cake in Naples as a present to a lady, got into trouble because there was a little three-coloured flag on it. Neither the Poet PUNCH nor the Poet COWPER

will be accused of anti-monarchism, but really some lines of one of those great and pious bards force themselves into the memory of the other:

"QUEVEDO, as he tells his sober tale,
Asked, when in hell, to see the royal gaol:
Approved their dealings in all other things,
But where, good Sir, do you confine your Kings?
'There,' said his guide, 'the group is full in view;'
'Indeed,' replied the Don, 'there are but few:'
His black interpreter the charge disdained—
'Few, fellow? There are all that ever reigned!'"

Then came a debate on Manning our Navy, and a debate on one of the causes which prevent its being Manned. On the first some useful things were—said. By the second a useful thing was done, for our friend the Viscount of Lambeth, who now and then performs a wise act (or wouldn't he catch it harder for his chronic unwisdom), carried a motion for a return of the number of floggings in the Army and Navy for 1859. The object was, mainly, to have a new brand of condemnation marked upon the system. The only professional answer was, "What other punishment avails with 'riff-raff.'" To which the triumphant rejoinder was, "Make your Services what they should be, and you will enlist honest and good men, instead of riff-raff." Government were then going to be beaten on a motion of MR. HENNESSY, for inquiry into the manner in which candidates are nominated and examined for the Civil Service, but LORD PALMERSTON prudently gave way. A committee was appointed to consider, whether something could not be done to promote the recreation of the people. *Mr. Punch*, who it need not be said, has done more towards that object than any person who ever lived has done, or any person who ever will live can do, heartily applauds the proposal, and SIR JOHN TRELAWNY, the proposer.

Friday. Further confirmation of the Savoy and Nice business—our Government is now formally apprised that if Sardinia is to be increased, France will demand part of Savoy—but not against the wishes of the inhabitants. *Mr. Punch* proposes a compromise. LOUIS NAPOLEON must not have any of the land of Savoy, but *Mr. Punch* offers to hand over to him every Savoyard, organ, monkey, and white mouse in England.

The Dissenters again trespassed on the Lords, and the Schools Bill was a good deal mangled in Committee.

The Conservatives mean to fight the Budget, and MR. DUCANE gave notice of an amendment. The Derbyite cry is to be, "Don't destroy Revenue, don't increase Income-Tax." So there will be a regular Mill. PAM demands that there be no stopping, and that the fight go on day by day till one party is floored.

After the *Conversazione* (*Punch* thanks thee, BEN, for teaching him that word), MR. SIDNEY HERBERT moved the Army Estimates, and got a vote for 143,362 men, which number does not include our Indian Army of upwards of 90,000 soldiers. SIR ROBERT PEEL fired off some rather amusing buffoonery at the Volunteers, especially at "fat lawyers." BOBBY is not a dull Bobby, but is sadly misplaced in the House of Commons. Why does not PADDY GREEN engage him to take the Chair at the Harmonic Rabbits?

THE PROSPECTS OF PAPER.

THE *Times*, in an interesting article on the subject of paper-manufacture, adverts to the fact, that for some time past there has existed in this country a great dearth of rags, because their exportation has been prohibited by the majority of foreign states. The demand for those materials, however, will very soon be supplied by the operation of an ever-increasing Income-Tax, imposed upon the insecure earnings of industry, which will reduce multitudes of professional and mercantile men, with their wives and families, to beggary and starvation, or the workhouse; in either of which cases their relinquished garments will afford the paper-makers abundance of rags.

The Pursuit of a Policeman.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE, in one of his letters to MR. BRYAN KING, begins it by saying, "I consider it my duty." Most noble words, considering the high position that SIR RICHARD occupies! We wish that the entire police force would only follow the example of their magnanimous chief, and never do more than what they considered their "duty." The Force, then, would be more of a Moral, and less of a Physical, Force.

"SOMETHING ROTTEN IN THE STATE OF DENMARK."

WHAT can be expected but Ministerial confusion in Denmark, where the Minister just out is *Rott-wit*, and the Minister just in is *Mad-wig*. A curious Correspondent, by the way, writes to ask, whether *Mad-wig* is any, and if any what, relation to *March-hare*?

LEFT HIS PLACE—A GOOD ENGLISH COOKE.



THE Westminster Road is in tears! Without in any way retiring from the management of the horse, MR. WILLIAM COOKE has thought fit to retire from the management of Astley's. Having lived so long by pleasing other people, he of course has fairly earned the right to please himself; but although he can afford, it seems, to part with the public, the public can't so easily afford to part with him. London without "Hashley's" would be, in holiday time especially, a place not worth the staying in; and its late manager has shown himself so capital a COOKE, that in his *manège*-ment of "Hashley's" he has never made a hash of it. Whatever has been promised there has always been performed; and excuses, elsewhere stereotyped, never have been printed there. The horses never have had colds, nor been

"indisposed" (to act); nor have the human actors ever been too hoarse to show themselves. MR. COOKE, like a good cook, has always had some "stock" (piece) by him, ready for emergencies, and in all his years of Cooke-ry has never dished the public. The pieces he has served have been always nice and delicate, and however hotly they may have been spiced with gunpowder, there has never been a *souppçon* of the flavour of *gros sel* in them. A hippodrama certainly is somewhat a coarse diet: seeing that its principal performer is a courser: but MR. COOKE is a top-SOYER in serving up his horseflesh, and has caused it to be relished by the most refined of palates.

MR. COOKE, it is well known, is blest with many children; but however they may spoil the look of his *potage*, we think there cannot well be "too many" of them like him. A thoroughly

good cook is a rarity in England, and we cannot wish too strongly for the breed to be perpetuated. We therefore trust that MR. COOKE in his period of management has managed to lay up something handsome for his larder, and that he and his may keep their pots a-boiling, without coming to the need of cooking their account-books.

A GEM OF AMERICAN CRITICISM.

It was quite by accident that we stumbled against the following gem, which we picked up in the pages of the *Mobile Register*. In describing a play, called *Cloud and Sunshine*, it says—

"The curiosity of the audience is kept upon the rack of expectation until the very *omega* of the drama."

We wonder who would be donkey enough to go to the theatre to be kept on the rack all the evening! We don't know what the 'rack of expectation' may be, unless it is one that a hungry steed is looking up to impatiently for his customary allowance of hay, that has been abstracted by a dishonest ostler. It sounds like some instrument of torture, worthy of the days of the Inquisition. Perhaps the rack is brought in purposely to keep the attention of the audience on the stretch throughout the play, and so to increase its painful interest? The whole thing is a cruel mystery to us, down to the "very *omega* of the drama." If the *Mobile Register* is generally full of such gems, we should like to subscribe to it.

A POLICEMAN'S SIGNATURE.—We suppose that, when a Policeman writes to SIR RICHARD MAYNE, that he always signs himself "Your dutiful Servant."

RAILWAY LINES OF POLITICS.

"MR. PUNCH, HONOURED SIR,

"As a British Elector, I should just like to know your opinion about the follerin obserwations as was made by MR. TITE tother day at the meetin of the South-Western Railway shareholders:—

"They were placed in a false position, not by the acts of the Directors, but by the rivalry of other companies, and the support which Parliament gave to that rivalry. . . . Take another instance which they would have to fight that session, and which involved the running of a broad gauge line into Southampton. Whether that line was withdrawn or not, the going to Southampton on the broad gauge was on the cards, and they must oppose somehow or other such a project as that. There was a disposition to encourage rivalry in railways, and Directors were driven to measures which were beyond their control."

"What do you say now to these here remarks of MR. TITE's as exhibitin his notion of the duties of a Member of Parliament? What I said when fust I read em was, Blow me, TITE! Here's MR. TITE, a very respectabel gentleman no doubt calls his self M.P. for Bath; but is Bath the constitcheney repersented by that hon. legislator? Is he Member for Bath, or Member for the South-Western Railway? I don't know what may be the Bath voters' notion of the bisnis of their repersentative, but what I should like mine to do would be to fight the battles of the people in the House of Commons, instead of fightin rival railway companies. That's how the work of the nation's neglected, for the sake of forein' up dividends, by means too of inderin competition, so as to enable directors to charge the public whatever fares they choose. It strikes me there's a good deal too much of this here sort of thing, and these here M.P.s for Railways in that there Assembly, which may be all rite and TITE for such as it may concern, but is very like to be the cause of a good deal of loose legislation by which the people suffers in various ways, besides bein' overcharged for travelin, thanks to the Railway Members as goes there to fight for privildge and monopoly agin Free Trade. I has the honner to scribe myself,

"Your abitchial Reeder,

"Tenpun Alley, Febwary, 1860."

"SIMON PURE."

"P.S. If there must be Railway Members, why not let 'em be returned to Parliament for the different lines at wunce? Well—there'd be rayther too many on 'em, I spose, in that case for the size of the bildin; so probbaly that scheme won't form no part of the nu Reform Bill."

A DREAM OF THE GREAT UNPAID.

THE *Express*, the other evening, contained a letter relating the subjoined curious dream:—

"While staying at St. Alban's early last month I strayed into the Town Hall where the Quarter Sessions were being held, on Thursday the 8th. I then and there heard a poor agricultural labourer, out of work, for stealing a few sticks from a fagot-stack during the inclement weather, sentenced by the EARL OF VERULAM (Chairman), with the concurrence of the Bench, to three years' penal servitude. The poor fellow had a family of four young children, and his wife (whose distress in Court it was heartrending to see) was daily expecting a fifth. It was stated that the man had been before convicted—for stealing rabbits, I understood,—and that this was the cause of the ferocity (for so I must call it) of the sentence."

The EARL OF VERULAM has the character of a benevolent nobleman, and cannot possibly have dispensed a specimen of justice like the above—as outrageous as any sentence that was ever pronounced by a bashaw on the county Bench, even if a reverend one. The correspondent of the *Express* must have dreamt of the cruelty with which he charges the worthy Peer. Perhaps he is fond of poetry; and on the morning of the day on which the foregoing day-dream happened to him, had been reading WORDSWORTH's story of *Goody Blake and Harry Gill*. LORD VERULAM has, no doubt, also read that story, which the poet declared to be a true one; and surely the fear of the perpetual shivers would have effectually deterred him, if any deterrent were needful, from giving a poor fellow three years' penal servitude for taking a little fuel to keep himself from congelation.

The Latest Arrival from Paris.

English Question. Why is VICTOR EMMANUEL like MR. GLADSTONE, when he was prevented by his cold from making his exposition of the Budget?

French Answer. Parce qu'il a presque perdu Savoie (*sa voix*).

A FRESH PALM-LEAF FOR PALMERSTON.

SHOULD PAM succeed in introducing the wines of France into England, he will deserve to be known henceforth by the title of the "JUDICIOUS FRENCH BOTTLE-HOLDER."

HOW TO WRITE WELL.—W-e-l-l.



FLATTERING PROPOSAL.

Volunteer. "I SAY, LUCY, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE VIVANDIERES IN OUR CORPS. NOW, IF YOU LIKE, I'LL APPOINT YOU TO ATTEND UPON ME!"

THE BITTER PILL, OR THE LEAST OF TWO EVILS.

"YES," quoth JOHN BULL, with a rueful pull at the purse in his leather breeches,
 "If it must be done, it had best be done, with the fewest possible speeches;
 Fifteen millions odd for my Army, and almost as much for my Navy;
 It's enough to leave Old England's Roast Beef uncommonly short of gravy!
 I should mind it less were I sure I'd had value received for my money,
 But I feel uncommonly like a Bee, that's just been smugged of his honey;
 He *knows* the store's been rifled that he trusted to for hard weather,
 But as to whose belly it's gone to he is in the dark altogether.
 Then there's The Debt, of course I can't lighten that—though true it is,
 I *did* rather flatter myself this year, in the hope of those Long Annuities;
 But their dropping has been the excuse for so much financial phlebotomy,
 I feel that not only they've dropt, but have certainly dropt atop o' me;
 For every hundred I save by their falling in my Exchequer,
 GLADSTONE calls on me for *two* hundred—that nineteenth century NECKER!
 And then by this treaty with France—that's to end all animosity—
 I've to give eighteenpence for a shilling, by way of reciprocity!
 It's true I may drink *vin ordinaire*, at a saving of sixpence a bottle,
 But I'd rather pay a shilling than let such stuff into my throttle!
 I can use all my own coal and iron—to make Armstrong guns *in terrorem*;
 And as for French hops—I can get what I want of MR. GYE, *ad valorem*.
 However I'll swallow the treaty—though in making it, COBDEN,
 d'ye see,
 Had *two* Chevaliers to deal with—and one *de l'industrie*.

If English revenue must go to teach France free trade—why let it:
 And as for the *quid pro quo* for my loss, why let us hope we may get it:
 I give up the paper duty—good bye to that, and Amen, Sir:
 With the Sword asking thirty millions, one isn't much for the Pen, Sir:
 As for sweeping away the tatters of that old flag of Protection,
 That stuck here and there in my tariff,—I'm sure I've no objection—
 And even your biggest and bitterest pill—this tenpenny Income-Tax,
 Sir,
 Well—I'd rather swallow *that*, than put myself in the hands of those
 quacks, Sir,
 Who puff themselves off in the papers and their own trumpets blow,
 As Proprietors of the Conservative Pill—MESSRS. DERBY, DIZZY,
 AND CO."

INVOLUNTARY PUNSTERS.

THE *Cheltenham Examiner* makes the following statement, which reflects great credit on a worthy nobleman:—

"It may not be generally known that one of the best, if not, *par excellence*, the best rifle shot in the neighbourhood, is our respected Lord Lieutenant, EARL DUCIE. His lordship very recently shot, at his seat, Tortworth Court, against one of the most practised officers from Hythe, and was victor by many shots."

This paragraph must gratify all rightly constituted minds, rejoicing to hear of anything that redounds to the honour of the British Peerage. At the same time it will be the occasion of some annoyance to many innocent persons, who, in consequence of the reputation which it will have conferred on LORD DUCIE, will be sure to be accused of attempting to make a joke, whenever they happen to speak of anybody as a DUCIE-d good shot.

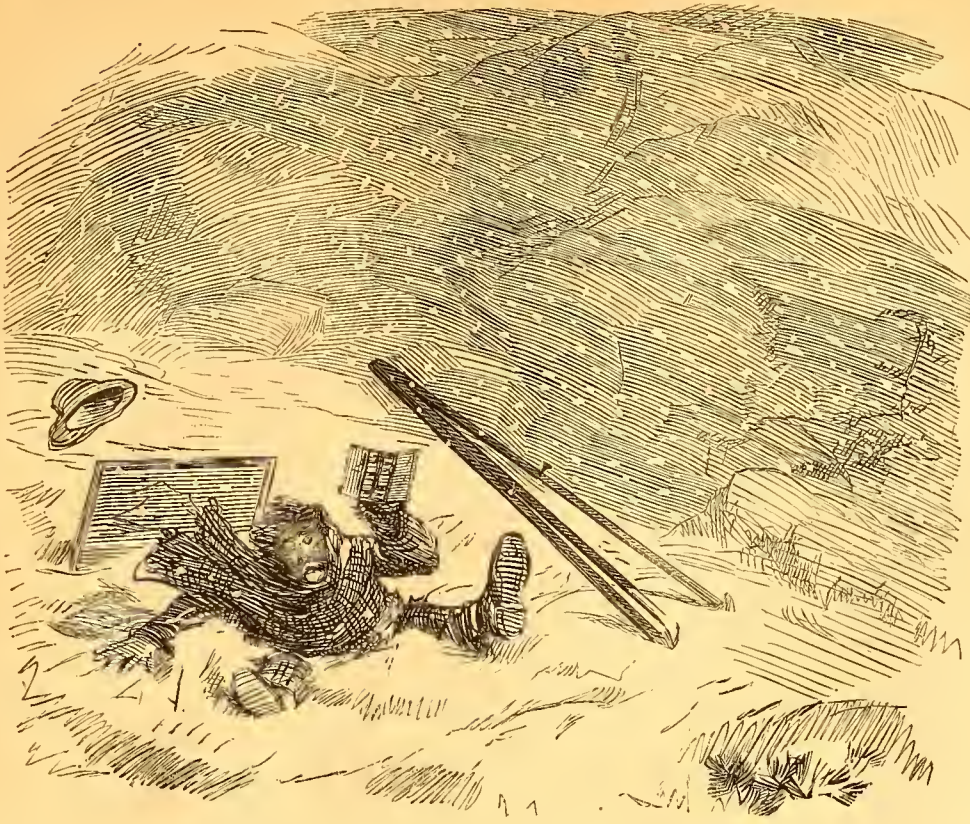
BACON CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO.

"TIME (says LORD BACON) is the right Reformer." So there is hope for the poorest of us. In time, if we only have patience, we shall get the Reform Bill.



THE GLADSTONE PILL.

DR. GL-DST-NE. "THERE, MR. BULL—SWALLOW IT AT ONCE, AND IT WILL RELIEVE YOUR CHEST DIRECTLY."



Our Artist Catches it again this Winter in the Highlands.

THE CAT IN THE CUPBOARD.

IN speaking on the motion of our friend MR. WILLIAMS for returns of the numbers of British soldiers and sailors who, in the year of Christianity 1859, had suffered torture by flogging, COLONEL NORTH is reported to have made the following remark:—

“If the honourable Member for Lambeth, or any other of the civilians who were always crying out against flogging, would only devise some other punishment which, while severe, would keep the soldier but a short time from his duty, he would earn the gratitude of the whole Army?”

Before attempting to earn the gratitude of COLONEL NORTH, and the whole of that army in which he is a commanding officer, *Mr. Punch* would fain expostulate with the gallant Colonel, on a certain form of words occurring in the above-quoted passage. What does COLONEL NORTH mean in talking of “the civilians who were always crying out against flogging?” The late CHARLES MATHEWS, in one of his entertainments, used to create much laughter by exclaiming, on a particular occasion, “Confound that boy,—he’s always tying his shoe!” The force of this exclamation lies in the word “always;” which implies a complaint of weariness and consequent irritation. These are, perhaps, the feelings which COLONEL NORTH means to express when he describes certain civilians as “always crying out against flogging.” Everybody who is at all concerned with a class of gentlemen whose highest moral quality is their self-respect, is familiar with this use of the term “always.” It is predicated of the kind of being styled by those same gentlemen as a bore; or, as many of them are accustomed to pronounce that appellation, a baw.

Bores, however, or baws, Colonel, are useful things in their way. To bore is the property of a gimlet; and the bore, otherwise called baw, often succeeds in ultimately penetrating the very heart of a wrong. The Press is one of those baws, or bores, that have been always crying out against flogging. It incurred the disdain of the supercilious gentry by so doing, on the occurrence of the last gross case in point. You heard MR. SIDNEY HERBERT, the other night, state the result. According to report, he said:—

“As to the case that recently occurred, and excited some discussion, the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF was not in England at the time: he arrived two days afterwards. I immediately called his attention to it. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE ordered an inquiry into the case; and the result was, that the officers conducting the punishment were severely reprimanded. Another result of the inquiry was, the issuing of the general order that has been before referred to.”

If the Press had not cried out against flogging in this instance, would the case have attracted any notice, and would the general order mentioned by MR. HERBERT ever have been issued to limit torture by the lash? Yet how boldly the Press was accused of exaggeration and hollow sentimentality; and how contemptuously it was informed, that stripes would of course draw blood, and that blood would naturally trickle down to the ground, and form a puddle there!

Will *Mr. Punch* be rewarded with the gratitude of the whole Army for the suggestion, that perhaps a good substitute for flogging might be found in the long-continued stoppage of an offender’s pay? What punishment could be more severe—if that is what you want? Think of the suffering which is inflicted by the Income-Tax! To the stoppage of pay might be added reduction of rations, and the stoppage of them also in the event, and during the continuance, of refusal to do duty.

And ought not *Mr. Punch*, by this suggestion, to earn the gratitude of the Navy as well as the Army? Pay is the main consideration which mans the Navy; would not the privation of it be a sufficiently formidable punishment? According to LORD CLARENCE PAGET, out of the whole Channel Fleet only three per cent. of the men have been placed in the class liable to corporal punishment. British sailors therefore do not seem to include a very large proportion of blackguards; and if the cat were altogether thrown overboard, would it be missed?

The whole merchant marine ought long ago to have gone to the deuce, if tough old commodores are right, and flogging is essential to discipline in the Royal Navy, and the Royal Navy is like a certain place which is not to be mentioned by *Mr. Punch*, and in which the crew can be kept under control only by terrific punishment. If this were the case—which surely it is not—we might reasonably be told to go to that place if we want to man our Navy.

WHAT NEXT?

OR LIGHT WINDOWS AND LIGHT WEIGHTS.

HERE’S a Bill of old CHARLES BURRELL’S,
For punishing by law,
Maids of all work, sharp as squirrels
(But not quite so sure of claw)—

Who their lives and limbs go risking
To clean our window-sashes,
And in payment of such frisking,
Oft come to awful smashes.

Against such legislation,
An objection raised *in limine*’s,
That in this favoured nation,
“*Lex non curat de minimis.*”

But none should raise objection,
(SIR CHARLES at length maintains)
To making a connection
Between “penalties” and “panes.”

One more reason we may summon,
(Though SIR CHARLES for it should scold one,)
That laws to guard *young* women,
May be best left to an *old* one.

But encouraged by example,
Of this Burrellesque law-making,
Comes LORD REDESDALE next, his ample
Committee-work forsaking,

And would have it straight forbidden
(By a Bill last week made known),
That a race-horse should be ridden
By a jock below seven stone.

Now, if sharpers must be shackled,
And too weak the legal lock is—
There are light-weights to be tackled
In *loaves* as well as *jockeys*.

Thoroughbreds deserve affection;
But let REDESDALE if he’s able,
Give us thorough *bread* protection,
In the bakchouse, not the stable.

Lest the turfites all unwilling
To submit to legal fetters,
Bid him mind his *private* billing,
And leave *public* to his betters.

Personally Speaking.

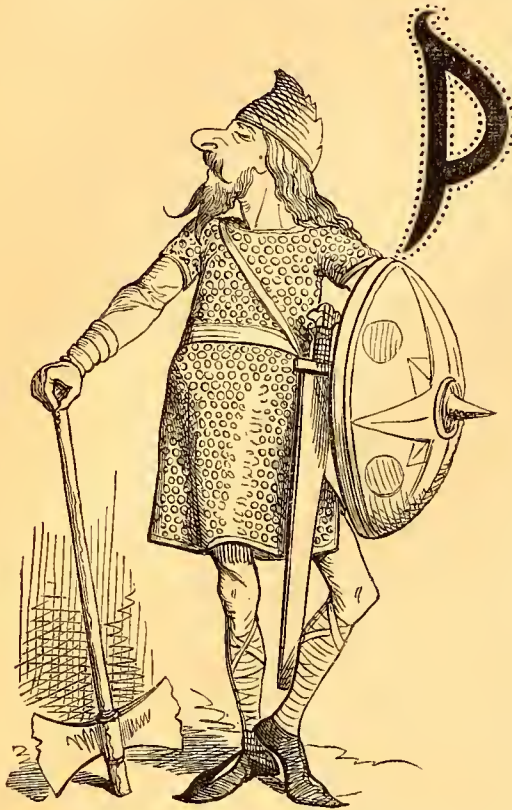
ENGLAND is Free, but in America one is not only Free, but apt very frequently to be a great deal too Free; in fact, more Free than welcome. To put it concisely:—

England is the Land of Liberty,
America is the Land of Liberties.

ADVICE TO GAS MONOPOLISTS.—“Gentlemen, Flare up or you may burn your fingers!”

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER IV.—THE ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD—(CONTINUED).



ANGLO-SAXON WARRIOR. FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES. BEING EXTREMELY RUDE IN THE ORIGINAL, THE FIGURE HAS BEEN PUT INTO CORRECT DRAWING.

PROCEEDING with the military costume of the Saxons, and having shown in our last chapter what they wore to shield their heads, we may now describe the weapons which were used to break them. Of these, one of the most striking was the double-edged long broad-sword, an arm which was generally wielded with both hands, and which, from the great muscular exertion it required, gave rise to the expression of "More power to your elbow!" It was with this weapon, we read, that at the Battle of Caerbardon, KING ARTHUR killed above four hundred men with his own hand; but we doubt if any arm would have sufficed for such a feat, and though perhaps KING ARTHUR may have said he drew his long sword, we rather think it was his long bow which he really drew there.*

Another formidable weapon which was wielded by the Saxons was an axe with a long handle, which they called a bill. This bill was somewhat like a lawyer's in its length, and was thereby well adapted to make short work of an enemy. BOB WACE, the Norman poet, says—

"My contrymen onne Hastynges Hyl,
Were sorelye cutte up bye ye Hyl:"

—though BILL, the Conqueror, he adds, got the better of his namesake. Although the weapon was unwieldy, the Saxons were expert in wielding it; and whether through their superior muscular development, or whether they had less Opposition to contend with, there is no doubt they succeeded in carrying their bills far more easily than Ministers nowadays do theirs.

For the still further comfort and enjoyment of their enemies, the Saxons armed themselves with daggers, javelins and spears; of which latter some were barbed and others broad and leaf-shaped. Of the barbed ones ASSER saith, that their use was "trulye barb-arous;" but the others may have possibly been used with some politeness. We can imagine civil Saxons saying, "By your leaf!" when they parried the home-thrust of the spear of an assailant.

Although, as every schoolboy knows, the Saxons owed their name to the Scythic tribe, Sacassani, called otherwise Saxones, stupid people have persisted in deriving it from *Seax*, a word meaning a curved dagger, which tradition says they wore. To support this foolish notion, these ninnies turn to NENNIUS, or as we rather should call him, NINNIUS; and quote from him a speech, which he reports to have been made by the chairman at a certain public dinner at Stonehenge, which there is reason to believe was an apocryphal repast. NINNIUS says this dinner was turned into a tea-fight by the chairman, MR. HENGIST, jumping on the table, and shouting "Take your *Seaxes!*" as a signal to the Saxons; who, having hid those weapons in the pockets of their braccæ, drew them forth forthwith, and bagged about three hundred of their Ancient British guests. Of course, if this story were proved true, it might be cited as a proof that the Saxons used the seax; but, as the proof wants proving, we don't believe they did, for any donkey knows better than to pin his faith upon the tale of NENNIASS.

Another name for the Seax was, we learn, the Sica; and the Venerable BEDE has told another story of it, which, for aught we know, may be as mythical as that which has been told. According to the

* The sword which is here mentioned may perhaps have been the one which, the poets say, KING ARTHUR christened his "Excalibar:" and with such a name as this, there really is no saying what a blade might not accomplish. We have, however, looked to the latest of authorities, and as the *Idylls of the King* contain no mention of the feat, we incline to think the tale has not a leg to stand upon.

Venerable, KING EDWIN, of Northumbria, was attacked by an assassin sent by CWICHELM (pronounced Switch'em) who had been made, or else had made himself, the KING OF WESSEX. The assassin gained an audience on pretence of having a message to deliver to KING EDWIN, and when that monarch graciously asked what he had to say, the ruffian made a poke at him with a poisoned sica, exclaiming with a bad pun as he did so, "I'll mak' sicca!"* An attendant "thegn" named



FROM A VERY CURIOUS SAXON MS. IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. PUNCH.

LILLA, seeing the king's danger, would have used his shield to save him; but unluckily his shield had gone that morning to be mended, and all LILLA could do was to fling himself between his monarch and the murderer, and nobly throw away his life to save that of his king. Persons who sing songs may perhaps have heard it stated that "*Lilla's a lady*," but in the Anglo-Saxon time LILLA was a man; and whatever were the rank or station of a "thegn," this story goes to prove that LILLA was a noble man.

We come now to the costume of the civil Anglo-Saxons, having done with the uncivil ones, called otherwise the military. And here the reader will no doubt be somewhat startled when we tell him, that having carefully got up some mountains of MSS., and waded through whole oceans of books upon the subject, we are driven to conclude that for nearly four whole centuries but little change, or none, was noticed in the fashions! A fact so extraordinary of course needs the strongest proof, but there is evidence collateral, besides direct, to cite for it. According to MONFAUCON, the Franks kept to one fashion during just as long a period, and springing like the Saxons from an oriental source, they too showed an oriental liking for old raiment. For the sake though of the cleanly reputation of our ancestors, we trust they did not further prove their oriental origin by adopting in their persons the practice of the Persians. We are told, these Eastern people not merely handed down their fashions to their children, but they left their wardrobes as heirlooms to them also; so that sons not only stood in their fathers' shoes, but wore the gaiters of their grandfathers, and their great-great-grandfathers' great coats. Babies, when they grew big enough, put on their parents' pinafores; and the identical same garments descended to descendants, and were handed down as long as they would hang together. It is therefore not unlikely that the raiment of a Persian, in its ultimate threadbariness, bore somewhat of resemblance to the garment of the Irishman, which was not made of cloth, sure, but of holes just stitched together.

But, however long deferred, changes, like Reform Bills, must be made at last; and accordingly, we find, the Saxons when they altered their religion, changed their raiment, and when they conformed to Christian doctrines they put on Christian dress.

One of the chief novelties in the dress worn by civilians from the Eighth to the Tenth century was, that for the first time then our ancestors wore shirts. We learn from EDINGARTUS that they were made of linen; but whether they were starched or not he quite omits to tell us, nor does he say if they were mostly worn with buttons or with studs. Conjecturing the former, we would ask the feeling reader to drop the tear of pity to the memory of him, who was the first to feel the agony of finding that his dress shirt had been sent home with a

* The Venerable BEDE omits to mention this remark, which the reader of Scotch history may doubtless recollect is therein said to have been used at a somewhat later period. But of course this is no proof that the words were not made use of at the time of which we write, and, for aught we know, the Scotchman may have been a plagiarist.

button off!—a discovery which somehow is quite certain to be made at a time when one is dressing to dine with punctual people, who regard one as a murderer if one comes two minutes late.



FROM THE SAME MS.

Over this was worn a tunic, made of woollen stuff or linen, according to the season, and open at the neck so as to put on like the shirt. It descended, as that Ass-ER tells us, "kneerly toe y^e knee:" and was confined by a belt or girdle round the waist. We find its Saxon name was *roc*; so if *Sinbad* was a Saxon, he might have fitly worn this garment when he visited the roc's nest. Its chief peculiarity was however in the sleeve, which was made quite long enough to cover up the hand, and was worn in rolls or wrinkles from the elbow to the wrist. The use of having sleeves so long perhaps may be conjectured, on the ground that very possibly they served by way of gloves, of which there is no mention so early in our history; and in this respect their wrinkles might put our daughters up to one, and teach them how to keep their hands warm, without dipping

them so deeply as they now do in our pockets, where they look to find the wherewithal to fit them weekly with new kids.

A short cloak called a mentil was worn over the tunic, and fastened on the breast or on the shoulder with a brooch. This mentil, or mantle as we now-a-days should call it, could be thrown off or assumed by merely slipping the head through: as is brought to light quite plainly by an old illumination, in which a Saxon gent is pictured fighting with a lion. A mantle is here seen lying by the lion, much the same as *Mr. Pyramus's* in the well-known tragic farce; and as the mantle is left fastened at the throat, one infers that it was taken off without the gent's undoing it. Judges say this picture is in fact a Scripture picce, and that the Saxon gent we speak of is intended for no less a person than KING DAVID. Whether this be really so, we, who are no judge, are not called on to determine, and we shall therefore show our judgment by not trying to decide.



PHONETIC SPELLING.

A Woolwich Correspondent of the *Post* informs us that—

"About 300 girls are employed at a building in the laboratory department of the Royal Asenal for the purpose of making cartridges."

It may be questioned whether the word "Asenal" in the above is a misprint, or a true indication of the writer's spelling and pronunciation of "Arsenal." There are grounds for suspecting it to be a specimen of military orthography and manner of speech; but on the other hand we find the word cartridges correctly spelt: and the young officer who would write "Asenal" for Arsenal would, instead of "cartridge," probably put "catridge."

Q. WHY is MRS. HOWARD PAUL like a twenty-pound note?

A. Because she is the double of a *Tenor* (P.S. In allusion to her life-like imitation of MR. SIMS REEVES').

THE DEMAND OF THE IRISH PATRIOT.—We want to be free to be slaves.

INCOME-TAX WORKHOUSES.

WE are in for an everlasting Income-Tax. We must lay aside all hope. Foreigners who hate and envy us, and who want to involve us all in their own slavery and misery, will go on maintaining armaments intended for our invasion and subjugation, for ever. We must, therefore, provide national defences, superior to their hostile preparations, and continue eternally increasing them. It will consequently never be possible to obtain relief from the Income-Tax. Moreover, the Income-Tax which we are condemned to suffer will be not only interminable but everlastingly unfair. Its equitable adjustment is as hopeless as its cessation. The House of Commons, which mainly consists of capitalists and landed proprietors, will naturally for ever refuse to tax uncertain earnings at a lower rate than certain rents and dividends. In this denial of justice they will be backed by the labouring masses, who pay no Income-Tax at all. They will also be supported by the reckless trading classes, who will pay any premium for unbounded liberty of speculation; and by grasping and sumptuous persons of the ROBSON and REDPATH school, greedy of other people's wealth and lavish of their own, who love a financial system which at once encourages avarice to acquire and luxury to consume, urging the former passion to get as much money as possible, and the latter to spend it on a multitude of cheap enjoyments.

Under these circumstances, a certain weak minority will go to the wall—to the deuce—to the dogs. These are the moderate steady tradesmen and the professional classes; doctors, lawyers, authors, artists, and all other people who get their living by their own exertions, which are liable at any time to be paralysed, or to fail. Then the most part of them, having none to help them, and having been deprived by the Income-Tax of the money which they ought to have saved, will of course have to go to the workhouse—the worst of places on this side of the grave.

The above premises having been duly considered by those whom they concern, it will be manifest to such persons that there has arisen a great necessity of petitioning for the establishment of a better sort of workhouse; for the comfortable entertainment of decayed respectable persons, who have for a certain number of years been paying Income-Tax on the profits of trades and professions, on which they were solely dependent for their subsistence.

The ordinary Union Workhouse is a place of punishment for improvidence, in which common people are justly afflicted, insulted, and outraged for having neglected to take sufficient thought for the morrow; and it seems unjust to consign to the same abode of misery those who would have provided for their sickness, or old age, or loss of employment, if they could, but have been prevented from doing so by the Income-Tax which has confiscated their earnings.

It is possible that the Legislature will listen to the prayer for the institution of Income-Tax Workhouses, because that concession will encourage all provident persons in danger of destitution to submit to, instead of trying to evade, the exaction of Schedule D.

QUITE OUT OF THE QUESTION.

As befits a Knight companion
Of the Order of the Fleece,
The Nephew of his uncle
Casts sheep's eyes upon his Niece.

But if this close attachment
To a tie he dares to draw,
Let him beware lest Europe
Invoke the Canon Law.

The Imperial Idea
All *must* desire to please,
But such a union is within
"Prohibited degrees."

A Practical Poem.

THE *Times* invokes MR. COWPER, the new President of the Board of Works, to set resolutely to work at cleaning the Serpentine, and exhorts him honourably to connect his name with the improvement which would thereby be effected. If MR. COWPER will take this good advice, future competitive candidates for Government situations, will, in answer to the question of their examiners, assuredly declare him to have been the author of COWPER'S *Task*.

SEMINARY FOR BRITISH SAILORS.

WE understand that the Lords of the Admiralty are busily engaged in maturing a scheme for the education of sailors, by sending them to a Boarding School.



POLITENESS!

Bill. "WELL, JIM! HOW BE YOU TO-DAY?"

Jim. "WHAT ODDS IS THAT TO YOU?—YOU BEAN'T MY MEDICAL ATTENDANT!"

PHYSIC AND ASTRONOMY.

ACCORDING to a contemporary,—

"The medical profession of Paris have resolved to give a grand dinner to DR. LESCARBAULT, the discoverer of the new planet between Mercury and the Sun. It is to take place at the Hôtel du Louvre."

Is the above announcement quite correct? May not the discovery on account whereof the Parisian medical men are going to feast DR. LESCARBAULT have been that of a new pill? The planet Mercury is rather out of the way of modern doctors, who prescribe physic irrespectively of the influence of the stars. The mineral so called, however, is quite in their line, and may well be conceived to enter into the composition of the pill which has been discovered by DR. LESCARBAULT. *Sol*, in the nomenclature of the elder chemists, was the scientific term for *aurum*, and ancient pharmacy had its *aurum potable*; gold dissolved and mixed with oil of rosemary, which—without, of course, intending a prospective pun—the old apothecaries used to call a sovereign remedy. DR. LESCARBAULT'S new pill, for the invention whereof the Faculty of Paris proposes to give him something better than black dose, may consist of mercury, and gold in combination with some substance where-with he has found it capable of forming a novel compound, possessing medicinal properties. The discoverer of a new remedy deserves a good dinner at least as well as the discoverer of a new planet, and better at the hands of the medical profession, which still has to seek a cure for cancer, hydrophobia, and some other diseases, and can by no means boast of as many new pills as the new planets which reflect lustre upon Astronomy.

THE FASHIONABLE FRIZZLING IRONS.



H! MRS. GRUNDY,
ALLOW me to direct your attention to the following advertisement, which appeared the other day in the columns of my fashionable contemporary:—

THE PLICATURA NEW
FRISSETTES for Dressing Ladies' Hair in the New Style, designed and made only by — Oxford Street, W.

May I ask, Dear Madam, what you say to the Plicatura New Frisettes, and to the new style of dressing ladies' hair by means of those instruments? Do you not consider them very elegantly named? Would you like to have your own hair arranged by means of them, or have you no notion of such things, or if you have any, are you not disposed to class them amongst the kind of appurtenances

of the toilet which you term fandangos? Perhaps your notice has not as yet been attracted by these interesting novelties; but very likely you will soon have your maidservants appearing in answer to your bell with their hair disposed in what you may call a new-fangled style, and will find, on inquiry, that the arrangement has been made by help of the Plicatura New Frisettes. And what will be your remarks on making that discovery, MRS. GRUNDY? I am afraid, Madam, that you will denigrate those young women hussies, and desire them to get out. Methinks, too, that I hear you, in perusing this communication, exclaim: "Drat the Plicatura New Frisettes, give me the good old paper and curling-tongs." It may occur to you that you would like to take the inventor of the former instrument and pinch him with the latter by the nose. You may feel disposed to serve him as St. Dunstan served a

personage whom you would describe as another rebel. Accept, dear Madam, the assurance of my profound respect.

I have the honour to be, your ever constant adorer,

PUNCH.

IRISH PLAYFULNESS.

ON the occasion of the Maynooth Grant being brought forward (for the last time, we hope), MR. P. O'BRIEN is reported to have said:—

"He confessed he never heard this motion brought on without recalling O'CONNELL'S saying, 'that the most dangerous enemy to religion that ever existed was a pious fool.'"

MR. SPOONER looked upon this as applicable to himself, and resented it accordingly. He did not like being called "a pious fool." However, his resentment took the following gentlemanly form:—

"In reference to the remarks of the honourable Member, he said, that if on reflection the honourable gentleman could obtain his own forgiveness, he had his most cordially. (Cheers.)"

We feel inclined, at this disarming retort, to cry out, "Bravo, SPOONER!" It had the effect of calling MR. O'BRIEN upon his legs to apologise, when that gentleman

"Explained, that when he had used the *playful* expression complained of, it was very far from his intention to be personally offensive to," &c.

When an elephantine horse kicks out vehemently, as though he would knock the Great Pyramid down, the timid bystander is frequently told "not to be alarmed,—it's only his play, Sir." MR. P. O'BRIEN kicks, and fancies he is "playful." We would much rather keep out of the reach of his playfulness. Poor sensitive SPOONER, how he must have shrunk back, with electric nervousness, when he saw that great Irish hoof flying up in his face in that way! However, there is one great comfort,—the Maynooth Grant is over for this year, at least.

A BRUTE'S THOUGHT ABOUT WOMEN.

It matters very little how ugly she may be, a woman never sees a pretty one excepting in the looking-glass.—*Our own Rochefoucauld.*

PUBLICAN'S PORT.—"Oh! yes, what is Publican's (s)port is death to us."—*Sick Pauper.*



BOY. "Two 'a'p'ny 'errins."

SHOPKEEPER (severely). "If what, Sir? if you—what, Sir?"

BOY. "Well, if y'a' got 'em!"

RHYMES FOR JUVENILE M.P.'S.

ATROPOS OF THE LATE DEBATES.

I.

FIZZY DIZZY went off with a bang,
And opened on GLADSTONE a frothy harangue;
But all the POPE'S asses, and all the HORSMEN,
Cannot bring FIZZY DIZ into office again.

II.

DIZ and DU,
Made motions to
Knock over the Ministers' Budget,
The House felt bored,
Pert DIZ was floored,
And DU was driven to trudge it.

III.

Ding dong bell,
DIZZY don't feel well;
Dong ding dong,
Sang he, the Treaty's wrong;
Ding dong ding,
Small he now must sing.

Ultramontane Tendencies.

THE Correspondent of a Daily Paper, writing from Paris, says:—

"A new journal came out to-day, which is to supply the place of the *Univers*, called *Le Monde*. The French Government desire nothing more than that the real interests of the Catholic Church should have an organ of publicity."

From *L'Univers* to *Le Monde*, what a drop!
The Ultramontanists will perhaps get from *Le Monde* to *La Chair*, and from *La Chair* finally to *Le Diable*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

SOUND, Harp, for the clash of swords, for the meeting of chieftains in battle, for the deadly grapple, and the garments rolled in blood. Wail, Harp, for the heroes who have fallen, and whose souls wander on the banks of the gloomy lake. Cut on, Harp, will you, and wake up!

Grandly the terrible GLADSTONE to the Council his Budget propounded, and grave were the faces of those who listened to the champion. Then said a young chieftain, DU CANE, of the county of calves, "Shall these things be? Young as I am, I will throw myself on the lance of GLADSTONE. A man can but die. Who follows me?"

Then GASCOIGNE CECIL, of Salisbury, called his friends together in his house, and they accoutred the young DU CANE for the battle; DERBY giving him the shield of prudence, and DISRAELI the helmet of sincerity; PAKINGTON adding the spurs of modesty, and HENLEY throwing on him the mantle of suavity. And the battle day was set. And GLADSTONE looked upon his terrible lance, and smiled grimly, as thinking how speedily he should sheathe its point in his adversary's internals.

But on the third night before the battle should have raged, the crafty DISRAELI espied some three or four traitors in the camp of GLADSTONE. And he said, DU CANE is a boy; but if I take this battle on me, those men will revolt against their leader, and shoot him boldly in the back. And suddenly, and late in the night, and to the astonishment of all who heard him, DISRAELI defied his enemy to combat on the day that had been set for the battle with DU CANE. And the hearers said, Aha! And GLADSTONE said nothing, but looked on his terrible lance. Now, Harp, go it!

The Monday came, and the Armies were drawn up in stern array. DU CANE, of the county of calves, had been warned that he must not thrust himself into the *mêlée*, and the signal for charging was given. Proclamation to GLADSTONE made DISRAELI that his Budget might be good or bad, but that it should certainly not be considered until the Council of Sages had first considered the compact made with the Lord of the Tuileries, ELECTUS of France. And, invoking the *manes* of PITT, he defied the terrible GLADSTONE.

Answered the terrible GLADSTONE, in language of scorn and contumely, that the words of DISRAELI were Puerile words, and that for practical purposes that Compact was fully before the Sages. And he also invoked the *manes* of PITT, and bid DISRAELI defiance. Now or never, Harp. Do it like a bird!

They charged. Well and fairly DISRAELI drove his glittering lance

at the Homeric breast of his foe, but upon that ethereal armour the lance shivered into fragments, and the immeasurable spear of GLADSTONE the next instant went into the vitals of his antagonist, who lay stretched before the armies. Yet he died bravely, and like Memnon under the death-stroke of Achilles, who slew him between the hosts. Then SIR HUGH, of Belfast, no mean soldier, rushed upon the adroit SIR RICHARD of Wolverhampton, and sought to pin him to the earth, but that facile warrior with a calm smile of scorn put aside the stroke, and clove his enemy from the brain to the teeth. "Among the *Cairns* let one be raised for him," said the still smiling conqueror, wiping his gory weapon. Next, four champions rushed out, three from the ranks of Opposition, and one, a traitor from the Gladstonian camp, and his name was AYRTON. Would ye know the names of the others? There was KELLY of the Shiny Head, NEWDEGATE the Wild Protestant, and MALINS, the long-winded, and they made a united charge towards GLADSTONE. When came a voice like a trumpet-call, "Buriibroadbrim to the rescue!" and the thundering BRIGHT was upon them. The next moment the Shiny Head was low; the Protestant on the earth protested with his last breath against free trade; the long-winded MALINS was slivered like a carrot; and the traitor AYRTON, in the grip of BRIGHT, dropped strangled in the dust. "Truly and of a verity I have been and done it," said the victor, lighting his cigar.

SEYMOUR FITZGERALD drew his sword, and might have done execution, but that the fiery RUSSELL, who had held himself in with difficulty, now mingled in the fray, and crossed blades with the gallant Knight of Horsham. "Enviably fate," said the haughty JOHN, as he turned from the slain, "to die by the hand of RUSSELL—tell it with glory to thy fellow ghosts." That instant, mad with ambition and vanity, the doomed HORSMAN was seen in full career, and the battle paused, as all saw, with a shudder, that he was rushing upon his fate. Breath was held, hearts beat high, as HORSMAN, in heedless disregard of all warning, held on his mad way—he levelled his lance at the broad breast of the gigantic PALMERSTON. Not long hung his fate in doubt, not long had Atropos to pause ere she closed her shears, for with a laugh of jovial derision the giant heaved his steel mace in air, and as BRUCE shattered the head of DE BOHUN at Bannockburn, did PALMERSTON shatter the head of HORSMAN at a quarter past twelve. That fearful blow ended the battle—the armies drew off, and counted their numbers. The Gladstone host had 293, the vanquished Disraelites had but 230, and the shouts of victory ascended into the calm, cold air of the wintry morning. Harp, thou hast done well. So well, O Harp, that thou shalt hang upon the hook henceforth. Harp, hook it!

Tuesday. There was a new moon, and the Opposition went into a new lunacy. To-night MR. DU CANE's motion, postponed by his Leader, who thought he saw victory in another direction, was brought on, and was battled for three nights. DU CANE, duly instructed at LORD SALISBURY's, moved that much additional money was wanted, but that it was not the thing to reduce revenue or to increase Income-Tax. *Mr. Punch* is not going to immortalise everybody who contributed his dulness to the debate. On this Tuesday night nobody spoke whom *Mr. Punch* cared to leave the Members' Smoking Room to go in and hear. On the *Thursday* MR. HUBBARD went to the cupboard of the Bank of England for arguments against the Budget, but when he got there the cupboard was bare. MR. BRIGHT made a smart speech for the Ministers, and MR. WHITESIDE rather an amusing and abusive one on the other side. On the *Friday* the greater guns—not those of greatest Bore—were let off. GLADSTONE, DISRAELI, and PALMERSTON finished the fight, and the week ended, as it began, by a tremendous beating for the Derbyites. The House of Commons approved of the principle of the Budget, by 339 to 223—a goodly majority of 116.

Mr. Punch has put together the Budget story in order to save his invaluable space. As for the proceedings Up-stairs, they have scarcely demanded his august attention. LORD DERBY took an opportunity of cavilling at the Treaty, and was informed by LORD GRANVILLE that

the Treaty was a very good one. LORD ELGIN made a speech in his own honour, about his Chinese proceedings, and bore a warm tribute to the merit of CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORNE, which *Mr. Punch* begs heartily to endorse. Heaps of bills made progress, and there was one rather interesting debate on the subject of preaching in theatres, which practice LORD SHAFTESBURY (LORD PALMERSTON's bishop-maker) defended as most beneficial to those who could be brought to listen to sermons in no other way. The Puseyite LORD DUNGANNON had attacked the practice, but did not get much support from the Bishops. DR. TAIT incidentally gave a proof of his liberal and enlightened views, for in alluding to theatrical entertainments he deplored that there were many things done and said on the stage which hindered persons of religious principles from partaking of "a highly innocent and improving amusement." Perhaps the hint from a bishop may do good, both to those who have a bigot hatred for the theatre, and those who support and applaud what is objectionable. The only other thing worth mention is an announcement by MR. GLADSTONE—

"The Licensed Wiltlers will be glad to hear—
He will not license the Slap-bang for Beer;
Therefore the folks who for elevenpence dine,
Must still fork out the Browns—or take to Wine."

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER V.—THE ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD—(CONTINUED).



FROM A CHOICE MS. KINDLY LENT BY MR. JONES.

CONTINUING our study of the ancient books of fashion, we find that though the Anglo-Saxons had no trousers, they wore drawers, as may be seen by the drawings of them which are still left extant. These drawers did not descend, however, lower than the knee, and so the modest Saxons mostly wore a sock of cow's hide to cover up their calves; which, so far as we can judge from the artists of the period, appear to have been generally turned out to grass. This leather sock or buskin was called by them "scin hose," but as EDINGART informs us it was sometimes made of linen, it is probable the Saxons had then another name for it, though what that other name was we must let the reader guess. For aught we know or care, they may have called it "shin hose," from its covering the shin, or they

may have named it "thin hose," because it was not thick.

Over this sock, hose, or stocking, they wore fillets, bands, or strips of cloth or wool, or leather, rolled, wound, or twisted round them from just above the ankle to just below the knee. From this exact description, which an eminent attorney has helped us to draw up, the reader doubtless will derive a very accurate idea of the nature of the garment which we wish him to conceive. We may, however, further assist him in conception of it, by telling him it looked like the hay-bands of an ostler, excepting in so far as it looked somewhat different. We own that cloth, linen or leather does not look much like hay, though now-a-days in rifle-suits the first is much the colour of it. But the Saxons' strips of stuff were wound round like our ostlers' hay-bands, unless indeed the rolls were made to cross each other sandalwise, when they looked more like the buskins which are worn by our stage brigands, and which in youthful memories are coupled with bass voices and ferociously black looks.

The Saxon shoe (which, by the way, they now and then spelt "scoh" and now and then spelt "sceo;" but they had no LORD MALMESBURY to look to their orthography) had an opening down the instep, and was fastened with a thong. In the illuminated manuscripts it is mostly painted black, but whether it was worn so in reality we know not. It is true that DAY had not yet dawned in that dark age, nor could the Saxons' shoes have shone with the lustrous light of MARTIN. But it is possible the dandies may have somehow blacked their shoes, though how that somehow was we have no means now of determining. The common labourers, it seems, went generally barelegged, but not often with bare feet; in which respects, we think, if they were

living now, it is probable that they would do exactly the reverse. It seems though, like good Christians, the princes and church dignitaries did their utmost to make up for the bareleggedness of their brethren; for we find their shoes and buskins represented as of gold, but as all's not gold that glitters, they most probably were gilt.

These articles composed the civil costume of all classes; those who call themselves "superior" being distinguished by the fineness, not the form, of their apparel, and by the jewellery and ornaments with which they overlaid it. These apparently they wore in great profusion and variety; and besides such things as brooches, rings, and chains and crosses, the swells had golden belts, jewelled in no end of holes; and still more, made themselves conspicuous by wearing golden bracelets, which in our time are a part of solely feminine costume. These bracelets, we are told, KING ALFRED used by way of thief-baits; and had them hung up along the borders of the highways, to test the virtue of his people, and the vigilance of his police. But this fact is, of course, in the remembrance of the reader, and he will doubtless feel insulted if we venture to remind him that KING ALFRED was the first to introduce "the Force." We doubt though if the reader have an accurate idea of how our first policemen looked, when they were out on duty; and as words would fail us to convey a fair description, we subjoin a full-length portrait of a Peeler of the period, which has been transmitted from a most authentic source.

The clergy in their dress were not distinguished from the laity, excepting when engaged in doing duty at the altar. The robes worn by the bishops consisted of the alb and stole, dalmatic and chasuble, with which our friends the Puseyites have made us well familiar, and which we think it therefore is quite needless to describe. When out of Church it seems they had a proneness to the pomps and vanities they preached against; for an order was put forth A.D. 785, forbidding them to wear "the tintured colours of India," colours which were doubtless looked upon as "fast." It appears too, that they likewise did their best to look like laymen, by letting their back hair grow so as to cover up their tonsure: for a Canon was especially aimed against this practice, and fired off as is reported, just nine hundred years ago. But though forced to shave their heads, the clergy (at least some of them) were allowed, as a great luxury, to let the hair grow on their chins. By a Council which was held A.D. 1031, it was provided that a priest might wear a beard or not, precisely as he pleased: an indulgence which had long been extended to the bishops, but till then the lower clergy had not been indulged with it.

If we believe TACITUS, and we don't see why we shouldn't, the Teutonic tribes were generally lovers of long hair; and by the Franks



POLICEMAN, TEMP. ALFRED.

it was regarded as a mark of rank, an express law being made that only the first nobles should be suffered to grow ringlets. Whether the heirs of noble families, whose hair would not curl naturally, were suffered to use curling-tongs and curl-papers or not, we do not find it mentioned: but as ringlets were the mark of men's being of high birth, we should think they spared no pains in their capillary cultivation. Among the Anglo-Saxons long hair was quite as fashionable as it was among the Franks: although they suffered more free trade in it, and passed no protective laws to limit its producers. The clergy preached for centuries against the sinfulness of wearing it; but it seems their preaching acted less like scissors than like bear's grease, and their long sermons on long hair just made the hair grow all the longer.

Before we leave this head, it should be mentioned that civilians at this period wore no hats, but went about bare-pated like our Bluecoat boys and butchers. What their reasons were for doing so, it were a waste of time to guess. It is probable, however, that being proud of their long hair, they did not like to hide it, and so declined to wear the hide caps of the period, with which as we have shown, the soldiers were disfigured. Although not ornamental, these caps were certainly a capital protection to the head, and shielded it from blows as well of weapons as of wind. It is on this account we wonder the civilians did not use them, for as they wore their hair so long the slightest breath must surely have blown it in their eyes, unless they had a hat or cap to keep it out. For instance, when they marched out on a windy day in March, we can fancy how the air would "play in the ringlets" of their hair, until it made them look as mad as a March hare or a hatter: though why these creatures should be singled out as samples of insanity, no creature in his senses could undertake to say.



ANGLO-SAXON GENTS TAKING A HAIRING.

AN ANECDOTE CORRECTED.

A STORY from Italy—we have had some good stories from Italy in the old days, and hope for even better in the new ones—tells us that the POPE, walking out lately, met a peasant, and suddenly demanded of him whether he were a Christian. The man replying Yes, the POPE, in test of his Christianity, put him at the Mosaic Commandments. The tale proceeds that the man at once broke down, and that the POPE went off triumphantly, saying that it would be well if men learned the Commandments before they asked for independence.

Mr. Punch does not mind agreeing with the POPE that a man who does not know the Commandments is—unless he happens to obey them without knowing the exact words—not the person likely to be a very good citizen. Why the swarm of priests, of every dirtiness, around Rome, have not saturated the minds of the peasantry with religious teaching, is a question for his Holiness rather than for Mr. Punch. But, being desirous to verify the above interesting story, Mr. Punch sent to Rome to ascertain what was the truth. It appears that the anecdote has been wrongly told. The POPE demanded the Commandments. The peasant ran them over glibly enough until he had finished the Fourth. Then (according to the Catholic arrangement of the decalogue) came the Murder law. The peasant had the word on his tongue when he remembered to whom he was speaking, and he remembered Perugia. He chose rather to be accounted ignorant than to fling crime in the face of the High Priest.

THE RATHBORNE PAMPHLET.

Punch. Who should have long since the cross of the Bath borne?
 Irish Echo. Colonel Rathborne.
 Punch. He did well in India, so wrote SIR CHARLES NAPIER.
 Irish Echo. But then the red tape here.
 Punch. He came home, and savagely to the Directors
 Irish Echo. Read lectures.
 Punch. Pitched into them, preached that their extermination
 Irish Echo. Would save the nation.
 Punch. Where did the Colonel these feelings express?
 Irish Echo. In the "Press."
 Punch. Was his writing applauded by MR. DISRAELI?
 Irish Echo. Almost daily.
 Punch. DIZZY, in fact, cheered him on to attack,
 Irish Echo. Patted him on the back.
 Punch. Promised him, when the E. I. C. should be floored—
 Irish Echo. A seat at the Council Board.
 Punch. And the Colonel demolished, DISRAELI duce,
 Irish Echo. Lord Dalhousie.
 Punch. But when LORD DALHOUSIE returned home in glory,
 Irish Echo. He made friends with each Tory.
 Punch. And all objectionable parties, at this truce,
 Irish Echo. Were pitched to the deuce.
 Punch. And then our unfortunate Colonel, so manly,
 Irish Echo. Being disliked by Lord Stanley,
 Punch. Was dropped by our friend, the Caucasian CATO,
 Irish Echo. Like a hot potato.
 Punch. Says, I believe, he was treacherously treated.
 Irish Echo. Oh, downright cheated.
 Punch. So pours out his wrath in a thundering feuilleton.
 Irish Echo. Such a precious deal too long.
 Punch. Bawls out to Heaven and Earth and the Police
 Irish Echo. For vengeance on Disraeli fils.
 Punch. And they have had an angry correspondence—
 Irish Echo. Hard words—abundance.
 Punch. As for the squabble, the public would have despised it—
 Irish Echo. But you have immortalised it.
 Punch. Then let me add a moral, good as gold—
 Irish Echo. Tools must expect to be sold.

THE WRONG RING FOR LADIES.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,
 "THIS morning I found such an extraordinary newspaper which FREDERICK—I mean my brother—had left lying about, and in it such a dreadful account of a shocking exhibition, under the title of "Great Fight between JOE NOLAN, of Birmingham, and JOHN HICKS, of London, for £60 aside." I had no patience to read it through, as it was full of stupid words which I could not understand; but at the end of it I noticed these shameful remarks:—

"The battle lasted two hours and forty minutes. On leaving the ring neither man was by any means heavily punished."

"Well, then I say it was very wrong, and they ought to have been—the horrid wretches; knocking and mauling—as they call it—one another about. They deserve to have been very severely punished for mauling one another so, according to what it goes on to say:—

"NOLAN, in fact, has but little the matter with his upper works, although about the body he was heavily mauled."

"Mauled, indeed! They ought to have been both taken up, and put into prison, and done—I don't know what to! Well worked, at any rate, both upper works and under works too. And I think gentlemen ought to be ashamed of themselves to encourage such savages to bruise and hurt one another. Talk of cruel sports, I am quite sure that boxing beats cock-fighting.

"Ever your affectionate,
 "EMILY."

"P.S. Are any women prize-fighters? I am afraid so; there is an American one I am told, called BENICIA; some say it is a boy; but those Yankee girls are such strange creatures, and BENICIA is certainly a woman's mane. Perhaps BENICIA is a Bloomer—but how unlady-like!"

"A Consummation devoutly (not) to be Wished."

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH proposes, by his Treaty of Commerce, to import many articles of English manufacture into France. We trust, however, that, amongst others, he does not intend to let in England herself.

DESIGN FOR A PAPER-WEIGHT.—The Portrait of a gentleman waiting for the Times.



A WORD TO THE WISE.

Discerning Child (who has heard some remarks made by Papa). "ARE YOU OUR NEW NURSE?"

Nurse. "YES, DEAR!"

Child. "WELL THEN, I'M ONE OF THOSE BOYS WHO CAN ONLY BE MANAGED WITH KINDNESS—SO YOU HAD BETTER GET SOME SPONGE CAKES AND ORANGES AT ONCE!"

OPERATIC FINANCE.

THE eloquence with which MR. GLADSTONE delivered his Budget appears to have rendered a statement of dry details and disagreeable things extremely pleasant, indeed absolutely enchanting to those who listened to it. A long speech, one would think, would be only an aggravation of a recital of hard facts and an announcement of harder taxation. Yet MR. GLADSTONE discoursed financial music on themes which included an Income-Tax of tenpence in the pound, for the space of four hours, to the delight of his hearers. He did well to stay till his cold was gone before attempting to charm their ears with the melody of Ways and Means. Just so would SIGNOR MARIO postpone his appearance in a new character in case he had the misfortune of being attacked with diphtheria. This consideration suggests an improvement on the present plan of revealing the proposed financial measures of Government to the House of Commons. Instead of being merely declaimed, let the Budget in future be sung. By a judicious mixture of air and recitative, it would not only be rendered additionally agreeable to the ear, but the pleasure of hearing it would be prolonged considerably beyond the short term of four hours. The sweet sounds announcing increased taxation would be as sugar to a bitter pill. In future, therefore, let statesmen who desire to qualify themselves for the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, study tuneful numbers as well as common arithmetic; and let that important office be filled, if possible, by a gifted tenor.

WONDERS OF MACHINERY.

ONE of the advantages which England owes to a free Press may be said to be an unlimited power of calico-printing. On this branch of typography, as influenced by science, a lecture was delivered the other evening at the Royal Institution by PROFESSOR F. CRACE CALVERT, concluding with the subjoined statement:—

"The extent to which calico-printing in this country is already carried, may be conceived from the fact that in 1858, the number of yards of printed calico exported would reach twice round the Globe."

The machinery of SHAKSPEARE'S *Tempest* includes an engine, so to speak, named

Ariel, capable of putting a girdle round the earth in forty minutes. The cotton machinery of Manchester, and our other manufacturing towns, is not as yet able to perform that miracle: but we may infer, from the fact above stated, that it is equal to putting a calico bandage round this planet in six months.

THE MOUNTEBANK MEMBER.

Respectfully Dedicated to SIR ROBERT PEEL, principal Low Comedian at the New House in Westminster.

OH, have you read the last debate,
On our swingeing Army Estimate,
If you haven't, you'd better do so straight,
For the sake of the Mountebank Member—
His name it is SIR ROBERT PEEL,
And for tickling the House from head to heel,
As he runs his patter off the reel,
There's none like the Mountebank Member!
Laughing, chaffing, poking fun—
Through the comic gamut he's game to run,
From the last bit of gag to the oldest pun—
As stale and as dry as a last week's bun—
There's BERNAL OSBORNE's great at chaff,
And VIVIAN can "mug" you out of a laugh,
But both together can't come it half
So strong as the Mountebank Member!

Some think the House of Commons a place
Unsuited for gag and grin and grimace—
But for such old fogies who cares an ace?
"Not I," says the Mountebank Member!
"I'm not the man to win respect;
The 'tother line I rather affect;
So the ROBSON business I select"—
"Here we are!" cries the Mountebank Member!
Slapping, rapping, left and right;
At MISTER SPEAKER "taking a sight;"
It's equal to TOM MATHEWS quite,
Except that he don't wear red and white.—
Some night to the cry of "Bravo, ROUSE!"
The choker of private life he'll dowse,
And go head over heels on the floor of the House,
And for Somerset claim to be Member!

The first SIR ROBERT, he made an estate,
By spinning of yarns at a wonderful rate,
And the second SIR ROBERT was famed in debate—
And the third is the Mountebank Member!
He, like his grandsire, a yarn can spin;
And if his father State-laurels could win,
Why, he'll earn his wreath, by a horse-collar grin—
Will SIR ROBERT the Mountebank Member.
As high as the donkey for two more browns,
He soars above all rival clowns,
And in case the House of Commons frowns,
Like other mountebanks, tries the Downs—
For since in the Commons he looms so great,
No wonder that on the turf of late,
He has ventured to court Miss-Fortune and Fate,
The unfortunate Mountebank Member!

Perhaps he's laughed at his betters so long,
That he thinks at that game he can't go wrong:
But you may find your mistake ere long—
My fast-stepping Mountebank Member!
For at that which you like so much—horse-play—
The paternal guineas may melt away,
Ere FREDERIC ROBINSON you can say,
Then, alas! for the Mountebank Member!
Needy, seedy, out of luck:
Left the hindmost in the ruck,
His brazen head he'll have to duck,
Till under a cloud it's piteously stuck—
And then, alas! a long eclipse
To the puns and patter, and cranks and quips,
That now flow sparkling from the lips,
Of SIR ROBERT the Mountebank Member!

CONFESSION OF A WHISKEY DRINKER.—"Scotland, with all thy faults, I love thy Still."



THE BOY FOR OUR MONEY.

DIZ. "BETTER LET *ME* CARRY IT FOR YER, SIR!"

JOHN BULL. "NEVER AGAIN! I TRIED YOU BEFORE."



MR. BULL ENLARGING HIS BUSINESS.

MR. JOHN BULL, having lately been obliged to incur an enormous outlay in consequence of the necessity of making the vast repairs and alterations requisite for the defence and security of his Extensive Premises, is sensible that his object of reimbursing himself will be most speedily and certainly effected by an unlimited expansion of his gigantic Business, in all its numerous and important branches. He has accordingly come to the determination of devoting his whole energies to the prosecution of Trade, in defiance of all obstacles, and irrespectively of every other consideration. For the thorough accomplishment of this grand design, he is fully resolved to make the most tremendous sacrifices, at an immediate loss, which would be ruinous under ordinary circumstances. Accordingly it is his intention to adopt a system which will virtually be one of

ENTIRELY FREE IMPORTS,

regardless of reciprocity. He has also made up his mind to run every risk which may be involved in allowing the

Unlimited Exportation of Coal

and everything else, in pursuance of an agreement into which he has entered with his Majesty the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, which will also involve the unrestricted

ADMISSION OF FOREIGN WINE,

subject only to a slight duty for purposes of revenue, which will most likely be ultimately altogether repealed. By the same arrangement all French manufactures, Silks, Gloves, Works of Ornament and Luxury, will be taken on the same advantageous terms. To provide for the temporary deficiency which may be apprehended as the immediate consequence of a bold Commercial Policy, MR. BULL is fully prepared to submit to pay the awful penalty of a galling, oppressive, and inquisitorial Income-Tax amounting to the amazing, awful, and portentous figure of

TENPENCE IN THE POUND!

By the proof which he has thus afforded of his decided resolution to do Business on the largest and most liberal scale, MR. BULL hopes to secure the immensely increased custom of his European Patrons, and all Consumers in the other quarters of the Globe.

J. B. begs to state, that he has now nearly completed the Insurance of his Premises, which, beside the regular Police, are guarded by a numerous and effective force, consisting of his Young Men, by whose assistance he trusts to be enabled to repel attack as well as to defy competition.



A New Feature that will Shortly be Seen.

So numerous are the Divorces and Judicial Separations now becoming, that we should not be surprised to see them regularly inserted in the Papers every day amongst the *Births, Deaths, and Marriages*, taking up their place, with becoming modesty, after the latter. We throw out the notion for the benefit of any cheap paper that is anxious to bid largely for notoriety. What a fearful column, too, they would make every week in the *Observer*; and we have not the least doubt it would prove, especially to the friends and acquaintances of the parties implicated, a most attractive one. Borrowing the title of the *Colonne*, that stands with outstretched wings on the old Place de la Bastille, it might be called The Column of Liberty.

"CHAPLAIN, BUTLER, BRATS AND ALL."

Is there no mistake about the following advertisement, which appeared a day or two ago in the *Times*:—

BUTLER WANTED, an experienced middle-aged man, without encumbrance, for a large family, decided in his religious views (Evangelical). No nominal Christian need apply. Address A. B., 5, Soho Square, by letter, paid.

Surely there is some misprint. The Soho Square personage is made to ask for a Butler, but surely he means Chaplain. What is the connection between decided Evangelical views and the duties of the butler's pantry? Can only a Calvinist detect a corked bottle, and is an Arminian's nose dead to the aroma of Burgundy? Must one despise good works before one can appreciate good port, and is a belief that nine-tenths of one's acquaintances will be eternally unhappy necessary to keeping the cellar-book straight and airing the claret before dinner? Evidently there must be some mistake. A. B. cannot be such a fool as the advertisement would make him. We are the more inclined to think that he wants, or at least needs, a chaplain, to teach him a little of what is fitting, inasmuch as real Christians do not usually speak of Heaven's gift of little children as an "encumbrance." They remember something of a Book where children are mentioned in another way. Evidently A. B. has a right to have his advertisement corrected. By the way, what does he mean by saying he will have "no Nominal Christian?" Is the chaplain or butler, or whatever he may be, to represent himself as something else than a Christian? It may be so, for his proposed master A. B. certainly does the same in his advertisement. We don't know what sort of a cellar of wine A. B. may keep, but it strikes us that as MR. COMPTON said in a play, "his bottle of brains has suddenly come to the thicks."

ASTROLOGY IN QUEER STREET.

THE other day, in a report of the proceedings in the Insolvent Debtors' Court, there appeared a case under the alarming designation—

"IN RE FRANCIS MOORE."

What! everybody must have exclaimed on meeting the above name in such a position, is this the pass that things have come to with our old friend, FRANCIS MOORE, Physician? On further perusal, however, it appeared, to the relief of the reader, that—

"MR. SARGOOD applied to vacate proceedings, on the satisfactory plea that the debts were paid and satisfied."

Rejoicing, therefore, to find that FRANCIS MOORE has surmounted his difficulties, we suppose that Saturn has got out of conjunction with Mars, or some other equally malefic planet; and accordingly that FRANCIS MOORE, Physician, if he is the Physician, has got out of his scrape.

Income with a Difference.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER treats precarious income and permanent income, taken together for the purpose of taxation, as alike income simply and absolutely considered; whereas the truth is, that they are *incommensurate*.

PICKED UP AT THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS'.

WHY is a Syncretic's * tragedy like a blister? Because it draws only one night.

* We generously forbear printing the distinguished Syncretic's name.



THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPHIC DODGE.

ARTIST-PHOTOGRAPHIC (to Clerical Old Gentleman). "Here y' are, Sir; C'rrect Likeness warranted at this Establishment, Sir; Frame and Glass included, and Brandy and Water always on the Table!"

PAROCHIAL ANTHOLOGY.

In the clerical House of Commons, or Lower House of Convocation, at its last sitting, a reverend member brought forward a proposal which would be deserving of encouragement, if there were any hope that it could be satisfactorily accomplished. According to the Report of the proceedings of that venerable body:—

"ARCHDEACON SANDFORD, with the permission of the House, read a notice which he had placed upon the paper. It was to the effect, that his Grace the President be respectfully requested to appoint a committee of the Upper House to act with a committee of the Lower House for the preparation of a draft-book of hymns and a selection of psalms, which, if approved by Convocation, should be submitted to HER MAJESTY, with a view to its adoption in all churches and chapels that might be willing to receive it."

LORD BYRON once invoked a forty-parson power to enable him to sing on a certain subject. A committee of the Upper House of Convocation, and a committee of the Lower House of Convocation combined, would constitute a quantity of parson-power considerably above that which was desired by the noble bard. It is unlikely, however, that even the united parson-powers of the bishops and clergy will be sufficient for the preparation of a draft-book of hymns fit to be sung. Parson-power is one thing and poet-power is another thing. Hymns which are not poetry are doggerel. Hitherto the latter article has been almost the sole product of parson-power applied to versification. Parson-power may indeed succeed in making a selection of psalms from the Psalter, because that is a collection of poems in which a bad choice is impossible, the choice being supposed to be limited to the text pure and simple, uncorrupted and unturned into jingling rhymes by audacious dunces. It is to be hoped that in choosing psalms and hymns, parson-power will confine itself to the sphere of safety, and not appoint to be sung in churches a volume of inelegant extracts in bad verse, uninspired even by the Muse.

What's in a Name?

THE London Irish Volunteer Corps have been advertising for a target ground. Since then, we read that MR. ISAAC BUTT has been offering his services to the corps. In the absence of a target, they are foolish if they do not put up with a BUTT.

GOOD TITLE FOR A COTTON LORD.—LORD COTTENHAM.

SHALL WE SMOKE ON RAILWAYS?

MENACED, Mr. Punch is Boreas; entreated, he is Zephyr. When he reads in railway stations and carriages insolent *affiches*, commanding him not to Smoke (he delights in the weed), threatening him with fines and imprisonments, and holding up to him instances in which the Company has been down upon a smoker, he naturally lights up the largest cigar in his possession, blows a cloud into the face of the ticket clerk, sends the guard to buy him *fusées*, stalks up and down the platform in a cloud of fume, and on entering the carriage, hands round his cigar-case to every fellow-passenger. And in this course he intends to persevere wherever the Directors of a Railway presume to be impertinent. But when he found, on a recent journey on the Brighton and South Coast Line, such an appeal as this, he, like the pious ÆNEAS,—

"Rolled his eyes, and every moment felt His manly soul with more compassion melt."

Thus gently plead the Brighton Directors—

"In consequence of the numerous and increasing Complaints of Smoking in the Carriages on the line, the Directors have resolved to appeal to their Passengers on the subject."

Very right, indeed. The passengers, and not any whimsical or arbitrary officials, are the proper tribunal of appeal in such a matter. This is truly constitutional, and in the spirit of Magna Charta, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL himself would approve the course. Such an introduction prepossesses the reader in favour of the appeal. Let us proceed—

"The Directors feel assured that if those who thus disregard the Regulations of this and every other Railway, framed in this respect to secure the general convenience, were aware of the discomfort and annoyance they inflict on the great majority of Passengers, not only while Tobacco is smoked, but from the Carriages being rendered offensive to those who travel in them at other times, they would refrain from doing so during the short period occupied by the journeys on this line."

Mr. Punch begs to assure the courteous Directors that he is quite aware of the discomfort and annoyance the anti-smoking Regulations

of that and every other railway inflict on the great majority of passengers; as truly stated by the grammatical construction of the above lines. He is also aware that this is not what the Directors mean, but the reverse thereof. They mean to say that most people do not like smoking, and that the carriages in which smoking has taken place smell disagreeably. Now, he takes leave to contest the first proposition, and will do so on statistical grounds. Referring to an abstract of a Blue Book before him, and turning to the Customs accounts for one year (MR. CHARLES KNIGHT is responsible for the figures, and he is never wrong), he finds that the very largest item of all that go to make up the Twenty odd millions of income is the duty on imported Tobacco. Even miserable Tea—that contemptible mess which duchesses take before dinner, and other women whenever they can get it with chatter—produces less than the noble Tobacco—nay, here are the figures:—

| | |
|-----------------------------------|------------|
| Tobacco, stemmed | £2,246,465 |
| Unstemmed | 2,888,490 |
| Manufactured, and Snuff | 119,338 |
| | £5,254,293 |

Upwards of Five Millions of Pounds paid upon the article which "most persons" do not like. Five Millions of Pounds, and this for duty only, mind, to which we must add the rest of the price of the article, if we would know what the Smoker pays. But let us leave it at Five Millions of Sovereigns. Now, how many people travel on Railroads in England? Mr. Punch refers to another Parliamentary abstract. Taking the first and second classes for the year—he omits the third, because, notoriously, the unfortunate third class would all smoke if they might, to comfort themselves in their pens—the numbers are:—

| | |
|------------------|-------------|
| First | 6,771,060 |
| Second | 16,935,203 |
| | £23,706,363 |

Twenty-three millions of passengers, or rather of journeys, for every

journey is counted, and a commercial traveller may be 100 in the above number, while MR. TENNYSON'S clerk that went out of town, and dreamed, may be 2. Well, knock off about half for women, whose opinion is not wanted on a tobacco question, or any other. There are twelve millions of passengers. Knock off a million of the Five sovereigns for people who take tobacco but don't travel, and you have four millions of sovereigns paid for tobacco by railway travellers. Now, Mr. Punch requests the Directors' attention. They assume that most passengers don't like baccy? Do they mean to say that a lesser number than Six millions of passengers contribute the enormous sum of four millions for their weeds? Bosh, bother, bah, bo, bee! Are we mad—is the world mad? If figures mean anything, they prove, in an extra-GLADSTONIAN and irrefragable manner, that at least 8 out of every 10 railway travellers hunger and thirst for the Weed. As for the smell that is left in carriages where people have smoked, he does not deny that it is disagreeable for the moment, but if the Directors had the carriages properly aired, and a few pastiles or some of PESSE AND LUBIN'S fumigating ribbon burned in them every morning, the inconvenience would be scarcely perceptible. So we go on again:—

“The Directors invite the co-operation of Passengers, in discountenancing Smoking in the Carriages, and they trust that any who have without due consideration for others, evaded the Regulations of the Company, will abstain from a practice which interferes with the general comfort, and thus relieve the Directors from the necessity of protecting the travelling Public from inconvenience, by resorting to any other course than this appeal to the good feeling and sense of propriety of those to whom it is addressed.”

As regards the Short Time plea in the penultimate paragraph, the Brighton line has certainly more right to make it than any other Company, for the time is short, and the travelling is exceedingly rapid and

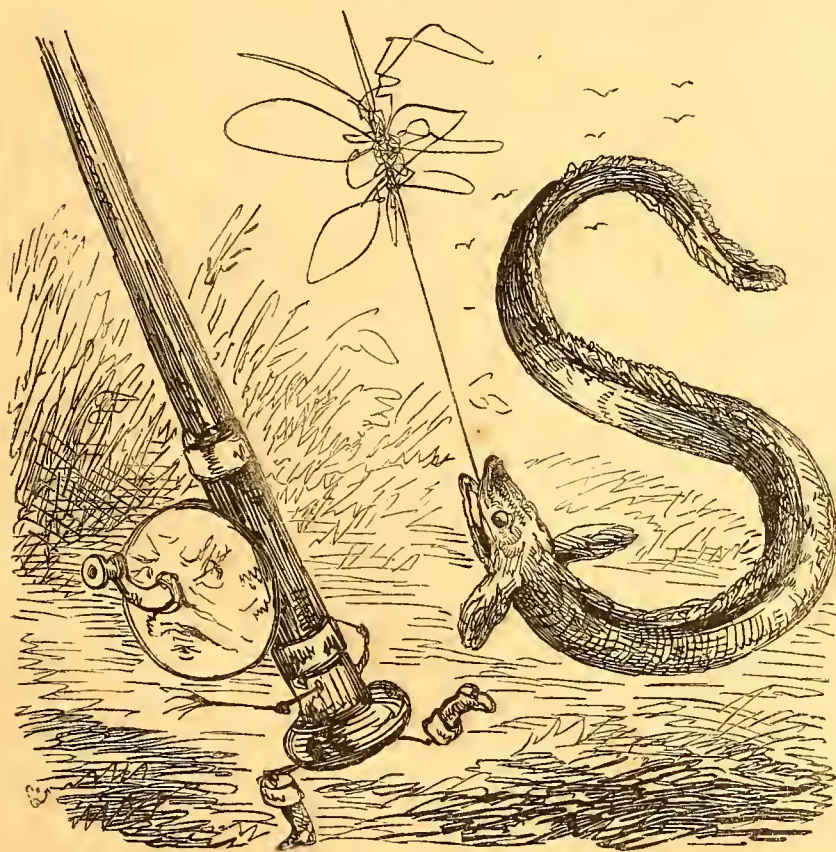
creditably regular. But even the flying express makes an hour of it, and who can go without a cigar for a whole hour? If the Directors of one of the very best lines in the world find it impossible to prevent passengers from resorting to the Nicotian Consoler, is not the case very strong against the prohibitory movement? If one cannot do without a weed while the Brighton engine is tearing away with one like a fiery dragon mad with terror at being threatened with having *Proverbial Philosophy* read to him, how can one exist without the baccy, while the Eastern Counties is drawing away into the fens, or the Great Western is taking about three hours, on Sundays, to do about thirty miles. Therefore the courteous Directors need not hint at “any other course” than courtesy. They might as well attempt to put down sneezing, by a bye-law, as smoking. Especially will not English people be dictated to in a matter which should be one of free will, and the more it is sought to prevent smoking, the more will the carriages be found unpleasantly odorous.

Therefore, recognising the extreme politeness and good taste of the Brighton Directors' Appeal, and admitting that it does credit to a Board of Gentlemen, who look on the public as their friends to be conveyed, not as their victims to be fleeced, Mr. Punch is compelled to say that even this meritorious attempt to please low-church parsons, old fogies, and women, will not do. The real remedy is

A SMOKING SALOON.

When this is established, Mr. Punch himself will be the first to spy out, inform on, and if need, collar and kick anybody who even mentions tobacco in an ordinary carriage. Till then, *Fumus, Gloria Mundi*, wherever a fellow-passenger raises no objection.

LEGAL STREET-SHOWS.



SENTIMENTALISTS who sigh for the departed “good old times,” and grieve that England is not now the “merry England” that it used to be, may derive some consolation from perusal of the following, which describes a scene at Appleby on the morning of Shrove Tuesday:—

“The ordinary routine and parade which accompany the judges as part of the high sheriff's office and duty in providing javelin men as escort and to keep order in Court, and trumpeters to announce the coming of the judges, were here enlivened by the high sheriff, MR. MATTHEW BENSON HARRISON, having dressed his javelin men and trumpeters in the costume of CHARLES THE FIRST. The men appeared dressed in leathern doublets with blue velvet sleeves slashed with white silk, blue velvet breeches, high buff buckskin turnover

boots, sombrero hats buttoned up at one side, and ornamented each with a long blue and white feather, and crossbelts with large buckles suspending old-fashioned large-handled swords; a red sash round the waist completed their costume. The trumpeters wore grey hats looped up; in other respects the same dress. The javelins also were very formidable, antique-looking weapons. Most of the men were handsome, tall young fellows; and so decked out, as they marched before the judges down the old-fashioned street of the town on a bright frosty morning, the tops of their javelins glittering in the sunshine, and the gay long feathers in their hats waving in the wind, they carried back the mind to the days of the cavaliers, and certainly formed a very picturesque and, in these days of unadorned utility in dress, a very unusual sight.”

The inhabitants of Appleby (and those in petticoats especially) ought certainly to pass a vote of thanks to their high sheriff for giving them this glimpse into the ancient books of fashion, and allowing them the privilege of seeing, gratis, such a show. Decked out as they were, the “handsome tall young fellows” must have found especial favour in the female eyes which gazed on them, and their quaint and antique dresses must have formed a pleasing contrast to the “unadorned utility” of modern masculine apparel. The turnover buff boots doubtless quite took the shine out of the blacked highlow called “Balmoral;” and the sombrero hats with feathers must have made all the bystanders who wore the chimney-pot chapeau groan with mingled agonies of jealousy and grief.

Judging from the taste which MR. MATTHEW BENSON HARRISON displayed in the selection of the costumes of his corps, we can't help thinking him related to his operative namesake, from whose wardrobe the dresses may have come. But be this so or not, we think that his *costumerie*

reflects the greatest credit on him, and we very much applaud him for that which he has done. Street-shows are in general most melancholy failures, but that at Appleby was certainly a very marked success; and the High Sheriff is deserving of the highest commendation for the way in which he catered to entertain the public. Any one who anyhow does anything to dissipate the dulness of a country town has a claim to be esteemed a benefactor to his species, and if the town of Appleby do not erect a statue to him, we shall consider MR. HARRISON has been bilked of his deserts.

A Grand Transformation Scene.

AT Christmas time, every Theatre has its Grand Transformation Scene. This year they have been grander, more beautiful, than usual.

But, without exception, the most startling, if not precisely the grandest, Transformation Scene this year has been that of turning the theatres into churches and chapels! The Beadle's Staff has achieved a greater wonder than Harlequin's Wand.

Colouring the Truth.

WE are told on one hand, that Truth lies at the bottom of a well. On the other hand, the Latin proverb informs us, that there is “*In Vino Veritas*.” Probably the contradiction may be reconciled, by supposing that the Wine when there is Truth in it, has been largely mixed with water drawn from the Well that is the fixed abode of *Veritas*. We should not mind if wine merchants never put anything worse into their wine. We only wish that all adulteration were as harmless.

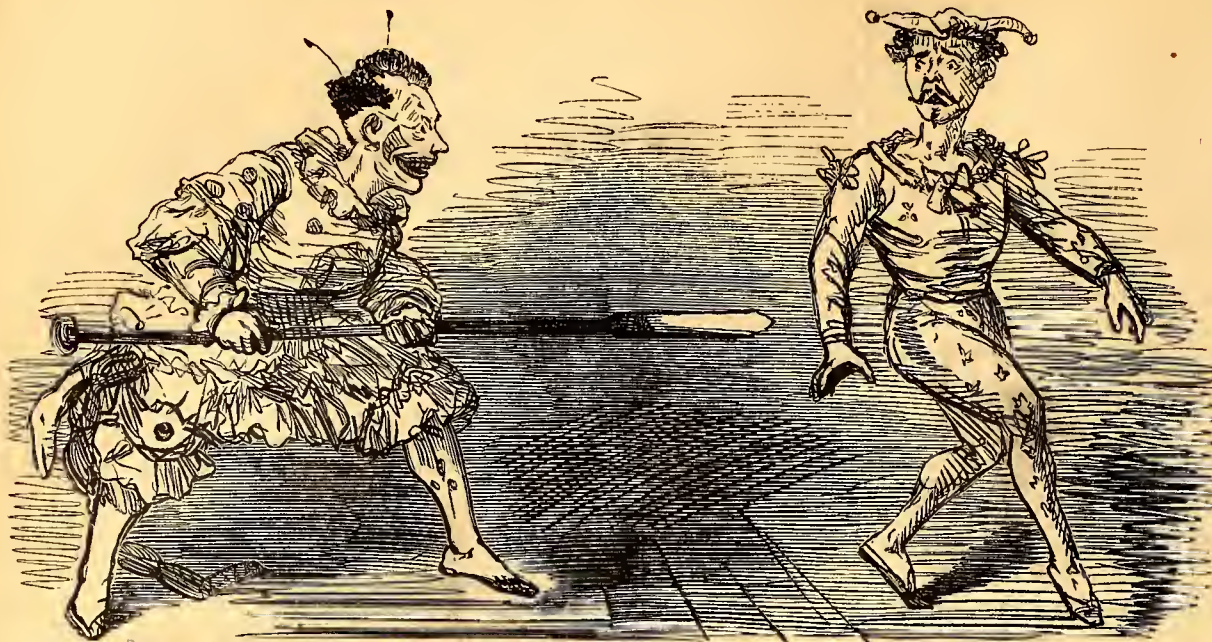
XX-Chequers.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has yielded to the pressure of the Great Brewers as represented by the London publicans, and withdrawn the licenses to Eating-house keepers. Surely the vendor of “One o' mutton thoroughly done” is more of a *Victualler* than the retailer of THICK AND SLAB'S ENTIRE?

WHY should any one afflicted with defective legs turn clergyman?

Because he would cease to be a layman (*lame 'un*).

A GOOD OLD COMIC CLOWN WANTED.



“MR. PUNCH, SIR,

“I WANT to say a word or two upon what seems to me a matter of great national importance, and as the nation reads your paper more than any other, it is naturally to you that I am tempted to address myself. Sir, the subject I allude to, is the marked decline of Pantomime, and the gradual extinction of the good old Comic Clown, and if this be not a matter of importance to the nation, I shall be obliged to it to tell me one that is.

“In my young days a pantomime, Sir, strictly *was* a pantomime: a tale, that is, ‘exhibited in gesture and in dumb show;’ it is thus great DOCTOR JOHNSON in his wisdom has defined it, and there then was no departure from the meaning of the word. The tale which was presented was always one of Love, and showing how the course of it never doth run smooth. A good and evil fairy used their influence through the Opening, and at the end of it the good one transformed the faithful lovers into harlequin and columbine, and sent them dancing happily towards the Bowers of Bliss: while to worry them by the way, clown and pantaloone were summoned by the crutch of the bad fairy, and respectively emerged from the clothes of the Cruel Father, and of the Rich and Ugly Suitor who had had his ears boxed. To save him from these persecutors, the good fairy then gave harlequin his magic cap and wand, the former making him invisible, while the latter gave him power to perform his fairy tricks, whereby he was enabled to punish his pursuers, and keep himself and columbine safe out of their clutch.

“Well, Sir, I need not say how we have changed all this, nor how much, to my thinking, we have changed it for the worse. What story there is now-a-days is no longer told in dumb show; I suppose our pantomimists are not clever enough for that. Conversation is no longer carried on by gesture, or in cases of extreme emergency by scrolls. Instead of this, burlesque writers are paid to put bad puns in very much worse verse, and with this mixture are the public nightly dosed, without, I think, their being very much the better for it. Moreover, Sir, the fairies are of far less account now than they were, and their influence on the love-tale is not half so well defined. Indeed, our children’s faith in them must oft be sadly shaken, by seeing the good fairy do the bad one’s work, and having helped the lovers to their happy change of life, change their persecutors also to continue to torment them. Then, on the principle of quantity making up for quality, pantomimists now-a-days appear in ‘double companies;’ so that besides a brace of harlequins and columbines, we get a pair of pantaloons and a couple of bad clowns. Novel nondescripts called ‘sprites,’ too, come bounding on unbidden, and twist and twirl about until one’s brain whirls at the sight of them: while, to put a climax on these modern improprieties, there sometimes comes a creature called a Harlequina, whose ears, if I were Columbine, I certainly should box!

“But to my mind, Sir, by far the worst part of the business is that the Hot Poker is now virtually abolished, and the good old Comic Clown has ceased almost to exist. It is true that the hot poker still lingers on some stages, but alas! in modern hands it is a dull and pointless instrument. No longer is it heated in the fire of ancient wit, no longer is it used to poke a joke with any point in it. But ah! your good old Comic Clown, Sir, could wield it to some purpose. In his hands it was always safe to bring the house down. Every time he used it he was sure to get a roar. When he tickled pantaloone with it, I have split my sides with laughing, and have nearly died to see him take it up by the hot end and try to put it in his pocket. What fun there was moreover in the way in which he walked; his hands in his wide pockets (like our young swells with their ‘pegtops’), and his toes so much turned in that one fancied he was born so, and that an act of surgery would be required to turn them out. How comically clever too he always was in thieving, and in making his excuse when detected in the act! Your modern clown steals things as though they really were his own, or at least as if he had a perfect right to take them. He does his highway robberies with brutal force and clumsiness, and thinks all the fun consists in the amount of cuffs he gives people.

“But not so did GRIMALDI, and those good old-fashioned clowns who studied in his school. When they picked a pocket they did it like a pick-pocket, and showed plainly that they feared the law was at their heels. They preached too quite a sermon on the silliness of thieving, in the tortures which they suffered through possession of their plunder, and their ineffective struggles to conceal it. Many a budding thief, I think, must have been deterred from blossoming, by seeing how GRIMALDI was worried with the warming-pan he had contrived to steal, but couldn’t make away with: how in despair he’d try to hide it in his all-pouching pocket, and what an utter fool he looked when, having left the handle out, he was dragged away to prison by it.

“But, alas! Poor JOEY YORICK! thy shade no longer visits us. Thy mantle hath long since

been torn to bits by rival clowns, and scarcely a square inch of it on any of them (if we except, perhaps, MR. LECLERQ at the Haymarket) is visible. Almost the last shred I have seen was on the shoulders of TOM MATTHEWS; but TOM is now Old TOM, and cannot play the fool with such spirit as he could. I saw him t’other day (another new-fangled idea! they play pantomimes by day, now!) in *Jack and the Beanstalk*, but he was only man enough to take the part of an old woman, and I fear he won’t again appear in his clown’s petticoats. He sang “*Hot Codlins*” in a way, though, that made me mindful of the past, and his efforts to amuse me were vastly more successful than those of MR. FLEXMORE, who later in the piece did his best (or worst) to imitate him. MR. F., I fancy, is a student in the French school, which as a Briton I, of course, put far below the British. To my thinking, French clownism partakes less of the comic than the acrobatic element: and as I like to go to theatres not to wonder but to laugh, I confess that I prefer our good old English style of fooling. Clowns like MR. FLEXMORE are agile and can dance; but to my mind a mere posturer is not a pantomimist, and dancing hornpipes is no more the business of a clown than singing nigger-songs is the vocation of a bishop.

“No, no, *Mr. Punch*. Our good old Comic Clown is a British institution, and *Monsieur Pierrot* must not be permitted to supplant him. If we allow this innovation, we shall next find that our pantomimes are ‘taken from the French,’ and that, Sir, to my thinking, would eternally disgrace us. A pantomime at Christmas is a good old English dish, and ought to be served up in the good old English fashion. The clown should do his antics after the antique, and not attempt to flavour them with any modern French sauce. I have no wish to see *bouilli* take the place of our roast beef, and would as soon employ a foreigner to get me up a pantomime, as I would hire a French cook to make me a plum pudding. Your *Pierrot* can grimace and kick his legs about, I grant; but my palate has been trained to relish good substantial English jokes, and I own I have no liking for *Pierrot’s* foreign kick-shaws. Give me, I say, the fine old JOE GRIMALDI style of clowning, and let me still enjoy my butter slide and my hot poker. Gorgeous transformation scenes will never, to my taste, supply the want of tricks; nor will a scanty diet of what should be fun and frolic be made up for by a glut of what is now bad gas and glitter.

“I remain, Sir, yours,

“AN ENGLISHMAN, AND ONE OF THE OLD SORT.”

A Jewel that should be Universally Worn.

TEMPERANCE, like a diamond of the first water, shines more brilliantly the better it is cut. With a man the reverse holds good: he ceases to shine the moment he gets “*cut*.”

RUINED ENGLAND!

(An Article intended for the "Morning Tizer.")



ELAS! OUR worst fears have been realised. Her enemies have triumphed, and England, erstwhile "merry," sitteth groaning in despair. Aristocratic Nonchalance, in league with classic Imbecility hath, as we predicted, turned traitor in the camp, and thrown open the gates to let in the invader. The dotard PALMERSTON, in concert with the dull and drivelling GLADSTONE, hath done the dastard's deed for which Posterity will damn him, and e'en Antiquity would, if it had but known it, joined the curse!

Alas! Yes, it is too true. Government have carried

their reduction of the wine duties, and the trade in British beer and British brandy therefore dies. While we write, the French invasion of cheap wines has begun. Their light clarets are trooping to supplant our "heavy wet." Thin Bordeaux is coming to knock down our bottled stout, and rot-gut Roussillon will wave the spigot over prostrate BASS. ALLSOPP'S ale will fall ne'er more to rise again (in price). REID will soon be shaken by the ill wind of adversity. WHITBREAD & Co.'s Entire will be entirely swept away, and not a drop remain upspilt of TRUMAN'S half and half. BARCLAY will take refuge in the Courts of Basinghall Street, and over head and ears in trouble will be CHARRINGTON and HEAD. MEUX'S double X will be X-tinguished by Médoc, while the frenzied friends of Free Trade will in bad French cry, "*tant Meux!*"

And is this—let us gravely ask our readers—is this nothing? Do you call it nothing to destroy the British nation?—by depriving it of health and wealth, nay, everything but name? For that the budget will be nationally the death of us, who doubts? Rob a Briton of his beer, and you rob him of his life. You take away his stamina, if you take away his stout. To substitute sour claret for sweet wholesome malt and hops, would be, at a blow, to break his staff of life, and sap the very bulwarks of the British constitution!

Yet this is what the enemies of England have been doing; and fools, to quote the poet—

"Have werry much applauded them,
For what they've been and done."

Little think they of the consequences of this rash, this awful act! Little think they that they've mined the deep foundations of the State, and dealt BRITANNIA a home-thrust which she for ages hence must stagger under. Little reckon they that our soldiers will lose their pith and pluck, and our sailors get as watery and weak as their French drinks; that our navies will ere long become as nerveless as our navvies, and our armies be deprived of e'en the strength to use their legs. Thinned by thin sour wine, our forces soon will be our weaknesses. True Britons, it is well known, subsist mainly upon beer; and if they cannot keep their pecker up, goodbye to their pluck.

As we are addressing a moneyed class of men, we consider less their pleasures than we do their pockets. Else might we dilate on the deliciousness of Beer, and the delights which it bestows upon the minds which truly relish it. *Dulce est desippere.* Sweet it is to sip, and yet more delectable is it to drink deeply of. Nor is its nutrition of less note than its niceness. As PLATO well remarks in the second of his *Georgics*, "*Siney Bacco friget Venus*, which, we need not tell our readers, means that malt and hops invigorate the body, *Baccus* being, as all know, the classic synonym for Beer.

And alas! this mind-improving, muscle-fortifying beverage are we going to exchange for some few hogsheads of vile hog-swill! Well, "What must be, must," as SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet* hath it. But the game of the French Emperor may be seen with half an eye by any one, like us, who is not blinded, ay, and hoodwinked, by the spectacles of Office. When his clarets have invaded us, his cavalry will follow them, and in our beerless and brainless state an easy conquest will be possible. After giving us his bottles, he will come and give us battle, and then woe betide the dupes and dotards who have trusted him! The Sun of England will set, and her fair daughters be left brotherless. The flaunting flag of Liberty, of Britons long the boast, no more will flutter o'er the sea that girls our native coast! The Gallic Cock will crow on this side of the Channel, while 'neath the paw of the French poodle will the British lion crouch, and whine pulingly for mercy with his tail between his legs, however much the 'Tizer may try to get his monkey up.

A "MASTER OF THE HORSE."—MR. RAREY.

RIGHTS OF LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

WE hear a great deal about the Rights of Women; and it seems to be taken for granted, that there are certain rights which women in general agree in claiming for themselves. Some difference, however, as to what are and are not the rights of women, appears to prevail among the ladies of Aylesbury in Buckinghamshire. In the House of Lords we find, on the one hand, that—

"LORD DUNGANNON presented a petition, signed by 300 women of Aylesbury and its immediate neighbourhood, against any measure for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister. He assured their lordships that the strongest repugnance prevailed among the women of England to any change in the law; and the present petition was only one out of many hundreds with which their table would before long be inundated. He trusted that any measure which might be introduced into their lordships' House for effecting a change in the law would meet with the same fate as its predecessors."

Whereupon, on the other hand,

"LORD WODEHOUSE presented a petition from 428 women of Aylesbury and 145 women of Cheltenham, in favour of the legalisation of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. He was confident that the majority of the women in the country were anxious that the law should be altered, and he trusted that any measure which would be introduced for that purpose would be carried."

The ladies of Aylesbury appear to be as completely at variance touching the Rights of Women in one particular, as their respective champions, LORDS DUNGANNON and WODEHOUSE are about those of men in the corresponding respect. The ladies, on the one side, demand the right of being allowed to marry their deceased sisters' husbands. Those on the other demand the right of continuing not to be allowed to marry the husbands of their deceased sisters. In like manner the lords are divided as to the Rights of Men; one noble lord requiring for them the right to marry a deceased wife's sister, the other the right of being kept under restraint from doing any such thing. It may almost be imagined that two parties of divines, who differ as to a point of Christian morality, have been severally illustrating that edifying fact by getting up an agitation in Aylesbury amongst the ladies on the subject of their dissension, and have so far, happily, succeeded as to divide them into two sects represented, respectively, by LORD DUNGANNON and EARL WODEHOUSE.

Does it not occur to LORD DUNGANNON and the ladies whose cause he espouses, that the marriage of a lady with her deceased sister's husband, and that of a widower with his deceased wife's sister are not ceremonies which it is proposed to make obligatory on widowers and surviving sisters? The noble lord and his clients have the right of refusing to contract such marriages if they please; cannot they be content with that, and with minding their own business?

INTERNATIONAL DUET.

AIR—"*The Cobbler and the Tinker.*"

"Now we're met, let's merry be!"
Says the English to the French-man:
"Let's put aside all enmity,
And act with common sense, man!
I'll bring coal—"

French. And I'll bring wine;

English. My freight be iron—

French. Silk be mine.

Both. { And, we'll have no offence, man.
{ Nay, we'll have no offence, man!

French. The ships of war I've lately made
You thought were for invasion;
I'll charter them for peaceful trade,
For which there's more occasion.
So if you bring iron, I'll bring wine.

English. And if your freight's silk, let coal be mine.

Both. { And this be our invasion,
{ Our mutual invasion!

[*Exeunt, arm in arm, smoking the cigar of peace, and dancing the cachouca of delight.*]

A Canvas-Backed Duck.

LORD GAINSBOROUGH'S son, LORD CAMPDEN, has been soundly beaten by MR. DEASY in the contest for Cork County. The awful look of dismay put on by CAMPDEN, when he found that the Priests could not seat him, has caused him to be christened "GAINSBOROUGH'S Blue Boy."

THE LICENSING SYSTEM.—The Big Brewer is a Vulture, and the Unpaid Magistrate instrumental to his rapacity is that Vulture's Beak.



A MERE TRIFLE.

STARTLED VISITOR. "Hullo!—Why, look here!—Why, I say, Stodge!—why!"
 STODGE. "Oh! it's nothing, Old Fellow.—All right,—only the Chimney on fire!"

MILLINERY AND MECHANICS.

IN the window of a dressmaker's shop in Bond Street there is a comical picture giving three views of a fine lady, in the elegant and simple costume of the period, exhibiting the use and application of an invention named "L'Impératrice," by reason that it is said to be worn by the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, otherwise and in the vulgar tongue called a Dress-Holder. It has the appearance of a small rake—the handle of which is held, or hooks on to the waist; the teeth, or whatever answers their purpose, being hitched in the skirts. Next to making dresses of a convenient length, this is perhaps the most commodious contrivance for keeping them up out of the dirt.

If, however, appearance were consulted without regard to a little additional expense, the office of the Dress-Holder might be more splendidly accomplished by means of a small winch or windlass attached to a girdle or waist-ribbon, and carrying a silk line with a weight and a hook at the end of it, by means whereof the dress might be hoisted up or let down at

pleasure. The winch being made of gold jewelled with a variety of precious stones, and the hook and weight also composed of the most valuable of the metals, would render the contrivance ornamental in some degree higher perhaps than that of its utility. Moreover a proper addition would be made to the present very moderate cost of ladies' dresses, which is much too closely accommodated to the meanness of husbands and fathers. If one winch would not suffice, two might be employed; and the process of winding and unwinding them would constitute a new study for those who delight in giving their mind to the observation of feminine actions.

PARODIES FOR POLITICIANS.

I.

AIR—"A Bumper of Burgundy."

A GLASS of cheap Burgundy, fill, fill for me;
 Drink, you who can stand it, Champagne.
 But whatever the price, wine expensive must be,
 Whilst precarious incomes we gain.
 And now, when forbidden for want to lay by,
 A man's saddest feelings distress him,
 "Income-Tax on Hard Earnings for Ever!"
 we'll cry:
 MR. GLADSTONE'S good health—and bless him!

All you who are now closer still to be shorn,
 Of all you should save in the year,
 With an "ignorant patience" you're told you
 have borne
 Taxation unjust and severe.
 Such patience denotes the long-suffering Ass;
 'Tis safe to defraud and oppress him;
 Submissive, succumbing, then toss off the glass:
 MR. GLADSTONE'S good health—and bless him!

II.

AIR—"Oh! Say not Woman's Heart."

OH! say not Income's Tax is fair,
 A just and gentle measure,
 A load which poor men do not bear,
 That saddles men of treasure.
 All's one to those whose dividend,
 Or rent, with wealth supply them,
 If you tax what they have to spend,
 Or tax what that will buy them.

Both high and low Taxation spares,
 The class between to diddle,
 That one its burden chiefly bears;
 The workers in the middle:
 Against old age and loss to guard,
 It frustrates their endeavour
 Whom Schedule D, unfair and hard,
 Will grind—and grind for ever!

AN IMPORTANT DUTY.

IN the debate on the Customs' Act, MR. BENTINCK, when the Chairman reached the article of "apples," is reported to have declared, with a considerable deal of misplaced passion, that—

"The duty of apples was one of considerable importance."

However, to Members who partake of MR. BENTINCK'S crabbed factiousness, we should have thought that the duty of throwing apples of discord, whenever their party fancied they could gain anything by the move, was a much more important one. To MR. DISRAELI, for instance, we should think that such a duty would be as dear as the apple of his eye.

A NEW READING OF AN OLD PROVERB.

BY BENTINCK TO PAXTON.

"WHAT'S sauce for the land, is sauce for the silk-mill."



SEVERE.

Old Lady. "AH THIN, BAD LUCK TO YE, GRIGORY! WHERE'S YER MANNERS? ONE WOULD THINK YE WAS IN A GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE, STANDIN BEFORE THE FIRE WITH YER COAT-TAILS UP, AND LADIES PRESENT TOO!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday. LORD BROUGHAM, always true to his humane instincts, brought before the Lords the case of the young children employed in Bleach Works. It is a cruel one. Infants of seven and eight years old are at work for eighteen hours, and are sometimes four nights without sleep. The brutalities by which the poor little children are kept sufficiently awake for the purposes of their task-masters are shocking. Years ago, when the cruelties of the climbing-boy trade were exposed in the Lords, a noble lord told a good story, made their lordships laugh, and by getting the Bill thrown over for a year, left a new batch of children to the mercies of the Sweep. There was nothing of this kind to-night, and LORD GRANVILLE promised information. He will be good enough to remember that LORD BROUGHAM has tendered information, which proves that our friend Mammon is, as usual, doing the work of Moloch.

Three Hundred Aylesbury women petitioned against the Wife's Sister's Marriage Bill, and Four Hundred and Fifty-Eight other Aylesbury Women petitioned in favour of it. The question seems to interest the Vale.

The Lion-hearted King is to be set up in Trafalgar Square as soon as a pedestal can be got ready, but nobody could say when the Lions will be put up. However, all in good time; RICHARD died some years before HORATIO, and in a few centuries it will doubtless come to the latter's turn to be served.

The Commons got upon the Budget, and the Wine was passed. Some of the Members made wry faces. MR. MILNES kindly trying to give what may be called a "backhander" to those who have already bottles in their hands, failed in his generous endeavour for the *Vinum generosum*. There was a great dispute as to how wine was to be tested, and the only wonder was, that MR. NEWDEGATE did not take the opportunity of pleasing Exeter Hall by moving, that for the purpose of testing the Body in wine, we should restore the Test and Corporation Acts.

Tuesday. LORD CLANRICARDE thinks the Irish Police much too handsome and soldierly to be good Constables. This is matter of opinion. But when his Lordship tried to strengthen his case by stating that crime had increased in Ireland, it was civilly explained to him by the DUKE OF SOMERSET that he was stating what was ridiculously untrue, as the Irish were breaking themselves very rapidly and

meritoriously of the habit of murder, and were contenting themselves with assaults, batteries, and other milder amusements.

MR. POPE HENNESSY, M.P., who had been ordered to serve on a Railway Committee, bolted to Ireland, at the orders of the Priests, to assist in the opposition to the election of the new Irish Attorney-General, in every respect an excellent Catholic gentleman, but who is hateful to the Ultramontanists, because he belongs to a Cabinet that is hateful to the POPE. So the Priests of Cork county set up a helpless Lord called CAMPDEN, and have been working like mad to get him in. MR. HENNESSY was commanded off to help, and what could he do? His absence from the Railway Committee cost "the parties" £400; but what of that, when Father O'Horsewhip is bellowing for a spachemaker? We are sorry for the parties, but not that the Priests' Tool System should be exposed. This is a natural place to note that the Papists were extraordinarily well thrashed by the Catholics, aided by the Protestants, and that MR. DEASY beat the silly Lord by a very large majority. ARCHBISHOP WHATELEY sends *Mr. Punch* this:—

"We know nought of POPE HENNESSY'S
Birthplace, or Genesis,
But awfully vexed at us
POPE made his Exodus."

SIR ROBERT PEEL has been making desperate efforts to efface the memory of his mountebank speech against the Volunteers, and has been holding forth two or three times about Savoy, a place of which it is barely possible he may know something, as he was our *chargé* in Switzerland for four years. To-night he made one of these speeches, in support of MR. KINGLAKE, and in protest against the views of LOUIS NAPOLEON. LORD JOHN made a mystifying kind of answer, knowing quite well that in forty-eight hours the EMPEROR was going to declare in his Speech to the Chambers that he meant to have the Slope of the Alps.

More Budget. A fight over Apples, and then over Corks, but MR. GLADSTONE vanquished. MR. BENTINCK put himself in a rage about the Treaty with France, and also declared that "the Sword was the only thing that would cut the Gordian Knot." He is entirely misinformed, and we are authorised to state, that if he will apply to MR. RICHARD BENTLEY, the honourable Member will learn that the Paper-knife will answer the purpose much better.

Wednesday. A debate on a meritorious but defective Bill for establishing Councils of Conciliation for settling disputes between Employer and Employed. It was referred to a Committee.

Thursday. The First day of March. Westminster New Bridge was, for the first time, one half opened, in honour of the event of the evening, the Reform Bill. Precisely at five minutes before five, LORD JOHN RUSSELL advanced to the table, was cheered, and sang as follows:—

THE NICE LITTLE BILL.

MR. DENISON, Sir, I'm obleeged by those cheers,
And I beg that the House will accord me its cars,
While I try to set out to the best of my skill,
The Reforms I propose by my Nice Little Bill.

A new constitution's not what I design,
I consider the old one remarkably fine,
Nor could I its place advantageously fill
By aught I might give in my Nice Little Bill.

I do not admit that a failure I view,
In the Bill which I passed in the year XXXII.
Au contraire, 'tis because it succeeded, I will
Amend its few faults by my Nice Little Bill.

That the Nation is rich and is happy, are facts—
No need in these days for LORD CASTLEREAGH'S Acts:
We're conservative, loyal, progressive, and *nil*
Is wanted on earth but my Nice Little Bill.

Well, now for the franchise—some folks say franchisee,—
And first to the Counties we'll go, if you please:
All pledges to them I intend to fulfil
By a £10 franchisee, in my Nice Little Bill.

Occupation shall give it,—but then understand,
Though we don't value dwellings when coupled with land,
On houses not dwellings—for instance, a mill—
There's demanded £5 by my Nice Little Bill.

I'd interpolate here a legitimate word:
I hold that the doctrine's immensely absurd,
That because agitation is absent, 'tis ill
To concede the Reforms of my Nice Little Bill.

I propose, my dear Sir, to repudiate, quite,
Each franchise termed "fancy" (your joke, MR. BRIGHT);
No doubt they have recommendations, but still
I shall leave them all out of my Nice Little Bill.

For votes in the boroughs, I mean, Sir, to fix
The pounds in the rent at the figure of 6;
Thus two hundred thousand one twist of my quill
To the Register adds, by my Nice Little Bill.

That addition increases one-third, or about,
The roll of Electors at present drawn out;
I trust I don't offer too bitter a pill
To Conservative friends by my Nice Little Bill.

As regards, Sir, the Working Class, surely the best
Will be put on the list by the rate I suggest,
And I think they've a right to remonstrate, until
They're admitted to vote by my Nice Little Bill.

Then, as for disfranchisements, so much, you know,
Was done by my Bill twenty-nine years ago,
That there's no extinct borough, mound, ruin, or hill,
To be scheduled in A, by my Nice Little Bill.

But we *must* preserve Boroughs—I think with you, BEN,
Small places are famed for electing great men;
Look at BURKE, and MACAULAY. I'm blessed if I'll kill
One nice little burgh by my Nice Little Bill.

Besides, if I tried it, they'd kick up a row,
And parties are balanced so nicely just now,
That a junction of Tories and grumblers would spill
The PALMERSTON drag, and my Nice Little Bill.

But for less than 7000 inhabitants, two
Representatives can't have sufficient to do,
So we'll take away one, where there are not *sept mille*
In the census return, by my Nice Little Bill.

Sing Marlborough, Thetford, and Harwich so base,
Sing Totness, and Honiton, famous for lace;
Sing Evesham, Wells, Tewkesbury (*there don't they swill?*)
All lose an M.P. by my Nice Little Bill.

So Lymington, Leominster, and Ludlow I sell,
And Knaresborough, known by its strange Dropping Well—
And Andover, Maldon, and Richmond so chill,
(Not the one where I live) by my Nice Little Bill.

And so fares Devizes, Sir, where, by the bye,
Old women fall dead when they utter a lie,
And Cirencester, Ripon, and Bodmin we'll grill
On the same pan of coals, by my Nice Little Bill.

With Hertford and Huntingdon (bold Robin Hood),
And Marlow, where fishing's uncommonly good,
And Dorchester, Chippenham, and Guildford must drill
In the corps I create by my Nice Little Bill.

Here are Twenty-Five seats, you perceive I have got:
Fifteen to big Counties I mean to allot,
And on cities that spread like great turbots or brill,
Four seats I confer by my Nice Little Bill.

Then Birkenhead, Staleybridge, Burnley, I name:
One Member each place may undoubtedly claim;
Let Chelsea-cum-Kensington stick out its frill,
I bestow on it Two, by my nice Little Bill.

Both Oxford and Cambridge will cheer what I do
In giving one seat to our own London U.
They are fountains of learning, but Gower Street's a rill
Should be honoured, and shall, by my Nice Little Bill.

That's all, MR. DENISON—no, I should say
The Poor-Rate, alone, every voter must pay;
No need for the taxes to open his till,
Before giving his vote by my Nice Little Bill.

My measure is simple, but hear my belief;
A plan more ornate might come headlong to grief—
So fell MASTER JACKY, preceding MISS JILL,
I want no such fate for my Nice Little Bill.

The words of Mercury were not particularly harsh after the song of Apollo, but VISCOUNT WILLIAMS,—calling attention to the fact that the Metropolitan constituencies returned such first class men, such wonders of the world, as himself, Cox, late of Finsbury, and others,—complained grievously that more Members were not given to the Metropolis, that there might be a few more such shining lights stuck in the political firmament. MR. TOM DUNCOMBE, of course, said a smart thing or two against the Bill; and the House, with a unanimous yawn, said, "O, law, yes, bring it in if you like." Irish and Scotch Reform Bills

were then brought in—they are very much like the English one, but the only point on which *Mr. Punch* cares to praise either, is a clause in the Hibernian Act, for allowing Irish Peers to represent Irish constituencies. It is an English grievance that LORD GALWAY, LORD FERMOY, and LORD PALMERSTON, are considered good enough to be English Members, but cannot be elected for places in the province. Besides, the opening the Irish hustings to these peers may induce the occasional selection of men of a better class than the POPE'S BRASS BAND.

Friday. To-day, of course, LORD JOHN RUSSELL had to refer to the EMPEROR'S speech, and to express his own opinion that there was really a good deal to be said for the proposed Annexation, but that he had no doubt that ELECTUS would do everything in an orderly and diplomatic manner. MR. BRIGHT came out with a declaration that Savoy wished to be annexed to France, because the value of Savoyard land and produce would be immensely increased; and he hinted that if English territorial landed proprietors had a similar chance, he would not give much for their loyalty to their QUEEN. This not unnaturally brought up LORD JOHN MANNERS, in a rage, and he protested on behalf of the Dukery that English noblemen and gentlemen had no such mean notions.

More Budget. SIR JOSEPH PAXTON contended, with much vigour and ability, for the claims of the Silkmakers, but the Juggernaut Car went over their necks.

The nation will be permitted by Lord PALMERSTON to do something for the gallant SIR L. M'CLINTOCK, and the noble fellows who went with him to the Sea of Ice. Finally, the world will be excited to hear that three Election Committees arrived this week at decisions. This was the report:—

"Young LAWSON, and SIR JAMES R. GRAHAM,
Voters you had, but did not pay 'em:
Your conduct too is quite the Stilton,
Good MR. BROOKS, and GREY DE WILTON:
And you contrive to save your bacon,
SIRS HENRY TRACEY and E. LACON."

PARLIAMENTARY PATENT MEDICINE.

DR. JOHN RUSSELL, Registered M.P., P.C., and Graduate of the University of Edinburgh, original co-patentee of that celebrated Remedy, GREY AND Co.'s Specific, begs to introduce and recommend to the patronage of the British Parliament and Public, his wonderful, universal, and infallible Medicine, the new

PURIFYING REFORM PILL.

the discovery and composition of which have been the fruit of more than forty years' experience. The virtues of this excellent preparation are tonic, stimulant, deobstruent, and slightly emunctory, constituting, in their totality,

A MILD CONSTITUTIONAL ALTERATIVE,

calculated to repair and invigorate, whilst it exonerates, without depressing, the system. The ingredients of this invaluable panacea have been carefully selected from the safest, most certain, and oldest established articles of the *Materia Medica*, exclusive of all fanciful new-fangled introductions of the Modern School. Its remedial operation is gentle and insensible; unattended by those violent convulsions, and dreadful shocks of the constitution which would be the inevitable effect of the extreme and desperate measures recommended by some imprudent or inexperienced Practitioners. Effectual as agreeable in its action, this Pill must not be considered inert, as it has been untruly represented to be by ignorant or interested Parties. The freedom of its agency from the least possible inconvenience, results from the innocuous nature of its components; in consequence of which its use involves no confinement, or change of diet and regimen. DR. RUSSELL earnestly cautions all who value their health, not to allow themselves to be deluded by the artifices of those Unprincipled Quacks and Pretenders over the way, who insert their puffing advertisements and paragraphs in certain papers subservient to their base designs, and whose Nostrums, if the Public could be duped into taking those pernicious compounds, would undermine and destroy that Constitution of which they are impudently and insidiously represented as Conservative; an epithet which is exclusively applicable to the New Purifying Reform Pill, discovered and composed by DR. JOHN RUSSELL.

Observe the Label marked PALMERSTON, RUSSELL AND Co.; and also the Government Stamp, to counterfeit which is foolery. DRs. P. R. & Co. may be consulted as heretofore, at Downing Street, on the usual Terms.

Progress of Artillery.

WE understand that, when a trial of the Whitworth 80-pounder can be had under sufficiently favourable circumstances, that piece of ordnance, pointed by a first-rate gunner, will (by the help of a telescope) be made to snuff a candle at the distance of ten miles.



THE OLD NEWS BOY.

Boy. "SECOND EDI—TI—ON! REFORM BILL!"



AN UNCOMMONLY CIVIL WAR.

MR. BULL. "ALLOW ME, MY DEAR EMPEROR, TO INTRODUCE TO YOUR NOTICE THESE BEAUTIFUL DIAMONDS!"
EMPEROR. "AND LET ME, CHER M. BULL, OFFER YOU A GLASS OF THIS EXCELLENT LIGHT WINE!"—(N.B. *We know who has the best of it.*)



A NOVELTY IN SCOTLAND.



ACCORDING to the *Peebles Advertiser* (which we confess we are not in the habit of reading regularly) we find that—

“Gold has been found among the quartz detritus in Glengaberburn, a small mountain rivulet which falls into the Meggat, about a mile and a half from St. Mary’s Loch.”

Timon of Athens when he discovered “gold, glittering gold” in the forest, could not have been more astonished with his discovery than was probably MR. MACALISTER, the schoolmaster (and some schoolmasters do not care how low they stoop to pick

up the auriferous metal), when his fingers closed with native quickness on those welcome little nuggets. We are told, however, that the quantity picked up is in weight equal to not more than half-a-sovereign. Small as the value was, however, the specimens were instantly despatched to the Chambers’ Institution at Peebles, where doubtlessly, from their extreme rarity, they will attract thousands and thousands of the curious to see what the precious ore is like. It is supposed to be the first bit of gold ever seen in those parts of Scotland. After all, we strongly suspect that it must have been dropt by some English traveller. It would be a surprise, indeed, if Caledonia should turn out a second California. Could the fact be only established that Scotland is nothing less than a large money-box, brimful of half-sovereigns, that only requires breaking open, what a sudden rush homewards there would be of all the Scotchmen at present domiciled in England! We suspect that the wooden figures outside the tobacconists’ shops even would join in the national race, all the runners of which would be picked out exclusively from “Scot’s lot!”

BITTER BEER AND SOUR WINE.

IN an article on the vinous element of the Treaty with France, our contemporary the *Morning Post*, makes the following remarks with reference to bitter beer:—

“None of the English brewers of Paris—and we need scarcely say none of the native brewers—have hitherto succeeded in producing anything faintly resembling this excellent beverage, and we look forward, and not distantly, to the day when ‘Bass’ and ‘Alsopp’ will be much more extensively consumed in Paris and the beer-drinking departments of France than any native beverage. These departments chiefly are the Seine, Aisne, Nord, Pas de Calais, and Somme. We need not say, that every one of these departments may be reached by water communication.”

It is very possible that none of the English brewers of Paris, and very likely that none of the native French brewers, have succeeded in producing anything faintly resembling bitter beer. The former would be obliged, and the latter would be naturally disposed, to endeavour to make their beer by brewing. This is not the way to produce bitter ale, such bitter ale as is commonly retailed. No doubt *M. le Pharmacien* would encounter none of the difficulty in preparing the so-called fluid which *Messrs. les Brasseurs* experience in attempting to brew it. The French apothecaries are not less skilful than our own, and any respectable British chemist and druggist, could, out of his *materia medica*, easily compose a draught possessing the bitterness, the smell, and the stupefactive power, which constitute the sole recommendations of that beverage. Of course there is no disputing about tastes; every man to his quassia, or gentian, or chamomile, who prefers physic to malt liquor; but a mash-tub is not the proper vessel to mix medicines in; nor are the combinations of pharmacy to be obtained by the process of fermentation.

A bitter infusion, which will keep, is preferred by most people, and by all publicans, to beer that very soon turns sour and nasty. Few publicans and beer-sellers keep any other than that bad sort of beer, if they keep any beer at all; but not a few keep only the bitter infusion which usurps its place and name. Hence at many hotels there is nothing else to be had. Any port in a storm; any port also rather than no wine; any apology for beer rather than no beer whatever. Bitter beer is the consumer’s only resource, and therefore it is popular. Stingo is almost obsolete: good swipes are to be had nowhere. Hobson’s choice is called universal suffrage.

If the French will take our bitter beer, and give us their sour wine in return, the exchange will certainly be no robbery to us. The Budget will doubtless benefit us there. Good ale will have to be brewed once again, to compete with claret, which is at least better than the common run of ale. If our neighbours are equally satisfied with their bargain, well and good; but if those departments of France which, as the *Post* says, may be reached by water communication,

would stick to that communicating medium, however salt, they would act like better judges than they will show themselves to be in drinking a kind of waters of bitterness, which at best are no better than water spoiled.

PROPOSAL FOR A NEW TAX.

“MR. PUNCH,

“*The Albany, March 6.*

“I AM a bachelor, and I mean to remain one. I have not a very good temper, and SIR C. CRESSWELL has enough to do without being troubled by any case that might arise out of some woman’s imperfectly appreciating the duty she owed to my delicate mental organisation.

“But I see what goes on in the married world, and I see also that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER wants money.

“Why does he not lay a tax upon Babies?”

“I am perfectly convinced that this tax would be joyfully paid. I believe that the mothers of England would take a pride in paying it themselves, and charge themselves with obtaining the money by a very slight increase in their fraudulent operations on the house-keeping bills.

“Say one pound per annum per baby. This would be less than sixpence a week, and a woman of the most ordinary peculative powers would smile at the idea of not being able to raise it.

“In 1856, I regret to state that 657,453 babies were born in England only; and the same sort of thing goes on, but at an increase of fourteen per cent. Say that there are 700,000 babies ready for the incidence of the tax. Why, Sir, here is at once compensation for the Paper Duty.

“I think it is a financier’s business, or at all events it is expedient, to make the tax as agreeable as possible. I would propose—you know what women, especially mothers, are—to strike a tiny silver coin, of no value, but bearing a playful inscription, to be given to the child by the Collectors, as a receipt for the Tax. Mothers would be proud to put a bit of blue or red ribbon through it, and tie it round the ridiculous layer of fat called a baby’s neck. It would be a certificate of the respectability of the parents. An Uncertificated Baby should be treated as an Uncertificated Bankrupt.

“Baby should pay the tax for one year only. If a new baby came to town before the expiration of that year, I would, I think, allow a drawback.

“I also suggest that something might be done in the Licensing way. I myself hate to see single girls carrying about babies, and being fond of them. But if this foolish amusement is to be permitted, why not make it profitable to the State? As a licence was necessary to a man before he might carry a gun, make it necessary to a girl before she may carry a baby. At five shillings a year you would collect a great deal out of the baby-fancying girls of England.

“The Baby-Tax would not fall, as too many imposts do, unjustly on the poor, because the poor have no right to have any children at all. Indeed I am not certain that anybody has that right, but here you may not concur with me, and I am not anxious for discussion, for the reason hinted at in my first paragraph.

“I am, Sir, your Obedient Servant,

“HEROD ANTIPATER.”

Desert and Deserters.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER never was an advocate for brutal punishments. Talking of deserters, and the cruel way in which they are “lettered” with a hot iron, he said indignantly one day: “You may take my word, no soldier was ever improved by it. On the contrary, the soldier, like port wine, invariably turns out the worse for being brand(i)ed.”

OUT OF THE BERNAL COLLECTION.

“IN one sense,” says OSBORNE, “GLADSTONE is greater than HARVEY. HARVEY only discovered the circulation of the blood, whereas GLADSTONE, my boy, by remitting the duties on French wines, has discovered the circulation of the bottle.”

“Contempsit Catilinæ gladios, non Pertimescam tuos.”

THEY told MR. GLADSTONE the cork-cutting trade

’Gainst his Budget was all up in arms;

“Of the bite of the Brewers,” quoth he, unafraid,

“Do they think that their *bark* has alarms?”

THE REAL “COLLIER CONTROVERSY.”—Whether the restrictions, which harass the British shipowner carrying coals into France, and the differential duties in favour of French shipping, should not be abolished?

A FINE ILLUSTRATION OF THE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.—*Savoy* suggests *cabbage*.



BEGINNING TO "TAKE NOTICE."

Bobbles devoutly wishes that he had Taken Notice a little earlier.

SOMETHING POWERFUL IN THE CHURCH.

HERE is another elegant extract from the American Press:—

"The New York Correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* says—'Religion and auctioneering were actively combined at the annual rearing of pews in the REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S Church at Brooklyn. Two thousand persons were present. After a speech by MR. BEECHER, the auctioneer assumed the hammer, and in two hours knocked down nearly all the pews and chairs in the church. The highest premium paid for a pew was 160 dollars, and the lowest twenty-five cents.'"

That Yankee auctioneer must beat all the auctioneers in the world. No other Hercules of the rostrum would have the strength to stand up against him. He would knock down the Crystal Palace at a single blow of the hammer, if he had a chance. It is too bad, however, that he should make a display of his prowess inside a church. He must belong to that new sect, so popular at present amongst physical-force novelists, called "muscular Christianity." His muscular power will be "knocking down" the church itself next. He may be a descendant of the great JOHN KNOX himself, for what we know to the contrary. However, he might beneficially employ his mighty hand in knocking down church-rates; or if he could succeed in removing a few of the divisions that interrupt the progress of the service at St. George's in the East, we should look upon him as being as strong a man as any connected with the Church; for the man who knocks down pews and chairs so easily, would not take long in clearing out the congregation also, supposing it happened to be unruly. In fact, this auctioneer is a great Abolitionist in his way. Many Dissenters have been striving in vain for years to get rid of the pew system, and here is a "muscular Christian," who knocks them all down in a minute. We see from the above quotation of prices, that the lowest sum given was "twenty-five cents." We must say that, in the words of the Italian song, it was "*Non tanti più*"—not much for a Pew.

MONS RUSSELLIUS BIS PARTURIENS.

MOUNT Russell's the monarch of mountains
(Mount Blanc sank long ago
To a London sight, with red and blue light,
In ALBERT SMITH his show);
Though round his waist no forest's braced,
No avalanche in his hand;
Though far from tall—his person's small,
And the reverse of grand.

Yet of mountains that be the king is he,
And that I do maintain,
He hath had a fate ne'er mount had yet,
And none shall have again.
Some have heaved with the mirth of an earthquake's
birth,
Some have brought forth mice, we know;
But Mount Russell alone of mountains hath known
The weight of either throe!

For his the head, and his the hand,
That launched upon their way,
The *Earthquake Bill* of thirty-one,
And the *Mouse Bill* of to-day!

WITLERS' WIT.

THE Witlers, it appears, are rather savage with LORD PALMERSTON for having backed up MR. GLADSTONE in his onslaught on their beer-barrels; for they consider (though we don't) the introduction of French wines will lessen the consumption of English malt and hops. They seem to fancy that by giving this new drink to the public his Lordship's government must do a damage to the public, since no one in his senses will put up with doctored beer when he can slake his thirst with what is pure and wholesome drink. In this view of the case we thoroughly agree: but when the Witlers call his lordship an "*injudicious bottle-holder*," the stress they lay on the first syllable makes us feel inclined to slightly vary the orthography, and say his Lordship has in this matter been quite an *Injudicious* one.

PUBLIC HOUSE PORT.

(MR. BERNAL OSBORNE'S *Receipt*).

PUT in cider, five times nine
Gallons, brandy six; combine
Ditto two, strained broth of sloes,
Mix eight, real port, with those.
If the colour of the stuff
Is not bright and strong enough,
Add the tincture of red sanders,
To deceive the geese and ganders.
Every bottle, rogue, into,
Put one drachm of catechu,
That will give astringent savour,
And a crust as well as flavour.
Dye corks' ends with Brazil wood:
Public-house Port thus is brewed!

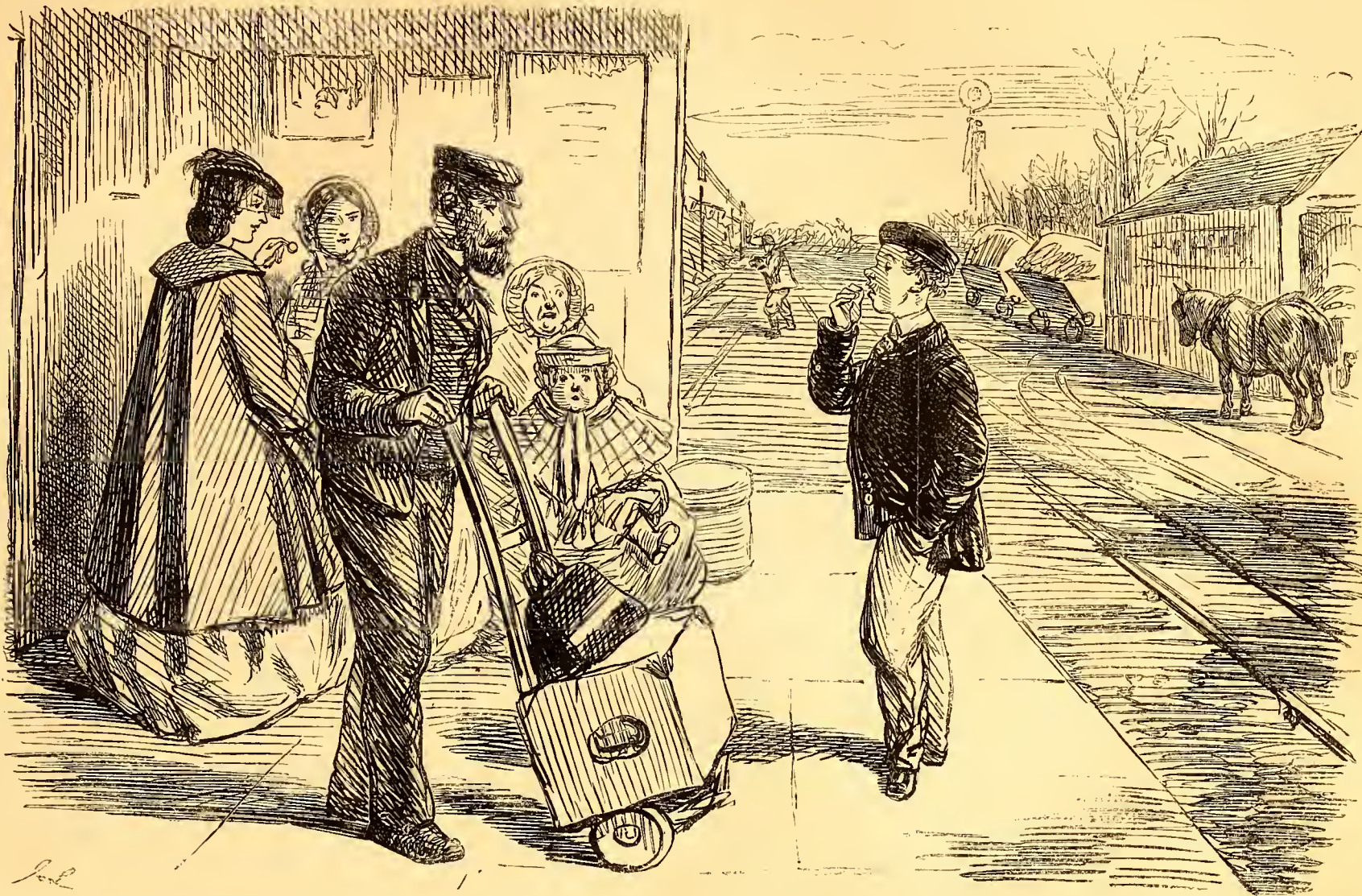
Cynic, Laugh at Thyself.

SIR ROBERT PEEL laughs at English Volunteers. Yet he has not been backward in boldly coming forward as a Volunteer in loyal defence of Savoy. Is it more ridiculous to be an English Volunteer than a Savoy one? We might as well accuse SIR ROBERT of being a "sweep," because he has turned *Savoyard*, as his treating Englishmen as fools, because they have chosen to turn Volunteers.

A WORTHY SUCCESSOR.

THE late SIR ROBERT PEEL was the first to throw open the British Ports, and GLADSTONE is about to open for us the French Clarets.

SWIFT defined a "Nice man" as a "man of nasty ideas." LOUIS NAPOLEON has taught us to define a "nasty policy" as a "policy of *Nice ideas*."



Young Stickleback. "POR-TAW! HAVE YOU SEEN A FRIEND OF MINE WAITING ABOUT HE-AW!"

Porter. "FRIEND, SIR! WHAT SORT OF GENTLEMAN WAS HE?"

Young Stickleback. "HAW! TALL—MILITARY-LOOKING MAN, WITH MOUSTACHERS—SOMETHING LIKE ME!"

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER VI.—THE ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD—(CONCLUDED).



AS Lords of the Creation, politeness of course tells us we must not forget the ladies: and having thoroughly described the mail armour of the period, we have now the pleasing labour of picturing the female. When we say this, we however do not mean it to be thought that the Anglo-Saxon women were really clothed in armour: for crinoline was not in use in that blest age, and the softer sex were not environed with hard steel, as in our own more savage time, they have been driven to defend themselves. But clothing may be fairly viewed as armour against weather, and when a woman puts it on it may be said to (w)arm her. Besides, we wished to make a play upon the two words "mail" and "female," and we are not to be pre-

vented from making a bad pun by any paltry doubt about the fitness of a synonym, which we may find it needful for the joke's sake to bring forward.

Without, however, condescending to this careful explanation, we might have not unfitly used the word we did; for one of the chief articles of Saxon ladies' dress was a garment which was called in their uncouth tongue a *gunna*; a term which certainly to our ears smacks much less of millinery than it seems to do of armoury. Antiquarians have made a lot of shots about this *gunna*, and as they cannot make their minds up as to what it really was, they have long kept up a fire of critical remarks on it. There are some who like to liken it to the Roman-British *gwn*, a word which, if spelt properly, would obviously be *gown*. This garment VARRO speaks of by its Latin name *gaunacum*, and describes as a short tunic reaching half-way down the thigh, and furnished with loose sleeves extending only to the elbow. It is presumable, however, that no decent Anglo-Saxoness would have ever dreamt of dressing in so scanty an apparel: and we incline therefore to think, with other eminent authorities, that the *gunna* was a long robe reaching to the feet, which indeed in the old drawings it frequently conceals. Still, that short *gunnas* were worn, there is extant good episcopal evidence to prove: for in searching the old chronicles we find a copy of a letter from a Saxon Bishop of Winchester, who gives some one "a short *gunna* made in our manner." Who this Some one could have been we dare not stop now to conjecture, nor can we at present spare the space for guessing whether bishops then employed their leisure time in needlework, as the phrase "made in our manner" might lead one to suppose.

From the conflict of opinions expressed upon the subject, gentlemen of the long-robe might spend some days in arguing as to whether the said *gunna* was a long robe or a short one. But the long and the short of it is, we think, it sometimes was a long robe, and sometimes was a short one, and we hope our readers will be satisfied with this solution of the point. Underneath the *gunna*, the Anglo-Saxonesses wore a kirtle and a tunic, whereof the latter had long sleeves like the tunics of the men, and wrinkled up in rolls from the elbow to the wrist. From their fitting with such tightness and closeness to the arm, these rolls must have in temperature been hot rolls to the wearer, who, in the summer-time, must frequently have felt herself half baked in them.

What the kirtle was, we shrink from questioning too narrowly, for in the will of one WYNFLÆDA we find that it is mentioned with "other linen webb," and described as being white. It seems therefore not improbable that the kirtle, though spelt differently, was in fact a sort of shirt; but as shirts, we are aware, are never worn by women, we guess the kirtle must have been that sort of she-shirt or che-mise, which inquiring-minded monsters have perhaps heard called a "shift."

The mantle was a garment worn likewise at this period, and which bore a strong resemblance to the ancient priestly chasuble, so far as the illuminators suffer one to judge. Being fastened at the throat, it was made so as to hang loosely down the back and down in front; and except when looped up by the lifted arms, it covered the whole figure like a domino or cloak.

If we venture now to handle so delicate a subject as the Saxon ladies' legs, it is only for the sake of silencing a writer who darkly hints that it is possible that they were left unclothed. This appalling fancy he deduces from the fact, that stockings are not seen in the pictures of the period, wherein the female figure is most carefully portrayed. But a sufficient cause to our mind why the stockings are not seen is, that the legs which wore them were kept purposely invisible: for the Anglo-Saxon artists were extremely modest men, and never, it would seem, were students of the nude, as is the case with their more modern, and perchance less modest, brethren. For ourselves, we blush to think that any foremothers of ours should ever have gone barelegged; and we cannot bear to dwell upon a point so barely possible. Our own impression is, that the Anglo-Saxon ladies not only had stockings, but actually wore them: in which respect they would have differed from some of their descendants; for many a Scotch lassie who likes to show her legs, will carry in her pocket the wherewithal to cover them.

The Saxon ladies' shoes were in shape much like their lords': so far as one can guess from the small portion of them visible. In the manuscripts they mostly are half hidden by the gunna, and it is therefore difficult to say precisely how they looked. From their being coloured black we may presume that they were worn so; but whether they had heels "hath not yette come un-toe our knowledge," to quote the words of one who was once esteemed a wit.

It is doubtful whether gloves were worn by either Saxon sex until just before or after the close of the tenth century. As a proof of their great rarity, we find it mentioned that five pairs of them formed a chief part of the duty paid to ETHELRED THE SECOND, by a guild of German merchants for protection of their trade: a fact which serves to show that the earliest of protectionists found it pay to bribe our Government to go hand in glove with them. In a miniature of a lady, supposed to have been done about the year 1001, the left hand is depicted in a sort of glove or muffler, having the thumb separate, but the fingers all together. Whether the lady was possessed of a right-hand glove as well, and if so, why she did not wear it when she sat to have her portrait taken, are questions we despair of ever hearing answered. It is possible, however, that as gloves were doubtless dear when they first were introduced, ladies wore them singly if their pin-money ran short; and so contrived to make a pair last them twice the time they would have done if both were worn together.

From the hand to the head is an easy transition, except with persons born in Cockneydom who can't pronounce their h's; so directing our attention to the Anglo-Saxon head-dress, we find that women of all classes wore a piece of silk or linen wrapped and folded over and about the head and neck, so that it looked a combination of a comforter and cap. Their name for it was *wæfles*, from the verb *wæfan*, to cover; but they also called it *hafodes rægel*, which means literally head-rail. As depicted in the manuscripts, the garment looks as uncouth nearly as its name; and from its bandage-like bemusement gives the wearer the appearance of having a bad head-ache, a sore throat and swelled face.

This head-gear was, however, seldom worn withindoors, for the women, like the men, were sadly proud of their long hair, and wasted their time terribly in combing it and curling it, and generally seeing to its proper cultivation. BISHOP ADHELM writing *De Virginitate* (a queer theme for a bishop's pen, some readers may think, but it is not long since a prelate* wrote against the polka) makes mention of a lady in the hands of her attendants, and having her locks delicately twisted by the frizzling tongs. But the bishop does not mention if her hair was brown or blue, and strange as it may seem, there are colourable grounds for thinking it may have been either. This we say on the authority of mountains of MSS., in which the hair and beard are mostly painted blue; and hosts of learned commentators coincide in guessing that the Saxons used some dye or powder for their hair, which imparted to their heads the *ceruleum colorem*, of which we learn from CÆSAR, the old Britons were so fond. Now, as ladies often imitate the arts of their admirers, and follow in their fashions as far as it is practicable, we have very little doubt that the Anglo-Saxonesses likewise liked to make themselves look frights by using hair-dye; and that, when in love especially, they coloured their heads so as just to match with their "adorers." Of this we partly have a proof in a painting of the period, wherein the flowing locks of EVE are depicted a bright blue: and further evidence is furnished by a fragment of a

* ARCHBISHOP CULLEN.

love-song, which is commonly believed to have been written by KING VORTIGERN, who was inveigled into marriage with the daughter of old HENGIST. The original MS. of this is now in our possession, and the lines in question run, or rather hobble, thus:—

"Kowena is my lady-love,
Her robe itte is a gunna : .
Shee wears blewe haire her ears above,
© is shee notte a stunna !"

Critics disagree as to the meaning of the word "stunna," but we incline, ourselves, to think it was a bit of Saxon slang, and from the context we imagine it was used by way of compliment. About the fact of the "blewe haire," however, there is no mistake, albeit a Civil Service Clerk might quarrel with the spelling. And the fact that it was worn thus being thoroughly established, we may fancy that young ladies of the Anglo-Saxon period spent a good deal of their leisure in colouring their hair, more especially perhaps when they were asked to spare a lock of it. "My Mother bids me dye my hair to a cerulean hue," doubtless was a ditty much in vogue about this period, and match-making Mammams no doubt insisted on their bidding being put into effect, if they thought blue hair increased their girls' capillary attractions. There were, however, some exceptions to the rule of admiration of it, as will be seen by the perusal of a sentimental couplet, which we presume to have been written by a poet of the period, though, who the poet was, posterity must guess. In this couplet the blue hair is coupled with black nails and other personal disfigurements; clearly showing that the writer was himself no great admirer of it. The couplet is however neat, and nicely turned, and besides confirming the fact which we have stated, may be quoted for its polish, if not for its point:—

"Your nose is redde, your haire is blew,
Your nailes are blacke, styl & loave gefw !
Andd gif your Da wyl stande ye shine,
Sweette mayde, I'll bee your Valentine !"



FROM A CURIOUS ILLUMINATED VALENTINE OF THE PERIOD.

An Apician Budget.

MR. GLADSTONE has always "three courses" to set before us. Classical scholar as he is, it is no wonder that even his Budget should have its "three courses" comprised within the limits of a classical dinner, as laid down by HORACE. It extends "*ab ovo usque ad mala*"—from "eggs to apples."

An Old Antithesis New Set.

WHAT LORD JOHN RUSSELL was doing in 1831.—Sitting by the cradle of Reform.

What LORD JOHN RUSSELL is doing in 1860.—Following its (small) bier.

FRENCH PLAGIARISM.—"His Majesty the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH walked upon the Slope."—*Paris Court Circular*.

FEMALE FORTIFICATIONS.—Every woman's Crinoline is her castle.



ART TREASURES.

Reginald (who has a fine taste, and is very fond of curious old Glass). "NOW, UNCLE, HELP YOURSELF, AND PASS THE BOTTLE!"

THE CURRENCY OF THE CHEVELURE.

TRUEFIT, upon being asked what hair was the richest, replied quite in an off-hand manner: "The plain Golden, Sir; in every sense, Sir, there's none so rich as the plain Golden." His inquirer nodded assent, and said: "Perhaps you're right, TRUEFIT. It stands to reason, you know, that hair which is plain gold must be richer than any hair which is simply plaited." TRUEFIT acquiesced, but was evidently puzzled with the abstruseness of the proposition. He retired into his studio to ponder over it.

Counter-Orders of Valour.

THE *Times*, in a recent leader, speaks of "crosses and ribands hanging from breasts that have never been presented to an enemy," adding, "and we might say even more than this." No doubt; and if all those heroes of whom more can be said than that their breasts had never been presented to an enemy were appropriately decorated, their ribands and crosses would hang from that side of the body which they presented to every enemy from whom they escaped.

LA HAUTE POLITIQUE DE L'INDUSTRIE.

(As Sung by that eminent Comedian, LOUIS NAPOLEON, on the great theatre of Europe).

ALL kinds of Sovereigns the world has seen,
The bad ones—the good ones—the class between:
Never a hobby mankind hath known,
But a rider to mount it has left a throne.
Some have loved arms, and some have loved arts:
Some winning kingdoms, some winning hearts:
Some have been mad for fun and frolic;
Some mad for fancies melancholic:
Some all for religion, some all for raking;
A few mad for giving, and more for taking:
Some who as shop-boards their thrones put to use,
The bird on their sceptres a tailor's goose;
Some whose hands were aye on their hilts,
Some who never got off ceremonial's stilts:
Wise Kings and weak Kings; coward and brave—
Lazy, laborious; honest and knave:
But one distinction belongeth to me,
Of all the Kings that have been, or that be,
HAPSBURG, or ROMANOFF, BOURBON or GUELPH—
I'm the first King that e'er rigged the market himself!

So well the tricks of the Bourse I know,
So well each dodge of the finished *escroc*,
Knight of the Garter though I be,
My true rank is "*Chevalier d'Industrie*."
The arts that have hitherto been confined
For floating a bubble to raise the wind—
The puff direct and the puff oblique,
The thumb o'er the left, and the tongue in the cheek;
The "buying in" and the "buying out,"
The "rig" and the "run," the "tip" and the "tout,"
Those happy arts to which Capel Court,
And my own *Coulisses* with effect resort,
To play the game of bulls and bears;
To lift or depress the price of shares,—
The arts, in short, by which FOULD or DE MORNAY,
Thread the Bourse's labyrinths dark and thorny,
These self-same arts the first am I
To the work of "*La Haute Politique*" to apply!

Is there a public opinion to muzzle?
A monarch to gull, or a people to chuzzle?
A patriot nation to rouse to war?
A KAISER's good humour to restore?
A COBDEN to buy with a free-trade dole?
A JOHN BULL to soft-sawder, disarm, or cajole?
A neighbour's property to annex?
A Sardinian sovereign to perplex?
A Czar to bribe, or a Pope to bully—
(In defiance of BOWYER and VINCENT SCULLY)?
An Italy to be kept in hot water?
An army *en permanence* there to quarter?
A Lesseps canal scheme to keep afloat
Without risking too much in so leaky a boat?
A Spain to set fighting; and if she falter,
To arouse by whispering "Gibraltar?"
A Mediterranean Sea to make
By hook or by crook a mere French lake,
Without the brute force of NAPOLEON THE BIG?
Trust NAPOLEON THE LITTLE the market to rig.

Not that I'm averse to fighting too,
(But it must be when nothing save fighting will do).
Why fight, when your end can be got by flying?
Or with blows buy what's to be won by lying?
'Tis better to purchase a journalist's pen
Than to pay a reg'ment of fighting men:
To launch a pamphlet as I know how,
Than to launch a fleet of frigates, I trow;
To use a WALEWSKI's washable brains,
Than a sword, where dishonour leaves its stains;
In short, 'tis better brute force to forswear,
And carry one's ends *à la Robert Macaire*;
To rig each market of public opinion,
French, German, English, Slavonic, Sardinian;
To use England's strength for weakening Russia,
Checkmate Prussia with Austria, and Austria with Prussia,
So sowing dissension 'twixt each and all,
Till each in turn 'neath my influence fall;—
Oh, this is the style invented by me—
La Haute Politique de l'Industrie!

GROUND RENTS.—The effects of an earthquake.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



N *Monday, March 5*, commenced a week of East Wind and Much Ado About Nothing, both highly irritating to *Mr. Punch* and all other thin-skinned and right-minded persons.

LORD SHAFTESBURY, eager, we hope, to make amends for having delivered a foolish speech in praise and honour of Cabmen (as if they had left off cheating women and other helpless persons upon every possible occasion), brought forward the case of the females and children engaged in Lace Factories. The demoniacal conduct of some of the employers of these unfortunates, entitles their factories to be classically called Lace-demonia, and *Mr. Punch* hopes to see the Factory Act applied to them with more than Spartan rigour. LORD CAMPBELL took the second reading of a Bill for punishing a Poisoner, as a felon, whether you can or cannot prove that he intended actual murder. In addition to the advantage of this Bill, as regards the Poisoner *pur*

sang, who knows but that some scoundrelly Adulterator may be hit under its provisions? Anyhow, if it passes, Publicans and other sinners had better look out.

At length a victim was sacrificed to the invisible deity called Purity of Election. MR. GOFF, returned for Rosecommon, fell. As in the old witch trials, a brief marginal note in the record ticked off the unhappy hag, "*Convicta et combusta*"—so does *Mr. Punch* score out the evicted from his DOD. "*Out: Treating.*" MR. GOFF had not, perhaps, paid due heed to the maxim of his borough's namesake—

"Election treats admit of no defence,
For want of stinginess is want of sense."

Rags and Lampblack govern the world, and those who expend the latter in printing on the former will be glad to hear that the French Rag-bag is to be sent over here free from French export duties. Less glad will everybody be to know that the Treaty does not apply to the colonies of France, except Algeria. This is another little "pull" which our beloved ELECTUS retains, but he will have to let it go.

KING THWAITES'S Palace, adjoining his contemporary Sovereign QUEEN VICTORIA'S Park, is to cost £16,000, besides a huge rent. This, dear MR. BULL, is the house in which the haughty Court of Scavengers is to meet. Do you not think that your sewers ought to run rose-water? Know too, that your King owes no allegiance to your QUEEN, and that this information had to be humbly sued for by HER MAJESTY'S Minister, MR. COWPER, who took care to explain that it was given him as matter of grace and favour by THWAITES, Rex, F. D., or Flusher of Drains.

Then came the grand Ado. In compliance with very proper forms, Parliament must Address the QUEEN on the subject of any Treaty. So LORD PALMERSTON proposed to vote the Commons' Address to-night. The opponents of the Budget flared up, and insisted on more time, and after an angry debate (in the course whereof MR. ROEBUCK pitched into the EMPEROR uncommonly strong about the Slopes of the Alps, and said that he would soon be taking Rhenish Prussia and Belgium), the Ministers had to give way, and fix Thursday for the consideration of the Address. The Conservatives contended that while the Budget and Treaty were designed to conciliate ELECTUS, he was showing how worthy he was to be conciliated by grabbing Savoy. Well, this was at all events a fair and tangible ground of opposition; but lo! when Thursday came (which, in compliance with its usual custom, it did after Wednesday), the Opposition had taken counsel of discretion, and it was settled that though the subject was to be debated—and so it was, and very dully—there was to be no real hostility to the Treaty. Thursday night was given up to a solemn talk, and so was Friday, and the end of all was, that the Address was voted, and it might just as well have been voted early in the week. It is hoped that the formality will greatly comfort the various parties who are weeping and wailing over the Budget, for as COWPER says:—

"The tear that is wiped with a little Address
May be followed, perhaps, by a smile."

MR. GLADSTONE'S Savings' Bank Bill was read a second time; but as it has nothing whatever to do with the management of these Banks, or the security of depositors, and only concerns the mode in which the Government, when it borrows the money, is to keep accounts, and so forth, nobody will care to know much more about it. It is as if a Bill

were demanded (which it is, and loudly) for putting down street organists, and the legislature passed a measure for regulating the application of the halfpence carried by the brown nuisances to their rascal employers.

And then, hear it everybody, another attempt was made by the hardened Heathbreaker, TOMMY WILSON, to break into Hampstead, but those vigilant Metropolitan constables, FERMOY and EDWIN JAMES, from information they had received, were on the watch, and collared the offender, who had previously had seven or eight convictions recorded against him. An attempt at rescue was made by an Irishman called WHITESIDE, who was very abusive, and by a notorious Prig called BOUVERIE, who appealed to the bystanders not to let WILSON be nabbed, but the feeling of the spectators was aroused in favour of the officers, and two to one took part with them. There is a curious monomania about WILSON. He is descended from a baronet who distinguished himself by his gallantry in the cause of KING CHARLES THE FIRST, and he wants to balance the loss of Marston Moor by the gain of Hampstead Heath. We may tolerate the sentiment, but cannot indulge the sentimentalist.

Tuesday. Much satisfaction was manifested at the announcement of LORD CHELMSFORD, that he rose to move the second reading of a Bill for the Elevation of Attorneys. A great Drop, of the kind not wanted, was perceived, when his Lordship explained that instead of the elevation which it had been fondly hoped was intended, the attorneys were not only to be permitted to exist, but new facilities were to be given for entrance into the calling. A University Degree to admit after three years' service, the usual term of five years to be four, and clerks, not articulated, who had worked for ten years might also be let in. How this scheme is to elevate the profession, *Punch* knows not, unless the prospect of having its plunder subdivided may drive it to drown its despair in bibations.

The Commons had a spirited debate on the Sale of Commissions in the Army, in the course of which CAPTAIN VERNON, true to his motto, *Ver-non semper vi-ret*, was green enough to adduce as argument for the purchase system that the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, who purchased, beat NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, who didn't. SIR DE LACY EVANS moved for the extinction of the system, and was supported by MR. RICH, who is observed to be looking much happier than during the lifetime of MR. HENRY DRUMMOND, whose designation of him as "the pig that squeaked because there was no teat for him," amused the House to excess, and is unforgotten. Sundry officers having talked—like officers, MR. SIDNEY HERBERT intimated that he had a scheme for the partial abolition of the purchase system. The General forced a battle, and was beaten, retiring at the head of 59 men to his enemy's 213.

LORD RAYNHAM has introduced two meritorious Bills for the further protection of Women, Children, and other Dumb Animals.

Wednesday. This was St. Volunteer's Day,—the levee, the banquet, and the ball. The Commons did not do much besides smashing a Bill for improving the mode of paying coroners. SIR G. LEWIS was facetious on the measure, and said that its seconder, MR. EDWIN JAMES, was guilty of infanticide, and the Bill must be "sat on,"—a cheerful strain of humour, highly to be applauded.

Thursday. Nothing remarkable Up-stairs, except that upon a discussion respecting private communications that had passed between LORD JOHN RUSSELL and LORD COWLEY on the Savoy business, the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE observed with *naïveté*, that there had been no desire to conceal anything from Parliament; for if there had been, he should not have told Parliament that there had been any private correspondence at all.

The Dover Election Committee declared ADMIRAL LEEKE and MR. NICOL duly seated. Humph. A quotation from *Woodstock* seems apposite. "Thou art in a mighty merciful humour, this morning," said CROMWELL-PUNCH—"not entirely satisfied."

Friday. The sapient NORMANBY delivered himself of another burst of spleen against the Tuscans for having got rid of his friend the "twice-perjured LEOPOLD," and his attendant lot of Court parasites, with whom old NORMANBY loved to exchange pinches of snuff, twaddle, and scandal. To-night he had a special grievance, inasmuch as the Tuscan Government had proceeded against the husband of some lady known in "good society" here; and the shocking atrocity of causing inconvenience to such a person, even for public purposes, was quite revolting to the feelings of the antiquated courtier. LORD WODEHOUSE, in reply, shook the bran out of him and tossed him away. Tuscany is about to decide for herself between Autonomy (ha! ha! Viscount,—no, it *doesn't* mean Automaton; but that is rather a good shot for you) and Sardinia, and her decision is to be final.

Country cousins, and others who may be desirous of seeing the New Houses of Parliament, had better make haste about it; for that wonderful mixture of carbonates of lime and magnesia, of which the place is built, and which science, after no end of investigation, declared would outlast the world, and even *Punch*, is coming to pieces as fast as possible. MR. COWPER admitted the fact to-night, and said that the river front was being gummed over, or smeared over with something that might keep it together, but he could not say. The whole

place will be down shortly; and architects had better be getting their drawing-boards and set-squares in order for the next competition. The HOME SECRETARY, in answer to CARDINAL WISEMAN'S Cross-bearer, MR. BOWYER, referred to a case in which a Catholic priest had been committed to prison for refusing to say where he got a stolen watch, and pleading the Confessional. SIR GEORGE, confirmed by SIR FITZROY KELLY, distinctly declared that Confession communications were not privileged by law. The Priests had better note this, and not receive stolen goods in future, even, as this gentleman did, for the sake of making restitution. SAM SLICK then made a violent onslaught upon MR. GLADSTONE for being "sneering, and supercilious, and taunting, and contemptuous," about the Timber Duties and the Canadians,—charges which MR. GLADSTONE denied. As *Mr. Punch* writes for all time, it may be well to note, that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER does sometimes permit the contempt which a very able and honest man entertains for a blockhead to be more manifest than is perfectly expedient or charitable. In closing the Treaty Debate to-night, he introduced the remark, that an adversary's statements had not been worthy the high standard of legislative debate he ought to desire to attain; and that many foolish things had been said in the discussion, adding, as a *placebo*, that all the same foolish things, and many others, had been said in 1787. All which was true, but fools do not like to be told that they are fools; and MR. GLADSTONE should remember something about suffering fools "gladly" (which means civilly) knowing that we ourselves are wise.

The said Treaty Debate was resumed by MR. HORSMAN. All amendments having been withdrawn, HORSMAN set up a little one of his own, directed against the coal article in the compact. He contended that the EMPEROR and the French people were opposing interests, and that we were pleasing the first by injuring the second. MR. VIVIAN stated to those who were afraid our Coals would be exhausted by the expected importations to France, that he would undertake to supply, from South Wales only, all the coal we should want for the next 500 years, and that there was enough in England for the next 5000 years. We think the Hon. Member had better enter into contract to fulfil his promise, *Mr. Punch* promising posterity to keep him to it. MR. BENTINCK said he would prefer a war to the Treaty, and SIR ROBERT PEEL supported it, but denounced the Savoy business. He ended with a huge eulogium on MR. GLADSTONE, quite deserved, and, of course, doubly valuable on the *laudari laudato* principle. MR. DISRAELI then solemnly attacked the Treaty on three heads—financial, diplomatic, and political. What could have reminded *Mr. Punch* of the wonderful performance of the three Arab brothers, MULEY, ALI, and HASSAN? "MULEY, with a lighted torch, will jump down his brother ALI's throat. ALI, with a lighted torch, will jump down his brother HASSAN's throat, and then HASSAN, with a lighted torch, and encumbered with the weight of his two brothers, will jump down his own throat, and suddenly leave the company in total darkness—walk up, ladies and gentlemen!" Not that the speech was not a very clever one, but it was a feat whereof *cui bono* may be said by those who understand enough Latin for the purpose. By the way, *Mr. Punch* emits a prophecy as easily as he eats a shrimp, and thinks nothing of such a trifle, so he makes no fuss of having predicted three weeks back, that MR. DISRAELI would praise the EMPEROR and pitch into the Ministers. To-night he declared that the conduct of the EMPEROR about Savoy had been perfectly frank from the beginning, but as for the Ministers who had advocated an Italian policy which they knew must lead to the annexation, they filled *him*, MR. D., with distrust. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER wound up the debate with a dashing speech, mangled MR. HORSMAN, charged some people with being ignorant and the rest with being fools, and brought the business brilliantly to an end. HORSMAN could get but 56 to 282. *Post Equitem sedet atra cura*, but who the blacklooking Cure is that sits behind HORSMAN we don't know, and we don't care, having introduced the quotation only because *equitem* means horseman, and to show that we know Horace.

DINNER NOTES AND QUERIES.

ANNOUNCING to the world the important piece of news that the DUKE OF WELLINGTON has asked the PRINCE OF ORANGE to dine with him, a fashionable newspaper proceeds to state the fact that—

"Her Grace the Duchess has invited a large circle to meet the illustrious Prince after dinner."

From this interesting but somewhat bewildering intelligence, there arise in our mind the following few queries:—

1. What was the "large circle?" Was it Astley's Circus? or one of the paddle-wheels of the *Great Eastern Steamship*?

2. Why was the "large circle" not asked to come to dinner? Was there not room for it at table? or was it considered that the "illustrious Prince" was only worth meeting after pudding, not before it?

3. Why cannot our noblemen invite their private friends to dine with them without our newsmen drawing public notice to the fact?

THE POLITICAL EVIL.

AN interesting movement is now proceeding in most of our principal boroughs with a view to the suppression, if possible, of that system of bribery and corruption which has been denominated the Great Political Evil. The Town Hall is, by permission of the Mayor, opened on certain evenings to the degraded portion of the constituency, invited by the zealous pastors and other philanthropists who have devoted themselves to the good work, to attend and partake of beer and pipes; it being felt that persons of that class would be insensible to the attractions of tea and muffins. Cards of invitation are left at all the low public-houses. The corrupt voters are received at the place of meeting by the benevolent preachers and ministers who are endeavouring to reclaim the sold, and who, in the character of missionaries, appear appropriately attired in reverend black, with white ties. These messengers of purity address the multitude of depraved beings who have bartered their privileges as Britons for a few shillings and a quantity of ale, as creatures who, however deeply sunken in infamy, may, nevertheless, still emerge, and by genuine amendment retrieve their lost character. They also take individual voters apart, and talk with each beery and brandy-and-watery sot, reason and remonstrate with him, and endeavour to point out the iniquity of his path, awaken his almost extinct sense of shame, and beat some notion of responsibility into his head. Some few manifest signs of emotion, scratch their heads, and mutter resolutions of amendment; and one or two occasionally clasp the hand of their instructor, and, with a voice tremulous and eyes suffused with drink, declare that they will vote the next time according to their consciences, confirming the promise generally with an imprecation. The majority, however, listen to what is said to them with stolid indifference, sit smoking and swigging, and at the conclusion of the proceedings withdraw winking and grinning, rather the worse for the liquor which they have had, and nothing at all the better for the exhortations which have been addressed to them.



BROWN (*heartily*). "Ah, Jones, how are you? Been on the ice, I see."
JONES (*dismally*). "IN the Ice, my good friend, IN the Ice!"

Wanted Some Fine Young Men.

OUR Rifle Volunteers muster tolerably strong; but still larger numbers would be required to confront actual danger. The members of the various corps are mostly either independent or professional young men. To bring the Volunteer force up to the mark, shopmen are wanted. Our spontaneous Rifles are dashing young fellows, but their efficiency would be improved by the addition of haberdashers. They take kindly to drill—march admirably; but they want more counter-marching.

LOW JOKE.—MR. HOOK has been elected an Academician. Very right. But do the Academicians think they will keep Trafalgar Square? With a Hook.



GRAND NURSERY STEEPLE CHACE.

Steward, Clerk of the Course, &c. &c., MASTER TOM.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER VII.—THE ANGLO-DANISH PERIOD.



JACK TAR OF THE PERIOD.

and jack boots, nor is it likely that the Danes were dressed like soldiers when at sea, for we question if a crew could work a ship well

THE Costume of the Danes, who for a short period were settlers in England, and may therefore fairly claim the honour of our notice, was more nautical in fashion than the costume of the Saxons, over whom they briefly triumphed, and ousted from the throne. This we say without much citable authority to prove it, for the old illuminations throw but dim light on the subject, and the writers whom they illustrated keep profoundly dark on it. It must be borne in mind, however, that the Danes were mostly sailors, whereas the Saxons, there is reason to believe, were chiefly soldiers: and this would in itself be a sufficient ground for guessing that their dresses were dissimilar, had we not a whit of better evidence to back us. Jack tars now-a-days don't rig themselves in tight stocks

in mail armour. Still less can we conceive of sailors dancing hornpipes, if attired in heavy military fashion, like the Saxons; and that the Danes danced hornpipes nobody can doubt, after seeing a most singular MS. in our possession, in which a Danish sailor is depicted in the act.*

Not content, however, with thus guessing at the truth, we have exercised that industry which always has distinguished us; and notwithstanding our engagements at rifle balls and banquets, and other terrible time-slaughters into which, to serve our country, we have recently been dragged, we have managed to consult vast numbers of authorities on the interesting subject of the dresses of the Danes: on which, next to our own uniform, our thoughts just now are chiefly bent. We need not occupy our space by detailing with preciseness all the volumes we have read, or the still greater quantity which we have vainly tried to read. Nor need we excite the envy of the reader by describing our now recognised importance in Great Russell Street; where no sooner are we seen than the courteous sub-librarians rush instantly to smother us directly we sit down, with the dustiest and fustiest and mustiest old manuscripts, which awaiting our arrival they have kindly hunted up for us. Without indulging, like some writers, in such page-filling discursiveness, it is enough for us to state that MR. ARNOLD, of Lubeck, distinctly backs us in asserting that the Danes were much more sailor-like in costume than the Saxons. According to his testimony they "wore the garments of sea-farers, befitting men who lived by piracy and inhabited the sea:" a phrase which almost might incline one to picture them as Mermen, or else "inhabiting the sea," all serenely like the divers, in a goggle-eyed brass helmet and waterproof great coat.

It would appear from the Welsh chronicles (which we don't pretend ourselves to have deciphered, and still less are ambitious of attempting to pronounce) that the colour of the ancient Danish dress was mostly black. CARADOC, of Llancarvan, often calls them "the black Danes,"

* From the words "Oure Saylorre Prince" being writ beneath this figure, it has by some been thought a portrait of no less renowned a personage than *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark!* In support of this assumption, we have SHAKESPEARE'S evidence that *Hamlet* went to sea; but whether he danced hornpipes is a matter which we leave the critics to dispute.



MR. PUNCH SURRENDERS THE SAVOYARDS.



at least so we find the phrase translated for our benefit, for the words in the original are too jaw-cracking to quote. He also gives their army the title of "the black army," and without intending insult calls their guards "the black guards." Why they wore the colour, is a question which the reader may put to us if he pleases, but we regret that he will have to whistle for an answer to it. As their standard was a raven, perhaps they plumed themselves on being "of a feather" with that bird, for in piracy and plunder the Danes were truly raven-ous. However, we at least may undertake to say that the colour had no meaning in the eyes of undertakers. "STRABO of the Baltic" (of course every baby knows we mean ADAM of Bremen) distinctly mentions that the Danes never mourned the loss of even their dearest kinsmen, and let their richest uncles die without making the least change in their demeanour or their dress.* Black had therefore no connection



COSTUME OF THE NOBILITY, FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

with mourning in their eyes, though there is some proof that their forefathers regarded it with sadness. The Danes, it is acknowledged, were of Scythic extraction; and HERODOTUS makes note of a nation near to Scythia, whom, as they always dressed in black, he names the "Melanchlonians," a word which very obviously is meant for "Melancholy 'uns."

That fashions are, however, liable to change, is a truth which few debaters would venture to dispute. Accordingly we find that though the Pagan Danes were dressed in "raymentte blacke as nightte," yet when Christianised they "cast their 'nighted colour off," and their sons outshone the Saxons in their gorgeous ar-ray. One writer tells us they came out in scarlet, purple, and fine linen: while another somewhat sneers at them for wearing dresses which he calls "effeminately gaye." As a proof of their effeminacy, JOHN WALLINGFORD remarks that they "didde often change their cloathes:" and to show their marked devotion to the duties of the toilette, he mentions that they actually "didde combe their hayre once in y^e daie," and were "soe exceeding cleanlye in their habbits y^e they didde even washe themselves as moche as once a weekke!" By these means he observes they pleased the eyes of the women, and behaved as gay Lotharios to the wives of the nobility, and thus found work for the SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL of the time.

Some notion of the fineness of their garments may be formed from a picture of CANUTE as he appeared on Ramsgate sands, on the memorable occasion when he rebuked his courtiers. From this and the court journalist's description of his dress,† we may see that KING

* We trust the British playgoer will bear this fact in mind the next time he ventures to see MR. KEAN in *Hamlet*. By the traditions of the stage the *Prince of Denmark* has invariably been dressed in a black suit; whence the coarse-minded have jested about his being the Prince of Darkness, and the ignorant have fancied that he must be the Black Prince. It seems clear that *Hamlet's* sables should be viewed as being donned not in mourning for his father, but simply as the usual clothing of his father's son.

† "Hys Majjestye dyd weare hys best or Sundaie suite; whereof y^e tunic was of silk cutte in y^e Saxon mannere, and y^e mantle alsoe silkenne was embroidered with gold eagles and overlaid with pearles. For ornament and eke for purposes of fasteninge, itte was furnishedde with ribbonnes, alsoe with cords and tassells, lest y^e ribbonnes might ybreake. Hys royalle legges they were encasedde in a payre of

CANUTE was a "heavy ocean swell," as being by birth a pirate, we may not unfitly call him. His courtiers too were clearly swells of the first water; though from the way they hold their clothes up in the picture we refer to, one might think that on dry land they felt far more in their element.

However dingily and dowdily they dressed, then, while at home, the Danes clearly came out gorgeously when they were out visiting; and while staying with the Saxons they inclined to Saxon pomps and vanities of dress. It may be guessed how rich and rare were the gems their nobles wore, when we mention that the rank and fashion of the period, male as well as female, were bedecked with golden bracelets; which, to show they could afford it, were invariably buried with them. By the Pagan Danes the bracelet was esteemed a sacred ornament, and one was kept upon their altar or worn by their high priests, to serve as the cement for their most binding adjurations. Their ordinary oaths were "by the edge of my sword!" or, "by the shoulder of my horse!" But, when they wished to be believed, they swore "by the Holy Bracelet!" which doubtless was as binding as our "by the Holy Poker!"

Whether or no the Danes, like the Saxons, wore blue hair, we can no more say than whether their eyes were green, or whether, as a rule, they were distinguished for red noses. One swallow, it is well-known, does not make a summer; neither does one statement suffice to prove a fact. Else were it enough to show the greenness of their eyes, if we cited the first stanza of an ancient Saxon love-song, which begins—

"My prettye Dane, my dearest Dane,
Ah dinna looke soe shy!
Butte meette mee in e ebbingge,
While y^e greene is in poure eye!"

For the blueness of their hair, however, we have not such proof as this even to quote: and we incline to think their hair was rather nut-colour than blue, inasmuch as it is clear that they were evidently nuts on it. TORÆUS tells us of a gentleman, one MR. HAROLD HARFAGRE, otherwise called FAIRLOCKS: whose hair flowed down his back in ringlets to his girdle, and who made a vow by moonlight to his mistress, to neglect his crop of curls and not manure them with Macassar until he had completely conquered Norway for her sake. Moreover, we are told that a young warrior, going to be beheaded, axed the axeman to be good enough to keep his hair unstained, and not to let a slave profane it with his touch. This we state upon the evidence of JOMSWIKINGA SAGA, a name which sounds so formidable that we must put faith in it.

silkenne stockynges, embroidered at y^e toppe, and were garterred with gold garterns just beneath y^e royalle knees. Onne hys royall feet he wore a payre of stoutte soled shews, notwithstanding which y^e sea didde wette hys royall toes."—*Extract from Court Journal, August 12, 1039.*

THE POPE SITTING ON THORNS.

AN Irish writer, with a natural confusedness of metaphor, observes that "the POPE's chair is not a bed of roses." Now, although this observation is not strictly accurate, it is in some degree appropriate, and has a certain smack of truth. If the POPE is not on roses, he is certainly on thorns, and roses bear to thorns the closest of connection. The POPE's chair is supported by the bayonets of the French, and bayonets to thorns have points clearly of resemblance, as anybody will find who happens to sit down on them. So, in saying that the POPE's chair is not a bed of roses, the writer makes fit use of a flowery expression, and delicately hints that the POPE now sits on thorns.

Fatalists pretend that they can look into futurity; and, doubtless, the French EMPEROR has amused himself with sketching out the destiny of the POPE. We, who make pretence of no such power of foresight, would, however, dare to venture what would be the POPE's position, were the thorns—that is, the bayonets—removed from him behind. Take away his props, and his Infallibility infallibly must fall, and come to grief infallibly in coming to the ground. Perhaps his Humpty-Dumptiness will take some thought of this, before he thinks of trying to dispense with his French props. *Quieta non movere* is clearly the best maxim for sitters upon thorns, for the more they try to move the more painfully they feel it. If the POPE be a philosopher, he knows "what must be, must;" and musty as the saying is, he had better make the best of it. To quarrel with the thorns won't bring him to the roses, and so we recommend him not to make a trial of it. Sitting upon thorns is not the pleasantest position, but the POPE must do his best to grin benignantly and bear it, for it will surely not relieve him much to kick against the pricks.

MR. JOHN BULL acknowledges the first half of Westminster Bridge, but begs to state that the second half has not yet come to hand. This statement is made in the hope that MR. COWPER, or MR. PAGE, will look to it at their earliest convenience.



"They say these here French Wines is to be a sort of ancient cordial (entiente cordiale?)—I can't say as I prefers 'em to 'Old Tom.'"

CONVIVIAL CHANT.

To be Sung by fraternising Anglo-French Freetraders.

SOLO—English.

HERE 's the Treaty! Fill your glasses:
Pledge it, he who shirks an ass is:
Let the free trade toast go round!
We now may drink cheap wine at pleasure,
No pothouse mixture, no short measure:
In it are no headaches found!

Duo.

English. You 'll get coals now—

You 'll get clarct.

French.

English. Storms will cease now—

Never fear it.

French.

Both. In good wine ill-will be drowned!

THE DUMB BELL OF WESTMINSTER.

IN answer to the kind inquiry of ALDERMAN SALOMONS about the present condition of Big Ben, we see that—

"MR. COWPER said that the great Bell was cracked in five places. . . . He could not hold out any speedy expectation of the tones of the great bell being again heard."

If poor Big Ben is so hopelessly cracked as he is represented to be by the President of the Board of Works, it is high time he was taken care of. If there are no means of removing other incapables from high positions, at any rate Big Ben might be sent to Colney Hatch.

TO THE HEADS OF FAMILIES.—Are there any grounds for supposing that *Par-Terre* is in any way related to *Mother-Earth*?

THE DUDLEY MYSTERY.

PUNCH is very much vexed—nay, displeased—with the gentlemen who report for the *Birmingham Daily Post* and the *Wolverhampton Chronicle*, and, with his usual frankness, he begs to signify the same to them. In a similar spirit, and in conformity with his constitutional principles, he at once makes known to them the nature of their offence.

There was a curious personage known about town as LORD WARD, a descendant of one HUMBLE WARD, who was made a Lord for marrying a titled lady. Lately, this LORD WARD has been made Earl of Dudley; and the *Times* says that the reason was, that he saved Kidderminster to the Ministers at the last Election. MR. DON, in his *Electoral Facts*, speaking of Kidderminster, says, "LORD WARD has some of the old influence of the Foleys of Whitley Court"—meaning, influence upon an election; but inasmuch as Peers are forbidden by the Constitution to interfere in Elections, and as Peers never do anything wrong,—and, if they did, the QUEEN'S Ministers would surely not reward them for so doing,—MR. PUNCH thinks the *Times* must have fallen into error. This error is excusable only because the *Times* was, doubtless, unable to discover in the relatives or antecedents of LORD WARD,—in his wisdom, eloquence, or political importance,—the slightest other reason for making him an Earl, while such a man as HENRY BROUGHAM, for instance, is only a Baron. MR. PUNCH never touches on matters not legitimately before the public; and all he knows of LORD WARD is derived from paragraphs in the papers, which show that he has plenty of money; that he lent a lot to MR. LUMLEY to keep up the Opera, and sued him for some of it; and that he cannot make a speech without talking very foolishly. But the Liberals have made him an Earl. Now, gentlemen-reporters.

MR. PUNCH reads this paragraph in divers mid-land county papers:—

"On Tuesday week, the new EARL OF DUDLEY was entertained at a banquet got up by a committee of Dudley tradesmen, in celebration of His Lordship's recent elevation to the earldom. LORD WARD, and other nobles, were invited guests. The committee decided that one reporter should have his dinner down-stairs, and be admitted to the room when the speeches commenced! But afterwards it was intimated that the accommodation should extend to six. Some gentlemen of the Press arrived. They represented the *Birmingham Daily Post* and the *Wolverhampton Chronicle*, and indignantly protested against such an insult, ordered their own dinners at the hotel, and were quietly discussing their coffee, when, as the eloquence of the assembly began to be unbottled over 'the customary loyal and patriotic toasts,' without the presence of a single reporter, the committee became alarmed, and deputations came in rapid succession to inquire of the reporters 'if they were not coming up, accommodation having now been provided for them.' The gentlemen of the Press quietly directed attention to the way in which they were themselves then engaged. One of the company not upon the committee implored the reporters to re-consider their decision, 'as my LORD WARD was just about to speak.'

They, however, were impervious; they had resolved not to report a single line of the banquet speeches, and desired that the tradesmen of Dudley, if they were not before aware of it, might now understand that reporters were unaccustomed to accept the honours usually accorded only to flunkeys and cabmen. The reporters had previously telegraphed their decision to the proprietors of the papers upon which they were engaged, and the banquet was unreported, and the speeches are as completely lost as LIPP'S lost books."

Now, on the abstract merits of the case, the reporters deserve the credit of acting as became gentlemen who were insulted by a pack of Snobs, eager that their sycophant addresses to their patron should be recorded for the disgrace of their posterity. The self-respect manifested by the representatives of the Press would have, under ordinary circumstances, been treated by MR. PUNCH as matter of course. But there are times for all things, and there are occasions when to "do a great right" casuists hold that we may "do a little wrong." When a revelation was about to be made for which all England is looking with curiosity, it was no time to be thinking about the vulgar snobbery of Dudley tradesmen, but to rush in open-eared and open-booked, through doors, windows, or down chimneys, whichever way was the readiest. LORD WARD—just made EARL OF DUDLEY, was going to speak, and who knows but that he was going to reveal the mystery why he was made Earl? Nobody else in England seems to know it, and now the knowledge is likely to be lost to us for ever. We are, we repeat, not pleased with these gentlemen of the press. In two views of the case they did good things, they asserted the respect due to their profession, and they squashed the probably servile utterances of the Dudley tradesmen, and the certainly silly utterance of their master. But inasmuch as from the latter flood of washiness there might have been the grain of gold—the truth—about the Earldom, MR. PUNCH cannot forgive those who perhaps allowed it to be carried away and lost with the rest of the rubbish.

"Taken from the French."

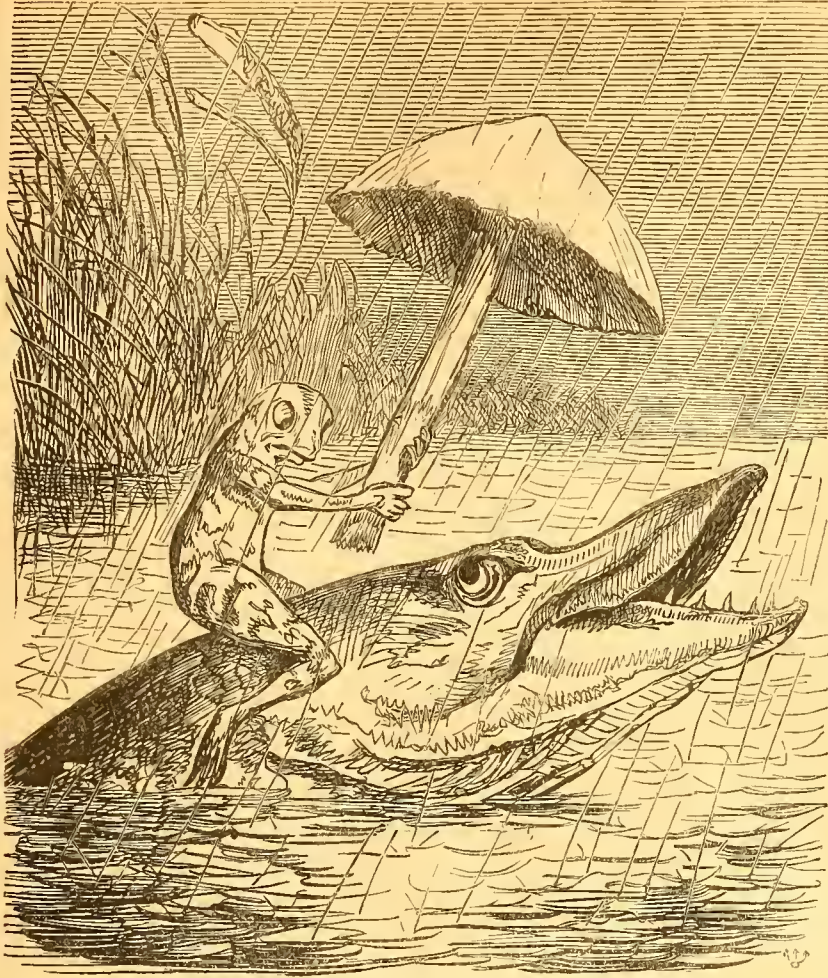
A FRENCHMAN was boldly laying down the law that the English had no literature of their own—that they borrowed, or stole, everything from the French. Upon being challenged for his proof, he said quite bragadociously, as Frenchmen sometimes will say things: "*Parceque, vous voyez, your two most populaire works are the CORNEILLE * Magazine and the RACINE † Calendar.*"

* The French, we suppose, for *Cornhill*.

† The Ditto, we guess, for *Racing*. The explanations are indispensably necessary to appreciate the depreciation.

ALCOHOLIC TEST.—A Red Nose.

RELICS TO RAISE THE WIND.



THE Dublin correspondent of a morning contemporary communicates the following announcement:—

"THE PAPAL TRIBUTE.

"To-morrow is to be a high day in the Roman Catholic Chapels of DR. CULLEN's so-called diocese. A piece of the true cross, sent specially from Rome for the purpose, is to be exposed to view on the great altar of the Marlborough Street Cathedral, in order to stimulate the liberality of the people, who are called upon to subscribe to the full extent of their means for the service of the POPE."

A very good expedient, doubtless, for getting money is that which is mentioned in the above paragraph. There was a certain Holy Coat of Treves that did wonders in this way. Still there may be many of the faithful in general whose faith is not quite wide-mouthed enough to swallow a piece of wood or cloth called holy, as undoubtedly genuine. On such minds the

exposition of such relics would have no profitable effect. Could not DR. CULLEN have tried a better trick, by getting the POPE to get the Neapolitan clergy to lend him the blood of St. Januarius, and teach him how to liquefy it; and then by performing that miracle on the altar of Marlborough Street Cathedral? Plenty of people would have paid to witness that exhibition, on condition of having their money returned in the event of its failure. Moreover, if the marvel were satisfactorily performed in the presence of a committee of chemists, and under conditions prescribed by those men of science, a large addition would be made to those of HER MAJESTY'S subjects who are prepared to kiss the POPE'S toe.

BIG WIGS AND BREWERS.

GLADSTONE, alas! the brightest gem
Is ravished from your diadem;
Monarch of liberal finance,
So cleverly arranged with France.

You did propose Free-Trade in Beer,
Which, heretofore both bad and dear,
By open competition, should
Henceforth be rendered cheap and good.

This admirable scheme of yours,
At the dictation of Big Brewers,
With partial Magistrates combined,
In league nefarious, you've resigned.

The Vat, conspiring with the Bench,
The subject still, his thirst to quench
On something else than malt and hops,
Shall limit to its licensed shops.

Will no free member, firm and bold,
With independent motion, hold
You to your word, that beer should be
Retailed without monopoly?

How will the British Public mourn,
Your Budget of its glory shorn!
And have you, then, the heart and cheek
The strong to spare, and pinch the weak?

Hard on taxed Industry and Brains,
How merciful you are to Grains!
GLADSTONE to Brewers; but severe
Grindstone to those who drink their beer.

"The Two Paths."

A MEDICAL student, in allusion to the above book by MR. RUSKIN, says: "He is in precisely the same predicament, for he doesn't know which of 'the two paths' to follow in his profession—whether to turn allo-path, or homœo-path?"

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

LOUIS NAPOLEON proposes that Tuscany should be an Autonomy. *Query*—does he not mean an Automaton?

SEATS IN PARLIAMENT BY PURCHASE.

MR. SPEAKER, SIR,

As there is evidently no serious desire in your House, and none at all in another place, to prevent bribery and corruption, how much time that is wasted in talking about their prevention might be spared if the idea of preventing them were fairly abandoned, and a much better plan adopted instead!

That plan I will do myself the honour to propose. What can't be cured, says the proverb, must be endured. Sir, I move an amendment on that adage. Make the best of a bad matter. The evil which you cannot abolish, regulate. This maxim goes very deep, Sir. Regulate bribery and corruption. In order to regulate them, legalise them.

Recollect, Sir, that by legalising my acceptance of a bribe, you do not oblige me to accept it. I need not sell myself unless I choose. If I please to be sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded, spiritless,—a self-sold slave, the voluntary bondsman of a bloated aristocracy, or equally bloated commercial interest,—let me be what I please. Am I a free elector? Then suffer me to do as I like with my own; and freedom is not mine unless I may sell it. Besides, if I have no conscience and no convictions, what does it signify whether I vote bought or unbought?

You absolutely refuse to abolish the purchase-system in the Army. If it works well enough there, it will surely work well enough in your House; the floor of which is a ground whereon incompetency is less mischievous than it is in the field of battle. Legalise, therefore, the purchase of votes. Then the Carlton and Reform Clubs will become offices, at which gentlemen of opposite parties may inquire what boroughs or counties are in the market, or, in any given borough or county, how many of the free and independent electors there may be for sale, and on what terms.

Now, Sir, what are the objections to this arrangement? The only one worth notice is, that it would tend to the great increase of corruption and bribery. Sir, this is an advantage and not an objection. It would enable you to restore the old constitutional method of Govern-

ment by Party. Constituencies would be divided into honest men and rogues. Their representatives would form corresponding divisions in your honourable House, and the humbugs would be all on one side of it, instead of sitting some of them on the Treasury Benches, others opposite, or elsewhere.

I need not add, that you would preclude all the useless trouble of Election Committees, which never convict of bribery those who are the principals in nearly every case of the sale and purchase of votes, and never will convict them whilst bribery is treated by honourable gentlemen as a joke—at the worst as an offence much less serious than poaching. Legalise bribery, and, although a large portion of your House will then represent unmitigated rogues, you will have the other side consisting almost entirely of purely honest men; for the combination of the former will oblige the latter to unite in their own defence; and let us hope, for the honour of human nature, that virtue would find herself in a parliamentary majority.

I have the honour to be, Sir, with a profound bow,

Your most Obedient Humble Servant,

PUNCH.

P.S. When the original Crystal Palace was opened, for the Great Exhibition, the police, at the inauguration of that World's Fair, walked all the members of the swell mob who attended into one division of seats, where they all sat together. Precisely the same convenient separation between Members of Parliament would be the result of the legalisation of bribery and corruption.

Rag Fair.

To do the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER justice, he gives proof that he sympathises with the Paper-makers about the dearth of rags. He continues and increases an oppressive tax, highly likely to promote the production of rags on the backs of the sufferers.



“CHEEK.”

MODEL (to Friend in the Profession). “Why he owes me for Fourteen Hours now; but he'd better have no nonsense, cos I've got Artists as has brothers Solicitors, and I'll sue him, by Jingo!”

TOO CURIOUS BY HALF.

ACCORDING to SIR WALTER SCOTT, curiosity is the busiest passion of the idle; and in giving them employment, there is therefore some small good in it. But curiosity sometimes may be carried to absurdity, as the following advertisement in the *Times* shows:—

THE £205 16s. 6d. RECEIVED. Should like to know whence and why. MERSEY.

Now, really, with all deference, we think that this is being too inquisitive by half. The quality of gratitude in MERSEY must be somewhat strained, if he cannot take the good things wherewith people may provide him without asking them the why and wherefore they have done so. He surely might rest satisfied with pocketing the money, and leave to fate the finding out of the quarter whence it came to him. Bank-notes are not so plentiful with by far the greater number of us, that they drop into our letter-boxes unasked for and in secret: and we think that when they do so we might take them as they're meant, and not attempt to tear the veil from the face of the transmitter. It clearly should content one to get hold of the cash, without one's bothering the sender to tell one why he sent it. Had he intended one to know it, of course he would have written, and one need not be too nice about pocketing such compliments, nor inquiring what the motive was that prompted their preferment. Upon their own merits, of course, modest men are dumb: but such silence need not hinder one from having thought of one's deserts, and feeling placid satisfaction when they chance to be done justice to. For ourselves we are quite sure that were any one, or any dozen, of our millions of admirers to send us some such trifle as a couple of hundred pounds, we should never dream of asking “whence and why” it came to us, supposing that the present should be made to us anonymously. However curious we might be, we should never be so rude as to go stating in the *Times* that such a *douceur* had been given us, and directing public notice to what clearly was intended as a purely private matter. Do you doubt us, gentle reader? Only try us, now—that's all!

A SPIRITUAL INQUIRY.—Is it likely that ghosts talk in the dead languages?

VOLUNTEER BALL ADVERTISEMENTS.

IF THE OFFICER WITH SANDY MOUSTACHES who upset the lobster salad over a lady about two o'clock will call at SWAN AND EDGAR'S, and behave like an officer and a gentleman, she will hear of something to her advantage. When you have bought the dress, show this advertisement to the young man, and he will do the rest. You need not trouble yourself further.

TO MISS EMMA.—Excuse my not coming back to dance, as agreed, but I should have lost my supper, which don't suit us Yorkshire lads. I had had nothing to eat for more than an hour. Send us your address, and mother shall send you up such a jolly Yorkshire pie. Hope you got home safe. W. P.

TO SHINY BRAIDS. (Diamond cross, pink ribbons).—Have lost my purse, and in it your address, and my heart is breaking rapid. Please send a line, only one, to ADOLPHUS, Post Office, Leeds. We are most respectable, and desirous to marry. . . . Please write. A. M.

IF THE LADY who took by mistake the Mosaic brooch that was sticking in a mantle, will kindly return the same, she shall have her own diamond one, with many thanks. Apply at *Punch* Office.

LOST, early in the Ball, the fondest and truest heart that ever beat in the bosom of a gallant Volunteer of Sussex. The lady who was seen to possess herself of it was watched by him all the night, and is implored to communicate her address, as it was the only heart he had. Address to YOUNG GUSHER (care of *Mr. Punch*).

SILVER THISTLE. (Highlander).—If you really meant what you said, there are ways of repeating it in writing. Our names are in the *Court Guide*, on the page of the same number as that quadrille. Initial same as you said your Christian name was. We go out of town at Easter, but return afterwards for the season. ELLINOR.

AN OFFICER TOOK BY MISTAKE a Cloak with a pocket, in which was a letter, which he read before he discovered that it was not for him. Having thereby also discovered something else, he begs through this medium to inform MISS LETITIA * * * * * that her falsehood is known, and that she need not expect to hear again (though he hopes she will be happy) from (the once playfully called) TROTIBUS.

WILL THE OFFICER, WHO MUST REMEMBER ME, because he tore my dress in the polka, be so very kind as to send me my pocket-handkerchief? He may keep the flower. LAURA.

P.S. I don't care about it, only JULIA, that you wouldn't dance with, goes on so, and says she will tell Ma.

ALBERT. I cannot read your horrid handwriting, but we walk in Kensington Gardens every fine afternoon. Pretend not to know your way, but don't ask me, but HELEN, and then be reminded you saw us at the ball. Talk most to her, mind. MARGARET.

French and English Fancy.

THE new commercial Treaty between France and England has been conceived in the hope that it will induce the two nations to contend in peaceful rivalry, instead of opposing each other in sanguinary warfare. Nevertheless, although the contest will not be sanguinary, it will be attended with no small drawing of claret.

RECIPROCITY AND RAGS.

It is satisfactory to know that the French Government has agreed to remove the prohibition of the export from France of Rags. Let us now hope that our liberal neighbours will go one step farther in the right direction; give us their gold and silver, and take our paper.

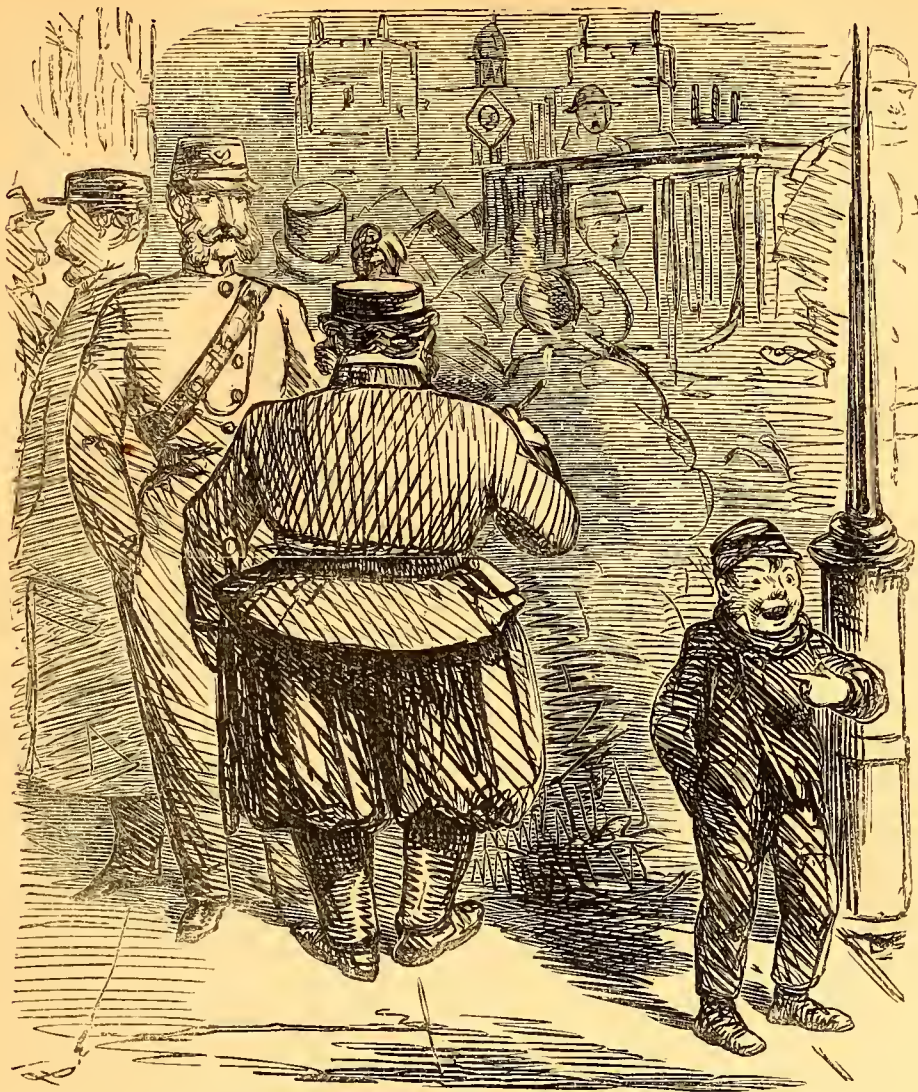
Cousins' Talk.

“No, AMY, you're quite wrong. I never was refused in all my life.”

“Oh, Tom, how can you say so? Why, there was LOUIE SIMPSON.”

“I tell you again, you're wrong, completely wrong. It's true I was 'declined with thanks' once, but I never was refused.”

A PAIR OF SMALLS.—LORD JOHN and his Reform Bill.



THE LEVEE. A SKETCH IN ST. JAMES'S STREET.

Odious Juvenile. "OH, LOOK YE 'ERE, BILL, 'ERE'S A VOLUNTEER CORPSE FOR YER!"

PHYSICIANS AND FOOLS.

THE subjoined advertisement, which lately appeared in the *Times*, expresses a want that is perhaps rather uncommon:—

TO the PARENTS and GUARDIANS of IMBECILES or IDIOTS.—A married surgeon, with every advantage which situation can command, wishes to meet with a PATIENT of the above description, who would receive every care and kindness.

A surgeon who wishes to meet with an idiotic or imbecile patient, must be one of very strange sympathies or of very unusual practice. Every medical man who has had much experience of the treatment of disease will declare that the most grievous difficulty encountered in dealing with patients is that of making them understand the necessity of conforming to the diet and regimen prescribed in compliance with the natural laws. The majority of ailing persons imagine that their complaints are all to be relieved by means of drugs, and cannot be convinced that exercise and regulated eating and drinking are requisite to a cure. Surgeons and physicians in general will sorrowfully protest that, in their professional capacity, they meet with only too great a number of idiots and imbeciles.

A TRAP TO CATCH LANDLADIES.

Landlady. I beg to tell you, Sir, that you are out of gin (*produces empty bottle*).

Tenant. Impossible; but stop, I'll see. (*Goes into bedroom, and returns with a full bottle.*) I thought you were wrong. I must tell you that I got these two bottles at the same time. The bottle you hold in your hand I put in the cupboard for your special consumption—the bottle I have here I kept under lock and key in the other room for my own private use. The truth is, you drink much faster than I do. Where your bottle is empty, you see that mine is scarcely touched. You must excuse me, it is not I that am out of gin, but rather yourself.

[*The Landlady is most virtuously indignant, but evidently guilty.*]

STRANGE COIN.—Forty odd pounds!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 12. *Monday.* Something must be done with that intolerable old party, LORD NORMANBY. He was up again to-day, pottering about Italian affairs, of course in the interest of his friends the ex-tyrants. The only extenuation for his speaking was that he abused LORD CLANRICARDE. The two squabbled for half an hour and more, when LORD GRANVILLE desired them to shut up.

Some unpleasant jangling in the Commons about Savoy, the Opposition intimating that Ministers were as much to blame in the matter as the EMPEROR, and the Cabinet, of course, being unable to see the thing in that light. Then came the discussion of one of the grand features in the Budget, the Abolition of the Duty on Paper. There was a good fight over the question, SIR WILLIAM MILES contending that the extra Income-Tax was too much to pay for free paper. A good deal of nonsense was talked on both sides, or how could there have been a debate; but in the end, after MR. HORSMAN had fired off an uncommon lot of hot shot at MR. GLADSTONE (in revenge for being laughed at last week), the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER appealed to the Spirit of the Policy of PEEL, which policy he said the measure tended to promote, and the second reading was carried by 245 to 192. So died the Paper Duty, and *Mr. Punch* instantly doubled the already enormous salaries paid to his young men.

Tuesday. LORD CHELMSFORD introduced a Bill, the object of which was, he said, to put down Sunday trading as much as possible, in order to prevent persons from being robbed of their one day of rest. He advocated the early paying of wages, and also the early closing movement, and has evidently gained much by a careful and conscientious study of his *Punch*.

In the Commons there was a field-night. Foreign affairs were brought up by LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who declared that the Government had done their very best for the Italians, and that he was very proud of having aided in the re-establishment of Italy. MR. WHITESIDE considered that the Government were accomplices in the robbery of Savoy. MR. MILNES thought the world might be a gainer on the whole transaction. MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE thought—but what on earth does it matter what MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE thought? MR.

HORSMAN was only too happy to have another opportunity of attacking Ministers. LORD PALMERSTON said that the annexation was objectionable, but would do England no harm, and therefore we were not going to fight about it. He hoped, however, that the EMPEROR might be induced to change his mind. MR. DISRAELI pitched into LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who, he declared, had been for months aware of what was intended, though he pretended not to believe in it. MR. KINGLAKE thought LORD PALMERSTON'S speech "very gratifying," which meant that MR. KINGLAKE did not attach the slightest value to the PREMIER'S hopes, and there was some more talk on the subject, which then dropped. COLONEL SYKES next rose to ask for information on a matter of no less importance than the re-organisation of the Indian Army, and, of course, the House was Counted Out. However, as this week the telegraph has been laid from Alexandria to Kurrachee (Western India, Wiscout, near the mouths of the Indus, and you are quite right to ask when you don't know), and we can now hear from India in six days, the House of Commons will be rather rudely electrified out of its indifference to the affairs of what was, and is not, a distant country.

Wednesday. MR. LOCKE KING moved the second reading of a Bill for enabling the clergy of the Church of England to perform its rites wherever they might please, without the leave of bishops, incumbents, or anybody else. This proposition was a good deal at variance with received notions of clerical discipline, and inasmuch as at present people rather look to the bishops to keep impetuous or eccentric parsons in order, the emancipating the latter from all control did not appear to be a very good measure of police. MR. WALPOLE opposed the Bill, as did the Government, and it was rejected by 168 to 131. In the course of the debate LORD ROBERT CECIL took a mild shy at the Four Jews in the House, intimating that they must consider as an insult to them the raising any discussion on a question of Christian education. To him responded the clever Hebrew of the four, SIR F. GOLDSMID, who assured him that the Jews were very desirous that Christians should be instructed in their own faith. This complaisance is delightful, and really *Mr. Punch* wonders that, with such extreme liberality of views, it is worth the while of the Jews to be Jews at all. He hereby invites them to come over. Also in the course of the debate young LORD ASHLEY, son of the EARL OF SHAFESBURY, uttered a little bit of

sailorly fun about a clergyman preaching from the stage, with a garden scene behind him, and perhaps "forbidden fruit." It is to be supposed that his stern parent had been down upon him in the interval between the appearance of the report and the next publication of the *Times*, for ASHLEY hastened to explain in a letter, that he didn't mean anything against preaching in theatres, which process indeed he heartily approved. To adapt the Rev. Ingoldsby Legend, "the Earl had a rod which he called Tickletohy"—and so forth.

Thursday. The Lords had their say on the Savoy business. LORD TAUNTON (the fluent LABOUCHERE of other days) moved agreement in Address on the Treaty, and the EARL OF CORK, who had been selected as a compliment to the victimised Cork-cutters, seconded T. EARL GREY fired into the Treaty and into the Budget, and considered our honour stained by the belief abroad that England had agreed to the annexation of Savoy to promote her own mercantile interests. Poor England, she is made answerable for everything; and indeed the Dresden *Journal* solemnly avers that the Savoy business is entirely England's fault. We shall no doubt be made responsible for the next eruption of Vesuvius, and told that if we had not laughed at St. Januarius, the volcano would not have burst out. LORD WOODHOUSE, selected in compliment to the Timber trade (he does not spell his name so, but what does that signify?) defended the Budget, and LORD MALMESBURY strongly condemned Government, and was very sorry to see ELECTUS going to the bad. Some small men followed, and then LORD DERBY assailed the Treaty, and in the calmest manner appropriated (and spoiled) the idea of one of *Mr. Punch's* Immortal Cartoons. LORD DERBY described the Treaty as "a sop thrown to England by France." Now, really we have a liking for LORD DERBY, who has many good points about him, and whenever he sends us a fourpenny telegram by the London District Telegraph Company's wire, asking us for a few ideas, he will not deny that we send him a hat-full with the greatest readiness. But our Cartoons are solemn and sacred things, and we cannot have them played with. LORD DERBY ought to have known better. The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, selected in compliment to the Coal interest, defended the Government, and LORD GREY took a division. There had been no Conservative whip, and there was no intention of doing anything real. The Contents were 68, and the professed non-Contents were 38. *Mr. Punch* cleverly replied to LORD CAMPBELL, who said to him, that the majority was an index of the feeling of the country, that his Lordship talked unwisely, as Contents and Index were very different.

In the Commons came the best bit of business of the Session. SIR RICHARD BETHELL brought in his Bill for Reforming the Bankruptcy and Insolvency System. Under the present swindling arrangement, Thirty-three per Cent. of a bankrupt's property is swallowed up by the expenses of collection. SIR RICHARD sweeps away the whole abominable edifice; appoints a Bankruptcy Judge, who is to be as big a wig as any of the other Judges, and a set of Registrars to do the small work. He abolishes the absurd distinction between Bankrupts and Insolvents, gives any person the right to come before the Court on his own petition, and does a great deal towards getting rid of imprisonment for debt. Our learned friend spoke capitably (his slash at the Bankruptcy Commissioners, who "indecorously" read newspapers on the bench, did not escape us), and his Bill is an exceedingly good Bill. *Mr. Punch* quotes POPE, exactly, in his learned friend's honour:—

"Thus BETHEL spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought."—*B. I. Sat. II.*

More Budget, and the Hops were dealt with. The car of Juggernaut went on, as somebody said to the Wiscount, who instantly and wittily replied, that a Jug o' nought was not so good as a Jug of Beer.

Friday. Naples is in a very alarming state, the King, in his frenzy of terror, persecuting all respectable persons in the most brutal manner. There are several English ships in the lovely bay, and noble lords wanted to know what were the instructions of the commanders. The very sensible answer was, that the commanders were to use their own discretion, and noble lords perfectly well understood what, under the circumstances, this meant. Government made a red-tape answer on the question of dividing the diocese of Rochester, and creating a new see, of which St. Albans' Abbey should be the Cathedral, but the thing will be done one of these days.

MR. BRIGHT took MR. NEWDEGATE to task for having spoken of MR. COBDEN as an admirer of French institutions and of the French Emperor, and MR. NEWDEGATE made a spirited answer, complimenting MR. BRIGHT for his friendly chivalry, but asserting himself to be justified in all that he had said. The *Conversazione* then set in with extreme severity, and MR. BOUVERIE got in such a rage that he likened the proceedings on Friday night, to MR. ALBERT SMITH's *Galignani* song. For this we suggest that the Entertainer owes BOUVERIE one, which we should pay somewhat in the following fashion:—

"And how a most wonderful kind of discovery
Was made by a Scotch representative, BOUVERIE,
Who says that the varied discussion which he'd a
Desire to put down's like my *olla podrida*:"

I think the comparison's one I must scorn,
The Treasury gets Chaff where my treasury gets corn."

A Chinese debate, originated by SIR DE LACY EVANS, occupied the latter part of the evening. Divers Members thought that we had [no business to chastise China, and others that we ought not to take ELECTUS as our colleague in the business. MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE signalised himself in the discussion, by foolishly accusing LORD PALMERSTON of making a joke on a grave subject, and caught something which even COCHRANE must have understood. The merry old PREMIER said, indignantly, that he had done nothing of the kind, and that no man of common feeling who respected himself, would unjustly impute such a thing to another. If COCKY has not asked for the Chiltern Hundreds he is a pachydermatous COCKY. Nothing came of the debate, but Government proceeded to ask for £850,000 on account of the Chinese expedition, and it was instantly voted. News for the "Straight Street of Benevolence and Joy."

TEMPESTUOUS DICTION.

ONE of the greatest advantages enjoyed by the superior classes is that of a superior education. Another, equally great, is that of the intelligent and cultivated society in which members of the aristocracy especially converse, and thus learn to express themselves, as well in speech as in writing, with a singular propriety; whereof a shining example is afforded in the following composition, addressed—

"To the Editor of the 'Morning Post.'

"SIR,—I did not plead guilty of inconsistency in voting for the budget, while I at the same time voted for the budget, as your article of to-day alleges; on the contrary, I justified that course, and shall be at any time prepared to do so.

"I consider, if the results expected to accrue from the budget to England and France are real, and in accordance with the wishes of both peoples, they can be carried out by a commercial arrangement—call it convention, or what you will; but I protest against the approval of the House of Commons being asked, under cover of financial arrangements, to a sham treaty of peace, which, according to appearances, might easily be put in jeopardy; and that the people of England should, by their representatives, indirectly affirm, as it is considered in Europe they will do, their acquiescence in the French Emperor's views of aggrandisement, by the consent of the House of Commons to the address of the Crown on the treaty HER MAJESTY has been advised to ratify.

"Claiming from your fairness an insertion of this explanation,

"I am, your obedient Servant,

"House of Commons, March 9."

"ADOLPHUS VANE TEMPEST."

Pausing only now and then to admire the perspicuity of the above epistle, it is possible to read as far as the word jeopardy; but there the structure of the letter becomes so luminous as to compel the dazzled reader to stop short. The noble writer protests against the approval of the House of Commons being asked "to" a sham treaty of peace, and he seems also to protest that the people of England should indirectly affirm their acquiescence in the French EMPEROR'S views of aggrandisement. Is this what he means to say they ought to do? An accident of birth fortunately provides the mouths of some men with a silver spoon. They might find some difficulty in the attempt to gain such a prize by competitive examination.

GOOD AND BAD BITTER BEER:

"CORNET O'FLAGON presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and, on behalf of HER MAJESTY'S whole Indian Army, desires to declare his unbounded confidence in the genuineness of MESSRS. BASS and MESSRS. ALLSOPP'S Pale Ale, and to apprise any fellow who may entertain a contrary opinion, that he (the Cornet) is to be heard of at the Blue Posts."

Mr. Punch, would be very loth to differ from CORNET O'FLAGON on any subject, and quite agrees with him as to the genuineness of the beer which is supplied by MESSRS. ALLSOPP and MESSRS. BASS. The bitter ale which *Mr. Punch* hates and despises, and which he denounced in a recent number, is the nauseous mess manufactured by incompetent brewers, and retailed by dishonest publicans as a counterfeit of the "barley bree" brewed at Burton. It is ALL-SLOP and BASE, and not ALLSOPP and BASS, that *Mr. P.* detests.

An Old Rhyme, with a New Reason.

ANNEXATION is vexation;
Division is as bad:
Thy rule, LOUIS, it bothers me,
Thy practice drives me mad.

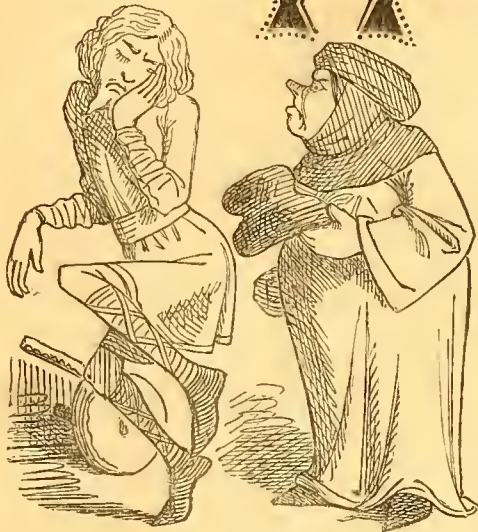
PETER'S PENCE.

IRELAND is freely contributing its tin to the POPE, but to what might not the subscriptions amount, if the POPE'S band of Irish Members would but contribute their brass?

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER VIII.—PERIOD—FROM THE EXIT OF THE DANES TO THE ENTRY OF THE NORMANS.

W



E said in our sixth chapter, that we thought it rather doubtful if the Saxon wore gloves, and there seems equal reason for our doubting if the Danes did. As some what of a proof that the Saxon ladies wore them, the careful reader will remember we made mention of a miniature, in which the sitter is depicted with her left hand in a glove. We then wondered if the lady had a right hand glove as well, and if she had, we wondered why she did not wear it. Our bewilderment, however, has been cleared up on these points, and humanity inclines us to clear away the cloud of doubt in which we left our readers. A manuscript which lies before us while we write, and which we may claim to be the first to bring to light, states gravely, that the person in the miniature referred

to was the herdsman's wife who gave KING ALFRED a black eye, because he did not look well to the browning of her cakes. The fact of the black eye is disputed by some writers. ASSERIUS says simply that "shee didde boxe hys eares," a phrase which might imply that the gloves she wore were boxing-gloves. But whether this be so or not, it is stated in our manuscript that KING ALFRED cribbed and kept her right glove as a keepsake, and this plainly was the cause why she was painted only in that which ALFRED left her, and which was her left. In his comments on the story, which the best of our historians think is too good to be true, ASSERIUS says, "y^e blowe dyd gette uppe quite a breeze," and though "y^e kinge's leftte eare was hyt," he adds, "yette itte dyd serve hym rightte." This, however, we must construe as said merely for a joke; for in writing thus ASSERIUS must be an ass if he be serious.

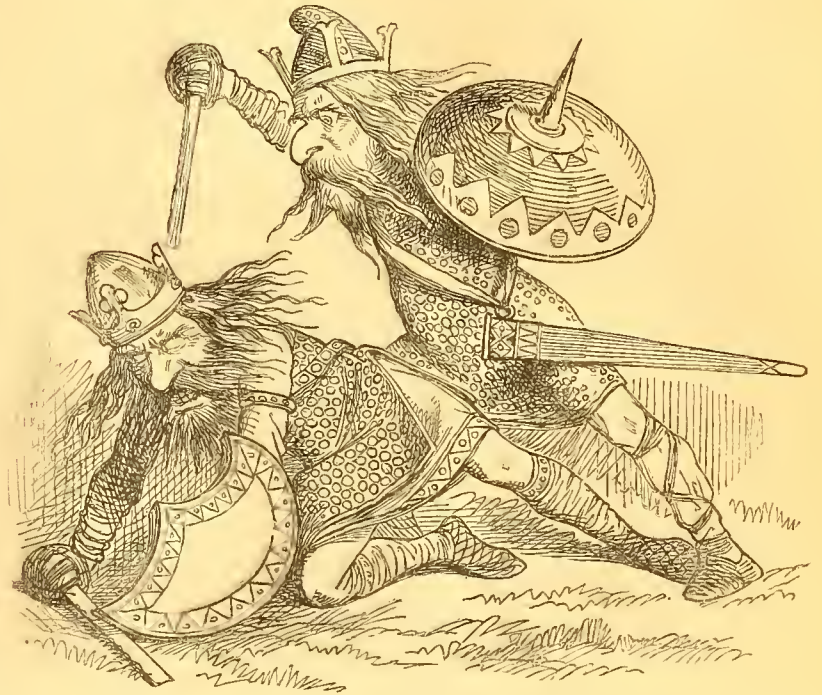
So far as we can learn, the Danish arms and armour were not unlike the Saxon, excepting in those points in which they were dissimilar. Volunteers with them were not so common as pressed men, at least if we may judge so from the laws of Gula, said to have been established by KING HACON THE GOOD. By these it was enacted, that men who were possessed of such a fortune as six marks should be required to arm themselves with a red shield of two boards' thickness, and for weapons were to carry a spear and axe or sword. In addition to these articles, possessors of twelve marks were to wear a steel cap, and men of greater mark, who owned as much as eighteen marks, were obliged to buy a helmet and a coat of mail besides. So that the armour of the people was proportioned to their pockets; for in their savage barbarism (how unlike our own enlightenment!) the lives and limbs of paupers were esteemed of far less consequence than those of millionaires.

Why the Danish shields were red, we cannot undertake to say; but as the Danes were mostly pirates, it seems likely that they liked to look something like Red Rovers. The spear, the sword, the bow, and the double-bladed axe were the weapons with which they used to make themselves offensive; and in the use of the two latter, they were thoroughly expert. To their swords in fun they sometimes gave the



MILITARY COSTUME, FROM A RUDE DRAWING ON THE FLY-LEAF OF AN ANCIENT DANISH SPELLING-BOOK.

playful name of "quern-bit," which rendered into English means simply "millstone-biter." It was with one of these, if we believe the chronicles, that KING CANUTE fought his famous single combat with old Ironside, as the Saxon monarch EDMUND was familiarly termed. The fight came off at Athelney, as everybody knows; and was one of the most famous broadsword battles ever witnessed. By the account in the *Medulla Historiæ Anglicanæ*, which may be regarded as the *Bell's Life* of the period, the honour of "first blood" was claimed for old Ned Ironside; and when, after administering a slogging upper cut, he was held entitled to claim "first knock-down blow," the Dane threw up the sponge to the disgust of all his backers, and "thynkinge of hys bettere halfe didde cry oute, lustilye for quartere."



APPROPRIATE AIRS.

THE Anniversary Festival of one of the most charitable institutions in the world, the Asylum for Idiots, was celebrated on Friday last week at the London Tavern by what the reporter of the celebration calls a very elegant dinner. It is known that dinners are tastefully as well as savourily provided at the London Tavern; but heartiness, rather than elegance, on the whole, might perhaps be expected to characterise a banquet which took place in the City of London, and whereat the Chairman was, as we are informed, "supported by Mr. ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF PHILLIPS, MR. SHERIFF GABRIEL, ALDERMAN ABBISS, ALDERMAN LAWRENCE, MR. UNDER-SHERIFF EAGLETON," and other guests of less note. However, on this occasion, the scene of festivity was not one of gross animal indulgence—of mere eating and drinking. The refined pleasures of song were adjoined to the gratification of the palate. Certain musical arrangements were made for affording, as it were, an accompaniment to turtle and other good things. After "Prosperity and Perpetuity to the Asylum for Idiots" had been proposed by the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, who occupied the chair, in a good practical speech—

"The toast having been drunk with loud applause, was followed by a four part song, 'The Idiot Born,' a solo in which was beautifully rendered by MISS SUSANNA COLE."

Some composers have been called inspired idiots, and it was perhaps a genius of this order who conceived the idea of such a composition as that above named. Associations apart, one might imagine "The Idiot Born" to have been some such a gem of the "Little Warbler" as "Such a Beauty I did Grow;" but, the occasion considered, it could hardly have been a comic song. Strange things, however, are sometimes done in the City; and after hearing that "The Idiot Born" was sung at the banquet on behalf of the Asylum for unfortunate persons of that description, we should not be surprised to learn that at a civic hospital dinner the company had been diverted by a funny vocalist, who, in pleasing connection with the subject of surgery, sang them "The Cork Leg."

Very Evident.

A DISCERNING friend of ours told us, a short time back, that in his opinion "there was nothing like humbug in this world." This may or may not be the case. One thing, however, is pretty certain: if there is nothing like it, there is, at any rate, a great deal of the original article itself.



WE SHOULD THINK IT DID!

Clara. "MAMMA, DEAR! I WISH YOU WOULD SPEAK TO GEORGE: HE WILL KEEP SPINNING FREDDY'S NASTY GREAT HUMMING-TOP IN MY AQUARIUM, AND IT DOES SO FRIGHTEN THE MINNOWS!"

THE NEW RUSSELL SIX-POUNDER.

We live in days of wonders, both social and mechanical,
Of fabulous projectiles, of forces quite Titanical:
Of Lancaster & Armstrong guns, & Whitworth's next, out-topping them;
Till soon, it seems, our shots will fly so far there'll be no stopping them.

Inspired by the ambition to rival these inventors,
Lo, next on the arena, my LORD JOHN RUSSELL enters!
And ancient limitations discarding as conjectural,
Brings forward *his* six-pounder—the new long-range electoral.

As Lancaster on earlier inventors made improvement,
And Armstrong far past Lancaster has urged projectile movement:
While Whitworth with his short-pitched screw, true-plane, and hair's-
breadth gauges,

To throw a shot two miles for one of Armstrong's now engages—

So in our franchise-canons we have witnessed the extension
Of range, from time to time, since GREY's first effort of invention,
When LORD JOHN, then powder-monkey, being small and made some
fun of

By way of compensation was allowed to let the gun off.

But since the day that he fired off LORD GREY's Reform ten-pounder,
LORD JOHN of his own trumpet has been unwearied sounder—
And from having *fired* the gun—(which he did, but half repented it)—
Has talked on all occasions as if he had invented it.

Till now, determined to out-do all that's been since projected,—
From that five-barrelled gun, of which the Chartists much expected,
(And the terror of whose bursting made forty-eight so nervous)
Down to LOCKE KING's ten-pounder, devised for County service,

And that very ill-planned weapon, DIZZY's late ten-pound brass cannon,
Which the verdict of the nation has placed decisive ban on
Whose recoil, upon first firing, not only broke the limbers,
But floored the firing-party, and shivered DIZZY's timbers—

Determined to out-do all these, and make himself immortal,
LORD JOHN at length wheels *his* new gun through Pembroke Lodge's
portal,

It isn't more imposing in dimensions than its maker,
And looks harmless as the wooden gun, which Jack-tars call a 'quaker.'

But "*Fronti nulla fides*" is as true of guns as persons;
And reasons may be given (and tolerably terse 'uns),
Why RUSSELL's new six-pounder—though its power appears so trifling—
May go farther than we dream of, 'tis so well devised for rifling.

The propelling power's enormous, though the charge is but a light one,
Not a grain of force is wasted, the projectile's such a tight one;
As for the cost of practice, *that* LORD JOHN declares he'll *not* mind;
But it isn't those who fire it first who'll have to pay the *shot*, mind.

Perhaps the new six-pounder, upon its present trial,
Mayn't go the lengths some say it will, in teeth of all denial;
But use it a few years, and (unless, in use it crack'd is),
I'm very much mistaken if it don't make startling practice!

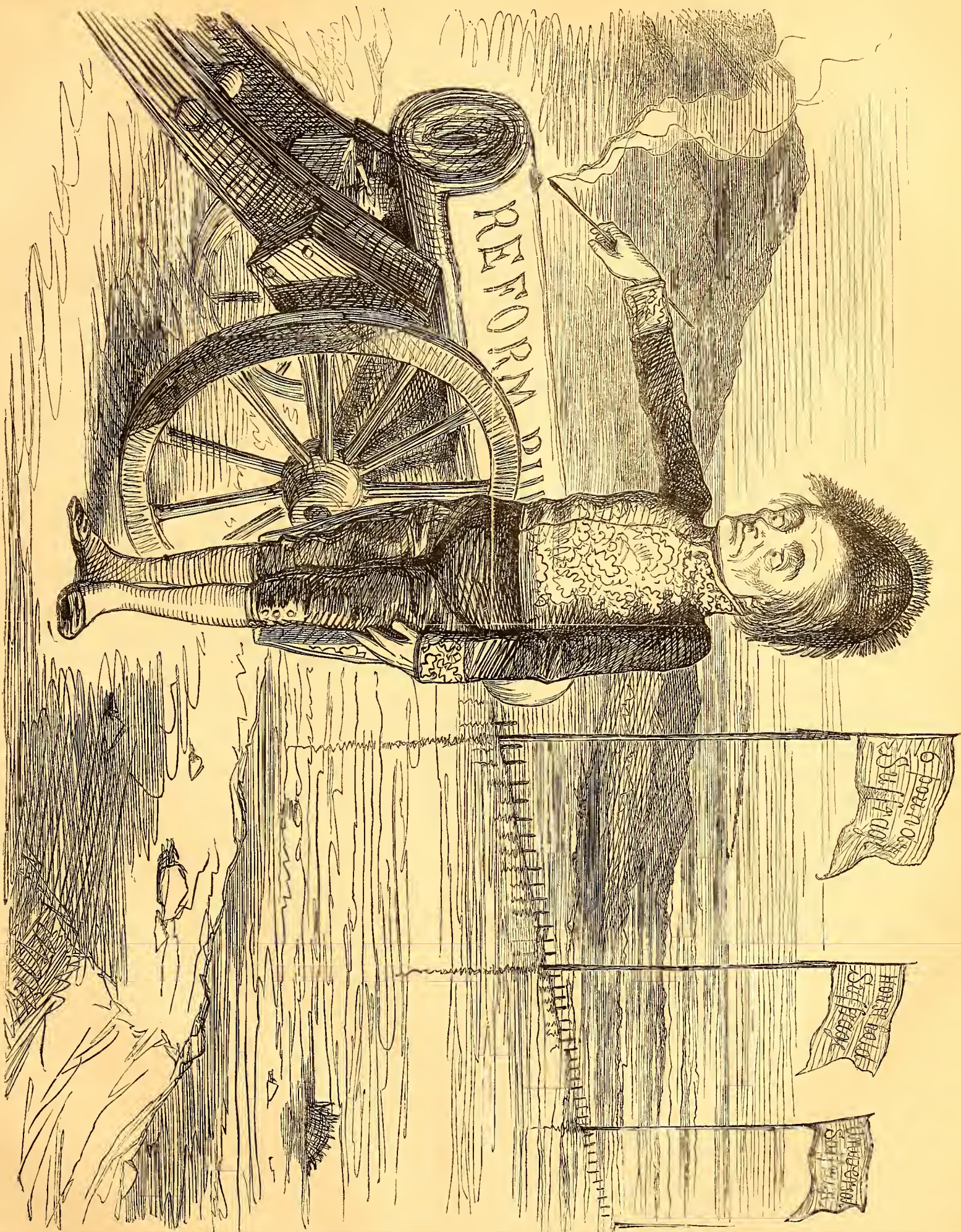
Then we may see it sending its bolt beyond the landmarks
That now bound England's practice-ground, but will then be rased like
sandmarks,

Till far past e'en the far-off post inscribed with "Household Suffrage,"
The shot still on and onwards speeds its ricocheting rough rage,

To where upon a dreary tract, rude as a backwood clearing,
The "Universal Suffrage" Pole its rough-hewn arms is rearing;
And there the shot may spend its force, and, ere itself it bury,
May work its last of mischief in what whalers call its "flurry."

We may never see such practice from this little gun which RUSSELL
Has at last got in position, by dint of tug and tussle.
But others treading in his track—though Lords, they've nought to say
to—

Will find a gun to reach the goal that *his* gun goes half-way to.



THE NEW RUSSELL SIX-POUNDER.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE OF THE TIPSY.



OUR friends of the United Kingdom Alliance are invited to ponder the subjoined passage in the examination of a gentleman who gave evidence before the Dover Election Committee. The name of this gentleman was EDWARD ALLEN; the profession described as that of boot and shoemaker, but perhaps, in reality, that of repairer of boots and shoes. MR. ALLEN deposed that he had taken a bribe of 25s. to vote for LEEKE and NICOLL. His place of residence at the time of the election was Canterbury, which city he left for Dover, there to exercise the privileges of a free and independent elector, having gone thither on Friday afternoon, and returned at the same time on Monday. Question and answer follow:—

“Where did you eat?—I did not have any food, but I had plenty to drink.
 “What! did you not have anything to eat from Friday till Monday afternoon?—I ate nothing all that time. I don't want anything to eat when I am drinking.—He was with his friends and drank at his own expense, except when at SHARP'S, who kept a public-house, and there he did not pay anything for what he had. The reason he stayed at Dover till Monday was to get his halfpence. It did not pay him for his three days' loss of time, but he was satisfied, as he saw his old friends and had a drop of drink.”

From the above interesting account given of himself by MR. ALLEN, we are

enabled to infer that there are certain times and seasons of some continuance, during which he is accustomed to devote himself with peculiar industry and application to drinking. These phases of his existence he significantly characterised by the expression “when I am drinking,” which may be regarded as a euphemism, the plain unvarnished sense of which is, when I am in a state of beer amounting to chronic intoxication.

The liquor under the influence of which MR. ALLEN is wont to remain some days together without eating, may, to be sure, be brandy or brandy-and-water, gin or gin-and-water, rum or rum-and-water; but beer is the more likely, as that beverage comprehends both food and drink. The supposition that this fine specimen of a British Elector is a mender rather than a maker of boots and shoes, is suggested by his acknowledgment of being subject to periodical accessions of dipsomania. This is singularly characteristic of those disciples of St. Crispin who are entrusted with the cure of soles, and who are addicted not only to the worship of St. Crispin, but also to that of St. Monday; which is one of the worst of the errors of Romanism, and of Protestantism to boot. The Alliance is respectfully recommended to consider whether MR. GLADSTONE'S new Tariff, by cheapening wine, may not, in some instances, have the happy effect of refining, if not of reforming, the habits of such a gentleman as MR. ALLEN, in at least converting the beery operative of the awl into a sherry-cobbler.

Bark v. Bite.

THE Romagnoles are threatened with excommunication for their desire to get out of the “Bark of St. Peter.” They declare they have no objection to the bark of St. Peter. What they object to is the *bite* of St. Peter's representative.

THE UNDEFENDED ONE.—SIR DE LACY EVANS has been chivalrously defending LORD LUCAN. Will no one come forward now, and say a kind word in favour of the EARL OF CARDIGAN?

THE POPE SELLING OFF.

SYNCHRONOUSLY with the rumour of the Hapsburg sale (or sell?) there has reached us a report that the POPE has made his mind up to retire at once from business, and is about to send to auction all his stock in trade of relics, his peepshows, and his miracles, and other valuable effects. The sale, which is expected to extend over some weeks, will comprise, we are informed, all the juggling apparatus of the holy Romish Church. Among the tricks will be observed the Winking Picture of Rimini, the Blood of Januarius, and the Vision of La Salette. All these will be warranted in good working condition, and with each lot will be furnished a table of instructions, showing how to do the trick. His Holiness, moreover, will by his sale conditions be bound to give a lesson in the art of holy juggling, to any of the purchasers who call on him to do so; and to attend in person the first working of a miracle, to see that all goes smoothly, and that the dodge be kept quite dark. For instance, when the Blood of good St. Januarius is intended to be liquefied to gullify the faithful, his Holiness in person will attend the few first melting-days, and will superintend the sanguinary dripping, as chief cook.

The holy relics to be sold amount to many hundreds, and are expected to realise a very large amount. No matter how great their antiquity may be, they will all of them be found in capital condition, care having been from time to time taken to renew them, whenever they showed symptoms of decay or wearing out. The hair-shirt of St. Filthius has been recently fresh sleeved, and the odour of sanctity will be perceived to cling to it, although for fear of some infection it not long ago was washed. Moreover, still attached to it is the sacred piece of thread, which was miraculously sent to the relief of the good Saint, on the morning when he found the garment with a button off. St. Peter's coat is also in first-rate preservation, notwithstanding the long period through which it has existed, and the wear and tear to which, in pious exhibition, it has daily been exposed.

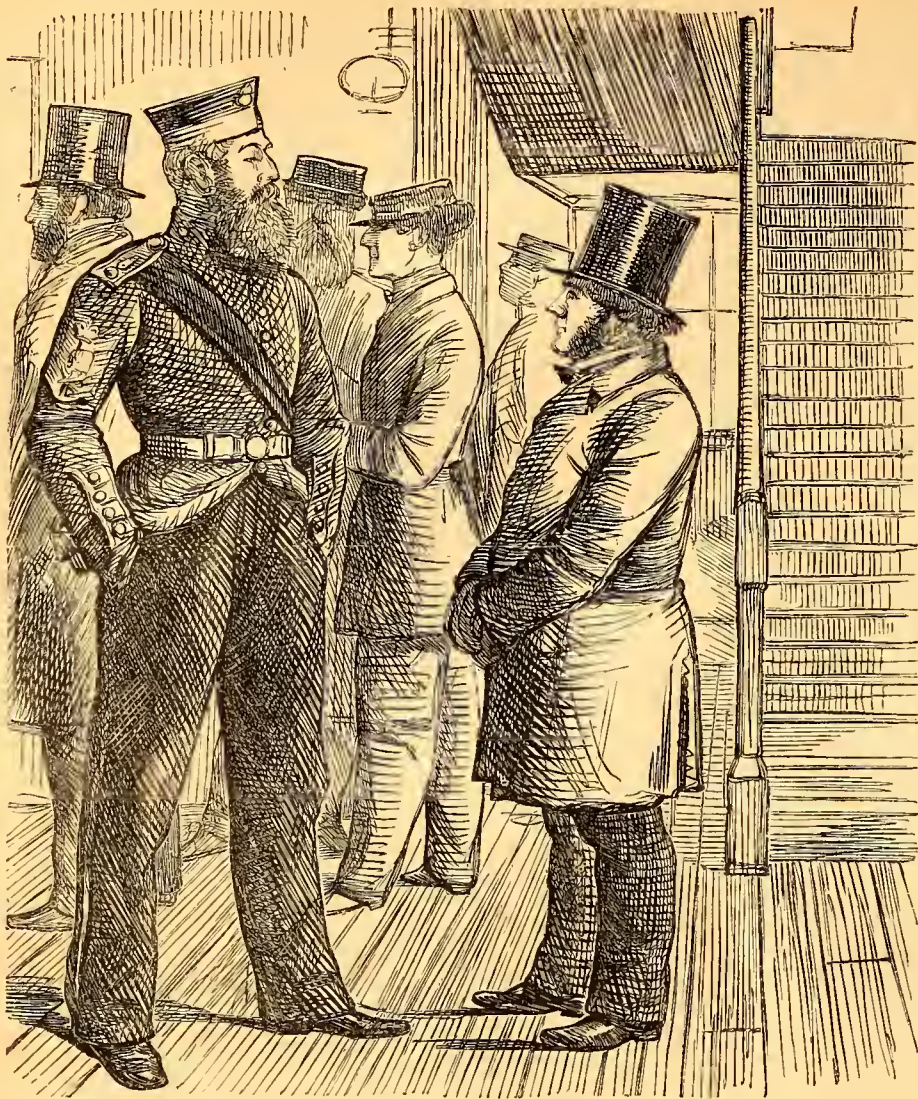
The waistcoat of St. Timothy will likewise be disposed of, the rumour that the moth was in it being quite unfounded, as it was only some six months since that, although warranted “original,” the vestment was re-made. Particular attention will, moreover, be invited to the trousers of St. Titus, which having just been seated, will last for some years longer, before the owners will be put to the expense of fresh repairs. But still more durable perhaps have been the slippers of St. Vitus, which, having been new-topped, new-sided, and new-soled, will be

discovered even yet in good salutable condition, notwithstanding all the centuries through which they have been kissed.

It should be observed that, for the comfort of the faithful, with each relic which is offered will be issued a certificate, to prove its perfect genuineness, and to verify its truth. This is the more needful, inasmuch as unbelievers have been known to raise a doubt of the reality of relics, and thereby have not only cast an insult on the Church, but, what is more important, have jeopardised a source of income to her priests. For instance, they have said that no coat of mortal make could have ever lasted so long as has St. Peter's, considering how often the garment has changed hands, and being made a peep-show of, how much it has been pulled about. They moreover have affirmed that far more hair of holy St. Hirsutus has been sold, than any score of skulls could ever have produced; and that if good St. Dentatus had possessed a hundred mouths, his jaws would not have held above one half of the false teeth, which have been sown broadcast abroad, and publicly proclaimed as his. The certificates, however, to which we have referred will, it is hoped, suffice to silence these malignants, or at any rate will serve to satisfy the faithful, and so long as they are satisfied, the Church will rest content. By the appended declaration of his Holiness the POPE, or by other equally convincing legal evidence, it will be proved to demonstration that the linen shirt of St. Filthius is the identical same garment which was worn by the good saint; and a voucher will be given with the bunion of St. Limpia and the toe-nails of St. Splaypes, attested by the signatures or crosses of the faithful, by whom those sacred relics have been severally cut.

So far as we can learn, it has not yet been settled who will be entrusted with the business of the sale. But a rumour is afloat that CARDINAL WISEMAN will be honoured with the post of auctioneer, for which his Eminence, we think, is very eminently fitted. Whether the mantle of GEORGE ROBINS will be found to have descended on him, is more than we at present can undertake to say; but we know that he is not unaccustomed to the pulpit, and we have no doubt he will prove himself well able to hold forth from it, with his usual glib utterance, and oiliness of speech. Not having had much practice in the wielding of the hammer, it may be questioned if his Eminence would feel himself at home with it; and we ourselves incline to fancy it would somewhat be more suitable, if the holy lots were knocked down with the Holy Poker.

“DONE TO RAGS.”—Austrian finance.



VOLUNTEER, 3rd Squad (innocently). "Shall you initiate us in the Goose-step to-night, Serjeant?"

SERJEANT. "The what, Sir?"

VOLUNTEER. "The Goose—"

SERJEANT (indignantly). "The Balanec-step without gaining ground, when you can do your Facings properly! Fall in, First Squad!"

A SUNNY AFTERNOON IN VENICE.

To the student of Geography, there is no place like BURFORD'S Panorama. It is always full of maps, and every map has the advantage of being beautifully coloured. Atlas supported the world on his back. MR. BURFORD does more than that: he carries the entire globe on the point of his paint-brush. Ask for any city you like; and, with two or three effective touches, in less time than you can compose a salad, he will produce it, to the satisfaction of your taste, and most harmoniously mixed, before you. If anything, the oil will perhaps preponderate, but that cannot be considered a fault, either in a salad or in one of MR. BURFORD'S pictures. The latest-gathered one out of his extensive pictorial garden is Venice. Austria might dispute his right to take it; but, never mind, he has taken it,—and we doubt if FRANCIS-JOSEPH even could quarrel with the admirable way in which it has been carried off, atmosphere, water, and all, without spilling a drop out of the one hundred and forty-six canals, which, like the veins in the body of a water-drinker, intersect it. And all this has been done with a gorgeousness of colour that ERTY might have envied, and with such a firmness of hand as CANALETTI himself must have approved. We doubt if a single thing has been damaged in the removal. Not a feather even of the numerous pigeons, that, fearless of Austrian pies and Austrian police, fly, thick as flakes in a snow-storm, over the many-steeped head of the sunny city, has been ruffled by being carried body and bones off to Leicester Square. They seem as happy in that small garret, up ten flights of stairs (which are almost as high as the Campanile itself, only ten times more difficult to mount), as though they were waltzing themselves into a state of almost white heat under their hot Italian sky, or were dipping down below into the Adriatic to cool themselves afterwards,—like unto white-muslined ladies we know at home, who, after dancing themselves quite limp all the evening, dive down-stairs to moisten their rosy little feverish beaks with something refreshing to drink!

"Beautiful Venice," as MR. KNIGHT calls it in his Henry-Russellite song, sits upon the waters as gracefully as a swan,—only so gaudy is its plumage that, like a peacock, would be nearer the mark (the St. Mark we were about to say), but then peacocks do not sit upon the water. It is a mermaid of a city, with half its body under the waves, and with the Lagune by way of mirror, in which it can always be

contemplating its mosaics and the numerous other antique charms that it has hanging from its elegant waist. The water is as clear as any Venetian glass. The sun is so glaring that we almost require a Venetian blind to guard our eyes against it. That large square, with its lava pavement, looks so hot that the *lazzarone*, who is crossing it with bare feet, will certainly be able to break his fast to-day with a pair of fried soles. The only shady arbour of refuge is under one of the porches of the Cathedral, which is as richly chased, as elaborately carved, as any curious weapon by CELLINI. You can wipe your streaming forehead under a triumphal arch of saints, festooned closely together, so that if one dropped, you imagine all the others would drop, like the beads of a rosary, when the string has been broken. Or you can dissipate your caloric and melancholy by sauntering, by the side of the Cathedral, under the rich colonnade of two hundred and ninety-two columns of marble, that is much handsomer than the *Café de Mille Colonne* at Paris, and with not the angry clash of dominoes to be heard in it. If you want the dominoes, you must go into the square of St. Mark, where the Carnival is going on with all the decorous solemnity of an English masquerade. By the bye, this Place of St. Mark reminds one somewhat of the Palais Royal, with its framework of many-storeyed, many-windowed houses, and close lines of pillars standing all in a row, as though they were going to be reviewed at the same time as the light regiment of gas-lamps, to say nothing of the warren of shops that are burrowing underneath the arcade, and the bustling *cafés*, that push themselves forward, like the *Café de la Rotonde*, to meet the customer half-way. It is very like the Palais Royal, and we only miss the "*Diners à 32 sous*," and the celebrated cannon, which reaches the meridian of its glory when it happens, with the punctuality of a minute-gun, to bang off accurately at noon. We never hear that favourite explosion without involuntarily exclaiming, "There goes the Gun of a Sun!"

The most peculiar feature about Venice is the absence of omnibuses and vehicles of all kinds. We did not even see a perambulator. It reminded us of London on the morning of the strike of the cabmen, when there was not a cab to be had for love or money. The Hansoms here are gondolas; and as for the busses, they are all replaced by small smacks. The only animal you see is the winged lion of St. Mark. No fear of hydrophobia, for not a dog is to be seen, unless you meet with an Autrichien. A case of glanders, also, has never been known within the memory of the oldest Venetian Boy. Every saddler and spurmaker died of starvation long ago. Veterinary surgeons would have nothing to do, unless they were called in to operate on one of the four bronze horses that stand over the portico of St. Mark's, as though they were going to pull down the large stained window that is behind them. There is not a hoof-print visible about the place, excepting such as the Austrians have left behind them in riding roughshod over the town. With the above exceptions, no animals have been seen on the Rialto for centuries. We fancy WOMBWELL'S menagerie would make its fortune here in a season, only perhaps the Venetians might be disgusted at finding it contained no winged lion.

More might be said about this water-queen of cities, if one had more time in which to say it. If she is anything like her portrait, she has no reason to be dissatisfied with her painter. Moreover, MR. RUSKIN has given a written testimonial deposing to the lithographic likeness of all and each of the "Stones of Venice" with which, like a proud beauty going to a grand ball, she has arrayed herself: St. Mark's is a small HUNT & ROSKELL'S of precious jewels by itself. MESSRS. PROUT, COOKE, STANFIELD, and a whole host of other admirers, have also left their cards to renew their acquaintance with one, in whose lovely presence they have spent so many happy and profitable hours.

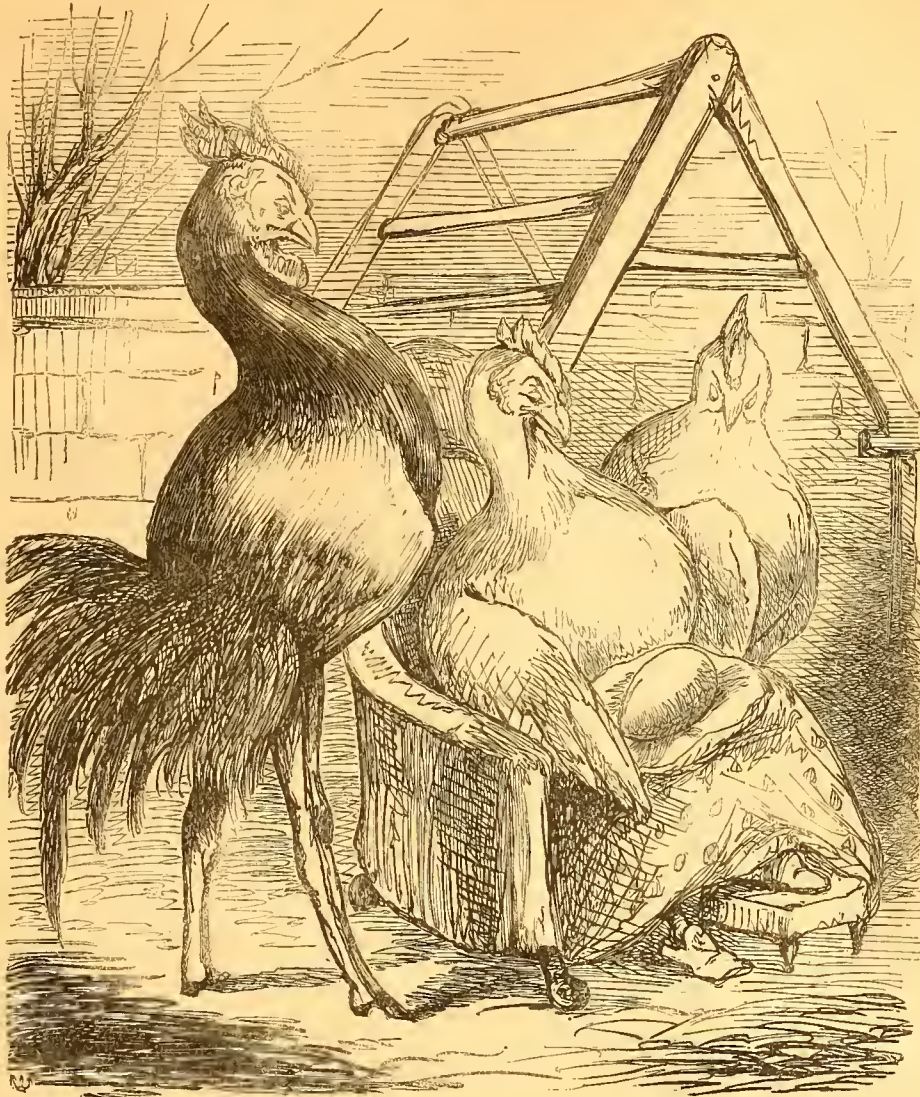
The Abolition of Flogging.

THE time when the Navy will be so well manned that you will not find a room on board a ship in which you can swing a Cat!

"THE PRETTIEST LITTLE BABY IN THE WORLD."

The only one point upon which the female sex is ever unanimous—the Baby in every case being, of course, the lady's own.

AN EGGSHELLENT REASON FOR KEEPING FRIENDS WITH FRANCE.



let us be green enough to go and interfere with 'em. That 'ere scrap o' land, Sir, ain't of no account to us. It's our friends across the Channel as we keeps our account with, which their bills for 'newlaid' and for 'freshes' is most 'eavy. We don't get nothing from Savoy, Sir, exceptin' of them organ-grinders, which *Mr. Punch* is right in kicking of 'em 'ome again. But our friends across

MIABLY conversing with our cheesemonger last week (for true greatness can never be demeaned by affability), we asked him, what he thought of our friends across the Channel, and whether he considered that their cabbageing Savoy ought, as MR. HORSMAN thinks, to lead us to a rupture with them. "Rupture! law, Sir!" he responded, looking frightfully alarmed; "why you don't mean to say, Sir, as you've fears there'll be a split! Well, all as I can say is, I hope it won't come true; for if the peace were broke, Sir, my business would be smashed. I'd just leave you to tell me, Sir, where am I to go for my 'Best Dorset Fresh,' when our 'friends across the Channel' as you calls 'em, shuts up shop to us? And then, what am I to do, Sir, for my 'Warranted New Laid Eggs,' when we come to have a rupture with our friends across the Channel, who, I'll be bound to say, have always got a six months' stock of 'em in pickle for us? No, no, Sir. Let our friends just cabbage their Savoy, and don't

the Channel, Sir, are always sending us nice things, and when they gets to Nice, Sir, perhaps they'll send us nicer. My belief is, that our friends have a strong wish to keep friendly, and the more we deal with 'em the stronger they will wish it. I've no mind to flatter 'em, and nobody shall say that I want to give 'em *this*," emphatically slapping a firkin as he spoke, "but though they have their faults (such as short credit and short weight), the French, Sir, on the whole, are a most egg-sellin' people."

"METHINKS I SEE MY FATHER!"

WE always thought that there was some mystery about the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*. We felt that in some way he was a great man, though we did not exactly know how. But, the other day, he suddenly cleared up the mystery, and revealed his parentage. He claims haughty descent from the Minister who perished by the hand of BELLINGHAM. Appended to a letter from a correspondent of the *Advertiser*, he says, "Although dissenting from the views of MR. PERCEVAL, still, as a son of a late Prime Minister of England, WE insert his letter.—Ed." Well, as MR. TENNYSON says in the *Idylls*,

"A holy man was PERCEVAL and pure,"

and we cordially congratulate our contemporary on the disclosure of his illustrious pedigree.

A Fair Excuse.

OUR fair cousin FANNY (we dare not give her surname) says she really *is* surprised at the *ridiculous* complaints which men keep making about Crinoline; for of course they *must* admit that the widest of wide petticoats cover but *two feet!*

CONFISCATION FOR CLERKS AND OTHERS.

To the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

MY DEAR SIR,

DID you really utter the subjoined words, which are put into your mouth, or rather made to issue from it, by a parliamentary reporter? They relate to the impost for the expiration of which in the present year you made such ingenious arrangements, but which, instead, you are going to re-impose and aggravate:—

"It is impossible to deny that it is a grievous tax, as it affects persons of small incomes, and especially of small fixed incomes."

I hope that one particular word in the above extract from one of your eloquent orations on finance has been misreported. For "fixed" I trust that we ought to read "precarious." But then the mistake will prove an unfortunate one; because there are some admirers of your great genius who, receiving implicitly all that you say, will echo, as your expression, a misprint which is just the reverse of it.

To those undiscerning disciples of yours, not of course, Sir, to so profound a thinker as yourself, I would put two cases in point:— A. has £150 a year income derived from 3 per Cent. Consols, or from freehold property. B. has £150 a year income paid to him by a mercantile firm in whose service he is a clerk. His employers may any day fail, and go to the dogs, leaving him to follow them. His health may fail him, and he may go to the dogs by himself. Here are two persons each of small incomes affected by the Income-Tax, and paying equal amounts thereof. To which of them is the Income-Tax especially grievous; to the one who lives in daily danger of losing his little all, which is all taxed, or to the other who, however severely the mere produce of his estate may be taxed, is still sure of some constant annual income in addition to his permanent capital, which he will possess for his life-time, and may leave behind him at his death.

I know in which of these two men's places I would rather be. In

which of them you would be if you were unhappily reduced to a choice between them, I cannot doubt. I feel pretty confident that you would rather experience the pressure of the Income-Tax in the person of the sufferer with the small fixed income than in that of the victim with the small uncertain one. It is very true that you do not know what it is to feel that you are dependent for your living upon resources which are at any moment in imminent danger of destruction. Had you ever enjoyed this experience, perhaps you would feel even more keenly than you do, with what especial severity the Income-Tax presses on small precarious incomes, as you said that it does if you were misreported, or as of course you meant to say if you used the word "fixed" by a slip of the tongue.

I am, my dear Sir, respectfully yours,

PUNCH.

P.S. Your Income-Tax shears Capital; whilst Industry it not only fleeces but also skins.

A New Commentary on Cæsar.

THE Wiscount congratulates the nation upon the Treaty being quite safe. Thanks to the remission of the French wine duties, MR. GLADSTONE, mounted upon the Budget, has been enabled, he says, "to pass the Ruby-con."

A PUZZLER FOR EVEN SENIOR-WRANGLERS.

GIVEN: A number of *Punch*.
To FIND: Its equal.

WANTED—An Act of Parliament, inflicting heavy fines or penalties on all persons who throw orange-peel on the pavement. Will no Member, who is in the habit of tripping, who is clever in breaking down at every step he takes, propose it?



THE BABY BOMBA, A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK-HEAD.

A WELL-MERITED PUNISHMENT.

A JUST penalty has fallen upon us. The indiscreet insertion in our last week's publication, of "whether *Par-terre* was on any ground related to *Mother-Earth*?" has brought down upon our guilty heads the following, from a vindictive correspondent, who maliciously inquires "Whether the Bois (*Boy*) de Boulogne is the ligneal descendant of the *Pas de Calais*?" The first we pronounce boldly, and with a keen sense of shame, to be weak enough; but the second we fearlessly declare, and, without any flattery, to be, if possible, even weaker. However, it serves us perfectly right. We promise to be more careful for the future.

Le Vol de l'Aigle.

THE Californian market has been flooded by an influx of bad "Eagles"—the outside of which, we are told, is of gold, but the inside filled up with lead.

These false eagles are suspected to be of Chinese manufacture. We should rather presume them to be French.

The French Eagles, it is certain, are very apt to carry lead in their insides—in the shape of bullets.

A Wish.

LORD BROUGHAM's title—we are glad to learn—on the death of its present possessor, is to go to his brother, WILLIAM BROUGHAM, and his issue.

May the transfer be far off. But when it *does* come, may the new Broughams only sweep as clean as the old one, and may the next LORD BROUGHAM be a *copy*, and not a *caricature* of H. B.

PRESENCE OF BEAUTY ENSURES PRESENCE OF MIND.

THERE is nothing so much in favour of the presence of ladies as the abominable nonsense that men talk in their absence.—JENKINS, on being detained from joining "the Ladies" full three-quarters of an hour after the announcement had been made that "TEA IS READY."

GOOD NEWS FROM NAPLES.

FRANCIS THE SECOND of Naples, by a slight variation of the words which SHAKSPEARE puts into the mouth of *Henry V. of England*, might very nearly express the precise relation in which, as compared with his late father, he stands towards the people who rejoice under his paternal government. If he were to say that

"Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
And BOMBA BOMBA,"

he would state almost the exact truth. Almost, not quite; for it is rather less than the truth to say that, in point of wisdom, benevolence, and justice, the present sovereign of Naples is on a par with his predecessor,—FRANCIS to FERDINAND bearing the ratio of BOMBA to BOMBA. The son somewhat excels the sire in the moral qualities, and exceeds him in the kind of conduct which procured the latter a European reputation. For example, see the *Siecle*, which says,—

"We have received letters from Naples which paint the situation in very gloomy colours. M. ZIR, so well known to travellers as the landlord of the Hotel della Victoria, and MR. GATTI, an eminent Orientalist, have been taken into custody. The police supposed some hieroglyphics which the latter possessed, to be seditious emblems!"

Here we see how much sharper the instruments of the sublunary *assoluto padrone* of the Neapolitans are than those that were used by the one who was recently translated to the skies. If the tools are the same, they have at all events become much more acute in the hands of their new master. We often hear of the wonderfully discerning senses of certain Indians. The profound suspicion that Oriental hieroglyphics were suspicious emblems, is remarkably like the idea entertained by some unsophisticated children of the wild, that the sketch which an artist is making of their interesting persons is a device of magic. The King of the Anthropophagi is probably waited on by guards and attendants who, in respect of sagacity, are just upon a level with the Police employed by the KING OF NAPLES. Like men, like masters: BOMBA and HOKEY-POKEY-WANKEY-FUM very much like one another, especially BOMBA.

The *Siecle* proceeds:—

"A greengrocer of the Place Baracca has likewise been arrested, for having exhibited in his window, radishes, turnips, and lettuces, together, the colours of which are those of the Italian flag."

This intelligence, by leave of the *Siecle*, does not paint the situation in very gloomy colours. The colours of the vegetables, for the combination of which in a costermonger's shop-window the Neapolitan Police took the costermonger up, were a vivid red, a bright white, and a brilliant green; all the most lively colours, and, constituting the Italian tricolour, and exhibited where they were, strongly suggestive to English apprehensions at least, of progress, as expressed in the exclamation, "Get on with your barrow!"

The next piece of news is still more cheering:—

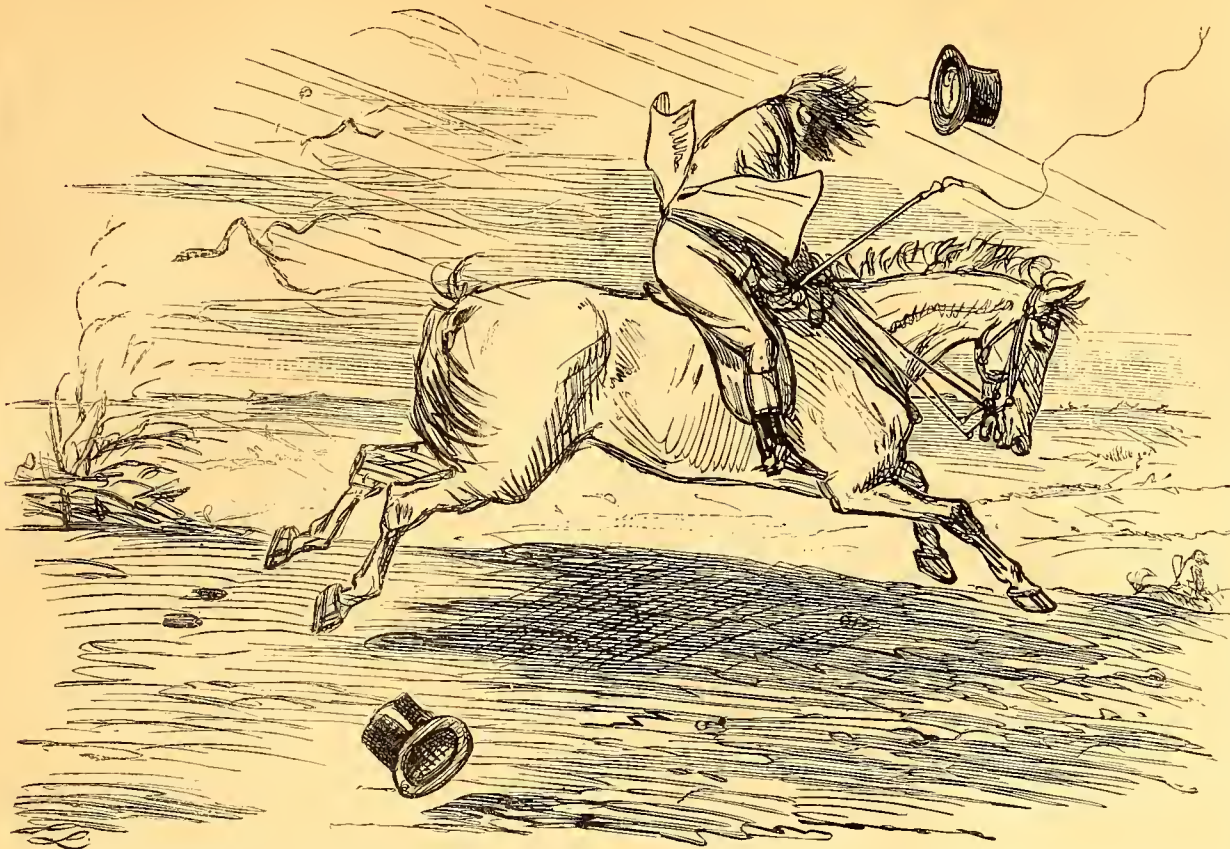
"The letters add, that a royal ordinance had been issued, directing that all civil and military functionaries shall, in the course of the present month, be subjected to some days' stoppages of pay, and that the amount obtained thereby, shall be sent to the POPE."

This is just as it should be. Whilst the POPE's subjects are shaking the POPE's yoke off, and, with all the rest of Central Italy, voting themselves subjects to the KING OF SARDINIA, the best thing that the second and more amazing BOMBA can possibly do is to mulct, not only his civil servants, but also his soldiers, in order to subsidise the Roman Pontiff. AS BYRON sings,—

"Kill a man's family and he may brook it,
But keep your hands out of his breeches pocket."

Just so, banish a man's relatives, imprison them, flog and torture them, inflict upon them the most filthy and shameful indignities, and he may tolerate, nay, if you fee, and flatter, and pamper, himself personally, and he is a beast, he may even applaud your proceedings. But rob your flunkey of his money, or stop his wages, in addition to bastinadoing his father and mother and racking and thumbscrewing his brothers and sisters, and he will kneel at your feet and lick them only so long as he is afraid to rise. Then look out for an assault. Especially is exasperation likely to be created by stoppage of hire in the mind of the menial who wears that species of livery called uniform. The KING OF NAPLES could not at this moment pursue any line of policy more auspicious of the freedom and union of Italy, and more hopeful for humanity, than that of disgusting and disoblising the Army whose aid alone enables him to stay where he is, instead of coming to reside in Leicester Square.

THE CLOAK OF RELIGION.—A Cardinal.



FOR DOWNRIGHT HEALTHY EXCITEMENT, WE RECOMMEND A DAY'S HUNTING IN
A GALE OF WIND.

THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE."

WE do not know whether this celebrated Anglo-French "Cordiale" is likely to be affected much by the remission of the duties on French wines and spirits. That measure being so extremely liberal, we should think that the consumption was likely to become considerably greater. From the quotations we have seen in the French and English papers, there seems to be a great improvement, also, in the strength and purity of this "Cordiale." Not only is it stronger in spirit, but it is likewise freer from that slight tendency to acidity, which, at the smallest turn of politics, was apt to vitiate all its good qualities, and to render that which was intended to be sweet and comforting to the taste of both countries, extremely disagreeable, and oftentimes offensive, to those, no matter whether Englishmen or Frenchmen, who happened to have the "Cordiale" for the moment on their lips. The exchange and interchange being now so much freer, it is to be hoped that the "Entente Cordiale" will not linger only on the lips, but will soon reach the hearts of both England and France.

A SHILLINGSWORTH OF CHARITY.

THE loss of poor MONS. JULLIEN, the MONS who had for many years so often been in labour for us, is a loss which we can none of us expect to see replaced, and therefore none of us can be likely to forget. M. JULLIEN was one of the few public entertainers of whom it could be said that he was really entertaining. In whatever he attempted he did his best to please, and in doing so, he was but seldom unsuccessful. If we have ever laughed at him we ever have admired him, for the reason that so many of his qualities were admirable. He was not one of those who "keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope." His promises were always fulfilled in his performances, and in whatever he might pledge himself he never broke faith with the public. He never let his singers be "indisposed" to sing, nor did his instrumentalists ever fail in "keeping time"—in their appearance in the orchestra.

As a composer, M. JULLIEN was well and widely known, and in his peculiar walk not better known than trusted to. Dance music was his forte, and there are few piano-players who have not his music literally at their fingers' ends. We should like to know the number of agreeable flirtations to which his *British Army Quadrilles* have given birth; while the marriages effected through his lovely *Olga Waltz* must have occasioned a considerable effect upon the Census.

As caterer of concerts M. JULLIEN was unsparing both of person and of purse, being as lavish of exertion as he was also of expense. Indeed we think it may be said without untruth, that he mainly lost his life through his efforts as conductor, and his strong reluctance to disappoint the public. Over-work and over-anxiousness to recover his lost credit (a loss occasioned far more by misfortune than by fault) brought on an affliction from which he never rallied: and his brain first, then his body, gave way beneath the stroke.

By his death "his widow and family are left totally unprovided for." This we state on the authority of men who know the fact, and who, knowing it, have given it the attestation of their signatures, each appended to a document called legally a cheque. They moreover have put forth in the *Times* and other Papers:—

"An Appeal to the generosity of the British Public, to whose amusements MONSIEUR JULLIEN has diligently and faithfully administered for upwards of twenty years."

And that this Appeal may universally, be read, we call the world's attention to it in our world-pervading print. We moreover would invite all those who can afford it to put their names down on the list which is affixed to the Appeal, and hand their cheques and guineas to the Treasurers of the fund.

But without stopping the charity of the guinea-paying public, may we not appeal, too, to the shilling-paying public? M. JULLIEN has done much for the shilling-paying public. M. JULLIEN has done more

to popularise good music than any other popular purveyor of sweet sounds. Until M. JULLIEN came to them, the shilling-paying public had never heard good music; or at least, if they had heard it, they had never rightly listened to it. A symphony was seldom played to them "twenty years ago;" and, if played, was seldom heard without its being hissed. But the public are not now such geese as they were then. Thanks mainly to their JULLIEN, their hearing has improved, and they can listen to good music without finding their ears bored by it.

We repeat, then, what we said. M. JULLIEN has done much for the shilling-paying public. In return, will not that public do a little for the family M. JULLIEN has left? A SHILLING SUBSCRIPTION LIST is opened, to swell in a small way the JULLIEN FUND for their relief. Those who can't give more, need never be ashamed of putting down their shilling; and the sum would in this instance be most suitably appropriate. As pleaser of the public, it was to the Shillingites that JULLIEN most appealed; and we may therefore for his family appeal fitly to the Shillingites. If every one in England to whom "the Mons" has given a good shillingsworth of music were now, in return to give a shilling to his memory, the Jullien Relief Fund would be sensibly increased. And as the Shillingites in general like to get their moneysworth, let every one who does so bear this fact in mind, that a shillingsworth of charity is in truth a "*Splendid Shilling*"s-worth.

An Ill Wind.

THE breeze which has arisen in St. George's in the East is one of those ill winds which blow no one any good. It arose from certain persons giving themselves airs, and, as might have been supposed, these airs soon led to blows. People make complaints about a Nor'-Nor'-Easter as being the most aggravating wind that ever blows; but in future, when we wish to speak of an ill wind, we shall say that it's as bad as a St. George's-in-the-Easter.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

A REMARK, apparently neat, but upon examination exceedingly hollow, was recently made by a misogynist. He said, Men talk, but with women it is the converse.—*The Hermit of the Haymarket.*

A QUESTION FOR PHILOLOGISTS.

PHILOSOPHERS are raising the impertinent demand whether the utter-most parts of the Earth are inhabited solely by women?

WONDERFUL METAMORPHOSIS.—A teetotaller was seen, a day or two ago, to *turn into* a public-house!

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER IX.—THE EARLY NORMAN PERIOD.



THE brief interval between the out-kicking of the Danes and the incoming of the Normans, the costume of the English, of course, underwent some change; for when was fashion ever for a single year immutable? Coming events often throw their shadows out before them; and before the Normans landed their shadows had preceded them, and the English in their habits had aped them to a shade. Fathers now-a-days complain that their children dress like foreigners, and it must be confessed that in the time of the Confessor there was as much reason for a similar complaint. Before the Frenchmen came themselves their manners had invaded us, and we were slaves to them in fashion, although not yet so in fact. For this we

have the evidence of WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY, who, contemptuous of orthography, as is his lordly namesake, observes:—

Inne EDWARDE'S rane y^e Englishe dyd Frenchifye ymselves both inne maneres and costumes, and made ymselves redickulouse bye their phantastick fashiones, whiche they dyd wear a shortere tunic and eke a shavenne chyn, and dyd clippe their haire allsoe as they dyd clippe their speache."

That men should "make themselves ridiculous" by wearing shaven chins, is an idea to which our beard-movers have lately given countenance, albeit Englishmen in general have long set their face against it. The early Normans were, however, great users of the razor; and besides shaving their chins, and upper lips, and cheeks, they actually shaved the back part of their heads; a fashion which they borrowed from the swells of Aquitaine. This we learn not only from the Bayeux tapestry,* but from an incident which happened on the landing of the Normans, and which authorities concur in thinking proves the fact. It is said that when KING HAROLD heard the cry, "The French are coming!" he prudently remained at home, and sent his spies to see if there were truth in the report. As they dared not face the enemy, the spies crept crawlingly along until they got behind his back; and from this rearward point of view they took their observations, without themselves becoming the objects of remark. They then played among themselves a friendly game of Hie, spy, hie! and, as WALLINGFORD informs us, "dyd putte their bestte legges foremoste, and dyd take un-toe their heeles." On coming to the king, who was as breathless to hear the news as they were all to tell it, they said they had seen no soldiers, but an army of priests; and on HAROLD asking sternly, "What the [two of dice] they meant?" they told him



FROM A CURIOUS ILLUMINATION REPRESENTING A NORMAN SWELL DRESSING FOR AN EVENING PARTY.

* Of course every school-girl knows that this tapestry is called so from its being kept at Bayeux; and is a piece of coloured worsted work, somewhat like a sampler, measuring in length 212 feet. It is said to have been worked by the Conqueror's wife, MATILDA, who was called from her great industry in working it, the Conqueress, the enemy she triumphed over being truly worsted. How long she was doing it, we must let our lady readers have the privilege to guess. Although the fact is not so stated, one might really almost think she had the help of Briareus in accomplishing her task; for one had need have the assistance of a hundred hands, to work so great a quantity as above two hundred feet.

of the way in which the Normans wore their hair, whereat his Majesty impatiently exclaimed, "There, you may cut it!"

In telling us this anecdote, BOB WACE, the Norman poet, uses the expression "*tout rez et tondu*," which may be literally rendered by the words "all shaven and shorn:" a phrase that, every baby knows, occurs in one of the most ancient of our descriptive ballads. The words, our readers may remember, are applied there to a priest; and their usage may be taken as confirmatory evidence that the Normans in their tonsure had a priestly cut about them. How far they resembled the old ecclesiastic, who performed the marriage service in the ballad we have mentioned, is a point which we suggest to men of strong imaginations, as being a fit problem to exercise their thoughts. For their assistance in the matter we refer them to the figures pictured in the Bayeux tapestry, and to the portrait of the priest as he appears in our edition; wherein the artist has depicted him in a dress which is a cross between a beadle's and a bishop's. In this engraving (which we fancy must be really very rare, for it appears to bear the thumb-marks of several generations) "*y^e maydenne all forlorne*" is most lugubrious in look, and seems to have been taken to what cockneys call the "halter" as reluctantly as though she had been taken to be hung. With an attention to the details which smacks of the Dutch school, the maid is represented with her milk-pail in her hand; while slightly in the background is a portrait of her cow, whose horn is "crumpled" with a power which a Præ-Raffaelite might envy, and a RUSKIN write a page about in notes of admiration of its "conscientious handling" and its "gigantic strength of truth."



THIS TRULY INTERESTING PICTURE IS A VALUABLE ILLUSTRATION OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL AND CIVIL COSTUME OF THE MIDDLE OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY, OR THEREABOUTS.

The civil costume of the Normans (whom silly sticklers for good grammar have called otherwise the Normen) consisted of a cloak, a shirt, and a pair of drawers; together with a tunic which they wore rather short, and a pair of stockings, which they wore rather long. One writer calls these stockings "pantaloons with feet to them;" and we may guess from his so doing, that the nobles chiefly wore them, for pantaloons have never been in favour much with clowns. Their Norman name was "chaussés," and we are not aware of their having any other: although seeing that the English took afterwards to wearing them, it is naturally likely that they Anglicised the name. But whether, with true British contempt for foreign accents, they called the chaussés "chosses," or "chawfers" or "chowfers," with all our wisdom we must own ourselves unable to decide.

To keep their heads warm, which considering how they shaved them, was much needed, the civilians wore a flat round cap resembling a Scotch bonnet. This, however, was not their invariable head-dress, for they sometimes wore a hood, or coif, to serve as their *coiffure*. Combined with their bald-patedness, these monks-hoods must have given them a clerical appearance, and the way they aped the priests was really monkish, if not monkeyish.

For their *chaussure* they wore shoes, over their *chaussés*. But sometimes their long stockings were stuck into short boots, which for aught we know, resembled our plebeian highlow. These short boots have been long familiar to our memory, from the fact that we remember reading when at school (having recently refreshed our remembrance on the matter) that ROBERT, Duke of Normandy, the Conqueror's eldest son, was nicknamed *Gambaron*, or "Shortshanks," and *Court-hose*, which meant "Short-boots." His namesake, ROBERT WACE, says, "he hadde shorte legges and large bones, hence was he boottedde with shorte hosen and hadde shorte boottes to bootte." To our mind

there is nothing very funny in these nicknames; but we mention them to show that our ancestors at times were just as rude as their descendants, in their remarks on people's personal disfigurements and dress.



ROBERT SHORTSHANKS, DUKE OF NORMANDY. FROM MR. PUNCH'S COLLECTION OF HISTORICAL PORTRAITS.

The phrase "booted with shorte hosen" might lead one to suppose that the Normans wore no stockings underneath their *chausses*, and that they thrust their ten toes naked into their boots. This, however, we are not at liberty to guess; for stockings, we have seen, were in use among the Saxons, and the Normans, who were more refined, must certainly have worn them. Indeed several quotations might easily be made which would serve to satisfy the reader of the fact; but reading much bad spelling is a thing to be avoided, as it may lead to imitation, perchance, of its defects.

Taking it for granted, then, that they wore stockings, there remain to be considered two most momentous questions; namely, whether or no they commonly wore garters with their stockings, and

whether, if they did, they gartered under or above the knee. Antiquarians have been long in the dark upon these points; but we rejoice that our exhaustless industry and patience at length enable us to throw a flood of light upon the subject, and to dissipate the clouds of doubt which have obscured it.

By our almost superhuman labour of research, we have brought to view a MS., which, so far as we can see, has never before been even heard of, and which must excite the wonder and delight of the *savants*. Since we are never prone to keep our good things to ourselves, as is proved by the weekly publication of our jokes, we have now the greatest willingness in parting with our property, and putting before the public that which has been hitherto a quite private possession. The manuscript appears to have been written by a lawyer, at least we judge so, partly from its being writ in rhyme (for all our poets nearly have begun by being lawyers), and partly from the almost undecipherable penmanship, which is a failing common to most men in that profession. Our conjecture too is strengthened by the MS. being written in bad Anglo-Norman French, in which our ancient legal documents were commonly composed. But not to keep our readers longer from their treat, be it known to all men that, so far as our compositor is able to make out, he holds himself in readiness to make an affidavit that what is here subjoined, is a true copy of the lines:—

“ Quand je quittais la Normandie,
Je wore mon gartere sur mon knee:
Et quand je Englismans became,
Je suis contente a faire le same.”

WHITE MICE AT THE TUILERIES.

FOR the annexation of Savoy to France, the best reason that can be assigned is, that the language of the Savoyards is, in a great measure, French. If the Savoyard deputies, who waited the other day on the EMPEROR, to implore him to eat them and the other roast pigs, their fellow-citizens, represent the latter in their way of squeaking, the people of Savoy certainly do talk like thorough Frenchmen.

For example:—

“SIRE,—So many natural bonds, so many glorious reminiscences unite Savoy to France, that she trembled with happiness when the august word of your Majesty gave the hope to our country that she was about to be called to make part of the great French family with the assent of its legitimate Sovereign.”

Trembled with happiness!—how false! how bombastic! how fulsome! Can there be a doubt that creatures who are capable of this slaver are unfit to remain subjects of VICTOR EMMANUEL, and that they tend to servitude by a natural impulse.

Their address to the EMPRESS affords still stronger proof of their essentially French disposition. What can exceed the peculiar politeness of the following specimen of adulation:—

“MADAME,—Will your Majesty allow those who will soon be your new subjects to express to you, on this day, so momentous for them, all the sentiments that animate them? Savoy is an affectionate land, Madame; it loves its Princes.”

We cannot conceive anybody worthy to be called an Englishman voluntarily renouncing his QUEEN, and offering himself to become the subject of any other sovereign. But some Englishmen are unworthy of their name; an English traitor is a conceivable monster. Yet even the basest and most degraded Briton would never, in throwing himself at the feet of another lady than HER MAJESTY, have the face to say, “England is an affectionate land, Madame; it loves its Princes.” The idea of being spurned by the foot that he was licking, would deter him from the utterance of such a piece of impudent servility. He would be conscious of the self-irony of his language. That is just what the Savoyard deputies were unconscious of; and such unconsciousness is eminently French. Therefore, they unblushingly tell EUGÉNIE that “Savoy loves its Princes;” and then they proceed:—

“How could it fail not dearly to love you, endowed with so much grace and virtue?”

How did these gentlemen fail to love the KING OF SARDINIA? Oh! they have not failed to love him; they only forsake him. So they will never fail to love their new mistress; and they tell her—how prettily and affectionately!—

“Savoy hopes that you will also love it, and that you will soon give a precious proof thereof by showing yourself among us.”

These people were clearly born to kiss hands. Stooping, no doubt, with appropriate action, they now thus address the infant Prince Imperial:—

“And you, Monseigneur, you who are destined to continue so much greatness, our children will be as devoted to you as we are to the EMPEROR, your glorious father. As soon as we return to our mountains we will make them ring with the shout of ‘Vive l’Empereur;’ ‘Vive le Prince Impérial!’”

Dishonoured mountains! The insensibility of these men to the absurdity of the above pompous apostrophe to a small boy is also perfectly national; that is perfectly consonant with French ideas. The grossness of their cringing to the Imperial great man is paralleled by the ridiculousness of their fawning on the Imperial little man. We are familiar with this style of demeanour as exhibited, in begging, by dirty fellows in high-crowned hats, with white mice and a hurdy-gurdy. Some of these truly crawling creatures appear to have taken their mice and music to the Tuileries.



A Run for the Reform Bill.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, the other evening, ran into the House of Commons, with a train of supporters at his heels, just in time to secure the discussion of his Reform Bill by saving the House from being counted out. The noble Lord, on that occasion, may consider himself to have had a run of good luck.



LA MODE—THE ZOUAVE JACKET.

Miss Stout. "WELL NOW, DEAR, I CALL IT CHARMING, AND SHALL MOST CERTAINLY HAVE ONE MYSELF!"

POOR LITTLE BILL.

(As Sung by LORD JOHN RUSSELL in his favourite character of the "Fond Parient.")

FRIENDS look cold and foes look scornful,
As I wheel my load up hill;
Meagre art thou and most mournful,
Poor little Bill!

Very tiny thy dimensions,
And thy points of beauty *nil*,
None to thee vouchsafes attentions,
Poor little Bill!

Doctors call thee an abortion
Past all nursing sleight or skill,
Full of rickets and distortion—
Poor little Bill!

Marked for fits, for croup, convulsions—
Spite of potion and of pill,
Syrups, sedatives, emulsions—
Poor little Bill!

With a head o'er-sized and wagging,
Legs no thicker than a quill,
Vacant eyes, and limbs a-stragging—
Poor little Bill!

Never mind, though all despise thee,
Love thy parient's heart doth fill;
E'en for thy defects he'll prize thee—
Poor little Bill!

With unwearied hand propelling
Thy perambulator still,
With paternal raptures swelling—
Poor little Bill!

Through each danger he will steer thee,
Deaf to prophecies of ill,
When all else look cold, he'll cheer thee—
Poor little Bill!

Let them dwell upon thy weakness,
Damn with praises faint and chill,
He'll disarm reproach by meekness—
Poor little Bill!

From all critics ask suggestion,
Strength into thee to instil;
Bare thy meagre frame to question—
Poor little Bill!

Cut thee, carve thee, stuff or starve thee;
Lop thee, crop thee—all but kill;
Like a *corpus vile* sarve thee—
Poor little Bill!

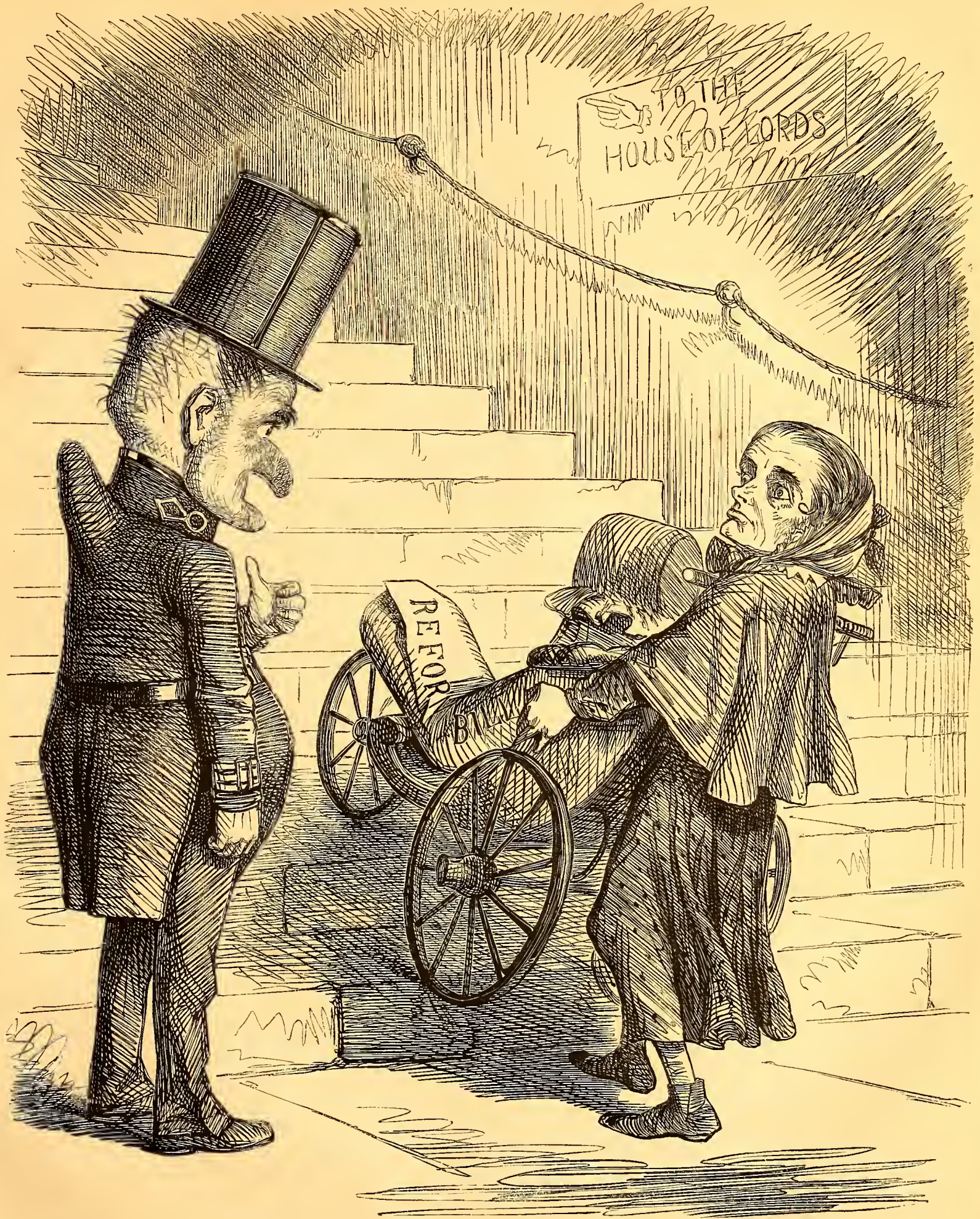
So he'll carry through his darling,
Spite of all that threatens ill,
Scorn of friends and foemen's snarling—
Poor little Bill!

HIGH WATER AND LOW WIT.

OUR readers are aware, if they have read the papers, that there was a remarkably high tide in the Thames the other day. Among the damages it did, it occasioned some small injury to the Royal property, that is to say, it caused sad havoc to be made with the Queen's English. A wit in Lambeth said that there was quite a run upon the banks, and avowed his expectation that one of them would break; whereat a byestander remarked, that if such should prove the case, he should wish great Father Thames were a little farther off, or he for one might not be able to keep his head above water. A wag at Chelsea took a similar advantage of the circumstance by observing that his Highness (meaning Father Thames) was not half so high then as he

would be in the summer-time; and this remark was capped by another funny fellow, who, clapping his right forefinger against his nasal organ, exclaimed, with exquisite facetiousness, "Ah! that's true enough, I nose it!" A climax to the comicality was, however, put by a punster, who was waiting on the steam-boat pier at Westminster, and who observed that Father Thames, who was usually so untidy, was cutting quite a swell, for the high tide made the river look quite tidy to the eye, in fact, he might remark that Father Thames looked quite eye-tidy.

STREET NOMENCLATURE.—Notice is hereby given, that, by an order of the Central Board of Works, the street in the Strand hitherto known as Savoy Street, is henceforth to be called Petty France.



AN UP-HILL JOB.

MR. POLICEMAN PUNCH (COMPASSIONATELY). "NOW, LITTLE 'UN, DO YOU *THINK* YOU 'LL BE ABLE TO SHOVE THAT PERAMBULATOR UP THEM STEPS?"

THE FROLICS OF FASHION.



Y all accounts the ladies are growing very floricultural. Lovely woman has often been compared to roses, and tulips, and violets, and other flowery emblems, not omitting "the pink of perfection;" but we little suspected that she would become so closely associated with the beautiful objects that adorn the plate-glass shops in Covent Garden Market, that it would be a matter of impossibility to say where the flowers began, or the woman ended. The object of the present fashion seems to be to identify the one with the other in inseparable harmony together, so that the two shall form but one large *fleur animée*, as graceful

as any that ever blossomed into life under GRANVILLE'S poetic pencil. Here is a specimen of this new animated flower, that we have culled from one of the numerous fashion-books that idly profess to teach women the difficult art of making themselves more beautiful:—

"One dress we will describe. It was composed of white *tulle bouillonnée*. At the lower part of the skirt it had three skirts of double *tulle*, each caught up by ribbons of white *taffetas*, embroidered with *bouquets* of flowers, producing a fresh and charming effect. Nine *bouquets* of flowers were placed at the end of these ribbons, no two alike. The body was in the same style as the skirt. Upon each shoulder a *bouquet* of flowers formed an *épaulette*."

An *épaulette* of flowers is a sweet notion! Was the sash, pray, of the same material? But what a walking bouquet, the lady attired as above, must have been. Her dress must have been a kind of Floral Hall, of which she herself was the centre ornament and grand illumination. The only parallel we know to it is the Jack-in-the-Green on the three glorious days of May; but he is a companion too dark to be placed by the side of such a cluster of bright colours and fragrant associations. Four skirts and eleven *bouquets* of flowers, at least (for in this calculation the lower tier of *bouquets* is not included) are not bad for one dress. We doubt if the goddess Flora herself would have had more, when she went in state to one of her grand flower-shows. Why, each waltz must have been a shower of roses!

But the ladies are growing horticultural, also. Their dress is so attractively arranged as to appeal to every sense. Here is another description, that quite brings the water into one's mouth:—

"Another was also made of white *tulle*, with eleven small flounces, bordered with a purple ribbon, embroidered with gold. At each breadth the flounces were put on in festoons. Over this was placed a white crape skirt. Wide purple ribbon, embroidered in flowers of gold, twisted like a scarf, and held at the hips by a *bouquet* of *pomegranates*. The wreath for the hair was formed of *pomegranates* and rings of gold."

With cherries on her lips, a peach on each cheek, and *pomegranates* round her hair, such a fruitful combination is enough to make a vegetarian even pay his *devoirs* to one so tempting!

But a lady does not draw all her brightness from the earth—she can be celestial as well. We put before the non-credulous reader a glittering proof of it:—

"Another of these elegant dresses was made of azure *tulle*—all *bouillonnée*—with stars of gold worked on the *tulle*. These were not all of one size, but varied, like those of the *planetary system*."

Thus, a lady is alike floricultural, horticultural, and astronomical. Both heaven and earth send their choicest contributions to adorn her. What the joint effect could be, we should be afraid to contemplate. We lean ungallantly to the vulgar belief, that probably we should admire her more with a smaller quantity of flowers and fruits and stars about her. We should like a little more of Nature and considerably less of Art. Fearless of competition, why does not Lovely Woman trust to her own charms?

We shall leave off with the above compliment, for fear of saying anything rude that might spoil the effect of it. Otherwise, we were about to notice in the above descriptions the singular absence of jewellery, only we reflected in time, that no lady ever thinks now-a-days of wearing jewellery, unless it is occasionally two or three hundred diamonds, with the view of imitating the effect of "the planetary system." Who is to blame her, unless it be some one who does not possess diamonds?

A DISAGREEABLE WIPE.

MR. WHITWORTH'S three-pounder cleans itself out. One of the many objections to LORD JOHN'S six-pounder is, that it is very likely to lead to the use of the sponge.

LOUIS NAPOLEON CONSULTS THE GREAT POWERS.

WHAT! France take Savoy?
To Europe's annoy,
And in open defiance of treaties,
Not to say protestations
In last year's proclamations—
(One's own words most unpleasant to eat 'tis.)

I should cry "*culpa mea*,"
If such an idea
Had e'er to my mind found an entry:
Though 'tis perfectly true,
My dear Powers, that for you,
I feel on the Alps I stand sentry.

So with *your* approbation,
And consent of the nation,
Perhaps you will make no objection,
Should Savoy and Nice
(To keep Europe at peace)
Place themselves 'neath our Eagles' protection?

N. B. I may mention,
Should it be your intention,
To raise any hitch in the matter,
That KING VICTOR and I
Made it all cut and dry—
May or June last—(I think 'twas the latter).

If you'll do me the favour
To approve my behaviour,
I shall highly respect your opinions;
If you won't, I'm most sorry:
But for *this* territory,
It's now part of th' Imperial dominions.

MODERN FRENCH SLIPSLOP.

FRENCH diplomatic slang is becoming a great nuisance. Who can read the subjoined specimen of this modern slipslop without irritation? It comes in the shape of a telegram from Paris, referring to an article by M. GRANDGUILLOT in the *Constitutionnel*, on "Universal Suffrage and Public Order in Europe." We are told that—

"M. GRANDGUILLOT thinks it necessary to explain the limits of the doctrine of national sovereignty now invoked against the imperial policy to the advantage of certain combinations which his Majesty cannot protest against, although prepared without his inspirations."

What M. GRANDGUILLOT thinks it necessary to explain, he states with a degree of perspicuity which corresponds exactly to the clearness of mud. What sense is to be made of "the doctrine of national sovereignty," or any other doctrine, "invoked against the imperial policy to the advantage of certain combinations?" Is not this jumble of abstract expressions worse than any metaphysics, even than such metaphysics as philosophers talk when they are drunk? And then what is meant by combinations "prepared" without the inspirations of LOUIS NAPOLEON? By his "inspirations" we suppose we are to understand his suggestions, or his hints; but why use the word inspirations instead of the plainer term? The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH is said to patronise spiritual manifestations, but he is not a spirit himself; at the best he could possibly be no better than a medium, and cannot, with any propriety, be said to inspire people in preparing combinations.

There is also a vile French word which has come into common use—the word *prestige*. In its proper and original sense, it is a legitimate word enough; the meaning which it has acquired is what renders it base and offensive. Employed to signify magical illusion or jugglery, it is a correct expression, but it is a most unhappy one when substituted, as it now is, for credit or renown. Attributed, for instance, to a nation, an army, or an individual, it means imposing reputation; a character for good fortune, power, invincibility, greatness, knowledge, or wisdom, magnified by people's imagination; a celebrity in which there is something of humbug. The French, if they please, may describe the influence which they exercise in any respect as *prestige*; but let us not borrow from them a term which is most correctly applicable to the impostures of a charlatan, to denote the greatness of England. If they like to impute *prestige* to their EMPEROR let them; but let the British public, sticking to propriety, purity, and honest nomenclature, ascribe reputation to *Punch*.



FITZ FLINT (who hates Dancing, but adores Lucy Brabazon) feels he must do the agreeable, and so says: "Do you Prance this time, Miss Brabazon?"

THE GOOD TIME COME.

(A Serenade for MESSRS. BRIGHT and GLADSTONE.)

AIR—"Cheer, Boys, Cheer!"

DRINK, boys, drink, success to Legislation,
 Money all hands encouraging to spend,
 Doing away with indirect taxation,
 Letting direct to workmen not extend!
 Suffer the discontented class to grumble,
 Those who have all the nation's cost to bear;
 No tax curtails the incomes of the humble,
 They are exempt, and what can be more fair?

Let us enjoy the wages of our labour;
 Which we can do because we go scot-free,
 Whilst, harder worked, our mind-exerting neighbour,
 Paid little more, comes under Schedule D;
 Mourns o'er the task his due returns of summing,
 Tribute to yield on earnings year by year.
 This is for us the good time which was coming,
 Now it has come; so sing we, "Cheer, boys, cheer!"

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

THE approaching contest on the river between the two Universities is creating a great amount of interest, not alone on the *tapis* of Belgravia, but also at the taps of the waterside public-houses. We hope that the Cambridge men will be more fortunate than they were upon the last occasion. It must be exceedingly unpleasant to bid "farewell to one's trim-built wherry," by so summary (or rather wintry) an ejection, and to go to the bed of the river with such a dip. We trust that the gallant Commanders of the vessels of the Thames Steam Navy will keep a respectful distance, and not disturb the gallant competitors by the intrusion of heavy swells. The Derby at Epsom has been called the "Blue Ribbon of the Turf," but when we consider the colours of our Universities, may we not call the prize of honour, on this occasion, the Blue Ribbon of the River? At all events, whatever be the issue of the race, we hope that the Cantabs may not again become Companions of the Bath.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 19. *Monday.* LORD LYNTHURST, unceasing in his desire to improve as much as possible the Court of Probates and Reprobates, so ably presided over by SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL, proposed to give that learned Judge power to decide single-handed. He urged, that if one Judge was permitted to tie the judicial noose, one Judge might be trusted to untie the matrimonial knot. LORD CAMPBELL promised to introduce a Bill for thus facilitating business. He did so on the Friday, like a faithful Brick. LORD TEYNHAM then moved a resolution in favour of the Ballot. He could hardly have astonished or amused their Lordships more if he had proposed that MR. SAYERS and MR. HEENAN should fight their battle on the floor of the House of Lords, with a Primate apiece as bottle-holder. The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE expressed the disgust of their Lordships; and on division, there were going to be 5 for the Ballot to 39 against it, but LORD DERBY tried to take away three of the five votes by noticing that certain Peers were not actually in the House when the resolution was put. However, he only wiped off one, and LORD TEYNHAM mustered his four—namely, LORD BENJAMIN HALL LLANOVER, LORD STRUTT BELPER, LORD STRAFFORD (whose head was cut off for his being too aristocratic some years ago; and it is well to see that he has profited by the hint), and himself.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL pleaded, that it would embarrass him very much if he were pressed with questions about Savoy, which, all things considered, the House thought probable, so went on with the Second Reading of the Reform Bill. MR. DISRAELI objected very strongly to adding 200,000 electors, all of one class, and that not an educated class, to the present 440,000; and he contended that the late Strike was evidence that the class in question was formidable at once from ignorance and from organisation. A sort of sandwich debate followed, with alternate slices of Liberal bread and Conservative meat, and a slight dash of Radical mustard; but there was nothing to immortalise until MR. BRIGHT rose to defend the Bill as the fulfilment of a pledge. He thought that the lower classes ought to be enfranchised in far larger numbers, but took the measure as an instalment. The Debate was adjourned till Thursday. GENERAL PEEL then made a speech to

show that Government had not asked for nearly enough money for the Chinese expedition; and MR. SIDNEY HERBERT made a speech to show that they had asked for exactly the right amount. Then SIR MICHAEL SEYMOUR apprised that House that MR. WARD, the American Envoy to China, was aggrieved at the statements that the Chinese had shut him up in a box, and MR. WARD reported that he had been treated very satisfactorily. *Mr. Punch* has no reason to doubt it. He himself has considered his treatment in the highest degree satisfactory when he has been shut up in a box,—the idol of his affections and the star of his soul being also there, reposing her ivory arm upon the velvet, and alternately listening, enraptured, to MARIO's vocalism and to *Mr. P.'s* adoration.

Tuesday. LORD DERBY's demand when he was to have his Easter holidays, to which schoolboyish inquiry he very properly got no reply, was the only thing worth notice Up-stairs. Down-stairs, MR. HENRY BERKELEY, encouraged by LORD TEYNHAM's brilliant exploit, asked leave to bring in a Bill for establishing the Ballot. He let off his usual fun, but on one point—the working of the system in Australia—he caught what his brother, now blundering in America, would call a punch on the head. MR. MARSH, late from Australia (wherever that is), asserted that the ballot produced great evils there. MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE announced that he had been for the ballot, but had meditated on the subject and changed his mind. Mere round balls are not now arguments, as in the idiotic times when a man would go out after Ranelagh, or Vauxhall, and expiate a folly by a crime, as our friend ELECTUS, whose Empire is Peace, permits people to do in his country. LORD PALMERSTON, apologising to the House for keeping Members from their dinners, made some fun of MR. BERKELEY, and hoped that when he died a Ballot-Box would be erected in his honour, and on division the Bristol Pet was floored by 254 to 147; the latter, being a much smaller following of backers than has been usual with this Boxer.

Wednesday. MR. DILLWYN, not satisfied with the way the House of Lords is redressing the grievances of Dissenters in reference to Endowed Schools, moved the second reading of a very sweeping Bill on the subject. He was demolished by MR. LOWE, who pulled the

Bill to pieces, and showed that it was ingeniously and happily contrived to damage at once both Dissenters and Churchmen. The House affirmed the Lowe Church view by 190 to 120. We are happy to add that a Bill for relieving the unhappy children who are slowly tortured in the Bleaching Works, was carried by an enormous majority, though resisted by MR. TURNER of Manchester, a favourer of "progressive improvements" and "religious liberty" (*vide* Dod). An impulsive speech by MR. ROEBUCK aided the promoters of the Bill, and the cause of oppressed children is surely one in which impulsiveness may be permitted, however unsenatorial.

"Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent;
Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent."

Thursday. LORD TEYNHAM made another campaign, with even more signal failure. He took charge of a Bill which had passed the Commons, and which was to complete the relief given to Dissenters by the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. *Mr. Punch* regrets that the measure was not in stronger hands, for it was assailed by a couple of leading Tories and a Bishop, and smashed by 44 to 23. *Mr. Punch* yields to no charity-boy behind pewter in abject reverence for the smallest button belonging to even a beadle of the Church, but he never could see that Swearing was a protection to anything except a cat's dinner. He agrees with LORD CAMPBELL, that he should like to see all oaths forbidden, except the oath of allegiance, and perhaps, the oath of impatience when the vast crowd in Fleet Street on *Mr. Punch's* publishing day (Wednesday), prevents an ardent EDWIN from getting hold of the new Number in time to save the train that should take him, *Punch* in hand, to his expectant ANGELINA.

The Reform Debate was adjourned, and the Bill had the very narrowest of squeaks for dear life. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON had attacked it, and called it a "miserable" Bill. He strongly complained (*Mr. Punch* concurring) that lodgers were excluded from the franchise. SIR GEORGE GREY had defended it, and urged that what were called fancy franchises were liable to collusion and fraud. So are the QUEEN'S coins, and fraud very often forges imitations of them, which collusion passes, but is that any reason for shutting up the Mint? But then MR. ADDERLEY got up, and the House went away, and at a certain moment there were only about twenty Members, and somebody dashed at a Count. LORD JOHN RUSSELL himself had to hurry back to his place and be counted, and if he and some others had not done so, the Reform Bill would have been like a piece of paper sometimes picked up in the hall of a theatre, namely, a Dropped Order. "That," said the indignant ADDERLEY, "shows how the country is represented." However the catastrophe was averted, and MR. ADDERLEY scolded MR. BRIGHT a good deal. The only other very noticeable speech was that of the fiery WHITESIDE, who devoted himself to arguments to show that the Bill would let in such organisation as that of the Strike to damage all

the interests of the nation. The Opposition, however, did not venture to move an amendment on the second reading. The debate again stood over until the next Monday.

Friday. There was a short debate Up-stairs about the intentions of Government as to modifying the Promotion by Purchase System. They seem to have frightened LORD PANMURE, but the most remarkable speech was made by the remarkable LUCAN, who implored Government not to go reforming the Army; for though foreign officers might be more scientific than ours, no officers were more brave and loyal than those of England. Why, who denies either proposition? Our officers, generally speaking, are gloriously brave and loyal, and we are certain that the foolish LUCAN himself would dash himself and his men against any wall of stone or steel in the world, if ordered to do so by his Commander. But it is precisely the scientific fellows, and not the LUCANS, that we want, as our officers and men are much too precious articles to be wasted in obedience to the orders of unscientific parties. LORD CARDIGAN did not rise to castigate his brother-in-law, and probably they agreed upon LUCAN'S view of the case, as that view was a blunder. The DUKE OF SOMERSET had the pleasure of slashing at LORD PANMURE, and did it with gusto. EARL GREY took the cranky line, as usual. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE said, frankly enough, that the Lords knew his opinions, but that he would try with all his might to carry out, for the benefit of the Army, whatever system might be decided on. By the way, the world must really be at an end. Our Commander-in-Chief has been going and dining with BARON LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD. What are SPOONER and NEWDEGATE about, and where is the motion for an address to deprive GEORGE of his command? Are we all asleep? Echo answers in the affirmative.

After a squabble whether the Norwich writ should or should not be issued, and a decision that it should, COLONEL SYKES protested against MR. JAMES WILSON'S plan for reducing our Indian expenses by putting down our native Indian army. Then came another squabble about Savoy, on which Ministers are horribly unwilling that there should be much discussion. And then, the payers of Income-Tax will be happy to learn that their turn came. The extra Penny was debated. Among other wise speeches, MR. SLANEY, who is so sentimentally eager to lighten some folks' burdens that he brings before Parliament the question whether ledges and rests should not be stuck up in the streets for the comfort of porters, described the Income-Tax as most "fair, politic, and just." (Who is that saying that Slaney rhymes to Zany?) There was a debate, but MR. GLADSTONE was triumphant, and 187 to 132 affirmed the principle of a Ten-Penny Income-Tax.

"We're lucky Old Englanders, bless us,
We hadn't enough to distress us,
But Ten-Penny Tacks
Must run into our backs,
And stick, like the shirt of old Nessus."

ODIOUS COMPARISONS.



THE Correspondence of ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT lately published, contains in a letter from PRINCE ALBERT acknowledging the receipt of HUMBOLDT'S *Kosmos* the following benediction:—

"May Heaven, 'whose circling seas of light and star-terraces' you so nobly describe, preserve you still for many years, to your country, the world, and the *Kosmos* itself, in undisturbed freshness both of body and soul. This is the sincere wish of your entirely devoted, ALBERT."

On this passage, which includes the intimated quotation of a bit of fine writing from the *Kosmos*, HUMBOLDT, bilious apparently, thus comments in an epistle to his friend VARNHAGEN. The Prince, he complains:—

"Makes me speak of 'circling seas of light and star-terraces'—
a Coburg variation from my text, and quite English from Windsor, where there are nothing but Terraces."

The expression which HUMBOLDT had really used in the *Kosmos* was "star-carpet," and he was vexed with the PRINCE CONSORT for altering it into "star-terraces." Surely, the philosopher was rather unreasonably offended with the princely variation of his poetry. If any comparison of an earthly object to the sky can be meaner than that of a terrace, it is that of a carpet. Both metaphors are of the same order as the word "livery" used for foliage.

The two are much of a muchness, and had the authors of each simile respectively offered them in competition for a pastoral prize, the decision of discerning Arcadian umpires might have been—

"An oaken staff each merits for his pains."

We must, however, stand up for our Prince; and we will say that, in that case, we think the handsomer and lighter stick of the two should have been given to his ROYAL HIGHNESS.

A Triple Hatful of Money.

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE appears to be making a good thing out of the tribulation with which his paternal heart has been afflicted. In a letter written to MR. CULLEN, the titular Archbishop of Dublin, the Holy Father says, "It is our wish that you should return in our name, and in the warmest terms, our sincere thanks to your faithful clergy and people for the third sum of £1,000 which they have offered to me through you." The successor of St. PETER may lose PETER'S patrimony; but the loss appears likely to be more than made up to him in PETER'S pence.

UNCOMMONLY NICE.

THE standing dish at the Tuileries' dinners just now is *Gâteau de Savoie*.

A HOSTILE TRUTH.

YOU know the number of friends a man once had by the number of enemies he now possesses.



A VISIT TO THE STUDIO.

Mr. Ochre (through whose frame a thrill of horror is supposed to be passing). "UGH! MIND WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT, CHARLEY. MIND MY OPHELIA; MIND MY OPHELIA! YOU'LL KNOCK HER OVER, AND SPOIL ALL HER FOLDS!"

FIRE-EATERS AT BRISTOL.

LET us sing a song of Bristol; how a true and loyal wife
From a death by sword and pistol saved a gallant husband's life:
Estimable MRS. CARTER kept her husband from a duel,
Else he might have caught a Tartar, and perhaps, have got his gruel.

CARTER had a row with SAUNDERS; what about we need not say,
Hot they waxed as salamanders; angry CARTER went away;
In his wrath pen, ink and paper took and wrote; called SAUNDERS out;
CARTER may have been a draper; SAUNDERS was a surgeon stout.

SAUNDERS to the invitation, sent acceptance; and the foes
For the battle-field's location did the Continent propose;
But when CARTER got his answer, he, o'ercome with blue dismay,
Though a terrible Drawcansir, dropt it in his consort's way.

DOCTOR SAUNDERS, your behaviour fills me with astonishment;
You, of lives that should be saviour, think to fight another gent!
Trigger for your hand to pull it 'gainst your fellow ne'er was made;
To extract the deadly bullet from the body is your trade.

Highty-tighty! cried the lady, when she found the fatal scroll,
Risk his life and limbs, and, heyday! peril his immortal soul?
No, at least not if I know it—to the magistrate I'll go,
Take this horrid note, and show it; so she said, and she did so.

Then the Mayor sent two sergeants, one of whom was DERGES light,
And the other's name was CHAPMAN, to prevent the destined fight.
DERGES found the valiant CARTER ready for the London train,
Thence to Dover, thence to Calais bound to slay or to be slain.

When the sergeant had imparted why and wherefore he was sent,
CARTER neither stared nor started, knowing what the visit meant,
To a brace of pistols lying on the table pointed he,
In an off-hand manner crying, with an air of levity:

"There they are; those little fellows were to do the business;" so
Gentlemen of honour jealous jest at bloodshed, pluck to show.
"What!" cried DERGES, "kill a man, Sir? sure you wouldn't"—
smiling grim,
Savage CARTER said, in answer—"Wouldn't I? I'd do for him."

SERGEANT DERGES did intrust his charge to CHAPMAN, SAUNDERS
sought,
Found him, and before the justice, glad enough, the pair were brought,
And to keep the peace unbroken in five hundred pounds bound o'er,
Finding, for a further token, sureties of a hundred more.

British jurisdiction Calais not including, there they still,
Might, if obstinate in malice, one would think, each other kill;
But they won't commit such folly—SAUNDERS happy to escape,
CARTER as a sandboy jolly to get out of such a scrape.

SAUNDERS, to thy trepidation joy succeeding, thou mayst laugh;
Grateful for thy preservation, CARTER, clasp thy better half.
Blessing let us wish upon her! Woman, ever guard our lives!
Husbands with affairs of honour always tell them to your wives.

A PRETERNATURALLY brilliant thing was said upon the stage of the
Adelphi theatre, the other day, at rehearsal. The morning was ex-
tremely wet. MR. PAUL BEDFORD was on the stage, when enter to
him MR. TOOLE. Both abused the weather, for both had been caught
in a shower. "I am wet," observed MR. TOOLE. "But I am wetter,"
said MR. BEDFORD, "and as my part's over I shall retire and dry."
"Yes," said a witty author (*not translating*),

"Superfluous lags the wetter 'un on the stage."

—*Punch's Literary Anecdotes.*

ONLY WHAT MIGHT BE EXPECTED.—The adhesion of Savoy to
France is the work of venal Savoyard organs.



HOST. "I say, my boy, shall we join Ladies in Drawing-Room?"

GUEST. "I sh'inksho."

HOST. "Can you say, 'The scenery's truly rural 'bout here?'"

GUEST. "Sc-Scenery tooralooral."

HOST. "All right, come along!"

A GOOD GOTH WANTED.

WHAT queer people there are in life! This is not a new reflection; but, plaguing although it be, when one takes the *Times* up, one can hardly avoid making it. Who are the odd people who advertise their wants, and who the odder people are by whom those wants are ministered, are questions we despair of ever seeing answered, and which therefore it is clearly a waste of space to put. As a sample of what strange requirements are announced, and what curious people are invited to supply them, we take the following at random from a lot of curiosities with which our advertising literature has been recently replete:—

WANTED, a First-rate GOTHIC ASSISTANT and DESIGNER, temporarily. If suitable, a portion of his time would be engaged for.—Apply to X. D., Deacon's News Rooms, 154, Leadenhall Street.

We thought we had heard long since of the Last of the Goths, but it seems we were mistaken. There are some of them still extant. Whether this advertisement will bring them from their hiding-places, and what tests will be tried to prove they are "first-rate," are points on which our readers, if they please, may speculate; but we, who never speculate, cannot lend them any help. We only hope that the "designs" for which a Goth's aid is required are not designs on JOHN BULL's pocket for some temporary trumpery, which, like the Monster Statue, is sure to become permanent. We are inclined to frame this hope from the knowledge of what Goths our public architects have been, and the fear lest some new pepper-box calamity befall us.

A BOLD EXPERIMENT.

MR. WILSON has imposed an Income-Tax upon India. The mutiny appears to have been crushed, indeed!

POSTSCRIPT TO "POEMS BEFORE CONGRESS."

MR. PUNCH presents his best compliments to MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (of whose genius there is not a more devoted and discriminating worshipper than himself), and having just read her *Poems before Congress*, and specially her outpour of womanly gratitude for the supposed good conduct of their friend L. N., MR. P. will not trouble MRS. B. to send him over the Postscript which he knows that, on becoming acquainted with the truth, she must be composing. He has done it himself, for her, and hastens to publish it.

xx.

Stop! Ho! I bar!
 I've been going a little too fast,
 I thought the Imperial Star
 Was blazing too brightly to last,
 And now it goes out with a smell.
 What, does that Sworder of Edom
 Come driving a piece of trade,
 And selling Italian freedom
 By the yard instead of the blade?
 Hanging at France's waist
 The sun-red tops of my Alps,
 As a savage's girdle is graced
 By a row of his crimson scalps.
 Ah me! Well, well!
 Must I then rank him, perforce, a cur,
 Him I had deemed a brave hound;
 And in the rich blood of Corsica
 Still must the puddle be found?
 Marching his soldiers come. Such is
 Terrible end of my hopes,
 After enfranchising Duchies,
 Scaring the Last of the Popes,
 Now he goes stealing the Slopes.
 EMPEROR
 Evermore.

xxi.

Ay! I beg to retract
 All I've said in his vaunt,
 I wasn't aware of the fact
 With which the Governments taunt
 The Nephew of Him of the Rock.
 And I own I did not remember,
 Mid Italy's joy and halloo,
 That second grim day of December,
 Stamping him eminent Do.
 Nor the oaths that he trampled through:
 Trampled with feet that grew redder
 With Mars's murderous sign,
 Like the foot of the vintage treader
 When grapes are bleeding to wine.
 I retract it, every line.
 Stop crowing, thou humbugging Cock.
 Ye have right, I affirm, to be scowling,
 Sons of old England free:
 I joy in thy grunting and growling,
 Lion that sits by the Sea.
 You knew him better than I did,
 That mystic and Sphynxlike talker;
 He ought to be jolly well hid
 For his vows that have turned out Walker.
 Look to your shore, or some day on its
 Soil, without telescopes,
 You'll see half a million of bayonets:
 Windsor has also its Slopes.
 EMPEROR
 Evermore.

The Savoyards and other Sweeps of Europe.

THE old French cry of "*Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées*" was true only for a short time. LOUIS NAPOLEON might by his present occupation of Savoy, cry out with almost equal justice, "*Il n'y a plus d'Alpes*," but how long will the cry last? As the Pyrenees are still in existence, let us hope that the Alps will soon rise to a sense of their present degraded position, and regain the proud eminence they have hitherto maintained in Europe.

LIBEL ON THE BISHOP OF LONDON.



THE other day, which, it may be necessary to state, was the 30th of March, because perhaps some people will suppose it to have been the 1st of April, there appeared in a daily contemporary a paragraph headed, *The Durham Clergy and the Bishop of London*, and comprising a declaration to which those reverend gentlemen are alleged to have busied themselves in obtaining clerical signatures; the manifesto, which relates to the riots at St. George's-in-the-East, concluding with the following piece of impertinence:—

“Of a more recent act of aggression purporting to be perpetrated with the

express sanction of the bishop (but this we can scarcely credit) we dare not speak in the terms which we feel most befitting the subject, lest we should appear to overstep the bounds of propriety. We are most anxious to uphold and maintain the respect and reverence due to the office of a spiritual father, but we cannot forbear the expression of our unfeigned regret and surprise that, in the exercise of his office, the Bishop of London should have authorised an act of desecration in removing from the church, in deference to a godless clamour, such ecclesiastical ornaments and symbols as are sanctioned as well by the canons of the Church as by the decisions of the highest courts of law.”

Represented as emanating from the Durham clergy, this insolent and officious censure of the BISHOP OF LONDON must be a hoax. Those reverend men are neither curs nor jackasses, and the foregoing vituperation is, as it were, a mixture

of yelp and bray. Afraid to speak in the terms which they felt most befitting the subject, were the anonymous maligners who composed that stupid abuse of a judicious prelate? Afraid to speak their mind, were they, lest they should appear to “overstep the bounds of propriety?” On which side of the bounds of propriety do they imagine themselves to stand, in accusing the BISHOP OF LONDON of authorising an act of desecration? What do they call such language as that? A respectable jury would call it libellous. The BISHOP OF LONDON would have a good ground of action against his virulent detractors if he could discover their names—those which are appended to the document are of course fictitious. He might not, to be sure, get a verdict, because the jury might not be respectable, and twelve fools in a box, though they might award a dirty quack, or a puffing humbug, heavy damages for the exposure inflicted on him by an honest journalist, would very probably refuse justice to an exemplary bishop, defamed by scurrilous fellows. As they would be actuated by sympathy with the quack and the puffer, so they would be influenced by antipathy to the prelate, he being a gentleman. Moreover, the jury might contain some papists, who would really consider desecration involved in any act implying negation of the sacrosanctity of the symbols, wooden or textile, which are adored or venerated by themselves and their apes of St. George's-in-the-East.

The Memorial Funds.

(Mr. Punch's Contribution.)

HEMANS. HALLAM. HOGG.

THREE H's, in three different counties born,
Hibernia, Albion, Caledon adorn.
The first in gentlest Poesy surpassed,
The next in Justice. Humour claims the last.
Send tribute to the Name most dear to you,
But, reader, don't neglect the other two.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MARCH 26, *Monday*. It is not impossible that the very important debate of this day (already a day memorable to the universe for all time to come, being the birthday of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE) may be referred to hereafter, when the relations between certain Powers are not so sweetly amicable as at present. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, Foreign Secretary, had, hitherto, as *Mr. Punch* hath recorded, rather objected to being talked to on the subject of Savoy. But as the esteemed Classics remark, *De quibus certus es, loquere opportune*, and LORD JOHN, being now perfectly certain as to the intentions of our friend ELECTUS, did speak out with manful utterance touching that potentate. Replying to MR. HORSMAN, who delivered a fierce Philippic (fillip, as the Wiscount pronounces it) against LOUIS NAPOLEON, and denounced him as a Deceiver, Insolent, and Perfidious (HORSMAN'S constituents have been sitting upon him and resolving that he is not representing them) LORD JOHN RUSSELL declined to adopt that sort of language, but used some of his own, which, coming from a gentleman of habitual moderation and self-respect, and from a Minister of England's and *Mr. Punch's* QUEEN, descended like a thunderbolt upon the Spoiler of the Slopes. LORD JOHN said, that in July and in January, he had warned the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, that if he began with one act of aggression, his subjects, who were of a “warlike” character, would call on him to commit other unrighteous acts, and that now that the Savoy business had been perpetrated, it was impossible to regard ELECTUS in the way we had endeavoured to do. We must keep on good terms with other strong nations, and be prepared “if future occasion should arise—and it might arise”—to unite with those nations, and declare that the settlement and peace of Europe should not be disturbed. So spoke JOHN RUSSELL, and the cheers that rang loud from the Liberal benches were as loudly echoed by the Conservatives, for utterance had at last been given to the sentiments of England and of *Mr. Punch*.

LORD JOHN MANNERS said, that the Foreign Minister's words would vibrate from one end of England to the other. MR. BRIGHT, of course, protested against them, called Savoy politically worthless, and thought that we had nothing to do with the question. He introduced a pleasant reference to the *Morning Advertiser*, which has been writing strongly against L. N., and said that the paper in question was notorious for an unequalled mixture of piety and ruffianism. (The editor's just fury, next day, foamed over like a pot of porter with a splendid head to it.) LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON expressed Tory pleasure that we were likely to become better friends with the despotic powers. MR. KINGLAKE

described MR. BRIGHT as a “man” who believed in nobody but himself, and had no good grounds for that faith. And then the discussion ended; but its echoes are rolling over Europe. Touching the present views of the other powers, it may be convenient to remark that, according to LORD JOHN, they may be said to be eminently Sulky. Austria will not stir, and says that the annexing Savoy to France is no worse than the annexing Tuscany to Sardinia. Russia takes the high Anointed tone, and says that a King has a perfect right to give away, and another King to accept, a province; but both at Berlin and Vienna there seems a feeling that Switzerland is being placed in a false position. There is a small piece of land, bounded on one side by France, and on the other by Holland and Prussia; and we get a great many rabbits from it. One of these days we may have to consider whether the rabbits would not be just as good if they were French subjects. If we decide that we do not care whose rabbits they are, so that they are cheap and tender, a policy worthy of Clare-market will restore a master to Claremont.

An Income-Tax Debate followed. The fiery GLADSTONE defended his calculations. *Non sine DIZ animosus infans*, as our friend Q. H. F. says; and the brave boy was sternly pitched into by MR. DISRAELI, who charged him with laying down abominable principles of taxation, and being party to a Reform Bill which was to enable the masses to carry such principles out. In discussion on the duty on Contract Notes, MR. BENTINCK abused the Stock Exchange as Pandemonium, and objected to the legalisation of its time-bargains, which tempted people to gamble. MR. GLADSTONE said that there were very respectable Stockbrokers, that there was nothing wrong in stockjobbing, and that if fools chose to ruin themselves it was not the business of the House of Commons. Then, on the Wiue Licences, the indefatigable GLADSTONE had to make another long speech, and in the course of it expressed very plainly his contempt for the present licensing system, as administered by the Magistrates (a contempt in which most persons who understand the subject share); and he pronounced his hostility to the monopolies that grew out of “vested rights” in licences. The Wilters have much influence in the House, owing to their familiarity with masses of the lower class of electors, and, being aided by the Brewers, the Bungers made a good fight.

The Reform Bill was to have been discussed, but was once more thrown over, till the Friday, and much scorn and derision of it was expressed by MR. DISRAELI and others, the Leader of Opposition hoping that the Ministers were not going to insult the country by again bringing such a measure before the House. The Lords had a good talk about Harbours; and it appears that scientific people consider many of

those recesses, upon which we have laid out large sums, as Ship-traps and Wreck-pools, which it is very pleasant to hear, whether one is a tax-payer on land or a voyager by sea.

Tuesday. The Spaniards have had enough of fighting with the Moors, and a telegram announcing a peace had arrived, but Government knew nothing more than the newspapers. They seldom know as much, as was signally exemplified in the case of MR. WILSON, and the all-important Indian budget, which the *Times* had got when the Ministry had not. The Fourth Estate is better served than the Second.

The Commons amused themselves with one of those debates in which duty to one's country is made pleasant by a flavour of personal scandal. The affair lasted all night, but *Mr. Punch* has a juster notion of what is due to the world and to The Ages than to waste proportionate space upon the squabble. MR. CHURCHWARD, mail-packet owner, had served the late Government, by corruption, at an election, so the present Government refuse to ratify a mail contract thought to have been given him on account of such service. After an acrimonious debate, 162 to 117 decided in favour of Government.

Wednesday. TRELAWNEY on Church Rates. His Bill for their total abolition made some further progress in the House of Commons towards its doom in the House of Lords. There was a row in the Conservative camp, and MR. NEWDEGATE, to the wrath of less uncompromising friends, made what he thought was a fight for the Church, and found himself in a splendid minority of 49 to 222, whereat he blew up uncommon.

Thursday. LORD ELLENBOROUGH did not approve either of MR. WILSON's Indian Army Abolition scheme, or of his Taxation scheme. The DUKE OF ARGYLL insisted on the absolute necessity and wisdom of both, and something of the same sort took place in the Commons, and in both Houses the papers were refused. LORD PALMERSTON said that the affair was an Imperial question, which was probably his reason for an Imperious answer. *Præbet odoratas discolor India messes*, remarked *Mr. Punch* to the Viscount, to which the latter promptly responded, "Yes, indeed, India is always in messes of one kind or another." In the course of the debate COLONEL NORTH termed something said by MR. BRIGHT as "wilfully erroneous"—in (scarcely) other words charged him with a deliberate lie. Now, the gallant Colonel is one of the Swell Soldiers of the House, who are always awfully bumptious when a civilian ventures an opinion on the conduct of any of the people whom we pay to fight for us, and of whom we seem to have a sort of right to expect that they shall earn their money in a proper manner. Now we own that when a man or a gamecock is in high fighting condition, he is apt to be a little owdacious, and we should be sorry to damp the spirits of Valour. But we think, and LORD PALMERSTON (who reproved NORTH) thought, that charging a gentleman with telling a wilful lie is *un peu trop fort*. COLONEL NORTH signs himself D.C.L.—we should be sorry to write in our DOD that this means Dealer in Coarse Language. MR. LINDSAY carried an address to ask the Queen to ask ELECTUS to ask his shipowners to agree to the abolition of all discriminating duties upon vessels and cargoes of either nation in the ports of the other. MR. MILNER GIBSON gravely promised to try to obtain this object, at a proper time.

Some Bills for improving Ireland in some way or other were then discussed, as was a Pawnbroker Bill. It seems that our Uncles don't find it pay to advance very small loans, because they get nothing for the Duplicate, and warehousing is expensive, so they send away the poor to unlicensed Mounts of Piety, where the pious mountaineers charge the unfortunate creatures about 800 per cent. in their need and famish. So Uncle is to be tempted to advance, by leave to charge a Halfpenny on his tickets for small amounts. MR. EDWIN JAMES spoke up for the unlicensed mountaineers, but could get only 32 supporters against 178. The debate was very brief, Members being rather in a hurry to get away from conversation on the subject of the redemption of pledges.

Friday. A Chinese debate in the Lords, begun by EARL GREY, who has strong convictions that we are going the wrong way to work with the Pig-Tails. The DUKE OF SOMERSET, as Minister, denied this, and declared that we were bound to avenge insults. LORD MALMESBURY thought it absurd to be one day treating a Chinaman as a savage and the next as a civilised party. LORD ELGIN took a sort of leave of his aristocratic friends, and said that he was going off to do his best in China, and rather hoped to be able to obtain terms without fighting. He was determined, however, that we should have an Ambassador in Peking, and *Mr. Punch* inclines to suggest that when the BENICIAN has been polished off by SIR THOMAS DE SAYERS (if the police do not grab them), these two gentlemen had better be established in Peking, as the most effective representatives of America and England. LORD ELLENBOROUGH laid all the blame of China troubles to Mammon, as personified by our merchants and traders, and said that he had not, when Governor-General of India, dared to publish the accounts he had received of the sufferings of the Chinese by our war of 1842. LORD GREY then took the opportunity of blushing for the conduct of Englishmen in Japan, and the matter ended. The Lords rose after

hearing that MR. WHITWORTH's awful gun was to have the fullest and fairest trials by the Government, who had been duly impressed

"By that huge cannon's earthquake shout."

The Commons discussed Most Things—but not one thing. The unfortunate Reform Bill was once more postponed, and Government would not at first even say on what day after Easter they intended to bring it forth to the House, but finally named the 20th April. Whereat there was much jeering. As for the *Conversazione*, there was a squabble about the appointment of an Irish Lord-Lieutenant, a MR. LYLE (a descendant of ANNOT LYLE for aught we know, or care) and LORD FERMOY announced that Ireland was disaffected, and might soon like to be transferred to somebody else than QUEEN VICTORIA, after the fashion of an Italian state. Do the Irish want to take another leaf out of a Cabbage Garden? We hope they will not drive *Mr. Punch* into sending over half a dozen of the above-bridge Thames steamers to keep them in order. After some equally unimportant matter, SIR ROBERT PEEL,—upon whom *Mr. Punch's* paternal castigation has worked in the happiest manner,—delivered a very dashing speech, decidedly not in honour of ELECTUS. It was full of good hits, and among them was his likening the behaviour of L. N., *in re* Savoy, to that of AHAB, *in re* NABOTH's vineyard. He might have added, that, though the gentle and beautiful wife of ELECTUS is entirely "out of the cast," as actors say, there is an abominable JEZEBEL who "stirs up" French rulers to crime, and that painted fiend is the greedy, profane, and cruel Traviata whom the French call LA GLOIRE. There is no window so high that Civilisation would not like to see her thrown down from, to her own war-hounds.

A spirited Budget Debate ended the week, a formal Saturday sitting excepted. Our Viscount tried to exempt incomes under £150 from taxation. Very right in itself; but we do not want little bits of injustice corrected while the grand injustice remains, and the more this is felt the better. Therefore, and therefore only, *Mr. Punch* is glad that the W. was defeated by 174 to 24. MR. DISRAELI gave MR. GLADSTONE a severe lecture on his Immorality, in enforcing a tax he had himself bitterly abused; and the time-bargains business coming up again, MR. GLADSTONE saw fit to withdraw his clause, but threatened a Bill for the same purpose. What in the world did the LORD ADVOCATE mean by introducing a Bill "to amend the relationship of Scotch husbands and wives?" *Mr. Punch* was so astounded, that he rushed from the House to drown his perplexity in a glass of whuskey.

A CORRECTION OF THE (IMPERIAL) PRESS.

WHEN lickspittles would praise
The EMP'ROUR OF FRANCE,
To immense "*savoir faire*"
His claim they advance.

Now, that ground of applause
Should be changed by a letter;
Since Savoy has been done,
"*Savoie faire*" would read better.

Kindness in Pall Mall.

IN consequence of the awful distress into which the Paper Makers say they shall be plunged by the continuance of the prohibition on the import of rags, a certain Pall Mall Club has resolved that every Paper-Maker shall henceforth be an honorary member of the Rag-and-Famish.

EVIL EXCOMMUNICATIONS IMPROVE GOOD MANNERS.

SHOULD the POPE persist in driving his Bull against VICTOR EMMANUEL, there will only be this difference between him and LOUIS NAPOLEON—the one will be MONSIEUR COMMUNIQUÉ, and the other MONSIEUR EXCOMMUNIQUÉ.

A GREAT GUN AND A LITTLE ONE.

THE main difference between SIR W. ARMSTRONG's twelve-pounder and LORD JOHN RUSSELL's six-pounder is that—

The first is not a Whit-worth,
The second is not Worth-a-whit.

VIOLETS FOR VOLUNTEERS.

EXPOSED for sale in a window the other day, we observed a scent-bottle, labelled "Rifle Corps Bouquet." Surely the odour of this compound can be no other than the smell of gunpowder.

THE GREAT REVIVAL OF THE DAY.—Italy.



THOSE HORRID BOYS AGAIN!

Boy (to distinguished Volunteer). "NOW, CAPTAIN! CLEAN YER BOOTS, AND LET YER 'AVE A SHOT AT ME FOR A PENNY!"

REFUGEES AND RAGS.

WHAT, Tyrants, do you, wanting gags
For Britain's Press, deny us rags,
In order that you may, by dint
Of paper famine, check our print?

Rags—ponder your resources well—
You surely have enough to sell;
For rags your policy creates,
Chief produce of misgoverned states.

Your rags, you'll own with grins and shrugs,
In your home market must be drugs.
Your slaves, debarred from use of type,
Need paper but to light a pipe.

Pursue, impoverishing your states,
The policy which rags creates;
Increase your hosts, your trade restrain,
And beggar those o'er whom you reign.

The time will come when discontent
Will overthrow your government;
Of subjects when your ragged rout
Will rise, rebel, and kick you out.

Then, if your rags old England lacks,
You'll come, and bring them on your backs;
Yourselves and rags you'll hither bear,
And bundle all to Leicester Square.

THE SUFFRAGE AND THE SUPPLIES.—If taxation without representation is tyranny, what else is representation without taxation? Democracy is as broad as Despotism is long.

"THE GUARD DIES, BUT NEVER SURRENDERS."

THE above remark, which it seems was never made by anybody, except by a French historian, who, having been a hack at one of the Boulevard theatres, thought it would be fine to put the *mot* into the mouths of men who were much too brave to talk nonsense, may now be made (when the parties have nothing better to do) by the gallant army which, under one disguise or another, has so long been performing the most glorious feats of war near the Westminster Road. Need Mr. *Punch* name the Army of Astley's, that Army of the South, or rather S.S.E., upon whose deeds he looks down from the Pyramid of his greatness, like forty sentries rolled into one? We had feared that after MR. COOKE'S glorious Retreat of the Ten Thousand (or with that sum, and more, we hope) the Army of the S.S.E. had finally evacuated the scenes where they had covered themselves with so much glory and saw-dust. But another trumpet has blown, and the air is *Batti, batti*, and the noble veterans, reinforced by younger recruits, thirsting for distinction, but not averse to porter, are about to be once more reviewed by their former leader. GENERAL BATTY has returned to them, and the scene when NAPOLEON came back from Elba, and once more joined his men, was not half so touching—nor ought it to have been, for whereas NAPOLEON came, perjured, to ruin his soldiers, BATTY came, faithful, to benefit his. Like Achilles, "all he asks is war," and he has already thrown down the gauntlet, and stuck up the poster. He takes the field on Easter Monday, and his *chevaux Defries* have been ordered from Houndsditch to the scene of action. We anticipate with delight a series of sanguinary combats, for the Army of the S.S.E. is always ready for an engagement, and we hope has again got a good one.

Patients on Wheels.

THE Directors of an enterprising Omnibus Company, desirous of qualifying the persons in their employment to sustain competition with a rival association, have provided all their drivers and conductors each with a copy of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S *Notes on Nursing*.



A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE.

(A Probable and Large Importation of Foreign Rags.)

THE BRITISH ITALIAN QUESTION.

(From our own Twaddler.)



RULY happy are we to be able to state officiously, though not officially, that the complications which threatened to menace the British Italian Question with an unsatisfactory solution, are likely to be disentangled to the advantage of all concerned. It has been decided that instead of a single Italian dynasty, there shall be two, but that the boundary-line of the respective governments shall be an ideal one, and that no exclusive allegiance shall be owed to either Sovereign, and adherents of either shall be at full liberty to settle for a prescribed term, and upon certain easy pecuniary terms, in the dominions of the other. The KING FREDERICO, under whose active, but benevolent sway, his subjects have so greatly prospered, retains of course his magnificent

new Palace in Eastern Italy, where a series of the most sumptuous nocturnal entertainments will be given during the summer months. His ministry is one in which the public has every confidence. COUNT MARIO will be its chief, and assistance will be lent by the veteran GRISI, among whose colleagues will be found the energetic MIOLAN-CARVALHO, the distinguished TAMBERLIK, the persuasive GARDONI, the accomplished RONCONI, and the promising CSILLAG, whose estimation by the Court of Vienna will tend to promote the best relations with Austria. The devotion which KING FREDERICO has always shown to the welfare of his subjects, and the fidelity with which he has adhered to every engagement, need no comment, and are the surest guarantee for the prosperity of his reign. The ancient Palace of the Lumlini is being repaired and beautified by and for the Grand-Duke ETESMITHO, who has vacated the humbler throne he recently occupied, and ascends that of West Italy, and though it is one thing to receive the plaudits of uncivilised subjects, and another to secure the suffrages of a highly refined and fastidious race, like the West Italians, there is good reason to believe that the new Grand-Duke is aware of his position, that he will obtrude himself as little as possible into prominence, and govern by the aid of the admirable Ministry he has been enabled to select. Foremost among these is M. ALBONI, whose name and person are towers of strength, and among the administration are the high-born PICCOLOMINI, who will conciliate the aristocratic sections, the ardent TITIENS, the loyal BORCHI-MAMO, and the acceptable GIUGLINI. We have reason to believe that the utmost harmony will prevail, and that each Sovereign will vie with the other in bringing forward a programme of a popular character. A large issue of notes is certain, and these will be well received by the public. The utmost freedom of discussion will prevail, and the press will be entirely unfettered, save by those influences well understood by constitutional administrations. No vexatious police restrictions will be thought of, but the rigid enforcement of the Sumptuary laws in both districts is felt to be essential to the dignity of the States. The tariffs have been revised, and the consumption of articles of food and drink, of a light and elegant character, is expected to be promoted by the new arrangements. There will be no subservience to any old Italian families, but though looking at the commodious Piazza of the Western Sovereign, and the beautiful front of the palazzo of his Eastern contemporary, we may regard both as attached to the COLONNA, we are glad to believe that each will have as little as possible to do with the HOARSE-INI, and—

[No. Patience has its limits. We have borne with our contributor's idiotic circumbendibus up to this point, but here we stop. All we ordered the demented blockhead to state was, that MR. GYE opens the Royal Italian Opera, and MR. SMITH Her Majesty's theatre, this season, and that each manager announces some good names. The wretched donkey's excuse for the above drivel we shall be curious to hear when he applies (fruitlessly) for his salary.]

HINT TO REFORMERS.—Beware lest you confound political principles with those of mechanics.

THE MAN AND THE SNAKE.

A Fable.

(Respectfully Dedicated to the Swiss Confederation.)

ONCE on a time, as ÆSOP tells,
A hind, in winter's iron weather,
Found on the bare and wind-swept fells,
A snake, its coils frost-bound together.

He raised the creature from the ground,
And was about to fling it by,
When lo, some spark of life he found
Still glowing in its evil eye.

The clown, whose large compassion ranged
E'en to that reptile most unblest,
Sudden his idle purpose changed,
And placed the serpent in his breast.

Under his kindly bosom's glow,
Slowly the stiffened coils out-drew;
The thickening blood resumed its flow,
The snaky instincts waked anew.

The man was glad to feel awake,
The crawling life within his vest:
For to have harboured e'en a snake
Is pleasure in a gen'rous breast.

Sudden he stops—with shriek and start;
Then falls a corpse all swoll'n and black!
The snake's fell tooth had pierced the heart,
Whose warmth to life had brought it back.

Well, simple Switzers, had it been,
Had you of this old fable thought,
When, tracked by justice, close and keen,
Your mountains young NAPOLEON sought—

Asylum 'mid their snows to claim,
From France's King, against whose crown
His hand had reached, with daring aim,
In scuffle scufflingly put down.

The shelter of your rocks you gave
To him and to his desperate cause;
Nor asked, was he true man, or knave,
Blameless, or guilty by the laws.

Enough that harbour *he* required,
Enough that harbour *you* could give:
The panting fugitive respired,
And 'neath your Alps was free to live.

France asked him of you; you refused:
She threatened; you defied her might:
For years your mountain-screen he used,
Wherewith to hide his schemes of night.

At length full-flushed with power he stands—
Power, to your sheltering kindness due;
And turns the parricidal hands
Which you kept free, to strike at *you!*

Relatively Speaking.

THIS sudden affection of Savoy for France is most strange. It has even puzzled BERNAL OSBORNE. He cannot understand by what political relations this attachment of the Nice of Savoy for, and to, the Nephew of the EMPEROR can be justified.

THE GREAT HIT OF THE SEASON.

As a companion to the *Mill on the Floss*, by ADAM BEDE, a sporting contributor intends beginning, in allusion to the great match for the Championship, a series of papers in *Bell's Life*, to be called *The Mill on the Topis*.

THE SCOTS GREYS.—In answer to an imploring petition from a mass of Privates in the Scots Greys, who beseech Mr. Punch to remove them out of what they call, no doubt very rightly, "the miserable hole where they have been penned up for just six years," but which is called in maps, Newbridge, in the County of Kildare, Ireland, Mr. Punch informs his gallant correspondents that he seldom alters the arrangements of the Army, except in extraordinary cases, but that he will mention the grievance to his friend the Commander-in-Chief, the next time the latter comes round to 85, Fleet Street, for advice and a weed.

THE SONG OF THE DISTRESSED PAPERMAKER.

AIR—"Billy Barlow."

MY name is JOHN BROWN, making paper's my trade,
And by it till now a good living I've made:
I've saved, too, a trifle—ten thousand or so—
But 'tis all U.P. now with the business, I trow.

Oh woe! raggedy oh!
In rags soon each maker of paper will go!

It's that blessed BILL GLADSTONE, our ruin who'll cause,
With that Budget which gained him such wondrous applause:
Says he, "Off your paper the duty I'll throw,
Though you won't get your rags free from France yet, I know."

Oh woe! raggedy oh!
Say we, Then we're ruined; to pot we must go!

Good paper, d'ye see, without rags we can't make,
And rags we can't get: 'tis a fatal mistake:
To France for their paper the English will go,
And in rags you'll soon see us poor beggars, heigh-ho!

Oh woe! raggedy oh!
Out at elbows we'll be ere the year's end, we know.

"Trust the EMPEROR!" says BILL, "he the right thing will do:"
You're wrong there, say we, he will only do you;
He's far better known here than trusted, and so
We don't like the sop you to Cerberus throw.

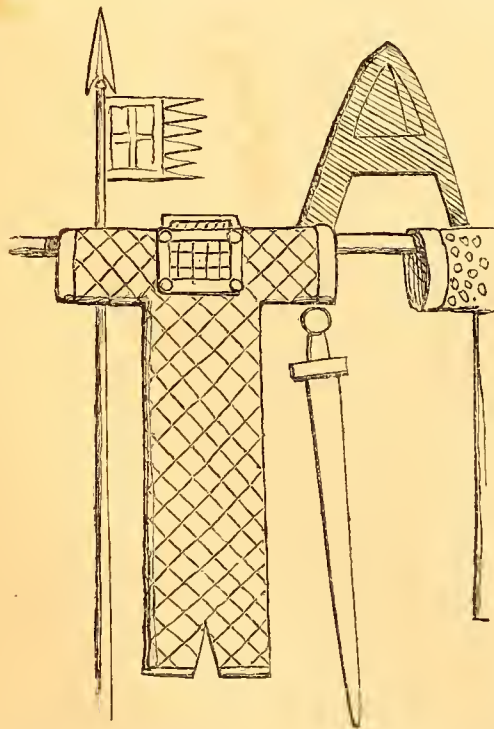
Oh no! raggedy oh!
O'er this rag-bargain how will the Gallic Cock crow!

But let's hope that the nation will never consent
To see us so choused by our own Government:
Crying, Down with th' Excise! up the Treaty they'll throw:
'Tis disgrace to be diddled: the *Times* it says so.

Oh ho! raggedy oh!
We'll make a good fight, to the bad ere we go!

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER X.—THE EARLY NORMAN PERIOD—(CONTINUED).



HELMET, HAUBERK, SWORD, AND GONFANON, FROM THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.—N.B. COPIED WITH CORRECTNESS, AND IN NO WAY IMPROVED FOR THE SAKE OF THE INITIAL.

cannot but regard with strong emotion the weapons with which his ancestors were whopped; and in viewing now the arms wherewith the Normans vanquished us, we feel a sort of impulse to betake us to our legs. While "speering" on their spears (to use a Scotch expression) we seem, in thought at least, to feel them sticking in our ribs; and we get a mental headache when we look upon their battle-axes, in thinking of the awful "bonneters" they gave. In short, we are afflicted with much the same sensations as when one looks upon the rod with which one has been birched. The first time we submitted to

that painful operation, we kept as a memento a fragment of the weapon: and we never even now can look upon our treasure, without feeling a smart tingle in remembrance of its strokes.

However, smothering our emotions as well as we are able, we proceed to the discharge of our aforesaid public duty, in furnishing instruction on the subject of costume. To speak first of the head-piece, which our artist has depicted as a headpiece to this chapter, it will be seen the Normans valued the possession of their heads, by the extraordinary pains which they took for their protection. In drawing the attention of the student to the drawing, we would especially invite him to observe the funny nose-cover, with which the soldiers' helmets were in general supplied. Whether the Norman noses were peculiarly shaped, or peculiarly tender in their osseous formation, are matters we must own ourselves unable to sniff out. But it is certain they were shielded with no ordinary care, and one would fancy that their owners fought as shy of broken noses as they did of broken heads. One would, however, think that if the noses of the Normans were peculiarly



NORMAN DRAGOONS, FROM FAC-SIMILE COPIES OF THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY. THE WARRIOR TO THE LEFT, FROM HIS MAGNIFICENT PROPORTIONS, IS PROBABLY INTENDED TO REPRESENT A LIFE-GUARDSMAN OF THE PERIOD, THE OTHER IS EVIDENTLY A LANCER.

prominent, so as to render their protection [peculiarly] needful, one would find that their descendants were more [nasally] developed than, so far as one can see, is really now the case. We know no end of people who keep boasting that their family "came over with the Conqueror," but we have never noticed anything eccentric in their noses; and we incline therefore to fancy that the ancient Norman nose had nothing singular about it, or if it had, its singularity has now become extinct.

But whatever may have been the reasons for their wearing it, there is no doubt that the Normans found their nose-piece highly useful, though it may not have been highly ornamental to their looks. Not only did it serve to save their noses from a blow (a blow, we don't mean with a handkerchief, but with something rather harder), but it doubtless also saved them from becoming snubbed or blobby, by the laws of gravitation and its own incumbent weight. For aught we know, moreover, the nose-guard may have exercised a bearing on the character, as well as on the countenance, and there are reasons why our officers might wish to see it used, though they might not wish themselves to thrust their finely-chiselled noses to it. If perfectly adjusted, the nose-piece would infallibly prevent a raw recruit from any tendency to turn his nose up at the service: and it might also be the means of checking insult to superiors, by its hindrance to the taking of that sort of observation, called vulgarly a "sight."

Being not less careful of their limbs than of their noses, the Normans for their body guard were clad in a ringed tunic which they called a "hauberk;" a word derived from "halsberg," which meant, as we all know, a protection for the throat. The garment differed little from the Anglo-Saxon tunic, except that it was made with a capuchon, cowl, or neckpiece, to which addition it is likely that it owed its change of name. By stupidly confounding "Capuchon" with "Capuchin," some writers have imagined that this cowl was like a monk's: while others have as stupidly endeavoured to persuade us that its wearers were remarkable for a menacing expression, observing that a Norman was known always by his (s)cowl. With as pitiable senselessness, other punsters have connected the word cowl with our word "chimney-pot:" and from this association of ideas have argued that the cowl had a connection with the helmet, which filled the place then

of the "chimney-pot" of our more modern use. This supposition, though made merely for the play upon the words, might possibly be worked out into something like a truth: for the illuminations show us that the collar of the hauberk was sometimes drawn up over the chin and fastened to the nasal, or nose-piece, of the helmet. By this means the old soldier wisely spared himself the cost of a visit to his dentist, in consequence of having his wisdom teeth knocked out: and no doubt often saved himself from getting a sore throat, either from the cutting winds or weapons of his enemies.

The hauberk was slit at bottom both in front and behind, for convenience in riding and in other crural exercise, such for instance as that mentioned in the old black letter ballad, which describes how—

"Ye ole Joe was a kyckynge
 Appe behinde and eke befo're,
 And ye Gallere Gal a kyckynge
 Appe behinde ye Ole Joe."

From the rude way in which the garment is depicted by even the most polished artists of the period, it appears as though it ended in short "continuations," if what are but continuations can be said to have an end. It seems clear enough, however, such could not have been the case; for a garment so constructed could not possibly be worn, simply for the reason that nobody could get into it. The sceptic who doubts this may be easily converted by just stitching his dress shirt to the waistband of his breeches, and watching his confusion when he comes home late to dress for a party, where the people are, he knows, severely punctual.



THIS CUT, ALSO FROM THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY, IS INTRODUCED SPECIALLY FOR THE USE OF ARTISTS; SO THAT IN ANY FUTURE "FINDING OF THE BODY OF HAROLD," THE HORSES USED BY THE NORMAN CAVALRY MAY BE CORRECTLY REPRESENTED.

SIMPLE SIMON AND THE PENNY.

A BALLAD RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN AN ANCIENT NURSERY, AND EDITED BY PROFESSOR PUNCH, D.D.

SIMPLE SIMON met a Pieman,
 Who talked very fine;
 Says Simple SIMON to the Pieman,
 Let me taste French Wine.
 Said the Pieman unto Simple SIMON,
 First give me a Penny,
 Said Simple SIMON to the Pieman,
 "You have had too many."

V. 1. *Simple Simon.* Johannes Taurus.
 V. 1. *Pieman, seu Pius Vir, or pius man.* Gulielmus Lapislatius, Peellii discipulus ornatissimus.

"Et vocem Anchisæ magni mentemque recorder."

Ingenium illustre altioribus studiis Juvenis admodum dedit, non, ut plerique, sed quo firmior adversus fortuita Rempublicam capesseret.

V. 2. *Talked very fine.* Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ, &c.
 V. 4. *French wine.* Vile modicis Sabinum cantharis.
 V. 6. *Give me a Penny.* Vectigal magnum, perpetuum, et objectionabilissimum, nisi bellum Gallicum exoriatur. Longa est injuria: longæ ambages.
 V. 8. *Had too many.* Non est Simonius tam stultus, post omnia, ut videtur. Sed anser ejus coctus est.

PILLGRINDERS FOR PAUPERS.

ENGLAND expects every man to do his duty; but it is not every man that answers the expectations of England. Favourable notice is, therefore, due to those who distinguish themselves by performing their obligations to their country. Accordingly, the Poor-Law Guardians, generally, throughout the kingdom, deserve to be highly commended. They, at least, are doing their duty in a most exemplary manner. The nature of the office discharged by these gentlemen is commonly misunderstood. They are supposed to be guardians of the poor. This is not so. They are no more the guardians of the poor than the Police are guardians of the pickpockets. The Poor-Law Guardians are the guardians of the pockets of the rate-payers against the poor, and their business is to make the poor cost the rate-payers as little as possible. They manage this admirably in every respect, but particularly in their economical dealing with Medical Officers.

The Medical Officer is a fellow who, in the expressive language of our ancestors, was called a Leech. This appellation was conferred on the practitioners of the healing art because of the rapacity for which they have always been infamous, and the greedy suction whereby they have ever been accustomed to drain the pecuniary vitals of their patients. They are now showing how well they deserve this name, by raising a general cry of "Give, give!" addressed to the gentlemen who regulate workhouse expenditure, and who, with praiseworthy resolution, refuse to give as much as these greedy rogues require.

Twopence a case for medicine and attendance throughout an illness of twenty-eight days' duration, is the reasonable figure to which many zealous and efficient Poor-Law Guardians have succeeded in reducing the remuneration of the Medical Officers. The average amounts to 3s. 1d., which seems too much, for it is more than a penny farthing a day; but when we consider that a physician's fee, for five minutes' advice, which cannot do more than save a patient's life, runs up to the enormous sum of one guinea, we shall appreciate the diminution of medical charges to even the highest figures whereunto the Poor-Law Guardians have cut them down.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that there is nothing interesting in figures,—for, indeed, what interest is greater than that of three per cent., except interest of a higher sum?—and the subjoined statistical table will doubtless amuse many of our readers. All those who are in the medical profession will chuckle over it immensely, because it affords examples of the large salaries which Poor-Law Doctors are still enabled to command, in spite of the just disinclination of the Guardians to pay them anything whatever:—

| Union. | County. | District. | Popul. | Acreage. | Salary. |
|------------|----------------|-------------|--------|----------|---------|
| Bootle | Cumberland | Millone | 2,325 | 30,000 | £15 0 |
| Brampton | Ditto | ... | 11,325 | 85,520 | 50 0 |
| Gateshead | Durham | Ryton | 3,215 | 8,077 | 8 8 |
| Lanchester | Ditto | Medomsley | 7,690 | 13,428 | 10 0 |
| Teesdale | Ditto | Romald kirk | 2,408 | 27,911 | 15 0 |
| Glendale | Northumberland | Lowick | 3,294 | 19,704 | 16 0 |
| Morpeth | Ditto | No. 2 | 1,888 | 16,235 | 5 0 |

JACK KETCH asks ten guineas for killing a man, a job which does not take him five minutes; therefore, the sums of five, ten, and fifteen pounds for similar work, lasting a month in each case and performed in hundreds of cases, though ample, are not extravagant hire to give a Medical Officer; for his office, properly considered, is like that of the Finisher of the Law: he is supposed to be the Finisher of the Poor-Law, and is to help paupers out of existence. This may be done in a perfectly legal way by sending the patients no medicine, and not going near them,—service for which any pay is a gratuity.

If, indeed, Medical Officers choose to forget themselves, and their own interests, and those of the rate-payers, and go trying to cure instead of despatching the paupers, of whom it is their business to rid the Union, they must, of course, take that eccentric line at their own cost. Their business is to cure, not paupers, but pauperism. Their salaries will not pay them, and were never meant to pay them; on the contrary, they will be, and ought to be, out of pocket. No attention, therefore, but that of ridicule, ought to be paid to the clamour which they are now making for increased wages.

OUTRAGE ON A NOBLEMAN.

In a newspaper published at Port Elizabeth, Cape of Good Hope, which has been forwarded to us for inspection, there occurs the following advertisement, which is evidently intended for a gross insult:—

CLEVELAND PIG IRON.—The Public will please to observe that every pig ought to be branded "CLEVELAND." By order.

What has his Grace the DUKE OF CLEVELAND done to annoy the colonists, that can merit the indignity which has been offered him in branding his name upon a pig? The scurrility would be intelligible if the name had been GREY.

PELHAM EXTINGUISHED!—We know a dandy who is so extremely fastidious, that he is always measured for his umbrella.

Now then Bill aint yer got 'em all out yet?— why one would think you was picking 'em out with a pin like Winkles



NATURAL IMPATIENCE.

THE SPEAR OF ACHILLES.

THE Spear of Pelides alone could heal the wounds it had made. Rust from the steel was a potent cure of the stab. We had thought the weapon had vanished, like the Troy it menaced; but, happily, it is in Rome.

On Monday, March the 19th, in the year of Grace 1860 (the record is worth pasting into your *Newgate Calendar*) his Holiness, POPE PIUS THE NINTH, exasperated, beyond priestly endurance, with his Roman children, and *their* children, at length let loose his dogs. The long-suffering martyr had borne a great deal, and in cursing Revolution had foamed himself into several epileptic fits, without calling for blood; but there was a limit to the vexation of his righteous soul. So he resolved to chastise his children.

The Corso, in Rome, was crowded with them. It was evening. The Papal Gendarmes, on foot and on horseback, issued forth from Mount Citorio, to execute the vengeance of the Holy Father. They charged the unarmed multitude, hewing furiously right and left. (We take the words of the *Times*' correspondent, an eye-witness, and himself nearly murdered by the Holy Father's soldiers.) The people fled in wild terror. Men were cut down on all hands, but there was a cry to "spare the women." It was answered by the same yell that was raised in other days by a priest of Rome, when soldiers hesitated to destroy the innocent with the guilty. "Kill them all!" And the POPE's hounds seem to have done their work well. Here is the detailed report of the Holy Father's dealings with his children on Monday, March 19th:—

"Many of the wounded were conveyed to the hospitals; some to the apothecaries' shops. There were coachfuls of wounded, bruised, bleeding, and swooning women. I saw one picked up in a doorway, with an ugly gash in her left breast; not far from it a child with a deep cut in the neck, to all appearance almost lifeless. One MAZZOTTI was left on the ground with two sabre-cuts; a student (CERAPIA) had received two broadsword cuts and a stab in the left arm. Another student (ZACCALEONI) was fallen upon in the Vicolo dello Sdrucchiolo, and knocked down by three blows with a loaded bludgeon; a priest, near the Café San Carlo, received a thrust of a sabre, and was felled to the ground with the butt-end of a horse pistol. One DE ANGELIS was pierced by three sword-thrusts; Rossi, a merchant, had a severe sabre-cut in the neck. The American Vice-Consul is laid down with a severe stab in the side; a German Artist with a deep dagger-wound in the arm; a nurse and baby were both struck with the same weapon in the carriage where they sat; another sword-cut struck both the legs of a lady seated in another carriage, wound-

ing them severely; another lady who had fainted, and in that state was being carried inside the entrance to the Bernini Palace, was struck in the breast with a Gendarme's broadsword."

Why, indeed, should the women be spared? Are they not the wives and mothers of the wicked Romans? And why should the babies be spared? Are they not imps of sin against POPE PIUS? Let us hear a little more.

"The foreman of the grocer GUFO, in Canestrari, received three sword-strokes on the head, and a thrust in the body; he is dying. A student from Perugia is dead, in consequence of two cuts and two thrusts; dead, also, is the fruitseller near San Carlo, of three sabre-cuts, which he received as he was descending the steps of the Church of San Carlo, where he had been attending the afternoon service. The lamplighter of the Apollo Theatre, who had taken shelter under the bench before a wine-shop, was cut down dead on the spot; his body exhibited six deep cuts. A child was killed in its mother's arms. The son of a poultryman in the Via della Croce was also murdered; and the same fate befell the son of a tinman at St. Elena; one BENEDETTO, the father of five children, was numbered among the dead. Two of the servants of the Sacred Apostolic Palaces, both old men, were playing at draughts in the café near the Church of Jesu e Maria; a Gendarme rushed in, cut down the two players to the ground, and then went on hewing with such blind fury as to break into several pieces the marble chessboard they were playing at. Two artists, who came from the Borghese Gallery, were both wounded in the head. GUIDA, a clerk in the Torlonia bank, was struck down in the Via Bahuino, wounded in the neck. GHIRELLI, a man strongly attached to the Government, was wounded near the Palazzo Muti, where he lives."

This was the work of the Spear of ACHILLES, wielded by the POPE, on the Nineteenth of March. Ten days pass, and the healing comes. On the Twenty-ninth of March we have this announcement:—

"To-day the act of *major excommunication* pronounced against those who have either promised to aid, or who have counselled rebellion, invasion, or usurpation in the Romagna, has been published.

"The act has been posted up in several quarters of Rome."

MAJOR EXCOMMUNICATION. All who desire Italian freedom,—all in whose worldly and evil bosoms is rankling wrath against the Holy Father for the deeds that have been told,—they are all cut off from the Church of Rome. And what better thing could happen to them, than to be at once and for ever—as it may be hoped they are—cut off from a blasphemous Institution, wickedly miscalled a Church, whose Chief strews the streets with the mangled bodies of women and children? Out of a Church whose High Priest offers human sacrifices! Out let them go, with deepest joy, being freed from the loathsome pollution of such a communion! Excommunicated men, women, and unslaughtered children,—for once be thankful to the Holder of the Keys!

GEOLOGY AND ROMANCE.



looked upon it as a melancholy material science, conducive to unbelieving conclusions. If it has shown the British Lion to be no humbug, and the British Unicorn actually to have been at one time comprised among the British *fauna*, it may lead to more discoveries demonstrative of the truths of Heraldry. Wyverns and cockatrices, by the help of the geologist's pickaxe, will turn out to have

IN an abstract of a lecture given by our British CUVIER, at the Museum in Jermyn Street the other day, PROFESSOR OWEN is reported to have said that:—

“One of the large English deer which is now extinct was probably living on this island at the time of CESAR'S invasion, for he describes a remarkable kind of stag, with a single horn growing from the centre of the forehead. Among the fossil remains of extinct deer, there are specimens of such a one, for the two horns cross one another in front, and would have the appearance of a single horn. Among the extinct carnivora that waged war with the abundant stocks of ruminant creatures then occupying this country, PROFESSOR OWEN spoke of an ancient real ‘British lion,’ of a British bear and hyena, the evidences of whose destructiveness are distinctly visible in the bone-caves of this country.”

Thus Geology, as unfolded by PROFESSOR OWEN, proves, beyond controversy, that in former times the British Lion did actually exist, and that there really was such an animal as the British Unicorn. Now, then, Geology will begin to be regarded with interest by many good people who have hitherto

been genuine reptiles, and other griffins than plain ladies will be found to have once existed in this island. Already, as everybody knows, the exhumed remains of the pterodactyle confirm the nursery tales that commemorate the Dragon of Wantley and other dragons; and doubtless, in good time, the relics of a flying saurian, found in chalk or oolite, with a spear-head sticking in the ribs, will corroborate the legends of the destruction of those monsters by the champions of Christendom. St. George will be established as having been a genuine British worthy instead of a Cappadocian rogue, and the traditionary enemy, which he transfixed and triumphed over, will have been proved to be the *Pterodactylus Longirostris*, and not the venerable St. Athanasius. Suffice it us for the present to rest and joyfully contemplate the geological revelation of the reality of the Lion and the Unicorn; and long may those formidable supporters of the Royal Arms continue to sustain the shield of our Sovereign Lady VICTORIA! Long live the QUEEN, and PROFESSOR OWEN!

Alarming Accident to the Pope.

HIS HOLINESS, in promenading yesterday on the Corso, met with a sad accident. His foot slipping in a puddle of blood, he fell and broke his head. The accident has been pronounced to be a fracture of the temporal bone.

RESULTS OF MEDICAL REGISTRATION.

WE believe we are justified in stating, that the only difference which the Medical Registration Act has made to medical men, is that of their receiving about ten times as many begging letters as they used to get before it.

TWELVE SAGES OF HAMPSHIRE.

“MR. PUNCH, SIR,

“JUDGING from certain remarks which you occasionally make with respect—or rather with disrespect—to British Juries, I am afraid that you entertain a not unmixed veneration for the institutions of your country. I, therefore, with much pleasure, take the liberty of acquainting you with a gratifying instance of sagacity and intelligence on the part of twelve Englishmen in a box, which has just occurred here at the Sessions. A man and his wife (second spouse) were indicted for cruelty and neglect, of which the victim was a child of the former by his first marriage. It was a case of “*injusta noverca*,” and a very bad one. The child had been shamefully maltreated and starved, and left to suffer the worst consequences of soap and water withheld from skin and hair, insomuch that the latter got into a state which is indescribable. The law, as laid down by the Recorder, made the husband alone answerable for the neglect, which, however, was owing to his poverty; for, although his wife possessed a hundred pounds in the Savings' Bank, he was not aware that the money belonged to himself. Under these circumstances, he was advised to put in a technical plea of guilty, and bound to appear and receive judgment when called upon; whilst the jury were instructed by the Recorder to acquit the woman of the neglect, for which, as the servant of her husband, she was not legally responsible, though solely so in fact.

“But we vindicate her guilty,” said the Hampshire jury. “We think 'twas she as was to blame vor't all.” I do not pretend to quote these gentlemen's language precisely; but this was its tenor and effect.

“But, Gentlemen, you cannot convict the wife of the neglect by law. The law, Gentlemen, does not allow you,” the Recorder told them.

“But we think as how she *is* guilty,” replied the jury.

“That may be, Gentlemen,” said the Recorder; but you are bound to deliver your verdict according to law.”

“But we zays as how the truth on't is as she was the guilty one o' the two.”

“Again the Recorder endeavoured to explain to them the necessity of subordinating their verdict to the rule of legality; and the above dialogue, with slight modifications, went on during some minutes; the jury persisting in declaring the woman guilty. At last the Recorder said—“Well, Gentlemen, then I shall take your verdict as declaring her guilty of the fact, and enter that as a verdict of not guilty.” Whereupon the foreman of this acute and truly intellectual jury asked the following pertinent, and really profound question—

“Then, what's the use o' we?”

“Talk of *Blackstone's Commentaries*! What, in all those observations on the laws of England, is there equal in point of wisdom, to this comment of a British and a Hampshire jury on itself?”

“Ever yours,

“Southampton, Hot-Cross Bun Day, 1860.”

“HOSPEES.”

“P.S. For the satisfaction of your benevolent readers, I am happy to be able to state, that the woman was convicted on another indictment for an assault on the child, and got three months, whilst her husband was informed of his right to her hoard in the Savings' Bank; on which she cried.”

A New Tap for the Masses.

IN evidence lately given before the Committee on the Public Institutions of the Metropolis, MR. RUSKIN declared that—

“There was an increasing thirst among the working classes for information and improvement.”

Hear that, MR. GOUGH. The United Kingdom Alliance will surely allow that the necessity for a Maine Law is superseded by the increasing thirst of the working classes for information and improvement. Information is not ale, and improvement is not stout, though the moral and the intellectual beverage combined may be said to constitute a sort of half-and-half, which, without fear of being contradicted by the consumer, we welcome with a shout of “All hail!”



Here comes Buggins, with his Iron Walking-Stick, which he carries to accustom his Muscles to the Rife.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

APRIL 2. *Monday.* It is of course impossible that anything connected with Ireland should be done in a regular manner, and as the Irish Reform Bill was not only not before the House of Lords, but had not even been discussed by the House of Commons, LORD CLANRICARDE naturally took occasion to deliver a long speech upon it, analysing its details, and suggesting amendments. But the Lords are very courteous, and if one of their number began to discuss the propriety of granting a constitution to the Georgium Sidus, he would never be rudely requested to be practical. The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE made a few observations of an eminently general character in reply to LORD CLANRICARDE, and LORD MONTEAGLE objected to the only really good feature in the Bill, the allowing Irish noblemen to stand as candidates for places in Ireland (they may, and do for English places), and thus give the constituents a chance of choosing from a better class than that which supplies the POPE'S Brass Band. *Mr. Punch* believes that the proposed arrangement is opposed to the Act of Union, but so is he.

LORD EBURY, the Prayer-Book Reformer, gave notice of his intention to be down upon that volume at an early date, and in the mean time wanted to know what was to be done with old Smithfield. He desired that it might be turned into a playground, and not sacrificed "to the Covetousness of the City of London." The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE said the City desired to make a dead meat market on the spot, and SIR G. LEWIS thought well of the scheme. A nice fate for the place where SIR PUNCH DE FLEET STREET, clad in dazzling blue armour studded with silver stars, broke his lance at the jousts given in honour of Cressy, and made KING EDWARD III. jealous by extra attention to the lovely ALICE PIERCE. A pleasant ending for the spot where the same gallant knight overthrew all the lords of Scotland at the glorious tournament of 1393. A worthy sequel to the history of the scene where LONGBEARD, and WALLACE, and WAT TYLER were finally disposed of, and where SANGUINARY POLLY burned most of the 277 persons objected to by her Majesty on the ground of their Protestantism. But such is the fate of famous sites—who knows but in the twenty-fifth century, *Mr. Punch* having long removed his publishing office to Buckingham Palace, the sacred ground on which No. 85 now stands may be purchased at an awful price to build a vestry for Saint Bride's thereupon?

The Stamp Duties Bill, under the Budget, passed at a hand-gallop, and the Income-Tax Bill even faster; for the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE told their Lordships that he had no time to make them understand it

then, but if they would be good enough to pass it, he would perhaps explain it to them on some other occasion. The Lords good-naturedly assented.

In the Commons, LORD JOHN RUSSELL presented correspondence about Italy, and expressed a hope that some arrangement would be made respecting Savoy that would be satisfactory to Switzerland. Those who live upon hope die fasting, says a proverb. A warm debate arose on the desire of the Government to seize Thursdays, on the ground that time was precious, and that Fridays were very much cut up by the *Conversazione*. LORD PALMERSTON took an opportunity of saying that the Opposition had given fair treatment to all Government measures except the Reform Bill. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON would not stand this exception, and declared that Government were the cause of any delay in discussing the Bill. The Ministers carried their Thursdays; and SIR GEORGE GREY also carried another ("experimental") arrangement regarding the Fridays, to the great wrath of the "Independent Members." The Wine Licences Bill came on, and was attacked by MR. CROOK, on the part of the Temperance Societies, who wish to make it difficult for anybody to get any drink at all except water." He was seconded by MR. DIGBY SEYMOUR, who attributed five-sixths of the crimes of the lower orders to the "demoralising influences of low public-houses and beer-shops," and, therefore, logically opposed the facilitating the sale of wines of a light and non-intoxicating character. MR. KER SEYMER delivered an excellent speech in favour of the measure, and made some good fun of the trash put forward by the Wirtuous Witlers, who pretend to think that in a Pastrycook's shop, where decent persons are served with wholesome refreshments in the light of day and sight of the public, there will be less orderly conduct than in the dens where people slink in to drink gin in dark corners. *Mr. Punch* respectfully invites attention to his Dioramic Views upon the subject. MR. HARDY made a long and rather amusing address in the other direction, and urged that it was already much too easy to get tipsy. MR. AYRTON, on behalf of the numberless Witlers of the Tower Hamlets, who are his chief patrons, got the debate adjourned till after the holidays, that he might let off a speech in honour of Bungdom. MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE then made a legislative effort at a topic within his comprehension, moving to bring in a Trout Protection Bill, for Scotland. It seems that the Scotch fish-poachers are very unconscionable scoundrels, and make great havoc of trout and other fish, with nets. Personally fond of trout (Office, 85, Fleet Street; friends at a distance will please, &c.), *Mr. Punch* hopes that the thieves will be put down.

Tuesday. The Lords received petitions in favour of the Bill for Preventing Sunday Trade and the howling of the peripatetic Sunday trader, and rose for the Easter holidays.

In the Commons was made the most extraordinary disclosure which has yet been heard of in connection with the Reform Bill. The Government had pleaded guilty to an intention of adding a third to the present number of voters, and as this third was to be mainly taken from the uneducated classes, it was thought that assuredly LORD JOHN had gone far enough in the way of concession. But MR. EDWIN JAMES, who had been examining the returns on which the Ministerial calculations were said to be based, announced to-night that it had been ascertained that between 200,000 and 300,000 more votes than LORD JOHN had stated, would be added to the registry by the Poor Little Bill. The House was aghast, and all that SIR G. LEWIS could say was that there was some mistake, in which *Mr. Punch* heartily agrees. A certain lady said of a certain book that it abounded with typographical errors, but the greatest typographical error was the printing it at all, and a slight adaptation of the remark will make it apply to the P. L. B. "A great deal of blotting out will not improve the work—*una litura potest*," as our friend MARTIAL (no, no, Wiscount, not SIR CHAPMAN MARSHALL, the poet is often a gross person and SIR C. is a grocer) observeth.

After some smaller talk, the Commons rose, until Monday, the 16th, when people will be rather curious to hear whether LORD JOHN, overcome by MR. EDWIN JAMES's proof of the unfitness of the P. L. B. to live, will be stern enough to play LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

A Fair Conclusion.

SITTING by her EDWIN at breakfast the other morning, ANGELINA read the following in the *Illustrated News*:—

"It is stated that a plan is on foot for the establishment of paper-mills in the metropolis of breweries, Burton on Trent. 'Spent hops' are to be worked up and supplied to the market in the form of paper. Samples of the manufacture are now on view."

"O me!" cried ANGELINA, who, in her excitement, was regardless of her grammar, "EDWIN, dear, you *must* buy me some of this hop paper. You know, love, that you've *promised* to let me give a *dance* next month, and *hop* paper will so nicely do to write the notes on!"

AN IMPERIAL IDEA.—I should be unlike my Uncle not to love my Nice!



A CAUTION.

OLD GENT (with Difficulty). "Now really—Oh!—this dis—graceful crowding—I'm—I'm positive my Gun will Go Off!"

THE KOOKEES AND THE COOKIES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Calcutta Englishman* describes a recent raid attended with violence by a tribe called the Kookees.

According to this story, which we believe to be no lie, the Kookees who reside in India are even worse pests to society than the "Cookies" here in England, who have long been fairly ranked among the Greatest Plagues of Life. In both the tribes, however, there are strong points of resemblance, which the weakest mental eyes may speedily spy out. The Cookies have propensities and passions like the Kookees, and were a phrenologist to take a head of each in hand, we fancy he would find a similarity of bumps. The organ of Destructiveness is fully as much developed in the Cookies as the Kookees, as our weekly list of breakages is quite enough to prove; and were further instance needed, it would be enough to note what rousing fires they make, and how they vent their passion for destruction on our coals. Nor has the bump of Cruelty less prominence with them than with their foreign namesakes. Although our Cookies may not venture upon such a sudden massacre as that above described, they keep killing us by inches with their cruelly bad cookery, which we feel convinced will sooner or later be the death of us. Every dinner we sit down to we fancy we detect some fell design on our existence, and though the poisoning may be slow, we cannot doubt it will be sure in its inevitable result. The cruelties indeed which are practised by the Cookies are more abominable than those we have narrated of the Kookees, inasmuch as they are more protracted in their torture, and are wrought at the expense of those whom they afflict. We pay our Cookies well that they may minister to our comforts, yet while they live upon our wages they continually torment us, and tempt us to commit suicide, if they don't kill us outright. The agonies we suffer from a diet of raw beef and underdone potatoes very often make us wish that we were dead, and in the madness of dyspepsia produced by a bad dinner, we almost feel insane enough to jump into the Thames.

Moreover, in respect of their plundering propensities, it must be owned the Cookies bear marked likeness to the Kookees. Where our dripping goes to, is a question which the Black Doll, could it speak, might answer; and at shops where "the best price is given for all

kitchen-stuff," we might guess the destination of those pounds and pounds of candles which we weekly have to pay for, but strongly doubt if we consume. We have never heard it hinted that our residence is haunted, and who it is that walks off with our many legs of mutton, we must confess that we have not the ghost of an idea; although, from information we have recently received, we feel somewhat disposed to couple their removal with the advent of a nightly apparition in our area, bearing likeness to a member of our vigilant police. Further proof, moreover, that the Cookies are as prone to plunder as the Kookees may to any thoughtful mind be furnished by the fact that the shadow of a soldier has, about the hour of supper, been seen upon our kitchen blind, which was incautiously drawn down without the shutters being closed. The posture then revealed, left no doubt that his substance was then quartered on our larder, and that at our cost he was making a by no means shadowy repast. Moreover, when the warrior was observed to leave the premises, it was noticed that the fine proportions of his figure in a great measure were spoiled by the projection of his pockets: whence the inference was drawn, that his visits to our Cookie were rewarded by some few of what she calls her "puck-visits."

Supererogatory.

APPLICATIONS have been made to LORD PALMERSTON for a Division of the See of Exeter. BISHOP PUNCH had thought that, thanks to the amiable exertions of his right reverend brother, BISHOP PHILLPOTTS, the See in question was already as much divided as possible.

RATHER A PITY IT ISN'T.

THE name of M. THOUVENEL—the endorser of the bills drawn by LOUIS NAPOLEON on European credulity—is not, as a correspondent suggests it should be, pronounced *Too-venul*.

A NEW SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR RAGS IN FRANCE.—The EMPEROR'S reputation.

THE SCHOOL OF ADVERSITY.—A Ragged School.

SPIRIT BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.



CERTAIN people who disbelieve everything wonderful because they are prejudiced against it by vulgar incredulity, are accustomed to ridicule those spiritual manifestations which have been patronised by the EMPEROR and EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, and by numbers of our own aristocracy, male and female, besides the aristocracy of talent, including more than one distinguished author and several literary ladies. Constitutionally unbelieving persons are also apt to declare that the alleged phenomena of spiritualism have all been exposed—exploded; have turned out to be mere humbug; and that the pretence of their production or occurrence is now given up. To

the utter confutation and confusion of these unreasoning materialists, there appeared the other day in a report of the Berwick-upon-Tweed Election Committee, the following revelations, which may well, indeed, be called startling disclosures:—

“MICHAEL ANDERSON was examined, and repeated substantially the statement which he had made on Saturday, in the case of the objection to the vote of WM. BOGUE. He said that when the three sovereigns were put under his glass, there were no other persons in the room but himself, BROWN, and BOGUE, but could not say by whose hands the sovereigns were placed in that position.”

It is lucky that we are now writing these strange particulars instead of speaking them, because, in the latter case, we should here experience an unmannerly interruption. Our statement would be arrested by all the vulgarly incredulous people present with cries of “Thimble-ri-g!” As if we did not know that the facts above mentioned, standing alone, are quite capable of being accounted for by the supposition of Thimble-ri-g. As if, with common credit given to us for ordinary intelligence, it were not to be expected that we should, if allowed to proceed, have something more conclusive to say in continuation. Which is as follows:—

“CROSS-EXAMINED BY MR. WORDSWORTH: When he went to BOGUE’S house, he had polled, and said to BOGUE, ‘Pe has I may’ Had received money from HODGSON’S agent to bring him to London, and had been living with the rest of the witnesses at the King’s Arms. Saw the hand that placed the money under the glass, but did not see the body to which it belonged. (Laughter.) Could not swear BROWN did it, but could not say who else did it. Saw two hands.”

“Re-examined: One hand lifted up the glass, and the other put the sovereigns under it.”

MR. MICHAEL ANDERSON swears that he “saw the hand that placed the money under the glass, but did not see the body to which it belonged.” MR. ANDERSON’S namesake, the Wizard of the North, gave some public imitations of spirit-rapping; but he never went so far as to exhibit anything like spirit knuckles. The feat of showing spirit-hands is one which can be performed only by such wizards as MR. HOME, the American medium. But even that celebrated necromancer never astonished beholders with such a show of hands as that attested by the independent, if not exactly unbought, British Elector, MICHAEL ANDERSON. The hand of DANTE is said to have appeared at the summons of MR. HOME or some other equally eminent magician; to have picked an orange-blossom, and to have placed it on the head of a great living poetess. The lady being already married, the ghost made a mistake; unless our memory has misled us as to the name of the flower. But there was no mistake about the three sovereigns which MR. ANDERSON saw placed under the glass, and which he afterwards put into his own pocket. “One hand lifted up the glass, and the other put the sovereigns under it.” There were the sovereigns remaining when the hands had disappeared; and doubtless, MR. ANDERSON has still got them; for who, that had been bribed at an Election by spirit-hands, would not keep the money for a curiosity?

We know what objection will be raised by vulgar incredulity against the reference of the above unquestionable facts to spiritual agency. They will say that there are states of nervous system of which one of the symptoms is partial blindness; that one of these bodily conditions is produced by certain physical agents, among others by fermented liquors, which free and independent, but purchaseable, electors are wont, when they exercise the privileges of British voters, to consume at the expense of candidates in large quantity. They will contend that MR. ANDERSON saw the hand that put the sovereigns under the glass without seeing the body, because he was, at the time, in that state of nervous system which is called a state of beer, or a state of brandy-and-water. We shall dispose very summarily of this shallow objection. If MR. ANDERSON had been, in plain English, drunk, he would have seen everything that he did see double. He would there-

fore have seen four hands at work and six sovereigns, which he would not have discovered to be only three until he had got sober. But he saw the apparition of two hands and three sovereigns, and, when the former had vanished, the latter remained, and he had the money to show for the reality of the vision. We trust, then, that we shall not be misunderstood in expressing the belief, that when he beheld the hands which manipulated the sovereigns, he was under the influence of spirits.

THE CAT ON HER LAST LEGS.

“MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

“Of course, as an old General, I always attentively read the Military and Naval Intelligence in the *Times*. In so doing, I lately met with the subjoined gratifying statement:—

“Since the disuse of corporal punishment, which has been unknown at Woolwich for many months past, it is stated that the crime of desertion is of less frequent occurrence, as verified by the official returns from the corps of Royal Artillery and Royal Marines, as well as the other divisions of the Army stationed at Woolwich. This is to be accounted for by the known fact of numbers of desertions having been induced solely by the terror of the lash, which, up to the present moment, when corporal punishment was ordered to be held in abeyance, was resorted to, in some weeks, every day, except Saturday and Sunday.”

“During upwards of fifty years’ service, at least ever since the question about corporal punishment was first raised, I was always the strenuous advocate, Sir, of flogging in the Army. I always said you could never abolish it, Sir. I constantly and consistently maintained that if ever you did abolish flogging in the Army, there would be an end of all discipline, Sir. I confidently declared that you would go to the devil, Sir. Well, Sir, and now I have the pleasure to acknowledge that in all these opinions I was altogether mistaken. The discipline of the Army, as the above paragraph shows, has improved; and certainly, I will admit, notwithstanding the Income-Tax, that we have not gone to the devil. How pleasing, *Mr. Punch*, how delightful, Sir, it is, as we grow older, to find ourselves dispossessed of our strongest prejudices by the inexorable logic of facts, which are such stubborn things that they are not to be resisted by the deafest obstinacy. Flogging in the Army had a staunch defender in me, Sir. It had an equally firm opponent in you, Sir. You are right, Sir. I was wrong, Sir. You did your best to convince me, Sir. Thank you, Sir. You see the force of your observations and witticisms on the subject of the cat and the lash; and I have the honour to be, Sir,

“Your much Obligated and Enlightened Obedient Humble Servant,

“CHOKO OLDSTOCK, Major-General.”

“*Southsea Common, April, 1860.*”

“P.S. Firm in opinions, but open to conviction. Now, Sir, I will tell you what I say when I hear anybody mention military flogging. I say, ‘Our cat has nine lives, Sir: but the ninth is nearly over.’”

COSI FAN TUTTI.

SAY the journals:—

“At a concert at the Palace of the Tuileries, lately, MADAME ALBONI was perceived by the EMPEROR to fan herself with a brace of programmes, which the gifted *artiste* had twisted, with much ingenuity, into the form of that useful and coquettish female appendage. With the gallantry for which the French EMPEROR is proverbial, he asked the PRINCESS CLOTILDE for her fan, and presented it to MADAME ALBONI.”

Really, our friend LOUIS NAPOLEON’S fondness for annexing is becoming almost a foible. How charmingly “gallant,” to take away a lady’s fan and appropriate it after one’s own fancy. However, PRINCESS CLOTILDE could hardly complain of being treated exactly as her father is treated; nor did she, but with feminine wit she now, when asking for a fan, always says “*Donnez-moi une Savoie.*”

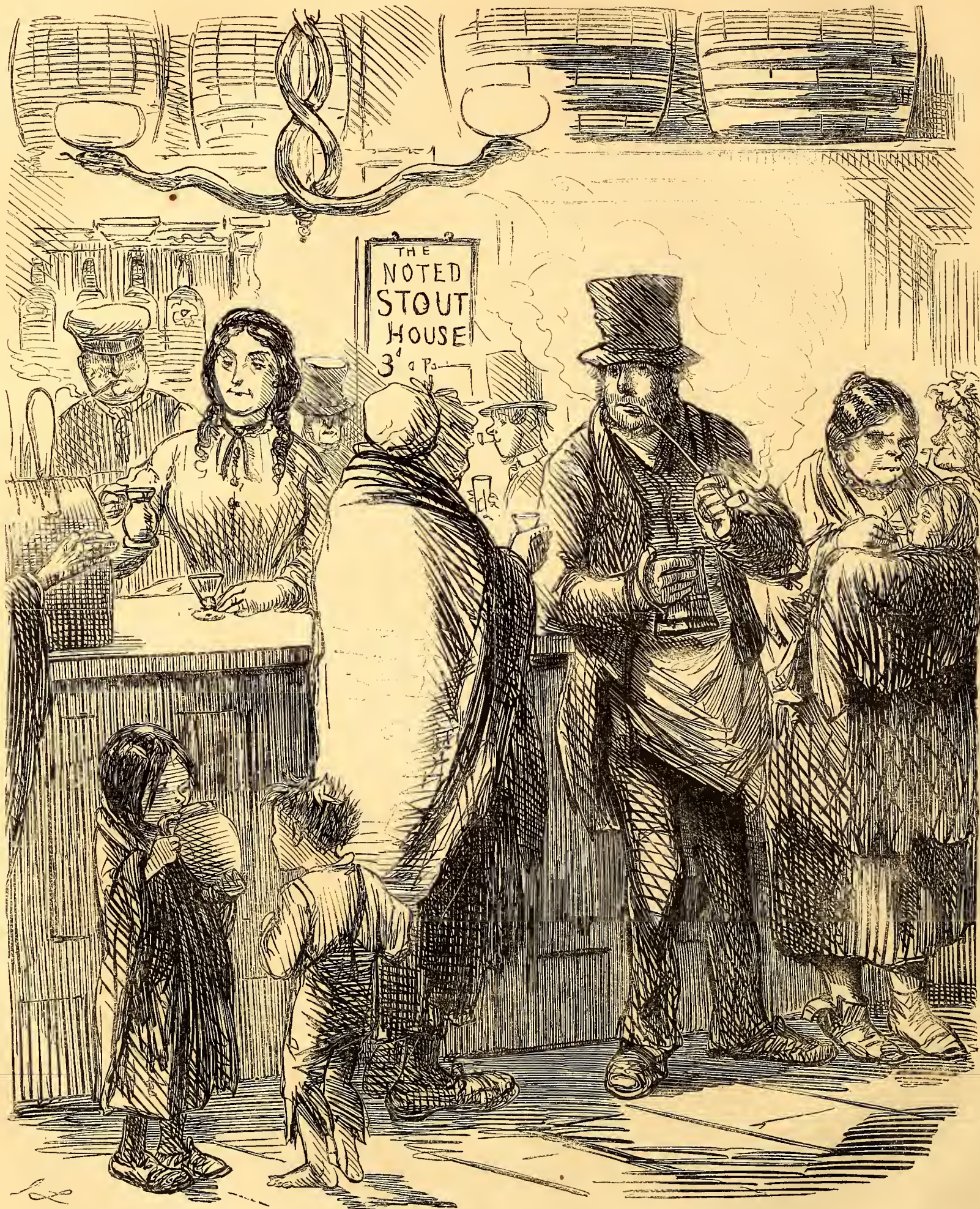
Penny Toryism.

THE *Morning Herald* (“thou art not dead, HARMODIUS, no,”) has been indulging in a gross and coarse attack upon the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH. In old days *Heralds* and *Ladies* were held sacred, amid any fight, but that a *Herald* should turn upon a *Lady* is an outrage on all chivalry. It serves the Tories right, however, that their penny organ should drag them in the dirt. They claim nearly half the House of Commons, and more than half the House of Lords, and are too mean, (or too ashamed of their doctrines) to support a decent daily paper that should let us know what they think and what they mean. Penny Toryism on thin paper, price four farthings. O WILLIAM PITT, lie still. You wouldn’t own ’em, WILLIAM THE SUPERB.

SOLAR PHENOMENON.

THAT the Sun sets in the West is pretty generally known; but a certain reverend gent has just been heard to say, that he believes *his* sun is setting in St. George’s-in-the-East.





THE PIOUS PUBLIC-HOUSE.

(WHERE YOU MAY GET ADULTERATED BEER AND GIN.)

A Place in which the Great Brewers DON'T see any Particular Harm !



THE PROFLIGATE PASTRY-COOK'S.

(WHERE THEY SERVE THE DEMORALISING VEAL PIE AND GLASS OF SHERRY, OR FRENCH LIGHT WINE.)

Too Shocking to Think of!



POLITICS FOR PETTICOATS.



THE question whether or not woman be a reader of the newspapers is one on which there may perhaps be different opinions, but there is no doubt that the paragraphs relating to the fashions are generally attractive to feminine perusal. Hence, it would appear, the notion has arisen that by the covert introduction of political allusions, the writers upon millinery, may teach their female readers what topics are from time to time to male minds most engrossing. An instance of this practice we find in the subjoined, which the other day appeared in one of our contemporaries:—

“To the excitement produced by the diplomatic arrangements for annexation or separation the progress of the seasons and of the modes turns a deaf ear. The winds of March and the showers of April blow and moisten just

the same whether Savoy be French or Piedmontese, and an equal inattention to political events characterises the march of the fashions from their winter to their spring demonstrations. Their sole idea of annexation limits itself to the consideration of the Crinoline frontier question, and as for separation, the term is only recognised in its application to the abandonment of winter costume for that of the more genial season upon which we are just entering. Thus it is that flowers have already taken the place of velvet ornaments; not, it is true, Nature's flowers, but such as imitate so closely the works of that ancient dame as to give her a just cause for jealousy, if it were possible for her to be animated by that unworthy sentiment towards her younger sister Art.”

Lovely woman, reading this, will be tempted to inquire (for curiosity is somewhat of a passion with the sex) what the word “annexation” politically means: and after a marital explanation of the term, its connection with Savoy will be most lucidly expounded to her. She will thus gain information on a topic of the time, which, but for this allusion, she might never have investigated. So instructed, when she has to do her duty at the dinner table, she will be the better able to enjoy the conversation in which the male guests present will most probably indulge; while they, on their part, finding her so well-informed a person, will be saved the pain and nuisance of talking that stale nonsense which the presence of a petticoat naturally invokes. On every ground we therefore wish the practice all success; which commendation in our columns is quite certain to secure.

THE POT AND THE PUMP.

A Fable for the New Holy Alliance.

ONCE on a time, in days of fable,
When all things to discourse were able,
From birds and beasts, to pots and pans,
And blacksmiths' files, and milking cans,
A bright, big-bellied, Pewter Quart,
His cap of froth set all athwart,
And brandishing his put-out pipe,
Flung from the pot-house reeling ripe.
“What's this,” he hiccupped, “that I hear?
Here's a look-out for British beer!
Give licences to deal in liquor
To pastry-cooks!—hic!—Where's the Vicar?
The Clergy—hic!—of all professions?
Where's the whole Bench of Quarter-Sessions,
Who at your annual brewster-sitting
License all houses where 'tis fitting
That, with permission of the Quorum,
Folks should get drunk—hic!—with decorum?
No harm, while men their brains but drench
In some man's beer who knows the Bench,—
Some large and long-established brewer,
(I'm only sorry there ain't fewer)
Who reckons his bought thralls by scores,
Bound for their beer to seek his doors.
No common publican and sinner,
But one who asks the Bench to dinner.

I say, protest against such doin's,
Nor see our tap-tubs sink to ruins!
Shall each rogue that the bun-trade plies,
Each dealer in suspicious pies,
Each Leicester-Square *restaurant-fellar*,
Each blackguard shrimp and oyster-seller,
Vile eatables not only sell,
But viler drinkables as well?
What sort o' folks, d'ye think, are them as is
Likely to get drunk on *such* premises?
How shall intemperance—hic!—be reined,
And beastly drunkenness restrained,
If one's at liberty to buy
A glass o' sherry with one's pie?
If people *must* drink with their luncheons—
Turning themselves to liquor-puncheons—
Ain't there the licensed public handy,
With beer, and rum, and gin, and brandy?
Don't tell me of poor folks' 'convenience,'
It's all this GLADSTONE'S wanton lenience
To wine, and wickedness, and vice,
And that there COBDEN'S bad advice.
Though Lords and Commons both command it,
I tell you I don't mean to stand it!”

And here the Pewter, fiercely stirred,
Suited the action to the word,
And—was it malt or moral's strength?
Was all but measuring his length.
Seeking support, as round he swung,
Unto the neighbouring Pump he clung.
“Kind Sir, the favour of your handle—
Not that I'm drunk—that's simply scandal—
I shake with virtuous indignation,
At thought of GLADSTONE'S legislation;
Hic!—forcing down our injured throattles
The vile contents of yon green bottles—
The poisonous acid of the Rhine,
The rot-gut blood of Bordeaux's vine,
The growth of Afric's torrid plain,
The thin but fiery juice of Spain!
As one who values—hic!—sobriety,
And seeks the good of—hic!—society,
I did just now, feel rather shaken,
You might have thought me over-taken,
But, Mr. Pump, you may believe me,
I'm not the pot, Sir, to deceive ye,
When I assure you—and no fudge
That I'm as sober as a judge.
And”—here he reeled—“I now propose,
That Pot and Pump, no longer foes,
Go forth, in union fraternal,
'Gainst the green-bottle imp infernal.
Settle, in GLADSTONE'S spite, his hash,
And bring him—hic!—stand up—to smash.
It's time we understood each other,
Ain't I a Pump—hic!—and a brother!”

Quoth solemn Pump: “My worthy Pewter,
This strife, methought, had found me neuter.
On Pot and Bottle, I'm afraid,
I looked as rivals of a trade;
But now I'm grateful to descry
No foe in you, but an ally;
I joyfully accept your proffer,
Clench the alliance that you offer.
Against the invading Bottle's harm,
Lo, Pump and Pot march arm in arm!”
So, with Pot staggering at his side,
Marched solemn Pump, in shallow pride;
Not dreaming, in his simple sort,
That Pot had sought him for support,
That—Bottle smashed with Pump's good aid—
Pot might monopolise the trade;
And drink to quench a thirsty soul,
Wash down a luncheon bun or roll,
Only at gin-shops might be found,
Or in the tap-room's licensed bound.

PROUDHON RIGHT FOR ONCE.

SAVOY is an accession of property to France, and it is the first illustration of PROUDHON'S well-known dogma, “*La Propriété c'est le Vol.*” Is ELECTUS about to issue a series of these *Vols*?

MOTTO FOR A “KISS.”—Go it, my two lips.



JOHN. "Now, then, I thought you said, if I gave you a trifle, you'd give up that—"

[Oh! don't you wish you may get him!]

BRUTUM FULMEN.

TUNE—"Pop Goes the Weasel."|

No one minds the Papal Bull;
Excommunication,
Sentence once of terror full,
Makes no sensation.
Mere sheet lightning is the flash,
Strikes none e'en with wonder,
Whilst, instead of awful crash,
Pop goes the thunder.

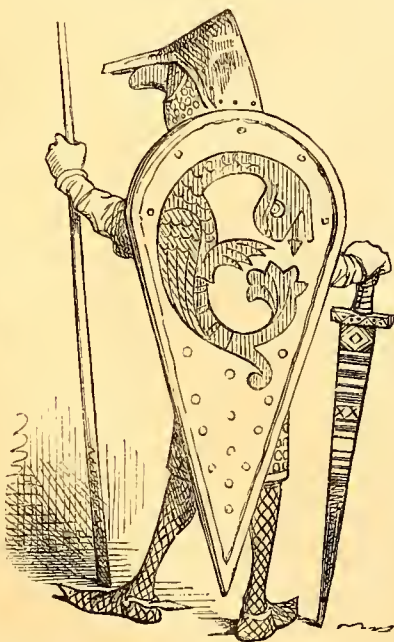
Fulmination, wide of aim,
Platitudes propounding,
Curses nobody by name,
Gently resounding.
Shot and powder thrown away,
Oh, how great a blunder!
People, smiling, only say
Pop goes the thunder.

VICTOR not a button cares
For the malediction,
Which NAPOLEON, if he shares,
Deems no affliction.
Either sinner sits at ease,
Papal censure under;
Bringing neither on his knees,
Pop goes the thunder.

Now the doleful days are past
When the POPE could lighten,
Smiting kingdoms, which his blast
Now cannot frighten.
Kings and subjects Interdict
Burn or tear asunder;
Out of doors the Bull is kicked:
Pop goes the thunder.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XI.—THE EARLY NORMAN PERIOD—(CONTINUED.)



XTREME accuracy being our chief object in this history, to the description of the hauberk which ended our last chapter, we must add now, that the garment was made generally of rings, like the ringed tunic, or byrne, which was in use among the Saxons. In some instances, however, the hauberk was composed of little plates of steel, shaped like our jujube lozenges; a kind of mail then known by the name of "masced" armour, from the resemblance which it bore to the meshes of a net. These lozenges were also sometimes stuck upon the pectoral, and doubtless proved as efficacious for protection of the chest as the lozenges called pectoral, which are now-a-days in use. They must, however, have been pleasanter to wear outside than in; and one can hardly envy the sensations of KING WILLIAM, when, as is stated, he put on his coat of mail the wrong side out,

in the haste with which he armed himself before the battle of Haste-ings. Lozenges of steel when externally applied, must be rather a sharp stimulant to persons with thin skins; and although we have been told that KING WILLIAM was not wounded, we cannot well believe he left the field without a scratch.

For their further preservation the Normans carried shields, which, a living writer tells us, "in shape somewhat resembled the modern schoolboy's kite." The writer who says this, however, seems to have forgotten that there are no such creatures as "schoolboys" extant now; and flying kites is much too vulgar a pursuit for the "young gentlemen" who honour our "Academies" to patronise. Our older readers may however recollect the pastime, and to their minds the comparison requires no explanation. Whether shields like kites were any help to soldiers in flying from the field, is a point "that hath no

magnitude," as saith EUCLID, in our eyes, and which we have little wish at present to look into. Neither care we to inquire, why it was the Normans used to copy the Chinese (whom we, however, doubt if they had ever seen or heard of), in the fashion of bedaubing their shields with fierce devices, representing dragons, griffins, and the like "fabulous animals." That they did so is however shown by the old tapestries (that at Bayeux is especially instructive on the point): and if further proof were wanting, it might be supplied by the passage we subjoin, which will be recognised by *savants* as a fragment of a war-song, that until now has had existence only in MS. :—

"He hardie Norman's nose of pore
A helm-t-guarde dyd ha-abc:
A gryffyn on hys shilde he bore,
He whiche hys ribbes dyd sa-abc.
Fyne hauberke eke was he y-mailed,
Soe farre as toe ye knee-ee;
And brauelie thus rygged out hee sailed
To sea whatte hee mote sea-ee!"



FROM AN ILLUMINATION IN THE SAME MS.

These interesting lines leave nothing more to notice in the armour of the Normans, and we proceed to take in hand the description of

their arms. It is true that if we chose we might fairly shirk the subject; for arms can hardly be regarded as a portion of costume, any more than walking-sticks are articles of dress. But the Normans were of old so continually fighting (a habit which has, happily, died out among their modern representatives, the French), that their weapons may be said to have formed part of their apparel. Indeed a portrait of a Norman swell without his sword and dagger would be as incomplete as the picture of a British one, portrayed without his toothpick and his thin umbrella, which however can be scarcely viewed as articles of dress. Moreover, we have said, the weapons of the Normans possess a more than ordinary interest in our eyes, inasmuch as it was with them that the English were defeated; and it is but natural, when one has had a thrashing, that one should look with some degree of veneration on the stick.

Besides their swords and daggers (the former of which were like the Saxons', straight and double-edged, with a square-cut hilt or cross piece, like the lath-swords in our nurseries) the Normans carried lances, clubs, and bows and arrows, and some of their light infantry armed themselves with slings. Their lances much resembled those in use now with our lancers, having a small flag or streamer at their heads. The Norman name for them was "Gonfanon," which sometimes they spelt "Gonfalon," and doubtless pronounced "Golfalol" when they had a cold. A modern writer notes it as a fact somewhat remarkable, that albeit eight centuries (all but half-a-dozen years) have now elapsed since the Conquest, the lance is still existent as a military weapon, and the little flag or streamer still remains attached to it. But we all know how conservative we are in army matters, and how the wise heads at the Horse Guards rather stick to old ideas than give themselves the trouble of propitiating new ones. Indeed so far from wondering that the lance is still in favour, we rather feel astonished that the sling should have gone out of it; and it would not much surprise us were an order to go forth for furnishing our riflemen with the old Norman bows and arrows.

The clubs of which we spoke as being used about this period were not such pleasant things as the clubs about Pall Mall, which are now in use with many of our military men. It seems a little doubtful if the common soldiers used them, or whether, like our Army Club, they were in the hands exclusively of officers. QUEEN MATILDA, or whoever else composed the Bayeux Tapestry,* has stuck a club into KING WILLIAM'S hand, and likewise one into the fist of his half brother, BISHOP ODO; and this episcopal description is confirmed by ROBERT WACE, whose *Roman de Rou* informs us that the prelate—

"Sur un cheval tout blanc seoit,
Toute la gent le congnoissoit:
Un baston tenoit en son poing."

One can't wonder the good Bishop was so known to "*toute la gent*," or as we should now say rather, "all the gents;" for we find he used his "baston" for the basting of his friends, as well as of his enemies. This we learn from the inscription in the Bayeux tapestry,

"HIC ODO EPS. BACULUM TENENS CONFORTAT."

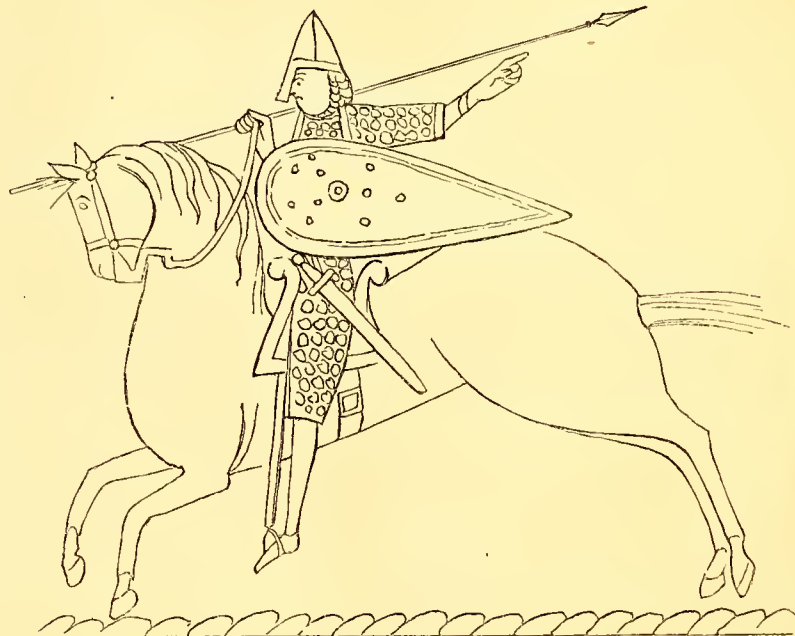
We need not say "confortat" properly means "comforteth," but as one can't say that one gets much comfort from a cudgelling, the word has been translated "encourageth the youths." Whether the "young men" in *Mr. Punch's* service are "encouraged" in their labours by the truncheon of that gentleman, is a point on which the public must not ask us to enlighten it. Nor are we able to report whether the Norman youths much relished the ligneous encouragement which their holy father Odo so paternally administered. Unless, however, shoulders were much tougher then than now, we doubt not that the Norman youths when threatened with a thrashing, would, if they had spoken English, have cried out, "Odo! O don't!"

* It seems doubtful if this Tapestry was worked by QUEEN MATILDA, or by captive Saxon ladies, who made it for her Majesty, and of course were robbed right royally of all the credit of the work. Whether the words "*Matilda fecit*" are decipherable or not, we have no doubt in the least that they were written in the corner; and that when the public were allowed to see the Tapestry, their attention was especially directed to the autograph, as proving that the work was of her Majesty's own doing. As the Tapestry is more than two hundred feet in length, the royal industry of course was most egregiously praised; in fact, the piece of work that people made about the piece of work may (to quote a living writer) "be more easily imagined than it can be described."

The Norman bows were cross, as sometimes were their bearers; who, being masters of their weapon, doubtless very rarely missed with it. It was mainly with their bows, as everybody knows, that when they came to blows the Normans thrashed their foes. Thus on Hastings field they made the Saxons yield, when it was revealed that HAROLD'S fate was sealed. A random shaft shot high did hit him in the eye,* and his men did turn and fly when they saw him die. This we learn from several of the old black letter writers, who may have been the special correspondents of the times, and if so, were of course reliable informants. Among them we may mention our old friend, ROBERT WACE, who may fairly be esteemed the WILLIAM RUSSELL of the period, inasmuch as his description of the battle is the best.† This at least, if not the public estimation of it, was certainly the writer's own private conviction; for he observes with all the modesty of authors of that age:—

"If in your books some blundering errors fall,
Look to Bob Wace, and you'll correct them all."

We have said that with their bows it was the Normans made the English bow to them; and the fact should be remembered that when England was invaded, it was through its inhabitants not knowing how to shoot. To show how weak KING WILLIAM thought the conquered nation, he speaks of it as one "not even having arrows;" a taunt which was equivalent to speaking in our day of men not having rifles, or not knowing how to use them. When next our French friends favour us with trying an invasion, let us hope they won't have cause to twit us for not shooting them. Little disposition as we may have to laugh at them, there is small doubt, if they come, a goodly number of our riflemen will use them as their butts.



FROM THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

N.B.—THIS IS THE CUT WHICH WAS MEANT FOR THE USE OF ARTISTS. THAT ON PAGE 145 MERELY SHOWS THE TRUTHFUL MANNER IN WHICH "OUR" ARTIST HAS TREATED THE SUBJECT, IN REPRESENTING A NORMAN FIELD-MARSHAL IN "MASCLED" ARMOUR, AND HIS CHARGER.

* Of this fact we believe that there were several eye-witnesses; but of course their stories vary as to what took place. According to one writer, when the King was hit he put his hand up to his eye, and crying out "*O meus ego!*" fell flat upon his face. Another witness states that his Majesty fell backward, without making that remark; and in proof of this alleges the King's ignorance of Latin, to learning which he says that there was then no royal road. This account, however, is shaken by a third, which states the King, when wounded, cried out "*O mi hi!*" an exclamation which no scholar can deny is proper Latin, but that it be proper English no one but a Cockney would venture to assert.

† As the battle was fought A.D. 1066, and ROBERT WACE died A.D. 1184, we may believe him when he states he was not present on the field; for unless he had been quite the OLD PARR of the period, it is not probable he could have been a witness of the fight. His account, he says, was written as he heard it told his father; and he adds, "I well remember it, I was then a varlet." A "varlet," everybody knows, meant anciently a footman: so *Mr. Punch's* poet "JEAMES" might perhaps have traced relationship to MR. ROBERT WACE, as the first poet of the plush.

All of a Piece.

It has often puzzled us to understand what the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH means by his reiterated assertions of wishing to "secure the Peace of Europe." After this recent annexation business, we have a shrewd suspicion that it is not so much "a piece," as the whole, of Europe, that the EMPEROR is anxious to secure.

THE GREATEST COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER IN THE WORLD.—RICHARD COBDEN, ESQ.

ALL ON THE CARDS.

1860. March 31. The *Press* newspaper announces that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH is bent on a new piece of Annexation, and is striving to obtain the cession of the County of Landau, which belongs to Bavaria under the treaty of November, 1815.

April 2. The *Morning Post* declares that the story is a *canard*.

April 3. The *Morning Chronicle* declares that the EMPEROR would not have Landau if it were offered him.

April 6. The *Spectator* alleges that there is no such place as Landau.

April 14. The *Saturday Review* refuses to believe that there is anything in the story, because the *Press* asserts it, but considers the EMPEROR capable of anything.

April 16. The *Morning Advertiser* rather hastily asserts, on the authority of the postscript to an invoice of some Bavarian beer, that the EMPEROR has annexed the whole of Bavaria, which it describes as in Prussia.

April 23. MR. KINGLAKE asks the Foreign Secretary whether he has heard anything of the rumour, and is desired to ask on another night.

April 24. MR. KINGLAKE repeats his question, and is told by LORD JOHN RUSSELL that such questions ought not to be asked.

April 26. MR. KINGLAKE renews his question, and is joked at by LORD PALMERSTON, who says he thinks it highly probable that the EMPEROR has ordered a Landau to be built for him in Long Acre.

April 30. The *Times*' correspondent happens to have just visited Landau, and there appears a graphic description of it, and of Vauban's celebrated fortress, with its 8 curtains, 7 bulwarks, 3 redoubts, 7 lunettes, 1 fort, 3 whole and 2 half bastions, and broad moats. A sketch of its history is also given, and an account of its manufactures of calico, woollens, fire-arms, copper, and vinegar. The *Advertiser*'s notion that Landau is in Prussia is rectified by mention that it is in Rhenish Bavaria.

May 1. This instructed, several Members of the House of Commons give notice of questions on the subject.

May 3. SIR ROBERT PEEL makes a speech against the EMPEROR, and quotes a good deal of French. He demands whether *Ici on parle Français* is to be affixed on every country in Europe.

May 4. LORD JOHN RUSSELL requests that all the questions may be postponed until the next Friday.

May 11. MR. KINGLAKE reminds his Lordship of the date, and is told that he shall have a reply on Monday.

May 14. LORD JOHN RUSSELL states that he has received a despatch from LORD COWLEY, who makes no mention whatever of any Imperial intention upon the subject.

May 18. MR. DISRAELI, on the motion that the House on its rising do adjourn to Monday, makes a speech setting forth his perfect conviction that LORD JOHN RUSSELL is juggling and pottering with the subject, and intends to betray Bavaria. He designates the Ministry as Cartographic Regenerators. LORD JOHN, in reply, defends his entire foreign policy, and deprecates offensive language towards an ally.

May 19. The *Morning Advertiser* announces that at the Privy Council on the preceding day, LORD PALMERSTON had read a secret despatch, stating that the KING OF BAVARIA was going to abdicate in favour of the COUNT DE MORNAY.

May 22. The *Morning Chronicle* shows that Landau, having once belonged to France, ought always to belong to her.

May 24. The *Morning Post* states that all the inhabitants of Landau, except two, are eager to be annexed to France.

May 26. The *Spectator* contends, that as VAUBAN was a French engineer, his works belong of right to his own country.

May 28. MR. KINGLAKE gives notice of motion, that it is inexpedient that any landmark of Europe be further disturbed. LORD PALMERSTON makes an excellent joke about *Land mark* and *Land-an*, and hopes the motion will not be pressed. MR. KINGLAKE intimates that he will see about it.

May 29. *Mr. Punch* invents a masterly cartoon, setting out the whole question in the spirit of the severest satire, mingled with the richest humour, but it is evidently unfair to expect him to describe it here—Office, 85, Fleet Street.

May 30. The French Correspondent of the *Times* gives a significant paragraph about the Minister of War having complained to the EMPEROR that the province of the Bas Rhein is in perpetual danger of invasion on its northern frontier. Consols drop from 94½ to 94.

June 1. The *Times* states that the EMPEROR intends a certain further annexation, on the German side of France, and calls on the Ministers to remember they are Englishmen.

June 3. LORD COWLEY, reading this, calls on M. THOUVENEL, who declines, from religious convictions, to talk about anything except the Opera, the day being Sunday.

June 4. LORD COWLEY calls again, and M. THOUVENEL is out.

June 5. LORD COWLEY calls again, and M. THOUVENEL is invisible, having got a bad cold (*rhume*).

June 6. LORD COWLEY calls again, and M. THOUVENEL is gone to see his little boy at Ermenonville.

June 7. LORD COWLEY calls again, and M. THOUVENEL is gone to adjudge the prize of virtue at Meaux.

June 8. LORD COWLEY calls again, and M. THOUVENEL is particularly engaged with a gentleman from Munich.

June 9. LORD COWLEY writes to LORD JOHN RUSSELL, that he thinks there is a screw loose. LORD JOHN instantly telegraphs to his Lordship to tighten it.

June 11. The *Times* announces that Landau has been annexed to France.

June 11. To a dozen questions in the House, the Ministers reply, that they have had no such information, and that newspapers are not to be depeuded upon.

June 12. The *Moniteur* announces that, by the felicitous annexation of Landau, the last trace of Waterloo has been effaced from the map.

June 13. The *Morning Advertiser* likens the EMPEROR to the wicked Grecian tyrant, CALIGULA.

June 14. LORD JOHN RUSSELL reads to the House, amid loud cheers, a capital despatch which he sent through LORD COWLEY on reading the *Times* of the 30th, but regrets to state that his remonstrances have done no good, and he nobly denounces fraud and treachery, especially in Sovereigns.

June 15. The *Débats* says that LORD JOHN RUSSELL's miserable insular instincts prevent his appreciating the grander conceptions of those who work in the interest of humanity.

June 16. The *Charivari* exceeds, if possible, its habitual stupidity, in a dialogue between SIR PEEL and LORD GLADSTONE.

June 18. (Anniversary of Waterloo.) MR. STANFORD and MR. WYLD (M.P.) publish maps in which Landau is once more part of France.

LATEST FROM ITALY.—The POPE having excommunicated VICTOR EMMANUEL, it is confidently stated that his Italian Majesty will take the Bull by the horns.

WHERE THE MONEY IS GOING.

THE attention of persons desirous of a safe and profitable investment of their money is earnestly invited to the advantageous opportunity which is announced in the subjoined telegram:—

“VIENNA, March 23.—The new Austrian loan amounts to 200,000,000 florins, the current interest of which is fixed at 5 per cent. The bonds are of 500 florins each, and are to be repaid within 57 years by lottery-drawings, to take place every six months. The highest prize in the lottery will be 300,000 florins; the lowest 600 florins. The issuing price of the loan will be 100 florins. The bonds of the national loan will be accepted by the Government at par as payment of one-fifth of the amount subscribed. Payment is to be made by ten instalments, the last of which is fixed for the 10th of October, 1861. The subscription list is to be kept open until the 7th of April next.”

According to the above promising prospectus, no subscriber to the new Austrian loan will be in danger of losing all his money. He will be safe at least for 600 florins. This is a consideration which may weigh with those British capitalists whom the proposals of MR. BRIGHT and the finance of MR. GLADSTONE may have impressed with the fear of confiscation. The objection to lending any money to Austria, and thus contributing to the maintenance of the cruel Hapsburg despotism, is sentimental, and not to be mentioned at a time when all morality which is not legally imperative, is very generally exploded and scorned. The Income-Tax is driving the public to invest their money in foreign funds, and multitudes, rather than retain stock which is subject to the deduction of that impost, will exchange the glorious certainty of the three per cents. for what they may deem the more glorious uncertainty of Austrian Bonds.

LETTER TO THE CARDINAL'S CROSS-BEARER.

MY DEAR BOWYER,

Fleet Street. Easter Eve.

You have written to the papers in order to take one rather good joke out of the very funny document just promulgated by our most holy master, PIUS IX. You say that the signature “Apostolical Curser” should be “Apostolical Cursor,” and that Serafino is a kind of seraphic bailiff. I think you might as well have left the correction alone. Why spoil a laugh?

But there is one thing in the excommunication which I *should* like you to explain if you can, because it seems to me that our most holy master has been victimised by some of the Irish priests about him. Look here, my dear Cross-bearer.

Our holy &c., says that the people he excommunicates, whom I take, my dear BOWYER, to be about every rational person in Europe (except yourself, of course), “cannot be released or absolved of these censures by any one except ourselves or the Romish pontiff then reigning, *except at the moment of death, but not in the event of their recovery.*”

What does the holy old boy mean, my dear GEORGE? I need hardly point out, even to you, that people who have reached the moment of death do not usually recover. It was in Ireland that the man “dropped down dead and instantly expired,” and I cannot help thinking that a Hibernian bull has been fraternising with the bull of excommunication. Has Infallibility been putting its foot into it, and writing deplorable nonsense; or is it a joke, to keep up the spirits of the faithful? Write to me, my BOWYER, and tell

Yours devotedly,

George Bowyer, Esq., M.P.

PUNCH.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

MR. PUNCH'S EXCOMMUNICATION.

THE following text of the Excommunication has been received at *Mr. Punch's* Office, and may be procured there for the ridiculously small price or sum of Threepence.

“PUNCHIUS, P. P. I.

“TO THE ETERNAL MEMORY OF THIS MATTER.

“~~WHEREAS~~, on a Good-Friday, there came to Protestant England, through the instrumentality of a Hebrew, the news that the Romish High Priest had denounced to Purgatory, or worse, every man, woman, and child in Europe who approves of the people of the Romagna having liberated themselves from a stupid and cruel tyranny.

Mr. Punch hereby responds, in the name of every reasonable person in Europe, to the said proclamation of the POPE.

“And in such name he replies to the POPE, with a laugh—

“YOU BE BLOWED, YOU PROFANE OLD IDIOT.”

“Dated at St. Bride, London, under the Ring of the Bells thereof, the 9th day of April, 1860, in the Thirty-Eighth Volume of our Reign.

“PUNCH P. P. I.”



INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE.

SMALL BOY (to respectable and extremely proper-looking personage).
 "Here y' are, Guv'nor! Sportin' Telegraft a penny! 'as got holl the latest
 'ticklars 'bout the Mill atween Tom Sayers and the Benicia Bo-oy!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF POSSIBLE PARLIAMENT.

1863. APRIL 13. *Monday.* The Lords sat for ten minutes only, and merely as formal protest against the resolution, carried in the House of Commons by MR. ERNEST JONES, to the effect that the House of Lords was effete, and should be ignored for the future. LORD FITZEDWYN (late MR. E. JAMES), the new Lord Chancellor, took his seat on the Woolsack. DR. SPURGEON, Bishop of St. Albans, was sworn. He was introduced by the BISHOPS OF OXFORD and EXETER.

In the Commons, in answer to MR. BUCKSTONE, SIR N. T. HICKS said that the Government had no intention of subsidising the Operas. They were amusements for the rich, and the rich might support them; but a Government Bill would be introduced for conferring pensions on old, infirm, or retired Organ-Grinders. In reply to MR. COX, of Finsbury, SIR JOHN BRIGHT said that the QUEEN'S Ministers were not to be dictated to as to any Bills they might introduce; that the Convicts' Enfranchisement Bill would be produced when they thought proper, and not till then; and if the Honourable Member asked impertinent questions, it might be for him (SIR JOHN BRIGHT) to consider whether he would not impeach him. The HONOURABLE CHRISTY MINSTRELL stated, in answer to MR. POTTER, that the medal to be given to all the men who had been on Strike was nearly ready, and would have been done long since, but that the artist whom the Association insisted on the Government's employing had been so incessantly tipsy.

MR. CUFFEY then moved for leave to introduce his Bill for the Confiscation of Real Estates. He spoke very temperately, and said that he had no vulgar hatred for the landed interest, many of whose members were very amiable people; but he could not blind himself to the fact that here was the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER, with a rent-roll of £300,000 a-year, while there were thousands of persons who had no residence at all, and did not know any morning whether they should sleep in a bed that night. This was manifestly unjust. He was not a violent Reformer, and did not wish to attempt any Utopian schemes, and his Bill was of a very limited character. He had caused the schedules to be prepared with great care; and he proposed that any English estate producing more than £10,000 a-year should be sold, and the money placed in the People's Land Bank. The late proprietor, and his widow, should receive £5 per cent. of the interest of the purchase money, for life; and the rest should be employed in building and

endowing model lodging-houses for the poor of the county in which the estate was situate. MR. POTTER seconded the motion, but regretted that the Honourable Member had fixed the amount so high; and he reserved to himself the right to amend in Committee. MR. DISRAELI said that he should not struggle against the principle of the Bill; but he had glanced at the schedules, and saw that they omitted many Liberal landowners' names which ought to have been inserted, and it was evident that there had been some Esoteric Manipulation practised. LORD JOHN RUSSELL denied that he had seen the schedules, and urged that he had no interest in the matter, as the BEDFORD property, originally derived from the Church, had been given by the House to the Wesleyan Methodists, except that part which Parliament had handed over to the British Museum. The REVEREND MR. BELLEV said that a provision ought to be made for a Church to be attached to each set of model lodging-houses. The REVEREND MR. PUNSHON did not know why provision should be made for a Church. Had they taken away Cathedral and other Church property only to restore it by a side-wind? The REVEREND MR. BEZALEEL GITTINS said that he should oppose any such scheme unless it included a chapel for his own sect, the Primitive Bedlamites. MR. ROEBUCK said he had foreseen this sort of row, when the Bill for admitting parsons of all sorts to Parliament was before them; and he wished the Clergy would hold their tongues, and not keep such keen eyes upon worldly things. The REVEREND MR. NEWDEGATE said that the spiritual advice of such a person as MR. ROEBUCK was invaluable; but, for all that, he should take his own course, and demand, in Committee, that Baptist chapels should share the proposed endowment. SIR R. COBDEN opposed the motion. He had always been an aristocrat, though people might not have thought so, and he always would be one. This was robbery, and the mover and seconder of the Bill ought to be hanged. He had received a letter from the private secretary to the KING OF THE UNITED STATES, in which the evils of a confiscatory policy were ably pointed out. It had led to the Revolution in the States, which ended in the establishment of the present despotism there. MR. BENTINCK said that SIR R. COBDEN was a fanatical alarmist; things were going on very well in England; and when they had swept away all the feudal rags of rank and title, and abolished primogeniture, we should be a very great nation. After a few words of reply from MR. CUFFEY, leave was given to bring in the Bill.

A Debate in Committee on the Bill for the Compulsory Sale of Silver Plate and Purchase of Albata Substitutes, occupied the rest of the evening, and an amendment moved by SIR OBADIAH ELKINGTON for the substitution of Electro-plate for Albata was rejected by 196 to 53. The principle that no person had a right to keep silver for domestic purposes when the State wanted it for coinage, was affirmed, and the Bill passed through Committee.

Tuesday. The Lords did not sit. The Commons sat for a short time only, when a great number of petitions were presented in favour of the Bill for Abolishing the National Debt.

Wednesday. At the usual morning sitting, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, MR. WHITEWASH, who was received with cheers, apologised for his absence from the House on the preceding evening. He had been so much occupied in getting ready for his own hearing before the Insolvent Court that he had had little time for the nation, but now that he was discharged cured (*laughter*) he hoped to be able to acquit himself creditably. The statement was very warmly cheered by the House. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER then stated that he hoped to be able to manage without troubling the House with a Budget this year, but a balance-sheet would be laid before them. The sale of Gibraltar to the French (*hear, hear*), and the sum that had been paid by America for the West Indian islands, had placed him in good funds, and now that the army was disbanded, the reduction in the estimates was very large. (*Cheers.*) As regarded the Abolition of the National Debt, he went on to say that some difficulties had arisen, in consequence of the Crown lawyers thinking that the holders of Exchequer bills would perhaps be entitled to sue, if they were repudiated, and his learned friend the Attorney-General (SIR DIGBY SEYMOUR) would therefore prepare a short Indemnity Act, by which such actions would be rendered penal. (*Cheers.*) He certainly thought that the Bank clerks ought not to be pensioned, but that it would be hard not to afford them the means of living when the Bank was closed, and he was endeavouring to make an arrangement with the Central Board, for giving them employment in the new sewers. (*Hear, hear.*) He was not prepared to say, at present, what would be done with the Bank itself, but SIR E. T. SMITH had made an offer for it, in order to erect a Citizens' Theatre, and he regretted not to see that Hon. Member in the House at the moment, or he would tell him that he must come up a peg or two with his bid. (*Laughter.*) He apologised for troubling the House at such length, but his absence had caused the current of business to be dammed up (*laughter*), and now he had explained, things would go on in future as right as a trivet and as neat as ninepence. (*Applause.*)

Thursday. The Lords sat *pro forma*, and the new BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS improved the time by preaching them a sermon of much

facetiousness, taking his text from *Bel and the Dragon*, the latter of whom he described as a "regular Buster."

In the Commons, the Bill for providing that wages should be paid whether there was anything for the workmen to do or not, was read a second time, as was the Bill providing that any bad coin, taken *bonâ fide*, should be exchanged for good at the Mint, at the expense of the public.

Friday. In the Lords, BARON TAILLEUR (late MOSES & SON) took the oaths, and measure of several Peers. His Lordship made a short speech on the occasion, and quoted his own beautiful lines:—

"No party dressed by me can fail to win
Some splendid gal pothething lots of tin;
My vestments excommunicate an air
As cannot but be pleasing to the Fair."

In the Commons, in reply to MR. PAUL BEDFORD, SIR JOHN BRIGHT stated that the Government would be very happy to take tickets on occasion of the Honourable Member's next benefit, and would endeavour to adjourn the House in time to see a part, at least, of the performances. In answer to SIR THOMAS SAYERS, MR. CAUNT said that there would be no objection to the use of the South Kensington Museum for the approaching fight between the Brompton Brick and the Primrose Hill Pet, but the arrangements must be left in the hands of the Government and the Police. In reply to MR. GOUGH, MR. HANBURY said that the Ministry would certainly oppose any measure for compelling the SPEAKER to give water only at his Parliamentary dinners. On the motion of DR. KAHN, a Committee was appointed to inquire into the present system of Spirit-Rapping, with a view to its being rendered available for Diplomatic purposes; and another Committee was, on the motion of MR. MARTIN TUPPER, appointed, to consider the petitions praying that Women may be declared capable of sitting in Parliament, and to examine witnesses on the subject. The week closed with a debate on the second reading of the Family Friend Bill, which makes provision for payment, out of the money of the State, of a £500 premium with any youth who desired to be bound apprentice to any trade, and of a portion of £1,000 for any girl desiring to be married.

BEADLEDOM IN BRUMMAGEM.



ACCORDING to the *Birmingham Journal*, a ridiculous dispute between the Mayor and the Magistrates of Birmingham, concerning the precedence of the former at meetings of the Justices, has just been decided by the law-officers of the Crown. The opinion of those high authorities declares "that the mayor of an incorporated borough takes the chair as a matter of right at all sessions, special or petty, and that the precedence is magisterial and official, and not social." The immensity of the fuss which has been made about this contemptible question, will be hardly conceivable by those readers who are unaware of the infinite littleness, and the boundless vanity, which, in combination, characterise the greater part of local corporations and borough benches. Our

Birmingham contemporary says that "MR. LLOYD went to the Home Secretary, laid the whole subject before him, and showed how the ill-feeling, local jealousies, and contention which had arisen in Birmingham would be likely to spread to other boroughs if the question of precedence were allowed to remain in doubt." Yes, and the diminutive point in question would be regarded by the parties to it as a matter of vastly greater consequence than the annexation of Savoy and Nice, or even than the attempted seizure of Belgium and the Rhine provinces. Well aware of the truth of MR. LLOYD's anticipation of the hubbub which the disputed precedence of Mayors would be sure to excite in every little insignificant borough throughout the Kingdom, "SIR GEORGE LEWIS," we are further told, "at once took the opinion of the law-officers of the Crown on the meaning and intention of the clause in the Municipal Corporations Act, in which the precedence of the Mayor is declared."

This great Constitutional question having been settled, the Corporation of Birmingham perhaps ordered the church-bells to be rung, and flags

to be hoisted on the steeples, on the Town Hall, the Gaol, the Work-house, and the other principal buildings. If they did set this example of absurd pomp, no doubt it will be followed by all the rest of the boroughs; and, moreover, perhaps some corporations will go in solemn procession to church, preceded by the mace to hear an occasional service, and a sermon on the obligation of rendering honour to those to whom honour is due. The wise decision by the legal sages of the foolish controversy now under derision, will doubtless be acceptable to either side of the claimants of consequence and importance; for whilst the Mayors on the one hand will rejoice in their official superiority, their other worshippers, if richer, or in larger business, or actually retired from the counter, will more than solace their petty pride with the self-complacent idea of their own loftier social dignity. The corporate noddies and the incorporate noodles will alike severally exult on their own part; and the cackle of geese will respond to the gobbling of turkey-cocks.

CATCHES FOR COMMONERS.

APROPOS OF THE REFORM BILL AND THE "EDUCATED LODGER" QUESTION.

1. *Educated Lodger singeth:*—

FIE, nay prithee, JOHN!
Be more liberal, man!
Sure, you fairly can
Give me a vote.

I'm no rogue: from bribes I'm free:
My judgment's good, yet over me
A lower class of men you place,
Whose brains I doubt.

Never will I use foul word,
Nor "Charter!" cry: the thought's absurd:
Then say you will amend your Bill,
Or else I hope the House of Lords
Will throw it out!

2. *Mr. Punch singeth:*—

JONES said to JOHN, when he stopped him t' other day,
"Pray, JOHN, let me vote: you know what rent I pay:
Pray let me vote! depend on me you may.

"You've given SMITH a vote, for he Six pounds a year can pay,
For *my* rent I pay Sixty pounds, yet *my* claim you gainsay:
And should your bill be law, SMITH will over me hold sway."

Now will LORD JOHN leave JONES in the lurch, who will say?
To give him what he asks were, sure, the wiser way:
'Tis so at least says *Punch*, and lords must *Punch* obey!

LIBERTY IN A TRIPLE CAP AND CIVILISATION IN SCARLET.

RATHER numerous cries of "Oh, oh!" and ironical cheers, would salute MR. BOWYER, if the Cardinal's Cross Bearer were to make the following assertions in the House of Commons:—

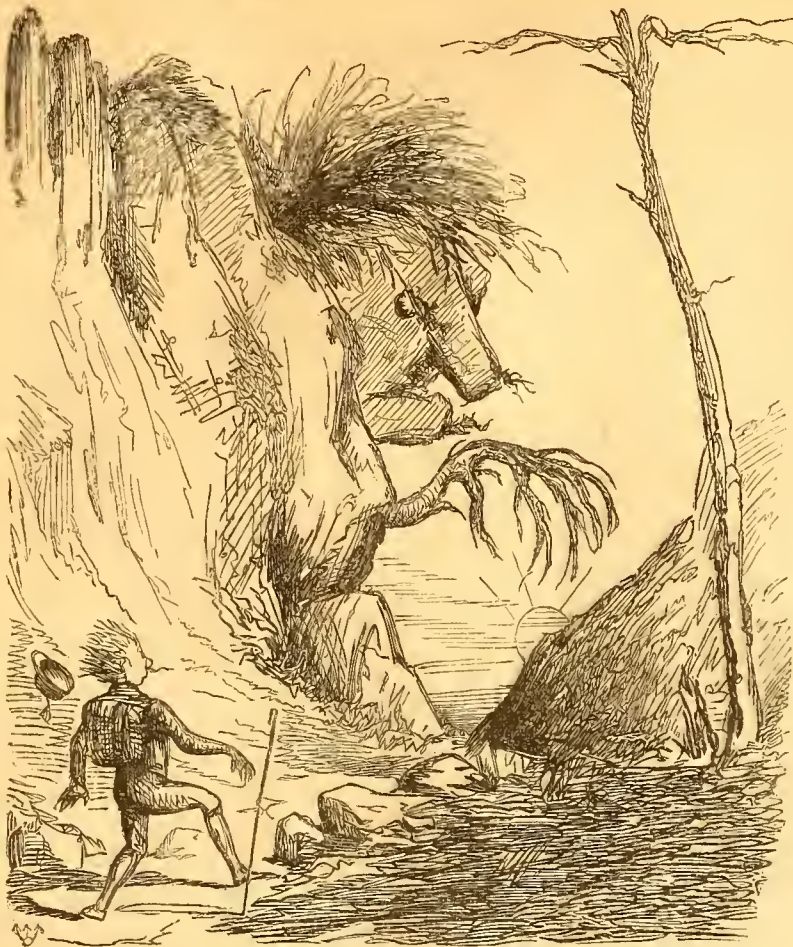
"Catholic Christianity is the soul of civilisation. Europe is threatened by revolution as it formerly was by Islamism. The cause of the POPE is that of civilisation and liberty."

The author of these propositions, however, is not a performer in that metallic orchestra which, on behalf of his Holiness, alleviates with harmony the labours of the House of Commons. The brass band in which he plays is a foreign and a regular military one. The above passages, so to speak, on the key-bugle or the *cornet-à-pistons*, are extracted from an order of the day just issued by GENERAL LAMORICIÈRE, who has put himself at the service of the POPE in the capacity of Generalissimo of the Pontifical Army of bravos and bullies to be organised for the suppression, if possible, of Italian liberty. A particularly pretty tune in praise of the Sovereign Pontiff is that which this French officer dares to trumpet immediately after the pitiful exhibition of that sneaking bull "in the corner of the Field of Flora."

"Tell me, faithful, have you seen
My FLORA pass this way?"

are the first verses of a hymn which might now be sung in honour of the POPE, LAMORICIÈRE accompanying the voices on an ophecleide. They who have seen many portraits of French Generals may have remarked that those elder sons of Mars are mostly distinguished by very extensive joles. This feature may be emblematic; size and intrepidity of face may go together; but if that is the case, the cheek of GENERAL LAMORICIÈRE must be prodigious. He is, no doubt, sufficiently cool in the moment of danger, but his coolness under fire is greatly exceeded by the coolness with which he proclaims the cause of the POPE to be the cause of civilisation and liberty.

AN EASTER OFFERING TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



THE *Athenæum* expresses its great joy that there are not more than forty Academicians, on account of the associations that are connected with the number forty, and it then instances the "forty thieves" and the "forty centuries." We are at a loss, we confess, to see the great resemblance between the Royal Academy and the two institutions above alluded to. If we were a R. A., we do not know which would please us most, to be associated (or even A. R. Associated) with "thieves," or to be put on the same footing as a common "century." We fancy the compliment must have escaped our wide-awake contemporary, after he had been indulging in "forty winks" after dinner. If a complimentary allusion were needed, why not have pointed to *les Quarante Immortels* of the French Academy? There is some little

connection between literature and art, and we fancy that SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE'S literary palate would have been better tickled to be compared to THIERS or LAMARTINE than to *Ali Baba* or the noblest "century" that ever dragged his slow length along. As it is, if the *Athenæum* will generously forgive our punning on a subject to which it has devoted more than its customary seriousness, we must say that its compliment, though kindly intended no doubt, smacks a great deal more of the "forty-ter in re" than the "suaviter in modo."

AN IDÉE NAPOLEONIENNE.

As Europe is all by the ears,
On the delicate question of rags,
And sad lack of material appears
To fill the *chiffonniers'* bags.

We, NAPOLEON THE THIRD, would suggest
An excellent source of supply,
From which rags are e'en now in request,
And still more may be raised by-and-by.

Though it mayn't show good fibre for wearing,
The paper material we mean,
Are the rags into which we are tearing
The treaties of Eighteen-fifteen.

The supply—at the rate we are going—
Of rags from this source will be steady;
Though some may throw doubt on 't by showing
These treaties waste-paper already.

Annexation of English Journalism.

SINCE the *Spectator* and *Morning Chronicle* have been annexed to French interests (for further particulars, the curious reader is requested to refer to the Tuileries), it is the imperial intention to change their titles, so that they may be a little more indicative of the principles they so disinterestedly advocate, into the more congenial ones of *Le Spectateur* and *Le Chronique du Matin*. We applaud this resolution; for it is only fair, having no longer any claim to be considered as English papers, that they should make good their French title. In fact, so far as the number of their readers are concerned, we do not see why the two papers could not be printed in French altogether. They would save a large sum every year in translation.

THE LOST ROMAGNA.

EVIL excommunications won't restore my good manors.—*Pio IX.*

SOMETHING LIKE A GOVERNMENT.

MR. PUNCH reads in the *Military and Naval Intelligence* in the *Times*, that—

"The outer walls intended to form the new wings in course of construction at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, have progressed rapidly. Yesterday an order was received from the commanding Royal Engineer, that on account of the walls being faced with red bricks, which was pronounced objectionable, the work must be removed and commenced anew. The bricklayers have been accordingly dismissed until their services shall be again required, and the decision has been obtained as to the appropriate colour of the facings, hitherto given universally in favour of red bricks. The expense of the alteration is calculated at £1,000, which will be borne by Government."

Mr. Punch hastens to say with delight, that this is as it should be. Usually, when officials have made a ridiculous blunder, from want of proper attention to the matter in hand, the expense of rectifying that blunder falls, and falls heavily, upon the people. The noble course taken by Government in paying out of their own pockets for this piece of stupidity at Woolwich deserves the highest praise. Mr. Punch is authorised to state that Ministers have all sent in their cheques, the amounts having been arranged among themselves (to which there can be no objection), as follows:—

| Names and Amounts. | | Brought over | |
|---------------------------|------|--------------------------|-------|
| LORD PALMERSTON | £100 | LORD JOHN RUSSELL | £750 |
| DUKE OF SOMERSET | 200 | SIR G. C. LEWIS | 50 |
| LORD CARLISLE | 50 | LORD GRANVILLE | 50 |
| MR. SIDNEY HERBERT | 50 | DUKE OF NEWCASTLE | 50 |
| MRS. GLADSTONE | 50 | DUKE OF ARGYLL | 49 |
| LORD CAMPBELL | 300 | SIR CHARLES WOOD... .. | 1 |
| | £750 | | £1000 |

Mr. Punch is sure that the nation will agree with him, that we have at last got the right kind of Government, one that both preaches and practises justice.

A GRATUITOUS TRUTH.—What SHERIDAN said of wine may be applied to joking—the best to enjoy is that which you crack at another person's expense.

MR. BRIGHT IN A BAD WAY.

It is to be feared that MR. BRIGHT has suffered a reverse of fortune which has reduced him to a state of extreme indigence. In a summary of his late Reform speech at Manchester, he is represented as having thus spoken:—

"The Budget abolished several sources of indirect taxation, and had tied up the Military expenditure by a tax from which hereafter there would be no escape. Henceforth those two things would go together. If Parliament raised the Military expenditure to twenty or thirty millions, that increase must be defrayed by an Income-Tax, or by an Income-Tax coupled with a Property-Tax. He (MR. BRIGHT) thought it a most happy thing that this result should have been brought about."

If MR. BRIGHT does really think that which he calls a most happy thing to be anything but a very alarming fact, he must surely be exempt from any liability to pay Income-Tax. He can no longer be a member of those privileged classes which monopolise the honour of paying for the national defences. If he were, he would never rejoice in the prospect of having, together with the rest of the commercial, funded, and landed interests, to defray the expenses of those wars which they will be involved in by the representatives of those whom hostilities will cost nothing. Can anything have happened to the honourable gentleman's mill? Is it possible that he has invested money in American speculations? We know the cosmopolitan patriotism which is characteristic of Manchester statesmen. Has he been diddled in the matter of any loan by Austria, Russia, or the POPE? If he has not lost all his money, talking as he does of the happiness he feels in the anticipation of the eternity and partial incidence of the Income-Tax, he must have lost his senses. There is evidently either a slate loose in his upper storey, or a hole in his pocket.

The Pursuit of Punning under Difficulties.

A YOUNG Stockbroker, who for years has been labouring under a chronic complaint of punning, states that the sharpness of the wind on Easter Monday was only to be accounted for by the fact of its being "a regular Nor-Easter."



Paterfamilias (who is stout and a Volunteer also). "OHO! MY NEW UNIFORM COME HOME, I SEE!"
Family. "YES, PA DEAR! AND WE'VE TRIED IT ON THE WATER BUTT, AND IT LOOKS SO NICE!"

MUMBO JUMBO.

MUMBO JUMBO was a Guy,
 Frightened people formerly,
 Now they think him all my eye,
 And laugh at MUMBO JUMBO.

MUMBO JUMBO did prevail,
 With his horns and with his tail,
 Now they turn no mortal pale:
 A fig for MUMBO JUMBO!

Now, through MUMBO JUMBO'S hide,
 Straw within can be descried;
 MUMBO JUMBO is defied,
 Despised is MUMBO JUMBO.

MUMBO JUMBO once could roar,
 Shaking Europe's farthest shore,
 But the nations heed no more
 The voice of MUMBO JUMBO.

Gently as the sucking dove,
 Cooing in the key of love,
 Scarcely heard his breath above,
 Bellows MUMBO JUMBO.

MUMBO JUMBO, sinking names,
 Belches much more smoke than flames
 At contemners of his claims;
 Exploded MUMBO JUMBO!

MUMBO JUMBO sits on thorns,
 None but ninnies kiss his horns;
 Let him then draw in his horns:
 Good night to MUMBO JUMBO!

"THE IGNORANT PRESENT."

THERE is advertised—everything is advertised now—an announcement that some admirers of MADemoiselle PICCOLOMINI propose to present that lady with a Testimonial on her retiring from the stage! If *Mr. Punch* were not aware that a Testimonial is simply a metallic form of puff, he would, perhaps, ask why Mademoiselle was not permitted to retire before the Testimonial was got up. But, setting this aside, he would like to know why a Testimonial should be presented to MADemoiselle PICCOLOMINI at all? For the information of The Ages, he would mention, that the lady is a pretty little personage, of good family (whence much aristocratic patronage), who, by force of bright eyes, intelligent acting, and a charming smile, pleased the public into a belief that she was a Lyric Artist. After three or four seasons of this kind of agreeable fun, the lady naturally marries (*Mr. Punch* himself would have sought her hand but from considerations of duty to *Judy*), and—for the present—retires. Then a Testimonial is to be got up! Certainly *Mr. Punch* is not such a wretch as to grudge a bride a bit of silver to set up housekeeping with; but, in the interest of truth and music, he objects to its taking the form of a recognition of a non-existing genius. If we were bent on worthy recognition, where is the Testimonial to one GIULIA GRISI, who has grandly held up Lyric Tragedy for twenty years? But in Art, as in the British Museum, we secure the butterflies with silver pins, but need take no precautions to steady the diamonds.

A New Enterprise for Lamoricière.

GENERAL LAMORICIÈRE is reported to have remarked at Rome:—

"By the blessing of God and our own exertions, we may soon call into existence a force of Roman Zouaves."

The blessing of Heaven must, of course, wait on so pious and humane an enterprise. If it succeed it will have at least the charm of novelty, for it is the first time we ever heard of things at Rome being done "*Zouaviter in modo*."



MUMBO JUMBO.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XII.—MORE ABOUT THE EARLY NORMANS, AND ESPECIALLY THE LADIES.



LADIES who take pleasure in reflecting on the circumstance that their family is said to have "come over with the Conqueror" (a reflection they at times are likely to make audibly, if they find out that their husbands cannot equally indulge in it), may feel naturally an interest in inquiring what the fashions of the Norman ladies were, at the interesting period when their male friends came and conquered us. Except in name, however, their dress but slightly differed from that which was then worn by the Anglo-Saxon women; the chief differences being, that they called their gown a "robe," and their head-cloth they called "couvrechef," whence, doubtless, our word kerchief. We are not surprised to learn that they sometimes wore

long robes and sometimes they wore short ones, for the tastes of lovely woman are continually varying, and the Norwoman no doubt was no exception to her sex. About the close of the eleventh century and the beginning of the twelfth, the short robe went however completely out of fashion: and the passion for the long one was carried to such lengths that the wearers very often found it difficult to walk in them. Women of strong minds, who like the free use of their limbs, may very likely laugh at such absurdities of dress, and may wonder that their foremothers were such fools as to be plagued with them. The same surprise, however, must be felt at modern follies as well as at these ancient ones: for notwithstanding *Punch*, and other mental tonics, debilitated intellects are still unhappily existent, and though gallantry forbids us to call a lady names, candour forces us to own that people who wear petticoats preposterously wide are little wiser than the wearers of preposterously long ones.

The gown, instead of being loose, as in the Anglo-Saxon period, was worn laced up the front, so as to fit the figure closely. It is therefore at this period we must note the introduction of the practice of tight-lacing, which so foully has disfigured so many a fair form. In a curious illumination of the close of the eleventh century, the Prince of Darkness is portrayed in feminine apparel, wearing a robe laced in the



A BISHOP AND A LADY AND GENTLEMAN, CLOSE OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY, CAREFULLY COPIED FROM THE SCULPTURE ON THE WINCHESTER FONT IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

fashion of the time. "This quaint design no doubt was intended to point out that it was from the invention of the father of all evil, that the evils of tight-lacing were paternally deduced: and the drawing may be held to illustrate the proverb that "Heaven sent us Woman, and the Devil stays."

But the chief peculiarity in the Norman ladies' dress was the funnily fantastic way in which they shaped their sleeves. These were worn tight

to the arm so far as to the wrist; and then, widening abruptly, fell pendent from the hand to the distance of some feet. A modern writer speaks of them as hanging "like canoes," and this description is borne out by one of the old balladists, we presently shall quote, who in likewise noticing their likeness to canoes, clearly may be said to have rowed in the same boat. In the reign of WILLIAM RUFUS and that of HAL THE FIRST, these cuffs were made so long that actually the ladies had to tie them up in knots, so as to prevent themselves from treading on their sleeves. Cuffs like these we think must have almost been found as fettering as handcuffs; and one might fancy that on this account any one of any sense would be deterred from wearing them. But ladies have at all times been the slaves of fashion; and since the days of EVE have never enjoyed anything like freedom in their dress.

Whether the Norman women were the first wearers of these sleeves, is a point which to reflective minds appears a little doubtful; for are we not informed that—

"In ARTHUR'S days the Court began
To wear long hanging sleeves:"

and what proof is there that these sleeves were not shaped just like the Norman ones?*

The veil or kerchief of this period was worn long like the sleeve, and was similarly tied up to prevent its being trodden on. The same delight in length too may be noticed in the hair, which was plaited in long tails, after the manner of the Goths. In some cases we find the plaits were cased in silk, or else bound round with riband, ending in a bow. Whether this bow proved attractive to the beaux, is a point on which we cannot fairly venture an opinion; but we can fancy if the Norman ladies ever danced the *deux temps*, their back hair must have been a rather formidable weapon, and when whirled round must have served to keep men at a distance. Lovely as our *Judy's* hair is in our sight, we should no more like a plait of it flung into our eyes, than we should a plate of jugged hare to be similarly projected.

This way of dressing hair we have said was *à la Goth*, but more clearly to describe it, we might call it *à la Grecque*; for the Gothic mode, we find, was adopted by the Greeks, and it is by their name that it is best known to us. In other respects also the early Norman fashions were of quite a Grecian character; and we are therefore not surprised to find that the old balladist, to whom we have referred, by poetic licence calls his lady-love a "maid of Athens," although he owns that her pomatum [pot was the only thing about her which connected her with Greece. As the ballad throws some light upon the costume of the period, we copy the last stanza as it is written in our MS. :—

"Bye thy robe which unconfinde
Draggelch in y^e dirte behindde:
Bye thye cuffs shapéd lyke canoes,
Of nyther ornamentte nor use:
Bye thy haire its fyerre glowe,
Ere I'll wedde to Bath I'll goe!"

If we may note the customs as well as the costumes of this period (and we really do not see who there is to hinder us), in addition to our remarks about the early Norman belles, we may observe that it was during the reign of our first WILLIAM, that the sounding of the Curfew first was introduced. This bell was always tolled at eight o'clock at night, and its tolling told the people to "quench their flaming ministers," a command which bore no reference to the Lord Pams of the period, but simply was equivalent to saying "dowse your glims!" Everybody knows that the word curfew is derived from the French word *couvrefeu*; but everybody possibly is not so well aware that the curfew at some period served the purpose of the muffin-bell, an instrument which, everybody knows, is still in use. At what period this was so we cannot charge ourselves to state; but the fact is made quite manifest by the well-known ancient passage which a modern poet has both plagiarised and altered. The lines, as we have seen them, run, or hobble, thus :—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
And lo! when heard, the muffin boy we see,
Who, while the p'liceman plods his beery way,
Invites the world to toasting and to tea."

It will not be forgotten (by those who have good memories) that it was during the reign of the Conquering Hero, WILL, that England was first blessed with those valuable law officers, called with pleasant irony "Justices" of the peace. Whether these distinguished dignitaries wore for purpose of distinction some distinctive legal robe, is more than the old chronicles enable us to state. But if we cannot fancy how they dressed themselves, we can imagine what a dressing they gave unhappy poachers who happened to be brought before them; and we doubt not that the justice which these justices administered was as remote from real justice, as that which in such cases is now-a-days dealt out.

* We may note here that these sleeves, whoever first adopted them, furnished the design for the old heraldic "maunch," which, we learn, was first borne by the family of De Hastings. Any baby knows that the word "maunch" means a sleeve, and its being used for arms is therefore quite appropriate.



PLEASING PROPOSAL.

"We have heard, confidentially, as how you're the gent, as comed over the water along with Heenan; and my young friend, the enthusiastic pot-boy, wants to put the gloves on with yer."

PUFF-PASTE.

OUR mordant ally the *Saturday Review*, in the course of a just article on literary puffing, says:—

"We can tell our readers exactly what authors have adopted as their best engine of puffing. They print on separate pieces of paper about a dozen short telling extracts from their work, taking care to put the full title of the book at the tail of each extract."

These are sent with the volume, to the journal and hence so many effective quotations, in the daily press, from the periodicals and other literature of the day. Well, the system is not a desirable one, but there is this to be said for it. Reviewers are but men, and men have two vices. They are lazy, and they are subservient to women. An uncut book or periodical comes to a reviewer, and, unless he has a very stern sense of duty, he takes very little trouble to select extracts, but if his paper-knife is just out of reach, he marks some part that opens to him, or perhaps throws the work aside, as "not presenting anything quotable." The author is wronged. The sheet of extracts just meets the case, and the critic may be at once lazy and useful. But on the other hand, if the work is a popular one, the chances are that Mrs. Critic has ordered him not to cut it up with those ridiculous scissors, but to bring it home to her. Is the author to suffer because the critic is uxorious and obedient? Or is the conscientious critic expected to copy out the extractable passages that he may do his duty to the work and yet conciliate his wife? The sheet of extracts just meets the case, the work is puffed, and the woman is pleased. If all reviewers were like *Saturday Reviewers*, indeed—but we have to wait for *ASTREA REDUX*.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

A Domestic Duologue.

SCENE—A Breakfast Room in a comfortable house in a tolerably aristocratic suburb. MR. NAGGLEBY (alone) is reading the *Times*, until it shall please MRS. NAGGLEBY to appear.



Mr. N. I don't think the paper is printed so clearly as usual, or else the words are not so well selected as they might be. My eyes get dizzy over the lines, and I don't seem to take in the meaning easily.

Enter MRS. NAGGLEBY in a morning wrapper.

Mrs. N. (with affected surprise). Dear me. You down!

Mr. N. (coldly). I have been down half an hour, and as it is now ten o'clock, I should like my breakfast when quite convenient.

Mrs. N. (at the breakfast things). You must have such a good appetite for breakfast.

Mr. N. If I haven't, it's not for want of waiting.

Mrs. N. I should have hurried, but I thought that when a gentleman comes home at three in the morning, none the better for what he has been taking, he is glad to lie and sleep off its effects.

Mr. N. You are talking ridiculous nonsense. You know neither when I came home nor how. I had my latch-key, and went to my room without disturbing you.

Mrs. N. I counted all the hours, HENRY, and I heard you come in, and the frightful language you used to your boot because it would not come off in a moment.

Mr. N. As I had my easy dress-shoes on, that shows your power of invention.

Mrs. N. (repulsed for a second, but charging again). A pretty state of things when a married man, and the father of a family, is obliged to have a bed in his dressing-room that he may creep home at all hours like a good-for-nothing bachelor in chambers.

Mr. N. I should like my breakfast, JULIA, when quite convenient.

Mrs. N. You can't have the coffee till the coffee's gone through, I suppose. If you are in such a hurry to be out in the morning, you should come home sooner at night.

Mr. N. I presume that I am the best judge of what hours to keep.

Mrs. N. Oh, stay out till daylight if you like—indeed you generally do—and it's no business of mine.

Mr. N. (weakly). I have not been out of the house after twelve o'clock for a month, as you know, except when you have kept me out at some inf—at some party or at the opera. If you have no respect for me, you might have some for truth.

Mrs. N. Parties and operas indeed! It's very little I see of those sort of things. [Servant brings various articles and retires.]

Mr. N. Say that sort of things, and don't tell stories.

Mrs. N. You need not use coarse language, I think, and the servant in the room.

Mr. N. She wasn't in the room.

Mrs. N. She was.

[Mr. N. makes another attempt to understand the Whitworth Gun.]

Mrs. N. (pushing cup towards him). Now then, there's breakfast, if you are in such a hurry for it.

[Mr. N. reads and eats, but makes no very remarkable progress with either operation. Mrs. N. watches him.]

Mrs. N. Don't push the bacon away in that absurd manner; because it's beautiful. If people lived in a regular and wholesome way, they would be able to enjoy their breakfasts. DR. SMIRKER says that it's the surest sign of good sense to keep the palate in order.

Mr. N. There's a surer sign of good sense, and that is, to discharge DR. SMIRKER; so be good enough to tell that humbug that his bill is already quite long enough, and he needn't come twaddling here any more.

Mrs. N. Heartless as you are, you can't have looked at the children's faces and talk in that way. To be sure I don't wonder that you are not anxious to see those innocent little things, and reflect what an example you are setting them.

Mr. N. (surprised into an ironic laugh). Ha! ha! Example to four girls, the eldest not ten.

Mrs. N. (with motherly dignity and foresight). Example, yes. Careless though you are, I suppose you would like those girls to marry better persons than yourself, and that you don't wish them brought up to think that habits of late hours and intoxication are the qualities of a gentleman.

Mr. N. (savagely). JULIA, be kind enough to restrain your imagination. I was as collected when I came in last night as I am now, and you have never in your life seen me otherwise, except the one night when your brother arrived from China.

Mrs. N. Ah! don't speak of that. The recollection will haunt me to my dying day.

Mr. N. Dying fiddlestick! We certainly were very joyful, and a little screwed. But you never saw it before or afterwards.

Mrs. N. Because you are artful enough either to keep out of the house, when it happens, or to steal up to your dressing-room like a cat, and let nobody know. But it's no business of mine—ruin your health your own way.

Mr. N. Nonsense. (*Tries to read.*) What a row those children are making! Why are they not in the garden or the school-room?

Mrs. N. That's right, hunt and drive 'em out of the house as if they were hateful pests to you. If you felt rightly, you would be glad to hear them in such spirits—when children make a noise it's a proof they are as they ought to be.

Mr. N. Ah! Does DR. SMIRKER say that, too. Then listen to that row and give him the sack.

Mrs. N. (*rather driven in, but instantly assailing on the weak part of the enemy's line.*) The sack! Is that vulgarity the way to talk of a professional man and a gentleman. But as Mamma says, when a husband forgets what's o'clock, he forgets everything else.

Mr. N. (*bitterly.*) The old lady knows what's o'clock as well as most people. I had yesterday to pay for that wine that was sent her in by mistake, and not returned by her for the same reason.

Mrs. N. Well, a dozen of *cheap* port does not cost much, such as is quite good enough for *women*. If it had been the sort of wine you drink at the club at a guinea a bottle, it would be something to make a fuss about.

Mr. N. Another wicked story.

Mrs. N. Oh, you choose to say so; but DR. SMIRKER told me that that was the price of wine they keep at the clubs.

Mr. N. But the mischief-making ass had no right to say that I drink it. I never drank wine at that price or anything like it, in all my life.

Mrs. N. If you must drink more than is good for you, I should think it might be better to drink good wine than bad, which not only makes you silly at night, but stupid in the morning.

Mr. N. People may be both silly and stupid without the help of any wine at all, my dear.

[*Proud of this last hit, MR. N. gives elaborate attention to the paper; MRS. N. is going out of the room in a rage, but recollects that MR. N. has previously taken mean advantage of such demonstrations to leave the house, but not a cheque.*

Mrs. N. I wonder whether WALTER CLARIDGE ever used such expressions as that to his wife.

Mr. N. It is matter of indifference to me what MR. CLARIDGE may or may not do, but I am inclined to think that he does not reprove MRS. CLARIDGE.

Mrs. N. No, because he remembers that he is a gentleman.

Mr. N. Or, because she is too much in the habit of being a lady to need to remember that she is one.

Mrs. N. (*almost at boiling point.*) I dare say that if WALTER CLARIDGE is ever so unfortunate as to have a headache from his own misconduct, he does not revenge himself by insulting his wife at her own table.

Mr. N. (*calmly.*) I have no idea where he insults her, my dear. You had better ask her for any information you want, as you are always at her house.

Mrs. N. It is untrue. I have not been in Phillimore Crescent for ten days.

Mr. N. No, because she has been unwell, and you could only have been useful to her, without being amused. Sweet are the uses of feminine friendship.

Mrs. N. I dare say it is as good as the friendship that keeps men out of their houses at a Club till three in the morning, and then sends them home in a state they ought to be ashamed of. And I shall go to LOUISA'S as often as I please.

Mr. N. Pray, do, my dear. I suppose when they are tired of you, they will let you know, as they did the other day, when you were told Not at Home, because MRS. DE CLAMBER was there, and MRS. CLARIDGE had no notion of your knowing her swell friends.

Mrs. N. It was a mistake of the servant's. And if it wasn't, how mean of you, believing so, to go and dine at the Blue Posts with WALTER CLARIDGE next day.

Mr. N. Perhaps it was to show my power of Christian forgiveness, my dear; perhaps it was in gratitude to the CLARIDGES for keeping you out of acquaintances above your sphere.

Mrs. N. (*slowly.*) Yes, you are right. They are above my sphere—now. They would not have been if I had listened to my friends a few years ago.

Mr. N. You are very good to say a few, dear. It shows that you have not felt them to be a good many, though dates may say they are—or I may.

Mrs. N. (*breaking out strong.*) You are capable of saying anything that is rude and vulgar, and the next time you come home as you did last night, be good enough to breakfast by yourself. [*Rises.*]

Mr. N. As I came home last night, JULIA, was, I repeat, as collected as I am now. The proof is, and as you are going up-stairs you will be

able to judge for yourself, that I came quietly into your room, and as you were asleep, I put the Opera-box you asked me for under the large green toilette-bottle to the right of the glass. The clock struck one as I did it.

Mrs. N. (*mollifying.*) Oh, you story! But did you?

Mr. N. Go and see.

Mrs. N. And which Opera?

Mr. N. Covent Garden.

Mrs. N. And you *know* I wanted to hear PICCOLOMINI. However, you can get that for Saturday night, can't you?

Mr. N. Humph!

Mrs. N. Ah, you are a sad bad boy! But, however, I suppose that I must look over it. Let me give you some hot coffee, you have been dawdling over that until it is cold, but if people *will* stay out till four o'clock in the morning, &c., &c., &c., &c.

[*Curtain falls on the Truce.*]

POSTING THE POPE'S BULL.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

Rome, April 7.

I AM just returned from the Corso; where I have been smoking a cigar, and thinking of the POPE'S Major Excommunication, which, as my "weed" has done, seems likely to end in smoke. Yesterday I went to see it posted, according to the directions of his Holiness, by the Apostolical Cursor and Bill Sticker, ALOYS SERAFINA. This sacred functionary proceeded from the Sistine Chapel, furnished with a number of copies of the fulminating composition, of which the material, being paper, is not likely to prove so explosive as gun-cotton. He also carried a great brush and a paste-pot of pantomimic magnitude, the contents of which had just been solemnly blessed by the Holy Father. Having arrived at the doors of the Lateran Church, he dipped his brush into the adhesive and consecrated material contained in the above-named vessel, and, taking up a quantity of it on the end of the implement, was about to spread it on the Church portals, but, a low Roman, who stood behind, "chaffing" him, he turned suddenly round and thrust it into the fellow's face. He then addressed himself to the performance of his task, which he accomplished without further interruption than that of the ironical cheers of the by-standers, and the orange-peel which was flung at him by the junior portion of the populace. The same operation, under similar circumstances, he repeated at St. Peter's, at the Apostolic Chancery, at the General Curia, on most of the hoardings, dead walls, &c., and on some of the neighbouring ruins of antiquity. Finally, with myself and a train of boys at his heels, he repaired in pursuance to the pontifical injunction, to the Field of Flora, and there stuck the Bull of his Holiness in a corner, fixing it to the palings.

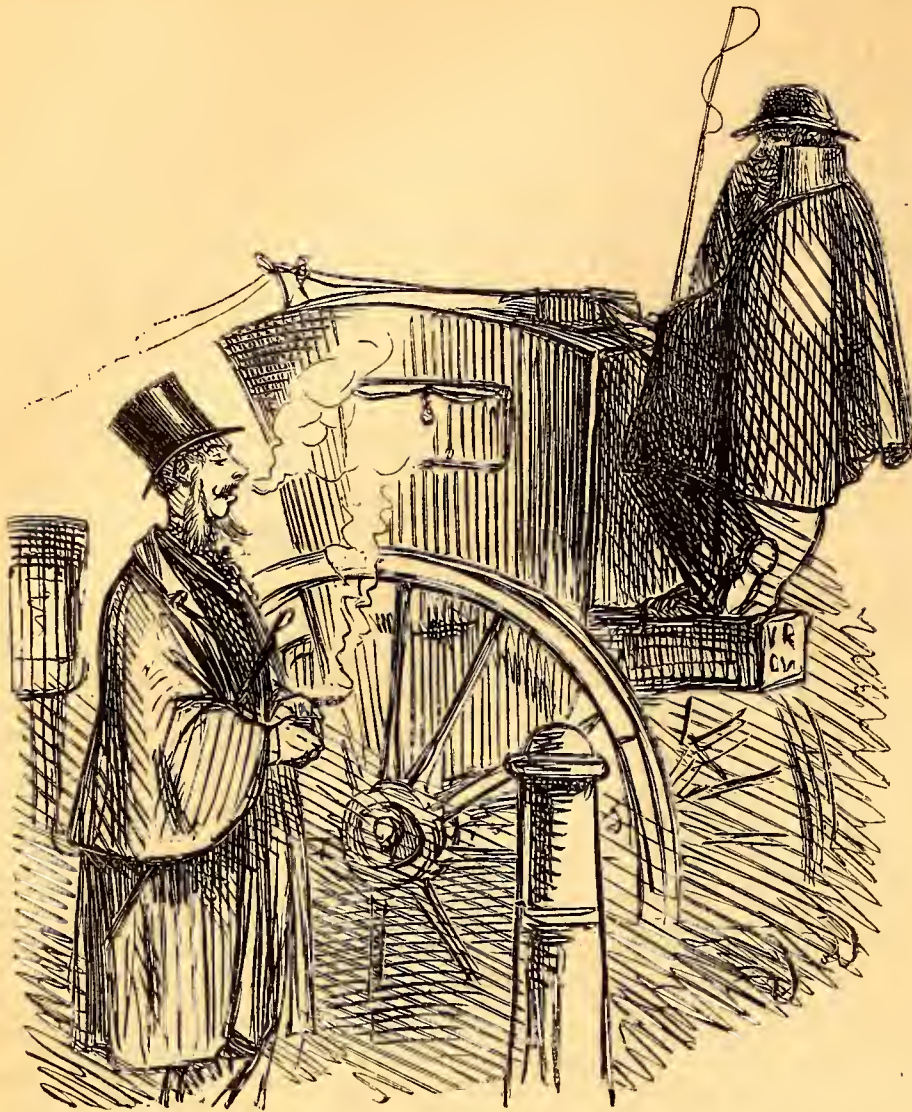
The reason why the posting of the letter of excommunication has been limited to the corners and sheds of Rome, has been candidly confessed by the POPE to be the circumstance that it "cannot be safely published everywhere." He has, however, decreed that its partial publication shall be equivalent to its presentation, *nominatim* and *personaliter*. That it has been served on all those against whom it is levelled really and bodily, will, of course, therefore, be received by all true believers as an article of faith.

FRANCIS-JOSEPH'S DREAM.

ACCORDING to a Correspondent of the *Times*, the EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH, having thrice lately dreamt a certain dream, is reported to have consulted a witch for the interpretation thereof. The wise woman had been recommended by his Majesty's equally wise Mamma, and—

"Introduced to the august presence, the crone demanded what visions of the night had startled the Imperial slumbers. The EMPEROR informed her that he had dreamed of three mice; the first perfectly blind, the second so immensely bloated and fat that it could hardly walk, and the third weak, poor, and almost dying from starvation. The beldame appeared alarmed, and at first professed her inability to afford any solution; but on being reassured and informed that under any circumstances she might rely not only on protection but reward, she took heart, and, much to the astonishment of her Imperial interrogators, replied, 'The blind mouse is your Majesty; the fat mouse your Ministers; and the worn out, starving, and exhausted mouse, your people.'

The *Times'* Correspondent doubts the truth of this story. It seems, however, probable enough, if we suppose premonitory dreams to be improbable. A little mind might naturally enough see its own small ideas projected from the brain during sleep in the form of mice. Though the Majesty of Austria may be adequately represented by a blind mouse, and a famished mouse may constitute a tolerable type of the Austrian people, the Austrian ministry cannot by any means well be conceived of under the semblance of a mouse. The governing wisdom of Austria, so far from being correctly symbolised by a mouse, finds its liveliest emblem in that notable enemy and destroyer of mice, the Owl.



TOO BAD, BY JOVE! YOU KNOW.

Swell. "OH, NAWN-SENSE; HALF-A-CROWN'S TOO MUCH. HERE'S EIGHTEENPENCE. I AIN'T SUCH A FOOL AS I LOOK!"

Cabby. "AIN'T YER, SIR? THEN I ONLY WISH YER WOS!"

FUNNY FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

RECORDING certain festivities in progress at Ingestre, in Staffordshire, to celebrate the EARL TALBOT'S inheritance of the title and estates of Shrewsbury, the *Morning Post* relates the subjoined particulars:—

"The EARL OF SHREWSBURY AND TALBOT is entertaining a large circle of private friends at Ingestre, where the fine old family mansion is full of overflowing with a brilliant circle of guests, who indeed are so numerous that extra accommodation has to be sought in the neighbouring county institutions; and some of the party are availing themselves of the ready offer made to his Lordship by DR. HEWSON, of Coton Hill Lunatic Asylum, and MAJOR FULLFORD, of the County Gaol, and several other neighbouring residents."

If misery makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows, enjoyment has for once in the way, at least, introduced our aristocracy to strange dormitories. The gaol and the madhouse are queer places for nobility and gentry to sleep in. Perhaps, among the other institutions of Staffordshire which have afforded accommodation to the fashionable guests of the EARL OF SHREWSBURY, the Union Workhouse might have been enumerated, if the mention of that place of punishment is not too shocking for ears polite. Yet it must have been not without delight that the Lords and Ladies, and honourable Captains and other persons of honour and quality, reclined in their wards and cells, and thought to themselves how jolly it was to be where they were, and to be able to get out again; to be people of rank, fashion, and opulence, and not paupers.

Even the court of stern Themis was converted for the nonce into a hall of dazzling light, that the EARL OF SHREWSBURY'S company might dance in it:—

"On Tuesday the above-named visitors were the principal guests of the EARL AND COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY AND TALBOT, at a ball which was given by them at Stafford, and to which the chief county residents were invited. For this ball his Lordship had obtained from the Magistrates at Quarter Sessions permission to use the Shire-hall, comprising the Assize Courts and the Judges' residence adjoining."

And so the gay and glittering throng tripped it on the light fantastic

ENGLISH GOLD AND SPANISH BRASS.

Ay de mi!—ay de mi!—was't for this
That VAUGHAN WILLIAMS collected his money,
To see MONTEMOLIN'S Spanish wasps,
Making free with his sweet golden honey?

Did the miser's thin ghost give a groan?
Did he chafe from the altar to tear *her*,
When his daughter said yes to her Don,
And became MRS. GENERAL CABRERA?

Such exchange must have stuck in his throat,
Of the gold he had lived to amass,
For CABRERA'S gilt gingerbread coat,
And CABRERA'S low forehead of brass.

No wonder French journals discover,
That the rascally English—od 'rot 'em—
Of rebellions in Spain and all over,
Are still to be found at the bottom,

When in e'en this Ortega affair,
Such suspicions one cannot bid vanish;
Though at bottom of that *coup de guerre*,
All of English there was, was "*the Spanish*."

Post Haste of the Post Office.

Two letters were posted together at Hammersmith the other day before 5 p. m. One of them was addressed to Southampton, the other to a place three miles thence. The former reached its destination at 3 o'clock the day after; the latter at about 10 in the morning of the day after that. *Pestina lente* is a motto which should be engraven on the entablature of the fine building in St. Martin's-le-Grand.

"Fronti Nulla Fides."

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has directed a survey of the site proposed for an Imperial Palace at Nice. We beg to suggest as an inscription for the *fronton* of the edifice:—

"CI GIT L'EMPEREUR."

With a translation for the benefit of English visitors—

"HERE L-ES THE EMPEROR."

toe around the judgment-seat. "May I have the pleasure of dancing with you in the dock?" "Will you allow me to take you for a waltz in the jury-box?" were doubtless among the gallant invitations addressed by aristocratic officers and others to elegant, beautiful, highly dressed and decorated young persons of exalted position in Society. "Wonda how many fellahs have been sentenced to be hanged heav!" was perhaps the exclamation of more than one reflective Swell, as he thought how much jollier it was to be in his own patent leathers than it would be to stand in the highlows of a convict. The Swell no doubt will often hereafter cite his recollections of LORD SHREWSBURY'S high jinks in the Assize Court and hospitality in the gaol, beginning with "When a danced in the Quown Cawt and *Nisi Puius* at Staffawd," or "When a slept in the condemned cell."

We may conclude these remarks by congratulating the Staffordshire Bench that their gaol is so empty of its regular inmates as to be capable of accommodating the EARL OF SHREWSBURY'S surplus of the better sort. True it is, however, that the Lent Assizes are but just over; so that the aristocracy in the "jug" are occupying the quarters which have been only recently vacated by the rogues and thieves.

"Molehills to Giants are to Pigmies Alps."

"*Il n'y a plus de Pyrenées!*" was a favourite expression with NAPOLEON THE GREAT, and NAPOLEON THE LITTLE has done his best to echo it. By cabbaging Savoy, as being the highway into Belgium, he hopes soon to ejaculate "*Il n'y a plus d'Alpes!*"

"VOLUNTEERS, Sir!" said a patriotic country gentleman, the other day; "if there was a notion of an invasion, everybody would arm—the very Beggars along our roads would turn out and fight." "To be sure," said the sparkling *Mr. Punch*, "as LORD BYRON says—

"Mars is in your every Tramp."

Mr. Punch's Literary Anecdotes.



SERIOUS GOVERNOR. "I am surprised, Charles, that you can take any interest in these repulsive details—how many Rounds (I believe you term them) do you say these ruffians fought? Um, disgraceful! the Legislature ought to interfere, and—it appears then that this Benicia Man did not gain the—hem—best of it. I'll take the paper when you have done with it, Charles."

THE EFFECTS OF EXCOMMUNICATION.

WHOM has the POPE excommunicated? The French and Italian Clergy at least do not seem to know. BONAPARTE had the communion given him the other day; and as for VICTOR EMMANUEL, a telegram from Florence informs us that—

"The King has received the Archbishop and clergy of Florence."

Is it possible that the Clergy of Florence, with their Archbishop at their head, should go and offer homage to a sovereign whom they believed to be an excommunicated usurper? If the ban of his Holiness was neither aimed at the KING OF ITALY nor the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, it must have been intended for the head of some person or persons unknown. The successor of PETER meant to smite those, whoever they may be, to whom he owed the loss of his dominions. If a Papal Bull, as Roman Catholics affirm, never misses its mark, though that may be out of sight, this apparently random shot of Infallibility, like *Zamuel's* seventh bullet, will unerringly hit its unapparent victim or victims. They will turn up after a time, exhibiting, bodily, the withering effects of the Pontifical curse, like the jackdaw in those edifying legends versified by the late REV. MR. BARHAM, which came in for the indefinite anathema of the Saint. What if the damaged parties should turn out to be evil counsellors? What if CARDINAL ANTONELLI should some fine morning astonish the Eternal City by appearing with ragged robes, in a state of mange; and if the KING OF NAPLES and the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA should be suddenly attacked with ringworm, and flea-bitten, or seized with convulsions, and afflicted with the mumps and the stomach-ache?

Persecuted Holiness.

THE POPE has long been talking of an intention to take refuge in the Catacombs. At length we understand that orders have been issued for the fitting up of those interesting retreats of early Christianity for the reception of the Holy Father, in a style of upholstery consonant with modern ideas, and with that civilisation with which the cause of the papacy, according to LAMORICIÈRE, is identical.

A NEW READING.—Considering what it costs to get into Parliament, M.P. must mean Money Power.

A COCKNEY ON A FOX-HUNT.

THE truth that "different men have different opinions" is one which scholars know, was anciently asserted, and which is still continually receiving confirmation. Here for instance is a paragraph from the *Daily Telegraph*, which expresses an opinion on the noble sport of fox-hunting, vastly different from that which one would find, say, in *Bell's Life*:—

"We would not be understood as decrying or undervaluing the masculine sports and pursuits which tend to harden the bones and invigorate the sinews of Englishmen. We may not deem it very heroic for fifty mounted gentlemen, preceded by a pack of bloodthirsty dogs, to chase a miserable fox at full speed for hours, until the terrified animal has been hunted off its legs. We may not think it a glorious day's work to shoot down forty brace of pheasants in a preserve, where the creatures have learned to come together at their keeper's voice. [With this we quite agree, *Punch*.] We may not regret the good old days of cock-fighting and bull-baiting. . . . but our readers will bear us out when we say, that legitimate and manly sports and pursuits find in us unreserved supporters."

This passage occurs in an article condemning the practice of prize-fighting, which the writer calls "a compound of rascality and ruffianism, unredeemed by a single softening or mitigating element." This description possibly some readers may applaud; but very few, we fancy, will agree that the above words give a fair view of the fox-hunt, or will endorse the writer's estimation of that sport. Most people view a fox-hunt as a means of manly exercise; a pastime which not merely invigorates the body, but imparts a healthy tone and cheerful temper to the mind: a sport, moreover, which affords a place of meeting for all classes, from the peasant to the peer, and promotes a kindly sympathy and fellow feeling among men who might otherwise be tempted to lose thought of their relationship.

In forming an opinion, much depends, however, on the influence of position, and the point of view from which the person looks. A man who cannot spar, and has chanced to get his eye blacked, will not unnaturally complain of the brutalities of boxing, and speak of every bruiser as a ruffianly brute. So a cockney who can't ride, and

therefore can't enjoy the pleasure of a fox-hunt, is apt perchance to call it a bloodthirsty amusement, and a way of spending time which is at best a waste of it. How can a man appreciate the pleasures of the field when his riding is confined to a trot up Rotten Row, or an Easter Monday canter upon Hampstead Heath? A cockney clapped on horseback has no power to look about him, and enjoy like better horsemen the pleasures of the hunt. When in the saddle his chief thought is how to keep his seat, and he cannot rightly relish the fresh air of "the open," or spare reflection on the pleasantness of seeing men enjoy themselves, or on the other kindly feelings engendered by the sport. This, it may be said, is less his fault than his misfortune; but he surely should abstain from disparaging a pastime, simply for the reason that he can't himself enjoy it.

Something in Homœopathy.

A DISCIPLE of HAHNEMANN advertises a work entitled *Homœopathic Treatment of Indigestion*. Now here you have homœopathy proposed for application to a disease which it is really capable of curing. Like will cure like in this disease at any rate, if like is administered in infinitesimal quantities. The minutest possible doses of mock-turtle, in the case of an Alderman, for example, conjoined with a plain and moderate diet, will doubtless, if taken with sufficient perseverance, generally remove, or at least relieve indigestion.

Female Heroism.

It appears from the *Army and Navy Gazette* that the regular Army is disinclined to Salute the Volunteer Officers. *Mr. Punch* is authorised, on the part of the Ladies of England to state that, in the interest of their beloved country, they undertake, henceforth, to relieve the regulars by performing the above ceremony at all fitting times and seasons.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XIII.—PERIOD, THE REIGNS OF WILLIAM RUFUS, HENRY THE FIRST, AND STEPHEN.



HENRY THE FIRST AND HIS QUEEN MATILDA, FROM THEIR EFFIGIES IN ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

ACCORDING to the best authorities (we need not name ourselves, but with the names of ANNA COMNENA, ORDERICUS VITALIS, and JOHANNES DE JANUA, the reader may perhaps not be so well familiar) a great attention to costume was paid during this period, and, among the men especially, a more than usual love of finery prevailed. What the reason for this was, it would be puzzling to guess. The ancient chroniclers content themselves with simply noticing the fact, and modern writers sensibly have followed their example. One authority however has alleged in explanation, that as the followers of the Conqueror were "the flower of the continent," they naturally did their best not to look seedy.

It is but fair to the fair sex that when the gentlemen outdo them in absurdities of dress, the fact should be recorded in the annals of the time; and truth forces us to own, that the men of the eleventh century were even sillier than the women in the matter of costume. The feminine apparel we already have described: * and careful readers will remember that we spoke of it as characterised by amplitude of length. In this respect, however, it was certainly surpassed by the masculine costume; and inasmuch as lovely woman is an imitative creature, we may assume that

at this period the male sex set the fashion, and the female followed it. The short tunic was worn longer than it had been before (longer, that is, in dimension, and not in time of wearing it); and the long one was so lengthened that it trailed upon the ground, as did the *interula*, a linen vestment under it. The sleeves too were extended in width as well as length; and besides being made as long again as they were wanted, while fitting their arms closely, they were widened at the cuff, so as to fall over the hand, and indeed completely cover it. In some of the illuminations the sleeves are rolled up at the wrists, and this, especially at meal time, must have certainly been needful, as even in our own day we have had cause to observe. The wide cuffs which were worn a year or two ago were always dipping in the sauces and sweeping off the spoons; and imagination shrinks from picturing a banquet in the time of WILLIAM RUFUS, when the sleeves seemed made expressly to dangle in the gravy and to draggle in the soup.

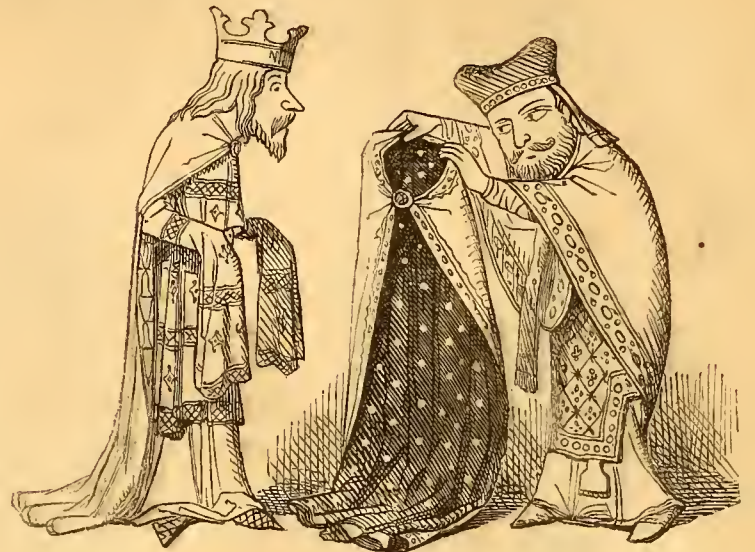
This mania for long dresses was of course severely satirised by the *Punches* of the period, if the old illuminators were worthy of the name. It was remarked of men of fashion that, although they were not lawyers, they were very obviously gentlemen of the long robe; and one sarcastic writer speaks of them as looking like great babies, in consequence of their still being seen in long clothes. But the mania long prevailed, in spite of all attempts to cure it; just as crinolinomania, we apprehend, still spreads, notwithstanding all the jokes which have been made to check it.

The swells too came out as extensively in point of cloth as cut, and not only wore long dresses, but paid a good long price for them. A mantle given to KING HENRY by BOB BLOET, Bishop of Lincoln, was made of the finest cloth, and lined with black sables spotted with white spots, and his lordship, we find, had to pay a hundred pounds for it. This we learn from that instructive writer, WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY; who mentions in his anecdotes *De Jests* † *regum Anglice*, that when

* For fear of misconception, we may note here that the period embraced in our last chapter extended from the Conquest to the end of the three reigns of which we are now writing. As our Book of course is likely to be used in schools, we feel bound to be precise in affixing proper dates.

† We need not tell LORD MALMESBURY that his namesake spells this word cor-

rectly, with a "G." But the book, which is in fact the *Joe Miller* of the period, contains so many jests that we prefer to spell it "Jestis."



FROM A CHOICE MS. IN THE LIBRARY OF THE PADDINGTON MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES.

These mantles lined with fur were worn with the long tunic, which was only sported upon state occasions. With the shorter tunic a shorter cloak was worn; but this was also lined with the most precious sort of furs, and from its costing so much rhino, perhaps, was called the "rheno." Cloaks or mantles likewise then were made of common cloth, for the use of common people. These had usually a cowl attached to fit the head; and as this appendage answered the purpose of a cap, the Normans were, we think, quite right to call it "capa." For further capital protection, the Phrygian-shaped cap was still in use among the commoners; and a hat appears in one illumination of this date, shaped like the ancient Roman *petasus*, or like the wide-awake in use among our modern warbling waggons.

Although the long sleeves of the tunics rendered gloves almost unnecessary, we find they were in use among the better classes, and it therefore is tautology to say the clergy wore them. ORDERICUS VITALIS expressly tells us this, in his account of how a Bishop (we need not say of Durham) made his escape from the Tower (which every schoolboy knows was in the reign of HENRY THE FIRST). According to O. V., the prelate in his haste had "forgotten his gloves," and this piece of forgetfulness he had long reason to remember, for in sliding down the rope which he had hung out of his window, he "dyd scrape y^e skynne offe bothe hys handes untoe y^e bone, y^e whyche as he remarkede to hys selfe was, 'No bono.'"

The same mania for length that we have noticed in the tunics descended to the feet. Long peaked-toed boots were worn, which by the old monkish historians were called *ocrea rostrata*, and which, as the clergy were forbidden to indulge in them, of course naturally excited their just wrath and contempt. To dissuade people from wearing them, the most appalling stories were told about their origin; and O. V. even goes so far as to hint that they were really an "invention of the enemy," being clearly made for "Somebodye deformed as toe hys feete." Shoes with peaks were also quite the go about this period, having their toes sometimes twisted like a pig's tail, whence probably it was that the monks called them *pig-acie*. At other times their toes were made somewhat more like a scorpion's than a pig's tail; and the resemblance we may fancy was felt to be most striking, for they must have stung tremendously when any one was kicked.

The chief study of the dandies being personal adornment (a study which, we hear, is pursued still at our colleges, and retains its hold on students even more advanced in life), we are not surprised to learn that they greatly gave their minds to the shaping of their soles, and vied in getting what they viewed as the most bootiful of boots. Especially they piqued themselves upon the making of their peaks; and indeed so much was thought of this accomplishment, that the swells were sometimes named from the successes they achieved, and had a PEVERIL lived then, and invented a new toe, he would have been distinguished as a "Peveril of the Peak." This we may surmise from the statement that a courtier, whose Christian name was ROBERT, got the cognomen of "Cornadu;" not because he had a corn, but because he made a shoe which curled round like a horn. This feat he achieved by cramming tow into the toe, and twisting it when rammed into the shape of a ram's horn. The beauty of this fashion must, like that of a Scotch terrier, have consisted in its ugliness; but we find that, nevertheless, it was extensively adopted, and we are told that

rectly, with a "G." But the book, which is in fact the *Joe Miller* of the period, contains so many jests that we prefer to spell it "Jestis."

“alle y° swelles dyd turne thr handes toe rammin, justle for all y° world as thoe they hadde beene rammineurs.”



NOBLE SWELL. TEMP. HENRY THE FIRST, SHOWING THE “NEATEST THING IN SHOES” OF THE PERIOD.

People might imagine that boots with such long toes must certainly have much impeded locomotion, if they did not altogether put a stop to pedal exercise. But that this was not the case is shown by an old ballad, supposed to have been sung during “y° jumpynge of Jym Crowe,” which everybody knows was a pastime of the period, requiring great activity and suppleness of foot. As the ballad, although so old, will be new to many of our readers (the MS. having never yet been out of our possession) we may delight the antiquarian by printing the first stanza. The mixed patois of the period in which the ballad is composed is a sufficient proof, we fancy, of the writing being genuine, if any of our readers are such sceptics as to doubt it:—

“ Je viens de vielle Normandie,
Longtemps agoe:
Mais now je live in London,
Ou je jumpe Jym Crowe.

Et quand je gae to do itte
Je put on mon Sundaie soot,
Et je wheele aboute et tourne aboute,
Dans mon long peakedde bootte.”

HER LADYSHIP'S AUNT SALLY.

AN interesting legal question may perhaps be raised concerning a transaction occasioned by the subjoined advertisement, which appeared the other day in the *Morning Post*:—

LADIES OF RANK can be ACCOMMODATED with immediate Cash to any amount, repayable at their own convenience. The strictest privacy may be relied upon. Diamonds, plate, and miscellaneous property of every description purchased. All parcels and letters addressed to MADAME S. K. L., New Oxford Street, will be answered with immediate cash. Ladies attended at their own residences.

The meaning of this benevolent announcement may be misconceived by some of the full-blown flowers of our British female aristocracy. A few duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, and other married ladies of rank may misunderstand it to be addressed to them. As dowagers only can it be supposed to be meant to catch the eye of such ladies. Its offer of pecuniary assistance, and purchase of plate and other property, is evidently directed only to spinsters and widows of the superior classes. It is not a genteel equivalent of the Rag and Bone Warehouse of the Slums. New Oxford Street is some yards from Seven Dials. MADAME S. K. L. is a good Samaritan of the softer sex, and not an Israelitish female moneygrub. But even ladies of rank are stupid or unprincipled in some instances. The COUNTESS OF ALMACKS may be in want of money, owing to the stinginess of the Earl, her husband, or even to her own unscrupulous extravagance. In MADAME S. K. L. she may apprehend an accommodating lady, who will befriend ladies of quality in their hour of need, as MR. LEVI occasionally befriends lords. She is not disappointed—she obtains a loan—having forgotten to mention the Earl's name. The time for repayment arrives, is deferred, and so on again and again; my lady is hopelessly insolvent. The bill is presented to my Lord: who knows nothing about it, and refuses to pay it. The amount is sued for; not in the County Court, for it is considerably over £50, but in the Countess Court, so to speak; the Court of Queen's Bench, or Common Pleas. The question for that high tribunal to consider will be, whether or no his Lordship is liable for the money?

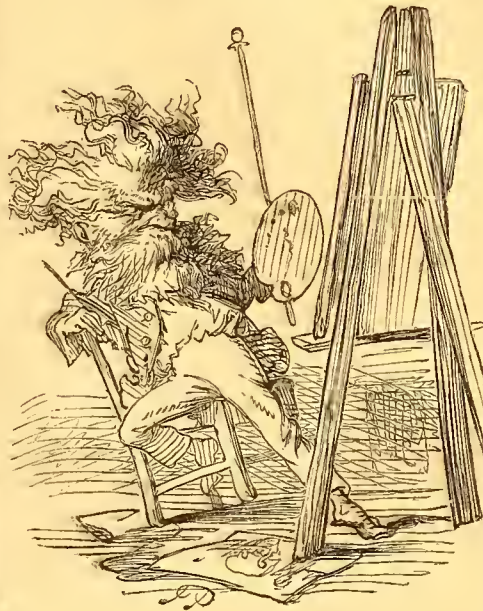
Or my lady, keeping out of sight her wedding ring, may find in the advertiser an Aunt in that degree of relationship wherein MR. BALLS, of the sign of the Two-to-One, might be acknowledged as an Uncle by her highborn husband, if that nobleman had accepted a loan at his hands, depositing with him a valuable watch or two, or a quantity of plate by way of security. LADY A. will, as persons of the lower classes say, “unbeknown” to the Earl, perhaps have gone and “spouted,” or sold a number of silver forks, spoons, tureens, and other utensils, engraven with the Almacks crest and coronet. Hence also may arise some litigation in the Courts abovenamed, and perhaps also in the Probate and Divorce Court.

To secure the generous authoress of the foregoing announcement from being imposed upon by peeresses and other ladies, who, having their own lords to maintain them, can have no title to her munificence, all dukes, marquesses, earls, viscounts, barons, and honourable gentlemen, will do well to have a good look-out kept upon New Oxford Street, and early information given of their ladies' carriages beheld going in that direction. Addressing the watchers stationed to make the necessary recognitions, the noble EARL OF ALMACKS may exercise his fine voice in singing, up and down that questionable-looking thoroughfare,

“Tell me, shepherds, tell me, have you seen
My Lady pass this way?”

Unless the noble Earl does take some such precaution as that, he may expect that his expensive Countess will, when in want of supplies, have continual recourse to the beneficent Black Doll, the Aunt Sally of the aristocracy, and there dispose of a good deal of the family plate, if not dripping.

THE PARLIAMENT OF ART.



ACCORDING to the word of MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, we nave each week to report a *Conversazione* which is held on Friday evenings by the Parliament of England; but we this week have to notice a *Conversazione* which was held on Wednesday evening by the Parliament of Art. The holding was not at St. Stephen's, but at St. James's Hall, a place of meeting where the seats are quite as soft as in the other place, and (pecuniarily regarded) far less hard to get into. Representatives of nearly all the arts attended: the only marked exception being that, although we examined pretty closely, we did not see a member of the

Art of Self-Defence. This noble art, however, formed a leading theme of talk; and much interesting discussion took place upon the merits of its champion professors, who had the day before contended for the honour of first place.

But though the P.R. did not show, there was a goodly sprinkling of the P.R.B.; and the absence of the great B.B., or Benicia Boy, was atoned for by the presence of many smaller B.B.'s, or Brethren of the Brush. Among them we observed the old hand that drew *The Bottle*, and the young one whose *Black Brunswicker* will soon be brought to public light. Members of the literary art were also present, among whom might be noticed the Member for Mont Blanc, who had been holding, as is his wont, a *Conversazione* of his own.

Further to distinguish it from Friday night assemblages, the meeting was attended by some members of the music-stool, who we might say much promoted the harmony of the evening, were we allowed to use so novel and original a phrase. As these vocalists, however, were mainly instrumental in getting up the gathering, we may just say by way of compliment, that we thought them worthy followers of the lead of MR. BENEDICT, who is not less *benedictus* with good temper than with good taste.

We may moreover state, as a concluding commendation, that at the St. James's Conversation, unlike those in St. Stephen's, the fair sex were allowed a fair share in the chatter, an indulgence which they really did not *much* abuse. Surely, then, we think the Parliament of England might take a leaf out of the programme of the Parliament of Art; and instead of cooping her behind the bars of a gilt birdcage, might once a week let *Lovely Woman*, and her tongue, loose in the House. How much pleasanter and more lively would the Friday evenings be, if the great guns of the Commons let ladies share their small talk: a privilege which, after our experience last Wednesday, we really do incline to think might be conceded, without *much* fear and trembling as to the result.

The Social Chronicle.

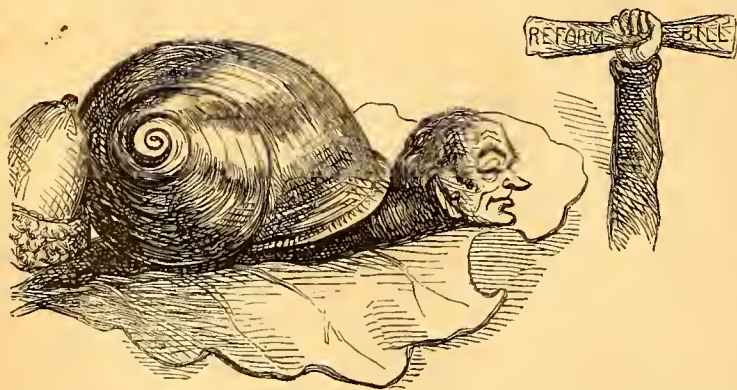
IN consequence of the great and increasing amount of cases, the decision of which daily devolves on the Court whose president is SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL, we understand that some of our contemporaries intend regularly to publish, in addition to “Births, Deaths, and Marriages,” a fourth column, under the head of “Divorces.”



A STEEPLE-CHACE STUDY.

Ossy and very talkative Party (who is not going to ride, however). "CALL THAT A FENCE! WHY ME AND MY LITTLE PONY WOULD 'OP OVER IT LIKE A BIRD!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE House met again on Monday, April 16. When an ugly ill-made, disagreeable Baby whom nobody really wanted to see, is kept in the drawing-room by its absurdly partial Parent, and makes a noise, to the interruption of profitable conversation, people say to one another—or look it, if they don't

speaking—"Why isn't that little Nuisance sent Up-Stairs?" Now Up-Stairs, in House of Commons language, means a place where a Select Committee sits. The House met to-night after the Easter and east-wind holidays (*Mr. Punch shivers*), and LORD JOHN'S Poor Little Bill, which is aptly described above, was hinted up-stairs by MR. MASSEY. This gentleman is a Liberal, and M. P. for Salford, and Chairman of Ways and Means, and he gave notice that after the second reading of the Bill he should move that it be referred to a Select Committee. What the aggravated Parent thought of this proposition for getting rid of his objectionable Pet, will be seen in *Mr. Punch's* record of what passed on Friday night in answer to MR. JAMES. Nobody will say that the wretched little infant has not been well physicked, for as will be observed, it has had JAMES'S powder in one place, and a GREY powder in another.

Something very awful has been going on in the City, and the City correspondents of the papers have been alluding to it most mysteriously, and with the immense expenditure of circumbendibus which it seems the proper thing to use when monetary transactions are being mentioned. It would be entirely beneath the dignity of pecuniary history to say "GURNEY'S, the discounting Quaker's, is offended

with the Bank of England, and has been collecting no end of £1000 notes, and suddenly making the Bank fork out uncommon," and we have had vast and portentous paragraphs hinting and insinuating, and all that sort of thing. Mammon's name is not to be lightly played with. What the use of this mystification is, *Mr. Punch* is utterly ignorant. The City folks know all about the business without being told, and if it be intended to inform other than City folks, why not be explicit? To-night MR. ALDERMAN SALOMONS gave notice that he should ask MR. GLADSTONE about it, and did so on Thursday, when the C. of the X. said that he had been talking to the parties, and the Quaker house considered that it had a perfect right to do as it pleased. As it is MR. GLADSTONE'S business, he being Government, to see that the interests of the public are protected, and as he did not say that he had ordered the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to get GURNEY'S executed on Tower Hill, we presume that nothing wrong has been done, though the object seems to have been to serve the Bank out. The *Times*, however, recalls a case in which somebody else once did something of the kind, and came to remarkable grief, at the hands of law, and if Commerce is at once the delicate and important thing mercantile folks call it, there may be a question how far Banks of England or Discount Houses have a right, as good citizens, to cause perturbation in the money market.

The whole of the night was taken up with discussions connected with or arising upon the Navy Estimates. SIR H. LEEKE stated that the sailors did not wish to see the Cat entirely done away with, and that they occasionally requested Captains to flog the bad men among them. Even if this be true, it is something new for legislative swells to go to common sailors for advice as to the management of the Navy; a remark which *Mr. Punch* trusts will stop that Leak from letting in nonsense for the



THE PLAGUE OF THE HOUSE.

JOHN BULL. "OH, TAKE THAT LITTLE BRAT OF YOURS 'UP-STAIRS,' MRS. RUSSELL!"

future. Now, Ladies, if you please, attention. The Census is going to be taken again, so make up your minds how old you mean to assert yourselves to be. You had better, if possible, remember, or find out, how old you called yourselves Ten years ago, and on the whole it may be prudent, as a general rule, not to write yourselves down very much younger now than you said you were in 1851. Recollect, the officials will be able to refer to your former statements, and you will not look exactly pleased, dear ANGELINA, when EDWIN is called upon to explain why, as Head of the Family, he has declared you to have been 35 in 1851 and 29 in 1861. *Mr. Punch*, ever woman's truest friend, is thus early with his affectionate warning. MR. CLIVE brought in the Census Bill this evening.

Tuesday. Such of the Lords as were not too tired, after seeing the Fight (which took place this morning near Farnborough, when SIR THOMAS DE SAYERS and the COUNT DE BENICIA bravely battled for two hours and twenty minutes in presence of Dukes, Lords, Members of Parliament, Officers, "Authors, Poets, Painters, Doctors, and Clergymen"), met and read, a second time, the Bill for improving the Divorce Court. The arrears are heavy, for out of 539 cases only 177 have been disposed of. It is proposed to give SIR CRESSWELL power to do more of the work single-handed. LORD REDESDALE talked some bosh about the new system having done much to diminish respect for the institution of marriage, an allegation which he supported by stating that people made jokes about divorce, and that comic allusions were made to it in the theatres. *Punch* never argues with a Pump. But LORD REDESDALE is a mighty hunter. Does he think that the British veneration for the institution of fox-hunting is diminished because at the theatre people roar at the feats of the basket-work horses? He can understand *that* query, one would hope.

The Commons seem to have tired themselves with going to the Fight, for they sat for little more than an hour. MR. HADFIELD interpellated (a handsome long word that) SIR G. C. LEWIS about the encounter, and was gravely told, that if the battle had been fought, of which SIR GEORGE had no official knowledge, it must have taken place beyond the jurisdiction of the metropolitan police, and he did not know whether the county police had been present or not. Later, we presume, SIR GEORGE bought a copy of the extra edition of *Bell's Life*, and got up the details in time to shine on the subject at dinner. For there has seldom been so much fighting talk in fashionable circles as to-night, probably never so much since the news came of another conflict, whereof TOMMY MOORE wrote:—

"O shade of the Cheesemonger, you who, alas,
Doubled up, by the dozen, those Mounseers in brass,
On that great day of milling, when blood lay in lakes,
When Kings held the bottle, and Europe the stakes."

Wednesday. MR. COLLIER'S Bill for making it unlawful to convey voters to the poll was debated, and the debate adjourned. *Mr. Punch* has a notion that gentlemen of property do not like this interference with making their long purses useful in a contest. They talk very kindly and decorously, of course, about the hardship of disfranchising the poorer voter who cannot afford to hire a conveyance. A new green tint has just been discovered and is making a sensation, but *Mr. Punch* is justified in stating that the discovery was not made in his eye. The Bill for Elevating the lawyers was read a second time by 191 to 29, numbers which show the influence the fraternity has in the House. The Bill has some good points, especially educational provisions, but some precious bad ones, for it will let in attorneys who have not been articulated, and will allow the profession to charge interest on their inf—on their bills of costs. A Bill for letting Jews into Parliament in a more brief and civil manner than now, was read a second time by 117 to 75; but if we know the titled descendants of *Front de Boeuf Alamode* and his contemporaries, they will retain this last little bit of unpleasantness for the posterity of *Isaac of York*.

Thursday. The Descendants above mentioned held a Reform Bill Debate. They have taken the Bull, or rather Bill, by the horns, and mean, if possible, to make them the horns of a dilemma. EARL GREY moved for a Select Committee to inquire what increase would be made in the number of electors by reducing the franchise, and what sort of folks, socially considered, would come in, and to investigate, generally, Election matters, specially inquiring in what way the elections for huge constituencies are managed, and by what kind of *clique*. He made no secret of his wanting this information to enable him to deal with the coming Reform Bill, as the present returns were good for nothing, and at least twice as many new votes would be created as LORD JOHN RUSSELL had supposed. LORD GREY declared himself opposed to extension of the franchise, probably thinking that his father had done enough in that line. The DUKE OF ARGYLL defended the returns, but would not oppose the motion provided that it did not mean a shelving of the Reform Bill. He had the candour (and *Mr. Punch* hereby pats the Golden-haired on his Ducal head) to bear testimony to the merits of MR. DISRAELI'S Reform Bill, which was destroyed, not on those merits, but in a party fight. LORD DERBY came out strong, condemned a good deal of the Poor Little Bill, and announced that, though he should regret to have to put it to death, he

should feel it his painful duty to try to do so, if it came up in its present form. It was two Uns and a Nin,—that is to say, Unsatisfactory, Unstatesmanlike, and Inconclusive. It was designed to give power to those whom it had been sought to persuade that the upper classes were their enemies. LORD GRANVILLE undertook that the Government returns should be defended in Committee. The Select Committee was appointed.

In the Commons, MR. HORSMAN delivered another pitch into the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH AND SAVOYARDS, and also into LORD JOHN RUSSELL, and MR. DUFF abused LORD COWLEY. LORD JOHN rebuked HORSMAN, and said that if Government were let alone they would manage everything properly, and LORD PALMERSTON and his private secretary flared up for COWLEY. PAM always stands by his friends, like a man. So does *Mr. Punch*, upon similar but infinitely grander grounds, for to be the friend of *Mr. Punch* argues a person to be possessed (like a Freemason) of every Social and Moral Virtue, and also to have Genius, Elegance, and a taste for the best cigars. The rest of the Navy Estimates were taken, and then came short debates, on various subjects, each discussion ending in a row over the question of adjournment, finally performed at two in the morning of

Friday. Lots of petitions against the Sunday peripatetic Bawlers and Yelpers, and then a good little bit of fun. LORD NORMANBY had given notice of a motion virtually censuring LORD COWLEY about his private correspondence with LORD JOHN RUSSELL on the Savoy business. LORD COWLEY, who had no notion of letting his reputation be pawed and pulled about by the antiquated fribble, starts from Paris to be ready to confront him, and NORMANBY states that his intended victim is "now at Calais." "Is he, by Jove!" says LORD GRANVILLE, reading out a telegram from Dover, announcing that COWLEY is there, and coming on by the next train. So LORD NORMANBY has to postpone his motion until LORD COWLEY'S arrival, and meantime protests that he really did not mean any particular censure. If, after taking the trouble to come all that way in this abominable weather to wop NORMANBY, COWLEY does not give it him hot and hot, he had better have stopped in Paris, as the idea of its being necessary for him or anybody else to defend himself from NORMANBY'S ludicrous onslaught is out of the question. He had, later in the sitting, to retract and apologise for another of the heap of charges the cackling old party has brought against Italian gentlemen.

In the Commons, among the usual mass of petitions, some were amusing. Wretched Welsh villages, with unpronounceable names, petitioned against the Wine Licences Bill—places where there has probably never been a drop of wine drunk in sociality since the day when the Welsh language was created, at the Confusion of Tongues, by a trowel full of the Babel mortar falling into the upturned and open mouth of a bricklayer, whose splutter of wrath and dismay became the Welsh as now spoken. CAPTAIN GORDON gave a notice that the House had no sound information on which to go reforming. MR. MILLER complained that boys were sent to prison for playing games in the streets, and the HOME SECRETARY, submitting that it was rather a bore to have your valuable horse thrown down by an iron hoop, or your valuable eye poked out by a tip-cat, wished he could whip the boys instead of locking them up, but feared the law did not recognise the birch. As for old Smithfield, there seems a muddled title to it, and a compromise has been made; a portion of the site is to be a dead meat market, but the portion belonging to the Crown is to be "dedicated to the general purposes of the public."

More fun about the Fight.—MR. EWART admitted but deplored the interest taken in the matter, and wanted to know what power the law had to deal with such doings. MR. VINCENT SCULLY, under pretence of denouncing the business, explained in the height of glory and joy, that SAYERS, HEENAN, and MR. MORRISEY (who beat HEENAN in America) were all of Irish origin. The HOME SECRETARY was evidently much amused, but stated with extreme precision the grounds on which some persons uphold the ring, remarked that he had no doubt that a fight was unlawful, but that it was not the habit of Government to prosecute such offenders, though it was open to the local authorities to do so if they liked. Our classical HOME SECRETARY clearly has no malice against our DARES and ENTELLUS.

To MR. JAMES, demanding what Government meant to do in reference to MR. MASSEY'S motion, LORD JOHN replied that he should oppose it, of course, considering it as intended to destroy the Reform Bill.

The QUEEN'S Proclamation, recommending her subjects to be Pious and Virtuous, is to be revised, *Mr. Punch* presumes in accordance with the necessities of the times, which make it difficult for anybody, except himself, to be either. The Paper Duty Repeal went through Committee, as did part of the Customs Bill; and MR. SAM SLICK gave MR. GLADSTONE a great scolding for alleged ill-treatment of British North America, where, he said, there were 3,000,000 of highly superior people, whose representations were utterly despised by those who desired to give votes to "the unrepresented rabble of England." MR. GLADSTONE protested his innocence, and the rejection of an amendment by the Clockmaker wound up the week.

STREET BOY (*fortissimo*). "Who Shot the Dog!"

A SERMON IN A STONE.

NEAR Turbia and Mentone, which will form the new frontier of France, when Nice is annexed—ran the boundary of the territory won by AUGUSTUS from the Ligurian mountaineers. A trophy was erected on the spot, with a Latin inscription, commemorating and marking the limits of Roman Conquest.

Mr. Punch would humbly suggest that this trophy should now be restored in honour of another EMPEROR—the modern AUGUSTUS—LOUIS NAPOLEON, and begs to propose for it the following inscription:—

HOC TROPEUM
DIVO IMP: AUGUSTO OLIM DICATUM
NAPOLEON TERTIUS FRANCIE IMP:
SIBI SUISQUE
OB FINES GALLICOS
USQUE AD TURBIAM TURBANDO
MENTONEM MENTIENDO
PROVECTOS.
D. D. D.

The "Entente Cordiale."

SIR ROBERT, who has recently been looking rather deeply into the measures of the EMPEROR, says that the above "cordial" is at present anything but "*parfait amour*." In fact, he doubts whether it is a cordial at all—of late it has been nothing but a species of bitters.

INFALLIBLE ARGUMENTS.



CRITICISMS of the POPE'S Bull, our contemporary, the *Tablet*, is very wroth with you. Roman Catholics in general are terribly offended by any ridicule of their persuasions. This is a peculiarity which they share with Mesmerists, Spirit-Rappers, and Astrologers, and not with philosophers and men of science. A chemist is not angry with a shallow public for laughing at any wonderful discovery which he may happen to publish. The derisive incredulity of ignorance does not vex an astronomer when the marvels of the visible heavens which he dis-

closes are received with smiles. Men who know that what they say is true can afford to be laughed at. Men whose belief is mainly sentimental, if it is made fun of, get into a rage.

Why do not such good Catholics as the writers in the *Tablet* weep for the poor silly sinners who scoff at the Papal Excommunication? If such wretches are out of the pale of their charity, why do they not treat them with contempt? Why pour vials of idle wrath upon their devoted heads? Why not be content to asperse them with holy water?

After abusing the scorners of Infallibility's anathema, the *Tablet* proceeds to enumerate certain personages who incurred it, and thus relates how they experienced its fulfilment:—

"The Empire passed out of the House of Barbarossa, to the family of Hapsbourg: LOUIS OF BAVARIA never obtained it. PHILIP THE FAIR did not prosper, his family became extinct in less than thirty years, and the throne of France passed to the House of Valois. HENRY THE EIGHTH had no legitimate grandchild to succeed him, and the first Emperor left no successor in the modern empire of the French. These men were all excommunicated by the Sovereign Pontiff, and their memory is in execration to this day."

As to HENRY THE EIGHTH, his memory is cherished by numerous Englishmen, who fondly denominate him "Bluff KING HAL." Those Britons who do execrate his memory in general, revere precisely so much of it as regards his defiance of the POPE. As to that eminent murderer, robber, and liar, the first NAPOLEON, nobody execrates his memory but a few thinking men; the greater part of the world calls that monster of wickedness, NAPOLEON THE GREAT, and the French worship him for his crimes. What sort of a heavenly vengeance is the passage of sovereign power from one house to another—a calamity which befel the STUARTS, by the way, and is, by Protestant zealots, regarded as Heaven's revenge against Popery. What divine punishment is non-accession to a throne; and what is the extinction of a line in thirty or in any number of years? The former calamity has befallen no end of princes; and the latter has just overtaken the Catholic EARLS OF SHREWSBURY.

VICTOR EMMANUEL and LOUIS NAPOLEON will doubtless meet with reverses. If they had received the papal benediction, any misfortune which might happen to them would be represented by the *Tablet* as a divine favour. Now they have been excommunicated, or are supposed to be, the *Tablet* will set down all the troubles which they may encounter, to divine displeasure. They will both die some day; if soon, the *Tablet* will ascribe their death to the POPE'S curse; if at a good old age they depart this life, our Catholic contemporary will asseverate that excommunication has smitten them in the other. Thus it must be manifest that no earthly contingency can ever confute the POPE.

National Spirit of the Licensed Witlers.

THOSE disinterested gentlemen, whose patriotism is as unadulterated as their porter, oppose the Wine Refreshment Bill, on purely national grounds. They declare that their opposition is entirely *pro bono publico*—and we believe them, for it is exclusively "for the benefit of the Public;" only it must be clearly understood that the Public in this instance means the Public-house.

A DUMMY IDEA.

THE question "What is a Boy?" which has been raised by a preceptor, naturally suggests the corresponding inquiry, "What is a Girl?" The answer is obvious. A girl is a female framework supporting an extension of clothes.

THE FIGHT OF SAYERIUS AND HEENANUS.

A LAY OF ANCIENT LONDON.

(Supposed to be recounted to his Great-Grand-children, April 17th, A.D. 1920, by an Ancient Gladiator.)

CLOSE round my chair, my children,
And gather at my knee,
The while your mother poureth
The Old Tom in my tea;
The while your father quaffeth
His meagre Bordeaux wine,—
'Twas not on such potations
Were reared these thews o' mine.
Such drinks came in the very year
—Methinks I mind it well—
That the great fight of HEENANUS
With SAYERIUS befell.
These knuckles then were iron;
This biceps like a cord;
This fist shot from the shoulder
A bullock would have floored.
CRAWLEIUS his Novice,
They used to call me then,
In the Domus Savilliana,
Among the sporting men.
There, on benefit occasions,
The gloves I oft put on,
Walking round to show my muscles
When the set-to was done;
While ringing in the arena
The showered denarii fell,
That told CRAWLEIUS, Novice
Had used his mauleys well.
'Tis but some sixty years since
The times whereof I speak,
And yet the words I'm using
Will sound to you like Greek.
What know ye, race of milksops,
Untaught of the P. R.,
What stopping, lunging, countering,
Fibbing, or rallying are?
What boots to use the *lingo*,
When you have not the *thing*?
How paint to you the glories
Of BELCHER, CRIBB, or SPRING,—
To you, whose sire turns up his eyes
At mention of the Ring?

Yet, in despite of all the jaw
And gammon of the time,
That brands the art of self-defence
—Old England's art—as crime,
From off mine ancient memories
The rust of time I'll shake.
Your youthful bloods to quicken
And your British pluck to wake.
I know it only slumbers;
Let cant do what it will,
The British bull-dog *will* be
The British bull-dog still.
Then gather to your grandsire's knee,
The while his tale is told,
How SAYERIUS and HEENANUS
Milled in the days of old.

The Beaks and Blues were watching,
Agog to stop the Mill,
As we gathered to the station
In the April morning chill.
By twos and threes, by fours and tens,
To London Bridge we drew;
For we had had the office,
That were good men and true;
And, saving such, the place of fight
Was ne'er a man that knew.
From east and west, from north and south,
The London Fancy poured,
Down to the sporting Cabman,
Up to the sporting Lord.
From the Horse-Shoe in Titchfield Street,
Sharp OWEN SWIFT was there;

Old PETER left the Rising Sun,
All in the street of Air;
LANGHAM forsook his beer-taps,
With nobby ALEC REED;
And towering high above the crowd
Shone BEN CAUNT's fragrant weed.
Nor only fighting covies,
But sporting swells besides,—
Dukes, Lords, M. P.s, and Guardsmen,
With county beaks for guides;
And tongues that sway our Senators,
And hands the pen that wield,
Were cheering on the champions
Upon that morning's field.

At last the bell is ringing,
The engine puffs amain,
And through the dark towards Brighton
On shrieks the tearing train;
But turning off where Reigate
Unites her clustering lines,
By poultry-haunted Dorking
A devious course it twines;
By Wotton, Shier, and Guildford,
Across the winding Wey,
Till by heath-girded Farnborough
Our doubling course we stay,
Where Aldersholt lay snoring
All in the morning grey,
Nor dreamed the Camp what combat
Should be fought here to-day!

The stakes are pitched, the ropes are tied,
The men have ta'en their stand;
HEENANUS wins the toss for place,
And takes the eastward hand.
CUSICCIUS and MACDONALDUS
Upon the BOY attend;
SAYERIUS owns BRUNTONUS,
And JIM WELSHIUS for friend.
And each upon the other now
A curious eye may throw,
As from the seconds' final rub
In buff at length they show,
And from their corners to the scratch
Move stalwartly and slow.

Then each his hand stretched forth to grasp,
His foemen's fives in friendly clasp;
Each felt his balance trim and true,—
Each up to square his mauleys threw;
Each tried his best to draw his man—
The feint, the dodge, the opening plan,
Till left and right SAYERIUS tried;
HEENANUS' grin proclaimed him wide;
He shook his nut, a lead essayed,
Nor reached SAYERIUS' watchful head.
At length each left is sudden flung,
We heard the ponderous thud,
And from each tongue the news was rung,
SAYERIUS hath "First blood!"
Adown HEENANUS' Roman nose
Freely the tell-talc claret flows,
While stern SAYERIUS' forehead shows
That in the interchange of blows
HEENANUS' aim was good!
Again each iron mauley swung,
And loud the counter-hitting rung,
Till breathless all, and wild with blows,
Fiercely they grappled for a close;
A moment in close hug they swing
Hither and thither, round the ring,
Then from HEENANUS' clinch of brass
SAYERIUS, smiling, slips to grass!

I trow mine ancient breath would fail
To follow through the fight,
Each gallant round's still changing tale,
Each feat of left and right.
How through two well-spent hours and more,
Through bruise, and blow, and blood,
Like sturdy bulldogs, as they were,
Those well-matched heroes stood.
How nine times in that desperate Mill
HEENANUS, in his strength,
Knocked stout SAYERIUS off his pins,
And laid him all at length;

But how in each succeeding round
SAYERIUS smiling came,
With head as cool, and wind as sound,
As his first moment on the ground,
Still confident, and game.
How from HEENANUS' sledge-like fist,
Striving a smasher to resist,
SAYERIUS' stout right arm gave way,
Yet the maim'd hero still made play,
And when in-fighting threatened ill,
Was nimble in out-fighting still,
Did still his own maintain—
In mourning put HEENANUS' glims;
Till blinded eyes and helpless limbs,
The chances squared again.
How blind HEENANUS in despite
Of bleeding mug and waning sight
So gallantly kept up the fight,
That not a man could say
Which of the two 'twere wise to back,
Or on which side some random crack
Might not decide the day:
And leave us—whoso won the prize,—
Victor and vanquished, in all eyes,
An equal meed to pay.

Two hours and more the fight had sped,
Near unto ten it drew,
But still opposed—one-armed to blind,—
They stood, the dauntless two.
Ah, me, that I have lived to hear
Such men as ruffians scorned,
Such deeds of valour brutal called,
Canted, preached down, and mourned!
Ah, that these old eyes ne'er again
A gallant Mill shall see!
No more behold the ropes and stakes,
With colours flying free!
But I forget the combat—
How shall I tell the close,
That left the Champion's Belt in doubt
Between those well-matched foes?
Fain would I shroud the tale in night,—
The meddling Blues that thrust in sight,—
The ring-keepers o'erthrown;—
The broken ring,—the cumbered fight,—
HEENANUS' sudden, blinded flight,—
SAYERIUS pausing, as he might,
Just when ten minutes used aright
Had made the fight his own!

Alas! e'en in those brighter days
We still had Beaks and Blues,—
Still, canting rogues, their mud to fling
On self-defence and on the Ring,
And fistic arts abuse!
And 'twas such varmint had the power
The Champion's fight to stay,
And leave unsettled to this hour
The honours of the day!
But had those honours rested
Divided as was due,
SAYERIUS and HEENANUS
Had cut the Belt in two.

And now my fists are feeble,
And my blood is thin and cold,
But 'tis better than Old Tom to me
To recall those days of old.
And may you, my great-grandchildren,
That gather round my knee,
Ne'er see worse men or iller times
Than I and mine might be,
Though England then had prize-fighters—
Even reprobates like me.

A Blessing to Reporters.

A DEPUTATION waited on MR. MILNER GIBSON to complain of the fraudulent system of "short-lengths" as practised in the cotton trade. We wish that Honourable Members, when they are spinning long yarns in Parliament, would be equally guilty of "short-lengths."



Constance (literary). "HAVE YOU READ THIS ACCOUNT OF 'THE MILL ON THE FLOSS,' DEAR?"

Edith (literal). "NO, INDEED, I HAVE NOT; AND I WONDER THAT YOU CAN FIND ANYTHING TO INTEREST YOU IN THE DESCRIPTION OF A DISGUSTING PRIZE-FIGHT!"

A MAJOR EXCOMMUNICATION.

Know all men, that we, *Punch*, being utterly inundated with punning paragraphs, ringing the changes on Savoy cabbage, Savoy greens, Savoy cake, Nice and nephew, Nice and nasty, &c. &c., hereby proclaim that the said puns, and all of their respective families,—being utterly effete, worn out, used up, and worn threadbare,—are hereby and for ever outlawed, banished the realm, denied all privilege of pun, and excommunicate, and that none of our correspondents shall make, or still more, forward, or otherwise act, aid, or abet in making or forwarding the same, on pain of the pains and penalties, in case of such outlawry and excommunication as aforesaid, made and provided.

Given from our Editorial Chair, at our Palace of Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the present month of April, 1860.

Sayers and Doers.

FRANK LESLIE the layers
On HEENAN assures,
He'd have easy smashed *Sayers*,
If unbacked by *doers*.

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

We see a fashionable *coiffeur* is advertising "Wigs made by machinery." Of course, this genius will bequeath the invention to his children as a "hair-loom?"

ANCIENT PISTOL'S PRIMER.—Annex, the wise call it: Steal! foh, a fico for the phrase.

AN HONEST ADVERTISEMENT.

"HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?"—"Dear me, what news? That QUEEN ANNE is dead?"—"Nay, I did not mean a jest."—"You refer, then, to the unexampled combat between MESSRS. SAYERS and HEENAN?"—"That, indeed, is matter of public interest, but I do not at the moment allude to that remarkable conflict."—"Perhaps, then, I understand my friend to be about to mention the reported illness of the Great Salamander of Japan?"—"Your friend is happy to tell you, that the report is unfounded, and that there is no probability of the Royal and delightful Zoological Gardens being deprived of one of the most extraordinary additions to their unrivalled attractions."—"You pique my curiosity, yet surely, in the nineteenth century, there must be many themes of excitement, and I will guess again."—"Do so."—"Has the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH suddenly changed the fashions of her Court, abolished the crinoline, and reverted to the classics?"—"Twere a consummation devoutly to be wished; but no such news has been forwarded through MR. REUTER."—"Do you design to mention that curious *fracas* at Her Majesty's Theatre, and the proof it affords that a gentleman may be a good judge of music, and yet—"—"Nay, let such small game escape the snare of the fowler."—"I am nearly at my wits' end."—"I had not thought that walk so short, my friend."—"Speak you of my LORD EGLINTON's denial that he was at the Farnborough Tournament?"—"No; is it of such mighty moment where my LORD EGLINTON may amuse himself?"—"Mean you that the accomplished young poet who inherits the name and talents of BULWER LYTTON has issued a new volume of poems?"—"May it be as charming as the *Wanderer*; but it is not to LUCILE that I allude."—"Is it that ANTHONY TROLLOPE, the admirable novelist, is appointed one of the Commissioners for inquiring into the working of the Post Office?"—"It is well; he is a man of—ha, ha!—*letters*,—ha, ha!—and has done so much justice to three clerks that he may be trusted with the rest; but you have not hit it."—"Friend of my soul, this goblet sip, and, believe me, I am now knocked into the middle of next week."—"Ha! you are very near the mark."—"I give up, notwithstanding."—"Then know that the well-known periodical called ONCE A WEEK is henceforth enlarged to Thirty-Two Pages."—"Indeed, you astonish me! It was already one of the most extraordinarily cheap publications in the world, when you consider the brilliancy of the literature and the beauty of the illustrations."—"You are right, but this remission of the Paper Duty enables the conductors to make the boon to the public still larger."—"The price the same as now?"—"The same—Three Pence."—"This is indeed good news."—"But there is a cloud, or shall I say a *nuance*, on the brow of

my friend."—"Nay, not so serious; yet I would ask why this is proclaimed in *Punch*? Are not the proprietary interests in both publications in some degree—?"—"What should have been done?"—"Why not do as others do—send little puff paragraphs round the country—have hints, and casual references of admiration, and allusions in articles on other subjects—surely this bold-faced Puff, in *Punch* itself, is somewhat audacious."—"No doubt. But inasmuch as it is the very best advertisement in the whole universal world, *Mr. Punch* is happy to accord it to *Once a Week*."—"No one but *Mr. Punch* would be capable of so truly grand an act."—"Indeed you are right, my friend, wherefore let us liquor."

FRENCH FASHIONS OF SPEECH.

EVER since BONAPARTE, the other day, called Tuscany an "autonomy," the Continental press has kept repeating that word, which is now getting tiresome from its continual recurrence. Every beggarly little district in Europe that manages its own affairs in any measure, is dignified with the name of an "autonomy." We hope that we shall not have our own native tongue infected with this affectation of French Greek nomenclature. We trust that our glorious Marylebone Vestry will persevere in terming the great principle of their constitution, which they are ready to die for, if necessary, local self-government, and not exchange that orthodox parochialism for such an un-English expression as "topical autonomy."

An Astonishing Boy.

JUST published is the second edition of a book under the title of *What is a Boy?* written by THOMAS MORELL BLACKIE, Master of Chipping-hill School. "What is a Boy?" MR. BLACKIE may flatter himself that he knows, but MR. HEENAN, the Benicia Boy, could let him know better, and enlighten him considerably on that point, though at the same time blinding and darkening him, by bunging up and blacking the eye of BLACKIE.

French in English.

IDEA.—The object for which France goes to war. A geographical expression. Savoy. Nice. Probably the Rhine Provinces.

NATURAL BOUNDARIES.—The limits of French ambition. The Universe. See IDEA.



VENDOR OF DELICACIES. "Made yer ill, have they? Then it's coss yer ain't accustomed to 'igh livin'."

THE NEW ROGUE'S MARCH.

AIR—"See the Conquering Hero Comes."

OPEN thy gate, O Newgate, let a new Rogue in,
Big as e'er went through gate—one of REDPATH'S kin;
For the great offender gape, thou prison door,
Here, in pomp and splendour, comes one Scoundrel more.

Robbing his employers, is this Rascal's crime—
Famous case for lawyers, villany sublime;
Theft, imagination, whose amount astounds,
Near, by computation, three hundred thousand pounds!

After gain he lusted, lured by gain alone,
He was greatly trusted—better far than known;
How those men were dozing passes all belief,
Confidence reposing in so grand a thief.

Hide, you knaves inferior, your diminished heads,
Bow to your superior—kiss the ground he treads.
What are you before him, frisking tills and clies?
Grovel and adore him, prigs of smaller size.

Blush for your offences, burglars at the crank,
Thinking how immense his pillage of the Bank;
Shamed by his large plunder, convicts of the Road,
Trip the treadmill under guilt of lighter load.

Felons, hail your greater; trumpets sound, and drums
Beat before the traitor; lo, he comes, he comes!
Glorious music make him, *Rogue's March*, noble air,
Take ye then, oh, take him, turnkeys to your care.

Lost Naval Mutton.

It may be difficult to conceive anything in common between gunboats and sheep, for a gunboat is different from even a steam-ram. Nevertheless, most of our gunboats and some of our sheep resemble each other in having got the rot.

WHAT THE "MORNING STAR" THINKS OF THE "MORNING ADVERTISER."—"The blatant organ of evangelicism and dram-drinking."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

APRIL 24, *Monday*. COWLEY from Paris, entered the ring at five o'clock, to the immense disgust of NORMANBY, who, however, was obliged to fight, though there was so little confidence in him that he could not even get a second. He advanced to COWLEY, cackled foolishly, and struck out feebly, never getting home once. COWLEY let him go on at this sort of thing for some time, and then went at him, drew claret, followed him up, and, hitting out straight, completely floored him, amid loud cheers. GRANVILLE interposed, chaffed poor NORMANBY a little upon his imbecile love of provoking stronger men than himself, and there was an end to the affair. MALMESBURY declared that COWLEY had shown himself one of the right sort, but abused JOHN RUSSELL, who could not be there. NORMANBY picked himself up, grumbling, and the assembly dispersed. COWLEY was so little hurt that he went off by special train the same night to Dover, and next morning crossed to Boulogne in the new mail packet *John Penn*, "in a fresh breeze and swell," in 97 minutes. NORMANBY'S friends ought to prevent him from making such exhibitions of himself.

In the Commons, MR. MASSEY said that as LORD JOHN RUSSELL took the intended motion for a Select Committee on the Reform Bill so much to heart, it should not be pressed. The debate on the Second Reading was resumed by MR. EDWIN JAMES, who, being a supporter of Government, pitched into the Bill in every way, and insisted upon his grand point, namely, that thousands on thousands of votes, in addition to those calculated on by LORD JOHN RUSSELL, would be created. MR. HARDY pointed out the double-faced nature of the Bill, which was alternately declared to be much too large and much too small. Then up got SIR GEORGE LEWIS, Home Secretary, to do his best for the Bill, and he successfully established the following propositions.

First. That LORD JOHN RUSSELL, at all events, knows nothing about the numerical question, and had made a blunder (in SIR GEORGE'S judgment) to the extent of about 50,000 votes.

Secondly, that the Bill doubles the existing number of Voters, SIR GEORGE himself stating the increase to be something under 400,000.

Thirdly, that MR. EDWIN JAMES has enraged the Ministry in the

most awful manner, and much improved his chances of receiving the Solicitor-Generalship at their hands.

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU drew an ugly picture of the sort of American assembly he believed the House would become if the Bill passed, which vaticination was simply nonsense. LORD ROBERT CECIL urged the more sensible objection, that it was dangerous to entrust the power of taxation to the uneducated, who would naturally say, as women do: "Stuff and nonsense about direct and indirect; the rich have plenty of money, and ought to pay for the poor who haven't." Of the two BOB, therefore, *Mr. Punch* nails the first to the counter, and passes the second. MR. MONCKTON MILNES admitted that there was no noise about Reform, and that the beating of the people's own hearts was all the sound we heard, but he thought those hearts were set on an extension of the franchise. He condemned the exclusion of the educational qualification. MR. PEACOCKE spread out a handsome tale about eminent men who distinguished themselves as members for small boroughs, but became mere delegates when returned for large places. MR. THOMSON had studied the Seasons for political change, and thought this was one of them. MR. NEWDEGATE warned the Lords against passing the Bill, unless more power were given to the counties, which would be swamped by the boroughs.

There was an adjournment squabble, utterly beneath *Mr. Punch's* notice, but for his having received the following telegrams:—

TORYDOM IS IN REVOLT AGAINST KING DISRAELI II.

BENTINCK PRETENDS TO THE THRONE.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW HAS PRONOUNCED AGAINST THE KING.

Fearful scenes are expected, and an indication of the rebellion (for a straw—one of those of which BENTINCK is made—will, if thrown up, show the way of the wind) might have been noted to-night, when MR. DISRAELI said, that those with whom he acted would not divide against the Bill, and MR. BENTINCK, supposed to be one of "those," rose and protested against any such compact, and said that he and his friends were not going to be bound by any arrangement between the front benches. The debate was adjourned. *Mr. Punch* recommends the

foolish country gentlemen to mind what they are about, and not quarrel with their master.

PUNCH'S ADDRESS TO HIS TORIES.

"Dull men, in the country bred,
Dolts, whom DIZ has often led,
If you lose your daring Head,
Farewell victory.

Twice you've seen the day and hour,
When he dragged you into power;
That's a grape you'll long find sour,
If unhelpt by D.

Who's to lead you? HENLEY grave?
Classic LYTTON, WHITESIDE brave?
WALPOLE, victim to the Shave?
Where's your man but B.?

Who creates the promptest raw,
PAM himself dares strongly jaw,
GLADSTONE'S figures, BETHELL'S law,
Treats contemptuously?

Lay such pumps as BENTINCK low,
Close your ranks in sturdy row,
Will you lose your Chieftain? No.
Vive DISRAELI!

At least, if they mean to show any sport for the future, and not be a mere grumbling, growling, protesting lot, hindering a little but never acting, the Party will think twice before yielding to the arrogant, aristocratic, asinine jealousy that always sets itself against a leader whose name is not in the Peerage. However, it is their business, not *Mr. Punch's*, who occasionally finds them worth licking while they have a Head, but will have only to laugh at them in the absence of that article.

Tuesday. The Lords read, a second time, LORD CAMPBELL'S Bill for infusing a little Equity into Law. The old Equity men (you wouldn't think that *Mr. Punch* means Chancery men, but such is the corruption of language) do not like the change, so it may be inferred that it is for the good of the public.

The Commons debate was an *olla podrida*. MR. A. SMITH (not he of Mont Blanc) complained of the QUEEN going at low water between the sea, which is hers, and private land, which is not, and claiming a right over the intermediate space. SIR RICHARD BETHELL flared up for his Royal Mistress, and showed that, as usual, all that she had done was in the interest of the public. If SMITH wants to pick up sand eels and crabs, there is no objection to his filling his hat with them, but it is in the highest degree impertinent of him to interfere with his Sovereign. His motion for a Committee on the subject was squashed. A long Museum debate followed, everybody having views of his own about the collection. LORD PALMERSTON said it was all a question of money, and rather seemed to think that the best way would be to clear out all the stuffed creatures and the rest of the Natural History, and so leave room for articles of human manufacture. *Mr. Punch* does not entirely concur. Statues, monumental tablets, classical friezes, vases, and sarcophagi are less interesting to the masses than the study of natural history. People who are blessed with a taste for the former articles are usually also blessed with wheeled carriages, or at least with threepence to ride on the top of an omnibus, a remark which by no means applies to their humbler fellow citizens. *Argal*, keep the popular collection within reach of the people, and let the antiquities be sent elsewhere—stuck over Primrose Hill, or erected at Brompton, if there is no better place. The London Corporation Bill was read a second time, MR. AYTON delivering an awfully long speech, proving, from the history of ÆNEAS'S brother, that the Tower Hamlets ought to be part of the City of London. The Census Bill, Ladies, was also read a second time, MR. BAINES complaining that it made it necessary for a man to say what religion he professed. We dare say, dears, that you think this a much smaller grievance than your own.

Wednesday. The Law of Property Bill was discussed in a debate of great importance and extreme dryness.

Thursday. The BISHOP OF LONDON came out strong with a Bill for re-arranging benefices that are not beneficial to the people, and for carrying away churches that are useless, and putting them in more advantageous positions.

The Reform Debate was resumed in the Commons. MR. BLACK, a Liberal, abused it. SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON delivered a set oration, of great splendour, against it. MR. MARSH, as a Reformer, could not support it. SIR J. FERGUSON also attacked it. At length a speaker arose in its favour, MR. DENMAN, who praised it, and then proceeded to show its incompleteness. SIR J. WALSH attacked it as a Household Suffrage Bill; and then LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in wrath, rushed in to the rescue of his ill-used Pet, and declared it was a lovely Bill. He said MR. EDWIN JAMES'S blunder was "ludicrous;"

defended his measure on the two grounds, that it would let in a mass of the working classes, and that it wouldn't; misquoted MR. DISRAELI and was set right amid the laughter of the House; and warned people that if this Reform were not conceded we might see an Ugly Rush—not him at MADAME TUSSAUD'S, but one predicted last year by MR. HENLEY. The rebel BENTINCK then moved the adjournment of the Debate.

Friday. A neat little spar between the Puseyite LORD DUNGANNON, and the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, (who as the Honourable and Reverend MR. VILLIERS was the pet of the young ladies of Mid-London,) excited some attention, though it was only about the spiritual necessities of the diocese of Durham.

In the Commons, the Reform Bill returns were again discussed, and most of the speakers (LORD STANLEY an exception) declared them inaccurate. SIR CHARLES WOOD said, that instructions had been given to find out the names of some vulgar snobs and snobbesses from England, who lately misconducted themselves in a place of Mahometan worship at Cairo, and *Mr. Punch* pledges himself, should the parties be discovered, to make them remember their brutality. LORD JOHN RUSSELL said that there was going to be a Conference of the Eight Powers about Savoy, but its jurisdiction was infinitesimal.

Three crack speeches were delivered by MR. WHITESIDE, MR. BRIGHT, and MR. DISRAELI on the Trelawny Bill for abolishing Church-Rates, and then, on division, the Second Reading was carried by the tiny majority of 9—namely, 235 to 226. The Conservatives actually shouted for more than five minutes at this dwindling down of the usual majority, and they consider the Bill smashed, and rather expect that a few Churches will be left standing in England for a few years to come.

THE DISTURBER OF THE PEACE OF BRITISH FARMERS.

(To *Mr. Punch*.)



P wi' your shillaly, *Mr. Punch*, do, and drap well into that are MEAKEY or MECKEY, or whatever 'tis he calls his name. There's that are feller, and have a bin fur ever so long, a stickun of his self up as if 'twas o' purpus fur you to knock un down. He keeps cryun fur a crack over the head o' that there stick o' yourn—dwoant 'ee disappint un no longer. Het un a reglar good un, and kuuck un down, and as zoon as a gits up agen het un another, and then goo at un and gie un a preshus good hidun. A Cockney like he purtend to tache me my bisnus—let un mind his own, and stick to knick-knacks and knife-grindun. What can sitch a feller as that know about farmun? We must own that, one o' these days, when there's an end o' the French nation, zoords med be turned into

ploughshares, but we baint sitch fools as fur to let MECKEY persuade us as how he can change rhaazors to riphooks. Every day amost there's some owdacious whopper from that feller in the papers, layun down that the law about what we ought to do—summut as is clane unpossable and contrary to razon. This here sile's to be drained, and that there's to be doctored, which everybody knows wun't nuther on um pay fur 't arter 'tis all done, at laste in our time. We wastes this here and we neglects that there; we does all sarts o' things as we didn't ought to ha done, and we laves undone as many more as we ought to ha done, accordun to this here fault findun Alderman Varmer. He's always ather for thrustun zum new draainidge-pipes into our crops, or crammun zum fresh manoeuvre down our drooats. What's it all done fur? Nuthun else but to annoy and wurritate we. Then he prints a juggle of a ballunce-sheet to make believe he gains instead of losun by his newfangled skeams, and also to cudgel them as dwoant know no better into supposun that we be a zet of ignurnt, pigheaded, prejudist clowns and incomepopes, as dwoant know how to manidge our own consarns, and wun't larn. We baint to be blinded and bamboozed wi all that are hoke us poke us, but sitch conjurashons imposes on folks as can't zee droo um. That's how 'tis we gets laafed at, and told that our complaints is all our own fault, Guvment can't help us, but we must help ourselves; and zo 'tis we never gits no justus. Now, there. People sez, 'What

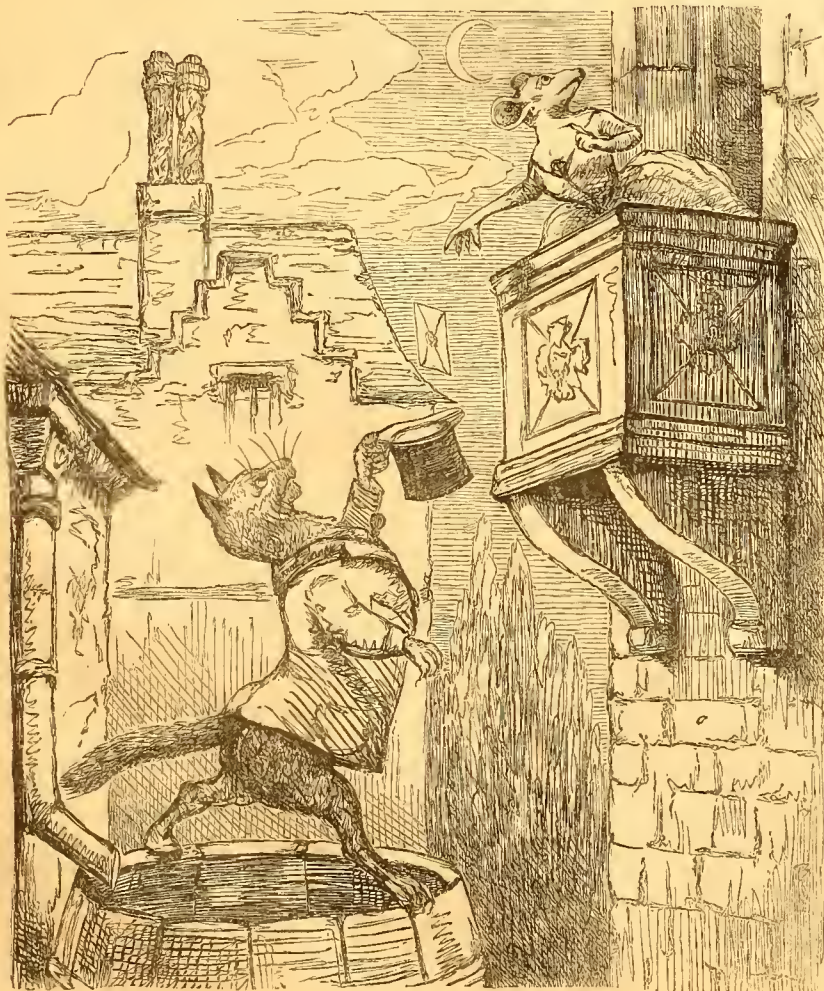
meaks you Varmers zo bitter agin Mr. MECKEY?' Why, that's why. We looks upon un as the Varmer's enemy—though a purtends to be his vrien, like the oolf in ship's clothun. Besides, it tarments a chap to goo on day arter day, week arter week, tryun to hammer and bate things into his head. Even if so be they be true 'tis pain and grief to un. It makes the head on un ache. No wonder then we Varmers be zo enradged wi MR. MECKEY. Zeveral on um, I zee, challenges of un to prove his words. What's the good o' that? Challenge un to vight wi fists—that's what I 'ood if 'twas any use to. 'Come out and take off thy quoot,' I'd zay to un, 'and now we 'll zee which is the best man and the best Varmer.' I think I could prove to un which was the cleverst hand at thrashun, any how. Or I'd play a game at kick-shins wi un are a day o' the week for a shillun. I only wish he'd come down in these parts, where I'd soon show un what farmun is, about which he don't know no more than a forrener. I'd make un ate his words—and summut else. He should rhoar loud enough to be heard all over Tiptree Farm—that is if 'twas his own dunghill as he wus a fightun on. If he ood do us the honner o' payun of us a vizzut I can assure un of a hospitable welcum. I'd gie strict orders to all the carters to be sure and leave all their hosswhips at whoam, and, whatever they did, not goo givun of un a duckun in the hosspond. We be upset wi un, I allow; sayun sitch contradichus things as he do is enuff to tire the pashunce o' JHWOOAB his self, and I 'ool confess, makes me mad. 'Sides, I tell 'ee what, Mr. Punch. We dwoant want to goo to school agin, right or wrong, and so long as MECKY keeps on tuterun and chastizun of we, I hope, Mr. Punch, you 'll punch his head, and force un to leave off tryun to drive a passle o' zience into the British Varmer's. I be, honnerd Sir, your dilidgunt and 'tentive rader and sarvant to command,

"Stoke Bovis, May, 1860.

"DAN: CUDDEN."

"P.S. There's a place up in Town as I've a heerd on, called Plough Court. Is that ere, now, one o' MR. MECKY's little farms? If 'tis, let un gie up all totlers and bide there."

A LADY'S LETTER.



"DEAR! dear! you men! What selfish things you are! Always thinking of yourselves, and studying and scheming to promote your creature comforts. I declare, Mr. Punch, it's quite shameful of you, that it is. What with your Big Ships, and your breech-loaders, and your Armstrong guns and things, there's scarcely a day passes without our hearing of your making new inventions for yourselves, and you never think of dreaming to invent us anything!

"Why there, this very morning I've just learnt of a new luxury that you've invented for yourselves, and I can't help sitting down and

asking what you mean by it. You've been getting up, I see, a 'District Telegraph Company,' by which you mean to send your messages 'to all parts of London,' at least to all parts that will be of any service to yourselves. By the card which MR. SMITH brought home last night in his pocket (he came home rather late, and so I looked at it while he was snoring at half-past eight o'clock, A.M.!! but it really is disgraceful how you idlers waste your time), I see you can send messages of ten words each, for fourpence, and to get an answer back will only cost you twopence more. But, cheap as is the price of it, of course you'll all go spending mints of money in your messaging. For you know you're just like children when you've some new plaything given you, and can't keep your hands off it for ever such a while. I expect your men of business, as you charitably call them, will go telegramming to each other a dozen times a day, and saying how things go in the West-end or the City, and whether 'Funds are firm,' or 'Ministers are shaky,' and whether 'tallow's looking better,' or 'sugar's sinking fast.' Of course, too, your men of fashion, who have nothing else to do but to walk about in *Wegent Street*, and stroke their whiskaws and moustaches, will be—aw—deuced glad of the—aw—*Distwict Telegwaphs*, as they will doubtless call them. Sending messages to fellahs will be a way of killing time, and in addition to the news that money's 'getting tight,' the message will be sent that men are going 'on the loose,' and JACK or TOM or HARRY will be telegrammed to meet them.

"No doubt you'll say, the wires will be open to the ladies as well as to the gentlemen, and that you don't mean to monopolise the use of them. But this is the most mean and paltry of excuses. Just as if we women ever wanted to send telegrams! Why, I declare at the very sight of them one gets frightened into fits, and feels sure that something dreadful must certainly have happened. Besides, you clearly don't intend the District Telegraphs for us. You've been placing all the Stations just where only men can get at them. There's not a single one at the *Soho Bazaar*, or at any other point where women most do congregate. What's the good of opening offices at your *Deptfords* and your *Docks*, if you intend that ladies are to have the use of them. Ladies don't go shopping in your *Stock Exchange*, and *Lloyds*, and your *Mark* and *Mincing Lanes*, indeed, and places that one never even heard the name of! To be of any service to us, stations should be made at all the milliners' and bonnet-shops, so that one could order them to alter one's new dress and things, without having the nuisance of going to consult about it.

"I remain, Sir, Yours despairingly,
"SOPHONISBA SMITH."

TRULY SPIRITED CAPITALISTS.

AMONG other interesting particulars of foreign intelligence, a contemporary, the other day, announced that:—

"The DUKE OF MODENA has offered his little army to the POPE. The Papal Government is trying to contract a loan of 50,000,000 fr. The ROTHSCHILDS refuse to negotiate it."

The presentation of the DUKE OF MODENA's little army to the POPE is no doubt the best investment that his Royal Grace could make of it under existing circumstances. The MESSRS. ROTHSCHILD probably could find a more profitable, or at least a more promising speculation than that of a Papal loan. But shall we suppose that the idea of lending his Holiness money was regarded by those princely capitalists as a mere question of shekels? Can we imagine them to have considered it solely with reference to the amount per cent. offered by the Pontifical Government, and the likelihood of getting it, or even of ever seeing their capital again? No; the idea of assisting, with a loan of 50,000,000 francs, the kidnapper of the little MORTARA, was doubtless viewed by the great ROTHSCHILDS with an interest quite other and higher than even cent. per cent. Could the POPE have offered tangible security, however, there are certain considerations which might, perhaps, have induced them to entertain his offer. A man in possession at the Vatican would proclaim the House of Israel avenged.

Wood and Stone.

By proceedings which have been instituted in the ecclesiastical court by MR. WESTERTON against the Hon. and REV. R. LIDDELL, it appears that, in contempt of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the stone altar at St. Barnabas, Pimlico, is still retained, together with the cross upon it. The Romanesque clergy and their parishioners seem destined to remain at cross purposes.

THE WIFE'S HELPING HAND.

AT no moment of difficulty does a husband, knowing his own utter helplessness, draw so closely to his wife's side for comfort and assistance as when he wants a button to be sewn on his shirt-collar!

MOTTO FOR A PENNY-A-LINER.—"Nulla dies sine linea."



LATE FROM THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

Minnie. "I AM READING SUCH A PRETTY TALE."

Governess. "YOU MUST SAY NARRATIVE, MINNIE—NOT TALE!"

Minnie. "YES, MA'AM; AND DO JUST LOOK AT MUFF, HOW HE'S WAGGING HIS NARRATIVE!"

JANUS.

WHEN Rome was not nearly so Pagan as now,
For even her priests had a faith in their trade,
Her people adored, with oblation and vow,
A qucer-looking God who two faces displayed.
*The old Roman temple of Janus is shut,
But Janus is here—will you look at the Cut?*

He brings us a Bill which two classes abuse,
One deeming it monstrous, one thinking it *nil*,
And Janus's dodge is the meeting both views
By swearing that each is expressed in the Bill.
*The old Roman temple of Janus is shut,
But Janus is here, as you see by the Cut.*

He says to the Tory, "How could you suppose
My Bill would give votes to the ignorant mass;
I feel with yourself that such persons are foes
To the doctrines upheld by the Governing Class."
*The old Roman temple of Janus is shut,
But Janus is here, as portrayed in our Cut.*

He says to the Democrat, "How can you deem
My Bill not a boon to the myriads who toil?
Enfranchisement's really the pith of my scheme,
So stir up the masses, and make my pot boil."
*The old Roman temple of Janus is shut,
But Janus is here, as set forth in our Cut.*

Yes, wise in his way is LORD JANUS, no doubt,
Yet Truth has been thought to be wiser than trick,
And BIFRONS may yet see his Bill flying out
Impelled by the hint of a Two-footed Kick.
*And both my LORD JANUS's mouths will be shut,
The day it departs by that very short cut.*

A NEW IRONMONGERS' HALL.

MR. PUNCH used occasionally to give his friend MR. PANIZZI a poke or two, but since the erection of that unequalled reading-room, the former has not had a word to say against the projector of such a boon. Assuredly *Mr. Punch* is not going to complain of MR. PANIZZI for doing something that has been made a grievance of. It seems that some people wanted to compile an *Ironmongers' Directory*, and so, instead of getting the other Directories, which may be had at any coffee-house, they procure tickets for their clerks, and turn these parties into the reading-room of the Museum, to copy out the names. MR. PANIZZI good-naturedly allows this for some days, but as really there is not more room than is wanted for real students, who come there for books they cannot get elsewhere, he finally suggests that the clerks might as well do their work at PEELE'S, or any similar place, as in a national library. The literary ironmongers, or their employers, are in a rage at this; but it appears to *Mr. Punch* that this is one of the cases in which the "discretion of the trustees" is properly exercised for the convenience of himself and the other great writers and students of the day. Good gracious, suppose one of these ironmongery copyists had taken the seat *He* usually occupies, which is Table number—no, Museum young ladies, mind your own reading.

Well-named.

WE observe frequent reference to a new organ of public intelligence in France, published under the very appropriate title of BULLIER'S *Correspondence*. Most of the tolerated utterances of the French Press under the present régime on the subject of England read as if they were extracts from this new organ.

THE GREATEST ANGLE OF ELEVATION.—Fishing off the top of Shakspeare's Cliff.



THE REFORM JANUS.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XIV.—PERIOD, THE REIGNS OF WILLIAM RUFUS, HENRY THE FIRST, AND STEPHEN—(CONTINUED).



THE love of novelty which marked the civil costume of this period is likewise to be noticed in the military habits, which the pencil of our artist will now help us to describe. "*Avidus novitatis est gens Anglicanus,*" writes one of the old monkish historians of the time; and what was said of the civilians might be said too of the soldiers, who, if not vain, were vane-like in their constancy of change. Their uniforms in fact were anything but uniform, and judging from their great variety of armour, we should say the army tailors had lots of work cut out for them, and like a travelling wild-beast-show driver, drove a roaring trade. We fancy hardly a day passed without something new in hauberks being shown in some shop-window, and we imagine what a rush there was to see some novel nose-piece which was said to be "on view" in the Bond Street of the time.

How the three kings* whose names we use to head this chapter armed themselves, we in a great measure may see from their great seals. But as our readers very possibly have not (like us) had the honour of receiving royal letters, perhaps they may not have inspected many of the royal seals. Of the three which we now speak of we may say, then, that the first represents KING WILLIAM RUFUS in a suit of armour, to which, without disparagement, we must apply the term of "scaly." In lieu of the nasal helmet, he wears one somewhat like a Tartar's, fitting closely to the head, and sharply pointed at the top. We find the Normans called this a *chappelle de fer*, and hence we may infer that it was made of iron; although possibly, for warmth, the lining of this *fer* cap may have been made of fur. The King carries a gonfanon, or lance, and kiteshaped shield; and excepting that he sits on horseback, his general appearance is much like that of the small boy whom we sketched from our own nursery to show the costume of the infantry in our eleventh chapter.



WILLIAM RUFUS, FROM HIS GREAT SEAL.

HENRY THE FIRST on his great seal is in a hauberk of flat rings, whereas KING STEPHEN upon his is depicted in a hauberk of rings which are set edgewise; an improvement on the flat-ringed armour in security, but a manifest impediment in point of added weight. This extra heaviness however weighed but little on his spirits, for the king, as we shall see, was quite a "merry monarch," and heavy as was his hauberk, we have no doubt he made light of it.

Another kind of mail in which about this period many male persons indulged, may be seen upon the seal of RICHARD, Constable of Chester. A mounted figure is here shown in what has been described as "tegulated" armour, it being seemingly composed of small square plates of steel, which overlap each other like *tegulae*, or tiles. From underneath the hauberk a long tunic is depicted, falling far below the feet, which are thrust forward in the stirrups so as not to get entangled in it. Whether this were so in life no one living can well say; but one's impression from the seal is, that this long tunic must have been a needless encumbrance to a horseman, hanging as it did, not unlike a lady's riding habit, excepting that it did not even serve to hide the legs.

* The reader will, we trust, not confound this regal trio with the famed "Three kings of Brentford;" though it might puzzle him more to point out who those three kings were, than to mention who they were not.

Besides these different sorts of armour several others were in use, such as the "broigned" or "trelliced," the "rustred" and the "banded:" names which



COSTUME OF A CONSTABLE, TEMP. STEPHEN. FROM THE SEAL OF RICHARD, CONSTABLE OF CHESTER.

give so accurate a notion of the fabrics that further to describe them would be clearly waste of time. Referring then the reader, if need be, to his dictionary, which will supply any deficiency in fancy on his part, we may notice that the collar of the hauberk at this period was drawn up over the mouth, and being hooked on to the nasal, gave the joke-cracker a chance for saying he had a hooked nose. Whether this arrangement interfered with respiration we are without sufficient evidence to state; but the practice must at any rate have been a hindrance in a sneezing-fit, and

snuff-takers must certainly have found it inconvenient. It is puzzling to think too how men could blow their noses when their coat-collars were hooked to them; and if the weather in KING STEPHEN'S reign were as bad as has been lately, this want of nasal access must have been a dreadful nuisance.

This custom of fastening the hauberk to the nasal being for these reasons, or other such, discarded, a couple of steel cheekpieces were added in the lieu of it. These were either fixed to and fell pendent from the helmet, or else were independent of it, and were made as a half-mask, having hooks to fasten them, and eyeholes for the eyes. The Normans called them "*ventailles*," spelt otherwise "*aventailles*," a word which has led Cox, the learned Finsbury historian, to describe them quite inaccurately as cheekguards "*avin*" tails."

Chins and cheeks and noses being thus protected, of all the face the eyes were the only parts left visible, and although they might be shut, were always open to attack. If ocular demonstration were needed to prove this, it would be found in the description of the death of HUGH the Proud, which, we need hardly tell our readers, happened on his meeting with the KING OF NORWAY, who was called MAGNUS BAREFOOT, perhaps from being a great bear. We learn from the Saga, Mag. Burf. c. 11, (a writing which of course our readers must have read), that when this Monarch led his forces against England, near the Isle of Anglesey he was met by two brave Earls, who being both named HUGH, were nicknamed for distinction HUGH THE PROUD and HUGH THE FAT. The King, like the poet, "shot an arrow in the air," while a follower of his shot one immediately following it; and as both of them were aimed at the first of the two HUGHS, while the one shaft smashed his nosepiece, the other pierced his eye, and so, says an eyewitness, "*y^e nobil Earle dyd die in y^e twynklyng of an eye.*"

In weapons at this period there was but little novelty. Lances, swords, and cross-bows still remained in use, it being found that they killed men as fast as then was wanted. In our more civilised condition we of course could not content ourselves with such small arms as these, and must keep making Whitworth guns, and such great engines of destruction. But it seems in WILLIAM RUFUS' reign, that spiffiness was thought of more account than soldiering, and the command which men obeyed with the most promptness then was "Dress!" Of course the satirists and chroniclers make sad complaint of this, and WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY upbraids the young men of the time for presenting an "unweaponed effeminate appearance:" a complaint which we may trust will soon be no more echoable, now that all our youths are getting rifles to their hands, and learning how to use them.

Before we leave this period, we should notice that the love of wearing everything too long, extended with the dandies quite from top to toe, and was carried to as great lengths on their heads as on their feet. The peaked shoes then in fashion we described in our last chapter, and have only need to add, that the soldiers sometimes wore them as well as the civilians, though how they could "stand at ease" in them it puzzles one to think. The like passion for length was shown too in their hair; fashion as is usual jumping to extremes, and the short crop of the Conqueror's time sprouting with the next reign into great luxuriance. From shaving their back hair off, the dandies took to growing it as long as they could get it; the King himself, BILL RED-HEAD, heading the new mode, and like the Daughter of the Ratcatcher appearing with his hair all dangling down his back "like bunches of carrots upon it."

EXCOMMUNICATION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The following notice has been extensively posted in Paris:—"Bull-Stickers Beware."



SNOB. "Garson! Haver-vous les hœufs?"

GARÇON. "Hein!"

SNOB. "Hein! Can't the Fellar speak his own Language?"

IRISH MELODY AND PAPAL MARCH.

AMONG the Irish news in the *Morning Post* there lately appeared the subjoined piece of characteristic intelligence:—

"PAPAL DEMONSTRATION AT ATHLONE.—The Athlone Roman Catholics have held a meeting and a banquet to sympathise with the POPE and collect money to assist in equipping the army commanded by GENERAL DE LAMORICIERE. The toast of 'That Sainly Pontiff, PIUS THE NINTH,' having been given before that of 'The QUEEN,' the band played a very inappropriate air, and the occurrence was much remarked upon at the time. This air was none other than 'See the Conquering Hero Comes.' The allusion to the POPE's position might have passed for satire, and the company were mortally offended at the accident."

It may, however, be said that "See the Conquering Hero Comes" was, under existing circumstances, an air by no means altogether unsuited to the toast. If the tune was a blunder, has not his Holiness just published a Bull? His band of faithful Irish at Athlone naturally responded in a corresponding strain, which no doubt will be echoed by their compatriots in the House of Commons.

"Union is Strength"—Is it?

PEOPLE keep on wondering how the Union Bank frauds (a "mere fleabite" MR. DISRAELI, not much above two hundred and sixty thousand pounds) could have been done under the very eyes of the Directors. The solution of this mystery is obvious enough. Whatever be the views of other Bank Directors with regard to the duties which they have to discharge, those of the Union, it is clear, shut their eyes to what went on, and must simply be regarded in the light of sleeping partners.

Competitive Classicity.

Q. TRANSLATE the phrase *ex officio*, and give an instance of its application.

A. *Ex officio*, out of office. The MARQUIS OF NORMANBY'S attacks on the foreign policy of the Government are *ex officio*.

WHAT IS SMUGGLING?—The Customs, more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

THE LITTLE MAN AND THE LITTLE PLAN;

OR, THE NEW REFORM COACH.

THERE was once a little man,
And he had a little plan,
For adding to his stature, as ex-Whig, Whig, Whig,
"It's true," said he, "I'm small;
But I still may pass for tall,
If I get upon a question that is big, big, big."

Quoth this active little man,
As his search he straight began
For the very biggest question he could find, find, find;
"I'll a New Reform Bill broach!
Of old, GREY drove the coach,
And I was on the monkey-board behind, hind, hind.

"But now I've none to school,
And my own turn-out I'll tool—
It was built for an advertising van, van, van;
But I'll print up on the box,
'*Vox Populi, Dei Vox*,'
And start a New Reform Coach, spick and span, span, span."

'Twas in vain his friends advised,
His credit if he prized—
And of that he'd more already than his due, due, due—
He had best let well alone;
His own trumpet leave unblown,
Apropos of old Reform traps, or of new, new, new.

'Twas in vain they called him rash;
His driving styled "slap-dash;"
Re-called to him each earlier break-down, down, down,
While, still equal to her load,
The old Grey coach served the road,
Running regularly *to*, not *from*, the Crown, Crown, Crown.

Nought would serve the little man,
But his private little plan,
Whereby he hoped much *κέρδος* he should get, get, get;
"Let others drive for pelf,
I drive to please myself,
And I'll guarantee the coach against up-set, set, set."
Then out drove the little man,
In his advertising van,
With "Reform" in big brass letters all a-blaze, blaze, blaze;
And from his lofty perch,
Not fearing jolt or lurch,
Proud as *Punch*, craned to catch the public praise, praise, praise.
But, to his great surprise,
Instead of cheers and cries
Of "Bravo, JOHNNY RUSSELL!" from the crowd, crowd, crowd.
All was scorn and sneer and scoff—
"Throw him over!" "Pull him off!"
And a chorus of contempt, low and loud, loud, loud!
Some exclaimed against the trap;
That it wasn't worth a rap;
Was too small—too heavy-weighted—and too slow, slow, slow.
Though these critics, free from pride,
Said they'd condescend to ride
In the vehicle, as far as it would go, go, go.
Others took a different tone,
And shook their fists at JOHN,
And furiously their tongues at him did wag, wag, wag,
Demanding how he dared,
Start a coach quite unprepared,
With anything in shape of a drag, drag, drag.
They were sure that he'd break down,
Ere he'd driven a mile from town,
And his passengers deposit by the run, run, run;
In Democracy's black ditch,
Or in Despotism's—*which*,
Was uncertain; but most certainly in one, one, one.

As for them, they wouldn't stand
Broken necks at *his* command,
Nor in his topsy-turvy trap be purled, purled, purled;
Nor be driv'n to Revolution,
And still less to Dissolution,
By e'er a JOHNNY RUSSELL in the world, world, world!

Then all on the new coach,
Making common cause, approach,
And begin in the wheels to stick their spoke, spoke,
Till each axle's at a clinch,
And the coach can't stir an inch,
While their fun at helpless JOHNNY they all poke, poke, poke!

And there sits the little man,
After doing all he can
To be bigger than with laws of Nature chimed, chimed, chimed;
Looking less than his small self,
By the elevated shelf,
Upon which, in evil hour, he has climbed, climbed, climbed.

ANNEXATION BY BALLETT.

THAT celebrated organ of veracity, the *Moniteur*, gives a very interesting account of the elegant and graceful manner in which the Nizzards, the other day, annexed their native country, by vote, to France. In the first place, according to the Imperial journal, that vote was perfectly free and unbiassed, for—

"In the morning, in order to remove all idea of influence or pressure of any kind, the posts of the town occupied by French troops were handed over to the National Guard and the Royal Carbineers, with the exception of the guard of honour stationed at the residence of the EMPRESS DOWAGER OF RUSSIA. From the same motive the battalion of the 53rd regiment of the line, which had arrived on the previous day, was ordered on to Cannes, whilst that which followed it received orders to halt at Menton."

All went voluntary and uncontrolled as a British election. True, a certain military force remained at hand; but it was carefully kept out of sight:—

"As to the battalion which GENERAL FROSSARD was authorised to keep in reserve, it was strictly confined to its barracks, so that not a single French uniform was to be seen for the whole day in the quarter where the elections were to take place."

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON made precisely the same disposition of troops on that memorable Tenth of April which was appointed for the

Chartist insurrection. The result was excellent. But let us not name such dull coarse dogs as British Chartists in any connection with the picturesque and lively people described by the *Moniteur* as renouncing their nationality and liberty thus prettily:—

"It was at nine o'clock in the morning that the ballot was to open, but from seven o'clock the electors of the rural communes, dressed in their holiday clothes, were seen advancing on all sides with drums beating and colours flying. In passing before the French Consulate and before the hotel where M. PIETRI resided, they stopped and hailed with acclamation the representatives of the country to which they were proud to give themselves: all of them bore on their hats the French bulletin which they were about to deposit in the urn. . . . At three o'clock there were already counted 5,000 openly announced *ouis* against thirty or forty secret votes. At half-past four the urns were carried to the Hôtel de Ville, escorted by the National Guard and by a body of more than 2,000 electors, who afterwards went under the window of M. PIETRI and of the French consul, and saluted them with acclamations. During this memorable day every countenance beamed with delight, mutual congratulations were everywhere exchanged, and people asked themselves whether, in presence of such facts, foreign pressure could be again talked of."

There is one word in the foregoing description which some people will perhaps suspect to be a mistake. "It was," says the *Moniteur*, "at nine o'clock in the morning that the ballot was to open." It may be supposed that ballot is a misprint for *ballet*. Did not the Nizzard peasantry—the "electors of the rural communes" go, "dressed in their holiday clothes," that is, in jackets and breeches trimmed with ribbons, ribbed stockings, and round straw hats with coloured bands; did not these festive villagers go thus decorated, and dance beneath the windows of M. PIETRI and the French consul? The whole affair was at least as much of a ballet as a ballot; and the proportion of 5,000 affirmative voters to thirty or forty negative, clearly indicates the former to have been supernumeraries, unless the latter were also engaged, to represent the recusant party. MR. GYE and MR. E. T. SMITH will at all events now know where to go if they are in want of jubilant rustics to make a lively demonstration in *Fra Diavolo* or the *Sonnambula*. Those enterprising managers will find plenty of hands, or rather feet, among the rural population of Nice, in which there are at least 5,000 persons who are evidently not worthy to tread their native soil, but who would be just the right men in their right places, gesticulating and capering at a wedding picnic on the boards of an opera-house.

These jocund swains went, with drums beating and colours flying, and shouted acclamations before the French consulate—did they? Suppose they had gone there and cried "*Viva Verdi! Viva il Rè salantuomo!*" "*Viva l'Italia unita!*" Would GENERAL FROSSARD's battalion, in that case, have remained "strictly confined to its barracks." Incredulity whispers—"Improbably."

A QUEERER FOR THE QUACKS.

As Censor of the Age, the Public, and the Press, *Mr. Punch* is being daily by every post appealed to by men who, like himself, are fathers of a family, and who request him to prevent the foully growing practice of putting quack advertisements into public print. *Mr. Punch* will not defile his pages by describing more particularly the verbal filth which he alludes to; nor will he undertake the needless and the nasty labour of exposing the humbugger by which these advertisers live. Among the other lies they tell, many of them say that they are "qualified practitioners," and with further falsehood state that they are really medical men. To refute these two assertions, it is enough to say that advertising is forbidden by the rules



of the medical profession, and men therefore who resort to it are not to be regarded as professional men. Nor in any proper sense can they lay claim to being medical; for the word "medical" is properly synonymous with "healing," and to heal is what these Quacks are quite incompetent to do. Fools who trust them may be duped for awhile into believing they get better, but in the end they pay a dear price for going to these cheap Quacks, who in

what they say and sell are worse rogues than the Cheap Jacks. Their measures to relieve suffering tend surely but to lengthen it; and their patients escape luckily if, having lost their money, they do not also lose their life.

These statements are so stale that to educated readers it is needless to repeat them. There exist, however, persons who, if they have read, have not quite put faith in them, having not yet purchased the experience of their truth. *Mr. Punch* will therefore not apologise for plagiary, and will add, as further caution, that the unenlightened classes are the chief prey of the Quacks, and it is mainly to their ears that the quack puffs are addressed. Especially to rustics do these *Doctor Dulcamaras* go blowing their own trumpets, and *Mr. Punch's* present object is, if possible, to stop their blowing publicly in print. To do this, *Mr. Punch* will not pick up a quarrel with proprietors of newspapers, who, regardless of the misery these Quacks' lies may inflict, permit them to be published because, simply, they get paid for it. Preaching avails little where the pocket is concerned; and even *Mr. Punch's* appeals may not be listened to, if the thinking of a money-bag be used to drown the sound of them. It is enough for him to hint that if proprietors of newspapers have a deafness to propriety, the purchasers of newspapers have a sure and speedy cure for it. If people who object to seeing quack advertisements (and where is any educated reader who does not?) would just abstain from purchasing the papers which insert them, it is probable that their appearance would soon cease.

Correspondents keep complaining that the filth is not confined to the Holywell Street Press, but that Newspapers miscalled "the most reputable" are open to it. But subscribers to these prints have the cure in their own hands, and need no longer trouble *Mr. Punch* with their complaints.



HEALTHY AND AMUSING GAME.

Flora. "GOOD GRACIOUS, REGINALD, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN ABOUT?"

Reginald. "OH, NOTHING! WE'VE ONLY BEEN PLAYING AT BEING TOM SAYERS AND THE BENICIA BOY!"

A GAME-BUTCHER FROM BOW STREET WANTED.

CERTAIN men of business are known as "Jacks of all trades," and certain actors are called men of "general utility," and certainly a member of one of these two classes must be required to answer the following advertisement, which a correspondent sends us from the *Yorkshire Gazette* :—

WANTED, a GAME-KEEPER; a young active Man who knows his business in all its branches. He will be required to have a knowledge of Joiners' Work as well as Painting. He must also be a Butcher. And a preference will be given to a Man who has been in the Police.—All letters (post paid) to A. B., &c. &c.

According to this statement, the business of a game-keeper must be rather an extensive one, much more so than the word itself would lead one to suspect. The tree of knowledge of the business must be difficult to climb, and the man who has to get it up "in all its branches" will find plenty of variety to test him in the task. To a proficiency in painting he must join some skill in joining; and besides being a butcher, he should have been in the police. Jack of all trades, he must specially be up to these two latter: and must know how to deal destruction both to partridges and poachers, taking up the one with all the ease and quickness that he knocks down the other.

Well, now we know that game-bagging is really made a trade of rather than a sport, we are not surprised to find that a game-butcher is wanted, to assist his master-slaughterer in shooting for the shop. Our only wonder is, that a man of such accomplishments as seem to be required, should be imagined for a moment to be out of place. Without troubling himself about answering advertisements, he might make a splendid living by setting up a show, and exhibiting himself as a phenomenon of nature. A man must have been born with a hundred hands at least to discharge the various duties which are above required of him; and there are people who would pay to see a hundred-handed game-keeper, as to see a five-legged cow, or a cat with thirteen tails, or any other "little game," or more classically *lusus*, which Dame Nature may be up to.

THE SWANS OF THAMES.—It has been stated that the Conservators of the Thames are about to remove the Swans from the river. The Conservators beg to state they are not such GEESE.

SEASONABLE CONVERSATION.

ROBUSTUS JONES. INVALIDUS SMITH.

Jones (cheerily). AH, SMITH, how de do? All right, eh, old fellow?

Smith (dismally). Oh, dolt ask be how I do! This ilferlal East wild—ah, tishu!—is half killilg be.

Jones. Killing you! pooh, nonsense. Why, what on earth's the matter with you?

Smith. Batter! by dear frield! I've a huldred thilgs the batter with be. *Ipribus*, JONES, I'b sufferilg frob a violett—ah, tishu!—a violett cold il by head. I cal't see out of by eyes, ald—ald—ah, tishu!—pol by word, I keep ol sleezilg so, I sool shall sleeze by lose off! Ald thel I've such a bad sore throat, ildeed I'b lot quite sure it's lot diphtheria. Boreover I've the toothache, ald—ah—I ibagile it's tic doloureux. Ald if I havel't asthba (which I rather thilk I have) I'b certail I've brolechitis, ald a touch of ilfluelza, not to beltiol cralps ald rheubatish il all by joilts ald boles.

Jones. Influenza, cramps, bronchitis, sore throat, asthma, toothache, rheumatism! Come, I say, SMITH, you're joking. You don't mean to say seriously you've got all these horrid things?

Smith. Dolt beal it? ob, dolt I! Oly wish you had 'eb: you would't thilk be jokilg. It's lo joke, I cal tell you, havilg aches il all ole's libs, ald—ah, ah, tishu!—sleezilg every bilute as I've beel doilg day ald dight for pretty dear a bulth! Ald it's all—ah, tishu!—owilg to this abobidable East wild.

Jones. Well, for my part, I consider it fine healthy bracing weather. You should read what KINGSLEY says about our brave Nor' Easters, and how they breed brave men!

Smith. KILGSLEY! I dolt care what KILGSLEY says. He cal't ulderstaid by feelilgs. I'b dot a bit like hib. He's a—a, tishu!—he's a Buscular Christial, ald I—ah, ah, tishu!—ald you low I ailt! Ald I say the wild's abobidable.

Jones. There's nothing to complain of, that I see, in the weather. It's what we always get at this time of the year. "Come gentle Spring," you know, "Etherial mildness," and the rest of it.

Smith. Bildless! precious bildless this, with the therbobeter at freezilg poilt! If fact ol Bulday borlilg it was dowl to twelty lile: I bade a beboraldul of it il by journal. Dever was such weather. I—ah, tishu!—thilk it's the bost wiltry Sprilg I ever lew. If it was't for the Albalack we bight faley it was Christbas. Dot a leaf out yet, ald here we're ilto Bay! Ald thel this, this—ah, TISHU! this East wild — — —

Jones. Now, why keep grumblng at the wind? After all, it's only seasonable.

Smith. Seasolable!—ah, tishu! you ought to call it *sleezible*! I'b sure that I've dole dothilg but—a tishu!—sleeze il it.

Jones. Ha, ha! not so bad. Come, I see you're not quite dead yet. Now, just trot home with me, and let me prescribe for you. We've a nice fresh bit of salmon and some lamb chops and asparagus—just the very things, you know, to suit an invalid. Take the wing of a spring chicken and a crumb of cheese to follow, and I'll bet ten to one you'll be the better for your dinner.

Smith. Diller! by dear JONES! It's lo good by goilg to diller. I cal't taste a thilg I eat, and whatever wile I drilk I cal deither taste lor shell it.

Jones. Well, if you won't (*shakes hands*) good bye. But I should recommend the salmon. And (*whispers*) I've a bottle of old Burgundy that I want to have your judgment on.

Smith (*who has his ears open, notwithstanding his bad cold*). Well, I dolt bild just walking hobe with you, for your house certailly is dearest, ald I'b pretty sure it's cubbing ol to slow agail. So I'll just cub il ald shelter for tel bidutes if you'll let be. But as for eatilg Salbol, by dear JONES, I darel't thilk of it. Ald (*speaking much less dismally*) pray dolt thilk of askilg be to taste your file ole Burguldy. Bed'cile is the oly thilg that I must drilk at preselt!

[*Exeunt arm in arm. And SMITH soon gets so jolly with the Salmon and the Burgundy, that he soon forgets his ailments and infirmities, and as for the East wind, he vows he "does't care a buddol for it!"*]



"Four persons were sitting together at the Tuileries—the EMPEROR and the EMPRESS, the DUCHESS DE MONTEBELLO, and MR. HOME. A pen and ink were on the table, and some paper. A spirit-hand was seen, and presently it took up the pen, and in their sight and presence dipped it in the ink, went to the paper, and wrote upon it the word 'NAPOLEON,' in the autograph of the great EMPEROR. The EMPEROR asked if he might be allowed to kiss the hand, and it went to his lips, and then to those of the EMPRESS; and afterwards, on MR. HOME making a humble request, he was permitted to kiss its warm and soft texture. The autograph is now among the valued contents of the 'EMPEROR'S spiritual portfolio.'"—*Spiritual Magazine.*

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

April 30. Monday. Inasmuch as if the Irish Exodus goes on with its present vigour, there will soon be no Irish in Ireland, LORD CLANCARTY was naturally eager to make a row about the national system of education in that province before the subject became, like LORD NORMANBY, a thing of the past. He assailed the national schools. LORD CORK bunged him up with a declaration, supported by the BISHOP OF CASHEL, that the system was doing great good, and LORD CARLISLE, who had come over for the private view of the Academy, declared that the Government intended to adhere to the schools. The Divorce Court Amendment Bill passed. LORDS SHAFTESBURY and EBURY very properly abused the Government for consenting to surrender any part of Smithfield to the greedy Corporation of London, when there is really no place of recreation for the children in the City, except between the legs of the horses and under the Juggernaut Cars of the Van-Demons.

Somebody asked BEAU BRUMMELL for a halfpenny, and KING BEAU replied, "Fellow, I don't know the coin." The same remark will in a couple of months be an answer to any mendicant demand for "a copper, yer honour." New pennies and halfpennies will then be issued, and they are made of bronze. The first elegant-minded beggar who says to *Mr. Punch*, "Give us a bronze, please, my Lord," shall have it—the second shall be annexed to a policeman for impudence and plagiarism. The celebrated Metallurgist (shut up and sat upon, are you not, Viscount, by that word?), DR. PERCY, has been analysing part of Big Ben, but declines to infer of what other parts of him may be made, a decision creditable alike to the learned philosopher's judgment in metals and in men. The maker of the unfortunate bell will probably say, with HORACE—

"Percy-cos odi, puer, apparatus."

The other "Big Ben"—inscribed on the Parliamentary roll as MR. BENTINCK, of Norfolk—resumed the debate on the Reform Bill, which he attacked with some jocosity. MR. WALTER thought that a Reform Bill must be passed, and that the business of the House was to see that the measure was made safe, in Committee. LORD JOHN MANNERS recited a list of all the accidents and offences that had occurred since '32 to show that a Reform Act did not necessarily bring in the Millennium. Minor speakers said their say. "Lethe is a brave river." MR.

BAILLIE COCHRANE, having on a previous evening done all he could, physically, to hinder Members from coming into the House to prevent a Count Out (bravo, MR. IRISH ATTORNEY-GENERAL DEASY! *Mr. Punch* saw your gallant and successful charge, and likened you to ARNOLD VON WINKLERIED), now opposed the Bill with much less substantial arguments. MR. DU CANE, the Conservative pride and joy, delivered a temperate and clever speech against the measure, and was loudly cheered by his backers; the Viscount wretchedly observing, "No doubt that CAIN'S able." MR. CLAY pottered in favour of the Bill, but took a good point—namely, that the commercial classes often showed themselves quite as ignorant of true principles of economy as the working classes. MR. A. MILLS would try to mend the Bill in Committee, but if he failed, would certainly try to pitch it out on the Third Reading; and MR. JOHN LOCKE invited the Opposition to introduce fancy franchises in Committee. On the motion for adjournment, MR. VINCENT SCULLY said that Members, instead of addressing themselves to the Bill, abused MR. BRIGHT, and that the Bill was the great Social Evil of the day. The Midnight Meeting for dealing with it then terminated.

Tuesday. NESTOR, BARON LYNTHURST, upon whom, for his efforts to-night, *Mr. Punch* has conferred immortality in a Cartoon which the son of COFLEY will assuredly appreciate, addressed the Lords on the state of the Navy, declaring that it was not nearly strong enough, and that the people ought not to be satisfied with its present condition. The DUKE OF SOMERSET thought that they ought, and that it would not be found wanting on a Great Occasion,—a delicate euphuism for a war with France.

The same subject was discussed in the Commons, at considerable length, and LORD CLARENCE PAGET took the same line as his chief. A commission was ordered to inquire into the election corruptions of Berwick-on-Tweed, and one of the witnesses before the late committee on the election for that place was ordered to be indicted for perjury. There was a good deal of taunting talk exchanged, but there was a general feeling that a Berwick freeman is a corrupt slave.

Wednesday. LORD RAYNHAM carried, by 109 to 85, the second reading of his Bill for the punishment of assaults on women and children. He proposes to enable the Magistrates to inflict fifty lashes for a first offence, and one hundred and fifty for a second, and twelve months imprisonment. Now, *Mr. Punch* has always contended that the Cat is the proper avenger of that kind of outrage, and that a dog's punishment befits a brute. But legislation to be useful must be comprehensive. LORD RAYNHAM'S Bill appoints no public Prosecutor who should look after these cases, but leaves the law to be appealed to by the victims of ruffianism, chiefly women. It is notorious that few women, and none of the kind whom LORD RAYNHAM would protect, will ask to have their tyrants flogged. The poor creatures will rather bear with brutality. Therefore, unless the business can be taken out of their hands, a ruffian will be safer, on account of their forbearance, than he is at present. This was urged in debate, and it was arranged that the subject should be more fully considered in Committee. MR. CLAY declared that since the law for punishing assaults on women, many more of them got drunk and pawned their husbands' clothes, and appears to think that the women of the working class require the educational checks of blacked eyes and kicks from hobnailed boots. "*Punch* and ARGILLA do on this divide."

Thursday. The Sunday Trade and Howling Nuisance Bill was discussed in the Lords, and the motion to go into Committee carried by 54 to 25. There may be different notions about the compelling shops in poor neighbourhoods to shut up on Sunday mornings; and while the employers of labour refuse to pay wages at early hours on Saturday, it is unjust to deny the poor the power of making their purchases next day. But there cannot be two opinions about the permitting the bawling and shrieking peripatetics to infest quiet streets and squares, during the hours of Sunday. There is no excuse for persons in comfortable circumstances who do not buy on Saturdays, and they have no right to encourage the Yelling Nuisances, and deprive their neighbours of their one day of peace. Or, if things must be hawked on Sunday, let them be hawked in silence. It is not too much to ask a lazy negligent housekeeper to look out of window for what she has omitted to provide.

MR. BRIGHT presented a complaint from a Society calling itself the North London Political Union, protesting against members using contemptuous language towards the working classes, and especially objecting to their being called clowns, boors, and scum. *Mr. Punch* cordially concurs in the views of the petitioners, whoever they may be, and begs to remind Honourable Members, that education deprives them of the excuse that may be made for the ignorant, who talk of bloated aristocrats, tyrants, and taxeaters. *Mr. Punch* the more insists upon this, as it seems that it is a breach of privilege to petition in reference to words used in debate, and as he is the grand redresser of all wrong, he begs to say that he, who fears the face of no created party, has no idea of petitioning on any subject, but hereby commands the Legislature to keep a civil tongue in its head.

SIR RICHARD BETHELL announced that he had given orders that Criminal Informations should be filed against the late Liberal Members

for Wakefield, MR. CHARLESWORTH and MR. LEATHAM (*beau-frère* of MR. BRIGHT) as the principals abetting and aiding in the corruption at the last election there. Sovereigns, it is said, were carried about in a basket, which was probably called the Wicker of Wakefield.

The last night of the debate on the Second Reading of the Reform Bill. LORD PALMERSTON had announced that he would have no more adjournments, MR. BRAND had whipped, and there was a belief that there would be a succession of fierce divisions. In *Tom Thumb*, a lady asks whether there are not ten thousand Giants drawn up in the back garden, to which her faithful adviser diplomatically replies, "Madam, shall I tell you what I am going to say? I do firmly believe that there is not one." The Giants of Opposition to-night were equally non-apparent, and there was not a single division. There was a debate, in the course of which MR. GREGORY made a smart speech, showing up the vices of American institutions, and the abandonment of politics by the respectability of America, in consequence of the preponderance given to the uneducated classes. MR. WALPOLE thought that, bad as the Bill was, the House was bound to go on with it, but he referred to the allegation that LORD JOHN RUSSELL had drawn up the Bill without consulting his colleagues, and LORD JOHN said he hadn't—the truth probably being that LORD PALMERSTON had said to him, "Now, mind, this is your Pigeon, JOHNNY, and don't let *us* be bored with it." MR. GLADSTONE replied for the Government, defended the Bill, stated that the returns were all right, and that it was proposed to add 200,000 to the present borough constituency of 410,000, and 150,000 to the present county constituency of 530,000, and that with the Universities, England would have 1,345,000 electors. The figures are uncommonly unlike those of his colleagues, but *Mr. Punch* supposes that they are all right, as MR. GLADSTONE says so, and hopes that the proposed Swamping Process is now clear to everybody. MR. COLLINS tried to make a speech, but the House had had enough of it, and COLLINS awoke the Passions of his hearers, who incontinently shouted him down, and the Second Reading was carried without a division. LORD JOHN then said, he should not bother the House again on the

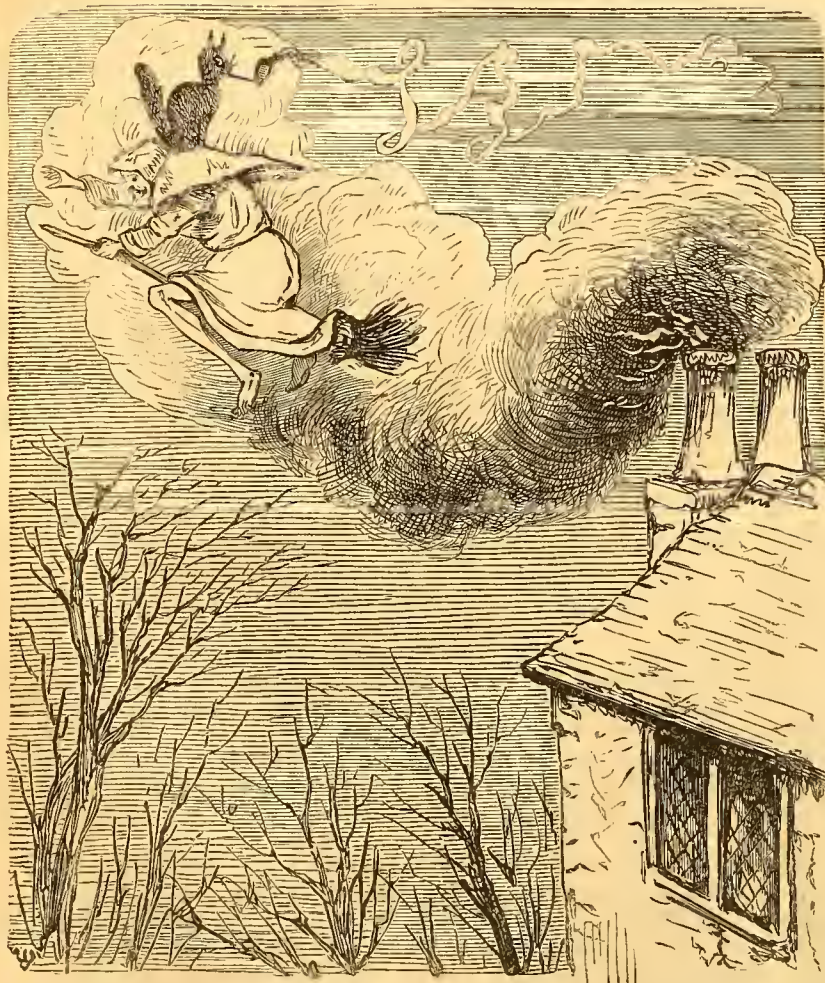
subject for a month, and fixed the attempt to go into Committee for the 4th of June. In reply to an Irish Member, the Irish were told that they must wait for their Reform Bill until their betters were served.

Friday. The EARL OF LUCAN, of all people, called attention to certain defects in our military system; but he was awfully snubbed by EARL DE GREY and the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, and told that his motion was so vague that it could not be understood, but so far as it *was* understood it seemed a ridiculous one to bring into the House. LORD CARDIGAN, hearing how unkindly LORD LUCAN was treated, burst into a flood of tears. LUCAN as a Military Reformer is not bad. We suppose he will next ask for the vacant Archbishopric of York.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in reply to a lot of questions, which he had to answer at once, said that notwithstanding everything was going on well between us and Japan, the Brazilians were resisting our just claims, and, therefore, that he should not produce despatches from our diplomatic agents at Rome, because MR. COBDEN's expenses to Paris were paid him, but no salary, although his Lordship entirely disapproved of the conduct of the KING OF NAPLES, and had sent no orders to stop the Chinese expedition. Like *Falstaff*, he took all their points in his target,—thus.

MR. SHERIDAN tried to get the Duty on Fire-Insurance Policies reduced from three Roberts to one, and failed. SIR JOSEPH PAXTON succeeded in getting a Committee to consider whether the awful increase in the traffic of London could not be met by embanking the Thames. If this is not done now it never will be, it seems, for the railway plans will prevent it. He urged that it was not a mere London question, but a national one, seeing that thirty millions of provincials annually infest the Metropolis. MR. COWPER mentioned, among other pleasant things, that the new sewer, along the Strand and Ludgate Hill, will most probably unsettle the foundations of Somerset House and St. Paul's, and bring both down; so LORD MACAULAY's New Zealander had better begin taking his drawing lessons.

THE TIVERTON SOMNAMBULIST.



proval of MR. FREDERICK PEEL's address for a Commission of Inquiry into the alleged existence of corrupt practices at Berwick during the last election. Now, this inquiry, as everybody knows, will cost the country between one and two thousand pounds, for which there will be nothing to show but a huge Blue Book, which will merely tell us over again, with variations in detail, the tiresome old stories about Sovereign Alley and the Man-in-the-Moon.

To this futile end the evidently dormant PAM saw no objection to spend all that public money. No wonder. He could see nothing whatever. If his eyes were open, their sense was shut. Had he been wide awake, or indeed awake at all, instead of fast asleep, he would

have recollected that, only a few days before, he had declared the nation unable to afford £200,000 to avert such a disgrace as the disruption of the British Museum, and the banishment of the most popular part of its contents to a barn at Brompton. With that declaration in mind, he would have rejected with horror the proposal to throw away one shilling on a Board for the compilation of another uninteresting and useless Blue Book; but oftentimes ideas which, in our waking state, would appear most monstrously absurd, do not surprise us or seem the least unreasonable in a dream. PALMERSTON dreamt, having been sent to sleep by FREDERICK PEEL.

The most singular fact, in connection with this remarkable case of political somnambulism, is, that the House of Commons, without hesitation, accepted the oracle which was delivered by the noble Lord, dozing on his legs. MR. FREDERICK PEEL's motion was agreed to without a division.

Here is the existing House of Commons about to destroy its own existence by passing a Reform Bill. That act may be one of justifiable suicide; but the vote which has ordained the Berwick Bribery Commission indicates temporary derangement. The present Parliament will soon be no more. What will an unreformed Berwick of the past signify to a reformed Parliament? What will a new and reformed Berwick, with a six-pounder constituency, have to do with an old bygone Berwick of corruptionists and ten-pounders? If the representation were going to remain as it is, there might be a question whether or not Berwick ought to be disfranchised; but what have the innocent six-pounders of that borough done that they should suffer for the venality of the base ten? In voting for a superfluous and expensive commission at the mere nod of the sleeping PREMIER, the House of Commons has added one more instance to those curious cases of gregarious sympathy, and subjection of multitudes to the control of a single mind, of which so many have been described by writers on psychology.

A NOTORIOUS CHARACTER IN THE CITY.

FLEET Street is an old offender, continually getting taken up.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XV.—INTRODUCES THE FIRST WIG, AND BRINGS US TO THE BIRTHTIME OF THE SECOND HENRY.



WILLIAM RUFUS RETURNING FROM A DAY'S SPORT IN THE NEW FOREST. FROM THE PUNCH COLLECTION OF HISTORICAL PORTRAITS.

Our readers of course carefully remember what we tell them, and treasure up from week to week the stores of learning we distribute, we have no need to remind them that we ended our last chapter with saying a few words on the *coiffure* of WILLIAM RUFUS, which formed a rather noticeable part of his costume. That the King received the name of RUFUS from his hair, is a fact which his historians have not scrupled to expose. With the viciousness of people who take delight in mentioning their friends' personal defects, one of them describes it as "inclining to be carrotty," while another tries to pun about its "being a little radish;" but they omit to say, if it was through some "vegetable hair-dye" that WILL RUFUS gave this vegetable colour to his head. Still, although he could not boast of much capillary attractiveness, the King allowed his hair to grow as

long as Nature let it; and as of course his courtiers followed his example, the short crops of years previous all sprouted in this reign.

Ringlets remained in fashion in the time of HENRY THE FIRST, and beards were grown to such a length that the clergy even went to the extremity of preaching on them, a practice which, however, did not much retard their growth. ORDERICUS VITALIS belikens the young dandies of his time to "filthy goats;" intending, it would seem, this zoological comparison to generate the inference that beard-growers were beasts. But strong language is generally weak in its effect, and we do not read that many razors were rubbed up in consequence of O. V.'s sharp-worded attack. A smoother tongue, however, then, as now, was more attended to; and accordingly we learn that when KING HENRY was in Normandy, a short stopper was put upon the wearing of long hair, by a sermon which the soapy BISHOP SERLO preached against it. This was given with such eloquence that the Court were moved to tears; and taking sharp advantage of this momentary weakness, the prelate whipped a pair of scissors from his sleeve, and cut about and cropped the entire congregation.



FROM AN ILLUMINATION. TEMP. HENRY THE FIRST.

A royal edict was then passed, prohibiting long hair, but in the reign of STEPHEN the fashion was revived, and was persisted in the more for

having been prevented.* Courtiers let their hair grow to "such a shameful length that they did resemble women more than men;" those whom Nature had denied capillary luxuriance, supplying the deficiency by artificial means. Wigs may therefore date in England from KING STEPHEN'S time; and it was probably at this period that polite ears were first shocked by the expression "Dash my wig!" That people made no scruple about owning that they wore them, may readily be seen by a small fragment of a ballad, which, to please the antiquarians, we may find room to quote:—

"Alle arounde my hedde I wear a browne wigge O!
All arounde ye yeare, you may see itte any daie:
And gif any one sholde aske of mee ye reason why I weare itte,
I'll juste tell hym 'tis because my haire is gettynge thinne and graye."

As the King, says WILL DE MALMESBURY, was "a man of great facetiousness" and was famed for the "familiar pleasantry of his conversation," we are prepared to learn he often chaffed his courtiers on this head, and poked fun at their wigs in a manner most unmerciful.

One of the jokes told of him in the volume of DE MALMESBURY, *De Jests regum Anglie*, informs us that his Majesty, when in a merry mood, used to pluck his courtiers' wigs off, and chuck them out of window, singing as he did so, "Awa, wigs, awa!" We learn too when he wished to give a minister an ear-wiggling, the King would shake him by the ear until he shook his wig off, and then, digging him in the ribs, would cry, "Aha! old boy, that 'air was not grown with this ear!" With like exquisite facetiousness, all persons of high family he used to call the "hairy-stocracy," in allusion to their habit of wearing lots of hair; and whenever he suspected that they were wearing wigs, he used to tell them plumply they were giving themselves 'airs!



HISTORICAL PICTURE. "FYTTING YE FIRST WYG." FROM THE R. A. EXHIBITION, A.D. 1145.

* We should note as an exception that heads were cropped again in 1139, owing to a story which some think to be a lie. It was said that a young soldier, whose chief pride, like MR. CHUBB'S, lay in the beauty of his locks, dreamed one night that he was strangled with one of his long ringlets, which hung down behind him almost to his knee. This dream so alarmed him that he cut off to a haircutter, and had his curls cut off. His companions, when he told them, all followed his example; and superstition spreading the fear of strangulation, for a year or so the barbers had quite a busy time of it, and hair, like boiled beef at a chop-house, was kept constantly in cut.

The Gipsies of Rome and Ireland.

A JESUIT, most people suppose, is not to be caught napping. That may be; but the Pope who stole the little Jew, and M'ROBINS and O'CONNOR, who walked off with the infants SHERWOOD, and the holy Sister AYLWARD, who cannot inform the Court of Queen's Bench where a certain child is, are examples too plainly proving that Papists may be caught kidnapping. When they are caught, it is the fault of the legal authorities if they don't catch it.

THE BRITON'S AIM.

THE Rifle Volunteers of the present day have been compared to the archers of Old England. The English yeoman, who cleft hazel wands with his cloth-yard shaft, was esteemed a man of "mark and livelihood." Our Volunteers are men of sufficient livelihood; let us hope they will soon make themselves men of equal mark.

The Great Guns of the Day.

THE Armstrong twelve-pounder shoots long and low:
Lower still Whitworth's three-pounder flingeth its ball;
But the range of the Russell six-pounder, they say,
Bids fair to be longest and lowest of all.

THE AUTHOR OF CONFISCATION.

THE Income-Tax is commonly called one of the Queen's Taxes. This is a mistake. That tenpence in the pound is an Army and Navy Rate. We owe the Income-Tax to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.



Old Party (very naturally excited). "WHY, CONFOUND YOU! YOU ARE WIPING MY PLATE WITH YOUR HANDKERCHIEF!"

Waiter (blandly). "IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE, SIR—IT'S ONLY A DIRTY ONE!"

IRISH CONSERVATIVE CREED.

MR. WHITESIDE is reported to have assigned, the other night, in a speech of enormous length, on the Church Rates Abolition Bill, this extraordinary reason why Church Rates should be maintained:—

"What State ever existed in power, greatness, and glory that did not as a nation acknowledge an over-ruling Providence? Look to the people of antiquity. Not a ceremony, procession, or triumph took place in ancient Rome that was not consecrated by religion; and we now look with delight at the remains of the temples which they built to their gods; yea, more—so far is history from proving that separation of religion from the State to be the advancement of liberty and of morals, that we find a great patriot, born in ancient Rome, saying, 'While your forefathers were wise, free, and virtuous, they lived in modest habitations, and spent their wealth in decorating the temples of the gods. You now, being corrupt and contemptible, live in luxury and riot, and you refuse to sustain the edifices of religion.' (Cheers.)"

Ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo: as were the temples of those divinities, so are parish-churches. The former edifices were sacred as well as the latter. There was a temple-rate and there is a church-rate. Do they amount to the same thing? is the question which is suggested by the above argument of the right honourable and learned Member for the University of Dublin.

A Doubtful Compliment.

(A Harrier *Pensée*.)

A WELL-KNOWN "lover of the chace" assured us, the other day, that it is all nonsense about a certain distinguished person not being a bold rider; and added, in proof of the assertion, that when out with his harriers, he actually *stops at nothing!*

NESTOR'S REBUKE TO THE CHIEFS.

From the ILLIAD, Book II. A new Translation by Mr. Punch, M.A.

THEN NESTOR rose, and all the Grecian Peers,
Compelled to silence, bent their listening ears.
"Ye chiefs," he said, "my years are eighty-eight,
Therefore beseems ye let my words have weight.
Time was, I needed not such grace entreat;
I made men mind me on my legs or seat.
Oh, had I now the vigour once I owned
When fierce in arms I stood, though silver-toned,
And dauntless MELBOURNE'S strongest battle tore,
And dropped O'CONNELL prostrate on the floor:
Or, earlier, on my charger laid the rein,
And galloped o'er the corpse of Pea-Green HAYNE,
What time he dared resist the vengeful suit
That wreaked the wrongs of the deserted FOOTE—
Time was: but still mine intellect is clear,
And for my country's sake, I bid you hear."
"Thou fine old man," the generous PUNCHUS said,
"Whoever interrupts, I break his head."
"Then listen, chieftains," aged NESTOR cried,
"And weigh my counsel well ere you decide.
Behold yon ships, your Navy, there, behold,
And say, my friends, is Greece not overbold?
There stand, as erst, the frowning towers of Troy,
There stand the Trojans, eager to destroy.
Say, warriors, were the instant signal given
To close in strife (avert the omen, Heaven!),
Is yonder fleet so strong, so skilled its bands,
That fate should give the battle to your hands?
Has Troy been idle, or in peaceful hour
Has she amassed an overmastering power,
That, loosed upon you, on some dreadful day,
Shall sweep, O chiefs, your best defence away?
'Tis peace, of course, or at the least a truce,
Who doubts its lasting nature gets abuse,
And huckster's doctrine, well I know, pretends
Exchange of goods must ever keep men friends:
But, Lords of Greece, your ships are still your guards,
And sudden warfare's always on the cards;
Therefore I urge you, get your reckoning done,
Be sure of every man, and every gun,

Each new and old device of arms employ;
Repose no faith upon the faith of Troy.
This is the sentence from old NESTOR'S lips—
Chieftains, we want more men, we want more ships.
He spoke; Great PUNCHUS' face with ardour glowed,
"If you're not right, old man," he cried, "I'm blowed!"

THE FOOL'S FINGER IN THE ARMY.

AMONG the Parliamentary Notices in the House of Commons the following, which appeared the other day, has perhaps occasioned some amusement:—

"SIR DE LACY EVANS.—To draw attention to a General Order recently promulgated, requiring officers of certain corps to discontinue the use of peaks to their forage caps, and to substitute in future gold-lace stripes in lieu of the present cloth stripes on their undress trousers."

Officers' caps and trousers are doubtless subjects ridiculously beneath the dignity of the House of Commons; but the gallant GENERAL EVANS is quite justified in calling the attention of Collective Wisdom to the freaks of Military Folly. For there is, and always has been, an agency of foolishness mysteriously at work in the Army in all matters which relate to dress. It is an agency quite other than that of the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, and the results of it warrant the conclusion that the minor details of regimental costume, disgusting to any sane gentleman, constitute a department the control of which has been assigned to some snobbish idiot. The instances of this despicable imbecility, specified in the notice of SIR DE LACY EVANS, are exactly cases in point. They are petty alterations, for which there is not the least occasion, and which are simply productive of inconvenience. A peak to a forage cap saves an officer's eyes, and a cloth stripe is cheaper than a gold one: at any rate the necessity of changing the one for the other will cost the officer a new pair of trousers. Who is this oaf whose fingers are afflicted with a chronic itch to play with officers' caps and breeches? Apparently, some influential personage of weak mind, labouring under a monomaniacal passion for army-tailoring. It is very desirable that this unhappy lunatic should no longer be permitted to render HER MAJESTY'S Service ridiculous. If harmless, let him be employed in cutting out and decorating proper caps for his own head, or in gold-lacing and embroidering pantaloons for his other extremity. If a licence to sport with military uniforms and accoutrements is accorded to the poor maniac to occupy what mind he has, and withhold him from playing other still more mischievous tricks, let him speedily be placed in a strait tunic, with epaulettes behind, or some other equally reasonable decoration.



LYNDHURST AS NESTOR REBUKES THE CHIEFS.

ROGUES OF ROULETTE.



our expense. Those dens of villany have hitherto afforded places of asylum to numerous British swindlers and British simpletons, whom the suppression of them will probably induce to return home. So much the worse for the payers of those county rates which will be heightened by the increased expenses of our gaols.

rick of the absurdities which constitute the greater part of our foreign intelligence, the English mind is refreshed by the subjoined statement, redounding to the credit of a continental prelate:—

“In the sitting of the States of Nassau at Wiesbaden, three days ago, BISHOP WILHELM proposed the suppression of the gaming-houses, and, after an animated discussion, the motion was agreed to.”

We are gratified to find a German prelate trying his hand with success at practical and sensible legislation. Our gratification is very disinterested; for the gambling houses at Wiesbaden will be suppressed at

THE COMING FRENCH INVASION.

EVERYBODY knows, or, if not, when this *Punch* is published everybody will know, that the French are coming to invade us in the latter part of June, and having carried arms and rested legs in Leicester Square, will take by storm the Crystal Palace on the last Monday in the month. Of their “three glorious days” at Sydenham, we shall speak when the time comes. We have now only to note that, to direct them in topography as well as in locution, care has thoughtfully been taken to supply them with a guide: * and, thus assisted, it is confidently hoped that they will triumph as well over our language as our labyrinths of streets.

Our readers of course always remember what they read, and they must therefore be aware that we seldom review books. In general, moreover, as for our reviewing Guidebooks, we about as soon should dream of passing *Bradshaw* in review, or of furnishing a criticism on DR. JOHNSON'S *Dictionary*. But this Guide of the Orphéonistes is such a special composition that we may fitly make it an exception to our rule: and the facetiousness and fun which sparkle in its pages, entitle it in fairness to a word of praise in *Punch*.

With the modesty which so distinguishes the French, and so properly attends the execution of great works, the preface says that this one, which is “dédiée aux Orphéonistes,” has been written and produced:—

“Spécialement pour eux, dans le seul but de leur faciliter les différents détails de la vie, et de les guider au milieu de la métropole britannique. Ce but sera-t-il atteint?—l'auteur l'espère. Il a choisi ses mots, combiné ses phrases, avec un soin tout particulier, de manière à ce qu'elles puissent répondre à toutes les nécessités de la vie matérielle.”

Giving this flourish of trumpets, the guide of the Orphéonistes marches with them into London; and, after telling them that it extends from Whitechapel to St. Pancras, proceeds to give them a description of its “trois grands districts: le West-End, la Cité, et l'East-End,” the two latter of which are thus faithfully portrayed:—

“La Cité, ou le Vieux Londres, forme un losange qui commence à Temple-Bar, et s'étend jusqu'au delà de Minoris, limité à droite par la rive opposée du fleuve, à gauche s'étendant de Holborn à Primerose-Spitar.” [A French contraction possibly for Primrose Street, Spital Square.] “Elle constitue la partie centrale de Londres et une ville à part, ayant ses lois, ses usages, ses franchises, habitée par les commerçants et les industriels, à l'exception des manufacturiers en soie qui sont dans le voisinage de Spitalfields. L'East-End est un quartier commercial comme la Cité, mais il est principalement occupé par les grandes fortunes coloniales. Il est situé le long de la Tamise, et coupé par les docks de White-Hall (!)”

* “Vocabulaire et Guide des Orphéonistes Français à Londres.” Par A. R. B. Paris, 1860.

To facilitate their progress “dans le labyrinthe de rues” (in which it is asserted, “les femmes se montrent peu,” a truth which is in Regent Street especially apparent), the Orphéonistes are next facetiously informed that:—

“La plus grande des voies parallèles à la Tamise entre dans Londres par Bay's-Water-Road et sillonne toute la ville sous les noms d'Orford-Street, Holborn, Skinner Street, Newgate Street, Cheapside, Leadenhall Street et Mile-End-Road. L'autre ligne, parallèle au fleuve, entre à l'ouest de Londres, par Kensington, Hyde Park et Piccadilly. Là elle se bifurque; une de ses branches va rejoindre Holborn en traversant la Tamise sous les noms de Coventry Street, Long Acre, et Great Queen's Street: l'autre incline un peu à droite, et prend les noms de Pall Mall, Saint-Martin's-Strand et Farrington Street, jusqu'à Islington. Parmi les principales voies qui traversent Londres il faut citer celle de l'ouest, qui commence à Edgware Road, et, sous les noms de Park Lane, Grosvenor Place et Wauxhall-Bridge-Road, borne la ville à l'ouest; celle de l'est, qui sous les noms de Portland-Place, Regent-Street, Waterloo Place, et Oxford Street, forme la plus magnifique rue de Londres.”

Having accurate descriptions such as these to help him, who can possibly dispute the bold assertion of the *Guide*, that “malgré l'immense développement de Londres, il n'est pas difficile de se retrouver dans ses rues?” With their minds, then, quite at ease as to the finding of their way, the Orphéonistes may revel in the power to stare about them, and so the *Guide* proceeds to help them to see what they can see. After caution that our public monuments and buildings “n'ont rien de bien remarquable sous le rapport artistique” (a truth which to the reader of his *Punch* sounds somewhat trite) the following historical description is put forth:—

“En tête des édifices où siègent les grandes administrations publiques et particulières, il faut placer le Royal Exchange [this we need not say is a misprint for ‘le Punch Office;’ an error which we trust the next edition will correct].—Cet édifice, dans lequel se tient le Money Market, est situé au N. de Cornhill. Il a été construit de 1536 à 1567, brûlé en 1666, et rebâti l'année suivante.”

Thus instructed where to see the Old Royal Exchange, (which everybody knows was *not* burned down in A.D. 1836,) the Orphéonistes are guided to Old London Bridge, which, everybody knows, is likewise still existent. From this point, or *pont*, they perhaps may find it interesting to go and see the Docks; of which, as they are told, the chief are, “deux bassins à Limehouse,” and the well-known “docks du Commerce du Groenland, Surrey, et pays de l'Est.” From the docks their faithful *Guide* next conducts them to the markets, of which especial notice is drawn to that of “Brooks.” No mention being made of that of Covent Garden, of course the inference is obvious that it does not exist. A not more pardonable omission occurs too in the mention of “le marché de Smithfield,” which is described as being “destiné à la vente des bestiaux,” and actually not one syllable is said about its also being destined “à la vente des femmes!”

Among the other London sights which the Orphéonistes will do well to see (if they can find them) especial note is made of “La colonne de Fish-Street-Hill,” “La colonne et statue de Nelson, dans Belgravee-Square,” and “enfin, la colonne de Waterloo.”

Other “monuments publics,” and quite as worthy to be seen, are “Le Ministère de l'Intérieur” and “L'Hôtel de la Monnaie;” while, if there be a wish to view “le troisième palais royal,” the simple way to do so is to ask for “Somerset-House.” A doubt may reasonably be raised as to whether “les Chambres du Parlement” be really worth a visit; for the *Guide* says, “elles sont lourdes et de mauvais goût.” The theatre of “Atsley” is, however, recommended; and as being “les principaux bals de la ville en été,” attention is directed not alone to “Crémorne-Gardens,” but also to “le Wauxhall,” which latter, we thus learn, has not yet been shut up.

The directions of the *Guide* in the matter of locution are every whit as accurate as those of anent locality; but as we have “more than usual demands upon our space” (this hint to correspondents we always keep in type), we must reserve our further criticism—as *Punch* comes out on Wednesday—till the middle of next week.

“Heavy Exchanges and both down.”

“Bell's” Report of a Fight (Passim).

THIS voting of purses, and cheering of cheers,
In London and Liverpool nothing so strange is:
For well may Exchanges be fond of TOM SAYERS,
Consid'ring how fond SAYERS is of exchanges.

“ANNEXED! WHAT NEXT?”—*Cobden Improved*.

WE read that the French troops have been regaling themselves at Annecy, the capital of Northern Savoy. Since the spoliation by France, the town, as a mark of its degrading allegiance, should change its name to ANNEXÉ.

A REPRESENTATIVE BOY.

THE Benicia Boy has ably represented his countrymen in the Prize Ring. Continual accounts from America indisputably prove that he is equally well qualified to represent them in Congress.



The Proprietors of the Royal Academy don't see why they should be troubled with so many works by other fellows. Oh dear, no! Let them exhibit their Pictures outside!

P. R. B. CRITICISM.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"I HAVE lately been admitted to the P. R. B.—

"Not the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, as the letters used to mean; but the Prize Ring Brotherhood. I am hand in glove with the Camden Town Pet, and ALEC REED has promised to sit to me, and set to with me afterwards. It is an immense privilege to know these athletes; to see bone and muscle in action, instead of the antique. As an artist, I am charmed with the men and their manners! I find the B.B. (Benicia Boy) most useful in working up the darks (of eyes), and, thanks to my early use of the maul-stick, I am anything but a stick with my mauleys. I hope soon to be able to draw my man whenever I please, and already I flatter myself I don't make such a very bad fist of it. Then, too, these men can open my eyes as well as close 'em. They are putting me up to a great deal of the humbug of classical art. There's *The Fighting Gladiator* for instance,—a deluge of praise has been poured on *him*. I showed the cast to the Champion the other day, and I thought he'd have died of laughing. I was rather annoyed, and told TOM the statue was a very great work of art, and represented a member of the Roman (S.) P. (Q.) R. 'Ah,' he replied, 'a regular rum 'un he must ha' been. Jest you look at the muff—why he has got his right out a deal far'rer nor he can get it back agin, and then twig his legs. There's the right pin about five feet behind him. Right hand out, and right leg back! Blest if he could stand a tap from a baby's little finger in that 'ere form.' I have since tried the attitude myself, and I find what TOM says is quite true. I fear TOM don't think much of the *Hercules*. His remark upon this muscular divinity was: 'Too much beef on his bones. I should say now that old chap might ha' been a hard hitter afore he left the P. R. and took to the public line. But there's too much o' the tap-tub about him now. Blest if he han't a look o' PETER CRAWLEY.'

"When I showed him the *Dying Gladiator*, he seemed to feel the expression—'Poor beggar!' was his simple comment; 'Can't come to time! He've got his bellyful.'

"He curtly dismissed the Apollo as 'too leggy; no bellows; and too fine in the loins' (or, as he pronounced it, 'lines'). But of the *Theseus*

he said at once: 'Now *that's* a nice figger of a man—whoever done it! I'd think twice afore I stood up to *him*!'

"The Champion was all right, you see. No gammoning TOM. He doesn't care for names, but he knows a thing or two about make and muscles, and went straight to the truth—from the shoulder. It was a very interesting moment for me. Here was Science (P. R. B. Science) brought face to face with Sculpture. Here was the Champion of England commenting on the Hero of Greece! It is not every day one can listen to SAYERS upon PHIDIAS. When I told him THESEUS, too was a fighting man—a Greek—he remarked, simply: 'Ah—somethin' to TOM the Greek, I dessay. I knowed him.'

"I am in hopes that our fellows at the Hogarth Club may succeed in getting TOM to stand (up) to them! What a model for a society of young men!

"We have all of us been used to drawing from the round, you know; but with TOM we shall draw from no end of rounds, and from the square into the bargain.

"Yours, and no fibbing,

"TOM RINGBONE,

"(P. R. B. as is, and R. A. as hopes to be)."

Cheering Intelligence by Bullier's Correspondence.

"THE Savoyard organs have pronounced unanimously for adhesion to France!!!"

[*Mr. Punch congratulates England, and especially his own Quiet Street.*]

HOSTS OPPOSED TO THE BUDGET.

THE Licensed Victuallers unanimously declare that the Ministry which is about to institute Free Trade in wine is worse than any Provisional Government.

IRISH TENANT RIGHT.—The right of the Tenant to hold land at a rent paid by the Landlord.

MR. PUNCH AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



THE London readers of *Mr. Punch* (he takes it for granted) who had a few hours and a few shillings to spare on Friday, spent them rationally as he did in hearing the *Elijah*, which at Sydenham was performed as it had never been before. To pay a crown to hear the crowning work of MENDELSSOHN is a temptation which few people in reason can resist; and to hear such a performance of it as last Friday's, no right-minded possessor of five shillings could refuse. *Mr. Punch* therefore assumes that all his readers out of Bedlam, who had time and money spareable, were with him to take part in the MENDELSSOHN

Commemoration, which, whatever part they took—whether vocal or auricular; and if the former, whether alto or soprano, bass or tenor—was one that they are not soon likely to forget.

Taking this for granted, there is little need for him to tell his London readers in what a brilliant manner the Festival went off, or what a blaze of triumph was the bonfire at the end of it. But *Mr. Punch* writes for All England as well as for its capital, and writes too for posterity as well as for those present. *Mr. Punch* may therefore fitly say a few words on the subject; and seeing that he, happily, is not yet an M. P., there need be no fear that his "few words" will be many ones.

As nothing can detract from his exalted reputation, *Mr. Punch* will not mind owning that he went to Sydenham simply and solely to enjoy himself. His object was to hear, and not to criticise and carp at: and he neither tried to count the more than million beauties, nor tired his ears by straining them for possible defects. Leaving others to pick holes, if there were any to be picked, it is enough for him to say he made his mind up to be pleased, and that he discovered no fit reason to unmake it. All the musical arrangements were on such a major scale, that the performance, as was promised, could not but be a great one. The chorus sang with all the unanimity of one; and each one of the soloists sang with all the force and fervour of a chorus. Each note issued by the choristers was a three-thousand-pounder, and when it—

Crashed forth with vigour rare,
All as one voice they were,
Charming the hearers there,
Well-drilled Three Thousand!

As Orpheus of old could make the woods to listen to him, SIMS ORPHEUS so sang that the most wooden of his hearers wagged their heads while hearing him; and MISS POLYHYMNIA PAREPA, while she sang "with heart and voice," on the last of those four words thrilled forth her high B flat so *claré* as to make *Mr. Punch* think of his CLARA. Indeed she sang so high in what was her *so-lo*, that one might almost say she warbled like a lark, except that, being somewhat of a larger growth, she could not be expected to sing quite out of eyesight. And then MISS DOLBY* sang that air of airs of hers (which *Mr. Punch* will not insult her by naming more particularly) with such sweetness, and such feeling, that, although he hates encores, *Mr. Punch* found himself helping in the one which was accorded to her. In fact, if *Mr. Punch* had been allowed to have his way (which, as he had his *Judy* with him, was more than he could hope), he would have gladly lent a hand to encore the whole performance: nay, had he been Briareus, and had fifty pairs of hands, he would, to gain his object, have sacrificed a pair of milk-white kids on each.

Unlike the Duke in SHAKESPEARE, *Mr. Punch* is always merry when he hears sweet music; and it therefore was with feelings of more than usual pleasantness that when the Work was over he went to see the Man, or his effigy at least, which *Mr. Punch* had to unveil. Remembering that the statue of BEETHOVEN at Bonn was unveiled in the presence of "some of the crowned heads of Europe, who were almost lost in a crowd of 30,000 people," *Mr. Punch* of course contrasted the gratifying fact, that the heads who gave their crowns to see MENDELSSOHN unveiled, amounted not to "some" but to some eighteen thousand, and therefore stood no danger of being "almost lost." Being perfectly *au fait* at performing public ceremonies, such as christening Drinking Fountains, and wheelbarrowing First Sods, it is quite needless to remark that *Mr. Punch* did the unveiling with his usual graceful ease, and made the usual short speech with his usual perfect taste. This over, there set in an "ugly rush" for the refreshments, but as *Mr. Punch* felt no desire to get his pet corn trodden on, he prudently reserved his appetite for supper, having taken the precaution, with his usual splendid foresight, to lay in a hearty lunch. Forming a bright exception to the general rule observed,

* Everybody knows that now she's not a Miss, and that her married name's not DOLBY. But *Mr. Punch* no more can leave off calling her "Miss DOLBY," than he can speak of JENNY LIND by any other name than "JENNY."

by *not* smoking a cigar which was anything but tobacco, *Mr. Punch* then came into the garden with MAUD, (don't be jealous, *Judy*,) and enjoyed the first warm evening in a state of mind which, like it, was totally serene. Being, however, still afflicted

"Where the East Wind's pinching fingers
Had laid the grip whence hoarseness lingers,"

Mr. Punch could give few specimens of his usual moonlight talk; but after speaking of the "gardels" as really "lookilg quite robaltic" the boolshile," he gave up "talkilg sedtimelt" as being a bad job.

Of the Fackelzug which followed, *Mr. Punch* need only say that it was worthy of His Presence, and higher praise than this it would perplex him to conceive. One observer says the torches "gleamed like fiery serpents;" but "Brobdingnagian glow-worms" were a far more sparkling simile, and would really have approached quite as nearly to the truth. A fire of wit, of course, was kindled by the blaze, and the torches weren't the only brilliant things let drop. Several jokers joked about "playing at pitch and toss," as they tossed about their pitch-sticks to keep them well in flame; and one unhappy punster who, in doing this, had let some pitch pitch on his fingers, was mad enough to talk about the pain as being torch-ure! Another of the mad wags, however, who was present (and who, if he don't take care, may end in either going to Bedlam or in writing a burlesque), carried his mad-waggery to a still more piteous pitch; for at the finish of the evening, when he struck his torch out, he actually called the stroke a *coup de tar*.

With the sound of the *Elijah* yet echoing in his ears, the sight of the bright bonfire yet dazzling his eyes, and the savour of the torch-smoke yet clinging to his nostrils, *Mr. Punch* then left the Palace by his own private exit; and jumping upon Pegasus, whom *Toby* had in waiting, clapped *Judy* on the crupper, and straight rode home to supper, and soon fell asleep while glancing o'er the new Sonnets by TUPPER.

INTERESTING TO NERVOUS AND IRRITABLE PERSONS!

WILL MR. BABBAGE ask his calculating machine to tell us whether the hurdy-gurdy, which is an instrument of torture inflicted on Europe by Savoy, will make greater noise, or pierce one's ears and feelings more painfully, now that LOUIS NAPOLEON, by his recent little turn of annexation, has converted it into a French organ?

A Thorough Bread Knight.

THE KING OF SARDINIA has knighted the patriotic baker, GIUSEPPE DOLEI. No doubt the worthy knight of the oven will prove himself a doughty champion, his achievements will be recorded in the rolls of fame, and he will be acknowledged as the flour of chivalry.

NO NEWS.

MR. COLEMAN, in his amusing book about *British Butterflies*, tells us that the *Purple Emperor* thrives on corruption. And so, he might have added, does the French variety of the species.

THE REAL FANCY FRANCHISE.

LONDON and Liverpool 'Changes voting TOM SAYERS a hero.

A GRACE FOR HUNGARY FOLKS.—BENEDEK-tus Benedicat.



ARTIST (with *Bell's Life*). "Well! I say, Taddeo, look here, (reads) 'Bill Shaw has paid £1 to enrol himself a Member of the P. B. A.'!! By Jove! What's the Profession coming to?" (N.B. Our friend has never heard of the Pugilistic Benevolent Association.)

LONDON OMNIBUS EXCURSIONS.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

THE proprietors of the Omnibuses that crawl from the West of London along the Strand, respectfully invite the attention of the Public to the great advantages to be now derived from taking that route. By order of the LORD MAYOR, no carriages can now pass through Fleet Street, and in consequence, a new, varied, and delightful excursion to the North, and subsequently Eastward, is offered by the Proprietors, with no addition of charge. To any person having a few hours in the business part of the day to throw away, the present occasion affords an opportunity which should not be lost. On arriving at the street leading to the beautiful Bridge so highly eulogised by CANOVA, and declared by the great sculptor to be worth coming from Italy to see, the traveller suddenly turns to the left, and ascends a stupendous hill, adorned on one side by the classic graces of the Lyceum, and rendered grim on the other by the Avernian terrors of the Exeter Arcade. He passes the office of that admirable journal, the *Army and Navy Gazette*, and may be fortunate enough to obtain a view of the historian of the Crimean War, smoking the cigar or calumet of Peace. The traveller's journey is still marked by objects of the utmost interest, and he has scarcely regaled his eyes with the glory of the new Lyric Temple and its Floral appendage, when he comes upon the wild grandeur of Long Acre, and has a vista gaze at the gloomy gorge of Drury Lane, whose savage inhabitants must excite in the least imaginative bosom emotions utterly unfavourable to Foreign missionary enterprise. Pursuing his way through a stern and rugged country, where the rich scent of the onion nevertheless speaks of simple happiness, the traveller is finally launched into the magnificent scenery of Holborn. In this noble region, already crowded to repletion with its own commerce, to which are now added the gigantic contributions of the South, he will probably be blocked for an hour or two, and will have ample leisure to survey the wonders of Nature and Art with which he is surrounded. He will not fail to note the Black-Gang Shine (also known as Day and Martin's), the famous Baths of Venice, and the Westonian Hall of Melody, among the numerous points of attraction. But a sterner interest awaits him, for in the course of three-quarters of an hour or more, he finds himself on the verge of that

terrible descent near which the Church of St. Andrew attests the perils from which his grateful votaries have miraculously escaped. Here it is usual to take the celebrated precaution called the Skid, and if the officer appointed to annex it to the wheel happens to be in the way, it will probably be fastened. But a traveller should be prepared for anything. Thundering and rushing, the vehicle hurries down the awful descent, and if all is well, as it very often is, the passenger, thankful for his escape, re-commences to climb, and after a fierce struggle, attains the Church of St. Sepulchre, and the rock-like wall of the dreadful prison near it. A gentler sensation is awakened by the sight of the graceful fountain that trickles from the churchyard, reminding us that though the clay within it may be moistened no more, ours is still open to that process, and that we should improve our time. At this point a traveller who has any business in Fleet Street, and cannot afford to be carried many miles further out of his way, should descend, and with the aid of a guide, pedestrianise through a pass leading South, by which he will ultimately be brought to his object; but those who have time to spare should not omit to traverse the dark ravine of Newgate Street, which terminates at the *Poste* of the Great Saint Martin. Thenceforth the old route is resumed, and the delighted traveller has time to reflect upon the long and interesting journey to which the paternal kindness of the LORD MAYOR has so pleasantly compelled him. He will naturally take a small hamper of refreshments, and to the votary of Nicotia we would whisper that the summit of the vehicle enables him to indulge his taste. No increase in prices in consequence of the enormous increase of the length of the route. The Proprietors have much satisfaction in announcing, that although it was thought that their own arrangements, and the eccentricities of the competitive system of driving, had done all that was possible to protract a journey, the kind aid of the LORD MAYOR of London has enabled them to state that there is now *no* saying when an omnibus ride will be completed. May, 1860. *Vivat Carter!*

FROM MR. PUNCH'S GAZETTE OF LAST NIGHT.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the PRESENTATION of an operatic testimonial to a lady who has all sorts of merits, but is not a Lyric Artist, can only take place through INADVERTENCE, and the puffs to that effect are hereby cancelled. *Lord Chamberlain Punch's Office, May 9, 1860.*

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



A SKETCH.—EARLY MORNING.—TRAFALGAR SQUARE, MAY 7.

“MY DEAR PUNCH,

“Now that it is all over, and I know the worst, I begin to reconcile myself to my fate. My pet picture, which cost me so many months of labour (and over which I have smoked so many pipes), was—shall I confess it?—rejected at the Royal Academy Exhibition. The Chariot which I intended to mount on the Road to Fame, by a melancholy metamorphosis, became the Patent Hansom in which I brought my *chef d’œuvre* away. It was fated that *I*, and not my picture, should be sold.

“I was furious at first, I admit. Thoughts of instant and ample vengeance filled my brain. I glared at the red-legged porter who showed me the fatal list, and if he had not stood at least six feet two in his pumps I should assuredly have doubled him up. I learned to ‘spar’ at Eastminster, but a difference of fourteen inches in height makes formidable odds in a ‘mill;’ besides, *I* might have hurt *him*; and after all, was it *his* fault? I thought better of it, and spared the gentleman in plush. I took home my *Queen of the Goths*, and hung her up, crown and all, over my mantel-piece, to the admiration of MRS. KINAHAN, who sweeps my room every morning. BOREWELL, the great critic, came and cut it up (I speak metaphorically) the next day, and I was resigned. Nay, had I not a ticket for the Private View? I smothered my indignation, and went to see the works of my more fortunate friends.

“A learned and ingenious philosopher of Athens, by the name of PLATO, with whose writings you are doubtless familiar, formerly observed that—

“Beauty alone has this characteristic, that it is at once the most visible and the most pleasing of qualities.”

“This original and concise remark forms the motto which the R. A. Exhibition Catalogue bears this year, in accordance with ancient precedent, on its first page. My attention was first called to it by SCUMBLETON, who has attained such excellence in the Classic School of Painting; that is to say, in the delineation of gods and goddesses, and their favourite amusements and pursuits, so admirably described by DR. LEMPRIERE in his famous *Dictionary*—a work which, as S. says, should be wanting in *no* studio.

“Well, SCUMBLETON was muttering in a corner at the R. A., and the following extraordinary sentence reached my ear:—

“‘Noonday CALLOWS, mon! On to Tennis came MOIRA. And who’s EGG, FANNY? Stay Tony nigh K. ‘Arry Smote it on.’

“Good gracious! I thought. SCUMBLETON is intoxicated—at least he must have swallowed some ‘turps’ by mistake. What *does* he mean? ‘Noonday CALLOWS!’ The artist of that name knows better than to choose such a time for his effects. ‘On to Tennis came MOIRA!’ Nonsense. MR. MOIRA is a portrait painter, and doesn’t play fives. ‘Who’s EGG, FANNY?’ A good joke, indeed! Why an A. R. A., to be sure! ‘Stay Tony nigh K.’ What! ‘Arry smote it on.’ Who is ‘Arry? *Where* did he smite what, and why?

“A glance at the Catalogue explained it all. SCUMBLETON was trying to read the Greek text of the above-mentioned apophthegm, which runs thus in the original:—

“Νῦν δὲ κάλλος μόνον ταυτὴν ἔσχε μοῖραν, ὡς ἐκφανέστατον εἶναι καὶ ἐρασμώτατον.”

* * * * *

“Elbowing my way through a crowd of the *élite*, among whom I noticed the DUKE OF A., the MARQUIS OF B., the EARL and COUNTESS OF C., and so on through the illustrious alphabet, I reached the East Room. *Seniores priores*. SIR EDWIN’S *Highland Flood* swamps everything near it. A grey and dismal horror pervades the scene. We feel sadly convinced that yon poor struggling bull will not live to be British beef; nor can drowning ‘Nanny’ be converted into ‘Alpine kid.’ When sunburnt lassies tossed that load of grass they little thought they were ‘saving’ hay—so soon to lose it. Will not the very red herrings which we see strung up return to their native element? One might, indeed, believe it—*cum grano salis!* Well, well; it is an ill wind that blows no one good; and if man and beast suffer, at least it seems fine weather for ducks.

“If we had not had enough of water, we might stop to admire the contrast between STANFIELD’S *Outward Bound*, and COOKE’S *Bella Venezia*—both wonderfully true to nature; so true that, standing before them, I recall the *ethos* of each scene, and must honestly admit that I would rather be lying in that gondola, as it floats lazily over the Lagoon, in the full enjoyment of my pipe, than experience *certain other* sensations in MR. STANFIELD’S fishing-smack on the British Channel.

“No. 131 is described in the catalogue as *The Terrace*. It certainly looks to *me* more like a lady with a fan, but I may be wrong. Which is the architectural feature?

“What is the test of excellence in descriptive art? When we go to the play, leave our cares in the cloak-room—forget our toothache and ‘that horrid bill,’—to take interest in the little world behind the foot-lights. If, I say, we love the heroine, feel anxious for the hero, laugh with his funny friend, and rejoice at virtue triumphant, be sure there has been good acting. Who can look at MR. ELMORE’S picture without feeling present at the scene itself? The shouts of the *sansculottes* ring in one’s ears, and one feels inclined to drag away the penitent girl (was ever penitence so ably drawn?) from the side of that shrieking beldam, and the rest of the horrid crew, before she forgets the sad sweet face of MARIE ANTOINETTE. Does MR. ELMORE hint at a moral in that smouldering pipe? Alas! how many pipes of good French clay were put out for ever, in those days. The furniture is thrown pell-mell: a chair is already upset. *Courage! mes amis.* The tables will soon be turned.

“Look at MR. FRITH’S picture. We boast of the improved manners and morals of the present age, but there is one class of individuals which has lost caste in this century. A highwayman now-a-days is a low vulgar wretch with no sort of interest attached to him, save the anxiety which we all feel that he should be transported. But MONS. M. CLAUDE DUVAL was a fine gentleman, and could step a ‘coranto,’ I warrant you, as well as his Grace himself. Is it the old cavalier’s daughter the rogue is dancing with? Will he finish the minuet before that black lacquey has signalled aid?

“‘Dear, nice, *picturesque* old days; I wish *I* had lived in them,’ whispers MISS FRUMPINGTON, who is thirty-nine, and who not only never danced a coranto with a ‘cracksman,’ but finds it difficult even to procure a partner for a quadrille. And so we pass on to another picture.

“If we congratulate MR. HOOK on being able to write R. A. after his name, let us also congratulate the illustrious

'Forty' on their choice. *Stand Clear* is a charming picture—honestly treated, skilfully painted. *Quid verbis opus est?* It is a Hook, and very properly hung on 'the Lane.'

"Let us stand a few minutes before MR. MILLAIS' *Black Brunswickers*, and after examining that wonderful piece of white satin, glance up at the honest soldier's face, full of stern purpose and manly courage. We do not need that dread device to learn his errand. Will he ride back out of 'the jaws of death' to meet his sweetheart? I know *some one* who would gladly risk such a danger for such a prize.

"Where did MR. PHILIP hide to witness the august ceremony which he has so ably painted. The Archbishop's sleeve is capacious, but could hardly have held him. Stars and garters! What courage a man must have to make a sketch in such company. Fancy dotting down a Duke, with that awful weapon of state hanging over one's head. The sword of DAMOCLES was a joke to it. For my part, I should have been first frightened out of my wits, then have fallen into hopeless love with at least four bridesmaids, and finally I should have stumbled over Gold Stick in Waiting, who would, doubtless, have annihilated me on the spot. On the other hand, MR. PHILIP, you see, has gone to work coolly and successfully, and out of this *mélange* of Royalty, loyalty, matrimony, and 'moire antique,' has produced a picture which is one of the best in the room.

"MR. HORSLEY's naval lieutenant (H.M.S. *Trifter*) is "showing a preference" in a very indiscreet and decided manner. The very poppies hang their heads in shame. Let us hope, however, that he has made a fitting choice, and that his charmer will become a mate, before he is a commander.

"I was admiring, inch by inch, MR. DYCE's *Pegwell Bay*, and thinking that I should never tire of looking at it, when STIPPLER, the post-Peruginesque genius, punching me jocosely in the dorsal region, carried me off into the Middle Room, to see—what I will describe in another epistle.

"Faithfully yours,

"JACK EASEL."

THE WILD IRISH IN THE WEST.



AMERICAN friends, will nothing convince you that the Negroes are human beings? Nothing will, if the following advertisement will not;—

THE *PILOT*, published weekly in Boston, Mass., United States, an Irish Catholic Journal of Brilliant Talent, Early Intelligence, Prodigious Circulation, and 20 Years' standing.

This Paper, well known to all the exiled Irish through the vast extent of the Republican districts of North and South America, is the best Advertising medium—for

Catholic purposes—in the United States. On Irish politics the views of the *PILOT* are Original. In every number articles are published which, in the present state of the law, it would be dangerous or impossible to publish in Ireland—fearless and out-spoken articles, in which the mask is torn from the hypocritical face of the Irish aristocracy (whether Whigs or Tories), with a hand unpalsied by the apprehension of British penalties, and an eloquent brilliancy that never dims. The men who vicariously administer and make the laws of Ireland (the lords) are held responsible only in the *Pilot* for the dreadful calamities which have repeatedly afflicted and overwhelmed the Irish people. Millions of famine-deaths and centuries of massacre are brought home and heaped up at the gilded doors of the Irish aristocracy in a manner novel, convincing, and irresistible. These fountains of authority are made responsible for the general ruin which they occasion. On Irish politics the views of the *Pilot* will be found equally original and solid, owing to the application of new principles to current vicissitudes.

Persons desirous of getting this Journal can please apply to C. M. O'KEEFFE, *Irishman* Office, by letter prepaid.

The above composition—which appeared the other day in the *Irishman* newspaper—is the work of human beings. It is the work of Irishmen. All Irishmen—even the creature who composed the above tissue of bombast, bathos, fudge, falsehood, malevolence, and absurdity—are, undoubtedly, human beings. Ireland has produced many of our greatest men.

But, now, did ever any Nigger under the sun, even with his brain turned by a sun-stroke,—any delirious Nigger,—any black maniac in the world,—utter such belluine ravings as those which are reduced to

writing in the notification foregoing? The faculty of reason is the speciality of man. If you admit it in the case of all Irishmen, you must recognise its existence in that of all Niggers, none of whom can be lower than the low Irish who vent such rabid folly as that just quoted. But as every Irishman is white (when he is washed), it is obvious that, if the "peculiar institution" of America is to be maintained, it at least ought no longer to be limited by considerations of colour. It should extend to inferiority of moral and intellectual type, and then it would assuredly include other people than Africans.

It is not to be denied that sparks of rationality are visible in the *Boston Pilot's* Irish advertisement. The author tells us that "in every number articles are published which, in the present state of the law, it would be dangerous or impossible to publish in Ireland," and that a certain absurdity is accomplished "with a hand unpalsied by the apprehension of British penalties." Here is at least evidence of the power of perceiving and apprehending consequences. These passages are remarkable, taken in connection with the circumstance that great stress is laid upon the fact that the *Pilot* is an eminently Catholic newspaper. His Holiness the POPE, in his late edict of Excommunication, adverted, in a precisely similar strain, to the unfortunate truth, that there were certain localities, and those the very places in which the publication of that anathema was most desirable, wherein it would be unsafe to post it. Thus there is some glimmering of sense to be noted in the POPE's Bull, as well as amid the blunders and balderdash of his peculiar people.

THE SEVERITY OF SMALL GERMANS.

CONTEMPLATING the various objects of interest accumulated in a pork-shop window, we generally observe a number of little sausages, labelled "Small Germans." The sight of these cylindrical and savoury articles universally reminds the British beholder of the petty sovereignties of Germany. The minor German sovereignties are, however, very much smaller than the smallest of German sausages, and their small Governments are despotisms in a small way, very apt to perpetrate small acts of harsh and mean repression. The subjoined paragraph, quoted from the *Morning Post*, instances a piece of small tyranny which has just occurred in the diminutive domain of one of their Serene Littlecesses:—

"LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN SAXE-GOTHA.—On the 5th inst. the Editor of the daily paper published in Gotha, M. STOLLBERG, was sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment for inserting an article in his journal which was considered to be an affront to a reigning German sovereign. The Emperor of Austria was the potentate in question, and it was considered no palliation of the offence that the unfortunate Editor had only copied the article from the *London Times*. A short time ago another German Editor was similarly sentenced for the same kind of offence."

De minimis non curat lex is a maxim on the reverse of which is administered the exiguous absolutism of these small Germans. They resent a trivial affront offered to themselves or their connections in the spirit of a wretched pedagogue when the despicable old brute cruelly whips a little boy for having chalked up the rudiments of a human figure, and written under it "Old Foggy;" an appellation which the aged savage supposes to have been meant for himself, or for MR. SQUARETOES over the way. The act of silly severity above recorded is even more paltry than that of the exasperated pedant. A scurrilous attack upon a great German may be regarded as a sensible, if not a reasonable, provocation of a small one; but the body of the offence for which M. STOLLBERG has been sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment was an article copied from the *Times*.

Temperate criticism is, by the small German mind, "considered to be an affront to a reigning German sovereign," and such an one as the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA. It is no less deplorable than remarkable that the particular small German in whose Lilliputian territory the liberty of the Press has been assailed with the pusillanimous resentment evinced in the incarceration of M. STOLLBERG, should be no other than the DUKE OF SAXE COBURG AND GOTHA, who, with whatever affection he may regard the Austrian Autocrat, should, one would imagine, be linked by a stronger chain of sympathy with a Court of which the Throne is a seat of constitutional Government supported by representative institutions. The British, rather than the Austrian Empire, appears to be the model which this small German Duke would naturally have chosen to go by in ruling his miniature dukedom or dwarfdom.

A Fine Source of Revenue.

MR. DOULTON, a judicious member of the Metropolitan Board of Works, is reported to have proposed a capital suggestion for obtaining funds to defray the expenses of the embankment of the Thames, or any other similar improvement. It is that of establishing an *octroi* duty on all provisions entering London. He means, of course, merely the City; and when the enormous quantity of provisions consumed at a single LORD MAYOR'S dinner is considered, it will be obvious that a very small tax on the civic larder would raise money enough to pay for anything.

A BREWER IN SUPPORT OF THE BEER-IMPROVEMENT BILL.



Oh dear, Oh dear
The more I'm
doctored the
worse I get!

THE Puritans were wont formerly to do their preaching upon tubs, but there has lately been a deal of preaching upon beer-barrels. In the House the other evening the Member for Brick Lane poured out his frothy periods till he half stupefied his hearers, who did their best to bring him up, by crying out "Divide!" The following is a sample of the pure and unadulterated word-stream which gushed forth from him:—

"MR. BUXTON denied altogether that the agitation against the Bill had been in any way got up by the London Brewers. They did not care a farthing about the matter, and had entirely refused to stir in it. Indeed, they would have been foolish to do so. French wine would never drive out ale and porter. Their competition might, perhaps, check adulteration, but that would be all; and with respect to the licensing system, if the Bill were thrown out through their means, public opinion would be so disgusted that there would be an end to the licensing system altogether."

If MR. BUXTON had intended to support the Beer Improvement Bill, he could hardly have adduced two stronger arguments than these for it. To say that it will tend to check adulteration, and help to put an end to the licensing system, is to bring to clearest light the merits of the measure, and render it quite needless to say another word for it. MR. BUXTON, however, does say several more words for it, although his aim in saying them was doubtless just the contrary:—

"Upon these and other grounds he should have preferred to support the Bill; and would have done so if the division had taken place after the first discussion; but subsequent close thought upon the subject during the recess had brought him reluctantly to the conclusion that he must vote against the Bill, and that upon the ground which, coming from him must he knew, seem an absurd, hypocritical pretence—that it would powerfully tend to promote intoxication. He would make no attempt to defend himself from the ridicule this assertion might excite, but would pass on to the question which deserved most anxious thought—whether the result of that Bill would not inevitably be a fearful increase of drunkenness. Of course, if the Bill would merely create a general consumption of light wines, every reasonable man would give it his hearty

support; but the question was, whether its result would not prove to be an almost universal sale, under the name and pretence of wine, of ardent spirits. (Hear, hear.)"

If this great Brewer entertains such a pious hate of drunkenness, he ought in all consistency to give up making beer. But getting drunk on beer, and getting drunk upon cheap claret, are doubtless in his eyes proceedings vastly different. The one is a light matter, and with Englishmen a national and natural propensity; but the other is with them a most unnatural offence, and must be regarded as a deed of blackest dye. So likewise the spirits which are vended at a ginshop have, in brewers' sight, a far smaller demoralising influence, than those which are, alas! to be procured soon at the pastrycook's, where, besides the potent brandy-ball and fiercely ardent hot-spiced nut, there will ere long be sold the terrible, and fiery Bordeaux.

But, as we have said, by his last-quoted remarks, as well as by his first, MR. BUXTON did good service to the Bill; for their absurdity induced SIR MORTON PETO to get up, and he explained thus from experience how he thought the Act would act:—

"SIR S. M. PETO intended to support the second reading of the Bill, believing that, however objectionable certain parts of the measure might be, they could easily be amended in Committee. He had carried on enormous contracts abroad, and had always found that in the wine countries the labourers were far more sober than they were elsewhere. (Hear, hear.) During four years he had been engaged in the construction of the Mediterranean lines of railway, where some of the heaviest works were executed which were ever attempted. Three thousand Piedmontese were employed; those men during the whole of the time drank the wine of the country, and on no one occasion had he heard of any instance of intoxication. (Hear, hear.) They all saved money, and took it home to their families, and he did not see why with similar facilities the results should not be the same with regard to the working men of this country. (Hear, hear.)"

To persuade an English workman to give up English beer, would be a feat even more difficult than to hear a pious brewer lecture upon drunkenness without feeling a temptation to smile at his remarks. Still we think, if MR. BUXTON could somehow persuade our navvies that "Bordeaux" was in fact but another name for "brandy," he might give some slight impulse to its importation; although we should not much mind betting him a bottle of it, that however much our countrymen might be induced to take to the taking of French wine, they would not drink one drop the less of British beer.

A CABMAN'S APPEAL AGAINST THE LADIES.

"SIR, "HAS you are the Friend of hall classs i hope you will Inserert a few Word from a pore Cabby wich you Poke your fun hat but Live and Let life i say and hear Both side. i ham summond For nocking downd a woman and call a Brute Sir, how can We help wen they will no More mind crossing the rode then if It was a Private garding, first take Hold of their Clows then look at the Mud and Makes a face at it then looks to See wether She shows enuff of Her hancles and Then rush dead a Head like charging a Bull never wunst looking rite and Left Sir who can pull up at a minnit notice and the Swell hollaring and bawling to look a Life. Sir i do not complane of Fares a Woman give sixpence from Temple bar to circus But a swell gives a halferownd wich is to Much but if women will Not look she must be Run over and in my opinion that ort to Be law of the Land Sir i must now conclude i ham

"Mr. Punch."

"respectfly
"A ONE-HIDE CABBY."

"N.B. If They have a beestly dog it His Wurse has Then she is hall in a figget hover the Beast wich can mind himself."

"The Initials."

A LADY friend of ours, who having a small house of course likes to give large parties, has found that, since the fashion of wide petticoats came in, her rooms will hardly hold half the number that they used to do. In order therefore to make space to accommodate more guests, she has lately hit upon the notable expedient of putting a curt postscript to her female invitations, requesting moderation in circumference of dress. The postscript consists merely of the letters "P. C. L.," which being interpreted, mean simply: "Please Come Limp!"

LEGISLATION FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

THE House of Commons is proceeding with the Bleaching and Dyeing Works Act, designed to prevent the overworking of helpless children. In consequence of the enactment of this measure Dyeing Works, it is to be hoped, will cease to be Killing Works.

DR. CUMMING'S LAST REVELATION.

MR. PUNCH finds in a Liverpool journal the following, part of a lecture which DR. CUMMING has been delivering on Prophecy:—

"He had been, he said, taunted in the columns of *Punch* with having, notwithstanding his belief that the world was to come to an end in 1867, recently renewed the lease of a cottage for 50 years. The accusation, he said, although not literally, was generally true, but his answer to it was, that a belief in prophecy should not override common sense. The doctor was frequently applauded throughout his eloquent lecture."

And by no person should he have been applauded more loudly than by *Mr. Punch*, if that gentleman had had the good fortune to be in the school-room at Claughton, where the lecture is reported to have been delivered. The last quoted sentence is so admirably frank that *Mr. Punch* cannot withhold his tribute of veneration. In other words, although it is all very well, in the way of business, to work the old Hebrew scrolls, which boil down into capital stock for the rather thin yet spicy soup vended by our Doctor, he has no notion of eating his own cookery. We wish we were as certain of our friend's orthography as we are of his common sense, and would give a trifle (say the *next* three hundred Tupperian sonnets) to know whether, in his private ledger, he does not spell Prophets as worldly people spell the opposite of Losses. But do not let him again use the word "taunt" in reference to anything that is said about him by his profound admirer,

PUNCH.

A PRIZE FOR A GRAND PROJECT.

If prizes are given for the best designs of frescoes to adorn the interiors of public buildings, and for other plans and devices of an ornamental nature, why should not the same method be adopted in order to elicit useful inventions? London is about to be drained, and all the drainage is to be cast into the sea. That, if not casting bread upon the waters not to return, is casting upon the waters a quantity of valuable material which might be made to return in the shape of bread. Manure is but a segment of the circle of nutrition. It feeds the corn which nourishes the frame. The question is, how to utilise the sewage of towns. Might not the problem be solved, if its solution would be rewarded with a prize which would render the gainer independent and happy for life? Such a prize would be a cheap expenditure of public money.



THE VERY THING.

Dealer (to Nervous Rider). "QUIET! THERE NOW! HE'S A COB AS YOU MAY JUST CHUCK YER LEG OVER, AND SPRING A RATTLE, OR FIRE OFF PISTOLS BY THE HOUR TOGETHER, AND HE WON'T TAKE NO NOTICE!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ON comes *Monday, May 7.* Tautology, VISCOUNT WILLIAMS, means—but, suppose you look it out in your Richardttonary. Having acquainted yourself with the meaning of the word, state whether there is any tautology in the following sentence. "Allusion was made to-day to the recent ryot disturbances in Bengal." Do not be in a hurry, but be sure you understand the word ryot. The public will pardon *Mr. Punch's* paternal attention to his favourite pupil, the rather that in the first place *Mr. Punch* does not care whether he is pardoned or not, and that in the second there was nothing else of the least interest in the proceedings of the half-hour during which the Lords sat.

In the Commons, MR. SIDNEY HERBERT denied the denial to the Volunteers of their military rank when they

go to Court; and moreover added, that they are at perfect liberty to delight their Sovereign with the sight of their uniforms—statements that will make happy the minds of a good many handsome young patriots. Afterwards came on rather a curious business. There is a paper published in London, as some of our readers are

aware, called the *Times*. Among its proprietors is a gentleman named WALTER, who is also a Member of Parliament. Its Editor is MR. DELANE. The Premier of England is LORD PALMERSTON, who has a handsome house on the right hand side of Piccadilly, as you go westward. He and LADY PALMERSTON give very pleasant parties there. MR. HORSMAN is also a Member of Parliament—at present. In the *Times* newspaper some mornings ago appeared an article in which MR. HORSMAN was mentioned in a way he did not like. MR. WALTER having expressed in the House a sentiment in accordance with a portion of the article in the *Times*, MR. HORSMAN wrote to him announcing an intention of bringing the subject under the notice of the House. MR. WALTER having waited for this operation, and MR. HORSMAN not performing it, the former gentleman to-night brought up the matter himself, and correspondence was read, and speeches were made. MR. HORSMAN thinks that LORD PALMERSTON influences the *Times* by inviting MR. DELANE to evening parties, and MR. HORSMAN attacked MR. WALTER, as a proprietor of the paper, and also because, while himself a Member of the House, he is supposed to sanction the rather strong censures occasionally made upon it, and upon distinguished personages, by the newspaper in question. MR. WALTER's complete reply is, that he is not the editor of the paper, and has nothing to do with its management. The HORSMAN onslaught was so excessively ridiculous that its absurdity would have been its only claim to *Mr. Punch's* tolerant notice, but that the discussion brought up our friend the PREMIER, who came out in a magnificent way. He utterly laughed to scorn the idea that MR. DELANE, or any other gentleman of sense and character, could be influenced in the discharge of his duty by invitations to evening parties; an idea that one would think could have emanated only from the mind of a third class lady of the "genteel" class, to whom a *soirée* at a Swell house is a convertible term for Paradise. LORD PALMERSTON "only wished he *could* exercise such an influence," but had no such good fortune. "He was very proud when such persons as MR. DELANE did him the honour of coming to see him, without undertaking any other engagement than that which MR. DELANE performs so well—of always making themselves very agreeable." He stated that MR. DISRAELI



PAMP'S GRACEFUL RECOGNITION OF THE PRESS, OR FOURTH ESTATE.

"My Right Honourable friend has observed, that the Contributors to the Press are the favourites and the ornaments of the social circles into which they enter. In that opinion he is, it seems to me, perfectly correct. The gentlemen to whom he refers are, generally speaking, persons of great attainments and information. It is, then, but natural that their society should be agreeable."—Lord PALMERSTON in the House of Commons, Monday, May 7, 1860.

sometimes came to see him on the same terms. And Our Dear Old PAM, and we call him old in sign of our familiarity and affection, for he is not old, added, with reference to MR. HORSMAN'S remarks—

"HE HAS SAID THAT THE CONTRIBUTORS TO THE PRESS ARE THE FAVOURITES AND ORNAMENTS OF EVERY SOCIETY INTO WHICH THEY ENTER. HE IS PERFECTLY RIGHT IN THAT EXPRESSION. THEY ARE GENERALLY MEN OF GREAT INFORMATION AND GREAT ATTAINMENTS, AND THEREFORE THEY ARE MEN WHOSE SOCIETY MUST BE AGREEABLE."

Suffused with ingenuous blushes, yet conscious that the PREMIER'S words are the most unimpeachable truth, *Mr. Punch*, as the recognised Head and Representative of the Press of England, makes LORD PALMERSTON one of those bows, to behold which is beatitude, to imitate which is despair.

Mr. Punch would add, that his friend MR. DISRAELI bore testimony to the utility of press strictures, and said that, provided they were able, he did not—even when they were directed against himself—object to "general malignity." This must have been meant for the *Saturday Review*, which compares VIVIAN GREY to LOUIS NAPOLEON. Certainly it had no application to *Mr. Punch*, who has never flung at MR. DISRAELI anything more hurtful than a soft-boiled rosebud.

The great business of the evening being done, the adjourned debate on the Wine Licences Bill was resumed, and after a great deal of opposition, some of it foolish and the rest hypocritical, MR. GLADSTONE replied, and the Pothouse-cum-Pump Coalition was smashed up by a majority of 267 to 193.

Tuesday. LORD EBURY on Prayer-Book Reform. He suggested a great many alterations, of much theological importance, and wished for a commission to prepare the same. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY said, that there was no possibility of theologians agreeing on any subject, and therefore the subject had best be let alone. Thus spoke the Evangelical Hierarchy. The BISHOP OF LONDON denied that there was any real practical grievance. Thus spoke the Common-sense Hierarchy. The BISHOP OF OXFORD believed that changing formularies would lead to attempts at change of doctrines, and the proposal was dangerous. Thus spoke the High-Church Hierarchy. In spite, therefore, of DR. SUMNER, theologians can agree upon occasion, and as *Mr. Puff* says in the *Critic*, "when they do agree their unanimity is wonderful." Three lay-lords charged on the same side as the spirituals, and LORD EBURY, borne down by such an array of championship, withdrew his motion, and probably by this time has become a Highly Particular Baptist.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL stated that he had ordered the appointment of a salaried official to protect the graves of our heroes who died in the Crimea.

MR. BENTINCK had a grievance. He knew a boy who wanted to be a factory boy at Portsmouth; and this boy being plucked by the Civil Service Examiners because he could not spell, MR. BENTINCK wanted to see the Examination papers. He declared that the boy spelt as well as a great many Members of Parliament. The proposal that MR. BENTINCK should, in fact, examine the Examiners, was too preposterous, and it was, of course, rejected. MR. BOVILL, who is a lawyer of great eminence, disapproves of the Government plan for dealing with Stock-Exchange transactions, and had introduced a Bill of his own, legalising *bona fide* business, but not gambling; but his measure was rejected, on the principle that business should be free, and people should take care of themselves.

Then came the motion for the Third Reading of the Paper-Duty Repeal Bill, on which there was a spirited debate, SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE moving as an amendment that, in the present state of the revenue, we ought not to throw away a Million and a Quarter of Revenue. The old arguments were urged, as were some new ones; but MR. GLADSTONE said that opposition was too late—the House had pledged itself to the remission, and had laid on new taxes to supply the place of the Duty. To recoil would be to shock public faith in the Legislature. MR. DISRAELI, in a slashing attack on the CHANCELLOR OF THE X, denied his position, derided his finance, and said that the House ought to re-consider a premature and precipitate vote. And on division, the Bill had what is termed, we believe, a Squeak for it; for the numbers were 219 to 209—whereat the Conservatives cheered woundily. Nay, they actually got another vote, that of MR. HERBERT INGRAM, who has been labouring for years to get the Duty taken off, and who, leading the van of his friends, as he thought, got into the lobby with the Noes, and, despite himself, was made by the SPEAKER to record a vote against his favourite measure. *Mr. Punch*, however, thus sets him right with Boston and The Ages.

Wednesday. Chiefly remarkable for determined but unsuccessful attempts to overthrow the Bill for protecting the poor girls who work in the Bleaching and Dyeing factories from being themselves Bleached by heat and hideous hours until they lie down to Die. SIR JAMES GRAHAM took an opportunity of declaring his belief that the women of England were not deteriorating; and in proof that the men were not, he adduced the recent display of valour by the British Lion, as represented by SIR THOMAS DE SAYERS.

Thursday. LORD DERBY sees a chance of doing mischief to the

Government, and is going in, he says, for a fight, with little LORD MONTEAGLE for a backer. Encouraged by the small majority on the Paper Bill, their Lordships declare that they will not permit such a throwing away of revenue, and mean to oppose the Second Reading in the Lords. This is the first time *Mr. Punch* has heard that, by the Constitution as now established, the Lords have anything to do, except formally, with questions of Taxation, and he hopes that DERBY and MONTEAGLE will not take it unkind if, in the event of their persisting in the menaced course, he should feel it his duty to send a Fourpenny Telegram from Chancery Lane to the Tower of London, instructing the Constable to see that the Axe is comfortably sharp, and to order blocks for two.

In the Commons, a long and rather amusing discussion on the Wine Licences Bill, in Committee, was every now and then agreeably and satisfactorily broken by the Pothouse and Pump Party trying a struggle, and getting a tremendous flooler.

Friday. The Central America question is, according to LORD WODEHOUSE, in a satisfactory way to settlement; but he insisted on being mysterious for the present. LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE made a really interesting speech on behalf of the Protestants in Turkey, who, he says—and he knows more of the matter than anybody in the world—are about the only honest and truth-telling subjects the PADISHAH has. The SULTAN himself likes them, but of course the scoundrels who are in authority in Turkey do not, and they are exposed to persecution and danger. He urged that they ought to be protected. LORD WODEHOUSE agreed, but said that it was not so much the Turks, as the Christians of other than Protestant views, who were malignant against the latter. He hoped, however, to do something for the Protestants. A Bill for dealing with Church "brawlers" was read a Second time. It will, if passed, bring the persons who yell, and throw hassocks, and kick down altar-rails,—persons termed by LORD CRANWORTH "miscreants,"—under the speedy and unfavourable notice of a Police Magistrate.

CHARLEY NAPIER brought up the Gun-boat frauds, and insisted upon having somebody hanged, in which LORD C. PAGET promised to oblige him, if possible. LORD JOHN RUSSELL made his usual multifarious reply to the Catechism of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, but the only point for notice was his solemn asseveration that he does mean to go on with the Reform Bill. There was a debate about SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN, the Governor of Madras, who so much disapproves of MR. WILSON'S plan for taxing India, that he has issued his own Protest against it, for which insubordination LORD PALMERSTON, with much regret at losing so able a man, dismissed him by the next post, and appointed in his place SIR HENRY WARD, Governor of Ceylon, who is favourably known for having so sharply and speedily put down the rascals in the Ionian Islands, who rebelled some few years ago. SIR JOSEPH PAXTON appointed his Committee on the Thames Embankment, and it seems a very sensibly-selected Committee, to whose recommendations men of business, and practical statesmen, must lend respectful attention. *Mr. Punch*, however, will occasionally look into the Committee-room and keep all straight.

The political atmosphere looks cloudy, and there seems a storm coming up. MR. GLADSTONE is particularly recommended to look out his umbrella.

DEAR LORD GREY.

(SONG BY L—D J—N R—SS—L.)

HE'S all my fancy painted him; he's fractious, he's malign;
Though his party's not another's, it never will be mine.
He loved us not, he never meant what he professed to say:
Oh! the tie, the tie is broken between me and Dear LORD GREY.

His speeches are all taken down—they stand in black and white:
His envious eye now languishes, now flashes with despite.
His speech is spoken not for us, but quite the other way:
Oh! the tie, the tie is broken between me and Dear LORD GREY.

Old stories he has hoarded up to cast them in my face;
I little thought that he could be so vengeful and so base.
The secrets of our camp how mean to publish and betray!
Oh! the tie, the tie is broken between me and Dear LORD GREY.

The struggle now will soon be o'er, the weary conflict cease,
My pledge at last will be redeemed, and I shall be at peace.
And when Reform is set at rest, the Whigs will haply say:
Oh! the tie, the tie is broken between us and Dear LORD GREY.

For the Opera Stalls.

"So MARIO and MONGINI take subscriptions for the Sicilian revolutionists," observed LORD PALMERSTON to *Mr. Punch* the other evening. "Just so," replied the latter nobleman, "and there's Twenty Pounds to begin with." "Eh, how do you mean?" asked PAM. "Why, my dear Lord, there are *two tenners*."

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XVI.—PERIOD: THE REIGNS OF HENRY THE SECOND, RICHARD THE FIRST, AND JOHN.



E come now to a period when a new source of intelligence is opened to assist us; and truthful as our previous descriptions may have been, we shall if possible surpass them in fidelity to fact. Our authorities have hitherto been manuscripts and books, in which a recent bank fraud shows one cannot place much confidence; but we now can rest our statements on a much more solid basis than that which pen-and-inkmanship is able to supply. To the evidence on paper we may now add that on stone; and our most graphic of descriptions will for awhile be lithographic. The monumental effigies on view in our Cathedrals, sculptured in the habits of the persons as they lived, afford the best of pictures of the costumes of the age; and as a pleasant time for travelling is now, we hope,

at hand, we mean to make a circuit to all our ancient cities, for the purpose of inspecting the old tombs which they contain. This journeying of course will be repugnant to our feelings, as it must in some measure cause us to be idle, and men are never truly happy excepting when at work. But the interests of the public are paramount, of course, to our comfort and convenience; and the knowledge of the fact that we are writing for posterity, will sufficiently repay us for our sacrifice of time.

HENRY THE SECOND, we are told, was the first of English sovereigns for whom the sculptor's art exhausted the pomp of woe by gravings a stone effigy of him on his grave. But the writer who states this had not the advantage of perusing last month's *Punch*, or he would have seen that HENRY THE FIRST had his effigy engraved, as our careful artist sketched it to adorn our thirteenth chapter. This effigy, however, is extremely rudely executed, and affords but little insight in the matter of costume; so that it is not until the Second HENRY's period that we derive much information from this monumental source.

That the latter king was buried in the Abbey of Fontevraud, is a fact with which the reader has doubtless been acquainted, although since he left school he may have possibly forgotten it. The monarch's effigy presents him as he lay in state, "vested in his royal habits," which, according to the habits of the time, were buried with him.

As the sculptors used to paint some portions of their work, the colour of the king's robes is as patent as their cut; at least, patent to observers who have got good eyes, and can see with some distinctness through the dust of ages. Hence are we informed that the royal boots were green, and that the royal spurs were golden, and



HENRY THE SECOND IN "YE MAZE AT WODESTOKE." FROM A BEAUTIFUL MS. OF THE 12TH CENTURY.*

* The costume of the King in this illumination being precisely identical with that of his effigy at Fontevraud, is a conclusive proof of the correctness of both authorities.

fastened with red leathers. The crown was also golden, shaped at top like upright leaves; and the long tunic, or dalmatica, was crimson, starred with gold.

According to his effigy, the king carried a small sceptre, and a large ring on his right hand; and both his gloves were jewelled in the middle of their backs, a mark of either royalty or high ecclesiastic rank. His mantle, which was fastened by a brooch on the right shoulder, was originally coloured of a reddish sort of chocolate; but several coats of paint have been plastered on the garment, and may have been meant to hint that it was several times dyed. These coats of many colours on the mantle of the sovereign have been revealed by the sand-paper and the zeal of antiquarians, whose happy diligence in scraping ancient effigies and statues has, on more than one occasion, brought them into a sad scrape.



RICHARD THE FIRST AND JOHN. FROM THEIR EFFIGIES AT FONTEVRAUD AND WORCESTER.

The effigy of RICHARD THE FIRST in the same Abbey, and that of JOHN which may be seen in Worcester Cathedral, are distinguished, we are told, by "nearly the same features" as those of their dad's effigy, which we have described; and inasmuch as both their noses have been clipped, we may regard them fairly as chips of the old block. The above description therefore bears some truth upon the face of it, for so far at least as their chipped noses are concerned, the brothers bear a marked resemblance to the Corsicans, inasmuch as it is puzzling to distinguish which is which. There is, however, nothing remarkable in this, since effigies have seldom their nose-tips left unbroken, and their faces are in general very much alike. We may take then the word "features" as applying to the costume rather than the countenance, and as extending to the figure as well as to the face. Both the sons are, like their father, represented in two tunics, of which the upper had loose sleeves, and was known as a dalmatica. Over this they both have a mantle on their shoulders, and both are girded round the waist with a rich embroidered belt; while to further their resemblance, each wears boots and spurs and gloves, which like their father HENRY's are jewelled on the back. JOHN's dalmatica, however, is shorter than his brother's, and his mantle falls behind, with no front fastening, from the shoulders, whereas RICHARD's is brought forward and fastened on the breast. The two effigies are also slightly different in attitude; for while RICHARD holds his hand as if he had the stomach ache, his brother JOHN holds his as though he had a bad stitch in his side. Moreover, further to distinguish them, KING JOHN is represented as standing on a creature which appears a kind of cross between a lion and a poodle, it being difficult to say which of the two it is least like. We may find something further to say about these monsters when we come to speak of the monumental brasses; and we need but add of this one, that the tip of the king's sword is just entering its mouth, and the creature looks as though about to swallow a steel draught.

As we wish that our descriptions should be true to a hair, we may notice that KING HENRY's chin is closely shaven, and that his sons have both of them a short beard and moustaches, which again came into fashion towards the end of RICHARD's reign. In its early part a Londoner who, we are told, was a "seditious" one, received the

appellation of "WILLIAM with the Beard," from his defying the old Norman custom of chin-scraping, which it seems had in the time of

HENRY THE SECOND been revived. We hear a good deal now about the tyranny of fashion, but to make it a seditious act to let one's beard grow, really seems a piece of despotism such as even MR. BRIGHT, were he in power, would hardly dream of.

We have been thus careful in describing these three effigies, because they show the royal robes which were in fashion at this period, and moreover serve to acquaint us with the habits of the nobles which, we are told, were very similar both in costliness and cut. The decorations of court dresses were like those at certain theatres, in respect of being got up quite regardless of expense. Some notion of their character and splendour may be formed from the description of a mantle belonging to KING RICHARD, which is said to have been almost "wholly covered

"WILLIAM WITH THE BEARD." FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT, WHICH WAS EVIDENTLY TAKEN AT THE MOMENT WHEN HE DROWNED HIS RAZORS.



with half moons and glittering orbs of solid silver, arranged in imitation of the system of the stars." With such a robe as this the wearer must have looked somewhat like a walking orrery, and MR. ADAMS might have lectured on him as he walked.

The fashion of indenting the borders of the tunics and the mantle appears to have come in during the reign of HENRY THE SECOND, for in the last year but one of it a statute was passed to prohibit certain classes from the wearing of jagged garments. It seems that kings took then as much thought about clothing as empresses do now; and when they, or their tailors, had invented a new style, they tried to keep it to themselves, and prevent its getting common. Among his other royal and fashionable deeds, KING HENRY was distinguished by having introduced a shorter kind of mantle than had been in courtly use before his reign. Hence his grateful subjects nicknamed him "Court Manteau," and he would have probably been likewise called "Port Manteau," if his genius had first brought that article to light. This custom of nicknaming people from their dress was not at all uncommon in the early ages. In later times the custom has however been corrected, and new vestments have been christened with the names of noble persons, instead of noble persons being nicknamed from their clothes. This "Blucher" boots and "Wellingtons" sufficiently exemplify, and a still more recent instance is afforded by the christening of the far-famed Albert hat.

With regard to the crural clothing of this period, stockings and *chaussés* were worn as theretofore; and as the Saxon word "lose" and the Latin one "*caligæ*" both occur in a wardrobe roll writ in KING JOHN'S time, we may reasonably infer that those garments were both worn, although it might perplex us somewhat to describe them. Sandals of purple cloth, having their soles, or *sotulares*, fretted with fine gold, are likewise catalogued as parts of the costume of that sovereign; and by "sandals," we opine, are meant the old leg bandages of which we have made mention as in use among the Saxons. These, however, were now made of gold stuff or gilt leather, and moreover, were no longer worn in bands or rolls, but crossed each other regularly the whole way up the leg, beginning from the very tip of the tom toe. Whether any sort of trousers were worn over them, is a point which antiquarians have delighted to dispute. On the authority of SHAKESPEARE, it is asserted that KING STEPHEN was a wearer of knee-breeches,* and hence it has been argued that KING JOHN most likely sported them. Opinions, however, differ upon this as upon most matters; and one old sceptic says, "I trow, Sirs, y^e as toe y^e Kyng's trousers, y^e writer who putts faythe in y^m hath not a legge to stand on."

* "KING STEPHEN was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown:
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor, 'lown!'" *Othello*.

A Horrible Compound.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR has introduced into the House of Lords a Bill for the fusion of Law and Equity. What a mixture! It seems like a combination of Strychnine with Prussic Acid.

"THE WORM IN OLD ENGLAND'S WOODEN WALLS."

WHEN Britannia declares that she rules o'er the flood,
Each Briton would back up her boast with his blood,
Till her pennons in fright bid the enemy scud
Before the Wood-Walls of Old England—
Old England's unta'en Wooden Walls!

"Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,"
Our poets have said so again and again;
JOHN BULL can match JOHNNY CRAPAUD—one to ten—
Singing, Oh, the Wood-Walls of Old England—
Old England's far-famed Wooden Walls!

Imposing and stately those walls may appear;
But strip off their planking, and what sight is here?
Dry-rot and decay, sap and fungus,—Oh, dear!
Down go the Wood-Walls of Old England—
Old England's secure Wooden Walls!

If our ships' heart of oak be no better than this,
Who knows but our men's may be just as amiss;
And then the French rod poor Britannia may kiss,
For all the Wood-Walls of Old England—
Old England's unsound Wooden Walls!

No—thank our kind planets—the stuff of our crews
Isn't furnished by contracts with rascally Jews,
Or the heart of Britannia might sink in her shoes,
Beside the Wood-Walls of old England—
Old England's betrayed Wooden Walls!

Our ships' heart of oak has a worm at the core,
That deep in the breast of contractors can bore,
Till it lays up its eggs in ships' stuff and ships' store,
Eating down the Wood-Walls of Old England—
Old England's revered Wooden Walls!

The name of that burrowing worm it is 'Greed'—
At home and abroad—north and south—it finds feed;
Where on Lombardy's plains French and Austrian bleed—
Just as in the Wood-Walls of Old England—
Old England's decayed Wooden Walls!

Where our brave Arctic sailors were struggling for life,
Where our soldiers were braving Sebastopol's strife,
There in preserved meat-cans this worm was as rife,
As in the Wood-Walls of Old England—
Old England's ill-used Wooden Walls!

In a specification 'twill breed from a quirk;
In Manchester short-lengths is certain to lurk;
In cheap-tailors' cloth, and in slop-sellers' work,
As in the Wood-Walls of Old England—
Old England's beuffed Wooden Walls!

What patent or process can Britain employ
To save her poor Oak from this fretting annoy,
Which threatens, e'er long, so much more to destroy
Besides the Wood-Walls of Old England—
Old England's renowned Wooden Walls?

SCULPTURE IN THE CITY.

IN proposing the health of the LORD MAYOR and prosperity to the City of London the other day at the Banquet of the Royal Academy, the waggish President of that Institution paid the Civic Monarch and his Government, for their patronage of the Fine Arts, a facetious compliment, concluding with the subjoined jocular panegyric:—

"Nor is sculpture overlooked by the City authorities. The splendid hall of the Mansion House has been partly decorated with marble statues, which do honour alike to the artists and to those who devised that means of employing their talents. (Cheers.)"

In thus pleasantly chaffing the LORD MAYOR, however, SIR C. EASTLAKE made a remarkable omission. He mentioned the hall of the Mansion House; but he said nothing of Guildhall. He alluded to marble statues—of course with due emphasis on the word marble—but he said nothing of Gog and Magog.

"Casting off the Painter."

THE good Ship *Royal Academy* has started on her voyage this year, with a reef taken in in her canvas all round. She is said to sail all the better for this change of trim, as well as for having got rid of a great deal of her top-hamper.



DEMORALISING INFLUENCE OF THE LATE FIGHT.

TOM, who is an enthusiast of the P.R., actually insists on initiating his COUSIN AMY into its mysteries.

"20th Round. Both up smiling; some smacking exchanges, when TOM gets home heavily on the Kissing-trap!!! TOM declared he could have held out for another hour!"—Vide *Belle's Life*.

TUPPER'S THREE HUNDRED AND FIRST.

MR. PUNCH has the pleasure to announce that in consequence of the unexampled success of MR. MARTIN F. TUPPER'S new volume, *Three Hundred Sonnets*, the former has entered into an arrangement with the latter for a new series of those delightful compositions. The slight delay in completing the negotiation arose solely from the Poet's supposition that having written upon every conceivable place, thing, boy, girl, baby, and other article in any way connected with himself, he might find a lack of subject. But when a *Punch* calls to a TUPPER for song, the call wakes poesy from her inmost cell, and *Mr. P.* states with delight that the supply is again turned on, and will be continued until further notice.

SONNET CCCI.

TO MY FIVE NEW KITTENS.

Soft little beasts, how pleasantly ye lie
 Snuggling and snoozing by your purring sire,
 Mother I mean (but sonnet-rhymes require
 A shorter word, and boldly I defy
 Those who would tie the bard by pedant rule)
 O kittens, you're not thinking, I'll be bound,
 How three of you had yesterday been drowned
 But that my little boy came home from school,
 And begged your lives, though Cook remonstrance made,
 Declaring we were overrun with cats,
 That licked her cream-dish and her butter-pats,
 But childhood's pleadings won me, and I said—
 "O Cook, we'll keep the innocents alive;
 They're five, consider, and you've fingers five."

M. F. T.

JUST IN TIME.—"What—not recal SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN!" said an old Indian Official. "One *minute* more, and India would have been in revolt!"

THE ORACLE OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

WHY is the judgment-seat of the Mansion House like the Tripod of Apollo? Not because it has three legs, inasmuch as it is a quadruped, as some of its occupants also have been irreverently denominated. No; the Civic Chair resembles the three-legged oracular stool in the peculiarity of inspiring its occupant, by a mystic *sufflatus*, with extraordinary utterances. These, in the case of the Pythoness, were prophetic; in that of the LORD MAYOR for the time being they consist of flights of poetry and eloquence, and aphorisms of wisdom. The Sovereign of the City may, in his natural state, usually deliver himself like a man of the world, but no sooner is he seated on his throne than he is sure to break out into the exalted language of metaphor, or the majestic enunciation of moral truth. For example in point, take the following extract from the report of honest PULLINGER'S examination:—

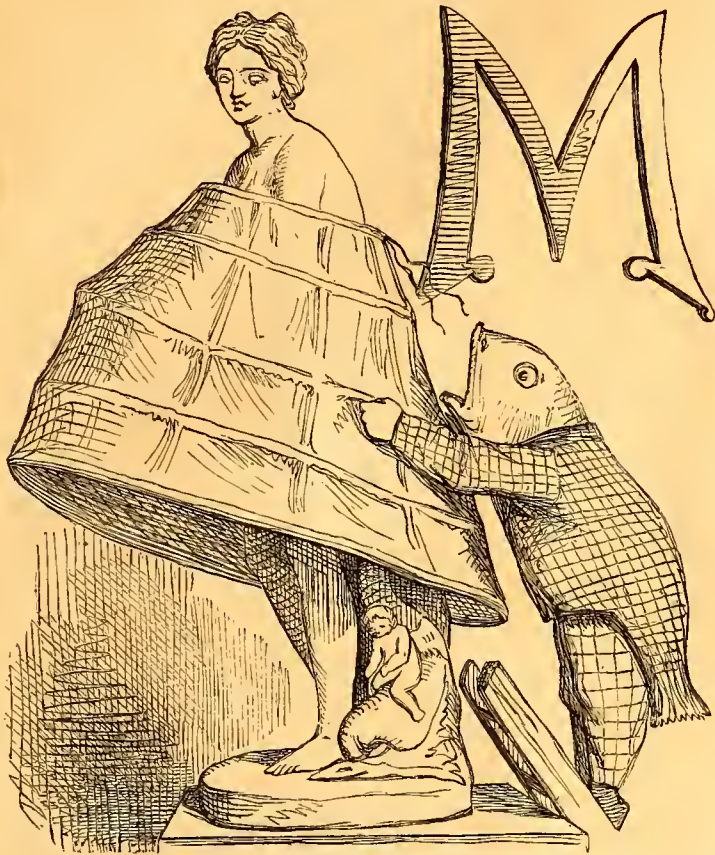
"THE LORD MAYOR. And I must express the pleasure I feel at the course taken by PULLINGER in completely exonerating LYTTLETON from blame. It is a bright oasis in the desert of his guilty career."

If you want to appreciate the splendour of these comparisons, try to conceive a career in the form of the desert, and an act in the likeness of an oasis. It would be satisfactory, by the way, to know how the LORD MAYOR articulated the word "oasis." Seated on the throne of civic inspiration, he ought to have pronounced it as a word of two syllables, rhyming with "MOSES." Elsewhere, no doubt, he is accustomed to express his ideas in the simple phraseology of decently educated men; but presiding in official state, the LORD MAYOR must be the LORD MAYOR, and behave as such. He cannot help himself; he is inflated with an enthusiastic emanation, and soars like a balloon into the pompous regions of poetry.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

THE Indigo districts are up; but what quiet
 Can be hoped, where each man in the country's a *ryot*?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AY 14. *Monday.* After some NORMANBY anti-GARIBALDI cackle, derided as usual, the DUKE OF SOMERSET was compelled by LORD HARDWICKE (who is a Vice-Admiral on the reserved list, but who to-night broke through his reserve and made a sensible speech) to make a statement about the Gun Boats. His chief defence of the authorities was, that the mass of the boats were built under extreme pressure, consequent upon previous disgraceful neglect of duty by the Admiralty, and though in an ordinary house of business such an emergency would have suggested extra-vigilance by one of the partners, such precaution was far too vulgar for My Lords. Moreover, the Duke piteously urged that

“the snow was on the ground,” but how the snow turned the copper bolts into something else, his Grace did not explain. He thought that it might be well to appoint “a practical man” to help the Comptroller of the Navy in looking after such matters, said that exertions were being made to repair the rotten boats, and that more care would be taken in future. A more unsatisfactory speech was never made, even by a Lord of the Admiralty, and LORD TOWNSHEND, another reserved admiral, very properly dwelt upon the wickedness of asking brave sailors to embark in bad vessels. *Mr. Punch* suggests that the fire upon the Admiralty be kept up. He is ready with Punch Crosses for the most distinguished assailants.

The Sunday Yelling and Howling Bill went through Committee, LORD TEYNHAM, who is for universal suffrage, opposing it on the ground that every man ought to have a Voice; but he need not use it to the annoyance and detriment of his neighbours. The BISHOP OF CARLISLE stated that he had often had to send out of church on Sundays to beg that his congregations might not be disturbed in their religious duties by the peripatetic Howlers. A Bill making it easier to convict persons committing assaults and similar offences was passed, LORD WESTMEATH not considering it severe enough in regard to persons who drive over you in the streets. *Caveat ambulator* is a good rule, but drivers of all kinds have yet to be rid of an idea that everybody is bound to get out of the way of any and everything that has a horse to it. In Russia, the rule is the reverse, and human life and limb are treated as more important than the saving of five minutes by a Swell in a Hansom, or a ruffianly Van Demon.

In the Commons, a Bill which was called the Newspapers Conveyance Bill because it was a Bill for preventing the conveyance of newspapers, was abandoned by MR. GLADSTONE, amid ironical cheers. The English of the matter is, that at the Post Office newspapers are disliked, and it is desired to take away their character of Letters, and the impressed stamp that enables a person to send a paper to his friend without extra charge. SIR ROWLAND HILL wishes newspapers to be looked at as mere Printed Matter. But the terrible GLADSTONE has sometimes to be checked in his fiery career, and it has been so strongly intimated to him that a newspaper is something more than a bundle of proofs of *Homeric Fancies*, or an *Essay on the Church and State*, that he has had to drop his measure. *Mr. Punch* was not in the House at the moment, but meeting the Viscount, and asking what excuse GLADDY had made, his lordship replied: “Well, he said ILL was hill, and that eed hinqure more fully into the fax of the case.”

Some Irish fools are being entrapped into the service of the POPE, and are being hired by GENERAL LAMORICIÈRE to kill the Romans in the event of their rising against POPE PIUS. In reply to a question, MR. CARDWELL said, that the proceeding was unlawful, and Government has issued a proclamation on the subject, but this seems a mistake. The more of such animals that can be cleared out of Ireland the better—it is a following out of the mission of St. Patrick.

The Wine Licences Bill was taken through Committee, and there was a good deal of smart talk, especially on Sabbatarian points, and—what seemed to interest the Committee more—on the probable adulteration of liquors by the lower class of vendors. In the course of the debate, MR. GLADSTONE spoke of Gin as that “detestable” liquid. The DUKE OF PUNCH is too true an Aristocrat, *pur sang*, to be afraid of avowing his liking for anything—he leaves it to Genteel Folks to abstain, vulgarly, from clay pipes, the tops of omnibuses, periwinkles, pits of

theatres, overing of posts in the street, or any other relaxation, merely from stuck-up feelings; and he begs to state, in answer to MR. GLADSTONE, that a glass of good gin-and-water is a very good thing, at proper times, and that a man who cannot afford to give good wine had better stick the above before his friends than public-house port, advertised claret, and beestly Marsala, even though paraded in the handsomest crystal decanters and jugs that can be bought at the Crystal Palace. Besides, gin is a favourite with all true Artists:—

“Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per Artus—”

The Nuisances Removal Bill followed, but should have been discussed with the question about enlisting Irish hirelings for the POPE.

Tuesday. LORD REDESDALE having unfortunately fixed his Light Weights in Racing Bill for the eve of the Derby, postponed it. Statesmen should be more careful when dealing with the vital interests of the nation. LORD CLANRICARDE let off some Indigo Indignation, touching the way the Indian planters of that blue stuff treat their labourers. The DUKE of ARGYLL said the planter was not so blue as he was painted.

LORD PALMERSTON had *his* racing topic to dispose of. He moved the adjournment of the House over Wednesday, the 23rd, the day for holding our *Ludi Circenses*, as MR. EDWIN JAMES classically remarked, having been looking at ADAM'S *Roman Antiquities*, edition 1825, page 311, right hand, nine lines from bottom. Considering that LORD PALMERSTON has *Mainstone* in the race, and LORD DERBY has *Cape Fly-away*, and that a third horse is actually called *Lord Palmerston*, the interest of our legislative chiefs in such matters may be comprehended.

LORD ABERDEEN'S son, LORD HADDOCK, or some such name, made a supremely ridiculous speech upon the impropriety of allowing money to any school of Art in which the undraped she-model was studied from. His father, who was called Athenian ABERDEEN, and has so earnest a love for Greek Art that he actually favoured Russia because she has a Greek church, ought to have cured his HADDOCK of such nonsense. Poor old MR. SPOONER, naturally, took the same really indelicate view of the case. SIR GEORGE LEWIS expressed his lofty contempt for the HADDOCK, and LORD PALMERSTON kippered him in a speech full of good fun. If it is impossible that the same country which contains MACDOWELL'S *Eve* and BAILEY'S *Eve at the Fountain* can hold HADDOCK and SPOONER, *Mr. Punch* must avow that he prefers keeping the diviner images, and somehow getting rid of the coarser ones. PAM wanted to know whether the latter would like to stick crinoline on the models, or would be content with African garb. The other Viscount observed, with more truth perhaps than gushing politeness, “Nude, indeed, I knew'd ADDOCK was a Nass.”

LORD LOVAINE (this is the fourth paragraph which *Mr. Punch* has the happiness of beginning with “talk of Lords”) called the South-Eastern Railway Company over the coals on the subject of the conveyance of people down that line to see the Great Mill. He might have made something of his case, this son of BEVERLEY, if he had known how to paint it as his father's namesake would have done; but he made such a clumsy daub, that everybody laughed. He talked of two or three thousand Ruffians being taken down to the fight—a foolish way to talk, when he knew that, whether they had any business there or not, there were present at the battle persons distinguished in all the vocations that confer social rank, as well as a great lot of the born aristocracy. This is just the sort of Muff that PAM likes to turn inside out; and he performed that office with so much gusto that MR. PAULL declared his Lordship had been very fittingly called the Judicious Bottleholder by a Certain Facetious Publication—that being the reverent periphrase with which *Mr. Punch* is always alluded to by his inferiors. LORD PALMERSTON seemed delighted with the double compliment—his being noticed by *Mr. Punch*, and the recognition of that notice in the House of Commons. He also declared that whether MESSRS. SAYERS and HEENAN were breaking the peace in breaking one another's noses or not, the spectators were doing nothing wrong, an argument which was just the thing to adduce in answer to nonsense, being in itself nonsense of the first order.

A Tenant-Right debate enabled MR. MAGUIRE to abuse the Irish landlords in a slashing speech, which MR. GEORGE stated would have converted him to the side

against which MR. MAGUIRE argued, if there had not been other reasons for Mr. G.'s non-conversion. The Wiscount said that MR. M. was no great admirer of the Georgian Hearer.

Wednesday's proceedings were so utterly uninteresting, that the only excuse for them was their exceeding brevity.

Thursday. A Church Festival gave the Lords a holiday, and next night both Houses took one in honour of the birthday of the Head of the Church and of the State. To-night, MR. GLADSTONE, asked what he would do if the Lords, next Monday, should throw out the Paper Duty Bill, refused to anticipate the possibility of such a catastrophe. There is an awful Being in the world who is known, and feared, as the BEAR. It is said that he has said—or rather not said, for he never speaks, but has *looked*, that—but mysteries must not be profanely divulged. Let us see the result of the business in the Lords. The stars are above us, and *Ursa Major* looks as if—Enough! More anon.

Then came a beautiful and lovely satire, worthy of RABELAIS and the Furred Law Cats. GARIBALDI is helping the Sicilians to revolt against their tyrant, BOMBA *fits*, and everybody in England desires to help GARIBALDI with money. The second law officer of the Crown was asked whether subscriptions for that purpose were lawful, inasmuch as BOMBA is a foreign sovereign with whom our QUEEN has no actual quarrel. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL said that he did not see that there was any objection to such subscription. The POPE's Members in the House were enraged at this, and to-night the Government was again assailed on the subject, and SIR WILLIAM ATHERTON's doctrine was vehemently impugned by MR. HENNESSY. ATHERTON, WHITESIDE, JAMES, BETHELL, CAIRNS, BOVILL, MALINS,—there is a splendid array of legal talent! Well, *Mr. Punch* having heard all their arguments, and considered them with all the might of his inconceivable mind,

solemnly declares that he has not the slightest idea whether it is lawful for him to send his friend SIGNOR MARIO a cheque for ten thousand pounds in aid of GARIBALDI, or not. All he can say is, that though it is usual when there is a doubt to give a criminal the benefit of it, he shall not do so in the present case, but shall send the Ten Thousand towards the destruction of BOMBA. And evidently that course was the one really recommended by LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who spoke seven times better than all the seven lawyers, and made it pretty clear that the Government look on BOMBA as a great rascal, and would be very glad to see him kicked out of the land he oppresses so brutally. There was some frightful rubbish talked in favour of the POPE (at whom EDWIN JAMES had fired a shot), but it is a little too late in the day to try to delude anybody into a favourable thought of that imbecile Humbug.

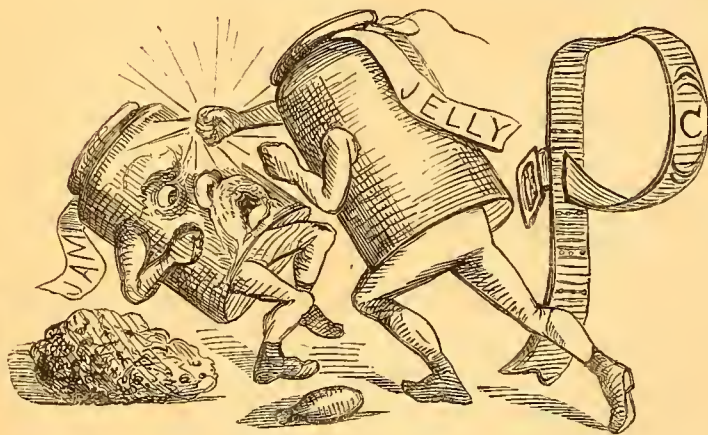
The Wine Bill went clean through Committee, and the House rose. Next night, walking about in the mud (what a vile day it was) to look at the Illuminations, VISCOUNT PUNCH met WISCOUNT WILLIAMS. The latter said he had made an epigram. "Bother," said LORD PUNCH, good-humouredly, "you make an epigram, you could as easily make a comet." "But I have," persisted the Lambeth Peer. "Do you mean a telegram?" asked his friend—"that you *might* manage." "I mean what I say," rejoined the Wiscount. "Everybody should do that," said LORD PUNCH. "Look here, said W. W., pointing up at a great gas V. R., "Suppose the QUEEN were to say, 'I wonder whether my people are as attached to me as I am to them?'—that illumination would be their answer to the speech." "How so?" "Why it says—

"VE ARE."

[*Mr. Punch will be better after the Derby, especially if * * * * * wins.*]

ENGLAND "CHAWED UP."

"Broadway,—arter dinner.



UNCH, old hoss, and heow air you, and heow d'ye like the lickin' as our B'hoj has gone and given yer. Reckon our chaps here air mighty spy about it. Jist hear one of em a-crowin' in the *New York Herald*:—

"The Britons, whose love of fair play is universal, stopped the fight in order to save their money. They claim now that it is a drawn game. This will not answer. So far as the money goes,

never mind. Let MR. BULL, who seems to be growing old and shaky about his pins, keep his five-pound notes—we are rich enough to do without them. We did not really want his money, but simply desired to let him know that we could whip him in a matter of muscle as well as in yachts, clipper ships, steamboats, india-rubber shoes and other things, city railways, sewing machines, the electric telegraph, reading machines, pretty women, and unpickable bank locks."

"This here talk's a trifle tall, but it aint far from the truth. I guess we jist *du* whip you, whenever we've the chance; and if we don't *du* it oftener, it's because you're gettin' old, and we shouldn't like to hut yer. Our Mottoe's 'Go A Head!' and when we say a thing, we *du* it. In steam engines and goloshes we air no small snakes, and we beat you ind on ind in any game you're up to, from pitch and toss to pickin' locks, or any other skientific sort o' time-slaughter. Our steamers air first-chop, although they sometimes *du* bust up, and in raisin' pretty gals, apple-squash and airthquakes! I guess we whip creation—though I'm bound to say the critters *du* git sorter pale and yaller, as if they'd growed too fast, like an overheated pumpkin. But then you know this here's the natur of the animal, and aint brought on as some is by the over workin' of it. No, Sir-ree; ours is A free country and ('cept niggers) there's no slaves in it. And we don't turn *our* young women into sewing machines as you do, but we makes a separate article, which you will find A 1 at stitchin. This here's as oudeniable as that bacca's growed to chew, and that a 'Merican can't go tu minutes without spittin'. And equally A fact is this here assertion:—

"It will be quite idle for the English to deny now either of these propositions—first, that the British Lion has been whipped, and that the American Eagle has a right to scream like half-a-dozen locomotives; the poor old lion, the bully who has been roaming up and down the earth for so many years, roaring at everybody, may go away in some secluded corner and suck his bruised paws, while all Continental Europe laughs at him, and is glad that the United States has done it. Second, that they, the English, have made the fight an international matter. The champion of England is a semi-official personage—one who is venerated as the head of his peculiar profession. Here we have no organised prize-ring, and no champion. But the English accepted HEENAN as the American champion, and put their best man against him."

"Wal, and yar 'best man' got licked. Thar aint no flies about it. And what air we to *du* for the Yankee b'hoj as whopped him? 'That's the question,' as OHELLER says (pretty authors yars, a makin' stage heroes of niggers!) And this is how the *New York Herald* goes for to consider it:—

"As for the proud representative of the American Eagle on this auspicious occasion, what shall be done for him? Would a crown of laurel, presented by thirty-three young ladies, all in book muslin, white satin ribbon and innocence, be agreeable to his feelings? Will he object to being received by a choice deputation of the fighting members of Congress, and escorted to the City Hall, the bauds playing 'See the Conquering Hero Comes!' while the uimpeachable BRADY stands with one hand under his coat-tails, extending the freedom of the City in a gold-box to the gladiatorial representative of the genius of liberty? Is there anything in the public way he would like? Would the nomination at Charleston or Chicago be any value to him? or is it probable that, like CINCINNATUS, and other great men of the Classic era, MR. HEENAN believes the post of honour to be the private station; or that at the best, the only office worth holding is a fat sinecure in the Custom House. If the spontaneous admiration of a grateful people is of any value to the champion of republican insitutions, he can have any quantity of it."

"A sinecure aint bad, providin' it's A plump un: and a snuff-box aint so dusty, supposin' it's A gold un. But if I was Mr. H., guess I'd chuse the crownin' by the thutty-three young ladies, as being the tling most 'agreeable to my feelins.' On'y I'd styppliate toe heave the kissin' of 'em reound, and arter that toe heave the privilege of pickin' out the prettiest, and go and make A splice of it, providin' the State would stand us somethin' towards housekeepin'.

"But heow about yar side? Wal, this is heow the *Herald* comes a crownin' over you:—

"As for the lion of Albion, let him roar more modestly when his paw gets well. The old fellow is only *Bully Bottom* after all. * * We suggest that he should be permanently attached to the *Tribune* Office, and fed upon vegetables for the remainder of his days. It will not be safe for him to lay down with a lamb of ordinary pluck now. * * On the Continent an Englishman and *la boxe* are inseparable. Tell a Frenchman or a German that an American can hit harder and quicker than any Englishman, and the British Lion's stock goes down a hundred per cent."

"You see, old hoss, it's clearly all gone 'coon with you Britishers. It was your prowess at *le boxe* that kept Eu-rope at peace with you. But neow your champion has been whipped, your *prestige* is all whittled clean away as an old walking-stick. I calc'late our next clipper will bring news that all your Funds have been transferred to France, and that the Bank of England has been carted off toe Paris. Reckon it would be a most tar-nation payin' spec, if that ar 'LITTLE NAP' was toe an-nex Great Britain, and neow we've been and smashed you, he might easy go and *du* it!

"Wal, when London is annexed, old hoss, I guess you'll heave toe sqotilate. So perhaps it won't be long afore you come and liquor with your New York correspondent,

"JONATHAN MARCELLUS JOSH GOLIAH GONG."

"P.S.—As you seem rayther up a tree neow for subjects for Big Cuts, s'pose you draw the British Lion with his tail atween his legs, and JACK HEENAN as our Eagle a flappin' his wings over him."

TWO ROADS TO A RED RIBAND.

BIND the star upon the coat
That enfolds the dauntless breast:
Hang the riband o'er the head
That never vailed its crest.
Tell the gallant and the good,
"Thus England honours those,
Who in battle spent their blood,
And in leaguer braved her foes?"

Not in the toys themselves
Lies their ennobling power,
But for the tale they tell
Of many a glorious hour;
Of deeds in field or trench,
Of crumbling fortress held,
When the bravest heart might blench,
And the stoutest hope be quelled.

But lest our England deem
With narrow-minded view,
That but to deeds like these
Honours like these are due,
Between each war-worn soldier
Let a Carpet-Knight be seen—
Our Prince's Privy-purse,
The Equerry of our QUEEN!

True, they ne'er held a leaguer,
They never braved a foe,
But they've faced the Op'ra crushes,
And the rides of Rotten Row.
They have stood for hours and hours,
Upon their wearied feet,
'Mid the ante-room's strong flowers,
And the Levée's Indian heat.

Think of the weary watches
In Drawing-rooms gone through:
The nights of hot waltz-practice,
Under ball and powder too!
Think of the long Court-dinners,
Through which they've had to ply
A respectful knife and fork
Beneath the Royal eye!

Then grudge not to these heroes
The honours they have won—
There is far other weariness
Than battle's, 'neath the sun.
By an heroic HAVELOCK,
At an INGLIS's right hand,
Let PHIPPS and GREY, with stars as gay,
And blushing ribands stand!

A PATTERN OF RICH PLUSH.

THE subjoined announcement in the *Times* will be perused with interest on many a footboard; in many a hall of liveried retainers attached to the British aristocracy:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of the first halves of Bank-notes to the amount of £35, on account of unpaid Income-Tax from 'JAMES.'"

Will the conscientiousness of JAMES provoke the emulation, or incur the derision of JOHN THOMAS? There is considerable reason at least to apprehend that the example of the scrupulous domestic will be less generally imitated than admired, and not admired very generally, among his brethren of the gold-laced hat. But these are sentimental speculations. The practical reflection suggested by the above-quoted case of conscience-money concerns the largeness of the sum to which the vails of footmen in high places may be presumed to amount in the course of the year. The wages of JAMES are perhaps considerable. Of course they are much in excess of the beggarly salary of a Curate or a Poor Law Medical Officer. They doubtless had been regularly assessed, and had yielded their quota to the confiscation of Schedule D. But the vails which MR. JAMES might have happened to receive were altogether inscrutable, so long as that gentleman's gentleman was pleased to retain their figure, under his embroidered waistcoat, in the recesses of his own bosom.

We see that they are measured by an Income-Tax of £35, calculated very likely on their annual value. This, therefore, must be very great, insomuch as probably to enable JAMES to invest ample capital in freehold property or the funds; or in foreign securities, if he contemplates with apprehension the ultimate development of MESSRS. BRIGHT and GLADSTONE'S finance. It is evident, however, that he approves of the

Income-Tax, because he has paid more of it than he was obliged to pay, and that out of earnings which, if large, must yet be precarious. The cash thus surrendered is treated by him as the arrear of a just tribute, whereof he was bound to make restitution, and not as so much money which had escaped an iniquitous exaction. Accordingly, although he was liable to lose his place at a month's notice, and possibly sooner; consequently to be almost immediately deprived of both vails and wages; he voluntarily pays Income-Tax on the former as well as the latter, with a generous oblivion of the good old saying—which financiers should remember as well as footmen—that "Service is no inheritance." But we may reasonably trust that the ample emoluments of MR. JAMES'S situation have enabled him to make all needful provision against the loss of that revenue which yields at present so heavy a per-centage to direct and partial taxation.

THE WASTE-PAPER DEPARTMENT.

ENORMOUSLY as *Mr. Punch*, with his stupendous circulation, must profit by the long-fought-for removal of the Paper Duty, his readers will yet do him the justice to allow that he seldom has obtruded the subject to their notice. It having been repeatedly asserted by the Government that the Exchequer could not bear the remission of the tax, *Mr. Punch* has taken care not to embarrass their position by echoing the common outcry for repeal. With that spirit of self-sacrifice which has always so distinguished him, he has abstained from proclamation of his interest in the matter, from the noble fear that, had his secret been divulged, it might have biased those in power to have acted for his benefit, and thereby to have imperilled the position of the State.

But as the fate of the tax will be decided before this sheet is published, *Mr. Punch* may say a few words on the matter, without being suspected of speaking for his pocket. Quite admitting the full force of the arguments employed as to the springs of knowledge being pressed on by the tax, *Mr. Punch* conceives that had his lips been openable he could have emitted a still stronger illustration of the way in which the interests of the country have been damaged by it. When it is considered how careful are our Governments of the money of the nation, and what a strict economy they practise in expending it, of course it must be clear to any reasoning intelligence that, while paper has been taxed, they have been stinted in their use of it. That this restriction must have checked the circumlocutionary practices which are so vitally essential to the business of the nation, it needs but little effort of reflection to infer. The five-and-twenty thousand needless letters written yearly might, but for the duty, have amounted to some millions, and the welfare of the country in proportion been increased. How far (should the tax be taken off) this evil may be remedied, *Mr. Punch* will not pretend to conjecture at present. But if he may prophesy the future from the past, he will not much endanger his prophetic reputation by predicting that whatever be its national advantage, the Waste Paper Department will still flourish and increase.

A CHEER FOR GARIBALDI.

HONOUR to GARIBALDI! Win or lose,
A Hero to all time that Chief goes down.
Whatever issue his emprise ensues,
He, certain of unquenchable renown,
Fights for a victor's or a martyr's crown.
Another side than CATO'S Heaven may please:
Forbid it, Heaven! but still the devotees
Of priestly tyranny shall never drown
His name in his true blood; their hireling balls
May gore his noble bosom; but he falls
The Champion of United Italy
Against brute force with monkey allied.
Stanch wrestler, as a man, for Liberty,
'Twill be on record how he fought and died.

WHAT WILL THIS COST TO PRINT? is the heading of an advertisement perpetually thrust under the public eye. The advertiser immediately proceeds to cram together, into two lines, three of the "loudest lies" which are often invented even in these days. He says that the above question "is a thought often occurring to Literary Minds, Public Characters, and"—but to dispose first of the preliminary falsehoods. "Literary Minds" is bad English for Literary Men. The "thought" never occurs to them, because what they write is at once and gladly taken from them by another class whose business it is to know all about the cost, with which Literary Minds would meddle only to make a mull of that business. "Public Characters" address the world either through the medium of speeches, which are reported without cost to the speakers, or through letters to the journals. But to come to the third and most preposterous limb of the proposition, "and Persons of Benevolent Intentions!" A person of benevolent intention, desiring to force on the public anything not worth a publisher's paying for, or not worth insertion in a journal! Call such a person benevolent! Vain, garrulous, opinionated, sentimental, designing, lunatic, what you like, not benevolent, certainly not. And in the interest of truth, *Mr. Punch* calls on the journals to abstain from scandalising the world with the future insertion of *What will this Cost to Print?*



A FANCY SCENE—WINNING THE GLOVES.

FROM THE GRAND PUGILISTIC BALLET OF THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP, WHICH MIGHT, COULD, SHOULD, AND OUGHT TO BE PLAYED AT ONE OF THE OPERAS.

THE SOUTHERN RIGHTS OF MAN.

THE American Declaration of Independence reappears in a new edition, just published by the Charleston Convention, which met on the 26th of last month, and voted certain resolutions with respect to the question of slavery. By the fundamental laws of the United States, slavery, according to these determinations, is a permanent institution, and neither Congress nor any local legislature has power to abolish it. The two propositions thus laid down by the Charleston patriots are declared by those gentlemen to be "cardinal principles of the national democracy of the United States on the subject of slavery." The next resolution affirms that no territorial Legislature in the States has power "to prohibit the introduction of slaves therein, nor any power to destroy or impair the right of property in slaves by any legislation whatever." These additions to the charter of the American constitution imply a modification of the doctrine of equality on which that *Maxima Charta* is founded.

All men are born free and equal except niggers, is the statement of that doctrine as amended to fit the resolutions of the Charleston Conventionists. To this should be added the negation of certain opinions which, if they were tenable, would justify a very decided opposition to the extension, if not to the maintenance, of slavery. For example:—There is no truth whatever in Christianity. The fundamental principle of morality is not "Do as you would be done by," but "Do as you like with your own." This is particularly the duty of slave-owners. There is no just Providence that takes any care of black men. There is no future state but a happy one for citizens of the Southern States. The will of the American democracy is the law of right and wrong; let a resolution of the Charleston Convention stand instead of reason. The voice of the lower classes of the United States is the voice of Omnipotence; and it authorises every white to wallop his nigger.

PROSPECT OF A RISE IN SHERRIES.—The Neapolitan frigates are bombarding the wine-factories in Marsala.

THE VOLUNTEERS' HALF HOLIDAY.

BUSINESS, early close thy shop
Every Saturday—the boon
England begs—employment stop
At, or, shortly after, noon.

Let assistants drop the wand,
That the rifle they may wield;
Clerks release from draught and bond:
Let them hurry to the field.

Bid them soon the counter quit,
And go learn to guard the till,
How strange customers to hit
Lessoned in attending drill.

Scissors let them cast away;
Pens remove from o'er their ears:
Give a good half-holiday
To the gallant Volunteers.

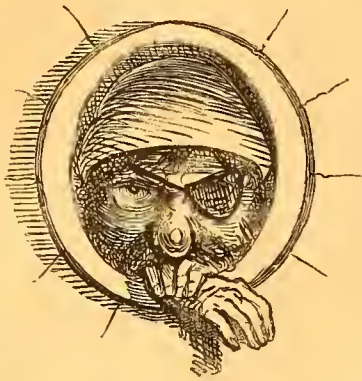
PERVERSION OF MR. SPOONER.

It was stated some time ago that the POPE had caused certain sculptures in the Vatican to be partially draped—just as the celebrated American matron had trousers put on the legs of her piano. We observe with alarm that the Member for North Warwickshire so far coincides with the Roman Pontiff as to desire to prohibit the employment of the nude female figure as a model in schools of Art. We are sadly afraid that the Hon. Gentleman is about to add another example to the melancholy list of once zealous Protestants who have gone over to the camp of the enemy. Sympathy with Popish prudery, however, may soon be followed by adoption of the graver errors of Romanism; and we tremble lest we should soon see MR. SPOONER telling his beads, or hear that on some fine Friday he dined exclusively on red herrings!



A DERBY COURSE INCIDENT.

A CONCORDAT WANTED AT PIEDMONT.



NE DON GURLINO, a holy priest, is stated to have been sentenced to seven years' solitary confinement at Turin, for a long course of such indiscretion in the Confessional as that of which Protestant heretics irreligiously urge the possibility on the part of confessors as an objection to the practice of auricular confession by wives and daughters. Poor DON GURLINO appears to have pursued, at the churches of St. Charles and the Carmelites, a little game precisely similar to that represented in the great Opera now performing at our two Italian theatres

as played by another *Don*, whose exploits are illustrated on the stage by his valet in unfolding a certain catalogue as long as a tailor's pattern-book. - The trial of DON GIOVANNI GURLINO took place before the Criminal Court at Turin. Ah! friends! what a happy thing it would have been for the cause of truth if our Don's peccadillos had been perpetrated in the dominions of the pious FRANCIS-JOSEPH, which are blessed with a Concordat, under which the Reverend Don's case would have been dealt with by an Ecclesiastical Tribunal, and not have been subject to the jurisdiction of a court of common law, as such cases are in the dominions of the excommunicated VICTOR-EMMANUEL. Then it would have been religiously preserved from publication, to the prevention of a scandal which may seem to confirm the reasonings of heretical depravity. Oh! at all our public festivals, not, indeed, as the first toast, but before the health of the QUEEN, let us evermore drink the Concordat and the Confessional.

OFFICIOUSNESS OF POOR-LAW MEDICAL OFFICERS.

THE following statement, which, with a voucher for its authenticity, appears in a letter addressed to the *Salisbury and Winchester Journal*, is quoted by the writer from one of the medical periodicals. The Poor-Law Guardians throughout the country, who are so strenuously opposing MR. PIGOTT'S Bill for the monstrous purpose of effecting "the better regulation of medical relief to the poorer classes in England and Wales," are doubtlessly able, out of their own experience, to relate many cases of equally gross excess of duty on the part of medical officers:—

"A workhouse, which contained during the last year an average of more than 25 patients on the sick list, was visited by the medical officer 212 times, and who was knocked up twice a night. There must, therefore, have been about 5406 personal visits made, the aggregate number of miles travelled was about 105. Estimating each patient to have taken two doses daily, 18,200 were taken within the year. About 500 external applications were supplied, one broken arm and one out of joint were treated; upwards of 150 separate examinations of persons on admission were made, and 52 long weekly reports were written out. Many slight cases, as tooth-extracting, are not recorded. Many incidental duties are not mentioned. For all this about sixteen guineas are paid!"

The fallacy of the whole of the foregoing paragraph is comprised in the last sentence—"For all this about sixteen guineas are paid." Sixteen guineas, in such a case, are supplied for furnishing paupers with proper medicine and attendance. The practitioner, whose ridiculous assiduities are above described, thought proper to give his workhouse patients the same amount of attendance and physic as he would have afforded to respectable people. The consequence doubtless, was, that if his weekly reports were long, the Union obituary was short; conditions which ought to be precisely reversed in any such institution, the doctor of which is up to his business, which, at a salary of sixteen guineas, obviously consists in making quick work of his cases, and saying as little about them as possible. "Above all things no zeal!" is a maxim that Poor Law Guardians desire to impress on the mind of every medical officer in their employment, for his official guidance. His private practice is another affair. He has no business to bestow on a pauper the time, skill, and attention which he devotes to a guardian, although, taking one patient with the other, he may be said to kill two birds with one stone.

Worthy of Old Nick.

AN elderly Maiden-lady, who objects to inquiries into female ages, declares the Census an invention of the Evil One, and quotes, in proof—"facilis de-census Averni!"

THE SPLENDOR OF OUR NAVY.—Rotten wood, in elementary works on Chemistry, is said to emit light in the dark. On any cloudy and moonless night, how brilliantly we ought to shine in Gun Boats!

A REAL GOOD BLAZING HUMBBUG.

A GOOD deal of fine writing has been expended by the Rogues who send invitations to ladies to come and buy trash, stating that it is to be sold "at a sacrifice," which is the case—truth, and husbands' money being alike sacrificed in any such negotiations. But of all the fine writing which Rascaldom, scheming on female trustfulness, has ever sent in large envelopes, inscribed "*On the Queen's Service*," "*Telegraphic Dispatch*," "*Immediate and most Important*," or otherwise calculated to avert the instant pitch into the fireplace to which a sensible person consigns such things, unread, the following seems to Mr. Punch to be the best he has seen. He gives the extracts, not to warn fools, for fools do not read *Punch*, but to show his readers how fools are gulled. The document begins thus—

"Fashion, Novelty and Grandeur combined to the astonishment and delight of Majesty itself, and the just but enthusiastic admiration of a scrutinizing Public!"

Then comes the announcement of the place where the Sale in question is to be held—Mr. Punch, of course, not having the slightest intention of aiding knaves to their prey, gives no hint of the locality. But it is stated that the place—

"Is devoted exclusively to the

"Appropriation of the most Grand, most Select, and most Costly association of Merchandizes ever collected under one roof,

FOR MOST RECKLESS SALE!!!

at Sacrifices truly deplorable, at Losses fearful to contemplate, at a Diminution (!) of Prices that would make the most sanguine heart quail beneath its withering influence."

One of the authors of the penny fictions of the day has evidently been engaged to devote his extra hours to the composition of these puffs. Here he breaks out again:—

"These objects are not relative to goods of yesterday, not articles which have outlived their charms—But such as may be said to be NEW, FRESH, nay, ALMOST WARM FROM THE LOOMS—possessing to a most meritorious degree beauty, elegance, richness, splendour, and magnificence, upon which the Votaries of Fashion may gaze with admiring wonder, till admiration is lost in rapturous ecstasy."

Such language, such ideas, such grammar, are worthy of the theme—worthy of the issuers and their intended customers. "You've given me a bad shilling, Sir," said the hackney coachman to SHERIDAN. "All right, old fellow," hiccupped the dramatist; "yours is a bad coach." The praises of trash should thus be hymned to idiots.

But the fictionist knows better than to puff merely. There be sentimental fools, who would like to have a tremendous advantage in a bargain, and also to feel that they were "really doing good" in cheating somebody. They are remembered as follows:—

"This event arises from the unexpected stoppage of MESSRS. DIDDLEMORE AND DOO, of Petticoat Lane, a circumstance which conveys the mournful intelligence of ruin to Thousands; AS THEIR WAREROOMS LITERALLY GROANED UNDER THE WEIGHT OF MERCHANDIZE! ALAS! UNPAID FOR!

"When it is asserted that this appeal to the NOBILITY, GENTRY, CLERGY and PUBLIC of Great Britain has almost for its object the prevention of starvation to numerous Families on the Continent, the response will be such as might be expected and can always be relied upon from England's fair Nobility."

How the thief must have grinned as he penned the above passage, and looked into his ninepenny *Johnson* to see whether Nobility is spelt with two b's or only one.

He concludes with a singular and mystic guarantee, the meaning of which defies the penetration of anybody but MR. POLICEMAN PUNCH.

"The vast amalgamation—matchless in every respect as regards richness, purity, novelty, and true worth, and the whole are offered under the most solemn and guaranteed protest in no instance to exceed ONE-THIRD THEIR VALUE—a simple 'bona fide' truth."

"The whole are not to exceed one-third their value." Find out what that means, beloved reader. You can't? Well, it means that impudent rascals hope to entrap ignorant fools. But isn't the above pretty reading? And there are idiots to be taken in by such things—or they would not be printed.

A New Name for the Exchequer.

SINCE the discussion on the Wine Licences Bill, on which the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER betrayed such knowledge of the mysteries of the wine trade, BERNAL OSBORNE proposes that his office in Downing Street should be labelled—"THE BOTTLE AND JUG DEPARTMENT."

RIGHT REVEREND RECRUITING OFFICERS.

ONE of the Irish titular Bishops used to be called a Dove; but the generality of them partake rather of the character of *Sergeant Kite*, in beating the drum ecclesiastic to get recruits for the POPE.



SIGN OF THE TIMES.

FOREIGNER. "I pray you, Sare, to tell me vare is Smeeth Street?"

VOLUNTEER. "Three hundred yards forward—change direction to the right—right half face, and cross the Square fifty paces forward—left wheel, and there you are!"

FOREIGNER. "Mer— Thank you, Sare, I make reneignements farther on."

(Aside.) "Une Nation vraitment Militaire!"

STRAINING AT GNATS AND SWALLOWING CAMELS.

(To Mr. Punch.)

"SIR, "I SEE from the papers that no less than four deputations of Dissenters waited on LORD PALMERSTON last week to lay before his Lordship the objections of the Dissenters to the questions about people's religious professions included in the next Census. I should like to know what these precious Dissenters are afraid of? I dare say they know that the poor dear Established Church, which they are always abusing, will come out a great deal stronger than they choose that people should know it is. They had the impudence to tell his Lordship that a good many thoughtful and patriotic men would decline to answer the question altogether. Thoughtful, indeed! and not know their own opinions in religion! Every householder, it appears, is to state under a penalty the religious profession of everyone sleeping in his house on the night of Census Sunday. Well, and why not, I should like to know? The Dissenting deputations say that householders, either from carelessness or partisanship, would give incorrect answers. I don't believe a word of it. As if I didn't know the place of worship every one of my lodgers goes to! There's that fat, selfish, canting creature TALLOWBOYS, on the first-floor. I'm sure if I don't know that he expounds his experiences weekly at the Particular Baptist Chapel in Little Muggleton Street, Finsbury, I must be deaf; for isn't he always inviting me and MARY JANE, the servant, to come there and 'partake of the privileges'—for that's what he calls listening to his snuffling and talking through his nose for an hour and a half every Sunday morning and evening. A mean wretch—that's always inviting himself to take tea with me in the parlour, and doesn't dine at home twice in a month! I should like you to see him over a plate of muffins, and then see if you could doubt about his religious professions.

WHEN DOCTORS DIFFER.

WHEN Doctors of Physic fall out
O'er the bed where a sick man is lying,
Each declares t'other's treatment, past doubt,
Will end in the poor patient's dying.
But show out these debaters profound,
To appeal to a medical jury,
Ten to one but the patient comes round
By the *Vis medicatrix Naturæ*.

So in Naples and Rome, where grim death
Gripes Italy, black in the face,
POPE HENNESSY wastes Irish breath
To prove Piedmont has "done for" the case.
While those in the opposite quarter
Encounter his speech with an "oh no,"
And vote it a case of manslaughter
'Gainst BOMBA and old PIO NONO.

Mr. Punch, as a friend of the patient,
Would beg to put in this suggestion:
That—leaving the mischief occasioned
By both doctors out of the question—
Old England's best course, if she cares
For the patient, 's to do what she can
To kick both the doctors down-stairs,
And to Nature hand o'er the sick man.

Acceptance of the Benician Challenge.

MY DEAR HEENAN,

ON the part of our mutual friend, TOM SAYERS, I accept for him your challenge to jump off the top of a house. And being eager to show every liberality to a gallant stranger who comes to partake of our hospitality, we propose to give you Two Minutes start.

Ever yours faithfully,

J. C. HEENAN, ESQ.

PUNCH.

A Trifling Omission.

Telegram from Naples.—(Official).

GARIBALDI has attempted a landing at Marsala. The Neapolitan ships of war have captured the *Piemonte*, and sunk the *Lombardo*.

N.B. (Unofficial). The men were out of them first.

"Then there's the Mormonite journeyman cabinet-maker on the two pair-back. I'm sure he has preached his horrid polygamies and prophecies and things to that poor silly MARY JANE, till I believe the girl's ready to go off with him to *Utica*, or wherever it is, in *California*, where those Mormons have set up for themselves—though she knows she's only to be one of three wives which the wretch declares himself entitled to! And there's the young broker's clerk in the two-pair-front, who goes gallivanting off to Hampton Court, or Richmond, or Greenwich, or Windsor, as regular as the Sunday comes round. As if everybody mightn't see with half an eye that he belongs to the Established Church. Ain't there his prayer-book, with his name in it, and 'from his affectionate mother.' Little enough he has looked into it, I'm afraid, this many a year. And then there's the German sugar-baker and the French confectioner's man in the attics. Of course they're Papists, poor benighted creatures, not that I ever heard either of them say a word about religion—good, bad, or indifferent. No, no; depend upon it, Mr. Punch, it's a very easy matter to give an account of people's religious professions, if that was all, though it mightn't be so easy to speak for their religious practice. I do believe with that TALLOWBOYS its all mouthing and muffins. But, in course, every landlady who respects herself will feel it her duty to find out whether her lodgers go to church or chapel, and the sort of man they sit under. You see it makes such a difference in people. I always prefer church-folks. They're pleasanter in their ways, and don't look so sharp after things, and understand that in this world it should be live and let live with all of us. Chapel-people is generally very mean, and close, and disagreeable, and underbred mostly, and their preachers are dreadful—especially if you once let them set foot under your tea-table, as I know to my cost—carneying, canting humbugs! Didn't that TALLOWBOYS—But I won't bemean myself to talk about the wretch. Besides, it's you that answers for 'em: and if people is ashamed of their religions, why they haven't to blush before the Census man.

"But what I do object to is inquiries about age. It's all very well

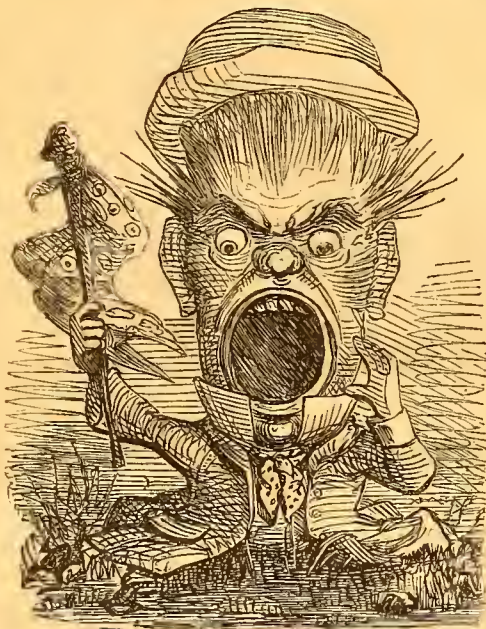
to give one's lodgers' ages, but to be asked one's *own*—and to know one gave it *ten years* ago—and not remember, perhaps, exactly what it *was* at *that* time, and perhaps have it *brought* up against one, and a *penalty* inflicted! Talk of the *Spanish Inquisition*,—I should like to know when the *Inquisition* ever put a whole nation on the *rack*—at least all the women—in *one night*, like these *dreadful* census people—insisting on every *woman* telling her *age*—*all through the three Kingdoms*!—and to *go on* doing it, every *ten years*! I wonder the women of England don't strike against it, and insist on their husbands *going up* to LORD PALMERSTON, by thousands of deputations, and putting a *stop* to it at once. That would be much better than objecting to a *harmless question* about *people's religions*, which don't *matter* to anybody except these *inquisitive* Members of Parliament, that want to know everything, *it seems*, and don't make such a very *great* figure after all, it's very clear from the papers—for all their *prying* and *poking*, and putting *impertinent* questions.

“Your humble Servant,

“MARTHA TOTTLE,

“(Lodging-House Keeper, Fleece Street, Hoxton).”

AN ORATOR BRIGHTER THAN MR. BRIGHT.



ON Thursday evening, last week, a meeting took place at St. Martin's Hall, convened by some gentlemen by means of hand-bills and placards inviting the working classes “to protest against the recent parliamentary insults to the unrepresented, and to support the Reform Bill as an instalment of the people's rights.” Among other speakers, the reporter of this demonstration informs us that a certain

“MR. B. LUCRAFT, in seconding the resolution, said he had come to that Meeting, which partook of the character of an indignation meeting, because he felt that the working-classes had been trampled upon, and that if they submitted to the abuse that had been showered upon them by members of the Legislature, they would have to submit to more. Let the word

‘scum’ be their rallying word, and let them like scum, come to the surface, and swim upon the top. He alluded to the speech of SIR E. B. LYTTON in which he talked of the English labourer as a boor who could not be safely trusted with the franchise, to which he applied very strong terms, and declared that the aristocracy would not dare to use such language to the working-classes if they were not protected by the bayonets of the military. MR. LUCRAFT's indignation, expressed in no very moderate language, was received with vociferous cheers.”

Judicious advocates of extension of the franchise will be glad to hear that MR. LUCRAFT's audience was, though noisy, not large. The vociferous cheers of that orator's eloquence express, no doubt, the sentiments of a small minority of the numerous class which it is proposed to intrust with the elective franchise. Those who applaud violent nonsense, would be likely to vote for an outrageous blockhead.

The working-classes are exempt from direct taxation. They have no political hardship to complain of, except the inability to determine the price of their own labour, which is not peculiar to themselves. Their present want of a vote may be a grievance for them, and a calamity for the nation; but for them it is merely a sentimental grievance, although for the nation it may be a real calamity. But to say that they, thus circumstanced, are trampled upon, is to make a remark which any intelligent workman would receive, not with vociferous cheers, but with cries of “Walker!”

What did MR. LUCRAFT mean by telling his hearers that abuse had been showered upon them by members of the Legislature? The only foundation for this inexact statement was the fact that one or two Members of Parliament had applied contemptuous expressions to uneducated persons. If they submitted to that abuse, said MR. LUCRAFT, they would have to submit to more. And why not? Can't they retort? Suppose noble lords and honourable gentlemen term them ignorant and unthinking, cannot they return the compliment, if they please, by calling those lords and gentlemen bloated aristocrats, and other names still stronger and more opprobrious? If anybody were to call MR. LUCRAFT himself an ass, could not MR. LUCRAFT be content to reply, “You're another”? Or would he rather demonstrate his title to the appellation by physically resenting it, and kicking?

MR. LUCRAFT seems very indignant at the application, by somebody or other, of the word “scum” to the class which he sympathises with,

and perhaps belongs to. Possibly the party who used it will be happy to retract the word, and say that he meant precisely the reverse—dregs. Everybody, almost, is familiar with VOLTAIRE's comparison between the British nation and the national beverage; and there is a part of the population, which, represented in a barrel of beer, corresponds to the sediment. It consists not, indeed, of the men who wear fustian, but of those who talk it and applaud it.

Aristocrats, according to MR. LUCRAFT, would not dare to call labourers boors if they were not protected by the bayonets of the military. That is to say, they would be restrained from calling labourers boors by the fear of consequences from which they are now protected by bayonets. What consequences? The unpleasantness of being torn in pieces by the working-classes? It is surely as bad to make the working-classes out to be ruffians, childish but ferocious ruffians, as it is to call them boors. Here, perhaps, may occur to some of our readers the remark, that whoever may or may not be boors, a ranting demagogue is a bore of the first magnitude; with which we will now drop the subject of these observations.

MR. PUNCH'S CONFITEOR.

SWEET lawyers, no more splitting straws,
My non-legal notions to queer, oh,
Of what *is*, in the eye of your laws,
And what *is n't*, a *Filibustero*.

To save you such trouble I'll own,
If to help in upsetting a Nero,
Be mere Filibustering grown,
Then *Punch* is a *Filibustero*.

If to pray for the brave fellows must'ring,—
On the call of Varese's stout hero,—
To free the enslaved's ‘filibust'ring,’
Then *Punch* is a *Filibustero*.

If it be Filibustering flat,
To wish BOMBA's hopes sunk to Zero,
And to raise arms and money for *that*,
Then *Punch* is a *Filibustero*.

If it be Filibust'ring to drink
GARIBALDI's good health o'er my beer, oh,
In that case I'm happy to think
That *Punch* is a *Filibustero*.

If it be Filibust'ring to laugh
At MACGUIRE's “*conciones pro clero*,”
And to wish the POPE's troops thrashed to chaff,
Then *Punch* is a *Filibustero*.

If they're Filibusters with joy
Of Sicilian uprisings who hear, oh
Then—though WHITESIDE I grieve to annoy—
All England is *Filibustero*.

INSTRUCTION IN PARLIAMENT.

At a meeting of Old Westminster which was held the other day, to consider the suggested removal of the school, SIR JAMES GRAHAM made this somewhat startling observation:—

“There were undoubted advantages attending the present site, the chief of which perhaps was the privilege, possessed by no other public school, of attending debates in Parliament, than which nothing could be conceived more instructive.”

That Westminster is a good school, and has made many a good scholar, nobody who knows it would venture to dispute. But that its teaching is enhanced by its propinquity to Parliament, is an assertion which some people may see some reason to doubt. If all the speakers in the House were as instructive as SIR JAMES, there might certainly be grounds for endorsing his opinion. But this, unhappily, at present cannot be held to be the fact; and we can hardly see much good in letting boys attend debates, unless we wish to teach their young ideas how to spout. In one respect, however, we must own that the debates are, in some degree, instructive; for they not merely serve to exercise the patience of their hearers, but give them lessons likewise in bearing disappointment: as for instance, when they hope to hear a GLADSTONE on the Beer Bill, or a PALMERSTON on Prize-fighting, and have instead to listen to a WILLIAMS on Retrenchment, or a SPOONER on Maynooth.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.—To class Italian attempts in Sicily with American enterprises in Nicaragua, is emphatically, in *Mr. Punch's* opinion, “Walker!”



MUSCULAR EDUCATION—THE PRIVATE TUTOR.

Domestic. "PROFESSOR MAULEY, MA'AM!"

A CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE.

ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO BE READ BY ALL ENGLISH PERSONS WHO DESIRE TO INCREASE THEIR CONFIDENCE IN THE CANDOUR, TEMPER, AND HONESTY OF THEIR LAWFUL LEADERS AND GOVERNORS.

No. 1.

"DEAR JOHNNY,

"What did you mean by crying out in the House to WALPOLE, 'It is not true,' when he quoted my speech of the 19th April about your Reform Bill of 1852? I suspect you mean that I told a wopper. But I should like to leave you a loophole, and so I will pretend to believe that you did not know exactly what I had said, and I enclose you a cutting from the *Times*' report, which does not satisfy me, but is near enough for the purpose. Three or four years before 1852, you promised a Reform Bill without consulting your colleagues, and that's what I said in the Lords. Troubling you to eat humble pie at your earliest convenience,

"I am, yours affectionately," "GREY."

"Carlton House Terrace."

No. 2.

"DEAR GREY,

"I thought you had been talking about my speech on LOCKE KING's motion in 1851, when we were all agreed to be Reformers, and if you had, you *would* have been telling a wopper. As you say you didn't mean that, there is an end of my contradiction.

"But as to what you did refer to, I have been looking back at my speeches, and they all seem highly Conservative. I don't recollect what we said privately in the Cabinet, but if I did, I should not think of asking the QUEEN's leave to tell.

"I know that when poor LORD GEORGE BENTINCK let out his stable mind about your Colonial doings, I stood up for you like a brick, and little thought you were hoarding up grudges against me, to be fired off where I could not answer.

"But look here. Here's a report of one of your own speeches in 1852, wherein you praise me up hill and down dale as a Reformer, and

say you think I was quite right in having given a pledge to reform. I enclose the speech. When you made that you had not imbibed nasty prejudices against

"Yours devotedly," "J. RUSSELL."

"Pembroke Lodge."

No. 3.

"DEAR JOHNNY,

"Imbibed be hanged! I am glad you deny contradicting me, but you have written me a most improper letter.

"I tell you that you *had* pledged us, without consulting us, to Reform, and we felt that in the Cabinet, in 1851. I said at the time, and so did others, that we would not be bound by your reasons, but as nothing was to be done at the moment, we did not mind patronising you to the extent of retaining office.

"Hoarding be blowed! If I had wanted to do that, I should have preserved memoranda, and then couldn't I have smashed you, neither?"

"Bother about my defending and praising you. As if it is not one Minister's business to puff another while they are in office together, whatever he may think of the other's reasons. In that speech I meant only to explain your motives, without saying that I agreed with you; but, like a good fellow, I see I said a little too much for you.

"I shall explain all this in the Lords to-night.

"Yours eternally," "GREY."

"Carlton House Terrace."

No. 4.

"DEAR GREY,

"I shall print our Letters.

"Yours unceasingly," "J. RUSSELL."

"Foreign Office."

No. 5.

"DEAR JOHN,

"Just as you like. It will save my boring the Lords about you.

"Yours inconceivably," "GREY."

"Carlton House Terrace."

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XVII.—PERIOD, THE REIGNS OF HENRY THE SECOND, RICHARD THE FIRST, AND JOHN.



BEFORE we speak of the military costume of this period, we should add to our remarks about the civil people of it, that the Phrygian-shaped cap was still the common head-cover, for as it served to keep their heads warm, common folks cared not to change it. Some however used the hood, or capuchon, of the cloak, as a means whereby to keep the East wind from their brain-pans; a practice which is still adopted at the opera, by ladies who are not aware perhaps whom they are imitating. Whether the swells wore caps or cowls in HENRY'S reign and RICHARD'S, is a matter which we leave those who like it to debate; but we find that in KING JOHN'S time they wore neither of the two, and left their heads with nothing but their hair to cover them. The fact was, that the dandies were so

"nuts" upon their "nuts,"* that they did not like to hide their fair (or dark) proportions; and as they took great pains in doing their back hair, curling it with crimping irons, and binding it with ribbons, after the fashion of street acrobats, or "happy peasants" in a ballet, they loved to let their love-locks be open to all sight.



YOUNG GENTS. TEMP. JOHN. FROM THE MOST RELIABLE AUTHORITIES.

A writer who is generally right in what he says, observes that "beards and moustaches were either worn or not as the fancy directed." This assertion we confess sounds rather startling in our ears; and we cannot help imagining the terror of our swells, whose only aim in life appears to be to grow big "whiskaws," were they to be told that their facial decoration must be guided as TOM SAYERS and "the Fancy" might direct.

During the reign of HENRY THE SECOND but little change took place in the military fashions. One novelty, however, we ought perhaps to chronicle, although the matter is of the smallest, and it is well known that "*de minimis non curat Magnus Punch.*" Our readers know that HENRY THE SECOND was the first of the Plantagenets,† and that he owed his name to wearing a broom-twig in his helmet, the broom-plant being called by the Normans "*plante de Genet.*" That this custom was copied by the swell knights of his day, we could quote a volume of black-letterpress to prove; but we content ourselves with citing the

* Slang is now so fashionable in feminine society that we hardly need apologise for using these expressions; nor, so much as they have heard of prize-fighting of late, need we fear that many ladies will not "twig" quite what we mean. But if there be any pretty innocent who does not understand us, let her (if she be pretty) appoint a private meeting with us at our office, and our smallest child will quickly crack the meaning of these "nuts" for her.

† His father, GEOFFREY MARTEL, really was the first of them, for he first set the fashion whence the nickname was derived. But G. M. was not a king, and his son HENRY was; and so historians (who never stoop to flattering a sovereign) have always called the son the father of the race.

remark of one old writer that "y^e knyghtes did make y^e broome a mark or sygnal in a brushe."

For further illustration of the armour of this reign, we need instance but the well-known painting by MACLISE, which represents the marriage of STRONGBOW, Earl of Pembroke, and EVA, daughter of DERMOT, who was then the KING OF LEINSTER.* This picture we should like much to transfer to our gallery, for it would just now vastly interest us as students of costume.† Besides, the subject is one on which our Irish friends especially would much delight to ponder; for it would recall to them the time when there were kings in Ireland, and would pleasurably remind them of their own royal descent. In sooth we doubt not that nine-tenths of them, while gazing at KING DERMOT, would instantly detect their own resemblance to that monarch, and would give vent to expressions of cousinish, if not indeed of filial, regard. To an Irish mind moreover the picture is suggestive of other mournful thoughts than those of family bereavement; for it was just after this marriage that KING HENRY undertook his filibustering expedition, and carried out his project of annexing Ireland; when, to jumble up the poet's words with those of the historian, the island which is still "the brightest jewel of the sea"—that is, in other phrase, a gem of the first water—"became an appendage to the British crown."



HENRY PLANTAGENET. FROM A SPIRITED CARTOON, BY MR. PUNCH'S YOUNGEST LITTLE BOY.

* Toe showe y^e wisdome of this period as well eke as its witte, I mote saye y^e at y^e wedding brekefast (y^e which was served by GUNTERE, who was y^e Court confectionere) there was pre-ent COUNT PUNCHOFFSKI, a nobil man fro Russia, who for hys exceedinge eloquence was ychosen to propose y^e health of y^e happy couple. And he, observynge y^e champagn soe copiouslie a-flowynge down y^e throttles of y^e gwestes, dyd beliken its iced streeme unto y^e rivere Neva. On which KING DERMOT dyd crye out "y^e Neva, faith I niver heard y^e Neva was a river," and then turning to hys daurter said hee, "Now, did you, EVA?" And she, albeit fresh fro school, dyd saye, "Pa, noe, I Neva!"—*De Malmesbury, de Jestis Regum Hibernie.*

† If this delicate hint be taken, will the owner direct kindly to our private residence, which will be divulged upon inquiry at the *Punch* Office.

MODERATION IN CRINOLINE.

A LADY who styles herself *Artiste en Corsets, Fournisseur de sa Majesté la Reine Victoria*, advertises a "JUPON MEDIUM." The thing called "JUPON" has for a long time presented a shocking exception to the rule which declares that there is a medium in everything. There has, of late years, been no medium in the dimensions of that article of female apparel, which have indeed exceeded all bounds. Henceforth, however, a man may hope to be enabled to sit at dinner between two ladies without being obliged to share their clothes, which now generally spread out on each side so as to meet in front of him, and, superadded to the garments proper to his knees, are uncomfortably warm in summer. In wiping his mouth after eating asparagus, no gentleman in future, thanks to the *Jupon Medium*, will ever, perhaps, be entrapped into the mistake of using the flounces of one of his fair neighbours instead of his table-napkin. If the *Jupon Medium* is a pattern of the golden mean, success to it. May it be patronised by the aristocracy, and then, like a fashionable spirit-rapper, it will be what you may call an example of the happy medium.

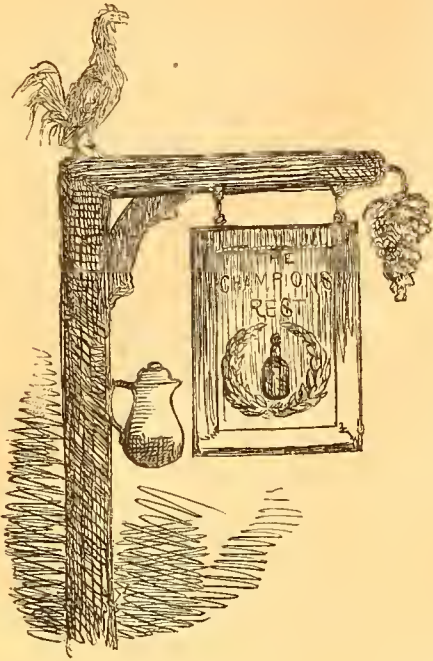
Political Virtue Rewarded.

WE understand, that the tapsters of the Metropolis have it in contemplation to present an honourable gentleman, who has signalled himself by his defence of their interests in the House of Commons, with a testimonial, consisting of a handsome piece of tapstery in the shape of a pewter pot, a measure which he has advocated with such untiring energy in opposition to MR. GLADSTONE'S glass of wine.

BEAKS FOR PECKING.

THE Middlesex Sessions commenced the other day—according to report—"before an unusually full bench of Magistrates." Why unusually full? Have the Licensed Victuallers been tampering with the Middlesex Great Unpaid?

THE POTHOUSE PROTECTIONIST.



RIEND AYRTON, the liberal and enlightened Member for the Tower Hamlets, has greatly distinguished himself in the House of Commons by the persevering opposition which he has offered to the Refreshment Houses and Wine Licences Bill. It would be very improper to ascribe the honourable gentleman's endeavours to defeat that wholesome measure to personal motives. There can be no doubt whatever that, in labouring for the prevention of the sale of cheap liquor at respectable shops, he has acted entirely in the interest of the Public.

A Hint to Helvetia.

CONSIDERING the part that the "Gallant Swiss boy" plays in the armies of POPE PIUS and KING BOMBALINO, we should

recommend to that respectable and ancient mountain republic the example of another aged mountaineer—*Norval* senior—of whom his son remarks—

"On the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flocks—a humble swain,
Whose only care was to increase his store,

(Quite à la Suisse)

And keep his youthful son, myself, at home."

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"IN correctly classifying the great and important Snob tribe, there is one variety of the species which should not be overlooked. I mean the 'Plebeius Censorius,' or Exhibition Snob.

"Walk through the Royal Academy rooms any afternoon in May, and you shall see a score of these worthies, and learn from their own mouths how severe, how funny, how hypercritical,—in a word, how rude they can be. I often wonder what can be the feelings of poor TOM BORAX and FLAKE WHITE when, standing at a modest distance from their beloved canvas, they listen to the remarks of the passing crowd. 'Tea-boardy,' I find, is a convenient and expressive epithet applied by not a few of the satirical public. 'What a daub!' is another favourite and oft-repeated ejaculation. Those who have picked up a few conventional bits of artistic slang, deliver themselves of their censure with vast importance. On the whole, perhaps, the amateurs are the most severe. MISS CHALKER, who copies the '*études aux deux crayons*' so indifferently, passes cool judgment on HUNT and MILLAIS; and MADDER BROWN, who slops down on paper what he calls *natural effects*, is monstrous knowing in the Landscape school. 'That bit of rock is not in keeping,' says he. 'What the sky wants is *tone*.' 'So-and-So never feels his middle distance,' &c. &c. Sometimes these gentlemen volunteer their counsel. 'Remember, my dear Sir, if you want to get harmony, you must *fetch up your flesh*, and subdue your still life;' or, 'Take my advice, now—I like to be candid, you know—and paint out your principal figure.'

"Confound their candour, I say. Believe me, my dear Punch, the men who best understand our Art say least about it.

"I remember once standing before a modern picture of acknowledged merit, a picture on which a world of love, and care, and time, and money had been spent—and while the best among us wondered and admired, up came two grinning dandies in *mauve*-coloured gloves, and, surveying the painting through their eye-glasses, abused it roundly. Composition, colour, form, chiaroscuro, perspective—what not—these gents discussed with great ease and in a tolerably high tone of voice, and I verily believe they were about as competent to give an opinion on the subject, as I am to explain the Binomial Theorem.

"For my own part, being naturally of an easy disposition, and not given to cavil if I can avoid it, I like to stroll amiably through the Exhibition rooms—just looking at what pleases me best, and so leave all the fault-finding for the learned critics. Thus, for instance, when MR. DANBY tells us that—

"*Phœbus rising from the Sea, by the lustre of his first vivifying rays, through the drifting foam of a rolling wave, calls into worldy existence the Queen of Beauty*—when MR. D. thus euphoniously describes the birth of Aphrodite, am I going to quarrel with him because SCUM-

BLETON says that Apollo was not present on the occasion? What do I care? If MR. DANBY prefers this version of the *Anadyomene*—and it suits his *Sunrise*, we will still admire his picture and leave Venus to settle her own parentage.

"MR. LUCY has gone in for the grand historical line (which by the way, is fast losing its old representatives). 229, *Lord Saye and Sele arraigned before Jack Cade and his Mob*, A.D. 1451.—JACK CADE, looks what he was—a jolly cad. The door-post of the inn is chequered, I suppose to symbolise the unhappy Earl's fate. I wonder, as his Lordship built a paper Mill, whether he also founded the great Circumlocution Office, where modern functionaries are still taught to *say and seal*.

"MR. DOBSON exhibits *The Plough*, a picture in which a young gentleman is, for the first time, entrusted with that implement by a friend who is supposed to have already attained proficiency in its use. Both have just taken off their shoes and stockings for the occasion. The moral inculcated is, that a child should be trained in the way he should go—but if our young friend is to follow the plough, would it not be as well that he should look where he is going?

"OVER MR. COOKE's wonderful and interesting Arctic picture hangs the portrait of an Arctic hero (242), Captain SIR F. M'CLINTOCK. The dress and background are characteristic of the icy regions which he lately explored—and if, while there, the gallant captain was not quite so well shaved as he is here represented, and did not, as a rule, appear with his head uncovered in the snow,—surely a little poetical licence may be granted to MR. PEARCE.

"247 is a full-length portrait of MAURICE—not the celebrated divine and scholar of that name—but a *St. Bernard Dog*, the property of HER MAJESTY. See what good company a Royal Favourite may command. An Arctic hero on one side, and a baronet on the other—*Lucky, Lucky dog!*

"*The Taming of the Shrew* has afforded MR. EGG a lively scene for illustration. 'My eye—what a shindy!' remarked DR. C—MM—NG to me as we examined the picture. *Petruchio* clutches the joint as though it were his wife's jointure. Everything will be smashed or crashed, except the doublets, which are *slashed*.

"*Bravissimo!* MR. GOODALL. A wilderness cannot be such an unpleasant place, after all. To watch the Sun rise on those rosy hills—to mount that patient camel's back, rich in gorgeous trappings, and send forth clouds of Latakia into the morning air—some of us in merry England are born to worse lots than *that*. I never saw an Arab Sheikh, but am sure that old chief is a *speaking* (as well as a preaching) likeness. The Sheikh is admirable in himself, but the *chique* of the whole picture is marvellous.

"I don't pretend to be a good judge of babies, which to my bachelor prejudices appear classed under two great heads: viz., brown, and pink, with more or less propensity to squall; but I defy the most confirmed misopœdist (may LIDDELL and SCOTT forgive me if there be no such word) to look without interest at MRS. WARD's *First Step in Life*, at that little tiny tottering thing just learning to feel its legs. My first impulse was to say *kitsey-kitsey*, which I am given to understand is the correct form for baby salutation, and I don't know how long I might have looked at it but for the exclamation of an enthusiastic young lady close behind me. 'Oh, Mamma! Look here; what a little duck!' The associations connected with that expression (I have, in all, twenty-three nephews and nieces of a tender age) were too painful, and I rushed precipitately from the spot.

"MR. HARDY's unpretending, but clever little picture, *A Crash*, gives rise to much speculation among the youthful visitors at the R.A. Who upset the table? *that* is the question. One might suppose it to have been done by one of the little urchins hiding behind the door, as if to escape from another sort of hiding at the hands of Granny, who is coming down-stairs. But pussy is scampering off in a guilty hurry, which looks suspicious. There has evidently been a cat-astrophe.

"MR. PATON gives the title of *Hesperus* to a painting which represents a mediæval young lady and gentleman making love under the influences of that planet. But for the English character of the scene the picture might have been called *Kiss-ingen*. The lover is kneeling somewhat uncomfortably to be sure; but, bless my heart, I would kneel on nutmeg-graters in such a cause.

"The tender passion again affords subject for illustration in *The Duenna's Return*, by MR. HORSLEY. How lucky for that ardent youth, who is just leaving his sweetheart, that the Duenna did not return a minute or two ago. I fancy the old lady's crutch would have descended on his head faster than he is now descending from the window.

* * * * *
"See! it is eleven o'clock, and the 'Swells' come thronging in. *In medio tutissimus ibis*; but you have heard enough about the *Middle Room*.

"Faithfully yours,
"JACK EASEL."

QUESTION FOR A DEBATING CLUB.—Is not the practice of bribery at Elections as contrary to personal as it is at variance with political economy?

A PLUCKY YOUNG FELLOW.



YOUNG Gentleman, who appears to have unsuccessfully attempted to pass a Military Examination, has written, under the signature of "ANOTHER INJURED CANDIDATE," a letter to the *Morning Post*, wherein, having promised that he has himself "gone through the literary nonsense and torture of a Chelsea examination," he makes the reflection subjoined:—

"It is exceedingly hard and unfair, when we are put to such enormous expenses in preparing for these examinations, to find, on presenting ourselves, that we are expected to answer such questions as those which you have just given publicity to; and even here it does not end, for the English and Mathematical Papers were quite as difficult, and much better adapted for a Cambridge or Oxford examination than to puzzle youths of seventeen or eighteen who have just left school."

Is it possible to conceive any "English papers" which would not probably

be too difficult for the author of the foregoing extract? His mathematical attainments may be sufficient to carry him over the *Pons Asinorum*, but it may be doubted if his knowledge of his native tongue is great enough to enable him to accomplish a nearly so arduous passage in the walks of literature. We wonder what he means by the "literary nonsense and torture of a Chelsea examination." The "torture" attending the ordeal to which he alludes was doubtless his own, but whose was the "literary nonsense?" The above-quoted passage may suggest an answer to this question. It is, no doubt, exceedingly hard and unfair to set young men catch-questions; but it is unfair and hard of the examiners alone. There is nothing hard or unfair on the part of the young men involved in finding that they are expected to answer such questions.

If the English and Mathematical Papers, alluded to by our victim to literary nonsense and torture were at all adapted for a Cambridge or Oxford examination, they must, one would think, have been at least as well adapted to puzzle youths of seventeen or eighteen. The youth who represents them as having been fitter to try competitors for degrees than to puzzle boys who have but just left school, can hardly, if he has been plucked for his military little go, be considered entitled to add himself to the list of candidates who have any right to call themselves injured. At the same time, let the authorities consider that blockheads are often brave, and always all the braver for being blockheads; and ask themselves whether it is wise and judicious to exclude from the British army a sort of fellows who are in every way so remarkable for pluck. At least it may be advisable to retain some regiments of "Heavies," for which the qualifications shall be rather muscular than mental, and shall not include the mysteries of spelling and grammar.

NUDITY AND NONSENSE.

WE understand that LORD HADDO is about to move for leave to introduce a Bill to prohibit the exposure of naked dolls on race-courses, as being calculated to corrupt the morals of the people. His Lordship's late crusade against the study of the nude must, as we mentioned it, be fresh in the remembrance of our readers; and the Bill which he proposes now to introduce will be a further step in the same laudable direction. With that extreme feeling of delicacy for which his Lordship is so famous, LORD HADDO will provide that the dolls be henceforth draped; and his measure will contain the most precise directions as to the amplitude of clothing which is to be enforced. Thus the eyes of prudish people will, he hopes, be no more shocked by the exposure of the naked little figures which are suffered to be thrust into our faces on the Derby Day, without a trouser or a petticoat to veil their ligious legs.

A Brief for the Charter.

THE report of the proceedings at the Middlesex Sessions, the other day, concluded with the following announcement:—

"MR. ERNEST JONES has joined the bar practising at this Court."

Success to MR. ERNEST JONES in his forensic capacity. Everybody will rejoice to know that MR. JONES is practising as an advocate at the bar, instead of advocating extreme political doctrines with an eloquence which is calculated to procure the orator a position in the dock. It is gratifying to consider that declamation in JONES has become pleading in ERNEST.

PROTECTIONIST HOSTS.—Protection was supposed to have been dead and buried; but Free Trade in liquor is still vehemently opposed by the great body of the Landlords who keep public-houses and their Representatives in the House of Commons.

THE SORROWS OF "THE STAR."

In vain I spend my eloquence,
My arguments let fly,
To teach the people how to be
Dissatisfied, and why.
I poke the British Lion up—
In his dull ear I scream;
I stir the fire, I blow the coals,
But can't get up the steam!

There's flogging in the Army;
There's jobbing in the Fleet;
Corruption in the Treasury;
Intrigue in Downing Street!
That horrid Volunteering—
For sarcasm what a theme!
But vain my skill, do what I will,
I can't get up the steam!

Vain, morning after morning,
My preaching up Reform;
The more I beat the iron
The more it won't get warm:
On indirect Taxation
My attacks would fill a ream,
Yet none will buy or back my cry,—
I can't get up the steam!

At all the age's vices
I've gone in left and right;
I've written down TOM SAYERS—
I've written up JOHN BRIGHT;
'Gainst cakes and ale in general
I've turned my vitriol stream;
But cakes and ale do still prevail;
I can't get up the steam!

It's awful to contemplate
A nation like our own,
Going headlong to perdition
(As the *Star* has often shown).
They tread the flowery pathway,
Wrapped in their fatal dream,
And turn deaf ears to all my fears,—
I can't get up the steam!

When, our Commons' rights invading,
The Peers' presumptuous vote
Keeps up the excise on paper,
In vain I swell my throat,—
Vain an "outraged constitution"
And a "down-trod people" seem,
E'en a "bloated aristocracy"
Will not get up the steam!

In short, the country's apathy
To *Times*, Peers, Church, and Crown;
Must sicken one who fain would see
All things turned upside down;
Who'd make the *Star* its country's guide,
For the *Times*' delusive beam—
But the more I preach the fewer I reach—
And I can't get up the steam!

Oh, what this England yet might be,
If BRIGHT were at the helm,
With a graduated Income-Tax
All taxes to o'erwhelm—
And Universal Suffrage—
But hence too pleasing dream,
For that bright page—that Golden Age—
I can't get up the steam!

Old Port and Old Fogies.

THE cause of greyness in the hair, in many instances, may be traced to a too copious indulgence in port wine. When we consider the composition of the mixture ordinarily sold under that name, we may easily understand how the practice of imbibing it is calculated to give one who is not old the appearance of an elder-ly gentleman.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

May 21, Monday. The Lords met for mischief. LORD GRANVILLE moved the Second Reading of the Paper Duty Abolition Bill. LORD LYNDHURST, who was eighty-eight that day, and wanted to have a birthday dinner, set an example to lovers of pleasure by staying to do what he considered his duty. Arguing that the Lords had a perfect right to deal with the question, and that MR. GLADSTONE'S fatal eloquence had carried a dangerous budget elsewhere, his Lordship tendered his support to LORD MONTEAGLE'S amendment, namely (mind this) that the Bill be read a second time that day six months. LORD MONTEAGLE—Whig Lord—then moved that amendment, taking prudential grounds, and urging that we should, next year, have a deficit of Eleven Millions, besides a vast expenditure for



THAT EXEMPLARY YOUNG MAN, JOSIAH SMUG, OF CLAPHAM, WOULDN'T GO TO SUCH A PLACE AS EPSOM FOR THE WORLD—BUT HE HAS NO OBJECTION TO RIDE ONE OF HIS FATHER'S HORSES BY WAY OF EXERCISE.

defences. Divers Lords of no great count followed; and then LORD CHELMSFORD insisted on rejecting the Bill, lest it should become a settled doctrine that the Lords had no power in such matters. The DUKE OF ARGYLL admitted the Lords' power, but denied their prudence. Our friend DERBY then charged. His speech was long and not lively, and he finished in what we cannot help thinking a mean kind of manner, by quoting a very long bit from a '57 speech of GLADSTONE'S against the budget of that day, and adding, "them's my sentiments." But his strength was on the benches and in his pocket; for on the former he had 161 supporters, and in the latter 32, while Government had but 90 friends in the flesh, and though LORD GRANVILLE turned out all his pockets, including his watch-fob, and the railway-ticket place in his paletôt, and looked



WE ARE SORRY TO SAY THAT THIS IS THE SAME EXEMPLARY YOUNG PARTY AS HE APPEARED RETURNING FROM THE DERBY!



THE PAPER CAP.



under the lining of his hat, he could find only 14 proxies; so that the Paper Bill was floored by 193 to 104; majority 89. *Mr. Punch* was therefore about right when he advised his friend GLADSTONE to look out for squalls!

Down-stairs the very important Bankruptcy Bill went through Committee. MR. BOUVERIE tried to cut down the proposed salaries of the District Judges from £1800 to £1500; but the House knows that cheap judges make dear law, and ought to have rejected the proposal by a larger majority than one (69 to 68), though a Miss is as good as a mile, especially if you measure round her crinoline.

Tuesday. The Lords had a discussion about the riots in St. George's-in-the-East, and stress was laid upon the remarkable forbearance shown by the police to the rioters, LORD WICKLOW observing, that if the authorities were in earnest in desiring to suppress the ruffianism, it could easily be abated. *Mr. Punch*, utterly as he despises and detests priestcraft (having himself done more to put down Puseyism than the whole of the episcopal bench together), does not think that a mob ought to be recognised as Convocation. The BISHOP OF LONDON continues to maintain that he could set matters straight, if parties would submit to his absolute jurisdiction. His Lordship should go down some Sunday with the honourable and medical Member for Leitrim, and see what they could do—if BRADY and TATE will not lull a congregation, what will?

LORD PALMERSTON had, of course, to do something in reference to last night's vote in the Lords. So he gave notice that he should on Thursday ask for a Committee, who were to look into the Lords' Journals, and discover what the Peers had been doing on Monday; after which he should ask for another Committee to look into the *History of England*, and discover what the Peers had ever done about the Paper Duty. He then suggested that meantime—

“They should at once throw every care away,
In the enjoyment of the Derby Day.”

A few Members, who had perhaps drawn bad horses in the sweeps at their Clubs, were sulky, and wanted something done at once, but were cut very short by the PREMIER and SIR GEORGE LEWIS. The House was in no humour to be bothered with business within eighteen hours of the bell ringing to clear the course, and was counted out about half-past seven, while a Member was moving for a Committee on such a trumpety matter as the ruin of our Gun-Boat Fleet.

Wednesday.

| | |
|----------------------|---|
| Thormanby | 1 |
| The Wizard | 2 |
| Horror | 3 |
| Dangu | 4 |

Mr. Punch, as usual (see another column in his present number), having prophesied the winner, though the press of matter last week prevented his inserting that prediction. The prize, and some trifle of £70,000 or so, fell to MR. MERRY, M.P. for the Falkirk Burghs; a Scottish party of such incalculable wealth that all the coal-scuttles in his house are filled with sovereigns, and any tradesman daring to offer change to a servant is at once discharged. The Americans are savage with *Umpire's* trainer, of course, as if that free and republican horse had been properly treated he must have beaten to fits all the produce of the wretched, worn-out, effete, aristocratic stables of the old country. *Mainstone* and *Cape Flyaway* were defeated, and LORDS PALMERSTON and DERBY flew into each other's arms, crying “Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong box,” LORD DERBY adding, in the cheerfullest manner,

“It's pleasanter drinking and backing bold *Thormanby*,
Than sitting, and yawning, and facing old *NORMANBY*.”

Lunch was carried on upon the most amicable terms, and witticisms were freely exchanged from the carriages. A pie, from which somebody else had extracted the meat, being handed to BARON ROTHSCHILD, he said, “Why is this pie like my houses in Piccadilly?—Because it's got no inside.” VISCOUNT WILLIAMS tried to reply with an epigram about a Stake in the Country, but was put down by clamour. MR. BRIGHT was asked if he did not think *Sutton* a fine animal, and he replied, “Suttonly.” SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY was greatly chaffed about *Largesse*, and was wittily advised to call him “Small S” in future. Nobody knew why the Baron's horse was called *Restes*, until he explained that he had discounted the initial, O. SIR RICHARD BETHELL being asked, what were the chances of *High Treason*, replied, like a great historical lawyer, “*Ave* somebody else.” In fact wit flew about with every champagne cork, and nobody was unhappy except LORD HADDO, whose sense of propriety was shocked every quarter of a minute by the sight of the penny dolls, whose undraped figures were in every hat. He stood up on the hill, and gave notice that he should move that at the next Derby all the dolls should be dressed, at the expense of the country; but his papa, LORD ABERDEEN, who came up with about a hundred dolls, pincushions, pencil-cases, Napoleons, lemons, Jacks in the box, and other articles of *vertu*, which his Lordship and the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY had been knocking down all the afternoon, told him that if he did na hold his

fule's tongue and just tak' his liquor like a gentleman, he'd get him made ambassador to Otyheety, where they wore the garments of Pairadise. Whereupon LORD HADDO withdrew his motion and self. VISCOUNT WILLIAMS declared, that there had never been such a glorious Derby Day for eighty years, and everybody was much too jolly to dispute the fact or ask how the Viscount knew.

Thursday. There was the usual reaction after a day entirely devoted to fresh air, a hot sun, champagne, cigars, and chaff; but the Bishops felt it was rather the thing to show that *they* were all right, so they discussed in Committee the Bill for pulling down useless churches and putting them up somewhere else. In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON appointed the first of his Committees, and made the House laugh by going away, pretending to discover the Paper Bill entry in the Lords' journal, and then bringing it up, and giving notice for his other Committee.

Sometimes, after a day's pleasure, people get cross and even spiteful. To-night there was an example of this; the Opposition making a malevolent attempt to withhold some money, really wanted by the Executive, unless the discussion of the items for which it was required were fixed for the time set apart for the Reform Bill Debate. However, after a good deal of snapping and snarling, the attempt was defeated by 135 to 107. It was also settled that the people who make for sale the messes called British wines, and people who sell more than two gallons thereof, should be obliged to take out licences at five guineas. SIR JOHN BARNARD'S Anti-Stock Exchange Gambling Act, after 150 years of life, was sentenced to death.

Friday. Their Lordships sat down, but got up very soon, Agreed to meet next on the fourth day of June.

The QUEEN has permitted Convocation to consider the Canon which forbids a parent from being godfather to his own child. It is true that few priests except Tractarian prigs, proud of a little authority, take notice of the antiquated rule; but it stands on the books, and it is awkward for a christening party to be sent back because a foolish clergyman declines to entrust a solemn duty to the only person in the world who is likely to discharge it efficiently.

LORD PALMERSTON appointed his Second Committee, but not until after a long debate as to the Crisis, and the relative position of the Lords and Commons on the Paper Duty Question. TOM DUNCOMBE wanted to circumvent the Lords, and insist that they had passed the Bill for “that day six months” (you were told to mind the vote) but that proposal was thought rather skittish. MR. BRIGHT, of course, was for vigorous action against the Lords. LORD JOHN RUSSELL was all for solemnity and precedent, and finally the Government, supported by the Opposition, had its own way.

Now, you see, there can be no doubt that the House of Commons is most eager to put down Bribery. Nothing can be more noble and virtuous than the speeches which are made against it. Nay, a law, which is to a certain extent efficacious, has been made on the subject. And *Mr. Punch* hopes, that the people of England will not be induced to doubt the sincerity of the House from the incidents of to-night. Certain Gentlemen, mind, not publicans, or snobs, or any of the people who ought to be ashamed of themselves, have been shown to be so guilty of corruption, that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, as bound by law, has decided that they be indicted. MR. CHARLESWORTH and MR. LEATHAM are the parties. It is true, to-night, Members on all sides begged the ATTORNEY-GENERAL not to persevere in this cruel course; that men of all parties, themselves above all suspicion, urged that it was persecution; that SIR RICHARD himself was moved, and only wished he could be released from such a duty; that MR. BRIGHT pleaded in behalf of his relative, MR. LEATHAM, and that the House generally felt that it was not the thing to go to extremities with Gentlemen. Still the country must not, we repeat, suppose that the House is not in earnest, and *Mr. Punch* begs that judgment may be suspended. Only let some nasty low fellow, who goes about corrupting voters, get into the law's clutches, and see how much *he* will be helped out of the scrape. If a gentleman appears to err, it is but due to him to suppose, that being an educated man, and aware of what he is doing, he has his own reasons.

“CÆSAR doth never wrong, but with just cause.”

Another display of hatred to GARIBALDI and Italian freedom was made by some of the Papists in the House, but MR. PATRICK O'BRIEN, to his honour, declared, that though a Catholic, he could not restrain his abhorrence of the barbarity of the Neapolitan authorities. MR. HENNESSY gave a splendid proof of what a priest's tool is permitted to say *in majorem DEI gloriam*. He declared, in his place, that one of the Neapolitan victims, the BARON POERIO, “never had chains on him at all.”

“MR. GLADSTONE. Oh! oh! Why, *I saw them myself*.”

Loud cheering followed, and testified to the instincts of Englishmen. But there is something louder just now speaking to the Neapolitan miscreants, and that is the roar of GARIBALDI'S cannon. May it be kept up till King and Priest are swept out of the Two Sicilies.

HOW TO "SPIKE THE ENGLISH."



EVERELY faithful to our promise (for pray when has *Punch* been known to disappoint his readers?) we resume now our review of the *Guide of the Orphéonistes*,* and shall show that its directions towards the speaking of our language are quite as much to be relied on as its guidance to our streets. The best of it is, too, that the *Guide* is so composed as to require the least possible study and attention, and to be almost automatic in imparting the instruction wherewith its pages teem. This excellent feature receives the special mention that it merits in the Preface, which, as we have said, is peculiarly French in both its modesty and truth:—

“Il est probable que les Orphéonistes, occupés en ce moment, et jusqu'au jour du départ, par les études musicales que va demander le Festival de Londres [i. e.

their Three Concerts at the Crystal Palace], auront peu de temps à consacrer à celle de ce petit livre. Mais s'ils ne peuvent pas donner à la prononciation des mots et des phrases qu'il contient une attention et un temps suffisants, il n'en sera pas moins pour eux d'une très grande utilité. Toutes les fois, en effet, qu'un Orphéoniste, possesseur de cette brochure, aura une question à adresser à un Anglais, il n'aura qu'à la chercher dans le Manuel de Conversation. Puis il l'indiquera du doigt à son interlocuteur dans la colonne anglaise. La réponse lui sera faite naturellement, par le même procédé, à l'aide de la colonne française.”

This, it may be thought, is a rather bold assertion: for even granting it were possible to cram into a Manual all the questions that a foreigner might ever want or wish to put, one does not see quite clearly how the answers could be given, and be made both comprehensible and strictly to the truth. Suppose the question to be given “*How are you off for Soap?*” (a query quite as serviceable as nine-tenths of the questions that most manuals contain,) how could all the possible responses be supplied, and what a picture of bewilderment the querest would present were he bidden in reply to “*Ask my shaving-dish!*”

Before, however, we proceed to take the Manual in hand, we must notice some few of the rules for speaking English, which are furnished “spécialement” for the guidance of Orphéonistes. To begin at the beginning, by way of overture, the writer teaches them our alphabet, and thus commences telling them how we pronounce our letters:—

“A. L'a se prononce comme en français devant toutes les consonnes doubles. Exemple: *All, abbey, attendant*; prononcez *all, abbé, att . . .*”

The truth that we give “a” the French pronunciation “ah” when it precedes a double consonant, is one that possibly our West End readers may admit, but ordinary Englishmen will feel a little startled at it. The same distinction, too, may be predicted as to—

“O. L'o a généralement le son de notre o. Cependant il a quelquefois celui de l'a. Exemple: *However*; prononcez *ha.*”

“Hah-ever” is a word which we in vulgar Fleet Street seldom have the treat of hearing, for the ultra Swells who use it, rarely trust their precious “peg-tops” to the East of Temple Bar. The loungers in Hyde Park “hah-ever” are more fortunate, and in the season, the plebeian who ventures near “Pahl Mahl” or “Wegent Stweet” may likewise be refreshed by hearing some one say “hah-ever.”

Thus far into the vowels of our language having marched on without impediment, the Orphéoniste is next guided by the *Guide* among our consonants, and, that he may learn to pronounce them with propriety, the following are samples of the rules to be observed:—

“Le b, le c, le p, et le t, placés devant une l, ont une prononciation toute particulière. Elle consiste à ramener la langue le long du palais, comme si on était dans l'intention d'avaler. Ainsi *table* se prononce *tabeull*. *Uncle, apple, bottle*; prononcez *uncuelli, appeulli, botteull*, * * * Une des grandes difficultés que l'étranger rencontre dans la langue anglaise est la prononciation du t placé devant l'h. Cette prononciation tient une sorte de milieu entre celles de l'f et du v. Pour la réussir entièrement, il suffit de porter le bout de la langue entre les dents, et de presser légèrement avec les incisives supérieures et inférieures. En pressant trop fort, on arriverait à un son trop dur; en ne pressant pas assez, le son sortirait sous la forme d'une s. Il faut tâcher d'arriver à produire une sorte de son légèrement mouillé, comme celui que produit le v. * * * L'l placée devant un k ne se prononce que fort rarement. Exemples: *Talk, walk*, prononcez *tak, wak*. (!) * * * Le double v ou w a une prononciation assez connue; elle ressemble au hurlement du loup: *wou! wou!* (!)”

Thus directed how to give a proper accent to our alphabet, the Orphéoniste is next guided through the mazes of our grammar, in a way that for its novelty and boldness of

conception throws old LINDLEY MURRAY completely in the shade. Without wearying the student by taking him a steady walk through all our rules, and explaining in rotation their various exceptions, the *Guide* hops and skips about among our “parties du discours,” scattering at each jump its pearls of information, as profusely as the fairy girl let fall her precious words, which as they dropped from her were turned to precious stones. Some faint notion may be formed of the value of these jewels, if we find space in our columns to exhibit this one specimen:—

“La troisième personne *him* s'emploie lorsqu'elle se rapporte à un substantif masculin. Exemple: Je regarde cet homme, je le trouve grand. I look that man, I find *him* tall. *Him* se rapporte à man, substantif masculin.”

Jumbled with these pearls of grammatical instruction, are rules as to pronunciation which are of equally great price. Here for instance are three pronouns, which are declined and spelt for French pronunciation, thus:—

| | | |
|-------------|----------------|-----------------------|
| “Aie. | Maîne. | Ou. |
| Thacu. | Thaine. | Génitif. Ouze. |
| I, chi, et. | Is, eurs, its. | Datif. Tou oum. |
| oui. | Aoueurs. | Accusatif. Oum. |
| Iou. | Yeurs. | Ablatif. Ov oum. (!)” |
| Thé. | Thèrs. | |

This suppression of the aspirate in “he” and “his” and “who,” might fairly lead one to imagine that the author of the *Guide* was in reality a Cockney; a supposition which is further strengthened by our finding that the word “house” is directed to be spoken “aousse,” while in answer to the question “Iz masteur [English for Monsieur] B. èt aume?” there is given the reply that “I [he] az djeust gonn aout.” A smack of German flavour also is imparted to our language by directing the word “second” to be roughened into “segunnd;” and surely no one but a Russian learning English of LORD MALMESBURY, could have written “tcheurtech” for “church,” and “tchèsheur tchize” for “Cheshire cheese.”

We cull these flowers of speech from a part of the *Guide* written for pupils most advanced, and called a “Petit manuel Anglais de conversation usuelle.” This extremely useful chapter is perhaps the most facetious portion of the work; but as we must not give our readers too much of a good thing, we shall reserve a fuller notice of it for another occasion.

GENTLE VOLUNTEER.

A SONG TO BE SUNG TO THE INTENDING COMPETITORS AT WIMBLEDON.

AIR—“*Troubadour Enchanting*.”—LURLINE.

Volunteer enchanting,
Into order falling,
With thy rifle slanting
O'er thy shoulder, dear,
Where the target waits for thee,
Forward, from the rear,
Shoot, and bring the prize to me,
Gentle Volunteer!

Volunteer enchanting,
When the bugle calling,
Bids thee (firmly planting
Feet not brought too near).
Take a sight, and careful be
That thine eye is clear—
Fire, and bring the prize to me,
Gentle Volunteer.

Spurs and Shoulder-Knots.

“WHAT is an Equerry, Papa?” inquired a little boy, on hearing that a functionary of that name had been promoted to the Colonel of a crack regiment. “An Equerry, my dear,” replied the parent, “is a horse-footman.”

* “Vocabulaire et Guide des Orphéonistes Français à Londres. Par A. R. B. Paris, 1860.”

THE TAX ON HOSPITALS.

To the RIGHT HON. THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

MY DEAR GLADSTONE,

THE Anniversary Festivals of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, of the Royal Orthopedic Hospital, and St. Mary's Hospital, took place, all three of them, the other day. After the assembled guests had eaten their dinners, they had the reports of the charities which they severally patronised read to them over their wine. The first of those institutions was stated to be labouring under a mortgage debt of £8,000, and other difficulties urgently demanding relief. The income of the second was represented as inferior to its expenditure; this Hospital also being loaded with a mortgage debt; whereof the amount is £6,000. The third was described as in a state bordering on bankruptcy. Its committee declared that the debts which it has run into with tradesmen and others are at times so pressing as to cause serious anxiety to the management; and its Chairman, MR. GEORGE BYNG, M.P., said that "the embarrassments of the institution will necessitate the suspension of some arrangements for the alleviation of sickness unless liberal subscriptions are immediately forthcoming." Its supporters were told that it has at present only 150 available beds.

The amount of human suffering relieved by these hospitals during the past year is represented by the figures 46,788 inclusive of out-patients and casualties.

Surely, my dear GLADSTONE, the decay of institutions which have heretofore been diminishing the misery of the people to the above considerable extent, is not a thing that we can regard with so much indifference as not to care to ascertain what it may be owing to, with some view to prevent it if we can.

Now direct taxation, confined to the wealthier classes, and to the higher orders of the industrious, incident on the latter with much the heavier pressure, is doubtless wonderfully calculated to please that portion of the community which it does not molest. It certainly enables you to confer on the manual labourer the great blessing of a fractional reduction in the price of various articles of consumption. This is so great that the embarrassment of the classes termed superior in their social position and relations, in their endeavours to maintain their wonted appearance, to give their children a suitable education, and so forth, are as nothing to it, of course. On that point we are quite agreed—you and I and MR. BRIGHT.

Well; but then you see, your Tenpenny Income-Tax places your superior classes under the necessity of economising. These people almost all live at least up to their means. Now if I were a duke, or a pluralist, or a large landed squire, or a merchant prince, or a barrister in lucrative practice, I know how I should meet your additional confiscation of my Income. I would no longer powder my footmen, I would abolish their expensive liveries, and put them, every man JOHN THOMAS, into workhouse grey. As many other retrenchments as might be necessary and possible, I should practise on the same principle—that of lopping off all vain and ridiculous branches of expenditure.

That, my dear GLADSTONE, is certainly not what is done by the superior classes, under the stress of your Income-Tax. You observe no diminution of splendour in the equipages and general ostentation of the "gay licentious proud." But you do hear that the Hospitals have got into difficulties, are nearly insolvent, and threaten to break down.

My great Homeric, Oxonian, and Manchesterian Financier! What if your ever-increasing Direct Taxation is inducing those whose wealth it appropriates for the gratification of the masses, to withhold the subscriptions which they formerly used to contribute to Benevolent Institutions? Can it be that your rising Tenpenny Income-Tax is ruining your Hospitals? Accept that query for consideration from

PUNCH.

FIRE-WATER.

MR. PUNCH finds in the *Daily Telegraph* the following curious statement:—

"The embankments of the Theiss river have been forced by the rising of the water at Vaserhely and Bas, and a great portion of the country being inundated, much injury has been inflicted upon the neighbouring plains. At a time when there is so much destitution in Hungary, this is a visitation of no small gravity, and the authorities are said to be in the greatest dread lest the waters of the Theiss should kindle the already smouldering fires of revolution."

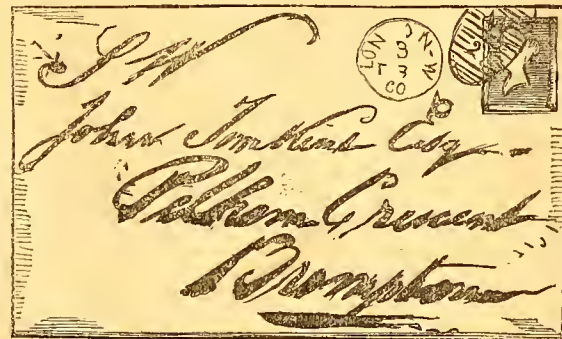
Mr. Punch has no remark to make upon so singular an announcement. It is a case for science, and he respectfully requests the attention of PROFESSOR FARADAY to this very remarkable Theiss water. The Royal Institution will do well to send out for some bottles of the extraordinary liquid. Meantime, Mr. Punch requests the address of the *Telegraph's* image manufacturer, as Mr. P. would like to give that ingenious artist an order.

A POKE-UP FOR THE POST OFFICE.

"Pelham Crescent, Day after the Derby.

"I SAY, *Punch*, old boy, wish you'd drop a line to our friend SIR ROWLAND HILL, and ask him if it be true that it's no use putting district initials on one's letters, because the sorting clerks, it seems, don't pay the least attention to them. This assertion has been made in large print in the *Times*, but no official notice has as yet been taken of it: and the other day that journal allowed a correspondent to put point blank the question which I have asked above, and even this has failed to elicit a reply. So you see one is compelled to call in your assistance, for the authorities appear to be as deaf quite as the post, and till you rap them on the knuckles they will pay no heed to one.

"While you are about it, too, I wish you'd just inquire whether, supposing the initialising system must go on, some steps could not be taken to prevent the peace of families from being put in danger by it. If you doubt that this be done, I'd have you hear my story,—a 'tale of thrilling interest,' as penny novelists would call it. And first just give a glance at the envelope enclosed, which, if you think it needful, you are at liberty to print:—



"This letter, Sir, arrived during my absence on the Derby Day, when I was called into the country upon most important business. It is directed to me plain enough, as anyone may see—at least anyone who is acquainted with my excellent friend JOLLYBOY, and has learnt how to decipher his splodgy, sprawling scrawl. Now, Sir, I ask you as a gentleman, does this letter look as if it were intended for a lady? Yet, Sir, it has been opened by a person (to speak plainly) who calls herself a lady, and more than this, it has been read, Sir, actually read, from the 'DEAR JACK' to the 'JOLLYBOY,' before the wretched woman, as she pretends to tell me, discovered what she will persist in calling her 'mistake!' Sir, I blush for a rela—but no, I won't say a relation; rather let me call her a connection by marriage, on my wife's side. Her 'mistake,' she says, arose from her mistaking the S. W., the letters of our district, as intended to initialise her own name—SARAH WELLS. She says, she therefore felt quite justified in opening the letter; but though she vows she shut it up again the very instant her eye 'lighted on the first two vowels—Dear FRANK'—I have sufficient grounds for saying that I don't a bit believe her. The letter bore allusion to a supper at Cremorne, which JOLLYBOY (who is a bachelor) alleged as an excuse for not coming to dine with me; and as I chanced that evening to be kept late at my office, my wife unnaturally accused me of having supped with JOLLYBOY, a suspicion which was obviously suggested by 'S. W.'—I mean by SARAH WELLS. Of the uncivil war which followed I need say nothing more than that I was forced to visit MESSIEURS SWAN AND EDGAR, before I could arrange the articles of peace. Whether I can recover from the Post-Office authorities the cost I have incurred in the closing of hostilities, is a point which I have asked my lawyer to decide. But however this may be, a system which occasions such 'mistakes' and misconceptions clearly should be stopped as speedily as possible, and exposure in your columns will, the soonest of all remedies, lead to that result.

"Print my letter, then, old boy, and receive the thanks of thousands beside

"Your friend,
JOHN TOMKINS.

"P. S. Pray what Wizard told you *Umpire* would not win? I might have made a hatful if I'd only twigged the '*Essence*.' But it needed some astrology to read the seven stars, which stood for 'MR. MERRY.' Another time you surely may throw a little more than starlight on the subject. There can be no necessity for keeping things so dark."

The Arms of the Holy See.

THE POPE has accepted several pieces of rifled artillery which have been presented to him. His Holiness thinks that the patrimony of St. Peter requires to be fortified with weapons rather more substantial than the Apostolical Canons.



Critical position of Smudgby's rich Uncle, who incautiously entered his Nephew's Studio as he was making Studies for his "Balaclava Charge."

A GOOD SCHOOL FOR BAD TEMPERS.

WHY is MR. RAREY like the hero HECTOR? is a question which the student of HOMER may reply to, but which to other minds may cause some shadow of perplexity. The answer is, that HECTOR was a horse-tamer, and so is MR. RAREY: and were the praises of the latter to be sung in Greek hexameters, he would be quite as much entitled to the word "hippodamoio," which is so frequently applied by the poet to the hero, perhaps because it makes so good an ending to the line.

To show our scholarly attainments, we may put the further query: Why is MR. RAREY not like RICHARD CŒUR DE LION? The reply is, that the Saracens, when their horses shied or started, used to ask them if they saw KING RICHARD in the path; implying thereby that the King was a cause for apprehension, and that horses might be reasonably supposed to be afraid of him. Now this is a conjecture which clearly could not truthfully be held of MR. RAREY. If the horse be the intelligent creature he is thought to be, he can hardly be suspected of fearing his new trainer: whose "system" is to substitute horse-taming for horse-breaking, and to educate his pupils by kindness, not by kicks. Would you train the tender creature, kindly, gently, mildly treat it: and never frighten it, or fret it by rough handling or ill use. This is the advice which MR. RAREY gives us, and if equine lips could speak, they certainly should thank him for it. Whips and spurs would soon be obsolete, were what he says attended to, and be classed with racks and thumbscrews, and other bygone tortures.

MR. RAREY's course of treatment is in fact directed not less to the groom than to the horse; the former being in intelligence the inferior animal, and in very many instances by far the greater brute. What MR. RAREY aims at teaching is, that horses have quick instincts and highly nervous temperaments; and if we would train them to be tractable and docile, we must train ourselves to treat them with suitable respect.

Rightly to command them, we must command ourselves; for if we lose our temper we but teach them to lose theirs. Our chief intent should be to keep on terms of friendship with them, and get them to obey us from fondness, not from fear.

MR. RAREY's system therefore is improving to the man as well as

to the beast, and many a human "savage" might be permanently bettered by it. Persons of bad temper should present themselves as subjects, and be operated upon until their tempers grow more tractable, and can more easily be checked. Were a school for man- and woman-taming now to be established, it might really be productive of great national advantage, and MR. RAREY certainly would do the State some service if he would, at starting, consent to take the reins.

An XXXcellent Choice.

MR. PUNCH'S DIPLOMA JOKE, RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO HIS ADMIRER FRIEND,
AUGUSTUS LEOPOLD EGG, R.A.

No more from fierce Pre-Raphaelites you'll hear
"Academicians! Bah! They're all Small Beer."
No, "blessings on their brew," henceforth you'll see
One of the Forty is good A.L.E.

Keeper's Apartments, May 24, 1860.

MR. PUNCH'S PROPHECY FOR THE DERBY.

THE following would have appeared in a portion of our impression last week, and indeed in the whole of it, but for a circumstance with the details of which we need not trouble our readers:—

MY FIRST WAS A GOD, AND MY SECOND'S A MAN,
WHEN THE RACE GOES MY THIRD, SEE MY WHOLE IN THE VAN.

We may as well, now that the event has come off, add that the prediction of course indicated

THOR-MAN-BY,

Who was one of the horses in the betting, but whether he won or not we have not the least idea, as we were attending the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, in St. Paul's, and have not taken the trouble to look at a paper. But we take it for granted that we prophesied accurately, as usual.



BROWN RECEIVES ORDERS TO PARADE AT HEAD-QUARTERS FOR THE PURPOSE OF "MARCHING OUT!"

Brown (log.). "CALL THIS PLAYING AT SOLDIERS, INDEED! I'D MUCH RATHER BE BEFORE 'A HOT FIRE,' I KNOW!" [Nevertheless Brown sticks to his duty like a man.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MAY 31. *Thursday.* Whitsuntide Holidays over, the Lower Class Form returned to resume its studies at Westminster School, but the Upper Class Form had an extension of leave until the following Monday.

In Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates, GENERAL PEEL complained that we have not soldiers enough. He paid a very high compliment to the Volunteers, who would, he believed, be a patriotic and invaluable force, but they must be used as Auxiliaries only. Hereupon *Mr. Punch* heartily concurs with the Ex-War-Minister, the material of which the Household Guard is composed being much too valuable to be used in any sort of fighting except *pro aris et focis*; or, as the Wiscount translates it, for our own areas and our own folks. After some words from DEEDES in favour of the Yeomanry, who have always done what *Hamlet* calls "Yeoman's service," and ought not to be neglected, an Irish party named CONOLLY attacked MR. SIDNEY HERBERT, and called him a Monster Poacher, justifying that pleasing epithet by alleging that as Secretary for War he interfered with certain Irish fisheries, by buying land for the public and building defences thereon. The Monster, in reply, said that the public paid—and very highly—for any land that was required by the Executive, and ought to have the same rights over their purchased property as any other buyer. The Committee thought MR. CONOLLY'S case a fishy one, and that Mars had a perfect right to enter Pisces, without leave from Taurus, the Irish Bull.

Then did DE LACY EVANS take to task the Monster for having recently conferred the Colonelcy of a Regiment upon GENERAL GREY. This lucky officer is the Private Secretary to FIELD-MARSHAL THE PRINCE CONSORT, and it is universally admitted that he serves his gallant Commander in the most unimpeachable way. GREY writes a tolerable hand, with facility, and with the aid of a little Diamond Dictionary of the English Language, presented to him by PRINCESS ALICE on one New Year's Day, as a small token of respect and esteem, he manages to avoid any very flagrant errors in spelling. He folds a note with

GLORY IN THE GRASP OF FRANCE.

BEAUTEOUS France has now a chance
To win immortal glory,
Not by triumph in the dance,
Nor yet by conquest gory.
Let her stand, and hold her hand,
With England's linked together,
Leaving GARIBALDI'S band
The storm of war to weather.

Soon, would she with us agree,
On strict non-interference,
Of all oppressors Italy
Would make a thorough clearance;
Soon expel, or quickly quell,
King, Kaiser, Priest fanatic,
Free, as Somebody said well,
From Alps to Adriatic.

Lasting Fame NAPOLEON'S name
Would shout with acclamation;
If he would abjure the game,
So mean, of annexation:
To the end he did pretend
When first the ball he started,
Would he be so good a friend
As not to prove false-hearted.

France for bright ideas to fight
Vaunts herself—to free a
Land enslaved by foreign might
What a fine idea!
If she "fought" for this, nor thought
Of prey, to France all honour;
Base advantage if she sought,
False Humbug!—out upon her!

An Old Stupid.

A MARRIED Philosopher, whose views respecting nursery-management, fashions, domestic economy, and minor morals, have long experienced a steady opposition, describes the reflective and analytical intellect as "That divine faculty of Reason which distinguishes Man from Woman."

neatness, always minds that there is adhesive stuff on the flap of the envelope, or if there is none, he secures it with gum of his own dissolving, and he is singularly careful in putting the proper Post Office initial in the right hand lower corner of the direction. He has always postage stamps in his desk, or in a very pretty little silver-gilt fusée-box, presented to him by PRINCESS BEATRICE on his wedding-day, as a small token of respect and esteem. And he is very particular in posting the letters, and when at Buckingham Palace often runs over with them himself to the pillar-box near the Duchy of Cornwall office, for as he justly remarks, servants are so careless about letters. The early copy of *Punch*, which is regularly sent to the Palace on Tuesday morning, he always sews, and cuts it very nicely with a pretty ivory paper-knife, which was presented to him by the three PRINCESSES on his birthday, as a small token of respect and esteem, and which has the names ALICE, LOUISA, and BEATRICE, engraved on the handle. The Field-Marshal, if parting with him at any time, would, *Mr. Punch* happens to know, kindly give GREY this character, and would add a testimonial to his industry, his intelligence, and (although he is brother to EARL GREY) his civility. Well, it may be supposed that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, in his frequent visits to his Royal Cousin, must have noticed GREY, and very likely may have said to the PRINCE that he seemed to have got a very decent kind of fellow there, and SIDNEY HERBERT, who, as War-Minister, must often have had to ask advice from H.R.H. the Field-Marshal, may also have formed a favourable idea of the Secretary. Now it so happens that in early life GREY went into the Army, and having stopped in it ever since has gradually attained to the rank of General. We need hardly say that he never did anything particular, though he happens to have been in Canada when other people were doing a good deal, and though he is said to have seen service, the Service he has seen most of is the second best China service which HER MAJESTY has out on days when there is no particular company to dinner. However, CAMBRIDGE and HERBERT having the Colonelcy of a Regiment to give away the other day, good-naturedly, but really very improperly, gave it to GREY, whereas such a reward should have been conferred on a soldier! There was a jolly row about the affair to-night, and the Monster was taunted with passing over old

officers, who were covered with wounds and glory, and giving such a good thing to a private secretary. The Monster made the best ease he could, and magnified GREY's merits with that patent oxy-hydrogen microscope called Puffing; but perhaps MR. DISRAELI (who is uncommonly civil to the Court just now) volunteered the most plausible excuse for the act, saying that as Princes always keep military attendants, it was better that they should be men of a good sort, and not parasites, and that if you excluded soldier-courtiers from military rewards, you would have a shy lot about your Royalties. It was neat, but flimsy: are there no other rewards for secretaries, without despoiling valiant old brieks, like GENERAL BELL, for instance? HAVELOCK writes, that he in his time had two sots and three fools put over his head; and the system of being unjust to real soldiers is not the way to make HAVELOCKS. *Mr. Punch* has nothing to say against GREY, and, indeed, likes him, and always gives him a cigar out of *Mr. P.'s* own case when they stroll with the F. M. on Windsor Slopes, but would like to see him rewarded in a becoming manner. CAPTAIN PEN must not wrong CAPTAIN SWORD.

Military matters occupied the greater part of the two nights the House sat this week. Of course the Government got all the men and money they asked for, and might have had more, which fact will be recollected by *Mr. Punch* and others, if at any time it should appear that England is insufficiently protected.

Friday. LORD FERMOY demanded of MR. GLADSTONE whether, as the Lords insist on keeping on the Paper-Tax, he will remit any other. MR. A. SEUART invited him to repeal the duty on tea and sugar. The

CHANCELLOR OF THE X. declined to say that he had any feelings or any intentions on any subject, until the report of the Committee that is Searching, should be presented. MR. BRIGHT of course abused the Lords, and will labour with all his might to work the Commons Bulldog up into a rage, and make him fly at the Lordly Mastiff. At present, the former seems in no humour to be set on his aristocratic friend by his revolutionary Friend.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL had a heap of questions to answer, the most interesting one being upon the subject of the atrocities of the Neapolitan police in Sicily. The Foreign Minister of England stated that our Consuls had reported to his office that the most diabolical cruelties were practised upon the unfortunate Sicilians by the agents of the Anointed, who is just now showing his ample right to his name of BOMBA by keeping land and sea batteries in play, not upon his armed enemies, but upon the unfortunate women and children of Palermo, into which *Mr. Punch* is happy to state, GARIBALDI has dashed at the head of his volunteers. BOMBA's Palace is now ashes—the best apology for that act of destruction would be the excuse of the chieftain of old time, who deeply regretted having burned down an Abbey, and would certainly not have done so but for an idea that the Archbishop was inside it.

SIR GEORGE LEWIS was questioned upon the subject of the new Strike into which MESSRS. POTTER and Company seem about to lure the husbands and fathers engaged on our Metropolitan improvements; but the HOME SECRETARY, while condemning Strikes as blunders that lead to miseries, could only express his regret and announce his neutrality.

RUMOURED SACRILEGIOUS PROJECT.



We hear, with horror, indignation, rage, and fury, that it is intended to transfer the annual festival of the Charity Children of London this year from St. Paul's to the Crystal Palace. We do hope that there is some mistake in the information which we have received to that effect. The yearly chorus of the little girls and boys under the great dome of St. Paul's is an institution of the country, as well as one of the finest of the established phenomena of London. We are old enough to remember the Coronation of HER MAJESTY, and we feel now what we should have felt then if the Crystal Palace had been in existence, and a set of insensate innovators had proposed to shunt the Royal solemnity to that place of amusement from Westminster Abbey. Transfer the children's festival to the Crystal Palace! Remove the LORD MAYOR'S Show to Astley's. Banish the Rotten Row cavalcade

to Victoria Park. Have the Derby run on Wormholt Scrubbs. Let the House of Lords adjourn to the Coal-Hole!

Who could have the heart, that is the want of heart, to think of destroying a tradition so venerable? We should say that JOHN BRIGHT was at the bottom of the subversive proposal, had we not reason to believe that JOHN has music in his soul, notwithstanding that he sometimes talks like one that has none. Such an one was the author of the abominable scheme on which we are now invoking public execration; and we should like to punish him and all his abettors by compelling him to hear HANDEL'S *Hallelujah Chorus* executed on the grandest scale in St. Paul's Cathedral every day for six months. The Crystal Palace is a very proper place to take the children to for a holiday. By all means let them be taken thither after Church, for a treat, which, by considerable amendment in the victualling department, they may have there. Or give them two festivals, and let them repeat at the Palace what they sang in the Cathedral. But spoil not a spectacle and a concert, which, even to the veriest Coekneys, imparts a delight which they seem to share in fellowship with angels. The annual assembly and song of the innocents in St. Paul's was a fact that we learned together with the fiction that London was paved with gold. Another place is paved with the best intentions of the dolts who design to remove that hallowed celebration to the Crystal Palace.

MORAL ON A RECENT REVELATION.—Priers never see any good of themselves.

THAT 'ERE 'OSS.

A DIALOGUE I lately heard,
Beneath a sheltering shed,
Between two eads, as they conferred
About a quadruped.
The thread thereof was hard to find,
But that is little loss;
Each speech of either stable mind
Wound up with "That 'ere 'oss."

"BILL says to me, he says, says he,
('Twas thus the parley ran:)
So there, he says, was JIM and me,
And that 'ere other man.
The 'tother party named ten pound:
You never come across
A eove more downier, I'll be bound.
But you knows that 'ere 'oss."

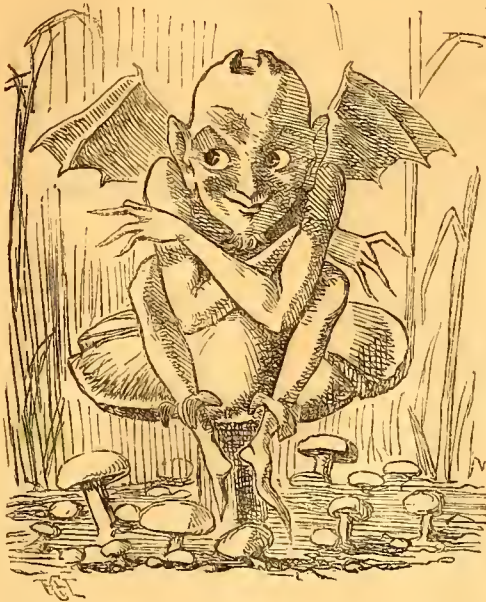
"Well, now if you'll believe my word,
And which I need not say,
I met them parties, with a third,
Up yonder 'tother day:
What is't to be, says they; a pot?
Which we perposed to toss;
Now mind, says I, I tell you what,
Look arter that 'ere 'oss!"

"I don't believe it wur a sprain;
'Tis all that party's stuff:
And if the owner hogs his mane,
He'll be a precious muff;
His knees is very near got well;
His coat's all over gloss:
Nobody couldn't nothink tell,
To look at that 'ere 'oss."

"Of course we knows there's some as shies;
And likewise them as jibs;
But wot's the use o' tellin lies?
You only feel his ribs!
No eyes can't sec like them that's blind;
The young 'un's green as moss;
But BILL, for all his charf, you'll find,
He's sweet on that 'ere 'oss."

Thus they pursued their mutual chat
Most likely half the day;
But I had heard enough of that,
And so I went away.
How oft you hear such fellows hold
Such converse, chiefly dross,
Containing not one point of gold;
But full of "That 'ere 'oss."

MR. PUNCH A SPIRIT-RAPPER.



MR. PUNCH begs to announce that he has been converted to the Spirit Rapping Persuasion. And when He goes in for a faith he goes the entire believer, and not like one of your half-hearted Spiritualists, who very much want to deceive themselves, but are painfully conscious that the experiments they have witnessed are not only not supernatural processes, but are exceedingly clumsy juggling. He has given himself up entirely to Spirit Rapping, and from the moment of his conversion set to work calling up no end of ghosts, until his indignant neighbours sent in to know whether he was holding a meeting of the aggrieved Metropolitan Postmen. And

he has been converted, totally and entirely, all for the small charge of Sixpence. The *Spiritual Magazine* has done it all, and as that work states that people are "bound to testify" what they think on the subject of Rapping, here goes for the particulars of *Mr. Punch's* apostacy from common sense.

He published, the other day, and during his unconverted condition, a picture illustrating the story of the Spirit Hand which was stated to have appeared to the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON. In that picture—alas, that he should have tried to make fun of a miracle—the Hand was assisting the Imperial Nose to form that derisive combination of the nasal and the digital organizations which is vulgarly called Taking a Sight. He did not know at that time how sensitive are the Rappists to anything like ridicule, and that though they have no objection to be called blasphemous, or audacious, or wicked, they cannot bear to be laughed at. Ridicule has been called the test of truth, but it is a test which Rapping declines to undergo. *Mr. Punch* deeply deplores that an unguarded sketch should have done so much mischief. Now that he is himself a Medium, with lots of spirits waiting on every landing in his house, and plenty more in the back garden, he comprehends that laughing at a ghost is excessively improper. The *Spiritual Magazine* has awakened him to a sense of better things.

That remarkable work has devoted its first article for the present month—about seven pages—to remonstrances with *Mr. Punch* upon the picture which has been mentioned, and upon his habitual incredulity upon the subject of Spiritualism. The writer of the article resolved to bring *Mr. Punch* over to the faith, and effected it as follows.

It happened that a gentleman, a relative of a member of the firm from whose establishment issues the sheet which embodies the spirit of *Punch*, was lately invited to dine with another gentleman who lives in Russell Square. Others were present, and after dinner certain things alleged by the executant to be spiritual manifestations, took place. Subsequently, *Mr. Punch's* picture of Taking a Spiritual Sight appeared.

In the article in the *Spiritual Magazine*, the name of the gentleman above alluded to as an invited guest, is mentioned, and in connection with his visit reference is made to the picture in *Punch*. Here, of course, comes in the miracle.

It is hardly necessary to say, that no gentleman could possibly so far forget the usages of his order, the rights of hospitality, or the decencies of life, as to make public use of any incidents of a private dinner-party. It is perfectly certain that the gentleman above alluded to as connected with *Mr. Punch's* publishers has not the remotest connection with the production of *Mr. Punch's* paper, and equally certain that he never held the slightest communication with the contributors to that publication upon the subject of the performances in Russell Square. And it must be equally clear that no other person who was present upon the occasion in question could have been guilty of such an outrage upon the proprieties of life as to furnish to the editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* any particulars of what took place in the privacy of a gentleman's chamber.

Therefore, by an exhaustive process, *Mr. Punch* has been brought to the belief that inasmuch as the editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* could not have obtained his information from a Gentleman, he must have had it from a Ghost. Now, one miracle is as convincing as a thousand, and *Mr. Punch*, completely converted, throws up his best cocked hat for Spiritualism, and goes in for ghosts. He believes everything now, believes all that is in the *Spiritual Magazine*, believes that, as stated in the number before him (p. 243):—

"A hand did appear before the EMPEROR, the EMPRESS, the DUCHESS DE MONTEBELLO, and MR. HOME, and did take up a pen and write the word NAPOLEON

and is firmly persuaded, as also stated in the article (same page), that—

"Autographs and other writings were obtained through the mediumship of the BARON GOLDENSTUBBÉ, consisting of a series of the names of kings, queens, and princes of the royal houses of France, and other eminent persons. These were obtained by placing blank pieces of paper on their tombs or statues."

Nay, he is ready to swear with a correspondent of the *Spiritual Magazine* (p. 286) that—

"A large hand grasped his little boy round the thigh, and that 'another spirit pinched the toe of a friend,' and that another complained of his, the correspondent's, keeping a skull that had belonged to the spirit when on earth,"

and is ready to fight anybody (barring TOM SAYERS and J. C. HEENAN) for the truth of the statement (p. 288) that—

"MR. COLCHESTER, who had been communicating with a niece of his in the spirit world, spoke of a peculiar sensation of the skin of his chest, when on opening his shirt bosom, the word SARAH, the niece's name, was found upon the skin in raised letters, and occupied nine inches of space from right to left across the chest."

Hooray for the Ghosts! *Mr. Punch* means to have them for contributors to his paper, and in short, as aforesaid, to give himself up entirely to Spirit Rapping. He has set several young Ghosts upon cuts for his next Number, and has in type a most capital paper from a Fat Spectre. More anon. Nor is he in the least afraid of being charged with wickedness. He might, in his unconverted state, have had some foolish notions that tampering with solemn matters, for the sake of folly or gain, might be objectionable, but the miracle above-mentioned has convinced him that there is no fear of the Spirits of the *Spiritual Magazine* being emissaries from the wrong world. For, the *Spiritual Editor's* Ghosts did—for a laudable purpose doubtless—a blackguard action; they betrayed private confidence, whereas "The Prince of Darkness is a Gentleman." But, perhaps, the action may be excused, considering that the Spirit-business is an American invention, and so is the habit of making public use of private confidences. No tune brings up a Ghost so easily as *Yankee Doodle*.

LINES IN A SEASON OF SICKNESS.

BY A GOOD LIVER.

My stomach's ever craving for enjoyment
And I supply it,
Because, from diet,
I do derive unspeakable enjoyment.
But then there comes the melancholy question,
Why do I suffer,
A poor old buffer,
So much from gout, and bile, and indigestion?
Some people gorge their brains with erudition,
Learning and thinking:
Eating and drinking
So I've o'erworked my organs of nutrition.

AN OPERA OF THE FUTURE.

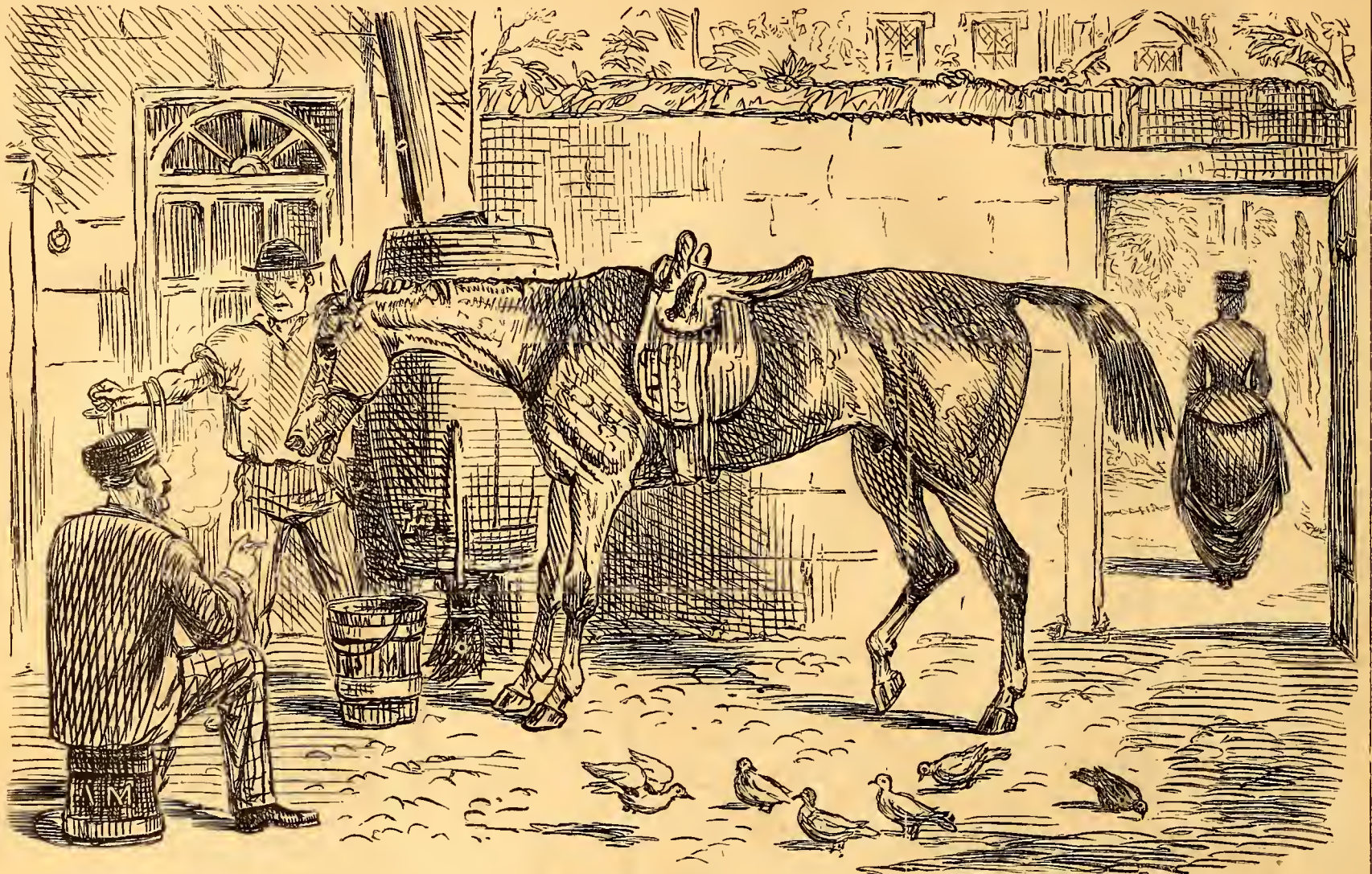
THE events now proceeding in Sicily are serious enough; and it seems a shame to regard the slightest circumstance relative to the Sicilian struggle for liberty in a comic point of view; yet it is not easy to help smiling on the perusal of the subjoined proclamation, which, according to Foreign Intelligence, has been posted on the walls of Palermo by the Royal Military Committee. Previously to quoting that document, however, it is requisite to state, according to the same authority, that—

"Demonstrations continually take place in Palermo, the mob shouting 'Viva l'Italia!' 'Viva Vittorio Emanuele!' 'Viva Garibaldi!'"

The chorus of revolutionary outcries serves as an introduction to the Royal notice, which follows in the obvious form of a recitative:—

"La città di Palermo e suo distretto sono da questo momento in poi posti in istato d'assedio."

The fact that the city of Palermo and neighbourhood are placed in a state of siege is no laughing matter, but the foregoing declaration to that effect cannot be read by any frequenter of Her Majesty's theatre or the rival establishment in Covent Garden without suggesting to his mind's eye and ear the idea of its delivery on the stage by some Italian vocalist in the character of a *podestà*, or his subordinate beadle. We hope we shall one of these days have the pleasure of hearing SIGNOR MARIO, or SIGNOR RONCONI, or SIGNOR VIALETTI sing the very passage in an opera founded on the present Sicilian insurrection, to be called *Garibaldi*, and to prove as successful as the celebrated hippodramatic entertainment of that name. In strict agreement with historical fact, this piece, we trust, will terminate with a blaze of triumph, in the midst of which *Garibaldi*, the conquering hero, will proclaim Sicily annexed to the Italian kingdom, the blaze of triumph being, for the satisfaction of poetical justice, combined with an eruption of Mount Etna, down whose crater a legion of hobgoblins will fly away with *Bombalino*.



A FACT.

Groom. "YE SEE, SIR! THE LADIES KNOCKS 'OSSES ABOUT SO! THEY GETS UPON A 'OSS, SIR, AND THEY SAYS, 'MY EYES! HE'S A 'OSS, AND HE MUST GO!'"

THE ACTRESSES' FANCY FAIR AT MAYBURY,

Friday, June 1, 1860.

MR. PUNCH had a vision of rapture Elysian,
As calm on the Maybury heather he lay,
When the PRINCE was invoking the lieges to Woking,
Our Thespian College foundation to lay.
I dreamed that *his levée* was graced by a bevy
Of Graces and Muses, a wreath on each brow;
But Muses and Graces displayed their sweet faces
In triple the force LEMPRIÈRE would allow.

Half-a-dozen Thalias at once from its bias
My adamant bosom distractingly drew;
In the guise of stage ladies, whose dangerous trade is
To turn young men's heads with their charms ever new.
AMY SEDGWICK the gracious, and WOOLGAR vivacious,
And WYNDHAM, in graceful luxuriance, was there;
While SWAN'ROUGH the stately swam round me sedately,
And whisper'd, "You're welcome to *our* Fancy Fair."

Half-sighing, half-smiling, my senses beguiling
Now to tears, now to smiles, Muse of pathos and fun,
Came bright FANNY STIRLING, two banners unfurling—
Thalia's, Melpomene's, wreathed into one.
Terpsich'res a trio, *con fuoco, con brio*,
Came whirling and waltzing, in muslins so light,
And my throne archly dipt to, now crouching, now tip-toe,
As LECLERQ, LYDIA THOMPSON, and brave ROSY WRIGHT.

And then I was ware of the bright golden hair
Of Erato thrillingly sweeping my brow,
I snatched, and with rapture embracing my capture,
Cried "Muse of Love-poesy, say, is it thou?"

She struggled, untwining those ringlets gold-shining,
And exclaimed, "*Mr. Punch, at my stall please apply.*"
And from my grasp whipping her locks perfume-dripping,
The lithe form of HERBERT swept fleetly by.

Clio, grasping her roll, was at hand to console,—
Under HEATH's tender glances I knew the chaste Muse;
"There's fancy and fable, dear *Punch*, at my table;
I shall please you, I'm sure; though I know you hate blues."
I had followed chaste Clio—*βωδῶπις* like Io—
When at once three Polymnias down on me bear,
As arch MARIE WILTON, her wreath'd lips a lilt on,
And OLIVER *piquante*, and COTTERILL fair.

My pockets assailing, alternate prevailing,
Now this way, now that way, poor *Punch* they incline;
Till their sweet eyes to drink at, he buys toy and trinket,
As if his poor purse were a Ballarat mine.
So half charmed, half confounded, by Muses surrounded,
And Graces, all potent my coin to evoke,
I kept buying and buying—till heavily sighing
I found myself fairly cleaned out—and awoke.

Honour Bright?

A STATEMENT has gone the round of the papers representing that, by one of those accidents which will happen in the best regulated of Royal Families, a note written by the PRINCE OF PRUSSIA to the PRINCE CONSORT, and containing some disagreeable remarks about the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, has fallen into the hands of the French Government. "Who is the Traitor?" has been said to be the question. It is a question certainly. "Who betrayed the PRINCE OF PRUSSIA's correspondence?" is one question. The other is,—

"WHO READ THE LETTER THAT WAS INTENDED FOR SOMEBODY ELSE?"



BRIGHT THE PEACE-MAKER.

THE SECOND TYRANT OF SICILY.



He respectfully invite the attention of his Excellency the Neapolitan Ambassador to the following extract from that amusing and instructive work, LEMPRIÈRE'S *Classical Dictionary*. The passage in question may possess an interest for his august master, to one of whose Royal predecessors it relates, namely, to DIONYSIUS THE SECOND, tyrant of Sicily, and son of DIONYSIUS, the first tyrant:—

“DIONYSIUS was as cruel as his father, but he did not, like him, possess the art of retaining power.”

Would his Excellency have the kindness to transmit with *Mr. Punch's* compliments, the foregoing statement concerning DIONYSIUS THE SECOND to BOMBA THE SECOND, whom

it concerns as much, and to whom it may convey a useful warning, if BOMBA is not too pig-headed to be warned, and if it is not too late for him to mend.

MR. PUNCH AND SHAKSPEARE.

IN describing his late visit to the Crystal Palace,—or, to speak with greater accuracy, one of his late visits (for, indeed, were the frequency of his attendance to be known, it might be advertised as one of the attractions of the place),—*Mr. Punch* was pleased to say that, “unlike the Duke in SHAKSPEARE,” he is generally merry when he hears sweet music. *Mr. Punch* made this remark as a test of the Shakspearian erudition of his readers; and this laudable intention, as is usually the case with him, has been productive of some good. One of his ten million or so daily correspondents writes to ask, *Who* is the Duke to whom the reference is made? adding, that it is in the mouth of pretty *Jessica* that SHAKSPEARE puts the line:—

“I am never merry when I hear sweet music.”

Now they who own the literary omniscience of *Punch* are aware, of course, that he was conscious of this fact; and they who know that *Punch*, the Literary King, can do no wrong, must admit that he did right in writing as he did. A meaner mind might shrink from drawing notice to what might be ignorantly viewed as a mistake, but *Mr. Punch* can well afford to risk such misconception; and if his writing has sufficed to induce a Shakspeare reading, there surely is no reason why he should repent it.

THE OPERA AT SYDENHAM.

UNTHINKING people may, perhaps, be startled by this heading, and may imagine that “Her Majesty's” has been transplanted near to Norwood, after the manner of the flying Palace of Aladdin. But the removal of an Opera is possible without the removal of a Theatre, and so ROSSINI and MOZART may migrate weekly down to Sydenham without having, like snails, to carry their house with them. *Il Trovatore* and *Otello* may start off arm-in-arm with *Lucrezia* and *Fidelio*, and their music may be heard where the orange-trees of PAXTON by no means waste their sweetness on the seldom desert air.

In plainer words, the Opera Concerts at the Crystal Palace are a means of giving vocalists a pleasant change of air, and of letting people hear the pleasant airs they bring with them. It is no new thing to hear an opera in a hot house; for thoroughly well ventilated as theatres may be, the way is not devised yet to prevent the gas from heating them. But an opera in a green house is a form of entertainment which, until the Crystal Palace came, we never had been treated to. Instead of dingy walls and a close and dusty atmosphere, we have there cool air to breathe and sweet flowers to smell and look at. Eyes and nose have equally a profit in the change; nor indeed are ears in any measure losers by it. The lark-notes of ALBONI gush forth all the more joyously for being in fresh air, and MONGINI sings the clearer when the fog and the smoke of London are no longer in his throat. Nor can we much regret the absence of stage-scenery, surrounded as we are by such delicious greenery: while, if we miss the acting, we have our minds more left at liberty to give heed to the

singing, and so we easily may master our sorrow for the absence of the creations of GRIEVE and TELBIN.

To fathers of a family, the Opera at Sydenham offers great advantages; for it enables them to take their wives and daughters to a concert without losing a good appetite by having to dine early, or else deranging their digestions by jumping up from table and jolting in a carriage, instead of sitting quietly over their dessert. PATER-FAMILIAS, when he hears the inevitable question, “My dear, when are you going to take the girls and me to hear ALBONI?” will do well to reply “My love, I think we'll go next Friday.” On which a chorus will arise from those well-informed young ladies, “Friday! Why, Papa dear, Friday's not an Opera night!” Where to, in his wisdom, the PATER may rejoin, “No, my loves, but Friday is an Opera afternoon; and as young persons are advised to keep out of the night air, you would not wish Mamma or me to risk our precious health by exposing ourselves to it.”

Opera-goers who dislike to turn out after dinner, should therefore pay a visit and a crown to the C. P., and they will have occasion to repent of neither payment. Good music is there to be heard in good society, and what more could the Haymarket *habitué* desire? It is said that it is possible to have too much of a good thing; but good music is a thing that we can hardly have too much of. Even if one could, there is very little fear of being surfeited at Sydenham; for the Crystal Palace Concerts are confined to such a length, that even people with short patience must often long for more of them.

LIVERPOOL TOBACCO-STOPPERS.

“MISTER PUNCH Onerd Sir i no your Pretty frekently a pitchin hinto us Pore Cabbies and a sayin as we overchargeses them as weve the chance on And insulteses them as knows Wots wot and ony pays their legle fare Which its kivite unpossble as any nian Can Live on it seein the I price of ossflesh And if it wasnt fur them Country fokes i dont no what weed do which them may Meetinggers aint arf so Libbral as they was and i spose its all Along o' this ere Blessed march of Hintellex as puts them covies up to gnowing about distinsces But what I meen to say Sir is that tho your Nition ard on us and all our littl Weaknessesses sich as drivin furriners from London Bridge to Oburn whyer primrose ill or chargin unpertected Females jist acording has we chuses Which hif they be Hugly i mostly makes M pay for it, still i will say this U allus sticks up manful for us when so be you cars we isnt treated Fair for *Punch* is a inwetterate henemy to Hinjustice which we umbly thanks you for aspousin our good Kaus and so jist lookec ere Sir This is ow they treates us Pore cabbies down in liverpool:—

“On Monday last, ten cab-drivers were brought before the hackney coach committee on a charge of smoking whilst waiting with their cabs on the stands in Lime Street, Williamson Square, and Great George Square. Two of the offenders had their badges withdrawn for a week, two others for three days, and the remaining six were allowed to retain their badges as they had never been before the committee on a previous occasion for any offence whatever, but they were warned that a repetition of the offence would be punished by the withdrawal of the badge. Of the two men thus driven to a week's unwilling idleness, one has a wife and six children; and the punishment inflicted on these men may be said to be equivalent to a fine of 20s. and the risk of losing their situations. Of the other two convicted offenders, one has a wife and three children, and their penalty may be said to be 10s. and the risk of losing their situations.”

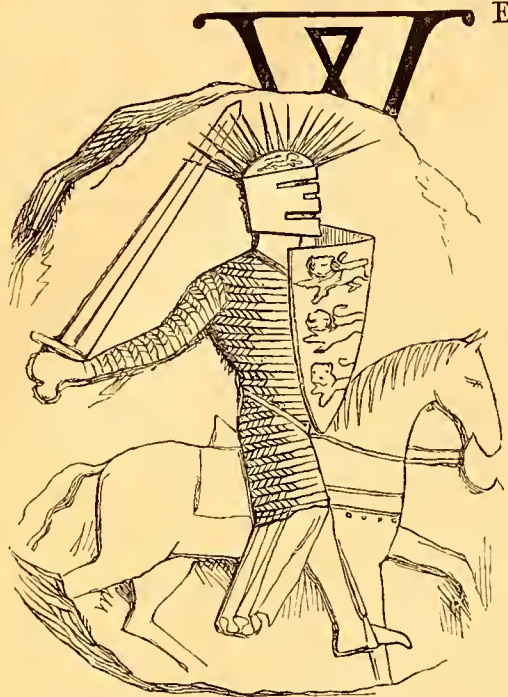
“Sur Londing beaks is Bad enough which hive mor nor wunst ad hample reason Toe complain on em bein phined for such a Triffle as tellin of a gent which guv me 6 pence for a Ride as e ortnt to ave sich luxries hif e Cooden aford to pay for em But i will Say as our Beeks they duzzen put our pipes out as them liverpl chaps does which they ought to be Shammed on it leastways them my Scenti-mums Hand i thinks koves who'd rob a cabby of his Bacca ud be Meen enuff to rob a pore mann of is Beer which ime shure that all True brittons wich lives in A free country and never never never not No more wont bc slaves to no sort of hopression ull be jolly glad to hear which its from the *liverpool Muckry* as i quotes it.

“We are informed that a subscription has been set on foot for compensating the four men who have been doomed to idleness, and perhaps to want, by the committee.”

“My Apinion, *Mr punch*, is that if you wants a cabby to act christian-like and Civil, you must treat of im as Sich—puttin his Pipe out aint the way to mend his temper which tobaccers A Consolin and a Soothin sort of erb, And its by hinterferin with his little creetur comforts as U makes him hugly tempered and sours im for Life. you neednt make no laws about purwentink of his Smoke acos Fares as duzzen like it can preshus easy say so which in coorse they can discharge im if so bc he dozen drop it So i opes youl drop it inter them there liverpull Tobaccerstoppers which when nex yer wants a keb i opes youl find l andy with a Oss as aint shortwinded And a driver whos as Haffable as your obejnt unble Suvvnt to comand, jams Bags which his Ouse of caul is the checkers down Whitechapple way and i'd be appy to Stand sam if you insertes of my letter And appens to Be parsing.”

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XVIII.—SHOWS WHAT THE KNIGHTS WORE IN THE DAYS OF RICHARD THE FIRST AND JOHN.



RICHARD THE FIRST, FROM HIS SEAL.

WE are told that in the reigns of the first RICHARD and JOHN "some striking novelties occurred in the military habits;" but whether the writer means that the soldiers of the period had a new habit of striking, is a point on which inquiry would result in little good. In one respect there certainly seems ground for that conjecture, for it was during the first RICHARD's time that the arbaleste, or cross-bow, first was introduced; * a weapon which, unlike the cross-bow used for rook-shooting, was apparently constructed for discharging from the breast: so that, by this new way of striking, archers, when they shot true, hit straight from the chest, instead of hitting from the shoulder, like HEENAN the

Hittite. Still we think, on reading farther, the context makes it clear that the habit thus referred to was an active not a passive one; and that the phrase bore an allusion to armour, not to arms. For the next sentence informs us, in language quite as intricate as the dress which it describes, that over the coat of mail or hauberk, under which was the long tunic, there now came into use a surcoat, called otherwise a surcote, which was always made of silk excepting when it wasn't, and then if



MILITARY SWELLS OF THE PERIOD. THE COSTUMES FROM CERTAIN MONUMENTAL EFFIGIES OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

not made of cloth of silver was composed of cloth of gold. To give us a still clearer conception of the garment, we are told too, that this

* This statement slightly differs from that in our Eleventh Chapter, where, on the authority of one of the authorities, we mentioned that the Norman bows were cross, as sometimes were their wearers. That assertion we made chiefly for the pun which it involved, and we conceive that we were quite at liberty to make it; for we found nothing said to show that the Norman bows were not cross, and if we had, the fact would not have stopped our observation, for the pun was a sufficient proof that what we said was said in joke.

surcoat, otherwise called surcote (the old writers, like some modern ones, were not particular in spelling), sometimes was embroidered, but more commonly was not, and although it sometimes was of variegated colours, yet as forming a conspicuous part of a man's uniform, it was made more frequently uniform in tint. To this interesting description, we may add the information, that the surcoat is not shown upon the great seal of KING RICHARD, but it appears quite clearly on the great seal of KING JOHN; and our impression from these seals is, that the garment was first worn in the time of the Crusaders, both for distinguishing the various champions of the Cross, and for veiling their mail armour from the scorching Eastern Sun.* This latter supposition seems indeed extremely probable; for being shut up in steel armour when half melted in the sun, would be almost as bad a torture as being shut up by KING PHALARIS in his burning brazen bull.

In addition to the surcoat there were other martial vestments introduced during this period, such as the gambeson or wambeys and the haqueton or acketon. These were both of them a kind of wadded and quilted tunic, the one being made of leather stuffed with wool, and the other made of buckskin with a cotton stuffing. They were worn for defence in the place of the mailed hauberk, by men who, though of mettle, had not the tin to buy steel mail. But Knights who could afford it wore them either over or underneath their hauberk, or sometimes in the lieu of it, just "according to the taste and fancy" of the wearer, as MR. SAMUEL WELLER in his evidence remarked. In the latter case these tunics were rendered ornamental as well as being useful, by being stitched with either silk or golden thread. From this stitching of the gambeson it seems that the word "gamboised" was afterwards derived, and applied to quilted saddles and other padded articles. It seems too, that the stitching work was done on most parts of the garment, so really it is not much out of reason to infer that the wearers of it sometimes had some stitches in their sides.

Another military novelty at the end of the twelfth century was the plate or under-breastpiece, called *plastron de fer*. This, as its name indicates, was a sort of a steel plaster, worn both for preventing the pressure of the hauberk, and also for affording more protection to the chest. In later times the plastron was called sometimes the gorget, and sometimes the haubergeon, a word which stupid people have confounded with the hauberk, not having sense or sight enough to see that it is a diminutive and differently spelt. Like other diminutives, as well persons as things, these chest plasters, though small, proved sometimes of great use. When for instance CŒUR DE LION, who was then the EARL OF POITOU, fought his famous single combat with the Knight who was called WILLIAM, or more often BILL DE BARRIS, the horsemen charged each other with such fury and such force, that their lances pierced clean through their shields, their hauberks and their gambesons, and but for their plastrons would have come out at their backs. Had this occurred it might remind us of the story of the porcupine, which, according to the showman, when hunted has been known to "dart his squills up at the riders, and to skiver 'em as they rides."



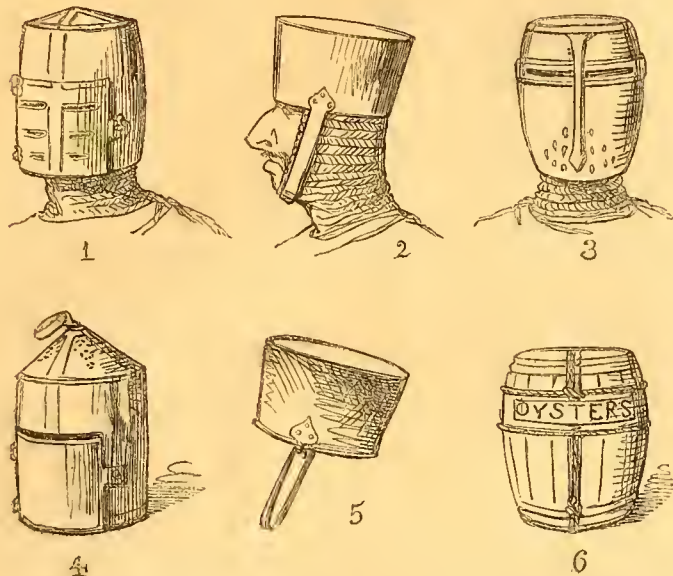
FROM A MS. IN THE CELEBRATED "JONES COLLECTION." NEVER BEFORE ENGRAVED.

Had we not thought proper to reserve till now the statement, we might have said that in the time of KING HENRY THE SECOND the helmet assumed almost the shape of a sugar-loaf; so when the armourers used to advertise "a sweet thing in helmets," there really seemed some reason in their sugary remark. During RICHARD's reign, however, it lost its lofty cone, and suddenly subsided into a flat-topped cap of steel, fastened under the chin by a metal hoop or band. A mention of this hoop, which was made usually of hoop iron, occurs in one of those rare ballads of the period, which antiquarians have to

* The Knights Templar wore a surcoat like a long monastic mantle, composed of scarlet cloth, marked on the right shoulder with an eight-pointed white cross.—*Vide Ivanhoe*; description of Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert; which our readers ought to thank us for tempting them to re-peruse.

thank us for putting into print. The minstrel is describing the armour of his hero, with that minuteness which distinguishes our early lyric poets, and in speaking of the headpiece he much interests us by saying that—

“Hee wore a stele cappe on hys hedde,
With flattned topppe was itt ymedde,
And nethe hys ehinne ’twas fastenedde
With a hoop de dooden doo.” *



1, 2, 3. HELMETS. TEMP. RICHARD THE FIRST AND JOHN.
4, 5, 6. THE SAME IN THEIR PRIMITIVE SHAPE.
FROM MR. PUNCH'S ARCHÆOLOGICAL MUSEUM.

To protect the face, the helmet was furnished with a grating, secured on one side with a hinge and on the other with a pin, so that it could be opened when the wearer blew his nose, or wanted anything to drink. Little slits were cut in it for eyes and nose and mouth, and as the helmet was cylindrical, and fitted closely round the back part of the head, it bore somewhat of resemblance to the nightshade of antiquity, which was used when we were children, before the lights of CHILD. There was a difference, however, between the nightshade and the article which we may call the Knight-shade, for the slits in the latter were horizontal apertures, and not like the round holes which let the light out of our nightshade, and cast such well-remembered reflections on the walls. The frontal door or grating was called the *ventail* or *aventaille*, as the earlier kind of cheek covers, we have said, were called before it. In KING RICHARD'S second seal the ventail is seen as plainly as the nose upon his face, indeed a good deal more so, for the nose is scarcely visible; but his first seal represents him as wearing the coned helmet, which was used before the ventail had been introduced. Somewhere in his writings, we forget precisely where, the learned WILLIAM DE MALMESBURY calls this face-cover a “breathynge trappe;” and hence the not a whit less learned WILLIAM COX DE FINSBURY has asserted that it was from the old Norman word “ventail” that the English “ventil-ator” was originally derived.

The flat top of the helmet sometimes was left plain, and was at other times adorned with the crest of the wearer. The KNIGHT OF THE LEOPARD in the *Talisman* is described as being a follower of the former knightly fashion, and an instance of the latter may be seen in the costume of the doughty EARL OF SALISBURY, whose portrait, showing a griffin couchant on his helmet, beautifies the pages of PINNOCK'S *Goldsmith's History*, a work which we at school had not less at our fingers' ends than at our ear-tips, whereto it was applied to knock some knowledge of it into us. In KING RICHARD'S second seal his helmet is surmounted by a curious fanlike crest, in front of which appears the figure of a lion. This ornament is somewhat rudely represented, for engravers then were not so skilled as they are now, and the meaning of their seals is often a sealed book to us. But undignified although the confession may appear, we must own our first impression from KING RICHARD'S second seal is that the King has seen a ghost, or some other startling sight, and that the Royal hair is standing up on end, and having pierced clean through his helmet, is spreading like the quills upon the fretful porcupine, if a great King like CŒUR DE LION may be in any way compared to so extremely insignificant a beast.

* The meaning of these last words is somewhat of a puzzle to us, and we are not too proud to make avowal of the fact. *De* is French for “of,” and *doe* or *du*, we know, is Gaelic for “black.” *Pooden doo* may formerly perhaps have meant “black pudding;” but what is meant by *dooden doo* we are not sufficient linguists to explain. We have indeed heard it asserted that “*dooden*” is another way of spelling the word *dhudeen*, with which our Irish readers are doubtless well acquainted. But this will scarcely serve to illustrate the passage we have quoted; for though a short pipe may be worn to ornament a hat, it cannot well be made a hoop of, or be used by way of chin-piece.

PERSECUTION IN IRELAND.

(An Article for the “Nation.”)

WITH reference to a persecuted Saint, the *Dublin Evening Mail* makes the following observations:—

“MISS MARGARET AYLWARD has been more than seven days engaged ‘from morn to noon from noon to dewy eve’ in not giving to the officer of the Court of Queen's Bench the information which is required about the whereabouts of the kidnapped child, MARY MATHEWS. The skilled reticence exhibited in such a protracted probation is almost unprecedented. What a famous reverend mother such a lady would be over a sisterhood of female Trappists, supposing an order of that nature possible.”

It is persecution like that inflicted on the blessed MARGARET AYLWARD, Confessor and Virgin, which causes the Exodus of Irish Saints, and impels them to enlist under the banner of the Keys, with a view to crush the impious efforts of the Holy Father's subjects for the rejection of the light and easy Papal yoke, and the attainment of constitutional government. The faithful Irish are restrained by cruel penalties from every effort of pious zeal which may displease the despicable feelings of odious Protestants. St. MARGARET AYLWARD is baited, under the EARL OF CARLISLE, with dogs of heretical attorneys, barristers, and bailiffs, just as the early Christians were exposed to be torn in pieces by wild beasts in the reign of NERO. It is lawful to take an adder from its nest, remove its fangs, extract its venom, domesticate it, and teach it to eat potatoes and butter-milk, but a wretched infant is not to be snatched from out of a brood of heretics. Of course there is no possibility of executing judgment against the insolent blasphemers of the sacred POPE.

Go, then, ye suffering exiles of Erin, and either seek Paradise in the Papal service, or peace in the Far West. They burned a man, the other day, in Texas; you will find the edifying story in the *New York Tribune*. He was not a Negro as to skin; his complexion was white, but his soul was black with heresy. This blackguard was travelling in the Buchanan district in the infamous capacity of a colporteur. He had some filthy Abolitionist tracts in his foul pockets. On suspicion of having encouraged the Negroes to rebel, the enthusiastic crowd, dispensing with the empty ceremony of trying such a vagabond, soused him head over ears in a barrel of tar, and hung him up by a limb over a tarred faggot-pile, and in that way burned him alive, as MARY did LATIMER. But what would the tyrannical English law do if the religious multitude in this oppressed country were to make the same example of a rascally Souper? Seek, therefore, the land where slavery is an institution, and Irishmen are free—free to wallop their Niggers like JOHN MITCHEL, and to roast the miserable objects of their magnanimous resentment. Or go to Rome, and fight for the blessed POPE, who is reviled for rescuing little miscreants from their parents and perdition, like St. MARGARET AYLWARD.

“WHAT'S IN A NAME?”

THE new Dramatic College, we perceive, is situate at *Maybury*, in the neighbourhood of Woking Cemetery. There is great consideration shown in the selection of such a site for the convenient fulfilment of the last duties to the old sons and daughters of Thespis, Thalia, and Melpomene, which we trust they will duly appreciate. Let us hope we *may bury* them in the long run; but not till they have long enjoyed the repose of the College. The name has suggested the following lines:—

May-bury? The name's apropos
To an exit from stage-life mercurial;
To the grave if old actors must go,
By all means let them have a *May-burial*.
'Tis only applying to them, on their dying,
What in life they all loved—it is certain—
When the play played has been, *May burial* must mean,
Lots of flowers on the fall of the curtain.

Statistics of Domestic Happiness.

AMONG the Court Papers for Trinity Term 1860, appeared, the other day, a list of suits to come on in the Full Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes at Westminster. The cases in question amounted to 153. SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL'S Court is growing full indeed—full *usque ad nauseam*.

A CHANGE OF SCHOOL.

THERE is a book which narrates the particulars of a journey from Oxford to Rome. It was at one time feared that MR. GLADSTONE might make that pilgrimage; but the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has only travelled from Oxford to Manchester.



BAD HANGING. (DEDICATED TO THE R. A.'s)

FIGGINS, our Coal Merchant, this Whitsun Holidays, has a Gorgeous Design painted on his Shutters (Landscape and Van); but see how the effect was marred by the injudicious Hanging of his Stupid Boy.

THE SPECTRE OF 1860.

TEN years since, Empire, Kingdom, Constitution,
Church, *noblesse, bourgeoisie*, through Europe trembled
At the grim fiend yeleft Red Revolution,
Who still his forces underground assembled,
Crowns, mitres, coronets, prepared to humble,
And manners, laws, and arts in one wild ruin jumble,—
That in their place an edifice might grow,
Squared by the Socialistic line and level;
Its planners, ROBESPIERRE, MIRABEAU and Co—
The head man in their "Co." being the Devil:
A Phalanstère, with a Procrustes' Press,
For stretching small folks big and squeezing big folks less.

Ten years have passed, and monarchs still are shaking
Upon their thrones; in court and church and mart,
Nobles, priests, citizens are still a-quaking;
Still all is feverish doubt, and shock and start;
Still a red Spectre looms outside the door;
An earthquake still is pent beneath the heaving floor.

The *bonnet rouge* upon that Spectre's brow
Still shows, half hid by an Imperial crown;
It wears the *sansculotte's* foul rags, but now
A purple robe conceals them, sweeping down;
In the dark shadows of the Janus-face
Anarch's and Despot's traits with kindred sneer embrace.

A match is in the velvet-glov'd right hand,
The down-bent head is listening tow'rds the ground,
While from beneath where the veiled form holds stand
Comes faintly up the miners' muffled sound:
And round the front of brass and feet of clay,
In blood, with bayonets writ, runs—"L'EMPIRE C'EST LA PAIX."

Parliamentary Notice.

MR. PUNCH, to take the sense of the House on the question, whether there would be any precedent for any proceeding whatever, unless some precedent had been originally created at some time or other, and what constitutional objection there can possibly be to the creation of a rational precedent now?

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER; OR, THE LONDON VOLUNTEERS.

SOME talk of ALEXANDER,
And some of Hercules,—
The Chief whose martial dander,
Asked worlds to stand at ease—
The SAYERS of the Prize-Ring,
In high Olympian spheres,—
But both, I'll be bound, now-a-days would
be found
Enrolled in the Volunteers.

Our soldiers they are heroes,
We know, in facing fire;
Our tars reduce to zeros
All fears the seas inspire.
But for going through fire *and* water,
—To say nothing of small boys' jeers—
There's no service, I swear, that can compare
With the London Volunteers.

In June we're now parading,
Last month was merry May,

But for Volunteer brigading
We've not had one dry day!
The aforesaid ALEXANDER,
As a hero of Greece, appears
Of our kin to be, for *dripping* are we
Poor London Volunteers!

Umbrellas and alpacas
We scorn, and oil-skin capes;
And the rain-drops from our shakos
May trickle down our napes.
We may continue drilling,
And manœuvring about for years,
But 'Wetter'uns' some needn't hope to
become
In the London Volunteers.

But yet there's no complaining;
Rheumatics we defy,
And though cats and dogs it's raining,
We keep our powder dry.

Little think the small boys shouting
'Who shot the dog?' in our ears,
What an inward fire flares up to inspire
Us London Volunteers.

Then a fig for show'rs and sneerers,
Let's show SIR ROBERT yet;
We can laugh at fire and fleerers,
As we've laughed at heavy wet.
And we hope to teach the foeman,
Who on our shore appears, [scorn,
If home rains we've borne, French reins we
As London Volunteers.

Three cheers for all who're willing
To be wetted through and through!
For those who stick to drilling
Till all is damp and blue.
May none of us blow our heads off,
Whether privates or brigadiers,
And the QUEEN, I pray, have one dry day
For reviewing the Volunteers!



LITTLE CAPTAIN OF VOLUNTEERS (whom no obstacles can daunt). "Hullo! Halt!—Um.—Let me see.—Now, then! As a Front Rank Standing—Pre-pare to—Jump!"

THE GREAT UNTAXED AND REFORM.

MR. BRIGHT the other evening obliged the House of Commons with an interesting and instructive calculation of the collective wealth of the unrepresented classes, concluding with the following summary:—

"The whole income of these working-classes I believe to be understated at £312,000,000 a year, while the whole income represented by all the Income-Tax Schedules in April, 1857, amounted to £313,000,000."

These are very important figures, but should MR. BRIGHT have been the man to cite them? He estimated the income of the 500,000 persons proposed to be enfranchised under the Reform Bill, the richest of the unrepresented classes, at £80 a year each. At that rate the represented differ from the unrepresented classes chiefly in paying no Income-Tax. The only pecuniary advantage which they could derive

from representation would be that of paying no taxes whatever. This may be a consideration which MR. HENLEY might very appropriately advance on his side of the House and of the question; and it is one which MR. BRIGHT also might urge to some purpose at a public meeting composed of non-electors of £80 per annum. But what effect did MR. BRIGHT expect his arithmetic to produce upon the House of Commons? The effect, it would seem, of persuading Income-Tax payers, and the representatives of Income-Tax payers, to vote for a change which would probably result in throwing the whole weight of taxation on their own shoulders. MR. BRIGHT should have said nothing about the vast mass of unrepresented income that pays no Income-Tax. He has been very unjustly charged with animosity to the upper classes; it is quite clear that he entertains a very high idea of their disinterestedness and capability of self-sacrifice.

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTAINS MORE ABOUT THE KNIGHTS IN THE DAYS OF RICHARD THE FIRST AND JOHN.



To complete our description of the armour of this period, we should mention that the men of arms were wont to clothe their legs in flexible chain mail, and case their hands in plated gauntlets and their feet in plated shoes. These latter were made somewhat sharply pointed at the toe, and their weight must have served painfully to emphasise a kick.

Indeed we cannot wish to realise the feelings of PRINCE LEOPOLD, the Austrian arch-duke, who is said to have received a kick from CŒUR DE LION, which sent him sprawling ignominiously clean out of his tent.* In his novel of the *Talisman* (the interests of our readers have obliged us to resort to reading novels lately), SIR WALTER SCOTT does not recount this stirring incident. He however calls attention to what may be regarded as confirmatory evidence, for he describes the Duke as having "an awkwardness in his gait," which was very probably occasioned by the kick.

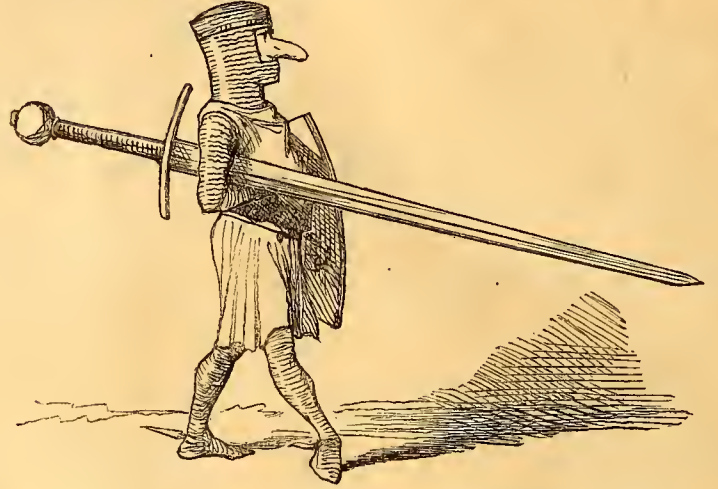
(We may state in a parenthesis, so as not to interrupt the subject of our Book, that it was very likely the remembrance of this insult which tempted LEOPOLD to clap KING RICHARD into prison, on his return from the crusades through the Austrian dominions. How the monarch was discovered by the "poor French minstrel" BLONDEL, who played a tune upon his harp which was echoed by KING RICHARD, every student of history of course is well aware. But it may be news to some people that the harper of romance was in reality an organ-grinder, and that the tune he played was that of which the venerable vaccine creature had expired.)

During these two reigns, we find that shields decreased in length; and being less arched at the top, they gradually assumed the triangular form, which from its resemblance to a flat iron was afterwards called heater-shaped. They, however, were not flat, but were made semi-cylindrical; for which a writer less refined would use the commoner term, half round. "This was the age," says GOLDSMITH, "when chivalry most flourished, and when most attention was paid to the heraldic devices of the knights;" and accordingly we learn that it was at this period that shields were first adorned with the bearings of their bearers. JOHN'S early seal exhibits two lions passant regardant, a position assumed sometimes by two "lions" at a *soirée*, who *en passant* very often glare at one another as though they had a longing to be lions combatant. JOHN'S second seal, however, as well as that of RICHARD (it was the fashion then for sovereigns to sport a brace of seals, although as they were anything but "constant correspondents," one would surely have sufficed for all the letters that they wrote) was blazoned with three lions, as quartered ever since in the Royal Arms of England.

To people unacquainted with the terms of heraldry it may sound a little startling to be told that one has lions quartered in one's arms; a tale which even seems more terrible than if one heard it said that they were quartered on one's larder. But the old heraldic lions were very

* "To restore the walls of Acre, RICHARD laboured in person and appointed hours for other leaders to work. All obeyed except the DUKE OF AUSTRIA, who sent word that his father having been neither a bricklayer nor a mason, he (the D. of A) had not learned either business, and so he begged to say he'd see KING RICHARD farther first. CŒUR DE LION hearing this insulting speech repeated to his face by the high and mighty duke, straightway kicked him out of his tent, and ordered his banner to be disgraced."—*Brompton (improved)*.

harmless creatures; and although such things as "hurts" are not unknown in heraldry, it was not from the lions that their bearers ever got them. In some cases these "hurts," we learn were "blazoned blue," a term which serves to throw some light upon the common phrase of pugilists, to fight "till all is blue," or to "go it like blue blazes." Of a similar significance is the singular word "golp," which in heraldry is applied to a peculiar tint of purple, described as being "the colour of an old black eye." We scarcely need to add that striking specimens of "golp" are afforded by the arms (and fists) of the P. R., upon occasions such as that when JACK HEENAN the Hittite fought his famous battle with TOM SAYERS the Sloggerite.



WILLIAM "LONG-SWORD," EARL OF SALISBURY. FROM HIS EFFIGY IN SALISBURY CATHEDRAL (IMPROVED).

Quite in keeping with the cumbrous armour of this period were the spears and swords and other weapons which were worn with it. Indeed the small arms which were used were anything but small, and required no little strength, and practice too, in wielding them. The long two-handed sword was of such length that it reached from the shoulder to the ankle, and we can readily give credence to the statement of a writer that "ye longe sworde offtene servedde to make shorte worke of an ennemie." It was with this weapon, according to SIR WALTER, that KING RICHARD at one blow severed a steel mace-handle of two inches in thickness; a feat of strength which so astonished the weak minds of the Saracens, that they fell to making jokes of the most imbecile description:—one of them remarking, that the weapon like its wearer was a good-tempered blade, while another said that RICHARD, although he called himself a Christian, was clearly a good Muscle-man.

Of the arbaleste, or arblast, we already have made mention, as being introduced in the time of CŒUR DE LION. This weapon, we have said, was a kind of crossbow made for discharging from the breast; and besides being extremely clumsy in itself, it was furnished with appendages which were hardly less so. The windlace was an instrument to pull the string up to the trigger, and every arblast shooter therefore had to carry it; and besides, to load his bow he had to load himself with bolts, which being somewhat weighty were bars to his quick progress. The bolt we should observe, was likewise termed the quarrel; and we are told that it was called so because it had a square or diamond-shaped head, though this seems hardly to explain the meaning of the word. A far better derivation, we think, would be to say that archers picked their bolts out when they picked their quarrels, and so in course of time the terms became synonymous.* Of course our readers will remember that it was with the arblast that KING RICHARD was shot, as he rode round Chalus Castle, which he was then besieging. Nor need we to remind them that when the man was asked why he had shot the King, he replied, "Because the King, with his own royal hand, killed my father and my two brothers, and though my death may be *en suite*, to me revenge is sweeter." On this his Majesty retorted, "Ah, our jester is an arch man, but you are certainly an archer;" whereupon, to quote the poet (we are our own poet when we have no quotation handy)—

"Pleased with his joke, the King his pardon gave,
But savage Marcade flayed alive the knave."

* We may note that while the arrows for the arblast were called "bolts," the arrows which were shot with the long bow were termed "shafts;" and hence arose the proverb, "I will make a shaft or a bolt of it," a phrase equivalent to "doing it by hook or by crook," meaning that if the thing could not be done in one way, it should be in another. The saying was however sometimes used in chaff, as for instance, when an archer missed his aim and ran away, his friends took care to say that if he hadn't made a shaft, he had clearly made a bolt of it!

AN EASY ROAD.

GARIBALDI took a very safe means of soon getting to Port. He began with Marsala.

SCHOOL FOR SIRENS.

(To Mr. Punch.)



Art and Design. I suppose there will be also a display of cosmetics and perfumes. 'Kalydor,' 'Crème de l'Impératrice' (which must be a physiological curiosity), 'Fleur de l'Age,' which is translated in the advertisements 'Bloom of Youth,' a preparation possibly intended to make aged faces look youthful, will be probably contained in the exhibition of articles which are commonly employed by Females with artful and designing views. To these insidious inventions will also doubtless be added 'Rondeletia,' 'Fairy Bouquet,' 'Eau de Bully,' 'Wood Violets' and 'Jockey Club Perfume,' and most of the other scents which are recommended for the *boudoir*, inclusive of 'Kiss-me-Quick.' The collection will, perhaps, comprise 'teeth of pearly whiteness,' composed of porcelain. There will be no end of bonnets and hats of the sort that fashionable writers call 'coquettish' on view, I dare say; and I wonder if there will be an exposition of the various contrivances whereby Female Art and Design, inspired with Taste, have sought, in modern times, to improve a lady's figure by expanding its apparent proportions from those of the Medicean *Venus* to those of the Hottentot. At least I question whether the show of attractive apparatus and machinery will include hoops and crinoline, in which ridiculous incumbrances those incrementitious adjuncts to natural grace and symmetry have culminated. I should almost think not. I suspect that the majority of women hate and detest those ridiculous and troublesome superfluities as much as men do, and only wear them because they are worn by their superiors, whose example they are obliged to follow by an irresistible instinct. The ends of Female Art and Design would not be promoted by submitting the deplorable absurdities of Fashion to the inspection of mankind.

"It may be as well to mention, for the information of any young men who are sufficiently confident of their own strength of mind to have no fear of being captivated by bewitching wiles, and who may be curious to see and examine the sundry decorative objects which are the appurtenances and productions of Female Art and Design, that admission to the *conversazione* at which they will be exhibited is to be had by tickets only, procurable from Mr. PHILIP CUNLIFFE OWEN, at the South Kensington Museum; from any member of the Committee of the School for the cultivation of feminine cunning; or at 37, Gower Street, from Miss GANN, Superintendent of that dangerous institution. All of those parties will be ready to receive donations from anybody who is of opinion that Female Art and Female Design ought to be encouraged. It may be that those old gentlemen who are blessed with grown-up daughters will be of that opinion; for my own part, Sir, I am glad to say my blessedness is single.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your diligent reader,

"Sweetbriars, Surley, June, 1860."

"ASPER." 6

Jack the Giant-Killer Redivivus.

To think of finding the old nursery wardrobe in full wear in Sicily! The Neapolitan Police-torturers in that island have for some time, it seems, been using the "cap of darkness." GARIBALDI has now come down upon them with the "sword of sharpness;" and the *sbirri* of BOMBALINO have found the "shoes of swiftness" to run away with.

FINANCIAL JUSTICE.

A WRITER on "Income-Tax Prospects," in the *Saturday Review*, makes the following observation:—

"Our CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER may be safely trusted to see that, when the State charges its subjects with the annual cost of government and of insurance against foreign aggression, it is no more under a duty to take account of the varieties in the sources of their income than is the butcher who debits the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, and JOHN SMITH, the greengrocer, with the price of the mutton he has supplied for their respective dinners."

Of course, JOHN SMITH, the Greengrocer, is obliged to consume as much mutton as the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND. JOHN SMITH has no power of meeting hard times by abstinence from mutton, and can never be reduced to dining off his own cabbage and potatoes. JOHN SMITH, who has no life interest in the market-garden which produces his vegetables, whose whole property consists of his stock-in-trade, and who, should he fail in business, must go to the Workhouse, can afford to pay an Income-Tax just as well as the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND can. The maker of the smallest income can afford the deduction of so much per cent. from it, equally well with the receiver of the largest; or, if he cannot afford it, his inability to afford it is nothing to the purpose, and ought to be altogether ignored. In that view of the case, the Income-Tax is much too indulgent to JOHN SMITH as compared with the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND. The Greengrocer ought to be made to pay not only proportionally, but absolutely, as much Income-Tax as the Duke pays; and should the amount demanded of him exceed his income, he ought to be sold up, and the proceeds of his stock and his sticks be applied to satisfy, as far as they will go, the just demands of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

A Subject for a Sea-Song.

THE Sea Serpent, according to the *Northern Ensign*, has been seen again. The beholder was CAPTAIN WILLIAM TAYLOR, master of the *British Banner*, whom our canny contemporary describes as "a native of South Ronaldshay, and a gentleman of unimpeachable veracity and great intelligence." It may be sufficient to state that CAPTAIN WILLIAM TAYLOR declares that the monster bit off the bowsprit, jib-boom, sails, and rigging of his vessel, and then swallowed the foretopmast, the staysail, the jib, and flying-jib, with the greatest apparent ease. This beats spiritualism. Want of space compels us to refrain from celebrating CAPTAIN WILLIAM TAYLOR's encounter with the Sea Serpent, in a new and original ballad of *Billy Taylor*.

SPIRITUALIST SÉANCES.

A CERTAIN West-End drawing-room is the favourite scene of MR. HUME's wonderful spiritualist exploits, of which flying is about the mildest. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE calls this mansion of marvels an Illustrated Edition of HUME's *Essay on Miracles*.

The Value of the Public Time.

NOTICE OF MOTION.—*Mr. Punch* to move that, immediately under the Clock of the House of Commons, there be placed a large placard-board, handsomely framed and glazed, on which shall be inscribed, in illuminated characters, the legend—TEMPUS FUGIT.

NEAT AND APPROPRIATE.

THE *Morning Star* is anxious to get up a great demonstration in favour of the Reform Bill. We beg to recommend, should the Bill be massacred among the other innocents of the Session, "a national *apathyosis*" in its honour.



A SHOCKING YOUNG LADY INDEED!

Emily (betrothed to Charles). "OH, CHARLES, ISN'T IT FUN? I'VE BEATEN ARTHUR AND JULIA, AND I'VE BROKE AUNT SALLY'S NOSE SEVEN TIMES!"

THE LIVERPOOL BOMBAS.

DISPUTING with a cabman is not a very pleasant or ennobling occupation, and when, by any chance, the cabman happens to be right, the dispute somewhat partakes of a humiliating tendency. Now a squabble, we are told, has been going on in Liverpool between the cabmen and the Town Council of that important port: and we incline rather to think that the latter have not raised themselves in public estimation by their acts, either in starting or conducting the dispute. A letter we last week inserted on the subject will have informed our readers of the matter in contention; which is, whether cabmen, while waiting for a fare, are to be permitted to seek solace in a pipe. This momentous question has been argued by the Council with (no doubt) some strength of argument, while the cabmen have discussed it in language doubtless stronger. It seems an old bye-law exists prohibiting the practice; and although it has been long considered a dead letter, the Council have determined to bring it into life again. Were our opinion asked, we should say that such a bye-law is clearly a gone-bye law, being quite at variance with the spirit of the age. So long as he abstains from making it a nuisance, a cabman, being a free subject, surely has a right to smoke. If he makes himself offensive, of course he will be told of it, and the public, by not hiring him, will soon put out his pipe. The remedy may surely, then, be trusted to their hands; and there is really no occasion to make Liverpool like Naples, by taking a tobacco-leaf from BOMBA'S book, and issuing proclamations against smoking in the streets.

But this is not the only point of likeness which is traceable; for we learn that the Town Council have taken yet another leaf from the same book, and are subjecting a number of her Majesty's free subjects to a treatment as tyrannical as that which has been practised by KING BOMBA'S own police. The *Liverpool Mercury* informs us that—

"The promoters of the Cardrivers' Memorial to the Town Council for the repeal of the bye-law which prohibits them from smoking, wished to place sheets for signature in the streets, so as to elicit a demonstration of the feeling of the public; but we learn, to our astonishment, that the police interfered to prevent this not

unusual course of procedure. We always thought that the right of petition was one of the peculiar and inalienable privileges of Englishmen; but in municipal matters, at all events, the police seem determined to extinguish the right. Not only do they prohibit smoking in the streets, but writing in the streets. Not only do they refuse to let a Cabdriver indulge in the luxury of a pipe, but they will not allow him to petition the Town Council for permission to indulge in it."

Whether a Town Council is invested with a right to put a cabman's pipe out, is a point which we may leave to lawyers to determine; for sometimes common law is one thing and common sense another. But we cannot well believe that there exists an Act of Parliament which prohibits one from signing a petition in a street. If there be, the sooner it is blotted out the better; for England will soon cease to be viewed as a free country, if men are not at liberty to write their names down publicly, without having their shoulders tapped by the police.

FEMALE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

A YOUNG widower, endowed with a handsome face, a graceful and elegant figure, an amiable disposition, immense property, first-rate education, brilliant abilities, refined taste, especially in dress, peculiarly fascinating manners, and a great many other advantages too numerous to mention, would be happy to enter into a matrimonial engagement with any young lady of sound principles, good sense, good temper, fair education, and moderate personal beauty, whose face may constitute her sole fortune. To these recommendations there must be added one condition, which is indispensable. Having already had an experience of that state which, when not embittered by discord and dissension, is truly described as domestic happiness, he has come to the conclusion that the partner of his lot, if it is to be an agreeable one, must have no relatives whose interference and importunities will be likely to create variance between himself and his wife. Immediate attention will be paid, with the strictest secrecy, to any communication, addressed to *Punch's* Office, by any fatherless and motherless young lady, and a decided preference would be given to a FRIENDLESS ORPHAN. Direct to ADONIS CRESUS CRICHTON.



GARIBALDI THE LIBERATOR ;

Or, The Modern Perseus.

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THE ORPHÉONISTES' INVASION.

(Respectfully Dedicated to SIR EDMUND HEAD.)

BY A BRITISH ALARMIST.

THE Orphéonistes are coming! They are three thousand strong,
And every one's a Frenchman, with imperial fierce and long;
They're gathering to Sydenham, to the Crystal Palace fair,
On pretence of making music—but we don't believe that 'ere.

There's baseness in French trombones; there's sharpness in French
horns;
There's a sting in every serpent whose coil that band adorns;
Those seeming harmless violas are strung for violation
Of every blessed liberty of this most favoured nation.

Their sharps will turn out bayonets, their flats invading boats;
Their scores will grow to thousands, with hands upon our throats:
You may think the gamut harmless, but, under it, I see
Allusion clear to JOAN OF ARC—the maid of "Do ré-mi."

The key they hope to sing in, is the key that opens wide
Our doors to an invader from the Channel's further side:
With a *Berçeuse* from CHOPIN, they'd the British Lion lull;
Orpheus of old charmed brutes—why not the Orphéonistes JOHN BULL?

Their *pianos*, once admitted, will soon to *fortes* turn;
Zouaviter in modo, they'll pillage, kill, and burn.
Let those who will laugh down alarms; in spite of sneers, I tell 'em,
That Syd'nham's organ-bellows, French-blown, will bellow *bellum*.

I've faith in national enmities; th' *entente cordiale* I scout,
I see no good in nations going gadding all about;
Betwixt the French and English no harmony can be;
Their overtures for overtures of peace won't pass with me.

And even if they come to sing, their time and pains they lose;
I hate French taste, just as I hate French frogs and wooden shoes;
They hold *Partant pour la Syrie* than the National Anthem finer,
And would fain have *Rule Britannia* transposed, and in C minor.

Then bar the door against these masked and musical invaders:
"Peace and good will" 's all very well, for a toast among freetraders;
But I'm a staunch Protectionist, and hold old-fashioned views—
That for work or play one Briton is worth three Parleyvoos.

Or if, in spite of warning, these Orphéonistes must come,
At least let's get some good from their Tweedle-dee and dum.
As Amphion, that first Orphéonist, raised Thebe's walls by song,
So let these modern Orphéonistes make *our* defences strong.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

June 4th. Monday. By far the most important Parliamentary statement of the week is that Big Ben being irretrievably cracked, and London being melancholy at not hearing a Voice from the Golden Tower, the hours are to be struck on the largest quarter-bell, which is about as big as that which the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's make such a good thing by showing.

Hypocrisy has, however, had a good go in this week. On Monday, the Reform farce came on again; and on its being moved that the House should go into Committee thereupon, a heap of amendments were presented, most of which the SPEAKER declared to be utterly foolish and inadmissible. MR. BENTINCK was very bumptious, and had to be spoken to with considerable severity. A lot of preliminary rubbish having been cleared away, LORD JOHN RUSSELL solemnly moved that the SPEAKER should leave the Chair, and, after a good deal of rather heavy defence of the Bill and the conduct of Ministers, intimated that he had no objection to submit to alterations which might be made in the Bill in Committee,—at which humility there were derisive taunts. He threw over the Irish and Scotch Reform Bills, as quite impossible to be proceeded with this Session; so that, if the English Bill should pass, the country will be able to say to LORD JOHN, with the wicked *Count Cenci* in SHELLEY'S Play:—

"And you give out that you have half reformed me."

But LORD JOHN could not sit down without perpetrating some mischief, so he ended by citing foolishly offensive expressions, which some of the Tory speakers had used in reference to the humbler classes, and he intimated that such words ought to sink into the hearts of the people. In the course of his speech he had alluded to an "obscure writer" in the *Quarterly Review*, who had abused him, and, as *Mr. Punch* mentioned with horror some time back, had declared for the deposition of MR. DISRAELI. His Lordship wanted to know who was the leader of Opposition.

MR. DISRAELI rose and declared that he was, and intended to remain so, and acting up to his notion of his position, he fired a good deal of hot shot into LORD JOHN, arguing that the alteration of the Constitution was too important a matter to be dealt with in the fast and loose manner adopted by that remarkable young nobleman. He, of course, resisted the going into Committee. After some more talk, the debate was adjourned until the Thursday.

It is convenient to *Mr. Punch*, and he hopes that it will be equally so to the world, and whether it is or not he does not in the least care, that the remainder of the Reform Story should be told. The debate was resumed on *Thursday*, when LORD JOHN, being asked whether there would be a dissolution, if the English Reform Bill passed, said that if there were a dissolution Parliament would be dissolved, and he could not be got to make any further revelation. SIR JAMES FERGUSON moved that the English Bill should not go into Committee till the Irish and Scotch Bills had been read a second time, as he had no notion of different Constitutions for the three Kingdoms. Then came on a long and affectedly earnest debate, in which MR. BRIGHT supported his friends the Ministers, and hinted at "disaster" in the event of the Bill being rejected,—the Hon. Quaker being supposed to mean a row. LORD PALMERSTON pretended to abuse those who had made long speeches against the Bill, and rather profanely, considering the season, jeered at them as having the "gift of tongues," but licence may be permitted to a Minister who appoints only Evangelical Bishops, at the direction of LORD SHAFTESBURY. He "hoped" that the Bill would be carried. At length the Conservatives took a division, and were beaten on SIR J. FERGUSON'S motion by 269 to 248, and then on a motion for adjournment by 267 to 222, when the debate was adjourned till the Monday.

Tuesday. The Sunday Trade and Howling Bill was passed in the Lords, and the Wine Licences Bill was read a Second Time, and on the Friday it went through Committee, despite a good deal of growling. In the Commons, the only interesting feature of the night was a display of extreme absurdity by BENTINCK and BAILLIE COCHRANE about the Civil Service Examinations, those accomplished gentlemen thinking it a hideous and horrible thing that anybody should be bound to understand history or geography. SIR G. LEWIS turned the laugh of the House upon BENTINCK, who did not know that DARWIN was an English writer.

Wednesday. A Bill for handing over a good deal more of the property of the Church to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners was debated with considerable rancour. But the manners of the House must be very good, and its sense of propriety rather fastidious, for a Member saying that the Bill was calculated to create "nomination boroughs under the clergy" was vehemently called to order, and felt it necessary to apologise for that terrifically irreverent expression. The debate was adjourned.

Thursday. LORD TEYNHAM made a ludicrous motion in favour of a Reform of his own, which greatly amused the House, and which LORD GRANVILLE opposed as gravely as he could. When the Peers had done laughing at TEYNHAM, his proposal was promptly extruded.

Friday. In the Upper House LORD BROUGHAM, with repeated expressions of utter incredulity as to the reported bombardment of Palermo, earnestly implored LORD GRANVILLE to declare it a hoax; calling it, conditionally, an unexampled atrocity, inasmuch as the burning of Rome by NERO was not so bad; and provisionally denouncing BOMBA THE SECOND as the author of an atrocious offence, and a tyrant more execrable than the most execrable of ancient tyrants, whose name had become proverbial for tyranny. Non-intervention was a sacred rule; but there were exceptional cases: and if the answer he should receive was not in the negative, the Tyrant of Naples ought to be sent to Jericho. LORD GRANVILLE was sorry to crush the fond hopes of the noble and learned lord by informing him that the bombardment of Palermo was an accomplished crime.

The DUKE OF SOMERSET, in answer to VISCOUNT DUNGANNON, admitted that Government had given from 400 to 500 dockyard workmen at Portsmouth the sack, having unfortunately engaged a greater number of hands than they wanted. The report that the men had been employed at French dockyards was bosh. The truth was more t'other: as 400 shipwrights had been dismissed from Cherbourg. A Police report, however, shows that the Duke was rather in a hurry to deny the story.

In the Commons, the most important business consisted in the motion of adjournment till Monday, on which no less than thirty-two questions concerning things in general were put and answered, for the most part, with exemplary brevity. MR. H. BAILLIE then complained of the too sweeping disarmament of the mild Hindoo. His complaint was backed by COLONEL SYKES, and elicited an inaudible defence of that precaution from SIR C. WOOD, and a needless justification of it from MR. VANSITTART. Leave having been given to Outsiders for the introduction of Bills relative to Stipendiary Magistrates and Agricultural Servants, which cannot be expected even to be discussed this Session, the House was Counted, and being only 38, went out, like the snuff of a candle.



STREET BOY. "Oh, lookee 'ere, Bill, 'ere's two Chaney Images!"

THE CONVEYANCER'S PUPIL'S LAMENT.

WHEN hands with writing deeds are shaking,
And fevered brains with abstracts aching,
And hearts for lack of fees are breaking;
When tangled titles bring despair,
And blackest drafts of wills are there,
From many a sharp Attorney's den;
There is a throb of rapture still,
One gleam breaks through the clouds of ill,
One thought buoys up the sinking will;
It is the hope of evening drill,
And breathing once fresh air again.

The time draws on to'ards half-past four;
But still fresh work remains in store;
A gloomy draftsman still dictates,
And warns we must obey the fates.
I hear the trumpet's blast alarming,
In every stair-case men are arming,
As gentle evening falls:
The Temples send a goodly train,
And Lincoln's Inn and Chancery Lane,
And Gray's monastic halls.

The briefless here, a sturdy band,
Both practice and respect command,
While grim Q. C.'s inactive stand,
And miss the Court's applause.
LORD CAMPBELL's eyes with joy would shine,
Could Law and Equity combine,
As here they form one stalwart line,
To aid their country's cause.
One law inspires, one badge each cap bedecks,
'Tis *salus populi suprema lex*.

But ah! no bugle's sound that frays
The owlets on the bench of Gray's,
No BREWSTER's voice may raise my mettle,
Or help me this vile draft to settle.
Alas! the hour has passed away;
Too late to join my squad to-day!
One voice still interrupts my lines,
'Tis *Exors admors & assignis*.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"WHEN SCUMBLETON prates to me about the Limner's Art, and the eternal truth of its principles, I lose my patience. If Art has any principles at all, they are of an elastic nature, and we may adapt them at our pleasure to the exigences of a generous public. Of the Nine Ladies who, in classic days, kindly presided over the Arts and Sciences, I don't find one who devoted herself to the patronage of painters. Depend on it, that duty was undertaken by the Goddess who is usually represented with a wheel, and prepared to take the chief part in blind-man's-buff at the shortest notice. Yes, it is the fair virgin, FORTUNA, whom we cultivate in Soho, and you shall study all the Authors who have written on our profession—from PLINY to MR. RUSKIN—without arriving at any certain conclusion on the subject. The truth is, there is a fashion which guides our pencils and distributes our paint. *Fallacia alia aliam trudit*. The other day the Grand School was in vogue, and now there is a Præ-Raphaelite furore. Has it not been so in all ages; Did not GIOTTO put SIGNOR CIMABUE's Florentine nose out of joint? and was not the former interesting youth himself surpassed in later ages by one RAPHAEL, who in his turn, altered his style after seeing the great BUONAROTTI?"

"Good old SIR JOSHUA, shifting his trumpet and quoting QUINTILLIAN, would not, I suspect, have many listeners among the bearded wide-awaken'd students of the Royal Academy A.D. 1860; and if SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT, Bart., could but revisit this sphere, what would his feelings be at the present state of the Landscape School—to find that MR. HOOK will paint grass green, and that MR. NAISH does not think it beneath his dignity to represent a rock—as he sees it!"

"What a change we have seen in our own time. When I ambitiously competed for (and signally failed to obtain) the R. A. gold medal for the best oil-painting, the subject given to the candidates was, as well as I can recollect, '*Curius Dentatus, showing his hollow tooth to the Samnites, descants on the vanity of human ambition*,' and a very fine Classical picture my friend BORAX made of this truly Classical subject. But, peace to the ashes of the Grand School! *Tempora mutantur!* and if *tempera*, as WISCOUNT W. justly remarked, why not oil-painting, too? Who cares now for the Classic School? The

earth has closed finally over MARCUS CURTIUS, and we no longer see depicted his daring act of horsemanship. ARISTIDES is banished—never to return. Where are our old friends the Parcæ? Alas, we no longer sympathise with Sisyphus, and Orpheus fiddles to us in vain. The woes of the gentle but unfortunate Hecuba, the wanderings of the youthful and pious Æneas, have ceased to afford subjects for the modern brush, and I think few of us regret the change. To my mind (naturally prosaic, I admit) there are incidents in the nineteenth century quite as well worth recording on canvas as the events which occurred in Olympus; and, to say the truth, I would rather possess an honestly painted picture of modern life than acres of canvas 'after' the glorious antique. But, *revenons à nos moutons*. MR. COOPER's *Sheep* are well grouped, and vigorously painted, and so faithful seems the wintry aspect of his picture, that if ever I go down to East Cumberland, I'll take very good care not to cross '*Newbiggin Muir in a Snow-drift*.'

"MR. THOMAS, in his '*Dimanche*,' has well characterised the little French corporal and his charmer with the pink parasol, as they stroll in the Tuileries. This is as it should be. It is better for the *Marquis d'un Sou* to bestow his hand upon his faithful ADELINÉ than to carry his arms to *perfidie Albion*.

"MR. S. SOLOMON deserves great praise for a novel and admirable treatment of an old subject. It required no ordinary skill to give those stern Egyptian faces the tender womanly expression which they wear. The '*Moses*' (346) is a good specimen of the rising school—well studied—purely coloured—finely drawn.

"'Aw!—fellar chopping sticks—Ah!' was the brilliant observation of a swell who stood before MR. BRETT's '*Hedger*.' Yes, a fellar chopping sticks, good Sir, while his little daughter trips along with his homely meal—there, that will do for you—the subject is not quite in your line. Pass on to the portraits of your illustrious friends, and leave me to the full enjoyment of this charming bit of sylvan shade, for a little while, before I, too, move on to be pushed and hustled in front of the '*General Post Office, 1 Minute to 6*.' I say this advisedly, for the crush represented in MR. HICKS's picture gives only a faint idea of the crowd around it. The glimpses which you catch of it, between hats, over shoulders, and under arms, increase the reality of the scene. There is a charming little 'party,' in a plaid shawl, hurrying to post her letter to him evidently. The envelope bears a blue stamp, and doubtless contains two-pennyworth of the

usual vows, and sighs, and poetical quotations, underlined everywhere but in the right place. (We all know them: one love-letter is much like another—from the tender epistle of HELOISE down to poor BETTY'S Valentine). A porter who has had a hard run for it wipes his forehead in a great heat, on the right hand, while an old gentleman is exhibiting great coolness on the left. Letters fly in all directions—papers arrive in shoals. How could my LORD DERBY after seeing this picture—but—but why should I add to his remorse?

“The Governess” (405) tells its story very well—perhaps a little too loudly. We ridicule the old Mediæval plan of writing the name and title against each object in a picture. If we were to read such inscriptions as:—

This is a poore Gouvernesse,
This is an irate Aldermanne hys Wife,
Here are ye checky Children,

&c. &c., on E. OSBORN'S canvas, *risum teneatis amici?* Yet, virtually, the thing is done here, by what a German might call exaggerative-moral-delineation. A Governess may look injured, and patient, without seeming quite a St. Catharine of a martyr: it is possible to represent an Alderman's Wife as haughty and vulgar, without reminding one of Billingsgate; and though, I must say, ill-bred children are great plagues, I think if only one of these little ones had been seen clinging fondly to her teacher, the picture would have lost none of its effect, and perhaps have seemed a little more true to nature.

“426 is, in my humble opinion, one of the best landscapes in the room, and MR. MACCALLUM may feel very certain to which of MR. RUSKIN'S ‘Two paths’ his ‘Rustic Path’ belongs. I think it is a path which must one day join the road to Fame. His partner (MR. HICKS) has succeeded no less admirably in the figures, and all who examine them may exclaim, in the language of a Surrey audience—‘Brayvo HICKS!’ MR. LINNELL'S more ambitious painting (451), leads us ‘Atop of the Hill,’ where the horizon is cerulean enough to give any ordinary observer the blues. With that masterly skill, however, which characterises this artist, he has made light of the middle distance, though parts of the foreground, are it must be confessed, rather sbady.

“In these days, when every eighteen inches square of painted canvas is expected to ‘point a moral or adorn a tale’ it is curious to come upon a picture which does neither. I have looked again and again at MR. CLARK'S ‘Chess-Players’ without being able to arrive at the motive. That the window is open, I openly admit. That the old gentleman is going to sneeze is also a self-evident fact. *Après?* I don't know. Perhaps they will shut down the sash.

“If MR. HEAPHY'S ‘First Pie’ had not such an unwholesome looking crust, one might congratulate the smiling pretty novice on her first initiation to the mysteries of the culinary art. As it is, my digestive functions forbid the compliment.

“The ‘Return of the Missing Crew,’ by MR. BARWELL, is a good homely English subject, skilfully painted, and contains more real poetry than a dozen High Art achievements, full of glaring morals and sham sentiment.

“A little harmless ‘Mischief’ now and then is very good fun, and MR. ROSSITER'S picture of that title is clever and amusing. We may see in the flirtation at the door which of the three divinities has been preferred by the judgment of this modern Paris. Her sister, evidently annoyed that she did not receive the apple, is about to make a Ribstone pippin the instrument of her vengeance. Let us hope the rosy apple will not disturb the blushing pair.

“Can I leave the West Room without thanking MR. OPIE for his ‘Peasant Girl’ (348) and his ‘Quiet Afternoon’ (221)? They wear an air of simple modesty, which no one can help admiring. As I look at them, and think of the great Cornishman who died some fifty years ago, I am glad to find the name of OPIE still associated with our English fields and homesteads.

“Faithfully yours,
“JACK EASEL.”

MRS. JOAN ARKER'S OPINIONS ON DRILL.

FRIENDS, as well as foes, may say what they think proper, but I still contend that Rifle Volunteers are to be admired, from every point of view. RUTH DOVE, an intelligent and pretty young Quakeress, was conversing with me for two hours yesterday, in her mild and sensible way, and endeavouring to prove that we should strive to disarm our enemies by kindness, and pour not vinegar, but oil, on their minds. I see no objection to others using the flask, if I may retain the castor; but there is one condiment whose tranquillising properties admit of no argument, I allude to pepper, and I sincerely hope that Britannia's cruet-stand will never be wanting in that.

Then again my amiable young friend delicately hints that our opposite neighbour is much too polite and tender-hearted ever to dream of throwing missiles over our Wall. I hope he is, but according to all accounts, he has not had a very good example set him at home, and I have heard that he has boasted of tearing leaves out of his Uncle's

book. For my own part I would rather not insure my conservatory in any of my neighbour's “good offices.” The wisest policy is to stand up and exclaim “Throw if you dare,” not to go down trembling on one's knees with a piteous whimper of “Oh—please don't!”

Now this military movement is not only a national, it is a domestic blessing. MR. ARKER is constitutionally a fidgety man. For months past he had been nervous and out of sorts; a fluctuation in the funds had always been followed by a fluctuation in his spirits. He had invariably complained of a sinking, whenever there was a fall of the reduced. A slight tightness of the money-market has given him a severe pain at the chest. Unfortunately being of a speculative turn, he has gone very deep into Mines, and was constantly getting into a gloomy vein. Whenever there was a thunder-storm he announced that the Church was in danger, and would shake his head mysteriously at the weather-cock, and prophesy the downfall of Ministers.

How altered is his aspect now! Since he obeyed his country's summons and took proper steps for her protection, his countenance, instead of keeping pace with the barometer, has brightened permanently into set fair, while his nerves have become as firm as fiddlestrings. With what manly pride he first donned his accoutrements! I buttoned his knickerbockers and fastened his belt. He then glanced at himself in the glass, and gave me such a sly smile, just as he did when we walked arm-in-arm out of Beckenham Church thirty years ago. He now talks hopefully of an approaching era, when all who are interested in Railways will feel that their lines have fallen in pleasant places, when the Income-Tax will only be remembered as a financial night-mare, and when bribery and corruption will be shuddered at as a frightful dream. When Woman, no longer cooped up by vulgar prejudice, will find an open field for her exertions, and Man, basking in her smiles, will no longer vainly yearn to mitigate her sighs.

I used often to scold him for his untidy habits. Now his new dress-coat fits him like a glove, and his breast is prominent and pigeonly. He would also frequently keep dinner waiting, now no man is more remarkable for promptness and punctuality. His watch is regulated daily by the Horse-Guards, and all his invitations are marked, “N.B. Military-time.” To the Ladies he is particularly attentive, shawling them, and buzzing about them like a bee, rifling sweets from every flower. He still talks unconsciously when taking a nap in an easy chair, after actively skirmishing with his corps over the Surrey Hills; but instead of being painful, it is quite pleasant to hear him “Shoulder-arms—ground-arms—right-about-face—make ready—present—fire!” are some of the stirring and warlike ejaculations which denote how completely his heart is in his arms.

In conclusion, we must look at these martial exercises with respect to their influence on Temperance and Love. I cannot believe that those who have legitimate targets to aim at, will be easily tempted to make butts of themselves, and is it feasible that smart young Riflemen, who are prepared to “pop” at anything, will overlook what is universally allowed to be the most important object of all?

GENUINE PAPAL INDULGENCES.



YOU must know that a letter from Rome in the *Monde*, giving an account of a visit which the POPE lately made to Ostia, relates the following remarkable fact:—

“After having gone over the different parts of the ancient town, his Holiness went to the Casino of the Company of the Salt Works, where refreshments were presented to him. The POPE called to him the children of MADAME DE LAMORICIERE and the COUNTESS APPONYI, and, after asking them several questions, sent them away laden with sweetmeats and sugar-plums.”

The picture of the Holy Father distributing sweetmeats to children is a pleasing one. It represents him as being, what personally he no doubt is, a good-natured old gentleman. Ultra-Protestant bigotry

alone would suppose that toffee, hard-bake, almond-rock, sugar-candy, peppermint-drops, caraway-comfits, Spanish liquorice, and elecampane were rendered unwholesome by receiving the Papal benediction. Let his Holiness continue the dispensation of sweetstuff, for there can be no objection to this kind of indulgences, granted in moderation to children. Instead of issuing Bulls of Excommunication, he will do well, henceforth, to content himself with dealing out bulls' eyes.



THE FRENCH CARICATURISTS, WITH THEIR USUAL ACCURATE KNOWLEDGE OF BRITISH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, ARE FOND OF REPRESENTING OUR SOLDIERS AS CONTINUALLY PLAYING AT BILLIARDS.—WELL! PERHAPS IT WILL BE FOUND THAT THEY *DO* PLAY THEIR *CANNONS* REMARKABLY WELL!

** British Officers of Distinction.

** Daughters of Albion! (The wonderful fidelity of this representation will be immediately acknowledged.)

° ° Young Guardsmen! (Painful, perhaps, but too true!)

† The *Boule Dogue*. (Asleep, of course.)

THE FUTURE OF THE FASHIONS.

THERE was a time when girls wore hoops of steel,
And with grey powder used to drug their hair,
Bedaubed their cheeks with rouge: white lead, or meal,
Adding, to simulate complexions fair:
Whereof by contrast to enhance the grace,
Specks of court-plaister decked the female face.

That fashion passed away, and then were worn
Dresses whose skirts came scarce below the knee,
With waists girt round the shoulder-blades, and Scorn
Now pointed at the prior finery,
When here and there some antiquated dame
Still wore it, to afford her juniors game.

Short waists departed; Taste awhile prevailed;
Till ugly Folly's reign returned once more,
And ladies then again went draggled-tailed;
And now they wear hoops also, as before.
Paint, powder, patches, nasty and absurd,
They'd wear as well, if France but spoke the word.

Young bucks and beauties, ye who now deride
The reasonable dress of other days;
When Time your forms shall have puffed out or dried,
Then on your present portraits youth will gaze,
And say what dowdies, frights, and guys you were,
With their more specious figures to compare.

Think, if you live till you are lean or fat,
Your features blurred, your eyes bedimmed with age,
Your limbs have stiffened; feet grown broad and flat:
You may see other garments all the rage,
Preposterous as even that attire
Which you in full-length mirrors now admire.

A GOOD MAN, NO DOUBT, BUT A BAD SPEAKER.

THAT our Rifle Volunteers are a gallant set of fellows, nobody who knows them will venture to dispute; and that their poetry is sometimes as conspicuous as their gallantry, the reader of this passage (which we take from a provincial paper, only altering one word in it) can hardly fail to grant:—

“MR. HOMER MILTON SHAKESPEARE was loudly called upon to respond, and he answered to the call with some alacrity. He returned thanks in a speech containing many sentiments of gallantry, and concluded by trusting that—

The merry maids and matrons dear
Would quake no more for war,
But look with trust and confidence
Upon the Rifle Corps.”

A nervous man, if not a quaker, might quake “for fear of” war, but to “quake for war” is quite a new expression to us, and it sounds a little shaky, not to call it quaky. Perhaps the gallant speaker wished to show his bravery, that he spoke in such defiance of the laws of LINDLEY MURRAY; or he doubtless thought to prove himself a military man, by venturing on such English as civilians would shrink from. However this may be, we “look with trust and confidence” that Volunteers in future will abstain from such queer terms as may expose them to the charge of having used bad language.

CLERK OF THE WEATHER OFFICE.—Notice is hereby given that in consequence of the Zodiac being taken up for repairs, there will be no Summer or Autumn this year. All contracts made on the understanding that the Seasons would go on as usual, hirings of country houses, and of moors, arrangements for tours, promises to marry, and the like, are null and void. The Winter quarter begins on the 1st of July prox^o, and terminates some time next year.

(Signed) PHŒBUS APOLLO.

WITH MR. MACKINNON'S LEAVE.—What the Reform Bill has to wait for, is not the *census* of the country; but its *consensus*.



Old Gentleman. "Hoy, Conductor, are you full inside?"

Cad (in by no means an undertone). "Not I, Sir; 'tish't likely with such a set o' nasty shabby spiteful timekeepers as we 'a got down this road, as would'n't let a poor man pull up for a glass o' ale or a sandwich n'ttosave his life if they would'n't—Oh the Bus is, if you mean that. All right!"

MR. PUNCH AT THE FLORAL HALL.

EVERYBODY knows that the Floral Hall last Tuesday was first used for floral purposes, in the presence of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN and *Mr. Punch*; but everybody possibly is not so well aware that on Thursday *Mr. Punch* revisited the hall, that, as his friend the Wiscount hinted, he might say hall about it when his next number came hout. Having on the first night an engagement in the *ballet* (being honoured with a command to dance attendance on his Sovereign), *Mr. Punch* was scarcely able to enjoy the floral banquet which had so daintily been spread for the Royal eyes to feast upon. A second visit therefore seemed a national necessity, for whenever a new sight is opened to the nation, of course the nation wants to hear what its *Punch* may have to say of it. *Udite*, then, *rustici*, and give ear too, ye cockneys, and *Punch* will tell you how he feasted in the fairy-land of Bow Street, while *Puck* and *Ariel* were playing hide-and-seek among the flower-pots, or dancing on the slack ropes of roses 'neath the roof.

A flower-show by daylight is a common thing enough, and in these dismal drenching days when half the visitors arrive in damp spirits and goloshes, a flower-show or shower-flow is not a merry meeting. But a flower-show by gaslight, where the visitors are all in opera costume, is quite a novel kind of floral feast in England, and *Mr. Punch* thinks it quite pardonable to own he felt a glutton at it. He could hardly fail however to satisfy his appetite; for the *pièces de résistance* were pyramids of geraniums twenty feet in height, and these were flanked with solid *entrées* of hydrangeas and azaleas, on which the greediest eye might feast until it was quite satiated. But the *plat* which chiefly tickled *Mr. Punch's* visual palate was a sort of a raised pie made of the choicest of bouquets, whose white papers formed the lightest and the flakiest of crust. *Mr. Punch* was so bewitched by this enchanting structure, that he felt his bump of burglary alarmingly developed, and having just seen *Fra Diavolo*, and admired the clever way in which one *Tagliafico Beppo* stole the landlord's spoons, it was as much as he could do to keep from pocketing the pie, which, as it measured ten yards round, and *Mr. Punch* had his dress-coat on, would have been no easy feat. *Mr. Punch*, however, would in charity suggest, that when

MR. GYE again invites the public to' a floral feast, he should insist upon his guests having their hands all tied behind them, and thus help them to remember a part of the Church Catechism, which *Mr. Punch* for once felt tempted to forget.

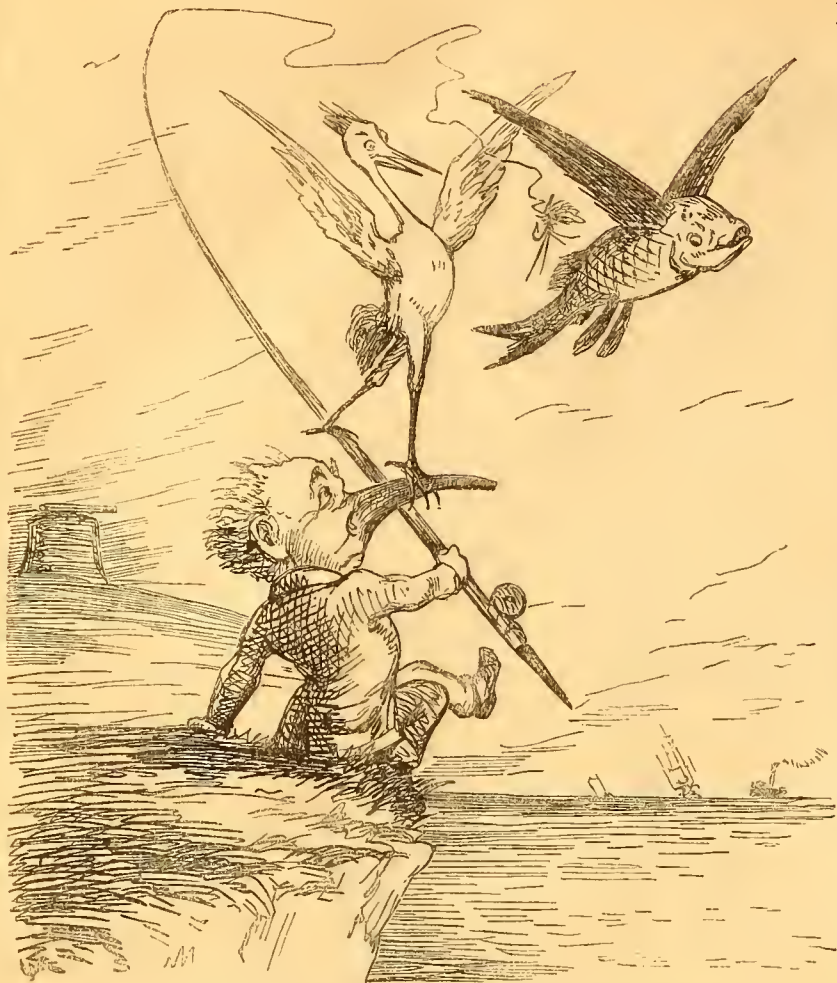
But for this temptation (which exposed him to the risk of passing the whole night in Bow Street—not at *MR. GYE's*, but at the house over the way) *Mr. Punch* might with great confidence advise his readers—that is, everybody—to get cards for these flower-feasts. With due precautions to prevent one (to speak in vulgar metaphor) from pocketing the spoons, such banquets are in every way deliciously enjoyable and delightful to each one of the five senses which are ravished by them. Taste is thoroughly attended to, as well as smell and sight: and there is the feeling, too, of pleasure in taking *Lovely Woman* to a place she looks so pretty in. Nor is the sense of hearing at all less well consulted, although (to throw a sprinkle of cold water on the Coldstream) a band which is so good *might* play something better than *Hoopdedooden doo*, which to ears polite, must sound a little savage after *AUBER* and *ROSSINI*.

Husbands who wish, then, to give their dear ones a cheap treat, cannot well do better than take them to the Floral "Hall of dazzling light," when next the Covent Gardeners have it lighted up. If summer comes this [year (it may, perhaps, by Christmas), a rose-feast will of course be given in the Hall, and a rose-spread is the best of flowery blows-out. With the treats that are in store for them, *Mr. Punch* then may congratulate his friends, the ladies, generally, that his friend, *MR. GYE*, is now possessed of a good Hall, and he hopes that *MR. GYE* may make many a good haul by it.

The Crank and Oakum Cure.

PROPHET PRINCE, the Superior of the Agapemone, who gives out that the Christian dispensation is completed in his person, may be fond of such exercise as that of playing at hockey, but appears to be averse to hard labour. There can, however, be very little doubt that six months of it would be a very good thing for him.

ANOTHER STORM IN A LIVERPUDDLE.



of not understanding French), and appended is the Imperial reply:—

1.

A Le Empereur de les Français.

“Plaisez Votre Majesté,

“Nous, le quatre marchands de Foie-etang, qui avaient l’honneur de écrire a votre Majeste environ l’invasion de Angleterre par les soldats de France dernier année, ont maintenant le plaisir de renouveler notre correspondance sur un autre sujet, de moins importance

Understand that the Four Liverpool Merchants, who made some sensation last year by their application to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH for a revelation of his real intentions in regard to the invasion of England, have felt it their duty, in consequence of the encouragement they then received, to make another inquiry of his Imperial Majesty. The incessant declarations of the Spirit Rappers that they caused the hand of the late lamented NAPOLEON to appear to his Nephew, have excited so much sensation that the Four Merchants determined to ascertain from the EMPEROR whether there were any foundation for the story. The following is the letter which they addressed to his Majesty from which it will be seen that Liverpool gentlemen were falsely accused

peut-être, mais a la même temps un sujet dans lequel plusieurs personnes dans cet pays prennent un vif intérêt.

“Avez vous, votre Majesté, quelque objection de dire si le queue est vrai que MONSIEUR HUME, le spiritualiste, a levé le fantôme de votre oncle, le grand NAPOLEON, et que cette apparition a montré, devant vos yeux, une main, avec lequel il a écrit quelques mots, maintenant sur un papier que vous avez dans votre estomac? *

“Nous espérons que vous, MADAME LE IMPERATRICE, et votre petit garçon sont très bien, et que vous avez meilleur temps dans France que nous avons ici où il pleut comme le diable et tout.

“Nous avons l’honneur de rester,

“Votre Majesté,

“Votres très sincèrement,

“Vendredi soir.”
“Juin Vingth.”

“DICKEY SAMM,
TOXTETH WARD,
PRISON WEINT,
HUSKISSON LOCK.”

2.

To the Four Liverpool Merchants.

“Gentlemen, “Tuileries. Monday.
“You are fools, and the spiritualists are liars.”
“Dickey Samm, &c., &c.” “L. N.”

* Supposed accidental substitution for an equivalent for “desk.”

A Comparison on All-Fours.

THE Horse debate in the House of Lords reminds one of the story told by COLERIDGE of the single remark, made by the intelligent-looking taciturn gentleman at dinner, on a dish of Norfolk Dumplings. The thorough mastery of the subject of discussion evinced by the noble speakers compels one, applying the words of that gentleman to their Lordships, to exclaim, “Them’s the Jockeys for me!”

THE HEIGHT OF MODESTY:—Naples, desiring to be free, asks a Constitution “like that of France!”

PUNCH’S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY. June 11, 1860. The floor of the House of Commons should to-night have been covered with that dark green carpet which, in the days when there were Tragedies (and Tragedians to act them), the composed and sedate play-goer loved to behold. For to-night there was a stern business in hand. To-night the LORD JOHN RUSSELL, third and youngest son of the sixth DUKE OF BEDFORD by his first wife, the second daughter of the fourth VISCOUNT TORRINGTON, did immolate his third and youngest Reform Bill upon the altar of Popular Indifference. To-night did LORD SATURN-AGAMEMNON-VIRGINIUS-JEPHTHA-BRUTUS-AZO-PUNCH-RUSSELL execute his own offspring with a calm stoicism highly to his honour. LORD PUNCH himself could not have tossed his baby out of window with a more off-hand readiness. LORD S.-A.-V.-J.-B.-A.-P.-R. stated, first, that he was not going to postpone his Bill till the Census should have been taken; secondly, that as 250 Members had announced, by division, that they thought the Bill ought to be thrown over, Government were bound to consider their views; thirdly, that there could be no dealing in reasonable time with the sixty or seventy amendments on the paper; fourthly, that as a Chinese war was now certain, the money question must be considered; fifthly, that the Fortifications business must be taken up; sixthly, that an extraordinary session, for Reform purposes, did not seem called for by the country; and, seventhly, that he should, on all those grounds, abstain from proceeding with the Bill. But he added, that at the earliest opportunity he should introduce another Bill for reducing the franchise.

The crowd did not exactly, as in *Parisina*,

“In a speechless circle gather
To see the Child fall by the doom of the Father,”

inasmuch as several speeches were made over the body. MR. MAC-KINNON, the Census proposal party, as Member for Rye, appropriately congratulated LORD JOHN on having again sown his Wild Oats, and

MR. DISRAELI announced his opinion that Ministers had taken a wise and not an undignified course. He utterly denied that opposition of any kind had been the death of the Bill, and graciously suggested that its fate was due to the great mass of public business, of an important character, which encumbered the Government. He protested, in the interest of the future, against the coarse and vulgar expedient of degrading the franchise. And he promised that the Government should have every aid from the Conservatives in forwarding the really urgent public business. This was all very elegant and amiable, but MR. BRIGHT could not be expected to stand it, and he begged to remind MR. DISRAELI that his own Reform Bill degraded the suffrage by the addition of 500,000 votes, and the Member for Birmingham made considerable sport of the statement that the Opposition had not hindered the Bill. However, he avowed his conviction that in the present state of feeling in the House nobody could pass a Reform Bill, and then he fired off a salute of a hundred and one guns in honour of the Budget and the Treaty. Anybody who wishes to know what MR. NEWDEGATE, MR. EDWIN JAMES, MR. GRIFFITH, and LORD FERMOY said, is at perfect liberty to refer to the morning papers of Tuesday. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE scoffed at MR. MACKINNON for thinking that he was the man “who had killed Cock Robin,” and was otherwise as diverting as people often grow upon such occasions. Gondolas are black, says LORD BYRON,

“But often they contain a deal of fun,
Like mourning coaches when the funeral’s done.”

MR. HORSMAN was effective, specially pitched into the Whigs, as really opposed to democratic measures, and fustigated MR. BRIGHT, whom he described as all for the master-classes and capitalists, except in talk. A few other members, of small calibre, followed, amid the yawns of the House, and if, as the *Saturday Review* says, the Commons witnessed the scene of the night like Roman Augurs, some of them were at once Augurs and Bores. Finally, the SPEAKER made Proclamation: “The amendment is withdrawn, the motion is withdrawn, and

the Bill is withdrawn," and "a laugh" told *Mr. Punch*, who was smoking on the Terrace, and admiring MR. PAGE's new bridge, that all was over. *Vocem adyti dignam templo.*

LORD DERBY, in Another Place, poked some fun at LORD CAMPBELL, for not attending to the Great Clock at Westminster, and wanted to know where one of the hands was. He elicited from LORD CAMPBELL the brilliant and soul-stirring epigram that the attempt which had been made to reform the Clock had succeeded as ill as Reform in Parliament. EARL GREY protested against the Big Bell being revived. The subject was renewed in the Commons on *Friday*, when MR. COWPER said, that dirt had got into the Clock, and that he had taken counsel with the Astronomer-Royal about it, we suppose, because the Clock is in an AIRY situation. *Bref*, the horologe is to be made all right, and, it may be remarked, *apropos* of this discussion in Parliament, that idle people are always making the most fuss and bother about time. The Wine Houses Bill passed its last stage, thirty-six Lords voting for it, and two (DENMAN and DONOUGHMORE) against it, so the victory over the Pot-house and Pump faction is complete. Some progress was made in the Commons with Criminal Law Consolidation, and some other useful matters, and an Irish farce brought a tragic evening to a pleasant termination. It was called *Did you ever send your Landlord to Purgatory?*

Tuesday. An Ossy night in the Lords. The great question now agitating all stable minds is, whether the system of running horses with infinitesimal weights, in the shape of young, or stunted jockeys upon them, does not tend to discourage that merit in the breed of horses, to obtain which is, as everybody knows, the only object of racing; and to promote which, and for that purpose only, *Mr. Punch* and others sacrifice their comfort by attending at Epsom, Ascot, and Newmarket, eating many lobsters, and drinking much champagne. The Lords debated the matter with much skill, and LORD REDESDALE, who was for increasing the weights, was successfully opposed by the DUKE OF BEAUFORT, LORD WINCHELSEA, and LORD DERBY. The Government were also in favour of light weights, notwithstanding that a celebrated Light Weight Jockey, from the Bedford training stables, had just been found unable to ride the famous horse *Reform*. There were above 150 Peers present during the racing discussion, but there were only 31 left to divide, after a subsequent debate on the Benefices Bill, which vitally concerns the interests of the Church. This remark is not meant as a reproach; on the contrary, people should meddle only with what they understand.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON delivered himself of the strongest censure upon the KING OF NAPLES, his Government, and the atrocities of the Royal forces in Sicily, and declared that inasmuch as the Governments of Rome and Naples were the real and original authors of the revolts in those countries, to grant the prayers of the tyrants to remove such authors would be to clear away the Sovereigns themselves. *Mr. Punch* immediately sprang to his feet, gave three cheers for LORD PALMERSTON, and about seventeen hundred for GARIBALDI, and was carried into the refreshment room slightly exhausted. SIR GEORGE LEWIS, on the Census question, said, with a certain sarcasm, that dissenting parties had no call to be aggrieved, there would be no penalty for not stating their religion, and that he did not ask what were people's religious "opinions," but only their religious "professions." The hit told, and there was a laugh. A debate, showing up the general debility of the Admiralty, was followed by a long and really good speech from SIR CHARLES WOOD, in support of a Bill for enabling the Indian Secretary to fuse the Indian Army into that of the QUEEN.

Wednesday. The Commons debated a valuable Bill for the regulation of mines. It is sought to give the children who are employed in mines a chance of Recreation and Education, but some of the Members in the mining interest appeared not to think these Necessaries to which Minors are entitled.

Thursday. Not much in the Lords, except a statement by the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE that the settlers and the natives have come to quarrel in New Zealand, and that the regular troops and the volunteers having imitated the example, things might have gone ill but for a gallant sea-captain called CRACROFT, and his men, who made short work with the tattooed parties.

A Navy Reserve Debate in the Commons brought out the declaration from LORD CLARENCE PAGET that, if the country would "wait patiently," we should find the Navy on a satisfactory footing. Why, of course we can wait, if Somebody Else will. Meantime the Articles of War are to be boiled a little and made soft,—changed from tobacco-pipes to macaroni,—so that they may be the more easily swallowed by seamen. LORD CLARENCE also explained a plan for providing for such old naval officers as were past work. He pathetically remarked that he could not kill them, and indeed should be sorry to do so, but that the brave old creatures were dreadfully in the way. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON had another plan, which of course he thought better than LORD CLARENCE'S. Something must be done, for all the service-rules in the world will not save a Secretary-at-War from the Tower and the Block, if he sends an English fleet into battle under an incapable Admiral. The DUKE OF SOMERSET will be kind enough to make a

memorandum of this fact, and stick it over his looking-glass, so that he may read it every morning while he is shaving. It may save that shaver from the National Razor.

Friday. That remarkable Solon, LORD WESTMEATH, wanted to pass a Bill for inflicting awful penalties upon people who drive too fast. As his Lordship is 75, we dare say he finds the crossings awkward, but any one of those excellent and decorated Commissioners would put him across for a very small consideration, and this would be a better arrangement than legislation in favour of the toes of an Irish peer of advanced age. The CHANCELLOR, of course, squashed the proposition.

The SPEAKER'S Miscellany for Friday comprised, *inter alia*, the following interesting articles:—

Shall Irish Paupers be harshly Removed?

MR. E. BARRY and his late father's Plans, with explanations how he is to complete them.

Down with the Railings round CHARLES THE FIRST.

What shall we do with the newly surrendered Reservoir in Hyde Park?

Arc we to spend £11,800,000 on Fortifications?

Where are the Big Irish Mail Boats?

With a variety of other matter which will not in the slightest degree repay perusal.

ADVERTISEMENT.—SUMMER ATTIRE.



ZEPHYR SUIT FOR SUMMER TOURISTS.

THE MESSRS. HYEMS beg to call the attention of Gentlemen and Tourists, and of the public generally, to their newly-selected stock of SUMMER CLOTHING, which will be found most admirably adapted to the present sultry season. Their Stock comprises all the warmest articles of dress, consisting of Pea-Jackets and Scotch Plaids, Dreadnaught Overalls, and Wrappers, with a supply of all varieties of Great Coats, Cloaks, and Capes; and being, in short, replete with every kind of Winter garment, it is now exactly suited for the choice of Summer suits.

The HOSIERY DEPARTMENT contains a large assortment of worsted socks and stockings, with the thickest woollen Jerseys, and flannel shirts and drawers. It will likewise be found furnished with neck comforters and chest-skirts, which, now that Summer has set in with more than usual severity, will be found extremely useful for protection of the throat.

In the BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT great care has been displayed in the selection of the goods, which all are of the stoutest and most wintery description. The inch-soled boots and leggings are warranted to resist at least a six hours' soaking, and, doubtless will be found exactly suited for July, having been expressly made for "February fill-ditch." MESSRS. H.

would also invite especial notice to their Knickerbocker gaiters and American goloshes, as being suitable for cricket-matches, gipsy-parties, and aquatic fêtes, and every sort of out-door Summer pastime or pursuit.

Among the seasonable novelties which they have this year introduced, MESSRS. HYEMS beg particular attention to their RIFLE SUIT, which being made of tarpaulin, lined with the thickest fur, is just fitted to the drenching days our Volunteers seem doomed to. In this suit, which MESSRS. HYEMS have christened the "DEFIANCE," a veteran may trudge through sleet, and slush, and sludge, without being a wetter'un than he was when he set out.

MESSRS. HYEMS likewise have invented a new suit (see Initial), which they intend to patent as their TOURIST'S ZEPHYR SUIT. This they can with confidence recommend for present use, for combining as it does the waterproofness of the costume manufactured for our divers, with the warmth of the apparel which is made for Arctic navigators, it is in every way well fitted to be worn during the dog days, which this year promise to be the wintriest and the wettest ever shivered in.

N.B. Thick Pea-coats for Picnics in every variety. Also Fishing-boots for flower-shows and al fresco fancy fairs.

A few out of TEN MILLION UMBRELLAS which have been made since Christmas still remain on hand. Immediate application is earnestly advised.

Bipeds and Quadrupeds.

A NUMEROUS Meeting of Costermongers took place yesterday at the Moke's Head, Seven Dials, to consider the question of legislative interference with the Turf. The attention of the assembly was called to the Debate which occurred the other evening in the House of Lords on the proposed establishment of a *minimum* of light weights for Jockeys. After a long and animated discussion, a resolution was agreed upon for the presentation of a petition to the representative branch of the Legislature, praying that, as the Lords had given their consideration to the aristocratic interests of horse-racing, the Commons would be pleased to direct their attention to the inquiry whether anything could be done for the improvement of donkey-races.

MEDICAL CHIT-CHAT.

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE is a well-meaning, but infatuated man. It is to be feared that he has a slate loose in the upper storey, wherein indeed, among the students of medicine he is commonly said to be suffering from caries of the temporal bone.



COMPLIMENTARY TO PATERFAMILIAS.

Sister Amy. "MY DEAR ROSE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?—MAMMA WILL BE VERY ANGRY!"

Rose. "WHY, WALTER WANTS TO BE LIKE PAPA. SO I'M JUST THINNING HIS HAIR AT THE TOP!"

HOW TO REFORM YOUR MILLINERS' BILLS.

UNDER the heading of "Crinoline in Church," a correspondent of the *Times* expresses, with much neatness of diction, a desire to "ventilate" a grievance under which he is half-smothered every Sunday. He then mentions the notorious and troublesome circumstance that—

"Ladies will persist in attending Divine worship in crinoline. Pews hired out to accommodate four persons will, therefore, now barely contain two."

The abatement of this nuisance might be imagined to be feasible by the simple expedient of sitting on the ladies' skirts and making cushions of their exuberant haberdashery. The continuation of the complainant's statement, however, will show the difficulties which oppose that process:—

"I myself rent a couple of seats in our parish church, which I attend regularly with my little daughter. The other two are rented by some neighbours of mine,—handsome, well-dressed, good-natured women, against whom I have nothing to say, save that they attire their persons from the waist downwards in a sort of steel-ribbed apparatus, like a carriage umbrella inverted, over which acres of silks, and muslins, and ribbons are festooned. If they arrive before us they quite fill the pew, and my girl and myself are obliged humbly to creep in under their petticoats; it being as much as we can do to keep our heads above crinoline during the service."

The petticoats of mail, which are worn by females, protect them like real armour, and serve not only for defence, but also for an offensive purpose: inasmuch as, besides annoying the eye, they are calculated to hurt anybody who may come in contact with them. If you were to attempt to sit down upon them, the probability is that the steel springs which they are made of would break and run into you; beware of a steel-clad lady as you would of a hedgehog, or a porcupine. Moreover, if you are a little man, as the writer in the *Times* appears to be, you would not be able to sit down upon the mass of hooped muslin which pushes us from our stools; you would be on the contrary, like himself and his child, "obliged humbly to creep in under the petticoats" of your overdressed neighbours. Nor is it of any use to be beforehand with these inconvenient pew-fellows. Our little friend proceeds to say:—

"If we happen to come before them to church they sit down upon us in the most remorseless way, swaggering and hoisting about their gig umbrellas."

This is very close work; a state of things certainly very much in need of ventilation. Ladies ought, in pity to victims whom they stifle in this manner, to complete the resemblance of their crinolines to diving-bells, by having them furnished with air-pipes, by means of which the respiration of persons casually overwhelmed by them, might be supported. The sufferer who describes himself in the leading journal as semi-asphyxiated every Sunday by extensive *belles*, wishes that they should be charged for their church-accommodation by the cubic foot. That would only ruin their fathers and husbands, instead of causing them to retrench their apparel. He also wants the Clergy to preach against crinolines. The Clergy will do nothing of the sort. If the fashion which coops a girl up in a great cage, and

gives the lower part of her frame the look and dimensions of half a balloon, were pretty and captivating, then, perhaps, the cloth might set itself against the muslin, but as long as vanity is repulsive they will let it alone. There is nothing dangerous about that style of dress but the liability to catch fire, and to be caught up by machinery, and the likelihood of breakage of the springs inside of it, to the damage of the wearer and her neighbours. The best cure for this inveterate eyesore of excessive petticoats is one that might be applied by Magistrates and Boards of Guardians in rendering crinoline an element in female convict and workhouse uniform. This might bring it into a degree of discredit which it has not as yet contracted from the quality of a class of its wearers who are more numerous than respectable.

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF POOR LITTLE BILL.

Who killed the Bill?

"I," quoth the Constitution,
"With my dread of dissolution,
And I killed the Bill."

Who saw it die?

"I," said Lord Bottleholder,
"With thumb o'er left shoulder—
And I saw it die."

Who'll ring its knell?

"I," said Big Ben,
"Though I'm cracked now and then,
Yet I'll ring its knell."

Who'll dig its grave?

"I," said BRIGHT, rude and rash,
"I helped settle its hash;
I may well dig its grave."

Who'll sew its shroud?

"I," said BEN DIZZY,
"With my yarns all so busy—
I'll sew its shroud."

Who'll write its *hic jacet*?

"I," said MR. GLADSTONE,
"With my Budget for headstone—
I'll write its *hic jacet*."

Who'll put up its hatchment?

"I," said hopeful LORD JOHN,
"With *resurgam* thereon—
I'll put up its hatchment."

Who'll drive it to church?

"I," said the wild HORSMAN,
"I'm a twenty-team-force man,
I'll bowl it to church."

Who'll be its chief-mourner?

"I," said BERNAL OSBORNE,
"Though, for mute I ne'er was born—
I'll be its chief-mourner."

Who'll act as the parson?

"I," said BULWER LYTTON,
"With discourse ready written,
I'll act as the parson."

Who'll officiate as clerk?

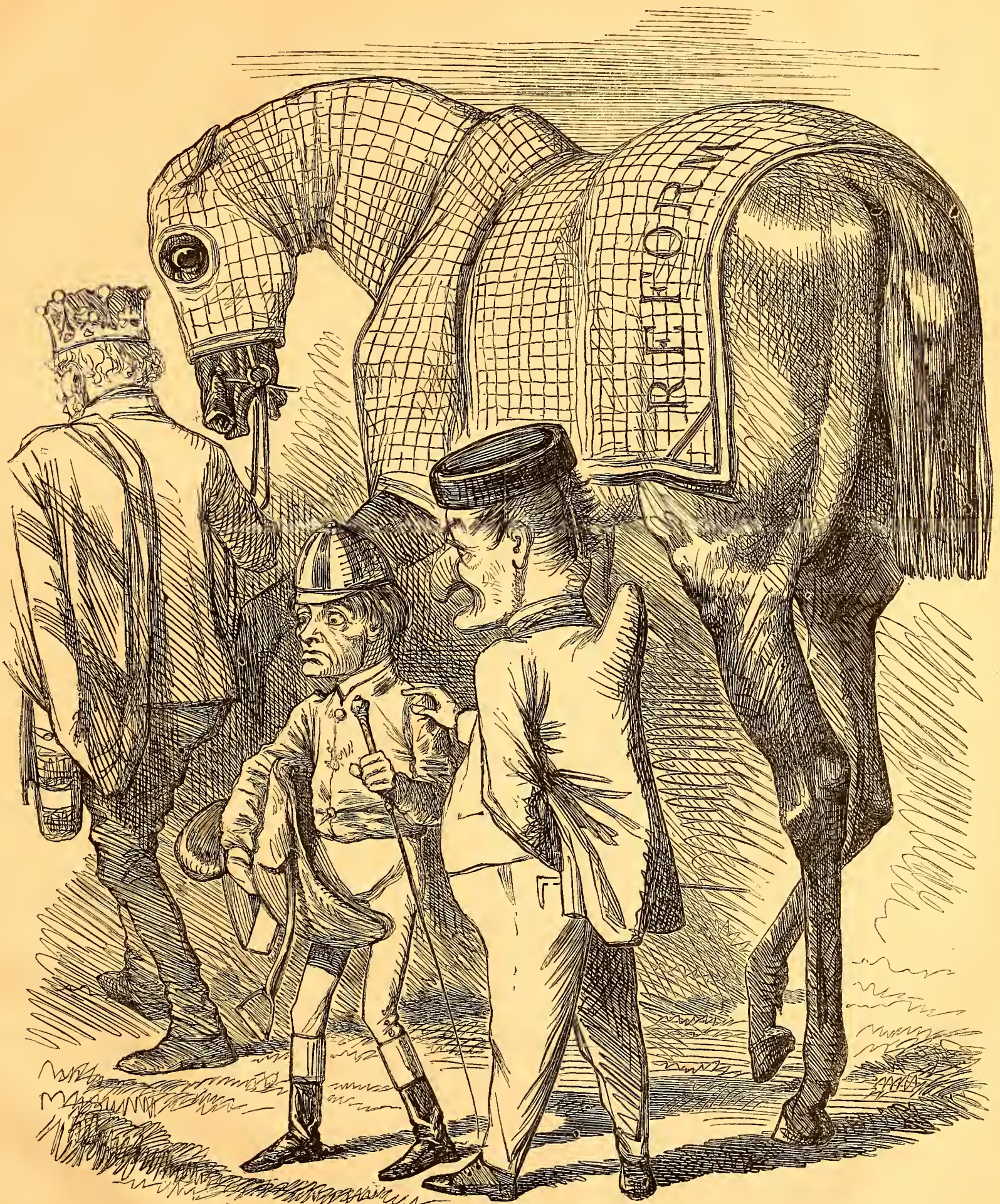
"I," said EDWIN JAMES,
"Pay the clerk's fees and claims—
I'll officiate as clerk."

And who'll put on mourning?

"Not we," said the House,
"The Reform Flag we'll douse—
But we won't put on mourning!"

The Same Thing in other Words.

LORD JOHN objects, it is said, to the defunct Reform measure being described as a "Little Bill." At least he can't deny that it is of *small account* now.



LORD J. RUSSELL'S "REFORM" SCRATCHED.



“SHALL OUR POOR LITTLE BILL HAVE A STATUE?”

A PROPOSAL is under consideration for the erection of a Monument to the late lamented Bill of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, which expired at Westminster, on Monday, the 11th of June, after a lingering and tedious illness.

The following Noblemen and Gentlemen have kindly consented to act on the Committee, for considering the design and inscription of the Monument:—

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P. | MR. DISRAELI, M.P. |
| LORD PALMERSTON, M.P. | MR. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P. |
| LORD DERBY. | MR. GLADSTONE, M.P. |
| MR. MACKINNON, M.P. | SIR J. FERGUSON, M.P. |
| MR. EDWIN JAMES, Q.C., M.P. | SIR E. L. BULWER LYTTON, M.P. |
| THE HON. CHAS. VILLIERS, M.P. | MR. BENTINCK, M.P. |
| MR. HORSMAN, M.P. | MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, M.P. |

We have received several suggestions for *in memoriam* inscriptions, to be placed over the remains of this ill-starred scion of the House of Russell. We have pleasure in putting the following at the service of the Committee:—

“Amendments sore long time I bore;
Parental love was vain;
Till by degrees the House did please
To put me out of pain.”

This strikes us as terse, but slightly deficient in originality. It reminds us, in fact, of something we have heard before. The same criticism applies to the composition which follows, intended apparently to suggest consolation to the afflicted parent:—

“Weep not for me, my parent dear,
You’ll have another Bill next year:
Above my grave write R. I. P.;
There’s room for more small Bills by me.”

The following, on the Classical model, should, it is suggested, be inscribed on a Tablet, to be fixed, like the Italian “Stones of Infamy,” in the wall of the Lobby of the House of Commons:—

IN PERPETUAM INFAMIÆ MEMORIAM
JUXTA HOC MARMOR
GULIELMICULUS E. RUSSELLII STIRPE,
PESSIMUS MINIMUS
IN REMPUBLICAM GRASSATUS
FOXII CHATHAMIQUE AD PEDES
PROPRIÂ PARENTIS MANU
L. J. BRUTI EXEMPLAR PRÆ SE FERENTIS
PROJECTUS
S. P. Q. B. LUDIBRIUM
INFAUSTUS INFLEBILIS
MORTEM MERITAM OBIIT
JUNII III ANTE. ID.

Another Correspondent suggests that the only epitaph applicable to the poor little deceased is the brief but pregnant one inscribed on the nameless and dateless tombstone in Worcester Cathedral—

“MISERRIMUS.”

The following is not ill-conceived, but the word “flop” is, we fear, inadmissible on a tombstone:—

“Some told my Pa he went too far,
Some bade him to go further:
’Twi’x two stools, flop, he let me drop,
The fall it was my murder.”

Finally, one Tennysonian Correspondent flows over in a whole quire of short poems, on the *In Memoriam* model, purporting to be written in the character of the bereaved parent of our poor little Bill. We subjoin a sample from this quiver of poetic shafts, winged, we are bound to admit, with the Laureate’s pen-feathers:—

“IN MEMORIAM.

I.

“As one, that lacking coin, is fain
To shirk his tradesmen’s frequent calls,
And cry along his guarded halls,
‘Here is that butcher come again,’

“Or, ‘here that baker, threatening ill
With mutterings of the County Court,’
And knows not whither to resort
For thinking of each ‘Little Bill.’

“So I, whom thought of little Bills,
Protested all, with no effects,
Still hanging o’er my head, dejects,
Sit sad, where Thames its gas distils,

“And wonder, will they yet rise up,
With all their pledges on each head,
To upbraid their father from the dead;
Or, drinking deep from Lethe’s cup,

“Forget what in them wakened feud:
The fancy franchises they knew,
The six-pound rental, pleasing few,
And all their clauses rash and rude.

“Oh if, as I still fondly hope,
Next year the ‘Little Bill’ renew,
Which this year’s judgment overthrew,
May it with friends be strong to cope,

“Nor, like the Bill that here doth lie,
After a Session run to waste,
Be in the category placed
Of things that, by amendment, die.

II.

“Last night I sat in Chesham Place;
The rain fell fast, usurping June,
As though the year were out of tune,
And Summer scowled with Winter’s face.

“I brooded o’er my discontents,
Saying—‘The Notice-paper thins:
Now that with early June begins
The Massacre of Innocents.’

“I had an Innocent—mine own—
Life’s flame within my little Bill
Burnt low; I fanned and fed it still,
By June’s keen blast to be outblown.

“For this do I rejoice to mark
Each wild vagary of the year:
Rude winds make music to my ear;
Damp and cold water seem a lark.

“A ruder wind was that blew out
My little Bill-y’s flickering lamp;
Colder than this June rain the damp
That on him chilling tongues did spout.”

“Then on the bell-pull hands I laid,
With thought of hanging, but, in doubt,
I rang and ordered ‘Cold without;’
And Hope perched on the glass, and said—

“‘If Winter Summer’s seat doth fill,
Summer will sit for Winter hoar:
Will bring me new-year swallows o’er,
And unto thee a second Bill.’”

ONE NATION’S MEAT ANOTHER’S POISON.

THE following statement occurs in the *Curiosities of Science* familiarly explained in a recent work of great merit, by JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A.:—

“DR. DAUBENY, of Oxford, says: ‘Judging from the present state of our knowledge, it would rather seem as if poisonous fungi may act as ferments when introduced into the system, and thus set up a series of changes in the vital fluids which are incompatible with life. This will explain the circumstance, otherwise incomprehensible, why the same fungus which operates as a poison upon one person does not affect another: and why certain nations, as the Russians, either from national want of susceptibility or from habit, use as articles of food several kinds of mushrooms which are rejected by us as poisonous.’”

People who value their lives should observe that all fungi whatever in a state of fermentation, that is of putrefaction, themselves, are very likely to act as ferments when introduced into the system. Moreover, common mushrooms will operate as poisons on some people, whilst they agree perfectly well with others. This property is not peculiar to mushrooms or any other sort of fungi. Liberty agrees with Britons, for instance, as well as toadstools do with Russians and other foreigners that might be named, but it operates as a poison upon those people whose natural constitution is too inflammable to bear it.

LATEST FROM BADEN.

HE ’LL do those Germans, and he ’ll make, as we know,
The Zollverein another Zolferino.



VERY CAREFUL.

Economical Peer (with feeling). "GOOD GRACIOUS, THOMPSON! HAVEN'T YOU MEN GOT AN UMBRELLA OUTSIDE?"

Thompson. "NO, MY LORD!"

Peer. "DEAR! DEAR! DEAR!—THEN GIVE ME THOSE NEW HATS INSIDE!"

NOTES ON DRESS.

It is astonishing how much an old hat may be improved by rain. It is a fact that one which had been nearly three years in wear, having been thoroughly washed in a thunder-shower, and then carefully wiped, presented, when dry, such a smooth and glossy appearance, that it was mistaken for new by a little boy.

A black coat which is so old and threadbare that the slovenliest philosopher would rather not go about in it by day, will, if only ironed smooth, pass muster with wonderful success by candle-light in the crowd of an evening party. A dress-coat will last a careful man through several fashions.

Trousers should be black or blue, or of some other colour as easily matched; for they are too apt to wear out in the bifurcation, and repeatedly require to be re-established on a new basis.

Old clothes had better be kept laid up in lavender, of which a few bunches will last many years.

Waistcoats should always button high. Shirts wear out with washing.

Boots and shoes are, of all articles of attire, the most temporary and fugitive. All holes in them not only attract the animadversion of beholders, but also sensibly inconvenience the wearer. There is a point beyond which their mending cannot be carried consistently with ease. Patches gall; and upper leathers, although otherwise fit to be soled, often get uncomfortably trodden all on one side. You hardly economise in Bluchers by wearing slippers in-doors; you must walk for the sake of your health; and besides, riding is more expensive than shoe-leather.

Gloves need be worn only in cold weather. They should be dark.

A sign that a suit of clothes has lasted nearly as long as possible is the circumstance that when the wearer applies to take his place at a railway-office, the clerk gives him a third-class ticket.

When beggars cease to importune you, it is time to begin to think about purchasing new apparel. Some respect is due to the opinion of others.

A sage once wished that he were clothed like the trees. He was asked by one of his disciples how he would like casting his leaves in winter?

A Reminiscence.

ONE of MR. BRIGHT'S organs plays to the tune that "the Reform Bill has been destroyed by the Articles in the *Times*." The real fact, of course, is, that *Mr. Punch* put the unfortunate Bill to death. But were it otherwise, he would be happy to quote from a celebrated melo-drama, the *Babes in the Wood*. "Kill him again, *Walter*. Such a creature can never be too dead!"

SONGS OF "THE SEVEN AGES."

THE INFANT.

LEND, fair Mnemosynè, thy wing,
And waft me back to childhood's days,
So shall thy humble servant sing,
The humblest of all nurs'ry lays.

Have sixty winters passed away,
Three score of summers shed their charms,
A "babby," SARAH, since I lay
"Mewling and puking" in thy arms?

I drew my lot in Life's career,
The lot for better or for worse;
And lay, a tiny, mottled dear,
In SALLY'S arms (my monthly nurse).

Let heroes boast of peril braved,
Or brag of battles, who survive;
From greater dangers I've been saved,
In Life's first chapters one to five.

'Twas in those early days a rat
Attacked my cradle from below,
And but for Granny's tabby cat,
Had nearly lunched upon my toe!

'Twas then short-sighted UNCLE JOHN,
Missing his barnacles one day,
Seated his bulk, of sixteen stone,
Upon the sofa where I lay.

Shall I recount how MARY ANN
Eloped with her red-coated spark;
Leaving, a prey to every swan,
Her darling charge in James's Park?

Or shall I nurse's blunders note,
My precious health which helped to spoil;
When pouring lotions down my throat,
She bathed my limbs in castor-oil?

Nay, let me rather sing of days
When love of letters first took root;
And those who taught, in various ways,
My young ideas how to shoot.

They taught me how the Busy Bee
Delighted much to bark and bite;
And gathering honey all the day,
Consumed it jovially at night.

I learned that bread was made from corn;
Why Magna Charta came to pass;
When kings expired, where queens were born;
How sand and ashes turned to glass.

I learnt the cause of snow and rain,
That bricks were formed of hard-baked clay;
That of six apples four remain,
If two you chance to take away.

And other themes of divers kind,
Of which I don't remember half;
But which the curious may find
In MANGNALL'S *Questions* (12mo calf).

Then Fairy Tales my mind supplied;
I read *Tom Thumb*, the shocking ruse
Played on poor *Ridinghood*, or cried
For golden eggs from *Mother Goose*.

Oh, bygone days of early bliss,
Light sleep, short trousers, treats of jam!
Ah! what a change from that to this,
From what I was, to what I am.

Political Spiritualism.

WOULD it not be advisable to turn all living Bishops out of the House of Lords, and to supply their places with the spirits of their predecessors, and other defunct Peers, so as to provide the higher branch of the legislature with a bench of genuine Lords Spiritual?

PUNCH'S BOOK OF BRITISH COSTUMES.

CHAPTER XX.—A CHAPTER OF GREAT INTEREST, ITS PRINCIPAL PART BEING ABOUT CLERGYMEN AND LADIES.



SARUM, BISHOP OF SALISBURY, COMMONLY CALLED "OLD SARUM," FROM HIS EFFIGY. TEMP. HENRY THE SECOND.

TOWARDS the close of the twelfth century the clothes worn by the clergy were extremely rich and costly; indeed we learn they were as sumptuous as their wearers were presumptuous. When the famous THOMAS À BECKET was travelling to Paris, the "princely splendour of his habits" so astonished the French peasants that they stared at him as now they would at our Lord Mayor. We are told, indeed (although we don't a bit believe it), that they walked about exclaiming: "What a wonderful personage the King of England must be, if his Chancellor is able to travel in such state!" How much luggage he took with him, and what a lot of trunks and carpet-bags, mitre-boxes, and portmanteaus were piled upon his carriage, and hung behind and underneath it, the imaginative reader is at liberty to guess. He may also if he pleases exercise his fancy in imagining what garments were packed up in those receptacles,

for we regret we cannot say much to instruct him on the point. All that we can learn is, that the prelate while at Paris was extensively got up; but the accounts of his magnificence are really so extraordinary, that LORD LYTTLETON declares he thinks them quite incredible; and in a book which is so scrupulously truthful as our own, it cannot be expected that we should give them place. Some notion may however be formed of his apparel, when one remembers the old story of how KING HENRY had a tussle with him in the open public



FROM AN ILLUMINATED MS. DATE SOMEWHERE ABOUT THE CLOSE OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

street; and "dyd pulle y^e scarlett capa, linedde with y^e richest furs from offe y^e 'turbulente prieste' hys backe y^e hee mote give itt toe y^e beggar who dyd shivere at hys side." This anecdote has found its way into most histories, and any an artist, we believe, has done his

* Of course, every Civil Service candidate, who has been coaching up his history, will recollect that these two words are put into KING HENRY'S mouth when he throws out his broad hint about A' B.'s assassination: "Is there not one of the crew of lazy, cowardly knights whom I maintain, that will rid me of this turbulent priest, who came to Court t'other day on a lame horse, with nothing but his wallet behind him?" Whether this lame horse was the one that had its tail cut off, for which offence À BECKET excommunicated somebody, is a question we suggest to the Government examiners as being quite as civilly serviceable as many they have asked.

best, or worst, to represent it. But only one that we have seen has ventured to portray the beggar as a crossing-sweeper, and to present him with the drapery and face of a Hindoo, because the tale expressly speaks of him as influenced by Shiva.

Without attempting further to enter into details, we may state then, that, towards the end of the twelfth century, the secular, or everyday, garments of the clergy, were quite as rich and rare as the gems they often wore. Indeed, not only were they prone to all the pomps and vanities of dress, but to indulge in them the more, they were often up to dodges to conceal their cloth. Thus we learn of *Prior Aymer*, the swell Cistercian Priest in *Ivanhoe*, that he had his fingers covered with rings, and his shoulders with a curiously embroidered cope, and that "his shaven crown was hidden with a scarlet cap." While particular, however, to the fineness of their clothing, they did not pay much heed to altering the fashion of it. Neither, as we find, did their sacred vestments vary much from those worn by the priests of the last period we described; the chief novelty consisting, as a modern writer tells us, in "the approach of the mitre to the form we are familiar with." Now, the approach of the Mitre, our readers are aware as well as we are, is in Fleet Street; and that which people are familiar with we need not further to describe. For the benefit of tourists we may, however, hint, that if they chance to go to Sens, they might see À BECKET'S mitre, which is there laid up in lavender, or otherwise preserved.

It is no great jump to take from clergymen to ladies, for where the former are the latter are invariably sure to be. Accordingly, referring, as our wont is, to the very best authorities, we are informed, that during the last half of the twelfth century the female costume, like the clerical, was but very little altered from that of the first half. The chiefly noticeable improvement was that the robe was made with tight sleeves, terminating at the wrist, and was worn no longer with those foolishly long cuffs which, we have little doubt, at *soirées* used to dip into the tea-cups and dangle in the milk. A rich girdle was worn loosely encircling the waist, and a small reticule, or pouch, was sometimes worn depending from it, as one may see, on being presented at the Crystal Palace Court, where the fair QUEEN BERENGARIA, like *Patience* on her monument, smiles the stoniest of smiles at those who go and stare at her. This *portemonnaie*, or pouch, the girls called an *aumonière*: and they, doubtless, sometimes rattled it, to make believe they had all money 'ere, when, perhaps, its chief contents were a thimble and a card-case, with, possibly, some lollipops and fragments of Bath-buns.

As a description of a Queen of Beauty of the period cannot, we think, fail to interest our readers, we append a full-length portrait from a book we have referred to, which in story and in language is quite a book of beauties. According to her chronicler, this is how *Rovena*, the fair heiress and fair hairess, was dressed when she came down to dine with *Prior Aymer* and *Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert*:—

"Her profuse hair, of a colour between brown and flaxen, was arranged in a fanciful and graceful manner in numerous ringlets, to form which art had probably aided nature. These locks were braided with gems, and being worn at full length, intimated the noble birth and free-born condition of the maiden. A golden chain, to which was attached a small reliquary of the same metal, hung round her neck. She wore bracelets on her arms, which were bare. Her dress was an undergown and kirtle of pale sea-green silk, over which hung a long loose robe which reached to the ground, having very wide sleeves, which came down, however, very little below the elbow. This robe was crimson, and manufactured out of the very finest wool. A veil of silk interwoven with gold was attached to the upper part of it, which could be, at the wearer's pleasure, either drawn over the face and bosom, after the Spanish fashion, or disposed as a sort of drapery round the shoulders."

The lady *Rovena* very clearly did not dress quite *à la mode*, or she would not have worn wide sleeves which, we have said, had then gone out. But before we blame her for this terrible neglect, we should remember that she lived in an out-of-the-way place; and as she enjoyed but little feminine society, she could rarely have the pleasure of talking of her toilette, which to many a fine lady is the height of earthly bliss.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.—The most pleasureable prospect to be seen this autumn will be the View of THE CLYDE entering the Coldstreams.



QUEEN BERENGARIA. FROM HER EFFIGY IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



WATERMAN (to Friend). "I say, TOM, they're a regular swollerin' of them Bonnets. They'd rather have 'em than a good Supper!"

THE ELEGANT SCHOOL-BOY.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH, *Hyde Park Gardens, West, Monday.*

"LORD MALMESBURY may say what he likes about the undesirability of young gentlemen being taught to spell, or being made fastidious about the style of their notes, but as a mother who is naturally proud to see her children do things elegantly, I entirely differ from his Lordship. I am glad to say that my own boys are at a school where the literary graces are cultivated with much attention, and when I give you an extract from the holiday letter of my dear youngest boy, who I am delighted to learn is coming home (bless him!) on the 22nd,* you will say, I hope, that this kind of correspondence has been very much improved since the days of the stupid stiff announcements my brothers used to send home when I was a girl. Is it not pretty? I give you my honour that I have not altered a word. After writing that he is requested to indite his vacation letter, and obeys with pleasure, dearest FREDDY proceeds—

"You must not, however, imagine from this circumstance that I dislike school, for I am very happy; but the change from its discipline to the indulgence of home is very agreeable."

"Indulgence, indeed! Bless his dear heart! Shan't he be indulged, that's all?"

"His affectionate Mother,
"ROSA LEONORA CUDDLECHICK."

"P.S. I dare say LORD MALMESBURY'S boys can none of them spell 'discipline'—spell it with a z perhaps, in honour of his patron, MR. DIZZY."

* Bless him, certainly, but I don't see any need for this enthusiasm about his return.—F.'s Papa.

Mot for last Monday.

Two ladies went shopping, and one said, with pride,

"My father, a hero, at Waterloo died;"

Responded the other, as meek as a mouse—

"My father's still dyeing for Waterloo House."

[Into which they entered, and spent a great deal more than they had any business to.

THE SOLDIERS OF SUPERSTITION.

THE Roman correspondent of the *Morning Post* supplies us with the pleasing intelligence which follows:—

"The Irish Brigade is beginning to be an object of some anxiety to the Government. . . . I have not as yet been able to ascertain the exact strength of the Irish Brigade at Macerata, but I understand that it will soon amount to 1,000 men. The anxiety of the Government arises from the discontented spirit already displayed by these men. It appears that they had been given to understand that they were coming to save the Pope himself and his devoted clergy from sacrilegious persecution and barbarous martyrdom—a supposition soon dispelled by the thriving appearance and handsome equipage of the ecclesiastical dignitaries whom they have hitherto seen at Ancona, Tolentino, and Macerata. There are also points regarding their individual comfort which are not at all to the men's satisfaction, such as having to sleep on straw, and to trust to an income of 43d. a day for the acquisition of such luxuries as form the solace of a soldier in garrison."

The first impression of every friend of liberty on hearing that a band of Irish fanatics had gone to uphold the Papal despotism by the slaughter of Italian patriots, was a hope that those who did not get shot or bayoneted would be hanged as murderers and traitors. If the above account, however, be true, it suggests compassion for the deluded dupes of sacerdotal deceivers, and a wish that some of them, at least, will come back again. In that case they will do much good by telling their friends how regularly they have been sold by their Priests; and the useful information thus diffused will abate the mischievous influence of those reverend humbugs.

LETTER FROM LORD MALMESBURY.

LORD MALMESBURY'S compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and hopes he will let him use his valuable columns to correct his speech which he did not make, at least the report is wrong, as he did not say that GARIBALDI had bombarded Genoa, but that Genoa was invaded, or at least bombarded, by the same man, that is to say that LORD MALMESBURY means that he was in the service of the KING OF SARDINIA, GARIBALDI was, (not that the KING and GARIBALDI are the same man), and he regrets that the wrong report should have got into circulation about GARIBALDI, and what he said in the House of Lords was quite different to the newspapers.

Carlton Club. Tuesday.



A PICTURE FOR THE INTEMPERATE.

Photographer. "NOW, SIR, STEP IN AND HAVE YOUR LIKENESS TAKEN. IT MIGHT BE USEFUL TO YOUR FAMILY!"

THE HOUSE OF LORDS ON A HOBBY.

AVANT Reform! from Wine and Beer
 Proceed we to affairs of weight.
 Hear, all ye people, England, hear
 On higher things a grand debate,
 Profound, yet lucid as the beam
 That darts from Light's perpetual source,
 The speakers noble Lords; the theme—
 That noble animal the horse.

Who drives fat oxen should be fat
 Himself; and 'tis a rule as true
 When noble beasts are canvassed, that
 Debaters should be noble too.
 A REDESDALE'S, GRANVILLE'S, BEAUFORT'S name
 Such high discussion well may grace,
 And all the House of STANLEY'S fame,
 Inseparable from the Race.

DERBY, how precious were thy brains,
 Were England but a stable; great
 No hand as thine to hold the reins,
 And drive the chariot of the State!
 Thy stud thy study thou hast made;
 Ah! couldst thou rule as well as ride,
 Our counsels were by judgment swayed,
 With knowledge earnestly applied.

Taxes, ye Peers, could you adjust
 Like Jockeys' weights, with rightful skill,
 The Commons would be glad to trust
 Your Lordships with a Money Bill.
 Your horses soon, yourselves and they,
 You'd put together; hand-in-hand
 Would laugh your Paper War away,
 And we should all sing "Happy Land."

O constitutional as wise
 In horseflesh, yet you could forbear,
 So highly Privilege you prize,
 To arrogate the Turf's own care.
 To vote a Horse Bill you decline;
 In that good mind for ever dwell
 Nor e'er intrench on others' line,
 Not understood, perhaps, as well.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 18. *Monday*, and the rest of the week. FIELD-MARSHAL THE HONOURABLE MR. PUNCH wants to be off to the Volunteer Review, and cannot spare the time to pick out the very small needles which may possibly lurk in the Parliamentary Bottle of Hay for the week.

The House of Lords has thrown out the Bill for the Abolition of Church Rates, and lays the entire fault upon the House of Commons, which so completely changed its mind upon the subject as to reduce its majorities from 70 to 9. So that matter happily stands over to be a bone of contention for new Sessions. LORD RAYNHAM'S Bill, for enabling Magistrates to flog Brutes who beat women, has been thrown out,—after passing a Second Reading,—practical men saying that the women would not be really benefited by the proposed legislation. The Police Magistrates think that the "Sixer" is a very effective preventive, and at all events ought to be tried for a considerable time longer. Divers Estimates have been proceeded with; and a Bill has been read a Second Time in the Lords for enabling Prisoners in dock to plead something else than "Not Guilty," which they do not understand to be as much a form as "Not at Home," and merely to mean "I want to be tried, and to take my chance of the fellows in wigs finding me a loophole." That is about all F.M. PUNCH has time to write, for his Carriage is at the door, or else he might perhaps have added some remarks upon LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S mystifications about the Swiss and Savoy question, upon which that Noble Lord has been taken to severe task by SIR ROBERT PEEL. But politics will keep, and Reviews will not; and so no more of Parliament at present from the world's affectionate friend and obedient Master,

PUNCH.

A TRIFLE FROM A STABLE.

MR. PUNCH is requested to state that a new novel, called *Mainstone's Housekeeper*, is not a Life of LORD PALMERSTON.

A LUCID EXPLANATION.

IN the account of HER MAJESTY'S Levee on the 20th, persons ignorant of Court customs must have been puzzled by the notice that—

"The day, being the Anniversary of HER MAJESTY'S Accession, was observed as a collar-day."

We can fancy MR. HODGE in the tap-room of the Chequers opening his eyes on spelling through this passage, and asking MR. HOBNAIL to explain to him the meaning of it. Whereto MR. HOBNAIL, after taking sundry whiffs to assist his meditation, might be imagined to make answer, "Why, dang it, MAESIER HODGE, I'll tell 'ee what's the meanun on't. Y' zee them Riyal annivussaries they be allus kep as 'ollidays, leastways they be in Lunnun zo, fur 'ollidays y' zee they baint not nigh so scace with them 'ere Lunneners as they be with you and I, acos y' zee as how the faermers can't erzackly shut up shop, zeeun as how the filds be allus open to be worked in, and zo y' zee them Lunneners when they gits a 'olliday they goes and jumps in sacks, and wheels a barrer blind-eyed, and climbs a greasy pole, and plays at them there zarts o' geames, but y' zee them chaps at Coort why they be more arisstocratic-like, and zo y' see they zeeks more intellectuwal injyments, and zo y' zee they goos a-grinnun drough a hoss-collar, which they drops the 'hoss' in speakun on't acos they thinks it vulgular, and zo y' see that 's why the Riyal 'olliday be tarmed at Coort a collar-day, and zo per'aps you'll ztand a pint to drink HER MAJESTY'S good health, fur arter this here talkun my droat be 'nition husky."

A Title of Honour.

SHOULD M. EDMUND ABOUT, the Imperial Pamphleteer, be ennobled for the ingenuity he has shown in his various lucubrations for promotion of the Imperial policy, we should suggest for his title "*About de ses Ressources.*"

HOME FOR THE MIDSUMMER HOLIDAYS.

Song by a Schoolboy.



THE summer holidays
are these,
But where are all the
strawberries?
The cherries also,
where are they?
I shriek—and Echo
answers Eh?

This time last year
a chap could eat,
At every stall, in any
street,
Enough to fill a fel-
low's hat
At one blow out—
no more of that!

Fruit—don't you
wish that you may
get,
With all this precious
cold and wet?

Wind, thunder, lightning, hail, and rain!
Oh, when will it be fine again?

No gooseberries this blessed year,
No currants will get ripe, I fear;
Perhaps no apples, pears, or plums,
And I'm at school when Autumn comes.

How shall my sorrow find relief?
For dinner let us have roast beef,
Turkey, plum-pudding, and mince-pie,
Whilst a good fire is blazing high.

And whilst I hear the cold wind blow,
I'll think that snowballs follow snow;
And hoping soon to skate or slide,
Take Midsummer for Christmas-tide.

PHONOGRAPHY FOR FRENCHMEN.

WE believe that many people have for many years imagined that English is a language vastly difficult to learn, and that London is a city vastly hard to get about. How absurd are these impressions, we have lately in some measure been able to point out: being aided in so doing by the *Guide of the Orphéonistes*,* a small but greatly useful and instructive publication, which a talented French author has recently produced. "Cette petite brochure" has been written "spécialement" for the Three Thousand Orphéonistes who this week have invaded us; and that it infallibly must prove of vital service to them, the slightest glance at its contents will amply serve to show. A *Guide* which teaches that in London there is a place existing called "Primerose Spitar;" that Piccadilly "se bifurque, et va rejoindre Holborn en traversant la Tamise sous les noms de Coventry-Street, Long Acre et Great Queen Street;" that "L'East End est situé le long de la Tamise et coupé par les docks de White Hall;" that the Old Royal Exchange, erected after the Great Fire, may be still seen after crossing over Old London Bridge; that at the Tower "on y montre encore la chambre de l'infortuné CHARLES I^{er}," who, if imprisoned there, was probably beheaded at Blackwall, for which the word "Whitehall" is a misprint in our histories; that among the sights worth seeing are "le Wauxhall" (still unsold), "la colonne de Waterloo" (whose site is not described), and "la colonne de Nelson, dans Belgravee-Square:" a guide-book so instructive, and written by a Frenchman, tends more to refute the popular delusion that Frenchmen, as a rule, have perfect ignorance of England, than anything which well could be devised for that effect.

Of value quite as marked are its directions for attaining a right knowledge of our language, and for learning how to "spike the Inglis" like a native, with an ease which has been hitherto to Frenchmen quite impossible, and an accent which they vainly have endeavoured to attain. To this end they are furnished with a manual of small talk, in which the English words are phonographed, or written as they sound, being spelt with the French letters that their right pronunciation may be studied by the French. That we may make clear to our readers in how masterly a manner this new notion is pursued, we think it will suffice to cite the following few phrases, from the "Manuel Anglais de

* "Vocabulaire et Guide des Orphéonistes Français à Londres. Par A. R. B. Paris, 1860."

conversation usuelle." As samples of the kind of familiar conversation which everybody knows is usual among us, their usefulness to foreigners is too obvious to note:—

"Iz leur otel tchip? Ies, seur, véré tchip. Aou meutch è dai? Tou shillins è nait. Et iz tou dier. Aou meutch ouil iou guive? Aie ouil pai ounlé ouenn shillenn èndd siks pènnce. Aie kennat lét for thèt pràice. * * Ouère iz maie roum? Thère et iz. The carpèt iz meutch oueurn aout [This remarkably original and useful observation we especially advise our French friends to get up.] * * Ouaitèur! è keup of cofi. Guive mi som dginn èndd hot ouateur. Leur ti iz kauld. Aie ouant tou smoke è pàipe. Briang mi som faieur. [Truly English, this!] * * Aie emm göing tou béd. Ouère iz maie kendllstic? Guive mi som laît. Èouèke mi tou maro eurlé. * * Are maie bouts clinnd? Are maie cloths breushd? Èz [has] ènd bodé ouèted onn mé? * * If iou pliz, ouitch iz thè ouè tou gou tou tou thè cristeul-pèléce? * * Aou dou iou call thèt dèntillmènn? Dou iou no ouenn i [he] shèl com bak? * * Ouat è tcharming peursonn! Kènn iou tèl mi ouère shi livz? Ouil iou inntroïouce mi tou heur? Miss, ouil iou dannee with mi? Ouith plèjeure! Allo mi tou ofeur iou ènn aïce. Ouènn shèl aïe si iou èguènn? Shèl aïe go èndd tèke iou tou maro tou ève è ouak èbaout thè taoun?"

These phrases are headed "PRONONCIATION FIGURÉE," but what sort of a figure the Orphéonistes will cut if they venture to depend on this "prononciation figurée," we will not be so cruel as to frighten them by guessing. Our vivid fancy shrinks from picturing the fate of a believer in the *Guide*, who, on arriving at "thé Lonndonn-Bridgge railoué stésheunn" should say "iés seur," when some friend asks him, "shèl oui tèke é kèb?" and after crying "còtchmènu! sèt eus daoun tou Haïde-park," should on reaching "Obeun Ill" be somehow made to "unndeurstèndd" that his "lodgings are quouaite nièr;" and thereupon, after inquiring "aou meutch thè draive?" should be driven to ask the "draiveur, ouil iou tèhènddge mi thè bènnknot?" The chances are, we fear, that the "frèntch dgèntillmènn" would "faïud" himself "som cilveur" short, and would have to pay not less than "è haf-soverènn" for his "leugguèdè," more especially supposing that he chanced to put the question, "If iou pliz, seur, ouitch iz thè valiou of thèt coïnn?"

It will sufficiently be seen from the extracts we have made that the book we are reviewing is no ordinary work. But many as are its merits, and much as we have said of them, we have still left uncommended what is claimed to be their chief. As the Orphéonistes have come to charm us with their music, in imitation of the deity from whom their name has been derived, they of course have thought it needful to sing "God Save the Queen," it being known that there is nothing which so delights an Englishman as to hear "God Save the Queen" sung to him by a foreigner. This is evidently felt by the author of the *Guide*, who has taken the utmost pains to smooth away the obstacles which beset the path of Frenchmen, in singing what he calls the "chant national anglais;" and having triumphed over them with marvellous success, he in his preface makes this modest allusion to the fact:—

"Mais c'est surtout pour la prononciation du 'God Save the Queen' que la brochure sera indispensable aux Orphéonistes. Les indications précises qu'elle contient, les exemples de prononciation qu'elle donne, permettront à tous les chanteurs de dire, avec la même accentuation, l'hymne national de l'Angleterre."

It is not every writer who has sufficient courage to give himself such praise, however conscious he may be that he thoroughly deserves it. But as a proof of how well merited the praise is in this case, we really must find room to print the "hymn" in its entirety, and give the first of the "Conseils relatifs à la prononciation" which are appended to explain the proper accent of each word:—

"God * séve aoueur grésheuss Couinn!
Long live aoueur nòbeuill Couinn!
God séve thè Couinn!
Sènnè heur victòrieuss,
Hèppè èndd glòrieuss,
Long tou réinn oueur euss,
God séve thè Couinn!

"Thai tchoicèst guifts inn stòre
Onn heur bi plizd tou por;
Long mé shi réinn!
Mé shi dèstèndd aoueur laze,
Èndd èveur guive euss caze
Tou sïng ouith art èndd voïce:
God séve thè Couinn!"

* "L'o se prononce comme dans ode, long."

To see our national anthem thus distorted into what looks really like an extract from the defunct *Phonetic Nix*, is a sight which any Englishman must certainly take pleasure in, and we therefore are rejoiced that we can spare space to exhibit it. If the singing be one half as funny as the spelling, it will go far to make "God séve thè Couinn" a comic song; and as comicalities are rather in our line, we shall certainly be careful not to miss the chance of hearing it.

A Neat Quotation.

WHEN the Sicilian population wished to fire on the ships sent for the use of GENERAL LETIZIA in embarking the Garrison of Palermo, GARIBALDI remonstrated with them in the well-known lines from HORACE—

"Natis in usum Lætitiae scyphis
Pugnare, Thracum est."

Anglicè, "It would be barbarous to attack the ships sent for the use of LETIZIA."

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

WHAT do you think of LOUIS NAPOLEON's last move?
Decidedly à Baden (a bad 'un).

STABAT-MATER, SEDEBAT-PATER.

"SIR, "I WAS at MR. BENEDICT'S Concert, at Her Majesty's Theatre, and an admirable Concert it was,—rich to excess with every soil of musical attraction that could justify a man in giving up four hours in the day to having his ears pleased; but that's not the question now.

"The question is, *Mr. Punch*, whether you think that, because a woman comes late to a place of the kind, she has a right to expect a man who has come early to give up his seat to her? and whether she is justified in standing near him, like a standing reproach, and every now and then looking at him as if he were a brute, because he does not get up and resign his place?

"Because that is the way many women behave. They, having nothing to do, can just as well be punctual as not, and if they were they would get a place; but they come in late, and with a sort of insolent notion that room is to be made for them, let them come when they like.

"Several women behaved in that way at MR. BENEDICT'S Concert; and as I happened to have an end seat, near the Stalls (did I say I went into the Pit, and never bestowed Seven Shillings better?), I was the butt for a good deal of this sort of thing. Sir, I stood upon principle, and sat upon my seat. I would not move, and regarded the singers with fixed attention, turning adders' ears to mutterings behind and beside me about 'no notion of Gentlemen permitting Ladies to stand.' And in the intervals I smiled very blandly (I have a bland smile, my friends say) upon the insolent and disappointed females. The *Stabat-Mater* was excellently sung by ALBONI and TITIENS, and I enjoyed myself much.

"Was I not right, Sir? Has a woman a right to use moral force to turn me out of a place which I paid for and came early to secure? Unless you say she has, I shall pursue the same line of conduct, and

"I am, Sir, yours obediently,

"NO CHERUB."

"P.S. And it's so mean to attack us men. The women dared not attack other women. They knew better. There was really plenty of room for everybody, for MR. B. issued no more tickets than the place would hold; but the Crinolines were immoveably obstinate, and contemptuously rejected the slightest suggestion to move ever so little closer. Upon my honour, *Mr. Punch*, I think women are awfully selfish."

THE THREE WISHES.

THAT variety is charming is proverbially asserted, and must have been borne in mind by the writer when he penned this curious advertisement, which a Correspondent sends us from a Dublin print:—

WANTED in HARCOURT STREET, by a Barrister who resides in the suburbs, an Unfurnished Drawing-room as an Office. Liberal terms. Also to Lend, on Mortgage, £13,000, at 4½, or a less sum at 4½, per cent.; to be first charges on fee-simple estates of ample value. To Sell, a Half-bred Bay Mare, rising six years old, warranted sound, quiet, and safe. Price moderate. Address, &c.

There is somewhat of a tangle in this string of wants, and we may doubt if many readers will be able to unravel it. That a barrister should want to make an office of a drawing-room, is possibly in Ireland a common thing enough; but that a gentleman with £13,000 to lend should want to get rid of a mare with all the virtues named above appears, to ordinary minds at least, no ordinary case. Indeed one can't help fancying, from the "moderate price" asked, that besides her many virtues, the mare must have some vice. In fact, without casting the slightest imputation on the animal, we may be suffered of this mare to guess that "thereby hangs a tale."

FOREIGN FREEDOM FOR IRELAND.

FRENCH Pamphleteers are urging the British Government, sympathising as it does with the Sicilians struggling for liberty, to emancipate Ireland. Let us first, however, be permitted to try the effect of giving Ireland that constitutional licence which the leading nation of Europe enjoys. Suppose the LORD LIEUTENANT to be constituted an autocrat, the Irish Parliamentary representation reduced to a cipher, the *Nation* newspaper warned, suspended, and finally suppressed, together with all the other Irish journals which dare in the remotest manner to censure the policy of Government, their contumacious editors being all transported; suppose DR. CULLEN'S pastorals prohibited, and the Priests forbidden to preach political sermons; suppose the whole of the Emerald Isle subjected to a conscription; fancy, in short, the Irish tongue, press, and pulpit all well gagged, and the whole Irish people thoroughly dragooned. Ireland having thus far had her political condition assimilated to that of the Model Empire, is it not possible that she would be so supremely happy that she would not wish to attain to any more complete degree of independence of tyrannical England?

DREARY SONG FOR DREARY SUMMER.

Mr. Punch sings with accompaniment of a Pipe and Tobacco.

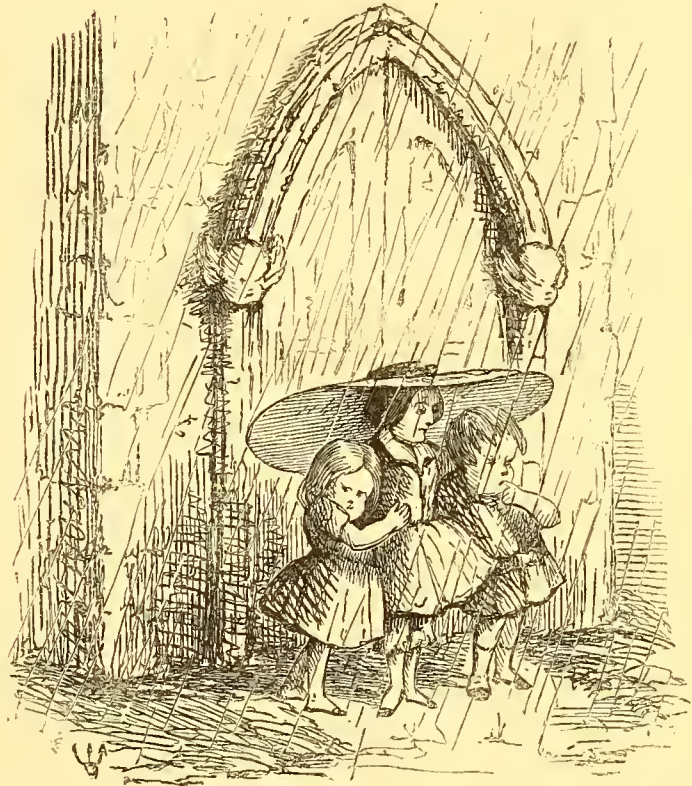
WELL, don't cry, my little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Amuse yourself, and break some toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

Alas, for the grass on papa's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
He'll have to buy hay at an awful rate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

Mamma, she can't go out for a drive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
How cross she gets about four or five,
For the rain it raineth every day.

If I were you, I'd be off to bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Or the damp will give you a cold in the head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago this song was done,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
And I, for one, cannot see its fun,
But the Dyces and the Colliers can—they say.



A SENSIBLE STRIKE.

THE *Times* tells us that the town of Sheffield has been placarded with a request that the inhabitants generally will "discontinue the consumption of meat until it is reduced to a reasonable price," and that the workmen of several firms, to the number of 3,000, have published their determination to "abstain from the use of butchers' meat until there is a reasonable reduction in the price of it." This is a strike to which there can be no objection, but which on the contrary is highly laudable. It evinces proper ideas of the relation of demand to supply, and of domestic no less than of political economy. The men on strike against the butchers will doubtless content themselves with that legitimate demonstration, and not ruin a good cause by trying to bully and intimidate their unwise workfellows who are fools enough to accept imposition and eat extravagant mutton.

Great Success of a New Periodical.

NOTHING of the periodical character that has come out in our time can pretend to a success equal to that which attended the new work which appeared last Saturday, entitled "*The Volunteer Review*." Its first issue reached close upon 30,000.

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL METAMORPHOSIS.—If the German *Grand Ducs* allow themselves to be humbugged by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, they will prove themselves "grand geese."



ONE OF THE RIGHT SORT.

Grandmamma. "WHAT CAN YOU WANT, ARTHUR, TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL SO PARTICULARLY ON MONDAY FOR? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO STAY WITH US TILL THE END OF THE WEEK!"

Arthur. "WHY YOU SEE, GRAN'MA—WE ARE GOING TO ELECT OFFICERS FOR OUR RIFLE CORPS ON MONDAY, AND I DON'T LIKE TO BE OUT OF IT!"

CROPPED HEADS FOR CROWNED CRIMINALS.

THE following statement relative to the bombardment of Palermo is official, but it occurs not in a Neapolitan telegram, but in the report of REAR-ADMIRAL MUNDY to the Secretary of the Admiralty. It may therefore be presumed to be not utterly false but strictly true:—

"The scene is reported as most horrible. A whole district, 1,000 yards (English) in length, by 100 wide, is in ashes; families have been burnt alive with the buildings; whilst the atrocities of their troops have been frightful. In other parts, convents, churches, and isolated castles have been crushed by the shells, 1,100 of which were thrown into the city from the citadel, and about 200 from the ships of war, besides grape, canister, and round shot."

Surely the author of all this murder and arson ought—let us not say to be hanged, but—to be punished at least as severely as an unhappy RUSH or a poor PALMER. Could not the monarchs of Europe, with the consent of their subjects, execute justice on offenders of their own order? A Congress of Sovereigns might hold an assize on a criminal fellow, who would in that case, so to speak, be tried by his Peers. The sentence of such a tribunal might sever a crowned head from its shoulders, if capital punishment were not too barbarous in any case to be possible. The high Court of Kings could at least consign an atrocious tyrant, with his head simply cropped, to a reformatory, where he might be subjected to the discipline of love and kindness, have tracts to read, and be visited daily by a clergyman. His head might be taken; but only in plaster of Paris, for the use of phrenologists, who would place it in the same class as GREENACRE'S.

A Priesthood with a Hook.

THE Roman Catholic Priests of Ireland boast themselves to be Fishers of Men. Not content, however, with catching fish, they also crimp them.

YORK, YOU'RE VERY MUCH WANTED.

MR. PUNCH finds the following announcement in a Sheffield paper:—

WANTED, a SUBSTITUTE for the FIRST WEST YORK RIFLES. A Premium will be given.—Apply at the Printer's.

What does this mean? Are the gallant First West Yorks tired of volunteering already? We are sorry to hear this. From an account we had of the appearance of the body, from a friend whom we sent into the North to buy us some real York hams, we have reason to think there can be no satisfactory Substitute for so fine a set of men. We don't like their idea of disbanding, and hope they will pocket their proposed Premium and alter their proposed Policy.

Cure for Bribery and Corruption.

LEGALISE open bribery. Punish secret bribery with fine and imprisonment. Every case of bribery and corruption being a public transaction, the number of rogues in any constituency will be notorious. When the rogues become too many for practical purposes, disfranchise the constituency.

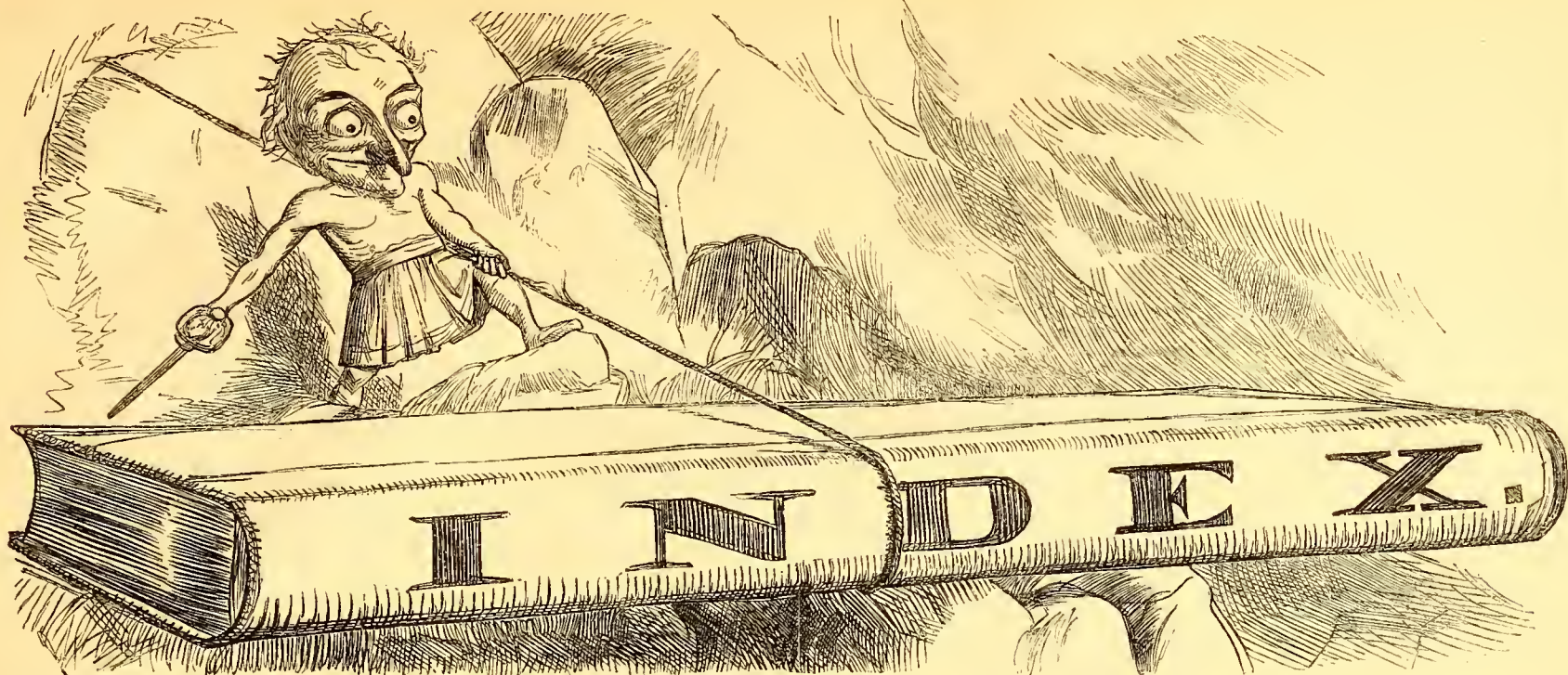
Il Millione Fucili.

It is very easy to talk in honour of "Garibaldi and Liberty," but Mr. Punch takes the Garibaldi and liberty of informing people that their devotion to the good cause is now to be tried. It is moreover to be tried by Jewry, namely, the Old Jewry, to Number Six wherein, and to the care of a well-known and excellent Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Ashurst, appointed by Garibaldi himself, they may send proof pecuniary that they mean *micching mallecho*, that is to say mischief, to Bomba. Out with the Browns if you want to out with the Bourbon.—PUNCH.



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The Finish.

LONDON:

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.











71.2009.084.0905

