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DREAMLAND.

WHETHER it came *via* Horn or *via* Ivory, never mind. The Dream came, and it is something to get dreams or sleep either, with the winds in the state of ululant distraction which they manifest in this present drear-nighted December.

What made the divine PUNCH dream of MINERVA he does not know, unless it was that he had been enjoying a particularly good dinner at the Athenæum, and that he dropped into slumber, fancying that he was an Owl of the most elegant character, and feeling rather inclined to hiss at most people, and bite the others.

Anyhow, there he was, up on Olympus with his old friend JUPITER, whom he was cheering with assurances of support, in the event of the BISHOP OF NATAL trying to write him down.

MINERVA, who had put on her very best spoon helmet to fascinate PUNCH (the Goddesses are as artful as the Women), was praying and beseeching him to accept the Crown of Greece. ;

The goddess was talking her choicest Greek to him, and the polysyllables melted from her lips like bonbons with liqueur in them. He seemed to understand her as perfectly as DR. PARR could have done, and his conversation, though Socratic in its wisdom, had that slight Alcibiadic flavour which is not unacceptable even to goddesses of middle age. JUPITER kept laughing, and though MR. BENJAMIN D'IXION-IN-HEAVEN, M.P., says that nectar is out of fashion up there, the great Pelasgic Dodonean was certainly drinking it as if he liked it. MR. PUNCH has seen, on this earth, very great Swells, whose dining-out talk is of Tokay, glue their lips to the modest pewter when at home, and JOVE was at home. Perhaps he had taken an economical turn, in order to annoy his venerable ox-eyed wife—let us be charitable at Christmas.

But his accomplished daughter BLUE-EYES kept on pleading and pestering, with all the audacity of a young English lady at a fancy-fair.

“Do take the Crown, my dear MR. PUNCH,” she said. “I will have the Parthenon put in thorough repair

for you, and furnished with all the improvements—hot and cold water on the premises, and a Lift to carry you up to bed, when you have had——”

“Madam?” said MR. PUNCH, as sternly as he can speak to a female.

“Had too hard a day’s work for the good of mankind,” said MINERVA, mending her bid with a blush worthy of her relative AURORA. “Do—o—o,” pleaded the goddess, pursing her handsome lips into a wheedling entreaty.

“Hoo—hoo—hoo,” said the Owl, to the best of his power imitating his mistress.

“I can’t, my dear, and there’s an end of it,” said MR. PUNCH, smiling, and giving the Owl a kindly little kick. “Your father knows I’ve got enough to attend to without going in for King.”

“It is the neatest thing out in kingdoms,” urged MISS MINERVA, who has been growing rather fast since the Universities took to examining out-siders. “Who could desire a nicer little domain?”

“Hoo—hoo—hoo?” asked the Owl.

“You might oblige the girl,” said JUPITER.

“You might mind your own business,” said MR. PUNCH. “I have many reasons against it. I’ll tell you one—Consider JUDY. The wife of a Chief Magistrate ought to be something to look at, or she hinders him. I see WILLIAM RUSSELL’S delightful American Diary on that cloud,—well, you know what he says about the advantage which VARINA DAVIS has over MRS. LINCOLN, and the consequent gain to the Southern President. Now, JUDY, though the best of wives, is really——”

“I am sure you ought to be ashamed of yourself, talking so,” said MISS MINERVA. “She is a very striking looking person, and wears a great deal better than you do.”

“I’ll tell her what you say,” said MR. PUNCH, “but I won’t be King of Greece.”

MINERVA burst into tears, and wiped her blue eyes with her alabaster hand. “Hoo—hoo—hoo,” went the Owl, and wiped his brown eyes with his ridiculous claw.

“Phlegethically selfish and unkind of you,” growled JUPITER.

“If you use that kind of language, I shall not stay in Olympus,” said MR. PUNCH, “I am not used to it, I can tell you. MINERVA-PALLAS-ATHENA-CECROPIA my dear, don’t cry, but listen.”

MINERVA wiped her eyes again, and the Owl drew his wing over his beak.

“I can’t be King over your Greeks, but I can and will be their guide, philosopher, and friend. Take this volume” (and a green and golden tome suddenly appeared—as such things will in dreams—in MR. PUNCH’S hand).

“Let the Grecians,” he said, “study that, and they will have slight need of Kings or any such luxuries.”

The goddess smiled radiantly.

“Hoo!—hoo!—hoo!” exclaimed the smiling Owl.

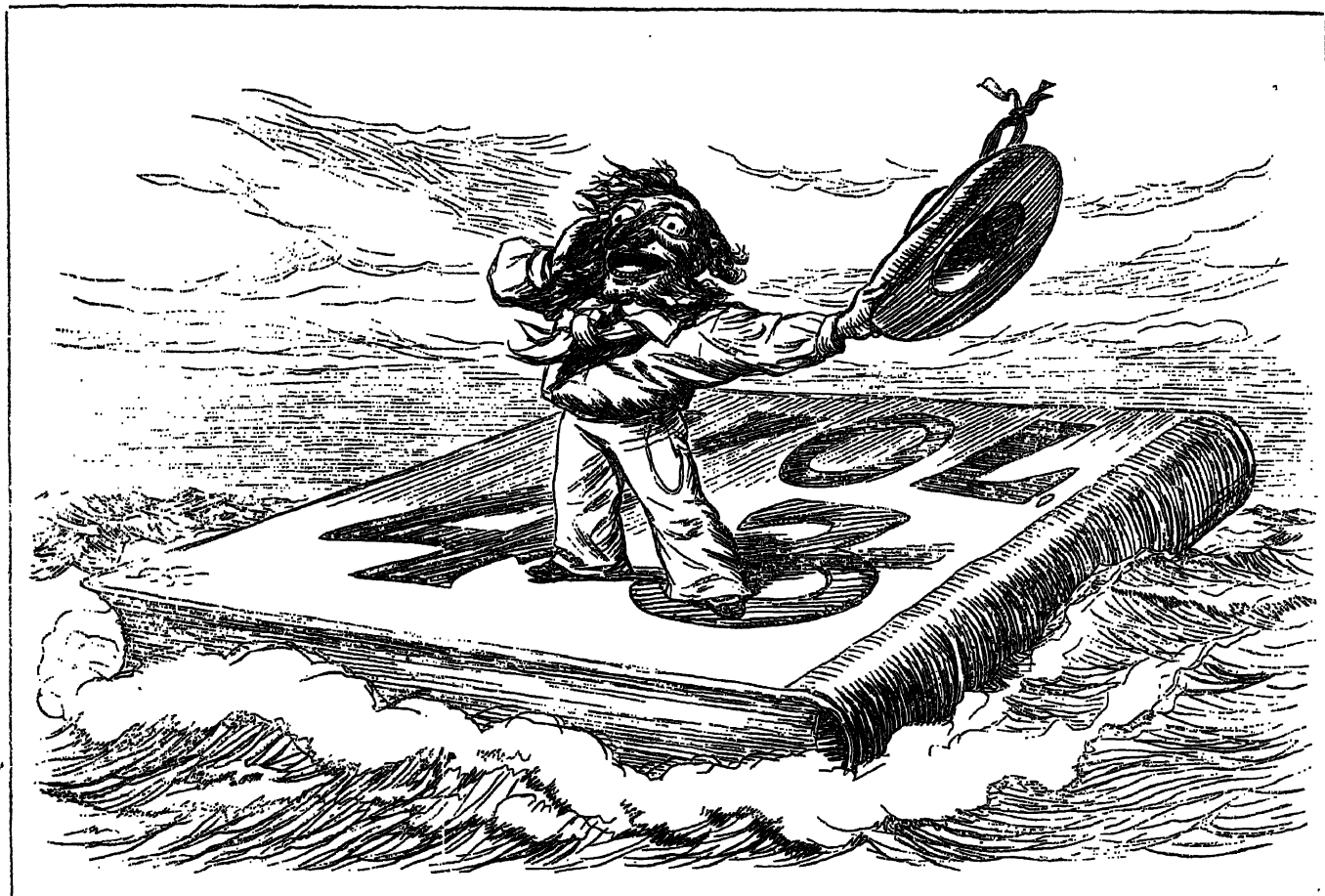
The next moment MR. PUNCH awoke in the bosom of his four-post bedstead.

“Well,” he said, sitting up defiantly, “and who could do better for her than give her my

“Forty-Third Volume.”

“Hoo, indeed?” said the





PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, June 23rd. The LORD CHANCELLOR, *mirabile dictu*, missed a good point. He had an opportunity of reading the Lords a lecture illustrated pictorially. He had to introduce a Bill for doing away with the Queen's Prison. Just over his head was COPE's fresco of PRINCE HENRY misconducting himself before JUDGE GASCOIGNE, who committed his Royal Highness to the prison now to be abolished. LORD WESTBURY might have done a good bit of demonstrative oratory, and been the first to appeal to the decorations on their Lordship's walls, in the way that in the old days Senators used to make appeals to the extremely insecty tapestry which was luckily burnt up, insects and all, some years back. Now somebody else will get the first innings at that kind of thing. Perhaps when SIR MORRIS PETO is made a lord, he will point to the Christening of the adult St. ETHELBERT with pardonable Baptist admiration, or LORD CHELMSFORD, pleading for the unlucky Bankruptcy Clerks, will respectfully call the Lords' attention to MACLISE'S *Spirit of Justice*. However, the Bill was introduced, the few prisoners in the Q. P. will be taken to White Cross Street, and it is hoped that the ground, which is worth £200,000 and more, will be taken as the site of St. Thomas's Hospital. This will be a good compromise between the views of those who think it should be in Seven Dials or some such den, and those who want to set it down in Salisbury Plain, so that a patient with a broken limb may have a pleasant railway ride into fresh air on his way to the operating table.

MR. SCULLY began the week characteristically. MR. PAGE's beautiful new Westminster bridge is scarcely open, when SCULLY wants palisades stuck up along it, to prevent people from voluntarily jumping into the river. We really demur to spoiling the bridge in order to give such people the trouble of going round the corner, but we cannot complain of MR. SCULLY for standing up to represent the lunatic interest.

The House then went at the important question of the week, and SIR GEORGE LEWIS demanded leave to raise One Million Two Hundred Thousand Pounds by annuities, for Fortifications of Arsenals. There was, of course, a long debate, and the questions, whether we want such things, and whether they are of any use, and whether forts can demolish ships as easily as ships can demolish forts, and whether our experiments on ordnance are satisfactory, and all the rest of the arguments with which we have been deluged since the *Morrinac* ran at the *Monitor*, were ventilated, as the slang goes, for several hours. PRINCE NAPOLEON came into the House during the debate, and MR. DISRAELI

went and talked to him, while LORD PALMERSTON, more delicately, remained in his place (long may he remain there), and paid high compliments to France, and quoted Latin, for the greater delectation of the owner of the Pompeian villa. MR. DISRAELI was not going to be trumped, so he came back and made a speech reminding the Committee that LORD PALMERSTON had said two years ago that we ought to arm against France. Doubtless the Prince was edified, and the end was that in spite of MR. OSBORNE, who let off a long and clever attack upon the Fortification scheme, and defined "efficiency" as "increased expenditure," the Government carried the resolution, giving the money.

Tuesday. The Scotch Public-houses Bill went through another stage in the Lords, and LORD MINTO wished it recommitted. He protested against the repressive system, and contended that the FORBES MACKENZIE Act had not done the good with which it was credited. He said—

"An improvement had no doubt been effected in the drinking habits of the higher and middle orders of Scotland; but these classes were those who were least influenced by any legislation of this sort, and if any intemperance still lingered among them, it could not be dealt with by any measures like the present. There was, however, on the other hand, a considerable degree of drunkenness among the poorer classes."

On the first allegation *Mr. Punch* entirely agrees with his Lordship, for on each successive visit paid by *Mr. Punch* to the aristocracy and gentry of Scotland, he has found the claret better and better, and has been invited and assisted to partake of larger quantities of it. The DUKE OF ARGYLL defended the Bill, and so did the DUKE OF Buccleugh, who may reasonably be expected to admire a Repressive System, whether applied to public houses or public carriages. The Lords supported the measure by 68 to 22.

The EARL OF DERBY complained that the country police did not aid in the suppression of Night Poaching. He did not want the constables to be gamekeepers, but urged that where gangs of twenty men (not out of employment, but colliers and others, receiving good wages) went about at night armed, stole game, beat and stabbed keepers, robbed farmhouses, and committed other excesses, the police ought to be ordered to deal with them. EARL BERNERS introduced a Bill with a view to meeting such cases. DR. WILBERFORCE brought in a Bill for facilitating the making more bishops "in heathen parts." We shall have the heathen making reprisals if the hierarchs do not take care.

Scotland had a second innings in the Commons. The Scotch Police Bill, which must be a kind of Code Caledonian, for it contains about 500 clauses, went through Committee. Such legislation is very sensibly discussed at private meetings with Scotch Members, where men do not go for the purpose of making speeches but of doing business. What the Code Caledonian may intend to do, those who are interested know best, but if SIR MICHAEL STEWART'S allegation be correct, that "it will tie the proprietors of land and the occupiers of houses hand and foot," we scarcely see how, in that painful attitude the Scotch will be able to extend to their Southron friends the usual hospitalities of the autumn. But we have all heard of a chieftain to the Highlands bound, and as his being so fastened is not recorded to have much interfered with his comforts, we will hope that our other Scotch friends may be equally fortunate.

MR. SOTHERON ESTCOURT then tried to settle the Church Rate question—and didn't.

SIR JOHN TRELAWNY moved for leave to bring in a Bill to allow certain persons to make Affirmations instead of Oaths. SIR GEORGE BOWYER thought such a measure would remove a very powerful means of getting at the truth. MR. ROEBUCK thought that a person's declaring his disbelief in a future state was a better guarantee for his honesty than the readiness of a hypocrite to take any oath proposed to him. There are two sides to the question, of course. There are numerous persons who suffer much injustice, and of whose evidence others are unjustly deprived, because the former are known to be unsatisfied that there are future rewards and punishments. But there are thousands who will, and daily do, tell the most uncompromising lies, but who are afraid to lie, much, when the oath has been administered. Still, and although exceptional legislation is impolitic, means might be devised for relieving the really conscientious, without destroying the hold which the present system gives upon a great mass of dishonest but impressionable persons. Leave was granted, by 88 to 59, to bring in the Bill.

HER MAJESTY wishes to sell her Bake House in Peasod Street, Windsor. Is this the house where the bakers' wives lived to whom *Falstaff* sold the shirts which *Mrs. Quickly* had bought him? And did the street take its name from the husband of *Mistress Squash*, to whom *Mr. Bottom* sent his compliments by little *Peasblossom*? If so, MR. COLLIER had better look after the purchase. MR. COWPER will give him every information.

Wednesday. A day of disagreeable business, the record of which *Mr. Punch* intends to tie up exceedingly tight. SIR GEORGE BOWYER moved the Second Reading of a Bill for altering the Government of the Inns of Court. Our Government saw no case for the Bill, and opposed it. Now it is notorious that the Middle Temple Benchers have had to investigate certain charges made against MR. DIGBY SEYMOUR, the ultra-liberal Member for Southampton, and that the judgment was unfavourable to that patriot. To-day he deemed it fit to bring his case before the House, to defend himself, and to assail the tribunal of the Temple. MR. BOVILL, as a Benchers, replied, defended the Benchers, and assailed the Member for Southampton. SIR GEORGE GREY expressed what will probably be the opinion of most persons, that as there is an appeal to a higher Court than that of the Temple, it is desirable that the judgment of such Court should be obtained by MR. DIGBY SEYMOUR. SIR GEORGE BOWYER withdrew his Bill.

Thursday. MAZZINI has not thrown himself into Vesuvius in consequence of LORD BROUGHAM'S expression of non-esteem for him, and to-night his Lordship said that he had been informed that MAZZINI did incur danger when conspiring. But LORD BROUGHAM thought him wrong in troubling Europe and provoking Austria, without securing the co-operation of France. So that the real complaint is, not that MAZZINI conspires, but that he does not do so on a sufficiently large scale. Well, let us hope that if he has any present designs on Rome, he will secure the co-operation of NAPOLEON THE THIRD, Emperor of the French, and elected of the Millions.

A Fortifications debate in the Lords brought out some good speakers, and among other orators our friend GEORGE delivered himself very sensibly in favour of defences, and afterwards wrote a very proper letter to the *Times* correcting a couple of errors in the report of his address. He proposes to mass men at Reigate in case of an invasion, and in addition to the excellent strategical reasons for this, we approve of the course on account of the extremely good beer which may be obtained in that impetuous town.

The Commons worked away at the Conveyancing Reform Bill, and also at the Petroleum Bill, which proposes to deal with a somewhat similar nuisance, for while the attorney eats up your house, the petroleum burns it down.

Friday. A fuss was made in the Lords about the getting some female or other to sign a petition which she did not understand, and supposed to ask the reverse of its real prayer. More inquiry was ordered, but if this sort of puritanism is to be carried out, petitioning may as well be put down by law. How many people who sign petitions could, five minutes afterwards, write down in a sensible fashion, the substance of their appeal to the Parliament to make or alter laws? However, in

this particular case the interests of private property were involved, which of course makes a difference. Imperial legislation may take its chance, but a railway cutting is a serious matter.

Another proof of Administrative honesty was afforded. The brave fellows who took Kertch have hitherto been kept out of their prize money, and although all the leading Lords, including LORDS HARDWICKE, the DUKE OF SOMERSET, LORD CHELMSFORD, LORD GREY, and LORD DERBY, unhesitatingly declared the claim to be a fair one, the Government gave a sort of "wish you may get it" answer, and it was more than hinted, that Government resisted this just demand, inasmuch as the cry for economy was now rather strong. The scandal is so flagrant that we should not wonder at its enduring. It is sometimes a misfortune to have too good a case.

The LORD CHANCELLOR announced that MR. EDWIN JAMES'S patent, as one of the Queen's Counsel, was to be cancelled. So the last link is broken that binds that patriot to an aristocracy-ridden and tyrannical old rotten country, and he is free to soar upon the wings of the American Eagle, if that downy bird is inclined to take him up. The New York judges will, however, take notice of the act of the LORD CHANCELLOR, and may have their own ideas as to the causes which have induced him to take a course so rarely adopted.

This Thames Embankment question is the most important domestic topic of the day, and at the risk of being momentarily prosaic, *Mr. Punch* begs to call attention to the state of the case. We want an Embankment all along the north side of the river, from the City to the Clock Tower at Westminster. We shall have it, but not unless Parliament and the nation speak out. For a wealthy Scottish Duke has just built himself a fine house near Westminster Bridge, and he naturally dislikes the having a road brought between his garden and the river. He and some rich friends have Bribed (with a big B and you can't touch us, Duke or anybody else)—have, we repeat, Bribed the Committee that had to report upon the subject. The Duke and his friends offer £90,000 in aid of making the road, provided it is not taken between the gardens and the river, and the Committee has been weak enough to be bribed, on behalf of the British tax-payer, with this offer. Not all the Committee, by the way. SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, SIR MORTON Peto, COLONEL BROWNLOW KNOX, and MR. POLLARD URBURGH, have resisted, but there were seven on the other side. Now, the DUKE OF BUCKLEUCH, for he is the chief obstructive, is a worthy man, and all that, but we cannot sacrifice the Thames Embankment to his desire to have a private garden. There will be a good fight over the business, for he is very rich, and has immense influence, and therefore it behoves Parliament to be wide-awake and resolute. The subservient Committee are so ashamed of what they have done that they begin to defend themselves before they are hit, and LORD ROBERT MONTAGU thought he had done a very clever thing in attacking MR. COWPER for having held some communication on the subject with a gentleman who writes in the *Times*, but the device was too transparent, and all that came of it was that the House perceived that the Committee and those who oppose the Embankment are dreadfully afraid of the Press, and that a MR. HIGGINS, who by mistake received a letter intended for the MR. HIGGINS, was described by MR. COWPER as a person whose acquaintance the latter did not desire to improve. But all this is beside the mark—the Mark is the DUKE OF BUCKLEUCH until he is kind enough (and he is a very kind Duke) to get out of the way.

MR. LAWSON wants to legislate upon liquor in the spirit of the Maine Liquor Law. It is perfectly clear, as SIR GEORGE GREY told him, that the people of this country are not prepared for such legislation. But something ought to be done, in presence of the fact that great part of the crime of the country is attributable to drink. At present "I was drunk," is held to be an extenuation. Make it an aggravation—punish first for the drunkenness, and then for the crime, and see whether the lesson can be learned. The Magistrates can do this without any new law, if they be minded to try the experiment.

SIR F. GOLDSMID made a pathetic appeal to LORD PALMERSTON in favour of certain Russian Jews who were accused in 1853 of a course of murders, and who seem to have had their full run of appeals to all the Russian tribunals ever since. The final decision of the highest Court is, that they were guilty, and they are sentenced to transportation. LORD PALMERSTON did not exactly see how to interfere in favour of these interesting persons, but expressed a general and agreeable hope that the legal arrangements of Russia would be improved, and added that the present EMPEROR was a very humane man, which we rather think we have heard before.

When we mention that there was an Indian debate, about soldiers, and that SIR CHARLES WOOD came out with arguments and figures, we are sure that we shall be excused from aiding that remarkable person further to bewilder himself and the public.

We Live to be Deceived.

It seems that there is no chance of securing a cab unless you happen to be a party of three or four. This is the first time we ever know a cabman to evince the slightest reluctance in *taking one in*.

ASTOUNDING ADVERTISEMENTS.



SEVERAL advertisements for left-off clothes have appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*. Among them there is one from some persons named HARRIS—not of Shoe Lane. Another is from a MR. LEWIS MOSES. We can well understand HARRIS, and LEWIS MOSES, in this connection; but we have some difficulty in understanding the name which occurs in the notification annexed:—

ONCE-VALUED; Rejected; Discarded; Regretted. — GRANVILLE AND Co., Old Wardrobe Depot, &c., RECEIVE PARCELS OF LEFT-OFF APPAREL, and remit, write, or visit, per return. To captains, and for benevolent purposes, a liberal allowance made on large lots. Home and export orders, direct or through agents, accompanied with remittances, promptly and justly executed.

The noble name of GRANVILLE, standing in relation to 'clo', is hardly explicable. The GRANVILLE and the LEVISON-GOWERS are akin certainly; but the LEVISONs are a different family from the LEVISONs. Nevertheless it is not impossible that GRANVILLE AND Co. may be among the sons of LEVI.

MESSRS. GRANVILLE AND

Co.'s advertisement begins with what is evidently meant for a line of poetry:—

"Once valued; Rejected; Discarded; Regretted."

To which, just for the sake of marking the metre, might have been added:—

"Perhaps not yet paid for by persons indebted."

The poetry, if not that of LEVI, is quite in the style of MOSES. The language, also, of this advertisement is mysterious. The advertisers promise to "remit, write, or visit, per return."

Here are three courses, as SIR ROBERT PEEL, the former, used to say. What if GRANVILLE AND Co. should prefer the second to the first, and simply write to say that they are much obliged? As to visiting per return, how can they do that? A number of old clothesmen cannot go through the Post in an envelope.

It is not easy to conceive how left-off apparel can be sold for benevolent purposes. Benevolent people generally give their old clothes away, and would rather be disposed to send them to the REV. MR. JERVIS, the manager of the society for the relief of distressed clergymen, than to the namesake of EARL GRANVILLE.

Another odd advertisement, also from the *Daily Telegraph*, is the following:—

FULL-PRICE DAIRY BUSINESS (without Cows), in a first-class and rapidly improving neighbourhood, for SALE, doing 17 to 21 barn gallons per day all the year round.—Address, &c.

They say that London milk is composed principally of sheep's brains. If a dairy doing from 17 to 21 barn gallons of milk all the year round, really does all that milk without cows, and the milk is not made of sheep's brains, the dairyman must make it out of his own head. How he can manage that is a puzzle. A dairy business without cows must be supposed to mean one conducted with only a single cow, the cow with the iron tail, and such a dairy doing the enormous quantity of milk above stated must also do a great many people.

Musical Note and Query.

"MR. PUNCH.—Advertised at the head of a list of pieces of dance music I noticed, the other day, the title of a composition called the 'Axenalla Waltz.' Axenalla! Dear me, what an odd name! Was there not a song once familiar among the populace, supposed to be sung by a costermonger, and entitled, 'I'm a regular As-my-eye?' Is that the foundation of the waltz named Axenalla? Horrid idea!

"Ever yours, CHEVERIL."

POLYGLOT CABMEN WANTED.

Now that London is so full of foreigners, who in general possess but slight acquaintance with our language, we really think in mere politeness something should be done towards assisting them in some degree to comprehend our cabmen, and to understand the *patois* common to our streets. How great must be the mental bewilderment of Frenchmen at hearing the slang phrases which are used by cads and cabbies, when either they hold conversation with a passenger, or make public proclamation of the places they are going to. We can picture a poor Mossoo driven almost to despair by hearing the reiterated cries of "B'nk!" and "Stee!" and searching vainly in his map to see in what part of the town are "Obun" and the "Hangel." The meaning of "Old 'ard" he might more easily discover, but the dictionary would scarcely give him much assistance in finding out the meaning of the common phrase, "Now then, Sir!" Almost equally perplexing would be the slang words used to designate our coins. His knowledge of our Christian names would afford him little help in distinguishing between a "Joey" and a "Bob," nor would he be likely to discover in his phrase-book what was actually required of him, when requested in slang phrase to "jist fork out another tanner."

It would have been an act of courtesy to our Continental guests if some few score of foreign cabmen had been hired for the season, who, when they saw a Signor, a Mynherr, or Mossoo, could have addressed him in a language that he could comprehend. But as this has not been done, perhaps the next best step to take would be to teach our cabs and cabbies a phrase or two of French, which they might use on being hired by "one o' them there furring covies." At this short notice they of course would scarce be able to acquire the true Parisian accent; but really one would think that with a very little practice they might at any rate obtain so far a smattering of French as to say "Diggwahy woo!" instead of "Hi! look sharp!" and to reply with some politeness, "Issy vocate, Mossoo!" instead of "Here you see, Sir!"

NEW AMERICAN NAME FOR LEICESTER SQUARE.—Mossoo.

ULTRAMONTANE IMPOLIOY.

A LETTER from Rome, in one of the French newspapers, asserts that, on the occasion of a grand *fête* at the Quirinal, the other day, the EX-KING OF NAPLES, FRANCIS THE SECOND, received an English, or rather an Irish deputation, charged to present him with a sword of honour. The leaders of these delegates from the isle of potatoes and patriotism are stated to have been CARDINAL WISEMAN, and DR. CULLEN, the illicit ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN. This statement requires confirmation. The impulsive Irish ecclesiastic might be impolitic enough to make a gratuitous demonstration of the friendship of Popery for despotism; but surely WISEMAN would hardly be such a fool as to commit himself and his party by such a blunder.

The Wife for Our Taste.

WE see that MR. JOHN SAUNDERS has been publishing a new book under the title of *Abel Drake's Wife*. *Abel* is to be envied; for it requires no great reasoning, or seasoning of the truth either, to tell us that a *Drake's Wife* must be a perfect Duck! With such a wife, what husband would ever be late for dinner?

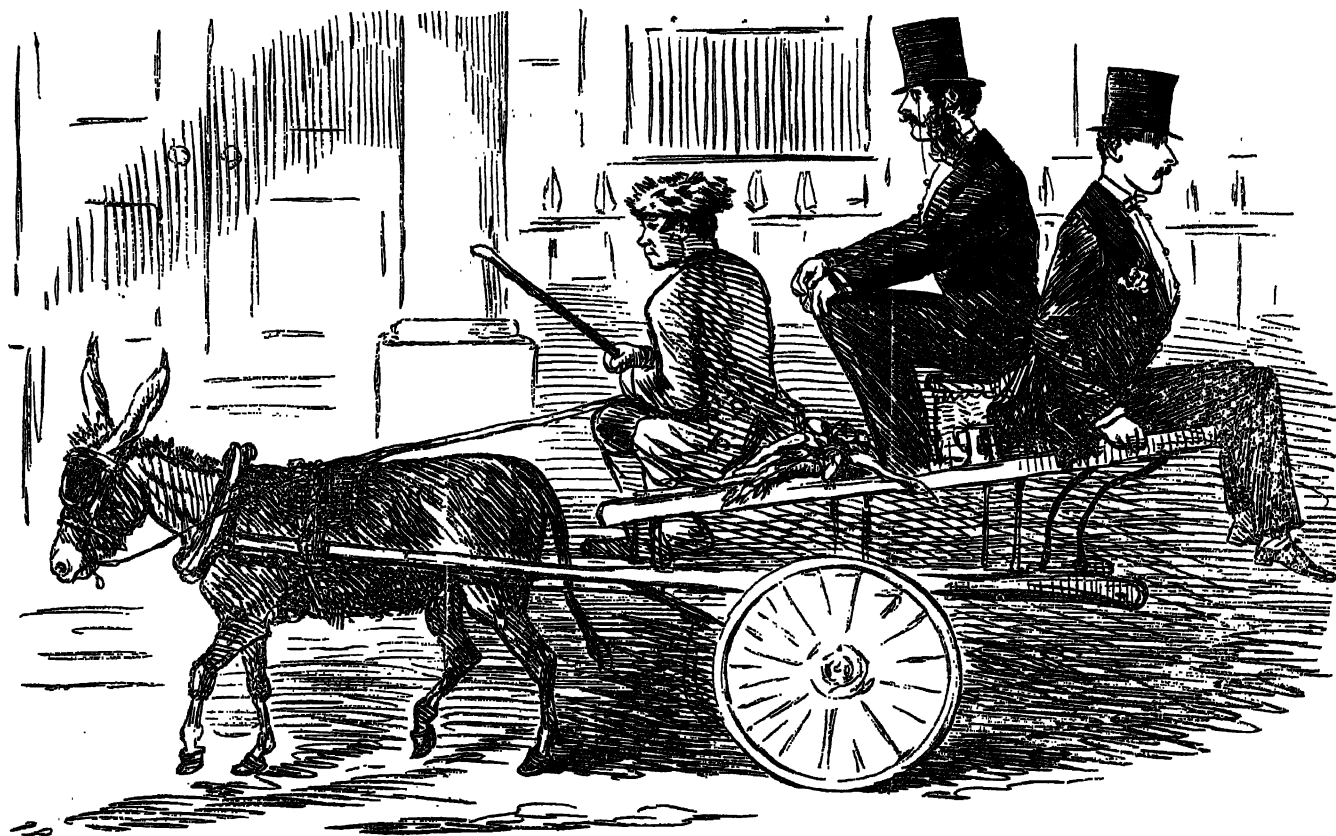
THE HAPPY MEDIUM.

OUR Conservative economists have been raising a great cry for what they call "the golden mean" in expenditures. What we want is the silver mean between "the penny wise" and "the pound foolish."

VERY LIKELY.

HANNIBAL, crossing the Alps, was (saith the historian) much annoyed by insects. MR. CHARLES KEAN thinks that they must have been Hannibalcats.

"A TAPER WAIST."—Lighting the candle at both ends.



A PRETTY EXHIBITION NEAR BROMPTON.

THIS IS THE WAY THOSE POOR, YOUNG SWELLS, HIPPS AND FIPPS, ARE OBLIGED TO GO OUT TO DINNER, IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE SCARCITY OF THE CABS.

WHAT'S IN A NAME! OR BUG *v.* HOWARD.

I, NORFOLK HOWARD, heretofore called and known by the name of JOSEPH BUG, late of Epsom, in the county of Surrey, now of Wakefield, in the County of York, and landlord of the Swan Tavern in the same county, do hereby give notice, that on the 30th day of this present month of June, for and on behalf of myself and heirs, lawfully begotten, I did wholly ABANDON the use of the SURNAME of BUG, and ASSUMED, took, and used, and am determined at all times hereafter, in all writings, actions, deeds, matters, and things, and upon all other occasions whatsoever, to be distinguished, to subscribe, to be called and known by the name of NORFOLK HOWARD only.—*Times, Thursday, June 26.*

'Tis over! On Chancery's rolls set at last,
Is that awful deed-poll signed and sealed, tight and fast,
That wipes the foul BUG from my sign-board and head,
And plants there the proud NORFOLK HOWARD instead!
All the blood of the HOWARDS may chafe as it will,
At a Bug's bold intrusion—*Pure ichor* be still!
The law it allows me to do what I've done,
If a Bug was my father, a HOWARD's my son;
You may boil, you may bluster, nay burst every vein,
But Bug's NORFOLK HOWARD, and such he'll remain,
Unless it should please him, rank's pride to rebuke,
To rise into SEYMOUR, and bully the Duke.

At distinction of blood, though my shoulders I shrug,
Who knows *what* may flow in the veins of a Bug?
The HOWARDS we sucked ere they'd breeches to wear,
And SEYMOURS, while still in their woad, blue and bare,
More deep than your sire's lies our family stem;
They were glad to catch *us*, and *we* fed upon them!
'Tis, perhaps, sense of justice that makes me thus fain
To restore to *your* order the blood *mine* has ta'en,
So open your arms—*gules* and *azure* and *or*,
And find 'mong your quarters room for one more—
For henceforth in the coat of the HOWARDS must be,
"On a chief, a Bug rampant, langued proper," for me,
Or a Bug crawling up an old family tree!

What, dare you still murmur? Pale Lordlings, be dumb!
In my train I see myriads locust-like come.
Were I sole assailant yourselves you might hug,
For all England o'er only boasts of one BUG.
But what will you feel, when from KELLY the row
Of BROWN, JONES and ROBINSONS, flood-like shall flow,
Not to speak of the TAYLORS, who shake off their kiths,
And homonymous thousands of joyous JOHN SMITHS,
Flinging off the vile dittos they took at the fount,
And donning instead the proud names that you vaunt?
To ephemeral titles we scorn to lay claims,
We'll leave *you* the handles, so *we* have the names!

How? Still discontented? Then thus I propose:
"Exchange is no robbery," all the world knows.
If that BUGS should turn HOWARDS you think such a shame,
Let HOWARDS turn BUGS—they've my leave to the name.
I don't see why a HOWARD, if met in the street,
By the name of a BUG, should not smell just as sweet:
Or if such exchange your nobility fires,
Suppose you go back to the ways of your sires;
And, as *they* first won titles by service's claims,
So let *your* class win honour, once more, for new names,
Instead of, as now but too often you do,
Allowing old names to bring honour to *you*.

Flattering Recognition.

MADAME RACHEL, in consequence of her profession of enamelling ladies, and the exorbitant prices she charges, (and she certainly knows how to lay it on uncommonly thick!) has been elected an honorary member of the Skinners' Company.

A REGULAR MUDLARK.—The DUKE OF BUCKLEBUCK's opposition to the Thames Embankment!



SAWNEY STOPS THE WAY.

OUR (ANYTHING BUT) CRITIC AT THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"If any of the nearly hundred thousand visitors who have been attending the Crystal Palace festival are tired yet of talking of the pleasure they enjoyed at it, I rejoice to say that I am not one of the number. My ears have had a more than Alexander's Feast of splendid music, and while the taste of the tit-bits is still fresh upon my tongue, I like to chew the cud and ruminate and think how much I relished them. The proverb says, you cannot eat your cake and have it; but to my hope, Sir, the flavour of the feast we have been having will leave for weeks a pleasant recollection on one's palate. HANDEL's has been called the 'roast beef of music;' and I find his oratorios nutritious mental food, that leaves upon the mind a lasting flavour of sweet sounds, one of which is worth a myriad of SIGNOR VERDI's lollipops.

"I trust you did not think when you sent me to the Festival that I was competent to write you a critical account of it. Had I been asked to criticise, I might not so much have enjoyed myself, for my ears would have been pricked up to listen chiefly for defects. As the critics have however mostly written nought but praise, I am in no fear of losing caste by echoing it. Minds unlearned in music often differ much with learned ones; but there is that in HANDEL which affords delight to both. While skilled ears are employed in following his fugues, mine ignorantly revel in his grand majestic harmonies, which entrance me while I hear them and thrill me to the bone. If you are musical, you doubtless must have felt this thrilling, which seems to quicken every pulse and turn your skin to what the school-boys christen 'goose-skin.' I am older than I was (a remarkable fact that), and truth obliges me to own that I have out-lived most 'sensations,' but I never can hear HANDEL without a touch of 'goose-skin.'

"You may call this affectation, and doubtless there are many of your readers will agree with you. My good friend BLOBBERLY for instance who has no more ear for music than an oyster, opens his eyes so wide when I talk to him in this way that I sometimes feel a doubt if he will ever get them shut again. BLOBBERLY has told me he was present at the festival, and felt none of the bone-thrilling and goose-skin I experienced; and his staring eyes expressed something stronger than surprise when I attempted to convey to him a notion of my feelings.

"Even BLOBBERLY, however, if his ears were not delighted, confesses that his eyes were; and indeed I hardly know which sense found more to charm it. Fond as HANDEL was of producing great effects, I wish he could have lived to see that acre of an orchestra, crammed with hundreds zealous to do justice to his works. And a still more pleasant sight to him it might have been to see that square half mile or so of hearers, so many of them holding his music in their hands, (very handy little books are those of yours, MR. NOVELLO,) and reverently following each note as it burst forth. It was a constant pain to HANDEL that his works were not appreciated. He might have grieved less had he known how in a century they would be. There is no denying now that England does him justice. The late festival and that of 'fifty-nine have proved the fact. And I trust that now we have these festivals to point to, we shall hear no more stuff talked about the English people having no great reverence for music, and that it is absurd in them to set up their pretensions to be in any way regarded as at all a musical nation. I hope too we shall now hear no more nonsense talked about the Crystal Palace being quite unsuited for such festivals. The place may have defects—what concert-room has not?—but take it for all in all, pray where else are we to look upon its like? There are some sour-minded people who delight in finding fault, and who declare they paid their guineas* chiefly for the solos, and complain of being swindled because they heard them badly. Well, I grant, a single voice (that of a TITENS excepted) can not be heard at Sydenham so well as in a concert-room, although certainly the new roof very greatly helps the music to 'spread its voice around.' But, compared to the advantages, what is that defect? You may hear a solo anywhere; but where, except at Sydenham, can you hear such choruses? Any one singer you any day may listen to; but it is not any day that you can listen to three thousand. And to hear three thousand voices sing like one is even a still rarer treat for ears to listen to. Yet this was what the sharpest critics own was heard at Sydenham. The three thousand were so trained that they spoke all with one breath, as was proved by the plain fact that their joined words were articulate.

"It will hardly weaken our remembrance of the festival, if we reflect on the pains taken for securing that result. I think, considering the labour which he must have endured, Commander-in-Chief BOWLEY ought to be in public thanked; and gallant CAPTAIN GROVE (one of those 'delightful pleasant GROVES,' eh, PURCELL?) to be at least presented with a gold magnum-bonum pen-holder, in remembrance of the great good he has brought to the community. And I think it would have been no whit more honour than he merited, if SIGNOR COSTA had

* Query, crowns?—Punch.

been chaired as well as cheered when all was over, and if the prettiest lips present had thanked him with a kiss.

"I hate *encores* in general; but to *encore* a whole performance is a somewhat new idea, and good cause may be shown for the encoring of this festival. HANDEL himself hoped that men might be 'made better' by the sermons he composed for them; and if this be their effect, the oftener we have the power of hearing them the better. When I heard the *Hallelujah*, I wished that it were sung to an audience of Atheists. It might have surely been the means of converting some of them. A religion that inspires such music must have something good in it. And with this thought in my mind, again I cry *encore* to this great HANDEL Festival.

"I remain, *Mr. Punch*, one whom you may call, but in no whit will offend by calling

"AN ENTHUSIAST."

A DUCK OF A DOG LOST.

"Calceolaria Cottage, Monday.

O MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"OH! I am so distressed! Do just look at this:—

ONE GUINEA REWARD—LOST, on Monday evening at 6 o'clock, in Rotten Row, near the Wellington Statue, a small WHITE DOG, with pink nose, answering to the name of "Bella," wearing a silver collar with name and address, red riband, and gold bell. Whoever will bring the same to No. 30, Leabold Crescent, shall receive the above reward.

"There now, isn't that afflicting! Only fancy what an agony of grief the loss of such a *darling* must have caused its mistress. Just conceive her pangs at losing her little pet's *pink nose*, not to name its silver collar, red riband and gold bell.



D M

It's enough to make one faint to think of such affliction, and I only hope she will be able to survive it. And besides the *cruel torture* of the loss, there is the dreadful thought of what perhaps has happened to her dog, and the misery which it may possibly be suffering. A pet with a pink nose, silver collar and gold bell of course has been most tenderly and carefully brought up, and could not bear to rough it, as coarser-bred dogs might. Nursed in the *lap of luxury*—I mean the apron of its mistress—of course the darling little duck has met with every indulgence, and if suddenly deprived of its cream and lumps of sugar, it is afflicting to consider what its sufferings may be.

"There is a Refuge for stray dogs, I understand, in Islington, or some such *outlandish* district, but I sadly fear poor 'Bella' will never find her way to it. A dog with a red riband, silver collar, and gold bell, and accustomed to take exercise, as it would seem, in Rotten Row, of course has never heard of such a place as Islington, or, if she have, can hardly hope, poor thing, to get to it. It is very well for common, vulgar, *City* dogs to have a Home in Islington which they may go to when they lose themselves: but for runaways like 'Bella' there should surely be a refuge somewhere nearer the West End, for little darlings with red ribands, pink noses, and gold bells of course cannot be expected to find their way about *unfashionable neighbourhoods*.

"Trusting that your love for *Toby* will induce you to assist in founding such a shelter, I remain, dear *Mr. Punch*,

"Yours Sincerely,

"JULIA JONES."

** We are ever anxious to do anything to please a lady, but *Toby* tells us he knows Islington, and has no fear of being lost, and so JULIA must use some other argument to show us that a Refuge for Lost Dogs at the West End is much wanted.

The Trials of Beauty.

THE wife of a Captain has been called upon to pay near upon £1000 for having been enamelled by MADAME RACHEL. Ladies take warning. Be natural rather than artificial. Never appear in society with a mask on, no matter how beautiful the mask may be. From the above you should learn in time how much it may cost you for being *double-faced*.

THE MIDDLESEX SHERIFF'S HARANGUE TO HIS GALLANT OFFICERS.—"You must take a man as you find him."



ARTIST! (Photographic). "You've rather a Florid Complexion, Str, but (producing a Flour Dredger to the Old Gentleman's horror) if you'll take a seat, we'll obviate that immediately."

FAREWELL TO GOOSEBERRY PIE.

(A Song of the Season.)

BY SMELFUNGUS.

As in life we advance, I have heard people say,
With what truth I don't know, that our feelings decay,
Be that as it may, sure of one thing am I,
I have not lost my relish for Gooseberry Pie,
Gooseberry Pie, Gocseberry Pie,
I have not lost my relish for Gooseberry Pie.

I mayn't care so much as I did about flowers,
And daisies, and roses, and posies, and bowers,
In the days of my youth, but, though they have gone by,
I know I still care about Gooseberry Pie,
Gooseberry Pie, &c.

Bright eyes of young ladies, though charming to see,
Mayn't have the effect they once had upon me,
I've not got to thinking those eyes all my eye,
Although I think more about Gooseberry Pie,
Gooseberry Pie, &c.

Maybe that the thought of reforming mankind,
Has rather less hold than it had on my mind:
At times I'm afraid it's of no use to try,
But I've not lost my faith yet in Gooseberry Pie,
Gooseberry Pie, &c.

I like it with sugar, I like it with cream,
Oh, do not believe me the glutton I seem!
I seek not, I care not, for French stew or fry,
But I'm fond of a true English Gooseberry Pie.
Gooseberry Pie, &c.

Now ripe are the Goosegogs, I speak as a boy,
And I've still a fresh feeling that Time can't destroy,
One youthful affection, when, heaving a sigh,
I breathe a long farewell to Gooseberry Pie!
Gooseberry Pie, Gooseberry Pie,
I retain my affection for Gooseberry Pie.

THE BURGLAR'S ASPIRATION.—A skeleton-key in every cupboard.

SEVERAL NEW THEATRES.

OWING to the influx of Provincials and Parisians, the theatres of London are very full just now, and if you go to the box-office and propose to book stalls you are requested to come again in about five weeks. *Mr. Punch* is therefore doing good service to persons in search of amusement by apprising them that if they will go down to the Houses of Parliament, they will witness, not in the Chambers of Debate but in the Committee Rooms, a series of performances in which there is more fun than can be found in most of the dramatic writing of the day. The pieces performed have not much action, but the dialogue is first rate, and is both directly and suggestively satirical in the highest degree. The skeleton of a plot that holds them together is usually a Scheme for making a Railway from some obscure place to another, and the fable is composed of the efforts of one side to carry this, and of the other to defeat it, but the main interest is in the questions put to witnesses, who are of all kinds, from the haughty Lord Lieutenant of a county down to the pig-jobber who wants easier transit for his grunting stock in trade. Counsel are allowed unlimited licence of inquiry into motives, family and neighbourly quarrels, personal history, and in fact may be as impertinent as they like, while the witnesses are never checked for irrelevance or levity, and make the most frank and feminine revelations of local scandal. When the Committee have had enough of it, they turn everybody out of the room, unless interrupted by a request to come and join in the devotions of the Speaker. These Committees are real fun, and *Mr. Punch* strongly recommends those who cannot get stalls at the theatres to go down to Westminster.

Here are a few specimens, "culled at random, from the report of an inquiry into some question about an Ellesmere, Oswestry, and Whitchurch Railway. *Mr. Punch* knows, of course, nothing of the merits, he has seen those names somewhere on the map, and believes that the locality is somewhere in the direction of Shrewsbury. Ellesmere is, he has heard, a town near a Mere, or lake, and the witnesses declare that Ellesmere has been sinking for years, it may be submerged by this time for aught he knows. But a heap of witnesses have been examined, and the key-note may seem to have been given in this wise—

"MR. RODWELL objected to this being put in as evidence. As a lawyer, MR. WHALLEY, you ought to know that such answers ought not to be given.

"MR. DENISON. As a lawyer, MR. RODWELL, you have no business to administer the rebuke. (Laughter.)"

Then a MR. WYNNE, who declares himself to be a Large Proprietor was examined. The Large Proprietor appears to be now opposed to MR. WHALLEY's views, but not always to have been so:—

"MR. SOMERSET. You were the man that went about Ellesmere in 1857, shouting WHALLEY and Independence! (Laughter.)"

"WITNESS. No, I didn't. MR. WHALLEY was not there. The meeting was got up by such as myself.

"MR. SOMERSET. And is not MR. WHALLEY a man like yourself, who does all he can for the district. (Laughter.)"

"WITNESS. I wish I was as good a man as MR. WHALLEY. (Laughter.)"

It is always well to wish to be good—how good MR. WHALLEY may be *Mr. Punch* has no idea, and therefore cannot say whether the Large Proprietor's standard is a high one, or whether he is a humble-minded Large Proprietor. Then SIR BALDWIN LEIGHTON, a Salopian baronet, is examined, and he has a chance of being facetious, and improves his chance:—

"MR. JONES. Is there any trade of any sort with Shrewsbury?"

"WITNESS. I know of one gentleman who buys a few cigars there. (Laughter.)"

The fewer the better, if he can only get such cigars as were sold to *Mr. Punch* the last time he thought he would have a weed as he walked in the Quarry. He hurled the whole lot into the Severn, and takes this opportunity of hoping that Sabrina fair was not made unwell by his thoughtless act. But graver matter came up. With the freedom of speech allowed by this tribunal, it was urged that certain people who took one side of the case were coerced by some magnate:—

"SERJEANT WRANGHAM. You are one of the coerced tenants of LORD BROWNLOW, I believe? (Laughter.)"

"WITNESS. I am a tenant, but I am 'independent' (Laughter.) I know MR. COFFIN; he is a shareholder in our line.

"MR. STEPHENSON. Has he been coerced?"

"WITNESS. He is a tenant of LORD BROWNLOW. You may form your own conclusion as to my opinion. (Laughter.) I know MR. COFFIN, a butcher, he has signed. The BROWNLOW trustees have great interest in our neighbourhood, and the people do not like to go against them.

"MR. STEPHENSON. Are all the 260 coerced?"

"WITNESS. I won't say coerced, but there has been undue influence.

"MR. STEPHENSON. How about the REV. MR. DAY?"

"WITNESS. He was a warm supporter of ours."
 "MR. STEPHENSON. Has he been coerced?"
 "WITNESS. Really, I would much rather not give an opinion."
 "THE CHAIRMAN. You cannot force this witness into answering these sort of questions."

"This" sort of questions would have been better English, Mr. Chairman, but never mind that. Then came the great MR. WHALLEY, and certainly he has no reason to complain that the utmost frankness of speech was not used in his case. Previously came a little exchange of legal amenities:—

"MR. DENISON. Let me have all these papers to cross-examine upon?"
 "MR. SOMERSET. Anything I can do to assist you I am willing to do. (Laughter.)"
 "MR. DENISON. Thank you. Offers of civility are so rare that I esteem them accordingly. (Laughter.)"
 "MR. SOMERSET. I copy from my neighbours."

Well, they got at MR. WHALLEY. Some allusion had been made to his oratorical powers, of which it may not be disrespectful to say that the honourable gentleman is thought to be somewhat proud. He proceeded to reply as to a meeting that had been held:—

"MR. SOMERSET. Did Mr. PIERCY recommend you as an 'orator' there?"
 "MR. DENISON. I object to that style of question, it is put in an unnecessarily offensive way, and the answer, whatever it is, is not evidence."
 "MR. SOMERSET. I don't shrink from the question."
 "WITNESS. I think such questions are unbecoming the position of a gentleman like MR. SOMERSET."
 "MR. SOMERSET. MR. WHALLEY, you flatter me!"
 "THE CHAIRMAN. Really all this is not evidence."
 "WITNESS. There is not one tittle of foundation for all these charges, nor have I done anything to deserve such questions."
 "MR. SOMERSET. The term 'orator' is not mine, it was MR. WELSBY'S."

Now it so happens that MR. WELSBY is not only a distinguished lawyer, but a courteous and accomplished gentleman, and he immediately laid a heavy hand upon this MR. SOMERSET and squashed him—thus—

"MR. WELSBY. As my name is drawn into the discussion, allow me to say that there was nothing in my remark to justify MR. SOMERSET in asking so disreputable a question."

If the examining lawyers all imitated MR. WELSBY, and conducted their examinations in the spirit of gentlemen, MR. PUNCH would have no personalities to set down, and he is therefore rejoiced to find that MR. SOMERSET, in reply to another observation to the effect that he was not justified in asking certain questions replied—

"I don't care, I shall ask them."

And to do him justice he went on in the same amiable tone. For instance, he said to MR. WHALLEY—

"MR. SOMERSET. Do you mean to say that you were prepared to pay the £64,000 had you been called upon?"
 "WITNESS. What do you mean? Of course I was."

MR. WHALLEY'S indignation broke forth into further remark:—

"I am at a loss to know why I am taunted, because I did not subscribe so much as others. Nor can I see what all this has to do with the question at issue. If the committee require it, I will prepare a statement of all I have ever paid."
 "MR. SOMERSET. If you did, my cross-examination would be much more disagreeable. MR. WHALLEY is free enough in his remarks against other people, and I have a right to say what I do."
 "WITNESS. I defy you or any one else to find a word in any newspaper, or prove it elsewhere, that I have even said one word that could be construed into an attack on any one."
 "MR. SOMERSET. Can you say so, Sir, with that gentleman (pointing to CAPTAIN CURT) sitting in the room, when you have week after week gone about making charges against him?"
 "WITNESS. I have never said one disrespectful word about him."

All this sort of thing must be so highly conducive to a desirable result, and information as to what WHALLEY may have said of CURT must so materially assist a Committee in deciding whether a railway ought to go from Ellesmere to Oswestry, or wherever it is wanted, that MR. PUNCH rejoices to discover that there are tribunals where the pedantic and fastidious rules of ordinary Courts are set at naught for the advantage of the public. He repeats his suggestion to persons in search of amusement, that they should go down to these Committee Rooms, and he intends to keep his own great eye upon them a little for the future.

A FOOL ON FORTIFICATIONS.



ALL sensible persons will share the astonishment thus reported to have been expressed in the House of Lords by the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE:—

"The argument which has been used in another place, that it was derogatory to the English soldier to fight behind walls (laughter), is the most extraordinary which I can conceive."

Why yes, if it is derogatory to the English soldier to fight behind walls, it is also derogatory to the English sailor to fight behind iron plates, and even behind wooden planks, in case those planks are strong enough to afford him any protection from shot and shell. It would be derogatory to the English soldier to fight behind walls, if there were no artillery, and if he were outnumbered in no greater proportion than that of three to one, because under those circumstances it is to be supposed that he would be able to beat any possible adversary. So it would be derogatory to the English sailor to fight behind either planks or plates if he had the option of fighting hand to hand by boarding the enemy's vessel. The argument cited by the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE as having been used in another place was used in the House of Commons, but the only place in which it is conceivable that such an argument can have been used with any seriousness is a lunatic asylum. The logician who used it is a military one, and a place ought to be secured for him in the insane ward, if there is one, of the new Hospital at Netley; in the meanwhile he should be placed under proper restraint. He that, as DR. JOHNSON would have observed, maintains it to be derogatory to the English soldier to fight behind walls, might as well contend that it is derogatory to the English soldier to fight behind buttons.

NANA BUTLER.

GENERAL BUTLER made a law,
 And a proclamation,
 On his head which fails to draw
 Yankee execration;
 If New Orleans ladies were
 'To his troops uncivil,
 That they should serve the saucy fair
 Like the Social Evil.
 Yankee doodle doodle doo,
 Yankee doodle dandy,
 BUTLER is a rare Yahoo,
 As brave as Sepoy Pandy.

HAYNAU'S lash tore woman's back,
 When she riz his dander.
 BUTLER, by his edict black,
 Stumps that famed commander,
 Wrecking, upon maid and dame,
 Savagery subtler:
 None but NANA SABELL name
 Along with GENERAL BUTLER.
 Yankee doodle, &c.

OPENING THE DOOR FOR HIM.

It is announced that all passports for persons leaving Italy for England are for the future to be abolished. We are glad of this, as it will throw every facility in the way of the Pope's departure from Rome. PRUS can now leave without being asked any questions, or subjected to annoyance, or detained against his will. He need not even ask for French leave, since he can take it himself without being indebted to any one. It is very kind of VICTOR-EMMANUEL to open the door in this gracious way for the reverend old gentleman. The world is before him where to choose. Shall we bespeak lodgings for him at St. Barnabas? Good luck go with him wherever he goes, as we are sure he has had very little of it lately where he now is.

"BAR SINISTER."—The Bar to which men like MR. EDWIN JAMES belong.

"THE HEAD AND FRONT" OF WOMAN'S "OFFENDING."—Curl-papers.



Officiousness of a horrid little Crossing-sweeper, soiling the Carpet with his nasty filthy Broom, and completely upsetting the Dignity of the whole thing.

PUNCH GOING TO THE DOGS.

WISHING to give *Toby* a treat, *Mr. Punch* took him the other day to the Dog Show at Islington. On arriving near the building (which is a great improvement on the stifling shed in Baker Street, though we fear our farming friends in petticoats and pinafores will scarcely like to be so far removed from their loved Wax Works), *Mr. Punch* thought that the cabman had mistaken his direction, and had driven him to Barking. Such a chorus of canine sounds fell upon his ear, that all the dogs exhibited seemed members of the Bark Society. Every kind of voice was heard, from the baying of the blood hound to the yap of the toy-terrier: and *Mr. Punch* could not help thinking in what terror all the cats within earshot must have been, and how their tails must have expanded with horror as they listened.

Upon entering the building, *Mr. Punch* made his bow; and *Toby* his bow-wow; and then *Mr. Punch* proceeded leisurely to take note of the celebrities, both human and canine. Among the former, *Mr. Punch* was pleased to see a fair proportion of the fairer sex, who flocked as eagerly to the show, as they would do to a Flower ditto. It was pleasant to see *Beauty* occasionally patting some pet hound that she had recognised, or else curiously peering at some wrinkled-nosed and bandy-legged and bear-eyed looking bull-dog, and wondering for what prize, excepting one for ugliness, it could possibly compete.

Toby was much envied in his progress through the show, not merely on account of his position in the world, but because of the mere fact that he happened to be loose. *Mr. Punch* indeed observed that envy is a passion to which dogs are sadly prone: for directly any dog was let loose by its keeper, and taken a short walk, the dogs it passed all snapped and snarled and growled most savagely, as though they could not bear to see it getting any pleasure which they could not share. *Mr. Punch* might have lectured them a little on this failing, but one can't well blame a dog for doing what one does oneself; and well nigh faultless as he is, *Mr. Punch* has very often felt a pang of envy when, sitting hard at work for the improvement of mankind, he has surveyed the outer world from the window of his study, and has seen men with their guns, their horses, and their fishing-rods, while he was fast chained to the desk.

DEFENCE OF CRINOLINE.—Man should receive it joyfully and gratefully as a striking proof that it is physically impossible for Lovely Woman to contract a bad habit.

PHYSICIANS IN STAYS.

THE question as to the competency of the softer sex to receive the diploma of doctor of medicine has been decided by the Edinburgh College of Physicians, in a majority of eighteen to sixteen, against the ladies. We are glad the minority was so large, for we think it was in the right. There is no reason why a lady learned in medicine should be refused a doctor's degree. Nobody would be obliged to employ a medical woman in preference to a medical man. It is very true that it is necessary that a practitioner of medicine should be endowed with reflective faculties; but perhaps reason is not quite exclusively the prerogative of man. One or two women could be named whose works exhibit undeniable evidences of some logical faculty, and judgment of causation. A female HARVEY, or SYDENHAM, or HUNTER, or ABERNETHY would possibly turn up, if the portals of medicine were not shut in her face.

On the principles of Free Trade, the Edinburgh College of Physicians should reconsider their ungallant, if not unphilosophical decision. We will not suppose that they are afraid of competition with old women, and apprehend that any diminution of their professional earnings would result from the concession of the liberty of taking fees to females.

"SENSATION" ADVERTISING.

So, it appears from the report of the proceedings in *Webster v. Boucicault*, that all those astounding puffs in the Adelphi advertisements were inserted by BOUCICAULT himself!

Only think of FRIAR BACON'S Brazen Head writing thus of itself:—

"Another immense success achieved by the Author of the Colleen Bawn."
 "On every occasion experienced a rapturous reception," &c.
 "It is on the character of GRIMALDI, and its thorough elaboration by Mr. BOUCICAULT, that the attraction of the piece depends, and the talent he displays in an entirely new line is likely to cause a considerable sensation." At times the applause was quite uproarious, and the house rang with acclamation."

We should advise MR. D. B. to apply for the next presentation to the office of City Trumpeter with the privilege of blowing his own trumpet.

THE OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR'S CRY.—"All's fare during the Exhibition."



DELICATE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Tailor (measuring). "TRIFLE WIDER ROUND THE CHEST, SIR, THAN YOU WAS!"

A CALL TO THE YANKEE BAR.

Ain—"In diesen heiligen Hallen."

In this republican nation,
Where scruples is unknown,
There's no investigation
Of characters that's blown.
All brethren here,
No rogues we fear,
So smart we air,
We du not care.

Our liberal institutions
Lets Talent go a-head,
No social persecutions,
For small misdeeds, to dread.
So rogue or thief,
May hold a brief,
If out of gaol;
Then, EDWIN, hail!

Come, victim of oppression,
As British lords defied,
Come into our perfession;
Your name is purified!
Or if it ain't
Quite free from taint,
And still smells some,
Yet come, oh come!

In this here brotherly Union
The people's voice commands,
And bids us in communion
To jine our willing hands.
With hands as clean,
Come, all serene,
Here you will be
At home with we.

Here, You Mr. Smith, or Any Other Man!

CAN you tell us what's the difference between a certain Indian Idol and a jug of beer?
Oh, you can't, can't you? Well then, the one is a jug of something and the other is a Jug-o'-naut. So now let's go and liquor.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, June the Last (we are happy to say, only that July seems worse). HENRY BROUGHAM, born in St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, 1778, (but an Englishman if you please, and descended from GILBERT DE BROHAM, of Westmoreland) has been working so well for the last sixty years, that it would savour of the sin which is worse than witchcraft to deny his right to amuse himself in any way that he likes. And therefore we merely note that just now it is his Lordship's amusement to make a strong little speech one night, and apologise on the next for anything that may have given offence. This evening he spoke with much righteous disgust of the fratricidal war in America, and on the following night stated that some American friends had accused him of exaggeration. We cannot say that a perusal of American papers induces us to think that his Lordship's friends were justified in rebuking "the old man eloquent."

LORD BERNERS moved the Second Reading of his Bill for meeting the nuisance complained of by LORD DERBY and others, namely, the Armed Gangs of Poachers. Some of these black gangs, it seems, steal not only the Pheasant but the Pig, whose bacon, or saddle, may in that case remind us of Black Gang Chine. However desirable some remedy might be, this measure looked like a regular Front de Bœuf enactment, for it empowered constables to take up anybody, between sunset and eight in the morning, without warrant, on suspicion of poaching. Mr. Punch himself might, under it, be seized in the course of one of his early morning walks of meditation for the good of mankind, and the hard-boiled egg which he carries for refreshment on such occasions would at once be evidence in the eyes of a non-ornithological peeler, who knows nothing about birds, though acquainted with Beaks. On divers representations by the CHANCELLOR and others, LORD BERNERS withdrew the Bill, undertaking that the lawyer who was to draw the substitute should draw it mild. Later in the week he brought in another, which will go to a Select Committee.

MR. HOPWOOD, of Clitheroe, Conservative, asked LORD PALMERSTON whether Government intended to interfere in the American war. LORD PALMERSTON replied with ample testimony to the manner in which

our operatives who suffered by the war bore their trouble, but expressed his belief that they would not be benefited by any present attempt at mediation, as it would assuredly be rejected.

The friends of the DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, with a certain cleverness, take every opportunity of drawing off attention from the real question to personal questions, such as the mistake made by Lord Dundreary (as the Hon. MR. COWPER is irreverently called by his friends) in the matter of the letter to MR. HIGGINS. To-night there was another long screed about it, and Mr. Punch will avail himself of a favourite contributor's summary of the affair:—

"LORD PALMERSTON. There is nothing in the world more calculated to lead to no result than a discussion about what I said, and you said, and somebody else said—(laughter)—because it is quite certain that no two individuals will agree as to what was said by either party. (Revered Laughter.) I should hope the noble Lord (ROBERT MONTAGUE) having disburthened himself of—I will not say a recantation—but of his explanation, that this conversation may be allowed to drop. (Hear, hear.) The noble Lord will allow me to say, I think he has found a mare's nest."

Just so. But the BUCCLEUCH faction are wise in their generation in endeavouring to talk about anything rather than the facts, for it now comes out, that one of those facts materially differs from a fact as originally represented. It seems that the people who resist the embankment do not want to pay the £90,000, as formerly alleged, but that they want that sum laid out by the Crown agent, in reclaiming soil from the river, for the use of which reclaimed land they do not mind paying a good rent. We should think they did not. It is only patriotism that prevents Mr. Punch from saying, that if the authorities will cut a beautiful garden for him from No. 85, Fleet Street down to the river, which they can easily do by taking away St. Bride's Church and demolishing Salisbury Square and Dorset Street (they must ask SIR JOSEPH PAXTON how the land, when acquired, should be laid out), he will pay a very handsome rent, and also put the clerk of the works on the free-list of Punch for the rest of the clerk's natural life. No, it is not patriotism that prevents him, but the fact that such a proposal is not quite so outrageous as that of the BUCCLEUCH folks, and he scorns to be outdone in outrageousness, even by a Duke.

The Fortifications Bill came on for Second Reading, and there was a long debate, in which the same things that were said in the previous

debate on the subject were said over again. PAM made a very spirited speech (and as he is now the Master of the Trinity House, he may be supposed to have fresh knowledge of naval affairs), and COMMANDER JOHNSON delivered a fiery appeal to the House, not to be always talking, in coward fashion, about Defences, but to think of the means of Offence; for, should war come, it would be our business to dash slap-bang into any enemy's country, and carry fire and sword wherever we could. It was rather pleasant at the end of a dreary debate to have such a fire-work let off. Bravo, JACK JOHNSON, you are worthy of the praise given to your namesake in *Don Juan* :—

"By Jove he was a noble fellow, JOHNSON,
And though his name than AJAX or ACHILLES
Sounds less harmonious, underneath the sun soon
We shall not see his likeness: he could kill his
Man quite as steadily as blows the meason."

Government carried the Second Reading by 158 to 56.

Is MR. COLLIER, we don't mean the Parliamentary lawyer, but the Shakspearian, looking out about that Windsor Bake-House in Peasod Street? The Bill of sale was read a Second Time. Remember, MR. COLLIER, the owl was a Baker's daughter; *Touchstone* speaks of wooing a Peasod instead of *Jane Smile*; the scene of the *Merry Wives* is at Windsor; if those are not three sufficient Shakspearian reasons for buying the place, we cannot help you to any better.

Tuesday. This was the first of July, and the leading Ministers were much more pleasantly engaged than in parliamentary battle. They had gone to Osborne to see DR. CHARLES THOMAS JANGLEY, Archbishop of York, unite PRINCE LOUIS of Hesse-Darmstadt, and PRINCESS ALICE of England and of *Mr. Punch's* heart, in holy matrimony.

Some Lords debated the Scotch Salmon Bill, and several of them abused it. LORD MALMESBURY took the opportunity of mentioning that he was an angler, which we are glad to hear, because all anglers are good men, and contemplative. He thought the Bill despotic, but so is the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, yet LORD MALMESBURY never assailed him. The DUKE OF ARGYLL said that he once tried his hand at salmon-reform, which piscatorial chivalry had procured him from LORD DERBY the complimentary information that he must be "very young and very green" to think he could carry such a Bill. Well, young his Grace might have been, in fact he is a boy now, for he was born in 1823, but green is the last colour we should have thought of associating with his name. The Bill was read a Second Time.

Mr. Punch mentioned last week that his friend of Oxford had brought in a Bill for making bishops in heathen countries. The *Record* printed the measure, or *Mr. Punch* might not have seen it, for it was withdrawn to-night and a new one was introduced. We must look at it—the other was a curious measure, and proposed to give power to DR. SUMNER to create bishops, of any colour, who were to be subject to the Archbishop, but need not take the oath of allegiance. We do not know how this would work, or whether a black priest in a white gown would look as well as a white priest in a black gown. The only Black Bishops we have ever seen, as yet, are on the chess-board, but we do not know why there should not be a RIGHT HON. AND RIGHT REV. QUASHEE BUNGO, D.D.

The Commons had a morning sitting for enabling Irish Members to abuse SIR ROBERT PEEL. This was done, and the Irish Poor Relief Bill went through Committee. In the evening, though MR. SOULEY did not rise, there was a Count-Out.

Wednesday. As *Mr. Punch* did MR. BERKELEY the honour to inform him would be the case, the Ballot Bill, on Second Reading, was not found to have derived much security from the Snapped Division. The speech which MR. BERKELEY suddenly bottled up on the former occasion was poured out, and was not very flat. SIR GEORGE GREY said that the ballot would not prevent bribery, and as for secrecy, it was part of an Englishman's nature to avow his politics. The House took the same view, and the Bill was thrown out by 211 to 126, majority against it, 85. But, last year, 279 divided against it, defeating 154 who were for it, facts that tell two ways, and neither way tell the truth.

The Bill for amending the Act for creating the Board for amending London went into Committee, and MR. LOCKE contended that the said Board was unpopular. MR. TITE said it was nothing of the kind. This was *à propos* of an attempt to alter the constitution of the Board, which attempt was resisted on the ground that the Board was just now very busy down in the big drains, and it was inopportune to call it to come up a trap and be improved.

Thursday. The victorious proceedings of to-night and of the next night,

Friday, may be appropriately bracketted. The Embankment Question came up again. "The Duke's Company" made another attempt at leading the House away from the real question, and LORD PALMERSTON, fresh from Oxford (where he has been made a D.C.L.), and therefore extra-classical, likened them to the heathen deities, who were always trying to save their favourites in a cloud. There was a long debate; SIR JOHN SHELLEY showed his great concern for the Duke, and his small regard for his constituents; and as to MR. HORSMAN, he is ever in extremes :

"So over-violent or over-civil,
That every man with him 's a god or devil."

It pleased him to paint up the DUKE OF BUCKLEUCH, who is really a very excellent nobleman, but who, if he were only half as perfect as MR. HORSMAN described him, ought to be solicited to take the absolute government of the country, in fact of the universe. *Mr. Punch* never saw butter so lavishly poured out, as by this Radical upon the Conservative Duke. MR. KER SEYMOUR abused the Press, which it is thought, may survive his castigation. LORD PALMERSTON gladdened the heart of the public by declaring at the end of the first debate, that he saw no reason for altering the original Embankment plan. On the following night the fight was renewed, and after a vast quantity of talk, MR. LOCKE brought the Committee to a division on his amendment, which raised the direct issue between the parties. The Government did not come up to the scratch as they ought to have done, and, trying a compromise, got into a minority, and serve them right. The numbers were,

For the Public	119
For the Duke	109
Majority for the Public	10

The Bill made further progress, and though we do not quite see it clear of shoals and gulfs, its principle is safe.

The only other noteworthy matter was that SIR GEORGE GREY declined to interfere with the omnibuses and cabs, and seemed to intimate that as this is an exceptional year, we ought to submit to any imposition. One would think he was an International Commissioner, casting about for new ways to make Exhibitions popular.

PRETERNATURALLY NEAT.



ONES, one of our Gifted Composers, was languishing the other day for words for an opera which he threatened to write. Addressing himself to one of *Mr. Punch's* young men, he said: "I saw *Punch's* in a play that would make a good opera book. It was called *The Man of the World*."

Instantly answered *Mr. Punch's* young man, with a pleasing smile: "That might be a winning card, you know. For as SENECA observes:—*Expugnet PERTINAX Opera*."

STAGE SILKS AT A DISCOUNT.

IF modesty be found anywhere, it is upon the stage; indeed would-be actors are proverbial for their utter want of vanity. As a proof of this known fact, here is an advertisement inserted lately in a weekly paper, and playgoers would certainly do well to have a look at it:—

LEADING LADY'S WARDROBE, consisting of Silk, Satin, Moire Antiques, and Silk Velvet Dresses, of first class quality and manufacture, TO BE SOLD, a bargain; made for a Lady, regardless of cost, who retired from the Profession through the stupidity of the Brainless British Public, who could not appreciate the talent of the fair *Artiste*. Apply, &c.

Now, you "Brainless British Public," what have you to say to this? If you are not ashamed of your "stupidity," most certainly you ought to be. Here perhaps—who knows?—you have been driving from the stage a lady who in time, perhaps, might have become an actress. She *has* talent, it is stated, although you could not appreciate it; and one would almost fancy that she must have money too, or she could not have bought a wardrobe "regardless of cost," unless indeed her regardlessness arose out of the fact that she did not mean to pay for it. If the charge be really true, that you have forced her from the stage, pray what have you to say in your defence, you Brainless Public? Perhaps you will deny that fine feathers make fine actresses, and assert your right to look for something more than merely walking wardrobes on the stage, to fill the parts which are assigned to "leading" ladies. Well, if you say this, there are many on the stage as well as off it will agree with you; and only they will call you "brainless" who are themselves afflicted with an emptiness of head.

O Gemini!

IN an advertisement of PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY'S Pills and Ointment, those compounds are described as "twin medicaments." Happiness, we all know, was born a twin, and so was HOLLOWAY as much as his medicaments were; his spermaceti and beeswax, and his aloes, scammony, jalap and soap, or whatever else those alleged remedies for all complaints consist of. HOLLOWAY had a twin-brother who is now dead; he called himself MORISON, and their mother was HUMBUC.

NEWMAN AND NEW MANIA.



They are not inclined to be disrespectful to Mr. NEWMAN, D. D., notwithstanding that having formerly been silly enough to go over, or rather down, to the Church of Rome, he is now silly enough to write abuse of the Church of England. "Everybody has his little foible," as the French gentleman said to the judge who rather unfeelingly investigated the former's motives for boiling his grandmother. But what, except this love of alliteration, could make Mr. NEWMAN write that the English Service "makes him shiver," and the English Articles "make him shudder." The genial and wholesome temperament of the Church of England may seem cold to one who likes to sit in the forcing-house heat generated by the Purgatorial apparatus, but the symptom is bad, and speaks of weakness and want of vital energy. And this debility, extending to the brain,

must account for Mr. NEWMAN's nonsense about the Articles, which, so far from being things to shudder at, are, according to Dr. LUSHINGTON, the gentlest and most elastic india-rubber bands that ever held sensible people together. And, whatever Mr. NEWMAN may feel (and fancy he thinks) a little of the charity supposed to be common to all Christianity might have induced him to be more gentle in his language towards the Church whence he apostatised. But such is the work of Rome. She hardens the heart, and *en rovanche*, she softens the brain.

LETTER FROM EARL RUSSELL.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I SELDOM read periodical publications, except the *Edinburgh Review* and *Punch*, but a person has called my attention to a paragraph in a journal entitled 'the *Times*,' and purporting to be a record of daily events.

"It is there stated that my LORD GRANVILLE presided at a meeting of foreign contributors to the International Exhibition, and that his perfect acquaintance with the French language excited both admiration and enthusiasm.

"If by this special, not to say invidious, tribute to the lingual accomplishments of a single member of HER MAJESTY'S Ministry, it be meant to imply that others who have the honour of advising the Crown are deficient in the merely mechanical acquirement in question, it may not be improper for me to state, that while in grammatical acquaintance with the language of France, I am justified in regarding myself as LORD GRANVILLE'S superior, my accent is much more acceptable than his to those persons who perhaps undervalue the frivolous successes of the *salon*, but certainly consider with LORD SOMERS, LORD GRENVILLE, and MR. FOX, that individuality should be lost sight of neither in a statesman's sentiments, nor in the language in which they are conveyed. I believe that this conviction will be found to have animated the authors of Magna Charta, and I shall be obliged by your affording this letter a place in the course of the next se'night.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"Foreign Office."

"RUSSELL."

Lushingtonianism in Little.

Generals and Specials.

PARSONS! Believe in a general way: And be specially careful of what you say.

SAWNEY IN THE NEW FOREST.

THE Scotch Duke is characterised by the speciality of being a great enemy to progress; he is not only adverse to popular advancement, to the march of intellect and reform, but also endeavours physically to arrest the footsteps of the people and dispossess them of their right of way. He is celebrated for barring tourists out of glens or any other picturesque places unfortunately belonging to him, through which a pass has existed from time immemorial, so that personally even more than politically, he is the reverse of Liberal. These remarks, of course, do not apply to the esteemed representative of that exceptional Scottish nobleman of ducal rank, whose posts, erected to alleviate a national grievance, all over his estate, procured for him the benediction of the Highland wayfarer.

Other Scotch Dukes, however, are content to limit the exercise of their obstructive powers or propensities to their native land, and their immediate neighbourhood, amongst a population which renders them divine honours. But BUCCLEUCH has the audacity to attempt coming the Scotch Duke even here in England, in London itself, on the very banks of the Thames, and not only in London, but also in the country, in a remote corner of the county of Hampshire. The *Hampshire Independent* of last week contains the following paragraph, under the head of "Hythe Petty Sessions:"—

"A DISPUTED RIGHT OF WAY.—WILLIAM PRAGNELL was summoned on two separate charges of wilfully damaging some gates, which had recently been erected across a road at Sowley Coppice, near Lymington.—MR. DAVIES appeared for the defendant, and MR. LEIGH for the DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, the Lord of the Manor. The defendant formally admitted the damage, but set up that there was a public right of way along the road, a number of aged witnesses, one of whom had attained to 89 years, proving that for 70 years the public had used the road without molestation from any one, and that many of the inhabitants had proceeded that way to their work, or to chapel or church, without being stopped.—The Bench, under these circumstances, thought the defendant might reasonably have supposed he had a right of way, and declined to adjudicate.—The case occupied several hours."

The Lord of the Manor of Sowley is exhibiting himself altogether in the character of a Boar. Sowley Coppice, in spite of its name, which is no prejudice to it in the land of Bacon, is a lovely place, where

the hazel grows, and the mossy ground in early spring of course is besprinkled with primroses. Through all this beauty lies the pathway, free beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant, which SAWNEY wants to close, in the spirit of a pig. But no Hampshire hog would do such a churlish thing, the Boar of Calydon would not have been brute enough to be capable of so swinish an act, the attempt at which has been made by the Caledonian Boar.

We trust that the Court above will decide the question, whereon the Hythe Magistrates (who appear to be a different sort of gentlemen from the majority of the Thames Embankment Commissioners) have declined to adjudicate, against BUCCLEUCH. As SAWNEY's design of spoiling the Thames Embankment is frustrated, so may he also fail utterly in that of stopping the way through the primroses in Sowley Coppice.

International Imposition.

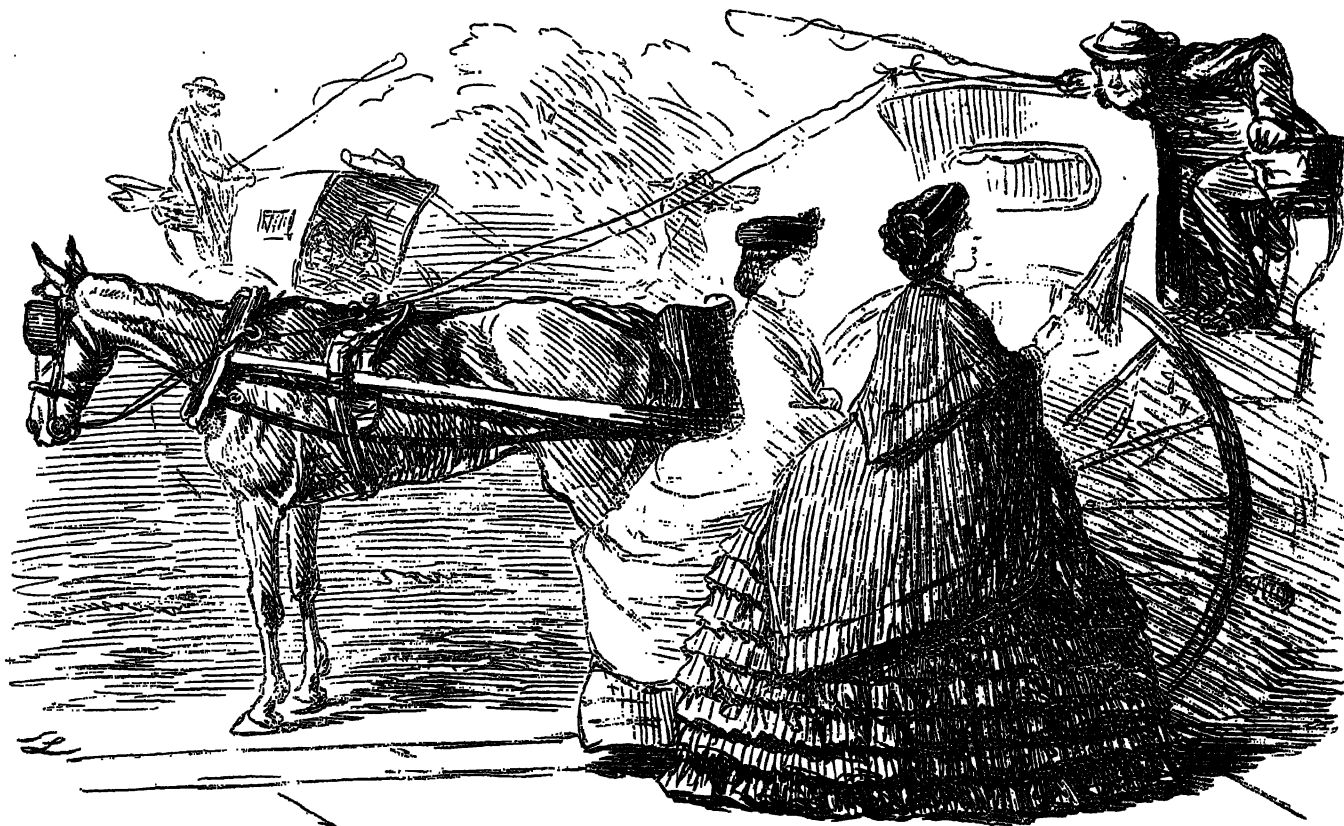
THE Commissioners of the International Exhibition require visitors to the picture galleries to deposit their sticks, and pay a tax of a penny for the custody of those appurtenances. This is another little picking, additional to the per-centage levied on refreshments and the sale of useless catalogues. The walking-stick dodge of these crafty Commissioners is another device by which they design to stick it into the Public.

Surprising!

NOTICE.—If any gentleman has left a new Silk UMBRELLA in the office of the undersigned will please call, or apply for it.
Hong-Kong. A. I. AGABEG, JR.

DIAGENES did not search Hong-kong, or he would have put out his lantern.

HOW TO MAKE A BISHOP.—Ask LORD SHAFTESBURY.



"HANSON, MISS! YES, MISS! CATTLE OR DOG SHOW?"

To the Princess Alice.

Dear to us all by those calm earnest eyes,
 And early thought upon that fair young brow;
 Dearest for that where grief was heaviest, thou
 Wert sunshine, till He passed where suns shall rise
 And set no more: then, in affection wise
 And strong, wert strength to Her who e'en but now
 In the soft accents of thy bridal vow,
 Heard music of her own heart's memories.

Too full of love to own a thought of pride
 Is now thy gentle bosom; so 'tis best:
 Yet noble is thy choice, O English bride!
 And England hails the Bridegroom and the guest
 A friend—a friend well loved by Him who died;
 He blessed your truth—your wedlock shall be blessed.

FREAKS OF FASHION.

We have noticed a sweet thing in parasols. It is made of white satin, with a lining of pink arranged like the gills of a mushroom, the stalk being ivory, so that altogether it exhibits a pleasing resemblance to that elegant fungus.

In bonnets we have the pleasure to announce an exquisite novelty. The front of the bonnet is shaped like a Church-window in the pointed style, and trimmed at the sides with rolls of muslin to represent mouldings, and a dripstone supported on either side by a rose in the place of a corbel. One of the mouldings is filled with the toothed ornament of the Early English pattern. Two trefoiled arches extend over the head, and are surmounted by a quatrefoil, and the *tout ensemble* is coquettish. This bonnet is much worn by young ladies, and is particularly becoming to the middle-aged.

THE SANDWICH HIGHLAND COSTUME.

THE *Post*, in a notice of MESSRS. M'DOUGALL'S tartans in the International Exhibition, mentions a fact which will be regarded with interest on one side of the Tweed, and create amusement on the other. With reference to those masterpieces of Scottish industry, our contemporary says:—

"Some idea may be formed of the variety of lands into which these famous Scotch dresses are being introduced when we state that the identical class of Highland dress which was worn at Culloden in the days of 'PRINCE CHARLIE,' the use of which was prohibited shortly after the rebellion of '45, was actually worn but recently by the Prime Minister (himself a Scotchman) of the King of the Sandwich Islands on some great State occasion, and we may add, to the great delight of his Majesty and the Court."

Thus we see how highly native taste admires the Highland dress. That strikingly picturesque costume does not indeed astonish the natives, but delights them vastly. We can well understand the gratification which the Scotch Premier of the King of the Sandwich Islands afforded that enlightened Sovereign and his intelligent Court by wearing it on a State occasion. If the canny Scotchman, accoutred as he was, had danced a strathspey into the bargain, he would have, no doubt, afforded still greater satisfaction to his royal and distinguished spectators.

But if the tartan thus captivates the Sandwich Islanders, in what a high degree would it not be likely to charm the aborigines of the West-Coast of Africa? We should like to know what DOGMO, the ex-King of Lagos, would say to it. So intensely is the Highland garb likely to enrapture the negroes, that the missionaries of civilisation among the Africans should by all means adopt it as their travelling wear. It would doubtless invest them with irresistible influence over the KING OF DAHOMBY and his sable subjects in a peaceful invasion of the territories of that potentate and people. Figuring in the fabrics of M'DOUGALL of the brightest pattern, smart as snuff-shop statues, and carrying large mulls, filled with the "sneeshin" of conciliation, they would march triumphantly over prostrate barbarism, especially if, since "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," they were to march preceded by a piper of the clan M'ORPHEUS, playing some of those ravishing pibrochs which resound in harmony with the philibeg, the splenchan, the sporrán, and the bonnet with the cairngorm stuck in it, and the eagle's feather.



AU REVOIR!

MR. PUNCH. "BLESS YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS! I AM GLAD WE ARE NOT GOING TO LOSE YOU!"

THE BAULD BUCCLEUCH.—A BORDER BALLAD.

Oh! have ye na heard o' the mild COWPER,
Oh! have ye na heard o' the keen PAXTOUN,
How they ha' ta'en Whitehall-Roadway up
When the Bauld BUCCLEUCH wad ha' put
it down?

Had the Bauld BUCCLEUCH than ae HORSMAN,
had
To strike a stroke for each Crown-Lessee,
I trow the PAXTOUN for a' his brains,
He ne'er had gotten a Committee.

"Now a fig for works for the public planned,
And a highway frae brig to brig a'through:
A road where Montague House doth stand
Shall never rin," quoth the Bauld BUCCLEUCH.

Oh! a merry man was PENNETHORNE,
When his plan had passed the Committe,
But seven-foot HIGGINS, that gruesome man;
Hath vowed through the House he shall ne'er
win free.

He hath drawn his pen against PENNETHORNE,
And lightly hath run him through and through,
Though JOLLIFFE and SHELLEY and HORSMAN
o' Strood
They have vowed his day's work he should rue.

He hath gibbeted PENNETHORNE and his plan
On the Printing-House-Square pillorie,
And hath sent them, under bond and ban,
To the Commons, justified there to be.

Then it's up and spoke a lither lad,
LORD ROBERT THE MONTAGUE, loose of
tongue,
"Twas along of thee, thou false COWPER,
That PENNETHORNE he came to wrong.

"A letter thou sent'st to the big HIGGINS,
But the little HIGGINS it came unto;
Oh! wilt thou dare this deed avouch,
And answer it to the Bauld BUCCLEUCH?"

"Now haud thy tongue," quoth the mild
COWPER,
"There's never a mare's-nest thou did'st see,
But thou must lay thy hand to the eggs,
Though bespattered thereby thyself should'st
be."

Now word is gone to the Bauld BUCCLEUCH,
In Dalkeith Palace where that he lay,
How the *Times* hath fall'n foul o' PENNETHORNE's plan
In letters and articles, day by day.

And how big HIGGINS he hath sworn,
So help him the House and his ain good pen,
That busses past Montague House should ride,
In spite o' BUCCLEUCH and a' his men.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
And the GLADSTONE claret garr'd spring on hie,
"Now my strawberry leaves to a bare kail runt,
But avenged of this HIGGINS I will be!

"Oh! is Montague House a gin-palace,
Shall a Duke but as ane o' the public be?
Am I BROWN, JONES or ROBINSON,
That a seven-foot HIGGINS should lightly me?"

"And have they sworn that busses shall rin
Past Montague House that I build sae fair,
And Hansom-cabs, wi' the fares therein,
Gae betwixt the Thames and my garden
stair?"

"And have they ta'en him, PENNETHORNE?
And have they flung his plans aside,
And forgotten that the bauld BUCCLEUCH
Is Keeper o' Thames by Whitehall side?"

"And have they ta'en him, PENNETHORNE,
Withouten either dreid or fear,
And forgotten that the bauld BUCCLEUCH
Hath a GORE at his back, and a HORSMAN
near?"

Oh, were there love 'twixt the Premier and me,
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight fause COWPER and a' his Works,
Though 'twere gall and grief to PALMERSTON!

"Oh, gin I were in the Commons' House,
Sic a flee I'd pit in COWPER's ear,
That never mair his tongue should wag
In Parliament this mony a year!

"But since I'm no in the Commons' House,
But in the Lords, whaur a Duke suld be,
I'll speak nae word in Parliament,
But PENNETHORNE's plan yet saved shall
be."

He has called him seven retainers true,
The right o' BUCCLEUCH for to maintain;
There was MONTAGUE, SHELLEY, and CRAWFORD,
KEE SEYMER and GARNETT, JOLLIFFE and
VANE.

And eke the wild HORSMAN he hath called,
That was worth the seven, tauld through and
through,
Wi' tongue to hit, and teeth to haud,
And bile o' green, and brow o' blue.

There were four upon the Committee,
That for the roadway held outright;
And seven were for the bauld BUCCLEUCH,
That for PENNETHORNE and his plan made
fight.

In front the wild HORSMAN he did ride,
With LORD JOHN MANNERS, sae bland and
brave;
And they ha' gone to the Commons' House
Stout PENNETHORNE and his plan to save.

And as they came to the 'bateable land,
Through which all Parliament Bills must fare,
The first man that they lighted on,
Who should it be but the fause COWPER!

The HORSMAN up in his stirrups stood,
And set him firm in the saddle-tree,
And cried his cry as he were wode,
And at COWPER hath ridden furiously.

But the COWPER he was ne'er the man
To joust, when jouking wad win the day,
Sae he louted low at his horse's side,
And the HORSMAN's thrust it went astray.

Then on him SIR WILLIAM JOLLIFFE set,
And LORD JOHN MANNERS, the debonair,
And SIR JOHN the SHELLEY—four to one,
I trow such odds were less than fair!

Oh, sae sore bested was the mild COWPER,
That he scarce had breath to wind his horn,
But the blast reached stout LORD PALMERSTON,
That never brooked to see friend o'erborne,

Much less WILL COWPER, that at his knee,
As a little foot-page was wont to ride,
So he spurred right into the hot mêlée,
And he strook four strokes on either side.

The first SIR JOHN THE SHELLEY upset,
The second it stopped LORD JOHN his tongue,
The third and JOLLIFFE he had enough,
The fourth from his steed the HORSMAN flung.

There was never a stroke at COWPER struck,
But PALMERSTON on his shield hath ta'en;
There was never a thrust for COWPER meant,
But PALMERSTON parried and gave again.

"Now a rescue! a rescue!" COWPER he cried,
And a glad glad man I trow was he,
To see the good strokes that PALMERSTON
Dealt round him on BUCCLEUCH's meunyé.

"Now beshrew thy blunders," quoth PALMERSTON,
As he breathed his old but stout Destrere,
"Thou hast bred more bate, in a session, I
trow,
Than I have done in fifty year!"

"Look out! Look out! See where in selle
The HORSMAN levels lance again,
With many a stalwart man-at-arms,
That BUCCLEUCH have bound them to main-
tain!"

Oh, lang was the fight, and sore the stour,
And loud was either slogan borne,
"Embankment—Roadway and public rights!"
"Strike for BUCCLEUCH and PENNETHORNE!"

"Now a truce! a truce!" cried PALMERSTON,
"For space of a year let fighting be,
And then to the fate of PENNETHORNE,
And of his plans let both sides see."

"Now nay, now nay!" replied JOHN LOCKE,
That was of Southwark, a stalwart squire,
To win his spurs in that mêlée,
I ween, it was his heart's desire.

"No truce! no truce!" and waving high
The Roadway standard he that day bore,
He charged amain and from HORSMAN's hand
BUCCLEUCH's black pennon rudely tore.

Faint heart and stout all turned in rout,
Rescue nor rallying mote there be—
The SHELLEY he fled, and the MONTAGUE,
And JOLLIFFE and VANE and SEYMER-KEY!

And PENNETHORNE he is held in hauld,
And his plan, oh! they are torn in two,
And the seven wi' HORSMAN are put to shame,
And vanquished is the Bauld BUCCLEUCH!

THE SELECT ATLAS.

MR. PUNCH, who sees everything (except the fitness of CHARLEY Wood for Indian Government), recently observed, somewhere near his own Palace, the announcement of an Atlas with the above title. It seems just the thing that was wanted. He would like a little exclusive geography. He would wish to do with nations what MR. MUDIE professes to do with books, namely, to ignore any that are of a vulgar, offensive, or disputatious character. He would desire an Atlas with no Maps in it except those of countries in which a gentleman can really take an interest. The volume might be thin, so much the better—he hates fat books. "Let him have books about him that are thin." If

the Select Atlas is prepared upon the principle he has advanced, he should like to see it. A good deal in the way of civilisation might be done by "cutting" all nations that do not conduct themselves with grace and decorum. A Chart, entitled *Orbis Puncho Notus*, would be a testimonial of character to the countries therein named, and act like the Lord Chamberlain's new certificate that a person is entitled to be presented at court, and it would be excessively useful for educational purposes. Ladies, and properly educated children, should know no more of places not down in that chart than they do of the Minorities, Seven Dials, or Red Lion Square. He agrees with *Sir Peter Teazle*, "It is a sad wicked world, and the fewer peoples we know the better."



Madame Rachel takes a Hint from the Cheap Tailors and Picture-Cleaners.

MRS. GAMP'S COLLEGE.

ONE of the weekly penny Guides to Politics and Social Science, has discovered (and blurts out the news, with an infantine eagerness refreshing in its way) that the ladies of England are no better than they ought to be, for that in the hour of need they send for a Doctor. Penny Wisdom proclaims that women should know better than to do anything so objectionable, and that instead of calling in a physician, MRS. GAMP ought to be sent for. To be sure, MRS. GAMP is not yet quite the thing for a lady's chamber, but then MRS. GAMP is to be encouraged to cleanse herself, abstain from ardent fluids, read DR. BUCHAN, and call herself MRS. DR. GAMP. At present, the scheme seems to languish, perhaps because it is not probable that many ladies in England are aware of the utterances of the wisdom in question, perhaps because, with the weakness and prejudice of the sex, they cling to the belief that brain, education, and social position are desirable attributes of an adviser to whom the most sacred confidences are made. However, such obstacles are in course of being overcome, and we read (in queer English, certainly) that Twelve Stamps have just been sent in aid of a Gamp College, and that "a Father of a Family thinks" that much might be done if the *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, &c., would take up the matter "in addition to" Penny Wisdom. Possibly so, just as our friend the O'MULLIGAN thought that his beel would be as good as gold if one of them fellows, BARKING, ROTHSCHILD, or such, would just stick their names on it "in addition" to the O'MULLIGAN'S own. Meantime we fear MRS. GAMP must confine herself to her own sphere, and that the QUEEN and the women of England will for some time remain unconvinced that they act in unwomanly fashion in receiving aid from the upright, skilful, and honourable men for whom Quackery of every kind has such a well-founded antipathy.

An Offer to the South.

RECENT scenes in Ireland compel *Mr. Punch* to make a proposal to the Americans. Will they make a swop, and give us the niggers in exchange for the Irish peasantry? We'll throw in something valuable to make the bargain a fair one. COME, DAVIS!

A VISION AT COVENT GARDEN.

HAS MR. GYE been placing *Robert the Devil* upon the Covent Garden stage with a view to the settling the Italian question? We do not mean the question whether Italian operas and operas in Italian can or cannot be better given at Covent Garden than anywhere else in Europe, because that question has been settled in the affirmative a long time ago, and even the Parisian critics are compelled to yield reluctant assent to the decision. But we mean the question of the resuscitation of the POPE'S supremacy. The thought certainly occurred to us the other night as we gracefully lounged in our stall, and if the "waits" between the acts were not so short at this house, we might have thought the matter out on the spot. Let us do so here, where (his looking glass being turned up) *Mr. Punch* has no vision of loveliness to distract his eye, and where, *Mrs. Punch* having gone to the International to annoy others with her crinoline, he has not to take thought for his immortal angles.

The situation of the respected POPE PIUS THE NINTH is most unquestionably and unmistakably set forth in that third act, and marvellous triumph as it is of scenic effect, its esoteric merit is even a higher virtue in the estimation of *Mr. Punch*. SIR BULWER saith,

"From vulgar eyes a veil the Isis scroams,
And fools on fools still ask what *Hamlet* means."

No such veil interposes between *Mr. Punch* and the subtle mystery of the scene, and he beholds that terrible vision of the Nuns and the Branch with one eye on SALVIANI and the other on the Vatican. The process makes him squint horribly, but a true statesman is always ready to squint in the interests of humanity. PALMERSTON squinted a little in the direction of Nice, and may be even now thought to have a slight Mexican cast in his eye. Why, any stupid clown can look straight-forward—it requires genius to see both sides of a picture at once.

Yes, MR. GYE, grateful to Italy for the demi-gods and double-goddesses of song whom she hath sent him, resolves to repay her by lending his aid to a settlement of her chief trouble; and he has placed, in such gorgeous guise as never was seen before, the story of the POPE'S sin and trouble before the eyes of our International audiences. Let the foreigners, when they go back, say that a Miracle play has been got up

for them, a Mystery, like that which VICTOR HUGO describes as having been seen on the broad stone at Notre Dame.

Behold those massive ecclesiastical ruins (BEVERLEY, our son, your right hand, and may it never forget its cunning), stretching far back, the arcades, the huge windows, the still lofty tower. There is Rome. It is moonlight, dim moonlight, for has not her sun set? There are scattered the tombs, in the desecrated grave-yard. You shall see their contents anon. Enters the Tempter. He is master of the situation, and of all the jugglery thereof. You may think it is FORMES, and truly that genial owner of the portentous voice was with us just now, but surely this evil presence hath more of the priestly air. That sensuous, keen, crafty face is discharged of the tenderness that redeems *Bertram* from our entire hate—*Bertram* was a father—this is only a Monk. Do you not recognise ANTONELLI? But who next? Look, this is not *Robert the Devil*, but PIUS THE DUPE. He is bewildered, and he does not like the work that is set him. He has some recollections of a Will (see DEAN SWIFT and *Brother Peter* hereon) which bids him abstain from unballoved pursuits. The tempter ridicules his fears, and points to the Golden Branch. There it lies in the hand of the dead. "Take it," says the evil one, "and it will give you new power and authority, council-doors will fly open before it, and the bravest shall be struck down into stupor at its brandishing. Go, and take it." The tempted trembles. "The Will forbids me. The Golden Branch—it is not a Golden Rose—it is a Curse." "Take it, and use it, fool." But he will not. With a bitter sneer *Bertrantonelli* steps back, waves his hand, and summons his allies. The tombs yawn, the arcades whiten with spectral forms, and a crowd, gliding in procession, and performing all manner of imposing antics, suddenly surrounds *Roberto Nono*. What does it all mean? Dead superstitions, galvanised traditions, obsolete vows, lifeless observances, mocking homage, are resuscitated to intoxicate the unfortunate dupe—and, look again—those are not ruins; you behold the interior of St. Peter's, swaddled in grave clothes, and lit with smouldering candles, and all the Shams are dancing and carcering around PIO IL DIAVOLO. The fumes of the incense go up, and the enchantment seizes him, and he believes that he is to go forth conquering and to conquer. He snatches the Branch, and it is, as he truly said a Curse. Brandishing it, and with his face glowing with the madness of his false exaltation, he waves his Branch—PIUS THE DUPE stands on high, and curses the nations of the earth who do not bow down to him

and worship him. But what is the terrible red light that is lurking in those cloisters? What are the hideous Things that as yet are creeping, cat-like, to arch and pinnacle—drop the curtain, quick. The end is not yet.

Take the story back to Italy with you, ladies and gentlemen who have come over to our Show. And when you have preached the sermon, do justice to the text. Say that MEYERBEER's noble opera, which has been in abeyance for sundry reasons for many a year (is one of them a recognition of the fact that the grand scene may be something too appalling for Anglican tastes?) has been brought out by Mr. GYB with a splendour of illustration worthy the stage that has given us the *Prophète* and the *Huguenots*. Say that the magnificent and highly coloured music is played and sung (you may say rendered and interpreted if you like slang) to perfection, and that TAMBERLIK's *Robert*, and FORMES's *Bertram* are each admirable—one for its chivalry, the other for its vigorous passion—and you may speak well, also of ladies who put out their whole powers with a loyalty more effective and more welcome than much frigid perfection that hath been seen. Tell everybody that everybody who is anybody sees the Covent Garden *Roberto*.

Then add (it is due to the great composer, and to the greatest singer

among us) that a second homage is done to MEYERBEER by the production of the same opera at HER MAJESTY's Theatre. That here, there is much to praise, and that here there is one feature on which praise is thrown away, seeing that all hath been said thereof which cunningly devised paragraphs can set out. Say that at HER MAJESTY's Theatre TRITENS holds the part of *Alice*. You will scarcely find an auditor to whom it is needful to say more. But should you meet such an one, add that those who desire to see and hear an *Alice*, should go to the Haymarket Opera-house, while those who wish to witness and appreciate the opera of *Robert the Devil* must go to Covent Garden. It might not be unwise to imitate the first bishop of Bath and Wells, a Scot, whose traditional answer to the KING's inquiry which of those cities he would have for a see was so broad a reading of the first name that the KING thought he wanted—and gave him—*Bauth*.

Mr. Punch is instigated to add, that should the PORR's perusal of these remarks (*Punch* is always translated to him by his Cross-bearer) induce him to wish to go to Covent Garden, he must telegraph to the box office under the Portico in Bow Street—the management cannot be answerable for any mistake that may arise by people's being misled into the traps of touts. Infallibility will please to copy the address.

ANTIPODEAN AMIABILITY.



THE LATE CHAMPION RACE FUND.

MR. T. S. WARRY presents his compliments to the Editor of the *Courier*, in which paper he observes himself mentioned as being a defaulter to the late Champion Race Fund. In reply to this, he begs to state that if any Stewards or Members of the North Australian Jockey Club will call upon him, entering by his back gate, they can have a repast with his servants, and after refreshing themselves, if appearing sober and respectable, they will be allowed an interview with him, in his private room set apart exclusively for the reception of gentlemen.

We hardly know whether this is an implied promise to pay, but MR. WARRY's hospitality is unimpeachable, and if his conditions seem a little stringent it must be remembered that Australia is a new country where there are a good many roughs, and everybody connected with the turf is not the honest, sober, elegant gentleman, known as the English turf-man. But the kindness of spirit which, in answer to a cruel insult, invites the insulter to a banquet, is truly delightful, and shows that the bishops whom we export do their duty by the colonies.

A SLAP AT A SCHOOLMISTRESS.

MY DEAR MRS. SMITH,

You well know how tenderly I love the tender sex. All, whether plain or pretty, young or— or middle-aged, rich or the reverse, all ladies, as you know, are ever held in reverence by their devoted *Punch*. But if I might venture to particularise, and say what kind of woman chiefly my fond heart is prone to dote upon, I might, to give you some idea of her, refer you to the following, which I found inserted lately in the *Times* :—

LADY, &c.—WANTED, in a first-class establishment, a LADY, who is addicted to authorship and strictly elegant literature. She would be required to undertake the department of English composition, and combine if possible, a keen analytical judgment and talent with the creative and poetic faculty. Any lady of brilliant intellect and genius would meet with every

thoughtful consideration and kindness. Also Two Foreigners, to teach German and French—one a thorough musician and vocalist, the other to speak French always and remain with the pupils after class. Required, also, an educated English Lady, from 20 to 25 years of age, who would give her services in exchange for the accomplishments.—Address, &c.

Now, a lady who can pen such an advertisement as this, is just the sort of person I am most charmed to meet. You see, I take it quite for granted that the writer is a lady. I feel certain that no gentleman would ever have the cheek (you will pardon my vulgarity) to address himself in this way to an "educated lady," even though it were her evil luck to be a governess. For you will notice the advertisement says nothing about pay; and for aught shown to the contrary, the "lady, &c.," is required to "undertake the department of English composition," or, in plainer words, to do the drudgery of teaching grammar in a girls' school, without getting a farthing to reward her for her services. If she happen indeed to have a "brilliant intellect and genius, she is promised kindly treatment and thoughtful consideration." But of pecuniary consideration no prospect is put forth: and the chances are, that if she find her board and lodging given her, she will have most probably to pay for her own washing and perhaps make her own bed.

But setting pay aside, I should say that any lady "addicted to authorship" would hardly find a girls' school a fit place for pursuing it; and whatever be her skill in "strictly elegant literature," I apprehend that the place offered her would not give her much scope for it. Young ladies when at school but seldom learn more composition than enables them to write a sentimental slip-slop love-letter; and considering the minds with which she has to deal, I think the post of governess, even in an establishment reputed as first-class, can scarce require "keen analytical judgment," or very much of the "creative and poetic faculty." The latter gift indeed might serve to help her pupils at the season of Saint Valentine, but further than this it would, I fear, be found of little use to them.

As it has never been my fortune to reside in a young ladies' school, I know not what are "the accomplishments" which may be there had in exchange for the service of a Governess. But I should recommend young ladies, before signing any paper of agreement to such barter, to make quite sure that board and lodging would at least be guaranteed to them. Strictly elegant literature is a good thing in its way, but beef and bread and butter are to most girls quite as necessary; and I fancy at a school—I beg pardon, an "establishment"—where so much care and attention is bestowed upon the former, it is just possible that the latter may slightly be neglected.

I remain, dear MRS. SMITH, with "every thoughtful consideration,"

Your Sex's ever faithful friend and ready champion,

PHENIX.

Christmas at Midsummer.

DURING the late inclement weather, an eccentric gentleman giving a large dinner-party, had a roaring fire lighted in the room, roast beef, plum-pudding, and mince-pie on the table, and caused the walls of the room, and the looking glasses, and the mantel-piece to be decorated with mistletoe and holly.



VERY SUGGESTIVE.

FACETIOUS TRAVELLER. "Can't find a Seat, Sir?—Well, that is punceking! Tell you what, Sir; get yourself Labelled, and they'll put you in the Luggage Van."

PUBLIC VEHICLES AND THEIR VICTIMS.

ONE of the most curious and entertaining sights at the Industrial Exhibition is the exhibition of industry displayed by visitors who are leaving, in their eager chase and chey for an omnibus or cab. Of course months and months ago everybody was aware the World was coming to its Show, and doubtless everybody fancied ample means would be provided for the World to get there. The newspapers kept telling us how vastly railways had been multiplied since 1851, and what millions more of passengers they could now daily bring to town; and everybody fancied that a similar development extended to the means of transit through the streets. Some ten thousand extra 'busses and twenty thousand cabs were supposed to have been ordered for the World's accommodation; and in short it was imagined that no pains would be spared to bring the World to Brompton and to take the World away again with the utmost ease and comfort, safety and dispatch.

How thoroughly these sanguine expectations have been realised, by this time all the world is pretty well aware. From statistics he has carefully collected on the subject, *Mr. Punch* can state with confidence that for the World to ride in there have recently been added to our public vehicles no fewer than four omnibuses and as many as six cabs. The consequence has been that the Industrial Exhibition and the neighbourhood adjacent have lately been the scene of industry unparalleled, in the exertions made by visitors to get a homeward ride. Difficult as it is just now to capture a cab anywhere, to pick one up near Brompton between four and eight p.m. is a feat demanding such great patience, strength, skill, quickness and agility, that one had well-nigh be a JOB, a SAMSON and a LEOTARD successfully to do it. For every cab that comes in sight there are at least a couple of hundred eager eyes on the look out, and a hundred pairs of legs perform a simultaneous rush, while a couple of hundred hands are all outstretched to clutch the prize. As for getting home by omnibus, the only plan to do so appears to be to walk about as far as Hyde Park Corner, and then to jump into an omnibus that will take you back to Brompton: on reaching which you

simply pay for your ride thither, and then retain your seat, and pay another fourpence, or more probably a shilling, for the homeward journey to King's Cross or the Bank. The omnibus proprietors thus pouch a double fare: and this is possibly a reason why they have abstained from putting on more extra carriages this season: another reason being the unwillingness they show on every possible occasion to do anything whatever for the comfort of the public.

Not of the Best Brand.

CONSIDERING the effect of recent revelations of Bar Scandal it really looks as if the addition of Q. C. will soon be taken to stand for "Questionable Character," instead of, or as well as, "Queen's Counsel." If the various Benches want to purge their Inns of some very perilous stuff, which at present endangers their constitution sadly, they should try a few more doses of JAMES'S powders: but with one caution, that in future consultations as to the employment of that wholesome drastic, they ought decidedly either to say more or to say less. Half-and-half is not a good thing for bad cases, whether of long or short standing.

Things which Sadly Want being "Disbarred."

THE Kensington and Bayswater and Kennington, and all the other numerous turnpikes that obstruct the different thoroughfares in the neighbourhood of London. The sooner they are disbarred, and compelled to retire from their abominable practice of taking fees to which they are not entitled the better.

GONE ASTRAY, a GENTLEMAN.—IF THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER, who has been missing from his duty all May and June, to the great dissatisfaction of society, will return to his disconsolate office, all shall be forgotten, and he shall be at liberty to indulge in any antics he likes as soon as the season is over. If he will not come back, at least he might send the key of the Wind-Cellar. If jealous of ADMIRAL FITZROY, the same shall be discharged. Don't be a fool, but come and blow a cloud with your forgotten



REVENGE!

OLD LADY (who wasn't over and above liberal with the fare). "You'll take my boxes up the Garden, Cabman, please."
 CABMAN. "Cert'nly, Marm, if you'll 'old my 'orse."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, July 7th. LORD RUSSELL had to vindicate the Italian Government once more from the splenetic charges made by poor LORD NORMANBY, whose wrath has been roused anew, probably, by the announcement that Russia and Prussia would recognise Italy. Of course the answer was complete and satisfactory. LORD HARROWBY had recently been in Italy, and declared himself "astonished" at LORD NORMANBY'S "ignorance" of the real state of things in that country. This was a hard hit, for poor NORMANBY of course gets no end of voluminous and violent notes from old foreign countesses and the like, who consider the expulsion of the despots the wickedest thing ever done, and he rather piques himself on being kept well posted up by the angry old fribbles who prompt him. The Lords laughed.

The Commons had another Embankment Debate, and then arose a dispute as to the clause which enacts that the architecture of the buildings that are to be erected on the banks of the river shall be approved by a Minister. MR. COWPER contended that it was for the honour of London that such erections should not be left to individual caprice. LORD PALMERSTON took, of course, the same view, and paid an exceedingly high compliment to the architecture of the Regent's Park, where private dwellings had been combined by MR. NASH, so as to make the union resemble a single palatial building. We should like to have heard MR. DISRAELI hereon—is it not in *Popanilla* that he has something to say upon the difference between Architecture and Parkitecture? There is no doubt, however, that the Regent's Park is one of the most creditable looking quarters in London, and from what *Mr. Punch* has seen of the inhabitants of the district, he has the highest opinion of their civilisation. The clause was resisted but carried by 162 to 145. There was a snarl raised against the Templars, which they certainly do not deserve, for they have not imitated the BUCCLEUCH party in resisting the Bill, though the Embankment will destroy much of the charm of their beautiful gardens, which gardens moreover they throw open in the most liberal manner to the children of the poor. The Committee saw this, and by 139 to 18 put down MR. AYTON, who sought to insert a

needless and rather impertinent proviso. The discussion wound up pleasantly with a very angry little row between SIR JOHN SHILLEY and MR. COWPER.

But this was only a pop-gun compared to what followed. There came a Fortifications Debate, which was proceeding with much dullness of detail, when MR. COBDEN rose, and delivered a speech in which he attacked LORD PALMERSTON for incessantly mis-representing the French Emperor as a bellicose personage. MR. COBDEN adduced a great lot of figures to show that the French had never armed, on the scale supposed, and repeated that he proposed to "arraign" the PREMIER, whom he also charged with knocking people down with Latin quotations. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON interposed a brief defence of LORD PALMERSTON, and pointed out the unfairness of some of MR. COBDEN'S arguments, and then the arraigned PREMIER went to work on his own account, declared himself proud of being attacked by MR. COBDEN, who never had an idea that England ought to be defended, who was in a state of blindness and delusion on that subject, who understood Free Trade, but that was his Last, to which he ought to Stick, for when he went beyond it, he went into matters which he could not understand. PAM also quoted Latin again, as became an Oxford D.C.L., and pointed out the awful cost of the War in America, on account of the nation not having been prepared for such operations. He ended by saying that if we had put the country, economically, into a state of defence, we had achieved even a better thing than MR. COBDEN'S Treaty of Paris. It may be imagined that this emphatic method of laying on the lash was not calculated to delight the flagellated party, and the next morning MR. COBDEN'S organ declared that LORD PAM had opened an impassable gulf between himself and COBDEN, that he was a flagrant offender against the moralities of debate, and an outrager of Parliamentary decencies. We immediately sent down to Cambridge House to know how the PREMIER felt, and were delighted to hear that the article had not spoiled his breakfast.

Tuesday. The Commons to the rescue of the Common! SIR THOMAS WILSON is at it again. A Bill has been introduced into the Lords for enabling him to grant long building leases on Hampstead Heath. The

lawyers support it, of course. *Mr. Punch* need only tell the Commons to be ready to scrunch the measure; but he will add that menace is now being used, and the advocates of the Bill threaten that when SIR THOMAS WILSON is himself enclosed, his successor will build all over the heath, unless we now allow SIR THOMAS to erect villas, which will be valuable on account of the waste being kept open. Sufficient for the day is the WILSON thereof—we trust to write, in due course—"the Bill for stealing the Heath from the people was then rejected."

The Code Caledonian was read a second time in the Lords, who seemed delighted to be told, that it had been so carefully prepared that they need not waste their valuable time in reconsidering it.

LORD PALMERSTON said that Russia had recognised Italy, but that he had no official information on the subject from Turin. There is a notion abroad in the world that this recognition is a clever move on the part of our friend CHARLES THE ELEVENTH, of France. Russia will be pleased to be friends with Italy, if Italy will undertake not to extend herself in any way that may be disagreeable to her neighbours. GARI-BALDI has just made a fiery speech, in which he declares that the Despot of France is no friend of Italy. The Ultramontanists of France are too angry at Italy's being spoken to at all to heed any of these under-currents, and they denounce Russia in choice priestly Billingsgate—showing that the successors of the Fishermen talk the language of fishermen.

It may be convenient to the public to know, that we are going to have another Chinese War, large or small. If we are to carry on trade at all with China it is necessary to defend certain points against the marauding savages called Tao-pings. And this we are certainly going to do, or to help the Imperialists to do. The whole business is a disagreeable one. The Tao-pings are cruel miscreants, but the Imperialists are also atrociously cruel, and the things that are done on both sides make the blood curdle. But Commerce must be protected. There was an interesting debate raised by MR. WHITE, in which COLONEL SYKES, and of course MR. COBDEN, took up arms against the Governments of England and China, and MR. LAYARD made an animated onslaught upon the Tao-pings, and a clever defence of the policy now announced. LORD PALMERSTON ingeniously retorted on those who said that our former wars with China had weakened its Government, that if so, we were the more bound to support it now. MR. WALFORD would not support MR. WHITE, but declined to support a war policy. The Government was sustained by 197 to 88.

In revenge a good bit of rough justice was done. Government fenced very objectionably with the Ketch Prize Money question, and SIR JOHN HAY compelled them to assent to what was really a vote of censure upon their conduct in keeping the soldiers out of their money. LORD PALMERSTON tried to fight, but was put down by an honest shout of creditable impatience, at any further resistance being offered to a just claim.

The Dissenters are not at present to do as they like with the Church Yards. SIR MORTON PERO buried his Burials Bill.

Wednesday. The little Bill for allowing a clergyman to get out of the Church if he wished to take up some other vocation, was never very healthy, and to-day it was put out of its unsatisfactory existence by a majority of 98 to 88. MR. NEWDEGATE then had to give up his attempt to deal with the Church Rate Question, and MR. WHALLEY had a victory over MR. HENNESSY, the latter's Bill for facilitating the Introduction of Catholic priests into gaols being rejected. MR. FORSTER'S Beer Bill occasioned some smartish discussion—some Members treating it as a boon to morality, others as an interference with the poorer classes, but the former view triumphed by a majority of 3 in a House of 183. The Bill, it will be remembered is to prevent people from getting beer on tick.

Thursday. PAM said that Russia had not, he believed, imposed conditions and restrictions on the KING OF ITALY, but that satisfactory explanations of policy had been given. Ha! Your finger on your nose, thus. Ha! Exactly.

There was then another Fortifications Debate. MR. OSBORNE said some smart things at considerable length, and was told by LORD PALMERSTON that such talk was just the thing for a club or a dinner table, but was not the thing for the House of Commons. MR. COBDEN, whose exacerbation was increased by the news that his American friends had not only been beaten at Charleston, but had run away with great velocity from the Confederates at Richmond, delivered another speech in abuse of LORD PALMERSTON, who told him in return that he was an ill-conditioned party—that a gentleman who was attacked tried "to give as good as he got" and then went home and thought no more about it, but that COBDEN sulked. This was so English and true that the House cheered heartily, and the Government got 110 to 62 on division. There was some more discussion on the Embankment Bill, and a clause was inserted preventing steam engines from running on the new road.

What passed on *Friday* night *Mr. Punch* will mention next week, for the fact is he went down to the Prize Giving at the International Exhibition, and got so fearfully intoxicated with delight at the Honourable Mention that was made of himself in every direction, that he had to be removed to his house, at a late hour, under the guidance

of X 555, whom he hereby thanks for his attentions, though he regrets that the intelligent officer pulled him away from the lamp post in Grosvenor Place before he had half done explaining the currency question, the true principles of cosmogony, and the beauties of PABBAGE'S machine.

GRAND AMERICAN PUZZLE.

THE Americans say that they have not only taught the wretched Old World how to make War, but that they propose to teach us new principles of Arithmetic. We shall be very glad to receive some elementary instruction upon the subject, for we are in an awful puzzle already. There have been, as readers of the papers are well aware, a variety of great and small battles (if anything American can be small) during the war which is not exactly over. *Mr. Punch*, with reverent observance, took, week by week, a note of those battles, and with the most confident and implicit faith in the accuracy of the New York press, affixed to each glorious name the number, as given by that noble institution, of the heroic and devoted soldiers of the Republic who fell in each encounter. In order to explain his difficulty, he must reproduce the roll of glory, with the numbers signifying the losses:—

	Killed.	Wounded.
Bull Run	5,670	10,000
Davis Creek, Mo	1,000	3,000
Lexington, Mo	1,500	2,000
Balls Bluff	1,200	3,000
Belmont	1,000	2,000
Mill Spring, Ky	1,000	3,000
Fort Henry	1,000	2,000
Roanoke Island	1,500	3,000
Fort Donelson	500	1,000
Fort Craig, New Mexico	500	1,000
Pea Ridge	600	1,500
Merrimac affair	50	100
Newburn	1,000	2,000
Winchester	2,000	3,000
Pittsburg	100,000	300,000
Yorktown	50,000	17,000
Forts Jackson and St. Philip	170	450
Williamsburg	100,000	300,000
West Point	500	1,073
M'Dowell	13	100
New Corinth	1,000	3,000
Banks's Run	500	1,000
Hanover Court	20	70
Skirmishes	1,000,000	3,000,000
Added up, according to the rotten old rules of Cocker, this makes	1,271,023	3,619,193

But GENERAL M'CLELLAN, the Commander-in-Chief, has published an official statement, in which he gives the above list, and evidently performs arithmetic upon some new principle, for he makes the sum of killed since the beginning of the war 5,791, and of wounded 20,329.

We are utterly unable to bring our addition to the same result as GENERAL M'CLELLAN, and earnestly wish that we could obtain the American Tutor's Assistant.

But perhaps the New York journals throw in the slaughter among the Confederates. Oh! Ah! The poor Confederates.

HIGH CHURCH CHEERS.

THE announcement of the loss of the Clergy Relief Bill, we read "was received with loud cheers from the Opposition." Hip, hip, hip, hooray! It is easy to say that, but hip, hip, hip, hooray!—what? Hip, hip, hip, hooray! Once a parson always a parson. Hooray! No retirement from a profession which he cannot honourably practise! Hooray! No permission to earn an honest living! Hooray! No right to support himself by labouring with his own hands like St. Paul! Hooray! No St. Paul! Hooray! No common sense, no right, no reason, no justice, no honour, no conscience! Hooray! Starvation or hypocrisy for ever! Hooray! Ordination and no escape for ever! Hooray! Absurdity, tyranny, and cruelty for ever! Hip, hip, hip, hooray! DERBY and DISRAELI for ever! Hip, hip, hip, hooray! Such are the sentiments which we must suppose to be signified by the loud cheers with which the Conservative Opposition hailed the failure of a measure demanded by all rational and honest men.

"Ivory Bust—Louis Philippe." (Executed by Machinery.)

"DEAR me!" exclaimed a country visitor to the International Exhibition, on reading the above description in the Official Catalogue of the Fine Arts Department; "Dear me! I had no idea he was guillotined."

SACRILEGE AT NETLEY ABBEY.



S you are aware, *Mr. Punch*, Netley Abbey has been said by incorrigible offenders to be so named because it was overrun with nettles. Now, however, both those and all the other weeds by which the ruins were choked, have been removed; the ivy, and wild flowers, and brambles, trees, and shrubs, which adorn them, only being left to remain. The place has been cleared and cleaned without having been Cockneyfied; it has been furnished with convenient and inconspicuous seats, and rendered permeable throughout, and provided with a pump which supplies water for tea, or grog, refreshments for which right-minded people, though, would repair to the contiguous public-house. At the entrance of the Abbey is a porter's lodge, where a turnstile lets the public in at the small charge of 2d. a head, which goes to pay the expense of putting and keeping the place in order, and would, it might be hoped, exclude the rabble, the riff-raff, the tag-rag-and-bobtail, the cads, the blackguards, the swell-mob, and the spoiler.

"Thieves, however, *Mr. Punch*, do nevertheless find their way through the turnstile at Netley Abbey. The removal of the rubbish out of the Lady Chapel,

disclosed a piece of encaustic tile pavement, near the site of the altar, of which several pieces have been stolen by some robbers who had procured admission in the disguise of respectable-looking people. These bits of ancient pottery have doubtless been taken and carried away to serve as specimens. The rascals who steal such things are not ordinary thieves; depredations of that kind are notoriously committed by antiquaries, a class of learned gentlemen too many of whom are regardless of the rights of any property whence they can pilfer an addition to their collections, and in that case do not stick at sacrilege. The truth is that your mere antiquary is a person whose acquisitiveness just takes the turn of affecting relics of the past instead of contemporary watches and pocket-handkerchiefs. Such a fellow covets and desires other men's goods, if those goods are antiquities, and when encaustic tiles and things of that sort come in his way; he cannot keep his hands from picking and stealing.

"Now, could not an officer of the Hampshire constabulary be appointed to perambulate and protect the remains of Netley Abbey? A policeman—in plain clothes—among the ruins would not be more incongruous with them than you—or any other man. It would be a gratifying spectacle to behold some learned F. S. A. caught with a piece of the Abbey in his pocket, collared, walked off to the bench, summarily sentenced to a month's hard labour, and finally working in a copious perspiration at the crank.

"It is devoutly to be wished that the same degrading and afflictive punishment could be inflicted, instead of any fine, on the gents and snobs who still get into the Abbey in spite of the turnstile, and cut their insignificant names out on its venerable walls. A course of discipline at the House of Correction is required to put down the offence of defacing public buildings, and ought to be mercilessly inflicted on every fool who records his worthless existence on any object of the kind, except perhaps the London Statues. It is with great disgust that I frequently notice among these vile inscriptions that of a name under which, in the capacity of a pedestrian tourist, I subscribe myself,

"Your humble servant,
"WALKER."

REPUDIATION IN DOWNING STREET.

WE have for a long time been criticising the repudiation of brother JONATHAN, if furious JONATHAN will still allow us to call him brother; but whilst crying out on the beam in brother JONATHAN'S eye we seem to have been unconscious of a certain mote in our own. We even live under a repudiating Government. What but repudiation was the attempt of the Treasury to evade the payment of the Kertch and Yenikale Prize Money, and what else does the delayed distribution of that due to the victors of Delhi amount to? Our Government repudiates the debts which it owes to its most deserving creditors, our heroic sailors and sailors. This bad faith, as the House of Commons calls it, is surely calculated to depreciate the value of our public securities, and, if persisted in, must produce a fall in Consols.

The Battle of Wimbledon.

(A FRAGMENT FROM SIR WALTER.)

The Second Day.

Too strong in shooting and in sight
Was Scotland yet to yield the field,
Her noblest shots are here;
Men who to miss were seldom known,
Brave ROSS, the far-famed champion,
And Deathsman of the Deer:
There MURN and MOIR their rifles raised
H. ROSS the trigger pressed, and blazed,
And ANDERSON, who ne'er looked dazed,
A hundred made, or near:
With FERGUSSON of marksmen best
Where Tom na Heurich rears his crest;
And LOVAT'S Master stood confessed
His rivals' worthy peer:
And PETERKIN to victory pressed,
A graceful soldier, neatly dressed,
Although his name is queer.

But calmly England stood, and shot,
And sternly snuffed out every Scot
Who tried the desperate game,
For HALFORD sent the fatal lead,
And HEATON put his foes to bed,
And HALLIDAY unceasing sped
His balls with matchless aim.
Lord DUCIE shot, by all admired,
Lord BURY raised his arm untired,
And BEASLEY'S eye was true,
Brave SMITH upon the target broke
Ball after ball with lightning stroke,
And Wimbledon's old echoes woke
As ROWE'S swift missiles flew.
And when the umpires reckoned o'er
Scotland's and England's well-made score,
Hurrah for England then!
The North had but Seven twenty-four,
The South upon her banners bore
Nine hundred, all but ten.
Woe to a foe who dares our shore,
When, side by side, those rivals pour
On horses, guns, and men,
Such bolts of fire as those that tore
The air in Surrey's glen.

ESSAYS AND REMARKS.

Boots.—To get good boots, the best plan, perhaps, would be to find out who makes those of PROFESSOR FARADAY, or PROFESSOR OWEN, and employ him, if there is any such particular person; for a philosopher should be the best judge of the fitness of things, including boots. But there may be no such person; for many philosophers are accustomed to buy their boots ready made; true philosophy seeking to discover, by the shortest process, where the shoe pinches, and rejecting that shoe or boot for another which does not pinch.

Durability of boots is a quality undervalued by inexperienced, or unwise dandies, because they never half test it. No new boot is so comfortable as an old one in sound condition. Old boots are like intimate old friends, and hand-and-glove is not more the symbol of intimacy than foot-and-boot. Never, if you are undesirous of corns and bunions, discard well-worn boots whilst their upper leathers are whole. The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, and the chiefs of the British nobility would never have had occasion to attest the skill of EISENBERG, if they had always made a point of having their boots forepieced and heelpieced, and soled, and otherwise mended, so long as they would hold comfortably together. It is remarkable that the names assigned to different kinds of boots are mostly those of princes or soldiers, as Coburgs, Bluchers, Wellingtons, and Napoleons. The present fashionable *colturbans* of ladies is called a Balmoral. But no boots are ever named after men of eminence in science and letters; there are no Macaulay boots, no Brunels, no Stephansons, no Liebig's, no Brownings, no Tennysons. Perhaps it is the confined idea of nobleness and distinction, thus evinced by some leading shoemakers, which has earned for their respectable and useful fraternity the too sweeping denomination of Snobs.



PRACTISING FOR A MATCH.

Leonora. "DEAR! DEAR! HOW THE ARROW STICKS!"

Capt. Blank. (with a sigh of the deepest). "IT DOES, INDEED!"

A POETICAL PETITION.

JUST before it rose, one of the French Chambers had to receive a report upon a new kind of Petition that had been presented to it. A certain M. LEON VALMY had something to ask of the legislature, and, dissatisfied with the ordinary prosaic form of appeal, put his petition into Poetry. It was referred to a committee to say whether this sort of thing was to be tolerated, and the Committee, which must be sweetly sentimental, reported, through M. DE ST. GERMAIN, that the petition was of a novel kind "but not inadmissible."

This is well, and though we are sadly afraid that MR. DENISON would proceed somewhat more harshly than M. DE ST. GERMAIN, we should like to see our own House of Commons addressed in Poetry. How would a Petition, in verse, look? It would be necessary to preserve all the forms, and House of Commons forms are hard seats for the Muses, but let us see:—

To the Honourable the Commons
In Parliament assembled,
At whom the Greeks and Romans,
If alive, would all have trembled.

The Humble Petition,
Of EBENEZER STOTT,
Of Baker Street, Optician,
Aged Forty, or about,

(And here your Clerk his nasal organ bloweth,
Prepared to read the following statement)—*Shyly*

That Your Petitioner has got
A wife and children small,
And 'tis hard work to keep the pot
A-boiling for them all.

That girls are always wanting gowns,
And boys are wanting shoes,

And wives put on unpleasant frowns,
When husbands cash refuse.

That what he pays in Income-Tax
(At which his Missis pouts),
Would cover both the feet and backs
Of all the little STOUTS.

He therefore very Humbly Prays
Your Honourable House,
Before you take and go your ways
A-shooting of the grouse;
To let him off the Thirteen pound
Of taxes for the future;
Whereby each girl may get the gownd,
Each boy the Albert Blucher.

And (if you will oblige him in this way,
Then) Your Petitioner will ever Pray.

There! We think that MR. STOTT has complied with the forms of the House, and that every word which ought to be in a petition is there. But what MR. SPEAKER will say to the rest, we should like to know. Let everybody who dislikes paying the Income-Tax try it on! DENISON can't commit the whole nation to *quod*.

Temperance and Tapsters.

MR. FORSTER's Bill to extend the Tippling Act to Beer has passed a Second Reading by a majority of 90 to 93. As this is a Bill which curtails no man's liberty, like the Maine Law, but only imposes a wholesome restraint on the publican's licence, its too probable defeat in committee is to be deplored. It will be a pity if the interests of the public prove to be less faithfully represented in Parliament than those of the public-house.



THE OLD SENTINEL.

P.M. "DON'T YOU MEDDLE WITH THINGS YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, YOUNG FELLER."

YANKEE GLORIES.

HERE we air! The fust o' folks,
With the fust o' constitutions;
Who flung off all European yokes,
In the fust o' revolutions!
And now we 're gwine to show the world
We don't mean to be reckonod
For bloodshed, debts, and tariff-ties
To any nation second.

Our Eagle o'er the Continent
That spreads his wings gigantic—
His right on the Pacific wave,
His left on the Atlantic—
To keep hisself from chawing up
The geese that 'ginst him cackles
In the Old World, is right-down druv
To put hisself in shackles!

He's sot-so long upon the stump
That crowns the Hall o' Freedom,
A-bringin' nations to his feet,
Like 'possums when you 've tree'd 'em,
He's gittin' to feel kinder sick
Of general dominion,
And so concludes to clip a bit
Off his almighty pinion.

But 'taint no common kind o' weights,
Or usual style o' clippin',
Will keep this everlastin' fowl
The hull world round from whippin'.
Pile on his tall and towerin' head
A hundred million dollars,

Darned if the bird won't tote the pile,
As you 'd wear your shirt-collars!

Yes—try to gag that orful beak,
Or stop that mighty jaw, Sir,
Chain up both them colossal legs,
Yea—each perticler claw, Sir!
He'll scream the louder for the gags,
And lighter for his letters,
Whip foes, as steamers runs down snags,
Or rattlers scorns muskettiers!

The Roosian Eagle's ketched the pip,
The Austrian's got the ager,
The Proosian, in his Parliament
Skulks from the Berlin Yäger;
But the Great Eagle of the West
For bloodshed whips the Roosian,
For debt the Austrian outdoes,
For scorn o' law the Proosian.

What 's all of your European wars,
European taxation?
Neither your Mammon nor your Mars
Would give us a "sensation";
You fight with foes, 'ginst brothers *we*
The dogs of war unbridle,
When *your* finance is reckless, *ours*
Is right down soocidal.

Unlike the Old World states of whom
European history proses,

We fust to spite our foemen dared
To cut off our own noses:
We fust escaped the ups and downs
In Old World wars regretted,
By always havin' our defeats
As victories gazetted.

We fust, when debt forced to contract,
Exulted in its figger:
And liked our ministers the more
The more they made it bigger:
And, pride of prides, we were the fust
That tried repudiation—
A principle susceptible
Of wider application.

NAPOLION had some idee
Of florid bulletinin',
But that pint in the art of war
We 've beat the gin'ral clean in.
We fust in fame as in finance
True valley gave to vapour,
And when big deeds and coin ran short,
Paid in big words and paper.

So here we sits, and spits, sublime,
On auguries of disaster:
King Dollar 'ginst us he may turn,
But we have King Shinplaster.
For all King Cotton's works and ways,
We don't conclude to funk 'em;
Our trust is in our righteous cause,
Our prayer, "So help us, Bunkum!"

EXIT IN FUMO.



DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I feel, at least I hope, I do not "transgress the bounds of feminine propriety" by bringing under your notice an offence against good manners, which, I am sorry to say is but too common among several of my (shall I confess it?) admired countrymen, more especially that delightful race of young gentlemen, who frequent our fashionable promenades in all the glory of the realisation of the fondest dreams of tailors, hatters, and gautiers, who wear an eye-glass, through which they endeavour to look their "killingest," and who occasionally indulge in a cigar, most elegantly held between the fingers of an exquisitely gloved hand. I wish you to understand, dear Mr. Punch, I am not one of those fastidious young ladies who pretend to be poisoned by inhaling the scent of a "fragrant weed;" on the contrary, I

would not deny to any gentleman of my acquaintance any pleasure he may possibly derive from filling his mouth with smoke when he pleases—no! "*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a*"—it is not this habit which raises my indignation—it is—that, not content with expelling the smoke from their mouths, they also expel the saliva, which they tell me is increased by the act of smoking, and that, regardless of place, and the necessary length of ladies' dresses—this often too in our public promenades and most fashionable out-door resorts!!! Were I speaking, dear Mr. Punch, to any other gentleman than yourself, I should expect a sarcastic question relative to the length of my last new dress, &c., but I have no such fear in addressing you—in telling you of this grievance.

"They tell me the evil is most apparent in our great thoroughfares—no doubt others are to blame, besides that particular portion of the human genus I have mentioned; but it is by their example that the evil must be remedied. Will they not oblige us for the future by stepping on the kerb before relieving their overcharged nerves? By so doing they will lay the axe to the root of what has become a public nuisance felt not more severely by any one than by

"Your very sincere friend,
"ALICIA ST. JOHN."

ART FOR THE MILLION.

WE understand that a celebrated modern sculptor, perceiving the interest excited amongst the visitors to the International Exhibition by PIERRO MAGNI's "*Girl Reading*," will shortly open to the public a series of models and marble statuettes, in which he has endeavoured to render the usual subjects of the sculptor's art in a more modern and less conventional manner than usual. We have been favoured with a private view, and may mention the following as especially worthy of notice. Instead of a "*Nymph Preparing to Bathe*," we have "*A Maid of All Work Cleaning Herself*," a delightfully homely domestic subject, which the artist has treated with the utmost felicity. We would especially call the attention of the critical spectator to the expression of the girl's face, where we see blended pleasure, caused by the needful ablution, and pain, the effect of friction with a huckaback towel, the texture of which, admirably represented by the chisel, is worthy of the closest attention, as is also the soap and soap-dish. "*The Death of Agamemnon*" is vividly depicted in a plaster group, where the ill-fated hero is represented struggling under a shirt which the washerwoman has sent home buttoned at the neck and wrists. "*A Child at the Bath, Saturday Night*," marble statuette, is another subject which will go to the heart of all mothers, and is rendered in so life-like a manner, that we could almost affirm the contortion of the child's face was caused by the intrusion of a minute particle of soap beneath the eyelid, producing, as we can vouch from personal experience, excruciating agony.

THE ROSE OF LANKESTER.

MR. PUNCH having pronounced for DR. LANKESTER, it is needless to state that there could be but one issue to the conflict. The tremendous demand for the number of *Punch* in which his opinion as to the candidates was given prevented his being in the hands of all the freeholders, but DR. LANKESTER having stated from the hustings that *Mr. Punch* was with him, the contest was virtually at an end, and the frantic and hysteric exertions of the attorney-party were ludicrous rather than formidable. *Mr. Punch* attended in Portland Place to see the Doctor swear, and is happy to state that he swore very audibly from the parchment elegantly presented by MR. SHERIFF TWENTYMAN, and that MR. LEWIS, in the noblest manner, afforded the new coroner his first case, for MR. LEWIS himself was most decidedly Sat Upon.

COUNTER-ATTRACTIONS.—For the gentlemen, they consist of good articles, moderate prices, and pretty girls; and for the ladies, the counter-attractions consist of "Enormous Failures!" "Alarming Sacrifices!" "Fearful Bankruptcies!" "Awful Bargains!" and big-whiskered shopmen, who have no right to be there at all, doing women's work.

CHARITY AND THE DRAMA AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



VERYBODY who reads *Punch* (and nobody who is anybody ever fails to do so) is aware that *Mr. Punch* never puts forth his great influence in the aid of any object which is not on pure and public grounds well worthy of support. This being a known fact, any person who affects the slightest shadow of a doubt as to the goodness of the charity which *Mr. Punch* would now encourage will be regarded by

that gentleman as a malignant idiot, whom it were gross stupid ass.

The charity in question is the Dramatic College: a college which enjoys the added epithet of Royal, it being under the especial patronage of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. In her happier days, HER MAJESTY has ever been a lover and a patron of the drama, and her people have to thank her much for her judicious patronage, which has served so well to purify and elevate the Stage. Now, it is a fact, not unknown to *Mr. Punch* as well as other great philosophers, that actors, if they live, grow old like other people; and are not more free than other people are from the ills, and chills, and bills, to which all human flesh is heir. It is therefore to assist them in their sickness and their age that this Dramatic Charity has been set on foot. There are tragedies in private life as well as on the Stage, and many a tragedian has cause to carry to his home the sad and mournful bearing which he holds upon the boards. Many a light comedy is played with heavy hearts, and to many a funny actor life is as "full of seriousness" as it was to the Scotch terrier

that never got his fill of fighting. So it is well that a Dramatic refuge should exist, where, when youth and health and strength begin to fail, the needy actor may at ease play out the great drama of life, and, until the curtain drops on the last scene of all, be fostered and maintained in honourable comfort.

This being the aim of the Royal Dramatic College, it is enough for *Mr. Punch* to add that rooms are now complete for receiving twenty pensioners: and it remains for charitable people to determine how many a score more they wish to put on the Free List.

As one way of exciting the bumps of the benevolent, a fancy fair is fixed to take place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday and Monday next, the 19th and 21st. *Lord Dunscreary* will be there, and hosts of other swells; and the meeting will be graced by the presence of *Aunt Sally* and other fashionable members of the fairer sex. In fact it will be quite *de rigueur* to attend, and the fun will grow the faster the more loose cash is spent. To see an actress play at shopkeeping is alone a tempting sight: and who can grudge to pay a guinea for a sixpenny wax doll, if it be bought of a *Queen Catherine* or a *Lady Macbeth*? Moreover, upon public grounds the College surely ought to be supported: for actors after all are the servants of the public, and ought to be looked after in their time of need.

Hampstead Heath in Danger Again.

ALL Members of the House of Commons who entertain any objection to seeing Commons enclosed, are requested to keep a sharp look-out on a Bill which is coming down from the Lords calculated to empower SIR T. MARYON WILSON to enclose Hampstead Heath. The attention of the Members for London is particularly invited to this renewed attack which threatens the Lungs of London.

THE GREATEST HAPPINESS OF THE GREATEST NUMBER.—*Mr. Punch.*

SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"WHEN LORD BROUGHAM, lately presiding over the Social Economy Department at Guildhall, invited me and other gentlemen present to speak. I confess that I felt ashamed to remain silent. I had come prepared with an elaborate Paper on the Employment of Women, and fully intended when opportunity offered to stand and deliver. I am not a very nervous orator. I have held some few briefs in petty larceny cases at Quarter Sessions; and though my clients have all been fellows of most villainous aspect, you would have been affected by their grateful humility, when to their astonishment they were pronounced not guilty by a fat Jury of small Farmers—a result I was told, and am strongly inclined to believe, entirely owing to my ingenious rhetoric. I never contemplated, however, addressing a Jury of Ladies. Indeed, it strikes me that if a Baroness instead of a Baron of the Exchequer sat to try causes at *Nisi Prius* before a special Jury composed of £50 governesses, those whom legal etiquette condemned to wear stuff gowns, would look remarkably small before those who displayed dresses of a more costly material. Had not my self-possession failed me when taunted by LORD BROUGHAM, I should have shown his Lordship and his fair audience, that one very important phase of the question had entirely escaped everybody's attention. Let me explain:

"Notwithstanding her taste for medicine, I have no hesitation in asserting that woman's *forte* is turning in general! When we say in a pretty picturesque metaphor, that she can turn a husband round her little finger, her position is at once recognised at the *lathe* (so to speak) of connubial diplomacy. Now if Woman be gifted with this wonderful power of turning opinions and shaping ends agreeably to her own charming designs, why should her country not derive some benefit from the cold chisel which nature has so kindly placed in her cunning hand? Could not a treaty of Commerce be carried out by that discrimination and tact we as juvenile recipients have so much admired at a treat of cherries? Would she who has achieved such triumphs over the wool of Berlin, be worsted in a Congress at Vienna? Who so fitted to hold out the olive branch of Peace? If we must mediate between North and South, why should not the acknowledged Sisters of Mercy step between the angry American Brothers, and gently bid them drop their vengeful steel?

"To sum up, I would not close a single avenue now open to female talent and industry; but I would certainly allow them free access to that dark tunnel through which secret service money is popularly sup-

posed to be conveyed. Our Ambassadors should be at once recalled, and their places taken by chaperons of distinguished ability. I am sure that LORD DERBY would be highly gratified at so economical an arrangement, and the Tories, who have been so suddenly smitten by a wholesome horror of extravagance, would hail with gallant joy a *corps diplomatique*, whose appointment is desirable, whether regarded as a question of finesse or finance.

"Yours ever,

"*Leopard's Inn.*"

"AMICUS HUMANI GENERIS."

DINNER PLATTITUDES.

TWICE of soup is vulgar, but three times of soup implies that you must be more than double-plated with vulgarity. Such a thing was never known, not even at the Trinity Board, and Turtle is not the slightest excuse for your pushing things to such a vulgar length. An Alderman would really blush for you.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, and an invitation to take a glass of wine will frequently restore warmth between two friends where only coldness existed before.

No matter how plain your cook may be, so long as your dinner is well-dressed.

A few compliments go a great way. A little savoury *pâté* is quite enough. Try too many, and you'll find they'll prove heavy.

When the ladies retire from the dinner-table, it is not usual for you (supposing you to be a gentleman) to retire with them. In this instance, the same law extends to the mistress as to the servants:—"NO FOLLOWERS ALLOWED."

A gratuity well bestowed frequently has a happy effect. The servant that is fee'd well takes care that his master does the same.

In the hands of an inferior *artiste*, whether an omelette turns out good or bad, is quite a matter of toss up. It is the same with a pancake.

Keep ill-natured people from your table, as you would sour fruit. They are sure to disagree with every one. Avoid crab-apples, lest the Apple of Discord should turn up amongst them.

SUBJECT FOR A NEW CARTOON IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—The footway between Whitehall Stairs and Westminster Bridge defended against a host by a single HORSMAN!

HYMN TO APOLLO.

On a late Sunless day.

PHŒBUS APOLLO, surely thou hast driven
Thy fiery steeds beneath the Western wave,
Never again to climb the vault of Heaven;
Thou hast put up at Neptune's palace-cave;
Thy team is stalled with horses of the sea,
And thou, reclined upon a coral throne,
Drainest the bowl which Nereids fill for thee,
Therefore from us the light of day hath flown.

There thou and old Poseidon lie and tope,
Smoking sea-weeds, Havannas of the deep,
We rural swains, meanwhile, are losing hope
Of crops which we require thine aid to reap.
Drink up thy liquors, beer or sparkling wine,
Or grog, that Ocean brews thee, Lord of Day,
Cast thy cigar upon the foaming brine,
That Æolus may blow our clouds away.

To thee the Sea Nymphs, as thou twang'st thy lyre,
To thee the Sirens, joined in chorus, sing,
Whilst here we are obliged to have a fire.
Winter returning on the close of Spring.
Oh! if asleep in Amphitrite's bed,
Soon may old Triton wake thee with his horn,
Or Ceres will deplore her fields o'erspread
With white for yellow; snow instead of corn.

MRS. HARRIS A RADICAL.

OUR excellent friend, *Mrs. Harris*, was taking great credit to herself the other day for not writing in the old hack Tory way, and for suiting her utterances to the enlightenment and liberality of the age. "Which what I says, M'm," writes *Mrs. Harris*, "is this, and what I says I stands to, M'm, for I never denyges my declivities which is Tory, M'm, but young folks is young folks, and won't be no wiser till they ceases to be such, whereby blow the babble and save the Party, M'm, is my motter." We cordially congratulate the old lady on her advanced principles, but we think that like all converts, she is inclined to go a little too far. *Punch* may have had to complain of the conduct of certain aristocrats, but he never branded the "distinguished world," *en masse*, with lunacy. This is what the radical *Mrs. Harris* now does. Here is her account of the attendance at the International on a day at the close of June:—

"The numbers yesterday were 26,840, of whom 5,731 entered by season tickets. Among the distinguished visitors were the Viceroy of Egypt, who remained until an advanced hour of the afternoon, LORD and LADY FOLEY, the HON. CHARLES MURRAY, and a party of Hungarians, who evidently enjoyed the brilliant scene that expanded before them as they entered. Another party of lunatics, from DR. ARMSTRONG'S, Peckham House Asylum, were yesterday enabled to see the Exhibition by the kindness of the gentleman under whose charge they are, and again we have to notice with satisfaction that the poor creatures bore themselves with the utmost quietness of demeanour."

CRINOLINE FOR CLOWNS.

"MR. PUNCH,
"HERE'S a good 'un. This here advertismunt, as speerd in the *Marnum Pwoocast* t'other day. I've coppied un word for word, 'cept the neam, 'cause as how I dwoan't want to puff the feller:—

HOBSON'S PATENT CROWN CRINOLINES.—"MESSRS. HOBSON'S Skirts, manufactured under HER MAJESTY'S Royal Letters Patent, are pronounced the lightest and the best in the world; and are worn by all the leading circles of society in Paris, London, and America."—*London and Paris Magazine of Fashion*, January. To be had of all first-class drapers.

"Strikes me there be two or drie pints in this here notufication as is wuth your 'tension. In the fust pleace, Crown Crinolines. What be they? Crinolines at five shilluns a-piece? I dwoan't know whether or no that's reckoned cheap; but I calls um dear at any monney. Or do 't mean that these here crinolines is wore by the Crown? If zo all I can zay is the moor's the pity, and if so be as how the Crown ood be graciously plazed to lave um off, what a good example the Crown ood zet the female subject!

"Next we be told as how these here Crown Crinolines is 'pronounced the lightest and the best in the world.' What's the sense o' that? Pronounced easier and better than other Crinolines? Of all the Crinolines I ever heerd on, one sart is as easy to pronounce as a another; besides what advantage is there in pronouncun one Crinoline better nor another? Them as wears the comfortablest, I should think, was the kind to choose, not them as is easiest pronounced.

"Thirdly, *Mr. Punch*, I can't make out the zignification of these here Crown Crinolines heun 'worn by the leading circles of Society.' Why, bless me, a Crinoline be a circle, bain't un; at least a framework of circles one atop o' t'other? How circles is to wear circles passes my understandun. Round about a beer barrel is a circle to be sure, and the hoop outside o' that's a circle around a circle; what then is the 'leading circles of society?' zummut o' the barrel shape? Ah! I be afear'd they be but empty barrels; or any rate nothun in um like good beer; nothun no better nor wuss than the wust o' swipes; wot we calls 'sims' down hereabouts.

"Lastly as to 'first-class drapers.' Is there classes o' drapers, fust second and third, like railway-carridges? Then I take it the difference chiefly is that the fust-class drapers is the most expensive, and accordunly that fine ladies as wants Crown Crinolines must expect to pay for um.

"Just below the foresaid advertisement there was another about Crinoline, puffun up 'The Crinoline Boot and Antigropelette'—what a word! It said:—

"The Crinoline Boots are made for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Childron."

"Gentlemen's boots have been the fashion for ladies for some time now; and the same boots now-a-days is generally made for gentlemen and ladies—'cause I spose a little shoe and a sandle was thought to make a girl's foot and ankle look too pretty. The Crinoline Boots that's now made a purpose for gentlemen I spose is boots wi Crinoline to boot. Then the gentlemen too must ha taken to wearun petticoats. Otherways what call have they got to wear Crinoline? Now we sartainly have got some excuse to do so; and mark my words what Crinoline's comun to; next time you comes down vrom Town 'tis like enough you'll see we country bumpkuns clodhoppun over the ploughed fields in our smock-frocks wi Crinoline under um.

"Your old acquaintance,

"*Gruntford, July, 1862.*"

"JOHN HOMEGREEN."

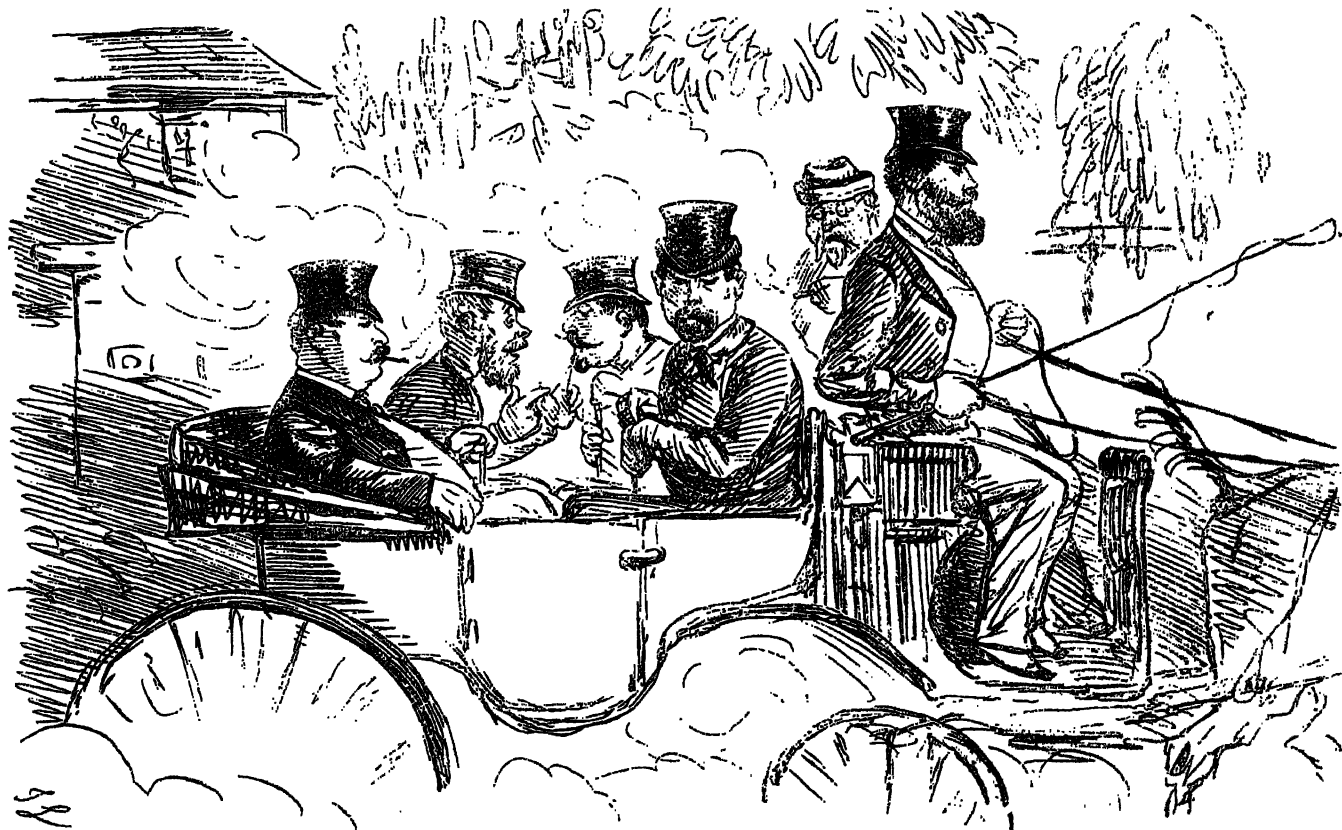


FEDERAL MARBLES.

THE money article of the *Times* one day last week contained the following quotation from a Yankee newspaper:—

"A large number of workmen are now busily engaged in preparing for the placing on the dome of the Capitol CRAWFORD'S colossal statue of Freedom."

What a seasonable proceeding! But why should Freedom stand on the Capitol alone? It is true that the *habeas corpus* has been suspended in the North, that the Press is gagged, and that the Federal States are trying to reduce the Confederates to subjection. But to accomplish this end they are fighting and not conquering in a fratricidal war, spreading devastation, inflicting and suffering ruin and slaughter. Therefore why do they not place a statue of Peace by the side of Liberty, a statue of Victory, and statues of Mercy and Prosperity, if there is room for them? And since they cherish a feeling of hostility towards this country, as rancorous as it is groundless, statues of Justice and Charity might be added, and, inasmuch as the Yankees are violating every principle of Christianity, the group might be completed with a statue of Religion. These sculptures would cost some money, but expense can be no object to a Government running up a debt which will be limited only by a panic and ultimately repudiated.



WHO CAN THEY BE? CAN THEY BE "MOSCOOS" GOING TO MAKE A PROMENADE TO RICHMOND! BUT PERHAPS M. ANSOLANT CAN TELL US?

THE LITTLE WARBLER, OR NEWS OF THE DAY.

TOM BROWN and his two Injine Boys
Are gone to Dixie's Land;
And Old Dan Tucker's made a match
With Nancy in the Strand.

Good News from Home made Mary Blanc
And Eulalie quite gay;
Bob Ridley's Off to Charlestown,
And taken Old Dog Tray.

Young Villikins met Lucy Neal
And turned Red, White and Blue;
And Nelly Bly has caught her foot
In her Hoop de Dooden Do.

"I'm Leaving Thee in Sorrow, Annie,"
Sighed mournfully Jim Crow;
And Annie Laurie pert replied,
"Then Kiss me Quick and Go."

Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore,
So he Wanted Her to Wed,
"I'm O'er Young to Marry Yet,
But Cheer up Sam," she said;

"And Will you Love me Then as Now?
O Beautiful Star," said he;
"I Only Ask when I'm Afloat,
Then You'll Remember Me!"

He Sailed Away in a Gallant Ship,
But Though True Love he Vowed,
When he was Seeing Nelly home,
They Met, 'Twas in a Crowd.

THE SEAT OF IMPUDENCE.—A Cabman's box.

THE PALE OF SOCIETY: BEING A CONJUGAL REVELATION.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"My wife says that I have no business to tell you this—that I heard it in confidence—that she will never take me with her any more—and so on, but I must tell you, and chance the worst.

"I went with her to buy a bonnet the other day. Do you think I am one of the vulgar snobs who don't like buying bonnets or anything else that their wives want? I have plenty of money, and I like to see ANNABELINDA look well—or at least to see that she thinks she looks well. No matter where we went—when I say that the Bonnet cost two guineas and a half, I suppose that your lady readers will know that we did not go to any low kind of place.

"My wife selected her Bonnet, and, having worn it for some minutes, was asked by the handsome lady of the establishment how she liked it? "Well, ANNABELINDA liked it very much—but she thought it "made her look rather pale." (It didn't, and I should like to see the bonnet that would tone down those Shropshire roses, but that is neither here nor there.)

"Pale, M'm," repeated the lady of the bonnets, with a confidential and half compassionate smile, "yes, and"

"(I heard her, my dear Punch, I heard her with my own blessed ears.) "Pale, M'm? O, yes, that is as it should be. Last year it was the thing to have a colour, even if it was necessary to put on a little"

"Yes, yes," said ANNABELINDA, "but this year"—
"It is the thing to be pale, M'm—melancholy reasons—you understand—and in fact it is our endeavour to arrange all bonnets with a view to that effect."

"I swear it, my dear Punch, if I never buy another bonnet. My wife says that even if I must betray confidence I need not use such dreadful language. So I say no more, but this you shall have from

"Yours ever,
"The Turtledovey, Kensington." "SEPTIMIUS FONDLESQUAW."

NEAT AND APPROPRIATE.—Since the International Match 'between England and Scotland, we should suggest that if the gallant CAPTAIN HORATIO be elevated to the Scottish peerage, he should take his title from "The Mall of Ross."



THE SENSATION BALL!

THE LATEST PLEASantry IN THE PUBLIC STREETS.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JULY 11th. *Friday.* Everything that *Mr. Punch* does turns out for the best. He is like THOMAS the Rhymer who, despite his piteous protest that the gift would disqualify him for the society of ladies and of statesmen, received a tongue that could not lie. The most carelessly dropped remark of *Mr. Punch* invariably consolidates into an adamant truth, and his most playfully conceived picture becomes, on the day it appears, at once a pregnant record of the most important incident of the day and a subtle prophecy of the results of such incident. If he attends a public celebration or ceremonial, it proves to be of the most extraordinary interest, if he stays away, it turns out to be something not worth a moment's attention. So with Parliamentary matters. When *Mr. Punch* is in his place, the proceedings of the Legislature are as dignified and significant as such things can be, but let him give himself a holiday, and the sense, gravity, and wit of Parliament take holiday likewise. He cannot go wrong, or stay wrong. This mild and altogether inadequate tribute to his prescience is drawn from him by his recollection that instead of attending at Westminster on the above mentioned Friday, he went to Kensington (with consequences which are a secret between himself, the world, and policeman X 555), and his perceiving, on a glance at Saturday's papers, that nothing occurred on the Friday night that is worth his notice. Except, indeed, that he rejoices in having been absent from the House of Lords, for on that evening his friend the BISHOP OF OXFORD brought forward his new Bill for creating in heathen parts English bishops who were not to owe allegiance to their Queen, and his friend the LORD CHANCELLOR, ever vigilant, tackled the bishop, charged him with trying to get in the thin edge of the wedge for separating Church and State, and having thus proved the BISHOP OF OXFORD to be a dissenter, compelled the right reverend schismatic (not without the exchange of some painfully smart language) to surrender his measure. This scene *Mr. Punch* is truly glad to have escaped, nor would it have been particularly pleasant to him to sit in the Commons, and hear unsatisfactory replies to uninteresting questions until the House was Counted Out.

Monday. Jamaica is one of the West India Islands, at least *Mr. Punch* humbly ventures to think so, although he makes any geographical statement with extreme timidity, ever since his friendly antagonist the *Star*, in defiance of maps and the *English Cyclopædia*, denied his allegation that Brisbane was in New South Wales. Well, wherever

HAMPSHIRE HOGGISM.

A VILE crime has been committed at Fordingbridge. The scene is visited by hundreds of persons, who have carried away all the bark of some trees that stand near the spot, and—listen to this: "two cows, which are said to have manifested excitement at the time of the deed, are also objects of much curiosity." So says the *Morning Star*. The "curious" fools must be the legitimate descendants of the people who paid to see the fork that had belonged to the knife with which PEE NICHOLSON tried to wound KING GEORGE THE THIRD, and with which she founded the order of "PEE NICHOLSON'S KNIGHTS." Surely if that admirable institution, the Asylum for Idiots, needs a valid appeal to the popular purse, the directors would find one in a representation that Idiocy is so lamentably prevalent as is shown by this news from Fordingbridge, in which town, by the way, in addition to a fine church, "are chapels for Wesleyans, Independents, and Quakers, National and British Schools, and a Literary and Scientific Institution."

The report adds, however, that the "poor children"—the adjective is appropriate—are better occupied than in attending either the National or the British School. They "make much money by guiding visitors to the spot," and of course by explaining the details of one of the foulest crimes ever committed by the Chaplain's Pet, the ticket-of-leave man. Could not a commission, under the new Lunacy Act, be issued to inquire into the mental condition of Fordingbridge, with a branch investigation into the sort of teaching administered in church, chapel, school, and institution?

Farinaceous Gunpowder.

SOME German chemists are said to have discovered that starch, by being peculiarly treated with nitric acid, becomes converted into an explosive substance which promises to supersede common gunpowder. This starch, if employed for warlike purposes, will prove a stiffener for many a tall fellow.

Jamaica is, it owes us a lot of money, and has not the slightest intention of paying us, and we are going to compromise the debt, by arranging that Jamaica shall pay the salary of its Governor. LORD DERBY made a smart speech on the matter this evening, and was answered by LORD TAUNTON, formerly MR. LABOUCHERE, and the two nobles, like knights in an ancient tournament, were up in each other's mottoes, the Knight of Derby asking his antagonist why he did not remember his *Passibus citis sed æquis*, and the Knight of Taunton retorting that his noble enemy had not forgotten his own *Sans Changer*. A Bill on the subject was read a Second Time in the Commons, MR. HADFIELD, like an attorney as he is, protesting against indulgence, and wishing to issue execution against the poor Jamaicans.

Another Fortifications debate—Latin quotation by SIR G. LEWIS, English quotation by MR. OSBORNE—a Government victory, 132 to 50, and £110,000 voted. The Lunacy Reform Bill went through Committee, and publicans will be happy to hear that the Bill for preventing the obtaining beverages on tick was withdrawn.

Tuesday. The Houses, with a view to getting at the grouse, are getting through business, and in consequence the proceedings are useful and uninteresting. LORD ROBERT MONTAGU slightly interrupted this onward course of events by a speech on Mexico, assailing Ministers for having tolerated the rule of brigands there, but with having interfered as soon as a constitutional government arose. He also remarked, with some little strength of language, that we had combined with the Murderer of his Country's Liberties to raise a despotism in Mexico that would be abhorred by men, and bring down the vengeance of Heaven. MR. LAYARD did not enter into a purgation of the character of HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, nor into an exegesis of the book of the prophet MONTAGU, but explained that we had done all that was prudent, and likely to keep us out of entanglements. MR. FITZGERALD thought that our withdrawing from Mexico was the most graceful part of our proceedings, and he showed that, though a scholar and a prizeman, he had forgotten his *Macbeth*, for he mentioned that it had been "wittily remarked of some one, that nothing in life became him like the leaving it." We don't think *Malcolm* meant a joke when informing the gracious *Duncan* that CAWDOR had met the fate of CORDEB. Another Count Out.

Wednesday. LORD BERNERS' Bill for enabling the police to deal with gangs of night poachers having passed the Lords, it came on for

Second Reading, and the Game Preserving Instinct in the Commons was strong enough to carry the measure, against the Government, by 149 to 94. Parties were divided, however, and that thoroughly honest and shrewd old Tory, MR. HENLEY, strongly opposed the Bill, thought it much too stringent, and also calculated to diminish the efficiency of the police, who had plenty to attend to already. Some of his statistics were so funny that *Mr. Punch* must cite them:—

“In the metropolitan districts there was a policeman for 504 people—a very good allowance—but they could not stop thieving. In the rest of England the proportion was one to 1,111. In London there were 13,700 belonging to the dangerous classes and 6,000 policemen. In all the rest of England there were 15,000 police and 100,000 belonging to the dangerous classes. The proportion in London was two and one-fifth, or two grown persons and a small boy—in the rest of England the proportion amounted to seven and a small boy. In London, with a population of 3,000,000 *id est*, there are 2,960 known thieves, 222 receivers, 7,000 *travellers*, 1,074 suspected persons, 1,463 vagrants—in all, 13,700. Really, as this is the age of *soi-disant*, he was surprised Sir RICHARD MAYNE did not get up an entertainment at the Crystal Palace—(laughter)—and bring those 13,700 persons and the 6,000 policemen together. (Heer.)”

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, on the other hand, maintained that the poaching gangs were a demoralising nuisance, and made enormous profits by the sale of the game they stole. SIR GEORGE GREY said that the Bill would require much alteration.

Thursday. Since Christmas Day 1670, when SIR JOHN COVENTRY, M.P., was attacked in the street by SIR THOMAS SANDYS and some other ruffianly friends of the Merry Blackguard CHARLES THE SECOND, there has not been a “sensation case” like that of to-day. It was announced by LORD IL. LENOX that in the middle of the night of Tuesday, MR. PILKINGTON, the Member for Blackburn, on his way home from the House, had been attacked near the Guards’ Monument in Pall Mall by two scoundrels, one of whom knocked him down and left him nearly insensible, while another stole his watch. No policeman was at hand. SIR GEORGE GREY seemed to think that such things could hardly be helped—“it was impossible to have a policeman everywhere where a gentleman might be in the four-and-twenty hours.” The “Who goes home” will cease to be a form, if these outrages continue, and they are very prevalent just now, thanks to the ticket-of-leave system, which returns us the criminal with all the accomplishments

of education and the grand tour. Members must see one another home.

SIR CHARLES WOOD then addressed himself to show, at vast length, and with that pleasing and distinct oratory for which he is celebrated, that MR. LAING’S defence of his Indian Budget was unsatisfactory. The various journals take opposite views of the case—according—not to arithmetic—but to their Indian politics. The real question is, does India promise to be really solvent, and, on the whole, Indian echo may be considered to answer in the affirmative.

Friday. The Canadians were censured in the Lords for refusing to pass a Militia Bill, and divers apprehensions were expressed for which *Mr. Punch* hopes that there is no cause. The ladies of England have done so much towards promoting the Volunteer movement here that *Mr. Punch* is inclined to ask the darling Muffins of Canada whether they cannot take a similar course, and refuse to smile on any man who does not support the Militia. That would be coming down with Sledgehammer force on the unwise recalcitrants.

MR. LAYARD said that the Foreign Office had no information as to the alleged surrender of GENERAL McCLELLAN’S army. Later, MR. LINDSAY persevered in bringing on his motion to the effect that it was time to mediate between the North and South. As this motion and the debate which it occasioned may be the beginning of some serious history, *Mr. Punch* will record that there were eight speakers—MR. LINDSAY, the mover; MR. P. TAYLOR, who vehemently opposed interference; LORD VANE TEMPEST, who urged it from motives of humanity; MR. W. FORSTER, who strongly contended for adherence to non-intervention; MR. WHITESIDE, who thought that a solemn proffer of mediation would burst the War Bubble; LORD PALMERSTON, who deprecated angry debates, and hoped that a question of such importance and delicacy would be left in the hands of the Government; MR. FITZGERALD, who thought the Confederates had earned a right to recognition; and MR. HORWOOD, who implored the Government to take some action. MR. LINDSAY then withdrew his motion. It is difficult to ascertain the truth from telegrams and despatches manufactured to order; but the news of the War seems to make it exceedingly probable that “the beginning of the end” has come.

ST. SWITHUN AND SCIENCE.

(To the Editor of the Tablet.)



THE tradition, Sir, respecting the dependence of fine or wet weather on St. Swithun’s Day is hardly, I believe, *de jure*; but, not having been ever condemned by the POPE, is it not a pious opinion, which may be true, and cannot be denied without possible injury to the faith? If so, what do you say to the following statement, which has been lately published?—

“St. Swithun’s ‘day’ falls in a month in which more rain occurs than in any other in the year: nevertheless the records at the Greenwich Observatory show that, taking the average of the last twenty years, of the forty days which followed the 15th of July, the greater part were rainy when St. Swithun’s Day was fine. During the period spoken of there have never been forty consecutive wet or dry days after the anniversary, whatever the condition of the weather may have been on that day.”

This dangerous if not pernicious statement occurs in the *Athenaeum*; a heretical literary and scientific journal

which I suppose has been put into the *Index Expurgatorius*, like almost every other English paper but yours and mine. It rests, you will have observed, on the authority of the astronomers and meteorologists of Greenwich Observatory, which is one of those pestilent institutions where the Book of Nature is read and interpreted under no condition of restraint or guidance by ecclesiastical authority.

If it ought to have rained more or less on every day for forty days after St. Swithun’s Day whenever any rain fell on that day, as it ought if the Holy See should ever decide that it always does, then the observers of Greenwich Observatory have recorded facts which ought never to have taken place, accordingly can never have occurred, and therefore ought never to have been published. Here, perhaps, for aught we know, are phenomena brought into collision with

faith; meteorology at variance with Catholic doctrine. Such a contradiction would be impossible under a system of Catholic teaching, and hence the necessity for a Catholic University of which the Charter is, with such obstinate bigotry and intolerance, withheld by LORD PALMERSTON, but will, we may trust, be conceded by DEBY and DISRAELI, if ever they have the chance of making any concession of the kind. When the facts contradict the faith, so much the worse for the facts. That, I apprehend, is the principle on which our deputation, that waited the other day upon the persecuting PREMIER, insist upon being privileged to conduct education, and form the human mind. That is the way—is it not?—to train the rising generation, so as to prepare it for the study of Nature, and for the perusal of

PUNCH.

Feast of St. Swithun, 1862.

A QUESTIONABLE COMMITAL.

A CORRESPONDENT asks “Can *Mr. Punch* tell me under what act this comes?”

“MARY DAY, of Longnor, was sentenced to three months’ imprisonment for sleeping in the open air, on Tuesday night, the 8th instant.”

The Vagrant Act. The report is taken from the *Buxton Advertiser*, under the head of Special Petty Sessions. It is somewhat concise. Therefore, had the Magistrates who disposed of the case been stendipari, we should have presumed that there were circumstances, unreported, which justified them in committing the accused as a rogue and vagabond. But knowing of what a country bench is capable, we are free to confess, using parliamentary language, that we cannot say that we are not sure that the judgment above recorded is not a specimen of justices’ justice. But for our gentle-maulike and opulent appearance, we should hesitate a little to take a *siesta* on a sunny bank, if we could find one this summer in the neighbourhood of Buxton.

You may well Say That.

WHY will M. GALLAIT probably behave in a disgraceful manner?

Because, after being fêted in England, he’ll go home and tell LÉVY?

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



EAR PUNCH,
 "In the interval since my last letter but little has occurred of much dramatic note. Thanks to country visitors, old pieces still keep running, though their charms, to London play-goers, must long ago have ceased. Stoke Pogis, come to town to see the Exhibition, of course delights to see those novelties the *Peep o' Day* and the *Porter's Knot*, while our old friend *Lord*

Dumreary nightly stammers forth his small talk for the benefit of Slushborough and Stickley-in-the-Mud. Indeed in a dramatic way, but few things have of late been more attractive to the Londoner than the fancy fair and fête for the Dramatic College, an institution which all playgoers I think ought to support. If one could count up all the hearty laughs heard nightly at the theatres, what an amount of cachinnation one would find they yearly cause! Now, there are few things of more value to good health than a good laugh, and if a halfpenny per laugh were handed over to the College, there would be little fear of actors who have lived to give such pleasure ever dying in distress.

"Mention of this charity induces very naturally a word anent its Master, whom I rejoiced the other night to see again at his own house in the *Dead Heart*. Mr. WEBSTER has long ranked among the best of English actors, and it is well our foreign friends should see that we have still good acting left in England, and that it is not mere 'sensation' only that can fill a theatre. With his calm collected bearing and passionless cold voice, Mr. WEBSTER very certainly makes the most of *Robert Lundry* (and very ably he is aided by the ABBE DAVID FISHER, who always is painstaking and tries to act his best); but one almost feels regret to see him where his talents are not allowed more scope, and they who have had the fortune to see him in *Tartuffe* will not confine their admiration to his acting as they see it in a piece like the *Dead Heart*.

"I was glad to find the house so well filled when I went: but the Adelphi is so comfortable that it is no wonder people flock to it, no matter what may be the attractions of the stage. You have room to stretch your legs there, and can breathe and hear and see, without having to sit sideways and crane your neck, and bend your back, and generally distort yourself as is the case at other theatres. You are charged a fixed price for your seat, and, this paid, you are never called upon for extra sixpences. I am sure the small exactions by book-keepers, often add to the dislike which many comfort-loving people feel to going to the play.

"I am not aware if foreigners still cling to the old notion that we of England are by no means a music-loving people. If so, such of them who are among us now had better count how many concerts there are announced daily in the columns of '*ze Times*' (what a 'Jubilee' was that of yours, PROFESSOR PHILHARMONIC BENNETT! how WEBER, SPOHR, MENDELSSOHN, GLÜCK, BEETHOVEN, and MOZART, would have rejoiced to hear their works performed by such a band as yours, helped by JOACHIM and ANDERSON, TIETJENS and JENNY LIND!); and besides counting the concerts, let our foreign friends take note that both our operas are open, and that the two together lately have been giving eight or nine performances a week. At HER MAJESTY'S MISS FAYNE and MR. SANTLEY have been showing that England has some singers who can sing Italian songs; and here ROSSINI'S pets, the two sisters MARCHISIO, have been warbling *Semiramide* like a couple of twin nightingales, on the nights when FRAULBIN TIETJENS has rested her sweet voice. How MEYERBERG'S *Roberto* has been done at Covent Garden, hath not *Punch* already told? And here ADELINA PATTI, that pleasant niquant little party, has been singing as *Amina*, and *Norina*, and *Zerlina*, and *Rosina* (are there any other characters that rhyme with ADELINA?) in a way to bring down nightly on her pretty little head a whole Covent Garden Marketful of rapturous bouquets. Moreover, here is MARIO, deliciousest of tenors, who sings in such pure style and with such exquisite good taste; and in addition here is TAMBERLIK—ARNOLD DON OTTAVIO TAMBERLIK—with his famous high chest C, and his fashionable *vibrato*, which makes his fine voice shake as though it had the ague. Terribly infectious are these shaking fits, it seems, and nearly every new singer appears to catch the malady. To me these vocal shivers are exceedingly distressing, and I shall heartily rejoice when the disease has quite died out.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

A Stream of Ill-Luck.

THE Metropolitan Railway has been inundated so often that it is a kind of misnomer to talk of it as the Underground Railway. A more fitting appellation would certainly be, The Underwater Railway.

OLD ABE AT THE BAR (OF PUBLIC OPINION).

YOUNG JONATHAN, in liquorin' tastes,
 Has long dropped beer and mocked ale,
 For julep, sherry-cobler,
 Gin-sling and brandy-cocktail;
 Gum-tickler and chain-lightning,
 Eye-brightener and leg-tangler—
 And scores of other compounds known
 To each 'cute bar-room dangler.

Until at last his liquors he
 Has grown so fond of mixin',
 He scorns the charms of alcohol
 Without some artful 'fixin',
 Some sugary aid to make it sweet,
 Some acid smack to sour it,
 Till each drink needs two jugs at least,
 And two smart hands to pour it.

We see how fashion spreads and grows,
 Till all around it catches,
 So JONATHAN'S new taste in drinks
 Has now reached to despatches.
 His palate too fastidious
 For unadulterate fact is,
 And mixing truth with lies has grown
 His barman's constant practice.

Where dull JOHN BULL would measure out
 Defeat's unmingled bitters,
 In water from truth's well, despite
 Britannia's tears and twitters,
 The caterers for JONATHAN
 With bunkum brag and bluster
 Spice up defeat to victory,
 And call it "raal eye-duster."

There at the bar in Washington
 Sits one as honest ABE known,
 From his rail-splitting Springfield days
 As truthful as a babe known—
 But "at the bar 'tis as the bar"—
 So honest ABE in fixin'
 Despatches up for JONATHAN
 Has learnt the art of mixin'.

From Victory's goblet to Defeat's
 This way and that he tosses
 Retreats, advances, fronts and rears,
 Facts, figures, gains and losses.
 Is the draught harsh? A homied lie
 Makes questioning palates placid:
 Does the draught cloy? Throw in a dash
 Of partial loss for acid.

And when he's stirred the stuff about
 Till STAUNTON'S taste approves it,
 Or SEWARD'S, who bad news can fix
 As JONATHAN best loves it;
 The mixture's handed from the bar,
 So cunningly compounded,
 Few can pick out the truth with lies
 The lies with truth confounded.

"Truth, cold without, Sir," says old ABE,
 "With JONATHAN is scarce, Sir:
 He's used to take it with a dash
 Of hot sensation saarse, Sir.
 I guess his stomach 'twouldn't suit,
 Perhaps bring on the shakes, Sir,
 So palatable at our bar
 The naked truth we makes, Sir."

A Silk Gown that is only Worsted.

IT is not only unfair but ungenerous to condemn Mr. EDWIN JAMES for his defence, simply because it happens to be extremely lame and impotent, and ludicrously laboured and evasive; for it is very clear, says BARON BRAMWELL, ever since the late M.P. for Marylebone has been disbarred, that his arguments can be little better than ex-Q.C.'s (*excuses*).

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—July 26, 1862.



DUNDREARY ROW—HYDE PARK.

SAID ONE DUNDREARY TO ANOTHER DUNDREARY—"BY JOVE! IT'S AWFULLY JOLLY, AIN'T IT?"



THE LATEST FROM AMERICA;
Or, the New York "Eye-Duster," to be taken Every Day.

THE LAST FRENCH ROMANCE.

WILL you hear of a lovely young lady of France,
For whom knights in old days would have levelled the lance,
And she had great riches and beauty beside,
And an Empress's Chamberlain wanted a bride,
Singing, *Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!*

NOW CLAIRE had a lover already, small blame,
Or none, to the darling for having that same:
An able young statesman, but poor by compare
With toadies who fawn round an Empress's chair.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

She had also an uncle as kind as could be,
A General Receiver of Taxes was he,
His name as you spell it was FONTINALLAT,
But of course being French it must not rhyme with that.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

The beautiful EMPRESS she listed the prayer
That she'd have her gay Chamberlain married to CLAIRE,
Grand-niece of DUKE PASQUER, and as hath been told,
No end of a fortune in silver and gold:
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

Then smiled the fair EMPRESS, and promised to use
Her counsel to CLAIRE as to whom she should choose:
Nothing doubting the maiden would gladly obey
Her Sovereign's behest, and immediately say
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

But CLAIRE, in the presence, made blushing admission
That she loved, and loved only her young politician,
And begged that MADAME would select, for her pearl
Of Chamberlain-courtiers, some other rich girl.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

The beautiful EMPRESS felt mightily riled,
And feared the young lady was what you call spiled:
"To think, when the Court has the goodness to choose
A spouse for a virgin, the girl should refuse.
To sing, *Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!*"

Alarmed at the point in the EMPRESS's words,
Poor CLAIRE hurried off to the "Convent of Birds,"
And sought the protection of padlock and grate
For a flutterer invited to choose a wrong mate.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

But, alas for the lover of worried MISS CLAIRE,
She entered a trap when she took herself there;
And the Lady Superior, by night and by day,
Conjured and implored the poor girl to give way.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

The Lady Superior, when baffled, brought in
A burly Archbishop, who talked about sin,
And preached to MISS CLAIRE that the Devil alone
Made her shy at a marriage advised by the Throne,
That said *Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!*

Yet still the young lady was constant and true,
And vain was the ecclesiastical screw,
But they worked it so hard that at last the poor maid
Wrote off to her uncle to come to her aid.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

He got the sad letter, brave FONTINALLAT,
He dashed out an oath, and he dashed on a hat,
And he dashed in his carriage to call on his Chief,
The Minister, FOULD, of the Hebrew belief.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

ACHILLES was out, but PATROCLUS was there
Who knew the whole story of pretty MISS CLAIRE,
And informed the brave uncle his place would depend
On his proving the Chamberlain's champion and friend.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

"There are some things," says HORACE, "too awful for verse,"
And one's when a Frenchman commences to curse;
But if oaths may be pardoned it's when they're let fly
At a rogue who would make you his tool and ally.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

MONSIEUR FONTINALLAT having blazed like a bomb,¹
Informed poor PATROCLUS (with horror struck dumb)
That having imparted his notions at large,
He should seek his hotel and await his discharge.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

It came in an hour—ere another had past
He had CLAIRE in his uncely arms safe and fast,
And he took her away, the poor true-hearted dove,
And swears she shall marry the man of her love.
Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!

And if with a moral you'd like to be bored,
See Court, Priest, and Minister awfully floored;
For trying what threat and corruption would do,
To force a young maid, in Eighteen Sixty Two,
To say, *Vite en carrosse, vite à la noce!*

PETTICOATS AND PICKPOCKETS.

WHAT is enough for one is enough for two, is a saying supposed to warrant any man in marrying who is able to live. Whatever truth there may once have been in that maxim, there can be none now when wives have become so expensive as they are rendered by their excessive drapery. Of that, to be sure, it may safely be said, that what is enough for one is enough for a half a dozen. No wonder that the Employment of Women question presses, and that young ladies are singing "*We've got no Work to Do*," and "*Nobody Coming to Marry Me*." This excess of apparel threatens to be as everlasting as the Income-Tax; which it sorely aggravates. It is really a great bore. In every thoroughfare it establishes an effective blockade. It constitutes the fuel of that fire through which Fashion passes her children to Moloch. That may serve them right, and be of no more consequence than the moth's extinction in the candle; but it is too bad that redundancy of petticoats should bring a respectable man into trouble, as it did one day last week. A gentleman, called in a police report "a Member of the Society of Friends," in business with his father at Macclesfield, was pulled up before MR. DAYMAN, at Westminster, on a charge of having, at the Brompton Exhibition, attempted to pick a lady's pocket. CHOWNE, Sergeant, E. 5, a detective in plain clothes, "had his attention directed to the prisoner," who was in the Machine Room among some ladies looking at the machinery; CHOWNE saw him there by the side of a woman "whose pocket it was his impression he was trying to pick;" and accordingly the officer took him up. He was walked off to the station, searched, taken before the Magistrate, remanded for a week on bail in two sureties of £250 each, and reappeared on remand, when:—

"MR. SMYTH, on the part of the prisoner, stated that his client had only come to town a day or two previously, and was there on the day in question with his sister, brother, and friends, to see his brother's machinery. His client could have no motive for committing a robbery, as he possessed considerable property, and bore at Macclesfield a character unimpeachable for integrity. At the time alluded to by the officer his client was pushing aside the hoops of the lady's crinoline in order that he might have a better view of the machine."

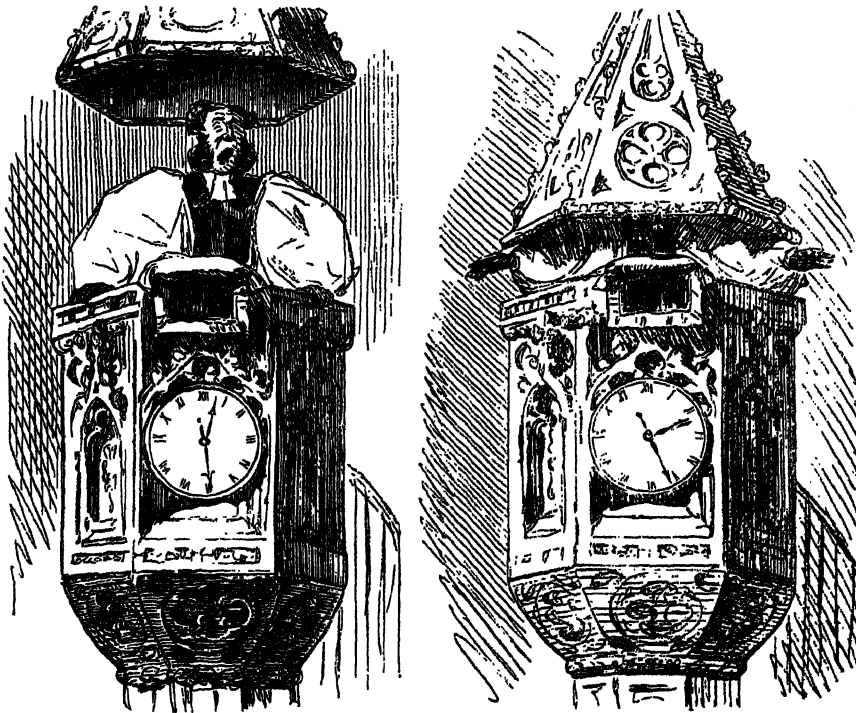
The evidence of MR. CORDEN and several other members of Parliament, and gentlemen, as to the character of the accused, fully bore out this defence, and the worthy Quaker left the Court, as MR. DAYMAN said, without a stain on his reputation. Yes; but not without a scar on his feelings, left by seven long days' anxiety and fear. And all this grievous annoyance this gentleman incurred merely by pushing aside the hoops of a walking nuisance, and unpunishably social evil.

All men visiting the Brompton Exhibition, unless they want to be arrested for picking ladies' pockets, should keep their hands carefully in their own. How to dispose of your hands in an omnibus, where the muslin of your female neighbours extends over your stomach, however convex, is a hard matter. Entirely to preclude suspicion, you may perhaps resort to the expedient of holding them up over your head, and then you had better tell the passengers why you do so, lest they should think you a fool. A better plan will be to carry about with you a number of *Punch*, and, as soon as you have seated yourself, take it out and read. Everybody will allow that nobody can read *Punch* and pick pockets too. Crinoline makes it necessary for you to guard yourself against imputations which may be cast upon you by any officious observer or malevolent woman. No doubt the huge hoops and enormous skirts of women do afford facilities to pickpockets. That would be a good thing, because it would very soon reduce petticoats within compass, if ladies' pockets, as fast as emptied, had not generally to be filled by their husbands and fathers.

Change of Name.

If the "Board of Works" deal in such dirty jobs as this Montagu-House business, we shall have to make an addition to their Title. "The Board of Works of Darkness" would be highly appropriate.

PATENT PULPITS.



"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"AMONGST the many beautiful things which the Exhibition contains, I am surprised that none of the critics should have called the attention of the Public to an exquisitely carved Pulpit. This remissness on their part is more surprising, because it seems to have been expressly constructed in order to carry out the views of those gentlemen who write to the *Times* about the impropriety of long sermons. Above it is suspended a beautifully formed extinguisher. Now although the Catalogue does not say so (catalogues are so very meagre in their descriptions, I hope the next one published will change all that) I feel convinced that there must be machinery inside, which will cause the extinguisher to fall at the proper moment; that is to say, when the patience of the congregation is exhausted, although their ideas of propriety may compel them to retain their seats.

"I trust that your insertion of this will ensure the inventor a large number of orders from metropolitan congregations before he leaves the country.

"Yours truly, ROBERT BUSHELL."

"FOR PRINCES SHOULD BE FREE."

THE Orleans Princes have left the army of the Northern States, and have returned to Europe. For doing this their Royal Highnesses are of course sneered at by the American organ here, and are doubtless vilified by its friends of the Northern press. But it is difficult to understand why the Princes should have remained, or indeed how they could have done so. They avowedly went out to learn the art of war, and they found their teachers the most helpless blunderers that ever undertook what they could not perform. Any apprentice is legally justified in breaking his indentures, if he can show that his master is incompetent to teach him a business. No European master of war would take into his service a young person with no better military education than the Princes could procure in America, and it was due to their own character to leave as soon as they discovered how they had been swindled out of a premium—the prestige of their names. But in addition to this, the Orleans Princes are gentlemen, and it must have been odious to them to remain in a service where the boldest lying instead of the boldest fighting was in demand, and where it was possible for them to have come under the orders of a ruffian like GENERAL BUTLER, who might have desired a COUNT OF PARIS and a DUKE OF CHARTRES to see to the execution of brutal orders against French and other ladies. We have no desire to see any change in the dynasty of France, but these Princes have certainly not lessened their claim to the respect of their countrymen by quitting a service in which, while they were serving, they behaved as became gallant gentlemen, but from which they retired as soon as they were completely convinced that they could study little but blunder, braggadocio, and brutality.

Try Again.

PUNCH is excessively glad that GRAND DUCHESS CONSTANTINE and her baby are going on as well as could be expected. But he does not know why the latter is to be called WACLAW. The infant's birth was to be a good omen for Poland, but the name certainly does not set out such omen. Whacklaw, which must be uncommonly like Clublaw, is what the Poles have been receiving at Russian hands too long. Eh, Duke?

THE "TUSCARORA" AT SOUTHAMPTON.

Lo, the *Tuscarora*
In Southampton Water!
People on the shore a
Marvellin' what has brought her,
What again has brought her,
There, a fear and wonder,
Loomin' black as thunder,
Watchful *Tuscarora*,
In Southampton Water.

Ne'er a *Nashville* hidin'
Now in yonder basin,
Patiently abidin',
Arter her to hasten,
Her to hasten arter,
On her cable loosin',
Fast on her vamoosein',
Lies the *Tuscarora*
In Southampton Water.

Britishers blasphemin',
Speakin' ill consarnin'
Gallant BUTLER'S screamin'
Eagle-shriek of warnin',
Warnin' wife and daughter
From rebellious courses
'Tis our valiant forces,
Lies the *Tuscarora*
In Southampton Water.

There she lies at anchor
All the town commandin',
And it has to thank her
That as yet 'tis standin',
Standin' spared from slaughter,
Ruin, devastation,
Wrack, and conflagration,
By the *Tuscarora*
In Southampton Water.

There's the *Dauntless* nigh her,
There's the old *Boscawen*,
Stationary by her
Both of 'em o'erawin'.
Dauntless owns fear taught her,
'Taught her, stopped from sheerin'.
Them two frigates skeerin',
Lies the *Tuscarora*
In Southampton Water.

Ready for the battle
Soon as peace is broken,
When her guns will rattle
Ef the word is spoken,
Spoken, without quarter,
Ships and town to batter,
Slay, and smash, and scatter,
Lies the *Tuscarora*
In Southampton Water.

Fine Arts Commission.

M. JULES GÉRARD, the celebrated *tueur de lions*, has been commissioned by MR. COWPER to proceed to Algeria, and shoot four of the finest lions he may have the good luck to meet with. They are then to be placed in the hands of a skilful taxidermist, and stuffed for the purpose of being placed on the vacant pedestals of Trafalgar Square, until such time as SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, the celebrated *tueur de temps*, or time-killer, has had ample opportunities of completing his leonine studies at the Zoological Gardens. So long ago is it since these lazy lions were first started, that probably SIR EDWIN is frightened from finishing them off by the extraordinary length of the pause.

AN OBSTRUCTIVE PEER ON THE THAMES.—
THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.

A WORK FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM.



HERE is shortly to be brought out as a companion to the well-known French publication, called "*Les Français peints par eux-mêmes*," an English series under the title of "*Les Anglais peintes par MADAME RACHEL*." Every specimen will be highly coloured, no plain copies being allowed under any circumstances to be seen by the public.

Some idea of the extravagance of the work may be drawn from the fact that as much as £160 and £200 will be spent on some of the single specimens. They will be issued in the very richest covers, and alto-

gether will be brought out utterly regardless of expense.

SIR CHARLES WOOD'S TRIUMPHANT REPLY.

(Taken by our Special Reporter).

MR. SPEAKER, or at least, Sir, because Mr. Speaker is not here, and we are in committee, I wish to explain Indian affairs, at least I don't mean Indian affairs generally, except so far as they may be what you may call financial affairs, and in fact I want, Sir, to show you, and when I say you I don't mean you particularly, because you may or may not take an interest in Indian affairs, and if so you have probably been in the Indian gallery at the International, where there are some pretty things, very pretty things indeed, but I mean the Committee. I want to show the Committee that MR. LAING when he attacked me, at least I attacked him, but he answered me, and I will be judged by gentlemen in private life whether it will do to allow servants to answer you: I don't mean that he is my servant, brushes my trousers and that, but he is a subordinate, and he takes upon himself to say that I don't understand the accounts upon which I have taken him to task. Sir, what I may understand or may not understand is not now the question, suffice it to say that I wish the Committee to understand that I am not going to be put down by a subordinate merely because he has taken a leaf out of the book of my right honourable friend the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, and has cooked accounts neatly but not gaudily, as somebody said when he painted his tail pea green. If there is one thing in the world which I hate it is confusion either in ideas or language, and I hope the Committee will bear with me while I endeavour to mystify—no I don't mean that, I mean clarify—the account, as presented by MR. LAING. If you take a deficiency of £6,500,000 and deduct it from a deficit of £4,000,000, that leaves you a clear balance of £2,500,000—no, stop, you can't do that, because that, of course, as the committee sees, would be taking the smaller sum from the larger—no, the larger sum from the smaller, which can't be done, but of course we arrive at the same result. Well then, if you take the military charges, I think you are bound to treat them in a civil manner (*laughter*). I mean that you must look upon them in the same way, and of course, if a rupee is only one and ten-pence, which I need hardly say is twenty-pence (*hear, hear!*). Well, I know as well as the hon. Member who cheers me that one and ten is eleven, but how does that bear upon my argument? A rupee is a rupee, and I cannot understand how MR. LAING brings in the question of muskets. He calls this one of the proper charges, but I do not know whether he means the charges which ought to be put into the muskets, but if he does I for one am always averse to interfering with the regular military authority. But, allowing this, and as I said showing a deficit, I mean of course a surplus, if £5,200,000, no, £2,500,000—yes, that is right, and if you deduct the licence-tax, and the railways, and the police of India, altogether amounting to £400,000,000—no, I mean £4000—stop, it's £400,000, but the ink has run into the oughts and made them look anyhow—I say that if MR. LAING does not choose to subtract properly, and sends over a deficit, by which I mean a surplus, which he cannot vindicate, I cannot help that. I saw a MR. SAUNDERS the other day,

I don't mean MR. JACKY SAUNDERS who was at the Adelphi theatre, quite the contrary, but a man who had been asked to look at Indian cotton, and what did MR. SAUNDERS say? Why, Sir, he said, "We require nothing of the Government." I do not myself see the bearing of that observation upon MR. LAING's balance sheet, but I have promised the Committee that I would put them in possession of all the information in my power, and I have redeemed my pledge, and I will add too, Sir, that though MR. LAING says there is a deficit (*an hon. Member "A surplus"*) eh? yes, you—at least the hon. Member is quite right, I mean a surplus, and it is my painful duty to differ from him, still as LORD CANNING was a great man, and as I have every reason to believe that there is no rebellion going on at present in India, I hope this Committee will feel that I have demoralised—no, I mean demolished the arguments of MR. LAING, and that India and England will ever hereafter be sources of benefit to one another, especially England (*Loud Cheers*).

THE JUSTICES' JUBILEE;

OR SUCCESS TO THE NIGHT-POACHING BILL.

HURRAH! Hurrah! For our game preserves,

Hurrah for the fat battue,—
A flush of pheasants at every hedge,
And for each man loaders two!

Hurrah for the Bill that makes the police,
Assistart-keepers all—

And pays 'em out of the County-rates,

That on the farmers fall—
The Bill that helps sport for the big,
And spoils it for the small!

There's never a man along the road

Shall venture now to fare,
A carrying under his landlord's nose
A pheasant or a hare.

The constable will pull him up,
And dearly he'll pay his shot,
When 'tis for him to prove to us

That a poacher he is *not*,
And that from our preserves the bird
In his hand was never got.

There's nothing that doth run on wheels

Along the Queen's highway,
But a constable in search of game
The vehicle may stay.

At their peril let snobs a pheasant dare

To order from market-town,
Or bid the poulterer partridge or hare
To their villas send 'em down;

Let the carrier who brings 'em of squalls beware,
And the Justices' awful frown!

And let each man that deals in game

At penalties turn pale;
(Except the landlords who wholesale sell
What the tradesman vendis retail)

We'll force him to keep a register
From whom his game he buys,—
Of course of pheasants in the egg

We're free to find supplies,
No questions we ask of egg-sellers,
And so we hear no lies.

"From other duties the police,"

Says HENLEY, "it will distract,"
What duty equals taking up
A poacher in the fact?

What property so stands in need

Of law's protecting arm,
As pheasants, hares and partridges
That do nobody harm,—

Save grumbling tenants who complain
That they won't let them farm?

A Valuable Animal.

STRANGE are the wants of the advertising public. For instance, look at this announcement in the *Daily Telegraph*:—"Wanted, a Youth, to Look after a Horse, that can drive," &c.—"A horse that can drive!" Perhaps the next thing we shall hear of will be a horse that can harness himself, or accomplish his own grooming. Really if we can manage to keep horses without having to keep servants for them, a stable will be within the most limited of means, when horses are no more trouble to attend to than are clothes-horses.



AWFUL EFFECT OF FISHING ON THE HUMAN MIND.

PIERKINS. "It has occurred to me, Sam, that throwing in Ground Bait is nothing more or less than—as it were—a species of Advertising!"

POLYGLOT POETRY.

THE *Times* is very good-natured, but then it comes out every day, and has got a very large sheet. It is all very well for the *Times* to gratify the parents of clever little boys by inserting their Greek and Latin Exercises on TENNYSON, but *Mr. Punch* has no room for such things. That was a very neat Greek version by MASTER C. C. CLARK, of the Inauguration Ode; though we think, without wishing to indulge in severe criticism, that had he regarded some of the poet's ideas in a different light, he would probably have employed other phraseology, and a similar remark applies to the Latin version of MASTER WHEWELL, who, MR. COX of Finsbury thinks, has introduced in the last line an allusion to "beet" root, which MR. COX of Finsbury cannot find in the original. We should like to please other young gentlemen, especially MASTER MORDECAI MEFHIBOSHETH, who has sent us the ode in Hebrew (is *shobbus* quite elegant for "day of rest"?) MASTER HELIPOOKMARKIDOS PHILANTHROPOPHAGOS, who forwards us the ode in modern Greek (and does not pay the postage), and MASTER CRWMYLLWYGWWMTH, of Mold, who alleges that with a Welsh version of the same composition, he encloses a cheese, which has certainly not come to hand, for we cannot regard his verses as the cheese. We are, however, glad that the youth of Europe are studying so admirable a poem, and we wish the best poet of England the same good wish that was expressed to the worst poet of Athens: "Bless thee, 'ALFRED,' bless thee—thou art translated."

The Hebrews in the House.

At the late "Church Congress" at Oxford, as we read:—

"MR. NAPTEB expressed his opinion that the present Mosaic constitution of the House of Commons was a mere political assemblage of the representatives of the people, and the Church could but reasonably expect to have an amount of influence with the representatives, corresponding to that which they have acquired over the people themselves."

Nevertheless the Mosaic constitution of the House of Commons includes a devoted champion of the Church in the person of BEN the Buckinghamshire Bruiser.

LATEST AMERICAN DESPATCH.

By Horsemarine Telegraph.

"Camp, Chickabiddy Choker, Monday afternoon.—The Federal troops have won another splendid victory. Seeing that the rebels were approaching in great force at 6 a. m. this morning, I issued my directions for a general advance, an order which our brave fellows were prompt to carry out. The advance was made in the identical direction as that in which the rebel army were proceeding, and was achieved, I need not say, with the most complete success. Astonishing to say, the whole of our front line escaped without a hurt; and with the exception of a few slight wounds and bruises in the rear, I really have no casualties worth mention to report. A good deal of our baggage and some few hundred stand of arms we left upon the field for a strategic purpose, and we likewise abandoned about a score of field-pieces which were found to impede the rapid movement of our troops.

"My next despatch will probably be dated from Richmond, which I intend to sack at half-past five o'clock precisely on Saturday morning next.

(Signed) BUNKUM,
"General-Commanding."

"To the Secretary of War."

A Delicate Distinction.

If there is no typographical error in the annexed extract from a Parliamentary Report, most people will probably assent to the proposition which it embodies:—

"THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE. It is impossible to listen to what falls from the noble Earl (GREY) upon any matter connected with the government of this country, and more especially relating to the government of the Colonies, without great respect and difference."

EARL GREY's opinions on colonial matters may command respect, but must be generally received with difference.

WHAT MR. LAING DID, WHEN HE BOASTED OF AN INDIAN SURPLUS.—Hallooed before he was out of the Wood.



THE EXHAUSTED STUDENT.

Fond Parent. "BLESS HIS HEART—ALWAYS STUDYING! READ HIMSELF ASLEEP—GEOGRAPHY NOW, OR SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, I'LL BE BOUND!"

[No. It's the Cookery Book.]

COWPER AND WATTS.

"MR. COWPER said that the Trafalgar Fountains would be, in May, something to be proud of."—*His Speech, March 31st.*

WHY should those Fountains, made to hide
Yon WILKINS job, provoke our pride?
They spoil our site, they waste our tin,
But shall not lead us into sin.

When first you laid the water on,
All hope of elegance was gone,
And now you want to make a boast
Of that sad proof of chances lost.

How proud we are, O yes, to view
Those stone dumb-waiters, squat and skew,
When every New Road stone-shop's store
Kept better fountains long before.

Let's show we know our own deserts,
Nor talk about our ugly squirts,
At least while two such fountains flow
As France displays at Brompton Show.

THE DENOMINATION OF SNOB.

THE *South Eastern Gazette* records the laying, by the EARL OF DARNLEY, of the foundation of the New Ragged School about to be built at Gravesend. The Clergy and Dissenting Ministers of the town were invited, and plenty of the latter came; but the former were conspicuous by their absence, and particularly two of them, who did not even answer the invitations they had received. A reverend nonconformist had to perform the suitable devotions. The noble Earl, professing himself "a strict Churchman," regretted to find that the Gravesend clergy "were totally unrepresented on the occasion," and "that amongst otherwise pious and godly men a system of exclusiveness prevailed." What is the meaning of all this? Had the Dissenting Ministers insulted the Clergy, or did the Clergy mean to insult the Dissenting Ministers? Which were the Snobs?

M'Clellan's Last.

HE that fights and recedes for a strategic reason,
May live to fight another season.

P.S. Yes, Sir.

A MUSICAL PETITION.

MY DEAR GLADSTONE,

THE Royal Academy of Music is in want of funds, and I hear that a Memorial has lately been addressed to you to notify the fact. Of course I need not ask if you have read this composition, for I know that as a conscientious servant of the State you carefully peruse every paper put before you, with as much pains and attention as you do your weekly *Punch*. I need therefore scarce remind you that, besides a number of equally good grounds for claiming aid from your Exchequer, it is urged in this memorial:—

"That the good effect upon the million of the introduction of practical music into the course of national education must afford HER MAJESTY'S Government perfect satisfaction with this important measure. As the public power of comprehending an art increases, to elevate the character of those whose duty is both to form the public taste and gratify it becomes more and more indispensable. Music has made prodigious progress in England during the last forty years, and it now holds prominent importance in the intellectual development of the country; coincident with this course of advancement have been the workings of the Royal Academy of Music, and the national advantages that might issue from such an Institution would increase with the natural capacity to benefit by them. The revived importance of Church Music is a significant feature of this progress; and another is the improvement in the Music of the Army; in both of which departments it would surely be of value to the authorities that have the granting of appointments, could they refer to certificates as to the competency of candidates for such appointments from an Institution like the Academy, which was dignified by the countenance of HER MAJESTY'S Government. In the consideration of the desirability and the capabilities of the Academy, the immense importance of music as furnishing occupation to the industrial classes must be taken into account, many thousands of the population being at present engaged in the facture of musical instruments, the engraving and printing of music, &c., and the extent of employment of this nature increases with the increase of the knowledge of the art throughout the country."

Surely, my dear GLADSTONE, for these reasons alone the Academy of Music is deserving of support; and although only a few nights of the Session now are left to you, I am sure you will name one of them to bring the application for a grant before the House. What is wanted the Memorialists have taken care to state; and you will not doubt their competence to judge of it when you see among their signatures such

names as BENNETT, GARCIA, SMART, BENEDICT, MACFARREN, LESLIE, MELLON, WALLACE, TETTENS, and JENNY LIND:—

"The Academy is not now to be considered as an experiment; the forty years' experience of its operations, through all its vicissitudes of fortune and of management, is a sufficient test of its capabilities. These capabilities are restricted by the extent of its funds, and qualified by the necessary means of acquiring these funds. It is not always the most gifted individuals who have the best pecuniary resources, and it is therefore deeply to be regretted that the present large rate of annual payment (three and thirty guineas) should be required from the pupils. While, therefore, the grant by Government of a building for the carrying on of the operations of the establishment (a support enjoyed by all the scientific and artistic bodies in the metropolis) would greatly relieve the academy of its apprehensions, the concession of yet more liberal assistance would give the power of diminishing the charges to students, and increasing the number of free scholarships, and thus vastly enhance the benefits of the Institution."

Being devoted to "the spreading of a pure knowledge of art and the extending of its refining influence," the Academy of Music, if helped liberally by Government, might really work such wonders as one hardly dares to guess at. If only properly encouraged, there is very little doubt that its "refining influence" might eventually be extended to street-singers and musicians; and that, being instructed in a "pure knowledge of art," these performers would no longer cause such torture as they now do to the ears of all who hear them. Much as I now loathe, detest and execrate street-music, I should not complain if JOACHIM came once a week or so and played a bit of BEETHOVEN awhile beneath my window; nor should I growl or grumble if a MARIO or a SIMS REEVES were now and then to serenade me with ROSSINI or MOZART. Well, you see if the Academy of Music be supported, there really is no saying how the JOACHIMS and MARIOS and SIMS REEVES may be multiplied; and I am sure that this reflection will be in itself sufficient to incline a liberal Government to be liberal in its grant. Music, it is said, has done much for the million; and something short of a million might do much for music.

With just a nudge to PAM to back you in the matter, I remain, my dear GLADSTONE, yours most sincerely,

JOACHIM.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE 21st July. Monday. LORD CHELMSFORD (motto "*Spes et Fortuna*," it should have been rich MR. HOPE's) objected to part of a Bill which it seems permits the Board of Trade, now the possessors of Ramsgate Harbour, to make railways through that aristocratic watering place. As usually happens when lordly or other lawyers oppose schemes, some selfish interest is at the bottom of the business, and LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY (motto "*Stow Changer*") pointed out that this opposition was not Ramsgate's, but for some ship-owner's private benefit. LORD SANS CHANGER having made the law lord take his change out of that, the DUKE OF MONTROSE (motto "*Ne uulries*") having shown that he had not forgotten the facts, and EARL GRANVILLE (motto "*Fragas non flectes*") intimating that he had not the least intention of bending, the Bill passed. The only reason *Punch* can see for not introducing a new rail

into Ramsgate is, that everybody there is on the rail from morning to night, ruling at the landladies' charges, cribs, and cribbings. *Nobles to Sojourners*. When a landlady, with some ostentation, has given you a Bramah key of the *chiffonier*, and hoped you will be very careful in locking up your brandy and so on, draw the article of furniture from the wall and examine the rear. Some of these depositaries are ingeniously made to open with a flap at the back. We wouldn't have peached, Mrs. BUFFINS, but you were so rude as well as so exacting, and you know you stole that champagne. Six hundred and fifty-five Ladies of Berkshire, signified, *via* LORD ABINGDON (motto "*Virtus Ariste Parlor*"), that they would (circumstances favouring) marry their deceased Sisters' Husbands.

The Scotch Salmon Bill passed the Lords, the EARL OF GALLOWAY (motto "*Virenti vulnere virtus*") having tried to get the Solway taken out of the measure, we have no idea why. Love swells like the Solway and ebbs like its tide, as LOCHINVAR *file*, observed, but we do not see the bearing of the fact upon salmon. The Bill is law, and we hope LORD GALLOWAY'S Virtue will Flourish all the more for this extremely slight Wound to his self-importance.

MR. S. FITZGERALD inquired what measures were being taken for the protection of English subjects and property at New Orleans. A very proper inquiry, considering that British ladies may be there, and that GENERAL BUTLER certainly is. The answer was rather mystical, but assurance was given that the subject is being attended to by the Government.

We pay £39,747 to Dissenting ministers in Ireland. MR. HADFIELD, *Punch* is bound to say, with consistency, moved in Supply that this vote be refused. SIR ROBERT PEEL'S happy faculty of saying graceful things again availed him, and he managed to intimate that the gift was a sort of political boon to the Irish Presbyterians. "A grant for bribing them, in fact," said our plain-spoken VISCOUNT WILLIAMS. "I did not say that." "But that is what you meant," continued the downright nobleman. "You bribe them to be loyal, and this is needless, for there is not a disloyal man in the kingdom." Bravo, our dear Lord, but this comes of conferring hereditary honours on patriots. If you did not wear a glittering coronet, such an utterance would be an honest honourable testimony from a man of the people. Of course the vote passed, despite PEEL the Putter-of-foot-in-it.

A capital hit of LORD DUNDREARY. Everybody knows that DANIEL MACLISE has put up a most noble work at Westminster. Opposite to it is a lancet window, which throws all kinds of intrusive colours upon the painting. Complaint is made by LORD H. LENNOX, and DUNDREARY COWPER says that a fellow can't do everything, no fellow can be expected to do everything, you know, he had ordered a deaf person—stop—no he had ordered a blind person—no, no, a blind person couldn't see a picture, you must see that—it was a blind, not a person, that's right, at least he had ordered a person to put up a blind, and that most inadequate—stop, he wasn't inadequate—inadvertent, that was it—that inadequate person had gone, at least he hadn't gone, and not put the thing up.

LORD PALMERSTON, in reference to Belgrade, said that the authorities seemed to have got an unpleasant way of bombarding the townspeople,

but that the Consuls were to intimate that this was rather like administrative eccentricity.

The Royal Academy then came to grief, LORD ELCHO carrying a motion for a commission to inquire into its goings on. MR. COWPER surrendered without a blow, but amiable LORD JOHN MANNERS, certainly without intending it, said the cruellest thing. He "hoped that the Royal Academy would not be again attacked while there were so many distinguished foreign artists in London." Just so—while everybody feels uncomfortable in mentioning before foreign artists the name of the Academy, which actually refused M. MEYERNEER a ticket for the Dinner, and excluded other "distinguished foreign artists" in order to make room for people who had as much business at the board as the beadles in the hall. A cruelly hard hit, LORD JOHN, and highly calculated, as your respected motto says, "*Point a Patriote*," if that means to Attain the Object of serving out your *paté*'s.

LORD PAM having "chailed" MR. SCHELLY upon his exertions in favour of Cork, and MR. SOLICITOR-GENERAL having rebuked MR. SOLICITOR COX for acting as the organ of some Law Stationers, in opposition to certain Chaucery Reforms, there was more Supply. The PREMIER told a gay story about a sailor's wife, and complimented the young diplomatic service, which MR. LAYARD said had long ceased to deserve the "rigid and kid-glove" conventional reproach. But there is a certain order of Bull Dogs who will no more surrender this bit of wit than they will cease to describe aldermen as having protuberant stomachs, will abstain from throwing a light upon the subject, when they turn on gas, or will desist from calling a thing, "far-fetched," because they cannot understand it. Our young friends the diplomatists must continue to write under such epigrams as those of MR. WHITE, of Brighton. Then came a little Pottifications debate, and LORD PALMERSTON informed MR. BERNAL OSBORNE that he was known to have a "mania" on the subject, and that his opinion was valued accordingly.

Tuesday. The Thames Embankment Bill came before the Lords for Second Reading. The DUKE OF BEDFORD (motto "*Low*") came amiably out of the controversy, complaining that he had been misrepresented, and that though he certainly saw great practical objections to the scheme, independently of his natural objection to the disturbance of his privacy, he bowed to the decision of the House of Commons. The Prince's Bow, and the Beaufort Bow were—and MR. PEARCE'S Bow is—among the Marvels—the Buceleuch Bow shall henceforth take its place among gratefulnesses. Other lords talked, but not over wisely, and so it sufficed to say that the important feature in the Bill is now officially declared safe—safe it of course, in fact, was from the moment MR. PUNCH'S eagle eye fell on the dispute.

CAPTAIN GRANT says that he has improved Army Cooking, and the House, by a majority of one only, supported the Government in its decision not to give him any more money than reimbursed his experimental expenses. But the monarchote has obtained him an official rebuking. MR. MILNER GIBSON does not consider that railway engine-drivers, who are very highly paid for their skilled labour, and who, if they work extra hours, do so voluntarily and for extra pay, have any claim to the attention of Parliament. MR. GLADSTONE has the same idea in reference to the Postmen, whose complaints SIR GEORGE BOWER brought up. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER thinks that they are very well paid, considering that they are of "a low class" of men, and have nothing in the way of brain-work to do except see that they knock at the door indicated on the letter, and moreover are better paid than the Policeman, who has every kind of work to do, from the fighting seven Irishmen at once, to the directing a Mossoo from Bethnal Green to Belgrave Square.

MR. CHARLES PERHAM VILLIERS, President of the Poor Law Board, then brought in his Bill for relieving the distress in the Manufacturing Districts. The relief is confined to Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the plan is to work out the noble old plan of the Elizabethan statesmen. A parish overweighted by poor rate is to be able to call on the Union, and an over-weighted Union is to be able to call on other Unions. MR. BOEVERIE, who formerly held the same office, did not think that a case had been made out for such a Bill. The House of Commons thought otherwise. The Bill was introduced, and was debated on Thursday night, and read a Second Time, the Committee being fixed for the following Monday. It is at present forbidden to England to mediate between those whose fratricidal strife is the cause of the distress, but at least it is permitted to her to interpose between starvation and those who have hitherto bravely borne the hardest form of sorrow.

Wednesday. A small attempt by MR. HADFIELD at an interference with the law of judgments having been pronounced "most objectionable" by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and MR. HADFIELD being snuffed out, it was proposed to go into Committee on the Night Possession Bill. A regular row ensued. There is a large majority in favour of some such measure, but the minority is strong and determined. So the House went at it hammer and tongs. The same disruption of parties, to which MR. PUNCH has before alluded, occurred. LORD STANLEY opposed the Bill as bad, and also impolitic, MR. PASS, on the other hand supported it, owning birds as well as beer, and MR. NEWDEGATE, a keen sportsman, wished the Bill made more moderate. The scene in the House was edifying, and the noise made by some of the antagonists

was preternatural. Nevertheless, there was a majority of 90 for going into Committee, and there were varying majorities of 76, 129, 122, and 70 on other fights, and the battle was renewed on the next evening when the Committee fought over the First Clause till three in the morning, the promoters of the Bill winning by majorities varying from 62 to 79. The House has fairly waked up for a Game Fight.

Thursday. Bills pass as fast as cabs after the opera. A little Divorce Bill, as it was called, though merely a continuance measure relative to collusion cases, gave LORD REDESDALE (motto "*Equabiliter et Diligenter*") an opportunity of losing his Equability, and showing some angry Diligence in abusing the new system of Divorce. Living at Batsford, he is rather shortsighted.

SIR GEORGE GREY promised a Bill, next year, for abolishing Metropolitan turnpikes. So these nuisances will be done away, and that fellow at a pike which might be named, who keeps bad half-crowns to change for the good ones tendered to him, and bullies until he gets good money for bad, had better look out for a new occupation; something highly genteel in the garrotting line *Punch* would suggest. MR. LAYARD announced that a Commercial Treaty between this country and Belgium had been signed. Between the interesting debates to which *Mr. Punch* has already referred, an uninteresting one intervened, and an attempt was made at a Count while SIR H. BRUCE was speaking. But the excellent motion was wrecked on the Sands in that detested glass of the SPEAKER, and in came a lot, headed by the silver-haired ATTORNEY-GENERAL, were counted, and went out again. *Mr. Punch*, who meant to have gone to the opera, flew at one of the beautiful little telegraphs, and frantically spelt out to *Mrs. Punch*, G.O.B.Y.Y.O.U.R. S.E.L.F.L.E.A.V.E.O.U.T.T.H.E.B.R.A.N.D.Y.

Friday. A Fortifications Debate in the Lords, and LORD ELLENBOROUGH (motto, *Compositum jus Jusque unum*) not only wishes to Unite Law And Equity but also to unite complete safety for England with judicious economy. He seemed to disapprove of the outlay for our

Educational army of "3000 stalwart men and strong-minded women." He was also good enough to give some excellent advice to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. The DUKE OF SOMERSET (motto, *Foy pour devoir*) declared that the Navy was conducted upon principles of the strictest economy, and the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE (motto, *Dieu et mon Droit*) was of course instructed to say the same for the Army. LORD MALMESBURY (motto, *Ubique patriam reminisci*) did not doubt the EMPEROR, but the French of the Future. EARL GREY (motto, *De bon vouloir servir le roy*) served the country by showing ill-will generally, and EARL RUSSELL (motto, *Che sera sera*) believed that what will be will be, but that if we have a good militia and home resources, and defend our arsenals we have little else to fear. The Bill was read a Second Time.

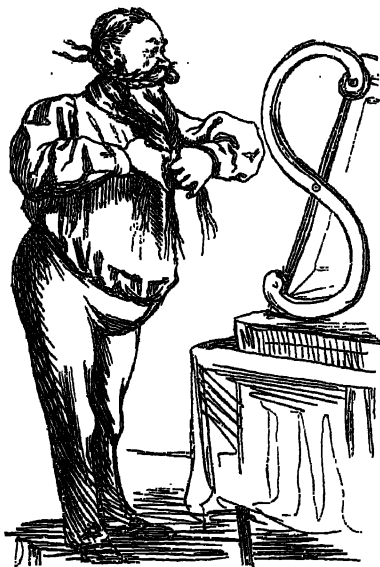
In the Commons there was an interesting Canadian debate, in which divers great guns discharged themselves. SIR GEORGE LEWIS thought that there was no immediate danger of hostilities with the Northern States of America, for though they were awfully riled at our recognising the South as belligerents, they would see that we could do nothing else, especially as the North did the same by not treating the Southern vessels as pirates. It was intimated that we had sent all the men to Canada whom we intended to send, and that it would be well for that Colony to take note of the fact.

A dialogue between MR. C. BENTINCK and MR. COWPER on the Parliamentary Frescoes brought the week's discussions to an end. MESSRS. MACLISE, COPE, and WARD received unqualified praise. MR. HERBERT's delay in completing his work was attributed to his honourable anxiety to make it as perfect as possible; but MR. DYCE, who has had all his money, but has not done his work, and is keeping the QUEEN out of the robing-room, was not quite so politely spoken of, though MR. COWPER, like the nobleman in *Love's Labour Lost*—

"Chides the Dyce in honourable terms."

Punch defies his friend, the REVEREND ALEXANDER D. to supply a more appropriate citation.

A SWELL'S COMPLAINT.



"*St. James's Square.*
 SIR,—Being yourself of ignoble extraction—you will pardon my frankness—I take it for granted that you are tremendously aristocratic, and that you will sympathise with me in the feeling I am about to express.

"What a very disgusting thing it is that we resort to the lowest class for all our slang phrases and other assistance to wit. Upon my life, it is not exactly to the credit of Sweldom that no word that ever becomes popular can be traced to the gilded saloons and all that, but comes from the public house, or the prison, or the cabstand, or some such low quarter. I remember no exception, since his lamented Grace the DUKE OF WELINGTON certainly made "and no mistake" the word of the day.

"The statement in reference to universal serenity, the inquiry as to the information possessed by one's mamma as to one's absence from home, the intimation that a lodging was not open to a person named MR. FERGUSSON, the expression of disbelief comprised in the mention of the name of MR. WALKER, the ironical demand whether you are not anxious to obtain the matter in question, the suggestion for placing your friend's decision in the tube that contains lighted tobacco, the semi-classical reference to the sinister shoulder, the apocryphal corruption of *Mahi et, Beate Martine*, the allusion to the symbol of mourning encircling the hat, the solicitation to use a hatchet upon the organ of sight, the direction to cease conversation (evidently the mere order to close a shop) are all, as their very nature shows, phrases taken from the inferior orders. Yet, how large a popularity they have in their time gained among us, and indeed but for them how many lively young gentlemen (swells—even that word is a thief's term) would have small claim to wit. And this senseless "Any other Man" is, I understand, a mere catelword of some black-faced buffoon at a singing house.

"Don't you think, Sir, that it would be to the credit of the class to

which you and I belong, if the Aristocracy would invent something good, and save us from the humiliation of owing all our fun to the lower orders?

"Yours affectionately,

"CORIOLANUS COCKY."

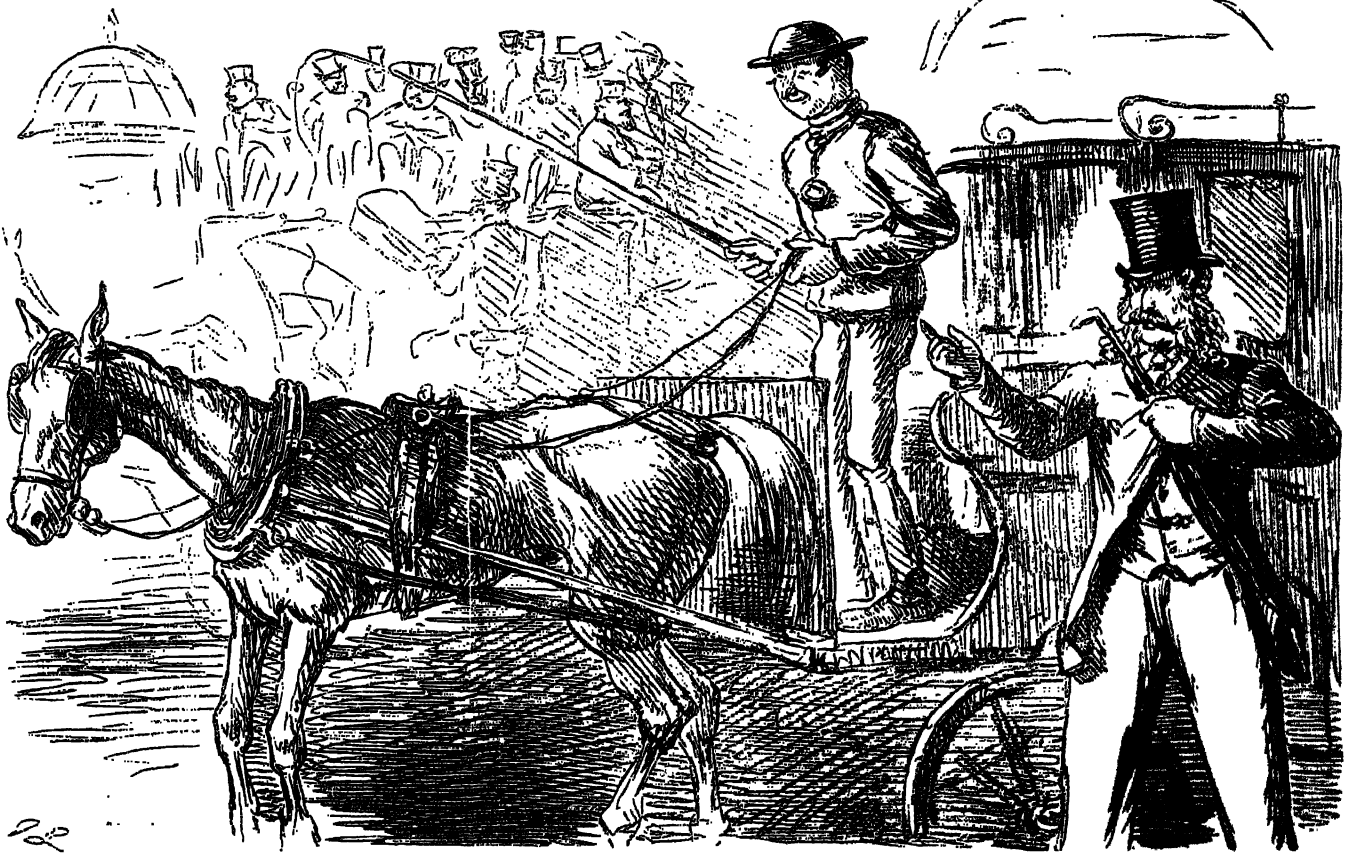
THE UNDERPAID POSTMEN.

NOBODY can possibly be underpaid by any payment which he chooses to accept. The only way in which anybody can be underpaid is by paying him less than the sum that he was engaged for. These are the reasons why the present pay of the postmen is not, as SIR GEORGE BOWYER maintains, inadequate; and they also demonstrate that 9s. a week is enough for a Dorchester labourer. But the labour-market is the labour-market, and, by leave of MR. GLADSTONE, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The country would be right, if it would be safe, in taking the lowest bidder for the office of CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. It might obtain a statesman of sufficient ability to frame an equitable scheme of taxation on reasonable terms.

In a certain sense, on the other hand, it is undeniable that the postmen are underpaid. A postman cannot keep a carriage and an opera-box, or send his son to Eton, on 18s. or even 50s. a week: he cannot afford Lafitte, or even MR. GLADSTONE'S smallest claret. He is paid more than a policeman; but what is that to the purpose? It may prove not that the postman is paid better, but only that the policeman is paid worse. Considered as a human being with an appetite for turtle and venison, a relish for champagne, a love of splendour, and an admirer of female beauty, how very few people are sufficiently paid! Think how scantily a soldier or a sailor is paid. Yet he takes all he can get, and the nation gives him as little as it prudently can. So tailors sweat their journeymen, and man-milliners cut their needlewomen down. It is all right; but the defenders of their country, as well as the needlewomen and the stitching tailors, are sadly underpaid in proportion to their capacity for enjoyment. According to this standard all public servants are deplorably underpaid, except some of the upper servants, as the Bishops, the great Law Officers, and the Ministers of the Crown.

Neck Deus Intersit.

THE American War is now virtually over, and we can only ask why it was not put a stop to sooner. The Senate has stepped in at last, and effectually finished the business by a simple enactment. All the Confederates were to lay down their arms in sixty days, and all who did not were to be hanged as rebels. The Federal Government has but to carry out this law, and there is an end of the struggle. How very odd that nobody thought of this earlier! However, never too late to mend the Union, even with a rope.



Infuriate Captain. "YOU SCOUNDREL, I'LL HAVE YOU UP AS SURE AS YOU ARE BORN!"

Cabby. "WHAT! SUMMONSE ME! OH NO, YER WON'T, MY LORD. YOU'LL NEVER TAKE THE TROUBLE."

Exit CABBY with three and sixpence over his fare.

MORAL. It is better when you have a difference with a Cabman, to give him *your* Card, and let *him* Summon *you*.

THE FORENSIC SCHOOL FOR SLANDER.

WHILST the Press must not call a rogue a rogue, the Bar in its wig and gown, is privileged to libel anybody as much as it likes. *Mr. Punch* has always thought that there ought to be some limit to the lies and slander which counsel are permitted to utter on behalf of their clients. SIR C. CRESSWELL appears to be of the same opinion on this point with *Mr. Punch*. In the Court of Probate and Divorce, the other day, was tried a suit for dissolution of marriage and damages; SPEDDING (clerk) *v.* SPEDDING and LANDER. On behalf of the defendant, according to Law report:—

"DR. WAMBEY addressed the Court in mitigation of damages. This was the first time a clergyman of the Church of England had come forward, without blushing, to ask a jury to appraise his honour, or to avail himself of the action for criminal conversation, an action which an eminent judge had declared to be a disgrace to our law and manners. The probability was, that DR. LANDER was as much the seduced as the seducer; and if the jury gave the reverend gentleman 2,000 farthings it would be 1,999 too many."

In summing up, however, SIR C. CRESSWELL said:—

"There certainly could be no reason why a clergyman in a humble station in the church, who had been left to bring up a family without the assistance of his wife, should blush to ask damages of the adulterer who had deprived him of her society. They might rather ask whether the adulterer ought not to blush, when for the sake of saving his money he instructed his counsel to vilify the woman he had debauched? The co-respondent was not present, but he (SIR C. CRESSWELL) could not help looking to see whether the learned doctor who represented him did not blush when he put forward such an argument. (*A laugh*).—The learned doctor had resorted to the common, low, vulgar, and miserable cry that it was the woman who had been the seducer."

Counsel engaged in defending a blackguard before SIR C. CRESSWELL, or any other judge who is both a judge and a gentleman, will perhaps in future beware how they obey their client's instructions to the extent of resorting to a common, low, vulgar, and miserable cry, and venting calumnies which they know to be falsehoods that have been fabricated by him or his attorney, if not by themselves. If their impudence can stand the rebuke of a judge, their self-interest may yet mind the decision of a jury. The jury in the case above-cited, believed so much

of what the advocate for the co-respondent asserted, that they found a verdict for the petitioner, with £1,000 damages. Hence at least gentlemen of the long robe and lax principles may derive a warning to take some heed of the service for which they let their tongues, and not befoul their venal mouths with unscrupulous abuse, to the sole end of prejudicing the cause which they have to plead, and obtaining an adverse verdict.

MILITARY MERIT REWARDED.

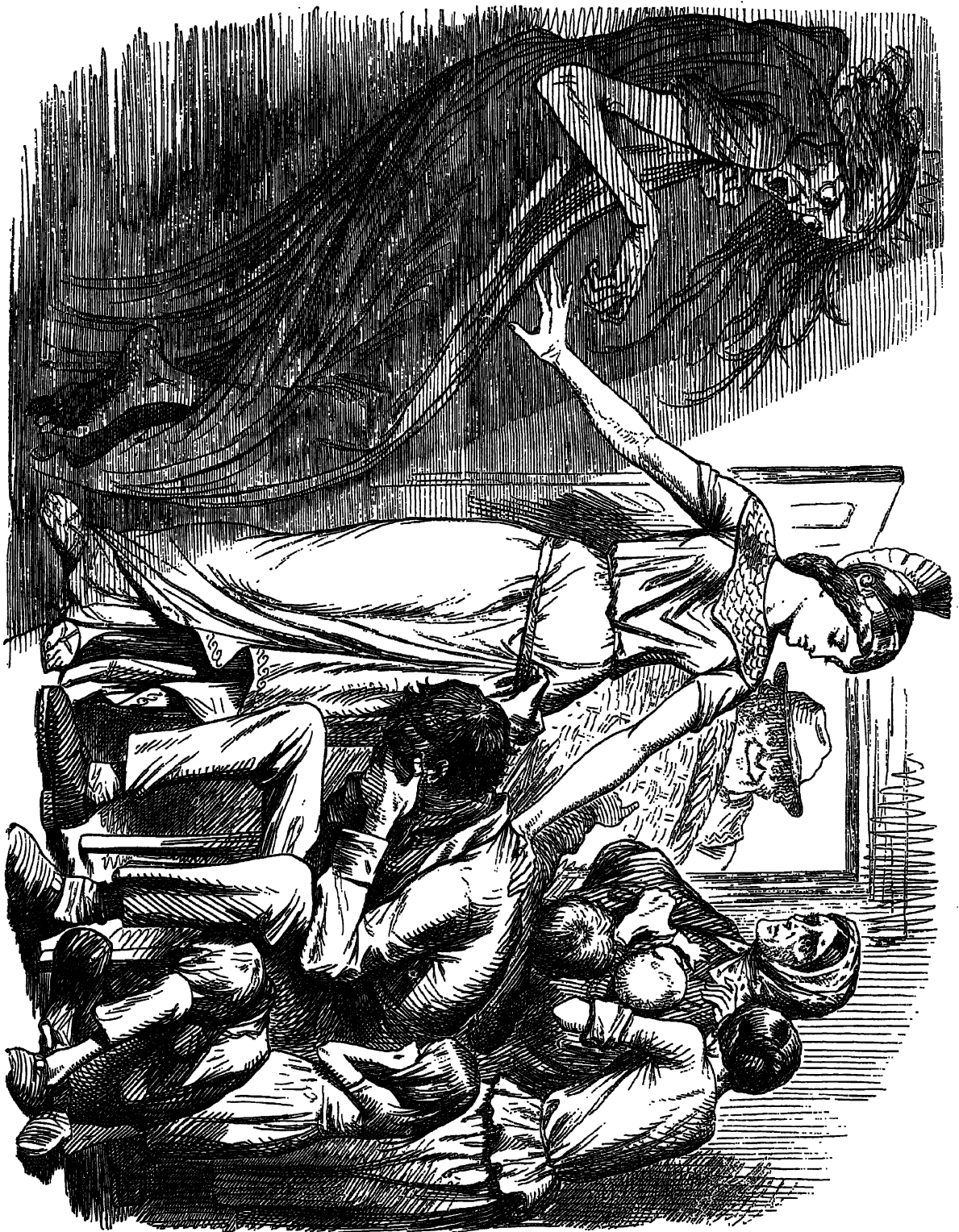
WHAT did SIR G. C. LEWIS mean by the subjoined argument, which, if correctly reported, he urged against GENERAL LINDSAY'S motion for requiring the services rendered to the public by CAPTAIN GRANT in the invention of cooking apparatus and improvement of cookery for the Army?—

"CAPTAIN GRANT had already been compensated for all the expenses he had incurred. He was originally on full pay and was now on half-pay, and he could not therefore be said to be unremunerated for his services."

SIR G. C. LEWIS'S logical abilities oblige us to suspect that there must be some mistake in the last sentence. Should it not have been "He was originally on half-pay and was now on full pay?" That reading surely is required by the deduction which follows—"Therefore he could not be said to be unremunerated for his services." To remunerate an officer by reducing him to half-pay is to grant him the remuneration which was awarded to COLONEL BENTINCK. Is the improvement of army cookery and culinary apparatus a service of the same nature as that of bullying and intimidating an officer? The remuneration which consists in reducing a man's wages looks rather like the reward of demerit.

Quorum Pars.

In a report of a Country Sessions case, we find that the solicitor for the defendant appealed to the feelings of the "Justices, as fathers." Is this his translation of the above?



HOME INTERVENTION.

BARBARA. "MY POOR, BRAVE CHILDREN! AT LEAST I MAY INTERVENE HERE."

OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

AFTER trying three and twenty different schemes for seeing the Exhibition systematically, I have come to the conclusion, in a very *Dundreary*-like humour, that it is one of those things no fellow can accomplish unless it be some one of indomitable patience and a regular "grinding" organ of Individuality, as for instance the ingenious editor of BRADSHAW'S *Railway Guide*, the Perpetual "Grand Vice" of the Statistical Club, or one of those painstaking gentlemen who always know how to do everything better than anybody else. As for me, I roam through the World's Fair as I should like to do through the world itself, somewhat carelessly—taking things as I find them—hardware, machinery, fine arts, food and clothing, silks and velvets, woollen and worsted—each and all are interesting in their way, from the rudest fabric of New Zealand to the latest conceit from Sèvres. I wander about the great building, I say, note-book in hand, as becomes your faithful correspondent, on shilling days and half-crown days, and meet a score of worthies who wag their heads knowingly, and suppose I am registering jokes by the hundred. Only the other morning I encountered LADY MARESBERT (widow of the celebrated civic functionary of that name) who, observing me examine some mineral products with attention, thought fit to twit me about getting up an article for *Punch*. "Good Heavens, M'am," I said, "what fun can I make out of arsenical mundic? Do you suppose there is a vein of humour running through a Durham coal-field?" But that is the way with some unreasonable people. I declare ever since I have had the honour of being connected with your journal, I cannot make the commonest observation to certain friends without its being misconstrued, and the other day on asking a young lady whether she had been to see BLONDIN yet, she replied, "Go along, you funny thing—do," a sentence which I have since vainly attempted to interpret.

Having heard of the piping bullfinch in Switzerland, I made my way to that department on Saturday last, and found a crowd of people assembled round a little casket, where the automaton songster appears to roost for five days in the week. "Aw! When it's he going to *thing*?" asks some expectant swell with "Piccadilly weepers" of the most breezy character and beautiful gamboge coloured gloves. "Toosdays and Fridays," answers policeman X, who has mentioned those days about ten times over during the last minute. "Aw! Can't he lay an egg now—or do thomething else *to-day*?" continues he of the whiskers. "Toosdays and Fridays" repeats the peeler very sternly. "Aw! Vewy well. 'Spouse better turn up 'gain;" and here our friend went off muttering something about a "mons'ous baw."

There must be something peculiarly attractive to our national taste in the ascent of high places. I never met an Englishman at Rouen who did not want to mount the cathedral *fêche*, nor at Florence but he must go to the top of GROTTO'S tower. So in the International, our countrymen are climbing up the Tasmanian wood trophy, and insist on swarming into the revolving lantern from morn till sunset. Luckily there is no staircase to the Domes, or I am convinced there would be a shower of *aérolites* in the shape of pocket flasks and catalogues falling from the hands of enthusiasts on our devoted heads below. As it is, we sit in peace under the shadow of the *Livistona Borbonica*, and listening to MENDELSON'S famous Wedding March as the music rolls forth from the pipes of WALKER'S organ, we can see in one comprehensive glance Zolverein and Hanse Towns, Austria, Belgium, Switzerland and France represented under one capacious roof. I look up the S. W. transept, and round its huge window see inscribed these words:—

"DEUS IN TERRAM RESPEXIT ET IMPLEVIT ILLAM BONIS SUIS."

What a cheerful homily might be preached on that text—what a grateful congregation would assemble at such a shrine! I hope the reverend gentleman who is destined to occupy that beautifully carved pulpit from Louvain will remember where it has so long been standing, and shape his first discourse accordingly. If there be sermons in stones, how much more in the countless wonders we see around us here! "*Implevit illum Bonis suis*," and yet DR. MAW-WORME would have us believe that everything is hateful, *ici-bas*! I think this world seems to each of us—what we make it, and whenever I hear a man sigh over its earthiness, I fancy he must have been some time grubbing in the soil himself.

An ingenious German exhibits some drawings and statuettes to illustrate his theories about the growth of that interesting animal—Man—from the age of fifteen to three hundred months, showing what height we *ought* to be at various stages of our life. Like most of the philosophical propositions emanating from Vaterland, this seems a little far-fetched, and how our statistical friend could have arrived at his average without separately studying the various effects of climate, parentage, gymnastics and premature grog—to say nothing of such exceptions as TOM THUMB and the Cremerne giant—it would puzzle anyone to imagine. For my part, having completed my 300th month, and standing, as I do, about sixty-five inches in my Balmorals, I am

disinclined to believe in any standard but that which Nature and my bootmaker designed for me.

One cannot help being struck in strolling through the various courts with the great display of candles—English, French, and German—"short sixes," "long fours," and "double wicks," wax, tallow, and composite, piled up in all directions. One grand columnar trophy of this description bearing the inscription of APOLLO KERZEN UND SEIFEN, leaves us in doubt whether the soap and candles referred to are named after the god of light or whether the firm which supplies them is really that of Apollo and Sun.

I don't much care for French art as applied to manufacture. Most of the articles in the S. W. court which ladies admire as "elegant and tasteful," are the silliest gim-cracks ever seen. There is the old leaven of the last century about them—the spirit of *Rococo* with its shepherds and shepherdesses, its perverted shapes and misplaced ornament. I saw a huge carpet representing an episode in the life of NAPOLEON THE THIRD, and although, where that potentate is concerned, no one knows what may be upon the *tapis*, I must submit that rugs are not fit vehicles for pictorial illustration. Our English schools of design are attended by better results. I prefer HART'S and HAREDMAN'S metal work to GAUTIER'S bronzes, and MINTON'S majolica to modern Sèvres. It is in classes 20 and 24 that our Gallic friends are strongest, and when I lead my beloved Unknown to the hymeneal altar she shall don the silks of M. M. SAVOYE and RAVIER, and wear one of CHEVALIER'S priceless veils.

ELIXIRS OF LONG LIFE.

MUCH valuable information on the Art of Prolonging Life may perhaps be derived from HUFFELAND and FLOURENS, but by far the most eligible way of attaining to a good old age is indicated in the subjoined extract from the *Times* relative to DUKE PASQUIER, who has just departed this life at that of 96.

"THE VIRTUES OF A GOOD DINNER.—The fashionable Paris journal *Le Sport* mourns over the death of DUKE PASQUIER as an ir retrievable loss to the lovers of good dinners. He was remarkable for his hospitality, and was particularly fond of having at his table three times in each week members of the *Académie Française*, and was known as '*la fourchette d'or*.' His dinners were remarkable for their taste. He was fond of good living, and attributed his long life to his alimentation. He looked upon the digestion as the centre of all the affections, feelings, and ideas. He presided over the organisation of his kitchen himself, leaving the manipulation to a female. His excellent dinners were said to have had much influence during his Ministry."

Biography, in the foregoing paragraph, is gastronomy teaching by example. Old CORNARO dieted himself, and so it seems did old PASQUIER, but on a more scientific and much preferable principle. CORNARO put himself on low diet, eating nothing that could hurt him; PASQUIER on full, taking care that all he ate should do him good. As to old PARR, with whose name certain Life Pills are associated, it is probable that he owed his length of days to taking no pills nor any other medicine, and to not eating any delicious *Revalenta Arabica Food* instead, for if in his time there had been any food of the kind to eat, it would have done him no good, and certainly there were no such pills to swallow. LORD BYRON mentions early rising as conducive to longevity, and pleasantly tells you that you may

"When coffin'd at fourscore,
Engrave upon your plate you rose at four."

PASQUIER was coffin'd at fourscore and sixteen, and his executors might have engraved upon his plate, which ought to have been a dinner plate, that he dined at seven, or whatever was his dining-hour, and used always to have the best dinner that he could obtain. DUKE PASQUIER appreciated the importance of digestion. He knew that—excuse the variation of a cherished couplet—

"Sauces and spice, and all meats nice,
Are what the greatest men are made of."

Our food turns into our blood, our blood into our solid substance, including our brain, and as our brains are, so are our minds. Mentally and bodily our quality depends upon what we eat and drink. The digestion is, as PASQUIER believed, the centre of all the affections, feelings, and ideas. There we consume the fuel that works the whole machine. Let us mind how we stoke ourselves. In PASQUIER'S long life we see the fruits of good living. We should endeavour to follow his admirable example. Let us preside over the organisation of our kitchens ourselves, and leave only the manipulation to a female. What is to hinder us from adopting that salutary system but the want of time and means? But so it is, unfortunately with some of us, whose best and wisest resolutions are frustrated by an excess of occupation and a deficiency of *£ s. d.* Happy is he who can afford to be his own head cook. It is in no witch's kitchen that the elixir of life is brewed. Every gentleman can concoct it in his own.

"PAX IN BELLO."—The Dogs of War.



DIVERSIONS OF DRILL.

FACEITIOUS SERGEANT. "— and at the word 'dismiss' you all immediately 'slope' without further word o' command."

PURITANS AND PLAYERS.

(From the "Quarterly Review" for August, 1855.)

THE Bicentenary Celebration of 1862 by which (as we showed at the time) the Dissenters of all classes, in imitation of the POPE of ROME, sought to consolidate their forces, was productive of the most brilliant results, and did great honour to the prescience of the farsighted MIALI, VAUGHAN, and BRIGHT. In a few years their triumph was complete, and the Church of England was reformed, church organs were destroyed, the beadle was dressed in decent black, and prayer-books ceased to be adorned with velvet and gold. Perhaps, had the new Puritan Fathers stopped here, there would not have been much to complain of, but the intolerant spirit broke out into violence, and, as in old days, ruthless war was waged against all who differed from the fierce bigots in power. As heretofore, the poor Player was the victim of the persecuting Puritan. In spite of the intercession of the benevolent, but feeble LORD EBURY, his now tyrannical allies proclaimed war against the Theatres. SHAKESPEARE, SHERIDAN, KNOWLES, and TALBOURD were for a time allowed to be performed, but all lighter representations were suppressed. MIALI himself, hymn-book in hand, rushed upon the stage of the Lyceum at the thousand and second representation of *Peep o' Day*, and with a savage joke made, as he said, "shipwreck of FALCONER." DR. VAUGHAN, attended by a violent mob of fanatical young students from Homerton, broke into the Princess's Theatre during a performance, and though for a moment delayed by the belief that MR. KLAN was preaching, they no sooner discovered that the *Corsican Brothers* was being played, than they rushed upon the stage, scattered the alighted actresses, and even the tears of CARLOTTA LECLERCQ only so far softened the rugged solismatics as to permit her and her sister-performers to depart unharmed on condition of their immediately joining the Abimelech Congregational Union. At the Haymarket, *Bubbles of the Day* was attempted, but BRIGHT suddenly entered, and with the voice of CROMWELL (at whom he now dressed) he cried, "Take away those Bubbles." The gallant LORD DUNDREARY, as became a Cavalier

AN OVATION TO AN AMBASSADOR.

ACCORDING to a news letter from Rome:—

"At Frascati the national party offered an ovation to Count KISSELEFF, Russian Minister, on the occasion of the recognition of the kingdom of Italy by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg."

The statement that certain persons offered a man an ovation is something new in the phraseology of punny-a-lining. It is generally said that So-and-so received, or that his admirers gave him, an ovation. That may mean that the people gave him a pelting with stale eggs, as we have before suggested. Even at Rome the Romans themselves would now no longer decree an ovation or minor triumph to a general for having gained a small victory, that is to say, if they had any generals of their own to honour; though they would doubtless be ready enough to give any one of the generals who dragoon them under the POPE an ovation of the other kind. Such an unsavoury ovation as that, however, is not the sort of ovation which the liberal Frascattians could possibly have offered to Count KISSELEFF on the strength of the recognition by Russia of the Italian Kingdom, or indeed to anybody on any account whatever, because it is an ovation which everybody would decline. The ovation offered by them to the Russian Minister must have been one which they expected that his Excellency would accept; a savoury not an unsavoury ovation: perhaps it was a savoury omelet.

A Poem to Patti.

O CHARMING ADELINA!
How sweet is thy *Julius*!
How bewitching thy *Zerlina*!
How seldom has there been a
More tunable *Norina*!
And have I ever seen a
More enjoyable *Rosina*?
But to tell the praise I mean a-
-Las! there should have been a
Score more rhymes to ADELINA.

THE WEATHER AGAIN.

HEINE said, (exulting in the cool gloom of a cathedral in a real July) that Roman Catholicism was a very good religion for the Summer. If so, no wonder the POPE feels discouraged this year.

of long descent, drew a pistol, and but that his habitual unacquaintance with technicalities made him fire it into the ceiling instead of at the tyrant, the triumph of the latter might have been brief, had not the Earl also forgotten to put in any bullet. The hardships sustained by some of the actors were very sad. The Adelphi theatre was seized by SHERBORN, who contemptuously offered MR. PAUL BEEFORD (with a flippancy jest at his Christian name, after the manner of Elephant Chapel) the place of clerk, but the brave actor punched his head, likened him to PUNSON, and escaped. Less fortunate was MR. TOOLE, who was consigned to the Tabernacle Museum, and compelled to explain Otahaitian idols and other heathen curiosities, to the penny visitors, for nearly eight years, when he sprang out of window into a hay-cart, and was carried into South Wales. MR. ROBSON was brought before the Court of Star Chamber, (an odious memory revived in honour of MR. BRIGHT's paper,) and commanded to assume a real *Porter's Knot*, and carry tracts from Clapham to Islington. The fine elocutionary powers of MRS. STIRLING were made a pretext for setting her to teach reading to a wretched school class, where MISS LOUISA PYNE was also sent to instruct the jeering urchins in DR. WATT'S *Songs*. MR. BUCKSTONE vowed a revenge, and, affecting to be convinced of the error of his ways by the arguments of DR. VAUGHAN, succeeded in so far blinding his persecutors that they actually allowed him to address a crowded attendance of the Band of Hope and Juvenile Abstainers, when he suddenly sang the "*Country Air*," threw his audience into convulsions, and sent home a thousand youthful missionaries to clamour in their households for reasonable recreation. For this offence BUCKSTONE was set in the pillory, but the people pelted him with roses, and cast *bonbons* into his mouth with affectionate precision of aim. MR. BOUCCAUT, having joined the Baptists, was permitted for some time to give the "*Water Cure Scene*," under a pretext that he was teaching the doctrine of his new sect, but his underhand device did not prosper, and the theatre was taken by the Board as a place for practising the lungs and oratory of youthful preachers. The Dramatic Authors would no doubt have equally suffered, only there were none, a machine having been invented and

exhibited at the International Show of 1872 for taking the plot and dialogue out of a novel, without the aid of a pen, and the general diffusion of the French language, consequent upon the French Treaty, having enabled managers to adopt the plan of MR. VINCENT CRUMBLES, and give out the originals of the English dramas to the performers. The hatred of the Dissenting Union to the drama was, however, manifested in every possible way, and woe to the unfortunate little child who, having heard from an elder companion of the glories of Fairy Spectacle or the fun of Christmas Pantomime, ventured to express in the presence of a Puritan an innocent wish to behold such things—assuredly the Solomonian counsel was not forgotten. Such were among the results of trusting to the moderation of Sectarianism.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

ASTRONOMICAL.



compelling Shooting Stars to take out licences was generally condemned.

On Monday, the President in the Chair. A paper by HERR VON ORBITZ on the Utilisation of Comets was read, the author contending that by the attaching salted wires to their tails and connecting them with ships, sailing in Great Circles might be largely assisted. MR. PREPONIGHT laid on the table some beautiful saucers of Star Dust, and PROFESSOR NUBLUS, of Leipsic, a large piece of the Perihelion of Mercury. MR. OWLS reported on some analytical tests which he had applied to liquid from the Milky Way, which he stated to be strongly flavoured with turnips. A memorial from the Great and Little Bears, representing that they were not like bears at all, and soliciting more appropriate and pleasing names, was read, and referred to a select committee. A discussion ensued on the proposed formation of a Lunar Alpine Club, and it was mentioned that a site for a club-house had been procured in the neighbourhood of Hanwell. MR. GLADSTONE'S resolution for

ZOOLOGICAL.

Tuesday. The President in the Chair. It was officially announced that the Phoenix, which has been so great an attraction during the season, had finally made up its mind to burn itself on Sunday the 10th, and as the bird is of an exclusive character, Fellows were requested to be very particular as to the persons to whom they gave orders for that day. The health of the large Whale was stated to be satisfactory, but the small one is melancholy and seems always going to blubber. MR. C. TATTUS suggested that the absence of the PRINCE OF WALES from this country might have something to do with it. MR. MEEKE complained that somebody really ought to look after the tigers, which now went about loose, several members of his family having been eaten in the course of the last fortnight. It was promised that this should be seen to, and very gratifying accounts were given of the condition of these beautiful animals. The lamprey-pond was not thriving, and an interesting discussion arose as to the best means of feeding these fastidious fish. MR. CORTON WALTON recalled the fact that one of the Roman Emperors fed his lampreys with slaves, and the honourable Fellow in the most liberal manner offered his boy-in-buttons for the experiment. A vote of thanks to him (MR. C. WALTON) was recorded.

GEOLOGICAL.

Wednesday. The President in the Chair. MR. MUDDLEBY, on his admission as a member, read a paper on Primitive Trap, and showed a drawing which exhibited the trap as a brick supported by a thread on which pease were strung, and the mouse biting the thread brought the brick down upon him. As there seemed some mistake, the member was thrown out of window. A paper on the Use of Basalt for pickling purposes was read, as also some Studies on the Marbles of our great schools, and the Society engaged in ring-taw and other experiments for testing the comparative forces of the Alley and the Commoner. Some thunderbolts found on Mount Olympus were exhibited, and the eagle's clutch was clearly

tracable in their centre, as were the marks of fulminating powder at the extremity. A somewhat animated debate then arose upon the possibility of fracturing white marble in rhomboids, and several members produced hammers and proceeded to demolish their host's most beautiful and elaborately carved mantel-piece, just erected, in order to demonstrate their theory, but in spite of some severe observations to the effect that all ought to give way to science, the noble owner resisted, and the meeting separated in no very good temper.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

Thursday. The President in the Chair. MR. DESCARTES produced a map which he had drawn of the interior of Madagascar, but it being elicited in discussion that he had never been there, and had composed the map from imagination, it was directed that the expenses of engraving it should not at present be incurred. CAPTAIN FLUELLEN read a paper on the Subterranean Confluence of the La Plata and the Don. MR. GURCITY then brought forward his motion on the Maelström, and expressed his strong conviction that it was the duty of the Society to throw itself heart and soul into that whirlpool, and remove the reproach to science that we know nothing about the bottom of it. He should have been happy to lead the exploring party, but had a particular engagement elsewhere, but he invited members to sign and bind themselves to go down. We did not observe that the invitation was complied with. The Secretary regretted to say that a person whom he had sent to ascertain the depth of Pen Park Hole, supposed fathomless, had either fallen down it, or had spent the money elsewhere; at all events he had furnished no report. It was agreed that the Secretary himself be directed to descend the chasm, and if possible, to attend at the next meeting with the particulars.

STATISTICAL.

Friday. The President in the Chair. MR. COOKER read a paper showing that out of 121,374 persons who passed through Trafalgar Square every day, 119,187 made offensive observations about the No Lions. MR. DUMDIDDY produced his promised paper as to the number of persons who were asleep in London at half-past 11 p.m., and also as to the number that breakfasted in bed, but the member having unfortunately left the page with the figures upon it at his own residence, no immediate result was obtained. MR. LYNX adduced statistics which clearly showed that there are 7951 panes of glass in Upper Baker Street (not counting the lamps), and that it would take 59,311 Scotchmen, of average height, and laid at full length on the road, to reach from Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh, to Primrose Hill. The hon. member was highly complimented for his zeal. SIR NAPPER BONES then read an interesting paper, in which he stated that out of the 658 members of Parliament, 267 wore white hats, and of these 92 had black bands round them, and that the average of persons who, on fine Sunday afternoons, lie down in the Parks to those who stand up, is 23'30. PROFESSOR W. WIMBLE regretted that he had not been able to do much since the last meeting, but he had counted the people who went by his house on the tops of omnibuses in one day, and had ascertained that 62 per cent. of them wore no gloves.

THEOLOGICAL.

Saturday. The President in the Chair. The Rev. IGNATIUS BLAZES produced some of the charred faggots of the pile at which SERVETUS was burned. SIGNOR FUOCO exhibited a photograph of the edict in revocation of that of Nantes. MR. WHITEHEET showed one of the poniards, and an arquebuss, used at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. MR. LAFEU displayed a beautiful model of the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford. MR. GRILLUM read a paper on the Anabaptists of Munster, and the iron cage of John the Prophet, adding a well merited compliment to SIGNOR TAMBEELIK for his masterly personation of the unfortunate fanatic. The Rev. MR. EMBERS brought an original copy of the Act of Uniformity, MR. IGNISS read some extracts from the tyrannical ordinances of the Puritan Fathers, MR. DE LAVA showed a portrait of ARCHBISHOP LAUD, and MR. FYER BRAND exhibited photographs of MR. MIALI and DR. VAUGHAN.

PUNCH'S CAB-STAND.

BEWARE! of Hackney Carriage No. 1749.



PLEASANT—VERY!

ENRAGED TRADESMAN (knocked up at 3 a.m.) "What do you mean, Sir, by making this disturbance at this time o' night; breaking peoples' night's rest?"

INEBRIATED WANDERER. "Hush—oh!—You've got a bite! Strike him hard. Mag—nifshnt fish, shever-I-shee—pon my word an' honour!"

HOPE DEFERRED.

We read that:—

"The *Correspondencia Autografa* of to-day says:—"It is not impossible" that, under certain conditions, and at a time not yet fixed, Spain might recognise the Kingdom of Italy."

The late SIR ROBERT PEEL was thought to have removed a pledge of support to the remotest distance possible when he replied to a Parliamentary agitator, "that if at some future time the honourable gentleman should ask leave to bring forward this proposition under entirely different conditions, and in a diametrically opposite way, he, SIR ROBERT, was not prepared to say that he would undertake to meet it with a distinct negative." The Spanish Minister must have been studying in the school of SIR ROBERT PEEL. *Punch* hopes—and in some sort believes—that the Kingdom of Italy can afford to wait.

The Two Nations.

ENGLAND.

"THE accused (of murder) was then removed, and on his way to the van that was in waiting to convey him to the cells, was assailed by cries of execration from the people assembled round the door of exit from the Court."

IRELAND.

"THE witness, under cross-examination, said that he took the name of ROSS, who was a murderer, in order that he might receive kind treatment and friendship from the people. Also that many "decent" people in the country were fond of murderers."

From adjoining columns in the *Times*, July 26, 1862.

YANKEEDOM TO ENGLAND.

WHAT hez England done to rile us
That we air so mad with you?
Don't you want to reconcile us?
You've done all you dared to du.
Jist to resky from starvation
Them there weavers out o' feed,
You would try on mediation,
Ef you thought it would succeed.

Them Confederates in rebellin'
You'd encouridge if you dust,
Hearts with pent-up malice swellin'
In your buzzums, fit to bust.
We hev given you cause to hate us,
Ruini' your cotton trade,
You must cuss and execrate us,
Tu attack us though afraid.

We hev scorned you, snubbed you, done you,
Hindered you and helped your foes,
Put the wust affronts upon you,
All but pulled you by the nose,
Tu embrile you in a quarrel,
Given you next to actual kicks,
Sarved you with a wuss than MORRILL
Tariff in your present fix.

Wal, in course it stands to reason,
Which the feelins can't suppress,
You must side with Southern treason,
If but wishin it success;
Writthin' like a alligator,
Trod on by a giant's heel.
It is only human natur'
Like that air for you to feel.

'Tis because you can't but cherish
Spite agin us in your breast,
And must pray that we may perish,
That we loathe you and detest.
'Tis our inborn disposition
Them we injures to abhor,
Tu rejoice in their perdition,
By a famine, plague, or war.

Guess we've one great consolation;
On our war your famine haugs,
So we raves with exultation
When on hunger's bitter pangs,
Your onhappy paupers bitin',
Our luxurious fancy gloats,
Whilst we still goes on a fightin':
Cuttin' one another's throats.

GROUSE AND GENTLEMEN.

TOUCHING the Grouse, the *Edinburgh Courant* says:—

"The old birds are very numerous this season, although the young coveys do not number so many, nor are they so active as last year."

A fast young lady of our acquaintance says exactly the same thing about the Parties she goes to, though we have repeatedly told her that we will not have her call respectable middle-aged bachelors by the name of old birds, and that it is very naughty to talk of swells as young covies. As for want of activity, we are glad of it—because if a young covey minds his Volunteer drill, he will not care for more than twenty-six or twenty-seven waltzes afterwards, and now she knows our opinion of her and her sentiments.

An American Euphemism.

IN Yankee language what a great improvement
On "a Stampede" is a "Strategic Movement";
A movement, pell-mell, to the right about:
In simple English, what we call a rout.

Wilkie and a Great Liberty.

MR. WHISTLER paints a picture of a woman in a white dress, and the Exhibitors, clutching at a popular title, call the work "*The Woman in White*." Then the critics say that she does not illustrate the novel of that name, and MR. WHISTLER answers that he never meant to do so, and simply intended to paint a woman in a white dress. We think the Exhibitors owe MR. WILKIE COLLINS amends, and ought to call the picture "*No Name*."



JUST LIKE LONGSHANKS—HE ALWAYS IS SO INCONSIDERATE.

"I say, Shortles, old fella, just dash us off a sketch of this waterfall—it's the prettiest bit I've seen in the whole neighbourhood."

DISCOUNTING ONE'S MARBLE.

We read in the *Bath Chronicle* that in the Abbey Cemetery (which we take not to be exactly the place where Mr. ACRES thought there was "smug lying") a citizen of Bath has erected unto himself a tombstone, upon which he has recorded all that is usually placed there, leaving a blank for the day of his demise. And this memorial by anticipation the brave Bath brick occasionally visits and reads. We do not hear whether he has indulged himself in epigraphic eulogy, but why should he not do so? He must know himself better than anybody else can know him, and may speak of his own virtues with the calmness of certainty, whereas his executors could only guess at them. Let him put up "R. I. P.," whether that mean Respected in the Parish, or as in Roman Catholic inscriptions, implies an unpleasantly warm operation undergone in the intermediate state. Or stay. Why not take the other line? He is a strong-minded man, and not afraid to rebuke tombstone flatteries. We have not the slightest or faintest idea who he is, and therefore cannot annoy him by our wildest supposition. Let us suppose him a Humbug. His decorous executors may or may not know the fact, but certainly will not allege it, *à la* chisel and hammer. What a splendid moral lesson he might read—thus:—

Here Lies
What is Mortal of
FIGGE DE BLADUD, ESQ.,
Of this City,

He had a bad temper and a good wig:
He knew which side his bread was buttered:
He was thought rich, and undecieved nobody:
Hence he was feared, admired, respected, and made
Churchwarden. And,

Dying on the Blank day of Blank,
And leaving next to nothing behind him,
Is now called an awful old Humbug,
And does not care a farthing what he is called.

Now, there would be true courage in a man who should put up anything of that sort, and we believe (unless seeing *Robert le Diable* has made us superstitious) that the hypocritical tombstones around this revelation would be found to have twisted round and turned their backs upon such vulgar frankness. *De mortuis nil nisi Verum* is a rule to which we have not yet attained; but if the living took to writing their own epitaphs, we might approach that wholesomeness. At any rate we are obliged to our friend at Bath for putting the notion into our minds, and in return we will hope that it will be a good while (if such be his wish) before the date is chiselled into the stone mentioned in the *Bath Chronicle*.

AN ACT FOR THE INCLOSURE OF COMMONS,

COMMONLY TO BE CALLED PETER BELL'S ACT.

WHEREAS, on the petition of PETER BELL, of the County of Cumberland, Potter, this House hath resolved and determined and doth hereby declare that a certain Flower of a Yellow Colour called a Primrose, growing and blowing on the brim, brink, or margin of a river, is a Yellow Primrose and nothing more, and further, that the said Primrose, and all other flowers of whatsoever names and colours, growing and blowing wheresoever, are only such flowers of such names and colours, and not any other things, except in as far as they may be used and applied in the Arts and Sciences:

And whereas the said Primroses, and other the like flowers, growing wild, are for the most part either noxious weeds, or at least unserviceable for the food of Man or Beast, and of no Use whatever except those which, being Poisonous, are used in Medicine, the rest serving only to nourish the vain fancies and conceits of unprofitable Writers and Poets:

And whereas there are and remain in divers parts of the Dominions of Her Majesty the QUEEN, sundry and several Waste and Uncultivated Tracts of Land called Commons, in derogation of the Name and Dignity of this House, being the Common Property of the neighbouring People and belonging to no particular Person, and whereas the Produce of the said Commons, besides Heath, Gorse or Furze, and Thistles, consists principally or entirely of the said Primroses and of other Wild Flowers, as Cowslips, Violets, Buttercups, Daisies, Dandelions and Dog Roses:

And whereas Small Children, and other Vagrants and Idle and Disorderly Persons, are accustomed to roam, ramble, lurk, and wander up and down and about the said Commons and squander and misemploy their Time in Plucking and gathering the said Primroses, Cowslips, Dandelions, Dog Roses, and other Wild Flowers aforesaid:

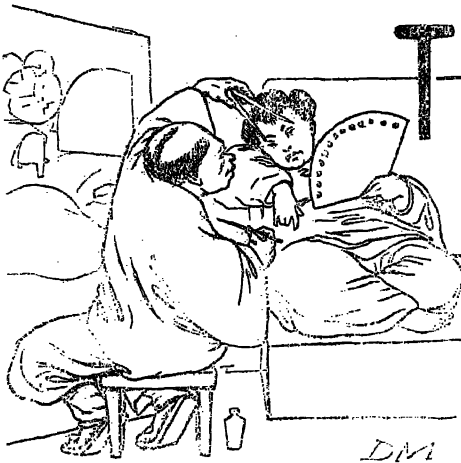
And whereas it is expedient to Prevent such Waste and Misemployment of Time, and to turn such Commons and Waste Lands if possible to some Profitable Account, by clearing them as well of all Gorse or Furze, Thistles, and Heath, as of Brambles, Bushes, Trees and Underwood, and by eradicating the said Primroses, and other Wild Flowers aforesaid, on the said Commons or Waste Lands growing and blowing, or lying rooted in the Soil, to the end that the same may be converted into Arable or Building Land, and either laid out and covered with Bricks and Mortar, or ploughed or digged and spread with Manure:

And whereas in cases wherein the said Soil is incapable of Cultivation or unfit for Building Purposes it is desirable that the said Commons should be converted into Game Preserves:

Be it therefore enacted, That the said Commons and Waste Places shall all and each of them no longer be the Common Property of the neighbouring People, that all existing rights of Common shall cease and determine, and that HER MAJESTY'S Commissioners of Woods and Forests shall be, and are hereby, authorised and empowered to Sell the said Lands to the Best Bidder, to the end that all the said Commons and Waste Lands in England be finally inclosed for ever.

And be it enacted, That this Act for the Inclosure of the Commons of England shall come into effect and operation on the First Day of the next ensuing Month of April.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE 28th July. Monday. To EARL GREY, upon our little China War, the DUKE OF SOMERSET made reply to the effect that if we are to have any commerce with China, we must help the Chinese Government against the Taepings. LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE approved the answer, and there the matter might have ended. But EARL RUSSELL, considering that the Session was nearly over, and that he should not have many more chances of distinguishing

himself this year, resolved that he would not avail himself of this splendid opportunity of holding his tongue. So he went into a picture of Chinese affairs. He said that the Government of PRINCE KUNG was behaving very well to us, that our trade was growing, that in 1855 it was only £7,500,000, and in 1860 it was £18,000,000, and that therefore it was no light matter. The Taepings were treacherous, blasphemous, and cruel, and though the Chinese were certainly a depraved and degenerate people, the Government had shown great civilisation—and the result is that our gallant friend SHEPARD OSBORN (not BERNAL, though his sire was intimately acquainted with china) is to be sent off to smash, pound, and annihilate any Taepings who come near our Treaty Ports. We are sure he will cover himself with honours—not so sure that we can cover LORD RUSSELL'S propositions with a shield of logic, but the £18,000,000 answers the purpose better.

Who is the EARL OF LERRIM? He brought on something, which, misprinted by a contemporary, reads so ghastly that we were just going to ring the bell for somebody to be in the room with us, when we tried another paper:—

“A Bill to enable a coroner to raise from the parish the Body of a Murdered Man—”

But upon examination it seemed that the omission of a couple of words had brought in the horrors, and that the proposition was simply ludicrous. It was to enable the coroner to raise from the parish in which such a body might be found, compensation to the family of the deceased, if you could find out who he was. This extraordinary proposal could not obtain a seconder, and after LORD GRENVILLE had made considerable fun of LORD LERRIM, the Bill was squashed, and served him right for frightening *Mr. Punch*. At the end of a London season, one's mind is in the highest state of gladiatorial strength and agility, but one's nerves are in the corresponding degree sensitive, and such paragraphs are not to be encountered with impunity. The moral whereof is, no doubt,—abandon work, and get away to the Sea, and we didn't expect to come to so agreeable an end of a paragraph beginning with the EARL OF LERRIM.

LORD WENSLEYDALE has earned our good word. On the Juries' Bill, he insisted on exempting Pharmaceutical Chemists from serving on juries. This is quite right—the pharmaceutical chemist is a gentleman who ought not to be called away from his responsibilities. We do not mean that everybody who sells corn plaster and soda water is to plead exemption, as SIR GEORGE GREY rather pertly observed (when fighting this clause, on Thursday) would next year be the case, but the superior chemist is a very valuable practitioner, especially to the humbler classes. LORD WENSLEYDALE'S Clauses passed the Lords, and being opposed by the Government down-stairs, was carried in defiance of the said Government.

Another little Chinese debate brought out, for the benefit of the Commons, the same facts which had been paraded before the Lords. SIR GEORGE LEWIS spoke up for the Armstrong gun, and then there was a prolonged discussion, in Committee, on the Bill for the relief of the Operatives, and it was strongly urged that the measure was not sufficient, and that the power of raising Loans should be granted. LORD PALMERSTON was sternly opposed to borrowing, but as will be seen, had to give way.

The Night Poaching Bill was considered as amended, and Nine divisions were taken upon various points, but the friends of the Bill were victorious in all cases. The struggle kept the House up until half-past three in the morning, which was in itself night-poaching, or poaching the night's rest, in an inhuman manner.

Tuesday. Hungerford Market has had a pretty good innings. It was built in 1680, but it did not prosper, and in 1720 we find that “Covent Garden hath got the start, which is much resorted unto, and well served with all fruits and herbs, good in their kind.” Rebuilt in 1831, the old market had another chance, but people did not seem to have much love for it, and its great merit was that it was a cool, dusky retreat, in a hot day, while you were waiting for any Duchess who had promised to pick you up as she returned with the Duke from the House, and drive you down to Richmond—there used also to be good shrub at the right-hand public-house at the end of the market. We know nothing of the penny ices. All is swept away; while we write the place is one vast gap, covered with white dust, from the Strand you can see the bridge that is going to Clifton, and to-day the Charing Cross Railway Bill was read a Second Time.

And, Londoners and others, to-day the Embankment Bill was read a Third Time and passed. When shall we finish—nay, when shall we begin, Riparian Operations?

To-day the Royal Assent was given to the Conveyancing Reform Bill introduced by the CHANCELLOR, and also to the Declaration of Title Bill. But the “permissive” character of the registration will make the measures almost valueless except as a place for future leverage. Said not *Mr. Punch* that the attorney interest would be too strong for the reformers?

The Copyright in Works of Art Bill is also law. Artists, you have copyright for life, and seven years afterwards, but you must register your rights.

Nothing of interest in the Commons, save that MR. COWPER announced that as soon as the Show shuts, he shall shut the new road across the Park. He may do so if he likes, for it is horribly inconvenient, but he (or his successor) will have to make another, one of these days, for *Mr. Punch* has been looking at a house near Victoria Gate, and it is needless to say that should he take it, he is not going to be sent round by Park Lane, or Silver Street, when he is coming to the Boilers.

SIR MORTON PETO, much lauded and applauded at the opening of the Middleton fountain at Islington by MR. GLADSTONE, found out that there are differences in audiences. He was discoursing wisely upon Naval Reform, when the House was found to have gone away.

Wednesday. The Operatives Relief (or Rate in Aid) Bill came on again, and MR. PULLER moved its recomittal, in order to introduce clauses enabling the guardians to borrow money. MR. VILLIERS and the Government resisted, were beaten by 95 to 58, and had to ask for time to insert the suggested alteration. In the course of the debate LORD PALMERSTON said this:—

“We know that in the county most fortunes have been made by the manufacturers. I do not agree with the Hon. Member for Stockport that it has all been invested in the mills. On the contrary, they have accumulated much more than their mills could have cost. There are enormous capitalists in the county—*(hear, hear)*—some of whom, I am sorry to say, though they have starving populations at their gates, and anticipate worse distress as coming, have actually, for the sake of profit, sold and sent out of the country—*(cheers)*—the cotton which they ought to have used for the employment of the people. *(Cheers.)* I say, why are these people to be exempt, and not be made to contribute to the distress which they see around them? *(Cheers.)* They have ample means to do so.”

This speech of course enraged MR. CORDEN, who not only abused LORD PALMERSTON as unjust, reckless, and incorrect, but gave notice of letting out more wrath on the Friday night.

Thursday. The Wesleyan Ministers, in conference, petition Parliament to prohibit the sale of liquor throughout the whole Sabbath (they mean Sunday), and now the people of England know the sentiments of this section of “Bicenters.” MR. JOSEPH SOMES, M.P., shipowner of Hull, is to speak their mind next Session. Rely upon it, Dissent will pass its Act of Uniformity, if we don't take care.

MR. VILLIERS introduced the alterations in the Rate in Aid Bill. When the Guardians find the expenditure exceeds three shillings in the pound, they are to have the right to apply for leave to raise money on Loan, and when it reaches five shillings they may ask for contributions in aid.

SIR JOHN SHELLEY was heard on the Embankment, and now the Bill is Law there is no reason why this exceedingly empty baronet should not take an exceedingly empty room, and declaim on the subject as long as he likes. He declared the whole scheme to be a “take in,” and generally went on in the decorous style of a cabman who has seen a fare carried off by his rival. If it were not too hot to get up and go to the bookcase, we think we could find a passage in the works of his relative, the SHELLEY, that would do substantive justice—but the thermometer saves him. MR. COWPER gave it him, however, rather warmly, and told him that he, the Member for Westminster, had overlooked the interests of his constituents in his regard for private interests. This will be a good line for a placard at the next election.

Friday. The Lords read the Rate in Aid Bill (which had passed the Commons that morning) a First Time, and had a little Cotton Debate, in which Government announced that it intended to leave the Cotton entirely to private enterprise. The DUKE OF ARGYLL thought cotton could be grown almost everywhere, and hoped that there would be

plenty in a few years, an off-hand and pleasant way of disposing of a question that threatened to be a Bore.

In the Commons there occurred just that sort of scene which will sometimes happen to the discomfiture of a well-meaning host who has assembled a family party at his country-house. All has gone tolerably well during the days of the visit, and by dint of keeping certain relatives apart, having pleasant excursions, bringing in neighbours to dinner, and general watchfulness, any rumpus has been avoided. But when the party is about to break up, and at the last breakfast, while the carriages for the station are at the door, suppressed ill-nature breaks out—something is said about the tea-service (which has been produced by mistake), one thing brings on another, and there comes a jolly spiteful cross-bombardment, in the course of which all sorts of rankling grievances are frankly ventilated. That codicil to UNCLE BUNCKLE'S will, never quite understood, the lawyer's bill for SAMUEL'S lease of the Grove, the disappearance of the four miniatures, AMELIA and MARIA'S not having been asked to LOUISA'S wedding, the meanness of COUSIN EDWARD about the Brighton lodgings, the impertinence (of course not his own idea, my love) of young FRED. DARLINGTON about Mrs. PETER'S black gown and bugles, the cheap school to which some people can send other people's children now that their nearest friends are in India, the readiness of other persons to accept kindnesses they are in no hurry to return—all these agreeable things go flying and sputtering across the table, and affectionate relations go away without shaking hands, and forgiving one another only as Christians, and even forgetting to tip the servants.

It was thought that the Session might end without any particular row, but people under-estimated the vitality of ill-feeling. MR. COBDEN had been snubbed much too often not to determine on giving the House a piece of his mind, LORD PALMERSTON is always ready for a fight, and even the sweet nature of MR. DISRAELI did not prevent his taking the last opportunity of saying a few amiable things. So there was a very good go-in. The points taken by the three combatants were as follows:

MR. COBDEN.

I am no party leader, but we must have party, and a party without principles is a "nuisance."

Let us Liberals look back to our principles.

[Here, say the papers, came a most doleful and melancholy "Ear, ear!" from MR. ADFIELD. Everybody laughed, and MR. COBDEN complimented the enemy ofitches on being the friend of reforms.]

We write on our banners, Economy, Non-Intervention, Reform.

The present is the most extravagant government that ever existed in peace time.

This is all LORD PALMERSTON'S fault.

He is always interfering, and getting up sensations.

If the Liberals do not disentangle themselves from this system they will "rot out of existence."

LORD PALMERSTON knew that there would be no American war, and the money spent on the Canada expedition had better have gone to Lancashire.

But the fact is that the Tories keep him in office, and have more confidence in him than in their own chief—they admit this in the smoking-room.

He is puffed by a clever and noisy *claque*.

All the questions dear to Radicals and Dissenters have gone backwards under his leadership. He says to the Tories, "I am not with these low people, I sit here, but am doing your work."

This sort of thing must not go on next year. My friends, unite with me in declaring that it shall not.

I would as soon have MR. DISRAELI in office.

LORD PALMERSTON.

MR. COBDEN has not been rude and personal to-night.

His remarks will do me good with the country.

We have no Reform Bill because the country does not want one, and because MESSRS. BRIGHT and COBDEN have weaned great numbers from reform.

True economy does not mean not spending money, but spending money wisely.

I have always done so, and have always been zealous for the honour of the nation, and therefore the nation likes me:

I never interfered improperly.

There was no proof that the Americans meant to act properly, and we owed it to their Government to show that we were in earnest.

I think the ballot would be an immoral thing.

There is a large majority for the Night Poaching Bill. I have not voted against it, and I am not going to "lose my sleep" in stopping here for the purpose, under the circumstances.

The state of parties has changed, the old "dualism" is impossible, and Governments cannot act upon the slavish and jobbing system of buying unity of support by submission in conduct.

The present Government has carried a great many useful Acts in the last three years.

The country is with us, and now that MR. COBDEN has relieved his mind, I hope he and his friends will re-consider their grievances, and come back with different views.

MR. DISRAELI.

Counsel having been heard on both sides, allow me to be Judge, and sum up.

Government is in a painful position, and I don't want to hasten its inevitable decomposition.

But LORD PALMERSTON was enabled to throw out the Derbyites, on condition (made at Willis's Rooms) of passing a democratic Reform Bill, and extricating the country from its dangerous relations as to France.

He has carried no Reform Bill, and we cannot tolerate his frivolous jests and levity. I don't wonder the Liberals are disgusted at the contempt with which he treats them.

Nonsense about MR. BRIGHT—he is frank enough, fatally so—it is absurd to say that he hindered reform.

Then as to France. There are great misunderstandings with France upon Italy, Mexico, America, and the Eastern question.

I do not think that LORD PALMERSTON is insincere, but he has much tact. But if the Liberals are cheated, that is their business. If he has governed satisfactorily, the verdict of the country will be with him. Has he?

Our financial prospects are dark and critical.

Our fleet (he admits it) is in a most unsatisfactory condition.

His diplomacy has involved us in a new war with China.

The Treasury is at loggerheads with the Admiralty.

The Woods are at loggerheads with the Works.

The Indian Secretary is scoffing at the Indian Chancellor.

One Minister would cast off Canada, the PREMIER would keep her at any price.

The outraged feelings of those who made him Minister have been expressed with dignity and truth.

We, the Opposition, have behaved nobly.

We have saved the Church—what is MR. LAYARD sneezing at?

We have given good counsel.

We are building up a party on principles * * * resist democracy * * * support free aristocracy * * * lighten taxation * * * shrink from turbulent diplomacy * * * rights of Crown * * * rights of working man * * * true Tory principles, &c. &c. &c. &c.

There! And having thus had it out, the great men were silent, some small speeches were let off, five divisions were taken on the Night Poaching Bill, which was read a Third Time, and the House rose at five minutes past four in the morning.

UNPARALLELED HONESTY.

Is the world really coming to an end? One would almost think so; for only look at this advertisement in the *Times* of Thursday, July 24:

THE UMBRELLA TAKEN, by mistake, from a shop, in Fleet Street, on the 21st July, was RETURNED the same afternoon, and left for the owner.

Comment is superfluous. A man who having taken an umbrella "by mistake" not merely returns it the same afternoon, but goes to the expense of advertising he has done so, is a being so angelic that his mere existence leads us to agree with DR. CUMMING in believing the Millennium is closely now at hand.

Proper Names!

WE trust the observation we are about to make will not provoke the Yankees to declare war against England, and if it does, we shall make it, nevertheless. The belligerent parties in America should now be designated—

South: SE-CEDERS.

North: RE-CEDERS!

There!

Credit when it is Due.

WE see that MR. COBOLD has been asking the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER some questions about "Malt Credits." As several of our readers may not be profoundly versed in such matters, we beg to tell them that there is only one form of "Malt Credit," that, properly speaking, should go down with the public, and that is, the Credit that Malt is entitled to when it is engaged in the brewing of good beer.

GAME PRESERVERS AND POACHERS.

SOME interesting experiments on incubation have been tried by certain country gentlemen who have been the most active in pressing the Bill for the additional protection of Game. We may state that many of these respectable 'squires have succeeded in hatching poached eggs.



AN OPPORTUNITY.

Frederick (pointing to sleeping Cabby). "THERE, AUNT! NOW'S YOUR TIME FOR A PAIR OF GLOVES!"

BROTHER JONATHAN'S APPEAL TO BROTHER SAMBO.

NEOW, SAMBO, darn it—*Brother!* there,
I guess that oughter please you:
You know how we in airnest air
From slavery to ease you.

You know we al'ys hev proclaimed
One man 's as good as 'nother,
And never hev we felt ashamed
Toe greet you as a brother.

You know that every slave we 've riz,
We hev emancipated;
For ourn the land of Freedom is,
Where all air equal rated.

You know between ourselves and you
We 've drawn no social line here,
Same car by rail serves for the two,
Same room for both to dine here.

You know we love our gals toe find,
With niggers go a-courtin',
Thar 's nothin' haaf so to our mind—
It's truth that I'm reportin'.

You know in this oncivil war
Your battle 'tis we're fightin',
Your cause we air a-strivin' for,
Your wrongs we air a-rightin'.

Wal, victory our arms has crowned,
Though at some cost in taxes;
And neow we 've got on rebel ground
Some help of you we axes.

Up, Niggers! slash, smash, sack and smite,
Slogdollagise and slay 'em:
Them Southern skunks ain't much toe fight,
So at 'em, darn em! flay 'em!

A PARALLEL CASE.

If one may believe their newspapers (and nobody of course would ever dare to doubt them) the Northerners are continually giving vent to outeries against foreign intervention, and declaring that England has no right to interfere, and protesting that France had better mind her own business, and not meddle with a matter wherein she is not concerned. Indeed to read what has been written, one would almost think that intervention had begun, and that the Northerners had been stopped from achieving any more of their glorious successes which look so vastly like defeats. Their crumblin' reminds one of the Yankee conversation, which their Joe Miller reports:—

"KEZIAH. Ha dun neow kissin' Josh, be quiet du!
"JOSE. Why, I'm not kissin' y-er,
"KEZIAH. Wal, but ain't yer going tu!"

France and England, common sense and charity, justice and compassion, have not interfered as yet; but the Northern apprehensiveness seems mightily like wishing that they were "going tu."

To the Lords of the Admiralty.

MY LORDS,

SHOULD you have a Captaincy or a Commodoreship, or anything of that kind, lying about your office, please send it to LIEUTENANT JOHN SCOBELL of the Royal Marines, who, sixty-four years ago, "served as such in the *Alexander*" (says the *Globe*) "at the battle of Trafalgar." Really it is time he received his promotion. Is it not, my Lords?

Your obedient Servant, PUNCH.

"LES MOUSQUETAIRES DE LA REINE."—The English Volunteers.



ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

OLD ABE. "WHY I DU DECLARE IT'S MY DEAR OLD FRIEND SAMBO! COURSE YOU'LL FIGHT FOR US, SAMBO. LEND US A HAND, OLD HOSS, DU!"

A GAMEKEEPER RATE WANTED.



HAVING proved of late that the Police are insufficient to take care of our persons and property, it has sagely been proposed to let them act as gamekeepers, and the House in its collective wisdom is doing all it can to carry out this proposition, albeit that the Government is sensibly opposing it. If the suggestion become law the question "Where are the Police?" will, in the country at all events, be easy to be answered. When a house is broken into, or a gentleman garrotted just outside his garden gate, the Police

will be engaged in looking out for poachers near LORD BREECHLOADER'S preserves, or in patrolling the bye roads which lead to CAPTAIN CRACKSHOT'S. How heartily the burglars must bless SIR BALDWIN LEIGHTON for bringing in his Bill! What a jolly time for cracksmen will there be in rural districts, when the Police are all on duty in their gamekeeping capacity, and out of hearing of alarm-bells and the cries for help! of householders whose plate-chests are attacked. Hear what SIR GEORGE GREY, our vigilant Home Secretary, has to say on this point:—

"There were other objections to the Bill which remained untouched, and, among others, the objection which had been so ably urged by the Right Hon. Member for Oxfordshire, that the Bill would entirely alter the nature of the employment of the County Police. (Hear, hear.) The Police now patrolled singly, and they were generally popular as the defenders of life and property; but it would be impossible for one policeman to cope with gangs of poachers, and if the Bill were to be carried out, there must be large bodies of Policemen combined together, which would render indispensable a large addition to the force. Should the force be increased it might be necessary to revive the proposal that one-fourth of the expense should be borne by the country at large. (Hear, hear.)"

In this view SIR JOSEPH PAXTON heartily concurred, and "having had the management of large game preserves, was satisfied that the Bill, if passed into law, would create disturbances throughout the entire kingdom." Certainly, although of the most angelic temperament, Mr. Punch will be "disturbed" from his habitual serenity if he be called on at his country house to pay a quadrupled Police rate, because his neighbours chance to entertain a liking for battues. On this point also SIR GEORGE GREY has spoken like a man of sense:—

"He had no wish to throw his shield over poachers, but he believed the evil was caused by the over-preservation of game, and the remedy lay in the hands of the landowners themselves. (Hear, hear.) Nobody could desire to prevent a gentleman from preserving game for the purpose of sport, but Parliament ought not to give additional protection to those who maintained great preserves in order that they might have the pleasure of reading in the newspapers towards the end of the season, that they and their friends had, in the course of two or three days, killed 7,000 or 8,000 head of game. (Hear, hear.) The result of over-preservation was, that it exposed a sort of qualified property to depredation. When other kinds of property were unduly exposed, the thief, of course, was punished, but the judges condemned the practice, and it appeared to him that if large preserves were to be maintained, they should be protected at the expense, not of the rate-payers, but of the owners themselves. (Hear, hear.)"

Hear! hear! Yes, the House can cheer good sense, but will the votes be guided by it? Land and law are represented pretty strongly in the Commons, and both landowners and lawyers as a rule are fond of shooting, and would doubtless like to save their pockets if they can by having county-paid policemen to look after their game. The most radical of Whigs becomes a staunch Conservative when thinking of his pheasants, and few members are so liberal as to pay a private gamekeeper if they can get a public constable to execute his work. If the Burglar-and-battue-protection Bill be passed, there will be raised anew the cry of Agricultural Distress, for many a tenant farmer will feel grievously afflicted by it. Why not call a spade a spade, and propose at once to levy a Gamekeeper Rate, SIR BALDWIN, for this is what the money for additional policemen will in point of fact amount to? Oh, you think the country wouldn't stand it, do you? Well, in that thought Punch will certainly agree with you; but as Punch detests to see good sport degenerate to game-slaughter, he will not agree with you or any other man in encouraging battues, nor will he give his countenance to any bare-faced scheme for preserving rich men's game at the expense of their poor neighbours.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT FOR COUNTRY COUSINS,

WHO CAN'T COME UP TO THE EXHIBITION.

"MY DEAR COUNTRY COUSINS,

"Of course I shall be only too happy to receive you. Come when you like. At present, I regret to say, I haven't a spare room or a spare moment, my house being not less occupied than my time. However, I promise you, when you do come, that I will do my best to entertain you; and by all means bring the baby with you.

"However, seriously speaking, if you are wise, you will stop where you are, and I will give you the reasons for this advice, which, I assure you, is perfectly disinterested, and entirely for your own good.

"London was never so uncomfortable as it is at the present moment. First of all, it is so full that the people are glad to sleep in steamers, in boats, on the bridges, under the arches—anywhere. There was a talk of bringing the Great Eastern up the river and turning it into a floating hotel. It was calculated that, by tight packing, it might possibly be made to accommodate between 14,000 and 15,000 persons; and, after all, what would that be?

"The streets are impassable, from the millions that keep pouring into them. Temple Bar is sometimes blocked up for hours. The Police have to direct the people which side of the street to take, just as they direct the carriages on a QUEEN'S Drawing-Room Day. The innumerable carriages, the opposition omnibuses racing against one another, the reckless cabmen flogging their maddened steeds to death in order to make the most of their valuable time, the PICKFORD'S vans tearing along with the speed of fire-engines, the countless vehicles put in motion to supply the wants of this agitated throng, all tend to strew every crossing with accidents such as none but the hardened cockney, whose pulse has been steadied by a life-long residence in his native city, ever succeeds in triumphantly getting over.

"The accidents in consequence have been endless. The number of mothers that have lost their children is something awful to contemplate! Painful instances, too, of husbands and wives being separated for days and days—together—of servants disappearing, and never being heard of again—are occurring every day. However, the newspapers will acquaint you fully with these heartrending cases, and so I will not

frighten you unnecessarily by pointing out the extreme risk you run by coming up to London whilst the Exhibition is going on.

"Of course, you have heard of the many robberies that take place almost in the broad day-light? So large a concourse of people has naturally attracted all the thieves of the world, and really it is not safe to go out with a watch or anything of value about one. The mere fact of a Member of Parliament being brutally assaulted in the presence of the statue of one of our late lamented Royal Dukes should be sufficient to make you pause before you venture on a journey attended with so many perils to purse as well as person. You know I am not an alarmist, but candidly I should be sorry to guarantee that all of you would return to your happy homes alive again.

"Of course, the great consumption has increased the price of everything. Provisions are almost at famine prices. Herrings are selling at the price of salmon. Eggs are as dear as peaches, and so on. As in this busy season of pleasure-seeking, one cannot dine at home, this is a point well deserving of consideration.

"However, do not let me dissuade you from coming, my dear Country Cousins,—only for your own sakes I thought it was better that you should be made acquainted with the real state of affairs. But if, in spite of the danger and discomfort that certainly await you, you are still determined to come, you may rely upon everything being done to lessen the *désagréments* of your trip by

"Your sincere, but affectionate Town Cousin,

"BENJAMIN BOWBELL."

"P.S. I know your great eagerness to see the sights of London; but there might as well be no sights at all, when it is utterly impossible for one to get about to see them. As for the Exhibition, believe me, that beyond some guns, a piping bullfinch, and a few pickles and toys, there is positively nothing in it. Don't rely upon any amusement at the theatres either—every place is booked in them for two months in advance."

A QUESTION FOR THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.—Couldn't every Spiritualist be prosecuted, under the Excise Laws, for retailing Spirits without a licence?



THE PRESENT CHARMING FASHION OF LONG SKIRTS.

Honestly, now—which of the Two ought to apologise to the other?

“A CHARITABLE STAR.”

PLEASE to read this, which was in the *Morning Star* :—

“At present, LORD PALMERSTON does not profess to care even to conciliate either his own colleagues or his avowed supporters. He draws his encouragement and his cheers from the illegitimate influence of the Tory party. He is like a stately servant who thinks she can afford to disregard the lawful authority of mistress so long as she secures the admiring glances and the secret support of master.”

Well! for a respectable and pious young paper, brought up in a decorous Dissenting family, and especially patted on the head by a Quaker, this is what may be called rather spicy. In what highly proper grocer's establishment where the sugar is sanded before Evening Privilege, did our young friend ever see anything of the kind he describes so amusingly? Because such things never occur in a gentleman's house. We fear that he must have been carelessly apprenticed. So the Tories are Master, and the Liberals are Mistress, and PAM is House-Maid. And who is the broken down Baker, who was a very useful tradesman, and liked at the House, while he kept to his own line, but having got into speculations he did not understand, has made a mess of it, and who abuses the House-Maid because she likes to see the soldiers go by. Eh, RICHARD?

THE LAP OF LUXURY.

We notice that in the Western Annexe of the Great Exhibition that there is “a machine for milking the four teats of a cow at the same time.” It is said in “point of time, labour, and cleanliness, to far surpass milking by hand.” Its lightness of touch, too, is wonderful, combining, as we are informed, the “*suaviter in modo*” with the “*fortiter in re*” in a style that is sure to cast every dairy-maid in the kingdom out of the milk-pail of society. We are only thinking if a few of these milking-machines could be introduced into the milky-way what a lactical deluge there would be, what a cat's millennium would ensue, to the great horror and bankruptcy of the dairymen, who, in their overflowing despair, would probably seek a watery grave by drowning themselves in their own milk-pails.

THE SCHOOL OF ADVERSITY.—Want of gold, occasioned by democratic extravagance, may teach the citizens of the Federal Republic the value of a Sovereign.

UNJUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

To the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.

MY PRINCE,

THE *Daily Telegraph* has published some letters written by you to the DUKE D'AUMALE, describing the battle of the Chickahominy, and extolling the valour of the COUNT DE PARIS, and the DUKE DE CHARTRES, displayed in that engagement. If it is not too impertinent a question, allow me to ask: What business had you there? That of making political capital, and learning the art of war, I am informed. But pray what right had you to study the art of war at the expense of the Confederates, and to make political capital out of their blood?

I find you writing as follows :—

“I was admiring the grandeur of the scene spread out before me—we had about 35,000 men engaged, a numerous artillery, the reserve of cavalry, the lancers with their floating pennons—all in the midst of a most picturesque country, and the whole illuminated by the blood-red rays of the setting sun.”

Certainly it was very polite of the Sun to place himself in keeping with the scene which was affording you so much satisfaction. A most accommodating Sun to look down on a scene of fratricide, and emit blood-red rays to match. It did not occur to you perhaps, absorbed in the interesting spectacle of Americans cutting Americans' throats assisted by your nephews, who were in the thick of the fight—to examine your own fingers. Physically, perhaps, they were of my colour, but viewed in a moral light were they not stained with the blood of people who had done you no wrong; were they not, in short, crimson with murder?

If not, how am I to understand the ensuing passage in your letter. When the Federals and your gallant nephews ran away, you say :—

“I joined a few officers who attempted to check the artillery, and we succeeded by absolutely barring the way and seizing the horses by the bridles. By that means we were enabled to put two or three pieces in position on the slope of a hill, and with them we harassed the enemy by the last rays of day.”

Harassing the enemy with pieces in position means killing and wounding those on whom you fire. What harm had the Confederate troops ever done you that you should kill or wound them? What authority had you to shoot them, any more than I have to shoot you, and if I did should not I be a murderer?

Having saved yourselves from the pursuing Southern troops, you proceed to give your brother and me the ensuing information :—

“We embark upon the *Galena*. While there a report is sent from the rear, announcing that a powerful body of the enemy is advancing towards the position occupied by Porter. Immediately we re-ascend the river in order to throw the weight of our cannon-balls into the scale, and open a fierce fire.”

Do you? And what excuse have you to plead in extenuation of your gratuitous ferocity? And was the scale into which you were pleased to throw the weight of your cannon-balls that of Justice or Tyranny? The conclusion of your adventures on board the *Galena* is less glorious than amusing :—

“The lieutenant is at the mast-head with a signal officer, who telegraphs with the men who work PORTER'S signals, which are placed on the roof of a house in order to direct our fire. I also climb up to the mast-head, in spite of my jack-boots and spurs.”

I wish one of my artists could have seen you :—

“In the heat of the action the helmsman forgets to steer straight, and the *Galena* runs ashore. A disagreeable thing, as immediately the enemy covers the neighbourhood with sharpshooters. We at last get off, and PORTER'S fire slackens.”

The remainder of your “pitiful story” is briefly told. You and your nephews show friends and enemies a clean pair of heels, and decamp, or, as your late allies say, absquatulate. PRESIDENT LINCOLN very properly refuses to receive you; but he should have done that before, when you offered him the swords of amateur assassins, I would say, if I thought you had killed anybody. But I will cherish the hope that your balls flew wide of the mark, and that you have really eaten as many Confederates as you killed, so that the guilt which you have by your own account incurred, may not amount to more than shooting with intent, and you are only on a par with an offender who deserves, though by the law of England he is not liable, to be hanged.

Accept, my Prince, the assurance of my distinguished disapprobation,

P.S. One of our poets has said that—

“They who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.”

It appears that you have not had that honour. The nose, however, is not in danger of bleeding in battle when the part of the head exposed to danger is the occiput.

BARREL-ORGANS FOR BABIES.



PEOPLE with inquiring minds and energetic legs, who explore the nooks and corners of the World's Show down at Brompton, may have possibly discovered a remote part of the building, accessible by ascending a few dozen flights of stairs, and containing, besides photographs, a great lot of toys and school-books. These latter the catalogue, with more elegance of language, describes as "educational works and appliances;" and perhaps they are exhibited at so very great a height because to elevate mankind is the aim of education. Desks, drawing-pads and cricket-bats, globes, orreries, and footballs, marbles, maps and magic lanterns, grammars and backgammon boards, writing tablets and wax-dolls, conjuring tricks and copy-books, these are some out of the very many articles of interest contained in this collection;

but in the visit which we paid it a day or two ago, we failed to notice if among the "educational appliances" there is exhibited that highly useful implement, the birch.

One however of the objects of chief interest in this Class is a Barrel-Organ shown by a scientific gentleman, who has apparently devoted no small portion of his life to the study of the science of "Euphonic Education." This science he explains to be a method of instruction by the help of music; speech and spelling being taught to children in the cradle to the accompaniment of tunes on a chromatic barrel-organ, which, it is presumed, will have the power of impressing whatever may be wished to be impressed upon the mind. A book called the *Infant Drama* is exhibited therewith, and in this entertaining work we find the following description of how a baby is supposed to be euphonicly taught:—

"SCENE II.—JOSEPHINE'S Apartment in the Gardener's Cottage. Morning.

"JOSEPHINE and the INFANT PRINCE.

"(The clock strikes six. JOSEPHINE takes up the baby.)

"Josephine. What is my little angel awake, opening his beautiful, sweet, blue eyes, looking for his dear JOSEPHINE? Come, then, my little sweet one, he shall have some comforts. (JEANNETTE enters.) JEANNETTE, my love, get ready the bath; let the water be only just tepid, and bring the sponge and a piece of old Windsor soap, and warm the towels for drying baby; and be as quick as you can, dear, as I have got a great deal to do, so that every minute is precious. [Exit JEANNETTE.

"(JEANNETTE re-enters, with the things.)

"Jeannette. Mother, here is the bath, just tepid—the sponge, the soap, and soft hair-brush; the towels quite hot, and the powder-box.

"Josephine. Thank you dear, that is all I want. Now, my sweet baby, I must take off the pretty night-gown and night-cap, and put baby in the bath. (JOSEPHINE washes the baby, and tells JEANNETTE to turn the organ, which plays 'Garry Owen,' the national Irish air; takes the baby out of the bath, and dries it very tenderly, talking to it as fast as she can upon the different parts of its body, quite in the language of endearment, and counts all its toes and fingers in the usual nursery way.) JEANNETTE, dear, take away all the bath apparatus, rinse out the bath, and put it by carefully; put everything back in its place, and hang the wet towels to dry, and then come back immediately. [Exit JEANNETTE."

It rather puzzles us to fancy what a child can learn from hearing "Garry Owen" played while it is in the bath. HANDELS' "Water Music" would be clearly more appropriate, and equally instructive, at least so we should think. Equally instructive too it must be found to read POPE'S *Homer* and MILTON'S *Paradise Lost* to a baby in the cradle, upon the philosophic principle this dialogue puts forth:—

"Mary. Why, surely you don't mean to read poetry of that difficult nature to a baby?

"Josephine. Yes, indeed I do; the philosopher says it makes no difference what language or what kind of poetry you repeat; one is just as easily imbibed as the other. Therefore you may just as well read the best as the worst poetry. Both science and literature come under the head of language, and all languages are just the same to a baby; it imbibes any one, or all of them, with equal facility.

"Mary. Well, I see now, clear enough, that the Euphonic system will do wonders, as it appears, from your explanations, that philosophy has fully developed its power and process."

Well, if mothers take to reading POPE and MILTON to their babies, perhaps at times by way of a change they will read a bit of TUPPER; and this, we grant, would have some benefit, for any child of sense would soon be sent to sleep by it. But, reverting to the barrel-organ, we find alleged as one of the chief reasons for its use:—

"That infant man is entirely an imitative being of the highest order—that he is a living musical instrument, surpassing all musical instruments ever invented; that he is a perfect organ, with a natural bellows, of constant motion, with a musical

larynx, and a tongue the most marvellous, susceptible of millions of variations of sounds and harmonies, that no PAGANINI could possibly come up to."

A portion of this statement every father will endorse. "Infant men," when teething so continually do cry, that they may very well be spoken as living musical instruments, with bellows of constant motion, "perfect organs" for the noise and nuisance they create.

Whether the Euphonic system, if it succeed with babies, be adaptable to schoolboys and to students quite grown-up, on this point *The Infant Drama* says but little to enlighten us, "Grinding" is however not unknown at College as a means of getting knowledge, and possibly students may take to organ-grinding, if it be fancied that such music really aids the memory, and instructs the mind. Euphonic education would however be attended with certain disadvantages, were it practised by Collegians, or even at large schools. College students might of course have private rooms to play their organs in; a convenience which school-boys could in few cases enjoy, and could only be allowed to have an organ for each class. But knowledge, if acquired by the hearing of a tune, might only be recalled by the recurrence of that melody; and unless students could bring their barrel-organs with them when they went to be examined, we fear the chances are they would infallibly be plucked. Indeed, even were the privilege of bringing them conceded, it is doubtful if the organs would prove of much assistance when played in open hall. For just fancy what distracting discord there would be if a couple of hundred organs were all played in the same room; and how horribly your memory and mind would be disturbed by hearing "Jim Crow" with your right ear and a psalm tune with your left, while you yourself were grinding "Scots wha hae" or "Garry Owen" to help you in remembering the fifth problem of EUCLID, or the date when Rome was built, or the "watch" argument of PALEY, or the paradigm of τὸ πρῶτον.

WHERE'S YOUR TICKET?

"SIR, "IN your inimitable Paper, No. 1099, you suggest:—

"It is better, when you have a difference with a Cabman, to give him your card, and let him summon you."

Believing that your recommendation is calculated to remedy an evil which has hitherto baffled all Police regulations, I forward the form of a ticket, which will satisfy extortionate cabmen that the person presenting such a document really intends to stand no nonsense.

"Allow me to thank you for the many invaluable suggestions I have received from you for the regulation of the Police and the comfort of the community, and permit me to subscribe myself at all times,

"Your obliged and obedient Servant,

"4, Whitehall Place."

"RICHARD MAYNE."

To Hackney Drivers
1862.

Reference in case of complaint against Hirer on other side.

THE HIRER'S
NAME,
Mr. Fortunatus Punch.
ADDRESS
85, Fleet Street,
London.

How to Restore Order in the House.

If there is insubordination amongst Members of Parliament, or any murmuring symptoms of mutiny, which probably may threaten the existence of "the ruling powers that be," the most effectual way of restoring order is for the PRIME MINISTER to begin playing the "Prorogue's March." It is astonishing the moment a few notes of that melting—or we may say, dissolving—air are heard, how extremely quiet the most refractory mutineers become!

"AULD LAING SYNE."

SOME time ago, says MR. LAING, when in India it was necessary to resort to torture in order to squeeze the taxes out of the natives, the pressure of the rates was so heavy that the population to a great extent grew case-hardened to the business; indeed, one whole sect to his knowledge became quite Hindoo-rated!

"AND SO SAY ALL OF US."

We are told that Game is not property. To this absurd legal fiction we beg to give the flattest contradiction. For instance, there is *Punch*, who is the very best game in the world, and yet where in England will you find a finer property?



AN ERROR IN ORTHOËPY.

OLD LADY. 'Where's the Brough'm, Georgiana? I don't see it anywhere!'

IMPERTINENT LITTLE SWEEPER. "Broom, Mum? Would yer like to 'ave mine, Mum? Shall for a Jovy!"

SHOPPING AT THE WORLD'S SHOW.

MR. PUNCH, a few weeks since, called public notice to the fact that some of the exhibitors at the World's Show down at Brompton were, as he imagined, breaking faith with the Commissioners by advertising that their goods might be "obtained" within the building; thus leaving it to be inferred that customers were served at the various stands and trophies, and might take away the goods they purchased, as they would from a mere shop. *Mr. Punch's* dozen words put a stop to these advertisements, but he regrets to find that the practice of "obtaining" goods is still in operation; and, as he believes this is obtaining goods under false pretences, he begs SIR WENTWORTH DILKE AND Co. to look into the matter, as soon as they can spare five minutes so to do. It is clearly to their interest that the custom should be stopped, for there is no doubt it deters people from visiting the building. *Mr. Punch* is ever anxious to improve his mind, and although the crinoline plays havoc with his legs, he would very often spend an hour or two at Brompton, for the Exhibition clearly is a most instructive place. But *Mr. Punch*, as a fond husband, cannot go without his wife; and he is afraid to take that lady because of touting tradesmen, who tempt her to buy things for which he has to pay. The jewellers are specially intrusive and obnoxious, and a walk among their cases with a lady on one's arm is quite as perilous to one's pocket as a promenade down Regent Street in quest of a lace shawl, or a duck of a chip bonnet. For woman's flesh is weak, and when she sees a brooch or bracelet glittering before her, and hears it whispered by the tempter, "Only thirty guineas, M'm, and reelly very sheap," she cannot well help feeling a desire to buy the bauble, for which unfortunate AUGUSTUS, JOHN or WILLIAM has to pay. Besides, in some cases the tempter is not content with luring her by what he publicly exhibits, but he produces other baits from a carpet-bag or coat-pocket, and then perhaps assures her that the "articles" he shows her are duplicates of some made for the Countess of Cornelian or the Marchioness of Malachite, names which he well knows are sure to tickle female ears.

Now by dealings such as these the International Exhibition is sunk

into a shop. Husbands can no longer walk in it with safety, and their minds are vexed and harassed instead of being bettered by it. One's dread of pickpockets of course becomes considerably enhanced when one carries about a thirty guinea trinket in one's pocket, and, as the touters let their goods be taken away when bought, this fear is often added to the nuisance of the purchase. If sales in jewellery be suffered, and removal of the goods, sales in furniture and ironware should also be permissible; and exhibitors of these latter have a clear right to complain, if the sale and the removal of their goods be not allowable. There might be some slight bustle if all the tradesmen in the building acted like the jewellers, and not merely took orders, but accompanied their sales with the delivery of their goods. But clearly in strict justice this should be conceded to them, for the maker of a bedstead has as much a right to sell it and to let it be removed, as the maker of a brooch. A husband could not, it is true, well put a bedstead in his pocket; and its removal from the building might be difficult to effect without the knowledge of the police. A brooch or bracelet may be easily concealed and smuggled out; but until *Mr. Punch* has the leave of the Commissioners to carry away a bedstead, a chandelier or steam engine, he will rigidly abstain from buying either brooch or bracelet, having no wish to take part in any underhand transaction, or to help a touting tradesman to turn dishonest pennies by sales which, *Mr. Punch* believes, are contrary to law. Himself being an exhibitor (go and see Class 28, front row in North Gallery, near to Eastern Dome), *Mr. Punch* of course has an interest in the matter; for if the World's Show is a shop where sales may be effected and things purchased there removed, *Mr. Punch* will claim the right of attending at his trophy, and there selling to the universe his own immortal works.

QUESTION FOR THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.—What's the use of Shinplasters to you, if you haven't got a leg to stand upon?

AN UNIFORM LIAR.—A wicked Policeman, who swears until "all is blue."



OBLIGING RAILWAY OFFICIAL. "Any Luggage, Miss?"
 LADY. "No. I was waiting for a party who were to have come by this train."
 O. R. O. "A Party, Miss. Ah! let me see (confidentially) with Whiskers!"

OMNIBUSES THAT KNOW HOW TO CONDUCT THEMSELVES.

It is not often that we have it in our power to say a good word in favour of Manchester, but we are bound to confess that it has sent us a very good omnibus, which has already gone far a-head in public estimation of the miserably managed vehicles, that have so long been a disgrace to the metropolis. Not only is this pattern omnibus roomy, clean, and comfortable, but it is also more rapid than its dilatory competitors, that are so imperfect in all their paces, that they may be said to be completely behind the age. We wish that Cottonopolis would only increase the obligation. Having sent us a model omnibus, would it also go out of its way to send up to London a real Patent Safety Cab? We mean a cab that one could ride in comfortably and in perfect safety against being abused or imposed upon. There is an immense opening in our streets for an improvement of the latter description, and the introduction would materially relieve our police magistrates of a very great portion of their labours. Repeatedly fined as our cabmen have lately been, the old scholastic precept of "*Respicere Finem*," does not seem to have had the slightest effect upon them, excepting when that end happens to be the confiscation of their badges. If Manchester will only confer this boon upon us, we will promise never to say another word against the Manchester School again. On the contrary, we will be at all times ready to maintain, and, if necessary, to prove that there is no better school in the world for producing a firm-handed, clear-sighted, cautious, steady set of men, in whose hands the reins of government can be placed on all occasions with the greatest confidence, not less with regard to the public advancement and well-being than the general improvement of our ways.

Punch's Telegrams.

A PORTION of some such as the following telegrams will appear in the Morning papers one of these days.

- "Paris, April 1.
- "The Archimandrite and his clergy walked in procession to the spot.
- "All the eggs were addled.
- "The Podestà received an ovation."

PAM AT SHEFFIELD.

LORD PALMERSTON, the Indomitable (if the Cabmen will pardon us for using a word that has given them so much offence), scarcely waited for the doors of Parliament to be closed when off he rattled to Sheffield, to dine with MR. JOHN BROWN, the excellent Mayor of the City of Knives. There was a splendid banquet at the Cutlers' Hall, and the Members for Sheffield, the Aldermen, numbers of Mayors, and others of the *élite* of Yorkshire, were present. The *Morning Star* says, "His Lordship entered freely into conversation with the gentlemen present, and was in excellent mood for cracking jokes, many of which were provocative of much laughter." The *Star*, perhaps undesirous to say more than was necessary in honour of MR. COBDEN's friend, the PREMIER, unkindly suppresses the jokes in question, but Mr. Punch, who is impartial, and would cheerfully record an epigram by MR. HADFIELD or MR. COX, if either gentlemen could make one, begs to supply the omission.

LORD PALMERSTON, having entered the reception room, and made a general bow to all present, shook hands with each gentleman who was presented, and made a facetious observation in each case. "Ah, MR. SHERIFF TWENTYMAN," said his Lordship, "you here. Glad to see you, FORTYMAN, and how's MRS. SIXTYMAN. (Laughter.) You came from the West Indies, I think? Not from Hayti, though, or else, FORTYMAN, you'd be an EIGHTYMAN, eh? (Roars of Laughter.) ALDERMAN GIBSON, how are you? When shall you give us a new edition of your *Decline and Fall*? (Much merriment.) MR. HADFIELD, delighted, I'm sure. How are your poor aitches? (Shouts.) By the way, I'm going to say in my speech that you and ROEBUCK are thoroughly English in your sentiments, but mind, ADFIELD, I don't recognise your aspirations as English, old fellow. (Sensation.) You dissent from that remark, eh? Well, you've a right to, as you are a Dissenter. (Laughter and applause.) Why don't you go to church? Church won't go to you, you know. MR. ROEBUCK, I am charmed to see you looking so well, and how's the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA? (Sensation.) What are his feelings on the Hungary question?—mine are that I wish our friend JOHN BROWN's dinner was ready. MR. ALDERMAN MATHEWS, how do you do? I am delighted to come and see you at home, MATHEWS at Home was always delightful. (Vehement applause.) Here we are in

Hallamshire, and it's a good deal pleasanter than reading HAYLAM's books. (Laughter.) Got a good dinner for us, MR. MAYOR, but I need not ask, Sheffield's the place for a man to play a good knife and fork, and to get 'em too, eh? (Applause.) Cut and come again, that's your motto, and I shall be happy to cut to-night, out away in the morning, and come again whenever you like to ask me. (Cheers.) I had a good mind to bring GLADSTONE with me, but he has trotted off to Flint—to study how to skin flints, I suppose, as becomes a CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (sensation), else he would have made you a good speech. I am no orator as GLADDY is, but then I've got a sweeter temper, as our friend COBDEN would admit if he were here. (Cheers.) Nothing like a good temper; but that I need not say to gentlemen in the steel line. (Loud applause.) I say, MR. MAYOR, punctuality is the soul of digestion—think the soot's come down the kitchen chimney, eh? (Laughter.) Any of you look at that playbill of the ROUHER Dinner, four guineas a-head, potato cakes and iced water? I didn't think much of the menu, and I should like to know what my old friend Pozzo or Bongo would have said to turtle-soup and punch, when you were going in for high art in cookery. I'm told MR. MONEY rehearsed the *entrées* five times, which I call noble devotion—have you rehearsed your *entrées*, MR. MAYOR—he would have made you go it. MONEY would have made the Mayor go. (Roars of Laughter.) Going to have ladies? Not at the table, eh?—that's a shame. Don't like sending gals to the gallery. (Great Laughter.) I like to see them at table, Venus and Bacchus, you know, to speak classically; besides, they shut up the bores so awfully, no fellow likes to think that the women are laughing at him. And your Sheffield ladies are so highly ornamental; it's a shame of you, MR. MAYOR, and I shall tell them so. (Applause.) No dinner, yet? You are celebrated for your Sheffield wittles (shouts of laughter), and I want to see them. ADFIELD, do you think there'll be an aitch-bone on the table? Ha! ha! Here we are; here comes Calves to say all's ready. ROEBUCK, move that the House adjourn, and set the example. After you, MR. JOHN BROWN; after you, MR. MAYOR." The noble lord then joined the procession to the banquet-room, singing gaily as he went,

"JOHN BROWN's dinner's striking on the board,
 So we 'll all go marching along."



A FRIENDLY INTERFERENCE.

OBLIGING FRENCHMAN TO OBADIAH. "*Parlez-moi, M'sieu! It has arrived to your Collar to stick him up.*"

A ROTHSCHILD IN THE PRIZE RING.

To live like a fighting cock is an expression not yet obsolete; but when one wishes to describe a luxurious existence, assuredly ere long the best comparison will be to say that Mr. So-and-so is living like a prize-fighter. What contingents of venison and what oceans of champagne may be afforded for the diet of a pugilistic champion, may be seen by this announcement in the *Sporting Life*:—

"TOM SAYERS'S 200 MEN AND HORSES' FAREWELL FOR A TIME TO HIS TRUE BRITISH SOIL.—TOM SAYERS'S company and horses are engaged, together with the veteran agent, to visit Australia. The great English boxer and his *troupe*, consisting of 100 men, sixty horses, and two elephants, go to Australia. The ship *Alexandria*, 1,500 tons burden, will convey the mighty hero and suite to the land of novelty September 6, 1862, at the termination of the Exhibition. MR. SAYERS is engaged at the sum of £85,000 for twelve months, exclusive of the voyage each way in the ship *Alexandria*. Therefore, under these circumstances, he will for a time bid farewell to the land he loves, wishing to return with the laurels of a far distant soil emblazoned on his breast, which will add to the comfort of his declining years, surrounded by the affluence he so richly deserves, as one who has upheld to the letter the honour and bravery of his dear native land."

Five and eighty thousand pounds is no bad sum to pocket for a single year's engagement, and we heartily congratulate the worthy MR. SAYERS on the prospect of good living which appears to be before him. Even if he have not saved a penny out of all the money he has pocketed by sparring and by starring in "the provinces," he may now look forward to returning from Australia with ample means for his indulgence in every kind of luxury, from the costliest of claret to the tiniest of terriers, and the gorgeousest of garments that ever have been sported by a swell of the Prize Ring. We only trust that MR. SAYERS will abstain from living "not wisely but too well;" for people blest with sudden affluence have been known to get the gout, and whatever be his skill in the art of self-defence, MR. SAYERS should remember that in most cases the gout is an awkward sort of customer, and when it gives a knock-down blow no science can avail against it.

But while we congratulate him upon his good fortune, we really think the "mighty hero" might have managed to announce it with more modesty of language than he has cared to use. We don't so much object to his parading to the world his tremendous *amor patriæ*, or to his bragging of the affluence which (in his opinion) he "so richly deserves," and which he anticipates will certainly surround him when he returns to settle in his dear native land. But inasmuch as MR. SAYERS is merely hired to show himself and his horses in Australia, and as he is to go in quite a peaceful way, without the least idea of being called upon to fight, we don't

exactly see what laurels he can win there, and we are therefore slightly puzzled to know why such things should be "emblazoned on his breast." If the possession of some laurels of Antipodean growth would really "add to the comfort of his declining years," we should advise MR. SAYERS to challenge the Antipodean champion (if there be one), or at any rate to hunt up some one who will fight him, so that he may come home with another triumph added to those he has already gained. Unless he does so, his laurels, if we ever chance to see them, will be of very little value in our eyes: indeed we shall be tempted to regard them as mere greens, to which the term of "cabbage" might appear not inappropriate.

AN UNFAIR QUESTION.

To any man this question put,
If you would touch him near,
And tempt his irritable foot:
How much have you a-year?
If self-control restrain his ire,
His thumb he will apply
Unto his nose, and you desire
To catechise his eye.

There's nothing that a Briton true
More hates than to confess,
Required or ordered so to do,
Or driven by duress.
'Tis this that makes him Priest and Pope,
So cordially detest,
Because they want to search and grope
The depths within his breast.

No power on Earth can force JOHN BULL
His conscience to expose,
But rather he his sins would tell,
Than his affairs disclose,
His income would you ascertain,
Its sum why he should show
Good cause indeed you must explain
That he may let you know.

Then if you want him to declare
His annual revenue,
Taxation's load that it may share
In measure just and due;
You may expect, with many a sigh,
With many a grunt and groan,
With growl and grin and faces wry
The truth at last will own.

But if your tax, like Schedule D,
Be partial and unjust,
Then may you calculate that he
Will tell you—what he must.
And you, if more you'd have him say,
With thumbscrews and with ricks
Must wring it out, to make him pay
Unequal Income-Tax.

Then wonder you that his returns
Thereeto should be so small?
His check with shame, suppose you, burns?
He blushes not at all.
Would you the full amount extract
Of his precarious pelf?
Then ask him not for ground of fact
Whereon to cheat himself.

The Danger of Joking with One's Wife.

MR. DOVE, seeing on a Masonic Lodge's emblazoned charter, the well-known motto, "*Audi, Vidi, Tuce*," recommended it hopefully to his wife for her future adoption, but the dear creature did not see it; on the contrary, in a loud and voluble strain that lasted for at least half an hour, she proceeded to call upon MR. DOVE to translate those dark insidious words; and furthermore she insisted, in a tone of authority that seemed to inspire more fear than respect, upon being instantly informed as to what was MR. DOVE'S little meaning in expressing a hope that she should adopt any gibberish like that as her own? Up to the hour of our going to press, the dispute was still pending.



SKETCH ON THE SEA COAST DURING THE GALE.

Lord D-andre-ry (to his Brother). "A-A-A, I THAY, THAM! WATHER A DITREPLAY OF FIGGER—EH?"

REVIEW OF THE SEASON.

MOST of the newspapers, as soon as Parliament closes, give a review of the Session. As little has been done this year, the summary on this occasion has been far from a lively one. In the fashionable world, the result has been very different. We are enabled, from favoured sources, to give a titled Lady's review of what has been going on:—

"The present Season has been a most severe, a highly fatiguing one.

"It is impossible almost to enumerate the many calls we have had upon our time by friends from the country, and foreigners from the Continent, as well as from the innumerable exhibitions that have been open.

"The consequence has been, that no lady who owes anything to Society has scarcely had a moment to herself that she could fairly call her own.

"The International Show has monopolised a great deal of our time, which it is to be hoped has been profitably and instructively spent, especially the many delicious hours we have passed in the Jewellery Department. It would be a source of great regret, after inspecting with ever-increasing delight the varied intellectual stores of MESSRS. EMANUEL, HUNT AND ROSKELL, STORR AND MORTIMER, and others of not less dazzling fame, if ladies, generally so impressionable to such inspiring scenes, have not carried away with them many happy reminiscences of them upon which their memories as well as their eyes will not fail to dwell hereafter with a fond gratification that will brighten their recollection of the memorable season of 1862, with a lustre such as shall never fade. These treasures ought to be for ever hoarded up with jealous care in the valued jewel-box of memory.

"The two Operas have monopolised most of the evenings that we have not been able to devote to dinner parties, and conversaziones, and fêtes of a more sociable nature. To PATTI and TITIENS, to MARIO, and not less beloved GIUGLINI—our thanks are most gratefully due. Their cherished voices, as they ring thrillingly again in the ears of our recollection, should stimulate us to cultivate our own during the quiet pauses of the recess, when Fashion, kindly allowing its most ardent votaries to retire to the country, gives them breathing time to recover from their fatigues.

"The Handel Festival, as well as the Piping Bullfinch, must have given unqualified gratification to all who had the least ear for music.

"A word of compliment must be paid to the PASHA OF EGYPT for honouring the present Season with his presence, and more, especially for the delightful *fête* he gave us on board his yacht, though it is to be regretted that his *suite* had not the good taste to defer their smoking until after the ladies had retired.

"It would be ill becoming in this review, dedicated essentially as it is to pleasure, to say anything disparaging the Japanese Ambassadors; but, still, as they never did anything for the gratification of Fashion, beyond occasionally showing themselves in public, it would be gross flattery to launch into any phrases approaching ever so remotely to encomium in their favour. They never gave a single entertainment whilst they were here, and the presents they brought with them were of that shabby description that no *revendeuse de toilettes* would have soiled her hands by accepting them.

"As ladies generally are not noted for the strictest powers of arithmetic, it would be idle to attempt here to give an accurate list of the innumerable balls, *soirées*, *matinées*, and *thés dansantes*, or otherwise, and kettledrums that those, whose lips are allowed to come in contact with *la crème de la crème*, have participated in this Season. The annals of that admirable *Moniteur de la Mode*, the *Morning Post*, will amply supply the deficiency, and those who are curious on this interesting subject, are referred to that impartial magazine of fashion.

"Pleasure (it has been admirably remarked by MADAME DE STAËL, who probably did not understand much about it), exciting as it may be at the moment, is invariably enervating in the end. It is a kind of milliner's bill, of which we enjoy the delightful products at the time being, but for which we must pay the full price as soon as the brightness has faded. The Season is now over. It has been more than an usually laborious one. The consequence is that our brightness has (there is no shame in making a confession that is apparent on the mere face of the thing) somewhat faded. It would be advisable, therefore, that we should endeavour to pay a visit to that real MADAME RACHEL, that only true restorer of woman's lovely complexion—Dame Nature. Consequently, after the fatigues that have heroically been undergone this Season, a trip to the sea-shore, or to a charming country seat, or to Spa, or Ems, or Baden-Baden, would be about the best thing that one could do."

MRS. ENGLAND AND HER FLAT IRONS.



WHEN Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove, he never dreamt of being commissioned to make flat irons for Neptune. The waves, however, which Britannia so long ruled with a slender ferule, like that by which authority in a Dame School is upheld, now laugh at their ancient governness. To control their buoyant spirit a *Monitor* cast in a different mould is wanted now America takes in mangling, and shows how cleverly, not for profit or honour, but for mere enjoyment, she can iron her own flags.

For many years, in fact ever since ELIZABETH was born, MRS. ENGLAND has been a professed smoother of the seas. By the hand of her energetic servant NELSON (late of the "Trafalgar") every crease in the Mediterranean—every rumple of the Nile—was systematically removed. In his time, however, the business was carried on with wooden rollers or tubs. Then, admirals affected different colours—now they are all in the blues. STERNE, speaking of an ideal captive, says, he saw the "iron enter his soul"—the same painful operation is undergone daily by every timber-loving commodore. We should

scarcely be surprised if cocked hats and epaulettes were superseded by leathern aprons and gloves, *en rigueur*. The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft will, we suppose, have an anvil instead of a button for his perch, and what our national colours will be, amid those ferruginous surroundings, we sludder to imagine—before they are washed. The sailor who always gets on qucerly on horseback will make wry faces when there is nothing left for him to mount but a screw. The Hardy Norseman whose house of yore was on the stormy sea, if he could behold a *Merrimac*, would certainly admit he never had so hard a nut to crack; and we question even whether a Viking, if he came across such a marine monster, could help winking with astonishment. In lieu of cutlass, JACK we fancy will be armed with spike and sledge-hammer, and instead of hauling down the hunting in token of defeat, the proper plan (for an enemy) will be to loosen a rivet, and present our victorious captain with a plate.

When the Board of Admiralty has become an ironing board, hostile squadrons will necessarily be rubbed out like wrinkles. Foreign handresses on amicable terms with MRS. ENGLAND, and who are in the habit of borrowing a cup of gunpowder from her canister, may then find it convenient to employ her heating apparatus, instead of keeping up enormous fires of their own. In support of this view MRS. ENGLAND and MISS FRANCE it will be remembered, did all the ironing for a Sick Man at the Golden Horn in 1854-5, and refer with pardonable pride to the Turkey, which entirely through their occupation, was rescued from the paws of a Great Bear. Complaints have sometimes been made of MRS. ENGLAND's heavy charges; but not even her bitterest opponents will deny that she by her peculiar talent for "polishing off" has always given them satisfaction.

Why was "College Pudding" so called?—From the fact of its being Eton.

abusing their blockade rights as belligerents. They blockaded British ports. The PREMIER replied to the effect that there was no case for interference, and was understood to mean that we would hold our tongues, so long as we could do so honourably, and let the North go as far as we could possibly permit, not entirely without reference to English interests, inasmuch as what is just now sauce for the Southern goose may hereafter become sauce for the saucy Northern gander. The Session was over.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY August 4th. The Lords, who had a special sitting on the previous Saturday, to read the Distress Bill a Second Time, suspended all rules, hastened it through Committee, and passed it to-day, some of them complaining that Government had been tardy in bringing forward the measure.

LORD CAMPBELL, or STRATFORDIAN, made a speech in favour of a recognition of the Southern Confederacy, but the Lords considered that the subject should be left in the hands of the Government, and EARL RUSSELL expressed his obligations for that mark of confidence.

The Commons had a short meeting, and as at the St. Stephen's Club it is the custom to discuss everything, the case of the lady to whom Ireland gives and Scotland denies the name of MRS. MAJOR YELVERTON was brought up, and MR. WILTESIDE made a speech in the interest of his late client. SIR ROUNDALL PALMER admitted the absurdity of having three systems of marriage law, and wished the English system adopted throughout the three kingdoms, but gave no pledge to attempt legislation. Mr. Punch is unable to understand why a civil contract should not be required in all cases—that is to say, a registration before a civil officer—and then the subsequent ceremony might be left to the feelings of the parties, who might please themselves with the graceful splendour of a Catholic marriage, the solemn ritual of England, the drawing-room benediction of Scotland, or the gymnastic performance across the emblem of household cleanliness. He certainly thinks that people ought to know whether they are married or not, although he admits that doubts on the subject are exceptional, and that the housekeeping books exhibit a series of certificates which are perfectly convincing to most men.

Both Houses rose until

Thursday. When in the Commons the ATTORNEY-GENERAL (a Dis-senter) had to defend the BISHOP OF OXFORD for his order for a Silent Prayer for the restoration of peace in America. SIR WILLIAM said that "it was to be presumed that the Bishop had not issued the order unadvisedly," and one's defender could hardly say much less for one. MR. NEWGATE takes up the Church Rate question, and introduces a Bill for the settlement thereof. MR. OSBORNE once more tried to burst the Armstrongs, but SIR GEORGE LEWIS stood to his guns. LORD PALMERSTON said that he and LORD SHAFTESBURY had not yet filled up the place of the late Primate of Ireland—Mr. Punch, and a good many other good men, would like to hear, not that those Lords had filled up a trench, but that a TRENCH—ha! ha! do you apprehend us, SHAFTESBURY?

MR. S. FITZGERALD called LORD PALMERSTON'S attention to the fact that the Northern States were using to the utmost, not to say

Oblied by your attendance and attention. Everything pleasant with Foreign Powers. Yankees still at it—we shall not interfere. Conference to sit upon Turkish difficulties. Must smash the Tacpings. Valuable treaty with KING LEOPOLD. Much obliged for money and Fortifications. Exceedingly obliged to the Volunteers. Pleased to see so many foreign visitors. Got an Anti-Slave Trade Treaty with MR. LINCOLN. Glad something has been done for Education. Very sorry for manufacturing distress. Useful Conveyancing Reform. Useful Act for Parochial Assessments. Useful Act about Highways. Useful Acts about Irish Weights and Poor. Useful Merchant Shipping Act. Behave yourselves well at home. Usual prayer.

You are Prorogued till Friday, 24th October:

With your sentimentalibus lachrymæ roar 'em,
And pathos and bathos delightful to you,
Which the good Mr. Punch (who confesses they bore him)
Has done with, thank Fate, for the year LXII.

A Hero who Fights for a Penny.

LEAVE has been graciously granted to CAPTAIN GARNHAM, who fought so valiantly for his umbrella at Brompton the other day, to change his name. In consequence of that memorable exploit, he is to be allowed to call himself CAPTAIN GINGHAM.

MARINE ASSURANCE.



FROM Vera Cruz a naval Correspondent forwards us the following, extracted, as he tells us, from a transatlantic print:—

MATRIMONIAL.
A YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER, of excellent family and associations, is desirous of entering into a correspondence with some young lady in a similar position, with a view to a nearer and dearer acquaintance hereafter, the lady must be pretty, and possessing a good education, and blessed with a gentle and loving disposition. Address—U. S. S. Minnesota, Hampton Roads, Va. Irish or German aristocracy need not apply.

Pretty and well educated, disposed to gentleness and love, surely these good qualities should satisfy a man, if found united in a lady of good family and "excellent associations," whatever they may be. There is a smack of over-nicety in this young officer's exclusion of the

titled girls belonging to Germany and Ireland from the extraordinary privilege of being blessed with his handwriting, and then possibly his hand. A pretty, gentle, loving girl, born of a good family and educated well, is not a person to be sneered at because she happens to belong to the Irish aristocracy, or to claim relation to some German prince or lord. A young officer in the navy of the Northern United States, whatever be his merits, can hardly be so great a catch that he need fear to be besieged by so many pretty loving girls of noble birth, as to render it desirable to exclude at least two countries from competing for his hand. We hear a good deal nowadays about marine assurance, and if this advertisement be taken as a sample of it, there is very clearly no lack of assurance in the navy of New York.

MORE YANKEE SLANG.

ONE serious evil resulting from the abominable Civil War still raging in America, is its tendency to corrupt the English language. Despatches written by Northern generals are published in English newspapers, and almost all of them contain disgusting Yankeeisms, which are copied by many British journalists who ought to know better. Some new solecism is continually turning up in these illiterate compositions, and, being adopted and repeated in other writings of the same description, soon becomes current Yankee coin, as base as shipplasters or cardboard-stamps, which must not be suffered to pass in this country with sterling English. Some of these counterfeitisms have been already nailed to our counter, and we must now affix one more.

The last new mintage of American vocabulary smashers is the verb "To claim," used as signifying to allege, assert, or maintain. Such and such an officer, for instance, is said to claim that he has taken so many guns and prisoners. To pretend that he has taken them is what might naturally be supposed to be meant; because "to claim" is to "demand of right," to "require authoritatively;" and when it is said that a man claims to have done something, and especially something that is improbable, what seems to be implied is that he demands credit for his statement to that effect, which is doubted.

In a sort of Prospectus of a "General Basis of the Society of the Lyceum Church of Spiritualists, Boston, U.S.A.," occurs the following sentence:—

"The members of this Society claim that the soul of man is immortal."

The ludicrous misuse of the word "claim," above instanced, may serve as an example, which gregarious, imitative, and unthinking writers, who are too apt to contract vulgar and villainous idioms, are hereby implored to avoid.

They Stoop to Conquer.

PEACEMONGERS at any price, may say what ill-natured things they please against the Rifle Shooting Association, but at all events they cannot accuse the Members of passing altogether "an aimless existence."

FRET-WORK (by a Female Architect).—Tears.

THE MANIFEST DESTINY OF THE YANKEES.

JONATHAN.—'Tis now some while since I've heard anything, from your Yankee statesmen and stump-orators, about the manifest destiny of the United States. The destiny of your Model Republic, your go-ahead people, the freest and most enlightened nation on the globe, which seemed manifest to those eloquent and impassioned patriots, was that of extending over the whole American continent by the annexation (the wise called it) of your neighbours' territories. The manifest destiny of the cup, friend JONATHAN, is sometimes too confidently presumed to be reaching the lip; but, as a pra-Tupperite philosopher has remarked, a casualty frequently occurs between the one and the other, so as to prevent the vessel from reaching its destination.

The Model Republic, that was to chaw up Creation, and swallow the universe like an infinite Python, or the Great American Sea-Serpent, is severed in twain, and of its two writhing pieces, each, become an individual snake, is now writhing and struggling, with all the might of its coils, to crush and chaw up the other. The manifest destiny of both North and South is to "spill much more blood," and become "wus," as you pronounce the word, and spend much more money; and one destiny which apparently if not manifestly awaits you is national bankruptcy, and the consequent necessity of caving in.

The ultimate destiny manifest to mankind at large as that which is reserved for you Yankees is not that of going where all good niggers go. I am sorry to inform you that the general opinion is that the applauders of GENERAL BUTLER will go where they will meet NANA SAHIB. On such a subject, however, I will not be so presumptuous as to talk like *Mawworm* and the POPE. But I may and must say, friend JONATHAN, to judge by the way in which you are going on, that, as regards this world, at any rate, your manifest destiny, a destiny in evident course of accomplishment, is that of descending to the very lowest place. It has for some time been said that, in form and features, your people are approaching the Red Indian type, and I now find you exulting in the worst brutality of Sepoys, whilst you also emulate their malignant ferocity, in howling for British blood, and whooping over British distress, manifestly burning to glut your bloodthirst upon this country, by way of return for our petting and pampering you, humouring your whims and extravagance, treating you with the utmost kindness and forbearance, and making you every possible concession.

Thus, JONATHAN, you see, you are sinking from bad to worse, from savage to lower savage, and your manifest destiny, at that rate of decadence, is the zero of humanity. But will you stop there, JONATHAN? If there is any truth in the theory of the "Origin of Species," there may be an inversion of the originating process, you know. Degeneration is as possible as development, and American citizens, if they go on raving, blaspheming, murdering, burning, and wreaking foul unmanly vengeance, may, after having passed through the phases of Indian North and East, Nigger, Bosjesman and Earthman, arrive at a point below M. DU CHAILLU'S Fans, who eat their own kinsfolk; JONATHAN cuts the throats of his already. The countrymen of WASHINGTON may decline into Gorillas, and the future Australian traveller who sketches the ruins of Faneuil Hall may find them infested with grinning and gibbering baboons whose ancestors were citizens of New York. Your manifest destiny, unless you return to reason, is all of you to be turned to apes with foreheads villanous low. You will be up a tree indeed, holding on with your feet as well as your hands, like the other quadrumana. Alrcady, JONATHAN, you have morally subsided to the under-most moral level. Take care you don't physically degenerate into a Yahoo. Shall I then acknowledge that you are a man and a brother? Oh! Spare me the humiliation of having to admit that such a creature as that which you will become is any relation to

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Something Like a Menace.

AN Exhibitor at the Show, dissatisfied with the opinion expressed upon his property by the Jurors, put up a protest. The Commissioners immediately covered up his article in a canvas sacking, and set a Sapper as sentinel to prevent its being taken off. *Mr. Punch* begs to say that he shall, for once, follow the example of the Commissioners, and if they manifest the slightest impertinence on account of his strictures upon their conduct, he will cover up the whole Exhibition with a sack, and set *Toby* as guard to prevent MR. COLE, or anybody else, from taking it off. Now then!

A Distinction with a Difference.

A PARLIAMENTARY return has just been issued under the head of Income and Property Tax. This is as it should be. There is an Income-Tax and there is a Property-Tax. These two distinct taxes are too commonly confounded under the name of Income-Tax. They are, however, very different things. The Income-Tax is a tax on income consisting of the rent or interest of Property. The Property-Tax is a tax on the income which a person earns, and which constitutes the whole of his property.



TURNING THE TABLES; OR, A LITTLE SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

Henrietta (who is joking, of course). "I'VE BEEN THINKING, DEAR CHARLES, THAT, AS YOU REQUIRE CHANGE, IT WOULD BE SO NICE FOR YOU TO GO DOWN WITH THE CHILDREN TO SOME QUIET PLACE AT THE SEA-SIDE, WHILE I AND MRS. FRED SPANKER WENT TO BADEN-BADEN FOR A FEW WEEKS—EIT?" [*This last being just what the wretch CHARLES has been proposing to himself and FRED SPANKER for the last month.*]

GREAT POLITICAL CRICKET MATCH.

PAM'S TEAM AGAINST THE AMALGAMATED DIZZYITES.

THIS exciting match has been commenced on the St. Stephen's ground, and up to the time of the drawing of the stumps it will be seen that PAM's team have clearly had the best of it. The veteran has indeed by far the stronger side, having pretty nearly had the pick of All England, by whom he has long been held as a prime favourite. When well warmed to his work there are few more slashing and hard hitters than old PAM, and he has shown himself this season more cautious in his play than it was formerly his wont to be.

DIZZY's underhand sneakers and insinuating twisters have proved of no avail against PAM's bold and forward batting; and while he has been ever ready to hit out, we think that all who have enjoyed an opportunity to judge of it must have much admired the skill and style of his defence. We were not at all surprised to find him, when the stumps were drawn, carrying out his bat: for the veteran is one of those who when they get well in are generally found by no means easy to put out.

On the whole, we think PAM's team have pretty fairly satisfied the hopes their captain formed of them: although he knows as well as any one that there are one or two uncommonly weak players still among them. Young PEEL is much too reckless to be trusted in a match, and, though he makes at times a fairly average good score, old WOOD is sadly clumsy and unscientific. LEWIS is a rather slow old-fashioned sort of player, still at some points we admit he is not without his merit: but COVER is so generally unlucky (if we may not say, unskilful) in his play that his place might very easily be filled with some one better. Little JOHNNY RUSSELL is a good old steady player, and from his long experience he has of course acquired a thorough knowledge of the game; but we think, next to the captain, BILL GLADSTONE is decidedly the best man in the team, and though rather apt, like WESTBURY, to show a little temper, he must certainly be viewed as an uncommonly fine player, and one who very rarely will let slip a chance of scoring. Well knowing his weak point, DIZZY did his best last spring to aggravate

him with his "teasers;" but BILL was on his guard for them, and wisely took good care to keep within his ground, although certainly, we must admit, at first he seemed inclined to hit out rather wildly.

On the other side we find but little to commend, although we certainly admire the pluck that DIZZY has shown in playing what he knew would be a losing game to him. His tactics have however been a long way from first-rate, and on more than one occasion the absence of good generalship has proved of fatal damage to him. What could be more absurd than the putting on of WALPOLE as a bowler at old PAM, who of course made mincemeat of him the first over? Moreover, there must be something faulty in the captain, when a team are so unruly as the Dizzyites have shown themselves. To play well together, an eleven must have confidence in the captain who commands them. This confidence the Dizzyites have failed as yet to feel; and we therefore cannot wonder at their finding themselves beaten. By getting CORDEX on their side and another one or two of the Manchester Eleven, they doubtless made pretty sure of putting PAM's team out before the hour came for the drawing of the stumps. But though a clever bowler, and making a good contrast with his slows when he is put on as a change with DIZZY's sneakers, CORDEX is by no means now so powerful as he was, and certainly old PAM is not the player to be funk'd by him.

It is understood that the match will be resumed next season, but unless DIZZY contrives to get his men more up to work, there seems very little hope of his doing any good with them. Their fielding is at present far from being at all first-rate: indeed so clumsy have they showed themselves in much that they have done, that one might really have imagined the AMALGAMATED DIZZYITES must have a close connection with that other team of cricketers, who have elected to be called the Amalgamated Duffers. As has before been stated, PAM carries out his bat with every chance of winning: indeed some of the members of the St. Stephens' club are quite willing to bet that the veteran will be reported as "Not Out" all next season.

MOTTO FOR THE FEDERAL PARTY.—"Routs Furnished."



DRAWING THE STUMPS.

COBDEN TO DIZZY. "CARRIES OUT HIS BAT? OF COURSE HE DOES! YOUR UNDERHAND BOWLING 'LL NEVER GET HIM OUT! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DO IT NEXT INNINGS."

"THE HOUSE THAT FOWKE BUILT."

(Humbly suggested by Mr. Punch to the London Stereoscopic Company, as a subject for a series of views "to be sold in the building.")

This is the House that FOWKE built.¹

This is the Nave,
That ran through the House that FOWKE built.²

These are the Tro-phics,
That jammed the Nave,
That ran through the House that FOWKE built.³

These are the "O-fies!"
That greeted the Tro-phics,
That jammed the Nave,
That ran through the House that FOWKE built.⁴

This is Crinoline's closely-pent wave,
Dammed 'midst the "O-fies!"
That greeted the Tro-phics,
That jammed the Nave,
That ran through the House that FOWKE built.⁵

These are Canute-Commissioners, hoping to brave
The onslaught of Crinoline's closely-pent wave,⁶
Dammed 'midst the "O-fies!"
That greeted the Tro-phics,
That jammed the Nave,
That ran through the House that FOWKE built.

This is Mr. Punch, teaching how to behave⁷
The Canute-Commissioners, hoping to brave
The onslaught of Crinoline's closely-pent wave,
Dammed 'midst the "O-fies!"
That greeted the Tro-phics,
That jammed the Nave,
That ran through the House that FOWKE built.

These are COLB's good intentions,⁸ a way meant to pave
To the favour of Punch, teaching how to behave
The Canute-Commissioners, hoping to brave
The onslaught of Crinoline's closely-pent wave,
Dammed 'midst the "O-fies!"
That greeted the Tro-phics,
That jammed the Nave,
That ran through the House that FOWKE built.

These are Exhibitors, forced "in" to "cave"⁹
To COLB's good intentions, a way meant to pave
To the favour of Punch, teaching how to behave
The Canute-Commissioners, hoping to brave
The onslaught of Crinoline's closely-pent wave,
Dammed 'midst the "O-fies!"
That greeted the Tro-phics,
That jammed the Nave,
That ran through the House that FOWKE built.

These are KELK and LUCAS,¹⁰ to make a clean shave
Of the work of Exhibitors, forced "in" to "cave"
To COLB's good intentions, a way meant to pave
To the favour of Punch, teaching how to behave
The Canute-Commissioners, hoping to brave

The onslaught of Crinoline's closely-pent wave,
Dammed 'midst the "O-fies!"
That greeted the Tro-phics,
That jammed the Nave,
That ran through the House that FOWKE built.

This is the MAYNE-force,¹¹ that takes up its stave
To help KELK and LUCAS, to make a clean shave
Of the work of Exhibitors, forced "in" to "cave"
To COLB's good intentions, a way meant to pave
To the favour of Punch, teaching how to behave
The Canute-Commissioners, hoping to brave
The onslaught of Crinoline's closely-pent wave,
Dammed 'midst the "O-fies!"
That greeted the Tro-phics,
That jammed the Nave,
That ran through the House that FOWKE built.

¹¹ The "Mayne-force" may be represented at the will of the L. S. C. either allegorically, as ESCRYLUS has introduced *Riz* and *Koeres* in his *Prometheus*, or, embodied in the Blue and Bluchers of Policeman X. If any attempt is made to set their staves to music it may be to the well-known air of "*Rou-de-dou*," or "*Cramer, lie down*,"—an adaptation of the "*Croppies, lie down*" of Irish rebellion popularity.

THE CAB CONSPIRACY.

GARIBALDI may please himself in Sicily, JEFF. DAVIS may go on licking the North, and the Montenegrins may continue to announce that they kill eleven thousand Turks every day. We have business at home, and had better mind it. The Cabmen of London menace insurrection.

There is no time to inquire into the origin of their disaffection, but it dates from the time when their Glorious Three Days of strike produced the tyrannical Act of Parliament which compels them to be tolerably honest and civil, except when their fares are women, strangers, or other unprotected persons. The foul wrong which placed means of redress within the reach of any person who has plenty of nerve and perseverance, and a week to throw away, has rankled in the minds of the Cabmen, and the exaltation into which they have been thrown by the plunder which they have made this Exhibition year, has brought them to exploding point. They now announce, in fiery placards, headed "Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen," that they are resolved and united, and that they are about to make a great demonstration in favour of their right to commit highway robbery.

When cab men conspire, good men must combine.

They announce that they are going to meet, several thousands strong, in Exeter Hall, and that on the day of their meeting, no Cab shall be brought out after twelve o'clock. They say, in print, that they wish "to give the public a notion of the inconvenience of having no cabs."

What the innocent public has done to deserve that the whole business and pleasure of a great city should be stopped, in order to promote the interests of the pockets of any set of men, is not worth discussing. We are told that on this day of the Exeter Hall meeting, we shall not go to railways, theatres, or friends' houses, that if a physician is wanted in haste there shall be no means of getting at him, that a child shall not be able to hasten to its dying parent, and that the most important business journey shall be rendered impossible. And all this that Cabby may be able to cheat in future to a larger extent, and with impunity.

Mr. Punch has a recollection that when the Cab Act was passed, a clause was proposed for dealing rather summarily with any such demonstration as the strike that brought on legislation. He has not the Act at hand, and forgets whether the clause was inserted; but the HOME SECRETARY for the time certainly said in committee that any repetition of the strike would be in the nature of a conspiracy, and punishable accordingly.

Be this as it may, the licensing authorities have the matter pretty much in their own hands. If the cabmen want the Law altered, the same means are open to them that are employed by her Majesty's other subjects for obtaining a revision of the law. But if they proceed to conspiracy and coercion, they should be made to comprehend that the law of cabs is made for the benefit of three millions of Londoners, not for that of three thousand drivers.

Suppose Somerset House announces that the licence of every Cabman who strikes, as threatened, shall be, *ipso facto*, cancelled.

Doubtless there will be some inconvenience to the public for some time. But we shall be relieved, at once and for the future, from a system of extortion and ruffianism, new vehicles and new drivers (there are thousands to be found at short notice) will be placed upon the ranks, and London, whose cab system is a disgrace to us, as Manchester, Paris, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Birmingham tauntingly tell us, will be the ultimate gainer.

We will hear the Cabman, if he speaks reasonably and respectfully, and if he can show a real grievance, we will aid him in getting it redressed. But if he is inclined to try with the public *en masse* the tactics he tries, when he dares, with individuals, we will trouble him, not for his ticket, but for his licence.

¹ Here a view of the International Exhibition Building in all its ugliness.

² Here a view of the Nave in its nakedness.

³ Here a view of the Nave in all the deformity of its trophies—(pronounced trophies to rhyme to "guys.")

⁴ How the "O-fies" are to be represented, Punch leaves to the L. S. C., only promising it must not be by notes of admiration.

⁵ Perhaps MR. STANFIELD, MR. E. W. COOKE, or MR. HOOK, those eminent seapainters, will furnish a design for the terrific subject of the closely-pent sea of Crinoline in a storm.

⁶ Here a design of SIR W. DILKE, on the throne as CANUTE, surrounded by the other Royal Commissioners as courtiers, commanding the sea of Crinoline to stand still.

⁷ Mr. Punch will be happy to sit to the L. S. C. for this picture, but objects to being "sold in the building," having been sold in the building already, but not to the profit of the Royal Commissioners.

⁸ How to represent MR. COLB's good intentions is a problem we leave to the L. S. C. Only let them make the said intentions large enough, and be sure to tint them *couleur de rose*.

⁹ "Caving in" is a Yankeeism for coming down by the run, or which Mr. Punch asks pardon. MR. CRAMER, if applied to, will no doubt stand for an Exhibitor "caving in," and will allow his toy trophy to come down by the run for the benefit of the Company.

¹⁰ KELK AND LUCAS. "Arcades ambo," the two pillars of the Exhibition will, it is hoped, stand, and stand firmly, for this design. They might be represented as the Siamese twins, united by a brace-rod, or if practicable apart, perched each on the pinnacle of one of FOWKE's domes, and taking the best sight of each other that the distance admits.



ENFANT TERRIBLE. "Are you tummin to our Party to-night, Mr. Borus Hall?"

MAMMA (with ill-concealed anguish, and most unmaternal feelings towards the Infant). "Oh! yes, by the bye; I—a—really quite forgot! Will you come and Spend the Evening with us, if you are not—a—Better Engaged?"

[Of course the wretch is "only too delighted," and would "throw over any engagement."

WAR TO THE WIFE AND CHILDREN!

THE principal merchants and lawyers of New York, assembled in a sort of caucus, have passed a string of resolutions, of which this is one:—

"Resolved—That every day's delay complicates our relations both foreign and domestic, gives the rebels strength, and is wasting hundreds of good and true men; and it is far better that every rebel should perish than that one more loyal soldier should die."

For that reason it is but logical to resolve that the most prompt and expeditious steps ought to be taken to preclude the death of any one more Federal soldier by effecting the entire extermination of every Confederate. From the premises above stated, accordingly, is deduced the following conclusion:—

"And therefore it is that we, with entire unanimity, most respectfully and most earnestly call upon the President to act in his capacity as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, and immediately issue the order which will take from the rebels their great source of strength, while it will diminish their army, by calling to the defence of their homes large numbers of rebel officers and men."

That is to say, they call upon the President to decree the emancipation, and excite an insurrection, of the negroes. To carry the war into the enemy's camp is bold generalship, but the foregoing invocation demands something bolder. It is a request for carrying the war into the enemy's parlour, the enemy's drawing-room, the enemy's boudoir, GENERAL BUTLER, of course, would be the fittest leader of those black bands, the alarm of whose rising would call the "rebel" forces "to the defence of their homes." It would be a service of danger to the gallant General, however, for he might get taken prisoner, and fall into the hands of the exasperated Southern ladies—in which case who can tell what might not happen to him?

The Yankees who propose to rouse the Southern blacks to mutiny and massacre, and Sepoy invasion of the domestic sanctuary, are described as including "all the leading men in the commercial and legal commu-

nities of New York." It is surprising that such persons should be inflamed with a loyalty so enthusiastic as to smother every other human feeling, except devotion towards the Almighty Dollar, which is doubtless an equally powerful motive impelling them to exhort others to fight for them in order to maintain the Union, and consequently the Tariff whereby they desire and expect to thrive at the expense of the South. But Southern loyalty is as staunch as their own, although not so truculent and atrocious. Why call their antagonists names? Why term them "rebels?" The Confederates are as loyal to JEFF. DAVIS as the forefathers of the Federals were to WASHINGTON. The principal Yankees of New York, indeed, may consider, for their own part, that the perdition of every individual in the Southern States is preferable to the decease of one of their own mercenaries. This sentiment they expect will be endorsed by "the whole civilised world." They seem to have formed very peculiar ideas of civilisation. The whole civilised world will only wish that it could buy such highly self-appraising people at a just valuation, and sell them at their own.

A European Operation.

A DISTINGUISHED Surgeon has urgently advised LOUIS NAPOLEON immediately to withdraw the French army from Rome, on the ground that it excites that inflammation in Italy which is necessarily produced by the presence, in any important part, of a foreign body.

THE GREATEST MAN OF HIS DAY.

It is said that there is nothing new under the sun, but CAPTAIN FOWKE happily enables us to put an end to that monotonous saying, for there is no denying that to him belongs the rare merit of being, (as proved by the International Exhibition,) the dish-cover-er of a new style of architecture.

THAMES ELEGANCE.

WE perceive that a new Company called the Thames Express Steam Boat Company is launched, with a highly respectable-looking list of directors. *Mr. Punch* wants to know more about this project. He learns that the boats are to be of a high class, so he concludes that it is intended to make Thames steaming genteel. In this case he would like to see the rules. He hopes that the passengers will all be expected to appear in elegant though careless morning dress, that the best cigars, only, will be allowed to be smoked, that no volunteered music, (and especially none of those filthy and impudent Ethiopians who are allowed to infest the existing boats) will be allowed, but that professional vocalists from the operas will be engaged; that the engine-smoke will be self-consumed, that the captains will be manly but graceful officers, and that all the little boys will be accustomed to the use of a pocket handkerchief. Further, the genteel boats must stop at no low places, but must have exclusive landing piers, with lighted tunnels leading into respectable neighbourhoods. Also, credit for fares must be given, or at least there must be subscription tickets, for the payment of ready money is revolting to a refined nature. If attention be paid to these, and a few other points, and the Thames is properly cleansed and embanked, river navigation may be once more possible to *Mr. Punch* and the rest of the aristocracy.

WHAT'S TO BE OUR NEXT TROUBLE?

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"THIS Cotton Famine do worrit me so, you can't think. What, ever, shall we do for Calico? How much a yard will it be like to come to? There's always a something—some trouble or other with our good-for-nothing Foreign Relations. Botheration on botheration! Now 'tis the Cotton Famine along of them Yankces. Next I suppose there'll be another rumpus in China, and then perhaps we shall have a Tea Famine. 'Tis dreadful to think of. Ah, drat 'em altogether! Why can't they live in peace and quietness, instead of fighting and quarrelling and destroying one another and the comfort of a poor old woman like me?"

"MARTHA CADDY."

HOWEVER, BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.—WHAT would you call the Government's detention of the Delhi Prize Money? Extremely Delhi-tory.



LIGHT INFANTRY DRILL.—STANDING EASY.

FIRST BYSTANDER. "Fine body o' Young Men, Sir!"

SECOND DITTO (Horsely Ignoramus). "Um, sprung t' the off fore-leg, though, most of 'em, seemin'ly."

THE MARRIAGE MOVEMENT AMONG THE PRIESTS.

THE old saying, that when the cat is away the mice will play, is pleasantly verified by the facts recorded in the subjoined extracts from a news-letter dated at Rome:—

"A correspondent of the *Osservatore Romano*, writing from Bologna, announces the marriage of a priest, named ANTONIO GIOVANETTI, with a lady named DOMENICA CAPANELI. The witnesses were a DR. ZANI and an ex-monk, now a heretic, named POMPEO ROSSI. The correspondent observes that the last act in apostacy, as in comedies and farces, is always a marriage.

"Certainly there are individuals to be found in every class who are eager to take advantage of the new state of things in Italy, and the change could not be more strongly marked than by the public marriage of a priest in the quondam dominions of his Holiness, or the public preaching of Protestant doctrines in the heart of Naples, as is now the case every evening in a *palazzo* in the Toledo, near the Largo della Carita."

According to a vulgar British adage, matrimony and hanging go by destiny. What led the artificer who made that saw to connect matrimony with capital punishment it is difficult to imagine, unless it was the hazy discernment of a certain analogy between a wedding and an execution; the hymeneal knot and the hangman's noose: the altar and the halter.

The correspondent of the *Osservatore Romano*, for his part, associates marriage with apostacy in a remark which is unintelligible further than as apparently intended for a sneer. It is a wonder that so satirical a personage neglected to interpolate an additional *N* into the name of DR. ZANI for the sake of making a sarcastic remark on the curious coincidence by which the marriage of a priest happened to be attested by an ex-monk now a heretic, and a *zanni* or *zany*.

Many priests have petitioned the POPE to let them marry. He refuses. Hence Protestantism and marriage are evidently going together, at a rapid rate, in the former dominions of the POPE and those of his friend BOMBA. We see that, no sooner is the Papal and Bourbonic pressure removed, than priests marry and are given in marriage, and preach the Gospel. In France also an ecclesiastic, M. L'ABBÉ

BROU DE LAURIÈRE, has successfully asserted his right as a French citizen, though a priest, to take to wife MADemoiselle ELIZABETH DE FRESSANGES. Happiness to their bolster! His Holiness would do a deep thing in sacrificing an absurdity, which is not a dogma, to common sense. The celibacy of the clergy is only a point of discipline, and of discipline not particularly conducive to morality. Why does he not decree the abolition of enforced clerical bachelorship? It would be a splendid *coup d'Église*. He has made many a bull, but this would be no blunder, no mistake. This would be a much brighter idea than that of the Immaculate Conception. What a lot of both religious and political capital the Holy Father might make out of that easy concession of practice, not principle, to Christian liberty! By compounding for superstition with human nature he might long retard the dry-rot of the chair which he calls St. Peter's. But no. He will not throw an empty tub out of the bark of PERER, albeit for the sake of catching a whale, or even of preventing the whale from upsetting the vessel. He is asked to let his clergy marry. He cannot say *Non Possumus* to this reasonable demand; but like an obstinate and unwise old gentleman he replies *Non Volumus*. How much more worthy of a Holy if not a Heavy Father to tell the priest who wants a wife, "There, take her and be happy," and give the couple an apostolical benediction in the words "Bless ye, my children!"

Nobody can foresay what is possible or impossible. There is no knowing where the marriage-movement in the popish priesthood will end. A future Pontiff will perhaps sanction sacerdotal matrimony, and then what will there be to hinder him from taking the benefit of his own act? Then the POPE will indeed lead a happy life, with his lawful lady at the head of his table, children climbing his paternal knee, and a nursery somewhere at the top of the Vatican. Then will his Holiness the POPE be a Papa indeed.

LATEST FROM WASHINGTON.

GENERAL HALLECK is to assume supreme command of the Federal Armies, under the title of "Hallecksander the Great."

AN AMERICAN LYRIC.

THE American organ in London (we don't mean the *London American*, Northern, or the *Index*, Southern Journal) has re-printed some verses which it says are by MR. BRYANT, the poet. We rather hope that it is misinformed. MR. BRYANT has written so many admirable things that he can afford to write a few of another kind, but we hate to see a really clever man make a mistake. However, MR. BRYANT's or not, here they are, and we don't like them.

TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

On his Demand for 300,000 men.

We're coming, Father ABRAAM, we're coming all along,
But don't you think you're coming it yourself a little strong?
Three hundred thousand might be called a pretty tidy figure,
We've nearly sent you white enough, why don't you take the nigger?

Consider, Father ABRAAM, and give the thing a thought,
This war has just attained four times the longitude it ought;
And all the bills at Ninety Days as you have draw'd so free,
Have been dishonoured, ABRAAM, as punctual as could be.

We've fought, old Father ABRAAM, and fought uncommon bold,
And gained amazing victories, or so at least we're told;
And having whipped the rebels for a twelvemonth and a day,
We nearly found 'em liquoring in Washington in May.

Now, really, Father ABRAAM, this here's the extra ounce,
And we are almost sick, you see, of such almighty bounce;
We ain't afraid of being killed at proper times and seasons,
But it's aggravating to be killed for MAC's strategic reasons.

If you'd be so obliging, Father ABRAAM, as to write
To any foreign potentate, and put the thing polite,
And make him loan a General as knows the way to lead,
We'd come and list. Jerusalem and snakes! we would indeed.

But as the matter stands, Old ABE, we've this opinion, some,
If you say Come, as citizens of course we're bound to come,
But then we want to win, you see; if Strategy prevents,
We wish you'd use the nigger for these here experiments.

Hereditary bondsman, he should just be made to know
He'd convenience us uncommon if he'd take and strike a blow.
The man as will not fight for freedom isn't worth a cuss,
And it's better using niggers up than citizens like us.

So, Father ABRAAM, if you please, in this here game of ches,
You'd better take the black men against the white, I guess,
And if you work the niggers off before Rebellion's slain,
Which surely ain't expectable,—apply to us again.

OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

THERE is an old saying to the effect that extremes meet, and it is certain that renouveau takes place in the International Exhibition. When JOHN BULL is tired of his machinery he rushes off to the gallery of pictures. With a patriotism which I do not care to disavow, I inspected our own collection first. True there are hundreds of works here which we have seen before, but who can say they have less interest on that account? Why are *Norma* and *La Sonnambula* and *Don Giovanni*, and *Il Barbiere* sure of drawing houses? Because we know their music by heart: because *Ah perche* is the same plaintiff appeal that we heard twenty years ago, and when *Figaro* begins his *tol de roling* we recognise an old friend. LESLIE, LANDSEER, HUNT, and MILLAIS have long been favourites of the British public, and our eyes return again and again to their canvas with pleasure. Here is "*Sancho Panza*" the friend of our youth, and there is good "*Sir Roger on his way to Church*." We are in "*Bolton Abbey*" feasting prospectively on savoury venison, or "*Shooting deer in the forest of Glenorchy*." Seven years have not robbed "*Autumn Leaves*" of their luscious colour, and our "*Apple Blossoms*" are still in flower. In the corner there is a little crowd which is eager, but does not jostle, which admires, but in no noisy mood, for we are standing before "*The Light of the World*," perhaps the most famous picture of our school in Sacred Art.

But there are two names in our Fine Art Catalogue, the fame of which is not confined to England or to Europe—two men who will be remembered as long as the limner's art exists. HOGARTH and REYNOLDS died before the age of Exhibitions, but their works would be an acquisition to any gallery in the Universe. Between the stern satire in the "*Marriage à la Mode*" and the charming simplicity in the "*Age of Innocence*," there is a great hiatus; but how wonderfully true to

nature is each in its way. HOGARTH taught Englishmen how to paint, and, let us hope, how to live with honesty. REYNOLDS first showed us how our women and children might be admired, without being deified, on canvas.

Look at the incidents in HOGARTH's "*Strolling Actresses*," the truth, the fun, the humanity of the picture. The pretty tragedian to the left learning her part, and the vixen to whose caresses even pussy will not submit. There is another lady anointing her hair with a tallow candle before a broken glass, while she clutches the flour dredger to complete her toilet. There is Cupid mounting a ladder to get a pair of stockings, and here is the scaly dragon feeding a baby (St. George's?) with a pap-spoon. Such scenes have passed from among us now. Even RICHARDSON is on the wane, and hair powder only lingers on the heads of lacqueys; but as we look at this picture, we feel it is no made-up subject, no hacknied composition; and we sympathise with the sturdy little painter and his contempt for the grand school, when he struck out in a line of his own, even if it were not that line of beauty of which he fondly prated.

Oh, that our modern portrait painters would take a hint from good SIR JOSIUA, who when he had to paint a lady, did not forget that she was a woman and not a milliner's doll! Here is the DUCHESS OF DEVON with her baby romping and crowing on her knee; and the first thing we learn about her is, not that she wears a coronet, but that she is a mother. That is what I call a portrait; and with some few exceptions, we have not limned the like since 1792.



M'CLELLAN CUNCTATOR.

By one of REUTER'S Telegrams from New York we are informed that—

"The popular confidence in GENERAL M'CLELLAN appears shaken by the late events before Richmond, and many of his admirers now assert that he is not the man of action."

None but the admirers of M'CLELLAN, however, could, we should think, make that assertion. M'CLELLAN was for a long time a man of inaction; but he has now gone into action only too often. Fighting is action and running away is action, and M'CLELLAN has both fought and run away. It is absurd to say that a general who executes a strategic movement is not a man of action, although the action is that of retreating. Whilst GENERAL M'CLELLAN remained inactive, his countrymen called him the young NAPOLEON, in anticipation of the victories which he had not achieved. They would have had better reason for calling him the young FABIVS; but events have shown that the latter name is as inapplicable to him as the former. It has not been the lot of M'CLELLAN "to win like FABIVS by delay;" for the cunctation of M'CLELLAN CUNCTATOR has ended in a stampede on the Chickahominy.

"Muggy Weather."

To most persons this particular kind of weather is most oppressive, not fit to do anything upon, but a photographer takes a very different view of it. He calls that weather "muggy" which is the best adapted for taking a person's "mug."



THE UMBRELLA QUESTION;

Or what it would have come to, if Some People had had their way.

MARRIAGE BY ADVERTISEMENT.

Do people ever answer matrimonial advertisements? For instance, is there any lady living who would ever condescend to forward a reply to such a one as this?—

WANTED, by a Widower, to Correspond with a Lady, in the middle ranks of society, with a view to Matrimony. Must be between 25 and 45 years of age, of good character, moderately educated, and of a cheerful disposition. This is *bona fide*, and the strictest honour will be observed.—Address A 9, at the printer's.

“Beware of widows,” was the caution of the elder *Mr. Weller*; and to judge by this advertisement, ladies who fear insult on the subject of their age, had best beware of Widowers. What a brute the man must be to ask a lady to confess to him that she is five-and-thirty! We recoil from such a monster with virtuous disgust, and cite another notice, cut from the same sheet:—

A YOUNG MAN, aged 23, with an income of £300 per annum, wishes to meet with a Young Lady, with a view to Matrimony. Those wishing for a portrait must enclose 13 stamps.—Address X, Post-office, Sheffield.

There are sharp blades at Sheffield; and X is clearly one of them. To our mind his advertisement reads simply like a trap to catch a lot of postage stamps; for curiosity is by no means an uncommon female failing, and many a girl, we fear, would forward him the thirteen stamps, if only just to see if X be good-looking or not. We should ourselves incline to hazard a guess that he is not; for whatever be in other points his symmetry of feature, it seems plain enough to us, from the nature of his notice, that he has a most enormous quantity of cheek.

A Confederate's Epigram.

On hearing of the splendid smash of the "Arkansas" (so pronounced transatlantically) into the Federal fleet.

HURRAH, hurrah, for the Ark-and-Saw!
Hurrah for the men and brothers!
The Ark preserved our Southern tars,
And the Saw went through them t'others.

A BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE.

Our Scottish friends certainly know how to do some things pleasantly. We read in the *Inverness Courier* that there has been a gathering in the Island of Bigg in honour of a gentleman named *MACPHERSON*. The proceedings were of the most Rabelaisian character, and the good *PANTAGRUEL*, *FRIAR JOHN*, and *PANURGE*, would have enjoyed themselves thoroughly. *Audin' o' bone*. There was a capital dinner; then came bowls of reeking toddy; the party then retired to the Green, where they heard an eloquent address from the above *MR. MACPHERSON*, “On the importance of an early education,” and then they instantly began “dancing reels with real Highland glee to the strains of the bagpipe.” Who says that there is no fun in Scotland? Where is this Bigg, and is it the place we used to know as Egg, and put in a geographical leash with Rum and Muck? We intend to visit Egg the first time we are in the Hebrides, and we are the more desirous to find it out, because we read that the brave-hearted Eiggites are jolly in spite of what would be considered by the effeminate as trying circumstances. “The poor people,” says the *Inverness Courier*, “who are not able to buy coals are very ill off for fire, as last year's peats are done, and great doubts are entertained whether they will get any this year.” This is not as it should be. We always feel inclined to snub a party who tells you of his misfortunes in a melancholy manner; but a man who suffers jollily deserves to be helped. There is a worthy minister in Eigg, the *REVEREND MR. GRANT*. We wonder whether if any of *Mr. Punch's* readers sent him a Post-Office Order to help the poor jovial Eiggites to buy coals, he would get it, and be glad to get it. We dare say that *SIR ROWLAND HILL's* Early Education would enable him to forward the letters to the right quarter. Try it, somebody, and tell *Mr. Punch* the result.

Scientific.

An instrument has been invented which is called a Debuscope; and unscientific persons possibly imagine that it is something in the nature of an opera-glass; as an opera-glass is often used in witnessing *débûts*. (The perpetrator of the foregoing is left for execution.—*Ed.*)



AUNT LAURA (ending her story). "And then the great cruel Wolf, after having devoured Grandmamma, gnashed its horrid teeth and swallowed up Little Red Ridinghood!!!"
KITTY. "And what became of the Cheesecakes?"

A PLEA FRA' JANCASHUR.

"DEAR POONCH, mi friend, ev cum to u
To beg yur helping hand;
Weel knawin when the poor mons pressed,
Yur sure by him to stand.

"Afore this Yanky war bruk oot
That's made the cotton short,
We help'd oorsens, and neer axt nort,
Us scorned at such a thowl.

"But bit be hit the traps hev gone
These yurs we'd got togethur
Until theres nobbut left for uz,
But t' wurkus, and nay better.

"The likes o uz wur niver used
At axin folkis favour;
But starvin wife and bairns, puir things,
Soon maks a mons will wavur.

"And noo mi hert its breakin, *Poonch*,
Mi bairns ar wantin bred:
It maks me sae doonherted, that
I ni most wish me dead.

"No more at present can I say,
But ony help wots sent
Yur friends may vera weel be sure
Will not be gold misspent."

"August 16, 1862."

THE FLIRT'S APOLOGY.

"It does not do to keep one's *best* (let him be even an APOLLO BELVIDERE) always bent"—
on admiration.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, August 11th. In the House of Lords the Head Charwoman took her seat on the Woolsack about two o'clock, and declared that it was heart-breaking to see how the dust got into everything, and spoiled a place that had cost so much money. Charwoman BRIGGS suggested that the remarks did honour to the heart of the previous speaker, but that it was no particular business of theirs. Charwoman WOBBLER, who had been sitting on the bottom of a reversed pail, moved, as an amendment, to the cross bench. Beer was then introduced, drunk a first time, and the vessel was ordered to stand upon the table. It being suggested by a Chagirl that the pewter would make rings on the walnut wood, notice was given that she had better shut up. The House then rose, and was left scouring.

In the Commons, Window-cleaner SMITH took a general survey of the work to be performed, and made some severe strictures upon the new works at Westminster Bridge, which tended to increase the amount of dust. Assistant JONES said that he was unable to detect the utility of cleansing the windows until the Nobs should re-assemble, but was vehemently called to order by Assistant BROWN, who professed the most unhesitating contempt for any person who having undertaken a task, objected to complete it. MR. JONES said he had made no objections, and suggested that in all probability it was MR. BROWN's desire to get his head punched. MR. BROWN having denied this, and in the alternative, disputing the capability of MR. JONES to perform that office, an acrimonious debate occurred, which ended in mutual explanations and beer.

Tuesday. In the Lords, Duster-in-Chief ROBINSON laid all the cushions on the table, and retired early.

In the Commons, the debate on the utility of cleaning the windows until after the winter was resumed by MR. PUTTY, who said that in another week they would be as dirty as they then were, especially if that kind of weather were going to last. MR. GRUBBLE did not see what call MR. PUTTY had to make obnoxious remarks upon the weather. He himself had cleaned the windows in that House for many years, and could unhesitatingly affirm that there was always some kind of weather or other. MR. DOBBS expressed his unalterable conviction that MR. PUTTY had been, was, and always would be an old pump. MR. PUTTY said that those persons would in all probability be disappointed who expected anything from a pig but a grunt. In reply to an inquiry who the honourable speaker meant by pigs, MR. PUTTY recommended the querist to find out, as in that case he would certainly know.

Wednesday. A petition was presented from TOMMY and ETHELINDA-AUGUSTA CLINCH, younger children of MRS. CLINCH, of Westminster, stating that their mother was engaged during the day in scouring the Royal Gallery, and requesting that they might be permitted to be present with her, as it was so dull to be locked up in an attic. A considerable discussion arose, and MRS. CLINCH was called in and examined by the Duster-in-Chief ROBINSON. She stated that she was no party to the petition, but would feel gratification were it granted. Being asked whether she would pledge herself for the decorous conduct of the petitioners, she replied that she had not herself known much of angels, except such as were seen in pictures and on tomb-stones, which you were not like yourselves, and you could not expect children to be, but though she said it as shouldn't say it, two better conducted children was not to be found in the liberties of Westminster. The assurance was objected to as somewhat vague in terms, but upon the witness's undertaking that the petitioners would throw no stones at the statues or frescoes, and that personal correction should follow any screaming or other objectionable demonstration, the prayer was granted until further notice. Mrs. Duster DOBBS observed that there was no saying what good the sight of them statues might perduce upon children, and it might bend their minds to become painters or what-not. Mrs. Duster FLICK concurred, and related an anecdote in her own family, one of whose members had become a respectable painter and glazier from inspirations received while seeing a relative paint a door.

In the Commons, the Head Charwoman stated that the cleaning that chamber was another thing from cleaning the House of Lords, and that the state of the floor was perfectly awful. Charwoman WOBBLER said she believed that the Lords were much greater gentlemen than the Commons, that they never wore a pair of shoes twice, and came to the House in beautifully carpeted carriages, which explained the cleanliness of it. Charwoman BRIGGS's husband worked for a shoemaker, and knew that some Members of Parliament had the meanness to let their shoes be soled and heeled when wearing out. The Head Charwoman observed that they were much more careful of their own money than of other people's. Charwoman WOBBLER replied that the Head Charwoman might say that. The Head Charwoman was quite aware of the fact that she might, and when she wanted information she should apply to some other shop than MRS. WOBBLER's for the article. Charwoman WOBBLER said that she had meant nothing. Charwoman BRIGGS thought that if she meant nothing her best way would be to say nothing. Charwoman WOBBLER requested Charwoman BRIGGS to mind her own business, adding, that there was such a thing as pretending to scour and leaving a place so that somebody else had to go after one. An animated discussion arose, and the Head Charwoman exerted

her authority in vain, when the proceedings were brought to an end by a message from Charwoman WOBBLER's husband, to the effect that if his dinner were not ready in five minutes, the delay might not conduce to MRS. WOBBLER's physical comfort.

Thursday. A report was presented in the Lords upon the subject of the admission to the Royal Gallery yesterday granted to the younger CLINCHES. MRS. DUSTER DOBBINS observed that she brought up the matter unwillingly, having been strongly in favour of the admission, but when she found that it had been stretched to include a kitten and a cart full of oyster-shells, she felt bound to mention as much. MRS. CLINCH was again summoned, and stated that she had not thought there was any harm in the kitten, as it was blind and could not walk, and had therefore been in the youngest petitioner's pinafore all day. Pressed on the oyster-shells, the witness fenced with the question, and made a statement to the effect that they must have been left in the House of Lords by one of the Bishops or the LORD CHANCELLOR, as no child of hers had brought them in. She was ordered into custody of Duster BLOBBINS while Duster DOBBINS was constituted a Commission for the examination of THOMAS CLINCH. She shortly returned and stated that the infant in question understood the nature of an oath, an amount of education due to the emphatic conversation of his parents, and that he had frankly admitted that the oyster-shells were the leavings of his mother's supper of the previous night. The witness CLINCH denied this, and offered to bring in the whole Court in which she lived to prove that she could not bear hoysters until there was a hitch in the month, also volunteering a statement of her resolution to teach THOMAS CLINCH a lesson which he would not easily forget. Duster FLICK then said she should interfere in the interest of the petitioners, who appeared to have done no wrong. She moved that the oyster-shells be thrown away, and that unless MRS. CLINCH gave an undertaking not to punish the petitioner THOMAS, she be discharged from her situation in that House. The undertaking having been given, the matter dropped.

In the Commons a conference took place between the Housekeeper, on the part of Government, and the scourers generally. The proceedings were confined to a strong expression of opinion on the part of the former lady that of all the lazy and careless people ever employed in that edifice the present party showed themselves least mindful of their duty to the country and the constitution, and to an intimation that whether the floors were done or not done, the scourers would not come there after that day. Some criticisms added by the Housekeeper upon the character of the washing at certain points were given in a conversational tone inaudible in the Gallery. Something like "all very fine talking" reached us, as the Housekeeper left, but there was no further observation, and the increased vehemence of scrubbing induces us to believe at once in the justice and the efficacy of the censure.

Friday. MRS. DUSTER DOBBINS wished to enter into a personal explanation. It had been her misfortune, from her youth upwards, to be afflicted with spagms, as was well known to her afflicted husband and the whole of her neighbours. She scorned to deceive the House, and was in the habit of carrying a small bottle of peppermint, in which there was the slightest addition of gin. When engaged in her duties yesterday afternoon, and feeling a recurrence of disagreeable sensations, she had recourse to this remedy. A Party whom she could name, but would rather not, had remarked in the most unfeeling manner, "Laying the dust, old girl, eh?" She was not an old girl, but a respectable married woman, and her lines could be seen at Standrewobun, which they might send for them if they liked; and she did not think that any one could be expected to do their duty by them stained glasses if they were to be agitated by personal remarks. The Head Duster thought that work ought not to be interrupted to listen to botherations of that kind; and if MRS. DOBBINS's skin was so thin that she could not bear a joke, she had better get a thicker. MRS. DOBBINS at once declined to accept this advice, and should retire from the House. MRS. BLOBBINS thought it possible that they might contrive to find some consolation even should such an event happen. MRS. DOBBINS was not in the least anxious to be placed in possession of articles of such small intrinsic value as MRS. BLOBBINS's thoughts. MRS. FLICK said that she could probably bring a painful discussion to a pleasant termination. She had been the person to use the language complained of, but so far from intending anything offensive to MRS. DOBBINS, whom indeed she had always loved and venerated next to her own mother, she had intended to finish her sentence by saying that she could offer her something better to lay the dust with than that chemist's stuff. What she said she meant, and no person could charge her with insincerity, and if MRS. DOBBINS were agreeable, she would on the adjournment of the House stand anything she liked to put a name to. MRS. DOBBINS, much affected, begged pardon of everybody present, and in a voice almost inaudible for sobs, lamented her sensitiveness, but protested that her heart was in the right place. The Head Duster suggested that if the last speaker's duster were in the right place, instead of being used in the light of a pocket handkerchief, it would be as well, and MRS. DOBBINS, remarking that when people got up in the world their arts too often got gruel and gallows, resumed her operations on the stained window.

In the Commons, the Housekeeper, entering at half-past twelve, expressed a feeling of satisfaction that the scourers had got out, mingled with one of dissatisfaction at the way they had done their work. She then moved the House into Committee, consisting of herself and two housemaids, to consider how the table should be cleaned of the ink-stains. MISS ROSA LEIGH said that the Ministers must be very dirty men; in fact, pigs. Why could they not wipe their pens on their coats, or in their hair, instead of flinging them down, and making a mess of the furniture? MISS NELLY GRAY expressed a decided conviction that they did not do such things at home, and she offered to be bound that LADY PALMERSTON or MRS. GLADSTONE would say something if they saw an inky pen dashed down on their mahogany. MISS LEIGH called attention to the fact that there was very little ink on the opposition side, which showed what she had always said, that the Tories were gentlemen. MISS GRAY said that it showed the notorious ignorance of the Tories, who could not write, and so did not use pens. MISS LEIGH dared say, MISS GRAY said *we* knew. MISS LEIGH said we knew a good deal, no doubt. The Housekeeper requested that they would hold their silly tongues. The question was, how was that ink to be got out? MISS LEIGH said that she would advise sending for a carpenter, and having the table planed. MISS GRAY had heard a riddle bearing on that—she forgot how it went; but it meant that the carpenter would be much uglier after doing it; because he would be a deal plainer. MISS LEIGH said the table was not of deal. MISS GRAY had not said it was. The Housekeeper had a good mind to try lemon juice. MISS LEIGH said that would play the juice and all with the colour, and amid the laughter which this observation excited the House resumed, the Housekeeper taking up her keys and *porte-monnaie*, and MISS LEIGH and MISS GRAY polking together until they knocked up against the Bar, when the House adjourned to dinner at one.

"OH, MY TOE!"



CORRESPONDENT of the *Hampshire Advertiser*, under the initials of J. S., abuses us angrily for having ascribed the sacrilegious abstraction of certain bits of encaustic pavement at Netley Abbey, of which we had been credibly informed, to archaeological acquisitiveness. He charges us with "malignity," and with speaking of antiquaries "in a style that one would scarce expect from a costermonger, and certainly not from a gentleman." We also are apparently meant by him in describing certain visitors to Netley Abbey as "those who make a mock at truth, and for the sake of a laugh tear down those things which, though trifling in themselves, are valued for their rarity by those who really can appreciate them." We cannot make out this latter accusation, or understand on what it can be founded besides the mere feeling which has inspired J. S. to vituperate us for suggesting that the relics of which Netley Abbey was said to have been plundered, had been stolen by antiquarian thieves. We are afraid we have trodden on this gentleman's corns.

"NOW THEN, YOU TWO!"

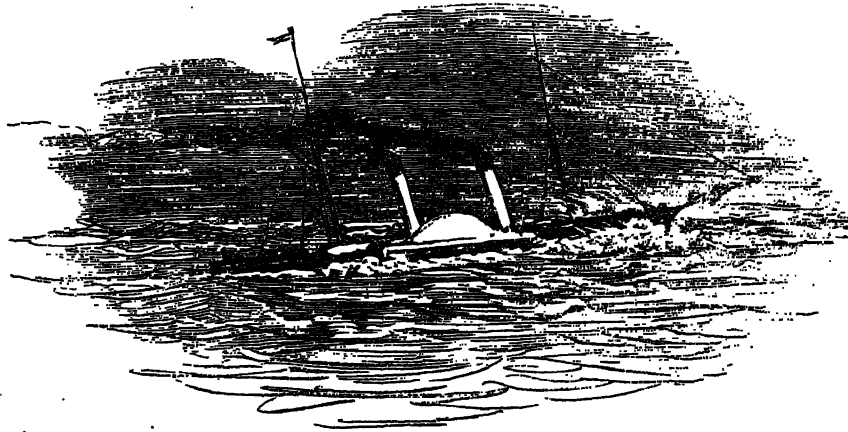
ALDERMAN FINNIS! ALDERMAN FINNIS! What, man, hast no more reverence? What do we mean? Why, we mean this. The newspapers say that a man was brought before you the other day, you Magistrate, charged with sticking up a placard where he had no business to put it, and that in the course of your oburgatory remarks, you said:—

"Every gentleman's park paling is chalked over with puffs of HARPER TWELVETREES's preparations. I wish I had HARPER TWELVETREES in that dock. I'd let him know, &c."

FINNIS, is this the way to talk of the great vermin-powder maker and philanthropist? *Punch* wonders that some prodigy did not happen. He is surprised that the "little insects did not come out" of the ceiling of the Court (there are plenty) "and give praise, rubbing their legs together," as was written in a delightful article in the *Cornhill*. They must have exulted in this defiance of their enemy. We admit that you have something of a grievance. *Mr. Punch* himself has been offended, while serenely gazing upon a country hedge, and watching the small birds, (and execrating the stupid clowns who kill them) at reading a vilely written invitation to try HARPER TWELVETREES's something or other. *Mr. Punch* has vainly tried to imagine a person who has recourse to such vulgarities as a dignified philanthropist, who makes speeches, and has hopes of Parliament. But the Dock, FINNIS, would be rather a strong measure. Let TWELVETREES, however, take the Aldermanic hint, and abstain from chalking park palings, or, if he will do it, let him write better, for his puffs are really scribbled in a way that revolts an admirer of education. If he thinks to come into Parliament and be smiled upon by P.M., he must improve his writing, for PALMERSTON notoriously declares that "a man who writes a bad hand is a fool." Consider this, HARPER, and you, FINNIS, be moderate in your wrath.

**SENSATION
NEWS.**

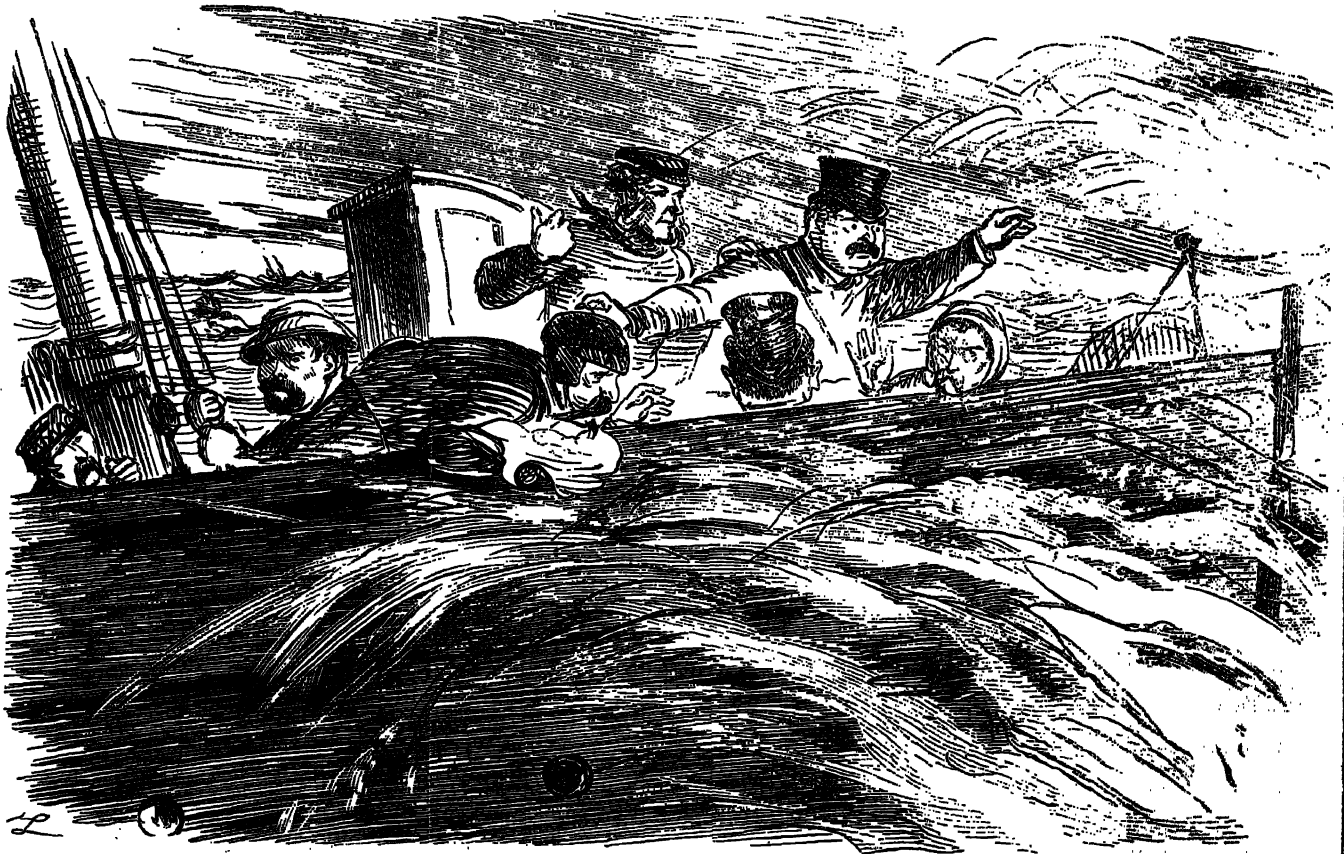
We understand that the spirited proprietor of one of the most famous places of evening entertainment, despising the effete attractions of Acrobats, Rope-walkers, and other performers, who attract an educated and civilised British Public by incurring only a chance of self-destruction, has resolved upon a new scheme for meeting the tastes of a refined population. He intends that the chance shall, in his new programme, be made a certainty, and that no visitor shall go



MOSSOO RETURNING FROM THE EXHIBITION.

AS HE APPEARS WHEN SEEN WITH THE NAKED EYE,—

away dissatisfied that the catastrophe which he hoped to witness has been deferred. The spirited proprietor is now negotiating with some ticket-of-leave men, of very desperate character, with a view to certain Sensation Spectacles, to which we are not at liberty more fully to advert; but we may say that they will be of a highly classical nature, and will, in the most vivid manner recall the scenes in the Roman Coliseum. We congratulate the spirited proprietor, and hope that he will be supported, as he deserves to be, in this attempt to gratify a humane and Christian public. More anon.



AND WHEN VIEWED THROUGH A TELESCOPE.

PITY THE POOR GOVERNESSES.

Who would not be a Governess, and especially a daily one? Only see here what a chance of easy affluence is offered her:—

GOVERNESS (DAILY) REQUIRED, for three hours a day, to give lessons to an adult in English, Reading, Music, Singing, and French. Terms must not exceed 6s. per week. Address, &c.

We trust we may presume that this Governess, although a daily one, is not required to work on Sundays. If this be so, she will but have to teach for eighteen hours a week, in order to secure her weekly stipend of six shillings. Fourpence an hour, it is true, is no great pay; but

then just consider how easy is the work for it. For instance, teaching French to an adult who cannot read: what can well be easier than such a daily labour? An hour a day would surely be quite ample to suffice for it; and there would still be left so much as half-an-hour apiece for English, and the Reading, and the Music, and the Singing. The only danger seems to be that the mind of the adult might somewhat be confused by learning five lessons at once. But possibly the studies might in some way be amalgamated: and as the multiplication table is sometimes set to music, perhaps the same thing might be done with LINDLEY MURRAY'S grammar, and with early reading lessons both in English and in French.



LINCOLN'S TWO DIFFICULTIES.

LIN. "WHAT? NO MONEY! NO MEN!"

SUICIDE BY CRINOLINE.



IN the name of common sense, dear ladies, hear what DR. LANKESTER, the Coroner whom *Mr. Punch* brought in for Central Middlesex, has to say upon the subject of your crinoline excrescences:—

"CRINOLINE ACCIDENT.—DR. LANKESTER, the Coroner for Central Middlesex, held an inquest at the Bank of England Tavern, Cambridge Place, Paddington, yesterday, touching the death of MRS. SARAH PADLEY, 18 years of age, residing at 6, Buckingham Terrace, Bayswater. THOMAS SPENCER, a lodger at 6, Buckingham Terrace, deposed that on Sunday, at 11.20 A.M., he heard loud screams issuing from a room on the first floor. He ran to the spot and found the clothes of the deceased in flames. He seized a piece of carpet from the floor, enveloped her in it, and threw her upon the landing, by which means he succeeded in extinguishing the fire before life was quite extinct, but not until every particle of the dress of the deceased, except her boots, was completely consumed. The body was frightfully burnt. Two rooms had been set on fire. On the arrival of the husband (who was absent at the time) immediately afterwards, he set to work to extinguish the fire, and succeeded in doing so. MARIA MASON, a sister of the deceased, said she was wearing at the time a muslin dress, extended by crinoline, and having occasion to cross the room, the skirt of her dress got ignited from the fire in a grate. The flames spread rapidly before assistance arrived. The Coroner said it was, as he feared, one of those numerous distressing casualties from the use of the dangerous crinoline. Such cases were very much more numerous than the public generally supposed, because, being now so common, many of them were never reported in the public journals. If every fatal crinoline accident were reported the public would know of them, and then he felt assured that crinolines would soon be abandoned. The jury, acting upon a suggestion from the Coroner, returned a verdict of 'Accidental death through wearing crinoline.'

When Fashion enters the door, Common Sense too generally flies out of the window. So of course *Punch* cannot wonder that you ladies will wear crinoline, in spite of all the danger and the nuisance of your doing so. But some of you do sometimes heed a medical opinion, when other warnings fail to penetrate your brainpans: and possibly a few of you may be deterred from wearing crinoline by thinking of the caution DR. LANKESTER puts forth. You ladies are not given much to reading of the newspapers, yet possibly the plan which DR. LANKESTER suggests, that every accident through crinoline should be mentioned by the press, might help somewhat to frighten you and bring you to your senses. Improving on the hint (what is there *Punch* cannot improve upon?) *Punch* would suggest that every paper should set aside a column for these crinoline reports, and, to mark it out for notice, should edge it with deep black. "Deaths through Crinoline," *Punch* thinks, should be chronicled apart, so as to catch the eye of the most hurried and most hasty reader. As another strong deterrent, *Punch* also would suggest that, when crinoline is plainly proved to be the cause of death, the verdict of the jury should be simply that of "SUICIDE." It might be well perhaps in some cases to add the words "committed in a fit of fashionable insanity;" for, after all that has been said about the danger and the nuisance and the ugliness of crinoline, the mind of any woman who still persists in wearing it cannot possibly be held to be at all in a sound state.

MORALS AND MUSIC HALLS.

(A Confidential Letter to TOM TURNIPTOPPE, ESQUIRE, late of Greenley Bottom, Blankshire, and now of Blackstone Buildings, Temple.)

MY DEAR TOM,

YOU are a young man from the country, and have seen little of town: I am—well, say thirty, and have seen a good deal of it. You have come up, as you say, to "read" at MR. BLUEBAGGER'S Chambers, and among the various papers which you will there peruse, you will of course take care to read your weekly *Punch*. So what I have to say now is as sure to meet your eye as would be MR. SAYERS' mauley, if you put on the gloves with him.

As your memory is young, you may not have forgotten that the other night I talked to you upon the subject which the heading of this letter serves to indicate; still I think it is as well to put in writing somewhat of the sound sense I imparted to you, for "*seguis irritant*"—(you know what our friend FLACCUS says), and after a good dinner and a glass or two of Claret, the voice of wisdom sometimes fails to reach the ears of youth.

You were telling me that evening in sentimental confidence that you really "rather liked" your pretty Cousin JESSIE, and that, now she is away from town enjoying the sea air, you found your evenings at your uncle's, where you are living "awful slow." Were it not that the Old Buffer (I think that was how you christened him) allowed you to go out directly after dinner, and let you have a latch-key, and come in when you liked, you said you feared you might be tempted to cut your throat or swallow half a pound of prussic acid, just to pass away the time.

On this hint I spake, and asked you where you mostly went to spend "the evening," as you young men call the hours between nine p.m. and three. Well, I was not sorry to learn that, as you are not a dancing-

man, you do not much incline to visit the Casinos. But I was not so pleased to find that forasmuch as you like singing, you now and then drop in at what are called the "Music" Halls. My dear boy, surely you can't fancy you hear music at these places. Stupid, senseless, silly, coarse and vulgar comic songs are surely not entitled to the name of Music: any more than clap-trap chorusses, with every singer squalling out of time and tune, or noisy nigger melodies with bones and tambourine kick-stamp-and-jump accompaniments. And pray, what music is there in the feats of Bounding Brothers, and gymnasts who ape gorillas, and contortionists in crinoline, and clowns who dance in clogs? These are the chief attractions at the Music Halls just now; and what music is attempted is performed in such a din of talking tongues, and bustling boots, and jingling glasses, that scarce two notes together can ever reach the ear.

No, no, my dear boy, don't try to deceive yourself or think to gammon me. It is not the "music," as you call it, that you go for. Nor do you attend there as a votary of Bacchus or of baccy, for the drinks are simply beastly, and you get your smoke at home. What you go for is society, and to speak out, more particularly feminine society. You are young: you can talk; and (if the lips be pretty) you are fond of being talked to. While JESSIE was in town you were content with her society: nay, I will so far give you credit as really to believe you preferred her conversation, simple prattle as it is, to the fast jokes and coarse slang which with Music Hall frequenters pass for epigrams and wit. But now JESSIE is away, you look elsewhere for consolation.

Well, well. Such is life, and such is human nature. Boys will be boys, and youth will have its fling. There were no Music Halls to go to in the days when I was young; but there were dirty dens of vice called "Theatre Saloons," and I fancy that in some respects Saloons and Music Halls were about much of a muckness. So I've no mind to throw stones, or to preach a flinty sermon to you. But will you at your leisure just ask yourself the question, will your Music Hall society do you good or harm, and is not your indulgence in it just a little selfish? Is it fair to JESSIE, who you think does "care a little" for you, to seek in questionable company a solace for her absence? Will you thereby make yourself more fit for her society, and at all enhance your relish for her pure companionship? After the fast company the Music Halls afford you, may not JESSIE's artless prattle appear a trifle slow, and will her ears be charmed or shocked by the slang your tongue is used to?

Oh, there really is no harm in a Music Hall, you say. It's not like a Casino or a *Bal*, immoral. Well, peradventure it is not; although in one, and that the worst, respect I own I have my doubts about it. But it is quite the place for a gentleman to go to, or even for a green-grocer, a chimneysweep, or costermonger, or "any other man," (as your nonsensical slang goes), who entertains a liking to be thought respectable? A husband has of course no secrets from his wife; but when by any accident he drops in at a Music Hall, do you think she *always* may depend upon his mentioning it? Would you like JESSIE to know that you frequent such places?—especially if she have seen the following description of them, which was prominently printed not long since in the *Observer*:—

"It is, however, in the disgraceful scenes enacted in the drinking bars and saloons attached to these 'halls' that the greatest evil exists—evils which cannot fail of exercising a fatal influence upon the frequenters of these places, of both sexes, who, in the first instance, 'go to hear a song,' but become initiated in vice and immorality, rendered more easy and dangerous by the seductive influences with which they are surrounded. The more respectable 'hall' the more prominent is this feature. These saloons are filled by 'men about town' of all ages and conditions, with and without characters; there may be seen the young and inexperienced clerk and the heartless skittish sharp and blackleg, the patrician *roué* and the plebeian 'fancy man.' This mixed crowd of folly and vice keep up a continued chattering composed of obscene jests and vulgar repartees, to the great annoyance of the decent tradesman or working man, who, accompanied by his wife or sweetheart, may have visited the 'Hall' in the delusive hope of hearing some good singing, but whose ears are thus polluted with vulgarity and slang. It is this sort of thing that has driven, and is still driving, the respectable portion of society from these 'Halls,' and it is to provide attraction for the more 'spicy' patrons that 'comic ladies' and other 'sensation performances' have been introduced. In these saloons the scenes that used to be enacted in the lobbies and saloons of the theatres are reproduced even in a worse and more offensive form."

Now, if a tittle of this be true (and, so far as I have seen, there has been no denial of it) I think the less you go to Music Halls the better it will be for you, and the better will it be too, for your wife—when you are blest with one. Mind, I don't say stick at home too much in solitude and smoke, and mope yourself to death while JESSIE is away from you. But I do say, when you take your pleasure out, go, take it as an honest gentleman, and never enter places where you would (at least I hope so) blush to have her see you. At your age men *can* blush, and the power is so enviable, that you should take care of it. Music Hall society is fatally destructive to it, for there are few worse snares to youth than the vice that tempts a man by aped and acted modesty.

So when you want to hear a song, or have a social smoke (both good things in their way, if that be not a bad one), I say go to Covent Garden and inquire your way to EVANS'S, if you are still so verdant as never to have heard the name of PADDY GREEN. There is entertain-

ment fit for men, not beasts; there is music in the singing; there is malt in the beer; there is an ever courteous welcome by the cheeriest of hosts, and no crinoline or coarseness is permitted to intrude.

Trusting that my words may, when you seek amusement, tend to guide your steps aright, and wishing JESSIE well, and you the luck to win her,

I remain, my dear boy, yours, believe me, most sincerely,

WILLIAM.



SWEET. "Shall I see you at the Music Hall to-night, William?"

DUSTMAN. "No, Joseph, that's a cut below me."

A QUESTION FOR POLITICAL ECONOMISTS.

"I am not at all surprisid that sirciety should feel itself hurt by bein garotod o' nites and otherways illconveniensed by parties i could mension if i chused to turn 'nose' but unger's a sharp thorn an comes round to all on us three times a day regular. sir, if you had a dog as stole his vittels until you tied him up when you let him loose agen shooldn't you xpex him to go on the priggig lay if you left him without grub—on coarse you wood and that's it with partys I no as the guvment took uncommon care on for warius periods and then turnd em a drift to live as they can and i sure you sir a ticket o' leaf is about as bad a ritten character as you can have to get a situashun to take care of the plate or any other respectkable work. Couldnt guvment find us—for ime a ticket of leaf—something to do in the collony on guvment a count and so give a feller a chance. It wood be cheaper than our garotig and eye-way robbery and much less unpleasant to most partys i xpex.

"Yourn, 4 ears."

CONSCIENCE AT THE COUNTER.

By some mistake the following appeared the other morning in the *Daily Telegraph*. It seems obviously intended to have been sent to *Punch*—

GROCERY.—WANTED, a Conscientious, Energetic young man (member of a school preferred), also not particular what he does, for a COUNTRY GENERAL SHOP. Unless good tempered, active, and obliging, need not address, wages not high. Apply, &c.

Out of our own columns, it is not often that we come across so good a joke as this. Activity and energy we can understand to be required in a young man assisting at a grocer's; but the idea of wanting conscience in him seems to us most ludicrous. When one knows how prone are grocers to sell their sand as sugar, mix with lard their butter, and manufacture sloe-leaves into fine pure Pekoe-flavoured family black tea, one surely never would have dreamt that conscience would be asked for in a shopman, who, it is expressly said, is "not to be particular as to what he does."

THE SOCIETY'S CATECHISM.

THE Council of the Society of Arts have sent *Mr. Punch* a set of questions upon the subject of awards for merit. Any man who can write can answer a letter, says MR. W. SHAKESPEARE, and *Mr. Punch's* calligraphy being indisputable, he can hardly escape from replying to the Council, but he is by no means certain that his responses will give unlimited satisfaction to the quicists:—

Questions.

Answers.

1. Are you of opinion that awards for merit, by medals or otherwise, in International exhibitions, are desirable? 1. No, Council.
2. State the reason for your opinion. 2. Because, Council, they are always given to the wrong people.
3. Ought works of fine art and designs to be excluded from the awards? 3. Yes, Council, because a party capable of such works wouldn't thank stupid judges for twopenny medals.
4. Can you suggest any better method than the appointment of jurors for making the awards? 4. Anybody is better, Council, than a juror, as juries go in these days.
5. Can you suggest any improvement in the constitution or proceedings of the juries? 5. Yes, Council, kick them into the street.
6. Is any appeal from the decision of juries desirable? 6. Yes, Council, to *Mr. Punch* and common sense.
7. If you think awards undesirable, can you suggest any other means by which meritorious productions may be brought to the notice of the public? 7. Yes, Council, let the best specimens be presented to *Mr. Punch*.
8. Have you any further suggestion to offer on the subject? 8. Yes, Council, that *you* abstain from meddling in the matter.

If the above replies, given with *Mr. Punch's* usual ready affability, prove of the least use to the Council, he is satisfied. He has certainly embodied the popular opinion upon the subject. To judge by the incessant and angry protests against everything that has been done, it would seem that the public have a fine classical sense of the derivation of the word Jury, and regard it as meaning a Party to be Sworn at.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO AMEND.

DURING the last sitting of Parliament occurred the following *pluie de perles* in the way of amendments:—

"On the order of the day for considering the Lords' amendments to Commons' amendments to Lords' amendments in the Juries Bill,
"MR. CRAUFORD moved that the House do disagree with that amendment, &c."

With the above *embarras de richesses*, it must have been rather puzzling to know what was the first clause that was originally amended. The Bill that required the help of so many "amendments" to knock it into something like acceptable shape, must have presented, when finished, a rare piece of legislative cobbling. When POPE exclaimed, "The Lord mend me!" an old woman is reported to have said, "Mend you! It would take much less time to make a new man altogether;" and so we should have been inclined to say of the above measure. Surely, it would have been a quicker operation, instead of patching and tinkering up the old Bill, to have drawn out a fresh one at once? However, if our Houses of Parliament are not better institutions than they are, one cannot say that it is from the want of sufficient "amendments."

NEW AMERICAN DISCOVERY.

MR. SEWARD says in his long letter (to which LORD JOHN answered "Humph"),

"After all, the Insurgents are Men."

This is a discovery which the Federal minister deserves great credit for making. Its accuracy was confirmed a little later by observations taken by GENERAL M'CLELLAN in the course of a week's rather rapid journey across a certain peninsula. Perhaps continued study on the subject may induce MR. SEWARD to believe that the insurgents are not only Men but Brothers, and then a fratricidal war may come to a termination. What a thing it is to be able to think!

"They are Coming, and they are Three."

"There are three Men in Europe," said NAP to CAVOUE, As they smoked their cigars after lunch: The Count has left Europe—the *mot* may endure, For NAPOLEON asserts that he meant—the deep cure—Himself, VISCOUNT JAUNTY, and PUNCH.

ROMAN PASTORAL POETRY.



IGH ecclesiastics, some of them, are not improperly called old women, but there is strong reason for regarding the ARCHBISHOP OF NIMES as a young lady. That prelate has addressed to his flock, which should consist of geese, a pastoral couched in the usual flowery language of Ultramontane humbug; a pastoral which no pastor, one would think, could have composed but a CORYDON. It contains the following description of the POPE's personal attractions:—

"That limpid loving look, that enchanting smile which beams eternally, whilst from his lips fall distilled honey, words which scatter the perfume of his heart."

This cannot be the language of a man writing about another man. It can only be that of an enthusiastic girl describing another girl. The POPE is a very charming person by that account. What else could you expect from such a pretty Pope than distilled honey and odoriferous language?—though to heretical noses the perfume of his heart would, if perceptible, be not very agreeable: for heretics hold the only heart that smells nice to be a calf's heart stuffed. Well; why, perhaps one would be inclined to suppose that so beautiful a Pontiff would, as the ARCHBISHOP OF NIMES informs us that PRUS does, rather frequently give vent to "tears, sighs, burning expressions of tenderness." Such a gushing Pope as this never before existed, unless we are to believe in the pontificate of POPE JOAN. A Pope with a "limpid loving look," and an "enchanting smile," lips which shed "distilled honey," and feelings that find expression in "tears, sighs, burning expressions of tenderness," is surely a Pope affected with hysteria, a Pope under whose nose it is often necessary to burn feathers, a Pope who is obliged to take much *sal volatile*, a Pope well qualified to bear the name of JOAN, or JULIA. Petticoats and white satin shoes are apparel suitable to the sex of a Pope of that description; who might sit in the Chair of Peter for Venus attired by the Graces, inclusive of her GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF NIMES.

The liberal world would rejoice if effect could be given to the aspiration thus expressed by this epicene if not feminine prelate, with a characteristic interjection:—

"Ah! it makes us wish to melt away and become nothing for the honour and grandeur of our beloved Pontiff."

The gratification of this wish would leave the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, unimpeded by seditious churchmen, at liberty to deal with the POPE alone; would be quickly followed by the emancipation of Italy and the pacific settlement of Europe. That desirable consummation would doubtless ensue if the ARCHBISHOP OF NIMES

and all the Papist clergy were to melt, thaw, and resolve themselves into a dew, or evaporate and, as the Yankees say, leave nothing of themselves but a little grease spot.

"ROME OR DEATH!"

If GARIBALDI fail,
So Chiefs have failed before;
Not always doth the Right prevail,
And what can we say more?
Forsooth that he was rash,
By generous madness led
Against the might of France to dash
His blind heroic head.

The fight has oft been fought,
And yet the battle won;
When all onlookers justly thought
That hopeless risk was run:
The odds of high emprise
Not on the surface show,
Lie somewhat deeper than the wise
Can always see, below.

There are the Priests, whose ban
To shake NAPOLÉON's throne
Might happen, should December's Man
Yield Italy her own;
And those imperial bands,
That work his will, are strong,
And prompt to do what France demands,
Her bidding, right or wrong.

Hearts, on the other side,
And souls there are, to fire,
With zeal above vainglorious pride,
With courage to inspire
Nerving each true man's hand
To fight for hearth and home,
To dare the worst for Fatherland,
And set his life on Rome.

This spirit set on blaze
Will burn how far, how hot?
And then how much against it weighs
The force of Frenchmen's shot?
Learn that, ere you decide
The good cause has no chance,
Yet has that issue to be tried
Of Italy with France.

Spread but the sacred flame,
And France will not withhold
From strong Italian hands, the claim
Of hearts resolved and bold,
Enkindled, one and all,
With Freedom's fiery breath,
Incensed by GARIBALDI's call,
His cry of "Rome or Death!"

SATISFIED SPECTATORS.

THEY have got it at last. They, the gaping numskulls, who, for more than twelvemonths, have been thronging to stare at performances of which the special attraction was the risk of the performer's life, have got what they went if not to see, at least to enjoy the chance of seeing. That catastrophe is thus described by an eye-witness:—

"Last night an event took place at Highbury Barn Gardens, which not only produced the greatest consternation among the visitors, but has resulted in the most serious if not fatal consequences to MISS SELINA YOUNG, or, as she is styled, the "Female Blondin," the celebrated rope-walker, who created such a sensation at Cremorne Gardens last season by crossing the Thames on a tight-rope."

Attired in a "suit of armour," having wheeled a barrow in the midst of blue lights and fire-works, on a rope at the height of 100 feet, MISS YOUNG consummated the amusement which she had been affording her spectators, as follows:—

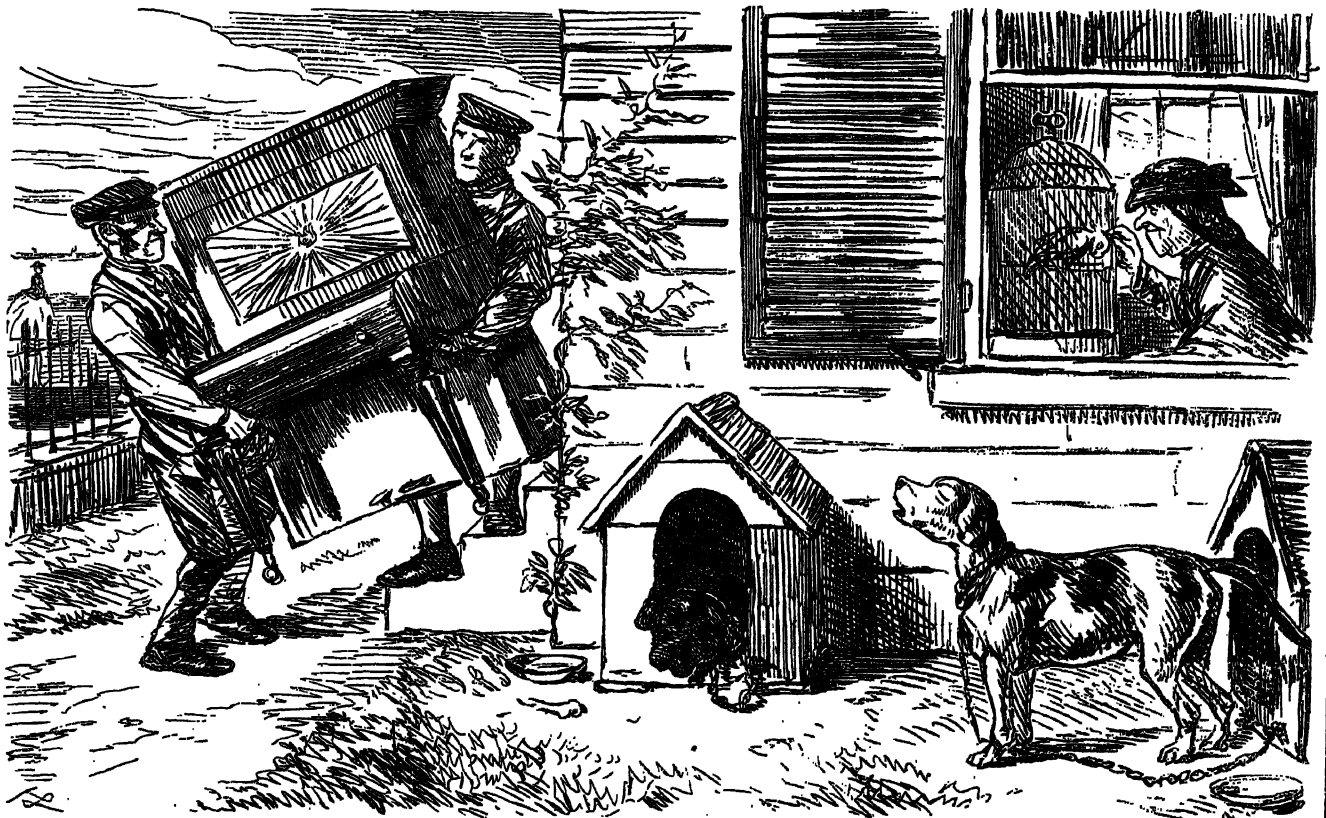
"A third time she crossed the rope, covered with a sack, and then commenced her final tour to the starting point, in the midst of fireworks discharged from each end of the balancing pole she carried in her hand. She had arrived within about twenty feet of the western stage, when the catharine wheels at each end of the pole had reached their greatest velocity, at which moment reports were heard, and stars of various hues were emitted. At this instant it was plainly observable that there was a fearful oscillation of the pole, as well as of the unfortunate performer. A general cry was raised that she was falling. The pole fell from her grasp, and the performer toppled over. For a moment she appeared to cling to the rope, either by the legs or hands; but, whether from fright or otherwise, in another second she was seen descending head foremost into the midst of the lofty trees beneath her."

The speculators for the fall realised their expectations! We further read that:—

"The scene of horror and consternation, coupled with the screams of the females present at this moment may be well imagined, and hundreds rushed to the spot where the poor creature lay at the foot of a tree completely doubled up and apparently lifeless."

The rest is—Surgery!
LÉOTARD, who was also engaged in astonishing weak minds at the Highbury Barn Garden by hazarding his neck, nearly broke it in his trepidation, by trying to jump, after he had been "indiscreetly informed" of what had happened to the "Female Blondin." Another "trapeze" accident had befallen an unlucky mountebank the week before. The accident at Highbury Barn would have been prevented if any warning could have operated to its prevention. But there is only one warning which could produce that effect; that is to say if it could possibly happen. Sensation rope-walking could only be stopped by a martyrdom—the most awful of examples. The spectacle of a dance on the tight-rope at the elevation of a cathedral spire, terminating in the precipitation of the funambulist to the ground, would have to be exhibited by a Bishop!

THE Postage-stamps sent to pay M'CRELLAN's army, have received the name of "Stampedes."



A SEA-SIDE SUBJECT.—JOLLY FOR THE PARTY IN SEARCH OF REPOSE.

N.B. The Old Lady with the Parrot encourages Organ-Grinders, and, when the Moon shines bright and clear, doesn't the Black Dog come out!

A SHAKER OF THE INFALLIBLE CHURCH.

BEFORE the popular mind had abandoned itself to negro melodies, there was a comic song of the "Billy Barlow," or "Raggedy oh!" species which stood in high favour under the title of "Shivery Shavery." A letter lately in the *Bristol Times* contained a statement suggestive of the idea that a modification of the canticle of that name might be sung with the most happy effect by an eminent divine, a convert to popery, who has recently declared that "Protestantism is the dearest of all religions; the thought of the Anglican service makes him shiver, and the thought of the Thirty-Nine Articles makes him shudder." Our Bristol contemporary's correspondent thus writes:—

"It may be profitable to review the history of the person who has given vent to his animosity against our Church, in terms not unworthy of the most furious of the Liberation spouters. NEWMAN, it is well known, was originally a Dissenter. Not being satisfied with his position as a Nonconformist, he became ambitious to occupy higher ground. Having taken his degree at Oxford, he was ordained; and he began his career as 'an evangelical.' The principles of the opposite party, in all probability, made him 'shiver and shudder.' In a few years, however, we find him hoisting his high-church flag as a Tractarian. While thus engaged, he was seized with a fit of *trépanation* at the doctrines of 'the evangelicals'; for he abused them in good set terms. He professed also to hold in abhorrence the errors of Romanism, and compared the Pope's church to a 'demoniac, possessed and governed by the Prince of Darkness. Shivering and shuddering, he warned us to avoid her as a pestiferous synogue, which had established a lie in the place of God's truth. He pronounced her to be crafty, obstinate, wilful, malicious, cruel, and unnatural, as madmen are. He declared that in the corrupt Papal system we have the very cruelty, the craft, and the ambition of the old Republic. One might suppose that as a matter of course he would have *shuddered* at its crimes."

The autobiography of the reverend D. D., sung in his ecclesiastical costume, with the burden, introduced at due intervals, of "*Shivery Shuddery*," would be highly amusing, and could possibly do no harm by perverting any simpleton, however weak, who is acquainted with the subjoined statement of the writer above quoted respecting that shaky captive of the papal Fisherman, and theologically loose fish:—

ARCHBISHOP WHATLEY, who was his contemporary at Oxford, assures us that "By the confession of his friends in *The English Churchman* (Oct. 16, 1845), Mr. NEWMAN had been for four years at least, a member of the Roman communion, before he openly avowed his conversion; during which four years he suffered himself to be looked up, and appealed to, as the head of a party who styled themselves

the only true sons of the Church of England!' His various pranks at Oxford are recorded at full length by the Archbishop in his *Cautions for the Times*, xiii. Did the Reverend Doctor ever shiver or shudder at his own duplicity and hypocrisy during the period here referred to, and while he was comfortably pocketing the revenues of the English Church? If he did not, then I shall be loath to believe that the Thirty-nine Articles can possibly give a man of his brazen constitution a fit of the ague. Of one thing we may be quite sure; his capacity for straining at a gnat, and swallowing whole camels, is unrivalled."

A polemic who is known to shiver and shudder so violently without cause, and not to tremble at all when he should, is unlikely to shake the faith of the most foolish fellow who is not also crazy. The most absurd of Ranters or Jumping Methodists may henceforth expect to catch as many flats as are likely to be hooked by our great Romanist Shaker.

SPIRIT OF BLACK DIAMONDS.

A BOTTLE of brandy and a bottle of smoke are generally considered to be very different things; yet it appears that they contain certain elements in common. A young French chemist, named CORELLE, of St. Quentin, has discovered a method of extracting alcohol from coal gas; which, an Irish contemporary will perhaps observe, is an odd way of getting spirits of wine. CORELLE says that he can sell the spirit thus produced thrice as cheap as the cheapest at present made, at which rate gin, that vulgar liquor, will become still more low. The extreme cheapness of coal-spirit will render it a profitable export for consumption by the Red Indians, who will, with especial propriety, denominate the intoxicating fluid derived from coals fire-water.

Bringing 'em Up with a Round Turn.

A DEPUTATION from Plymouth recently waited upon LORD PALMERSTON to represent to him that navigators to and from that port required an increase of basin accommodation. PAM replied that he held many offices, but that he was not yet a steward of a steampacket. The deputation retired; and are at present engaged, with their coats off that they may think the harder, trying to find out what His Jauntiness meant.



FOND MOTHER (alluding to the little Prodigy in the pork-pie hat, who will insist on fraternising with JONES). "Bless her little heart, she is so fond of boys, she is."
[No wonder Jones and his cigar disagree after that!]

ATROCITIES OF THE LAW.

THE *Times*, with good reason, traces ROUFFELL'S career of crime to the original moral error committed by his father in marrying his mother too late. That error, however, might have been rectified but for the law which prevented old ROUFFELL from repairing it. The law of Scotland would have enabled him to make the necessary reparation. That law works well there, and there is nothing to forbid its establishment in England but the pigheadedness which cries *Notumus leges Anglia mutari*, right or wrong, and the abstract love of injustice which has resisted so many reforms, which taxes earnings at the same rate as interest, and empowers a landlord whose rent is unpaid to seize the goods of his tenant's lodger.

Evident, Per Se.

WOULD MR. COWPER make a good Chancellor of the Exchequer?
Certainly.
What makes you think so?
Because he would always be able to make both ends meet.
How so?
Because he never opens his mouth without putting his foot in it.
Ah!

A Real Blockade.—That which is keeping patriots in America.

A Paper Blockade.—That which is keeping truths out of America.

NEWS AT LAST FROM AMERICA.

FROM a recent number of the *New York Herald*, we take the following astounding piece of intelligence:—

"They (the American people) know that when this rebellion began the aristocrats of England took advantage of the chance to destroy us, and joined heart and hand with the slaveholding rebels. They know that this rebellion was born in Exeter Hall, nurtured by the English aristocracy, armed from English arsenals, and supported by English sympathy and assistance."

This is the first genuine bit of news we have received from America since the war broke out. It is all news, for we must confess that every item it alludes to is to us completely new—so much so, that if it had not been for the kindness of the *New York Herald*, we probably never should have heard a word about it. For the future, we shall rely on American papers only for our supply of English intelligence. They contain a great deal more than our stupid hum-drum home-grown journals, that slavishly restrict themselves to the truth. How true it is that one must go abroad to learn the news! We wish that our Scotch-American friend, the *Herald*, had carried its kindness a little further. We should like to have been furnished with the names of these same "aristocrats of England," who are so anxious to "destroy" the Northerners, and it would also have pleased us to have been told who are the same "rebels" that they are accused of being joined "heart and hand" with; for it strikes us that their hands and hearts, to be able to stretch so far, must have properties of expansion not less elastic than the principles of truth such as are generally observed in an American newspaper-office, like the one we have gratefully quoted from above. Other interesting particulars are similarly wanting, the absence of which leaves the information sadly incomplete. Why not have let us into the secret as to who were the nurses and anxious parents who assisted at Exeter Hall at the birth of the above-mentioned "rebellion?" Exeter Hall has many wicked, reprehensible things to answer for, but we little suspected that anything could be laid at its doors that was half so monstrous as the civil war that is at present casting a blot on America almost as black as that of slavery itself! Then, who are the members of "the English aristocracy," we are anxious to learn, who so fondly nurtured this rebellion? Out of justice to the House of Lords, their names should not be kept unrevealed, any more than "the English arsenals," which supplied the arms, should be shielded from public obloquy. The information might be pointedly conveyed through the medium of a *Who killed Cock Robin?* ballad, and such a poetic form would admit of the additional richness of illustration. In some future edition, we hope that MR. GORDON BENNETT will fill up these disappointing lacunae, and we will promise him that they will produce in England an effect fully equal to that of

any sensation paragraph that was ever spiced up at New York to meet a depraved appetite in his highly-seasoned columns.

We trust these omissions will shortly be supplied, as we should be sorry to look upon the above startling information as having no more value or reliability attached to it than if it were a common Government despatch, or a war bulletin, or "ANOTHER GLORIOUS VICTORY" concocted in some back-office in the Broadway. In addition to the other calamities inflicted on the country by the war, we hope that the sound of the cannon has not startled the Truth out of America. The next mail will bring us comforting assurance that she is still tarrying yet awhile in the Editor's room of the *New York Herald*.

SOME GOOD ACTING.

A GOOD Man struggling with difficulties is said by the ancients to be a sight the gods loved. It served such ill-natured deities right to be abolished. But what shall be said of the sight of a good Woman in such a condition? Not only the gods of our time, but the pit and boxes also, revel in the spectacle. *Mr. Punch* owns to having enjoyed it also, and mentions the St. James's Theatre as the *locale*, and MRS. FRANK MATTHEWS as the Woman. Go and see her. She has been fitted, and very dexterously, from a French store-house, with a part in which a woman's gallant struggle against a wife's sacred duty of submission, is so set out, that, although the accident which gives the rebellious female a temporary triumph brings disaster to her innocent lord, you cannot grudge her the victorious innings for which she has worked so well, and you are with her, even in the moment when the truth comes out and she is repentant—or as repentant as a defeated and therefore injured woman can be. The contest for mastery is well waged, and the majestic and elaborate eloquence of her spouse, if it does not silence her, at least keeps her in check—but in an evil moment he becomes love's ambassador for a peccant friend—and the battle is given to the hands of his wife. It is worth going to the play for the sake of hearing one speech of intensely condensed vindictiveness. "That you were a Brute, MR. KEER MUDGEON, I have long known. That your personal appearance is the reverse of attractive is beyond dispute. But I did—yes—I did believe that you had Morals." *Mr. Punch* has not the faintest hesitation in penning a paragraph which is not only a Puff, but meant to be, and designed to send people to see *Bristol Diamonds*, and with the same unshrinking courage he begs to return thanks to MRS. FRANK, and to her brave but unfortunate husband, for some of the best comic acting he has seen for many a night. He has praised *Endymion* before, but a silvery vision of *Diana*, or MISS HERBERT, or both, has been gliding through his dreams, and rendering them extra-beatific.

A MANUFACTURED ARTICLE.



COME, Public, this is the slack season, and turn about is fair play. *Mr. Punch* has been working joyfully for you all the year, and now the immortal wants to sit on the beach and throw harmless stones into smiling waves. Suppose you work for him a little. You are always sending him tons of contributions and suggestions (by reason whereof seven of his buttermen have successively retired with large fortunes), and now he will overhaul a handful of the day's letters from you.

This is the first that comes to hand:—

"Sir,—I send for the first time a contribution to your journal: 'HISTORY OF ENGLAND.'—A schoolboy whilst writing out the reign of MARY THE FIRST, made a blot on the paper with his pen, and said, 'There's a dark stain on the History of England.'—G. J. R."

A very nice boy, and we shall be glad to hear of him again.

If it had been red ink now—Sanguinary MARY—ha! ha! ha! but he will improve, he will improve.

Number 2. This comes from Manchester, and in the corner of the note is a pair of compasses straddling over a square, which accounts for the mysterious character of the communication. We print it intact:—

"Facetious Swell (taking his morning's gill). Your beer is rather tart, old fellow.
"Landlord. It's the haze, and not the weathaw (? weather.)"

Punch has not the faintest idea as to what his correspondent means, but perhaps readers may be more lucky. Gills used to mean collars, but we don't understand what beer has to do with collars. But we did not sit down to think, but to make an article.

From Manchester to Liverpool is but a step, we believe, and the next we take up is dated from the latter city.

"STREET SCENE.

"PLACE.—Musical Instrument Shop, — Street, Liverpool.

"TIME.—Friday, August 21st, 1862.

"Enter Customer. Ah! Have you any first class instruments?
"Shopkeeper. Oh, yes Sir, best stock in town, can't be beat, Sir.
"Customer. Can't be beat? Oh, then, you won't suit me, for I want a drum.
[Shopkeeper's surprise may be imagined.]"

Please to imagine it until you are tired, and then you can leave off. Another correspondent:—

"Sir,—I beg to offer the enclosed incident for your inspection, hoping to see it in *Punch* if it is found suitable."

Well, let us inspect the incident. What is it?

"SCENE.—Downybrook Fair, or any other place where rival factions can meet.

"True Blue. Down with the Pope!
"Roman Catholic. Who said that?
"True Blue. Shure meself it was.
"Roman Catholic. Take that then.

[Hits him on the head with his shillelagh.]

A very pleasant incident, and we are happy to have inspected it. The writer's hope is gratified, and as he is in our debt, perhaps he will allow us to request a gratification in return, namely, a cessation of his valuable correspondence.

Our next correspondent is good enough to supply us with a hint for an engraving, which he considers "may tend to put down that which endangers the lives and persons of the community." *Mr. Punch* would be more than happy to supply the picture, but the fact is that all his artistic young men are out of town, and he is unwilling to lose a moment in producing a remedy for a crying evil:—

"My suggestion is JOHN BULL in fear of the Garrotter.—A conveyance drawn by a pair, marked 'Garrotter,' a garrotter inside. In the distance a grotto of oyster-shells and a child crying out 'Eloase, Remember the Grotto, G-rotter. The Garrotter.' I think it would be apropos to the season, and with your assistance, accompanied by the assistance of one of your celebrated artists, would please the public, at the same time caution them."

Punch has made his apology for the absence of the assistance of one of his cele-

brated artists, and feels that the idea of his correspondent is so vigorous that it needs no pictorial illustration. He trusts to hear that garrotting is at an end. Who comes next?

A Poet. Ha! Let us see. Poetry is acceptable at this season.

" RHYMES ON THE POACHING BILL.

"And now I have a song to sing, a song I'll sing to you,
Of occurrences that happened in eight-and-sixty-two;
Of a Bill in fact that was brought in towards the close of session,
Of course, for the man who brought it in was called Sir BALDWIN
LEIGHTON (late one)."

Hm! Well—yes—and there are three pages more. On the whole, perhaps, we'll only taste the Merian spring this time, with thanks to the Yorkshire lad who has turned it on. Ah! this is something like a correspondent. He supplies both picture and wit. Bless him! We can't well use his picture, and regret it, for the work is grand in conception and conscientious in execution. It represents a butcher's boy leaning on a tray, and another boy behind him, pinching him. The letter-press is to be as follows:—

"First Boy singing the song of 'The Lively Flea,' and at the same time pinching the Second Boy. Second Boy was presumably looking into the window of a shop when the First Boy came up and commenced pinching him as hard as he could, crying out that it was only a lively flea."

Ha! ha! ha! Very smart, indeed. Happy to hear from W. P. H. again. Now come a lot of advertisements. Eh, what's this? It's genuine and cut from some local print:—

FEMALE wanted, with exceedingly thick full lips (it will be quite useless for any others to apply), as Attendant upon, and Model to a Gentleman Artist; a coloured woman, or a poor widow preferred; good wages given. Apply by letter only, stating age, address, and particulars to, &c.

Would not the Cleopatra in the International answer the gentleman's purpose. She is not, like her neighbour the Venus, a coloured woman, and CLEOPATRA was rather a rich than a poor widow; but the coveted lips are there. Another advertisement, all the way from Central India (thank you, LIEUTENANT F., and how is the beer at S.?)—

"A Meeting of the Vayvahaar Oppogees Dnyan Vurdhane Sabha will be held this evening, at half-past 7 P. M., in the hall of the Khudwady Reading Room and Library, when Mr. KERRISON NAWARRER will read his paper in Guzerat, on 'Man and Woman compared.' The attendance of the public is requested."

Our correspondent wants to know the meaning of the above. We have sent a copy to SIR CHARLES WOOD, with orders to explain in a private letter: if he does not, or if, as is more probable, his explanation is ten times more puzzling than the text, he will hear from us in a way he won't like.

Seventeen correspondents to-day, twenty yesterday, and about a hundred previously, have sent us an advertisement in which—here it is:—

MATRIMONY.—A Lady of Rank, having, under peculiar circumstances, been asked by the friends of a handsome fashionable, and amiable young gentleman of distinction to effect a marriage, will be glad to hear, confidentially, from a lady of fortune wishing a really good and happy position.—Lady X.X., Poste Restante, &c.

Mr. Punch himself, or rather *Mrs. Punch*, inserted the advertisement, wishing to marry off and settle one of their young men who was getting a little too fond of his club, and our friend PADDY GREEN. The result has been most fortunate, a very beautiful girl was selected by *Mr. Punch*, out of a garland of twenty-seven who answered the invitation, and the marriage was solemnised straight off and will be found announced in the *Times* of Saturday last. He is sorry to have given his correspondents so much trouble, but has charged himself with the interests of the other twenty-six young ladies, and is open to receive proposals for their hands—they all have money, and eleven of them have brown hair—correspondents will specify the colour they admire.

Mr. Punch at the same time inserted the following advertisement, which has also been sent to him by scores of astounded friends:—

A LADY of High Birth and Title, will AFFORD any Lady of adequate fortune, desirous to become settled in a good position in society, the BENEFIT of peculiarly advantageous INTRODUCTIONS to exclusive circles.—Name and particulars (in confidence) indispensable. Lady V., &c.

Mr. Punch is restrained by peculiar considerations from stating as yet the result of this announcement, but "*Lady V.*" (*Mrs. Punch*) has had numerous applications in reply, and has had to decline several propositions on the part of

ladies of neglected education, and may say here, once for all, that aitches are indispensable.

Here is one which he did *not* put in:—

A PARTMENTS, with a pension for attendance required; nearly rent free; coals, candles, and washing (put out) free; forming a very cheerful and comfortable home. A retired old gentleman, who has never been an invalid, offers FIVE good-sized ROOMS, furnished or unfurnished, in a nearly new house, at 7s. a week, to avoid the trouble he has had with servants. For the greater chance of a permanent arrangement, he would prefer a lady past middle age, with a family of well-bred children, who can give him good attendance, and very good plain cooking. A small present will be made every week to each person employed, according to merit, terminating in a single pension at the end of two years. No other lodger taken. Apply by letter only, describing family, to A. B., &c., Islington.

"Dear Punch,—You who know everything, do oblige me by unravelling this tangled skein, which is given up by Mamma and myself as unfathomable. Make it clear, there's a dear creature, to SARAH ANN."

Mind your metaphors, SARAH ANN—skeins are not unfathomable. We have a notion that this retired old gentleman will be found to be a Cannibal. Who in his senses invites a family of children unless he means to eat them. Well-bred children, too. Just as he would stipulate for dairy-fed pork. Decidedly A. B. is a Cannibal, and it is clear also that an old gentleman who has never been ill must be a savage, no man in civilised life lives to old age without occasional illness. "Terminating in a single pension at the end of two years." Just so, he will have eaten them all except one by that time, as the Cyclops promised to serve Ulysses—

"When all thy wretched crew have felt my power,
Ours shall be the last I will devour."

The Islington Cannibal! Don't you go to his house, SARAH ANN, let your Mamma go, as she is probably a lady past middle age, and not good eating. We are glad to have saved you from being devoured, and in the satisfaction of having done a good action, and knocked together an article, Mr. Punch will now go and throw a few more harmless stones into a smiling sea.

Stop! he has one other stone to throw, not into the sea. People who send him valuable contributions like the above have a habit of asking him to return them if he does not want them. He has repeatedly said that he will do nothing of the kind, and begs once more to apprise the Public that what he does not print goes to the Buttermen of the hour. To how many more bothering idiots must he tell this. Their only chance for recovering their rubbish is in a stamped and directed envelope, so that he can return the enclosure without looking at it.

TWO PRIESTS.

THE longer Mr. Punch lives the more frantic becomes his admiration for the Romish Priest. He considers that individual, whether he be the POPE cursing from the chair of the heathen deity, or the Irish peasant bellowing anathemas over his whiskey toddy, to be one of the most remarkable creations ever sent on earth for the improvement and edification of mankind. This week, Mr. Punch has the felicity of contemplating the Priest in his most exalted and most debased position. Curiously, in both cases, he appears as a fierce enemy of the present Government.

MR. MAGUIRE has been making a speech at Skibbereen, at a dinner given to a Roman Catholic bishop, and the honourable gentleman said—

"The POPE himself declared to me that the PALMERSTON Government is the worst enemy of the Church of God upon the face of the earth."

This is a dreadful statement from the lips of Infallibility. The only comfort is, that His Holiness has said the same thing of so many people. Any sovereign or subject who happens for the moment to put dyspeptic Infallibility into one of those "rages" of which the Romans make such unbecoming fun, is immediately declared to be the worst enemy of the Church. VICTOR-EMMANUEL has long been given over to Diabolus, GARIBALDI, of course, has not a chance hereafter, and it was only the other day that the Eldest Son of the Church, LOUIS NAPOLÉON himself, protector of Rome, was indirectly informed by the POPE that his Majesty was "in league with the Devil." LORD PALMERSTON comes in only for the tail of the storm. But let us be more charitable than our friend the POPE appears to have been; and suppose, not a clerical error—that would be rude, but a typographical one. Suppose that a mistake has substituted the most sacred of names for the name "Rome." We know that whether the POPE said this or not, it was what he meant. In that case, LORD PALMERSTON ought immediately to write a handsome letter to MR. MAGUIRE, with the PREMIER'S best thanks for publishing so valuable a certificate of his character, and giving him a new and indisputable claim to the regard of all honest and religious persons.

While PAM is considering his course, let us see the Priest in another light. The amiable feelings of the Irish Catholics towards the son of the man who gave them emancipation are pretty well known. But a little illustration of those feelings may be acceptable to the collectors of curiosities. Some folks pin scorpions and other vermin into paper boxes, some preserve specimens of Irish priestcraft. Here is one of the latter.

One JOHN COGHLAN, a so-called Archdeacon of Achonry, writes to a Dublin paper:—

"It is reported that SIR ROBERT PEEL is to come to shoot here this season. With what a howl of execration will the fellow be met, if the people can recognise him."

The "fellow" condescended to inquire whether this letter were really the production of the person whose signature was appended to it, and the answer is, an admission of the letter, and abuse of SIR ROBERT for "morbid sensitiveness with reference to expressions of grief and indignation wrung from a clergyman." The priest, however, hastens to repudiate a construction which a Dublin paper has, he says, put upon the passage about shooting, as he did not mean a suggestion that SIR ROBERT "should be shot at." We might hesitate to accept the priest's own denial, inasmuch as it might be the result of well-grounded fright; but to do him justice, we do not believe that he meant to recommend one of those murders, to the "causes" of which the Irish Catholic bishops have lately announced that they are not blind. We think that he only meant a clumsy taunt in connection with SIR ROBERT'S falsely imputed indifference to the sacrifice of human life. But the priest pleads guilty to the charge of writing what is an incitement to an ignorant rabble to raise "a howl of execration" against an unoffending gentleman. And we know what an Irish howl of execration means. It was raised the other day against some young Protestant ladies in Ireland as they came home from bathing, and they scarcely escaped with life. COGHLAN is not worth prosecuting, or the Castle could pin him against the wall of a gaol as easily as Mr. Punch pins him here, but it is better to let such creatures alone. But should SIR ROBERT choose to shoot in Skibbereen, and should he be maltreated, we should think that ARCHDEACON COGHLAN would require legal assistance, and we should suggest that its efficacy be tested before an English jury.

Pope or priest, the minister of Rome is, as Mr. Punch has remarked, an extraordinary being, and our frantic admiration for him needs no more justification than is to be found in the above paragraphs.

SENSATION PARAGRAPHS.



THE roar of the Lion in the forest in the dead stillness of the night inspires terror—the lightning, that strikes the mast in a storm at sea, produces feelings of the liveliest alarm—the explosion of a bombshell, scattering destruction around, will make the stoutest heart quake with fear—but perhaps no sight in the world is half so terrible as that of a hungry man who has been kept waiting more than five minutes for his dinner!

The Maelström may be fathomed,—Big Ben even may ultimately be sounded—but Woman's heart never!

It requires courage to lead a forlorn hope—no little firmness is requisite to break some fatal news to a suffering friend—and a deal of moral heroism is wanted to forgive an injury in one who has been dearly loved—but what are

these compared to the superhuman effort that is needed at some fancied sound of alarm, to descend alone at three o'clock in the morning into a kitchen that we know to be swarming with blackbeetles?

Some like Sparkling champagne best, whilst others give the preference to Still; but happy, oh! twice happy, is he whose conscience combines both qualities—one that is, at the same time, both sparkling and still!

A Good Confederate Cry.

ACCORDING to the Correspondent of the *New York World* in Virginia, "GENERAL POPE'S order for the army to subsist on the country, has caused indiscriminate plundering all through the Virginian valley." The Yankee POPE is worse than the Roman Pontiff. His Holiness does not at any rate openly and avowedly wage war by means of an army of brigands. Atrocities such as those perpetrated by GENERAL POPE'S marauders cannot but provoke a cry of "No Popery!"

A WARM IMAGINATION.

"VERY hot in the Exhibition to-day?" said one friend to another, over his International dinner. "Very!" replied the latter, "the Nave, I declare, reminded me of Central Africa—the heat was quite Tropical."



RATHER VULGAR, BUT PERFECTLY TRUE.

Boatman (in the distance). "I SAY, JACK, GOT A MOSSEL O' BAIT TO SPARE?"

Jack. "WELL, I CAN'T LET YER HAVE NO WUMS; BUT I DON'T MIND LENDING YER A BIT O' BULLOCK'S LIVER TO OBLIGE A LADY!"

FRANCE TO ITALY.

ITALIANS, you but waste your breath,
The right you cry for stands no chance;
You raise the shout of "Rome or Death!"
And "Death!" is the reply of France.
Yes, death, my friends, for I am strong;
France is resolved to have her way;
Her will is law which, right or wrong,
The weak must perish or obey.

Your claim of Rome I must refuse,
For I don't want you to become
Too independent, and I choose
To keep you underneath my thumb.
But death's a boon I won't deny,
If you desire to bite the dust,
Brave, then, the might of France, and die;
If die you will, then die you must.

My Bourbons I dethroned, 'tis true;
But therefore cherish not the hope
That I shall ever suffer you
To do the like, and doff the Pope.
His power it suits me to maintain,
My cannons guard the Papal chair;
You pray for liberty in vain:
Attempt to win it if you dare.

The Eldest Daughter of the Church,
Must needs defend her parent's Head,
And keep the Pontiff on his perch,
Although upon your necks he tread.
Creeds may by her be turned to sport,
Or dogmas carelessly ignored,
But France must Popery support
As an Idea, with the sword.

To supplants what I did not grant
Claimants from me shall never wring;
To stern demand of course I can't
Think of conceding such a thing.
Honour forbids me to concede,
To menace, what is justly due;
Then how you strike for Rome, take heed:
Death is your portion if you do.

A generous nation am I not?
Of progress don't I lead the van?
Befriend the struggling patriot?
And vindicate the Rights of Man?
Ah! yes, but I must domineer,
So cannot call my forces home.
Then Death to every Volunteer
So bold as to advance on Rome!

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW NAME.

ACTUALLY, the Eastern Counties Railway is no more! Don't be alarmed, TOMKINS, there still are trains to Lowestoft. But there are no longer trains upon the Eastern Counties. By an Act which passed last Session, that Railway is in future to be known as the Great Eastern. Don't frighten your wife, TOMKINS, by saying that whereas you thought of taking her to Lowestoft, you now intend to treat her to a trip by the Great Eastern. She might not like the notion of going to New York just now, with the chance perhaps of seeing you a consort for M'CLELLAN. So, when you speak of the Great Eastern, mind you mention the word Railway; and meanwhile join with *Mr. Punch* in hoping that the name of the Great Eastern will stand higher in the railway world than that which it succeeds; and, as one way of insuring this, let us hope that express trains will not be bound to stop five times in forty miles, as, *Mr. Punch* has heard, they used to do upon the Eastern Counties.



A NEW JUDGMENT OF "PARIS."

MR. PUNCH. "SURELY, MY DEAR EMPEROR, YOU CANNOT DOUBT WHICH IS THE RIGHT MAN FOR ITALY."

25

DISCOVERIES IN LONDON.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"Lisbon Hotel, Fleet Street.

I SEE in the newspapers all sorts of letters from fellows who think I will interest the world to know that they have been bitten by fleas in Switzerland, have tumbled off mules in the Pyrenees, and have been without clean shirts in Paris because their luggage has been sent on to Marseilles. I suppose they sincerely imagine that what is so uncommonly interesting to themselves must delight everybody else, but I never did write in that fashion, although I have been to a good many places, the Himalayas, Constantinople, Pernambuco, and California among them. But when a fellow has made a real discovery of unknown parts, I think he may be allowed to write about it without seeming a Negotistical Hass.

Of course I was in Scotland last week shooting. Then comes a telegram calling me up to London—then comes the limited mail, and here I am. I must mention this because it would create a natural prejudice against my character as a gentleman, at the outset of my letter, if I represented myself in town now without some extraordinarily good reason. Fact is, that an aunt, from whom I have great expectations, had chosen to come up and see the Show, of which she had spoken and written with the most serene contempt during the decent months. It was the thing for one to come up, old man, and the grouse may go to the deuce. If all goes well I may have moors of my own some day, but not if I neglect Aunt GRAZINGSTOCK.

Well, duty is duty, and noways pleasure, and I didn't expect much gratification from showing Aunt GRAZINGSTOCK the Koh-i-Noor and Armstrong's guns. But I thought I might manage somehow, and she goes to bed about the time one goes to dinner.

But, my dear old man, when I called on Aunt GRAZINGSTOCK at this hotel (which I never heard of before, but it seems her mother used to go to it, I suppose in the time of QUEEN ANNE—you'll laugh, but it's near your own office), I found that she had brought up a young lady with her. Pretty girl, uncommon intelligent, and knows a precious deal more of many things than yours truly does. I ought to add that she turned out to be a cousin of mine, whom aunt has adopted, and means to do the handsome by. Her name's GRAZINGSTOCK too, MISS HESTER GRAZINGSTOCK, if you please.

Well, her face put a new face on matters, rather, for I am not ashamed to say that I like the society of a pretty girl who can talk, and her being a cousin of course relieved me (as I thought) from personal danger. So at it we went, sight-seeing like anything you like.

The Show was soon done with. I fancy they were rather disappointed with most things except the pictures. But MISS GRAZINGSTOCK had never been in London before, and I was ordered to do London sights with her. Aunt chose generally to stick at the hotel window, and see the cab-horses tumble down, and then open the window and scold right out at the people for not helping the poor beasts up again; so my cousin and I saw the sights by ourselves. Now I had no more notion what to show the girl than if I had been taking her through the moon, but I had a confidential chat with a waiter down-stairs who had been showing London to his little boy, and he put me up to a good many things.

My dear old man, there is a deal to see in London. I have heard the names of some of the places, but of course I never went near 'em, and thought that they were something the lower orders did, like Greenwich fair, where I have been, and ridden in a roundabout with Members of Parliament. But I assure you, and I have seen all the capitals, that there is a wonderful deal to look at in London. Do you know that the inside of St. Paul's is worth seeing—some rummy statues no doubt, but a grand effect, and the view from the top is immense. Did you ever go to the Tower? You must have seen it on the left as you have gone down to your whitebait. I swear to you it's a most historical place, full of real curiosities, and something interesting at every turn. I thought I should never get HESTER out of that dungeon; and she was so awfully well up in QUEEN ELIZABETH, and all that sort of thing, that the show-fellow was quite delighted, and asked her to take his place; and didn't she look pretty when the colour came up—what's that to you, old man? But did you ever go over Westminster Abbey? Well, now, you can easily get there—take a boat from near your place, and tell them to put you out at Westminster Bridge. You've no idea what a fine church it is; talk of Notre Dame, and St. Stephen, and St. Sophia—it's worth all three; and there are tombs of all the chaps you read about, and poets, and no end of talent. Well, my boy, there are a lot more things. I dare say you never heard of a place called Guildhall. It's in the City. I forget the street, but the cabmen know. Go and see that. There are two of the most outrageous Guys you ever saw, called Gog and Magog, and there is a lot of antiquarian things that, if they were in a private house, and only to be seen by interest, everybody would be after. But there's another place that we found out. It is in a beestly part of the town, I allow, near Tottenham Court Road; but, when you get into the building, you forget all that, and you can go in a close cab. It is called the British Museum. My old man, there's no such a collection of everything in the world, from a silver penny to a sarcophagus,

in any part of Europe. Wonderful old writings, autographs, statues, coins, medals. I can't tell you what a show there is. Were you ever taken over the Bank? I declare I wouldn't have missed that sight for ninnepence. There's a thing that weighs sovereigns, and spits out the light ones, and then a thing that cuts them across like a split shot—it does everything but speak; if they'd take it to Piccadilly, and charge a bob for showing it, they'd be able to pay the national debt in a year. Then we were told to go over London Bridge, and see a marvellous old church in Southwark. I only know I've driven miles in foreign parts to see something not a quarter so fine, and yet I never knew of this—it is in a hole on your right as you go to the Brighton railway. HESTER knew all about it, and the Lady Chapel. Go and see it, old man. Well, I am scribbling at their table while they are dressing for dinner, and here comes the soup, so I must conclude, but I think I have justified my writing to you, and do you know that I have a good mind to write a book about London, and take credit for having invented it. HESTER says I may have her share of the honour, and she will look up all the facts and copy them out for me. What do you think, old man?

"Agréez, &c.,

"PEREGRINE FALCON."

"P.S. HESTER says I might as well marry her. I don't know what to say. To be sure we might write delightful travel-books together, like MR. and MRS. CARTER HALL. If she would be as jolly afterwards as she is now, I wouldn't much mind. But I hear club fellows say that wives grow so awful cold and sulky. What do you think, old man? To-night we're going to the Wax-works. Fancy the Honourable P. FALCON at gas-lighted wax-works. But HESTER says she wants to be able to say she has seen them, and people in the country think a deal of 'em, HESTER says."

CRINOLINE KITES.

THE attention of our junior male readers is called to the annexed paragraph out of the *Dover Chronicle*; because it records an occurrence which suggests a new amusement:—

"BLOWN INTO THE SEA.—On Tuesday, as a lady was walking down the lower steps of the jetty at Margate, the wind, which was blowing almost a gale at the time, caught under her crinoline, and she fell into the sea. In falling, it is supposed, her head came in contact with one of the boats, as she received a severe cut over the eye. One of the sailors, as soon as he saw what had occurred, jumped into the water and brought her out."

If the wind will lift a lady into the air by catching under her crinoline, it will of course, when its force abates a little, drop her, unless caused to sustain her by some contrivance calculated to effect that purpose under the operation of physical laws. A kite is a familiar example of an object so constructed that the wind may be made to support it by being brought to act upon it in a certain direction. Now, if the wind will lift a woman by a common-sized crinoline, it will raise her still higher when its power is exerted upon one of larger dimensions. By a sufficient extension of a girl's crinoline, in short, it would be easy to convert her into an actual kite. Here, then, is a new idea of pastime and recreation for youth of both sexes. On any fine day, with a sufficient breeze, boys might be enabled to divert themselves by flying their sisters, and sisters' young friends. The young lady employed for the purpose would only want to have on a crinoline a very little exceeding the circumference at present in vogue, furnished with a tail consisting of bows of ribbon, and with an adequate length of cord affixed by a hook to the centre of her girdle. The cord might be wound upon a winch or windlass; and after she had been hoisted a little way, which would require the united pull of several boys, she could be let out by means of that engine to any required height by a single tolerably strong boy. If the cord should snap, she would probably come down like a parachute; but, to obviate the ill consequences of a too rapid descent, it would be as well always, if convenient, to fly her over the sea a little clear of boats, where, in the event of her falling, she would not be hurt, and sailors, seeing what had occurred, could jump into the water and bring her out with little difficulty.

A young lady of a scientific turn, whilst enjoying an airing in the upper regions of the atmosphere, might also take advantage of her position to make barometrical and hygrometrical observations, and ascertain the quantity of ozone existing in that situation.

The remark may perhaps be made, that a very pretty name for a young lady constituted in the manner above described a Kite, would be KITTITY.

An Army that is Well-Crammed.

It seems that the principal support of the Federal army is salt pork and "crackers." We suppose that by the latter a complimentary allusion is intended to be paid to the invigorating effect that M'CLIBBMAN'S despatches have had upon the spirits of the Northern heroes; for such voracious documents as generally turn defeats into victories, and retreats into "strategic movements," cannot be looked upon otherwise than as most substantial "crackers."



THE NEXT THING—EVERY MAN HIS OWN ADVERTISER.

PAPAL SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

By advice from Civita Vecchia, we learn that:—

"Yesterday afternoon, being the Delegate's birthday, that praiseworthy order of some aquatic sports for the amusement of the public—such as sailors running up a soaped bowsprit to get a flag, and tumbling into the sea; his reverence condescended also to fling 40 or 50 live ducks from his balcony into the water, where they were eagerly pursued by the almost amphibious sailors and fishermen."

One wonders how many of the pontifical sailors were kind enough to contribute to the amusement of the public by tumbling into the sea in the attempt to run up a soaped bowsprit gratuitously, or anyhow for nothing better than a worthless flag. The Delegate of his Holiness at Civita Vecchia might have created more sport, if, to stimulate competition amongst the faithful tars, he had stuck an indulgence on the top of the bowsprit. Then, after that, if he had flung the ducks into the water, the beholders would have been amused with a consummation of quackery.

ANSWER THIS.

WHEN is a needy shoemaker like a dying whale?—When he is spouting his last.

A NOVELTY IN JOURNALISM.

THE exploits of GENERAL POPP, performed on paper, the "strategic movement" of M'CLELLAN, which proved to be a "stampede," and the Federal telegrams in general, converting defeats into victories, have suggested the idea of starting a new newspaper, which, deriving its name from the nature of its contents, shall be called the *Imaginary News*.

The *Imaginary News* will be constituted on the principle of supplying people with the intelligence they wish to receive. There are many persons who are sick of the abominable battles with their hideous accounts of killed and mutilated, the frightful accidents, the dreadful murders and other atrocious crimes and offences, which abound in the existing journals. In their disgust and impatience they are ready to exclaim against the writers who serve them with this everlasting mass of horrors:—

"Out on ye, owls; nothing but songs of death!"

They hunger and thirst after good tidings. They want pleasant things to read at breakfast to give it a relish, and not displeasing facts to spoil it. The newspaper for their money is one which, in the hotel or the railway carriage, would be a cheerful and not a dismal companion, a wet blanket, a damper, a kill-joy and a bore. They don't want to hear of fires and conflagrations which put them in fear for their own homes, or to be told that the funds have fallen and there is a panic in the City, or that anything else has occurred, or is going on anywhere, likely to ruin them or reduce their circumstances. They had rather not know of deficient crops and potato blights and a terrible Cotton famine, or any other form of distress which harrows their feelings and annoys them with the prospect of being called on to subscribe for its relief. Detestable in their eyes are all the narratives of wars, and rumours of wars that make them tremble lest this country should be involved in hostilities, and threaten them with the aggravated penalty of an increased Income-Tax. Considering that the disaster apprehended very seldom happens, and that the disaster which does happen is generally unforeseen, they think they had better be made comfortable than uncomfortable in the meanwhile. Hence the demand for a consolatory and cheering journal, such as is contemplated in the foundation of the *Imaginary News*.

The columns of the *Imaginary News* will be exclusively composed of gratifying information. The space devoted to its leading articles will be filled with observations conceived in a joyous and hopeful spirit, calculated to inspire a happy frame of mind.

The subjoined announcements will exemplify the sort of reading to be afforded by the *Imaginary News*.

We congratulate our readers on the certainty of a more than abundant harvest, in fact the most ample ever known. Large quantities of English corn will, it is certain, be this year exported to Odessa.

GENERAL GARIBALDI has entered Rome amid the acclamations of the people. The French troops have piled their arms and fraternised with the volunteers. The POPP will not trouble them to occupy Rome any more. His Holiness has recognised the logic of facts, agrees to be satisfied with his spiritual position as head of the Church, and will crown VICTOR-EMMANUEL King of Italy in the Cathedral of St. Peter.

The American Civil War has terminated. PRESIDENT LINCOLN has issued a proclamation declaring the prolongation of hostilities between North and South incompatible with civilisation and Christianity. The troops on both sides are disbanded, the blockade has been raised, and Commissioners are engaged in settling the boundary line between the Federal and Confederate States.

Half-a-million bales of Cotton have arrived in the Mersey.

The representations of the British Government have induced Austria to evacuate the Quadrilateral, and relinquish Venice to Italy.

The EMPEROR NAPOLEON has promulgated an ordinance declaring that, in the presence of circumstances which assure the peace of the world, France will disarm.

Consols have gone up to 99½.

In addition to particulars such as the foregoing, the *Imaginary News* will contain the usual record of Births and Marriages, but not that of Deaths. In its editorial remarks the continuance of peace and plenty will be confidently predicted; a high view of human nature will be maintained, the existence of crime, pauperism, sickness, and every other variety of evil and misery, will be steadily denied.

From the preceding statement it will be evident that the *Imaginary News* is likely to take a stand among the works of fiction.

ANOTHER MEMBER'S REVENGE.

"We should always provide against a rainy day," as the Member of the * * * * Club said, when he stole the umbrella out of the hall.

"PREVENTION is better than cure," as the Pig said when it ran away with all its might to escape the killing attentions of the Pork-butcher.

THE LOYAL IRISHMAN IN AMERICA.

Is it me neck you 'd like to wear your collar?
 Meself to be your military slave?
 The devil fly away with your base dollar,
 Me too, the dhirty coin if I resave.
 Com do I say? Such pay from such paymasters,
 Bedad! is what I'd like to know who 'll get,
 When for cracked crowns you give your troops shimplasters,
 Which cover nothing but a power o' debt.

My wealth and goods put any kind of tax on,
 And get me, if you can, to pay that same.
 But I'm the fellow-subject of the Saxon,
 And to allgiance own VICTORIA'S claim.
 I spurn your vile imaginary wages,
 Will stain my fist for no such palthry hire;
 Benathe BRITANNIA'S flag, behind her agis,
 Conscription if ye threaten, I retire.

Go, SERGEANT SNAP, don't talk to PADDY CAREY,
 Nor tempt me soul with visionary pay.
 Of bloodshed, barrin for me QUEEN, I'm chary;
 Your blarney on this boy is thrown away.
 I'm not to be imposed on by effrontery;
 Me nation is the jewel of the sea.
 Observe, I'm a young man from the old country;
 But, arrah! sure you don't come over me.



THE LAST OF THE 'MERICANS.

From an Historical Romance preparing for Publication.

At length this internecine warfare came to its inevitable close. Of all the eight and twenty millions who had struggled and stamped throughout the terrific conflict, a solitary unit now survived. New York and Memphis, Richmond and Pennsylvania, were heaps of broken bricks on which announce boards were erected with the pathetic inscription "For Sale." LINCOLN and DAVIS were locked in a last and (let us hope) affectionate embrace. STANTON alone remained. The celebrated feline duel in Kilkenny was eclipsed, for only *one* tail was left to tell the dread catastrophe. JONATHAN'S big bonfire—America—was extinguished, but from its ashes rose a Phoenix-Empire, bearing the negro-classico name of Pompeii. By no servile revolt, but by a natural law of compensation, HAM became the acknowledged guardian of the public weal. His personal representatives, who, like ELIZA on the wood-crowned height, unmoved by cajolery or bribes, had been passive and dignified spectators of the frantic fight, were now absolute masters of the soil they had so long gratuitously tilled. POMPEY THE FIRST was monarch of all he surveyed!

As STANTON emerged from the War Office, his features bore traces of deep dejection and remorse. "Oh, Stars and Stripes!" he said, apostrophising a tattered banner which lay neglected at his feet, "we thought our Stars were fixed, and lo! like Lucifer, they have fallen, and the Stripes we meant for others' backs have descended on our own." Scarcely had he given utterance to these veracious words—the first of a series—when some Irish lacqueys in scarlet and gold

(the King's livery) politely requested his attendance before their royal master. Escorted by these flaming menials, he quickly reached the Saccharine Palace (built entirely of sugar-cane), and as a lion, by instinct knows the true Prince, mechanically the Yankee bowed before the throne of POMPEY, who like BLONDIN—serene though greatly elevated—was the first of his line.

Penetrated by compassion for the lonely wight, the magnanimous monarch held forth his soft dark hand to which in token of allegiance, the eager Yankee pressed his loyal lips. * * * "The last of the 'Mericans," as POMPEY tenderly called him, was then motioned to depart. He now holds an engagement as Fire-reporter to the Press, which in the hey-day of official prosperity, he had treated as a sick child, and by the vehicle of military despatches, had compelled to swallow the most nauseous stuff.

His sable Majesty, having drunk his sangaree and donned his purple robes, then set out to open Parliament, supported by Silver Stick, and preceded by the Usher of the Black Rod.

THE ROYAL SPEECH.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"In summoning you to our Councils, we congratulate you that our faithful subjects, the coloured people of Pompeii, having set their liberty upon a cast, have secured their independence notwithstanding the hazard of the dye.

"We daily receive assurances of amity from Foreign Powers, with whom our diplomatic intercourse is distinguished by an amenity not indigenous to any part of this great Continent.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"We had directed estimates to be prepared with due regard to economy and the efficiency of the public service. While making ample provision for our national defences, we are not unmindful that the Government which maintains vast military and naval armaments solely for the acquisition of Glory or Territory derives its inspiration from either a simpleton or a knave.

"Profiting by the example of an angust ally the EMPEROR OF JAPAN, we have made considerable retrenchments in diplomatic expenditure, as the European States to which our ambassadors are accredited, now defray the entire expenses of the embassy.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The export of our staple production, cotton, we are gratified to learn, has immensely increased under our Government—the supply being no longer regulated by physical force. Instead of hoeing with a lash over his shoulder, the agricultural labourer now works with a dollar before his eye. Golden syrup is a better stimulant than bitters. Of this fact we have evidence in black and white.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"The financial affairs of the country, which under democratic misrule had created universal alarm, are now placed on a sound and satisfactory footing, and that without having recourse to the aid of a sponge.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"Our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs has received a communication from the Papal Nuncio expressing the gratification of his Holiness with his recent visit to Pompeii, and intimating his intention to take up his permanent residence in this favoured land, where wise and liberal reforms tend to consolidate our Institutions, and where freedom of opinion is the birthright of all our sons.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"Our eldest daughter, the PRINCESS OF FLORIDA is about to form an alliance with our illustrious Poet Laureate. While recognising the omnipotence of Love, we cannot but feel that our Royal House will derive a lustre from its union with genius, more resplendent than any jewel in our crown.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"Sensible of the impolicy of sumptuary laws, we have nevertheless deemed it expedient, owing to the crowded state of our Hospitals, to instruct the Attorney-General to prepare a Bill for the immediate abolition of Hoops, and (subject to the approval of Her Majesty's Maids of Honour) for the substitution of some efficient mode by which Hearts instead of Heels may be taken captive.

"The Early Closing Movement has always received our strenuous support, and we should be glad if its advantages could be extended to both Houses of Parliament, having frequently had occasion to remark the evils connected with late hours of business, and being painfully conscious that the evening's legislation will not always bear the morning's reflection."

Signs of Peace.

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS accuses his President of being "a turtle." MR. LINCOLN has been making a speech at a meeting, so the BISHOP OF OXFORD will be pleased to think that "the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."



ANCIENT MARINER (to Browne, who has just arrived by the Steamer and had quite enough of it). "Nice Row or Sail this evening, Sir?"

GAOL-BIRD WATCHERS WANTED.

MR. PUNCH, he scarce need say, has little wish to lessen the liberty enjoyed by any free-born British subject. But the liberty of knocking Mr. Punch upon the head, or of garotting him by gaslight, or of using other violence against his sacred person, for such liberty as this Mr. Punch has little sympathy, and he always will do all within his power to diminish it. So, when Mr. Punch observes that the liberty extended to incarcerated prisoners, released before the expiration of their sentences by virtue of certificates which are called their tickets of leave—that this liberty is used by its fortunate possessors as a means to bruise and batter helpless people in the streets, and to perpetrate all sorts of crimes and savage cruelties, Mr. Punch then feels inclined to look upon such liberty as a wild and savage licence which ought not to be suffered in a civilised community, and which in common sense and justice ought to be suppressed.

Oh but, say philanthropists, you ought in charity to give the poor unhappy criminal a chance of reformation. Yes, granted, so that this does not involve the chance of cutting other people's throats, or using fancy ways to bludgeon or garotte them. It has been ascertained that twenty out of every hundred prisoners, who have been set free with these certificates of leave, return to crime again when they possess their liberty; and it is suspected by those competent to judge, that more than fifty in each hundred of them actually do so. A large per-centage this for the philanthropists to fight against, when they try to make us fancy that the ticket-of-leave system works most admirably well, and that very few, if any, evils are occasioned by it. Surely it is misdirected sympathy to feel compassion only for those who are criminal. Ought there not to be compassion for the innocent, who now nightly run the risk of being strangled in the streets? And ought not means for their protection in pity to be thought of, before the interesting criminal who threatens them be cared for?

Tickets of leave are granted *durante viâ bene actâ*—upon condition that those blest with them shall properly conduct themselves. No such vice is needful to cause their being cancelled. It is legibly endorsed upon each of these certificates that if the holder "associates with notoriously bad characters, leads an idle and dissolute life, or has any visible means of obtaining an honest livelihood, it will be

assumed that he is about to relapse into crime, and he will be at once apprehended, and recommitted to prison under his original sentence."

In Ireland, says a writer in the *Times*, who seems acquainted with the subject, these sensible conditions are rigidly enforced. In England, he affirms, they are completely disregarded. Will SIR RICHARD MAYNE inform us kindly, why? Have we in England not police enough to watch the gaol-birds who are liberated? If this be so, SIR RICHARD, pray get what more men you want, and let us know the cost of them. Criminal prevention is better far than cure: if tickets of leave *do* cure, which at present there are grounds for more than half denying. To pay for more police is a less painful operation than to have one's eye gouged out, or one's neck garotted. So, if need be, let us clap on extra peeler power expressly to look after these interesting criminals, who by gammoning the governor, and coming the religious dodge to please the chaplain, have managed to obtain a leave of absence from our gaols. The police, by the late Poaching Act, will be obliged in some places to put on extra bulls'-eyes to see after the pheasants; and were some extra men employed to watch the gaol-birds out of cage, possibly there might be less of poaching on our pockets, and garotting of our throats.

THE YANKEE NAME AND SURNAME.

WHAT shall we say of JONATHAN vowing vengeance and breathing fire and fury against his Southern kinsfolk? May we not say that JONATHAN is exhibiting himself in the character of JONATHAN WILD?

To a Correspondent.

To a Lady Correspondent from Reading, who remarks with some motherly indignation upon the admiration which the status of the *Reading Girl* has excited, and who says that she has a Reading boy who, if he were properly sculptured, would be equal to any girl in that respectable Berkshire village, we can only say, that she had better send up her boy, carriage paid, to the Stereoscopic Company, who have bought the girl. We never interfere in local disputes.

EARS FOR INTONATION.



Among the varieties of humbug which have lately come under our cognisance may be mentioned a letter, which has appeared in the *Bath Express*, under the signature of H. S. FAGAN. It is a puff of the pseudo-catholic Church of All Saints, Margaret Street, which MR. FAGAN highly recommends to Bath people staying in London. He observes that:—

“The service must delight even the most unartistic person, unless strong preconceived prejudice prevents his joining in it heartily. The Psalms he will be especially pleased with. While joining in that rapid well-managed Gregorian, he will feel that he enters more into the spirit of the Psalms, that he realises better their use and value in congregational worship than ever he did before.”

And subsequently MR. FAGAN, whose name bespeaks the Hibernian, and whose pen suggests the Jesuit decoy-goose, indulges in the subjoined impertinence:—

“And this is the service which *Punch* takes every opportunity of raising a stupid laugh against, which East End Magistrates allowed street boys to hoot down ‘for fun.’”

Punch never objected to chanting Psalms, although he may not have hesitated to point out the absurdity of

singing Collects, or intoning Prayers in recitative. He has also remarked on the absurdity of burning daylight, and otherwise aping popish rites and ceremonies. How the Psalms are chanted at All Saints *Mr. Punch* does not know; only knows that MR. FAGAN is pleased with them; and surmises that the music which charms his ears may be peculiar. *Punch* once heard a foreign Priest, officiating in the genuine service of which that which delights

Mr. FAGAN is a spurious imitation, make a noise closely resembling the bray of an ass. He is inclined to suspect that the chant admired by MR. FAGAN at All Saints was a somewhat similar performance in the key of D, or Donkey.

THE FEDERAL FELONY.

THE brave army under the command of GENERAL POPE does not stint itself to plunder with the strong hand. In a Federal newspaper, even, it is stated that “the troops also pass among the population large quantities of forged Confederate notes, manufactured in Philadelphia.” The forces of GENERAL POPE had better be organised by distribution into divisions, each destined to carry out a special operation. One squad of these scoundrels, selected for service requiring the muscular strength of powerful ruffians, might be formed into a brigade under the denomination of Heavy Burglars; whilst another set of thieves, designed for nimble depredations, might take the name of Light Prigs. There might also be a scientific corps of Pickers and Stealers, capable, doubtless, of stealing anything but a march on the enemy; but particularly expeditious in stealing away. This higher department of POPE’s rascality should include a body of Faussaires who could forge as well as utter counterfeit shimplasters; and with these might be associated a regiment of Smashers, if it were supposable that Federal soldiers are paid in a metallic currency.

It is not probable that any of GENERAL POPE’s villains march wide between the legs, because, under the present humane conditions of penal discipline, none of them could have been accustomed to have gyves on. There is doubtless more than a shirt and a half in each company of them, because, if they heretofore wanted underclothing, by this time we may be sure that they have found linen enough on every hedge. It is devoutly to be hoped, that POPE will soon have led his ragamuffins where they are peppered.

“WHY SHOULD OUR GARMENTS,” &c.

“The Artists of the Nineteenth Century” have issued a declaration (published by our friend, MISS EMILY FAITHFUL, and it was delicate to use a lady’s printing press in such a matter) “On the Influence of costume and fashion upon High Art.” The declaration is signed by a great number of eminent men at home and abroad, and its point is to insist that people of the present day dress so hideously that they will not make pictures. A transitional change is recommended, and the Declarers affectionately remind the public that so long as they make Guys of themselves at the instigation of tailors and milliners, portraits have no value except as family memorials, whereas, if we dressed properly, the artists would make us into *tableaux* which the whole world should admire. All this is perfectly true, but what is to be done? How are we to extricate ourselves from the tyranny of the tailor and the milliner? This the Declarers do not tell us, nor was it to be expected perhaps that they should advise us how to conduct a rebellion. But why do they not tell us how they would like us to dress? Men, for instance. Are they to come out with a choice array of colour, and with a picturesquely cut garb, and that general amplexness and nobleness in treatment of costume, which bespeaks the grand and heroic in the wearer? In that case, and unless the Declarers have something better to recommend, which we humbly conceive to be impossible, there is one garb which fulfils all the above conditions, and renders the owner a subject for the pencil of the grand school. Need *Mr. Punch* add that such costume is His Own. My brethren, what a world this would be to live in and to paint if we were All Punches—except the Judies.

A Ticket-of-Leave that Really is Wanted.

We think that a Ticket-of-Leave might be granted with great effect to his Holiness the POPE. A little travelling at this time of the year would do him a great deal of good. The French troops might accompany him on the trip. They would be not only company for him, but would be able, also, to protect him. Should the POPE be prevailed upon to withdraw his holy person as well as his holy escort from Rome,

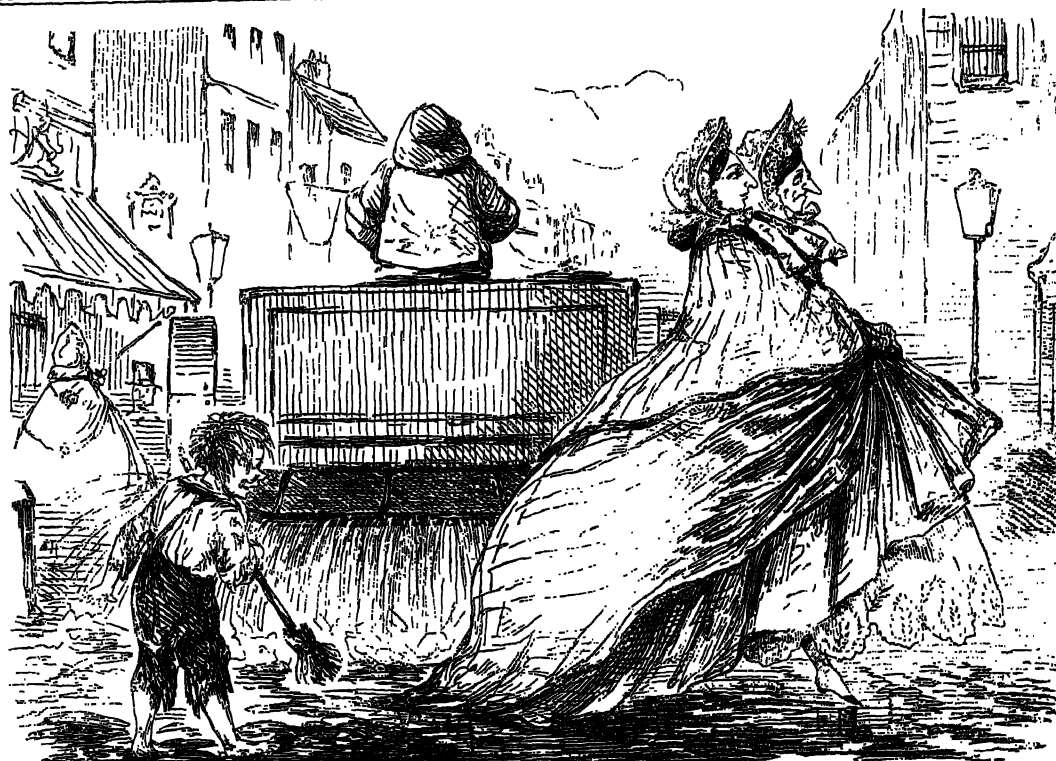
then the Papacy might be significantly translated into the three French magic initials P. P. C., which, we all know, are the fashionable slang for “*Pour Prendre Congé*.” The sooner he takes that *congé* the better.

SAINTS LAID DOWN TO MELLOW.

AMONG the news from Paris we read that:—

“The tomb in white marble, erected in one of the chapels of Notre Dame to the memory of MGR. AFFRE, killed at the barricades in June, 1848, is now terminated. The archbishop is represented in his soutane with the olive branch in his hand, and in the act of falling mortally wounded.”

Why did not the POPE, the other day, canonising the alleged Japanese martyrs, whilst his hand was in, canonise the real martyr in whose memory the above-described monument has been erected? The Japanese sufferers are said, truly or falsely, to have been robbers and pirates, and executed as such; but there is no doubt that ARCHBISHOP AFFRE was shot in the act of attempting to stay bloodshed by persuasion. His Holiness might at least as safely have declared the undoubted peace-maker blessed as he affirmed the beatitude of the questionable victims. There is a relic, too, of AFFRE, preserved at Notre Dame; a portion of his spine perforated by the shot which killed him, and which is fixed on the point of a golden arrow that threads the perforation. No doubt this relic is as miraculous as any other in existence, and will be found so three hundred years hence, if there should then still be a Pope, who may deem it expedient to canonise a martyr to all appearance meriting the crown of one so well as the original proprietor of that section of vertebrae. It generally takes about three centuries to prepare the world for the discovery that miracles were notoriously wrought with the bones of a Saint immediately after his death. Perhaps, however, it is less likely that ARCHBISHOP AFFRE will be canonised in 2162 than that the honour of sanctity will be conferred on some of those Irish martyrs who have lately attested their faith, if not that of their spiritual teachers, on the gallows. That is to say, provided always that there shall at that future period be a Pope in being, as there may be if the physical force of civilised France is eternally to uphold popery and priestcraft in the Eternal City.



"Well, if them two'd promise to come reglar hevery mornin', I'd take a hevt'er arf hour in bed, while they sur'p' my Crossin'."

THE CONSTITUTION, IN DANGER.

It is well known to physicians that the stoppage of any habitual outgoing from the human system, such as that which is caused by certain healing processes too suddenly occurring, is apt to occasion dangerous diseases. Corresponding effects in the body politic are to be apprehended from analogous causes. Accordingly, let the Government attend to the fact that the flow of emigration to the United States of America has now ceased, and many emigrants are actually coming back again. The retention of all those injurious agents that the United Kingdom used to give off to the United States is likely, if not remedied, to be a source of serious disorder.

HISTORICAL SAYING.—It was **DIOGENES**, who—returning from his long-protracted journey in search of an honest man—exclaimed with a sigh, as he blew out his lantern, "*Ma foi, le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*" **THEIR'S** *Petite Histoire Pour les Petits Enfants.*

A BLANK DAY WITH THE BLACK COCKS.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"By the kindness of my friend **CRACKSHOT**, who has Government influence, I have enjoyed a day's blackcock shooting down at Coolmer Forest, and for the benefit of Cockney sportsmen like myself, I purpose now to give you some account of my enjoyment. Coolmer, as of course you know, is near the old coach-road to Sherrysmouth; and, if any of the old coaches had been extant on that road, I think they would have carried us pretty well as quickly, and certainly more smoothly than the railway carriage did which we were forced to travel by. Remembering the old saying about the early bird, and believing that the Blackcock family were birds that got up early, and might then best be met with, we passed the night at Nosehook, or a place of some such name, and started for our shooting in the cool of the morning, with the thermometer at scarcely more than ninety in the shade. Our virtue in performing this feat of early rising proved to be its own reward, for nothing else rewarded it. With the exception of a donkey, which a short-sighted sportsman might have shot at as a deer, the only game we found in the first hour and a half was a couple of wild ducks, which we might certainly have bagged if they had but been tame ones. But except **SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG'S**, I know of no breechloader that will kill at half a mile, and this is usually the distance at which wildfowl think it safe to rise and fly away from one.

"I don't know how **M'GREGOR** felt when he had his foot upon his native heath; but I must say for myself that walking on a moor is not by any means so easy as walking along Moorgate Street. Perhaps wading is a fitter name to give to it than walking, for one is more than half submerged in a perfect sea of heather, and every here and there one flounders into scarcely fathomable deeps, where a sportsman of small stature, becomes totally immersed. **CRACKSHOT**, who has legs of about the length of lamp-posts, of course progressed more favourably than I could hope to do, and I fear that there was more of sarcasm than sympathy in his repeated queries as to how were my poor feet.

"I have heard that on the Scottish moors the midges are a nuisance, but I'll back the flies at Coolmer to be found by far a greater one. My head was all day long enveloped in a cloud of them, and you can't think how I suffered from the buzzing biting big and little children of Beelzebub. I wished that Nature had provided them with better occupation than spending a whole morning in plaguing and tormenting us; but flies are not the only idle creatures in the world, that delight to spend their time in plaguing other people.

"But, after all, the Blackcocks were themselves the greatest torment to us. We were under strict injunctions not to shoot the hens, and you may fancy what our feelings were at seeing five hens in five minutes rising each to a dead point, and flying off unaimed at by our deadly double-barrels. I hope that all who shoot at Coolmer are as virtuous as we were, and with as noble resolution keep their hands from henslaughter. The cocks too were as tantalising as we found the hens; for they kept on getting up just ten yards out of shot, and not even a wire cartridge could 'perwall on them to stop' with us. In a part of the ground called Pigmoor (which owes its name to **ROGER BACON** calling for 'more pig' when he was at a picnic there), I spied a fine old cock upon the low bough of a fir-tree; and, like the admirer of the hapless *Lucy Neal*, I thought if I were by his side how happy I should feel. But when he saw me trying to stalk him, he wagged his old head in the most provoking manner, as much as to say 'You are a young man, but you don't get over me.' So after wading for eight hours in a Turkish bath of heat, our day's blackcock-shooting ended in our not bagging one of them; and when I tell you as a sportsman that besides black game, we saw partridges and pheasants which we also might not shoot, and plover, snipe, and wild duck which kept safely out of shot, you may conceive that our position made us somewhat think of **Tantalus**, and fancy that his torments could have scarcely equalled ours.

"There is nothing vastly funny in this narrative, it is true. But at least it serves to show what Englishmen will cheerfully submit to in their ardour for *le sport*: and a blank day's blackcock-shooting is a far more healthy pastime both for muscles and for mind than a morning spent with dominoes in the manner of our neighbours, or with the scarcely more laborious exercise of billiards. With which beautiful reflection,

"I remain, my dear *Punch*, yours most sincerely,

"**RAMROD.**"

"P.S. Grouse-shooting was clearly a classical amusement, for we find it said of **CÆSAR** that "*ad Munros projectus est*," which evidently means that he went sporting on the Moors."

Muscular Christianity.

Among the parties into which the Clergy are divided there is one whose members are called "Muscular Christians." What is a Muscular Christian? The best answer we can give to this question is, that a Muscular Christian is a Strong-minded Clergyman.



MR. TOWNMOUSE TAKES LODGINGS FOR HIS FAMILY AT A FARMHOUSE IN A REMOTE DISTRICT. DELIGHTFUL SPOT; BUT THEY WEREN'T SO WELL OFF FOR BUTCHER'S MEAT AS THEY COULD WISH.

FARMER. "Now, if your lady 'ud like some nice Pork—Oh! she does like Pork!—Well then, we shall kill a Pig the week arter next."

MUTTON IN DANGER!

No danger more sensibly affects us than that which threatens our bread, except the danger which threatens our meat, but this is perhaps more dreadful than the other; for most Englishmen, and all Irishmen, would rather lose their bread than their meat, provided that they could preserve their potatoes.

For all that is said about English beef, the most popular form of animal food in England is undoubtedly mutton. Terror and alarm, therefore, cannot but be created in the minds of her MAJESTY'S subjects by the known fact that small-pox has broken out, and is still raging, among certain stocks of sheep in Dorsetshire and Wiltshire. Our mutton is in danger!

Now, if anybody expects that *Mr. Punch* is going to make any attempt at joking on this serious subject, as by saying that the poor sheep are much to be pitted, by perpetrating an antithesis between measly pork and variolous mutton, or by recommending the vaccination of lambs along with little children, he takes *Punch* for a greater fool than he is—according to the various rogues, pretenders, hypocrites, humbugs, quacks, pedants, and coxcombs whom *Punch* has annoyed.

What *Mr. Punch* does wish to do with regard to the disease which menaces him with the privation of his chops, and his haunch, his leg, his loin, his neck, his saddle, is to deprecate the madness of attempting to arrest it by inoculation. It is said that PROFESSOR SYMONDS has advised this proceeding; but such advice seems to *Punch* less worthy of a PROFESSOR SYMONDS than of a Simple SIMON.

On this subject *Mr. Punch's* opinion is fortified by that of an authority no lighter than that of SIR J. T. TYRELL whose views of Protection, so far as sheep and small-pox are concerned, are identical with his own. SIR JOHN states, in the *Times*, that sixteen years ago, when the disease occurred in Essex, a neighbour of his, whose sheep were inoculated, whilst his were not, lost ten in a day to his one; and he says:—

"I have given orders that the moment the disease appears in my flock the animal shall be destroyed. I should as soon think of inoculating for the plague or the yellow fever, now said to prevail in the River Thames."

Inoculation, as a preventive of small-pox in the Christian, and our

fellow-subjects of every other denomination, having been abandoned and condemned, why should it be practised on sheep? If the parson's flock are not to be inoculated, why should the farmer's be? The latter ought not to be inoculated for the same reason as that which forbids the former, namely, contagion; of which it is said that the poison is conveyed by starlings and blow-flies. No doubt there are many other vehicles for it than the bluebottle in which the disease is bottled, and the bird of the air which carries the infectious matter. The inoculation of sheep would probably result in the diffusion of small-pox over the South Downs to begin with, and thence throughout the kingdom. Mutton is quite dear enough as it is, and butchers thrive whilst veterinary surgeons have quite as much to do as they should. Surely none of the Wiltshire farmers will inoculate their sheep except the lineal descendants of those famous bumpkins who tried to rake the satellite of this planet out of a pool.

SONG OF THE INNER SELF.

WHAT signifies what was,
If it exists no more,
And did not constitute the cause
Of some existing bore,
Or nuisance, distant yet,
But which must one day be,
Or good I've got or have to get,
Not you instead of me?

Change of Title.

WE recollect that there was published years ago a novel, by MAXWELL, called *Stories of Waterloo*. Looking at the many fine imaginative passages in MONS. THIERS' *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, especially in the latter volumes, we think that the above title would indicate their contents with most felicitous justice. The word "Stories" would let the reader know at once what he had to expect.

PROBLEMS FOR PLAYGOERS.



ERTAINLY the best newspaper for breakfast is a theatrical one. If it does not satisfy one's desire for news, it never fails to furnish ample food for reflection. For instance, here are four advertisements taken from one sheet, two addressed to gentlemen, and the other two to ladies. In gallantry of course we give the first place to the latter:—

WANTED, a good LEADING LADY, for the Summer Season. Also, Chambermaid to sing between the Pieces; Second Low Comedian to sing.—Address, &c.

WANTED, a LADY CHARACTERISTIC SINGER and DANCER, a Comic Singer, and a good Nigger. Good References. No stamps. Silence a negative. P.S.—Miss CRUMMLES can write.

The meaning of this Postscript we are puzzled to make out. Is ability to write so unusual among actresses that MISS CRUMMLES thinks it needful to advertise thus publicly that she possesses the accomplishment? If this be really so, the next debate on Education surely ought to bear some reference to the appalling fact. Then pray why is a "Chambermaid" required to sing between the pieces? Would not a housemaid do as well or a kitchen-maid or cook? We suppose that if one asked a chambermaid to sing, which is about the last thing in the world one ever would require of her, one might naturally expect her to sing some "chamber music;" but this is not at all well suited to the stage, and the requirement of a song from her is therefore the more perplexing to us.

The notices to gentlemen of which we spoke are these:—

WANTED, IMMEDIATELY, a Gent for the Entire Lead, and two Single Men for utility.—Direct, H. P.

WANTED, a GENTLEMAN for the LEAD. Also, a Walking Gentleman to combine Responsible Business.—Apply to "THE LESSER." No stamps required. Silence a polite negative.

What is the stage difference between a gentleman and a gent? There clearly must be some distinction, or they would not thus be separately specified. In common civilised society, we should hardly think a gentleman would ever think of offering to fill a place intended for a gent; but possibly in theatres the terms are more synonymous. Again, why only single men are wanted for "utility" we cannot well make out. Surely it cannot be that actors, when they marry, cease to be of use? And then in what respect does a "gentleman for the lead" differ from a "walking gentleman?" Is it that the former, as befits a leading person, is required to keep a carriage; and for the credit of the theatre, is not allowed to walk? What "responsible business" is intended for the latter, and how he is expected to combine it with his walking, these questions quite defeat our ingenuity to solve. The business of a bill-sticker may be combined with ambulation, and country players, as we know, sometimes distribute their own bills. But such business, though responsible, is hardly such as needs a "gentleman" to execute it; and we should think a walking small boy would quite as well suffice.

Score One in Favour of America.

(Conversation on leaving Guildhall.)

Young Man from the Country. Did you ever see such monsters, such hideous Guys as those two statues?

Old Man of the World. Certainly. Ridiculous, wooden, repelling, unnatural as they may be, still against Gog and Magog, I would back the American Demagogue to go in and win!

Killing Work.

THE Yankees are always blustering loudly about going to war with England. We should regret it for more reasons than one, should such a wicked calamity ever occur, and frankly because (to mention only one of our many reasons) we should be frightened, inasmuch as we never had five minutes' conversation with a Yankee yet, without coming away with the painful conviction of what a rare adept he was in *murdering the Queen's English!*

GOOD NEWS FOR THE WHISKERLESS.

HERR SHUTEZ,

BARBER IN ORDINARY TO ALL THE COURTS OF GERMANY,

Respectfully announces that he is prepared to SUPPLY WHISKERS of any length and colour, and warranted manufactured from NATURAL FACIAL HAIR, as no other growth of the human head is capable of DECEIVING THE SCRUTINISING EYES of fair observers, for whom those

LUXURIANT ADORNMENTS

are cultivated by the Lords of the Creation.

HERR SHUTEZ can warrant his Whiskers to bear the closest inspection, as he employs.

SEVERAL HUNDRED YOUNG GENTLEMEN TO GROW THE REQUISITE MATERIAL,

And many of the hirsute promenaders of London and the most fashionable Watering Places are engaged at enormous weekly wages to GROW WHISKERS SOLELY for the establishment of the advertiser.

LIST OF PRICES.

Ordinary commercial cut, with natural frizzle	£3	3	0
Black piraticals, moderate length	4	4	0
Ditto, ditto, long and glossy, warranted grown on Rowland's Macassar	6	6	0
Lord Dundrearys—equal to nature	7	7	0
Very light fellahintheGuards style	3	3	0
Real leonine, bristly and tawny	5	5	0
Ditto, ditto, carefully weeded from carrots and grey hairs	6	6	0
A few pairs of eighteen-inch wavers, very choice	10	10	0

Whisker-growers liberally treated with, and the best price given for Early Crops. Dyed samples not required.

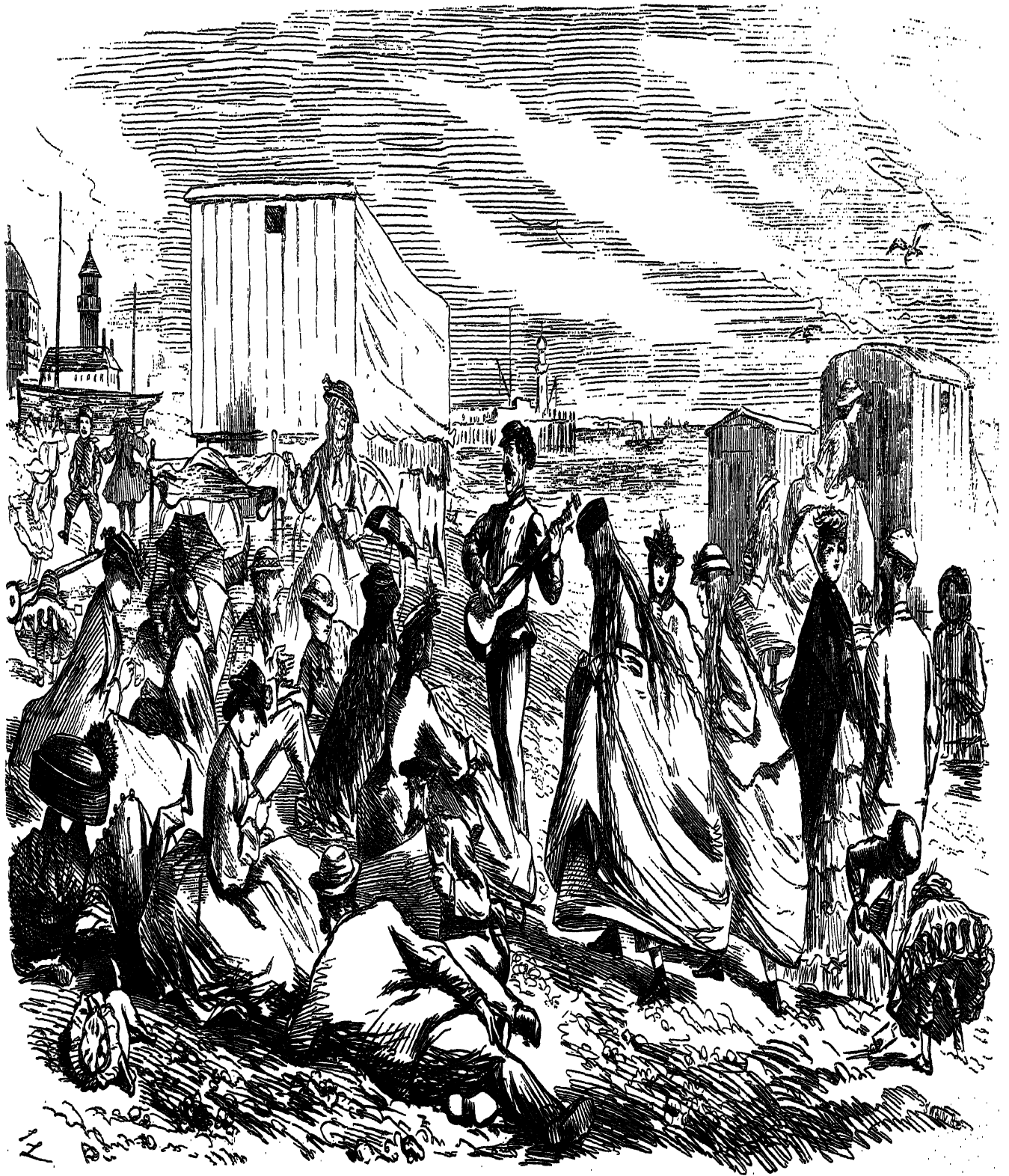
1, Belgrave Buildings—Knock ten times.



MADDER AND MADDER.

THE *Napoléonien* of Aveyron states that "upon the proposition of the Agricultural Society of Avignon, experiments for raising cotton in the madder lands are about to be tried on a large scale." The madder lands in question are those of France, which have become less profitable now that the American War has lessened the consumption, and the price, of articles used in dyeing. Thus much it is necessary to explain, for, considering that the Yankees may make up their minds to lose the South, you might naturally suppose that those madder lands in which experiments for raising cotton are about to be tried are the frantic Northern States. The madder lands of America surpass any that could be found in the most sanguinary of Red Republics.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—Morocco boots are now much worn on the Moors.



THE BEACH—A SKETCH FOR WARM WEATHER.

A HARPOON FOR WALES.

We are informed by the journals that circulate on the frontier of the district called Wales, that there is going to be held somewhere in the Principality a gathering, which is called in the barbarous language of Wales an "Eisteddfod," or assemblage of Welsh Bards, as they call themselves. This is a nuisance of an ordinary character; but the special meeting in question is to be very large, indeed larger than has been ever held in Wales. We think we read that between six and seven hundred of the abominable Bards, who help to keep up what a Welsh Gentleman in the House of Commons had the sense and manliness to call the *Curse of Wales*, namely, the Welsh Language, are to meet at this Eisteddfod. This is well. We shall have a suggestion to make upon the subject presently, in the mean time we should like English readers to have a notion of the kind of bosh which these Bards emit. We read in the *Oswestry Advertiser*, which works well for the cause of civilisation by giving much prominence to the absurdities of the Cambrians, that a lot of Bards, mixing up Bardery with the Dissenting Interest, held an Eisteddfod in a Congregational Chapel at Bala. The Bards with a sweet adherence to the lofty impartiality of the poetic character, addressed themselves to a glorification of a sectarian demonstration. As citizens they had a perfect right, of course, to sing at a Dissenting tea-party or any other gathering, but a Bard, a Bard striking his harp and hymning MR. MIALL and the Anti-Church-rate Association! There was a Dissenting minister in the chair, who was quite justified in availing himself of whatever capital was to be made out of the Bards; and after an address about the Bicentenary, he "called upon the Bards to repeat their poetic effusions." "Which," says the report, furnished we presume by a Welshman, "was complied with by Eos WYN and RHISYART DOU." This latter gentleman may be some relative of RODERICK or some other Doo, but we are not favoured with his lyric. Divers Bards followed, and one got ten shillings for the best "englynion" to "Corwen and Bala Railway." We have of course no idea, and desire to have none, as to the meaning of the word "englynion;" but it may be something in the way of compliment, and, at all events, a Welsh poem is fittingly and naturally addressed to Sleepers. But later in the day the following Bards repeated some poetry. DYFNWAL TEGID, DUEL MORLWYN, EOS WYN, and J. EVANS, CASTELL. The last Bard has put his Welsh ideas into English, and here they are—

"What is the distant murmur,
Falling as from the skies,
What is the voice that bids us
Children of Cambria arise;
What is the bidding that echoes
From ages long gone by,
What is that voice which calls us,
Rise to conquer or die,
'Tis the voice of your fathers long dead,
Calling from the depth of the graves,
Ye children of Cambria arise
Defy them to call you their slaves;
We do our fathers, we rise,
Hark, hark, to that echoing cry!
We are up like our fathers of yore,
We are up to conquer or die.
Whom are those that bid us be slaves,
While we stand on the earth of the free,
In the sound of wild Tegid's waves
Where murmur Trywern and Dee;
Our hearts are as free as the breeze
That bid Tegid's wild waves arise,
Then who is the man that would bid us
Be slaves, 'neath the trocman's skies;
We scorn your sways, we can despise your terrors,
There take your chains, pray keep them for your errors."

Now what does Bard CASTELL mean by all this? As for the murmur tumbling out of the skies and requesting the Welsh to get out of bed, we have no objection to that or any other poetic image. But when the Welsh are out of bed, and we will add dressed, what are they to do? Open their shops and sweep the same, and proceed with the ordinary business of life. Certainly not. They are to "Conquer or die." Conquer what? Their obstinacy and ignorance, or the difficulties of the English language, either of which operations would much tend to the improvement of the Welshman. "Or die." Never say die, Bard CASTELL. What do you want to die for? Live to drink many a draught of muddy ale, three days old, and sputter much more Welsh. But, go on, CASTELL. 'Tis the voice of your dead fathers, calling out of their graves. Why, you old humbug, you said just now that the sound came out of the sky. That won't do, CASTELL, unless your respected fathers were ventriloquists. And what do they say? "Arise." What, again. Ah, they know your habits, and won't believe you get out of bed at the first call. Well, and having arisen, what? "Defy them to call you their slaves." Defy whom? Your fathers? That is the only grammatical construction of the passage. But if not your fathers, whom? Who's *them*? Nobody else is mentioned. Do you mean the English, you traitor! If so, make over your Welsh wig, harp, pound and a half of cheese, and all other your personal estate and effects, to some trustee for your next of kin, as we intend to get SIR WILLIAM ATHERTON, Attorney-General, to have you executed, notwithstanding his Dissenting

principles being akin to yours. He will hang you as soon as not, and therefore, if you don't mean the English by "them," you had better telegraph to him to say so. But oh you go. "We do our fathers, we rise." Ha! ha! No, you unfilial Bard, you don't do your fathers. They are too wide-awake old Welsh buffers to be done by their cater-wauling progeny. Not you, but you are trying to do *our* fathers, and their children, into a belief that you are real Bards when you are no better than bellmen. And you have the assurance to answer that you "are up—to conquer." Bards, *we* are up—to snuff; Welsh snuff, bards; and you are humbugs, we tell you. Ah, you have slipped out of the noose, and ATHERTON is cheated of his victim.

"Where are those that bid us be slaves,
While we stand on the earth of the free?"

And echo answers that she has not the least idea. Nor have we, nor have you. Therefore it is quite safe to go on bothering with a repetition of the same insane question, CASTELL. Who's "TEGID," CASTELL?—we know what's turgid, CASTELL. And now for your finish. "We scorn your sways." Whose sways? Have you taken heart for another shy at England? Do you scorn our sways, Cambrian? Ha! "We can despise your terrors." But we have no terrors, CASTELL, except terrors of hearing canticles like those you chant in the Congregational chapel. Terrors, indeed! But you only wanted a rhyme to errors, and we won't be hard upon you, for *Mr. Punch* himself has had his difficulties in that walk. You wanted to make a bang in your last line, and you majestically exclaim, "There take your chains!" But what chains, CASTELL? Those of the Menai bridge? Thank you, but they serve to aid in the civilisation of Wales. We do not know any other chains which England has imposed upon you, except the brass watch-chains, gilded, which we fear some of our Houndsditch fellow-Christians occasionally induce you, late on market or fair-day, to purchase for the decoration of your splendid Sabbath waistcoats. Bosh, CASTELL! You mean "Take your change." That, said respectfully is more becoming the mouth of a decent little Welsh shopkeeper. But we come to your final epigram. "Pray keep them for your errors." Eh? We are to chain up our errors. That is really a bold and striking image, which redeems the whole Ode. Are we to put collars round their necks?—you might mention that in your next. Come, we forgive you all your nonsense for the sake of that splendid idea—the chaining up errors, and requesting them to lie down quietly, and not bark at the Congregational Bards. Bravo, CASTELL!

This, ladies and gentlemen, is the sort of stuff which Welsh Bards offer at the Eisteddfod. CADWALLON is no more, but there is MR. GRIFFITHS. MODRED is defunct, but there is MR. JONES, and brave what-do-you-call-him sleeps upon his craggy bed, but MR. THOMAS is awake and sputtering. They call themselves Bards, and the ridiculous humbug is kept up, they being as much Bards as any of the lean-legged parties who attire themselves as Foresters are akin to *Robin Hood*. Hundreds of them are going to meet somewhere—we will find out where, and,

Oh, if it please your Majesty, QUEEN VICTORIA, if you would be so kind as to recollect that you are descended from that excellent Sovereign, EDWARD THE FIRST. If your Majesty would recollect an amiable trait in his character, and emulate it—there are several regiments at Chester—and *Mr. Punch* will, after the little operation, write an Ode that shall entirely extinguish that of GRAY.

[Our Contributor has some sense in him, and has shown a little of it in the above article, but our own private opinion is that his atrabiliousness has been excited by two bills, presented to him at two Welsh Hotels, possibly to be named hereafter. He sends us the bills, a request for a cheque, and the above contribution. If he thinks that the latter is an equivalent for the amount he requires, he will find out his mistake on returning to town; but we will "let him have his dream to-day."—*Ed. Punch.*]

SOMETHING SUPERFLUOUS.

MR. PUNCH perceives in the papers of this week a London advertisement beginning "FIRST COUSINS WANTED." What extraordinarily lonely man can have put this in. At the end of a season in which every house in London has had more first cousins and second cousins and third cousins in it than any non-insane architect would have declared it possible to cram into the existing arrangements, a man deliberately advertises for First Cousins. We fear he must be a bad man and of kin to the Islington Cannibal against whom we had to warn a young lady last week, and we recommend his affectionate cousins to keep out of his way, especially if they stand in his light in the family pedigree. Nobody in this International September can be advertising for cousins for any good purpose.

Notions of the Beautiful.

SCENE—A Nobleman's Country House.

First Housemaid. You've seen the young Lord? I forget his name—who arrived this morning. Don't you think he's very good looking?
Second Housemaid. Certainly—he's even beautiful! But SUSAN, dear, only think! wouldn't he look handsome in livery!



CAUTION TO LADIES RIDING IN HANSOMS.

CABMEN ON CAB-LAW.

THE Cabmen of the Metropolis, desirous only of obtaining their just rights, and of obtaining them by legitimate means, have abandoned the idea of a strike, (on *Mr. Punch's* hint about licences,) and now wish to act reasonably. They have therefore drawn up the following heads of the Law, as they wish it to stand, and if public opinion is with them, they hope to get the Cab-Act amended next Session in conformity with the following memoranda:—

1. Free trade in cabs. Every driver to charge what he likes.
2. Tradesmen in other departments stick one price on the goods in the window and take another, and the Cabman ought to be allowed to do the same.
3. No person to ask for a ticket.
4. No number or badge of humiliation to be worn.
5. No number to be affixed to the cab.
6. No Magistrate to hear a case against a Cabman unless the complainant has at least four witnesses, and gives security for costs.
7. No Cabman to be obliged to go in a direction contrary to his wish.
8. No stranger to interfere in any dispute between a cabman and his fare.
9. No Gentleman, or male person, to interfere, when a Cabman has brought home ladies, and there is a difference as to the fare.
10. Any person under-paying a Cabman to be guilty of felony.
11. Any person using harsh language to a Cabman to be guilty of misdemeanour.
12. A Court of retired Cab-drivers to be established, to sit and hear any complaints by drivers, and the decision of such Court to be final.
13. Treble fares to be allowed on a wet or hot day, or on a holiday, or at any other time the said Court shall ordain.

THE STAMP OF A YANKEE.—A twopenny-halfpenny bank-note.

THE YANKEE CONSCRIPT ON CONSCRIPTION.

THEY sez, to die for fatherland, a doin' of the dutiful,
Is sweet an' comely; it du look cadaverus kinder beautiful;
But ez to bein' sweet at all, I wun't say I've a doubt on it,
For this here world of ourn ain't got no way that's pleasant out on it.

Wen dyin' of a bullet wick the docter can't extract, or
A shattered leg, an' gangreen on a comminuted fracter,
Praps you may feel sum comfort in your torter, ef your trust is
That you 're a sufferin' marterdum accuse you fit for justis.

But ef so be you went to war for glory, pay, or plunder,
Wut then will ease the pangs of death ez you 're a writhin under?
When you reflects what acts o' yourn your agernies is owin' to,
I guess it wun't relieve 'em much to think whar you 're a goin' to.

The honner you must leave below with that there crushed and gory form,
I 'gree with that old Fatsides in the playbook, ain't no chloryform,
Wun't stop the smart o' ne'er a wound, sword-cut, or stab o' bagganet:
Honner ain't wuth a cent ixcept to them ez lives to brag on it.

Neow, ef I goes to fight the South, jest s'pose a saber gashes me,
A jagged fragment of a shell rips up or round-shot smashes me,
Then, when I'm forced to bite the dust in misery, and sprawl about,
I reckon honner ain't the thing I'm like to think at all about.

Not ef I wus the Gin'ral's self, and know'd when I was gone you meant
Above my mangled carkiss fer to stick a marble monument,
Instead o' scrapin, whar I fell, a foot or so o' mould on me,
Or leavin' me for sun to bake, an' varmin to get hold on me.

Don't think I'll volunteer for you to conker the ascendant
Of them that's as much right as we to flourish independent;
An' ef you press me, onderstand you force a man unwillin'
That ain't the sort of sojer, quite, for bein' killed an' killin'.

Press me, destroy my liberty, then you are the aggressor;
I holds my deadliest enemy, my tyrant, my oppressor.
Make me a military slave, a warfarin' white nigger on!
Mind that it ain't yourself I draws the bead, and pulls the trigger on.

A HOUSE AND A WIFE FOR LITTLE.

It has been long decided that, under certain circumstances, a man may marry on £300 a-year. How to marry and keep house on that sum is another question, which, for many of our readers, perhaps remains to be settled. In the interest of matrimony, as our neighbours say, we hasten to propose a solution of this problem, which may be accepted by some young men superior to vulgar prejudices.

How to marry and keep house on £300 a-year? First, get your wife? No. First get your house: for how can you expect that a sensible girl will have you, if you have no home to offer her? You want a good house at a moderate rent. Well, there are such houses to be had. It is well known that there are many houses at ridiculously moderate terms. Nobody will take them, for the simple reason—the very simple reason—that a horrid murder was committed in them some years ago, or that a skeleton has been found under the hearth. First, then, how to get a house to live in? Advertise for a HAUNTED HOUSE.

Next, how to get a wife with only £300 a-year to offer her? That is a small income in these days of crinoline and other sumptuous habits. It will leave a small margin for ostentation and self-indulgence. Never mind. So much the better. If you marry an inexpensive wife it is just the same as if you married "a girl with tin," as a rich young lady is termed by juvenile sages. Girls may be cheap and nice, and all the nicer and dearer for being cheap. Such girls there are with nobody coming to marry them, nobody coming to woo, because of a peculiarity which the ancient Romans adored. HORACE would have jumped at a golden-haired maiden. Advertise, then, for a wife with golden hair; call it auburn if you like, and say that you are not particular to a shade, but prefer the tint which most nearly approaches that of a familiar vegetable.

Haunted houses are almost always picturesque and snug, the finest old places that can be to smoke a pipe in and drink real wine out of antique flagons. Some golden-haired girls are among the most amiable and intelligent of their sex, and also among the most beautiful to those sensible young fellows who entertain no stupid objection to golden hair. In your old Haunted House, with your young golden-haired bride, you might be as happy as doves in a cage, or owls in an ivy-bush.

THE BITTEREST OF AMERICAN DRINKS.—The Militia Draught.



BROADWAY.

Box. "Now then, Yankee, out of the way; here's the Cavalry a-coming."

A YANKEE HICCUP.

ONE of the electric wires belonging to MR. REUTER has been the unconscious instrument of conveyance for the sub-joined ravings uttered by MR. CASSIUS M. CLAY, in a speech which he lately made at Washington:—

"England is the most unfriendly nation on earth. Her conduct on the slavery question is hellishly damnable hypocrisy. She is looking for America's downfall, but France protects America. He would not desist speaking against England. When England threatened the national existence, NAPOLEON was the firm and fixed friend of America."

"Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?" is the question which will occur to every Englishman who reads the maniacal invective delivered, as above reported, by the Yankee CASSIUS. The style of this furious fool resembles nothing ever heard in England out of Bedlam, except the noisy truculent drivel of a violent imbecile drunkard, in a paroxysm of *delirium tremens*, belching frantic impotent abuse in the tap-room of a low public-house. MR. CLAY, apparently, is excessively given to moisten that base clay ridiculously adjoined to the name of a noble Roman, with brandy-smash, and other infatuating and infuriating beverages. In this way he may be regarded as a practitioner, though not an ornament, of the American Bar.

No sober Northern American gentleman, of course, could speak of England in any other terms than those of the most ardent gratitude for the marvellous forbearance which she has exhibited towards those who, loving their own pride and purposes, have subjected her to the cotton famine. Only a drunken Yankee blackguard could abuse and blaspheme her in return for the romantic generosity with which she has abstained from supplying the South with the ships and the weapons which were all that they wanted for the swift discomfiture of Yankeedom. CASSIUS M. CLAY may pass for a stump orator; but it was evidently from no stump that he howled the false nonsense above quoted. He must have been rolling in the kennel or sprawling on the ground; it is clear that he was unable to stand or go, manifest that he was lying.

THE SEAT OF WAUGH.—A pleasant country-seat, out of creditor-range.

PITY THE POOR FOREIGNERS.

We hear a good deal said about preventing cruelty to animals; but nobody appears to think a bit about preventing cruelty to foreigners. By the care and labour of two charitable societies, cab-horses are saved from being whipped to death, and dogs that lose their way are tenderly looked after and conducted to a refuge. Now, when such care is expended upon other living creatures, surely some one ought to start a scheme for picking up stray foreigners, and conducting them in safety whither they may want to go, and for saving them, if possible, from being much fleeced when they get there. Members of a London Geographical Society should be placed at certain distances on duty in the streets, to look out for unfortunate Mossoos who have lost their way, and are as helpless as stray sheep, and quite as likely to be fleeced.

As it is, the poor Mossoo has only the police to guide his wandering steps; and a policeman, as a rule, knows nought beyond his beat, and not one in a hundred of them could tell Mossoo the way he happens to want to know, which most likely is the shortest cut from Leicester Square to Limehouse. Besides, even if he know what directions should be given, pray how is a policeman, who cannot speak one word of any language but his own, to make himself intelligible to Mossoo or Mynherr, who, it is nearly as presumable, does not know a word of English. Of course, the consequence is usually that Mynherr and Mossoo are in desperation driven to commit themselves to cabs, and it may faintly be imagined what miles and miles they go before they reach their destination, and how dearly, when they do so, they find they have to pay.

THE PENNY-A-LINER'S BEST FRIEND.

FROM the number of accidents that are continually occurring, we should say that the very best friend the Penny-a-liner ever had is Crinoline. The mere fires alone that have resulted from wearing that fatal garment must have cooked him many and many a dinner. In fact, we suspect that on several occasions, when at a loss for a genuine accident, that it has also fired his imagination, since it is almost impossible to believe that the innumerable casualties recorded nearly every day in the papers can all have been founded on fact. Considering the number of persons it has consumed alive, crinoline seems to have inherited the secret of the

patent of Nessus' shirt—a secret that we always thought had been for ever extinguished with the life of its first Herculean wearer. It is a cruel fashion, that, judging from the number of its unfortunate victims, must have had Moloch for its original inventor. However, though it may have been death to hundreds of ladies, still to many a struggling historian of the hebdomadal press it has proved a positive life-preserver. In fact, our old friend JENKINS declares that he is reconciled to the fashion, out of gratitude to the large profit he has derived from it, and candidly confesses that, if crinoline only continues in existence another year or two, that he shall be able to retire from the profession he has so long adorned, with a very handsome fortune.

A SNUG PLACE FOR A SMALL EATER.

We have heard a little lately about clerical preferment, and the snug places that sometimes are stepped into through the Church. Here however, is a place which few would care to be preferred to, though it is within the giving of a Member of the Church:—

GROOM and GARDENER WANTED, to attend to two horses and two carriages, clean boots and knives, and pump daily, to wait at table occasionally, and valet a gentleman, in a small family. Wages £18 per annum, litery and stable clothes, to lodge and board out. Address the Rev. Curate, — Rectory, N—bury.

Plenty to do and little to get: this appears to be what they who answer this advertisement must look for. For a man to act as groom, and gardener, and waiter, and knife-cleaner, and shoeblack, and valet to a gentleman, besides having to pump daily and look after two carriages, he had need be pretty quick in his locomotive habits, or the odds are he will never get half through his day's work. *Figaro sù, Figaro giù, Figaro quà, Figaro là.* He must be here and there and everywhere, and always on the move, Sir, and able to do at least a dozen things at once. The power of ubiquity, combined with a small appetite, this he ought to have to fit him for the place. Eighteen pounds per annum is not quite a shilling a day, and this is no vast sum to buy one's board and lodging with. There is a text which says, "The labourer is worthy of his hire;" but whether such a hire as is offered in this instance be such as any common labourer would think worthy to accept, we leave "the Rev. Curate" at his leisure to find out.

THE NAGGLETONS.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA.

The Scene represents the Parlour, Hall, and doorsteps of a genteel house in the suburbs of the Metropolis. Various boxes, done up in white and corded, also portmanteaus and carpet bags, also a bonnet-box, and a bundle of umbrellas, sticks, and a fishing-rod, are disposed in the Hall.

Mr. Naggleton (*fussing about*). Now, MARIA, it is 9 o'clock.

Mrs. N. (*looking as objectionable as a woman always does when she has a travelling dress on, no gloves, and a cross aspect*). Well, what if it is?

Mr. N. Train starts at 9'40.

Mrs. N. That's ten minutes to ten.

Mr. N. No, it isn't.

Mrs. N. Yes, it is.

Mr. N. I tell you it is twenty minutes to ten, and we have got to get to the Station.

Mrs. N. You need not tell me that. Do you think I suppose that the train starts from this door?

Mr. N. No; but if we are to catch it, we ought to be off.

Mrs. N. What nonsense! As if we should be three-quarters of an hour going there.

Mr. N. Why no, for if we are, we shall miss the train by five minutes.

Mrs. N. No, we shan't, but you are always in such a fidget, and you like to be an hour before time.

Mr. N. Better so than an hour after it. Are you ready?

Mrs. N. I don't know. What's that noise?

Mr. N. The Cab. I sent for it.

Mrs. N. That you might have to pay the man for waiting half an hour. Just like you.

Mr. N. If you are going to keep him half an hour, say so.

Mrs. N. What then?

Mr. N. Then, I'll go into the City, and we will adjourn our departure till to-morrow.

Mrs. N. If I don't go to-day, I won't go at all.

Mr. N. If you don't go to-day, it will be your own fault.

Mrs. N. No, it will not; it will be yours.

Mr. N. How the — I mean how do you make that out?

Mrs. N. Why, you keep nagging at me, and bewildering me till I don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels. Have you got the bunch of keys?

Mr. N. I've never seen the bunch of keys.

Mrs. N. I gave 'em to you in the bedroom.

Mr. N. You did nothing of the kind. There they are in your basket.

Mrs. N. Then you must have put 'em there.

Mr. N. How could that be when you had the basket on your arm all the time. But you've got them—what else have you got to dawdle for?

Mrs. N. Oh, there! I declare I had rather stay in town all the rest of my life than be hunted and driven like this. Have you written the directions for the luggage?

Mr. N. Lor, woman, yes, and stuck 'em on an hour ago.

Mrs. N. I dare say they'll all come off in the journey.

Mr. N. I dare say they'll do nothing of the kind.

Mrs. N. You know they all did when we went to Boulogne.

Mr. N. I know that one did, which was your own putting on. Mine I pasted firmly on that occasion, and they are on the boxes now.

Mrs. N. Yes, disfiguring them, and making them look like I don't know what.

Mr. N. Can't we finish the Boulogne dispute in the cab, as the time is getting on? But you like to be late—you think it fine.

Mrs. N. How can you talk such rubbish?

Mr. N. I ask you again what the—what are we waiting for?

Mrs. N. We are waiting till I am ready, and are likely to wait till then.

Mr. N. I wish I knew within half an hour or so how soon that would be, because I would like a stroll and a cigar.

Mrs. N. You would vex the soul out of a saint.

Mr. N. I never had the chance of trying. But, my dear, I should like to go to Worthing to-day, unless you have any strong objection.

(Rings.)

Mrs. N. What are you ringing for?

Mr. N. SARAH, to see the boxes in the cab.

Mrs. N. She is up-stairs with the children.

Mr. N. What business has she there?

Mrs. N. I sent her.

Mr. N. Pray, what for? Where's MORTON, whose business it is to attend to them?

Mrs. N. Perhaps, HENRY, you will permit me to manage my servants in my own way?

Mr. N. It seems to me that they manage you.

Mrs. N. I can't answer such vulgarity.

Mr. N. I know you can't answer what I say. But, once more, who is to attend to the boxes, if you send the servants out of the way in this ridiculous manner?

Mrs. N. You have no more feeling for your children than a stone. I desired the servants to stay up-stairs with the poor things, that they might not know that we were going away.

Mr. N. Pack of nonsense, they must know it half-an-hour later, and what's the sense of spoiling children in that absurd way?

Mrs. N. It's very little chance our children have of being spoiled, HENRY. I do not suppose that there is another father in this terraco who would be happy in leaving town without taking his children with him.

Mr. N. Now, how in the name of everything that is—

Mrs. N. Your language is getting perfectly horrible, HENRY. They say such things are a sign of incipient softening of the brain. I hope it may not be true, but DR. WINSLOW is certainly an authority.

Mr. N. Bosh! I was only saying how could the children have gone with us, when JAMES expressly said in his invitation that he had only one room to offer?

Mrs. N. And you were so eager to accept that invitation, while if we had accepted AUNT FLAGGERTY'S, we could all have gone; but AUNT FLAGGERTY doesn't fish, and smoke, and drink gin-and-water in the evening.

Mr. N. It may be so.

Mrs. N. HENRY! If you dare to insult a relative who is so dear to me, in your own mind, common decency might induce you to keep such sentiments to yourself.

Mr. N. I never said a word against the old lady. But I certainly had no great inclination for evenings of reading ALISON, and soda-water and bed-room candles at half-past nine.

Mrs. N. Of course you think of nobody but yourself.

Mr. N. Yes, I think of you, and how pleased and amiable you will look when we get to the terminus and find the doors closed, as we certainly shall.

Mrs. N. We shall do nothing of the kind.

Mr. N. I believe you are right, we shall find them open again, and the clerks giving tickets for the next train, which does not go to Worthing.

Mrs. N. It will be all your own fault if we do, standing here annoying me instead of putting the boxes into the cab.

Mr. N. It's not my business. Let the servants do it.

Mrs. N. There, hold your tongue. I will do it. (*Seizes a vast box.*)

Mr. N. MARIA, are you mad?

Mrs. N. It is enough to make me so, being nagged and worried as I am.

Mr. N. Here (*opens street-door*) Cabman!

Cabman. Here you are, Sir!

Mr. N. I know that, but I want you here. Put these things in and about the cab.

Cabman. Heavy load, rather, Sir, ain't it, Sir? How many might be going, Sir?

Mr. N. There might be twenty, but there are but two.

Mrs. N. That is right, HENRY, and just like you. Standing to exchange wretched jokes with the lower orders, and every minute valuable, if we are to catch the train.

Mr. N. Go ahead, my good fellow. I'll make it right.

Cabman. All serene, Sir.

Mrs. N. That's just like you, HENRY. First you joke with an inferior, and then, of course, you undertake to pay him whatever he may try to extort. Yesterday, poor PETER could not have a new cart, because it was throwing away money, but his father can give anything to an insolent cabman.

Mr. N. We shall have a break-down with all that luggage as sure as eggs is eggs. Ah, the first MRS. NAGGLETON travelled with one portmanteau.

Mrs. N. The second MRS. NAGGLETON happens to be a Lady.

[*At this point the conversation of course begins to grow too terrible for publication, but they get off at last.*]

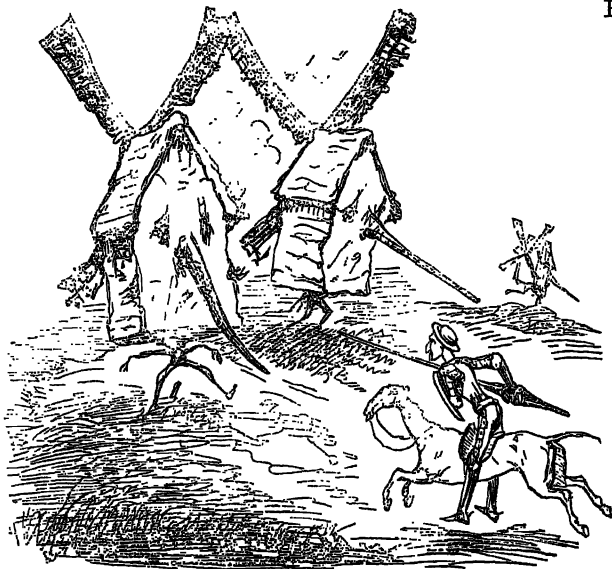
A MAN TO BE SOLD.

THE intelligent foreigner of course is well aware that we are used to sell our wives in Smithfield when it pleases us. But that men as well as women are sometimes sold in England, the following advertisement will place beyond a doubt:—

NOTICE.—If MR. F., who took apartments at 44, C— Street, don't come for the DOG which he left there within three days he will be SOLD, to cover the expenses.

If we believe our LINDLEY MURRAY, we must see quite clearly that the "he" who "will be sold" is unhappy "MR. F." And unless the advertiser intended to write slang, we must imagine that the sale will be a mercantile transaction, resulting in the passing of MR. F.'s own person to the holding of whoever offers the best price for him. Seeing this with his own eyes stated in a public print, will not the intelligent foreigner go home with the conviction that the Slave Trade does exist in England, however we may try to give denial to the fact?

A PARLIAMENT OF PUMPS.



It is observed that at a meeting of the officious noodles constituting the International Temperance and Prohibition Conference, assembled at the Hanover Square Rooms, in the course of the much speaking by which those fussy busybodies exposed their folly, the following especially remarkable absurdities were uttered. According to report, in a paper by the DEAN OF CARLISLE on "Legislation on the Liquor Traffic," suggested by the House of Commons in 1834, which was read by the REV. CANON JENKINS:—

"The dean said that time had exaggerated a hundredfold the reasons for legislation which existed in 1834."

Considering the notorious decrease of drunkenness which has taken place during the last eight-and-

twenty years, DEAN CLOSE evinced little judgment in asserting that time had exaggerated the reasons for legislation on the liquor trade. The less CLOSE says about exaggeration of those reasons the better. Time tells only the truth. We also read that:—

"MR. HAUGHTON, of Dublin, could not understand on what principle of logic or common sense after hundreds of Acts of Parliament, men could seek a continuance of restrictive measures."

So far so wise. One wonders to hear such reason from the mouth of a teetotaler. One thinks one has met with a sensible advocate of temperance. But in the very next sentence MR. HAUGHTON bewrayeth himself:—

"They must have free-trade or prohibition—he said the latter."

Anybody endowed with the least logic or common sense would say the former. If hundreds of restrictive Acts of Parliament have failed, the presumption is, that a prohibitive Act of Parliament would succeed no better. But MR. HAUGHTON comes from Dublin. A less rational gentleman never came from Cork with his coat buttoned hind-part-before.

Teetotal Ireland having spoken by the mouth of MR. HAUGHTON:—

"DR. FIGG, of Scotland, asked if it was not inconsistent with equity and British law that persons convicted of crime committed whilst they were intoxicated should be subjected to punishment, and whether they ought not to be treated as lunatics?"

Equity, DR. FIGG, has no jurisdiction in cases of drunkenness, and though the LORD CHANCELLOR may direct the disposal of a lunatic's property, the Magistrate only can order an

investment, on the part of the drunkard, in the Stocks. Drunken persons ought not to be treated as lunatics when they get sober, and whilst they are drunk they are liable to get shut up as it is (as MR. PUNCH has elsewhere recommended that they should be). It is not only consistent with British law, but it is a British law-maxim, that drunkenness is no excuse for a crime, but aggravates the offence. A very imbecile person, who talks idiotic twaddle, ought to be taken care of equally with a sot affected with *delirium tremens*. Thou art answered, FIGG, according to thy figgery. A figo for thee, FIGG! The REV. F. BISHOP, speaking of the Maine Law in Yankeedom, said that:—

"The law was enforced at Worcester. He attended a military festival there, at which southerners were spoken to without wine being drunk, and all the officers assembled at breakfast next morning free from headache."

Wonderful! Does MR. BISHOP imagine that officers are generally accustomed to get drunk at military festivals overnight, and come down to breakfast with a headache next morning? And are total abstainers never troubled with headaches—even after having listened to a long speech made by a simpleton?

A dreadful witticism was perpetrated by another reverend gent:—

"The REV. H. GALL objected to the disfranchisement of publicans, which contemplated their existence, which it was intended to terminate. (*Laughter.*)"

MR. GALL apparently proposes to terminate the existence of the publicans by starvation. O GALL, thou didst make a bitter bad joke, and art, indeed, the very gall of bitterness! Thou also, GALL, art answered according to thy quality.

After the inanities above quoted, we are happy to present our readers with a bit of fun, related very seriously by a MR. SINCLAIR:—

"In explanation of the fact that liquors could be obtained at Delavan House, New York, he said that MR. DELAVAN had let the house on a lease which stipulated that intoxicating drinks should not be sold there, but the tenant evaded the terms of the lease by purchasing the next house and making a communication between them."

He knocked a hole through the wall. O, let MR. SINCLAIR and his allies be well assured, will a coach-and-six, or a railway-train, be driven through any Act of Parliament, bearing on the liquor law, which interferes with the liberty of the subject.

A TEMPTING OFFER FOR THE MILLION.

HERE is an advertisement that has been running about the French and English newspapers. It beats in coolness any day that we have had this extra-hyperborean summer:—

TO BE SOLD, for 10,000,000 francs, the chef d'œuvre of Raffaele and of painting, an unknown original, representing the DEATH of ST. JOSEPH. The person who first offers the price demanded will possess the picture without competition. The right of reproduction will be disposed of separately. On view at Paris, at the Galerie —, 17, from 1 till 9 o'clock every day, except Sunday. Monday and Thursday will be reserved for those who, wishing to see the picture at leisure, and without exceeding half an hour, will pay five francs for admission.

We advise, therefore, all those who have 10,000,000 francs to spare, not to lose a moment's time, but to make an offer at once. He who comes first will have the honour of being knocked down first. If the second bidder were to make an advance of one, or two millions, his offer would be indignantly rejected. The "competition" to possess it is already so great, that if you hesitate one tidal train, the picture may be for ever snatched from you. So attractive are its charms, that you are not allowed to admire it for more than half an hour at a time. Tarry one ecstatic minute longer, and you are infallibly charged an extra five francs. If we hadn't been to Paris already eight times this year, we would rush over incontinently, without waiting to kiss the children or say good-bye to *Judy*, purposely to see the *chef d'œuvre*. It is true that MONS. PAUL DE SAINT VICTOR says that the picture in question is not worth 40 francs, but then MONS. PAUL is an art-critic who does not understand anything about it. It is very clear that he hasn't ten millions of francs to give, and, therefore, in his rage at not being able to possess the invaluable treasure, he does his shabbiest to depreciate it. It is the usual spite of the world. In our opinion, we have not the slightest doubt that this highly-priced *tableau* is in fact priceless—that it is *par excellence* one of those master-pieces that no money can

purchase, and what is more, never will. If it is equal to the advertisement, it must be a master-piece of the very highest colouring that we are sure, cannot be matched for its boldness and daring effects all over the world.

JUMP OUT OF THE BAG, PUSS!

"PRESIDENT LINCOLN has replied to MR. HORACE GREELLEY's recent letter to him. He says that he is emphatically for union, and that he would retain or destroy slavery wholly or in part if union could be obtained by either means."

THIS is what LINCOLN writes to HORACE, Somebody make a glossary for us,

Ignorant owls we are:
For the North has been ranting, raving, blaring,
Scolding, swaggering, cussing, swearing,
Because Britannia was not sharing
IN THE ANTI-SLAVERY WAR.

Bruin at Large.

In a list of fashionable intelligence we meet with the announcement that:—

"FRANCE MENSCHIKOFF has left CLARIDGE'S Hotel for Germany."

Left CLARIDGE'S Hotel, has he? We thought that MENSCHIKOFF had been staying in the Zoological Gardens.

A MATERIAL DISTINCTION.

BUSINESS and occupation are not synonymous terms. The French persist in the occupation of Rome; but they have no business there.



FATIGUED SWELL. "Confound these Pict-chairs—so many of 'em. Tell you what, you go down one side of the Gallery, and I the other; we'll get through 'em that way."

A VENERABLE BANKRUPT.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"As you are always ready to defend those who are wronged, I beg to submit my case for your consideration.

"I have had the misfortune to become a bankrupt, and a brief report of the circumstances appeared in the newspapers. I subjoin the material part of that report:—

"The bankrupt, a young man, had spent nine thousand pounds in about as many months. The creditors consisted of hosiers, jewellers, publicans, bill discounters, and others. No person appeared to oppose, and the examination was passed."

"Just so, Sir, and I think it would have been very hard had any one opposed. I do not dispute the accuracy of the statement that I spent nine thousand pounds in about as many months, but I contend that this cannot be called an extravagant expenditure. Nine thousand months, Sir, as I need not tell you, make seven hundred and fifty years, and I respectfully submit that taking into account the disturbed ages in which I have lived, and the various calls which the necessities of those times made upon me, I have not been wanton or careless in my outlay. I was born, as a slight calculation founded upon the above statement in the papers will show you, in the year 1112, but it is unfair to charge me with spending much money while very young. My first serious outlay was for a very handsome suit of clothes in which I attended the coronation of the EMPRESS MAUD at Winchester in March 1141, and if I flatter myself that I cut rather a brilliant figure upon that interesting occasion, such vanity may be pardoned in a springald. I gave a good deal of money towards the shrine of BECKET, after the very unpleasant occurrence in Canterbury Cathedral, and I contributed rather largely to the £400,000 raised to ransom KING RICHARD THE LIONHEARTED, and the man who would refuse to stretch forth his hand to rescue a virtuous—well—a valiant king (*virtus* has both meanings) in distress is unworthy the name of a mediæval buffer. I was a good deal victimised during the Wars of the Roses, and I sent KING RICHARD THE THIRD, who was a very fine fellow, and has been much misrepresented, a handsome present, in order to show my disbelief in the ridiculous story, set about by the papers of the period, that he had polished off his nephews. I went to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and I need not say

that for the honour of England I shelled out the tin on that festive occasion, and I had to pay rather vigorously when QUEEN BESS wanted money to fight the Spaniards. I paid away money a good deal during the Civil Wars, and KING CHARLES THE SECOND borrowed a lot of me, which I need hardly tell you I never saw again. I own to having been done in the South Sea Bubble, but we all make mistakes sometimes, and I atoned for my fault by subscribing liberally to the defence of England against the Pretender. I could not, I put it to you, stay away from the coronation of GEORGE THE THIRD, and prices were high in those days, and I had my pocket picked in the No Popery riots of 1780. I suffered also by the commercial embarrassments of 1810, and by some of the companies, especially one for importing quicksilver from the planet Mercury, in 1825, and this brings me on to the present time, when I have also had my troubles.

"Now, Sir, I do not think that nine thousand pounds in seven hundred and fifty years is a very large sum for a man who has lived in good society to spend, and I think that the Commissioner might have dismissed me with a slight compliment. However, I rely upon you to do me justice, and am, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"THE BANKRUPT IN QUESTION."

A Lesson to Auctioneers.

At the Mansion-House, one day last week, WILLIAM BRACKLIN, an Auctioneer, was charged with an assault on a MR. THOMSON, which consisted in hitting the complainant a violent blow on the mouth. Defendant pleaded guilty, and was fined 40s. and costs. Serve him right. Auctioneers must be taught not to knock people down.

"A HEAVY BLOW, AND GREAT DISCOURAGEMENT."

It seems very strange that at the present moment, in America, when they are experiencing the greatest difficulty in raising the wind, that every one should be rushing away as fast as he can "to get out of the draft."

AN ENGRAVING BY DOO.—A forged bank-note.

M'CLELLAN'S MARCH.

Run, soldiers, run, but not away,
Oh no, my gallant men!
You run to turn another day,
And charge the stronger then.
Strategic movement, not stampede,
This retrogression style,
Because we are, as we recede,
Advancing all the while.

The fiery comet rolls, on path
Elliptic, through the sky;
So we pursue our course of wrath:
Like blazing stars we fly,
And still shall fly till we come back
As fast as now we go,
And scatter, in our burning track,
Destruction death and woe.

On, then, ye Warriors of the North!
Off, in your onset, mind,
With all the speed you can put forth,
And leave the South behind.
Back! that is Forward! on your foci,
To guard their own turned out,
Our yoke that you may reimpose:
Face—to the right-about!

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

It was the intention of the Comet, when it originally started on its holiday trip, to have paid a flying visit to the Earth, but it became, on the very first glimpse it caught of this terrestrial globe, so dissatisfied with what it beheld, that it immediately turned tail, and is now hurrying away in an opposite direction as fast as it can. Far from regretting this estrangement, we are delighted to notice this increasing coolness on the part of the Comet; for we are confident if the Earth and its fiery friend were ever to meet, that either one or the other would be sure to suffer dreadfully from the consequences. It is peculiarly one of those cases in which the farther two persons of quite contrary natures are kept apart, the more likely they are to remain friends.



REPOSE.

YES! BUT WE ARE SURE THAT IF ELLEN KNEW WHAT A FIGURE FREDERICK MADE OF HER BY SPRAWLING ABOUT ON THE CLIFF JUST BEHIND HER, SHE WOULDN'T BE SO QUIET.

A FEDERAL TRIUMPH.

A FEDERAL warrior writes the *New York Commercial* a letter containing the following account of an exploit in which he assisted at Donaldsonville on the Mississippi:—

“CAPTAIN BROOME, with the marines of the *Hartford*, landed, and immediately proceeded in search of one PHILIP LANDRAY, a noted guerilla captain, and a very desperate character. We came upon him as he entered the lane leading to his house, before he had time to gallop out of the gate, and as his horse could not jump the fence, he left his horse saddled and bridled, also his sword, all of which we captured.”

What, all? That was a seizure indeed for the marines of the *Hartford*, with CAPTAIN BROOME at their head! It appears by the foregoing account, that they not only took the horse of the guerilla Captain, saddled and bridled, but likewise the whole of his sword. What a quantity of plunder! Having accomplished this wonderful capture, our hero tells us:—

“We then proceeded to his house, which was handsomely furnished; we burned his house, furniture, stables, outhouses, and sugar refinery valued at \$100,000. While engaged in burning his property, a party of guerillas fired upon us from the bushes, but at too great a distance to do any damage. We suppose they immediately ran off, as we could find nothing of them afterwards.”

Is it possible that these warriors would have run off too if one or two of them had been shot by CAPTAIN LANDRAY'S guerillas “while engaged in burning his property?”

The gallant fellow says in conclusion:—

“We burned, besides, some 24 houses, including hotels, saw-mills, &c., destroying over half a million dollars' worth of property, and returned to the fleet without losing a man.”

There is or was a political section of Americans rejoicing in the name of Barnburners. Perhaps this party has taken military service under the Federal Government, and the author of the above-quoted tale of arson practised on private houses as a warlike operation, and his comrades, together with their leader, CAPTAIN BROOME, belong to the corps, which has been draughted into the marines of the *Hartford*. There is a genuine Yankeeism in the unconsciousness of a ludicrous self-exposure

remarkable in his description of the manœuvres carried out against “PHILIP LANDRAY, a noted guerilla chieftain and a very desperate character.” The narrative evinces partly the self-complacency of a man relating his share in a pleasing and meritorious transaction, and partly the gust with which a felon details his crimes. With what a relish, having described himself and his companions as having “captured” CAPTAIN LANDRAY'S sword, he goes on to say, “We then proceeded to his house, which was handsomely furnished,”—evidently gloating on the value of the furniture they destroyed—“we burned his house, furniture, stables, outhouses, and sugar refinery, valued at \$100,000!” How keen is the enjoyment with which he dwells on the injury which they inflicted on the Confederate officer, “while engaged in burning his property,” and with which he mentions that they burned numerous other houses and places of business, “destroying over half a million dollars' worth of property!” What a notion of having been concerned in a glorious exploit is obvious in his boast that they all “returned to the fleet without losing a man!” their enterprise against an enemy incapable of resistance, reminding us of the victorious assault commemorated in a couplet quoted by COBBETT:—

“Father and mother and I, with a chosen band,
Beat a poor little boy till he couldn't go or stand.”

Just such a triumph, apparently, was that which the incendiaries of Donaldsonville have to brag of, and which is glorified, as above, by one of the gang.

Another Discovery in London.

So, the wonderful Cavity behind St. Paul's, that mystery which has so long puzzled the world, is at last comprehensible. It is *not* a pit (constructed on the principle of the Bears' den at the Zoological Gardens) in which aldermen are kept, and taught to climb up a pole, and take bits of green fat from the end of sticks. A proclamation, rendering the eye-sore still more hideous, now extends across it, and announces—“Beer below.” Henceforth, therefore, let the hitherto anonymous Hole be known by the name of the Bung-Hole.

REPORT ON HASTINGS.

BY OUR OWN SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.



O THE HON. MR. PUNCH,
 "SIR.—I. You having commissioned me to visit this ancient and celebrated Cinq Port, and to report upon its general condition, with mention of any special circumstances which might seem to me desirable of notice, I have the honour to make such report, as follows:—

"2. I number my paragraphs, as usual in official despatches, and for more convenient reference.

"3. For reasons inexplicable to myself, you desired me to depart from my ordinary rule of selecting as my quarters the most distinguished Hotel in the place, and of affording its proprietary every opportunity for displaying its resources, and you instructed me to take lodgings and live quietly. Repulsive to my own feelings and habits as obey, for reasons that will

was such a course, I have not hesitated to occur to yourself or your respected cashier.

"4. There were no lodgings to be obtained on my arrival in Hastings, but towards nightfall I watched a family out of a house, and I rushed in before any other candidate could arrive. I secured a back parlour and a closet, which it would be flattery to call a bed-room, for two guineas and a half a week, kitchen fire, shoe-cleaning, gas, and most other things of course extra. I could have lived more cheaply at an hotel, *mais tu l'as voulu, M. Punch.*

"5. There are six families in the house, and they all insist on taking their separate meals at the same hour. There are eleven children in all, from a hobbedyhoy with clumping boots and a heavy voice to a baby whose incessant shrieks indicate rather a very bad disposition or a totally indifferent nurse. They begin to get up at six, after which there is no peace. I mention this martyrdom among the special circumstances referred to in Paragraph 1.

"6. The cigars sold to visitors in Hastings are, so far as I have yet had opportunities of ascertaining, simply abominable. Whether the vendors have better ones for the residents I know not, but I have not allowed price to stand between me and decent tobacco, as you may be aware it was not likely I should do. I am exceedingly unwell in consequence of this local peculiarity.

"7. I think I have never seen so many pretty girls in any given watering-place as are now in Hastings. That I can appreciate this fact, under the moral disadvantages implied in the paragraph No. 6, may I think be taken in proof of my impartiality as well as of my accuracy. They mostly wear hats, have lovely hair (much golden hair is visible) but the new sea-side jacket of blue with its little brass buttons is not much worn, save by those who have few other attractions.

"8. This is a place rather for aristocratic sorts of people than for common holiday makers. This statement is not my own, but was tendered to me by my landlady in return for my complaint that several articles were about twice as dear here as at Brighton. I was instantly silenced, or rather convinced, and I replied, 'O, of course, *we* don't care what we pay, aw, but we like the best of heverythink,' a sentiment which obtained that lady's admiration.

"9. The Local Board of Health is said to have done a good deal for the Drainage, which used to be outrageously bad. There are awfully fishy odours in Hastings proper, and there is a vast pipe in front of Hastings elegant, and I hope it is all right, but I have not ventured near. I detect nothing objectionable in the general atmosphere. The Board has painted its name in large letters on the backs of all the seats along the sea—seats may have no obvious connection with a Board of Health, but the dodge is a good one, as it perpetually reminds visitors that there is a Body watching over the sanatory condition of the place.

"10. The boatmen are not very troublesome, and if you make a tolerably loud and abusive answer to one tout, the others will let you alone. You are not much annoyed by the vendors of shells and pin-cushions: I suppose they find it hopeless to bother us, the aristocratic sorts of people. The bathing machines are very bad, but the curators thereof are extremely civil. Decorum of all kinds is strictly enforced, a contrast to most watering-places.

"11. The hired carriages are very good, indeed. Most of the drivers have red faces. The turnpikes are numerous, and the roads are, on the other hand, badly made and badly kept. Perhaps, if the pikes were done away, the roads might be better. They could hardly be worse.

"12. The Dripping Well scarcely drips, and Old Roar doesn't roar. Both are humbugs, but the scenes in which they are placed are pretty. The Lovers' Seat is connected with the dullest and stupidest commonplace story of an elopement, but the view is an out-and-outer.

"13. The Hastings Guide Book is the worst I ever bought. It is padded out with antiquarian rubbish, and the careful detail and advice which alone make a guide book worth having is absent. But the connoctor may have purposely left it unexplanatory, in the interest of flymen, biped guides, and the like, in which case I admire him as a man of Hastings, while I object to him as a man of letters.

"14. The Volunteers work very gallantly, and have the most delightful shooting place. To lie on the hill-side, near the sea, and look at them, makes one feel quite ardent in the cause of patriotism, and the more so when one has a good weed, presented by an officer, from his London remnant. I believe that if the battle of Hastings had to be fought over again, the Volunteers would do better service than the old Archers, and then, when the order came for an advance with the Bills, wouldn't the lodging-house keepers make the foeman bleed?

"15. The Circulating Library keepers are excessively obliging, and get the new books and let you have them at the shortest notice. They do not seem to think it a favour to let you have a book, and they do not insult you for expressing an unfavourable opinion upon one which they may place in your hands. In a word, they know their business. Consequently, there is great reading in Hastings. I saw one of my own works, though by no means my finest, in the hands of eight very handsome ladies. [P. *Editor of P.*]

"16. Dover is within sight of Hastings, and letters from Hastings to Dover are sent round by London, so that you get an answer on the third day. I don't know that it much matters, as nobody can be in a hurry to hear from Dover, but I mention it as a curiosity of the post.

"17. I am happy to say that there are no public amusements here, except throwing stones into the sea, so that I am spared the necessity of puffing provincial abilities or London intolerabilities.

"18. The cigars are abominable, but the girls are very pretty.

"I have the honour, &c.

"Bohemia, Hastings."

"PELEGRINE FALCON."

GARIBALDI DOWN.

ALAS! the love of Italy lies bleeding,

But not in vain; his wounds are mouths, that speak,
 With an ungenerous Patron strongly pleading,

The stronger that the Prisoner's voice is weak.

He fell, a forlorn hope of patriots leading,

Whose cry for Rome had fallen on ears unheeding.

How long! And must they Rome still longer seek?

A hero's venture, not a madman's freak,
 The world had named his high attempt, succeeding.

It has not failed, a captive though he lies,

If niggard France relent. NAPOLEON, hear

The noble blood that out upon thee cries,

And thy base policy, which right denies

To Italy, if not thy baser fear.

SUFFERING AND SYMPATHY.

THERE is, in *Galigiani*, an account of an accident which happened near Brussels to a foreign nobleman, who was riding in his carriage, when his horses took fright at the discharge of some firearms, and ran away with him; whereupon, says *Galigiani*:—

"The count jumped out, but being struck by the wheel, he fell violently to the ground, breaking one of his legs and receiving other injury. His condition, however, does not inspire any uneasiness."

Doesn't it? The condition of a man laid up with a broken leg, not to mention any other injury, may not inspire any uneasiness, but must, one would think, involve not a little.

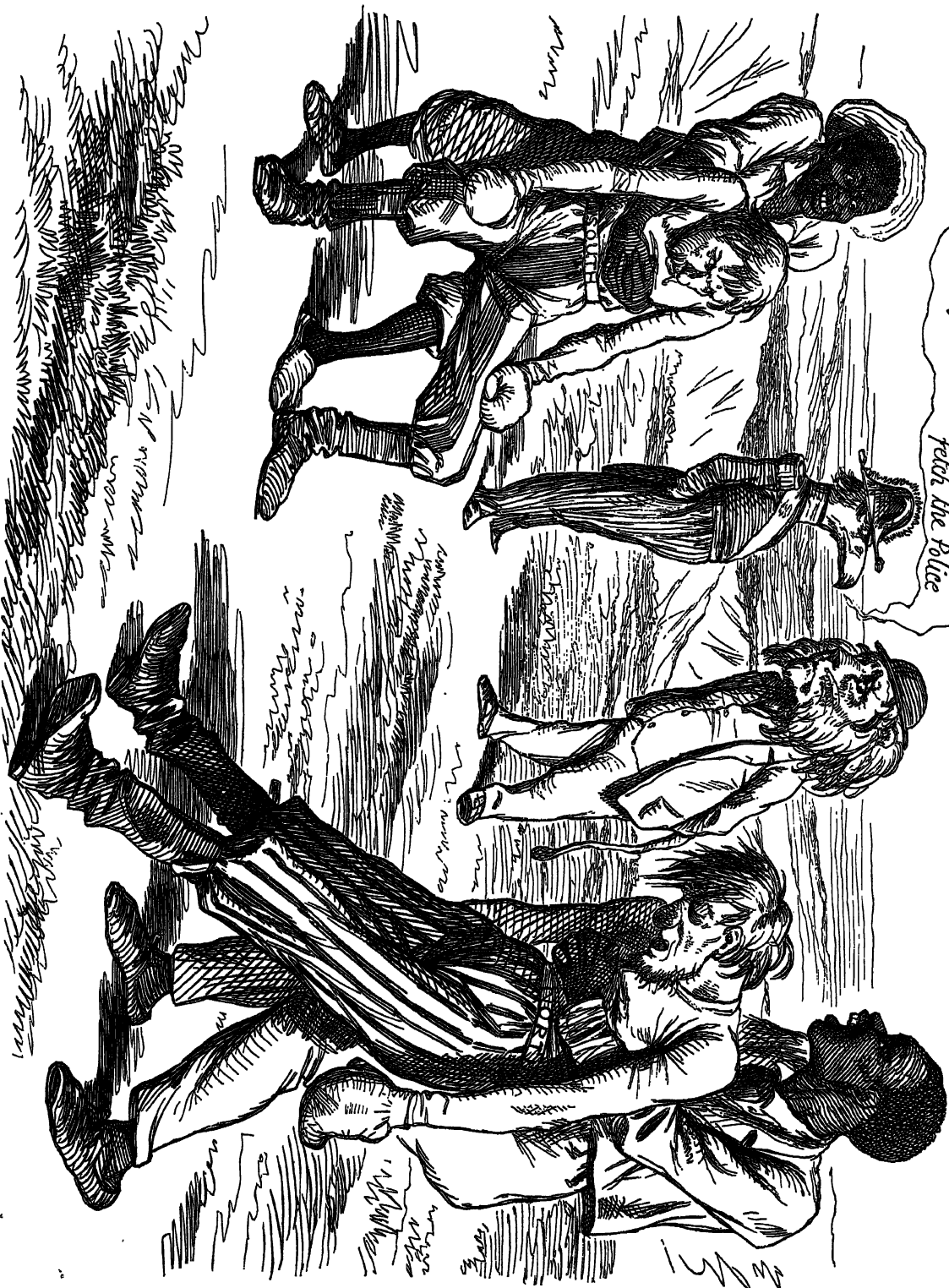
The Progress of Slang.

A MARRIAGE in high life is called an alliance. People being generally prone to ape their superiors, this foolish word will soon come to be applied to marriages in middle life and low life. The necessary consequence will be, that a married couple will be called Allies. Already we speak of Captain So-and-So and his Lady instead of his Wife. It will next be Captain So-and-So and his Ally, and ultimately "Me and my Ally" instead of "My Wife and I," or "I and my Husband" will be a customary form of speech amongst the lower orders.



GARIBALDI SURRENDERS HIS SWORD.

*Don't you think we ought to
fetch the Police*



“NOT UP TO TIME;”

Or, Interference would be very Welcome.

AWFUL SCENE AT BIARRITZ.

The MAN OF SILENCE has just entered his dressing-room near the sea. The door of the apartment is violently burst open, and enter to him the MAN OF FLEET STREET.

Mr. Punch. I say. Come!
The Emperor. Come where, my friend, and would you shut that door, as there is no end of a draught?
Mr. P. You are surprised to see me?
The E. I am never surprised.
Mr. P. Well then, I am, sometimes. And this is one of the times. How came you to run away from Paris without seeing me?
The E. My friend!
Mr. P. O, bother, don't friend me. I consider that you have behaved uncommonly rudely, and that's all about it.
The E. If so, allons!
Mr. P. All very fine, but you don't impose upon me with your reticence. A Frenchman thinks it such a miracle that a man is able to hold his tongue, that you astonish your subjects by your silence, but we are not to be done that way. What are you going to do?
The E. Bathe.
Mr. P. I say—not too much of that sort of thing with me. I like the epigrammatic as well as anybody, but there is a time when it is a man's business to open his mouth. Is there not?
The E. At seven. Come. Don't dress.
Mr. P. I'll tell you what, Elected of the Millions, you'll rile me presently. Yes, I will dine with you, but look here. I have come to you upon the Italian question, and I demand to know your intentions. I ought to be aware of everything?
The E. Who is, if not you?
Mr. P. A very proper compliment, LOUIS NAPOLEON, but I am not exactly in the mood for compliments at this present speaking. It is perfectly clear that a crisis has arrived, and that the eyes of all Europe are now turned upon you.
The E. Rude of Europe. [Draws down blind.
Mr. P. My dear EMPEROR, I am not here to learn that you have plenty of esprit, or that you might write a whole *Charivari* by yourself, if you could get your censor's leave to publish. Now let me have a serious answer to a serious question. What order have you sent to your General in Rome?
The E. The Legion of Honour.
Mr. P. Nephew of your Uncle, do not provoke me too much, for this is very hot weather, and I have a temper to match. GARIBALDI has made his attempt, is defeated, and is a wounded prisoner. The movement is at an end.
The E. How carefully you have read the papers.
Mr. P. You want to put me into a passion, do you, Sire? Then you just shan't. Now, Mr. Protector of Rome, you perceive that the good King, VICTOR-EMMANUEL, is quite capable of protecting Rome without your aid, and so you may march out with perfect comfort—for the door is open.
The E. (Looks at handle). No, it is closed, but I thank you.
Mr. P. You will not have much reason to thank me, presently. Do you hear what I say? Rome does not want you there any longer. So, are you going to walk out?
The E. With the EMPRESS, at two.
Mr. P. EMPEROR, you have no business in the Eternal City. I tell you that your Occupation is indefensible.
The E. (Shows paper). Why, I am only drawing caricatures for my child.
Mr. P. Your occupation of Rome, Sire. You understand me perfectly well.
The E. Who misunderstands lucidity personified?
Mr. P. I am all that, no doubt. But I repeat my question, and I demand a response.
The E. Amen!
Mr. P. What do you mean by that?
The E. (mildly). That is a response, I believe. At least I have always understood so from the priests.
Mr. P. EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, or rather of France, a dark thought strikes me. Is it possible that you have not made up your mind upon the course you are to adopt? If so I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself. But if you are in doubt, it is well I came. I will direct you as to the course.
The E. DE MORNAY manages my racing.
Mr. P. Does he? I wish your Imperial Stableship much joy. You are dexterous, Sire, but I return to the charge, and I design to do so again and again until I have elicited the truth. What line are you going to take?
The E. For my return to Paris? There is but one. We do not waste money on half a dozen railways to the same place, like certain islanders. The South-Western.
Mr. P. Son of QUEEN HORTENSE, would you do me the favour to avoid levity when we are speaking on a grave subject.

The E. We? You.
Mr. P. Ah, yes, but you shall speak on it also before I have done with you. If you are firm, I am obstinate. Sire, it is now as useless as it is unjust for you to continue your occupation of Rome. Do you intend to bring it to an end.
The E. Rome? Fate forbid!
Mr. P. What—what do you mean by Rome?
The E. The capital of —
Mr. P. (eagerly). Ah?
The E. (smiles). Of the temporal dominions of his Holiness the POPE.
Mr. P. Bah, but what do you mean by invoking Fate about Rome?
The E. You asked me, my valued friend, whether I intended to destroy Rome, or you used words to that effect.
Mr. P. When the Artful Dodger dies you shall be Dodger, though I had promised the place to your friend DRIZZY. Are you not going to let me into your confidence; me, *Punch*, your truest and best ally?
The E. I am. Pardon me that I have hesitated, but it was in the hopes of gaining from your wisdom some new light upon my situation.
Mr. P. (bushy). Nay, I am sure that I shall be but too happy, Sire, to afford you any new light in my power.
The E. You can give me much. Would you touch the spring of that blind?
Mr. P. (does so. The blind flies up). Well, Sire?
The E. (smiles.) You see, I did not over-rate your ability.
Mr. P. By Jove! But I'll keep my temper.
The E. It is always well to do so. In reward for your heroic effort, walk up-stairs and see the EMPRESS, and tell her that you are coming to dinner. And she will show you the child. If you are good natured, you will tell him a story.
Mr. P. (with profound intention). Shall I tell him that the child of the FIRST NAPOLEON was King of Rome.
The E. (with intense explosion.) Ha! You have—but no matter, no matter. Go to the EMPRESS, my dear friend, go to the EMPRESS. [Rushes out.
Mr. P. He has dashed into the sea with his clothes on. But I have undressed his soul. Ha!
 [Is left in an attitude, considering several things.

A CLERICAL CONGRATULATION.

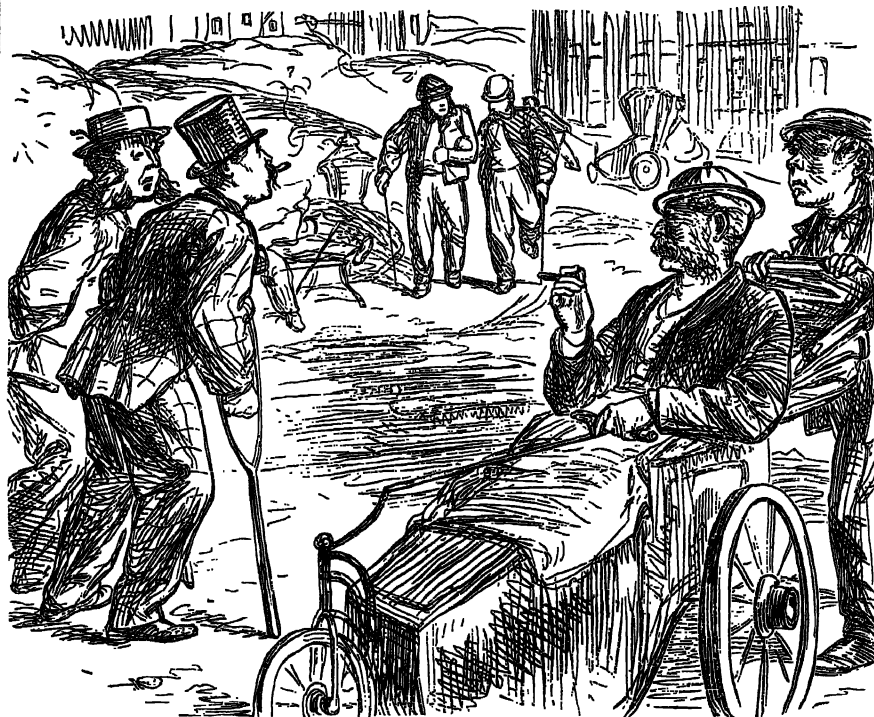
"DEAR PUNCH,
 THERE can be no doubt that the intellect of mankind is in a progressive state, and that we are much wiser than our forefathers. This consideration has just been forced upon us, the undersigned, by the historical statements which have appeared in reference to the departure of the Nonconformist clergy from the Church of England upon the Act of Uniformity coming into operation. A couple of thousand clergymen (more or fewer) resigned their livings, because they would not say that they believed in the whole contents of the Prayer Book. Since that time, Sir, intellect has advanced, and did those good, but narrow-minded men live in our days, the Church would not need to lose their services. Suppose that some Essayists and Reviewers in the time of CHARLES THE SECOND had made it clear to these two thousand clergymen, that in solemnly declaring their belief in the contents of the Prayer Book, they only meant that they were complying with what was generally understood in society to be a mere form, and that they were at liberty to believe as much or as little as they liked, provided that they accepted the Prayer Book in the spirit of men of the world, and did not scandalise their parishes by any out-of-the-way doctrines. Had there happily existed such teachers in the times of the Nonconformists, those men might just as well have remained in the Church, and taken her honours and emoluments, as
 "Your obedient Servants,
 "St. James's Day, 1862." "THE ESSAYISTS AND REVIEWERS."

Scratch Matches.

SOME matches have been published which will ignite only in contact with the box in which they are sold. A wedded friend of ours (a brute) states that the invention reminds him of a well-bred married couple, who never fly into passions with friends or strangers, but fire up into prompt explosion with one another. He suggests that these matches should be called the Conjugals. We suggest that he should be kicked.

ZOOLOGICAL COMPANIONS.

THE ever-active Secretary to the Zoological Society announces the arrival of a new creature called "AYE-AYE." A letter from the Vatican informs us that another curious creature called "NO-NO" is not unlikely to be hastily exported to England. Could not DR. SCLATER arrange to exhibit both in the Regent's Park?



A SKETCH AT BUXTON.

Showing the Awful Effects of a Season among the Crinolines at the Exhibition.

SCIENTIFIC STEALING.

THE subjoined extract from a police report relates to a not very common offence:—

“THAMES.—Yesterday, GEORGE WALLIS, aged 41, a florist and gardener, was charged with stealing 500 feet of gas.”

We have heard one schoolboy ask another, whistling a tune, “How much is that a yard?” but in the case above quoted we find an air, to wit, carburetted hydrogen, measured by the foot. It is lucky for the gas companies that æriform fluids are capable of being measured somehow, so that a thief who steals a volume of gas may be tried and punished as effectually as the fellow was the other day for stealing books out of the British Museum Library. But when gas is superseded by electricity, how will that be measured? It can't be weighed, being one of the “imponderables;” it has no dimensions, and the electric fluid is incapable of being meted by the pint and quart. The electrometer does not divide it into quantities, but doubtless invention will keep pace with discovery, and a suitable instrument will serve to indicate the amount of electricity which a rogue has filched from a wire. We may trust the science of the future to take care of its own.

Obvious.

SOMEBODY advertises some tinted spectacles, which he states to be used by great numbers of the aristocracy, “including LORD PALMERSTON.” These last words induced us immediately to send for a pair, for we like to see everything *couleur de rose*.

HINT FOR AN EXPERIMENT.

THE London Magistrates are, as a rule, just, intelligent, humane gentlemen, who desire to discourage, as much as possible, the crimes they have to punish. And they one and all declare that at least two-thirds of such crimes are committed in consequence of Drink. These premises granted, does it not seem odd that the following is virtually, if not in words, the dialogue which passes day after day in our Police Courts?

Magistrate. Prisoner, you are proved to have beaten your mother, kicked the constables, and otherwise behaved in a most brutal manner. What have you to say?

Prisoner (doggedly). I know nothing about it. I was drunk.

Magistrate. You were drunk?

Prisoner. Very drunk.

Magistrate. O, well, if you were drunk, that makes a difference. A drunken man does not know what he is doing. It is very wrong of you, however, to get drunk, and I fine you twenty shillings, which I hope will be a lesson to you.

The prisoner immediately paid the fine, and went away, as he said, to wop the witnesses.

This is really what the usual conversation between the Magistrate and the Prisoner amounts to, and the ridiculous fine is the result. But suppose (and *Mr. Punch* throws out the suggestion with all respect for the excellent Magistrates) the dialogue should take this turn:

Magistrate. You say you were drunk?

Prisoner. Yes, I was.

Magistrate. Very well, you plead guilty to that offence, and I will deal with it first. A man has no right to get drunk, because drunkenness is in itself a crime, and exposes him to the danger of committing other crimes. I send you to hard labour for a month for drunkenness, and when that term has expired, we will take the other offences.

The prisoner was removed, declaring that all justice was at an end, if a fellow was to be treated like that for what he did when he didn't know what he was about.

Suppose this experiment were tried—it could do no harm, and it might do much good, in the way of disabusing a large mass of persons of a British belief, much promoted by authority, that drunkenness is an Extenuation. Let it become an Aggravation—as it is frequently called by Magistrates who immediately proceed to stultify their own declaration.

A HOPELESS HUNT.

THE *Morning Post* publishes the subjoined announcement:—

“We have authority to state that the MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBURY, who has lately become a Roman Catholic, left her residence, near Weybridge, last week, clandestinely, taking with her the three youngest of her six fatherless children, and leaving no clue to her place of hiding. There is no doubt it is in the power of the guardians and the nearest relatives of the late marquis to trace her ladyship's flight, and, through the strong arm of English law, to rescue the children and make them wards in Chancery.”

The relatives of the late Marquis may be able to trace her ladyship's flight, but although they may follow her they are not likely to catch her. The pursuit of a Marchioness who has turned Papist, and flown off with her little ones, must be a wild-goose chase.

JUSTIFIABLY TERRIFIED.

THE following awful apparition in the pulpit is recorded to have been lately witnessed:—

“Yesterday morning, at a Church at Forest Hill, the Communion Service was read, and the Sermon preached by a Clergyman wearing a black beard and moustache. His hair was parted down the middle.”

Some of the papers that have noted this appalling fact, describe the congregation as having been “alarmed.” MR. PENROSE, and others who advocate the adornment of churches with pictorial works, may find an argument in such alarm. Did the terrified suburbans ever see a picture representing one of the Apostles? But matters may be even worse than we know. For if the clergyman's doctrines were as apostolic as his appearance, the genteel conventionalists of Forest Hill must not only have been alarmed, but disgusted.

Joke Made only to Warn off Correspondents.

MR. WEED, of New York, is on his way to England. We should have preferred an importation of “Virginian Weed,” but the destiny of both is the same, a mission ending in smoke. [Do Correspondents understand. We have used the weed joke, so they will let it alone.]

NATURAL INTEMPERANCE.

THE Total Abstinence spouters talk about toasts and sentiments being drunk without wine. So, if talking bosh is any sign of drunkenness, are most of their drinkers.



PIC-NICING UNDER THE NEW POACHING ACT.

RURAL POLICEMAN. "Hullo! I say—I say—What's them Birds in that there Pic!"

THE JOLLY JURISTS OF GERMANY.

ACCORDING to "honest Iago," England is the country "where indeed they are most potent in potting." Although "your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander" excel most other nations in that accomplishment, they "are nothing to your English." Whatever may have been the relative capacity of this and those other nations for drinking in the time of SHAKESPEARE, and whether or no "your English," at the present day, retain their former superiority in strength to tope over "your Dane," and "your swag-bellied Hollander," there is reason to believe that now at any rate there is nobody better able to stand a considerable quantity of liquor than "your German." The United Kingdom Alliance, established to obtain a law prohibiting the sale of fermented drinks, is a body which, being accustomed to mind other people's business, will be naturally interested in the information afforded by the following paragraph, relative to foreigners, and illustrating Teutonic prowess in potation:—

"Eleven hundred German jurists are now in Vienna. In the evening of Sunday they and 700 Austrian jurists sat down to a supper given by the municipality of the city, and the 1,800 persons managed to dispose of 80 casks of beer, 3,600 bottles of red and white wine of the country, and 1,050 bottles of first-rate champagne. The supper with music, cigars, &c., cost the city no less than 40,000 florins (£4,000)."

Certainly "your German," as represented by these sages of the law, is at least as potent in his potting as any modern Englishman. The achievement above narrated could not have been surpassed by a symposium of British judges. For of course the jolly jurists did not get drunk, because it was Sunday, and besides any symptoms of intoxication exhibited by them would have been noted, for fun. No doubt they were as sober as judges, as we say, meaning by the sobriety of a judge the state of self-possession which a judge retains after having taken wine enough to make several ordinary men drunk. If they had talked nonsense, the Press would have published it; but we are only told that, after having consumed nearly £4,000 of wine and beer:—

"The Germans learned in the law have talked much since they have been in Vienna, but nothing worth repeating is reported."

The soberest legal disquisitions may be not worth repeating. We may safely conclude that the speech of the German jurists, during their carouse, consisted in utterances of the prosaic wisdom and weighty jocosities characteristic of and suitable to personages of their ponderous nation, and dignified profession, over their cups. No doubt they held a solemn supper, and drank an enormous quantity of wine, every one of them with a profound gravity, the centre of which never at any time became vertical to a point outside of the base of support or chair which maintained each erudite jurist in the position of an upright judge.

The Health of the Potatoes.

EXAGGERATED statements have been made of the reappearance of the Potato Disease. Under the signature of A TUBER, a correspondent thus writes:—"They say that the blight has attacked some of us, but few are affected with anything worse than the mildest form of ophthalmia. At least, as far as I am concerned, I may venture to say that the potato-disease is all my eye."

Papal Shortcomings.

THE POPE mistakes and so disdains
The impatience Rome is showing:
Of no Short Coming she complains,
No, but of his Long Going.

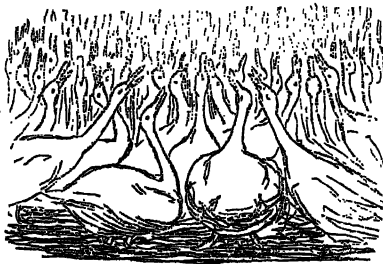
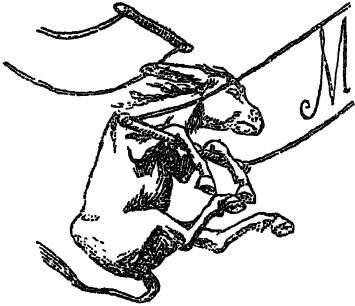
ETHIOPIAN BLOOM.

UNDER the head of exports is included a quantity of walnut-ketchup, to St. Domingo. This article, for which a great demand exists in Hayti, is destined to be employed as a cosmetic by the ladies.

JOKING IN A CIRCLE.—We have the authority of MR. BATTY for saying that "the first horse-laugh must certainly have proceeded from an *Os humerus*."

PERILOUS PERFORMANCES.

(Another Confidential Letter to TOM TURNIPTOPPE, ESQUIRE, a young man from the Country now resident in Town.)



Y DEAR TOM,—I heard you say the other night that you had seen the Wondrous LEOTARD, and thought he was, by Jove! a deuced plucky fellow. You also said something in praise of a feminine contortionist, whom you had been to see at the Allshambles Palace. No doubt too you have seen MONSIEUR BLONDIN on the high rope, and considered his performance as one of an artistically elevated character. Well, tastes naturally differ and are not to be accounted for, and what one man thinks disgusting another finds enjoyable. But has it ever crossed your mind that by attending these performances, you are aiding and abetting to put human life in danger, and encouraging, may be, a taste for seeing suicide? It is very well to say that men like LEOTARD and BLONDIN, by constant practice, have their nerves and limbs completely in control, and what were death to you or

me, to them has little danger. I grant you that the peril is much lessened by their usage to it, but the danger still exists, and may any night prove fatal. With all their skill and practice, MONSIEURS LEOTARD and BLONDIN cannot make themselves proof against the freaks of nature; and, to say nothing of the fact that ropes are not infallible and by accident will break, pray what human skill can guard against those physical contingencies which every human frame is heir to? A sudden cramp or spasm, or a momentary giddiness, would suffice to stretch the acrobat a corpse upon the floor, and make every spectator feel as though he had been an accessory to manslaughter.

Besides, performers are in general by no means so well skilled as LEOTARD and BLONDIN; but while there is a craving for "sensation" feats like theirs, of course there will be found men willing to attempt them, and ready at a price to put their necks in nightly danger. While Music Halls are crammed to see the Wondrous LEOTARD, and in consequence he pockets, say, his twenty pounds a night, depend on it his feats will be copied more or less by MUGGERS the Miraculous, or the Bounding BUGGERS. Now, the trapeze, at first sight seems innocent enough. It simply is a series of swinging bars, a dozen yards apart, which being set in motion, the performer grasps in passing, and swiftly flies along from one bar to another without touching the ground. But exciting as his flight in mid air seems at first, spectators soon get tired of seeing the same thing; and when its novelty wears off, the dish has to be spiced with a dash of some more danger in it; and so trapeze-performers practise summersaults and turnings and tumbings in their flights, and nightly introduce fresh perils in their play-bill, until the climax of attraction and of danger too is reached. All may go on safely until at length some evening, excited by applause, the performer tries a feat which he has barely practised. There is a slip—a fall—and then the strong man is picked up a bleeding, senseless, huddled heap, and perhaps a wife and family are left without support.

Now, I would not undervalue feats of strength and skill, nor the courage that is needed to practise and perform them. An acrobat must have no ordinary pluck, or he could never face the dangers of the *lours de force* required of him; and as an Englishman, of course I can't help liking pluck, wherever I may find it. Still I think that in such exploits as those of M. BLONDIN and those of the trapeze, there is more risk than is allowable for human beings to incur, unless there be a vital reason for their doing so. A soldier mounts a breach, or a sailor goes aloft in the midst of a typhoon, because it is their duty to put their lives in peril. But these things are exceptions, and are not done daily for mere sake of exhibition, and that crowds may go and gape at them. Again, there is great danger in well nigh every field sport. A bold rider is fortunate if he escapes a broken neck, and, with the modern catapultive round-shot style of bowling, a cricketer may generally thank his lucky stars if he suffer nothing worse than being beaten black and blue. But these are healthy sports, and are none the worse to my mind

for the danger there is in them, which puts a man's endurance and courage to the test. The risk is not incurred for the mere sake of getting money, and of affording an unhealthy excitement to a mob.

Moreover, in the hunting field as well as in the cricket one, there is a pleasure to those occupied that far outweighs the peril. But, with all his nonchalance and coolness when at work, who believes that M. BLONDIN feels a pleasure in performing, or that M. LEOTARD is not glad to get to supper without a broken back?

Another reason why I object to these performances is because of their unhealthy effect upon spectators. We call a Spanish bullfight a brutal exhibition, and hold up our hands in wonder, that gently-nurtured ladies can affect to take delight in it. But in a bull-fight it is mainly brute life which is threatened; whereas in the trapeze and M. BLONDIN'S case, the sole risk that attracts is that of a man's neck. Yet ladies highly-born have flocked to such performances, and have sat through them with rather enjoyment than disgust. And can you think they did so without some mental detriment? Do you not imagine that accustoming the eye to such exciting sights blunts and blights the better feelings of the heart, and hardens all the tender sympathies of nature? I believe that, man or woman, whoever is accustomed to the sight of life imperilled, loses gradually the sense of pity it should awaken, and grows callous to the sight of human suffering and pain. The most tender-hearted beings after going to a course of Perilous Performances, would see an accident to limb or life without feeling much sorrow; and would regard it rather less as a misfortune than a fault. If a man fell from a ladder, or a jockey from a horse, they would criticise the clumsiness and not pity the mishap; and instead of feeling sympathy, and crying "Oh, poor creature!" would be more inclined to call out "What a stupid muff!"

Perhaps you say you are only doing what your forefathers have done, in going to see feats like those of LEOTARD and BLONDIN. Well, I grant you there is nothing very new in their performances. Any middle-aged young man who has a score of years of memory must recollect rope-walkers at Vauxhall and Cremorne, who went nearly if not quite to the same height as M. BLONDIN; and men whose heads do stoop a little on their shoulders, and the shadow of whose waistscoats is more convex than of yore, can tell how MADAME SAQUET used every night to make her "terrible ascent," surrounded by a halo of flying squibs and crackers. It is not the novelty but the chance of neck-breaking that appears still to attract. I would no more let my girls attend these Perilous Performances than I would allow them to go and see a prize-fight. But as I said, tastes differ; and the crowd that thronged the Crystal Palace when BLONDIN first performed was one of the most fashionable ever there assembled, and quite as many ladies as gentlemen were present. Strange as it may seem, it has been ever thus, as any one well up in history can vouch. Still, within the last half-century, we in England have been bragging about our March of Intellect, and boasting of the strides that Education has been taking with its seven-league stepping boots. There arises then the question—After all, does Education in reality refine? The love of Perilous Performances so rampant still among us is merely a new form of the old gladiator gusto with which the bloody Circus scenes were relished in old Rome. We lift our eyes in pious horror at the cruelties wherewith the heathen matrons were wont to feast their eyes, but how many highborn mothers in our Christian land have brought their girls to see (perhaps) a broken neck?

Whether the taste for quiet pleasures is dying out among us, killed by the excitement of the battles fought in business, now that the money-getting mania is infecting every brain, I leave to other moralists with more leisure to inquire. But there is certainly a growing taste for pleasures spiced with peril (such as M. BLONDIN'S omelette, cooked on his high rope), and to my thought this is clearly a vitiated appetite, betokening a most unhealthy state of palate, and one which only a strong purgative of common sense can cure. I would say then, my dear Tom, that the less that you or any other young man from the country go to places of amusement with the chance of seeing suicide, the better it will be for you and those with whom you have to do. When you are in Spain, be a Spaniard if you please; and go to see a bull-fight, and what brutal sports you like. But do not carry home your relish for Perilous Performances, or, by giving them your patronage, encourage their existence. It is surely hardly decent for a well-bred Christian gentleman to show a taste for seeing necks put needlessly in peril, and visit places where his presence may stimulate performers to commit sensation suicide, or at least to get their living by what is very likely to bring about their death.

I remain, my dear boy, your Mentor, and I hope you will not think tormentor,

PUNCH.

Behind his Age.

A WRITER in *Once a Week* says that whatever may have been the short-comings of the POPE in other respects, there is no denying that he has earnestly promoted the celebrated Vatican manufacture of Mosaics. In fact, the POPE might not now be under notice to quit, had his Holiness been as attentive to Christian as to Mosaic work.



PERPLEXED FARMER. "You haven't seen such a thing as my Old Woman about, have you, Mr. Policeman?"

THE ELDEST SON OF THE CHURCH TO PAPA.

YOUR titles, POPE, are just like mine ;
You hold your crown by Grace Divine,
And so do I, and by the will
Of the French people wear it still.

I only represent, and do,
The will of France, in guarding you ;
So by that will you hold your place,
As well as by celestial grace.

Where will you be, then, by-and-by,
Suppose awakened Frenchmen cry :—
"Consistent we resolve to be ;
Let Romans, as ourselves, be free.

Man of our choice !—we must, for shame,
Cease to withhold the right we claim,
Wronging those others of their due ;
To choose their Chief as we chose you.

Illogical dishonour's blot
Wipe from our name ; expunge that spot
Foul tyranny upheld at Rome :
Thence, therefore, call our forces home."

The people's creature, how could I
Any demand of theirs deny,
Although 'twere foolish or unjust ?
Obey them, when they're right, I must :

And they'll be right when, soon or late,
They bid me leave you to your fate ;
Then come to terms whilst yet you can,
Or else you'll come to grief, old man.

Fighting Bobs.

THE Federals have held a war meeting at which it is stated that the Orators addressed "acres of applauding citizens." As no recruits offered themselves, *Mr. Punch* thinks that the word "Aores" was well chosen, for the courage of the clapping meeting seems to have "oozed out at the tips of its fingers."

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

An Imaginary Melodrama, Constructed upon the Complaints of Newspaper Correspondents.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Some youthful Clerks. Enter to them MR. MORVAYS HONT, a mild gentleman who wishes to send a message.

SCENE—An Electric Telegraph Office.

Mr. M. H. (approaching the counter, and speaking in a low voice). I believe you send electric messages to the town of Fortywinks ?

1st Clerk (of course). Sir ?

Mr. M. H. I believe you dispatch telegrams to a place called Fortywinks ?

1st Clerk (loud). SMITH, where's Fortywinks ?

2nd Clerk. Give it up.

1st Clerk. No, I say, it ain't a sell. This gent wants to send there. Where is it ?

2nd Clerk. I don't know—isn't it out by Kent, or Wales, or that way. [*Opens a walnut.*]

Mr. M. H. (meekly). It is on your own list, Sir.

1st Clerk. Is it ? Why didn't you say so at first. The public give a great deal of unnecessary trouble.

Mr. M. H. But I rather wanted to know what would be your charge for a message there.

1st Clerk. 'Pends on length.

Mr. M. H. Yes, of course ; yes, that is so. But I have written out the message I wish to send, and you can perhaps tell me the price before I fill up one of the forms.

1st Clerk (takes the paper, and 2nd and 3rd Clerk come and look over their friend's shoulder). He reads : *My dearest Maria-Jane*—that's four words, unless you like to call her MARIAR only—I hope that your poor head is better (aside to one friend). How about her poor feet?—twelve words—Be sure to use the hoppedead-dog (a burst from his friends).

Mr. M. H. (hurt). Opodeldoc, young gentleman. It is an application.

1st Clerk. Oh, ah ! Well, you'd better say application ; for I'm sure there'll be a mull with the Latin—eighteen words—and be careful about open windows.

Mr. M. H. I have written "windows," I think.

1st Clerk. I said so, didn't I?—twenty-four words. I have sent the sugar-candy—not this way, I say, no such luck. Thirty words. Eight shillings—is the house near the telegraph station ?

Mr. M. H. About three-quarters of a mile.

1st Clerk. Eighteen pence portorage—nine-and-six.

Mr. M. H. Dear me, that is more than I expected.

2nd Clerk (a smart young fellow, up to business). Well, you can cut out some of it, you know. See now. Cut out your dearest MARIAR-JANE, if your name's to the letter she'll know it's you as sends, at least my MARIAR-JANE would—that's four out. What's the good of hoping about her poor head?—stick to the message—say "Use the ophicleide"—what is it?—"keep out of draughts"—fifteen words out—there, Sir, we'll put that into the wire for you at a low figure, say four bob. Fill up a form—one of those before your nose.

Mr. M. H. Well, thank you, yes, that is shorter, certainly (colouring). But, but—you see—in fact there are circumstances, and that would read a little abrupt.

2nd Clerk. Well, it's your business, you know, not mine.

[*Opens a walnut.*]

Enter SMALL BOY, with much clatter.

3rd Clerk. Now then, you young scamp, where have you been all this while? You're in for it, you are, I can tell you.

Small Boy (with much volubility). Well how's a fellow to go to Hislington and Chelsea and round by Brompting and the Minorities and be back in five-and-twenty minutes you couldn't do it yourself come now and you've no call to put it upon me to do it and what's more I won't and I can't and that's all about it.

3rd Clerk (serenely). Better tell the Governor so.

S. B. I will tell the Governor so and I do tell the Governor so do you think I'm afraid to speak to the Governor he's not the man to see a poor lad put upon and bullied out of his life time if he happens to be hindered five minutes out of two hours because the road's up and the buss broke down and there was a fire and we couldn't get by. Come!

3rd Clerk. You'll see. Be off with this message to Hoxton. It's been waiting here three hours.

S. B. Not till I've had my dinner if I know it and that's all about it. [Exit.]

2nd Clerk. Nice lad that. Nothing to say for himself, oh, no!

1st Clerk. That ought to go off, you know.

2nd Clerk. I know nothing about it, except that it's been lying there since eleven o'clock, and that it is a thundering message to a doctor to be off by the next train.

1st Clerk. Well, I ask you is it my fault?

2nd Clerk. It's nobody's fault in particular, and everybody's in general, and we'll hope the doctor will be in time. Mind your customer.

1st Clerk. Well, Sir—cooked it?

Mr. M. H. (who has been fidgeting over his document, and making faces, and showing much discomfort about it.) I—I think I have reduced it a little without making it quite so peremptory—how is it now?

1st Clerk. My dearest—um—um.

2nd Clerk. You stick to the polite, Sir?

Mr. M. H. Ladies require to be addressed with consideration, you see. [Graciously. Apologetically.]

1st Clerk. Six shillings—seven and six in all.

Mr. M. H. (with a sigh). Well, so it must be. But, oh, yes, I beg your pardon, when will this be delivered?

1st Clerk. Oh, some time to-night.

Mr. M. H. Ah, but that is very important! I would not send unless you could guarantee that it would be delivered by nine, or at the latest ten minutes past, as—as the lady retires at half-past nine, and I would not have her disturbed on any account.

1st Clerk. We guarantee nothing, but I dessey you'll hear that it's all right.

Mr. M. H. It is only three o'clock now. Surely the message could go away at once.

2nd Clerk. Of course it could if the wire wasn't wanted for anything else, but we'll send it as soon as we can.

Mr. M. H. But you will assure me that it will go before five—surely, a distance of thirty-six miles—

2nd Clerk. You see it ain't all our line, there are two breaks, and we can't say what the other companies may do, but suc'ill have it to-night, and there's nothing very pressing in it.

Mr. M. H. (reddening). That, allow me to say, is a matter on which I must be permitted to have my own opinion.

2nd Clerk. Have it by all means. [Opens a walnut.]

Mr. M. H. (rising into wrath). And I must add that to put Forty-winks on your list, and not be able to say that you can send there in six hours is a little more than inconsistent.

2nd Clerk. Well, you can write to the papers and say so. And as the papers pay our salaries, of course we shall all get the sack.

Mr. M. H. The papers may not pay your salaries, but—ha! ha! (with wild maliciousness) they shall pay you out. (Rushes away on delivering this annihilating smasher, and hurries up the street.)

2nd Clerk. Not so bad of the old muff, that. But he's left his dearest MARIA-JANE paper behind him.

Re-enter MR. M. H. very hot.

Mr. M. H. I left a paper here. I request its return.

2nd Clerk. Did you, Sir? No. I think not, Sir? I do not see it, Sir. Have you seen it, BROWN?

1st Clerk. No, I haven't, ROBINSON.

3rd Clerk. I think you must be in horror, Sir.

[They all gaze upon him with much politeness.]

Mr. M. H. Then, I must have dropped it in the street.

2nd Clerk. Very likely, Sir. The public does those things occasionally. Perhaps the finder will bring it here, and forward it at his own expense: if so, it shall receive every attention, Sir.

Mr. M. H. This telegraph system is—

[Exit before completing his diagnosis.]

COMPULSORY EATING AND DRINKING.



RIEND PUNCH,

"I do not question the benevolent motives of the United Kingdom Alliance, and other temperance societies, that have lately been holding their conferences, but it strikes me that they are somewhat peremptory, if not tyrannical, in the enunciation of the various reforms that they wish to see practically carried out.

"Suppose that every class of hobby-mongers were as dictatorial as they. The consequences would probably be as confused as a cavalcade as the following:

"The vegetarians would denounce the consumers of animal food, and the latter would inveigh just as loudly against the former. The vegetarians would petition Parliament, praying that no one should be allowed to take the life of a periwinkle or a sucking pig, whilst the

partakers of fish, flesh, and fowl, would, moved by the same charitable feelings, call upon our legislative rulers to prevent the lovers of greens and carrots condemning themselves to a slow but certain death by persisting in such a wishy-washy unnutritious diet.

"Again, the publicans, the wine-merchants, and the great brewers, might, with as much justice, insist upon the teetotallers drinking nothing but spirits, wine, and stout and porter, as the disciples of FATHER MATHEW display in attempting to exact a legislative enactment that, because they like water themselves, and believe it to be the true fountain of health, so consequently that every one else, whether they like it or not, shall drink nothing but water.

"We know how doctors disagree amongst themselves. Are the homœopaths then to bellow and agitate against the hydropaths? Are the allopaths to raise a loud cry of grievance because there are a large class of medical dissenters who dare to think and practise differently to themselves?

"Are the believers, also, in certain infallible remedies to be continually waging warfare with each other? Are the devotees of MORISON to be perpetually pelting

with abuse the fanatics who place implicit faith in HOLLOWAY? Is COCKLE to be incessantly arrayed in arms against OLD PARR, DR. JACOB TOWNSEND, MR. FRAMP-TON, and DR. JONGH, each of whom devoutly believes that he holds in his pocket (money paid in advance) the only true specific for arresting disease and prolonging human life? Because DR. DU BARRY can prove in black and white his '50,000,000 Certificated Cures,' is that a reason why we should all be compelled under strong penalties to take for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, nothing but his *Revalenta Arabica*? Kind angels, forbid!

"No, the days of prohibition are over, and let there be Free Trade in eating and drinking as there is in everything else. Let every one do as he pleases, and if a man is doing himself an injury, the cure will in time work itself, for punishment has a wonderful quick effect in hastening the hour of correction. Is the Thames to be closed up, forsooth, because a few unhappy creatures commit suicide in it every year? Prevent them if you can, but do not prohibit me, inasmuch as I do not entertain any particular craving for shortening my days, from fishing, or rowing or bathing in that noble river as often as I please. These United Kingdom Alliance gentlemen are doubtlessly very good, worthy, well-meaning gentlemen, but I do not want them to dictate to me what I am to drink, nor to lay down laws for my moral or dietetic guidance in any way whatsoever. As for Parliament, it knows better than to interfere with the liberty of the subject.

"I am, dear Punch,

"Yours, a true Independent Briton,

"JOHN BROWN."

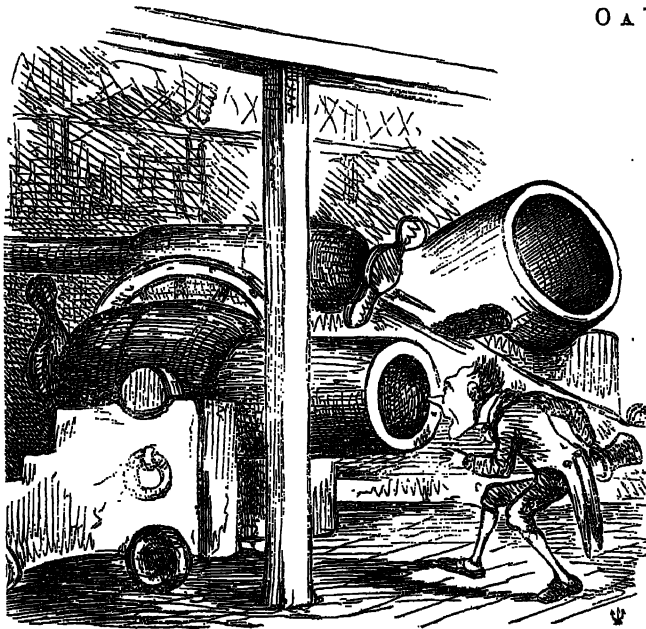
Going Great Lengths.

THE *Star* is dissatisfied with MR. LINCOLN. It says, "The President is all very well so far as he goes, but there is not enough of him." Yet he is nearly seven feet high. However, we agree with our contemporary, that what America wants is a great man.

TWICE CROWNED.

THE readers of Parisian journals say that the beautiful and devout Lady at the head of French politics happily combines an inherited with an elective title. She is not only the Empress of "the French," but also of *La France*.

SUICIDE IN STAYS.



O A YOUNG LADY.

MY DEAR MISS SMYTHE,—Of course you have been to see the Exhibition—no, I don't mean the one under the Trafalgar Square twin pepper-boxes, I mean the one which lies beneath the two big domes that FOWKE built. And of course you've seen the Koh-i-noor, and all the other ducks of diamonds, and the exquisite lace shawls, and the beautiful mixed pickle trophy, and the girl's hair six feet long, and the rabbit that beats a drum, and the little bird that stirs about and sings upon a snuff-box. And besides all these instructive and wonder-moving sights, you have improved your mind still further by sitting

in the nave, and staring at the swells who keep on walking up and down in it, and who look as though they fancied that of all the marvels shown there they were best worth looking at. And having done this, and just peeped at the pictures for a bit, and possibly been brave enough to win some gloves of cousin CHARLEY, by spending, say, six minutes in the smell of the machinery,—having done all this, you fancy you have "done" the Exhibition, and that really there is nothing you have left unseer there.

Well, I am sorry to disturb this notion, and to give you further labour; but have you seen the Grecian girdle expressly manufactured for the EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA? No, you've not? Well then, you'll find it—or at any rate, a facsimile—if you will ask a kind policeman to present you at the Greek Court, to which he is invested with full power of introduction. The reason why I ask you to go and see this girdle, is not so much because it is connected with an Empress (although of course that fact alone must serve to make it vastly interesting), as because it only measures sixteen inches in its length, thereby showing that her Majesty is the possessor of a waist which my joined thumbs and forefingers easily could clasp. Now, very possibly her Majesty was born with a small waist, and I will have the charity to fancy that she was. Her portrait is exhibited among the foreign pictures, and one shrinks from speaking harshly of such a pretty creature as, if her artist may be credited, the Empress certainly must be. So I will assume that her small waist is a natural deformity, and has not been produced by artificial means. But for fear lest her example set the fashion for wasp waists (and I know how prone you ladies are to follow any fashion, no matter how unsightly, which an Empress leads), do just let me remind you and others of your sex, that a small waist when produced by artificial means invariably causes a great injury to health. Tight lacing may indeed be considered as a crime, for they who wantonly destroy their health are guilty of slow suicide, inasmuch as by degrees they shorten their own life. And after all, what beauty is there in a pinched-in waist? To my eyes it is simply as monstrous a deformity as the squeezed foot of a Chinawoman, or the blackened teeth of married ladies in Japan. If I were a young man, I would no more think of marrying a girl with a wasp waist than I would make an offer to JULIA PASTRANA, supposing that attractive person came again to life. I should know that, if my wife had a waist my hands could clasp, the chances are her doctor's bills would annually increase; and that, to say nothing of the sorrow of having a sick wife, her small waist would occasion me a very great expense.

Pray then, my dear young lady, do just bear my words in mind; and whenever you see a girl beginning to wear stays, and to deform herself and kill herself by squeezing in her ribs, do pray tell her that the smaller she contrives to make her waist, the smaller will her chances be of getting married; for believe me that in this matter, as well as every other one, all men of sense will always agree with your friend,

PUNCH.

TELEGRAMS TO COME.

PARIS.—The prolonged occupation of Rome by our brave troops has terminated in a solution of the Roman question to be regretted in the interests of Catholicism.

Impatience of the necessity which withholds their desired Capital has at length prevailed on the Italians to inquire into the basis of those spiritual pretensions on which is reared the superstructure of the POPE's temporal sovereignty.

They have accordingly addressed themselves to the study of the New Testament.

They find that there is no such word as Pope in the book.

Everywhere the populations have renounced their spiritual allegiance to the papacy. Multitudes crowd the streets, uttering cries of "Viva la Bibbia!" "Viva l'Evangelio!" "Viva la verità!"

The people of Italy has proclaimed that it embraces genuine Christianity.

The whole Italian nation, including the Romans, has been excommunicated by the POPE.

The unity of Italy has thus accomplished itself in a spiritual sense; but our arms, which have unfortunately achieved that result, will not cease to perpetuate, for the welfare of Christendom, and the glory of France, the situation which caused it, in consequence of which the Sovereign Pontiff is now a monarch whose subjects are heretics.

Arrangements have been made, by the despatch of large reinforcements, for the permanent establishment of the Holy Father, under the protection of French artillery, at Rome as a Pope *in partibus*.

COXWELL AND GLAISHER.

A Song by a Schoolboy.

'TIS of the youthful ICARUS

The ancient poet sings,

For whom his daddy, DÆDALUS,

Made certain waxen wings;

But, flying up too near the Sun,

His wings of wax did melt,

And then he came right down, like fun,

As hard as he could pelt.

A great deal faster than he rose

Apace descended he,

Until he ended all his woes

In the Ægean Sea.

Now what a lie is that account!

About the hour of noon

GLAISHER and COXWELL bold did mount

Six miles in a balloon.

No mortal man could soar so high,

Because, at that great height,

A pigeon they let out to fly,

Could not effect its flight.

Half stifled for the want of breath

Was COXWELL, GLAISHER too:

GLAISHER was nearly froze to death,

And COXWELL's hands turned blue.

Aloft 'tis cold instead of hot;

Wax wings would freeze, not run,

By which a clap as near had got,

As could be, to the Sun;

As snow upon a mountain's top

Might show to every fool:

So that slow fable you must drop

That we are taught at school.

But GLAISHER's pluck, and COXWELL's too,

Is something to admire;

As high as eagle ever flew

Those fellows went, and higher.

One kept on reading at his glass,

Whilst he could see or stand;

The other's teeth let out the gas,

When cold had numbed his hand.

'Tis true that these two men did go

Six miles towards the sky;

But as for ICARUS, we know

That story's all my eye.

Then what's the use to read about

Old heroes' fabled acts,

When now they're beaten, out and out,

By wonders that are facts?

The Height of Humility.

WHAT would CARDINAL WISEMAN say to a converted convict, who had become a saint, and, in order to exhibit a memorial of his disgrace, stuck his ticket-of-leave, framed and glazed, over his mantel-shelf?

Would not his Eminence say that, after the saint had been canonised, his ticket-of-leave would make a splendid relic?



A DIP IN FRENCH WATERS.

Jones (to Old Woman). "COM, SAR!—WHAT DO YOU MEAN?—AM I TO BE LED DOWN LIKE THAT FOR A QUARTER OF A MILE?"

THE ITALIAN TRIO.

The Pope to Louis Napoleon. Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour,
That threatens most my Temporal Power,
Oh, do not leave me, pray!
I own I've called you many a name,
But who would hate a poor old dame
For aught that she can say?

Louis Napoleon. I've stayed, old lady, far too long,
In fact I feel I'm in the wrong,
And off I mean to go,
Your neighbour there has shown he's quite
Prepared and willing, M'm, to fight
Against your every foe.

King Victor. Yes, leave the poor old girl to me,
You'll see how quickly we'll agree,
When you are out of sight,
And she shall walk in silk attire,
And go to church in glory, Sire,
And I'll do all that's right.

The Pope. I do not like the plan at all,
My fortune's tottering to its fall.

Louis Nap. Oh, don't say that, but bless our plan,
Be friends with brave King Gallantman.

King Victor. Yes, take my arm, and never mind,
Our plan is all that's good and kind.

The Pope. O dear, O dear, I quake with fear.

Louis Nap. Why quake, old girl, no foes are here?

King Victor. I am not cruel, nor severe.

All. But Fate must call the dance.

The Pope. It's very hard to leave me so.

Louis Nap. Trials are blessings, don't you know?

King Victor. We'll talk about the *Statu quo*.

All. The word is "*Exit France*."

MINSTRELS PAID OFF.

It will perhaps be generally considered that the subjoined portion of a newspaper paragraph has a not unsuitable heading:—

"A STUPID FROLIC.—The *Malta Times* gives the following account of a cruel practical joke played off at Rabbots, in the Island of Gozo, by a party of officers of the garrison. For the amusement of an idle hour they adopted the not very original expedient of throwing hot copper coins from the windows of the Imperial Hotel, to be scrambled for by a crowd of boys."

The pastime above described certainly is one which is neither intellectual nor benevolent. Circumstances, however, alter cases, and a proceeding, which, practised for amusement, is wanton cruelty, becomes laudable when adopted in self vindication. The eminent mathematician, MR. BABBAGE, is notoriously the subject of continual annoyance from dirty Italian organ-grinders, who station themselves before his house, and, though told to go away, keep on tormenting him with their noise, to the distraction of his mind, and the interruption and confusion of his calculations. A philosopher may often derive a hint from fools, and the next time MR. BABBAGE finds himself plagued by one of these rascals, he might advantageously employ the same expedient to rid himself of a nuisance as that to which the officers at Malta resorted for the purpose of killing time. What MR. BABBAGE might do with satisfactory effect, other gentlemen might be advised to try when molested by organ-grinding vagrants. It is true that the officers who played the trick above recorded, and burnt a number of little boys in the hands and legs, were deservedly fined £5 each by the magistrates; but any Beak of ordinary acuteness will see that it is one thing to hurt inoffensive children and another to throw hot coppers to offensive organ-grinders.

A Tobacco Parliament Wanted.

M. ASSOLANT did us the honour to call us a nation of savages. He applied that appellation to us not altogether without reason. We may boast of our civilisation; but we cannot deny that the needless and mischievous inequality of our duties on tobacco is a proof that our customs are still extremely barbarous.



RELIEVING GUARD.

MRS. POPE. "OH, MR. POLICEMAN, I HOPE YOU AIN'T A-GOIN' TO LEAVE A POOR OLD 'OMAN?"

MR. NAP. "YES, M'M, I AM—YOU WILL BE QUITE SAFE WITH YOUR FRIEND, VICTOR, YONDER. HE'S A CAPITAL OFFICER."

A WISE MAN'S WORDS.

In a late publication from the pen of CARDINAL WISEMAN, we are informed that the late QUEEN of NAPLES, and a certain Neapolitan beggar-boy named NUNZIO STULPRIZIO, are contemporary candidates for canonisation. They both died in similar states of sanctity:—

"And so the Queen, and the mendicant, one mass of gangrene, were admitted together on the same day; and passed in their matriculation for the sublime degrees of beatification and canonisation."

This is CARDINAL WISEMAN'S own statement; no burlesque.

The mendicant above-mentioned, whilst an inmate of a hospital, according to the Cardinal, "contrived to practise all virtues in a heroic degree on the wretched pallet which he never left." All virtues! The practice of all the virtues, even within the compass of the most spacious four-poster, would be a sufficient miracle. It would beat any performance that a Spiritual Blondin could exhibit on the moral tight-rope. CARDINAL WISEMAN says, further:—

"Now, perhaps the Queen and the pauper, who thus met at the threshold of the Church's judgment-seat (Prov. xxii. 2), and were admitted together, may continue to walk on together, and share the honour, one day of a joint canonisation. Perhaps the lame and bed-ridden patient may run quicker in the race, and attain the goal before his more agile and graceful competitor."

Upon our honour, upon our circulation, the foregoing words are CARDINAL WISEMAN'S own, and not those of *Punch*.

THE NAGGLETONS OUT.

A SEA-SIDE DRAMA.

The Scene represents the Breakfast-Table at MR. and MRS. NAGGLETON'S lodgings at a Watering-Place. The distinguished couple at breakfast.

Mr. Naggleton (who is justifiably cross, because he went out late to buy a "Times" and all the copies had been sold to unknown persons, whom he therefore hates). What bad tea!

Mrs. N. There's coffee.

Mr. N. That's worse.

Mrs. N. It was not my fault that water didn't boil, I suppose.

Mr. N. No. But I suppose it was your fault for using water that didn't boil.

Mrs. N. Do you want to have a fire in the parlour with the thermometer at 70°? or do you wish your wife to go down into the kitchen of a lodging-house, and heat the kettle?

Mr. N. I only wish to have decent tea or coffee.

Mrs. N. You have managed to drink both, such as they are; so if I were you I would say no more about it.

Mr. N. I am much obliged for your advice, and should be more obliged if you would condescend to attend to what I believe is a woman's department.

Mrs. N. If you had gone to an hotel, you could have had all the luxuries, the want of which makes you so amiable.

Mr. N. I didn't choose to go to an hotel.

Mrs. N. Then you must take things as you find them.

Mr. N. I have had good breakfasts at the sea-side in other days.

Mrs. N. I am happy to hear it. That makes it all the fairer that you should sometimes put up with bad ones. Not that the breakfast has been bad to-day, only your temper.

Mr. N. I say it has been bad. The shrimps were anything but fresh.

Mrs. N. Do you wish me to get up early in the morning, and go out shrimping?

Mr. N. I certainly wish you would get up early in the morning, as it is ridiculous to be breakfasting at ten o'clock at the sea-side.

Mrs. N. I don't see why people should come to the sea to make themselves uncomfortable.

Mr. N. Nor I; nor why they should make other people so.

Mrs. N. Well, as you are in a sweet humour, I shall take my novel and go down to the beach and read, and perhaps you'll be in a happier frame of mind by lunch-time.

Mr. N. When a novel-fit is on you, it is useless for me to expect any attention. If you imitated some of the perfection you are so fond of reading about, it might not be amiss.

Mrs. N. Very neat, dear, and very new, and very much calculated to make an impression.

Mr. N. (who is, somehow, getting the worst of it, and is aware of the fact). Of course. Any scribbler's sentiments have more weight with you than your husband's.

Mrs. N. Well, dear, I am not unreasonable. I do not ask you for sentiments. Sentiment at your time of life would be about as suitable to you as leap-frog.

Mr. N. (in despair, castles). Pray don't let that anchovy paste come up any more—it is not fit to be upon the table.

Mrs. N. You bought it yourself.

Mr. N. Because I could get nothing else provided for me. I shall throw it out of window if I see it again.

Mrs. N. Pray do, or commit any other act of boyish impatience. I suppose you conduct yourself in that ridiculous way in the hope of seeming younger than you are.

Mr. N. (thinks he sees an opening). No, my dear. I have given sufficient proof, in the later part of my life, of not being as wise as I ought to be, considering.

Mrs. N. (carelessly). Have you, love? Never mind. It's too late for regrets now. But (arrested in the midst of her victory, and angrily) it's too early to begin smoking that abominable pipe.

Mr. N. (availing himself of the enemy's indiscretion). I observe, my dear, that the names of things vary with the temper of the speakers. This is a pipe, when you are in a rage, but it is a Meerschaum, when you are going to fill and light it, preparatory to some little domestic manœuvre.

Mrs. N. A man who deserved to be called a husband would not make domestic manœuvres necessary, and a husband who deserved to be called a man would not reproach a wife with any little display of kindness. However, such a thing will not occur again.

Mr. N. In that case I shall lose on my fuses, and gain on my banker's book. Ha! ha!

Mrs. N. You are easily pleased.

Mr. N. Then you must reproach yourself with not oftener trying what is so easy. Come, I was only joking.

Mrs. N. I am glad you mention it. I did not see the joke. Such things are not much in your way.

Mr. N. (furious). A course of novels makes us critical as well as polite.

Mrs. N. Oh, there! I didn't say it. I'm sorry I spoke. I know that you are the wit of the "Flips" Club, only don't bring your wit to me, because I am unfortunately too stupid to be a good judge of that article.

Mr. N. Or of any other—potted beef included. This is the worst I ever ate.

Mrs. N. Here is the paper, dear. (Takes it in at the window.) Perhaps somebody else's ideas may be more amusing than your own. Just let me see who is married.

Mr. N. Inhuman satisfaction!

Mrs. N. (scorning to notice such used-up rubbish, and reading). Ah! HELEN SANDERSON'S wedding at last! ALFRED has got his step, then. What a happy wife she will be.

Mr. N. Yes, and will deserve her happiness. I do not know anyone with such a sweet temper. She is always cheerful; always tries to make the pleasantest answer that can be made, and looks happiest when she has done anyone a kind turn.

Mrs. N. And she marries a man who can appreciate those qualities, and who is worth pleasing. And how handsome ALFRED CROWHURST is. He looks like a gentleman.

Mr. N. Yes, it is a very good imitation.

Mrs. N. There now, that is just like you. So spiteful. As if anybody complained of you for being only five feet four, and being obliged to wear a wig. Do allow good looks to other persons.

Mr. N. (solemnly). I have told you repeatedly, MRS. NAGGLETON, that I am five feet six—not, of course—ha, ha—that it signifies; but it argues a determination to be disrespectful when a person continues to repeat what is not truth.

Mrs. N. Well, you shall be six feet if you like, dear. As you say, what does it signify? And your wig's your own hair; and is there any other truth that you would like me to admit, while I am about it?

Mr. N. (scily). If you have done with the paper, I shall be obliged by it.

Mrs. N. There it is. I see old MR. BLOKER is gone at last. She will be well off, won't she?

Mr. N. What, JOHN BLOKER! Dear me, I am shocked.

Mrs. N. Well, I don't know what about. It must be a happy release for himself and his friends. MRS. BLOKER will marry again, I dare say.

Mr. N. Why, she's as old as you are. Marry again, indeed! However, as there's no saying what folly a woman may commit, I make no doubt that JOHN BLOKER has taken care to fortify her weak resolution by some anti-matrimonial suggestions in his will. Goose as she may be, she is hardly goose enough to suppose that anybody would think of her except in connection with his savings. What do you think? (The above charming speech delivered slowly, and as matter long since pondered.)

Mrs. N. (with a curious effort). Perhaps you are right, HENRY. Indeed, I have no doubt that you are. I spoke hastily when I said—my dear HENRY! Your Meerschaum is nearly out. I'll get you a match. But won't you come and smoke on the beach?—I don't mean about the smell in the curtains, dear, because I rather like that,—it seems so domestic—but it is so much pleasanter to have you with me, and you can read your *Times* just as well in the shade of the bathing machines. Come, I won't be a minute putting on my hat, and as we go down, we'll call at PICKLETON and LARDER'S for a moment, as I told

them to get something which I think you'll like for breakfast—you don't half take care of yourself, and I believe I am wrong in leaving you to yourself so much, only you are so decided and imperious, dear, that I am always afraid to interfere. There—now you have a capital fire, and I won't be a minute. *[Exit.]*

Mr. N. (smiling to himself). I believe that she cares about me a great deal, and that the thought of MRS. BLOKER's bereavement touched her feelings. She's not a bad sort of woman, though nothing like MRS. NAGGLETON No. 1. *[Exit to wait at street-door.]*

Scene in another apartment. MRS. NAGGLETON before the looking-glass.

Mrs. N. If he has! And he is quite capable of it. As old as I am, indeed! Well, it's no use talking, but—

Scene closes.



SMALL-POX IN SHEEP.

A Pastoral.

LATELY, one morn, discoursed a brace of clowns,
DAN'L and DICK, upon the Hampshire downs,
A vale between them, threaded by a rill,
And either standing on a distant hill.
Relate in Doric verse, O sacred Muse,
How those two clodhoppers expressed their views.

Dan. Hast hear'd the news in Wiltshire oaver there,
As shepherds ool lament at Weyhill Fair?
Dick. Bes, I be told as how the ship ha' got
The small-pox, but I spose they manes the rot.
Dan. Rot? Yaa! They're roitun fast enough, no
doubt,
But their disaise is small-pox, out and out.

Dick. Small-pox in ship? That's zummot strange and
new,

'Twool make the butchers look uncommon blue;
What some ool think a wonder and a zign,
'Taint like as ef it had attacted swine.

Dan. Swine! that had been a gurter plag and cuss,
In ship 'tis bad enough; in pigs 'twur wus,
But how should small-pox out o' Natur's way
For t'others be, and not as much for they?

Dick. Cause why 'tis what's a nateral ill to we,
And pigs our sart o' poor relations be,
The differunce 'twixt ourselves and ship is wide;
Just like a Christian's is a pig's inside.

Dan. Some says pigs has the measles, which, if truc,
They just as well med ha' the small-pox too.
'Twould spile their beauty to be sure, but there,
Our bacon if we saved we shouldn't care.

Dick. Now if ship's got the small-pox to endure,
No doubt but what they'll ha the measles, sure.
And hoopun cough, all moor or less severe;
Sims like enough to make the mutton queer.

Dan. I tell 'ee what; 'tis them new schemes o' breed,
All them there fine improvements in their feed,
Departun off from Natur's good old ways,
Instead o' lavun ship alone to graze,

—'Tis hottish baint it for the time o' year?

Dick. Ees, 'tis; and I should like a drap o' beer.

The Best Possible Primate.

TOUCHING the appointment of a new Archbishop, the *Times* said, "The qualities needed in an English Primate must be very sober and not at all brilliant." At this rate the man best qualified to be ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY is the teetotaller DEAN CLOSE.

FOOLS TO AMUSE THE FRENCH.

| A M. L' ÉTRANGER.

MONSIEUR,

You do not, I fear, enjoy half the amusement you might find in this country. Let me recommend you to assist at some of the meetings of our Societies for controlling the inclinations of other people. For example go, if you can, to the next meeting of the International Temperance and Prohibition Conference. You see, Monsieur, this Association calls itself International. It therefore professes not only to deprive me of the liberty to get drunk, but, pardon me, yourself also.

Do you know, Monsieur, what this droll Society does? A number of persons organise themselves into a league for the purpose of encouraging one another to drink nothing stronger than tea, and also of preventing other people from drinking what they please. This latter object, which consists with their idea of British freedom, they seek to effect by procuring laws for the annihilation of the liquor trade. They would make it criminal to be a wine-merchant, or the landlord of any but a Temperance hotel. The first of their objects, mutual encouragement in abstinence from exhilarating fluids, they accomplish by assembling, declaiming, and listening to declamations on the evils arising from the use of fermented drink, which they enormously exaggerate; also, sometimes, by marching about in procession, beating drums, bearing banners, singing in chorus, and otherwise making a demonstration worthy of idiots escaped from an asylum. Assuredly these imbeciles are right to abstain from intoxicating beve-

rages, for they are always more than tipsy enough, although having drunk only water.

The word of order of these serious buffoons is Total Abstinence. They call themselves by the ridiculous name of Teetotallers. Fancy, Monsieur, an assemblage of simpletons shouting to one another, "Come, friends, let us drink no wine. Let us avoid beer. Courage, comrades, we will refrain from Cognac. Yes; we will content ourselves with ginger-beer, soda-water, tea, coffee. Take the pledge; pass it round, boys; drink we it in water. Huzza, three times three, we won't go home till twilight; jolly companions every one!"

If, indeed, these silly and frantic busybodies cried, "No black beer; no adulterated porter!" you would, with me, deem their shout reasonable; but their cry is "No beer at all!" no pale yellow beer, even mixed with water. Worse, still, they roar, or rather bray, "No Burgundy! No Claret! No Champagne!" Now, Monsieur, you will see, in its full extent, the folly of these frenzied nincompoops. Our Government has but just concluded with yours that admirable treaty, so advantageous as well for the revenue as for the trade of both countries, which relies, for its success, on our large demand for your excellent wines. And this bond of union between the two nations would be destroyed if the Legislature were so mad as to yield to the noisy agitation of the impertinent boobies who desire to have a preposterous and tyrannical Maine Law enacted in England.

Monsieur, you really should go and witness the ludicrous exhibition which these grave but violent zanies will be delighted to afford you entirely at their own expense. Accept, Monsieur, the assurance of the distinguished consideration with which I have the honour to subscribe myself, your very humble servant,

DEAN CLOSE.

PERSIGNY ON PEDIGREE.



MR BERNARD BURKE is respectfully informed that M. DE PERSIGNY, the other day, at Montbrison, in the department of the Loire anciently called the Forez, presiding at the inauguration of "La Diana," an archaeological society, just revived there, made a speech about nobility, mainly directed to show that the blood of noblemen and commoners is essentially the same fluid, and citing the Arabs, and the Scotch, as the two peoples in the world who are distinguished from the rest of it by taking that philosophical view of the subject. To the descendants of ISHMAEL, however, and to the natives of the land of thistles, are to be added the inhabitants of the Loire, according to the Imperial Minister of the Interior; who said:—

celebrated thief ROB ROY might have remarked when he stated that his foot was now on his native heath, and his name was MAC GREGOR. M. DE PERSIGNY and his fellow clansmen of the Loire had better have taken a genuine original Scotch name, Mac and all; and there is one which would have just suited them: the most original name for any clan that could possibly be selected, and one singularly according with PERSIGNY'S ideas of blood and pedigree—MAC ADAM.

Rich Muffs, Please Copy.

NATURALISTS have just discovered that the Glow-worm feeds on Snails. Some apologetic sentimentalism is the result of the announcement, but *Mr. Punch* (who is a diner-out) sees great fitness in this arrangement of nature. The slow folks of society are the proper parties to furnish dinners for the Brilliant.

A Dirty Business.

THE French say that "*Tout chemin mène à Rome*," and certainly their occupation of that City is a strong proof of it. We only wish that LOUIS NAPOLEON had selected a cleaner way of getting there.

A VETERINARY FACT.

VACCINATION is proposed as a preventive of small-pox in sheep. We believe it has been tried and not found to answer, perhaps because the sheep cannot have the cow-pox.

CONUNDRUM FOR LORD SHAPTESBURY.

Who is to be the new Archbishop?

[The answer shall be published when his Lordship has decided.]

this district or province to which I belong, having the same origin, feeling within our veins the same blood, inheriting the same traditions, have formed ourselves into a clan which is called Forez."

A very good imitation of Clan CAMPBELL, and the MACDONALDS, is Clan Forez; minus the Mac, which the CAMPBELLS have; for we all know that CAMPBELL is only an *alias*, as the

"So, as the CAMPBELLS and MACDONALDS, we of

FOREIGN TRAPS FOR ENGLISH FLATS.

In common with many wise and also, he much fears, with many foolish people, *Mr. Punch* is very frequently receiving invitations to lay out a small portion of his large weekly earnings in the purchase of a "chance" or a few dozen of "chances" of winning him a prize in some continental lottery. This invitation is commonly conveyed in vastly courteous terms, which seem to keep the word of promise to the ear, but are likely in most cases to break it to the hope. The last of these polite epistles wherewith *Mr. Punch* was favoured was phrased in tempting language thus:—

"Frankfort on the Maine.
"Sir,—We take the liberty of enclosing for your perusal a Prospectus of the Great Brunswick Money Lottery, guaranteed by Government, and we beg to call your attention to the great advantages offered to investors by this speculation; with such a small outlay, viz., £1 for a whole share, 5s. for a quarter, you are enabled to win the highest prizes mentioned in the Prospectus, viz. 100,000 \$, 30,000 \$, 70,000 \$, 68,000 \$, &c. &c. The first families in England have already invested in this speculation."

Have they, indeed? Well, we have no means to negative the statement; excepting just to say that the family of LORD PUNCH have not as yet subscribed, nor are they likely so to do if his Lordship can prevent them. As *Macbeth* says, his Lordship has no such "speculation in his eyes," not having any green in them. But besides the strong inducement in the thought of doing that which the first families have done, the letter under notice further tempts one by asserting that—

"These Prizes will be paid to you [i. e., if you win them] in ready money, through a Banker in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, or through any other channel you may prefer."

"The Drawings are performed publicly, under the direction of a Government Commission appointed for the purpose, and we assure you that every Shareholder has a fair and equal chance whether present at the Drawing or not."

"An 'Official List' bearing the Government Arms will be forwarded immediately after the Drawing to your own, or any other address you may desire."

"You may rest assured that we will do our utmost to promote your interests, and promising that the strictest secrecy shall be observed,"

"We remain, yours, very respectfully,

"SCHWINDERMANN UND SPITZBUZZ."

Great must be the comfort even to a loser to have the privilege of receiving this "official list" of all the winning candidates, with the

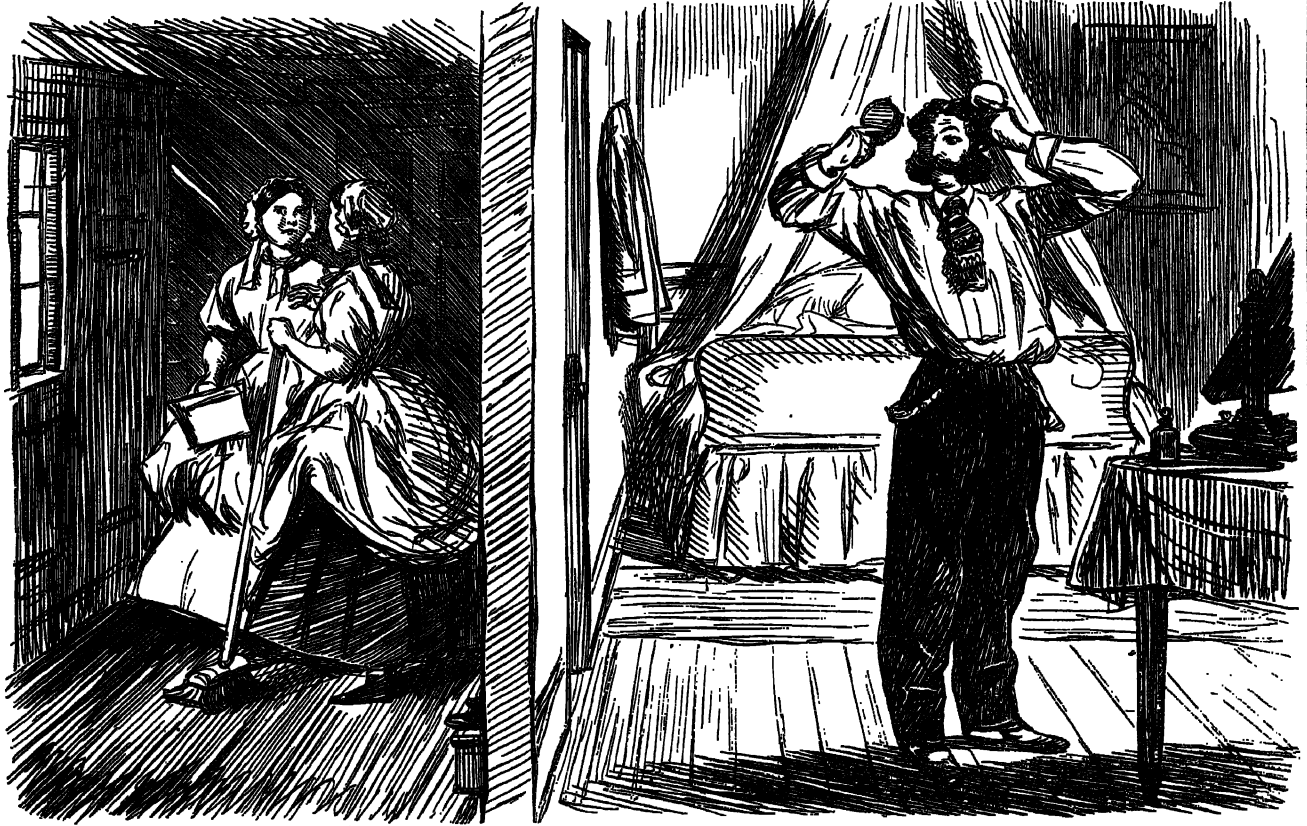
names and weights of money to which they are entitled. And great must be the solace to those who have not won, in seeing the list headed with the Government Arms, as a surety that no black-legs have put foot in the lottery. In the prospectus which accompanies the letter it is stated that "the shares are signed by Blank, Director, and Asterisk, Inspector, and are provided with the Government weapons" (this doubtless being intended as a synonym for "Arms"). What are the weapons of the Government we are left to guess, and may conceive them what we choose, from a big gun to a battle-axe. One however of these weapons must, we think, be the long bow, which appears to have been drawn somewhat strongly in the statements which relate to the "drawings" of the shares. That these drawings have some art in them, *Mr. Punch* will freely grant; but he inclines to think the art is not of a high character, and not to be compared with the art wherewith his own artists weekly charm the world. The drawings in his window are in his eye far superior to those in foreign lotteries, and each one of his Numbers is a prize, and not a blank. Any one who has spare money to invest may invest it much more safely in *Mr. Punch's* drawings than in those which are described in the prospectus above quoted; and as gambling is illegal in the eye of English law, *Mr. Punch* would recommend all those who have a taste for drawings, to look for them in Fleet Street and not Frankfort on the Maine.

A Bishop in Partibus Fidelium.

THE most genuine *Nolo Episcopari* must be uttered by anyone who reads that MR. BISHOP, an Englishman, convicted by an Italian Court of Justice of helping the Bourbons, is sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

THE Southern President is a classical scholar of no mean attainments, as the following anecdote will testify. Being asked by a Virginian editor how many new men he thought LINCOLN would be able to raise, the excellent JEFFERSON answered, "DAVIS sum, non ODIPUS."

THE BEST SUBSTITUTE FOR COTTON.—Liberal subscriptions for the poor creatures who are suffering from the want of it.



FIRST HOUSEMAID. "Jane, did you ever brush your Hair with two brushes?"

SECOND HOUSEMAID. "Never till the Captain come and left his'n out. My! isn't it delightful?"

[May be, but the Captain's delight at overhearing the statement is decidedly limited.]

NOTICE TO THE AMBITIOUS.

MR. PUNCH observes, with much satisfaction, that the Report of the Decimal Committee has been published, and further that the Committee recommend the Government to prepare the popular mind for the reception of the Decimal System. These preparations are to be made in divers ways, the Post-Office is to introduce the system, in the case of foreign letters and books, and it is to be taught in all schools that receive Government aid. Moreover, gentlemen who wish to enter the service of your country, you must get up the Decimal System, for it is to be made a feature in your examinations. What do you think of that? As babies have corals to cut their teeth upon, as debaters in embryo have their club discussions, and as young Ministers are allowed to deal with Irish affairs and the like before they are entrusted with real business, students in Decimals had better go into training, and form their minds for severer work. By way of helping them, *Mr. Punch* has dashed off a few queries of a searching character, which he submits for the advantage and instruction of his young friends, and if they can answer these off-hand, he has good hope that they will distinguish themselves in the new line about to be opened to them.

QUERIES FOR YOUNG CANDIDATES.

- What are Dated Greek Proxymata, and describe the ecliptic variety.
 - What is your idea of the Purbeck Mammalian genus *Plagianax*?
 - What has become of the Library of MATTHIAS CORVINUS?
 - What was the actual and what is the market value of a tetradrachm of ARSINOE THE FIRST?
 - Give a specimen of the Amphibrachys, the Ditrochæus, and the Epitritus Secundus.
 - What is the relative art-value of Kamptulicon, Pannuscorium, and the Eureka shirt?
 - What are diurnal Lepidoptera, and are Amblypodia Lycanida, or does the converse hold?
 - How do you mix Mathematics, and do you take sugar with them or not?
- Now, send in answers to the above (you may write, print, or lithograph the replies, but we will not have them on scented paper), and we

undertake to return private or public certificate, as may be desired, to the merits of each respondent and his chance of passing an examination in the Decimal System.

PRIZES FOR VIRTUOUS PEASANTS.

THERE is something to be said for LORD JOHN MANNERS'S opinion that the practice of rewarding agricultural servants with the prizes distributed at the meetings of Farmers' Clubs is not "one that is more honoured in the breach than in the observance." There is something dramatic and picturesque in the distribution of prizes to a meritorious and happy peasantry. That is, at least, there would be if it were arranged to take place with proper scenery, dresses, and decorations; villagers, old and young, in holiday attire, and the lads and lasses suitably trimmed with ribbons. Moreover, the prizes should be sufficiently elegant. Corduroy trousers are not the sort of donation that lords, and squires, and wealthy farmers, patrons of a rural festival, should present to successful shepherds and deserving ploughmen. A flowered dimity waistcoat would be the right kind of thing; and to this might be added a pair of white ditto smalls, blue ribbed cotton stockings and glazed pumps.

The American Appeal.

THE weather is warm and cool things are welcome. But perhaps there is an excess of coolness in the latest proposition from the Federals. They ask that England, France, and Russia shall mediate "upon the basis of the submission of the South and its return to the Union." That is they, unable to "whip" the South, want the European powers to obtain for the North what it cannot get by fighting. Yes, this is Refrigeration *in excelsis*—nay, MR. GLAISHER, six miles aloft was not so cool as the American petition.

EXTREMELY FRIVOLOUS.—We have no respect for the art-critic who, being shown the beautiful figure of a black girl by STEWOR MONTI, called it a Monti-negro.



INEBRIATED VOLUNTEER (indignantly to what he evidently mistakes for a live member of the "L-d-n S-t-t-h"). "P—posh'tively d'shgrache. i'the sherviche—I sh' cert'nly r'portish—shean'loush conduct—Lord Elcho 'sh' fren' o' mine!"

ALARM AT SCARBOROUGH.

SCARBOROUGH has been more than usually lively this season on account of several sharks having recently visited the coast. They produced the greatest commotion in the water, especially amongst the bathers, who became particularly animated at their approach, though it was noticed that but very few evinced a buoyant alacrity to enter upon closer terms of intimacy with their new marine acquaintances. There was a shyness and backwardness rarely displayed at the sea-side, where everybody is so ready to swear "eternal friendship" on the spot, after seeing each other for the first time.

The general feeling seemed to be an extreme coolness, approaching to an unmistakable *emprossement* to get out of their way as much as possible, though in other respects the new visitors had no reason to complain, for if they had been royal personages, they could not have been more stared at, or scrutinised like wild beasts, than they were. It is said that the shortness of their visit was owing to their having accidentally caught a glimpse of several of the lodging-house keepers of the place. They instantly retired, modestly feeling after one glance that it would be utterly impossible for them to get a living amongst the natives, so long as they were exposed to such fierce competition. This discernment does them great credit, proving them to be regular, old, sea-going monsters of the deep.

The practices of these same voracious lodging-house keepers have acquired now such a degree of wide-spread notoriety for the Queen of Watering-Places, that there is a strongly-expressed desire, out of compliment to their taking and toothsome ways, to change the name of the town to SHARKSBOROUGH.

The Hero Above all Heroes.

WE believe that BLONDIN is a naturalised American citizen. So, if the affairs of the Disunion are ever submitted to arbitration, they cannot appoint any one better qualified than the Hero of Niagara to hold the balance between the North and the South. By the bye, do you know why BLONDIN left America?—Because he felt that Europe wanted BLONDIN, and that he, also, wanted a new rope.

CURRENT NOTIONS OF BEAUTY.

IN COLONEL TORRENS' *Travels in Kashmir, &c.*, we read that, when they had arrived at a place called Lé, they

"Saw that the faces of the Ladák women were smeared with a sort of black glutinous varnish, not unlike currant jelly, and the writer inclines to believe that it is done, against their inclination, to mitigate the fascination of their charms, in the interests of their susceptible spouses."

We know that in England it is the custom to take currant jelly with venison, so with the like reasoning a Kashmir swell may fancy that currant jelly may also have the effect of improving one's "dear." We dare say that the ladies in England, who smear their faces with "the dew of Sahara," and other abominable washes, do it with a similar benevolent object, and "against their inclination." It's smearly done "to mitigate the fascination of their charms." It must be laid on with this view, for it certainly does not enhance them. The motive clearly is to prevent their "susceptible spouses" falling too desperately in love with them. By the bye, the process must require constant renewing: for, as the enamel gets hardened, and is liable to chip, and star, and splinter, the Porcelain One would certainly, in one sense, be pointed out in society as "a crack beauty," and the "susceptible spouse" would, consequently, become more fascinated than ever. However, it is the first time we have ever heard of husbands complaining of their wives being too pretty.

The Reverses of the Northerners.

It seems that all the regiments of the French army now include photographers and telegraphs. So, we believe, do the Unionists' regiments, though they do not appear to have done them much good. Certainly the photographers have not yet succeeded in taking the South, and as for the telegraphs, they were completely useless, inasmuch as they never told the truth. The photographic apparatus would have done the work of the latter much more naturally and efficiently, if, for all the telegraphic reports of victories that were dispatched, they had simply forwarded to Washington so many negatives.

FRENCH IMPERIAL ROME.



TUFID M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE, writing in the new Parisian journal, *La France*, makes the very great mistake of stating that the unity of Italy is impossible, because:—

"It would introduce serious perturbation in European order and the national power of France, who would be compelled to demand compensation from Italy and to change established territorial limits, in order to guarantee herself against several powerful neighbours."

In these words M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE has either uttered a mischievous fiction, or he has, as indiscreetly as fortunately, let the cat out of the bag. Whichever of these things he has done, he has committed an enormous blunder. The pen of this gentleman is supposed to express the mind of the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH. If it does, it has been the instrument of betraying her husband's secrets, in revealing the treachery which she is trying to get him to commit. We, of course, suppose that it expresses nothing but the impertinent conceptions of M. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE.

The name of the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH is taken too much in vain. The following inconsiderate statement about that illustrious lady appeared the other day in the *Tablet*:—

"When the MARCHESSE PEPOLI made his visit to the Imperial Court the other day on his bootless errand, he found himself in conversation with Her Majesty the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, who said, 'I do not understand or like the policy of your Court, M. le Marquis,—I prefer GARIBALDI'S policy to yours, for he names his object and makes straight at it. Then, his cry is ours too. "Roma o morte" is our cry as well as GARIBALDI'S.'"

"The Marchese was uncomfortable. The conversation was taking a turn that was anything but pleasant to him, and as gracefully and quietly as possible he edged himself away, but not before the EMPRESS had repeated her imperial *mot*—"Roma or death, Marquis. That is our cry as well as GARIBALDI'S."

The *Tablet* is lucky in not being a French newspaper. What would NAPOLEON have said to the *Monde* if it had made the mistake of publishing the above-quoted story? "Roma or death, Marquis!" What a speech to put into the mouth of EUGÉNIE after the attempt of ORSINI! Of course the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH never said anything so foolish. Her Imperial Majesty is much more likely to have exclaimed "Crimoline or Cremation!" in answer to some remonstrance against absolutism in that petticoat government which occupies her whole attention, and affords her ruling abilities such ample scope.

DISRAELI'S DEXTERITY.

In the after-dinner address, delivered the other day by MR. DISRAELI to the squires and farmers at Buckingham, occurs the ensuing remark:—

"The tenant farmer does not think it an indignity to gain the silver cup for the best crop of roots; and I do not understand on what principle the labouring class is supposed to be insensible to that spirit of emulation which is the origin and foundation of everything that is excellent in man."

Whatever may be thought of the practice of allotting agricultural labourers petty rewards for long and faithful services, a slight objection may be taken against the foregoing apology for it. Is the spirit of emulation really the origin and foundation of everything that is excellent in man? Does not something of human excellence arise from the love of good? Is there not such a feeling as the sense of duty which constitutes the foundation of some of those things which are excellent in man? Has MR. DISRAELI no idea of it?

In the above-quoted specimen of the eloquence of the Conservative Leader of the House of Commons, we may however notice, with due praise, the dexterity with which an anticlimax is avoided. "The tenant farmer," observes the Member for Bucks, "does not think it an indignity to gain the silver cup; and," he continues, "I do not see on what principle the labouring class is insensible to that spirit of emulation which is the foundation of all that is excellent in man." A speaker less practised in the oratory of humbug would, with a fatal simplicity, have naturally said, "I do not see on what principle the labouring class is insensible to the value of a pair of corduroy breeches."

CURIOUS CAB-COINCIDENCE.

MAY difference of opinion never alter friendship. This novel sentiment is extracted from *Mr. Punch* by his observing in the same newspaper, first, that the Cabmen have held a meeting at which they have agreed that the Badge shall be done away; and secondly, that SIR RICHARD MAYNE has issued an order notifying that the wearing the Badge conspicuously on the breast is too much neglected, and that the police are to pull up any driver not displaying that ornament. Perhaps the belligerents will come to some compromise. Couldn't the cabman be relieved from wearing his number on his breast, and have it worked very large, on his back instead, where he could not very well see it? Any reasonable concession should always be made; but this, we think, is as far as the public would willingly see SIR RICHARD go.

A RAMPANT IDOLATER.

An old maniac at Turin, the other day, in the midst of a religious festival, astonished the multitude by rushing upon a statue of the Virgin and Child with a hatchet and hacking and hewing it to pieces. Of course he was instantly cut down by a faithful dragoon, but, having luckily not been killed, turned out to be not a Protestant iconoclast, but a Roman Catholic simpleton who had gone mad. This unhappy fool had been for a long time praying to the idol above-mentioned for a *terno secco*, or three lucky lottery-numbers, and at last got them, on a scrap of paper, said to have been affixed to the drapery of the shrine at the feet of the image. The *terno secco* turned out a blank, every number, instead of a prize; whereupon the infuriated fanatic, going quite frantic, vowed vengeance against his deceitful fetish, attacked and tried to demolish it in the manner above described.

This story will really be a good case for the *Spiritual Magazine*. How did the delusive lottery-number get to be stuck on the image? BARON GULDENSTUBBÉ—no relation of *Baron Munchausen*—is asserted to have obtained written answers to questions on pieces of paper placed on the statues of deceased persons. Very likely he did, if any wag of his acquaintance happened to be aware of his necromantic practices. The allocation of the lottery-numbers may as easily be accounted for on the same supposition. Otherwise the lie which some hand unseen had affixed to the Madonna's curtain must be considered to rest between the priests and a tricky spirit—too probably distinguished by horns and tail.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

It was thought that at length there was a change in the American telegrams, and that we were going to hear of a Federal success. The wire brought the following words:—

"General McClellan has taken—"

Then came a hitch, but the spirits of the friends of the North went up, and the *Morning Star* began a beautiful article of triumph. At last the wire got right again, and added—

"The Field!"

Whereat the *Morning Star* put its beautiful article into its pocket until further notice. However, things might have been much worse, for though we did not expect the gallant (and ill-used) McCLELLAN to take Richmond, he might have taken some more of his favourite homoeopathic medicines.

THE BULL-FIGHT AT BAYONNE.

MR. PUNCH, happening to be at Bayonne the other day, took the opportunity then afforded him of witnessing a bull-fight, which came off in the presence of the EMPEROR and EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH. If he had known that he was going to see a cruel and filthy exhibition, he would still have gone, not for amusement, but for instruction, as he goes into the slums, to study human nature, and as surgeons walk the hospitals and cultivate morbid anatomy. But Mr. Punch, superior to prejudice, considered that the common English notion of a bull-fight must be quite a mistake, or that spectacle would never receive the countenance of the representatives of a people which esteems itself to be at the head of civilisation.

The bull-fights at Bayonne take place in a circus similar to that in which the British Public contemplates performances of horsemanship, gymnastics, and buffoonery. The shady side of the amphitheatre is the fashionable one—in the torrid season. Thereon stood the Imperial box fitted up with crimson velvet and gold; thereon also, of course, sat Mr. Punch, who wanted to have a near view of their Imperial Majesties and not to be broiled.

The performance commenced with the entrance of the *Toréadors*, or whole company of the establishment, horse and foot, who advanced across the ring; and then knelt to the EMPRESS, or saluted her. *Ave Eugenia Imperatrix, morituri te salutant* certainly was rather more than their salutation meant; still, inasmuch as the Spanish bull-fighter runs some risk of the fate of the Roman gladiator (fourteen *Toréadors* have been killed during the present season), EL-TATO gets £300 for his day's work, and CALDERON, the principal *Picador*, £200. Our *Toréadors* were all of them prettily attired in gold-laced velvet, like so many ballet-dancers, save that the *Picadors*, or equestrian spear-men, wore iron boots cased with wash-leather, which gave their lower extremities the look of being affected with dropsy or elephantiasis. Their feet were, in addition, protected by large iron stirrups. The rest had on pink silk stockings and shiny pumps.

Her Imperial Majesty tossed a key to one of these male *coryphées*, which it picked up and danced off with. A few moments elapsed, and enter the bull. He was two-and-a-half years old, had been bred on purpose for fighting, and was quite wild. As he entered, a *Picador* stuck a dart into the nape of his neck. The weapon was tastefully decorated with a white satin rosette, intended to make the bull smart and also look pretty, as he kicked and plunged. He was then gently excited by the *Banderilleros*, flourishing their scarfs in his face; they, when the bull made at them with his horns, effecting their escape by vaulting over the inclosure of the arena with elegant agility.

The task of tickling up the bull a little more seriously was now undertaken by two *Picadors* who alternately attracted his attention, and each of whom, when the bull rushed on him, turned him from his horse with the point of his spear, inflicting several severe wounds on his head and shoulders, which the bull took in very ill part, roaring, snorting, and stamping furiously, to the delight of the beholders. One unlucky *Picador*, however, had the misfortune to incur their indignation by not at once shortening his lance so as to allow his horse to be gored. They yelled, screamed, whooped, and shouted "Coward!" "Villain!" "Scoundrel!" blew catcalls and tin trumpets, and made all manner of noise expressive of frantic displeasure. So the *Picador* complied with their demand; shortened his weapon to three feet, and with his steed, was consequently rolled over by the bull. The rider was uninjured; the horse rose with blood spouting from his chest and side; fit for nothing but dogs' meat. This was enough for one bout. A trumpet sounded, and in tripped the *Banderilleros*. They confronted the now infuriated bull with great spirit, dancing about him very prettily, whilst they stuck into his body as into a fancy pincushion, some eight or nine barbed darts, ornamented with coloured papers so as to resemble large *bombons*. The tortured beast tried to rid himself of these truly piquant decorations in vain, and pursued the *Toréadors*, that is to say, the whole lot of miscreants who were engaged in tormenting him. Competent authority deeming that he had now been tortured enough, and had better be put out of his misery, the trumpet again sounded, and in came EL-TATO the chief, and popular *Matador*, to perform that act of mercy. This artist, a well-made, handsome man, with calves that a London footman would envy, was dressed in a purple jacket braided with gold, and breeches which were mauve behind and gold-laced before. He was armed with a sword, and carried a red flag called a *Muleta*. He attacked the bull bareheaded; his black hair gathered up in a knot behind, like that of a female. He also danced before the bull, and dodged him with extreme activity; on one occasion, when the bull stopped short, taking the opportunity to strike an attitude, and stand with a coquettish tenure of his scarf in relation to the bull. This *pose* drew down thunders of applause, which were repeated when he sat down on the ledge of the arena facing the bull, and kissed his hand to him. After some further capering, he proceeded to business, and made an unsuccessful blow at the bull; but his second thrust was a home one. He stuck his victim over the left shoulder apparently through the heart. The animal fell dead. Three horses decorated with flags, and harnessed to a long bar, were then galloped

in, and the bleeding, quivering carcase, attached by its head to the bar was dragged twice round the arena, and then out. EL-TATO, with his blood-bedraggled flag and blood-stained sword, then knelt to their Imperial Majesties, and the spectators shouted their applause. So ended the First Part of this pretty entertainment, of which the witnesses in great measure consisted of the most fashionably attired ladies, in addition to the Authoress of Crinoline. One of them threw her fan into the ring as a testimonial of her approbation of EL-TATO.

The Second Part was a repetition of the first, with additional atrocities. To enhance the gratification afforded by the spectacle, the mangled horses were again ridden in, until one of them fell from mere wounds, and was then kicked off. The second *Espada* who came to kill the bull after the torture inflicted by the *Banderilleros*, was a muff. He made five or six ineffectual stabs, inflicting a wound each time, until the poor beast strangled with blood. Loud cries were raised for EL-TATO to give the *Cachete* or *coup de grâce*; but professional etiquette prevented him from obeying them. At last the bull, exhausted by bleeding, fell, and, yells of disapprobation greeting the clumsy slaughter, one of the *Toréadors* thrust a short dagger into his *medulla oblongata*, and killed him.

Part the Third differed from the others only in the circumstance that one of the *Picadors*, more miserably mounted than the rest, walked his horse, a poor white beast, which seemed resigned to its fate, deliberately up to the bull to be gored. Streaming with blood from its lacerated chest and side, this horse was led in front of the Imperial box, and could scarcely stagger from the arena.

During Part Two, EL-TATO cut a caper too much. His foot slipped—as well it might—and he was within an ace of being gored. Other *Toréadors*, however, diverted the bull's attention, and debarred the ingress of daylight into EL-TATO's interior. Another less satisfactory bull would not show fight, and the spectators howled and shouted *Otro toro!* mad as demons.

Mr. Punch went away at the end of Part Three. He had seen as much as he could stand. The results of the day's sport were, he understands, six mangled bulls and seven gored horses; but no injury to any human brute.

If anybody wants to see a bull killed, Mr. Punch recommends him to go to a regular slaughter-house, where he will at any rate witness the slaughter of an ox, if the butcher does not happen to deal in bull-beef. The stalwart exercise of the poll-axe, and the happy despatch of the victim will please him more than the stiletto practice of embroidered dancing-men. As to the horses, whose death and torture are as essential as the bull's, they are by no means the fiery steeds they have been represented. There would be no harm in simply killing them, if they were only taken to the knacker's at once.

Justice requires Mr. Punch to observe that the beastly spectacle which he has above described did not appear to be much relished by the purely French part of the spectators. It was the Spanish, and the mongrel Spaniards, chiefly, who howled like fiends and gloated on the torment and the blood. So their ancestors revelled in the spectacle of heretics burning alive in their robes of mockery painted with devils and flames. Their descendants cannot carry their faith to the extent of an *auto-da-fé*, they can only show forth its fruits in the zest with which they gaze on the pangs of quadrupeds inflicted by bedizened effeminate varlets, who stand a good chance of being slain themselves. They are what their priests have made them.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TWO POPES.

THERE is an American POPE, and a Roman POPE. The one is always retreating, and the other, persuade one ever so charmingly, cannot be made to see the advantages of a foreign retreat. Now, if these two Popes could only be induced to change places, how invaluable they would be! What the Americans particularly want is a POPE that won't retreat, and what the Romans are above all things anxious for, is a POPE that will run away. Each POPE would then be exactly the Right POPE in the Right Place.

One POPE decamps with loss of bag—
A precious prize for Southern scoffers!
Another POPE delights to lag,
And spurns the sack which friendship offers.

"Carte Blanche."

Le menu du jour at the celebrated Tantalus' feast that was given to SANCHE PANZA in the island of Barataria, and at which all the courses and dishes consisted simply of "Removes," was contained in one comprehensive line, viz.—"*Sit pro ratione voluntas*"—which, translated into homely English, means—"You must take the will for the *ration*."

A COSTUME "THAT IS MORE HONOURED (NOW) IN THE BREACH THAN IN THE OBSERVANCE."—The Quaker costume.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—SEPTEMBER 27, 1862.



A BULL-FIGHT AT BAYONNE, WITH A LITTLE OF THE TINSEL OFF.

[Dedicated, with every feeling of Disgust, to the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy especially, of Spain and France.]

18



THE OVERDUE BILL.

MR. SOUTH TO MR. NORTH. "YOUR 'NINETY DAYS' PROMISSORY NOTE ISN'T TAKEN UP YET, SIRREE!"

OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

WHEN OVID sang—

"Intactæ fueratis aves solatia ruris,"

he may have been a sincere admirer of Nature's charms, but was certainly no sportsman. It is in quite another sense that winged creation becomes a solace to the Cockneys who can manage to get away from desks and counting-house at this season of the year. Nor is that the only source of pleasure open to him. Many coves who have no eye for a covey—many gentlemen who decline to carry a gun, have no objection to handling a rod—and for those who prefer to let others provide their trout and partridges are there not bathing machines at Brighton, Dawlish, Ryde, Llandudno, and a host of other "acres by the sea?"

But the unhappy Londoner who can't leave town—a miserable wretch who passes under Temple Bar like the captive beneath his yoke every morning at 10 A.M.—what is his "solatium?"

The pleasures of Cremorne are brief and hollow. If you dined at Greenwich every day (I address those whose income is under ten thousand a year) you would soon have nothing left to pay for breakfasts. You know the *American Cousin* by heart, and the Clubs are empty and cheerless. One comfort alone remains—

YOU WILL FIND ROOM AT THE EXHIBITION ON SATURDAYS.?

I speak from experience, having just come back from Arcadia—sheep, shepherdesses, Pan, and piping with infinite regret, and this is really the only fact which has at all reconciled me to my return.

What a difference a few weeks will make in many matters—the growth of one's moustache for instance,—the length of MR. BUCHER's bill, the warmth of CHLOE's letters. A month ago one scarce had elbow room in Kensington, but now on "half-crown" days the World's Fair seems half deserted. An air of listless languor pervades the place. Where is the bustling crowd that once assembled in the Eastern Dome? MINTON's great fountain—once the rendezvous of countless swells—now drips lazily down before a few idlers. Our patron-saint George at the top there, as depressed in his spirits as he is elevated in position, having been spearing his dragon for four months, feels in his turn a little bored himself.

SIR JAMSETJEE JEEJEEBHOY, sitting with hands folded on his easy chair, looks down on us in dignified repose, and calmly awaits the closing day.

I have two official catalogues with me, which I carry resolutely about under my arm, just because I have done so on previous occasions, and because every one does so—not because I ever found them of the slightest use. I want to see the *Reading Girl*, the "Skull of Confucius," the antediluvian, exhumed and immortal Frog, and can get no information concerning those objects of interest. I wander carelessly through the building in the hope that something may turn up to look at, and come upon a sort of ogre in effigy, suggesting a partial metamorphose of MR. PAUL BEDFORD into a young light-house. It is a French diving dress for which a medal was awarded to M. GABRIOL of Paris. With heavy leaden boot-soles and a huge lump of the same material hanging round his neck, the wonder is, not that the gentleman who wears this costume can reach the bottom of the ocean, but that he can ever rise to its surface again.

In Peru there is a large diagram representing a series of portraits of the Incas, as for instance, YAHVARIYACAC YNGA THE SEVENTH and VIRACOMA YNGA THE EIGHTH, which have evidently escaped the notice of MR. TOM TAYLOR and other Art-critics. In the features of these illustrious swells one is struck by an extraordinary family likeness, which is all the more notable from their general and striking resemblance to court cards.

If the dried beef from Monte Video were a *meat* subject for description, one might enlarge upon its merits; but in its present condition it has such a dry geological appearance that the *juice* is in it, if it won't improve by boiling.

What is this singular-looking hut, which seems as if it had been built of Broddingnag reels of cotton and roofed like a Swiss cottage? It is a larch timber trophy from the river Petchora, which rises in—where does the river Petchora rise? I declare I have forgotten, and the only person I could ask is MISS ARROWSMITH BUTLER, a friend of mine who keeps a select seminary at St. John's Wood, where she teaches young ladies ancient and modern history, calisthenics, calligraphy, all European languages, and the rudiments of the Latin tongue; arithmetic and algebra as far as quadratic equations, deportment and potichomanie, vocal and instrumental music, with the Use of the Globes. Just the thing! Let me see, a cab there and back would cost say, four-and-sixpence, but your typographical messenger is already here waiting for copy and—never mind—let the devil—the printer's devil, take the "proof," and I dare say a generous public will forgive the omission.

Would that I were scientific enough to describe the various machines which I saw. The thrashing machine—invaluable to Papas and pedagogues. The washing-machine which "gets up" your shirt fronts with such rapidity and so well that it will probably be known as the

"Bachelors' bosom friend." Then there is the celebrated chaff-cutter, warranted to protect its owner against the insolence of London cabbies and bargemen on the Thames: the mowing-machine, from which the patentee expects to reap a profit: the portable locomotive which first carries you, and then may be carried itself: the corn-crusher for refractory old gentlemen, and the creaming machine from Denmark, interesting to philanthropists because it enriches the pure milk of human kindness before it degenerates into the "butter" of artificial life, or becomes the cheese in fashionable society.

If the above is not quite an accurate description of the ingenious contrivances aforementioned, I beg leave again to observe that I am not a scientific man, and really in the Machinery Annexe, what with the burr of wheels, the bustling of visitors and the splashing of water, I had but a vague idea of what was going on around me. There are those for whom the great centrifugal pump has more charms than the Majolica fountain, who prefer to look on the fly-wheels and cog-wheels of the engine, rather than the winged angels and floral festoons in Mr. MINTON's work. For my part, I confess that beyond a momentary and wisely suppressed impulse to take a ride round in the gigantic wheel of a sugar-crushing machine, I experienced no attraction in this department, and was glad to forget the smell of oil in the neighbourhood of a scent fountain.

Our old friend, JOHANN MARIA FARINA (who claims in common with some fifty other gentlemen of the same name, the honour of being the original inventor of Eau de Cologne) has a stall here bristling with these well-known bottles which bear his stamp and signature. A fine institution is Eau de Cologne, and nowhere more requisite than in the highly interesting but mephitic town where it is made.

Passing down long lanes of cloth, tweeds, and "trouserings," I presently emerge in front of M. BOURDON's gigantic sax-horn, some forty-five feet long and twenty-three inches in its greatest diameter. To say that this wind instrument would be instrumental in "winding" any mortal performer, would occur to all who see it. Yet M. BOURDON assures us that this is not the case, and so far from fatiguing the lungs, he believes they would be improved by it. All this of course may be very true; but if I were a musician, I'd see the sax-horn blowed first—by some one else, before I played on it. I retrace my steps to the nave, and occupying as much of a bench as two full-sized crinolines will permit, watch country cousins strolling by, and muse upon "Mossoo" and his eccentric hat, and other pomps and vanities of this honest world, until the clanging of a horrid bell awakes me from a reverie, and Policeman X, sternly requests that I will leave my seat.

A LABYRINTH OF LANGUAGE.

PEOPLE fond of puzzles may derive some entertainment from a glance at this advertisement:—

A LADY, Residing in a Small Cottage in a pretty village, fifteen miles from town, containing four good rooms, with servant's room, kitchen, two capital cellars, and small garden, and partly furnished, to be TAKEN for four months at 20s. per week.—Address.

It has been said that language was invented to conceal one's thoughts, and certainly this notice is somewhat of an instance of it. Only see in what a labyrinth of words this lady hides what she has doubtless in her mind to say, and how difficult it is for one to find a clue to it. Pray, Ma'am, is it the "small cottage," or the "pretty village," which you say is partly furnished, and contains a capital cellar as well as a small garden, in addition to a kitchen and some half a dozen rooms? A garden in a house is somewhat of a novelty, and invalids who can't go out of doors might find some comfort in it. But far more puzzling than this is the problem as to who or what is to be "taken for four months at 20s. a week." This momentous question we have vainly tried to solve, and we now leave it to our readers to think about as much or as little as they like.

An Exhibition Rhyme.

(Slightly improved from the original.)

WHAT is the truth about FRANCIS CADOGAN,
 What was the service he did MONSIEUR V.?
 Is the bankrupt Restaurateur only humbugging,
 Or did he retain MASTER FRANK with a lee?
 On his scutcheon there 's just
 A smear of rust,
 Which he 'll promptly scrub from its face—we trust.

POLITICAL PRECAUTION.

LORD DERBY has just become a Colonel of Volunteers. LORD PALMERSTON sent his respectful compliments to the Leader of Opposition, and hoped that he intended to stick to the motto, "Defence, not Defiance."



KINDLY MEANT.

IRASCIBLE OLD BACHELOR (Fiercely to Lost Child). "Where are your Brutal Parents, ch?"

FROGS IN COAL.

To MR. PUNCH.

"SIR, "I AM quite ashamed of my age—I mean of my country—when I find people refusing to believe that the Frog in the Exhibition got into the Coal about the period of the creation, and jumped out just in time to be ready for the International Show of 1862. The habit of disbelieving statements is most objectionable. But I hope that I shall be able to convince the most incredulous sceptic that such a thing is perfectly possible, by relating a fact which has occurred in my own family, and, I may say, under my own eye.

"The nights have been cold of late, and on Tuesday last I thought it would be pleasant to have a fire. This was accordingly lighted, and my servant, a most respectable female (duly christened, and with an excellent character), brought up the coal-skuttle. It had remained in an out-house during the summer. She placed it in one corner of my room, behind my arm-chair. About an hour afterwards I rose to put on some coals, and I beheld, perched upon a large lump of Wallsend, a remarkably fine Frog. It was alive, and did not seem afraid of me, and, indeed, I fancied that it winked at me as I approached it. If there could be any doubt that this frog had been in one of the coals for six thousand years at least (my servant thinks 'nearer seven'), such doubt would be removed by the creature's fearlessness. It was, of course, in the poet's language, 'so unacquainted with man,' upon whom it had never looked since this orb was called into existence.

"I would have stated this convincing circumstance in addition to the similar evidence which I transmitted to the *Times*, only it had not occurred when I wrote. I hasten to complete the chain of testimony to the Exhibition Frog, and am, Sir,

"Yours obediently,

"JOHN SCOTT."

"Lillieshall Coal Depôts,
"Paddington."

The Last New Knight.

So, learned BOB PHILLMORE's knighted. All right!
But knights should possess designations:
And SIR BOB shall be known in the tourney, or fight,
As the Knight of the Latin Quotations.

A LAWYER IN A PUZZLE.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"I AM a Young Barrister. You are popularly supposed to know everything, and I beg to apply to you for information upon a subject which has recently forced itself upon my notice.

"Let me premise that I intend (clients willing) to practise very largely before the Criminal tribunals of our justly beloved country.

"I am therefore interested in asking you to answer the following question, namely:—

"When do the duties of an Advocate to his client end, cease, and determine?"

"By way of explaining myself I would say that I have recently read, in the newspapers, the reports of certain trials which have ended unfavourably for the accused. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the latter have been sentenced to be removed from this mundane sphere. Previously to this, of course, their counsel exerted themselves to the utmost for the defence, and all arguments having been exhausted, the judge and the jury were left to deal with the cases. I should naturally have supposed that the barrister's work was then complete.

"But it appears that the Fee to Counsel is held to bind him to do a great deal more. Paragraphs (which I am far from saying are likely to injure the learned gentlemen who are their subjects, on the contrary, may tend to procure them other business) have been issued, stating that the Counsel for the defence have attacked the Home Secretary, in the interest of their convicted clients. In one case, indeed, a Barrister whose exertions in this court of appeal were not noticed, actually wrote to the papers respectfully soliciting the attention of the public to the fact that he had been quite as zealous as the other Barrister whose doings had the good fortune to be recorded. The results were not exactly alike, for in one case the person who had been sentenced was let off by the Home Secretary with transportation for the rest of his earthly career, while in the other case, a very large assemblage of witnesses beheld an opposite result.

"Now, Sir, I need hardly remark that I have nothing to say upon

the question of such punishments, or upon the merits of the special cases. But, as a young barrister, I do want to know whether it is considered by the profession that a barrister is bound to do anything more for his client than is to be done in the face of the Court. Because, Sir, if it be so, I flatter myself that I have a good many advantages which will make me highly serviceable to any otherwise unfortunate party who may employ me, and may be convicted.

"I have got money, and therefore I can easily get into Parliament. It must be admitted, Sir, without in the slightest degree impugning the high principle and strict justice of a Minister, that it is not in human nature that the representations of a lawyer who can make a good speech against him, and give a vote against him (which in ticklish times may be critical), should not have more influence than the voice of a nobody. If there is a doubt in the case, I think you will allow, Sir, that the most honest man is more inclined to give it a weight, when it is urged by a valued and powerful friend than when put by somebody one knows and cares nothing about. If I myself had the misfortune to get into a scrape, I should certainly desire my attorney to retain an M.P. who could not only make a speech for me in Court, but in the House of Commons and elsewhere.

"Then, Sir, I have a very persuasive manner and a very sympathetic voice, and if the Minister of the day happened to be an impressionable person (and we have seen such), I flatter myself that I could work upon his feelings of pity or terror in a very remarkable degree. I could draw a most agonising picture of the temptations of my client, and the sorrows of his family, or I could saturate the Minister's mind with the essence of a perpetual night-mare, to sit upon him in case he should not lean to mercy.

"Well, Sir, these and other advantages, to which I need not now more particularly refer, will be at the service of my clients, if I can satisfy myself that it is my business to employ any other influence in their favour than such as is derived from the arguments I should offer in Court. Upon this point I demand your opinion.

"One thing is certain, namely, that the criminal is very lucky who obtains the services of barristers inclined to follow up his case, mas-

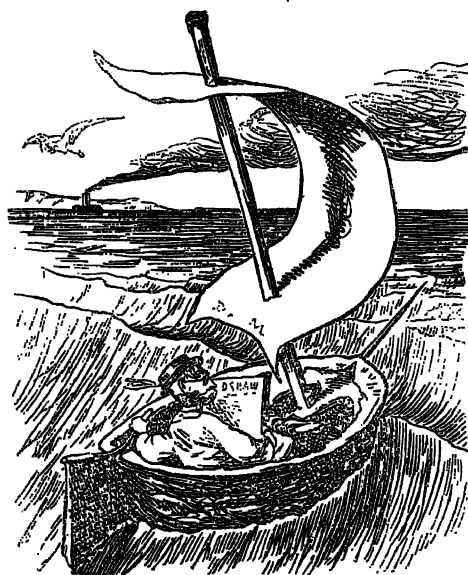
much as he gets a new and excellent chance of escape. And another thing is certain, namely, that the criminal is very unlucky, whose attorney does not provide him with such zealous friends, but confides his defence to an old-fashioned lawyer, who believes that when he has done his utmost to get his client's case successfully through the machine of justice, he has earned his fee. But these considerations are beside the mark.

"I do not press for a hasty reply, Sir, as this is the Long Vacation, and you state yourself to be engaged in throwing stones into the sea. But, in due course, perhaps you, or some of your young men, will answer the inquiry which I have done myself the honour to propound, having also the honour to be, dear *Punch*,

"Gravesend—I mean Germany,
"September 23rd."

"Yours truly,
"A. MOOTE POINT."

A YARN FROM A YACHTSMAN.



EAR PUNCH,
"THANKS to Country Cousins and concomitant inflections, such as dreary family dinners and dull days spent in visiting the Thames Tunnel and the Tower, this Exhibition summer has to residents in London been unusually severe. So I was not much astonished when, a week or two ago, you were kind enough to notice that I rather looked 'washed out.' But see my colour now, Sir! Is there any of the pale of society about it? I have not sat at a dinner-table well nigh for a month, yet see how the mahogany has got into my cheeks. And please observe

my biceps. Would it crack a silbert, think you, with a squeeze of the fore-arm? Yes, there's nothing like a cruise for putting fresh life into one. The only water-cure I've faith in is the salt-water-cure, and the best of way for taking it is certainly a yacht. But then, mind, you must go prepared to rough it, and to bear a ready hand in whatever work's aboard, and not to sprawl about and smoke and serenely play the swell. I have seen men wear gloves and dress for dinner when out yachting, and I have pitied such poor simpletons, and wished them safe on shore. Fellows proud of their white hands, and afraid to soil their fingers by the touch of a tarred rope, had better stick to steamboats when they go to sea, for a yachting trip can bring but very little pleasure to them. Why, half the pleasure of a cruise consists in living free from cramping shoregoing restraints. It is the utter change of life you can enjoy on board a yacht that does your mind and muscle good, and so soon makes a new man of you. Cooking your own meals will give an added relish for them, and if you help to scrub the deck and do the other sailor-work, you won't complain, as some do, that—aw—there's nothing for a fella—aw—to do on board a boat, and you'll find you'll sleep more soundly wrapped up in a blanket with a spare sail for a pillow than you do on your luxurious spring mattress when at home. There are no organs at sea, and no street-cries to worry you, and you are out of reach of creditors, and will not have your breakfast spoiled by seeing in the *Times* that the girl you love has married that beast MONEYBAGGER after all, or that the senseless British public has given further proof of its besotted imbecility by refusing to see more than the first scene of your new play.

"I see you frown, my *Punch*, and screw your lips up ominously; but no, I'm not going to spin you a tremendously long yarn, and to weary you and worry you with full details of our cruise. Yours is not a sporting paper, I am very well aware; and if I wished to go the whole hog or none, I should of course more properly make application to *Bell's Life* or *The Field*. The only facts that will much interest you are, that I have cashed the second cheque you sent me, and have been reluctantly compelled to use your name in strengthening the money-from-the-bank-extracting power of my own. My only other acts that you will deem much worth your notice, or the notice of your readers, are that I sailed

across the English Channel four times in a week (a thing which has, I fancy, not been done by many yachtsmen), and that in one of these four trips I assisted in the capture of a Portuguese Man-of-War. As our craft was but a cutter of three-and-twenty tons, and the only gun we carried was a single-barrelled fowling-piece, there may be some ground for wonder as to how this latter exploit was achieved; and when I explain that the capture was effected with a bucket and a boat-hook, I fear the explanation will serve little to diminish the surprise I may have caused. Fact is fact, however, and I have witnesses to prove the truth as I have stated it. Only I should add, before the Government of Portugal seek reparation for the loss they think their navy has sustained, they should ask of some sea-naturalist the meaning of *Physalia*, which I believe to be a synonym for Portuguese Man-of-War.

"Another novel circumstance connected with our cruise was that, having carefully left all our charts at home, the only one we had to steer by was the railway map of *Bradshaw*. By this we shaped our course from Dover to Boulogne, and from Shoreham to Dieppe, and had no more trouble in making both those ports, than has a wine merchant in making with Marsala "nutty" sherries. As the fine old song might say, but doesn't:—

"Bradshaw was our only Guide,
Across the swelling Channel Sea,
It told us even the time of tide,
And saved us many a pilot's fee."

"Travellers complain of *Bradshaw*, and say it sadly puzzles them; but writing as a yachtsman I am sure that I have every reason to speak well of it, and would say that its directions are remarkably plain-sailing ones. Steering by *Bradshaw* is a novel sort of notion, but, now it has been mentioned, its very novelty will doubtless serve to make it fashionable, and ere long some vocal yachtsman will no doubt be heard asserting that—

"I fear not but safely I'll sail to the shore,
I've a *Bradshaw* to steer by, and what need I more?"

"Being shut up in a prison with the chance of being drowned may possibly to some Johnsonian-minded people not appear a very pleasant way to spend a fortnight's holiday. But we are not all DR. JOHNSONS, and to such of us as like the sea there are few things more health-giving and enjoyable than yachting. Men to whom the ELLESMEERE motto may seem applicable, and who when they go to sea are usually *Sic donec* they put their feet on shore again, of course can't much appreciate the pleasures of a cruise, nor should I much desire to have them for my shipmates. But to those who can enjoy it, a month's cruise in a yacht is a delightful way of travelling; and though you can't well sail through Switzerland, or get up Mont Blanc by water, there are other foreign parts quite worth going by sea to see. There's nothing like a breeze at sea to blow the smoke of London out of one: and, in cruising about watering-places full of insect life, a yacht has this advantage, that you take your own bed with you.

"Only wishing, my dear *Punch*, that you would buy a decent yacht that I might annually borrow it, remain,

"Yours all ataunto (whatever that means),
"NAUTICUS."

HOW TO SEE THE EXHIBITION IN TEN MINUTES.

"MY DEAR PUNCH, " *The Albany*.

"I HATE sensations, and I hate most of my fellow creatures, and I hate trouble of all kinds. If there are any other folks who entertain similar feelings, I think they will be as grateful to me—pooh, nobody is grateful—but I think they ought to say I have done them a civil thing in telling them that I have made the discovery announced in the heading to this letter. There is a set of benevolent—at least nobody is benevolent—but there is a set of sensible people who call themselves the Stereoscopic Company. They have taken photographs, capital ones, of all that is worth seeing in Fowkeria, and you can just buy these and a stereoscope, and in a few minutes you know all about the Exhibition, and a good deal more than most people who have tried to see it. Then there's the delicious quiet, and you can look as long as you like at the *Venus* or the *Reading Girl*, without being shoved, and without hearing the various idiots, of all ranks, emitting their noises. You are not irritated by the swell's 'Pon m' word, not half bad, the artist's 'Ah! Now that colour is not conscientious,' the snob's 'Spicy party that,' or the clown's 'Be that Venice?' And no abominable organs and bands, and no bother about getting away—you lay down your stereoscope and you are again in your arm-chair. You may print this, if you like, in the light of a testimonial, and I don't care whether you do or not.

"Your Subscriber,
"ANTIBABYLON."

THE NEXT RUN THAT IS WANTED.—A Papal Bull's Run, with POPE at the head of it.



“IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!”

THE LAST SWEET THINGS IN HATS AND WALKING STICKS AT BIARRITZ.

“NEWS FROM THE STYX”

THE mandate of fashion has gone forth, and as may be read in the *Follet*, and seen at certain French and English watering places, a Lady is henceforth, if she wishes to be considered as completely furnished, to carry a Stick. We see no objection to the arrangement, indeed we suppose that it is a logical necessity consequent upon the increase in crinoline. As it is now impossible for a properly dressed lady to reach a friend with her hand, she is supplied with the means of giving him a poke with a stick when desirous to attract his attention. All we venture to hope is, that the stick is to be blunt at the end, and not armed with a tiny spike, as in the latter case a short-sighted *Lord Dundreary*, with a large circle of lady-acquaintances eager to speak to him might, on returning home to dress, find himself unpleasantly covered with scars and spots. On the whole there is more sense in this new contrivance than is usually to be found in the conceptions of the tyrant-milliner.

“ON A DUCK’S BACK DO I FLY.”

A CLEVER London comedian has done an extremely silly thing in going along the cord of M. BLONDIN, on that Canadian duck’s back. Ill-natured people say that this is another proof that a very good actor may be a very great goose, but we hate all that sort of talk, and prefer to return the thanks of the press to a gentleman who, at so very small an expense, has helped all the paragraph writers in the kingdom to smart headings for the anecdote. To have caused scores of hard-up wits to speak of an actor trying a new line, of his elevated style, of evenly balanced periods and poles, of the loftier walk of the drama, and to quote “what a fall Fortune does the party owe” is surely an honour cheaply purchased at the price. But things are bungled in England—his manager should have announced for the night before, the last appearance of MR. NODDY before his going upon the BLONDIN rope, and the house would have been crowded with sensationists. We suggest the idea, however, to dramatic speculators in want of a stronger interest than can be got out of mere murder-pieces.

INDIAN BULLETINS.

MR. LAING has delivered a long and able speech upon the blunders of the Home Government of India. Upon inquiring, the following morning, at the residence of SIR CHARLES WOOD, *Punch* found that the right honourable gentleman was quite as well as could be expected, inasmuch as he had been reading the speech for seven hours only, and therefore of course had not as yet been able to understand it.

(A Later Account.)

SIR CHARLES WOOD has arrived at a knowledge of the fatal truth that he is demolished. With characteristic pluck, he has sent out for the volume of the *English Cyclopædia* containing the article “India,” and for PINNOCK’S *Catechism of Arithmetic*, with a view to ulterior proceedings.

(Later Still.)

SIR CHARLES WOOD has discovered that an Anna does not mean a young lady, that Picc is not, as he had supposed, the Indian plural of Pie, and that Bangles are not things to eat. He meditates a triumphant answer to MR. LAING. More particulars in our next issue.

A Revolution in Russia.

A REVOLUTION has occurred in Russia where it was least expected. We beg of the reader to peruse attentively the following fact:—

“The *Invalide Russe* mentions a curious piece of economy just effected in its printing office. An *e* mute in Russian orthography is added to every syllable terminating in a consonant. This useless letter it has been resolved to suppress, and a saving of three per cent in the expense of composition is the result.”

This is the revolution we refer to, though fortunately it has been put down at the expense of very little lead, unlike most revolutions in Russia. Doesn’t the EMPEROR ALEXANDER devoutly wish that, with no greater sacrifice of ease, he could suppress all *e-mutes* in Russia?

THE CRY OF THE DAY.—Pull Machine, pull Baker! |



DIEPPE.—MOSSOO LEARNING TO FLOAT.

NEW AMERICAN PLANT.

THE subjoined telegram, in the *Richmond Examiner*, "from an intelligent gentleman connected with the Southern Press," will be not without its interest to the British horticulturist:—

"Saturday Night, Aug. 30.—The enemy were whipped off the field with great slaughter, and many guns were taken. They ran so fast in some parts of the field that JACKSON, who was ordered to press them, replied that they were too fast for him."

At this time of year a beautifully picturesque appearance is presented by many of our houses, which are crimsoned over with the American creeper. America, by the foregoing account, produces not only creepers, but also runners, which might likewise be acclimatised in this country. They would doubtless readily cling to British walls, though in their native soil they run in the field, as fast as ever they can, from STONEWALL JACKSON.

Sensation Puff.

TALK of thrilling announcements, and say what you think of this, extracted from a paper:—

"CRYSTAL PALACE.—BRONDIN is announced to appear on the high rope inside the Palace to-day, and to terminate his performance by a terrific descent to the ground, head-foremost."

An immense attraction doubtless. But the advertisement might have been improved. It might have stated that BRONDIN would terminate his existence.

OUR SPECIAL AT BRIGHTON.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I, LIKE the excellent HARBEN of Haverstock Hill, have been trying experiments with Weeds on the sea-shore. The result has not been satisfactory, except in the case of those which I surreptitiously obtained from your ivory box (which I don't at all believe to be ivory—the world is a Sham) and brought down in my cigar-case. I do not know whether these will answer as substitute for cotton, but as I spoiled my lunch by smoking too many, I may say that they replaced a usually capital twist.

"The alchemists did not find out how to make gold, but their experiments helped them to many more useful discoveries. I do not know that I have invented anything here, except excuses for not coming back to my work (as rather pointedly invited by yourself to do), but I have ascertained a good many facts about Brighton, and they are entirely at your service. Lodgings, I beg pardon, Apartments, are being let at rates which argue that the owners think well of their residences, though I believe that as a rule departing sojourners are not lavish in the expression of similar opinions. But you can be very comfortably housed in Brighton, if you like to pay about three times as much for a couple of rooms as you pay for your entire house in London, and so far as my own experience goes, I find that, content with this grand plunder, your hostess lets your cognac and cold shoulder alone. I think, too, that living in the vicinity of London has tended to soften the manners of the natives. At Hastings, and other distant places, you are robbed with a savage surliness, and in everything, from rent down to cigar-fuses, but here, though you sit, no doubt, at a rack-rent, it is taken with a smile, and I have even found on my mantel-piece in the morning the same number of weeds I left there over-night. Perhaps they were supposed to be Brighton ones.

"My chief resort—the weather has been lovely (which I am happy to say that few of my friends who insulted me with their preparations for Sveaborg, Switzerland, and Sicily, report as their experience)—has been the shingles in front of the Bedford Hotel, whence indeed I ought to have dated, but for circumstances—but I do not reproach you. Here is the great crowd all day, for it is here that the ladies chiefly bathe, and in addition to the hundreds of nursemaids and thousands of children who congregate, the male population of Brighton, especially the younger portion, regularly and faithfully assemble, in order to be ready to lend manly aid in rescuing any virtuous female who may be carried out to sea by the tempestuous billows of a proverbially dangerous shore. The untiring tenacity with which these brave gentlemen keep watch at this point reveals united nobility and delicacy of character. But this is not the only attraction of the Bedford *plateau*. I descend from the dusty

Parade, plunge through the shingle, and in a careless but unavoidably graceful attitude fling myself down in the shadow of one of the numerous row-boats, the *Here We Are*, or the *Jolly Larks*, or the *Two Poor Feet*, or some other of the playfully christened fleet, built, like the pirate vessels of old, for plundering London Adventurers. Little thinks that noisy crowd who is in its midst. Little think those three lovely angels, each with her volume from MUDIE, each with her blue sea-side jacket, each with her raven or auburn locks drying in the wind, that yon intellectual face under the semi-pumpkin hat, and yon semi-pumpkin form—pooh, yon elegant form, to which justice is scarcely done by the Tweed uniform, are those of your correspondent. If they did, would LOUISA laugh so wildly, would BLANCHE chide her Skye with such merry petulance, would ADELAIDE reply so frankly to the pertinacious vendor of lace-collars? Why should they not? Am I one to scare girlhood from its mirth? Alas, my darlings, I am he to whom the divine SHAKESPEARE counsels the lover to go for counsel—

"Neither too young nor yet unwed."

By the way, my dear *Mr. Punch*, burn your blotting paper. I described myself, truthfully, as a married man, at a certain boarding-house, and was subsequently informed with much maliciousness that I was known to be nothing of the kind, the proof being that the blotting-book revealed that I had begun a letter "Beloved and Adored One." Sir, I am sorry for those who could not believe that one so addressed the wife of one's cheque-book, but that is not to the purpose. Burn your blotting-paper.

"Stretched, Sir, beside the *Here We Are*, and with one of your Havannahs between my lips, I affect to read the *Record*, *Bell's Life*, or some other improving periodical, but, really, I watch the ever-shifting *tableaux* of Brighton life. Of the bathing it does not occur to me to say anything, except that I think three-quarters of an hour too long for any female being, except a mermaid, to cling, almost motionless, to the wheel of one of WIDMAN late POLLARD's machines. But this is a matter for the family doctor. The peripatetic salesfolk and mendicants are a nuisance, because indiscriminating. Let them besiege good natured excursionists, tender fathers, unsuspecting countryfolk, when they will, but why do they come to me? Do I want boxes stuck over with wretched shells, bad lace, peppermint lozenges, polished pebbles, stale buns, toy windmills, dead star-fish or live *Actinia*, or am I likely to bestow out of my limited funds alms to a dirty little girl, because she sings vilely by the side of a dirty old man who plays worse, or to a dirty long boy because he shows me a dirty box containing nine beetles pinned therein? Let them go to softer folks, and take with them the impudent beast of a Brighton boatman, who, making it necessary for me to tell him seven times that I will *not* take a splendid sail this

morning, begs of me a cigar, which I refuse, begs of me the price of an ounce of baccy, which I refuse, and finally begs me to tell him if I know anybody who will lend him twenty pounds, which I refuse. What right has that insolent beast to bother me?—he is a dastard too, for he knows that ladies and children are around, he knows I have read my HORACE about *maxima reverentia*, and he knows that he is safe from Anglo-Saxon expression of the wrath that lightens in my fine eye.

"Yes, Sir, here I am calm as a limpet. Over me run the children in shoals, bless them, and I pick the small ones up and console them for having hurt me like the deuce. The MISSES ESTIRANIA and ISOLINE BLOGE sweep past me, and knock me over the nose with their crinoline, and I do not even revenge myself by a scoff at their Galwegian ankles. MRS. GITTINGS, a big lady, bawling after her badly-bred brats, tramples on me with cowl-like tread, and I make no sign of the rage I feel, but I shall be avenged when her landlady takes account of the mischief those cubs have done the furniture. Only when young JOCADAD SAMUELS, now gloriously arrayed, *mutatus ab illo* who last week stood and next week will stand at the old clothes-shop door, comes too near me with his indescribably abominable Cuba I smile my ineffably sarcastic smile—the photograph does it no justice—at his veskit, and the youth goes away, gradually, from my gaze like a beautiful dream. For I am tolerant, I am patient, I am listening. I hear, in the group of nursemaids and children, divers of the former speaking with almost exaggerated kindness to the latter, and calling them dears, and seeming delighted at their talk, while divers other attendants are stern, or sulky, or snappish with their charges, and menace them with dire punishments. I look closer, and I see that the Mammams of the first children are seated within ear-shot, or permeating the groups, but I do not see the Mammams of the second. I behold that pretty girl by the *Two Poor Feet*—two pretty feet are hers—suddenly flush up. Is it a lovely passage in my own novel (not the finest) which I perceive she is reading, that has such power over her roses? There are sweet passages in that book, that *Sherry and Bitters*, but for once let vanity rest—that flush is due to the approach of yon handsome, blue-eyed youth with the black dog—he, I mean the youth, somewhat resembles what I was a few years ago. I listen too, and in honour, for folks talk to be heard, here. I learn that MR. WAGNER's church is so crammed that the vergers have to beat back the surplus congregation with staves, that there has been a Volunteer dinner at the Pavilion to

LORD RANBLAGE, (whom you called JONES the Avenger) that the theatre here gives fierce melodrama, which I count far wiser than a weak attempt at higher things, that there is an 'elegant and fashionable morning entertainment,' at high prices, in which Chinese actors figure, and whereat the great attraction proclaimed in large letters, is 'Impaling a Man Alive' (I myself saw the bill) that MR. HAYLLAR's prawns are sumptuous, some are eighteen-pence, some half-a-crown a hundred—and I resolve to have fifty for my light supper—that H. R. H. the Duchess of some bridge and her illustrious daughter are coming here—that it is difficult to get anything but a screw to ride unless the horse-people know you—that it is a bore to go to BRILL's when more than three or four schools are there at the same time—that you can get a very good dinner at MURTON's, but that a first class *table d'hôte* at about three shillings and sixpence is much wanted in Brighton—that there are a good many persons in Brighton who ought not to be here or anywhere else, (and some of them are pointed out)—that the place is not so full as usual—that the little performing horse is very clever, but the birds are humbugs—and that at MR. WAGNER's, aforesaid, they really sail near the wind that blows to Rome, and that if they would put out the candles and spend the money on finishing the tower, it would be well.

"These, Sir, are among the gems of wisdom which I have picked up here, Brighton jewels. Others I have, which shall be yours in private. I will now close, as I am anxious to pursue my studies. For, Sir, it is most difficult to get a new book at the libraries, owing to the vast demand. I have been driven to peruse the most afflicting volumes. The last tale was of four virtuous engineers who were engaged to four virtuous girls, and after talking virtuously through the three volumes, they married, the plot being that a young clergyman was going to propose to one of the girls, but finding she was engaged, withdrew, like a gentleman. But now I have got something stirring, for I see in my second volume that 'the traitor Attorney,' with 'his one glittering eye,' throws the Earl, his victim, into perspirations. This promises well, and I cannot be delayed from the lawyer's hydraulics.

"Anabaptist Terrace,
"Brighton."

"Yours most devotedly,
"PEREGRINE FALCON."

A SWELL'S REMINDER.

"Scarborough, Wednesday (I think).



LD PUNCH,—What is the use of making a fuss about the bad refreshments at the Exhibition? That they are as bad as they can well be, I make no sort of doubt, for my man, ALEXANDER, asked leave to go up to Town to take his sweetheart, (or whatever his class call the article) to the Show, and was so stupid for three days afterwards that I was nearly slyng a bootjack at him. He apologised (for he's really a well behaved fellow) by saying that his mind had been demoralised by the coarse food he had been ass enough to eat at the Exhibition. But as a rule what can it signify what is given to anybody who is in London in October? What can it matter to such a Gorilla, or to any-

body else, what he eats? I hate hypercriticism. But I think that the refreshment folk may as well be stirred up with a long pole, because I hear that the Show is to be opened in November at a high admission price, for *Us*. We don't dine then, of course, unless they are going to keep it open till nine o'clock, but one might want lunch, and I do hope that GRANVILLE, or CADOGAN, or somebody will make it his business to see that things are as they should be at that time.

"Awfully jolly weather, old fellow. I suppose you are at Baden Baden, but somebody can open and print this.

"Ever yours,
"ALCIBIADES MOUNTBARTINGTONEDGECUMBE."

THE SAVAGES IN THE BACK SETTLEMENTS.

IN Gray's Inn Lane, on Sunday night last week, a fight took place between two colonies of savages who have settled in that neighbourhood: the Kerry Indians and the Tipperary Indians. These tribes have been for some time at variance, which at last broke out into open war. To prevent them from slaughtering each other in a civilised capital, the police interfered, and thus attracted their animosity towards themselves. The frantic barbarians attacked the peace officers with their bludgeons, and desperately wounded several of them. According to a report of the disturbance:—

"Sergeant 5 G had several of his teeth knocked out, and was severely bruised about the head and body by being jumped upon. Nos. 157 and 156 G division were also so seriously injured that they were taken to the hospital, and two constables of the city police have been frightfully knocked about."

Of course these savage rioters were ultimately overpowered, (though all but one managed to make their escape, aided by their squaws, who, we are told, were indefatigable in supplying them with weapons. What a dreadful thing it is that an English police-officer should be subject to be jumped upon and have his teeth knocked out by these infuriated Yahoos! Like the other natives of the Hibernian wilds, both these tribes of savages have their spiritual medicine-men, whom they call Fathers, and beneath whom they all alike grovel in the most abject prostration. What are these reverend Fathers about to allow the Kerry and Tipperary savages to run so rampant?

"Nolo Episcopari."

A "HARVEST-HOME Festival," according to a newspaper paragraph, was held the other Sunday in Clare Market Chapel, Clare Market, observe, not Haymarket, which might be thought the fitter locality for such a celebration, if it were forgotten that thanksgiving for a good harvest is as due in one place as in another. The sermon, we are told, was preached by the REV. C. M. ROBINS "who has declined the Bishopric of Central Africa." Has he? Sensible man.

Heads and Tales.

MR. ST. JOHN, writing of the Dyaks, says that those interesting people are not to be accused of savagery in respect to their favourite practice of cutting off any head they can get at. They say that this is simply a refined amusement, "Just as white folks read books, we seek for heads." A course of sea-side reading enables *Mr. Punch* to state that no two amusements can be more unlike.

THE GOVERNESS ABROAD.



is no reason why the machinery of education should be kept at home under lock and key.

Adelaide and Victoria, however, we are told by some rude observers, do not require accomplished governesses. Those pretty young colonies are perfectly competent to manage the kitchen garden, and can very well dispense with a conservatory for some time to come. We think that this conclusion is not well grounded. Who would not be pained to see Victoria and Adelaide a pair of romps with bright eyes and sun-burnt cheeks, and splendid appetites, but aggravating poor letter H beyond all endurance, and making fearful havoc with their papa's veal, wine, and vinegar? Of course, the mother country don't contemplate sending her wealthy daughters a parcel of blue stockings. They might, however, surely find room for a few "Ologies" without disturbing their culinary stores. DR. BUCKLAND and MRS. GLASSE could go together arm-in-arm. To be conversant with languages does not imply inability to pickle tongues. An acquaintance with conchology, one would think, would be a fitting preparation for scoloped oysters, and as for pastry, that need not deteriorate by the fair manipulator's having had an insight into the crust of the earth.

Another and still more unpleasant class of censors insinuate that the intending emigrants carry two faces under one hood. While ostensibly going out to cultivate the waste lands of mind, their real destination is the Eden of Matrimony. It is rumoured that their ambition is not so much to enlarge the circle of knowledge, as to form a little circle of their own. That, in fine, they are bent on making personal conquests rather than in teaching the nascent idea how to shoot. We don't believe a word of it. But admitting it, for sake of argument, what does this lofty impeachment amount to? Simply that they aim at permanently promoting the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Then it is asserted that the nomadic tribes, who wander about in quest of nuggets, eschew marriage, and are not prepared to execute a settlement. If this really be so, we have nothing further to advance. We would not recommend our gently nurtured countrywomen a wanderer's life in a gipsy's tent; and although in this tight little Island there may be a scanty crop of offers, comparing the Exquisites of the Serpentine with the Rovers of Swan River, it can scarcely be doubted that a bean in the hand is worth two in the bush.

HARPY HOTELS.

At Doncaster, during the late races, according to our sporting friend "Aeneas," the hotel-keepers "thoroughly maintained the high reputation they have ever maintained for skinning their visitors." For example, some of them charged "four guineas for four nights' sleeping accommodation," and at one establishment the landlady and her whole household united in a vain attempt to make a spirited young lieutenant "pay 1s. 9d. for a bottle of seltzer water with a dash of brandy." In making these charges—more absurd and audacious than the Balacava charge—hotel-keepers may well be represented as "skinning" their guests, because they more than fleece them.

Touching the extortion exemplified, as above, by the Doncaster hotel-keepers, and practised, more or less, by most others, we may venture to submit to our legislative readers the following questions by a correspondent:—

"Wot difference is there atween drivin a Weehicle for Ire and keepin a Notell?"

of their own country, prophets, it is well known, only obtain honour. A similar remark, we fear, applies to Governesses; but their case is still harder, inasmuch as unlike some prophets—those, for instance, of the Raphael School or Academy of high Astrological Art, they don't receive in lieu of honour any tangible equivalent. We are not surprised, therefore, to hear of a great Governess Emigration Movement. Our colonial dependencies have wisely declined to accept our periodical complimentary offering of convicts. While appreciating our Sheffield cutlery, they are not to be dazzled by the sharp blades bearing the recognised certificate, "Town Made." We should fancy, nevertheless, that they would joyfully hail an argosy freighted with refined and intelligent spinsters. Now that we are at liberty to export our Looms, Engines, and Presses, there

"If overchargin is Ixtorshun in wun case, isn't it jest as badd in the Uther?"

"To Perwent heverybody all alike from extorshun as well as Drivers of Public Weeacles, wy nott likewise Keepers of Publicouses too, and ev hall Landlords wotsoever and their waiters oblig'd to ware a Badg?"

"Wooden't itt Had to the Heligance of a slap-up Corfyrume?"

Our correspondent and querist proceeds to suggest that the wearers of the badge, in case of attempted overcharge, should be liable to be "Pulld hup Afore the Beke and Fin'd or ave 6 munths," and his signature is "CARRY."

LET HIM ALONE.

BULL TO BUNCOMBE.

HANDS OFF, JONATHAN! what do you mean
Striking your brother?
Have you no shame such a sight should be seen?
Sons of one mother!
You! bouncing braggart of muscle and bone!
Let him alone.

Did not your Ancestors haughtily spurn
Thought-binding Power?
Think of those Pilgrims silent and stern
In the *Mayflower*!
Ev'n from their sepulchres sadly they groan,
Let him alone.

Whom fight you for?—that demon Pride
Smote at creation?
Lucifer laughs in his sleeve, but can't hide
His base exultation.
Would you tread on your kinsman when he is thrown?
Let him alone.

Love is all lost! no good is won!
Quench this hot quarrel,
Struggling to snatch from a grim-gaping gun
A torn leaf of laurel!
Is not *his* pluck to be prized as your own?
Let him alone.

Vengeful and vain! for widow or child
Have you no bowels?
Fierce in your passion as War-horses wild
Stung by the rowels.
Sympathy whispers in soft seraph tone,
Let him alone.

Singly you never can dare to be bold,
Then deign to be humble.
You tremble and wince to relinquish your hold,
Lest haply you stumble;
Trust your long legs, like a man fully grown—
Let him alone.

Where are ye, Minstrels, bay-crown'd and proud,
Reft of all gladness?
Mutely ye stand with hands folded—heads bow'd,
Crush'd by such madness!
Look up, and speak out, like a trumpet loud blown,
Let him alone.

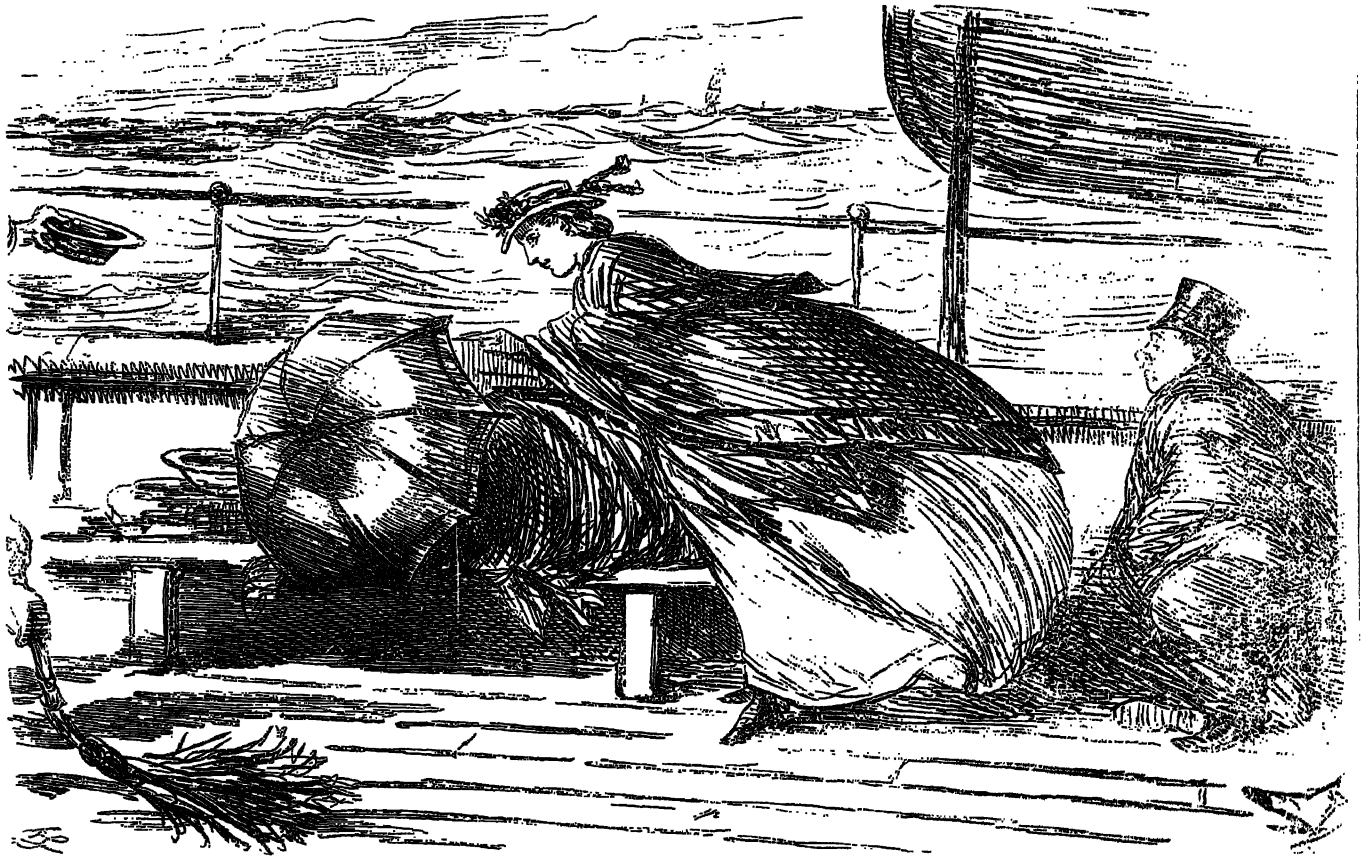
Shall your ambition meet with no check,
Star-spangled hero?
If the great world had only one neck,
Would you clutch it like NERO?
Be warn'd! Dragons spring from the teeth you have sown,
Let him alone.

Injudicious Haste.

THE walls of Canterbury, and more especially those in the vicinity of the Cathedral, up to the very gates, have been recently covered with placards, announcing "SAM'S Arrival." We need not state that the announcement was extremely premature.

RATIONAL CONSCIENCE MONEY.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER begs to acknowledge the receipt of half a £10,000 note on the Bank of Elegance for Income-Tax unpaid.



SERVING HIM OUT.

Mrs. T. (to T.) "FEEL A LITTLE MORE COMFORTABLE, DEAR? CAN I GET ANYTHING ELSE FOR YOU? WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR CIGAR CASE NOW? (Aside.) I'LL TEACH HIM TO GO OUT TO GREENWICH AND RICHMOND WITHOUT ME, AND SIT UP HALF THE NIGHT AT HIS CLUB!"

FAUST AND MARGUERITE.

SHE tries her charm by plucking off the petals,
(As lovesick English maids by tea or coffee lees)
But who her tempter's changeful will unsettles,
Who is the Third NAPOLEON'S *Mephistophiles*?

Is it the cruel swaggering *Arimanes*,
Who Frenchmen ever unto mischief eggeth on,
Is it *La Gloire*, that god of godless Zanies?
Down with that demon, down to burning Phlegethon!

FOLLOW MY LEADER.

THE subjoined piece of intelligence has appeared in the columns of a contemporary:—

"RELIGIOUS TOLERATION.—The Jews of Kattowitz, in Silesia, have just inaugurated a new synagogue in that town. In a procession from the old place of worship to the new, the Roman Catholic and Protestant clergy walked behind the four rabbis, who carried rolls of parchment on which were written the Five Books of Moses. After Divine Service a repast was offered to the persons who had taken part in the ceremony, when expressions of toleration, fraternity, and neighbourly love were exchanged."

The New Jerusalem has surely commenced in Kattowitz, where such brotherly union exists between Jews and Christians as that indicated in the foregoing paragraph—if it is not a hoax. In point of liberality Kattowitz highly excels the British capital itself. When shall we see the Chief Rabbi and the other Rabbis of London marching to open a synagogue in Shoreditch with CARDINAL WISEMAN, DR. CUMMING, the BISHOP OF LONDON, and a multitude of Church of England, Roman Catholic, and Dissenting clergymen walking behind them? Never perhaps, for there is some reason to fear that the ultra-Christian humility of bringing up the rear of such a procession could only have been imputed to ministers of Christianity playfully, by that modest assurance which is regarded as rather characteristic of the Jewish race.

A CONSPICUOUS NUISANCE.

THE music-shop windows afford a gratuitous exhibition of very peculiar works of art. These are the pictures which adorn the backs and illustrate the contents of the music books. There is somewhat in the best of them that is considerably repulsive, yet they are not altogether and simply disgusting. The pretty men attired in the height of evening dress, or brilliant fancy costume, and the fashionable ball-room beauties or stage heroines, represented as combining with them in elegant positions, are too absurd to excite unmitigated abhorrence. They are ludicrous as well as offensive. The inanity with which the epicene warriors and ruffians are depicted knitting their brows, and trying to look fierce, and the vacuity expressed in the faces of their gesticulating female associates, suggest that their originals were animated dummies, actuated solely by the love of displaying their clothes. The dancing dandies and their blooming partners look like ideal portraits of tailors' wax-works endowed with semi-consciousness. The imbecility of these figures is transcendent; its delineation evinces a genius of a sort; it amounts to the sublime and something more: and is so ridiculous as to provoke our disdainful laughter.

Among these illustrations in the music-shop windows there is one, however, that causes no laughter whatever, although it exhibits a laughing face. But the laugh is a horrid one, and the face is that of a man with long whiskers, who is dressed in a lady's clothes. There is not the least fun in this laughing face, but it wears an expression that is unspeakably odious. This print is entitled *Lady Dumdreary*, and the less besides that we say about it the better.

Wilkes with Wings.

By accounts from Yankee Land we learn that:—

"COMMODORE WILKES had been ordered to take the command of a flying squadron on the West India Station."

Is that because COMMODORE WILKES is a goose?



FAUST AND MARGUERITE.

FAUST MR. V. EMMANUEL.
MARGUERITE MISS ITALY.

MEPHISTOPHILES MR. L. NAP.
MARTHA MRS. POPE.

MARGUERITE. "HE LOVES ME—HE LOVES ME NOT."

JACITTATION OF MARRIAGE.—EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

MATRIMONIAL CAUSES COURT.

FEDERALS v. SOUTH (Otherwise REBELS).

Before SIR JONATHAN BUNCOMBE.

JACITTATION of marriage, it may be necessary to inform our non-professional readers, is defined by civilians as being a suit where one of the parties asserts that he or she is married, which the other party denying, and no adequate proof of the marriage being brought, the offending party is enjoined silence on that head.

The circumstances are briefly these:—FEDERALS, the pursuer, and MISS SOUTH, the defendant, are very distantly related (8th or 10th cousins), FEDERALS having much common Irish and German blood in his veins, while MISS SOUTH has a fine blue aristocratic tinge. About eighty years ago, FEDERALS and MISS SOUTH ran away from home, FEDERALS having first shockingly abused his mother. The pursuer contends that matrimonial rites were duly celebrated, and that the awe-inspiring words "for better or worse, until death us do part," were employed and assented to. In support of his case against MISS SOUTH the pursuer alleges that DR. FRANKLIN was present and gave her away. MISS SOUTH retorts by asserting that DR. FRANKLIN never gave anything away—that didn't belong to him, and challenges FEDERALS to prove that he did.

MISS SOUTH (who is properly so called, REBELS being a *nom-de-guerre* flung at her by FEDERALS in the heat of passion) indignantly denies that she ever had any real attachment to the pursuer, and solemnly asseverates that there never was any union of hand or heart, nothing in fact beyond a contract of Partnership—a single amalgamation of Dollars. For some time MISS SOUTH has been in the cotton trade, and is perfectly competent to maintain herself and manage her own affairs, should the Court pronounce judgment in her favour. FEDERALS, as most persons are aware, is a noted manufacturer of wooden nutmegs. Their pecuniary interests are not exactly coincident, for while MISS SOUTH demands a large stall in the market for her cotton, FEDERALS having no such want for his wooden nutmegs, has long been endeavouring to prevent her from occupying more than a corner. That MISS SOUTH's is a state of slavery no one can deny, though it is not pretended that FEDERALS is altogether responsible for that.

Again, MISS SOUTH a strong-minded female, stands in need of no protection. FEDERALS, a nervous irritable man, who regards his best friends with suspicion, on the contrary, has always been crying out that there must be more police at the custom-house, and that if something is not done, he shall certainly be robbed. MISS SOUTH says that she has enough to do looking after her cotton, being a dainty fabric, to keep it from the blacks, without being annoyed by the "delicate attentions" of FEDERALS, who is given to vapour and smoke. Finally, MISS SOUTH declares that her passionate admirer the love-sick FEDERALS is completely deranged—that he raves and is given to stamping—that he often runs like a Bull, and that certain colours—British ones in particular, will cause him to roar.

The Court after hearing the pleadings, which are very voluminous, took time to consider.

It is rumoured that the costs—of FEDERALS especially—will, as in the case of another suspected Lunatic in the English Court of Chancery, be literally "stunning."

NOTE. Since these proceedings were commenced, the position of FEDERALS has been so altered, that instead of the "Pursuer" he might perhaps now be more perfectly called "FEDERALS the Pursued."

Imperial Present to the Pope.

AMONGST other valuable presents, we are informed that the EMPRESS has sent PUS, as a further proof of her affection, a magnificent crinoline with all the latest improvements, so that he may wear it on all great festivities of the Church, under his sacerdotal robes. It is of the very largest dimensions, and we have no doubt will look every bit as well under the POPE's petticoat as under any other old woman's. The present must be taken only as another indication of the prevailing idea that rules in the mind of the EMPRESS that it is absolutely impossible to make too much of the POPE.

"UNE ERREUR PRONONCÉE."

EVER since LORD JOHN's elevation to the Peerage, he *obteeges* more than ever. He seems to be under the influence of the old aristocratic feeling *Noblesse oblige*. It wouldn't be a bad motto for him.

WHAT IS A SHIN-PLASTER?—It is a favourite American remedy, a kind of Poor Man's Plaster, and one that gives but poor relief, which is now being applied in all cases of tick-dollar-oux. It has the effect of materially lowering the circulation.

DANCING IN DEMENTIA.

At Biarritz, the other day, in the course of a grand ball given at the Villa Eugénie, we are informed that a cotillon was danced before the EMPRESS, apparently, and that:—

"An innovation has been introduced into the figure which is likely to become the rage in the Paris salons this winter. It consists in offering to the ladies, on inviting them to dance, small flags of different colours. One of the gentlemen carries a staff surmounted by ten ribbons, also of different colours, the ends of which are held by the gentlemen and ladies taking part in the dance."

We should like to know whether it ever occurs to any one among the gentlemen who take part in this extremely imbecile proceeding, and especially to the one who carries the bauble, "a staff surmounted by ten ribbons," that he is making himself a deplorable fool. According to the communication above-quoted, "the EMPEROR was not present, feeling a little indisposed." If NAPOLEON had been there, the spectacle of such fatuous fiddle-faddle would have endangered his life. Perhaps this silly cotillon will be "the rage" in the salons of Paris this winter. It would probably be still more popular in certain institutions devoted to psychological medicine, at which dancing is found to be a remedial amusement, and it might, no doubt with peculiar advantage, be introduced into asylums for idiots.

EXAMINATIONS FOR ATTACHÉS.

MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S.

(THESE are the verses which the HONOURABLE SCRAWLS wrote to his LEONORA, when he had perfected his running hand in "Six lessons from the Flying Pen.")

First Verse.

Oh, squeaktomeyLEONORA! ;
SqueakacrosstheStormydeep,
WheretheWhitebaitandtheLobster ;
AndtheYarmouthBloatersleep—
Throughathousandleaguesofwater
Thatsoftvoiceshallcometome—
SqueakofLoveohLEONORA!
Andbidmesqueaktothee.

Second Verse.

Scarceaweekandfromhiscountry
WillreluctantSCRAWLSshavefed,
SjinningofftoPragueorPekin—
Orbesquhimselfinstead:
OhifthroughrelentlessRYAN
ColdDean'sYardmygravemustbe,
Squeakstillsqueak—ofLoveLEONORA,
AndI'llsqueakbacktothee.

(Third, and remaining twenty-five verses, illegible.)

HOMCEOPATHY AT SEA.

HERE is a piece of news which may interest our homceopathic readers, if we have any:—

"A NEW REMEDY FOR SEA-SICKNESS.—A Cronstadt journal states that the Japanese Ambassador, after suffering from sea-sickness in going from Swinemunde to St. Petersburg. The first ambassador, in particular, was exceedingly ill, notwithstanding the strange remedy he employed, which consisted of soup made of horse-radish and rice, seasoned with red herrings and sardines cut into small pieces. When eating this singular compound he took a little champagne after every spoonful."

Anybody ashore and perfectly well swallowing this compound, it would probably produce on him the effect of a glass of antimonial wine. Accordingly, on the principle that like cures like, it should be an effectual remedy for sea-sickness, and no doubt would act as such with a power inversely proportionate to the quantity of the dose. The reason why his Japanese Excellency was exceedingly ill, notwithstanding he employed this potent remedy, doubtless was, that he took it in larger than infinitesimal doses.

Mythology is the Lempriere of Joking.

A MYTHOLOGICIAN was saying, in reference to a fashionable Tinted Venus, who, in point of embellishments, was certainly the *flour* of the room, that "if ever her husband ventured to kiss her, it must be after the fashion of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*." "And why?" asked the usual inquirer, who is always indispensable on these occasions for the completion of a joke, "and, pray, why?" "Because, my dear Sir, it must be kissing through plaster."

HIS RIVAL'S LAST.

WHY is a large crinoline lady at a small door like Stoke-upon-Trent? Because SHEER can't get in there.—BERESFORD HOPE.

A DAY AT DIEPPE.



"'THEY manage these things better in France,' remarked my excellent friend JONES, as we the other day were looking at the bathers down at Bullsgate. 'We English are most moral people, and all that; but in bathing we are certainly less decent than our neighbours. Just you come with me, old boy, and spend a morning at Dieppe, and then acknowledge that the bathing here is not of the first water.'

"So across to France we went, my *Punch*, and so 'calm was the glassy ocean' that JONES could not refrain from saying it was quite a *mer de glass*. Even this bad joke however failed to excite in me any nauseous sensation, and I landed without having to call out for the Steward, excepting once or twice to bring me a *petit verre de cognac*, just to drink to JONES's health and wish ourselves *bon voyage*. As I mean to write anonymously, I don't much mind confessing that I never in my life had set my foot in France before. So JONES had some slight trouble to make me walk about with him at the pace which, as an old traveller, of course he wished to go. It was evening when we landed, and the quay looked gay and pretty with its lamps lit and its groups of people walking underneath the trees, or sitting comfortably smoking just outside the Cafés; and while we marched along, as Britons always do, in the middle of the streets, there were no touters to pester one with 'Nice accommodation, gents,' and the women looked so pleasant in their bonnetless white caps, and the *blanchisseuses* were so industrious at their windows, and things seemed all so different to what they were at Bullsgate, that I allowed myself to suffer most unusual pangs of hunger before I let JONES drag me into our hotel.

"After supping, among other extraordinary things, upon '*Épigrammes d'agneau*' and hot stewed 'flageolets,' (I thought fried flutes would follow, or boiled opheleides perhaps,) we were told there was a *bal* that night at the Casino, to which, it being a juvenile night, of course we felt we ought to go. What would pious Clapham say if it heard that JONES and I, two most respectable married men, had been seen at a Casino, and there had met the MISSES CHURCHMOUSE, attended by their Ma? In London those dear ladies would sooner commit suicide than go to a Casino, or even to Cremorne. But the Casino at Dieppe is quite another thing, of course; and rigid care is taken that whoever likes to dance may find a decent partner for a waltz or a quadrille, without the possibility of finding the reverse. The MISSES CHURCHMOUSE, bless them! are much too proper-minded ever to dream of dancing in a public-room in England. But the twenty miles of water, you know, makes all the difference; and one may dare to do in France what Society in England would shudder to see done.

"Well, next morning, after making no end of a good *déjeuner* (by the way I felt quite proud to find how well the *garçons* understood me when I trotted out before them my fine Britanic French, which, as they all of them spoke English, there really was no need, JONES said, for my displaying) we lit up our cigars, which we had luckily brought with us, for what they call cigars in France are most unsmokeable and vile, and then set forth on our mission as inspectors of *Les Bains*. As anyone may for a trifle go and see them for himself, I shall not waste your valuable space by a description. Enough to say that decency and comfort are more studied at Dieppe than they are at any bathing-place that I have seen in England, and that French girls as a rule when they get into the water can do something more than stand and bob their bodies up and down, which is all that British lady-bathers in general can do. I saw plenty of girls swimming and taking splendid headers from a boat kept for the purpose, and I thought such bathing must be far more healthy and enjoyable than the bobbing-around business which is popular at Bullsgate.

"But there are other things to do in a day spent at Dieppe than to sit and smoke cigars,

and make inspection of the bathers. So leaving JONES to show his genius in ordering a dinner (for when a man has time to dine, a *table d'hôte* is a mistake) I prowled about the town, and peeped into the churches, and potted about the cliffs, and popped my nose into the castle, and worked my legs as hard as Englishmen when pleasuring are prone usually to do. I found no street-boys to chaff me when I stopped and stared about; and in a stroll outside the town along the road to Rouen (which is not the Road to Ruin, for I hear the fine old city has been of late so modernised that old tourists scarcely know it), I found the peasants vastly civil in showing me the way, and the bows some of them gave me when I wished them a *bonjour*, were such as English clodhoppers might vainly try to imitate. I have heard complaints of Frenchmen of a somewhat higher standing being selfish and uncivil to tourists whom they meet; but so far as one day's walk enables me to judge, the peasantry at any rate seem willing to oblige.

"You are well aware, *mon ami*, how I love *la chasse*, and pride myself not vainly on my prowess as a 'sportman.' Conceive then my delight at seeing PENSION DES CIEENS stuck up as the signboard of a cottage near the harbour. There were nets strewed at the front, and appearances outside, I own, looked rather fishy. By a peep over a paling I saw a row of little pens, looking less like dog kennels than poultry-coops or pig-styes, but the growls and yelps and barks which were emitted thence were what no porcine throat could possibly give vent to. At the gate there stood a yellow-faced lean man in a blue blouse, looking far less like a dog-keeper than a jealous butcher. '*Montrez-moi les chiens*,' said I to the master of this canine hotel, '*Je suis un chasseur, moi, et, mon ami, je veux voir les chiens de la chasse*.' Upon this heart-touching appeal of course the gate was opened, and the Pension with its inmates lay patent to my view. How shall I describe the noble animals I saw, or give you an idea of my ecstasy at sight of them? There was Azor, *le bel Azor*, with emaciated carcase, and a pair of lantern jaws, such as would make light of crunching scores of ducks and chickens. There was César, a cross-breed between a pointer and a poodle, with bleary eyes and broken teeth which told of long, long service. How many a plump partridge hast thou consumed, my César, or more likely larks and linnets and other smaller game-birds? And whence, my noble Beppo, came thy long hound's ears and thy fuzzy poodle's legs and tail of a Skye terrier? Verily it is a wise French dog that knoweth his own father! Nay, yelp not, *mauvre chien*, I would not insult thy ancestors. *Cut, me querelis exanimas tuis. Silence donc, mauvais bête!* Go home and chain up, Ugly! Wert thou mine I should soon wish thee in the land of thy forefathers. Surely such a mongrel must have come from far Mongrelia.

"A French *chasseur*, my *Punch*, is a wonderful sight. As a sportsman it rejoiced my sympathising heart to see the brave ALPHONSE and THÉODORE starting for the chase, with velvet hunting caps of green, and velvet shooting-coats to match, with purple gloves, long yellow leggings and capacious yard-broad game bags buckled at their backs. In France the noble 'sportman' carries his own game, and if he were to shoot an elephant his bag is big enough to pouch it. We know that all is *gibier* that comes into their game-nets; yet I fear me that the days are few and far between when brave ALPHONSE and THÉODORE return with a full bag. Larks, thrushes and tom-tits are no doubt nice to eat, and of course a French *chasseur* would never leave such trophies of his skill upon the field. But it would take a thousand thrushes, linnets and tom-tits to fill one of the game-bags which *les chasseurs* love to carry; and savagely as the warfare against small birds has been waged, I fear ALPHONSE and THÉODORE

but seldom come home from the battle-field, triumphant with the bodies of above a dozen victims.

"Recommending Dieppe heartily to all who wish to bathe with decency, and to lounge upon a beach kept free from ballad-bawlers, had brass bands and bothering boatmen, I remain, *mon ami Punch*, with the assurance of my most distinguished reverence,
"VIATOR."



ALPHONSE AND "LE BEL AZOR."

POLITICAL EVERGREENS.

A RARE old plant undoubtedly is the Ivy green, but how superior in point of verdure is the venerable Palm! There are sermons in stones—even in a GLAD-STONE—and if there is no homily in Palm, it is because a grateful spirit inspires it with songs of joy. Autumn comes—flowers fade on their stems—leaves loosen from their stalks—desolation reigns over the Woods and Forests, but the prospects of the country are cheering, and why? because there is still vigour in its Palm.

Palm is found in all places, and has been for more than half a century—Home, Foreign, and Colonial. Yet there is nothing parasitical about the rare old plant, and if it clings to the House, certainly the House derives additional respectability and value from its attachment. It is wooed alike by the courtly zephyr and the popular gale, and while around it, branches blown from Dizzy heights are spread, somehow or other, "eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Of another evergreen we are reminded that "the stateliest building man can raise is the Ivy's food at last." This, we suppose, refers to BARRY'S new Houses of Parliament, and doubtless that legislative structure furnishes sustenance to Palm, and will, we hope, for many pleasant years supply him with his dew. Nervous Politicians when they see a time-honoured institution covered with lichens, are apt to be distrustful of its stability, but when connected and fortified with Palm, they feel that the Church is in no danger—and still less are the Ministers.

Though this perennial rises to a considerable altitude, and has an aristocratic bearing, being picked out with strawberry leaves, it is remarkable for its genial warmth, rather than that cold shade at which plebeians shiver. The blessing invoked for the Oak we all desire for the Palm while we gladly sing:—

"And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone."

Foreign nations may proudly repose upon their laurels, but BRITANNIA, who delighteth more in peace than in power, leans with complacency upon her Palm;

THE BEST BREAD-MAKING MACHINE.—The Lancashire Fund for the distressed Operatives.

A PERVERTER OF "PUNCH."

MR. PUNCH lately animadverted on the impertinence of a pseudo-papistical coxcomb, the author of a letter in a Bath paper signed H. S. FAGAN. The same quack, under the same signature, has ventured to have another fling at *Punch*: his missiles chiefly consisting of second-hand suds, derived from *Mrs. Harris's* pail. Among them, however, there is this original aspersion:—

"If any of your readers do read *Mr. Punch's* letter press, they may have seen, as I accidentally did, an account (21st June last, I think) headed, 'Protestant Monkey Tricks,' containing, amongst other choice bits of absurdity, the following: 'On Easter day, which we all know is a high day in the Romish Church, so likewise was it at St. Matthias.' Now, as a clergyman, whose Easter services were not so long over, I could not read this unmoved. I had, in my simplicity, imagined Easter day to be a high day, not in the Romish Church and at St. Matthias only, but all over the Christian world—a day to be highly remembered among us.' No doubt *Mr. Punch*, and those who form their views on his statements, and reciprocally react on those statements (for he is always true to the sentiments of the class for which he writes), have, like the *Doctor* in *Moultres*, long ago 'changed all that.'"

The remark about Easter, which Mr. H. S. FAGAN above represents as that of *Punch*, occurs, not in the language of *Mr. Punch*, but in a quotation, the subject of *Punch's* comment. MR. H. S. FAGAN cannot be such a fool as not to have been perfectly well aware of that fact when he alleged a different one. Perhaps, instead of MR. H. S. FAGAN, *Punch* ought to write the REV. H. S. FAGAN. MR. FAGAN dates his letter "Charlcombe Rectory," and calls himself "a clergyman." It does not therefore follow that he is one. MR. FAGAN may be no more a clergyman, than *Mr. Punch* is the author of the "absurdity" imputed to him by MR. FAGAN. If, however, he is a clergyman, he is evidently one of those clergymen who affect the character of Romish priests. He may be expected to preach their opinions. Let those who may think it worth while to hear the REV. MR. FAGAN hold forth, be careful to take a Bible with them. When MR. FAGAN gives out the text, let them look it up, lest perchance they should find that the preacher has cited words not to be found in the book. The old original Deceiver, we all know, can quote Scripture for his purpose, but he would be more likely to misquote it; and so would any ecclesiastical Humbug who misquotes *Punch*.

Mr. Punch proposes for the consideration of MR. FAGAN, or the REV. H. S. FAGAN, the subjoined variation of part of a popular canticle:—

"Speak the truth, and let speech be free;
If you can, prove *Punch* a pagan:
But don't you sit there and tell lies about me,
Deceitful and impudent FAGAN."

There, MR. FAGAN, if you are fond of intonation, intone that!

A LIBERAL PROPOSAL.

"A RAILWAY DIRECTOR," writing to the *Times*, emphatically says—

"We are running some monster trains at a loss to the shareholders and a risk to the passengers. Of course, we have done what we can to render their working safe, but for one I maintain that this cannot be done. As our manager says, we had better give them their fares to stay at home."

We do not mind entering into an agreement with this same railway. Let them only send us the fare of each excursion-train they run, and we will solemnly promise "to stay at home." We have no doubt, if the above liberal offer were more generally known, that there are thousands who would be too glad to accept the terms of the company at half-price. The shareholders shouldn't grumble, because if the present system is (*vide supra*) a loss to them, the fewer persons that travel by such trains, the more their loss is likely to be diminished. In fact, we believe it would be a positive gain to many Railways, if they closed their premises, and ceased running their trains altogether. Better do that, than pay £60,000 a-year, like the Great Western, in compensation monies for accidents.

We hope shortly to receive a letter from the Secretary of this railway, stating that our proposal has been before the Board, and the Directors will be most happy to close with it.

Cheer up, Jonathan!

WHY should LINCOLN and Company no prospect see
Of getting themselves safely out of their fix;
When they are in fact what poor North pines to be,
That emblem of Union—a bundle of sticks?

READY FOR A BRUSH.

WE do not know why the name given to these iron-plated monsters of the deep should have been that of a Ram. As the professed object of such an overpowering invention is to sweep the seas, we think it would have been more suitable to have called it a *Ramoneur*.



DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

HOUSEMAID. "Lawk, Mam, Master and Missus are gone to Badam-badin, and won't be back not till November; they thought as how you never were a-coming."

SAUSAGES IN THE SLUMS.

"PUNCH.
"You are probably aware that the subjoined statement occurs in the Registrar-General's Weekly Return:—

"Three children, aged 2, 8, and 11 years respectively, died at 207, Bethnal Green Road, from 'scarlatina maligna, aggravated by the fetid exhalations from an adjoining sausage factory.'"

"If three children died at 207, Bethnal Green Road, from scarlatina maligna, it is likely that many more, and numerous adults also, will likewise die in that neighbourhood from the same causes. Well, well; since these deaths will occur in Bethnal Green Road and thereabouts, we must bear them as well as we may! But that sausage factory, which emits those fetid exhalations that aggravate scarlatina, is an insufferable fact. If its exhalations are morbid, its productions must be noxious. Can we be sure that all the sausages made at that manufactory are consumed by the inhabitants of the district which it infects? Do none of them reach our clubs and our households, get served up at our little dinners, and appear on our breakfast tables under the name of Newmarket or Cambridge? What must it be to eat the sausages which exhale zymotic effluvia? If such abominations as the Scarlatina Maligna Sausage Factory alluded to by the Registrar-General are not instantly abolished, we had better give up sausages altogether, and leave them, with other pernicious offal, to be devoured by the lower orders who inhabit Bethnal Green Road and the adjacent slums. But a really well-made sausage is a deuced good thing, and the renunciation of anything good is an effort of self-denial, and every species of self-denial, is a bore. So I wish you would say what is necessary to put the law in motion for sweeping away the sausage-factories which reduce the inferior population, and diminish the enjoyments of your occasional reader.

"The Albany, Oct. 1, 1862."

"PUBLICOLA."

THE WORST LADY'S HABIT.—Crinoline, and the sooner she throws off the habit the better.

IMPOSSIBILITY FOR JOHN BULL.

MAKE a statue is one thing I've said I can't do;
That is one; there's another, I find, that makes two.
Though Commissioners send me account on account in,
I can't make a statue, and can't make a fountain.

As a national work, and an art undertaking,
No fountain I've ever succeeded in making,
'Tis a squirt, or its jet ginger-beer seems to mount in,
I can't—no, I can't—I cannot make a fountain.

Trafalgar Square two of my failures contains;
In Kensington Gardens I've wasted my pains.
My drinking spouts may with conveniences count in;
But, hang it, I must own I can't make a fountain.

Crystal Palace's fountains spout water sky-high.
Why the deuce do not mine, then, I want to know why,
Throw their columns aloft to the height of a mountain,
Eh? Because, dash my buttons, I can't make a fountain.

Warning to Railway Companies.

MR. PUNCH begs to state that he takes the hint afforded in one of those first-chop articles published by a distinguished contemporary, on the Fuel in the Exhibition. "Every Railway Company that burns coal in its engines is liable to a daily fine." The very first time any railway official dares to interfere with Mr. Punch's own smoking, he sets the law to work, and day after day that fatal engine shall go on until the company that owns it sues for mercy, and sets up a Smoking Carriage. Directors, this is no vain threat.

"THE PERFECT CURE."—Last week, ending Saturday last, 19,154,693 patients were relieved by reading *Punch*. Of these, 9,659 were cases that had been abandoned by the ablest physicians as hopeless.



THE HAYMARKET AND THEREABOUT.

THE FROG IN THE BLOCK OF COAL.

It is not generally known that the frog, whose untimely decease the Commissioners of the International Exhibition are now mourning, continued up to the day of its death to express itself in the Welsh tongue, with a degree of fluency the more extraordinary when we consider the very lengthened period of its incarceration. The public is aware that on its first liberation from the block of coal, it made a communication in Welsh, supposed to relate to the cause of its being so immured, but in consequence of no person present understanding that language, this interesting piece of antediluvian history was lost, for since then the Frog exhibited an evident repugnance to touch upon the topic, which may we therefore suppose have been a tender one. As soon as it became known that the language it spoke was Welsh, an interpreter, one DAVID AP MORGAN AP REES, gratuitously offered his services, and it is from him that we have learnt the following interesting particulars.

DAVID AP REES informs us that the Frog from the first, displayed a great desire to ascertain the public opinion concerning itself, and on hearing that some sceptics deemed it an imposture, it swelled visibly, foamed at the mouth, and exclaimed in a most excited state "cwmddrwylydd llanwrst y dwyhdcsurt," which our informant tells us is a malediction of most fearful import. A few days later it introduced the subject again, and on REES telling it that public opinion had changed, and now inclined to consider it the identical Frog who was swallowed up by the lily-white duck, it appeared very uneasy, but assuming an air of nonchalance, it said the report was a *canard*. REES judging from the agitation of the Frog when it heard of its brother's tragical end, and the concern and dejection depicted on its countenance, as it was told the nature of his ill-fated journey, says he considers the Frog had been crossed in love, and that that had something to do with the abnormal position in which it was found. This, however, is merely a conjecture.

The Frog was visited during its short sojourn in the International Exhibition by several distinguished men of science, among others, by SIR RODERICK MURCHISON, who after a careful inspection of the block of coal, and its late tenant, went away as much a disbeliever as he came, for he was heard to exclaim, with great emphasis, "Blue lias," alluding, we suppose, in a somewhat hasty manner, to the exhibitors of the Frog and Coal. Not so MR. MAX MULLER, who held a lengthened conversation with the Frog, and pronounced it to be of the Aryan family, and a disciple of Zoroaster.

About a week before its death, MR. BUCKLAND, the naturalist, hearing that it was ailing, sent a messenger to inquire whether, in the event of its decease, it would wish to be stuffed, or preserved in spirits; offering in either case to perform the operation. The Frog returned no answer; but became from that period very nervous and hypochondriacal, took to feeling its pulse, changed colour when a Frenchman passed, and showed every sign of a confirmed croaker; and shortly after, to the deep regret of HER MAJESTY'S Commissioners and the public generally, it breathed its last.

PALACE AND PRISON.

In the fort of Varignano,
On a hard and narrow bed,
Brooding thoughts, as a volcano
Broodeth lava-floods unshed,
Lies a chained and crippled hero,
Balked and baffled, not subdued,
Though his fortune's sunk to zero,
At blood-heat still stands his mood.

In his sumptuous sea-side palace,
Where Biarritz looks o'er sea,
With all splendour, for such solace
As from splendour wrung may be.
Sits a crowned and sceptred sovereign,
Strong in arms, more strong in art,
Wrapped in thoughts past men's discovering,
With a marble stone for heart.

From her centuries' sleep arisen,
Clenching half unfettered hands,
'Tixt that palace and that prison,
Flushed and fierce Italia stands.
Brave words she has owed that ruler,
Brave words and brave deeds as well,
Now she doubts he fain would fool her
Of the hopes he helped to swell.

So with visage dark and lowering
She that palace-threshold spurns,
And with tenderness o'er-powering
To the fortress-prison turns.
Ne'er a doubt of the devotion
Of that chained and crippled chief,
Clouds her love's profound emotion,
Stays the passion of her grief.

What's an Emperor's word, whose action
To his utterance gives the lie?
But this chief for love bade faction,
Prudence, policy stand by—
Blind may-be, but blind for brightness
Of the goal to which he strove,
All his life is one long witness
Life to him is less than love.

Then what wonder to the prison
From the palace if she turn?
'Tis her star that newly risen
O'er that fortress-cell doth burn.
The true prison is that palace,
And that prisoner is true king!
Were his pallet-bed a gallows,
There Italia's heart would cling,
Not to yon man dark and callous,
Girt by his base courtier-ring.

THE PARTY AT THE PAVILION.

LORD RANELAGH has been feasted at that exquisite edifice the Pavilion, at Brighton, by nearly three hundred Volunteers. They presented JONES the Avenger with two swords in testimony of his services to the cause of Volunteering. One weapon was splendid, and for show, the other serviceable, and for use. His Lordship, in the course of his speech in acknowledgment, said that he expected to find his picture in *Punch*, and that he should be represented as a Japanese, wearing the two swords which indicate merit in Japan. *Mr. Punch* obliges him with literary, *vice* pictorial immortality, but in so doing has no idea of ridiculing a nobleman who in his way, not perhaps always the most bland (but Riflemen can't be made with rosewater,) did very much towards promoting the introduction of arms of precision, before it became fashionable to patronise them, and who is a very energetic and useful officer of Volunteers. There is such a thing as having a little too much self-assertion, and a little too lively a sense of one's own merits; but on the other hand it is a very good thing to be in earnest, and it is doubtless aggravating to be treated to the cold shoulder by Swells who take up one's own ideas and get *kudos* by doing so. *Mr. Punch* might pick a crow or two with his friend JONES the Avenger, touching several matters, but he abstains from any ornithological process, except so far as very cheerfully to stick this feather in LORD RANELAGH'S schako.

GORILLA HUNTING IN GREAT BRITAIN.



111.—*Mr. Punch!* Oh, dear good gracious me, I am in *such* a fright! Oh, please do help me, Sir, for I've heard you're always ready to help an unprotected British female in distress. Well now I feel as though there'd been a menagerie broke loose, and all the beastesses was hiding somewheres ready to devour me. There, I durstn't go to bed a-nights for ever such a time, for fear of finding a gorilla or a raugotang a waiting for me: and when I gets to sleep at last I have the horriest of dreams, and start schreeching *Murder!* till I regular awake myself and everybody else that haps to

be in hearing of me. And it's all along of that there ojus Betsy Bakka, who, when she come to take a dish of tea and shrimps with me last evenink, brought a country paper with her, as she said, for my amusement. A nice sort of amusement truly for a poor dear lonely nervous weak and elderly maiden lady to be frightened into fits and high strikes by seeing through her spectacles such a nawful piece of intelligence as this:—

"**COURAGEOUS CONDUCT OF AN OLD LADY.**—At M., near N., an elderly lady, Miss X., resides in a semi-detached house in — Street. The only other occupant of the house was a maid-servant. About two o'clock on Wednesday morning weak Miss X. was awoken by a man's arm being thrust under the bed in which she was lying, the intruder on being questioned, saying he was in search of money. The fellow at once made off, closely pursued by the old lady. On the way out he seized a poker, and (having apparently previously prepared for his escape) succeeded in locking the street-door from the outside, taking away the key. Miss X. at once opened a window and leaped into the street, but was so stunned by the fall, which is several feet, that she for some time was unable to give chase or alarm. The burglar got clean away, and from the finding of the poker on the Scarborough Road it is presumed he has gone thither. The man is supposed to have been secreted in the house overnight, as he had made sure of locking the street-door after him. He had lit a candle, which seems to have been burning an hour. He had ransacked all the house, but failed to discover the plate and money; but has got together and carried off about £50 value of watches, brooches, lockets, chains, rings, and sundry articles of jewellery. The East Riding constabulary are in hot chase, and are stimulated by a reward which has just been offered for the capture of the burglar."

"Well, all as I can say is that I hope as the cornstubbleairy (which I suppose it's the perlice is meant by that there word, but lawks! them gents who write the newspapers always try to write so grand, that a deal of their fine English is as good as Greek to me), I say I hope the cunstabrewery was mounted on good hosses, which being on duty for a *Riding*, in course by right they ought to be, and after their 'hot chase' I hope they've warmed the jacket of the beast they were a-hunting which if I'd my will and pleasure, all such brutes should be chained up in a criminal menagerie, and so prevented from a breaking into people's homes and houses, and a robbing poor old ladies of their brooches and bright pokers, and other articles of jewellery, perhaps even their warning-pan as well as their gold watch. What I say is, it's a shame that here in this here nineteenth century and civilised community a poor, weak, unprotected female can't sleep quiet in her bed without the dread of being woke by some goorriller of a burglar, who's like to cut her throat or blow her poor dear brains out, besides buggeriously robbing her of all her little comforts, such as rings and necklaces, bracelets and gold chains. Here one pays a mint o' money every quarter for perlice-rate (and what makes 'em so expensive, unless it be their whiskers, I'm sure I can't divine), and yet one can't take up a paper without one's being orrified by nawful deeds committed by hugglers and garrotters, who goes a prowling like goorrillers a seeking poor old lonely unprotected females to devour!

"Hoping as you'll save us from being murdered in our beds, besides having all our jewels stolen (and really I scarce know which of them calamities is wuss), I remain, dear *Mr. Punch*, yours all in a flutter;

"*Aspen Cottage, Quiverton, near Quakeborough.*"

"SARAH SHIVERS."

OLD KING COAL.

"Our, who is this toad in a hole,
With face so expressively dark,
Who spends all his life in a coal,
And only comes out for a lark?"

It's clear he was famous of yore,
His blood is the *saugré azul*;
For his quarters are *rest piqué noir*,
And his arms *huppant à la Grenouille!*" . . .

From Grub Street to Bridgewater Place
This *Opera comique*'s all the go;
Where BUCKLAND does alto and bass,
And BROWN, JONES and SCROGGINS *Buffo*.

Then what awe must each bosom o'erspread
As we gaze on that petrified bark;
On the bust of this quaint figure-head
That has yachted with Noah in the ark:

When we think that these somnolent eyes
With morning primæval awoke,—
That this solo (though sweet for its size)
Preluded Lab'rinthodon's croak!

Come Mammoth and Mastodon back,
Iguanodon, Saurian grim—
You may rattle your bones till they crack,
But you can't hold a candle to him:

Trap, oolite, granite, and gneiss—
Here's a *stratum* will give you a hint;
Azoics, you're shelved in a trice,
Sand, lias, stalactite, and flint.

Hence, Ammonites! yield to your fate—
You are gravel'd for many a year;—
Quartz, silica, porph'ry, and slate,
Walk your chalks! you've no chance with
what's here.

For there's nothing in bone or in shell
So ancient the *suavants* can show;
As the *Restes* of this black little swell—
As the Case of poor JOHNNY CRAPAUD!

Good News for the Juveniles.

Now, boys and girls, look out for a splendid Lord Mayor's Show this year. For, do you know, ALDERMAN ROSE is the new Mayor, and he is bound to give you a good spectacle, for, what do you think?—he is a Spectacle-Maker!

MOTTO FOR A "BRIDEGROOM." J.

Veni! Vidi!! Vici!!!
I've been! and gone!! and done it!!!

THE NAGGLETONS ON THEIR TOUR.

The Scene represents the Interior of a First-Class Carriage. The distinguished Couple have it all to themselves, and are going from one Seaside place to another at an hour's distance.

Mrs. Naggleton. Of course you've left the keys behind.

Mr. Naggleton. Why of course? Because you always do? It happens that I haven't, for here they are. What else may be left behind I can't say.

Mrs. N. No, you took care to have business to go out about when you might have helped me in packing.

Mr. N. Yes, for the last time I made the offer, you sent me packing myself. Ha! ha!

Mrs. N. You intend that for some kind of joke, I suppose. It would be a very good thing if people didn't attempt what they don't understand. But because WYNDHAM WAREHAM says clever things, all the "Flips" club must try to imitate him, which is very pitiable.

Mr. N. I thought, my dear, that having (*ironically*) so many accomplishments, you could afford not to set up for a judge of wit.

Mrs. N. I know real wit when I hear it, and I know that it is very unlike the ridiculous and vulgar banter that passes for it at the "Flips," at least if I may judge by the specimens you bring home, though to be sure you may spoil them in bringing; likely enough, considering the state in which you come home.

Mr. N. There are so many counts to that indictment, my dear, that I will plead to the last only, and say that you never saw me the worse for what I had taken at the little social meeting that always excites your spite.

Mrs. N. I didn't say you were the worse. On the contrary, if you come home rather foolish, you are good-natured, and not much inclined to talk.

Mr. N. Your amiability, my dear, is an encouragement to me to persevere in pressing these little holidays upon you. A cheerful companion more than repays any trouble or expense she may occasion.

Mrs. N. I understand your manly and generous meaning, MR. NAGGLETON. But I am neither vexed nor surprised. I require no proof that your earlier life was not passed in good society. The idea that, in return for her railway fare, a lady is to amuse you, is so essentially commercial that it would make one smile, but that the children are in daily danger of imbibing such lessons.

Mr. N. If they imbibe nothing worse than my teaching, MRS. NAGGLETON, they will do no harm. I can't say as much if they imbibe what I have seen you giving them at lunch, namely, Burton ale.

Mrs. N. I believe that I am responsible to their medical attendant for their dietary, MR. NAGGLETON.

Mr. N. Has your own dietary included a dictionary, swallowed by mistake, my love? Because you are bringing out the long words, uncommon, this morning.

Mrs. N. I can well understand (*smiling*) that you had no such complaint to make of the first MRS. NAGGLETON. I think she spelt coffee with the same letters as cough, did she not, dear?

Mr. N. It's untrue. And whatever she *spelt* coffee with, M'm, she made it with hot water, which is a precious deal more than I can get her successor to do.

Mrs. N. Her successor should have been a kitchen-maid, my dear.

Mr. N. Well, in the matter of tongue and temper, that might have involved no great change in my present happiness, my love.

Mrs. N. WYNDHAM WAREHAM must have given you quite a heap of his old sayings, which he has worn threadbare, and can't use any longer. Are they the perquisites of his followers? You come out quite smart in them. What a pity it is you forget them before company, and try nonsense of your own!

Mr. N. Ah, my dear, when we want to wound we shouldn't show that we are in a rage. Calm yourself down to your usual ill-temper, and you may be more disagreeable. At present you are a study—and I may add, thanks to sea air, a brown study.

[*Proud of his victory, he begins to read the paper, elaborately.*
Mrs. N. (sadly). If anything should happen to you, HENRY, I will try to forget all the insults you have rejoiced to heap upon me. But you will make that duty very, very difficult.

Mr. N. Indeed, love? Well, I promise you this. I'll try and postpone it for you as long as I possibly can.

Mrs. N. Yes, it is very well to talk so, but I assure you, HENRY, the thought comes to me very often, and prevents my taking notice of many and many a thing which I ought to resent.

Mr. N. Deuce it does? You resent most things, and grumble at the rest. What was that station we passed?

Mrs. N. Tinkleby. Couldn't you read that? How your eyes are failing, and what childish vanity not to wear spectacles.

Mr. N. Vanity. Ha! ha! what have I to be vain of?

[*Meaning a bitter satire on his matrimonial acquisition.*
Mrs. N. (accepting the challenge). I really don't know. And pride, which is a nobler thing, I do not suppose you are capable of feeling. I have read that it is much dulled by the instincts of commerce.

Certainly WYNDHAM WAREHAM, your model, did say that you had reason to be proud of your marriage, but it is not for me to recal such expressions of opinion.

Mr. N. Well, strictly speaking, my dear, it is not, but their rarity shall be your excuse. And WAREHAM's so good a judge on conjugal matters that he has kept himself single, and means to do so.

Mrs. N. Ah! a joke redolent of spirits and water and tobacco-smoke, and would suit the "Flips" at two in the morning.

Mr. N. Your ridiculous animosity to that harmless meeting is perfectly unaccountable, MRS. NAGGLETON.

Mrs. N. Animosity?—no. But I regret that the children are liable to hear, through servants, who may learn it from tradesmen, that you are in that kind of society. I wish you could pass by another name than your own among such a set.

Mr. N. (furious). Set! By Jove, MRS. NAGGLETON, you talk as if you had been born in the purple—that is to say, to suit your understanding, as if your uncle had been a marquis instead of a man—

Mrs. N. The department of the medical profession more especially pursued by my lamented uncle, is one which can afford to disregard the scoffs of vulgarity.

Mr. N. Another burst of dictionary talk. Do you think it proper in a first-class carriage. If you cut your words in proportion to the fares, I should like to travel third.

Mrs. N. I make no doubt that in the third-class carriage you would find companions who would suit you. You might even fancy yourself at the "Flips," humbly listening to WYNDHAM WAREHAM.

Mr. N. That's about the tenth time you've dragged in that man's name by the head and shoulders. What has he done to offend you?

Mrs. N. He? Nothing. I shouldn't speak to him if we met, for I think him a bad style of man, and though one rather likes anybody who is first in his way, it is really such a very small triumph to be first at the "Flips," that I cannot make a hero out of WYNDHAM WAREHAM. Perhaps I should, like you, if I looked at him through a glass of spirits.

Mr. N. I had thoughts of withdrawing from that club, MRS. NAGGLETON, but I am now resolved that I will accept the invitation to take the chair at the next monthly meeting.

Mrs. N. Lor, why shouldn't you. I dare say you will not make much of a failure. I know EDWARD CLARKE took it, and they say did very well, and you know he is the greatest idiot in the world.

Mr. N. (emphatically). No, Madam, he is not. That name belongs to a man who did not know when he was well off, but must needs—

Guard. Tickets, all tickets ready.
Mr. N. I gave them to you. Why don't you get them out?
Mrs. N. I shall get them out when they're wanted, and not till then.

Mr. N. (angrily). You have no right to delay the whole train by your petulance.

Mrs. N. (unmoved). Haven't I? But I shall, if I please.
[And she does please.]

TO BE SOLD—THE MATERIALS OF THE GREAT GLOBE.

"The Great Globe itself,
Yea, all that it inherits, shall dissolve,
And like the useless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."—SHAKESPEARE and DR. CUMMING.

THE composition of the crust of the Great Globe, and the nature of its contents have long been matters of curious interest to the geological student. A fine opportunity is now presented for investigating both the one and the other.

From our own observations (in Leicester Square) we are forced to the conclusion that the theories hitherto prevalent as to the composition of the Globe's crust are entirely erroneous. The real substance of that crust is neither silurian nor igneous rock, neither trap nor basalt, gneiss nor hornblende, slate nor shale, but fir balks, with lath and plaster filling up their interstices. The contents of the interior of the Globe, instead of mineral substances in a state of fluidity and at a great heat, as our geologists have hastily inferred, turn out to be tattered canvas, ragged bits of framework composed of profling and battens, lime dust, scaffold poles, trestles, old shoes, rags and rubbish, and as the very core of the squalid mass, an object which is ignorantly described as a statue of GEORGE THE SECOND, but which we conclude to be an oddly formed preadamite boulder, with one of those faint and accidental resemblances to humanity, which are often found in masses of natural stone.

Appeal Against Wrong.

WE hear that Mr. W. F. WINDHAM has lodged notice of appeal against the harsh decision of the tribunal that declared him capable of managing his own affairs. We hope that this gentleman will succeed in reversing an injustice, and we think that he is not likely to fail for want of evidence. The wishes of all decent folks are heartily with him.



GROUNDLESS ALARM.

Darling (in straw hat). "WHAT ARE YOU BUYING, DEAR?"

Darling (in black hat). "WHY, I'M BUYING A PUNCH. THE IMPUDENT THING HAS PUT ME IN AS ONE OF HIS GIRLS!"

A LIFE OF LITTLE VALUE.

At the conclusion of a Coroner's inquest, held in the East of London on the body of a poor woman named CHARLOTTE CRIPPIN—

"The jury returned the following special verdict—That deceased expired from the effects of inflammation of the stomach, accelerated by the want of the common necessaries of life; and the jury unanimously censure the conduct of MR. BLANK, the assistant relieving officer of the Local Union, in the matter, and consider that he did not perform his duty; and the jury further desire to recommend that in future the Board of Guardians should make due inquiries as to how inmates of the Union are likely to be taken care of outside the house, before ordering their removal from it."

In the above extract we have disguised names, because the relieving officer, whom we call MR. BLANK, denied the statement by one of the witnesses, whereon the censure of the jury was grounded, and also because, as the servant of the Board of Guardians, he most likely acted under his masters' orders, or at least, according to their instructions. But if the evidence against him and them is credible, here is a case of criminal breach of duty which contributed to the causation of a pauper's death, and that under extremely horrible circumstances.

In summing up, the Coroner stated that:—

"It was clear that the deceased and her family, being in extreme starvation, presented herself at the union-house, and represented her husband as starving her. Without the most ordinary inquiry as to whether he was doing so from neglect or through necessity, the Board of Guardians ordered CRIPPIN to be proceeded against. MR. BLANK, the relieving officer, went to CRIPPIN, and under a threat of three months' imprisonment, compelled him to remove his family. They were placed in a room and there had to undergo such dreadful starvation that deceased died of the effects, and they would have all perished had not their groans attracted the attention of the neighbours."

If MRS. CRIPPIN had been what Society calls a respectable person, and had met her death through a railway accident caused by an oversight or blunder on the part of a guard, an engine-driver, or a signal-man, would not the coroner's jury have returned a verdict of manslaughter against the unfortunate rather than culpable official? Had the accident arisen from his gross carelessness with the aggravation of

savage brutality, would not a higher and more rational Court have confirmed the verdict? Of course it is quite possible that the censure pronounced as above on MR. BLANK was wholly undeserved. But if the evidence really proved that the deceased was starved to death by his fault, the verdict ought to have gone beyond mere censure. It ought, indeed, also to have implicated the Board of Guardians still more highly than their officer; but no coroner's jury can be expected to be consistent enough to criminate a Board.

NEITHER FISH, FLESH, NOR GOOD RED HERRING.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"AMONG the innumerable complaints against the Refreshment Department at MESSRS. KELK AND LUCAS'S Show, I see one which I think unfounded. A person writes to say that he took his sister into one of the eating rooms, and that they were not allowed to sit down. Why, what do you think he says he demanded? 'A Bat apiece and some coffee.' What a very objectionable lunch, Sir. I am not particular, but I should be sorry to sit at the same table with a person who could eat a Bat. I suppose he was going to order the lady a roast owl to follow, and perhaps some nice efts for dessert. Really, I think for once that the discourtesy of the refreshment people was not out of place.

"Yours, very faithfully,

"University Club."

"BACCHUS BEESWING."

The only Political Question.

THERE is at present but one political question which is agitated at public meetings, but that one is heard whenever certain Members of Parliament address their constituents. That question is "Who voted for the New Game Law Act?" It is invariably followed by a storm of yells and hisses.



SETTLING THE ITALIAN DIFFICULTY.

VICTOR TO LOUIS. "NO!—YOU LOOK AFTER THE OLD WOMAN!—I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER LUGGAGE!"

UNIVERSAL ALLIANCE

FOR THE DEPRESSION OF ANIMAL SPIRITS AND ENCOURAGEMENT OF GLOOM.

ADDRESS.

In modern times, when uninterrupted sunshine, celestial and commercial, is apt to engender a too felicitous warmth, the Universal Alliance for the Depression of Animal Spirits and Encouragement of Gloom, deem it desirable by the damp blanket of expostulation, to repress hilarity and give the jocund glow a check. With this object in view we reverse the telescope, and contemplate scenes that are brightest through its diminishing end.

The Universal Alliance with which is incorporated the "Anti-joking Society" (registered in accordance with the provisions of the unfriendly Acts) was established by a few low-spirited and smile-despising men assembled for mutual consolation on a foggy evening under the shadow of the Exeter Arcade. For many years past, their efforts to displease have been abundantly crowned with success. It is now proposed to supplement individual exertion by legislative restrictions. With this intent, application will shortly be made to Parliament to impose penalties on all persons exhibiting animal spirits above a certain standard—grin-proof—or provoking in others that exhilaration which no member of this Alliance has ever been known to display.

A few examples, showing the evils complained of, and sought to be abolished by the Universal Alliance, may here be quoted from their Quarterly Review:—

A vivacious young Lady, the niece of a High-Church Canon, with whom she resided, in a fit of temporary insanity furtively drew away the easy chair in which he was about to deposit himself. The consequences were disastrous. The Canon subsided on the *tapis*, and the spectators were thrown into frightful convulsions. Worst of all, the Canon never quite recovered his dignity, and the name of his niece having been expunged from his Will, a loss was entailed upon her amounting to not less than one thousand pounds!

And again. A mischief-loving little boy, sitting at his grandmamma's feet, as she was reading her *Herald* with a severe countenance, enunciated the following query from *Aesop's Fables*: "If a nut could speak what would it say?" "Hold your tongue" was the natural reply; to which however the boy demurred. "Wrong you are, Granny," he observed, "it would say, Hold your jaw!" The delinquent was instantly whipped and sent to bed, where his screams became so terrific as to frighten the spirited horses of a troop of dragoons marching along the road, seven of whom were dismounted with a broken skull!

If further argument were required to prove our position, it could be supplied. It is true that the Registrar-General occasionally reports a case of quinsy cured by the exercise of the risible muscles, and we have no wish to banish any remedial agent from the London Pharmacopæa. A joke may at any time be taken medicinally, provided always that the invalid is a free member of the Alliance (one of seven years standing), and his annual subscription is not in arrear.

To the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH the grateful acknowledgments of the Alliance are due, for the gloom cast over Europe by his prolonged occupation of the Papal territories. The POPE OF ROME and the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA may also claim credit for the tacit recognition of the Alliance, by their repressive form of government. Chiefly, however, to the American people the Alliance look for sympathy in their hour of trial. So long as one section of that soft-hearted nation, resolves on securing harmony of opinion by martial law, and on annihilating at any sacrifice all political dissenters, the Alliance can afford to groan at the derision of its most cheerful adversaries.

In conclusion, the Alliance cannot refrain from expressing the mental anguish which they suffer owing to the gay and sportive tone continually adopted by HER MAJESTY'S Prime Minister. Petitions of remonstrance are now ready, and lie in the dark chamber of the Council, to which signatures are earnestly desired. The confidence which the country at large has derived from the Volunteer movement, still acts prejudicially against the interests of the Alliance, and large numbers who, before it originated, were inclined to give us their adherence, now regard us with a lively air of scorn. One provincial town, however, which *lucet à non lucendo*, while looking on the Bright side of things, wears the dullest aspect, is still honourably bent on keeping faith with the Alliance by not manifesting any patriotic spirit at all. It is hoped that the pacific Member for Rochdale will, next Session, succeed in extinguishing the present crowing administration, and that the downfall of the playful Bottleholder, will restore that gloom to our political prospects, which if History may be credited, his Tory Opponent since the repeal of the Corn Laws, has for any considerable time been powerless to create.

ANSWER TO THE SHAFTESBURY CONUNDRUM.—"York, you 're wanted."

CASSIUS OF NEW YORK AND FRANCIS LATE OF NAPLES.

We publish the following correspondence *pur et simple*. It needs no comment.

(No. 3.)

CASSIUS to FRANCIS.

Honoured Sir,—Reverting to our correspondence of the 1st April, I have the high satisfaction to announce that I have succeeded in winning A. B. and C. over to my opinion, viz.: that one Monarchy is preferable to two Republics. Under these circumstances will you accept the crown?

Profoundly yours, CASSIUS CLAY.

To H. M. E. M. FRANCIS, *late of Naples*.

(No. 4.)

FRANCIS to CASSIUS.

Sir,—I will; but mind, there must be no *habeas corpus*, nor any antiquated nonsense of that sort.

Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS.

To CASSIUS CLAY.

(No. 5.)

CASSIUS to FRANCIS.

Honoured Sir,—We are all agreed—there must be no *habeas corpus* nor any antiquated nonsense of that sort. Any further requirement will meet with our prompt submission.

Profoundly yours,

To H. M. E. M. FRANCIS, *late of Naples*.

CASSIUS CLAY.

(No. 6.)

FRANCIS to CASSIUS.

Sir,—Remember, I allow no Press in my dominions unless it has a Government screw to it.

Yours, &c.

FRANCIS.

To CASSIUS CLAY.

(No. 7.)

CASSIUS to FRANCIS.

Honoured Sir,—Your wishes have been anticipated. We have no Press without a Government screw to it.

Profoundly yours,

To H. M. E. M. FRANCIS, *late of Naples*.

CASSIUS CLAY.

(No. 8.)

FRANCIS to CASSIUS.

Sir,—I am pleased to find you fall in so readily with my views. Of course you will understand there is to be no Parliament, Chamber of Deputies, Congress, or similar nuisance. And by the bye, you have not mentioned the Civil List.

Yours, &c.

FRANCIS.

To CASSIUS CLAY.

(No. 9.)

CASSIUS to FRANCIS.

Honoured Sir,—Civil List at your discretion. May I hope under the new régime, to be appointed Principal Polisher in ordinary of your Majesty's boots?

Profoundly yours,

To H. M. E. M. FRANCIS, *late of Naples*.

CASSIUS CLAY.

(No. 10.)

FRANCIS to CASSIUS.

Sir,—Certainly not; I require my Prime Minister to polish my boots, you may polish his if you choose.

Yours, &c.

FRANCIS.

To CASSIUS CLAY.

(No. 11.)

CASSIUS to FRANCIS.

Honoured Sir,—You may command me in any way, but I earnestly solicit the favour of being allowed to put my brushes on the steps of the English Ambassador.

To H. M. E. M. FRANCIS,
*Expectant Grand Lama of the
Re-United States.*

Yours, profoundly,

CASSIUS CLAY.

Truth Sometimes in a Bit of Flirtation.

(A Conversation between two Waiters.)

Infatuated Youth. Oh! JULIA dearest, allow me a small place in your heart—just a little corner.

Julia (who is a fearful flirt). Oh! yes—you are at liberty to enter, but I tell you beforehand that you will find it most inconveniently crowded. If you have any sense of comfort, you'll remain outside. It's a perfect crush-room. Wait till a few of the others have gone.



MOTHER'S PET. "Oh, there's Ma on the Beach looking at us, Alfred; let's make the Boat lean over tremendously on one side!"

BOLTON AND ITS BENEFACTOR.

THE spinning-mule made Bolton. SAMUEL CROMPTON made the spinning-mule.

SAMUEL CROMPTON lived a struggling, over-reached, and harassed life, was supported in his old age by charity, and owes the unshaped block of Lancashire grit that covers his grave, and symbolises the rugged, unyielding, but massive mind of the man, to the same fund which found him in bitter bread during the latter days of his ill-starred and ill-requited labours.

SAMUEL CROMPTON died in 1827 at the age of 74, and now Bolton, whose master-manufacturers cheated him living, honours him dead by a statue. On that spinning-mule are built up her acres of mills and her miles of machinery, the wages of her tens of thousands of hands and the fortunes of her hundreds of Cotton Lords. Nobody can say that Bolton has been too quick to pay even this much of her debt to SAMUEL CROMPTON, but better late than never. It would be ungracious to remind her how SAMUEL CROMPTON was allowed to live, and in what circumstances he died. But SAMUEL CROMPTON left more behind him than his great invention, and the memory of his wrongs and struggles. He begat sons and daughters as well as invented mules. He died a pauper, and they have fared as the children of those who die paupers are apt to do.

Of course it will be supposed that when Bolton takes to honour the memory of SAMUEL CROMPTON with an image of him in granite, the images he left of himself in flesh and blood have not been forgotten. But Bolton does not visit the benefits of the father upon the children. One of SAMUEL CROMPTON's sons is living a dependent on charity, as his father died. Somebody bought him a suit of clothes that he might make a decent appearance at the inauguration of his father's statue. Besides this son, there are living some half a dozen grandchildren, some dozen great-grandchildren, of the inventor—all, with one exception, in poverty of the meanest, most pinching kind. Not one of them, son, grandchildren, or great-grandchildren, was invited to the inauguration of SAMUEL CROMPTON's statue. It seems that only by accident was the fact of their existence made known to the meeting which attended the unveiling of the monument.

The Committee, no doubt, were equally ignorant. If they had known that SAMUEL CROMPTON had a son living, and had been cognisant of

that son's plight, and the plight of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren, of course they would have sought them out, with help and encouragement—would have kindly seen that they had places at the inauguration and the feast, would have taken care that some ray of the warmth of gratitude, now tardily turned towards the inventor of the mule, should reach and cheer the cold hearths of his descendants. It would be an insult to the good taste and good feeling of Bolton to suppose that while any of SAMUEL CROMPTON's children asked for bread, Bolton could, wittingly, have offered them a stone—even in the flattering shape of SAMUEL CROMPTON's statue.

Bolton will, no doubt, prove that we are right in attributing to ignorance the absence of all recognition or help to SAMUEL CROMPTON's living descendants. We shall soon hear of the Crompton Fund for assuring bread, clothes, and shelter to the son, and education, and a helping hand in life to the grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Nor need the contributions to such a fund be confined to Bolton. All Cottonia owes its pounds and its mites to the same cause. *En attendant*, let Bolton and the cotton counties remember, that while SAMUEL CROMPTON's statue looks down on one of SAMUEL CROMPTON's children, whether in the first, second or third generation, wrestling with distress or growing up in the ignorance of grievous poverty, it is rather a monument of their own shame than of SAMUEL CROMPTON's inventive power.

A BRUTAL IMPROVEMENT.

THE attention of farmers and landed proprietors is called to the subjoined extract from the report of a speech, made at Melton Mowbray the other day, at the Leicestershire and Waltham Agricultural Association dinner:—

"The noble Duke also adverted to the fox-hunting for which the country round Melton was famed. He complained that the custom of erecting wire fences was greatly injuring sport, as they were extremely dangerous to the horses and to human life."

Steel traps and spring guns have been abolished by Act of Parliament. If the lives of country gentlemen are not worth very much, they are at least more valuable than those of thieves. To procure the needful abolition of the wire fences which barbarous agriculturists set in horsemen's way, the fox-hunters throughout the kingdom should form themselves into a Fox Club in opposition to a practice which is as bad as that of digging pitfalls.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



EAR PUNCH.—That excellent actor, MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER, has, for one day only, been performing in the provinces with most complete success. The character which he appeared in was that of Master of the Royal Dramatic College, which on Monday week was opened under his direction, in a manner that I thought was well deserving of applause. The first seven of the twenty who are there to be annuitants were received and housed without formality or fuss, and so were made to feel that the homes which are provided are intended for their comfort, and that they will not be disturbed by any flourishing of charitable trumpets in their ears.

“Of course some captious people say that the College has been built more for the glory of its

founders than the comfort of its inmates, and that the money which has been laid out in bricks and mortar might have been better distributed in doles of out-of-door relief. I don't think this myself, for mere almsgiving is not the object of the charity, which is intended to provide a house for such old actors as by God's will are left homeless in the last years of their life. A second object is to furnish education for their children, and I hope to see the time when the College down at Maybury will turn out as good scholars as Trinity itself. But in the theatrical as well as other callings there is many a poor struggler in want of weekly help; and if the captious people who object to bricks and mortar would find the funds for giving out-of-door relief, they might emulate the good work of the patrons of the College, which surely would be better than merely finding fault.

“As you know everything, my Punch, of course I need not tell you that when actors first appeared in England, some three centuries ago, they were by law permitted to play only in the yards of churches or of inns. *Hamlet* was not written then, or the grave scene might have fittingly been shown in a churchyard, and perhaps a real clergyman would have consented to appear in it. This is really not improbable, for actors then were more in favour with the Church than, it is feared, they are at present: a fact which, so the cynics say, is partially accounted for by the knowledge that the clergyman received a handsome fee whenever his churchyard was occupied by players. Let us hope this favour may in due time be revived, and that the clergy will be sensible what help in moral teaching the stage, if rightly managed, is able to afford them. *Segnius irritant*—you know how HORACE puts it: and much as many parsons may now condemn and execrate it, I am sure that a good play well mounted and well acted is capable not merely of giving people pleasure but of doing them much good. At any rate our clergy ought not to forget that Charity will cover a multitude of sins: and when they fulminate their wrath against the evils of the play-house (which daily are decreasing, and will I trust ere long die out) let them bear in mind the fact that of all trades and professions there is none which is in charity so liberal as the stage. Its members may be vain, may be weak, may be erring: few have such temptations, none are more in danger of being spoiled by popularity, and ruined by applause. But whatever be their faults, their charity should serve to cloak them from the sight of those less hardly tempted, yet peradventure not less liable to fall. Many a poor player from his two shillings a night will freely give a poorer player help when in worse need than he is in himself: and how actors help each other and work for a good cause this newly opened College is now a standing proof.

“Merely hinting that the College is not yet quite completed, and that there are several acres in the hands of its trustees quite fit to be built over when the public finds the funds (the name of the treasurer is J. W. ANSON, so draw your cheque-books, gentlemen, and prepare to sign) I remain with the best wishes to the stage and all its charities,

“ONE WHO PAYS.”

“P.S. For the benefit of posterity I must just note the fact that *Lord Dundreary* has been playing for two hundred and fifty nights, while *Peep o' Day* will reach three hundred before the month is out. I would add too, as a fact remarkable in history, that Italian Operas have been heard

this year in London the first week in October: while at the Royal English Opera, old and young men from the country may hear those purely English operas *Fra Diavolo* and *Dinorah*, not to mention *La Sonnambula* and *Les Diamans de la Couronne*. Sweet-voiced MISS LOUISA PYNE never could sing badly if she were to try; and having recovered from her illness, she now sings all the better for not singing every night. As for MR. MELLON, his orchestra is really now so rich in good performers, that one may almost call him an orchestral Mellonaire.”

THE CAMBRIDGE DUET.

AS PERFORMED BEFORE THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

PROFESSOR O. PROFESSOR H.

Professor O. H—Y, don't kick up a scrimmage,
Take these brains, and mark their shape:
Made in Providence's image,
Man must not be called an Ape.

Professor H. O—N, I am noways funky;
And maintain that this is true:
Man is really but a Monkey,
Save in moral points of view.

Professor O. Man's no } Monkey.
Professor H. Man's a }

Both. From this fix there's no escape.

Professor O. He is drunk,
Professor H. He's a funkey,
Professor O. } Who { asserts }
Professor H. } Who { denies } that Man's an Ape.

DEVOTION TO SCIENCE.

AT one of the meetings of the British Association last week, DR. EDWARD SMITH said—

“In certain cases tobacco acts as a stimulant, and may supply to the Literary Man the state of system at night which would be induced by a moderate quantity of alcoholic stimulants, but when the body is of full habit it must lead to disturbed sleep and may lead to apoplexy.”

DR. PUNCH said that as a literary man of full habit (*applause*) he should like to ask his friend DR. SMITH whether the unpleasant consequences he indicated might not be obviated by taking both the cigar and a moderate quantity of alcoholic stimulants.

DR. EDWARD SMITH said that he had not directed his attention to that question, and thought that experiments bearing upon it might be conducted with interest and with advantage.

DR. PUNCH, in the most liberal manner, immediately undertook to prosecute them, and departed to his hotel with that view. He was shortly joined by DR. SMITH, and the distinguished philosophers pursued their investigations until a late hour.

FOLLOW MY LEADER.

A GRAND ball was held the other day at the Imperial Villa at Biarritz, and according to a letter from that place:—

“The toilettes of the ladies were richer than ever. Hair powder seems to be coming into vogue again, for many of the ladies used it on this occasion.”

Very probably. The admirable revival of hoops should naturally be followed by a return to hair-powder. The sequacious gregariousness with which the French ladies follow their leader, and the English ladies them, is, though a goose-like, a gratifying attestation of their attachment to the Crinoline Dynasty. Venus forbid that the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH should wear rings in her nose; but if she were to adopt such ornaments her example would doubtless be followed by our wives and daughters.

The Scouring of the Scutcheon.

WHICH his name it is FREDERICK, NOT FRANCIS, CADOGAN,
Agent he was for Restaurateur V.

And each hungry buffer the Frenchman could lug in
Paid the eighth of a penny to FREDDY, writes he.

He feels disgust,
That the thing's discussed,
And conceives his guerdon less than just.

HISTORICAL PARALLELS.

EVERY one has his oracle. Hasn't PALMERSTON got his SHAFESBURY? Didn't NUMA POMPEIUS have his EGERIA? Why, then, shouldn't PRUS have his EUGENIA?



A SKETCH AT BIARRITZ.

THE END OF EVERYTHING.

DEAR DR. CUMMING,

WHAT are you about? Resting on your oars, I hope in smooth water, and reposing after your pull upon the uncertain but profitable sea of prophetic speculation. Well, the scarlet old Person seems likely to have to remove from the Seven Hills with her basket of fish before long; though she won't take the broad hints that have been given her, and has not as yet had actual notice to quit. So much for her; but now let me congratulate you on the triumph which has crowned your labours in the fatidical line. It is recorded by the *Times*, in a paragraph of which I have great pleasure in quoting the subjoined commencement:—

“DEMOLITION OF THE GREAT GLOBE.—A number of workmen have been engaged during the last few days in the destruction of this well-known building in Leicester Square, and yesterday the hazardous operation of stripping the dome of its metal covering was completed.”

The present year is earlier by a few twelve months, I believe, than that which you fixed for the end of the world; but what of that? Astronomers, in foretelling the return of a comet, cannot be exact to Greenwich time; and not every sporting Vates is able to state the precise length of head, head and neck, or shoulders, that the right horse for the Derby will win by. The Great Globe has been demolished at a date quite near enough to that which you fixed for the destruction of our earth, practically to verify your prediction with sufficient accuracy. And, what I consider peculiarly interesting, this satisfactorily explains the inconsistency which certain shallow critics have remarked in your prudent investment of the money which you have earned by your literary industry. The Great Globe is demolished; but your investments remain. Long may they remain, and long may you live to enjoy them, and to read the observations of your admirer,

PUNCH.

P.S. ZADKIEL is just out. So are not you.

On the Skirts of Absurdity.

A LADY (MRS. BEDFORD SQUEERS) defends the present extravagant length of ladies' dresses by saying that it is a very old fashion, originally brought into vogue by NINON DE LONG CLOTHES.

1854 AND 1862.

AMONG the distinguished visitors who are just now honouring us with their presence in this country (come, *Punch* can do the elegant thing when he likes) is that gallant Russian officer, GENERAL LIPRANDI, who is shooting in Scotland. The valiant commander's name was, a few years ago, associated with a day on which he tried, in the service of his own Sovereign, to do us all the mischief he could, and he went at his work like a man, and it is no discredit to him that the result was not quite satisfactory to the EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS. *Mr. Punch* commemorated the event in a little poem destined to live to all time, but as that tremendous hero, COLONEL NORTH (whose unutterably glorious military achievements entitle him to be heard on such a subject) objects to memorials of the Crimean war, and thinks that the Sebastopol cannon, now sprinkled over the country, ought to be called in, like the old copper coinage, *Mr. Punch* begs to modify his original strain, and to make it polite, in honour of a brave soldier no longer an enemy:—

“Remember, remember
The Fifth of November,
Inkermann, powder, and shot,
When GENERAL LIPRANDI
Fought JOHN, PAT, and SANDY—
And—gave it 'em awfully hot.”

A Smooth Way of Getting Out of it.

A POET, who is prematurely bald, excuses it in this ingenious and complimentary manner:—“Baldness (he says) is only a proof of politeness paid to the beautiful sex. Is it not the duty of a gentleman always to uncover his head in the presence of the ladies?”

ACCIDENTAL DEATH INSURANCE SOCIETY.—Does this Company insure death by Accident at some time or other? And if you a die a natural death, is the Company liable to action for damages?

THE GREAT EXHIBITION CRY.—“Shop!”



CUTTING—VERY.

"So Mary Jane, your Policeman has been taken off this beat! As you're fond of Low Company, you had better ask the new 'un to Supper."

MONSIEUR JACK KETCH, HOMME DE LETTRES.

THE French are great devourers of *Mémoires*, we are well aware, but we little suspected that their taste would ever sink so low as to devour *Les Mémoires de Mons. Sanson*. The SANSONS have held in France the hereditary post of public executioner for ages past. Long before the Reign of Terror, the CALCRAFT of France was represented by a SANSON. It would seem, however, that business has lately been so bad—the stereotyped tag of *circonstances atténuantes* which a French jury almost invariably appends to its verdict, even in the most flagrant cases, has robbed the executioner of so many of his dread perquisites—that the family has in despair been compelled to send in its resignation. Distress has driven the SANSONS to adopt as their motto "Live and let Live;" and hence, by way of eking out a living, the publication of these revolting memoirs. At one time we had our Newgate school of literature that made heroes of thieves and highwaymen. In the like manner, it would seem that the literature of France, after frequenting the lowest of low haunts, and revelling in every possible profligacy and vice, has at last gone to the gallows. It has received its final *coup de grâce* from the guillotine. Does it not appear only a just gradation, and fit termination, in scaling the ladder of immorality, that writers like DUMAS *filz* and the authors of *Fanny* and *Madame de Bovary*, should be succeeded by a SANSON? It is the crowning degradation. The last act of justice that MONS. SANSON, before retiring from office, should have performed, ought to have been to burn his own *Mémoires*.

Soon Done with Him.

THE following advertisement appears in the *Times*, and admits of the promptest answer:—

TIME AND CAPITAL.—A gentleman, having £500 at his command, is anxious to employ that and his time advantageously. Address, &c.

Let him call at 85, Fleet Street, hand the £500 to the publisher, receive in return the back volumes of *Punch*, and occupy himself in reading those books until the end of what will thus be made a happy life.

SYKES ON THE SPIKES.

IT is extremely easy to find fault with people, who have done much for not doing more, but *Punch* has seldom seen a case in which this pleasing duty was more coolly performed than by COLONEL SYKES at the British Institution. The discourse was on MR. GLAISHER'S balloon ascents, and that gentleman had modestly detailed his performance with MR. COXWELL, and how they had been almost frozen to death at a height of six miles, beyond which he did not believe it safe to ascend. "Oh, bother," says COLONEL SYKES, "people may go up at least seven miles and a half. You two fellows may have felt cold, perhaps, but then I dare say you're a chilly lot. Don't limit folks by your own personal feelings." Hearing this, *Punch* naturally began to consider who the brave SYKES was, and remembered that he was a gentleman of 73, who had been a gallant soldier in India, variously distinguished in civil matters, and who sat for Aberdeen. But *Mr. Punch* was unable to discover any particular motive for the Colonel's scoff at the aeronauts, until, looking to DON, the former read, "Served gratuitously as a Royal Commissioner in Lunacy." A gentleman who would attend to lunatic matters for nothing may be permitted wild ideas about the ease of approaching the moon.

The American Chess-Players.

ALTHOUGH of conquest Yankee North despairs,
His brain for some expedient wild he racks,
And thinks that having failed on the white squares,
He can't do worse by moving on the Blacks.

A QUESTION FOR CATTLE CLUBS.

A FARMER in the neighbourhood of Lyons is said to have discovered an expeditious method of fattening cattle, which consists in giving them cod-liver oil. Perhaps the good done by this substance in *phthisis gulmonalis* is more apparent than real; but experience will show whether its administration tends to promote or arrest the consumption of butcher's meat.

SERENADE TO LINCOLN.

BY A BAND OF NIGGERS.

AIR—"Ole Zip Coon."



LAY, banjo and bones,
sing de possum up a
tree,
And de cooney in de
hollar, to kick up a
jubilee,
For you nebber hear sitch
news as old ABE LIN-
COLN's last decree,
To say dat him a goin' for
to set de nigger free.
Ole ABE LINCOLN, him
berry 'cute and clobber,
Ole ABE LINCOLN, him
berry 'cute and clobber,
Ole ABE LINCOLN, him
berry 'cute and clobber,
Ole ABE LINCOLN, de Pre-
sident for ebber!

Did you ebber see a wild
goose a tossin' on de
ocean?
Ole ABE LINCOLN, him am
jes in dat ar motion.
De wabes roar so loud,
and de winds dey rage
so jolly,
And de wild goose at
sea gobble golly, olly,
olly!
Ole ABE, &c.

STONEWALL JACKSON de ebberlastin' rebel,
And GENERAL LEE, dey whip um to de debble.
Says ole ABE LINCOLN, "Now mind how you behaves,
"If you go on so I shall 'mancipate yer slaves."
Ole ABE, &c.

Ole ABE LINCOLN, he mean to 'mancipate
All de niggers only in ebbery rebel state,
So he don't wipe slick out all slabery dark blot,
But leave someting ob him more dan lilly grease spot.
Ole ABE, &c.

All loyal States, deir niggers is to keep,
Jes like deir hosses, deir oxes, and deir sheep,
So he reward dem, and punish dem dere udders
Declarin' dat de darkeys is to be deir men and brudders.
Ole ABE, &c.

Ole ABE's subjicks may hab deir slaves as well,
Whiles agin de rebel master de black nigger may rebel;
But dere 's so many ob um as prefers to wear de collar,
Dat de risin' ob de niggers ain't no certumty to foller.
Ole ABE, &c.

You say, ole ABE, now you libellate de black;
What a pity dat you didn't do it long time back;
Cause all de world would den have stood wid ole ABE LINCOLN.
Ole ABE LINCOLN, dis am berry sad to think on!
Ole ABE, &c.

Good night, ole ABE, play de neck-or-nothin' game,
Hab your last fling; him afeard you miss yer aim,
Don't lie awake to-night a tossin' on yer piller,
But rest, like de wild goose, a sleepin' on de biller.
Ole ABE, &c.

COCKNEY CRITICISM.

AMONG the notices of new music wherewith some of our contempo-
raries at times delight the world, we see it said of one "*morceau pour
le piano*," that—

"The sparkling roulades of the birds are rendered with great effect."

"Sparkling roulades of the birds!" Well, what next we wonder!
We suppose we shall soon hear of the *vibrato* of the nightingale, and
the *scorzato* notes of the blackbird or the thrush. Or we may live to
see it said of a Prize Canary Show, that such and such a feathered
songster had an exquisite organ, and won repeated plaudits by the

vehemence and clearness of its *ut de poitrine*. Song-writers may, more-
over, be catching the infection, and may speak of sylvan harmony in
the jargon of the concert-room, and apply to nature the hackneyed terms
of art. Instead of the simple unaffected,

"Hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings,"

we shall be hearing some such stilted stuff as this:—

"Hark, the high *soprano* lark to Heaven's gate upward flies,
And executes his brilliant *floriture* in the skies!"

The boshiness of ballad-writing long since has disgusted us; and
nonsense such as this would be really scarce more silly than much of
the fine language we have lately seen in verse.

MEMBERS FOR SALE.

CHELTHENHAM has a Member, we don't know why, but it is wanted
to have one. The place, however, is rather too near Berkeley Castle,
and its influences, to make its Member of any great political signifi-
cance. We did not think, however, that the successive Members for
Cheltenham were liable to be sold, like crops, growing and future, until
we came upon the following advertisement:—

MESSRS. BRADEL and SONS are instructed to SELL by AUCTION,
at the Mart, London, on Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 12 for one, first in one lot, and if
not so sold, then in several lots, the following very valuable PROPERTIES:—The
manor of CHELTHENHAM cum Messuages, with all royalties, courts leet, courts
baron, &c., &c.

There! Cheltenham Manor, and the Members. All going. We shall
attend, and see what FRANK BERKELEY fetches. He's a good fellow,
and a Boodle, and sooner than see him knocked down for a song, we'll
have him, and he shall sit for *Punch*, an honour to which his relative
HENRY BERKELEY aspires, but he is not up to the work. But, talk of
the Southern States, here are white Members disposed of by public
auction. We live in times which, not to put too fine a point upon it,
may be designated—rum.

THE WAY TO ROME AND VENICE.

Come, there is something in the annexed passage from MAZZINI'S
Manifesto to the Italians, not altogether so absurd:—

"If at GARIBOLDI's first generous cry you had risen up willing and unanimous—if
the ardent and laudible alike, forgetting for the time all strife, had understood that
that cry must either not be raised or rendered irresistible, at this moment Rome
would be yours without war, and history would not regret for the shameful record,
which long sacrifices alone can cancel, that GARIBOLDI, the living incarnation of our
unity, was wounded by an Italian bullet on the path to Rome."

It is not too late for the Italians to take the really by no means
extravagant advice which is implied in the foregoing words. What is
to prevent every young man Jack or *giovannotto*—every man indeed able to
bear arms—from learning how to use the rifle? Out of upwards of twenty
millions, if every man whose voice is for Italian unity could back it
with a hand capable of putting a bullet anywhere near a bull's eye at a
few hundred yards, Rome and Venice too would very soon be theirs
"without war." Our Italian friends should, without delay, turn to,
and enrol themselves in volunteer rifle corps. If the EMPEROR OF THE
FRENCH persists in holding Rome any time, they will have that time
to practise in, and will ultimately be in a position to invite him to go
away, and likewise to send the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA a polite request
to walk out of Venice. Their Imperial Majesties will not disregard the
invitation of a people including more than a million of riflemen.

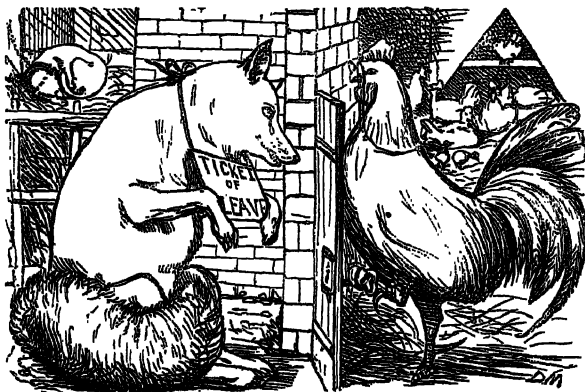
A MAD BULL IN THE CITY.

THERE is not generally much that is lively in the Money Article of a
newspaper. An exception to that rule will perhaps be recognised in the
"subjoined statement, which occurred one day last week in the
"Money Market and City News" of the *Post*:—

"We stated a few days since that a 'bull' account to some extent was opened in
Consols by a respectable broker, who was somewhat eccentric in his dealings. The
amount of stock open is now understood to be £250,000 Consols. The party alluded
to addressed a letter to the Committee of the Stock Exchange, which is stated to
have been couched in very unusual and incoherent terms as regards the making up
of his account, which had the effect of depressing the market to the extent of nearly
a quarter per cent., as the stock open will doubtless have to be closed; and until
this is done it is likely to keep quotations somewhat unsettled."

A bull account indeed!—or rather a bull's account, to speak more
accurately. A gentleman "somewhat eccentric in his dealings," who
opens an account and unsettles the Money-Market to the extent of
£250,000 Consols, and then, with reference to the making up of that
account, writes the Committee of the Stock Exchange a letter "couched
in very unusual and incoherent terms," seems fearfully likely to turn
out to be, so to speak, a bull in a China shop.

MEETING OF TICKET-OF-LEAVE MEN.



N indignation meeting of pickpockets, swell - mobsmen, burglars, and garrotters, was held the other evening, at the Crackman's Arms, to protest against the threatened abolition of the Ticket-of-leave system, and generally to consider the steps which should be taken to protect the vested interests of the thieves throughout the kingdom. Pipes

having been lighted, and a plentiful supply of beer and spirits being ordered, the business of the meeting was commenced by a discussion as to who should be invited to occupy the Chair. After a dispute, which was at times rather highly spiced with personalities, the choice ultimately rested upon Mr. TWISTEM STRANGLES, otherwise known to the Police as the Knock-knee'd Knockemdowner, who is one of the most accomplished garrotters now in town. In his opening speech the Chairman called attention to the fact that there was now existing, as he thought, a most objectionable wish upon the part of the respectable classes in the country (*groans*) to deprive himself and pals of many of their privileges, and among them their invaluable certificates of leave. (*Hear!*) He for one protested warmly against such interference with his liberties and rights as a freeborn British subject; and he would call on any gentleman who had anything to say upon this important subject, to speak up like a man, for no police were present. (*Hear!*)

MR. WILLIAM SYKES observed that, as a burglar of long descent, he thoroughly concurred in what the Chairman had revealed, as to the great value to himself and other members of the housebreaking community, of those certificates of character which were called Tickets-of-leave. He, MR. SYKES, was himself a living instance of their excellence and worth. (*Hear!*) But for them he would that evening have been buried in seclusion in a chamber, at his friend's the Governor of Cold Bath Fields, instead of comfortably sitting at his usual house of call, and enjoying the society of old and valued chums. (*Hear, hear! and cries of Here's your 'elth, old brick!*) For a trifling indiscretion committed in hot youth, when, after an attempt to crack a country crib, he had knocked down a policeman and stamped upon his stomach, he (MR. SYKES) was sentenced to imprisonment for life; but by coming the religious dodge, and gammoning the chaplain, he had obtained his freedom after three years spent in gaol, and had resumed his old vocation with encouraging success. (*Cheers.*)

MR. GRAB concurred in thinking that the Ticket-of-leave system was most eminently serviceable to gentlemen of his profession, and ought by all means in their power to be fostered and encouraged. He would suggest that LORD PALMERSTON or some other noble swell should, if possible, be got at, and be asked to pass an act for the protection of garrotters, and for facilitating the acquirement of certificates of leave. He thought that if a cove attended chapel regular, the first month he was quodded, and always woke up in time to join in the Amens, such virtue should alone entitle him to have a ticket, and his piety should be rewarded with, to say the least, a gilt-edged prayer-book, which, if he chose to spout it, would be worth a pot of beer to him, if it did him no more good. (*Hear, Hear!*)

MR. CENTREBIT remarked, in a casual sort of way, that he had cracked as many cribs as any gentleman he knew, and for his expertness in pursuing his vocation he was indebted mainly to the Ticket-of-leave system, but for which he would be still a resident in quod. (*Hear.*)

MR. JUDAS SMOUCH observed that he had long enjoyed the happiness to deal with MR. CENTREBIT and other shentlemen who wanted to dispose of shtolen goods: and he felt persuaded that his interests would shuffer if the Ticket-of-leave shystem were to be abolished.

MR. SMASHER said that as for England being a free country, he indignantly denied the fact. Coves bragged about the liberty enjoyed by British subjects, but at every street corner you were safe to see a crusher ready any moment to cart you off to quod. (*Shame!*) He, MR. SMASHER, had no wish to complain; but a cove, you know, must live (*a voice, "Except as he gets scragged"*), and he really thought that parties who called themselves respectable, had no right to take such pains for the protection of their property (*hear, hear!*), and so deprive him and his pals of a comfortable livelihood. (*Cheers.*) If it wasn't that by means of a certificate of leave, a cove could now get out of quod almost as soon as he got into it, England really would become a country not worth living in; for what with patent safety locks, and crushers, and detectives, people took such blessed care of their own property, that they scarcely gave a cove a chance of getting hold of it. (*Cheers and cries of shame!*)

MR. SWAG concurred most fully with the words of the last speaker, and he might perhaps have added a few words of his own, but he and MR. CENTREBIT had a job on hand that evening, and so their time was precious. He would therefore briefly move the following Resolution, which his old pal SAM the Scollard had helped him to draw up:—

"That, in the opinion of this honourable meeting, the Ticket-of-leave system

works most admirably well, and is essential to the interests of thieves of all descriptions; and this meeting considers the attempt which is on foot to deprive them of their privilege is a flagrant violation of the rights of free-born Britons, and as such ought to be opposed by every proper-minded person."

The resolution, being Seconded by MR. FILCHER PRIG, was then put formally to the meeting, and unanimously carried; and the Chairman was proceeding to elect a deputation for waiting upon Parliament with a petition in the matter, when it was suddenly announced that the Police were approaching, whereupon the meeting separated in some slight confusion.

JOHN BULL TO GARIBALDI.

MY DEAR GARIBALDI, what shall I do,
Beyond what I've done, to satisfy you?
For many a year have I stretched my hands
To shake them with men of all other lands.

My Brothers, I've said, arise and be free,
Observe what I do, and imitate me.
Lay tyranny prostrate, and priestcraft low,
But hide ye your time ere you strike the blow.

Oh, kick all your despots off and afar
That drag you to die for their fame in war;
Renounce the vain glory that makes you slaves,
And tools that subserve Imperial knaves.

I've called upon France, and holloaed to Spain,
To Germany cried again and again,
I call to the Yankees every day;
They turn a deaf ear to all that I say.

I'm evermore crying, Now, then, my mates,
Do, pray, leave off coating vessels with plates,
From forging new cannon let us all cease,
And carry on business, trading in peace.

Ferocious abuse and truculent threat
Is all the return I ever had yet,
Except from one Hero, true man alone,
Whose favour, received, these lines are to own.

CONVERSION OF THE FRENCH.

YOUNG France's Hebrew Guardian, M. FOULD, has actually pulled the gay young fellow's accounts almost straight, and is teaching him to save money. We are delighted with the balance-sheet just issued, and expect to see edifying results. In private life most of us have had the pleasure of beholding such reforms. Some prudent friend takes hold of young CHARLEY RATTELTON, and converts him to economy, and how we smile. CHARLEY, who never had any money in his pocket, except just enough to muddle away in paying cabmen too much, buying cigars when he should have stuck to Cavendish, and travelling first-class when his betters were going second, suddenly becomes prudent—looks at the change that is given him, wears his second best hat on a wet day, and actually walks instead of taking a Hansom. He gives you mysterious hints about his stock-broker, pretends to read the share-list, and in general conversation tries it on with Bank-parlour slang, which, as no two people mean the same by any financial definition, answers very well, and awes the women. We hope to see young France come out in similarly respectable fashion, and instead of talking swagger about shooting in Mexico, volunteering in Italy, and other expensive diversions, begin to be grave, and speak of Postal Savings Banks, Water-company Shares, Street Drainage, and such like *desiderata* in Paris. Talk of Converting the Jews, what shall be done unto a Jew who has converted a Christian nation—and a lot of its debt?

Books for the Sick.

(A joke attempted by "a bad sailor" coming over to Folkestone.)

WE see a long announcement of Books under this title. We had, for an obvious reason, thought that all Educational works deserved the name. For what is education except—Steward! Steward!



MORE FREE THAN WELCOME—A PROSPECTIVE FIX.

Nigger. "NOW DEN, MASSA JONATHAN, WHAT YOU GOIN' TO DO WID DIS CHILD? EH?"

ABE'S LAST CARD; OR, ROUGE-ET-NOIR.

BRAG 's our game; and awful losers
We've been on the *Red*,
Under and above the table,
Awfully we've bled.
Ne'er a 'stake have we adventured,
But we've lost it still,
From Bull's Run and mad Manassas,
Down to Sharpsburg Hill.

When luck 's desperate, desperate venture
Still may bring it back:
So I'll chance it—neck or nothing—
Here I lead **THE BLACK!**
If I win, the South must pay for 't,
Pay in fire and gore;
If I lose, I'm ne'er a dollar
Worse off than before.

From the Slaves of Southern rebels
Thus I strike the chain:
But the slaves of loyal owners
Still shall slaves remain.
If their owners like to wop 'em,
They to wop are masters;
Or if they prefer to swop 'em,
Here are our shin-plasters!

There! If that 'ere Proclamation
Does its holy work,
Rebeldom's annihilation
It did oughter work:
Back to Union, and you're welcome
Each to wop his nigger:
If not, at White let slip darky—
Guess I call that vigour!

JUST THE FAITH FOR FRANCE.

It is too commonly asserted that our lively neighbours, the French, have no religion. If this assertion were true, their want of a faith would now be in the way of getting very soon supplied. According to the Paris Correspondent of a contemporary:—

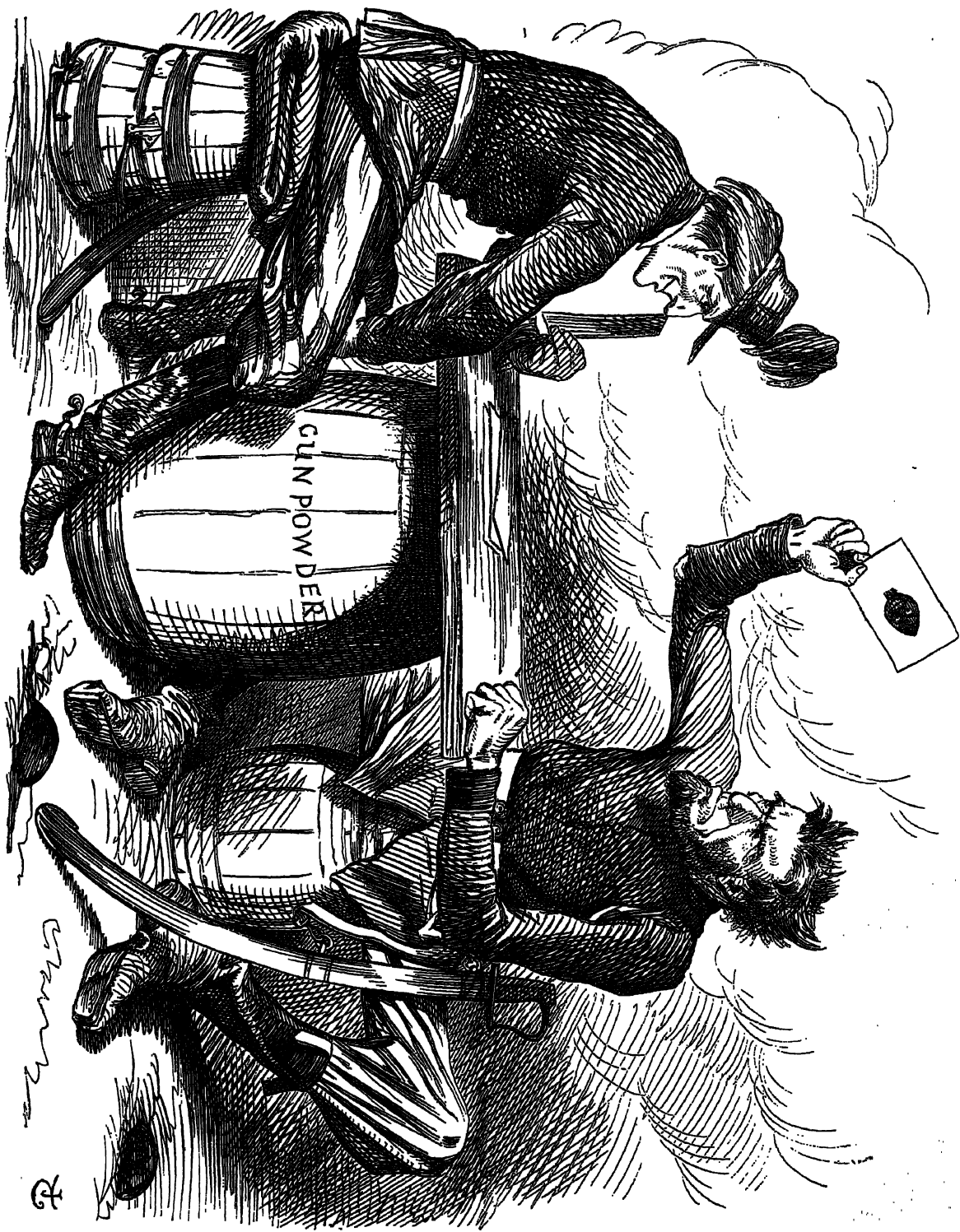
"A prophet from Utah, explaining to the Parisians the mysteries of Mormonism, has appeared in this novelty-loving metropolis. Fearing that the police would not allow the public dissemination of the marvellous doctrines of his sect, he has committed to the press a volume which seems to promise to have an extraordinary circulation, if its contents are correctly stated. M. BERTRAND, the missionary in Salt Lake, is a Frenchman, and BRIGHAM YOUNG has dispatched him from the Great polygamy and public property ought to supersede the old European doctrine of a single wife, and every man keeping for himself what his honest industry can accumulate."

If the French drama is a mirror which reflects French Society, it is not too much to say that Mormonism is just the religion that the people of France, as many of them as have none, might be expected to adopt. They have been quite prepared to receive it by the preaching of the "Emancipation of the Flesh;" a doctrine which has become very popular. M. BERTRAND will doubtless make many converts to the creed of JOE SMITH, and would make more if the Ultramontane priests were allowed to roast him; for the dripping of heretics is the prolific principle of heresy.

There is one expression in the paragraph above-quoted, which we are anxious to rectify. Polygamy is placed in antithesis to "the old European doctrine of a single wife." We must be allowed to remark that the old doctrine of Europe in general is that of a married wife. If the doctrine of a single wife prevails anywhere it must be in Ireland. In making this observation, we trust we shall not be deemed hyper-critical.

Forgiveness of Injuries.

So an amnesty is granted to GARIBALDI. Very good. In England, when we have trodden on the toe of a great man, we beg his pardon. In Italy you pardon him when you have shot him in the ankle.



ABE LINCOLN'S LAST CARD; OR, ROUGE-ET-NOIR.

A THEATRICAL ELECTION.

MR. PUNCH observes that the paternal Government of France (which obligingly interferes in everything, from an astronomer's theories on the movement of the world to the *son* balloons flown by the children in the Tuileries gardens) has stepped into one of the provincial theatres. There has been a Tweedledum and Tweedledee battle, touching the comparative merits of a brace of "robust tenors," and the partisans of each have resorted to that form of criticism which is expressed by hissing every note of his rival. So awful a crisis demanded the *deus ex machina*, and he has appeared. An edict prohibits anybody from hissing at all, and "the votes of the theatre-going public" are to be regularly taken at a bureau, after which the successful candidate will be declared duly elected, and entitled to sing, with the whole force of the Government of France for a *claque*.

Mr. PUNCH laughed, of course, and then began to speculate upon the exceeding good fun which might be got out of some similar arrangement in England.

Suppose that MR. CHARLES KEAN and MR. ROBSON were engaged at the same theatre, and it were desired to produce some play a little above the range of either artist, but still one in which respective admirers might like to see their favourite. Let us say *Othello*. To please both sides, the management has put up the tragedy every night, the two actors alternately playing the Moor of Venice. MR. ROBSON's friends have commented upon MR. KEAN's readings with a volley of Barcelona nuts, and MR. KEAN's admirers, who are stated to be more of the aristocratic order, have retaliated with the best Seville oranges. The public is scandalised, the papers daily make mirth or seriousness of the "disgraceful proceedings," and at length SIR RICHARD MAYNE clears the theatre, and SIR GEORGE GREY orders that an election for the Representation of *Othello* shall take place, appointing MR. PAUL BEDFORD (by the kind permission of MR. WEBSTER) Returning Officer. The day of election is fixed for Michaelmas Day, being the Festival of St. Michael (Oranges) and All Goose, and the place of voting is 85, Fleet Street (by the kind permission of Mr. PUNCH). The play-going public is commanded to choose between ROBSON and KEAN.

The votes are taken over Mr. PUNCH's counter, and as the clock of St. Bridget or Bride strikes ten, the doors are opened by the Boy, who saves his life by a miracle of Leotardiness, and the foremost electors, forcibly propelled by the behinder ones, hastily bang their stomachs against Mr. PUNCH's mahogany, and are brought up short, and with red faces.

"Take your time, my people," says Mr. PUNCH, affably lighting his after-breakfast cigar. "You have all the day before you. Clerks, attention!"

"I believe you, my boys!" remarks the Returning Officer.

"For whom do you poll" is duly asked of a stout party who has described himself as JOHN SMITH, of Highbury.

"Robson!" roars SMITH, in a determined manner. There is a popular shout for first blood, and Mr. PUNCH, jumping on the counter, declares that he will have none of these indecent manifestations of party feeling. They are convoked for a solemn duty, and there is a police station just over the way.

The next voter is PETER WILCOX, of Brompton. Interrogated, responds,

"Well, Sir, I think MR. ROBSON plays some characters very finely, and indeed in his own line—"

"We don't want your theatrical opinions, but your vote," thunders Mr. PUNCH.

"Mrs. WILCOX, Sir, who is more of a playgoer than I am—"

"More shame for you, leaving your poor wife to go to the play by herself. You are an unworthy character, and shan't vote. Turn him into Fleet Street," exclaims Mr. PUNCH.

"My name is JEFFREY WOBBLTON, I live in the Temple, and I vote for CHARLES KEAN, because I knew his father."

"The assigning such a reason is proof of idiocy," remarks Mr. PUNCH, "and disqualifies the voter."

SAMUEL VERREBRATE, of Clapham, also tenders his vote for MR. KEAN, on the ground that he did not know his father.

"Then you ought to have known his father," roars Mr. PUNCH.

"But, Sir, I am only five-and-twenty."

"More shame for you, and don't do it again. You may vote."

EBENEZER CULLOHICKWEED, of Hammersmith.

"I object to that vote," says a voice. "The law says a play-goer. That party ain't no play-goer. He objects to theatres, says they are aunts of vice, and at best a waste of time. He has no right to say nothing."

"Respond, EBENEZER," says Mr. PUNCH.

"I admit the facts, and vote for MR. KEAN, because, being less attractive than MR. ROBSON, he will ensnare the fewer, Sir."

"Have you been to the theatres to discover this?"

"Yes, Sir, but to avoid encouraging their wickedness, I always went in with an order, and hissed."

"Turn him into Fleet Street. Come on, people, are you going to be

all day? Hullo, 'a lady." (*Murmurs.*) "What does that mutinous noise mean?"

Some Voices. "Women ought not to vote."

"But they shall vote," storms Mr. PUNCH, in a fearful rage. "It is a woman's question. The theatres are kept up by the women. Who'd go to a theatre when he could smoke at his club in peace, if he hadn't to convoy his females? Come up, M'm, and I'll disfranchise anybody who even pushes you. What's your name?"

"MATILDA JEMIMA JUDKINS, Kennington Oval."

"I believe you, my girl!" said the Returning Officer.

"And you vote for —," asks Mr. PUNCH.

"MR. ROBSON, of course. Bless you, Sir—"

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you, M'm."

"Oh, he is so funny. I declare that when he played in something, I forget the name of the piece, but I think it was something about Mr. Benson, so it might be the Clockmaker's Hat; no, it couldn't be that, because it was something about obliging Mr. Benson. Well, it doesn't matter what the name of the piece was, but I know I laughed till the tears ran down my face."

"And, therefore, M'm," said Mr. PUNCH, smiling, "you think he ought to play *Othello*?"

"Well, a clever man's a clever man all the world over, and a person who can play one thing can play another."

"Can you play cribbage, MRS. JUDKINS?"

"Yes, Sir, pretty well. I like it."

"Can you play the ophicleide, MRS. JUDKINS?"

"You ought to be ashamed to ask a woman such a question, Sir."

"What, that great snorting thing?—Lor! are you mad?"

"As is cribbage to ophicleide, so is Benson to *Othello*, M'm; but you do not argue badly for a lady critic, and as I am aware that you express the sense of a large portion of your sex, you may vote. Eh, PAUL?"

"I believe you, my boy!" said the Returning Officer.

Various incidents marked the day's polling, and some trouble was occasioned by a young gent from an attorney's office who insisted that MR. BEDFORD ought to play *Othello*, and who would vote for nobody else. A splendid testimonial that had been presented to MR. KEAN by his friends, was paraded before the door in the course of the day, but was instantly removed by Mr. PUNCH's orders, as being an intimidating device. Several actors voted, but under protest that though their candidate might be better than the other, neither was fit to hold a candle to themselves. Two Shaksperian commentators desired to make their votes conditional on the candidate's coming to the voter, and being coached up in the part, of which, in the voter's opinion, he knew nothing. Three fast men, who understood that the play was *Othello* according to *Act of Parliament*, refused to poll when they heard that it was only that awful old blank-verse bosh. An admirer of new readings insisted on the candidate for whom he voted undertaking that *Othello* should hang himself, but was utterly smashed by Mr. PUNCH's reply that the Moor, at the time of his suicide, was already suspended from the command of the Venetian army. The candidates kept pretty near together, and the struggle waxed very fierce as the hour of closing drew near, when bribery was said to be freely resorted to, partisans of MR. ROBSON offering tickets to see him in *Daddy Hardacre*, and friends of MR. KEAN tendering admissions to his performance of *Louis the Eleventh*. Even on these terms, the best either side could offer, no very great difference in the numbers occurred until 3:30, when Mr. PUNCH, throwing away the butt-end of his seventy-fourth cigar, demanded to vote. The crowd gave way.

"I poll for MR. KEAN. (*Sensation.*) Unhesitatingly. His performance is after my own heart, and (*modestly*) I do not think that I could play *Othello* much better than he does."

From this moment the election was virtually settled, and when St. Bride's struck four, and Mr. PUNCH ordered his now triumphant Boy to avenge his morning wrongs by kicking the public into the street, it was known that MR. KEAN was elected to play *Othello*. The declaration of the poll and the addresses of the candidates were, of course, postponed.

"A hard day's work, MR. BEDFORD," said Mr. PUNCH. "Will you come up to my room, and have some Hock and Seltzer?"

"I believe you, my boy!" said the Returning Officer.

Why shouldn't we have this sort of thing in England? Why are the French to have all the fun?

The Bishop Most Eager for Translation.

No, we don't mean you, DOCTOR —. It must be that poor little foolish converted English BISHOP whom his Popish employers have used as a Bourbon tool, and who is lying in an Italian prison under a heavy sentence. Couldn't he be let out, Italia? You don't keep cages for such very helpless little rats as that? RATAZZI, for the sake of your name, let him go. Translate that very little BISHOP, and give him letters dimissory to Rome. Please let him out. We wouldn't ask it if he were other than harmless, but what can be feared from such a "convertite"?



CLARA (tripping on to the Parade tumbles up against that young man coming round the corner). "Oh! I beg your pardon! I hope I haven't—"
SWELL. "Haw, not at all—don't mention it; po'm' word rather like it!"

SABBATARIAN ASSERTION.

AT Edinburgh the other day, a meeting was held by numerous enemies of religious liberty. The Lord Provost, according to the *Times*, presided over them, and the assembly of bigots comprised the leading members of the Presbyterian and other sects, including adherents of the Free Kirk desirous of abridging the freedom of others. The object of these fanatics was to oppose a petition signed by 1,400 of the working classes and addressed to the Lords of the Treasury, asking that the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens shall be open on Sunday. This course of Sabbatarianism was harangued by DOCTORS MITCHELL, GUTHRIE, THOMSON, and BEGG, and by some sanctimonious and stupid bailies. They had the folly to vote resolutions:—

"Expressing regret and alarm that the gardens should be sought to be opened on the Lord's Day . . . and setting forth that such a proposal was opposed not only to the Divine commandment, but to the law and usages of Scotland, and the convictions and feelings of the great majority of the Scottish people, and that setting aside the authority of the Sabbath as a Divine institution would remove the only efficient barrier which protects the working man from uninterrupted labour."

The only truth which the foregoing statement contains, if it contains any, is the assertion that a tyrannical Scotch majority is desirous of shutting the minority of Scotchmen out of the Edinburgh Botanical Gardens on a Sunday. We trust, however, that not even this is true, and that the population of Scotland does not chiefly consist of fools no better than real thistle-eating asses. The last of the above-quoted assertions is one of such a nature that those who concurred in it would agree in saying anything, regardless of veracity. Why, Kew Gardens have long been open to the English Public on a Sunday. Does the English workman, then, lead a life of uninterrupted labour? Perhaps the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and the gentlemen whose names we had rather not repeat, and the stupid unscrupulous zealots who constituted their audience, would not hesitate to say that he does. ■

Black Ingratitude.

SAMBO don't feel the Proclamation,
Like Liberty's benignant spell, come,
For, judging by the detestation
Shown in the North for SAMBO's nation,
Our black friend's much more Free than Welcome.

THE GORILLA'S DILEMMA.

(To PROFESSOR OWEN & HUXLEY.)

SAY am I a man and a brother,
Or only an anthropoid ape?
Your judgment, be't one way or 'tother,
Do put into positive shape.
Must I humbly take rank as quadrumau
As OWEN maintains that I ought:
Or rise into brotherhood human,
As HUXLEY has flatteringly taught?

For though you may deem a Gorilla
Don't think much of his rank in creation,
If of feeling one have a scintilla,
It glows to know "who's one's relation"—
Apes and monkeys (now crowding by dozens
Their kinship with us to have proved),
Or an OWEN and HUXLEY for cousins,
Though, it may be, a little removed.

If you ask me my private opinion,
(Which humbly through *Punch* is submitted)
For which sphere of nature's dominion
I seem to myself to be fitted:
To speak with decision I'm funky,
Nature's field when I selfishly scan,
For in some points if man's above monkey,
In some monkey's far above man.

My ignorance needs no apologies—
With anatomy nought I've to do—
This, with all the appurtenant "ologies"
I leave, my professors, to you.
But the points wherein I say that man
Must perforce monkey own his superior,
Are where man apes the apes all he can,
And yet to the apes is inferior. !

Thus, in power of jaw apes beat fellows
Of your own scientific societies;
The P.R. they outrival in "bellows,"
In gymnastics your first notorieties.
What's BLONDIN to every chimpanzee,
Or LÉOTARD great in *trapèze*?
If their feats rouse the public to frenzy,
What rapture a gibbon should raise!

You've low comedy actors consummate
In gaggling, grimacing and chaff;
But in many who'd BUCKSTONE look glum at
The monkey-cage wakens a laugh.
What are "Cures," Nigger-dances and jibes
To the black spider-monkey's contortions?
Before preacher-monkeys by tribes
How small seem one SPURGEON's proportions!

One distinction alleged I must say
Betwixt man and monkey is hollow—
Where monkey or man shows the way,
Other men, other monkeys will follow.
But from all points of difference one turns
To this crowning divergence to come,
Not one man in a thousand e'er learns
To keep silent—all monkeys are dumb!

For distinctions of brain—cerebellum—
Posterior lobe,—hippocampus—
I leave *you* to cut down or swell 'em,
They are scarce the distinctions to stamp us.
Now this way now that, without end,
I'm swayed by the pros and the cons,
As I feel man and monkey contend
Which in nature's domain are the dons.

Then help me, Professors, I pray;
For English opinion I value;
(You can't think how I suffered when GRAY
So pitched into *me*, through DU CHATELLE)
Anatomy out of the question,
Had I better be monkey or man,
By enlightened self-interest's suggestion?
Say you—for hang me, if I can.

A VOICE FROM CAMBRIDGE.

[Guildhall, 1862, Oct. 1st, 8:30 P.M.

THE place is as hot
As a chimney-pot,
And somebody there is uttering, uttering—
What does he say?
(We can't get away)
Verily that discourse wants buttering.

"No less than twenty thousand pounds,
For excellent reasons, on glorious grounds,
We have lent or spent or given or lost,
To men of the stamp of old ZERDOST,
Who waste their lives and eke their livers,
To find out why the lightning quivers,
And how the heat comes out of the sun,
And whither the tremulous meteors run,
And whence the wind its anger draws,
To find, in short, some physical cause
That superintends all physical laws.

"Where thy cleaner waters glide,
O Thames, above the London tide,
Stands the Association's pride;
A Dome of Science, fair to view,
Among the flowery walks of Kew."

(Here the President sought to drink,
Somebody helped him in less than a wink.)

"At Kew the Photo-Heliograph—"
(Great applause; too much by half;
And a man behind me dared to laugh.)

"The Photo-Heliograph at Kew,
As everybody knows, is due
To MR. WARREN DE LA RUE,
He took it out to Spain,
In a fleet of ships,
To observe the eclipse,
And brought it back again.
Here are Barometers,

Here are Thermometers,
Here are Hygrometers,
Carefully tested.
With all that is extant
In Quadrant or Sextant,
With all Anemometers,
All Dynamometers,
All Goniometers,
Kew is infested.

"Wide researches have been made,
Some on shore, and some in ocean;
The cost of instruments is paid
Out of the funds of the Brishashoshan.

"A vessel, specially fitted out
For the purpose, did survey
The British coast all roundabout,
And the colonies far away,
Very magnetically
Hydrotheoretically;
Don't forget what I say.

"A word or two about the progress
Of Science, sweet celestial ogress.

"MONSIEUR DELAUNAY, the man of the moon,
Has made up his book, and will print it
soon.

"The name of the great sky-scraper, GLAISHER,
That name already is known
Through Europe, America, Africa, Asia;
And not on this globe alone,
But e'en in the starry heights o' heaven;
For he journeyed upward, six or seven
English miles,
Above the house-tiles,
In mortal flesh and bone.

"Chemistry thrives:—
A man who dives
Into its darkest deepest nooks
Says he has blended,
Heaven-befriended,
Carbon with hydrogen." (Ob, Gadzooks!)
"And hence other compounds, more composite
still,
Have answered the call of alchemical skill;
And he bids fair soon to produce such mixtures
As only are found in organical fixtures."

(The President, uniformly dry,
Here grew thirsty and so did I.)

"Why need we tell you how MR. SCOTT RUSSELL
Has been exerting his mental muscle,
In finding relations of force and form,
Between a model ship in a storm
And waves as high as huge Cairn Gorm?"

"Artillerymen at Shoeburyness
Have made away with—I should guess—
Five hundred thousand, more or less,
Projectiles. MR. FAIRBAIRN knows;
But cannot very well disclose.

"The International Exhibition
Shows the good of competition
In things of mechanical power;
There's many a locomotive engine,
Would run from London to Stonehenge in
Less than a solar hour."

And still the place
Grows hotter apace:—
A flue—and a chimney-sweep—
Voluptuous feeling—
The brain is reeling—
And I'm—a—going to sleep.

THE MISSING LINK.



DOUBT not which is the preferable side in the Gorilla controversy. It is clearly that of the philosophers who maintain themselves to be the descendants of a Gorilla. This is the position which commends itself to right-minded men, because it tends to expand the sphere of their affections, inasmuch as it gives them a broader view of their species. Hitherto, however, there has been one argument against the Gorilla theory very difficult to get over, namely, that there is no known fact whatever which affords it the least foundation. This is a deficiency which we trust we are about to supply.

A gulf, certainly, does appear to yawn between the Gorilla and the Negro. The woods and wilds of Africa do not exhibit an example of any intermediate animal. But in this, as in many other cases, philosophers go vainly searching abroad for that which they would readily find if they sought for it at home. A creature manifestly between the Gorilla and the Negro is to be met with in some of the lowest districts of London and Liverpool by adventurous explorers. It comes from Ireland, whence it has contrived to migrate; it belongs in fact to a tribe of Irish savages: the lowest species of the Irish Yahoo. When conversing with its kind it talks a sort of gibberish. It is, moreover, a climbing animal, and may sometimes be seen ascending a ladder laden with a hod of bricks.

The Irish Yahoo generally confines itself within the limits of its own colony, except when it goes out of them to get its living. Sometimes, however, it sallies forth in states of excitement, and attacks civilised human beings that have provoked its fury. Large numbers of these

Yahoos have been lately collecting themselves in Hyde Park on a Sunday, and molesting the people there assembled to express sympathy with GARIBALDI and the cause of United Italy. The Yahoos are actuated by an abject and truculent devotion to the POPE, which urges them to fly at all manner of persons who object to grovel under the Papal tyranny, and all others who assist or even applaud them in the attempt to throw it off. Nevertheless they will howl for their own liberty to do what they please like so many *Calibans*. They were organised by the Pontifical Government to fight the Italians, at Castellidardo, where they failed, perhaps from want of sufficient dexterity to handle a rifle. Here they assail the friends of the Italian monarchy with the weapons which come more natural to them; clubs and stones. In this sort of warfare they are more successful than they were on the field of battle; and their numbers, strength, and ferocity have struck such terror into the minds of the authorities, that the latter have judged it expedient to yield to them. They have accordingly succeeded in the attempt to stifle the expression of public sentiment by intimidation. It is not wonderful that creatures so like the Gorilla should frighten anybody; let alone the LORD MAYOR.

The somewhat superior ability of the Irish Yahoo to utter articulate sounds, may suffice to prove that it is a development, and not, as some imagine, a degeneration of the Gorilla.

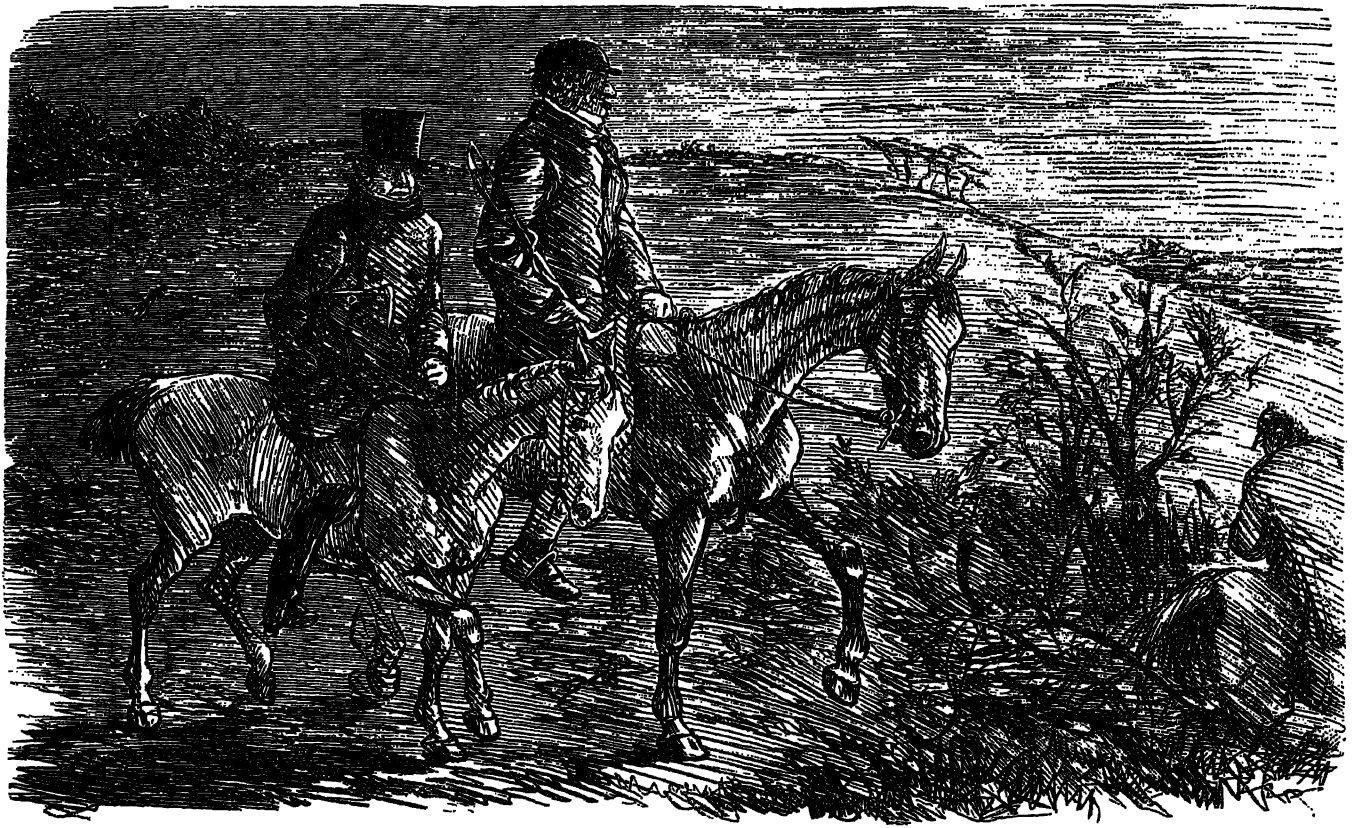
It is hoped that the discovery, in the Irish Yahoo, of the Missing Link between Man and the Gorilla, will gratify the benevolent reader, by suggesting the necessity of an enlarged definition of our fellow-creatures, conceived in a truly liberal and catholic spirit.

Too Bad, Really!

Look alive, Yankee! work is not so slack
That you with fancied wrongs should hold communion,
Think of a fellow with a good broad back,
Whining because he's turned out of the Union!

REFINEMENT OF THE COARSEER CLASSES.

WE are authorised to state that all Candidates for the position of cabman, omnibus conductor, and railway official, ought to be required to pass an examination in language and manners, satisfactorily testing their qualifications for employment in the Civil Service.



CUB-HUNTING.

WILKINSON WONDERS WHY THE DOOCE THEY CAN'T GO OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY.

HARBEN'S LOVE SONG.

Air—"Kathleen Mavourneen."

ZOSTERA MARINA, grim Manchester's shaking,
One half of her steam-engines silent and still,
No Cotton's at hand, and we're all in a taking
To know where to turn for new grist for the Mill.
It seems to myself that the notion was clever,
(It came as I wandered by ocean, apart)
Thy fibre to take, and to make the endeavour
To give drooping labour another fresh start.

ZOSTERA MARINA, though Manchester slumbers,
And sneers apathetic my labours requite,
I'm happy to know that inventors in numbers
Believe that my notion's substantially right.
So, ZOSTERA MARINA, though wise folks are calling
My project a thing that can never succeed,
He'll never climb high who's too frightened of falling:
The proof of the pudding's in eating, my Weed.

THE PURIFICATION OF PARIS.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Times* writes word that:—

"A new system for laying the dust without watering the carriage-way has been for some time in operation in the Avenue des Champs Elysees. It consists of sprinkling the road with chloride of lime, which, being remarkable for its power of absorbing moisture, soon becomes damp, and thereby prevents any dust from rising even in the hottest day."

Whether this plan will answer or no remains for a drier season than the past to decide; but if it succeeds in laying the dust, let us hope it will be introduced throughout Paris. Chloride of lime has, besides the property of absorbing moisture, that of destroying unpleasant odours; and in sprinkling it about the French capital to lay the dust the scavenger will, as it were, kill two birds with one stone.

CARNAL CARNEY.

OUR devout friend the *Earthen Wessel* has a delightfully unctuous paragraph on its esteemed cover:—

PLUMBING, PAINTING, PAPER-HANGING, &c.

W. and G. PUTTY, Plumbers (whose principles accord with this Magazine), have commenced Business in the above Line, beg the favour and support of Friends who wish for the prosperity of the Household of Faith, and also solicit their recommendation, assuring them that the utmost reliance may be placed in them, both as to material and workmanship, being practical and experienced workmen.

Certainly, when one thinks of it, one feels the importance of knowing what magazine is approved by the man who comes in to mend one's water-pipes, though we think that we could easily indicate *the* magazine most likely to be sought by a plumber, whose business is with lead. But any worldly caviller at the above announcement, who, in his carnal wisdom may call it unmitigated and profane cant, had better shut his "outrighteous" mouth. The sarcasm, scarcely concealed, redeems the apparent blarney. Household of Faith, indeed! It must be a household of faith of the most absolute description, faith cognate with fatuity, that could be attracted by such a bait—that could be lubricated by such greasiness. We only hope that the advertisers do not mend the pipes with such exceeding soft solder as they apply to the public, or the Household of Faith may suffer by the New River Works.

Charade.

BY AN UNEDUCATED BUT INDIGNANT COUNTRY VISITOR TO THE INTERNATIONAL.

WHAT VELLARD proved he could not do,
What MORRISH sells uncommon tough,
Make up a Station where a crew
Of railway covets use people rough. CATERHAM.

THEATRICAL INQUIRY.—*Question for Lord Llanover.* Has MISS JONES a right to call herself MISS HERBERT?



AT DIEPPE.

Jones. "H'M! HERE'S A PRETTY TO-DO! CAN'T FIND MY MACHINE NOW!"

MILITARY IF NOT NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

A PONTON bridge has been made, from the designs of CAPTAIN FOWKE, for the Viceroy of Egypt. This bridge was lately tried on the Serpentine in Hyde Park, by the First Middlesex Engineer Volunteers and a party of the Royal Engineers. The newspaper account of the proceedings informs us that the bridge having been laid down over the Serpentine:—

"The pontonniers 'fell in.'"

This was before they got upon the bridge, observe, civilian reader. No accident occurred. CAPTAIN FOWKE's bridge, we are happy to find, did not break down. In continuation, we are told that the *pontonniers* were march'd and trotted across it "four deep," subjecting it to the greatest possible strain, which it bore without wetting a plank." Although, therefore, our brave *pontonniers* fell in, the gallant fellows happily escaped a ducking.

Fashionable Intelligence.

THE new name for Crinoline promises to give that elegant style of dress a fresh lease in the devout and fashionable world. *On dit* at Paris that an illustrious Lady has presided in the Camarilla, wearing a magnificent vestment, extended on hoops of vast circumference, and figured with the genuine pattern of the *Sanbenito*, copied from the original design of the Spanish Inquisition. It is whispered that this pretty garment was a present from Rome intended as a reward of filial devotion and valuable services, to which its national and ecclesiastical significance render it a most suitable testimonial.

LECTURES FOR RUFFIANS.

MR. D'EYNCOURT had before him the other day a case in which two fellows were charged with certain acts of cruelty to a poor animal. To the biped beasts, for their conduct to the quadruped, the Magistrate said—

"What ought to be done to brutes like you is this. You ought to be flogged up and down the place where you committed such atrocity."

Mr. Punch, though no advocate for indiscriminate chastisement, is of opinion that the excellent Magistrate was right. But it occurs to *Mr. Punch* that inasmuch as the object of all punishment is instruction and example, the lesson which MR. D'EYNCOURT would give to cruel men and their friends, might be most advantageously administered in the most calm and argumentative form, that of a sort of Lecture. There should be no anger, no vengeance, but all should be done gently and with precision.

For instance, take one of the above ruffians, and, undrapping him to the requisite extent, lead him into a circle, to be kept by the police. His friends, the roughs, are around, but will be deterred by other circumstances from any interference.

Professor Punch undertakes to deliver the Lecture. He enters, attended by a broad-shouldered assistant, MR. SLASHER, who has selected a good whip from the laboratory of the Professor.

The ruffian, whose name is JAMES BLIGHT, has been convicted of cruelty to a horse.

The Professor addresses him.

"BLIGHT, listen to me."

MR. BLIGHT probably grants his entire permission to *Mr. Punch* to visit a locality in which good intentions form the pavement.

The Professor takes no notice of this permit, but proceeds.

"You, BLIGHT, have been shown to have treated a horse with great cruelty. I am willing to believe that your act arose, as do very many similar crimes, from ignorance. You are not aware, probably, that when a whip descends violently upon the skin, either of man or beast, great pain is caused. I could wish you to comprehend this thoroughly; and my young friend and assistant here will conduct an experiment which I am induced to hope will elucidate this matter for you. If you please," says the Professor, with a smile to his co-operator.

Seven hearty cuts descend upon MR. BLIGHT's shoulders.

"Thank you!" says *Mr. Punch*. "Now, MR. BLIGHT, may I pro-

ceed, on the understanding that you are convinced that the operation in question is painful?"

MR. BLIGHT, with a very red face, discharges a volley of very irrelevant and irreverent language.

"Ah!" says the Professor, regretfully. "I have failed, but (*apologetically*) experiments will occasionally fail, and the philosopher's duty is undiscouraged to repeat them until success rewards him. If you please, MR. SLASHER."

Seven more cuts descend upon MR. BLIGHT.

"There, here, hold!" bellows MR. BLIGHT, "do you want to kill a fellow?"

"Observe," remarks *Mr. Punch* mildly to the crowd, "the difficulties which beset the philosopher. He either fails to attain his object, or he attains too much. I merely desired to prove to our friend that this kind of operation was painful, and he jumps to the conclusion that it is fatal. I trust, however, to bring him to that *via media*, which is *tuissima*. If you please, MR. SLASHER."

A third application, by the assistant, renders MR. BLIGHT tolerably docile.

"You now are convinced, I hope, that I was accurate in stating that whiplash, violently applied, hurts, MR. BLIGHT?"

"I should think I was," growls MR. BLIGHT.

"Ah! you do not admit it fully—only in a qualified way. You should think that you were convinced—you will not allow that you are convinced. I fear I must trouble you again, MR. SLASHER."

But MR. BLIGHT stays the uplifted weapon by a vehement declaration that he has been hurt like fun.

"If you think it fun, MR. BLIGHT, I am afraid I must dispute the accuracy of your illustration, and offer you the means of correcting it. If you please."

But MR. BLIGHT expresses his readiness to say anything. He allows that flogging hurts very much indeed.

"In that case, MR. BLIGHT, and gentlemen, I think we may bring the lecture to a close. I am quite sure that it will not be forgotten, and that, after this, no one before me will be guilty of cruelty, now that he has seen the suffering it causes. I will only add that should any one so far forget himself, I am authorised by PROFESSOR D'EYNCOURT to say that the experiment of to-day will be repeated, with additional apparatus in the shape of a cat-o'-nine-tails. I have the honour to wish you a good morning."

Whether a course of lectures of this description might not be found available in cases of extraordinary brutality, is a subject which *Mr. Punch* hereby assigns to the British Forum as one for debate.

FOXES MARTYRS.



HERE are minds so destitute of moral sense that they regard the most awful atrocities as funny. A Bideford Correspondent of the *Morning Post* writes a letter to that journal, in which part of it appears headed "Novel Capture of Foxes," and commencing thus:—"The Braunds of Bucks, or the foxes and fish-hooks, properly delineated, would make an amusing comedy." And then it proceeds to relate the following horrible story:—

"Not long ago, JAMES BRAUND, a fisherman residing at Bucks, in the Parish of Parkham, North Devon, having baited a hook with a ling's tail, 'tiled' it on the beach to catch gull, or any other sea bird. He buried the greater part of the maw, which concealed the treacherous hook, in the shingle. When he came to look after his hook, and to see what he had caught, he was not a little surprised to find a fine fox dancing and capering about at the extent of its tether. He deemed it the surest way to secure his prize to shoot it, and soon got his gun and bagged the vixen."

Who will envy the feelings of a writer who could pen such a narrative as the foregoing, and put a simple full stop at the end of it, and not a note of execration? But

this historian of a shocking act of vulpicide actually speaks of that crime as if it were a sporting exploit. The unhappy BRAUND had the misfortune to catch a fox. He "got his gun and bagged the vixen!" What would any man of well-regulated mind have done under the circumstances? He would, of course, have carefully secured the fox, and extracted the hook, or got a veterinary surgeon, if necessary, to remove it by an operation under the influence of chloroform. Instead of that this monster, BRAUND, shot the fox!

The hand that has once been stained with vulpine blood will be apt, on opportunity, to shed more. Accordingly we are told, in continuation, that:—

"Last Tuesday Mr. BRAUND had another and almost equally strange fox adventure. His fishing nets had been spread to dry, and as is the custom, the dog-fish had been shook out, but it is supposed that one of these must have been under the net, and attracted a fox out on a forage. At all events, CAPTAIN BRAUND found a fine old dog fox rolled up in the net. It is thought that in his efforts to draw out the fish he drew up the loose net and entangled himself, and the more he struggled to free himself the more intricately he became entangled. On seeing the nature of the prisoner, 'Here's a greyhound, Lucifer,' said BRAUND, and then, looking at the fox, added, 'There 't not content with teasing on LADY LETWES'S laces and rabbits these eight or ten years, but have been securing the batch for vish; I'll cook thy goose for the now.' Whereon, as BRAUND afterwards said, 'the cratur looked so vashous that I vetches my gun and soon settled his vishing propensities.'"

How forcibly this wretched clown of a fisherman must remind the fox-hunter who is familiar with the poetry of COLERIDGE of the tale of that spell-bound ancient mariner who so ruthlessly shot the albatross. But the slayer of the albatross repented him of his act. Not so the destroyer of two foxes. The writer who, in a tone of unfeeling levity, relates the slaughter of those victims, thus describes the way in which the perpetrator of that deed disposed of the last of them:—

"It was what is called in the locality a greyhound dog fox, of mature age, weighing 12½ lb., and a regular beauty in symmetry and appearance. Mr. BRAUND has presented the animal to a Bideford printer, who intends to have it preserved and set up."

The captor of a dog fox, of mature age, weighing 12½ lb., and a regular beauty in symmetry and appearance, not only shoots the fox, but glories in the act, and gives the animal to be stuffed and preserved as a memorial of what he deems a creditable achievement! And the chronicler of his crime expresses the opinion that it would make an amusing comedy. Vulpicide in jest! Fox-hunting readers, think of that! Imagine a human being so destitute of every feeling of propriety as to conceive the idea of making fun of shooting a fox!

"Parlez-Vous Français?"

If so, you will appreciate the following:—

"What has lifted M. DROUYN DE LUYVS into the Ministerial chair vacated by M. TROUVENEL?" asked DE MORNÉY OF PERSIGNY.

"La force du génie? Eh, non,—la force d'EUGÉNIE."

THE COUNTRY MAGISTRATE.

(By a Policeman who is expected to recover.)

WHEN a proacher stands in the Sessions dock,
By a stalwart Bobby with stiff black stock,
And around him gaolers and beadies wait,
What a thundering Jove is the Magistrate!

O, how from his high and well-guarded chair,
The Magistrate storms at the criminal there,
And how does our garrulous friend dilate
On Property's rights; does our Magistrate.

So stern his look and so hold his phrase,
Such promise of valour his glance conveys,
That you feel quite happy to think one State
Holds you and that terrible Magistrate.

But if you 'd see that Magistrate cowed,
See him brought up to a lawless crowd,
That hints with brickbats and pieces of slate
His mild dislike of our Magistrate.

"Brought up," says I, and indeed it's true
That bringing him up 's not easy to do,
When missiles threaten the sacred pate
Of our terrible, terrified Magistrate.

Down go houses and stores and shops,
Battered the brave policeman drops,
But the deuce a thing but cackle and prate
Will he do, our bumptious Magistrate.

Those burning houses have thrown new lights
On his worship's views of Property's rights;
He thinks of his windows, and stacks, and plate,
And "won't stir ill-feeling," the Magistrate.

O, what a change from the Session chair
Is the sight of the white-faced gentleman there:
"Hoping excitement will soon abate"—
What a thundering sneak is the Magistrate!

But, what's the use of my making rhymes?
You've learned the lesson ten thousand times,
That the thing you buy at the dearest rate,
Is the non-paid Noodle, a Magistrate.

Birkenhead Hospital, Oct. 22.

TRAIN ON THE RAIL AGAIN.

The notorious TRAIN, the would-be introducer to this side of the Atlantic of Yankee street-railways, Yankee pulls and Yankee log-rolling having got off the rails here, gone to smash, and been taken back from White-Cross Street to the United States for repairs, has been blowing off steam at Philadelphia, which condenses into a stream of dirty water, aimed at England and the English. The following Yankee flowers of eloquence from TRAIN'S choice bouquet deserve culling:—

"The English are a nation of cowards, and have been so all the days of their lives. Where have they ever fought? Show me a battle-field! . . . The whole country is pauperised; they are a nation of beggars. . . . You may slap them in the face and kick them; and there is no fight in them. . . . Ought Americans to fight them? We must take men of our own size. We are educated as children, never to strike women or old men, and we ought to keep hands off of England (*sic*), and leave the Irish to whip her. . . . I believe sincerely that LORD PALMERSTON poisoned PRINCE ALBERT for the purpose of usurping the throne. . . . PALMERSTON was out of office at one time, and a scurrilous pamphlet appeared against the QUEEN, which he took to her, and said, 'Your husband is a dead man in ten days unless things are changed.' In four days he was back in office again, but the QUEEN hates him, and has not spoken to him since PRINCE ALBERT'S death. This is well known in England! . . . By-and-by European capitalists, lords and princes, will be coming over here to invest their money. . . . The English people are a nation of liars, and I have told them that right square in their teeth. I am going back one of these days to tell them so again."

From this it is plain that the TRAIN we had considered shivered to smithereens is on the rail again, with a vengeance. It is evident that, however familiar with smashes, neither this TRAIN nor its Yankee drivers, have any notion of a break, or it would have been pulled up short in its rabid and random career.

SIR CHARLES COLDSTREAM ON A NEW SENSATIONAL SYSTEM.

Most people will remember I was miserably "used up" when some years ago I visited Vesuvius, and could see "nothing in it." I then married, and within five years (having been blessed once with duplicates) I found myself surrounded by seven smiling olive branches. My old enemy was now pretty well subdued, my *ennui* was rapidly evaporating. Still as POPE says, "Man never is, but always to be blest." Occasionally I felt that aching void which a fireman's dog might experience if chained to a kennel when the engine turns out. I accordingly arranged with the district Policeman to call me whenever he saw a vivid illumination in the skies, without regard to distance or time. Not content with this kind of volatile salt, I have recently given orders for a Fire Escape of my own, and hope with the assistance of my gardener to be of some service if my neighbours will kindly apply their lips to the speaking tube, which they will find immediately under the Visitors' Bell.

This is the age of dynamics. Intellect has had its march. Muscles are now on their stretch. Genius doubtless is very attractive, resembling in that respect a magnet. Round SHAKESPEARE what bright particles gather! Genius however is no match for gymnastics, which as a transpontine manager shrewdly observed, "draw like a blister." The agile adapter of the *Colleen Bawn*, before he took his celebrated header, must have calculated to a nicety what impetus was required to carry a body into the carpet of popularity. Passion, poetry, and that sort of thing, were considered pretty by GEORGE THE THIRD and his subjects, when the fine old English gentleman used to take the little Princesses to a provincial theatre. CUMBERLAND must often, I fancy, have shed grateful tears to see so many plumed heads nodding their approval of his sentimental comedies. SIDDOES and O'NEIL—*Katherine* and *Belvidera*—are associated with our inflexible grandmothers, with black velvet and point lace, with minuets and buckles, Bath chairs, harpsichords, long-stage coaches, pigtailed, and such like remnants of Arcadian simplicity. Audiences had then evidently much moisture in their composition. They dissolved at *Jane Shore* and *Isabella* like isinglass. Five Act tragedies were not merely endured—they were enjoyed. It seems almost incredible, but my physician, who has a lively recollection of JOHN PHILIP as *Coriolanus*, assures me it's a fact.

Players now, I am told, have to pay a double hazardous premium on the insurance of their lives, and the Policy is vacated if they spring from the "flies." It is hard upon those glowing aspirants who can only catch notoriety by o'erleaping the modesty of nature. They must be "up" to the mark of public expectation, and must follow their leader, the Spirit of the Times, wherever that Spirit vaults. Fine acting was formerly compared to flashes of lightning, but I question if the electric fluid *pur et simple* would now melt anything more stubborn than a cook. It really demands a thunderbolt to "bring down" the galleries, and as for the pit "rising" at an artiste, such a phenomenon is never seen until he is several feet above it.

Men who have been admitted to the best Schools of Anatomy may have little relish for these sensation spectacles. To fellows less fortunate a *coup de théâtre* is perhaps highly acceptable if it result in a brilliant surgical operation. It would not become me to disparage such popular entertainments. At one period of my life I would have applauded the first step to a dislocation, and have freely encored the most blundering mode of attaining a compound fracture. *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*. Thank goodness, I can now live and let others live, no longer considering that those who hold the mirror up to nature derive lustre from a spinal contortion or a cork arm. If a cow can jump over the moon, I shall be pleased to see her, but I wouldn't encourage my milkman to do it. Some may suspect that these are the morbid sentiments of an anchorite. Permit me to say they are mistaken.

My prime resources in my hours of gloom are however of a much more perilous nature. My wife's mother, I rejoice to say, exhibits a magnificent hoop, of which the periphery corresponds with one of the larger wheels to PICKFORD'S Vans. I never take her arm without anticipating every moment to put my foot in it. Then I have secured shares in several new companies, and having paid the deposit money, and signed the Deed of Settlement, I am in hopes that with visions of a Chancery *imbroglio*, and summonses to show cause why I, SIR CHARLES COLDSTREAM, Bart., should not be enrolled among those Joint Stock Martyrs, whose names will descend to posterity on the imperishable "list of contributors," my mind will be kept at fever heat for some years to come. A little piece of land, which wanting a paddock, I bought of the reputed Devisee, my Solicitor now informs me, is likely to be required by the Heir-at-law, there being some informality about the Will, which was not at all signed by the Testator, whose signature was requisite to give it validity. Once in the vacation I treat myself (and only myself) to a trip in a cheap Excursion train, and seldom return without feeling my blood warmed, partly from compassion for my unlucky fellow-travellers, but chiefly by indignation at

those white-crowned gamesters, in the disguise of Managing-Directors, who stake "compensation" against "dividends," and play in Tunnels and on Embankments with human bones for dice.

In conclusion, let me ask one pertinent question. So long as these salutary expedients exist for stimulating the circulation, why should people rush nightly in crowds to form a Society for promoting the destruction of Tumblers from rope or wire? Let a discriminating public direct their admiration to commercial instead of bodily flights. Then if the Gymnasts fall, they will at worst only lapse into bankruptcy, and if they lose their balance, it will be felt at their bankers, and not at their backs.

INSCRIPTION, EPIGRAM, EPITAPH, OR WHAT YOU WILL.

(Respectfully placed at the disposal of the Committee of the Hartley Institution, Southampton.)

No. I.

(In BEN JONSON'S manner.)

HEREIN interred in stone doth lie
Of Hartley's fund what law let by.
A hundred thousand pounds we know,
It into Chancery did go,
But forty thousand pounds, by gum,
It out of Chancery did come!
Farewell the sixty thousand reft,
God speed the forty thousand left!

Or this, if they like something simpler:—

No. II.

I was in trade by Hartley made,
One hundred thousand pound;
He left me for an Institute,
When he was laid in ground.

Proceedings sore long time I bore,
Testator's will was vain,
Two-thirds Q. C.'s did bone in fees,
One-third doth here remain.

Or, if they are for the high Classical:—

No. III.

Hic jacet
Bonorum Hartleianorum,
Quantulumcumque
E juris peritorum faucibus
Evasit.
Eheu, quantum mutatus ab illo
Acervo
Quod speravit Hartleius
Benevolentiae Monumentum,
Bonarum artium fontem,
Nominis honorem
futurum!

LL. CM. legavit Hartleius
LL. LXM. Perempserunt lites,
LL. XLM. Hic conduntur.

FEDERAL ROMANCE.

WRITING to MR. LINCOLN'S Government after the battle of the 14th of last month, the Federal General stated that the "rebel" army was totally "demoralised" and utterly "routed." Subsequently a New York telegram informs us that:—

"The battle was renewed on the 17th by the Confederates with great vigour, lasting till four o'clock in the afternoon, when the Confederates retired, leaving the Confederate General LONGSTREET and part of his division prisoners."

This telegram itself is an illustration of the saying, particularly applicable to American news, that we should never believe more than half of what we hear. Part of it is true; but that is only the first part. The battle was renewed with great vigour by the army which M'CLELLAN had described as demoralised and routed—an extraordinary army! GENERAL LONGSTREET and his division were captured by GENERAL HOOKER—who commanded a division on the Federal side—with a hook.

ANOTHER POINT OF RESEMBLANCE.—Men, we are told, is the only animal that laughs. Yes; and the only animal, we may say, that is laughed at—monkeys always excepted.



THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

Sarah Jane. "LAWKS! WHY IT'S HEXACT LIKE OUR HEMMER!"

LIBERTY FOR WISEMAN'S LAMBS.

THE friends of civil and religious liberty will be sorry to see that the right of the Irish Roman Catholics to the free exercise of their religion has been grossly interfered with by the police at Birkenhead.

The British Parliamentary Debating Society persisted in holding an adjourned meeting to discuss the question whether GARIBALDI was entitled to praise or blame, well knowing that this is a question not to be asked in the hearing of the Roman Catholic Irish.

Accordingly, the faithful Irishmen of Birkenhead arose with one accord, and triumphantly confuted their heretical opponents by breaking windows, throwing stones and brickbats, sacking and looting shops, and cudgelling, cutting, and wounding the passengers in the streets generally, and the police who tried to prevent this expression of their conscientious opinions.

As the Catholic Priest, ROBERT WRIGHT BRUNDRITT, justly observes:

"If misguided fanatics choose to call a meeting by large orange-coloured placards headed 'Sympathy with GARIBALDI,' in the very centre of at least 15,000 Catholics, they must take the consequences, and be answerable for them."

Of course. So, likewise, or nearly so, says that ornament of the British Legislature and the Catholic Church, SIR GEORGE BOWYER.

Notwithstanding, no less than eleven of the faithful Irish, concerned in the Act of Faith at Birkenhead, have been taken into custody, and will doubtless be too severely punished, according to persecuting Law administered by Protestant Magistrates.

This is too bad. These captives are the same gentle creatures as CARDINAL WISEMAN'S lambs, his "dear Irish children," his "dear children," his "children of St. Patrick," and "cherished Irish children" of the POPE. They are innocents who ought all to have their way. It is not enough that the Cardinal's own particular pets have been allowed to stifle the expression of British opinion on the Roman question. The flock at Birkenhead and everywhere else must enjoy the same liberty. At Madrid JOSEPH ALHAMA and MANUEL MATAMOROS have just been condemned to nine years' penal servitude for the practice of Protestantism. Until [the like outrage of Catholic feeling is equally punishable

in this country, the principle of toleration, rightly understood, requires that the Irish Catholic mob shall be allowed to take the law into their own hands, and vindicate the honour and interests of their Church by acts of spoliation and destruction, and by the means of shillelaghs and stones.

THE BROKEN HEADS AND BLOCKHEADS OF BIRKENHEAD.

Is there never a single J.P. with a workin' head
On the Magistrates' Bench that should give law to Birkenhead?
As empty as casks, when you've staved in each firkin-head,
Are *all* of the justices' pates down at Birkenhead?
Was it folly or funk sense of duty did burk in head
Of thy Do-nothing Magistrates, ill-fated Birkenhead?
In worse pickle was e'er piccailily or gherkin-head
Than the pickle in which are the J. P.'s of Birkenhead,—
Who allowed Papist riot to rear up its lurkin' head,
And the POPE'S Irish blackguards to lord it o'er Birkenhead?
Had sweet FATHER BRUNDRITT the POPE or Grand Turk in head,
When he hounded to mischief the rabble of Birkenhead?
One has outrage of Anglican Church and Scotch Kirk in head,
But none like this outrage of Rome's church at Birkenhead,
When bludgeon in hand, and p'rhaps pistol and dirk in head,
The Irishry welted the p'liceman of Birkenhead;
While specials and soldiers were chafing and perkin' head
To look out for the justices' orders in Birkenhead,
And the sapient beaks gravely wagging and jerkin' head,
Agreed to do nothing to keep peace in Birkenhead!
So obfuscate the wits, so Cimmerian the mirk in head
Of those timber-scalled noddies, the brave Bench of Birkenhead!

QUESTION OVERHEARD AT A SECOND-RATE RESTAURANT.—"How your poor Lafitte?"



CARDINAL WISEMAN'S "LAMBS."

SPA

FROM TWO DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"Spa, October 17, 1862.

"I DON'T think I shall ever come back. When you see me you may expect me. Please tell the Income-Tax Commissioners of my intended absence, so that they may no longer trouble themselves in sending me any more of those unpleasant quarterly reminders for non-payment of an odious, iniquitous, inquisitorial —

"But why talk of taxes in a place where such plagues are unknown? Here the only tax the traveller undergoes is the one that is levied on his patience to partake of as many pleasures as he possibly can during the course of four-and-twenty hours. Like a school-boy at a feast, there are so many good things that he is puzzled to know what to begin with first. Would that I could pocket a few, so that I might quietly enjoy them when once again I return to that abominable big seminary, called London, where the prizes are not at all equal to the tasks that one has to go through? They say that school is the happiest time of one's life, but I can only say that if all schools are like London, in which one has to fag so very hard, and where one gets so very little in exchange to eat or drink, I for one have not the slightest desire ever to go back again.

"In my opinion, the best part of school are the holidays. They are the happiest time of one's life, if you like. The happiness would be complete, if there were no Black Monday hanging up, like a birch-rod against the wall, in the background.

"Spa is just the place for a holiday. The little 'boys and girls come out to play' all day long. The boys are of all sizes—the girls are of all ages. From morning to night there is some game going on. Laughter is heard on every side, such romping and racing and rioting as would pull the starch out of even a Quaker's habits, and make him join in the fun. Every one is dressed in his holiday clothes, and Mamma is generally close by to see that no one dirties them, so you can imagine that the romping is of that quiet nature such as would not ruffle the serenity, or rumple a single anti-macassar, of the most delicately-arranged drawing-room. The rioting is gay without being noisy, like the chirping of the birds at that grand place of assignations, the Pantheon Conservatory, in Oxford Street. CHESTERFIELD might accept the situation here of Master of the Ceremonies, and not be ashamed of his disciples.

"The place is a kind of open-air boudoir, curtained all round with thick folds of trees, and made bright with innumerable little crystal streams that do duty very well for looking-glasses. In this same boudoir every variety of ornament is to be found. The paintings alone on wood, make it quite a *petit Louvre des dames*. Work-boxes, fans, needle-cases, screens, glove-boxes, scent-bottles, are scattered about in every direction; and if you occasionally find a cigar-case amongst them, it is some gallant cavalier, who has heedlessly left it behind him. The air thrills under one perpetual serenade. You go to sleep with the sounds of melody whispering soft lullabys in your ear, and you wake up with a military band inviting you to 'Come to the Fountain,' where by dipping a tumbler into the bubbling spring, you can have a champagne breakfast for nothing. Health and pleasure dance hand-in-hand together. The celebrated *Fontaine de Jouvence* trickles down every mountain. People drink here, not only to get merry—for many of the springs have a more exhilarating effect even than the best 'gingerbeer from the fountain'—but to grow young again. Invalids, who have drunk deeply of these re-juvenifying waters, have been known to wash the accumulated snow of many winters off their heads. Under the influence of its gentle irrigation, a head that at first was a perfect barren Mont Blanc, is gradually converted into a luxuriant Primrose Hill.

"The trees have a most magnificent effect at present. Green below, and tipped with gold at the top (for Autumn is Nature's best gilder), they remind me, not inaptly, of the railings round the Tuileries.

"The *Redoute* is a handsome building, whose hospitality is open equally to all. Rich and poor alike are welcome to enter. CROCKFORD'S in its palmiest days, would only look like so much gilt gingerbread by the side of it. It is clothed from head to foot in gold, like a royal footman. The gold overflows everywhere. Even the tables are deluged with it. I must confess a little playing goes on here, but every one looks so happy that I defy the most carping cynic to pick a hole in the green baize that constitutes the playing-ground. No lawn can look more inviting to gambol upon. What universal happiness! The ladies even lose their few francs with such a smiling grace that they could not choose a happier moment to have their photographs taken. You have all the newspapers in the world here, and if you are put in a momentary passion by some angry leader, you are quickly softened down again into good humour by the strains of soft music, whose notes come acceptably to the ear as the announcement of a large legacy. Floods of light and literature; a constant rippling cascade of melody and money, the one not less winning than the other; the most coquet costumes in the world, as though the prettiest coloured pictures in the Paris fashion-books had

been suddenly endowed with life; six-footed, fat-calved Johnnies in dazzling liveries, *à la mitor*, waiting upon you at every step! *enfin*, you haven't anything like it in England! And mind you, *Mr. Punch*, all this exhaustless splendour without its costing the enraptured visitor a single sou!

"I will write you more about this enchanting place to-morrow. A *partie de chasse* is waiting for me at the door. The French horn is sounding. Adieu.

"Yours happily,

"ANACHARSIS THE YOUNGEST."

"DEAR PUNCH,

"October 18, 1862.

"I AM off to-morrow. I am tired of this place. The truth is it is a hollow deception, a snare baited by the devil. The *Redoute* is a haunt of thieves that, once visited, is only *bon à redouter*. The *croupiers* are enough to frighten one. Their long shovels are like vulture's claws, that clutch hold of everything that comes within their greedy grasp. The servants have the villanous appearance of banditti dressed up in livery. Even the players have yellow faces, like parchment that has been stained to pass muster for some Roupell deed of forgery—there is not a line of truth in any one of them—they are all counterfeit countenances of honesty. I declare the presiding Lucifer of this gaming Paudemonium had, to speak by the card, exactly the photographic appearance of the knave of clubs. Well, may they have music playing all the while! Indeed, it is wanted to stifle the consciences of the penitent—to overpower the groans of those whom they have ruined. I left the place in sickening disgust, only too happy to have my eyes opened to the reality of the wicked snare. To increase the mockery, the band, as I slammed the door with awakened indignation, was playing with jarring irony, "*L'or est une chimère*."

"At the bottom of the sumptuous staircase were two black looking boxes. One was marked '*Tronc pour les Pauvres*;' on the other was inscribed '*Tronc pour l'Hôpital*.' Could you wish for a better moral? I wonder how much *La Banque*, whose receipts last year amounted to 1,250,067 francs, puts into these poor-boxes? Not much, I fancy, for the *trons* were as small as a loser's chance of ever winning back again what he has lost. Besides, what can an *actionnaire* in a gambling joint-stock company know about '*conscience money*'?"

"I would not live here for any consideration. The only talk at the *table d'hôte* and elsewhere, is about *le jeu*. One madman talks of being able to *casser la Banque*; another simpleton, as green as the cloth on which he has been squandering the means he has been hoarding up for months, complains of being *complètement rasé*. Now, he is drinking cold water. A day or two ago, flushed with a monetary success, he was draining champagne out of goblets. The whole air rattles with the sounds of play. The leaves, as they murmur, seem to imitate the shuffling of the cards; and the streams, as they leap from stone to stone, convey to the ear a mocking sound of the rolling of the dice. The seats in the avenues and *allées* have for their dorsal supports playful representations of serpents and vultures, and well they may, for whoever ventures to rest here will have nothing better to lean back upon. It is nothing but stinging and clawing, and lucky is he who escapes with a whole skin. Everything here is serpentine, even down to the walks. On my word, when I took my final stroll through this *coupe gorge* of a town this morning, I thought all the houses were numbered *Trente et Quarante*!

"Good bye, dear *Punch*. *Le jeu est fait*. I hasten home quickly to enlist your powerful aid to write down these infamous dens, of which a liberal Government, like Belgium, ought to feel ashamed.

"Yours, in anything but a playful mood,

"ANACHARSIS THE YOUNGEST."

[It is precisely as we suspected. The discrepancy between our correspondent's two letters is clearly accounted for. An urgent appeal for a speedy remittance at once lets out the secret. The first letter was written under the influence of winning—the second under the influence of losing, when, to use the writer's own words, he had been "regularly cleaned out." *Le tapis vert* is dangerous ground for inexperienced feet to venture upon. We will take care that young ANACHARSIS does not journey, for the future, any further than Southend or Heme Bay.—Ed.]

LINCOLN RICHARD THE THIRD.

SCENE—Washington. A Room in the White House.

Lincoln. What did M^cCLELLAN say as touching Richmond?

Seward. That 't would not long resist the Federal arms.

Lincoln. He told a fib: And what said STANTON then?

Seward. He smiled and said, we'll soon effect our purpose.

Lincoln. He was in the wrong; and so indeed it is.

SEWARD—

Seward. Sirree!

Lincoln. The slaves set free that day

Should have been loosed down South some time ago.

A black day will it be to somebody!

[Exeunt.]



LORD DUNDREARY MARRIED.

"Why, Georgina, here's another letter from my brother Sam! And I'll tell you what it is, Georgina, if I'd have known you'd got such a b-b-east of a brother-in-law as Sam, I wouldn't have married you!!!"

A LITTLE QUESTION.

THE ribald bankrupt Yankee TRAIN
Declares us English fools and knaves;
Sneaks, who when struck won't strike again,
Gluttons and blockheads, brutes and slaves.

Swears that LORD PALMERSTON would make
His way, by poison, to the Crown;
But TRAIN has hopes that Pat will wake,
And tread the English tyrant down.

The fool were fun, if not so coarse,
So were the patriots of the North,
Who cheered and cheered till they were hoarse
The idiot trash he bellowed forth.

We've crawled, no doubt, we Saxon worms,
And have been trampled for our pains;
*Is it worth while to keep on terms
With friends who cheer such terms as TRAIN'S?*

The American War a Case of Scissors.

THE North and South were a couple of sharp blades that, when united, formed a beautiful pair of scissors, that cut through every obstacle that intervened between them, working admirably together; but which, the moment they were dis-united, became a pair of daggers, the one turned murderously against the other. The thing now is to endeavour to separate them and prevent their inflicting any further mischief upon each other.

"THE CREATURE'S AT HIS DIRTY WORK AGAIN."

TRAMWAY TRAIN has been vilifying the English. As he was known when here to be the greatest liar in Christendom, his abuse is received as the most fulsome flattery.

THE IMITATION MANIA.



I really wish that somebody would somehow manage to do something to stop the imitation mania which is raging so about us. People suffer from its influence terribly in trade, and there is scarcely a profession that escapes being affected by it. Anything original in manufacture or in art—be it a steam chaffcutter or a *Punch* cartoon, a self-acting spring bootjack, or a *Lord Dundreary*—is certain, if successful, to be copied by the imitators as closely as the law, which is far too lax, will let them. In any trade or art, from a tinker and a tailor to a poet and a painter, any one who hits on an original idea, and by his cleverness succeeds in carrying it out, is sure to find it followed by a swarm of imitations, which simply vulgarise the notion and injure the true interests of

trade as well as art. Let a *Lord Dundreary* and vacancies, then a host of *Lord Dundrearies* instantly arise and live by trading on the likeness that they bear to the first lord. A feminine *Dundreary* also starts forth at the Music Halls; and, as coarseness mixed with crinoline rarely fails to please the frequenters of those places, the feminine *Dundreary* achieves a great success. When once a "star" appears in the theatrical horizon, a dozen denser bodies shine by borrowing its light; and as the public seldom takes the trouble to discriminate, the copy is admired almost as much as the original, and people cheer the clumsy plagiarists they really ought to hiss.

Original ideas worked out in literature or art are far less easily protected than those of manufacture. A pair of bellows is a visible and tangible production, and an infringement of its patent may be readily detected. But there are scant means now of patenting, for instance, a *Dundreary*, and of preventing feeble copyists from assumption of his title, his whiskers, and his stutter, and from passing themselves off as his brother or his wife. Other titles are moreover assumed besides his lordship's: for the servile herd of imitators (*servum pecus*, eh, old HORACE?) will filch the smallest trifle that they think will serve their end. The title *Once a Week* sounds well, so out comes *Twice a Week* of course, and this will doubtless soon be followed by *Every other Day*: and we may naturally expect that the *Monday Magazine* will soon be treading in the footsteps of the *Saturday Review*. Such literary piracies should be stamped with a black flag, that people might avoid having anything to do with them.

A PREPOSSESSING ARTIST WANTED.

"MY DEAR MAULSTICKE,
"Do you want a hundred a year? I dare say that you do. Very few young artists don't. Well then, here you are, Sir, as the cabmen say:—

ARTISTS.—WANTED, in a first-rate establishment in the City, a GENTLEMAN, of artistic acquirements and prepossessing manners, who is thoroughly conversant with the posing of the figure, with the view of producing the best effects in portraiture. Salary £100 per annum. The most satisfactory references will be required. Apply by letter, post paid.

"Now, I'm sure there's no denying you have 'prepossessing manners' (you quite won my heart last night by the graceful way in which you blew the porter-froth off before handing me the pewter); and I am ready to believe that in the intervals between your games of pitch-ha'penny at Ribstone Street, you really have acquired some little smattering of art. Well then, as I previously stated, here you are! As for references, hang it, I'm sure I and JIMMY BUSLER can speak with satisfaction as to how you 'pose your figure' (when you put on the gloves); and the black eye which you gave me a week or two ago was one of the 'best effects in portraiture' the fellows said they'd ever seen. So don't be proud, old chap. Your *Finning of Child Harold on the Battleground at Hastings* is a grand piece of colouring no doubt (and so's my cutty): but believe, me, my dear boy, you'll be a long while

ere you make a yearly hundred by such works, and so you'd better sink High Art and go and earn a livelihood by acting as assistant at a photographic shop. I allow it may be aggravating to a man who thinks, nay, feels assured he is a genius with his paint-brush, to 'pose the figure' at a place where they merely take sun portraits. But a hundred pounds a-year is not a sum to sneer at—only before you sign away your service for that income, you had better ascertain how many hours a day you will be asked to work for it.

"Yours in all serenity,

"EPAMINONDAS BASELIE."

MOTHER POPE'S PETTICOAT PÆAN.

THE Petticoats, the Petticoats, the Petticoats for me,
They won't leave a poor old 'ooman robbed and bullyragged to be!
Let them dratted Garibaldians say and do the wust they can,
With "ooman" still I'll win the toss and fingers snap at Man—
What 's your Italies and Emperors and suffrages but rot,
While on my side, God bless 'em, the Petticoats I've got—
Yes, the Petticoats, the Petticoats, the Petticoats for me,
They'll stand by poor old Mother POPE and the blessed Roman see!

Leave them owdacious heretics to heap their sinful praise
On manly faith and manly force and manly works and ways;
Drat sich perwerted rubidge! Give me but woman-kind,
The dear believin' crecturs, and much the men I mind!
Let Protestants take pulpits or platforms for their screen,
Old Mother POPE defies 'em, while she has Crinoline.
Yes, the Petticoats, the Petticoats, the Petticoats for me:
Let who will have NAPOLEON, while I have EUGENIE!

The wisdom of the serpent we're taught to take for guide,
And we all know what the serpent did with EVE upon his side:
Where there's woman's mind to pison and woman's ear to win,
You may trust old Mother POPE her way to coax and carney in;
She has priests in gowns and monks in frocks, dear souls, to bring
'em to;

And for the men, Lord help 'em agin the female screw!
So the Petticoats, the Petticoats, the Petticoats for me,
Soon a turning round their fingers the men I'm sure to see.

Had I England's maids and matrons, as I've Ireland's, at my beck,
It's very soon my pastoral crook would be round England's neck.
While I've that gracious EUGENIE, for a daughter staunch and true,
It's little that her Judas of an EMPEROR can do.
Where Mother POPE once gets her foot, at marriage-bed or board,
I'd like to see the husband dares boast that he is Lord!
Yes, the Petticoats, the Petticoats, the Petticoats for me;
They loves their poor old Mother POPE, and her blessed Roman see.

MR. MANSFIELD AND THE MUSICIANS.

"MR. MANSFIELD, London Magistrate.

"This is not the first time, by a good many, that *Mr. Punch* has had occasion to applaud you, Sir. He was rejoiced to see that you did not mew regrets over the ill-advised ruffians who, in the POPE's interest, broke peaceful Englishmen's heads in the Park, but that you sent those ruffians to gaol. Nothing escapes *Mr. Punch*, MR. MANSFIELD, and though he may not express his sentiments upon everything at the moment it occurs, it is laid away in the faultlessly arranged and exquisitely indexed cells of his memory, to be produced at the proper time for the exaltation or confusion of the parties concerned. Sir, you had his silent approbation for the mode in which you dealt with those Irish blackguards, who are CARDINAL WISEMAN's lambs, and the O'DUNDERHEAD's protégés.

"*Mr. Punch*, however, takes immediate occasion to thank you for having dealt in a most righteous manner with a gang of street musicians who are constantly set on to annoy MR. BABBAGE, the great mathematician. What sort of animals the neighbours of MR. BABBAGE must be *Mr. Punch* cannot understand. They must be some kind of Gorilla, and he and M. DU CHAILLU may take a walk up in that direction one of these days, and under pretence of inquiring about lodgings, ticket-of-leave-men, or something of the sort, may have a good look at these creatures. For the state of barbarism in which they are sunk would be almost pitiable, were not the means of instruction within their reach. That they cannot comprehend that MR. BABBAGE's genius is an honour to the country, and that his name and inventions will be known in our history is bad enough; but that they must persecute the philosopher, must endeavour to disturb his studies by hiring dirty Italians to grind organs, or dirtier Englishmen to shout through trumpets before his house, amounts to savagery. Is there female malice in it, for such persistence in petty annoyance is almost below the malice of violent but forgiving man? Is there some vulgar shrewish Mater-familias who 'will have organs,' and would have them if NEWTON

were at work in the house to her right, and PASCAL expiring in that to her left? *Mr. Punch* cannot understand it. But, MR. MANSFIELD, he rejoices to see that you laid hold of an entire gang, and fined each of them Forty Shillings for so offending. Pray go on in the same way, for though the fines may be paid at first, the supporters of the Musicians will soon be tired of being lit to the tune of ten pounds per evening's annoyance. Your health, MANSFIELD."



A FRENCH FLOWER-GIRL.

SOFT HANDS AND HARD LABOUR.

HERE is a rare chance for any active-minded and active-legged young lady, who wants a place as maid-of-all-work—we mean to say, as Governess:—

A YOUNG LADY WANTED, in a farm-house, to instruct four children in music, singing, French, drawing, and dancing. Address A. B.

"Speed the plough" was once a favourite toast with agriculturists: but we imagine they now couple it with that of "speed to the piano." Well, we see no harm in farmers' daughters being taught to play and sing, or in their learning the French language, dancing, drawing and deportment. Perhaps it would be well if a knowledge of the dairy were instilled into their minds as well as of the dance: and as an addition to their drawing-room accomplishments, we think it might be wise to give them some acquaintance with the kitchen, and supply them with instruction in the culinary art. As farmers' daughters mostly have the chance to marry farmers, it would be well, besides accomplishments, to teach them their domestic duties; for however much young *Corydon* might like to hear his *Chloe* play and sing and talk in French (and the chances are the latter would be utter Greek to him), we fancy he would like still more to find that she was competent to give him a good dinner, and to take care that the dairy work and house work were well done.

But granting that accomplishments are of use in a farm-house, it seems to us absurd to think that one young lady can properly teach four children how to draw and dance and play and sing, and moreover to talk French. Doubtless hiring a young Governess is in many cases cheaper than sending a large family of small children to a school. But really there should be a branch of the Humane Society especially employed for the protection of poor Governesses, and for the prevention of the cruelties they suffer in the way of overwork. As it is, a Governess gets scarcely better wages than a common maid-of-all-work, and there is very little difference in the amount of manual labour which they both have to go through, and the way in which they mostly are treated by their missuses.

The Future of Yankeedom.

It may be confidently predicted that the triumph of the Black Republicans in the Federal States will lead to a rivalry in the struggle for the Presidency, between POMPEY and CÆSAR, and finally in the establishment of an American Empire, under the despotism of either CÆSAR or POMPEY; it will not much matter which, for no doubt the resemblance between POMPEY and CÆSAR will be very close, although perhaps especially remarkable on the part of POMPEY.



LIONEL (to his Rich Uncle's Coachman, who has driven him over to the Station). "And look here, Sawyer, give the Governor this Accidental Insurance Ticket with my love. I haven't forgotten him, and if anything happens to me, there's a Thousand Pounds for him!"

SCOTCH SABBATOMANIACS.

SABBATOMANIA is the only word that is fit to apply to the pitch of extravagance which Scotch fanaticism touching Sunday has at last amounted to; having become a complete craze, the national mental disorder of Scotland. No other expression can describe the moral and intellectual state of the frantic bigots, or raving hypocrites, who signed a memorial, which, got up by a section of the religious body ironically calling itself the "free Kirk," was, according to the *Dundee Advertiser*, presented by a REV. DONALDSON ROSE the other day at a meeting of the Brechin Parochial Board, and read by the Secretary. This posterous document actually stated:—

"That the attention of the Session has been directed to a motion laid on your table at last meeting to the effect that the Cemetery be kept open on the Sabbaths the same as the other days of the week, except during the hours of divine service in the forenoon and afternoons. That your memorialists believe that such an opening of the Cemetery would be an unnecessary and gratuitous innovation on the sanctity of the Lord's Day, and calculated to countenance and foster Sabbath desecration. May it therefore please the Board to refuse to pass said motion, and to continue the present regulation by which the Cemetery is kept shut on Sabbath."

It seems possible that such a requisition as the above could only have issued from a set of Presbyterian lunatics. The discussion of so rampant an eruption of frenzy could, one would think, have taken place nowhere out of a Calvinistic Bedlam. The prayer of this mad memorial, however, was not only seriously debated, but granted in part. A motion proposed by a sane gentleman named BLACK, for opening the Cemetery on Sundays "except during the hours of divine service in the forenoons and afternoons" (an exception conceded to the Sabbatomaniacs) was voted for by a minority of five. The motion of a poor creature, a MR. W. STEVENSON, for keeping the Cemetery closed as at present, was carried by a majority of thirteen. Finally, it was agreed on the motion of a gentleman not quite so far gone as the greater part of his associates, PROFESSOR GUTHRIE, "that the Cemetery should be open between one and two o'clock on the Sabbath, and that the Committee be instructed to make arrangements with the keeper for that purpose."

Now then, if HERVEY could come out of his own grave, wherever it is, and betake himself from his present place of sepulture to the Brechin

Cemetery, he would be able to pursue his Meditations among the Tombs there on a Sunday only between the hours of one and two. This limitation would perhaps suggest to him a reflection on the shortness of time, and the length of ears which had prescribed the brief duration of the span allotted him to meditate in by Scotch Sabbatomaniacs.

An hour's meditation among the tombs may be sufficient for people in general, who do not share the partiality of HERVEY for that amusement. But they, many of them, have a fancy for visiting the graves of their relations, which the working classes mostly have no time to do except on a Sunday, and the interval between one and two is just that which they usually spend in discussing baked shoulder of mutton, roast potatoes, and onion sauce; or something analogous.

The perversion of those feelings which have the highest relation, is a painful subject, on which it is well to say no more; except this; that unhappy officials and others who have got so bad as to shut the public out of a Cemetery on Sundays, ought to be taken care of, and that none of the members of the Brechin Parochial Board, who voted for the outrageous proposal to close their burial ground on the Sabbath should be suffered to shave themselves, although they would perhaps get better if their heads were shorn.

POSTSCRIPT.—We are informed that the signatures to the petition for opening the Botanical Gardens at Edinburgh on Sundays were 14,000, not 1,400 as stated in our last Number. It rejoices us to see that Auld Reekie contains so many persons of sound mind in proportion to Sabbatomaniacs.

A Musical Mechi Wanted.

It was remarked in a musical smoking-room that DONNERBLITZ (the thundering, flashy, coarse, vulgar, celebrated melo-dramatic German *basso*) had been farmed for three years by a great concert speculator to sing in the provinces. "Yes," said little TOM PIPER, who always plays first fiddle when the theme is sarcasm, "it's all very well his being farmed, but I should like to know who is to cultivate him?"

THE BEST EXCUSE FOR A MAN MARRYING HIS DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.—Because he will only have one Mother-in-Law.



SHARKS!!

Horror of De Fizzz at the appearance of Miss Colina Bloggins (on whose swimming-ground he had inadvertently trespassed) whom he at first took for one of those terrible creatures that have recently visited Scarborough.

A MODERN URBAIN GRANDIER.

(For the Spiritual Magazine.)

THE Paris Correspondent of the *Morning Post* tells a story which will perhaps be quoted by prejudiced materialists as making against spiritualism, and by narrow-minded Protestants as evidencing Roman Catholic superstition. He gives the following narrative of certain wonderful phenomena which have occurred at Morzines in Savoy:—

“It appears that about the year 1857, a mysterious epidemic, characterised by convulsions (like your ‘revivals’), and a train of symptoms usually observed in hysteria and epilepsy, raged with such violence that in seven months 27 persons exhibited the form of the disease in its worst character. Seventeen were cured by the virtues of exorcisers. So delighted were the inhabitants of the commune at the success of these crafty deluders that they were called to show their skill upon the dumb animals of the district that were supposed to partake of the malady. Before the conclusion of 1860, 110 persons, mostly children, were victims of the epidemic.”

This state of things continued, getting worse and worse, until some account of it came to the ears of the Minister of the Interior; who sent DR. CORSTANS to see about it. As this physician is Inspector-General of Lunatic Asylums, it was perhaps natural enough of a sceptical Home Secretary, to entrust him with such a mission. DR. CORSTANS went, and, behold!—

“On his arrival at Morzines he found the whole population in a state of the utmost depression, every one believing himself possessed by a devil. The municipal council, with the utmost gravity, assured the learned doctor that if he only brought with him the ordinary remedies of science his treatment of the disease must fail; that hitherto success had only attended exorcisms, pilgrimages to holy shrines, and animal magnetism.”

The foregoing statements, however, will be cited by Spiritualists, too, against incredulous people, to prove that the supernatural virtues of exorcisms and holy shrines are shared by animal magnetism. Incredulous people, to be sure, will adduce it to demonstrate the same thing in confutation of both Spiritualists and Romanists, and will no doubt consider its subjoined sequel as a clincher of their argument:—

“The experienced physician’s prescription was as simple as it was efficacious. The first item was the removal of the *curé* of the parish, followed by the arrival of

a brigade of gendarmes and a detachment of infantry. The epidemic has disappeared.”

“Ha, ha! Cured in an instant!” Yes, it is all very well of shallow materialists to jump to their lame and impotent conclusion with a gratuitous laugh; but do they suppose that epidemic hysteria is curable by the arrival of a body of police and a troop of soldiers in the affected district? Are they blind to the significance of the fact that the disappearance of the disorder coincided with the removal of the *curé*? The cause was taken away, and the effect ceased. Of course they will turn this fact into ridicule by attempting to account for it on the supposition that the *curé* had turned his people’s heads, and that as soon as he was gone they came round again. This is the view that will be taken by stolid common sense; but we know better. The manifestations stopped on the removal of the medium. The narrator of the preceding particulars expresses the wish that such a treatment as that adopted in this case “had been followed in the days of CARDINAL RICHELIEU, when the unfortunate URBAIN GRANDIER, a curate of great merit, was burnt alive, being imagined by the nuns of the Ursulines to be the demon that afflicted them with a similar epidemic.” URBAIN GRANDIER was burnt for bewitching the Nuns of Loudon; not because he was imagined to be a demon, for if his judges had entertained that idea of him of course they would never have thrown faggots away upon him, which they would have looked upon as more absurd than carrying coals to Newcastle. It was stupid cruelty to burn him, when if he had been set down to a table and furnished with a *planchette*, he might have been utilised. The enlightened Spiritualist does not doubt that GRANDIER was a medium, and, in his explanation of the marvellous influence exerted by the *curé* of Morzines upon his flock, will also be guided by the truly golden maxim, *medico tutissimus ibis*.

“The Voices of the Night.”

“I COULDN’T get a wink of sleep,” said a newly-blessed Benedict, “on account of a disordeon that kept playing all night. “Disordeon!” inquired the confidant of his troubles, “What new instrument is that?”—“Only the baby,” was the yawning reply.

LADIES SAILING UNDER FALSE COLOURS.



WE were informed the other evening that red is now the fashionable colour for the hair, and that many swells and swellesses have had their hair dyed red, to make it suit the fashion. How true is the rumour we care not to decide, but that other portions of the person are dyed red beside the hair is proved by the advertisement of a thing called "liquid rouge," of which it is observed by its talented inventor that—

"Liquid Rouge has the advantage of being perfectly uninjurious to the skin, and at the same time admitting of the face being washed several times without the colour being removed. I must be allowed to repeat that this liquid does not injure, and that it produces so perfectly a natural appearance that a magnifying glass may be used without detecting the fact, that rouge and not nature has produced the beautiful bloom upon the skin. The knuckles and elbows are greatly improved by its use. It is sold at 1s. per bottle, and can be forwarded per post for 18 stamps."

If, in spite of all its virtues, this liquid rouge hang fire in sale (which, for the honour of the fair-sex, we sincerely trust it may), a new manner of wording will be used in the advertisements, and the puff poetic doubtless will supplant the puff prosaic. We shall then perhaps be favoured with announcements such as this:—

"Marked you her cheek of roseate hue?
Marked you her roseeate elbow too?
That tint the rose's blush excelling,
At three-and-six per box we're selling."

Or the poet might express himself in somewhat coarser language, thus:—

THE NAGGLETONS AT BRIGHTON.

The Scene represents an Apartment in the Hotel at Brighton. MR. NAGGLETON has put on his Hat and Gloves, placed the "Times" under his left arm, and his cigar in his mouth, and he now takes his stick, and is about to go out. MRS. NAGGLETON, who is reading the Supplement, has carefully watched all his preparations, but has abstained from speaking until he is quite ready to go.

Mrs. Naggleton (in an icy tone). I want a cheque, HENRY.

Mr. N. Very well, my dear, I'll give it you when I come in.

Mrs. N. I want it now, if you please.

Mr. N. O, bother, won't it do an hour hence?

Mrs. N. For the third time, MR. NAGGLETON, your wife has to solicit money from you. If you wish her to request it upon her knees, you had better state that such is your wish.

Mr. N. (throwing down cigar stick, and "Times," and tearing off his gloves). How can you use such idiotic language? Why couldn't you have mentioned it before one had one's hand on the door?

Mrs. N. I am too well aware of what would have followed any allusion to the subject during your breakfast, MR. NAGGLETON. I should have been insulted for not letting a man have time to swallow his coffee before dunning him for money.

Mr. N. (slightly conscience-stricken). Where is that wretched inkstand? You are always shoving it out of the way.

Mrs. N. I will fetch it from the bed-room. I do not regard a sixpenny inkstand as an ornament to a sitting-room. I will fetch it.

Mr. N. (venomously). Readily enough, I make no doubt, now. Yesterday, when I wanted to write a note, you had not the slightest idea where the thing could be, and referred me to the waiter who seemed on such good terms with me.

Mrs. N. (piously). That a person calling himself a man should bottle up such trifles to reproduce them for the purposes of malice!

Mr. N. Never mind what I bottle, my dear; get the ink-bottle.

Mrs. N. (sadly). Oh, dear! I know not which is worst—such seriousness or such joking.

Mr. N. (which shows wises that it is unwise to leave a man to his own reflections when money is wanted). By the way, what the deuce does she want with another cheque to-day? It's only Thursday. I pay the hotel bills. I don't quite see it in that light. Any how, we'll hear.

"Ladies, when your cheeks get pale,
Try the rouge we keep on sale:
You'll find it quite a first-rate tint,
And nothing poisonous is in't.
When once laid on it never cracks,
And, though 'tis liquid, sticks like wax.
It fades not at the water's touch
(Though of course you mustn't wash too much).
It will deceive the sharpest eye,
And e'en the microscope defy.
Ladies, by its aid you can
Subdue the stubborn heart of man;
Come then with a skip and hop,
Haste, ye nymphs, to Snooks his shop!"

In Japan when women marry they pull their eyebrows out and blacken all their teeth: and really this is scarcely a more barbarous proceeding than using artificial means for colouring the cheeks. Indeed when we hear of ladies reddening their knuckles and their elbows, we think them scarce more civilised than were the ancient Britons, with whom it was the fashion to dye themselves sky-blue.

Tastes differ, we all know; but for ourselves we can't consent to designate as "beautiful" the bloom which is produced by the agency of rouge: nor should we consider that a girl "improved" the look of her knuckles or her elbows by giving them an artificial redness by its use. A beauty, to please us, must be a beauty without paint: and as for the assertion that a magnifying glass might be used without detecting the presence of the pigment, this fact in no way serves to lessen our dislike for it. We should never dream, ourselves, of carrying a magnifier for the purpose of convicting any girl of using paint: and we should fancy few young ladies would suffer an admirer to inspect their skin as though it were a subject for a microscope, and were not to be regarded simply with the naked eye. Were we SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL, we should hold a sham complexion a fit ground for a divorce: and ladies using rouge with a view of getting married through it, we would find guilty of obtaining husbands under false pretences, and would sentence to hard labour, say plain needlework, for life.

Re-enter MRS. NAGGLETON, with the ink.

Mrs. N. There is the inkstand, HENRY.

Mr. N. I say, my dear, I move that this House do go into Committee of Supply.

Mrs. N. (not having yet got her cheque). Just what I want, HENRY. There is paper.

Mr. N. No, no, I've got my cheque-book.

Mrs. N. (in spite of herself). You have! You had no packet by this morning's post, and last night you had left your book safely locked up in town. But I never profess to understand the mysteries of commercial matters. I have no doubt it is all right. Draw for twenty pounds, if you please.

Mr. N. (evading the charge of fiction). This is Thursday, MARIA.

Mrs. N. I am perfectly aware of it, HENRY, and I deeply regret that your keeping me company here should deprive you of the happiness of attending at the "Flips." Had you not better go up by the 3'30 train?—you will be in time to applaud MR. WYNDHAM WAREHAM'S first joke.

Mr. N. (now robust et as triplex). This is Thursday, MARIA, and you had a cheque on Saturday. Why do you want another so soon?

Mrs. N. (briefly). Because the last is spent.

Mr. N. Unless you have any very special reason for wishing it, I should prefer not drawing until Saturday.

Mrs. N. As you please. (Resumes seat and Supplement.) That it should come to this!

Mr. N. Come to nonsense, MARIA. Can't a husband ask a plain question without a wife's turning on the water-works.

Mrs. N. does not speak, but the paper quivers with her shuddering remonstrance against his unfeeling vulgarity.

Mr. N. Now, don't be childish, there's a good creature?

Mrs. N. (sorrowfully). Creature, indeed!

Mr. N. I rather suppose myself to compliment you by talking to you in a business-like way—letting you into my little confidences—but one never knows how to deal with a woman. There is the cheque, however, MARIA. They'll cash it for you down-stairs.

Mrs. N. No, no. Take it back, and let us pay our bill and return to London by the third-class train. Ring for the bill, if you please.

Mr. N. Now what's up?

Mrs. N. O HENRY, this is your mean way of acquainting me with your embarrassments, perhaps ruin. What is to become of the poor children? Pray, ring for the bill.

Mr. N. And a strait-waistcoat to follow. What are you talking of?

Mrs. N. If your affairs are in such a state that it signifies whether you draw for such a trumpery [sum forty-eight hours sooner or later, we can have no business in a house like this. Pray let us go to London, and see what is to be done.

Mr. N. (white with rage). MRS. NAGGLETON, I do not quite like to say what I think you are, but certainly you are not a blessed wise person. What on earth have I said to justify such nonsense? I usually prefer to draw on Saturday because a good deal of money is paid in to my account on Fridays, (*observes Mrs. N. making a mental memorandum of the statement*) that is, on some Fridays—and so—

Mrs. N. O, don't take pains to mystify me, HENRY. I told you I knew nothing of commercial matters, not even how a book could get out of a locked drawer and come to Brighton without hands. I only spoke for the sake of the children, of whom you never think.

Mr. N. No, of course not, except from ten to six every day of my life, when I am working my hardest for them and their mother.

Mrs. N. (humbly). I am sorry we are such burdens to you.

Mr. N. (exasperated). Who the D, yes, a large D, MRS. NAGGLETON, for the case deserves it—who ever said you were burdens? You have no right to charge me with want of heart.

Mrs. N. If I seem to have done so, dear, I have expressed myself unfortunately. You have heart enough, it is your poor head that is too often in fault.

Mr. N. (At least twenty times more enraged with this imputation.) I—I—am very much obliged to you, MARIA; but your opinion of my intellect is, excuse me, not so valuable as it might be, if your own were of a higher order. (*Snorts.*)

Mrs. N. Recrimination, HENRY, is ever the resort of irritability, but it is no argument.

Mr. N. Argument, indeed! No, I do not know that I am called to argue with my own wife as to whether I am a fool or not.

Mrs. N. (smiling). No, dear, it is not necessary.

Mr. N. And, although your opinion on the subject is valueless, it may be well for you to know that it is certainly not that of my friends.

Mrs. N. I learned some lines when I was a little girl—I partly forget them—

Mr. N. (also forgetting his manners.) Not marvellous, my dear, considering the time that has elapsed.

Mrs. N. (not sneering from the charge.) They were something like this—

"No listening senate heeded what he spoke,
But the club hailed him master of the joke."

To be sure you are not master of the joke where MR. WYNDHAM WAREHAM is, but I dare say your friends (as you say) at the "Flips" would give you a character for a sort of smartness. I alluded, however, to real intellect; and perhaps as you do not quite understand me, we had better change the conversation. What a funny noise that man with bull's eyes makes.

Mr. N. MARIA, you of all women in the world—

Mrs. N. My dear HENRY, I have no affectation, but you are always using the word woman; it is not quite the thing; and, although it is natural that you should, from your antecedents—

Mr. N. Hang my antecedents, Madam, look at your own relatives.

Mrs. N. To see that you have studied grammar, if only for the sake of buffonery, is so gratifying, that I abstain from further remark.

Mr. N. I was going to say, MRS. NAGGLETON, that you of all—*ladies*—in the world are best entitled to deem me unwise, but that you also of all—*O, ladies*—ought to feel bound not to use your privilege.

Mrs. N. Which means, I presume, that, having honoured me with your alliance, I am never to express my sense of some of its disadvantages.

Mr. N. I know of none.

Mrs. N. Ah!

Mr. N. But I know that many women envy you.

Mrs. N. Envy is always a proof of weakness of mind; and, in this instance, most particularly so, my love.

Mr. N. I tell you one thing, MRS. NAGGLETON. In the old times, my holidays were periods of unmixed enjoyment, now they are occasions of incessant wrangle.

Mrs. N. If the first MRS. NAGGLETON had neither sense to perceive your deficiencies, nor spirit to point them out, HENRY, it is not my fault that I am successor to one who seems to have been but a few removes from an idiot.

Mr. N. I wish there were more such idiots in the world.

Mrs. N. (points to beach). I dare say you will find plenty down there—at least this is about the time the nursemaids and that sort come out. Have you spoken to your friend the waiter about dinner, love?

Mr. N. I think I shall go up to town.

Mrs. N. (smiling). As I was quite sure that you would not dare to be absent on a night when WYNDHAM WAREHAM is in the chair, I arranged to take an early dinner, and go round to SARAH BALTIMORE'S.

Mr. N. You might have asked me first.

Mrs. N. I might, certainly, but it didn't occur to me to do so. Still, I can send SARAH a note, if you find, by-and-by, that you have courage

to stay at Brighton with your wife, in spite of your friends and their sarcasms. Please yourself.

Mr. N. It being matter of perfect indifference to you?

Mrs. N. My feelings being matter of perfect indifference to you, I seldom trouble you with them.

Mr. N. Such is life? And what is marriage?

Mrs. N. Well, if you ask me, I should say it was—wedlock. Go and take your walk, and see if you can bring in a better definition, and, anyhow, bring in some better prawns than those you bought yesterday.

Mr. N. (going out angrily). Cuss Prawns.

SHALL WE GIVE UP GIBRALTAR?

ARE we going to give up Gibraltar? Of course, if we mean to dispense with our maritime force. For of what use to us can that distant rock be when we cease to maintain a dominion at sea?

As Gibraltar is close to the border of Spain, it belongs to the Spaniard—what pikestaff more plain? And the four Channel Islands, you see at a glance, are not much more remote from the borders of France.

Then we must, if of logic we cherish a spark, give up Jersey as well; Guernsey, Alderney, Sark—Common prudence would also that course recommend; it were best to return what we couldn't defend.

We'll surrender at once, then, to stand in no need of invasion, the whole of Great Britain indeed, letting Erin's green Isle be annexed to the land, if there is one, whose Rulers will take it on hand.

But though forming a part of Iberia's shore, in the first place Gibraltar belonged to the Moor, so we don't see our way, in resigning it, plain, to restore it to either Morocco or Spain.

In the meantime we own it in fact and by right, and at present intend to keep hold of it tight; and what tenants, in all the wide world can you find, who would hold it so much for the good of mankind?

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM ON STRAIT-LACING.

THE primary Visitation Charge of the RIGHT REV. DR. BARING, the new Bishop of Durham, delivered the other day, contains these words:—

"What manner of persons ought, then, the Clergy to be above all others in holy conversation and godliness—"

Which nobody can deny. His Lordship continued:—

"How ought they to shun all recreations and occupations which, though possibly innocent in themselves, might be likely to cause a weaker brother to fall!"

What are the recreations and occupations which BISHOP BARING alludes to? When *Parson Trulliber*, taking *Parson Adams* for a customer come to buy pigs, insisted on his going into the pig-stye to examine its occupants, amongst which *Adams* fell down, *Parson Trulliber* was an occasion of stumbling to *Parson Adams*, although the latter can by no means be said to have been a weak brother. There are few occupations, besides keeping pigs, that a Clergyman is at liberty to pursue; now does the BISHOP OF DURHAM mean to class pig-keeping among those occupations which, though possibly innocent in themselves, are likely to cause a weak brother to fall? Suppose a Clergyman does a little horse-dealing, is that an occupation which the Bishop considers likely to cause the fall of a weak brother? Not, surely, unless the reverend gentleman sells a horse that has been down on its knees. It may be said that the clerical horse-dealer constitutes himself a temptation to the professional one, by whom he exposes himself to be cheated; but that cannot be, when, as is generally the case, the parson is much too sharp to be taken in.

The game of skittles is a recreation closely connected with the imbibition of beer; but even if that recreation, innocent in itself, may occasionally conduce to excess in liquor, it does not appear to be one against which the Clergy need to be cautioned. In taking a fence, a Clergyman out hunting may himself come to grief; but he is not likely to cause anybody else to fall, weak brother or strong. And although indeed, he may, in playing cricket, indirectly occasion the fall of a brother to whom he gives a run, and who slips in taking it, being weak on his pins, yet perhaps this is not exactly the sort of fall which the Bishop means. It is to be feared, however, that he does mean to discourage the participation of his Clergy in athletic sports and pastimes, for his above-quoted remarks about recreations, smack rather of nervous than muscular Christianity.



THE GALE.

"DON'T BE ALARMED, DARLINGS—THE CAPTAIN HAS GOT QUITE ENOUGH TO DO TO LOOK AFTER HIMSELF."—PUNCH.

HERCULES AND OMPHALE.

HERCULES was a terrible god,
The Continent trembled wherever he trod,
Strong on the land and strong on the sea,
A very tremendous Power was he.
His club demolished all sorts of things,
December mobs, Januarius kings;
Euxine billows and Mexican waves
Whitened beneath the keels of his braves:
The noble city in which he reigns
He chopped into grooves for artillery trains.
Little was Hercules pleased to think
Of the tube that's charged with a reasoner's ink,
Much more honour he gave, I wot,
To the tube that's charged with a rifle-shot.
Slightly troubled with vain remorse,
Hercules reigned by the grace of Force:
Wrongs he wrought, but let history add,
That some of his acts were not so bad,
And men believed that the god would choose
The righteous course—while it suited his views.
Meanwhile he ruled with the club and sword,
A silent, stern, and resistless Lord.

Hercules had a mind to wed,
And whom should he raise to the Purple bed?
None of the maids of royal line
Were wooed to listen to vows divine.
From a great peninsula rich—in fame,
Where an ancient Pillar still bears his name,
His fancy minded a bride to seize,
And he bore her over the Pyrenees.
Oh, fair was the lady, and passing fair,
Seldom hath monarch a bride so rare,
A proud young beauty, whom every voice

Proclaimed was worthy his godship's choice.
Omphale came, with her lovely eyes,
And a nation held her a nation's prize,
Nor grudged a homage, unwon by arms,
To the despot throned by the grace of Charms.

Now none shall hold it at times unmeet
For a lover to fall at a lady's feet,
And kings and demi-gods oft have heard
Obedience taught in a whispered word.
The Hebrew monarch whose ring was spell
To seal the door of the Genii's hell,
Found he had slavery's doom to bear
When he gave the rings of domestic wear.
Antony bowed to a dusky bride
(Unless by STORRY'S chisel belied).
Nay, *Punch* himself, as creation knows,
Has been pleased to lie at JUDINA'S toes.

Sweet Queen Omphale's tastes were twain,
Tastes she brought from her sunny Spain.
Poised was her Majesty's heart between
Ecclesiastics and Crinoline:
Mumbler or milliner, folks confessed
'Twas hard to say which she loved the best.
Dear to her the frock of the priest,
Dear was the robe of the dear *modiste*.
Now the Church had the foremost place,
Now she was all for ribbons and lace,
Now she knelt for the barbarous Latin,
Now o'er the sweetest thing in satin.
And of all the kings of the southern land,
Her *beau idéal* was FERDINAND,
Who combined in one the duties three]
Of milliner, king, and devotee,
And, crowned and throned (as historians quote),
Embroidered the Virgin's petticoat.



E—P—R—N—N.

E—P—S—E—E.

HERCULES AND OMPHALE.

Dress was pardoned, when dress was seen
In all its grace on that lovely Queen,
And few, save husbands who had to pay,
Complained that life was a long display:
And that wives were taught she best fulfils
Her mission who shows most milliner's bills.
A shrug was twitched, and then even the wise
Began to talk of Omphale's eyes.
While Hercules, stern to all beside,
Had naught but praise for his radiant bride.

But lower yet must his godship bow.
Where is that terrible hero now?
'Tis the Church's day, and the priest has come
With a tawdry toy from his chief in Rome.
Milliners pack, and the day at least
Is given to Rome and the leering priest.
Down is Hercules, crouching down,
Before the befrocked and beshaven clown,
Down, in a land where laughter kills,
Down, for 'tis so that Omphale wills.
And there he lies at the Church's beck,
AND THE PRIESTLY FOOT'S ON THE WAR-GOD'S NECK.
Oh, all who 've smarted beneath his rod,
Are ye not venged on that prostrate god?

Up, O demi-god! else art none:
Zeus must blush for his vaunted son.
Thine Uncle-idol, the tyrant Dis,
Never had stooped to a doom like this;
Up, and the pious storm defy,
'Twill not be fierce in that lovely eye.
Up, and declare, to thy sense restored,
That thou lovest her well, but that thou art Lord,
Then turn and deal the avenging blow
On the base low brow of thy priestly foe.

* * * * *
Hurled from thy hand the impostor flies—
To the home of his father—the Father of Lies.

SOME ODISIOUS COMPARISONS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR JUST OFF HIS HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

WE all know pretty well what JOHN BULL thinks of foreigners—their railways, their hotels, their *cafés*, their hats, their coats, their cigars and their civility.

But I should be very curious to know what the foreigner thinks of JOHN BULL in these and the like particulars. Not the ASSOLANT kind of foreigner, the *feuilleton*-writing gentleman, who is nothing if not epigrammatic, and looks at things with exclusive reference to their effect in an article; but the honest, average Frenchman or German who has been over here this year on International Exhibition business or pleasure. I should like to compare notes with him on English hotels, *restaurants*, refreshment-rooms, lodging-houses, and so forth.

Fresh as I am from a couple of months on the Continent, spent most of it in France and Italy, I should be very curious to know whether English ways and waiters, rooms and refreshments, bed-rooms and bills, hotels and lodgings, strike him, as compared with those of his own country, in the way they strike me.

I suppose that is, as *Lord Dundreary* would say, "a thing no fellow can find out." But I know, at any rate, what I think on these points myself. And I think it worth saying, because I believe there is an immense deal of cant afloat on these matters—conclusions that won't hold water—complaisances that "won't wash"—conceit that calls for snubbing, and big hollow pretensions which would be all the better for having the wind let out of them.

Now I am not a decrier of Britons and things British. I have maintained before, and I am ready to maintain again, against all comers, and at all weapons, that Englishmen and women, of the class genteel, are, as a rule, the cleanliest, neatest, best dressed, and best behaved travellers in the world. I aver, too, and will maintain that in point of speed, civility, and comfort,—allowing for the higher chances of a smash, and the inferiority of our second-class carriages—the English railway system is immeasurably to be preferred to the French or German. Indeed I know nothing half so striking in the way of distinction between matters at home and abroad, as the contrast in the demeanour, voice, and behaviour of everybody about the railway-stations, when you change the lines on the other side the Channel for those on this. I look upon our English railway-guards and porters as the modern Chesterfields. I know no class equal to them for good breeding, patience, chivalrous gallantry to women, fine manners, and sustained good temper. I haven't an idea how this consummation comes about. It can't be the Directors—they are a dreadful set of harpies and vultures, as we all know

from the leading-articles and letters in the newspapers. It can't be the influence of the occupation, which is hard and wearing, exposing the men to all weathers when in motion, to dreary, monotonous watching and waiting when on station duty. It can't be the prospect of the "tip," which they are forbidden to take, and which everybody is determined to give. I dismiss the idea of *that* motive as alike insulting and insufficient. But what can it be? The virtue is universal with the class. I have sometimes observed a snappishness among the young gentlemen who give out the tickets at the pigeon-holes. But then it must be owned they are very hardly tried by sudden examinations in *Bradshaw*, and difficulties about change. But the porters and guards never fail one. They are all absolutely lambs, doves, angels in ribbed corduroy or blue broad-cloth.

Abroad, on the other hand, from the moment your *voiture* sets you down at a station, you feel yourself a mark for imposition and extortion, a helpless victim of despotic forms, the bond-slave of a set of haughty tyrants in uniform. They are all alike, from the ticket-clerk behind the grating, who contemptuously thrusts you out your tickets, and is quite capable of cheating you in your change, when you pay for them, to the luggage-registering clerk in the cage, who makes out your luggage-ticket, and blows you up, if you fumble with your *billet*, or have any difficulties in handing him the exact amount demanded for trunks and portmanteaus. When you have run the gauntlet of these tyrants, there is the man on guard at the waiting-room door, who will not allow you to pass in or out without showing your ticket, who separates you from the wife of your bosom or the friend of your youth, supposing them to have accompanied you with a view to an affectionate farewell at the last moment; and then, when you have been swept in the rush out of the waiting-room on to the platform, you find yourself out of the frying-pan in the fire, in the hands of a despot and slave-driver, to whom the oppressors you have hitherto had to deal with are meek and merciful. This is, of course, the guard, who orders you about, crams you with fiendish satisfaction into the last place of a crowded carriage, with an empty one on each side of it, clamours down your remonstrances, gives you the lie direct, separates your party, laughs at your discomfort, and seems altogether to revel in the opportunity of making you feel that for the time being the power is his, and that he means to abuse it. Fleas may be a nuisance, beggars a bore, mosquitoes an infliction, small wash-hand basins an evil, pestering *ciceroni* a torment; *vin ordinaire* is not, as a rule, delicious;—but I declare solemnly, that as far as my experience goes, travelling has no nuisance, irritation and discomfort comparable to the foreign railway official. He is at least as open to a "tip" as his British brother; but the one is civil to you, though you never offer him a sixpence; the other is uncivil, though you try to propitiate him with five-franc pieces.

The contrast between the two puzzles me. I cannot understand why the railway uniform should transform JOHN BULL into a *Grandison* and JOHNNY CRAPAUD into a *Legree*. As for the German railway people they are, if possible, worse than the French—because they are clumsy and stupid, besides being overbearing and oppressive.

If the difference be caused by the fact that England is a constitutional country, and France and Germany paternal despotisms, I can only wonder that the difference should be felt so much in this and so little in other things.

But whatever the cause, the difference I insist upon is more marked and more operative on a traveller's comfort, than any other distinction between this tight little island and the big loose Continent beside it. But I admit it is at this point the balance must be struck, if one means to keep up the old notion that England is the country for neatness, cleanliness, kindness, practical good sense, and all other things that conduce to comfort. If one goes further—to the refreshment rooms, the hotels, the eating-houses, the shops with their ministering spirits,—waiters, and shop-men and women—and their appliances—beds, furniture, bed and table linen, washing, cookery, service, &c., &c.—then I am bound to own that England stands fearfully below neighbouring Continental countries. I am forced to the conclusion that in all that relates to the accommodation and enjoyment of the traveller, England cannot hold her own for an instant with foreign parts—that she falls below them as far in comfort, cleanliness, convenience, and common-sense as in cheapness. I throw this paradoxical proposition down at the end of this paper, and give the reader a week to digest it. Next week I will tell him on what grounds I maintain so seemingly unpatriotic a doctrine.

The Celtic Water Cure.

CAPTAIN HANS BUSK, of the Victoria Rifles, writing to the *Times* on the subject of suppressing riots, observes:—

"As soon as a popular tumult assumes a threatening aspect, nothing more is necessary in order to quell it than a couple of fire-engines, supported by a detachment of police, who have only then to direct a steady horizontal jet of water full at the head of the mob."

A capital suggestion. We will only venture to improve upon it by recommending that the fluid employed to disperse riotous Irish Yahoos should be particularly pure, because those creatures have a peculiar antipathy to clean water.



CAD (in a breath). "Ch-ing Coss-cadilly 'igh Par-cibishur-n Queen's Hallum!"
[In vain the unfortunate Mossoos consult their Handbooks and Lexicons.]

A PLEA FOR CRINOLINE.

"MR. PUNCH, SIR,

"It's really horrid and disgraceful and audacious—and I wonder how you can dare (yes DARE, Sir) to do it—and I've a great mind to say that I'll never forgive you!—and—but I forgot I haven't told you yet what I mean: Well, what I mean is, Sir, the way in which you presume to talk about our Crinolines. It was only last week, or the week before, that you had the atrocity to say that Crinoline was the very 'worst lady's habit, and the sooner she threw it off the better.' Why, I never heard anything so shocking! But that's not the worst of it—you're always poking your fun at our dresses, or our bonnets, or our walking-sticks (as if we hadn't a right to have walking-sticks as well as you) and it's all hypocrisy, Sir, and you know it is. Why, if we were to be such geese as to give up our 'hen-coops' or 'expansions' or whatever you choose to call them, you would be the first to laugh at us—like that wretch of an EMPEROR when his sweet EUGENIE came down to breakfast one morning without hers, all to humour his whims—you would be the first to be making your jokes about 'walking May-poles,' &c., whilst the dirty little boys would call after us 'There goes another guy!' or 'There go several other guys!' as the case might be.

How would you like to see Mrs. Punch—a thousand pardons—Mrs. Judy—and all the little *Judies* parading the streets for all the world like broomsticks, or mop-handles, poor things? (I'm glad you're not my papa!) and with no more *tourneur* than a bed-post or an old Aunt Sally? And if we do get burnt to death, our wings singed a little now and then, it's only the old Tabbies or the wall-flowers, who huddle round the fender because they can't get partners enough to keep themselves warm. Besides, what do people want with fires in ball-rooms at all, as if it wasn't always hot enough without? and if they must indulge in their Salamanderish propensities, why can't they just put a screen over the grate, and roast in security. Moreover, even admitting (for the sake of argument only) that our balloons are a little dangerous or so in case of Fire, are they not absolute salvation in the case of Water? Think how many a girl gracefully buoyed up by her expanding dress has escaped a frightful death, and, as one of your poets says—

"Floated down the river like a water-tight *Ophelia*,
For her Crinoline sustained her?"

"Then again, Mr. Punch, as to those absurd stories of fat boys being swept off jetties and so forth—I don't believe a word of such stuff, and if our 'steel-traps,'

as they call them, do sometimes hurt the legs of the opposite sex a little, why so much the better! Why can't they keep at a respectful distance, as they are obliged to do when they go to see that sweet Koh-i-Noor, or the *Tinted Venus*, or anything else that is too precious and exquisite to be endangered by contact with their Bear-ships? For my part I always consider this one of the strong points of the invention.

"Then as regards 'Dress-makers' bills,' and 'extravagant prices,' and all that rubbish that the men are eternally braying about, it's a mere *bagatelle* to what they spend on themselves and their horrid cigars, and their clubs, and their vanities. Who is it, I should like to know, all the world over, that delight in bedizening themselves and hanging themselves in chains? Answer me that, Mr. Punch,—and honestly if you can for once? Who is it that love to dock their sinful bodies in feathers, and nose-rings, and fripperies? whilst their poor Squaws are left to do all the dirty work at home, and carry the papoues? Why the men again, Mr. Punch; the male creatures—the peacocks! But I've no patience with such meanness, and if I write any longer I shall get into a passion,

"So I subscribe myself,

"Your indignant

"Whalebone Walk, Brighton."

"CRINOLINA."

THE RISING CRY.

THE POPE'S entreated to give way,
And abdicate his hated sway,
Non possumus is his reply.
The Romans shout, "No Popery!"

He couldn't, unto parents due
Restore the kidnapped little Jew,
That was baptised upon the sly;
Nature calls out, "No Popery!"

His slaves doom Protestants, in Spain,
To prison cell, and felon's chain,
Whilst all enlightened nations cry,
"Shame, Spaniards, shame! No Popery!"

Banditti ravage hearth and home
To vindicate the POPE OF ROME,
Assassins strike, Italians die,
And dying shriek, "No Popery!"

Here, Ireland's vilest of Yahoos
Raise for their Pontiff dire hurroos,
Shillelaghs flourish, brickbats shy,
And then we say, "No Popery!"

A King, against his people's will,
France, thine Elect maintains him still,
Dost thou as thou wouldst be done by
Not to exclaim, "No Popery!"

Is all thy sense of Justice dead?
Has every spark of honour fled?
No more thine own prized right deny:
Thunder, thou too, "No Popery!"

THE AMATEUR DIPLOMATIST.

A Street Dialogue.

Brown. COBDEN'S been speaking at Manchester. What about?

Jones. About an hour and a-half.

Brown. What did he say?

Jones. Abused Maritime Law, which he said was as bad as the Corn Laws, praised the Yankees, showed that Blockades did nothing, also that they prevented us from getting cotton.

Brown. But the propositions are inconsistent.

Jones. That's his business. Well, that was all, except that he said he was an Amateur Diplomatist; and he urged the young Manchester swells not to be stiff-backed dandies but to look alive, like men.

Brown. Ah, thanks, you've saved my reading the seven columns. Cold day, eh?

[*Exeunt.*]

THE WIND AND THE WATERING-PLACES.



THE effects of the late gale have been terribly disastrous. The calamities at sea which the newspapers have chronicled have been by no means the only losses which have been sustained. At nearly all the watering-places on the Southern and the Eastern coasts much valuable property has been utterly destroyed, and many a lady's toilette has been made a perfect wreck. Not for many seasons has such a storm been witnessed, and the amount of damage done to parasols and petticoats is more than has been known by the very oldest bathing woman. We subjoin from various sources some authentic details, which will serve to show how great was the fury of the storm.

At Folkestone, it is stated, for several days past the shore has been completely covered with fragments of costume, which have been torn away by the violence of the gale. Bits of bonnets, brims of hats and scraps of artificial flowers have been picked up in great quantities upon the pier and on the Leas, and fully a thousand yards of Crinoline, carried from its moorings and abandoned by the owners have been discovered in small pieces along the beach and cliffs.

At Hastings and St. Leonards sixty-seven new umbrellas were blown inside out on Sunday in coming out of church, five-and-twenty hats were whirled across the street, and eleven false moustachios were blown into the sea.

At Scarborough, on the twentieth, when the gale somewhat abated, the *Mary Ann* contrived, by skilful seamanship and pilotage, to reach the bookstall at the Station, and make her passage home with a cargo of new novels, without sustaining any damage further than the springing of a small leak in her shoe. Later in the day the same voyage was attempted by the *Jane Semina*, a somewhat smaller craft, and carrying more top-hamper, in the shape of a spoon-shaped bonnet. She stood out well at first, but, in rounding a street corner, she caught a sudden puff, and was very nearly thrown on her beam ends. Righting herself bravely, she bore on for a while, but was soon observed to throw out signals of distress. Observing this, the *Arthur*, that had been on the look-out, gallantly bore down to her assistance, and, having shortened her head-sail by taking in her parasol, eventually succeeded in towing her to port.

At Lowestoft several casualties are reported to have happened; but, although the slates, and tiles, and chimney-pots have been flying in all directions, no personal calamity is known to have been suffered. On the pier eleven wide-awakes were blown from their moorings, and of these but three were saved, the others sinking one by one within sight of the shore. How many ladies' hats were carried away, or otherwise destroyed, has not been ascertained with anything like accuracy, but it is feared that the number of total wrecks is very great.

From Eastbourne we are told that the storm raged with great force; but, as the visitors for the most part kept prudently at anchor by their own firesides, but little loss of property has been hitherto sustained. It is, however, stated that a score of new umbrellas were blown clean inside out, and one unfortunate Skye terrier was carried off its legs; and, but for the blue ribbon which moored it to its mistress, there is little doubt that it would have been lost.

At Dover several bad collisions are reported to have happened, and a number of small craft, through press of Crinoline, have been for some time in great danger; but, assistance being ready, no wrecks have occurred.

From Ramsgate we receive the like calamitous intelligence, testifying to the violence and fury of the gale. Three fruit-stalls were capsized at various street-corners, and several parasols were seen to go to pieces without the possibility of rendering any help. Among other mishaps, a couple of craft of small tonnage—or rather of small poundage—the *Freddy* and the *Charley*, were riding (upon donkeys) in safety on the sands, when a furious gust caught them, and carried away their head-gear; but they held on bravely (to the pommel of their saddles) and escaped being wrecked.

The reports from Brighton have not yet fully been made up. We

have, however, learned that among the mishaps occasioned by the gale, on Monday afternoon a nursemaid, who was coming alongside of a soldier, by a sudden squall was carried right into his arms, and there quietly remained without sustaining any damage further than a furtive kiss. Another nursemaid, finding her perambulator difficult to steer, immediately hoisted signals of distress. These being observed by Policeman Z. 11, that gallant officer at once made sail to her assistance, and did not leave her side until he saw her safe in port.

THE BRITISH BULL-DOG TO THE PRUSSIAN EAGLE.

ARE you true Eagle of aquiline race,
With a beak that spurns bars, a wing that snaps tethers,
And an eye to look Royalty's Sun in the face?
Or are you a chicken in Eagle's feathers?

Are you an Eagle, whose home's the sky,
Who loves free flight and air that is pure;
Or a buzzard that has but soared so high,
The swifter to stoop to a royal lure?

Is that beak but meant to guzzle and gorge?
Hold you those claws at your master's will,
To carry the bolts your Jove may forge?
Bear you that head to be hood-winked still,

As fits a bird of perch and mew,
Tamed and trained for the sport of a king,
To strike the quarry he tosses you to,
And then at his whistle to fold your wing?

With ruffled feathers I see you stand;
Your foot is on a parchment roll:
And I see your master reach his hand,
Out of your gripe to wrench the scroll.

With characters fine and flourishes fair,
I read "Constitution" writ therein:
And the world for the upshot sits a-stare.
Will HOHENZOLLERN or Eagle win?

List, Eagle of Prussia, if not too proud,
By the British bull-dog advised to be;
The time has been, when had I been cowed,
The STUART had kennelled and collared me.

The never a parchment scroll had I
With Constitution fairly spelled,
But I had a bare bone of liberty,
And betwixt my teeth that bone I held.

My master STUART bade drop that bone,
Or, dog as I was, I should be shent.
I told my master to leave it alone;
Or meddling might breed him discontent.

He lifted his hand, I showed my teeth,
He strode a step, I stretched my chain:
He drew his sword from out the sheath,
I warned him to put it up again.

He raised the blade, my fangs I bared,
He came; I broke the chain that held:
He struck; but ill with his crown it fared:
I swallowed it, and the head it held.

To collar and kennel I've since returned,
As bull-dog should, at my own good will:
But the sweet bone that day's tussle earned,
That bone I keep, and will keep it still.

There, Eagle of Prussia, I've said my say,
For you and for him that wears the crown;
Let your bite be worse than your bark allow,
But keep your foot where you've set it down.

FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

MAN and wife are like a pair of scissors, so long as they are together, but they become daggers so soon as they are disunited.

WHY IS IT EXPENSIVE TO KEEP PIGEONS?—Because you must have a housemaid (house made) specially for them.



WIGGLES AND SPROTT PREFER BATHING FROM THE BEACH TO HAVING A STUFFY MACHINE. THEY ARE MUCH PLEASED WITH THE DELICATE LITTLE ATTENTION INDICATED ABOVE!

PARSON STOWE AND THE RECRUITING SERGEANT.

WHAT an insult, PARSON STOWE, to ask you to enlist?
Did you tell the Sergeant so, you Abolitionist?
For a cause so good and true why scorn to strike a blow?
Why but talk, whilst others do the fighting, PARSON STOWE?

If 'tis wicked of the North to war upon the South,
Oh! then stretch not your hand forth, and likewise hold your mouth;
And instead of preaching peace don't blow the coals of strife:
Let the exhortation cease that works like drum and fife.

But what insult can you find, in credit for no lack
Of a stout and valiant mind within a suit of black:
Pluck enough in that meek heart beneath that sable coat,
In the war to take a part, since you the war promote?

If this is a holy war, and not a horrid curse,
Sacred calling is no bar; entirely the reverse,
To exclude from the Crusade a Preacher of the Right:
So, if you are not afraid, why not enlist and fight?

THE GRAND CUSTOM OF SPAIN.

THE KING OF DAHOMY was informed by a Missionary that the EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH had lately presided at a Spanish bull-fight, the incidents of which, being detailed to His Majesty, afforded him high gratification. He said, "Berry good; berry good; keep good customs: bull kill mans more good customs. Gorr!" The following passage relative to the QUEEN OF SPAIN, extracted from a British journal, was then read to him:—

"Her Majesty attended Mass yesterday at the Cathedral at Malaga, and visited several charitable institutions and industrial establishments, inaugurated an exhibition of works of industry, and late in the day was present at a bull-fight."

"Good dat last," cried KING BADAHOUNG; and he rolled his eyes, and grinned from ear to ear. "Berry good customs," he remarked.

"White Queen keep customs some good. Not so good customs as Black King, though. Yah! French Empress—Spanish Queen—come here! Teach um keep grand customs proper. Ghaw!" The King then uttered a loud roar, when a dozen captives were instantly brought before him, given a glass of rum a-piece, and beheaded with a blunt chopper, after which he set to playing at football with their heads, one of which he kicked rather too hard, so as to hurt himself, and then he lay down and bellowed.

SYMPATHY WITH IRISH RIOTERS.

A MEETING was held one day last week at a public-house in Holborn for the purpose of getting up subscriptions to pay the fines incurred by the faithful Irish, CARDINAL WISEMAN'S Lambs, in breaking the heads of Garibaldian heretics with their pious shillelachs. It is much to be feared that the object of the respectable Irish gentlemen who countenanced this assembly will in future be frustrated by Magistrates too anxious to protect the peace of the public against the assaults of Irish Catholic zeal. There is every reason to apprehend that, instead of fining devout Irishmen for cracking the crowns of British liberals, their Worship will exercise their optional discretion of giving those dear children of the gushing Cardinal imprisonment and hard labour.

We may state that, at the pro-shillelagh demonstration above alluded to, some mention was made of another subscription now in progress for erecting a memorial to the late DANIEL O'CONNELL. It was proposed that the memorial should consist of a statue; and a Member of the Irish Papal Brigade who happened to be present, judiciously suggested that, as O'CONNELL was in his day the Liberator of Ireland, whereas Irishmen at present are ready to fracture the skull of anybody that dares so much as to shout for the Liberator of Italy; therefore, the statue to the memory of DANIEL O'CONNELL should be composed of brass, and planted upside down.

AGREEABLE ECONOMY.

Emily. Good bye, CHARLEY. Mind you take a "Buss."
[CHARLEY does so instantly—left cheek near the dimple.]



SENTIMENT.

EDWIN (to whom it suddenly occurs). "Neat thing in Sunsets, Angy?"
 ANGELINA. "Why, so it is! Mauve clouds with amber trimmings! Most tasteful thing of the kind I ever saw, Love!"
 [Query. Was ANGELINA chaffing?]

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A MILL-OWNER AND JOHN BROWN.

"Who are you, who are you, my friend, All out at your elbows and toes?"
 "I'm JOHN BROWN, at your service, Sir, A spinner with scarce any clothes."
 "How's that, JOHN BROWN, JOHN BROWN, After spinning away all your life?"
 "It's all o' that there Yankee war, That brotherly murderin strife."
 "What's that, JOHN BROWN, JOHN BROWN; That I see you have got in your hand?"
 "It's my wife's wedding-ring as I'm going To pawn at the pawnbroker's stand."
 "Not that, JOHN BROWN, JOHN BROWN; Can't you find something better to sell?"
 "Why I've sold every stick as I've got To get bread, for the wife, boys and gell."
 "Oh that, JOHN BROWN, JOHN BROWN, Mustn't be, mustn't be, my friend."
 "Well then, you, and the likes as is rich, Your help and your money just lend."
 "Well that, JOHN BROWN, JOHN BROWN, Would perhaps be the right thing to do."
 "I should just think it was, else we'll starve Close to well-fed mill-owners like you."
 "Well, well, JOHN BROWN, JOHN BROWN, You mustn't take on so, my man."
 "Take on so, why fever will soon Take the lot o' us out o' the lan'."
 "What, what, JOHN BROWN JOHN BROWN, So bad as all that has it got?"
 "Yes, you and all them as has means Might save us from all going to rot."

Quite a Drug in the Market.

THEY are going to put up to sale the contents that are left in the International Exhibition Building. What an enormous sum might be realised if they could sell the discontents that have come out of it!

THE REFEREE'S DECISION.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,
 "I SAY, you are always a friend to us youngsters, and I want you to make things square between me and the Governor. He is the best old party in the world, but he don't always see things in a right light, don't you know, and times have changed since he was a boy,—*tempora mutantur*, and all that. He will insist in writing on his letters to me, 'Master SWITHIN LANE'; and the other chaps at the school chaff me like fun (only it isn't fun to me), and say that I am a nice little child, and why doesn't the nurse come to see me, and no end of that. I say, you have been young yourself, you know, and you might say a word. I have spoken to the Governor, and asked him to write 'Mr.' (I didn't go in for 'Esquire,' though some of the chaps have their letters so), and he talks about 'Mr.' meaning an adult, and that I am only fifteen, and that it would be a 'positive wrong.' I should like to know which is wrongest, doing a little thing like that, to oblige your own flesh and blood, or leaving me to be chaffed every time I get a letter, besides causing me to give another fellow a black eye, as I was forced to do last week for his cheek, and will again? Besides, the Governor is so inconsistent. He writes to twenty folks in a day that he is their 'very obedient servant,' and I should like to hear one of them tell him to brush a coat. Isn't that 'a positive wrong?' Besides, he's wrong again. I am not a master, but a pupil; so he puts his dear old foot in it every way. Just give him the mildest dig, and, believe me,

"Yours really and truly,
 "SWITHIN LANE."

Chapeauology.

THE name of the old French hat has for years past been *Gibus*. The new French hat, however, has been the target, or the head-piece, rather, of so many jokes, at the expense of the poor Mossoos, that they might safely venture to call it *Jib(e) us*.

A PUZZLE IN THE COURT CIRCULAR.

THE subjoined extract from the *Court Circular* is indistinctly concise:—
 "OSBORNE, OCT. 30.—The QUEEN walked this morning."

In labouring to be brief, the chronicler of the Court movements becomes obscure. "The QUEEN walked this morning." Well; but HER MAJESTY has hitherto, happily, been accustomed to walk every morning. The information that "the QUEEN walked," as if our Sovereign had been for some time keeping her bed, was calculated to create anxiety and alarm in the minds of HER MAJESTY'S subjects. Instead of being apprised that the QUEEN walked in the abstract, they ought to have been told that she walked in the castle grounds or where else soever it pleased her to walk. Some persons, accustomed to express themselves in idiomatic language, when they read the statement that the QUEEN "walked," too probably misunderstood it to mean, that HER MAJESTY went away. Avoid slang.

A Lady's Postscript.

It is said that the meaning of a lady's letter always peeps out in the Postscript. It may not generally be known, but there is an insinuating motive in this. The dear creature, after indulging in a quantity of elegant nonsense, ties her meaning tightly up in the Postscript—thus evidently wishing that everything she has of truth, or interest, to communicate, may be taken literally *au pied de la lettre*. And who can say that in this, as in all other things, the dear creature is not quite right in the end?

VENUS PRESERVED.

SOME ladies were decrying MR. GIBSON'S *Tinted Venus*, when an old maid exclaimed, pityingly, "Poor creature! if she is stinted, why doesn't she wear a Crinoline?"

FOX-HUNTING IN FRANCE.



PEOPLE who delight in the *entente cordiale*, and hail with rapture every step made towards Anglicising Frenchmen and Frenchifying English, must have seen with immense pleasure the following quotation, made lately by the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* :—

"A *Haute* paper says there is serious talk of organising in Normandy fox-hunting in the English style. The object of this is said to be to form hunters and chargers on the model of the famous English hunters. The hunting-hunt is to serve as a complement of the training school and of the steeple-chases, already to some extent introduced into France. It is proposed to form a committee in Normandy, consisting of the principal landowners of the districts in which the hounds

should be kept, in order to obtain the right of traversing the country; also to regulate the question of compensation for damage done. One or several kennels should be formed by persons specially employed for the purpose; the season to be from November to March."

Knowing somewhat how *la chasse* is pursued across the Channel, we can picture to our mind the ludicrous absurdities French "sportmen" will commit, in the way of hounds and horseflesh, customs and costume, ere they succeed in hunting foxes *à la mode anglaise*.

Fancy a French tailor's notion of a hunting-coat, and what monstrous eccentricities his scissors would indulge in when first cutting out the "pink!" Then what years and years of training must a *chasseur* undergo before he brought his figure down to proper hunting weight, and what practice would it take him to learn the art of facing a "bulfinch" without flinching, or to take his "timber" as coolly and complacently as though it were a walking-stick!

If by luck he ever managed to clear a five-barred gate, how he would glory in describing his achievement of the feat, and what stories of his prowess in the field would he narrate, when he reached that time of life which we may call his anecdote! As for getting him to hunt without a big horn at his back, that of course would be past hoping until after many seasons: and we can fancy how each *chasseur* would fancy himself the huntsman, and act as though he solely had command of the whole pack. We can conceive too with what clamour the hunting field would echo, and what curious imitations would be given of the cries which foxhunters in England are accustomed to emit. How would the "view holloa" be translated into French? or if *les chasseurs au retard* in preference adopted the English cries themselves, how would they pronounce such words as tally ho! hark for 'ard! gone away! or Yoicks!

These and other questions of like national importance are suggested to the mind of the meditative reader upon seeing that the French are about to take to fox-hunting *à la mode anglaise*. Well, we really see no reason why they should not try to imitate us, in this or any other of our national accomplishments, and we wish them all success in making the attempt. Whatever their shortcomings and their failures in the field, fox-hunting is at any rate a better sport than bull-baiting, which for the credit of the country we hope it will supplant.

SHILLELAGHS IN CONTROVERSY.

OUR Ultramontane contemporary, the *Tablet*, with reference to the change in the policy of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH on the Roman question supposed to be signified by his appointment of M. DROUYN DE LÉHYS in the place of M. THOUVENEL, makes the wonderful remark ensuing :—

"The Liberal press does not conceal its vexation; it admits that the EMPEROR has deluded it, and it is ready to take its revenge by breaking somebody's head."

The Liberal Press will be amused at finding itself accused of a readiness to break heads by that particular journal which is the pious apologist of WISEMAN'S lambs.

THE BEST CURE FOR THE HEARTBURN.—Marriage.

A STREET DIALOGUE.

Jones. So DIZZY has been making a long Church speech. What does he say, ROBINSON, you know everything?

Robinson. You flatter me. Says—well, he says that LORD JOHN RUSSELL and his family have got a lot of Church property, and that he is quite sure they will be happy to make amends to the Church.

Jones. Cool—well.

Robinson. It is cool, but the BISHOP OF OXFORD, who was in the Chair, said that "a mixture of Tonic and Bitters was wanted in spiritual matters."

Jones. Gin and bitters they call it in private life. Well?

Robinson. Well, DIZZY thought the late Archbishop much too ready to surrender everything—and thought the Church ought to take a defined and determined attitude.

Jones. Militant, in fact?

Robinson. Just so—said that industry, liberty, and religion were the History of England—

Jones. Might as well have said that dice-boxes, dice, and draughts were—they are the contents of many a rational a History of England as that.

Robinson. Who's a denyin' on it? Well, Sir, he then stated his five points—his Church Charter. There should be Church Education, More Bishop—

Jones. I say.

Robinson. He says. 'The Lay Element—

Jones. Which is that?

Robinson. I don't know—water, I suppose, as the parsons seldom drink it. Then he wants the Parochial System, and the Clergy made more efficient.

Jones. That's right, but how?

Robinson. By giving them more money.

Jones. Oh, is that a good way? I didn't know. I'll think over it before I send any to the Bishop of Tonic and Bitters. Thanks, old man. What execrable weather. [Exit.

MUSICAL GYMNASTICS.

"DEAR JACK,

"WHAT a muff you are! Why *didn't* you come up last week? Oh, the partridges he hanged! You might have left them for one day: and only see now what a sight you've missed! No, I don't mean down at Brompton, though, thank goodness! that shop's shut—except for swells who want to buy a three-hundred-guinea sideboard, or a self-acting steam muffin-cutter, or something of that sort. The sight I mean was down at Sydenham, at the Crystal Palace, and here is the official advertisement thereof, extracted from the programme I purchased in the building :—

"CRYSTAL PALACE, Wednesday. * * * Half-past three: LÉOTARD in his Wondrous Trapeze Performance across the Centre Transept, accompanied by the Orchestral Band of the Company."

"There, you silly fellow! Now, pray, wasn't *that* a sight worth coming all the way from Slushbury to see? Just picture to yourself, my boy, the Wondrous LÉOTARD, flying across the transept 'accompanied by the orchestral band.' Can't you in your mind's eye see them in the act?—conductor with his long hair floating in the breeze; performers with their instruments close upon his heels, all ophicleides and oboids, kettle drums and cornets, bassoons and double basses, all accompanying the Wondrous in his trans-transeptal flight? Was there ever known a musical performance such as this? HERE STRUMUNDRIUM'S gymnastics are nothing in comparison, yet you know what his contortions are in playing the piano, and how actively he jumps from the tip top of the treble to the bottom of the bass. How on earth—or rather in air—the fiddlers can have managed, with their fiddlesticks in one hand and their fiddles in the other, to catch hold of each trapeze bar as they swung themselves along, is really more than I feel competent to guess. By way of musical agility, the feat is quite unparalleled, and for the power of adhesiveness they manually displayed, I incline to think the band must have been members of the Catch Club.

"Believe me, my dear boy, yours all serene,

"John Evergreen, Esq."

"WILL WIDEAWAKE."

"P.S. I'm told that there's a Literary Department at the Palace. I wonder, is it there that the advertisements are issued? As curiosities of literature they at times are well worth looking at."

The Couchant Lion.

IT seems that the bed on which GARIBALDI is now reposing is an English one that was sent to him through the post. Considering the distance it travelled, we presume that this bed was a four-poster?

WANTED, A KING?

THE throne of Greece, the throne of Greece,
From which KING OTTO has been flung,
Which, as desiring peace and peace,
'Cute LEOPOLD refused when young!
Though thrones are rarely marked "to let,"
A tenant will be hard to get!

The telegram I pondered on,
Wondering how true the news might be,
When on the Stock Exchange 'twas blown
That Greek bonds had been done at three.
And seeing how Greek stocks behave,
I cannot deem Greek news a shave.

How many a Sovereign bears a brow,
Stripped of the crown that once was his!
Young BOMBALINO's throneless now,
And Dukes by dozens, friends of his.
But if you polled their whole array,
To a Greek throne they'd all say, nay.

Yes—they'd say nay, and so should I
My Hellas—for thy glory's o'er:
"Greek" now means sharper 'cute and sly,
Not sage and hero as of yore.
'Tis vile to rule a race of slaves,
But viler still a race of knaves.

You keep the cash I lent you, yet;
But where is all my interest gone?
That lesson I will ne'er forget,
As certain as my name is JOHN,
No wonder that your cause I shun,
When Greeks are "doos," and I've been done.

No Prince of mine shall take your reins,
To guide as Czar or France commands;
Though you, with ease, fling off your chains,
I can't get Greek bonds off my hands.
And the Greek Kalends is the day
On which I look for you to pay!

No Prince of mine shall wear a Crown
For which you've never paid the bill.
Though if he did, who'er went down,
Methinks his throne he long would fill:
For Cocker knows, no proof I lack,
YOU NE'ER SEND BRITISH SOVEREIGNS BACK.

ALARMING INVASION.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"AFTER reading of the doings of the Federals and the Confederates, the state of poor GARIBALDI's ankle, the fury of the gale, &c., in this morning's *Daily Telegraph*, I stumbled upon a paragraph which caused me to upset half a cup full of Iceland cocoa over my new and much admired shawl dressing gown (a present from FANNY) and to kick a very elegantly worked slipper (ditto from EMILY), which was at that moment gracefully poisoning on my right foot, into the fire. The cause of this unusual excitement was the following announcement, headed PRINCE NAPOLEON—"The screw yacht *Jerome Napoleon*, having on board PRINCE NAPOLEON and PRINCESS CLOTTIDE and suite, arrived at Southampton on Saturday morning from Cherbourg, and proceeded to London by the South-Western Railway." Gracious Goodness! and is it possible that this ocean monster has arrived at the Waterloo station during the QUEEN's and LORD PALMERSTON's absence? What base treachery has been at work on the part of the Directors of the South-Western Railway? If this sort of thing is to be allowed, we shall have the *Gloire* and the entire fleet of Impregnable conveyed to Charing-Cross and Hyde Park by some monster Excursion Train one of these dark winter nights, and then indeed Mossoo will be avenged! Fancy a steel-plated frigate blazing away, simply moored on a huge railway truck—fancy the horrid monster traversing the kingdom and pouring destruction along its inland track, slaughtering the peaceful clowns of Leicestershire and bombarding Birmingham. The bare idea is enough to appal the stoutest heart, and has quite spoiled my breakfast.

"I am, dear *Punch*, yours ever,

"*Pump Court, Temple.*"

"ADOLPHUS FITZROSE."

NEW NAME FOR MADAME TUSSAUD'S CHAMBER OF HORRORS.—The Waxhalla of Newgate.

CLERGYMEN IN CRINOLINE.

WHY don't clergymen wear crinoline? Surely it would add much to their personal appearance. A pet parson would find his gown sit ever so much better, if he were to spread it over an extended petticoat. In the pulpit the improvement would perhaps not be discernible; but in walking up the aisle, and in standing to officiate at a marriage or a christening there is no doubt that a parson would appear to great advantage, if his gown were stretched out to the present width of fashion. We are afraid to think what havoc a clergyman in crinoline would play with the soft hearts of his feminine congregation; and how many pairs of slippers their tender hands would work for him. In the opinion of most ladies a good personal appearance is one of the main points towards making a good preacher; and we are sure that any parson, who wishes to be talked about, by wearing crinoline may very soon achieve some notoriety.



*The last sweet thing
in Tiana's from a sketch
of Eugene's.*

A LINE FOR GENERAL BUTLER.

"GENERAL BUTLER.—RAO SAHIB has been caught and hanged." NANA SAHIB when caught will certainly be hanged too. RAO SAHIB and NANA SAHIB were guilty of abominable cruelty to English women. Englishmen are apt to avenge atrocity of that kind by condign punishment. So probably, are American gentlemen, particularly those whose female relations have been outraged. If ABRAHAM LINCOLN does not recall you from New Orleans whilst he can, I should not like to be in your boots. I had rather not die in my own boots, unless I died a soldier's death, which I could not expect to die if I were to fall into the hands of gentlemen upon whose ladies I had been guilty of wreaking the malice of a coward. Let me die the death of a Christian, at least, and not that of a cur. I would fain not dangle, amid the execrations of the spectators and mankind, from the gallows.

"If I had to be hanged, I should wish to be hanged without having first been flogged. I could hardly expect to be let off so easily if I had exasperated men by infamous treatment of their wives and sisters. Were I the tyrant that now rules at New Orleans as conqueror, I might yet live to be whipped, not only as GENERAL POPE was whipped the other day, but also as GENERAL HAYNAU was whipped some years before, only worse than that. I might yet live to be whipped and then hanged. The cowhide destined to lacerate my own skin, the only sensitive part of me, would perhaps, be even now in tanning. If my life were spared after my flagellation, I could only expect to be suffered to live under conditions of ridiculous degradation which would render my ignominious existence a continual punishment, and myself a caution to sinners against womanhood and manhood. You had better, but of course you will not, adopt the recommendation which is contained in the signature of your adviser,

"CAVE."

"P.S. You may make one syllable of Cave if you like, and can understand it only as a Yankee word. Then cave in."

ANOTHER QUESTION FOR LORD LLANOVER.—May Birkenhead be in future called Brokenhead?



LATEST FROM ABROAD—POWDER AND ALL THE REST OF IT.

Old Miss Fribble. "HEM! CUT THESE OLD FASHIONED MINXES OUT—FLATTER MYSELF!"

BOMBA AND OTHO.

KING BOMBA is seated, smoking, and occasionally reading the "Garden of the Soul." A Footman enters, announcing "A Stranger!"

King Bomba (starts up). I hate strangers. Who is he? Does he look like a Garibaldian miscreant? Don't let him in. Where's the Queen?

Footman. Still at the convent, so please you, Sir.

King Bomba. I can't see anybody till the Queen comes back. Don't let him in.

Enter KING OTHO.

King Otho. I have ventured—

King B. I see you have; but you had no business to do so. What do you want? Go away.

King O. I hear an echo from the Piræus.

King B. Who's the Piræus? I know no official of that name. Will you go away? The Queen attends to business, and she is not at home.

King O. Dismiss your attendant, please your Majesty.

King B. But I will be hanged if I do! Just what I expected, and no sentinel within call. This is atrocious. Don't you move.

[To Footman.]

King O. Will your Majesty look at my card?

King B. Keep off, Sir, I tell you! Give it him, and don't you advance a step, or—

Footman (reads). "OTHO, King of Greece!"

King B. Saint Januarius forgive me!—no, he's a rascally traitor, and there's bad blood between us—but I mean—pray pardon me, your Majesty. Out, menial!

[Exit Footman.]

The Kings embrace.

King B. To what happy chance am I indebted for the pleasure of this visit, dear brother?

King O. Eh? Don't you read the newspapers?

King B. Bah, no, the wicked and venomous creatures—my director tells me to let them alone.

King O. Ah! Then you have not heard that circumstances over which I had no control compelled me to leave Athens?

King B. Athens! Where's that?

King O. (offended). It was my capital, brother, and though I have no

longer any interest in it, I am bound to say that—yes—I think a gentleman ought to know where Athens is.

King B. I beg your pardon. I dare say the Queen knows. But upon my word I have so little time for anything but my spiritual duties, that really—and so your Majesty has come away from your capital?

King O. Well, yes, I have come away. That is to say, my subjects, I mean my late subjects, had a strong opinion that my continued residence among them would not tend to my comfort, or theirs.

King B. They had an opinion! I hope you gave them plenty of cannon-shot before leaving.

King O. Why, no. The fact is that unless I had loaded the guns myself, and got the Queen to fire them, there was nobody to do it.

King B. I would have done that (fiercely).

King O. I might, brother, but then there was a further difficulty in the fact that the people had locked up all the powder and shot. So here I am, and my first visit is to you.

King B. A compliment at the expense of religion is painful to me, brother. Your first visit should have been (crosses himself) to His Holiness.

King O. (smiles). Give me a light—thanks. As to that, there are a few circumstances that might require consideration. You see, Pope PIUS THE NINTH—

King B. Brother! don't speak of the Holy Father (crosses himself) in that secular way. You deserve excommunication, and I was wrong, I fear, to have given you fire. Please to put your cigar out, and help yourself to another match, that will not be my giving it to you, you know.

King O. It's of too good a brand to spoil, but you are in no danger, brother. The Holy Father is nothing to me, don't you see? I am of the Greek Church, or at least I was three days back.

King B. Gracious heavens, an atheist, an infidel, a heathen, a sceptic, a blasphemous, a heretic—please, brother, go away.

King O. Don't be a muff, brother. I am as good a Christian as you are, and you may ask your director whether that is the sort of language to use to a King in distress.

King B. I wish the Queen was here. I don't know whether I ought to talk to you. Upon your honour, now, you are not a heretic?

King O. Certainly not. I'll explain details another time, or you can ask Her Majesty about me. Can you give me lodgings for a little while, until we see what is going to turn up?

King B. If the Queen sees no objection, I shall be most happy, of



K-G OF P-S-A.

BOMBAY.

OHIO.

TWO FRIGHTFUL EXAMPLES.

course. But I am sorry that you did not manage to serve out your scoundrelly subjects a little—was there no powder magazine you could have blown up—no ship that would have given them a parting broadside for the love of religion?

King O. Not one. Not a drop of blood could I have spilt, unless I had stopped to shave myself. I am told that three or four fellows were killed after I had gone.

King B. Something, something, but a trifle. I did better than that, brother, better than that. [Rubs his hands.]

King O. Providence was kinder to you than to me, brother, but we should not parade our advantages and privileges in the face of the unfortunate. Besides, a good many of your own friends were sacrificed to your resistance to the notice to quit.

King B. A great honour for them, brother; and they are all the better off thereby; my director says so. But are you not going to punish your subjects? Can I help you in any way?

King O. What plan would you advise? I have money.

King B. Then, my dear brother, it is clear that Providence smiles upon you. I can lend you some very good brigands, most holy and ferocious devils, whom you can land—Is Athens an island?

King O. Never mind. Whom I can land?

King B. Yes, and who will do their work like faithful Catholics.

King O. Bless you, brother! your brigands are children to mine—at least, those that were mine. Why, there wasn't a throat safe, outside the cities.

King B. (admiringly). That was glorious! *(Thoughtful.)* I have some good fellows, too. But, I say, brother, with such an army, how is it that you are here?

King O. Well, circumstances. Do you know I am not quite sure that brigandage, with all its merits, is a safe institution for a King to repose upon. And, then, there are counteracting influences. Did you ever hear of a place called St. Petersburg?

King B. Indeed I have, and have wept that a den of heretics should bear the name of the first Pope. What of that?

King O. There are some brigands there. They do not wear sashes and silver-mounted pistols, but they know their work, and the long and the short of it is, that there is another throne to let. Would you like it?

King B. (brightening up). Eh? I don't know. Well, what you say about the brigands is very tempting, certainly. I—I—we must speak to the Queen.

King O. There is only one trifling matter, which to a king and a man of the world, can be nothing.

King B. A few oaths, perhaps. They go for nothing, ask my director.

King O. You'll have to change your religion—that is, nominally. I assure you it's nothing when you are used to it.

King B. O brother, you horrify me beyond expression. No, not even for the sake of commanding all those noble brigands will I do that. Change my religion? And yet, and yet—are they so very ferocious, and to be so much relied upon?

King O. Savage is no word for them.

King B. It's very tempting. And I might really be a good Catholic all the time? I declare I'll mention it to my director—at least the Queen shall, she has more courage than I have. Come in to lunch, and you shall show me where Athens is, on the map of Asia. [Exeunt Reges.]

A STRANGE CAT.

THE subjoined advertisement extracted from the *Times*, suggests various reflections to the thinking mind:—

LOST, a TOM CAT, on the night of the 30th ult., from 6, Park Cottages, Park Village East, N.W. Light grey coat, with black stripes: answers to the name of "Johnny." Whoever will bring him to the above address shall receive TEN SHILLINGS REWARD.

There was, of old, a liquor which, our ancestors said, "would make a cat speak, and a man dumb." It may be doubted whether even that beverage would make a cat answer to a call. Cats are generally slow at answering to their names; and it must indeed be an uncommon TOM that answers to the name of JOHNNY. TOM and JOHNNY in conjunction are equal to JOHN THOMAS; and a light grey coat with black stripes would indicate a cat less distinctly than a livery-servant. We may add that the reward of ten shillings for the lost JOHNNY is liberal. It shows dear JOHNNY to be made much of, inasmuch that one JOHNNY is considered worth ten BOB.

Alleged Sacrilege by the Eldest Son of the Church.

THE *Salut Public* contains a statement that NAPOLEON THE THIRD has been buying three estates in the Marches, which formerly belonged to the Church. If this is true, what has the POPE said to it? *Anathema!* of course; and if invited to retract that expression, his only reply will be *Non possumus.*

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

(From Bell's Life.)

THE sporting world is still excited in reference to the International Exhibition. Bets are freely offered that even at this late period of the show, the Commissioners will yet manage to do something new in the way of shabbiness, or blunder, or both. Indeed, on the double event money is risked freely. This is truly sportsmanlike venturing, after what has been already seen. The achievements of the Commissioners have been so remarkable that it looks like tempting Fortune to bet upon their again making themselves ridiculous. And yet we have such confidence in their staying powers of absurdity, that we do not like to discourage our readers in putting on the pot. They must calculate for themselves, *caveat melior*,—let the better take care. The pickle business, the stick and umbrella business, the no-admission-to-assistants business, the libellous-catalogue business, the refreshment-exaction business, the refreshment-smash business, the Cadogan-scandal business, the refusal-of-Sunday-tickets-to-students-without-season-tickets' business, the lavatory-extortion business, the prizes-muddle business, and about a dozen more businesses of the same kind, seemed to forbid hope, yet at the last hour we are told that MR. MORRIS is not to sell pork pies during the bazaar fortnight unless he pays a new rent, and this sends the betting up, for it shows powers of invention. Perhaps we shall hear that a royalty or toll is exacted in respect of every purchase made in the building, perhaps we shall find that though articles may be sold, they may be wrapped up only in whitey-brown paper to be procured of the Commissioners at fourpence a sheet. We cannot give a decided opinion on the safety of betting on the Commissioners, but fortune favours the bold, if it does not (as hath been shown at Kensington) favour the stingy. The public may perhaps be right in putting a monkey on, the rather that the public monkey has been so often up about the moribund show.

OUR BLOATED ARMAMENTS.

WHAT, if we let our COBDEN charm us,
And, listening to his witching coo,
Believed no neighbours' 6'er would harm us,
Should we, the British nation, do?
Our fleet and troops we should abolish,
'Twere less than wisdom to reduce:
With no invader to demolish,
Our Armstrong guns would have no use.

To arm at all 'twould be a blunder,
Were we secure from every foe:
Ships not enough to serve for thunder,
'Twere idle waste to keep for show.
For oh! what people in their senses
Would pay for armaments too small
To well suffice for their defences?
Ours must be vast, or none at all.

Can we pursue our peaceful courses,
Nor need for self-protection care?
Why then, indeed, to foreign forces
Our own should no proportion bear,
But if they ought to stand in any,
They ought immensely to excel;
In for a pound if for a penny:
If arm we must, we must arm well.

THE POOR MEDICAL ACT.

IN the police reports, one day last week, it was stated that DR. HENRY SCOTT, Upper Woburn Place, came before MR. CORRIE at Bow Street to complain of a quack namesake, with whom, to his great annoyance, he was often confounded. The doctor, on one occasion, received a lawyer's letter, meant for the quack, written to demand payment for a year and a half's rent. The Magistrate suggested the application of the Medical Act to punish the quack's assumption of the title of doctor. DR. SCOTT remarked that the Medical Act was a dead letter. Just so. We believe we are warranted in supplying a defect amongst authoritative announcements by stating that the Registry created under the Medical Act has been removed to the Dead Letter Office.

The "Gunning of Storms."

SINCE ADMIRAL FITZROY, that new Clerk of the Weather, prophesied with such signal success the advent of the late gale, it is but fair that he should now be popularly recognised as the First Admiral of the *Blew*.



We learn from an Observant Correspondent, that "Coat-tails and Walking Sticks are worn short at present by the most pronounced Swells at the Camp at Sandhown."

YANKEE WAR-SONG.

"Among those who remained on the field of battle at Perry's were some valiant heroes who, when quite sure that the search were friends, rose up very affably and quite unharmed."—*America Correspondent.*

WAR's my pastime,
And the last time
I was sleeping with the dead;
With a holster
For my holster,
And a saddle for my bed;

You'd have thought me,
Had you caught me,
Quite a hero of dragons:
But no, thank'ee,
I'm a Yankee,
And a sample of poltroons.

Not my front, Sir,
Bears the brunt, Sir,
When the Southern make their charge;
But my back, Sir,
In a crack, Sir,
Is presented as a target.

Though I kill none,
Yet with quill none
Ever slaughter'd such a host;
In despatches,
Which mine hatchets,
And I send you by the post.

Please receive them,
But believe them
Not, unless you're a "marine;"
Or related,
As was stated,
To the family of "Green;"

Since for lying,
And for flying,
When assaulted by the foe;
Never nation,
Since creation,
Could compete with us, you know.

SOME ODIUS COMPARISONS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR JUST OFF HIS HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

CHAPTER SECOND.

I UNDERTOOK last week to maintain, among other unpatriotic opinions, the superiority of the Continental Hotel system to our own.

I know how I shall be met on the threshold of my argument.

"What," I shall be asked, "were the hotels of France, Italy and Switzerland, before the English introduced wash-hand basins, foot-baths, tubs, towels?"

Stop, my friend. I admit that the Foreign Hotel owes infinite obligations to the British traveller. One may measure how vast the debt is, by adventuring upon the hotels in out-of-the-way places where JOHN BULL, his voiturier and his courier, his MURRAY and his Mackintosh, his plump purse and patent-leather portmanteau, are still unknown. Here the wash-hand basin yet holds the consecrated pint; the foot-bath is a mystery, represented, when you have at last managed to convey the idea of what you want, by the copper caldron that will shortly receive the pasta for your *minestra*, or the tin receptacle which is destined to take the débris and dirty-plates of your dinner-table. The tub in such places is an institution which it is idle to attempt to make *cameriere* or *padrone* even conceive. Washing from head to foot in cold water is by them regarded as a discipline to be inflicted upon madmen by their keepers, not by sane men on themselves.

Ten to one that your bed-room floor is unswept, and foul with the dust of twelve months—if nothing worse; that the *salle-à-manger* is waste and dreary; the table furniture antediluvian. If you dine, the dishes will arrive in an order to you eccentric and incomprehensible, the fish after the roast, and the sweets before the *entrées*, and the vegetables apart from the meat. The name and nature of joints and viands will be as puzzling to you as their order. You will find strange meats set before you, and pass irresolute from a chump of what you are inclined to think donkey, to a mess of what you are well nigh convinced is cat. Entrails and brains will furnish three-fourths of your entertainment, and ten to one you will be pressed to taste, under the name of "*funghi*,"

a dish of what you have always considered deadly-poisonous toadstools, and hideous orange and yellow Agarics, or veritable brown Lycopods and funguses such as grow on the trunks of trees. I say nothing of fleas. You will soon be familiar with them at bed and board, and learn to regard them as slight and necessary evils. Ten to one your room will open into a gallery looking out upon the stable-yard, or you may absolutely have the mules, in the story under your feet, jingling their harness, kicking and squealing all night, and as odoriferous as they are noisy.

I defy the most determined Anglomaniac to paint the genuine foreign hotel, as unimproved by the travelling Briton, in blacker colours than many features of it deserve, or than I am prepared to apply to them. But even in these remote, unsavoury, ill-appointed dens of dirt and discomfort, the chances are a hundred to one that you find excellent coffee, a clean and comfortable bed on an iron bedstead, beautifully white linen, at bed and table, and lots of it, a courteous welcome, the most kindly and unwearied attention from everybody about the place, and a humble solicitude about your comforts that goes far to make up for dirt, dust, discomfort, frowst and fleas. Why, if there were nothing else than the readiness and handiness, the absence of solemnity and pretension about the waiters!

Shall I ever forget,—when, travelling in a valley of the Piedmontese Alps, with two ladies under my charge, we arrived wet through at the Albergo—how PIETRO, that most peerless of *cameriere*, carried down from our rooms load after load of soaked boots, wet wraps, drabbed linsey-woolseys, and even moist crinolines, and did the work of an animated clothes-horse for hours, patiently turning them and himself before the blazing wood-fire till all were dry and fit to be worn again by the poor *signorine* whom he waited on with the agility of a man and the delicacy of a woman!

When I forget thee, PIETRO, and thy delight in contributing to our comforts, thy quick step, bright eye and pleasant glancing smile, thy cheery voice and light hand, may I be condemned to a British railway-hotel and a British waiter for the rest of my travelling life! There was not a woman servant in the inn apparently. But here was a male attendant waiting upon a brace of British females—not of the strong-minded order, either—and refined enough to minister to them, even to the drying of their crinolines!—without giving rise to a suggestion of impropriety, or leaving a shade of embarrassment.

Find me a British waiter from whom you can conceive woman accepting such service, and enjoying it. And yet these ladies, I vow, were quite happy in PIERRO's care, and confessed to me they never felt the want of a chamber-maid.

Still it must be owned that all the politeness and ready good-will in the world won't make up for grievous material discomfort, especially in the way of abundance of dirt and lack of water. I admit that it is only where JOHN BULL has passed that you find yourself rid of these drawbacks to comfort. It is JOHN BULL who has made those wonderful Swiss caravanserais—a cross between barracks and palaces—which count their bed-rooms by hundreds, and whose *table d'hôtes* accommodate guests by the battalion—JOHN BULL, who has created accommodation and even luxury for the traveller, in places where a few years ago the chamois skipped, and the marmot made its burrow—where you can hear the avalanches falling as you read the last French novel in the smoking-room, and step on to the glacier out of your verandah windows—such hotels as those of the Riffelberg and the Faulhorn, Zermatt or the Righi.

It is JOHN BULL to whom, in great measure, the world owes the combined comfort and magnificence of such perfectly ordered establishments as the Europa at Turin, the Ecu or the Bergs at Geneva, and the Ville at Milan. It is true, he has left his trace on the bills as well as the comforts of these gorgeous abodes, which swallow up house after house, for their lodgers, and create fortune after fortune for their landlords. It is JOHN BULL who has planned and planted, furnished and purveyed for those pretty cheerful halting-places on the Italian Lakes at Bellagio and Baveno, and Lugano, with their lovely views, their clean light apartments, and their well-appointed *tables d'hôte*; JOHN BULL who has set a going the pensions of Lake Leman and Lucerne and Interlachen; JOHN BULL who has distributed the comfortable travellers' rests that await your arrival at the end of the day's journey on every great *veturino*-road. Yes, I admit it is JOHN BULL who has brought about that consummation which I maintain is now attained. He has perfected the foreign hotels, but then he has neglected his own. He has been so busy spreading the faith in tub and foot-pan, in smart service and good cookery, in airy rooms and well-swept floors, in the hotels abroad, that he has overlooked the ill-smelling feather-beds and antediluvian four-posters; the untubbed, stuffy, frowsy bed-rooms; the horse-hair sofas, limp towels, triangular wash-stands, and stony soap; the dirty German silver, uneatable viands, and undrinkable wine; the slipshod, greasy waiters, and pert, over-dressed, mincing chamber-maids; the stupid mismanagement and shameless extortion in the average hotels at home. It has been with JOHN BULL's travelling-accommodation as with his religion. He has sent missionaries to Boriobooloo Gha, and passed by the back-slums of Westminster. In his anxiety to supply the little Peejeans with moral pocket-handkerchiefs, he has forgotten that his own City Arabs were growing up without pocket-handkerchiefs or morals either. And just in the same way he has made foreign hotels all that English hotels ought to be and are not—has given us, abroad, English comforts at foreign prices, and left us, at home, discomforts that should be foreign, at prices excessively and exorbitantly English.

THE FAIR SEX AT A DISCOUNT.

WHAT is it to be a "lady"? Will any one please tell us? The question may seem simple, and the definition easy—until you try your brains at it. There are several doubts that must be cleared away before the truth is clearly visible. For instance, may a maid of all work be regarded as a "lady"? If not, there surely must be something faulty in the wording of this notice, which we found the other day inserted in the *Times* :—

A Liberal HOME and her laundry expenses are OFFERED to a well-informed English lady, who would in return teach her own language, and make herself useful in the management of a gentleman's family. Apply, by letter, stating age and particulars, to A. Z., et cetera, Leamington Spa.

You see this "lady" is not only required to act as governess, but to do the work of nursemaid and perhaps too maid-of-all-work; for the phrase "make herself useful" is somewhat an elastic one, and might easily be construed into meaning that a maid-of-all-work's duties must be done. So besides "good information" this "lady," we should say must have good health and strength, and good strong arms and legs, as well as a good head. The "management of a family" implies some good hard work, and any one to be of use in it must be capable of going through much daily manual labour. So the "lady" who is lucky enough to get this situation may expect to go to bed as jaded and fatigued as though she were a nursemaid or a maid-of-all-work. Indeed the only difference between the latter place and hers is that she will have to work and not get any wages. A "liberal" home and washing is all that is held out to her, and however liberal the promised home may be, we fear the "lady" who may enter it would find it will not wash.

WHEN can a Naval Captain get honey at Sea? When he's a C.B.

WANTED.

- An Editor who, according to his correspondents, is not always ready to assist the injured and oppressed, and use his "powerful influence" to suppress every real and imaginary grievance.
- A Newspaper Correspondent, who does not want a corner for his effusions, or who does not apologise for trespassing on the valuable space.
- A Gentleman, who in proposing a toast, does not wish the same had fallen into better or more able hands.
- A Church Clergyman who does not divide his sermon into three parts.
- A Policeman who does not like cold meat.
- A Washerwoman who is a teetotaler.
- A Nursemaid who is not fond of soldiers.
- A Teetotaler who doesn't like brandy sauce.
- A Cabman who does not swear, and has got change.



A Hair Dresser who will cut your hair in silence without telling you it's getting thin, or that it's dry or scurfy, and that his pomade will put it all right.

PUNCH TO THE PRIMATE.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY having written to PRIMATE PUNCH, stating that he, the A, could not be enthroned with any comfort unless he had his, the P.'s, certificate of approbation, the P, had much pleasure in forwarding by return of post the following voucher :—

CHARLES THOMAS LONGLEY,
PRIMATE PUNCH approves you strongly;
Your conduct meritorious
In the chair of old EBORUS
Is his warranty for trusting
That in that of old AUGUSTIN
You will do nothing wrongly;
CHARLES THOMAS LONGLEY.

33333333

A Complete Wreck.

IN consequence of the late severe gales, we notice that there have been numerous landslips along the various coasts. The most extraordinary landslip of all, however, has been that which has occurred to KING OTHO, of Greece, for he has let an entire kingdom slip through his fingers, and it is extremely doubtful whether he will ever recover a fragment of it back again.

THE HEIGHT OF SIX MILES' EXPERIENCE.—"I had no idea," says MR. GRAISHER, "until I went up in a balloon, that some men could possibly look smaller than they really are."



"Take care that the Ends of your Hoops be secure; they have been known to give way—to the great alarm and discomfiture of the Lovely Wearer."—Belle Assemblée.

MUSICAL THIEVES.

THE Street Musicians, emboldened by the discreet indulgence of some of the Magistrates, have ventured on an advance upon the common enemy, the public. They have added swindling to insolence. With a sordid cunning, they are availing themselves of the sympathy felt for the poor Lancashire operatives, and are obtaining money under false pretences. Most persons in London have remarked that of late an increased number of brass bands have been growling and snorting near public houses at the corners of streets, and that one of the performers hoists a placard declaring that the players are distressed workpeople from the North. The poor, whose kindness to the poor is proverbial, are daily victimised by these dirty swindlers. It is a case for police interference, as the following report will show:—

"MANSION HOUSE.

"As the LORD MAYOR was about to leave the bench, a gentleman, who said his name was MR. RAVELL, said he wished to call his Lordship's attention to what he thought was a great imposition upon the public of London. He came to London last week to see the Exhibition, and he had seen a number of bands of itinerant musicians playing about the streets. Two or three, he noticed, had large boards informing the public that they came from Staleybridge, and other distressed districts in Lancashire. He himself resided in Dukinfield, which is near Staleybridge, and knowing the names of several of the mill-owners, he was led to question the men of one of those bands. He asked them at what mills they had worked. One of them mentioned the name of a firm, but the others said it was so long since they had been employed that they forgot the names. He mentioned several names of firms with which he was acquainted, but only one was recognised by one of the men. He thought, therefore, that these men were impostors, and therefore that the public ought to be informed.

"His Lordship said, if that was the case, he concurred with the opinion of Mr. RAVELL."

Mr. Punch is happy to help in informing the public touching the Band Swindle. He would say, to any kindly natured person who has but "coppers" to give, that it is a pity to throw even coppers into the gins, and that they can always be turned into postage stamps, and sent to the LORD MAYOR, by whom they will be properly disposed of in aid of the poor operatives. As for the musical impostors, they ought for the first time in their lives to be introduced to machinery, but it should be of the class of which a "crank" forms a prominent feature. The public is obliged to MR. RAVELL for unravelling a rascality.

ELEGANCIES OF SPORTING LITERATURE.

AMONGST the "Answers to Correspondents" of a sporting paper, called *The Eclipse*, we find the following striking advice:—

"NIMROD—Punch his head."

It is laconic, and decisive. It is a real bit of muscular Christianity. But, supposing the correspondent, following up the Editor's recommendation, did "punch" somebody's head, and, by so doing, got himself into mischief, would the Editor be answerable, as having instigated him to commit a breach of the peace? Or, supposing that the correspondent, in trying to carry out the experiment suggested, had got his own head "punched" would he have had an action for damages against his pugnacious adviser? To guard against such accidents, the *Eclipse* had better open a MILLING DEPARTMENT at the back of its office, with an assuring notification, "A NOTORIOUS BRUISER ALWAYS KEPT ON THE PREMISES." A list of prices, also, might be extremely useful, so that the timid, or the weak, might be able to see confidently at a glance at how much eyes were blacked, or heads punched, *per dozen*. The Editor would flourish extremely well, we should say, in the mining districts, for his advice to NIMROD to "punch his head" has certainly not been equalled since the ejaculation of the miner, who, upon seeing a stranger, recommended his black-looking friend to "cave arf a brick at him."

Question for Cobden.

No doubt, to abolish commercial blockade,

Other nations would gladly agree;

But which could to keep that agreement be made,

If they had our command of the sea?

SHALL DILKE HAVE A STATUE?

THE Guarantors will probably think it quite unnecessary to raise a monument to more than one party connected with the Exhibition, and as they are likely to have to Post the Coal as it is, it is probable they will not insist on hoisting SIR C. W. DILKE on to a pedestal.



PLEASANT FOR JACK DAUBS, WHO IMAGINES THAT HIS DRAWINGS ARE RATHER TURNERESQUE.

FIRST ART CRITIC. "I do b'lieve he's a painting the sky."
 SECOND DITTO. "Noa, he ain't. He's a painting them people."
 THIRD DITTO. "Noa, he's a doing sommat out of his head."

POISONERS AND POLKAS.

It is said a lady's ball-dress, which (as many of them are) is coloured green with arsenic, will in one rattling waltz or polka throw off enough poison to kill a dozen people. As the girl goes whirling round, the arsenic is whisked off her, and in a cloud of powder floats about the room. Now, if ladies will persist in wearing arsenic dresses, a ball will be as deadly and destructive as a cannon ball, and nearly every one who dances will be food for (arsenic) powder. We are past the age ourselves for such gymnastic exercise, but we like to see young people actively enjoy themselves; and we believe that there is nothing they more heartily enjoy, when they are brought together, than a galop or a waltz. For sanitary reasons, too, we think a dance commendable. Sudorification is at times a healthy process, and not many modes of exercise promote it with more certainty and quickness than the dance. We, therefore, trust that poisoned dresses will soon go out of fashion, and that we may hear no more of ladies introducing the arsenic dance of death. However pretty a young lady may look "with verdure clad," we cannot possibly admire her taste in wearing what is poisonous. If impregnated with arsenic, her dress may prove as deadly as the shirt of Nessus; and were we a young man, we should certainly abstain from choosing as a partner any girl who took to arsenic to make herself look killing—which there is reason to believe she might prove literally to be.

CIVILISATION ON THE MARCH.

THE following passages occur in the speech lately delivered by CHARLES XV., KING OF SWEDEN, at the opening of the Swedish Diet:—

"Commissions composed of competent persons have been appointed to examine into the state of our means of defence, as well as the improvements of which they stand in need. The formidable increase of armaments in other countries will impose on us considerable sacrifices.

"The incessant progress of society in all its branches constantly gives rise to new exigencies which you will be called on to satisfy."

The two immediately foregoing statements may be reconciled. Society makes progress, though the armaments of Europe increase. Society is progressing like a crab. Civilisation is marching to the right about.

A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS.—Man and Wife.

GENEROSITY OF A CORONER'S JURY.

THE generous indignation and uncalculating sympathy for which the verdicts of respectable coroners' juries, in reflecting on any hesitation at self-sacrifice in the interests of humanity, are remarkable, will appear to great advantage in a case of which the particulars, taken from the *Times*, are subjoined:—

"THE REMUNERATION OF MEDICAL MEN.—Yesterday, at the Fox Tavern, Paul Street, Finsbury, an inquest was held by MR. H. RAFFLES WALTERS, the deputy Coroner, touching the death of RICHARD CLARKE, aged two years. MRS. M. CLARKE, 94, Paul Street, said that on Thursday last her son became ill. He had received a fall some time before. On Friday morning, at half-past three o'clock, she noticed the child getting stiff, and sent for DR. BUSS. The doctor did not come for some time. The delay was occasioned by his getting her husband to sign a paper binding himself to pay 5s. The child was dead when he did come. The witness's husband was a mechanic."

It is easy to understand how this simple statement so powerfully affected the benevolent gentlemen to whom it was made as to prevent them from considering the facts which it comprises with the calmness of cold-blooded reason. They naturally felt that when a medical man is informed by a poor mechanic that his child is ill and requires attendance, an instant inclination to rush to the child's bed-side should overwhelm every other idea in the mind of the medical man. At such a time, to be capable, for one moment, of thinking about so paltry an object as that of securing a five-shillings fee, of course they considered him a mean unfeeling fellow. Accordingly, perhaps, they overlooked the little circumstance that the delay of the doctor in going to see the child was somewhat increased by the time which was occupied in getting the child's own father to engage to pay the five shillings.

The facts, as above stated, were admitted by the medical man who had been summoned to attend the deceased child, MR. HENRY BUSS, M.R.C.S. He pleaded, however, that:—

"He was obliged to act thus to guard against imposition. He had to live by his profession. Those who could not pay ought to apply to the parish doctor. If a person asked him to go purely as an act of charity, he would attend."

This last declaration on the part of the witness the jury appear to have entirely disregarded, in their large-hearted excitement created by the notion of a doctor not immediately jumping up and running off without question or consideration to see the mechanic's child that he was summoned to attend. Some of them might have been, perhaps, mechanics themselves; who knows? Be that as it may, when the coroner had summed up, and told them that the course pursued by DR. BUSS was not peculiar to that gentleman, they returned the following special verdict casting censure on the mercenary medical man, and evincing fellow feeling with the poor mechanic:—

"That the deceased died from effusion of serum on the brain, and the jury desire to express their regret that medical men should refuse to attend the poor without guaranteed payment. The jury consider that as such refusals are frequent, the parish authorities should take it upon themselves to pay the fees for first visits of medical men to poor persons in urgent cases, and the jury are of opinion that such a provision would be the means of saving lives."

The jury cannot be suspected of having had any conception of what effusion of serum on the brain meant. Had they known that, their minds might have been composed by the assurance that no promptitude of attendance would have availed the patient. Perhaps, if they had considered their verdict less under the disturbing influence of their higher feelings, they would have a little enlarged the expression of their regret, above quoted. They might have expressed their regret that any medical men should have to depend upon their profession for their living, and should be obliged to refuse to attend the poor without guaranteed payment, in order to guard against imposition. The majority of these liberal and enlightened jurors are probably tradesmen. Perhaps there is a baker among them; perhaps there is a cheesemonger. If so, we may be sure that the baker is in the habit of supplying bread to the hungry without stipulating for payment, and the cheesemonger is always ready to contribute more than his mite, and add a bit of gratuitous double Gloucester to the eleemosynary loaf. Likewise, if those gentlemen of the coroner's jury comprise a tailor, he is doubtless accustomed to clothe the naked on the same unselfish terms.

SERPENTS AND SPONGES.

To MR. PUNCH.



SIR,—That meritorious writer, SHAKSPEARE, (whose talents I, for one, have never denied, though I am free to confess that I think there is a good deal more fuss made about him than is necessary) has an observation about an ungrateful child being more objectionable than the tooth of a serpent. I don't know much about serpents' teeth, and I am free to confess that if I were a dentist in a good way of business, and a serpent, he never so respectable, came and sat in my operating chair, and requested my opinion of his fangs, I should take leave to recommend him to consult some of my brother practitioners. Serpents' teeth are things, in the words of my friend a distinguished nobleman, resident in

the Haymarket, (I don't mean the wicked old Marquis whom you call the 'Hermit' of that neighbourhood) which no fellow can be expected to understand. But as for ingratitude, Sir, I think I have known a little of that—for instance, fellows in trade, whom I have dealt with, and recommended, and puffed by wearing their goods for years, have turned round upon me like serpents, and brought actions for their mean bills. And, Sir, I have just seen a flagrant case of ingratitude to which I think I should like to call your attention.

"A lot of tenant farmers in Shropshire, in fact at a place called Ludlow, have been getting into hot water with some of the neighbouring gentlemen. I don't want to go into the cause of quarrel, but it seems to me that some of the farmers have been letting their tongues go a little too valiantly over their liquor, and have forgot the respect due to their betters. The end of it is that a gentleman, with whom I have not the honour of being acquainted, SIR CHARLES BOUGHTON, and his brother have withdrawn themselves from one of those agricultural societies down there—things I could never understand, and which I am free to confess always seemed to me the greatest bores in the world. But that is their business. Well, Sir, there does not seem to have been any of that regret expressed that might have been expected, and on the contrary, the principal offender with his tongue, a MR. MATTHEW EVANS, who, I understand, is a tenant farmer and an hotel-keeper, has forgotten his manners so far as to write a letter, of which the following ungrateful passage is a bit. You will excuse my having cut it out and sent it you, for though, like LORD PALMERSTON, you have I dare say no time to read anything that is printed, you cannot expect a fellow to copy all this.

"MR. MATTHEW EVANS says:—

"I have nothing to do with SIR CHARLES'S resignation, as I never hiss a gentleman or any other man when speaking in public; but I would warn SIR CHARLES and gentlemen of his class, to listen in time to their real friends, and not to a set of toadies, who are always ready for a day's pleasant shooting and a dinner once a year to fawn upon the great man and persuade him that his real friends, the poor farmers, are his greatest enemies, and always grumbling about game that cannot injure any crop. SIR B. LEICHTON I consider as long as he represents the county public property, and as a freholder I claim a right to express my opinion of his political acts."

"Now, Sir, I am not going to make any remark upon the rudeness of that sort of writing. As for 'toadies,' I suppose that when you go and see a gentleman who gives you shooting and dinners, and you can't return the obligation in kind, having neither shooting nor dinners to give, you are bound to be as civil and pleasant as you can, unless you are a wit or a cynic or something strong enough to be detestable without fear of being dropped. Same remark as to 'fawning'—if you can't show a man a TITIAN or a REYNOLDS or a MILLAIS of your own, at least you can tell him that his is the most wonderful thing you ever saw, and better than anything at the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER'S or LORD ELLESMERE'S. I am free to confess that I make a point of oiling the wheels of my friend's carriage, as I have not got a carriage of my own—when I get one I may take the liberty of telling him his wheels creak. I don't care a farthing for what Snobs say about that. But I do say that MR. EVANS is a most ungrateful party. We toadies, as he politely calls us, who come down to the big houses, do all the good we can to people who keep hotels near, we give up our sleeping quarters in the big house, if bigger Swells come, and take up our quarters at the hotel; we spend our money there, and if not exactly out of love and affection for the hotel-keepers, it is because we don't want seedy

stories to crawl up the back way to the great house; if he has any pretty chambermaids, they certainly cannot say that we don't, in a respectful way of course, pay the proper amount of admiration to their graces, and what's more, we always make a point of speaking in the highest terms to my lord, or SIR ALCOBIADES, or whoever it may be, of the attention shown at the hotel to any of his guests. Same to the ladies of the family. I am free to confess that I don't consider this MR. EVANS talks fairly of fellows who like the good things of this life, but not being able to get them in any other way, do it by making themselves agreeable and acceptable to heavier Swells. You may make an article on this, *Mr. Punch*, and you may believe me,

"Yours very affectionately,

"A HUMBLE SPONGE."

"* * * * * Castle, ———shire."

ODE TO FATHER THAMES.

ON HIS APPROACHING PUBLICATION.

OLD Father Thames, now long enough
Hast thou been pouring to the sea
Thy waters, tinged with hue of snuff,
By all of London's outshot stuff,
Save so much as she drinks of thee.

Soon must thou bear it all away,
And yet, a silver stream once more,
Fit thirst of mortals to allay,
Wash but the simple sand and clay
Of Middlesex and Surrey's shore.

Thy tributaries, as of old,
Shall be the rivulets and rills
That spring from crystal fountains cold
Or wind their way through virgin mould
Amid the verdure of the hills:

Not sluices, yielding thee supply
From chemic reservoirs and tanks,
Of odour strong and deep of dye;
Not fictile pipes, which underlie
The mighty cities on thy banks.

Their effluence all thou shalt receive,
Far hence, to mix it with the brine,
No dainty nostril there to grieve;
Unworked while husbandmen yet leave,
Unheeding swains! a plenteous mine.

Blackwall shall then a purer breed
Behold, in thy pellucid tide,
Of whitebait, for the cleaner feed,
From feculent admixture freed,
More delicate than ever, fried.

The passenger of Chelsea boat
Unwonted salmon shall admire,
Where dogs and cats he used note,
Defunct that on thy breast did float,
Emitting exhalations dire.

Get thee, old Thames, another urn,
More gracious than thy present pail,
To pour fresh lymph; and no more churn
Pollution; for thy near return
To sweetness, BAZALGETTE all hail!

An Error on the Part of Mr. Smith.

"MAN," says ADAM SMITH, "is an animal that makes bargains." We always thought it was lovely woman, who evinced the greatest partiality, and certainly the greatest skill, in making bargains. And what is a Bargain?—but in most instances the temptation to buy something you do not want, because you can get it for a trifle less. The most expensive of wives is one who has the organ of cheapness largely, we may say, unnaturally developed. It is supposed to come under the head of Domestic Economy, but in most cases it is domestic economy carried to extravagance. With such a wife, you may go without your dinner, so long as she can pick up a stuffed alligator as a Tremendous Bargain!

HAIR COOKED À LA MODE.



OME people have singular ideas of what is natural. For instance only look at this advertisement:—

“THE SHILLING HAIR-WAVER produces a beautifully natural wave of the hair in few minutes, without hot-water or anything injurious.”

The notion that a “beautifully natural” wave of the hair can be produced in a few minutes by artificial means is one that persons without sense might possibly put faith in, but which people who have brains must find it hard to entertain. This fact, however, will not much affect the sale of the hair-waver, for none but senseless idiots would ever dream of spending money in the purchase of an article

wherewith to give a wavy appearance to their hair. But curling fluids and hair-wavers, and all such useful articles, are expressly manufactured for people without brains, who, not having anything inside their head to cultivate, may be excused for the bestowal of such care on its outside.

TARRAGONA AND TARRADIDDLES.

MR. PUNCH's intense conviction of the honesty of everybody who is connected with sporting matters, and his profound hatred and unutterable contempt for anybody who presumes to hint, in the face of all evidence, that queer things are sometimes done on the Turf, induce him to pounce with frantic avidity upon a new proof, were proof necessary, that the Sheet with which we are so often told a field of racehorses might be covered, is of the most snowy and dazzling whiteness.

Some evil persons (and in this golden age of forgery, garotting, puffery, and swindle, such persons insist upon existing) have been spreading certain scandals touching a recent race. It seems that two noble animals (quadrupeds) named respectively *Tarragona* and *Michel Grove*, contended for victory, and that according to the report of the DUKE OF BEAUFORT, LORD GLASGOW, and three other nobles of the Jockey Club, there was an “extraordinary expression of public feeling just before and during the match,” such expression taking the form of “loud hooting” directed against the jockey who rode *Tarragona*. Blazing with a just indignation, but, as became noblemen, eager to launch it at the right heads, the stewards of the Jockey Club demanded an explanation of this indecent phenomenon. A Committee was appointed, and it took evidence. To the horror and disgust of the Turf noblesse, the revolting fact came out that the public believed “that a false bet had been made, and that *Tarragona* had been ‘pulled’ by her rider,” pulling meaning the being held back from winning. No such thing had ever been heard of in the racing world, since the days in which LORD ULYSSES, LORD TYDIDES, and the other Grecian sporting men peppered LORD ACHILLES before the match between that swift-footed party and the horses, when—

“In all his arms arrayed,
The umberous equipage of war,
His speed he o'er the sand displayed,
Contenting with the harnessed car.”

Consequently the amount of flabbergastation among the Lords of the Turf was appalling. They rallied, however, their blushes cooled, and they went to work in the determined way that might be expected from the blue blood. They called up the persons chiefly affected by the popular belief, two gentlemen known as COLONEL BURNABY and the Honourable CAPTAIN ANNESLEY, and required their betting-books to be given up for examination. An “expert,” that is, one of the individuals

who are called, in forgery cases, to testify to the genuineness of alleged autographs, was instructed to look at the entries in the books, which he did with all optical advantages in the way of microscopes, telescopes, stereoscopes, stethoscopes, kaleidoscopes, and any other kind of scopes that were within his scope, and, moreover, ADMIRAL ROUS, the Rhadamanthus of the turf, not content with the expert's expertness, looked at the books through his own opera-glass or something, by way of treating himself to a private conviction on the subject. The result shall presently be stated, but in the mean time “the rich blood of peers was set afire” by some observations which had been made on the subject by MR. WILLES, the great Turf critic, who keeps the wicked in hot water by his contributions to the *Morning Post*, wherein he styles himself ARGUS. So, at a general meeting of the Jockey Club, whereat about three times as many Lords were present as are usually to be beheld at prayers in the House at Westminster, there was a preliminary debate about ARGUS, whom LORD WINCHELSEA, formerly our friend VISCOUNT MAIDSTONE (and rather a free hand with the pen in the old days, but never mind that now), wanted to castigate in some way. Certainly, milder counsels were put forward, and the aristocratic meeting was asked to resolve that it “was of opinion that it was not expedient to take notice of anonymous writers in public prints.” Now as in the circles where such matters have interest, “ARGUS” is just about as anonymous a writer as “S. G. O.” for philanthropists, “MERCATOR” for money folks, “S.” for Americans, or “JACOB OMNIUM” for sensible men, we may suppose that the framers of this resolution merely designed to get rid of the fiery WINCHELSEA by a little side-door. But on the division the common sense of the Lords and their friends prevailed, the anonymous plea was scouted, and it was less wisely agreed by 13 to 7 that ARGUS should be asked to apologise. Then,

“ARGUS slain for all his hundred eyes,”

the meeting adjourned—the Herculean task having exhausted it.

“STRADBROKE undoes his vizor clasp
And COVENTRY for air must gasp,
And CHESTERFIELD has quit his spear,
And falls thy falchion, ROUS severe,
The blows of USKARDON fall less fast,
And gallant WIZARDY's bugle blast
Hath lost its lively tone,
Sinks WINCHELSEA, thy battle word,
And GRAYVILLE's shout is fainter heard,
“The Public shan't be done!”

Refreshed, like the sun, or a giant, the Club met again, and proceeded to its real business, the washing of the Sheet. And after a debate in which the evidence was considered, and the matter argued with all the energy which belongs to a Lord in earnest, the following decision was arrived at:—

“It is not proved that COLONEL BURNABY intended that *Tarragona* should be pulled in her match with *Michel Grove*, or that he made a fictitious bet with CAPTAIN ANNESLEY.”

“Not Proven” is the Scottish verdict returned in the *Tarragona* case.

To which Mr. Punch can only add that it was very thoughtless of LORD MACAULAY not to write a line that would admit of a closer parody, and therefore Mr. Punch must manipulate the poet, and say—

“Ho! friends of *Tarragona*
Is not the Sheet washed white?”

THE MODERN BABYLON PROVED QUITE A BABY.

AMONGST our multifarious reading, we have picked up the following instructive fact, which reduces our overgrown metropolis to the small dimensions of a Little Pedlington:—

“The largest city in the world, says a Spanish journal, is not London, but Jeddo, the capital of Japan, which consists of 1,500,000 houses, inhabited by 5,000,000 souls. Several streets are twenty-two miles long.”

A street “twenty-two miles long” must be a pretty stiff Long Aere for a postman, who has to deliver letters in that district. It must be rather awkward, too, for a drunken man, who mistakes his end of the street, and has to walk to the extreme end before he can find his right number!

Episcopal Fragment.

“DR. COLENZO, Sir, don't talk to me about him,” said a rather worldly prelate to the unworldly BISHOP PUNCH, “he ought to be sent to an asylum, Sir. DR. TUKE ought to have charge of him, and stop his scribbling.” “DR. COLENZO has already met your Lordship's views,” said BISHOP PUNCH meekly; “he has been giving up the *Pen to Tuke*.” “If you can joke on such a subject, Sir,” said his Lordship, turning into his stockbroker's, “why—”

A TRADESMAN WHO WOULD BE SURE TO MAKE HIS FORTUNE.—A Hair-Dresser who was *dumb*!



"COME, TOMPKINS, YOU 'VE BEEN TITUPPING UP AND DOWN THE PARADE FOR THE LAST HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES. IF YOU 'RE GOING OUT HUNTING, YOU HAD BETTER GO!"

HANDS AND HEARTS.

NORTH.

THERE are hands by hundred thousands
In the crowded North,
Empty, idle, yet for labour,
Not for alms stretched forth.
Hands all thin and white and bloodless,
Free from stain or soil,
Hands struck helpless, yet so willing
If they could to toil!

Hands that failing fitting labour,
Cannot long forbear,
Or to clench in desperation,
Or to fold in prayer.
Whirr of working wheels is silent,
Chimneys smoke no more:
Famine and her sister Fever
Knock at every door.

SOUTH.

Here are hearts by hundred thousands
Full of ruth and pain,
Till those hands struck sudden idle,
Are at work again.
Humble hearts whose mite is ready,
Hungrier mouths to feed:
Haughty hearts, brought low by thinking
Of their brothers' need.

Hearts that only seek for channels
Wherein best may go,
All these streams of human kindness
Charged to overflow.
Then to work through clay and gravel,
Dull rock, thirsty sands,
From these brimming hearts make passage
To those failing hands.

JUDGES' JUSTICE.

A CASE is tried before MR. JUSTICE CROMPTON, and a verdict is given for the defendant. One of the jurymen thereupon writes to the lucky defendant, with a "Please to remember the poor jury, your Honour. They found your Honour a nice, clean verdict." In other words, this jurymen asks the winner to pay the jury money. The other jurymen are indignant.

"The Box impeach him, SERJEANT P. harangues,
The Court condemns him, and the juror—

No, not "hangs," like *Sir Balaam*, nor was it to be wished, but we think that he ought not to have been exactly rewarded. It is asked that his name be mentioned. MR. JUSTICE CROMPTON orders that his name be concealed, thereby leaving the other jurors under the cloud of suspicion, and, further, MR. JUSTICE CROMPTON directs that the juror in question be not put on a jury any more, an exemption which hundreds of honest men would gladly give fifty pounds to purchase. Had the judge who thus rewarded the juror been one of our country justices, we, in our impartiality, should have felt it our duty to be down in full gush and in capital letters upon SIR CHARLES CROMPTON, Knight, and to repeat his name, in that fashion, as often as we possibly could; but as MR. JUSTICE CROMPTON usually knows what he is about, we invite him to come and take a weed with *Mr. Punch*, and explain.

Good Enough for an Agricultural Dinner.

RICHARD CORDEN's free-trade services *Punch* has ever joyfully recognised, nay, has immortalised them. But *no sutor*. When he compares our objection to a French invasion to our ancestors' delusion touching DR. TITUS OATES, we must say that RICHARD is not half the farmer he affected to be, and that though he knows all about corn he does not understand oats.

NOT A BAD "NOM DE PLUME."—GILLOTT, or MITCHELL, or PERRY,
—for they are all closely connected with the most flourishing specimens of the best English writing.



JOHN BULL. "I'LL DO MY BEST TO HELP YOU OVER THE CHRISTMAS—YOU MUST THEN LOOK TO MY FRIEND YONDER."

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

MOST ELIGIBLE INVESTMENT.

TO BE LET OR SOLD,
AND MAY BE ENTERED ON IMMEDIATELY,
In consequence of the out-going proprietor leaving the country,

A MAGNIFICENT SEAT,

Situate in a lovely country, with a delicious climate, an intelligent resident tenantry, and almost unlimited capabilities of improvement. This delightful seat is in the immediate neighbourhood of

SOME OF THE MOST FAMOUS MONUMENTS OF ANCIENT ART.

And surrounded by scenes hallowed by the most cherished

Classical Associations.

The occupant will be within reach of several PACKS OF HOUNDS (of War), and may command

EXCELLENT SHOOTING

(at the Turks)

AND FISHING

(In troubled waters)

The out-going proprietor having only had a terminable interest, has not laid out upon the property any of the income arising out of the Estate, so that the in-coming occupier may choose his own field for the development of its resources.

The Mineral and Agricultural Resources are Enormous, only requiring roads, harbours, capital and machinery, to make them available.

There is a trifling debt on the property; but this might be extinguished on easy terms, the interest being considerably in arrear, and the lenders having long ceased to look for their principal. The property might be much enlarged by an enterprising owner, as there is a great deal of wild land on the outskirts, which might be rescued from waste, and laid into the estate, and the manorial and other rights and royalties acquired at a trifling outlay from the present owner, who is of advanced age and in a very weak state of health.

Apply for particulars, price, and references to MESSRS. CANARIS BOULGARIS & ROUFOS, at the Palace, Athens.

N.B. No Bavarian will be treated with; and an English capitalist, or one who can command English capital and securities, will be met on most favourable terms.

SLAVERY AND SCHOOLING.

WE believe the height of impudence has been variously defined; but an example of it clearly is a notice like the following, which a correspondent sends us from the *Islington Gazette* :—

GOVERNESS.—WANTED, a Person to instruct Children three hours daily. Terms, 80s. per quarter.

It is not stated what this "person" will be required to teach, nor how many are the children whom daily for three hours she will have under her charge. There may be ten or twelve of them, for aught that one can tell; and the "person" may be wanted to instruct them all in every branch of learning and accomplishment, and every known language from French, say, to Feejee. Drawing, dancing, and deportment, plain cookery and crochet, mathematics, music, and the usage of the globes, instruction in all these may be required for the children, whose number is indefinite, as are their ages and their sex; and four or five of them may possibly require some special teaching, say in horsemanship, gymnastics, swimming, dancing on the tight-rope, or feats on the trapeze.

For this instruction the "person" who undertakes the place is promised the allowance of one pound ten per quarter, which (supposing she is not required to teach on Sundays) will yield her, as we calculate, not quite a penny ha'penny for each of the three hours wherein her services as governess are daily in demand. Well, this a free country, and we know there are no slaves in it; but the "person" who accepts a situation such as this will be treated like a slave in one respect at any rate, that is in working pretty hard without getting any pay for it.

General Scott's Marmion.

THE venerable GENERAL SCOTT at the outset of the American War advised the North in a (mis) quotation from *Marmion*, to let an

"Erring sister part in peace."

Considering that the words were the signal for fastening up the poor Nun with masonry, his hint may be said to have been taken. The Stone Fleet immediately sailed.

A COMIC TOWN COUNCIL.

THE late DANIEL O'CONNELL, in a war of chaff with a notorious beldam, succeeded in upsetting his abusive antagonist by telling her that she kept a hypotenuse in her house. A strong family likeness, in point of intelligence, may be recognised as existing between this old woman and a gentleman named in the subjoined extract from the *Post* :—

"At a special meeting of the Gloucester Town Council, last week, a warm discussion arose with regard to a certain tender for ironwork, in the course of which MR. KENDALL maintained, notwithstanding the dogma of a certain MR. SMITH, that he was perfectly right in ascertaining whether the Town could save any portion of this outlay by accepting a tender for the ironwork alone. A MR. HAWKINS then rose and said, 'I cannot sit here and hear such a word as 'dogma' applied to Mr. SMITH. (*Laughter.*) When I once asked a question, MR. KENDALL spoke of his seventeen years' experience at this table; and I say it is not creditable to any person who uses such inflammatory language as 'dogma.' (*Oh, oh! and loud laughter.*)"

MR. HAWKINS, by his last quoted remark, appears to have meant to express the opinion that the use of such inflammatory language as "dogma" was not creditable to anybody who had had seventeen years' experience at the table of the Gloucester Town Council. Taking "dogma" with that gentleman, as an opprobrious expression, we have no doubt that he was quite right, and that the Gloucester Town Council is creditably distinguished from most other similar bodies by abstinence from the use of strong language. MR. KENDALL, however, cannot be considered to present a very striking exception in this respect to his municipal colleagues. His ensuing reply to the accusation of having used such inflammatory language as dogma is certainly milder than what would have been given by a disputant more studious of conciseness than of forbearance :—

"MR. KENDALL. Does the poor man know the English language? Will you tell us the meaning of the word? I venture to say you do not know."

(Not a very bold assertion, MR. KENDALL.)

"You wanted to say something, and did not know what. You are an ignorant man."

Whether MR. KENDALL did or did not "suspect" MR. HAWKINS's "place," he did, perhaps, more than suspect his ears; yet he only gave the reporter occasion to write him down an ignorant man.

To the accusation of ignorance, we are told that "MR. HAWKINS attempted some reply, but amidst the confusion and laughter which prevailed he was quite inaudible." This is to be regretted; for if he had been heard he would very likely in justifying his protest against the word dogma, have said something else as good.

MR. HEANE, a peacemaker, then rose and said :—

"I am not fond of quarrelling, and I now rise to throw oil on the troubled waters. MR. PAXFORD SMITH is an old friend of mine—much more so than MR. KENDALL, but I think on this occasion MR. SMITH is decidedly in the wrong."

MR. HEANE's oil appears to have had the desired effect of making matters smooth, unless the breast of Town Councillor HAWKINS remained ruffled by the remembrance that he had been called an ignorant man, and the anticipation that he would be accordingly written down. The interpellation thus terminated, together with the debate :—

"MR. KENDALL. Mr. Mayor, will you do me the favour to say whether the meaning of the word 'dogma' is offensive? (*Laughter.*)—THE MAYOR. I think MR. HAWKINS has made a mistake and put a wrong meaning on the word. (*Renewed Laughter.*) The resolution was then put and carried *nem. con.*"

His Worship the MAYOR, it appears, declined to commit himself to the express decision that the word dogma was not offensive; though he thought that MR. HAWKINS was mistaken in regarding it as inflammatory language. We are afraid there will prove to be no mistake about it as far as MR. HAWKINS is personally concerned. It is too probable that whoever mentions the word dogma to him henceforth will make him very angry.

The Municipal debates reported in the local papers, are mostly dull reading, because they are very lengthy and relate to insignificant matters; but they would afford considerable amusement provided that, as in the case which has suggested the preceding observations, they consisted chiefly of the altercations and personalities which, with the exception of the Town Council of Gloucester, are the rule at the majority of such assemblies.

A Skedaddle Ticket.

WE should advise DR. CUMMING to emigrate, for on the principle that "no man is a Prophet in his own country," he may be a very good Prophet abroad, since there is not the slightest chance of his ever being one in England. The only question is whether, as a Prophet, the Doctor has not been abroad all his life.

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE VISITATION.—No one does it so regularly, so effectually, so perseveringly, so punctually, as the Tax-gatherer. The fellow seems to have quite a call for the business.



DUTIFUL DAUGHTER. "Well, Papa, dear. How are your poor f—I—I mean, is your gout a little less troublesome this morning, dear Papa?"

A POEM FOR THE PARKS.

As I was cutting out my name
Upon a public tree,
A sly Policeman softly came
Behind, and collared me. I
I told him I was not aware
That I was doing wrong:
He only said he didn't care,
And bade me come along.

Therewith he hurried me away
Before the nearest beak,
Who fined me more than I could pay,
And so I got a week,
The prison-cell, and penal wheel,
These feet of mine have trod,
Because I carved forbidden peck,
And I was sent to quod.

Painting the Lily.

THE New York papers have a ludicrously touching account of the Roman Catholic Archbishop, HUGHES, going to the camp, and "confirming" the Irish hirelings. This was what Rome would call a work of supererogation, for most of them were already confirmed blackguards.

"LA SEMAINE ILLUSTRÉE."

THE new Turkish Ambassador at Paris, it seems, has taken seven wives with him, who have been facetiously nicknamed *Madame Lundi, Mardi, Mercredi, &c.* *Punch* is not proud, but he will back his *Madame Jeudi*—or, in plain English, *Mrs. Judy*—against the whole lot of them any day of the week.

THE NAGGLETONS AT HOME.

That is to say, just at home. For MR. NAGGLETON, as his wife had foreseen, did run up from Brighton to the meeting of the "Flips," and, as his wife had not foreseen, did, in an accession of midnight geniality, agree to run over with MR. WINDHAM WAREHAM to Paris for a week. He loyally apprised MRS. NAGGLETON of the fact, and promised to rejoin her at Brighton. MRS. NAGGLETON instantly came to London, and, on the night of the following interview had gone to a party. The scene is in the parlour at South Kensington. MR. NAGGLETON has been pacing the room for about two hours, occasionally smoking, trying to read, and looking savagely at the clock. At length wheels are heard, and Voices of the Night, and a huge ring at the bell.

Male Voice (of an extremely polite person). I have rung. Mind the horse, RICHARD. Don't get out till the door is opened, MRS. NAGGLETON.

Female Voice. Come and see me soon, there's a dear.

Mrs. Naggleton. O, I will. There they come. (*Door opens.*) I am so much obliged to you for setting me down.

Mr. Naggleton (viciously within). A pleasure I propose to myself, Madam, directly.

Two Voices. Not at all—most happy. Good night, good night. Home, RICHARD. [*Exeunt wheels.*]

Enter to MR. NAGGLETON, MRS. NAGGLETON full dressed, followed by the Housemaid.

Mrs. Naggleton (coolly as if she had not seen the hat, sticks, travelling bag, &c., in the hall). O, you at home. You might have opened the door, I think, instead of giving CAPTAIN SILVERDALE the trouble of getting out on such a night in his dress boots. CARTER, is the gas lighted in my room?

Maid. Yes, M'm, some time. I thought it would warm the room, M'm.

Mrs. N. I am glad somebody has some thoughtfulness. Take up the mantilla, and fan. I am coming up directly. [*Exit CARTER.*]

Mr. N. You will stop, if you please, MRS. NAGGLETON. I have something to say to you.

Mrs. N. Won't it keep till the morning?

Mr. N. It is the morning, MADAM. Perhaps you will look at the clock, and say whether you think this is a time for a married woman to be out without her husband.

Mrs. N. My dear HENRY, it is her husband's fault, as he might have been with her. But I can't stand talking at two o'clock on a cold morning; besides, I am tired.

Mr. N. I also, Madam, am tired. I crossed to Folkstone this morning, hurried from one train to another at London Bridge, went to Brighton, and on reaching the hotel, found that you had been gone a week, and that my four letters were lying there. There they are, MRS. NAGGLETON. [*Dashes them on table.*]

Mrs. N. Any cheques in any of them?

Mr. N. Certainly not. I gave you twenty pounds on the day I left.

Mrs. N. Then I needn't read them, I suppose. [*Puts them into the fire.*]

Mr. Naggleton (utters a word which not even the example of clerical novelists will induce us to set down). MRS. NAGGLETON is about to retire. Stop, MRS. NAGGLETON, unless you wish that my displeasure should be—should be permanent, Madam.

Mrs. N. I have no wish, except to go to bed, being tired out.

Mr. N. No doubt you are tired, MRS. NAGGLETON. At your time of life balls till two in the morning are not particularly suited to your powers, but I dare say that you have strength left to inform me why you left Brighton, and caused me to run down on a wild goose chase in search of you.

Mrs. N. Without remarking on the coarseness of your language, HENRY, for I am really too fatigued to talk, I will merely say that if you had called at your place of business in the City—that is, if you have one, everything is kept a mystery from me—you would have found a note saying I was home.

Mr. N. I hastened down as fast as I could.

Mrs. N. Then don't abuse me for not having supposed that you would act in that schoolboy fashion. After staying away a week, you might have stayed the additional hour it would have taken you to call in the City.

Mr. N. This is my return for an endeavour to show you attention.

Mrs. N. My dear HENRY, I take your intentions and all that for granted, and you need not have recourse to awkward demonstrations.

Mr. N. Why did you leave Brighton?

Mrs. N. Because I pleased. It does not suit me to be left at an hotel by myself.

Mr. N. I wrote from Paris to tell you to ask MRS. BALTIMORE to come and stay with you for the few days I should be absent.

Mrs. N. Did you? I didn't have the letter, as you have discovered, and if I had I should have done nothing of the kind. Why am I to pay MRS. BALTIMORE's hotel bills?

Mr. N. You?

Mrs. N. (unheeding). And after what you confessed at Brighton of the state of your affairs, I felt that it was not for two of us, HENRY, to be spending money in travelling and at hotels. If you require that costly recreation, it is for your wife to make up for it by economy and self-denial.

Mr. M. If you can spoil my holiday, either when with you or without you, MARIA, you do. Had I the slightest wish to shorten your sea-visit?

Mrs. N. (in hopeless resignation). I—don't—know, but you took the most direct means to do it. You must be out of your senses to think that I should be staying at the Bedford while you are living at the Louvre. That is indeed what you would, I suppose, call igniting the candle at each extremity.

Mr. N. The Louvre! You might as well say that I had been at the Tuileries. We went to a quiet third class bachelor hotel behind the Opéra Comique, and dined at three francs. I saved so much upon the Brighton week that I actually bought you a ring with the surplus.

Mrs. N. As I detest Palais Royal jewellery, perhaps you will get rid of it in some other way. I am not quite a baby, to be insulted for a week, and then to have my mouth stopped with a piece of paste.

Mr. N. What do you mean by insulted, MRS. NAGGLETON?

Mrs. N. What I say. A man who leaves his wife under a false pretence that he is going to town for the night, and then skulks off to Paris without giving her the chance of accompanying him, may not be the sort of person to understand that he insults her, but if he has any respectable friends he had better ask their opinion. I could see what CAPTAIN and MRS. SILVERDALE thought about it, though they had too much good taste to say anything.

Mr. N. CAPTAIN SILVERDALE'S opinion of what is due to a woman is certainly valuable, for his first wife had to sue him for maintenance.

Mrs. N. The mind that delights in the reproduction of forgotten scandals must be indeed low, but I suppose such information is part of the advantages of your bachelor travelling.

Mr. N. Yes, and another part is my having been absent for a week from the grating, grating influence of your incessant reproaches.

Mrs. N. Do not say that word, HENRY. The time for reproaching you has long gone by—we reproach only where we hope to impress. Sometimes in self-defence against unjust charges, I may venture on a word, but it is met with a violence which makes me shudder, and it is but seldom that I risk it.

Mr. N. I never used a violent expression to you in all my life, but by Jove, if you can't see that it would make any fellow angry to get no answer to his letters, and be made, run up and down to Brighton for nothing—

Mrs. N. What is the fare to Brighton and back?

Mr. N. It isn't that, and you know it, a sovereign is nothing, but—

Mrs. N. Stop the amount out of the next cheque you give me for my housekeeping, and please say no more about it. I will gladly sacrifice some little personal comfort for the sake of a cessation of attack.

Mr. N. Such a cruel and unfair speech requires no answer.

Mrs. N. Being neither cruel nor unfair, it admits of none. How long have you been home?

Mr. N. Above two hours.

Mrs. N. And what train did you go down to Brighton by?

Mr. N. The three o'clock.

Mrs. N. Ah! Then with all your hurry you managed to stay and dine at the Bedford, and I hope you enjoyed yourself. Perhaps you took MR. WINDHAM WAREHAM, and treated him, out of gratitude for his taking care of you at the Louvre.

Mr. N. I repeat, MRS. NAGGLETON, that I never set my foot in the Louvre, and as for dinner, I had had nothing to eat since an exceedingly bad breakfast at Boulogne.

Mrs. N. Pray don't apologise to me. If I ever petition against the squandering of money I am instantly silenced by a fierce reminder that it is you who earn it. I suppose that the children will be brought up, or dragged up, some way, though I suppose I ought not to mention the children to a father who comes home and never even asks after them.

Mr. N. As if I had not seen them all two hours ago, while their mother was diverting herself at a ball.

Mrs. N. You don't mean that you have been cruel enough to disturb them at this time of night. Are you wild?

Mr. N. (triumphantly). The fact was you woke them all up with your ringing bells and calling servants, while you were getting ready to go out at eleven, instead of going to bed as you ought to have done, and they were all alive and rejoiced to see me. Also, they were good enough not to reject some little things I brought them over.

Mrs. N. (seriously enraged). Upon my word, HENRY, you do not deserve to have children. I declare I never heard of anything so wantonly wicked in the whole course of my life.

Mr. N. Rather a strong expression, considering that you read the papers.

Mrs. N. Don't tell me, I don't believe that there is a single father in the whole district of the Seven Dials who, to gratify his own selfishness,

would rush in and wake up a set of poor little children in their first sleep.

Mr. N. Ha! ha! No, my dear, not their first, but waiting for what would have been their second, if their mother had been a little less noisy in her eagerness to go out and dance among the other young people.

Mrs. N. It may be enough answer to your coarseness to say that I have not danced the whole evening.

Mr. N. I am glad that you—or partners—had so much sense of the fitness of things. I trust that you made a good supper.

Mrs. N. Yes, for, MR. SNOTCHLEY knows how to give a good supper, and is neither profuse or niggardly in the wrong place. He considers that half his guests are ladies, and arranges for their comfort, instead of thinking mainly of providing his male friends with the means of taking too much. It was a beautiful supper, and though its merits would have been lost upon you, I wished you had been there to take example from MR. SNOTCHLEY how to attend to everybody.

Mr. N. Ah! dear man, and it is the more to his credit, as everybody makes a point of not attending to him when he gets on his legs.

Mrs. N. If you mean that he is too much of a gentleman to condescend to retail jokes, and to repeat prepared buffoonery, you are right: he has mixed in the best society.

Mr. N. Mixed what? Punch, or only grog? I know he was something in some Swell's household.

Mrs. N. He was tutor to an Earl and a Viscount.

Mr. N. I never expected to feel so much pity for the aristocracy.

Mrs. N. You may sneer, but ladies know how to distinguish between vulgar smartness and the highbred pleasantness of one who has moved in good circles. A lady near me said that MR. SNOTCHLEY'S manner reminded her very much of the BISHOP OF OXFORD.

Mr. N. I don't know why it shouldn't, for SNOTCHLEY'S father was a soap-boiler.

Mrs. NAGGLETON considers for a moment, and then the effect of this climax of irreverence and vulgarity is too much for her, and she retires hastily.

Mr. N. (enjoying his vile victory). Well, the idea of likening that platitudinous ass to a splendid fellow like Saponaceous SAMUEL! but women are as great fools in their likes as their dislikes.

[Exit, to get in a rage because his slippers have been poked away somewhere.]

A BIT OF SPANISH FLY.



AN there, your Eminence CARDINAL WISEMAN, can there, SIR GEORGE BOWYER, be any truth whatever in the annexed newspaper paragraph?—

"LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN SPAIN.—The *Gloria Publica*, published at Madrid, was recently seized for publishing the following paragraphs in allusion to the persecution of Protestants in Spain:—'The EMPEROR OF CHINA has published a decree establishing freedom of worship in his dominions. And in Spain what is being done in respect to the same question? They will give information in some of the provinces of Andalusia. For ourselves, remembering the vulgar saying 'Comparisons are odious,' we make none, because we do not wish to be odious to anybody.'

Surely, your EMINENCE, surely, SIR GEORGE, some enemy has invented the foregoing statement with a view to excite a No Popery cry throughout Europe, demanding the withdrawal of the French from Rome. Of course, if the HOLY FATHER knew that his spiritual subjects the rulers of Spain were capable of the intolerance above ascribed to them, he would instantly fulminate a bull at them which would put a stop to it. No reasonable person can for a moment suppose that NAPOLEON THE THIRD would prostitute the arms of France to the support of such a system as popery would be if it were exemplified by the atrocities alleged to be committed under the influence of the dominant Church of Spain.



Something goes wrong with the Moderator Lamp, during Fogleton's Forty Winks after his Dinner. The horrible state of things on his Waking.

THE VACANT ARCHBISHOPRIC.

We are requested to publish the following correspondence:—

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Having the valued privilege of consulting you on matters of moment, I write to ask you whether you approve of the appointment by which I have directed VISCOUNT PALMERSTON to fill up the vacant Archbishopric of York.

"Subject, of course, to your approbation, I have desired his Lordship to nominate DR. COLENZO, BISHOP OF NATAL.

"Yours (in Exeter Hall)

"SHAFESBURY, B. M."

"24, Grosvenor Square, W."

"DEAR BISHOP MAKER,—No, I want COLENZO for something else. Order your friend to elevate a young Bishop—THOMSON, if you like. I have read his 'Seasons,' which are not bad.

"Ever yours,

"85, Fleet Street, E.C."

"PUNCH."

TWO ILL-USED VOWELS.

How Rein in Rain-deer should be spelt,

Whether with "e" or "a,"

BURNABY, STEWART and TEN BROECK,

The odds will take or lay.

Sure 'tis but fair that A and E

At length should rise to view,

Considering how Turfite swells

Have run on I.O.U.

"Quoit 'em Down-Stairs."

SOME foolish Greeks are said to have been bothering GARIBALDI with an offer of the crown of Greece. He would probably, as *Morose* says in the *Silent Woman*, "answer them not but with his Leg." And one of his stalwart Secretaries should have imitated him.

A STRONG MIND AND A WEAK WRITER.

We thought that strong-minded women were somewhat dying out, but here is a clear proof that the race is not extinct:—

TO FREE-THINKERS and Others.—An intellectual and accomplished Lady, aged 35, wishes for EMPLOYMENT, Literary, Educational, or Domestic; resident or non-resident. Would give German or Music Lessons, for two hours daily, for a home.

A lady who will own in print that she is aged thirty-five, clearly must be one possessing a strong mind. We doubt if even *Mrs. Blumber*, when she advertised for pupils, had the courage to put forth a statement of her age, at least after she had passed the feminine climacteric, which, we will assume, is twenty.

The lady does not state if she herself be a free-thinker, but there is very little question of her being a free-speaker; for it is evidenced not only by confession of her age, but by the latitude she gives herself in speaking of her wishes. From the statement she puts forth we have some trouble in deciding if she wants to be a governess or a maid-of-all-work; and although the terms are in some cases synonymous, we think an "intellectual" lady should not wantonly confound them. By saying that she wishes for "domestic employment" the advertiser plainly may be held to be desirous of a place as cook or housemaid; and if this be her ambition, she ought, besides informing us that she is "intellectual," to have made especial mention that, among her other qualities, she is "accomplished" in the art of making pies and puddings, and in doing other work which a domestic has to do.

The Latest Form of Begging.

RAGGED GIRL (outside Post-Office, and with a folded piece of paper in her hand). "Please, Sir, give me a penny to buy a postage stamp to post this letter to my mother!"

WHAT KIND OF HAT DOES THE POPE WEAR?—A Pork-Pius.

FOX, LATE M.P.

We read that at the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris, they have, amongst other curiosities—

"An *isatis*, or Iceland fox, that loses its hair annually, each time replacing it with a crop of another colour; so that it is white one year, and blue the next."

We should say that this Iceland fox must have been a politician in his day—probably a leading member of the Fox Club—considering the great ease with which he changes his coat every year. The number of colours, too, that he assumes in his changeful career favours exactly our political assumption—"white" at one period, and "blue" at another—precisely like one of our cunning M.P.'s canvassing the electors.

PERSONS WE SHOULD LIKE TO MEET.

- A POLICEMAN with an eye-glass.
- A Cabman with an umbrella.
- A Parson in white trousers.
- A Photographer with clean hands.
- A Tailor with good clothes.
- A Red-faced Baker.
- A Sweep with a white waistcoat.
- A Detective without his walking-stick.
- An Artist with short hair.
- A Letter Carrier with a top-coat.
- A Railway-guard in a white hat.
- A Boatman with goloshes.
- A Prize-fighter with whiskers.
- A Soldier with a clean collar on.

The Literary Season.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT the "sensation" novelist and "author" of *The Collegians*, or *the Colleen Bawn*, has a new work in the press called *Rienzi*, or *Nydia the Blind Girl*. The former work has been erroneously attributed to GERALD GRIFFIN, and the latter to LYTTON BULWER.



THE NEW THING IN HAIR.

Lady Swell. "OH, YES, YOU KNOW! QUITE NEW! THE OLD NETS AND BEAVERS' TAILS GETTING AWFULLY COMMON, YOU KNOW!"

A FRIENDLY NOTICE.

THERE are at least some Manchester men who have not been backward in coming forward to relieve the terrible distress in Lancashire caused by the Cotton Famine. "On the 14th of 10th month, 1862," at a meeting held by a body of Manchester Friends, a committee was appointed to draw up an Appeal to Friends in general on behalf of the starving sufferers. The remark obviously suggested by this proceeding is that a Friend in need is a Friend indeed; but an observation more, perhaps, to the purpose, which we may make, is, that the Committee in question is composed of the Friends whose names follow :-

"Treasurer :—JOSIAH MERRICK, Spring Gardens.
"Secretary :—FREDERICK COOPER, 28, Brown Street.

- "JAMES BRYCE, Oldham Street.
- JOSEPH BUCKLEY, St. Ann's Square.
- WILSON CHAWDSON, South Side.
- GEORGE DANSON, Cecil Street, Greenheys.
- JOSEPH B. FORSTER, Cambridge Street.
- JAMES HODGKINSON, Monton Green, Eccles.
- JOHN KING, St. Ann's Square.
- SHIPLEY NEAVE, High Street.
- GEORGE ROBINSON, St. Ann's Square.
- JOHN ROOKE, York Street, Cheetham.
- SAMUEL SATTERTHWAIT, SNOW HILL.
- JOSEPH SIMPSON, Newton Heath.
- RICHARD H. SOUTHALL, SWAN STREET.
- CHARLES THOMPSON, Cambridge Street.
- GODFREY WOODHEAD, Victoria Street."

and that each of them, as well as the Treasurer, is open to receive subscriptions.

Backwards in Coming Forwards.

ACCORDING to accounts from New York, M'CLELLAN'S army is in no condition to make an advance. Such, the Federal Government will probably find, is also the case with their capitalists.

LIVELY SCOTCH LAW.

THE Scotch law reports call the plaintiff in the great YELVERTON case the Pursuer. When the history of that affair is called to mind, that expression will perhaps be seen to be not inapplicable to the party. Is its application a stroke of Wut?

BACHELORS BY CRINOLINE.

MY DEAR MRS. DOVECOOTE,

MANY are the objections which brutes of men have raised against the amplitude of dress and the protuberance of petticoat which have lately been in fashion with your charming sex. But there is one point which has been but sparingly alluded to, and yet it clearly is the one which, I think, would have the greatest weight with ladies like yourself. If Crinoline were viewed as an impediment to marriage, surely it would find but little favour in the eyes of ladies who, like you, have daughters to dispose of. And are there not fair grounds for believing that big petticoats have hindered many a young man from taking the bold plunge, which would put an end to his bachelor existence? Many a fellow thinks he can afford to keep a wife, but finds his courage fail him at the thought that he will also have to keep her wardrobe. When starting for Chamounix with his alpenstock and knapsack, he sees his old friend TOMKINS, who last Spring committed matrimony, setting forth for a month's travel with his wife and eighteen boxes, to say nothing of shawls, dressing-cases, parasols and work-baskets, and other articles of luggage which are always being lost. He then thinks, could he afford a tour with such expensive luxuries? and if a wife requires so many dresses when she travels, how vast must be her wardrobe when she is at home! So he lights his pipe by way of consolation for his solitude, and as the graceful wreaths arise, he meditates on marriage as a bliss beyond the reach of such poor devils as himself, and resolves therefore to make his miserable life happy as a bachelor best may.

Now, my dear Mrs. DOVECOOTE, is not this a sad, sad picture: and should we not in charity do what we can to help these poor benighted bachelors, and remove the hindrance which prevents their entering the blissful marriage state? Crinoline itself is not a costly article, but large dresses require more silk or stuff than small ones; and the wider are the dresses, the longer are the bills for them. Moreover, there is a belief, it may be an unfounded one, that ladies with large dresses want large houses to match; and so through press of Crinoline, men often pay more rent than they can well afford, and sometimes get thereby presented at the Basinghall Street Court.

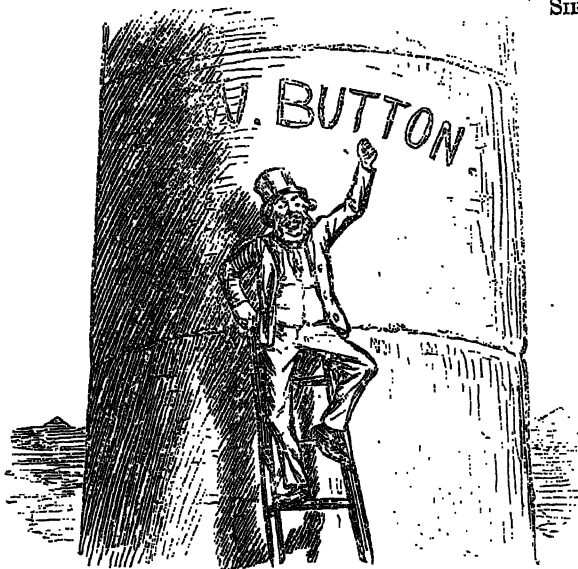
Viewing, therefore, Crinoline as being in some sort an impediment to marriage, my dear Madam, pray exhort your matronly acquaintances to lose no time in getting up an anti-Crinoline Society, which every British mother should be desired to join. Some people think that ladies will never leave off Crinoline until they are ordered by their dressmaker to do so. But if mothers had the courage just for once to act in defiance of their milliners, I think that marriageable daughters might be found in mere request.

I remain, my dear Madam, the ladies' best companion and adviser,
PUNCHER.

"DON'T BOTHER ME."

THERE is a capital story going round the papers touching what is called the restoration of the power of speech to an aged person, called MARY DEAN, at a place called Oreston. The old lady had been dumb for fifty or sixty years, but on her being at length moved to wrath by being told to go on an errand, indignation brought back her faculty of utterance, and she exclaimed "Don't bother me!" It is refreshing to hear of a person having been silent for half a century or more, and then breaking silence to request that she might not be "bothered." Mr. PUNCH has an idea that the statues of a good many deceased celebrities, whose silence has been genuine, but to whose supposed beliefs, opinions, prophecies, and sentiments, reference is perseveringly made by their descendants, would if "stones were known to speak," open their mouths to much the same effect as MARY DEAN, in answer to the majority of appeals now made to them. Possibly MR. PITT and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, after hearing Conservative orations, MR. FOX and MR. GRATTAN, in reply to Liberal invocations, and certainly GEORGE WASHINGTON, when buncombe spouters to an acre of mob are clamouring to his Shade, would be inclined, "from information received," to say "Don't bother me." This is the only moral Mr. PUNCH has been able to distil from an anecdote upon which about eleven thousand correspondents have desired his opinion, and he begs in conclusion to repeat the words of MARY DEAN.

ST. BUTTON STYLITES.



mean, and I do not care. Those who have been upon the adjacent Nile and have suffered the remarkable inconvenience to which the French have given the name of Buttons of the Nile, may think that the epigraph has some connection with those interesting tumours, but that is not to the purpose. I wrote my name upon the Pillar as an Englishman has a

SIR,—I won't stand this. BURTON by name and Button by nature, I declare that I won't. Dash my namesakes if I do!

"You, Sir, and every one else who has seen what is called Pompey's Pillar (though it might as well have been called Cæsar's Column, or Otho's Obelisk, for it was the central ornament and is the last remnant of the Temple of Serapis), must have been struck with the noble way in which I, your humble servant, inscribed my name upon the article. Years and years, Sir, the name of BURTON has looked down (like the hundred centuries, or sentries, which BONAPARTE stated to be looking down from the top of the Pyramids), and being out of the reach of indignant travellers, there it would have looked down for ages, but for French impertinence. I do not know what the world supposed W. BURTON to

right to do wherever he goes, and I protest against its being taken down.

"But who is going to take it down? says you. Why, Sir, you may read in the scientific journals that the Pillar is going to be cleansed, put into thorough repair, some vitreous substance injected into the holes, and then, Sir—then, the French, who have undertaken the work, and I wish they would mind their own business in Egypt and other places (I name no names, but Rome is in Italy) are going to inscribe on the column:—

"*In Memory of the French who fell at the Battle of Alexandria.*"

"Well, Sir, if they would be good enough to add—

"*Where they were soundly licked by the English under Abercrombie, 1801, and licked again by the same islanders under Fraser, 1807.*"

I would not so much care. But do you think they will put anything of the kind? Not they, and therefore I beg to protest against any such inscription being stuck on Pompey's Pillar instead of the now world-famous name of

"Yours very truly,

"WILLIAM BURTON."

Q. E. D.

THAT the famous Reindeer bet
Was a "bubble" is clearly shown;
For what but a bubble could be
In so many newspapers blown?

SOME ODIIOUS COMPARISONS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR JUST OFF HIS HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

CHAPTER THIRD.

WHEN I gave a title to these articles I proclaimed their comparisons to the world as "odious." It seems by the following letter that they have been found so.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"A great many of your articles are very good and most amusing, but the two you published in this and last week's numbers, on railway travelling, hotels, &c., on the Continent, are such perfect nonsense, that you should really be deeply ashamed of making a fool of yourself in printing them in your journal. You criticised in a biting style MR. ASSOLANT'S articles, and rightly, for they deserved it well, but allow me to tell you that your Englishman's observations are such stuff, that anybody who knows a little of these matters and who has less prejudices, will at once see that these observations are as stupid, or even much more stupid, than any of MR. ASSOLANT'S or ASSOMANT'S, as you please to call him. Confer the latter title to your rambler, you would but serve him well, and by this express the opinion of

"Manchester, Nov. 7, 1862.

"ANYBODY WHO HAS BEEN ABROAD."

Is this crushing blow administered by a Manchester-German, who is outraged by my strictures on foreign railways, or by a Manchester inn-keeper, who revolts at my attack upon English hotels?

In either case I console myself by the thought that my arrow must have gone home, or it would not rankle. I bow meekly to the imputation of stupidity. I don't profess to be brilliant. I only attempt to tell some truths, as they seem to me, in matters much affecting the comforts of all who travel.

If there be people—not German—who consider foreign railways—especially German railways—pleasant and well-managed, or English hotels comfortable and well-ordered, I can only say that their experiences have been fortunate, or that their tastes are peculiar. Of course, if my critic be a German, his wrath is intelligible. He doesn't see the hardship of being bullied by a man in uniform; and considers it the normal condition of railway travellers to be crammed ten in a carriage and to go sixteen miles an hour.

But after all, be my Manchester friend British or Deutsch, there is nothing like conflict of opinions. Smart collisions knock the dust of prejudice out of ideas, and by much attrition the fire of truth is likeliest to be lighted. With this good-humoured comment on my angry commentator, let me continue, *pace Mancunius*, my "stuff and nonsense."

The truth is, I fancy, that English hotels may be expected to improve as soon as JOHN BULL begins to travel in England, *i.e.*, to journey for his pleasure and otherwise than by railway. Even now there are a few British caravanserais which can stand comparison with foreign ones, for comfort and cost. These are all in the few and favoured parts of these

islands which JOHN BULL visits for enjoyment as he visits foreign parts. You will find such oases in the Lake Country, North Wales, the Highlands. Here are still hotels to which the Englishman may take a foreigner without blushing—places in which a smack of country homeliness and heartiness leavens the hunger and hard measure of hotel-keeping—where a trace of the farm-house, or way-side public still corrects the hollow pretentiousness of the bran-new and many-windowed barrack, that tells of excursion-trains and sudden influx of the cheap holiday-keeping masses. In such places we may still see grey roofs, a lawn with flower-clumps and well-kept turf, and climbing roses about the windows. Here is to be found something like the comfort of an English fireside even in a coffee-room; some relish of honesty and fair dealing in the things given you to eat and drink—wholesome bread and unlarded butter, well-fed well-killed well-dressed roast and boiled, barn-door fowls, barley-fed bacon, genuine tea, real cream and sound beer, clean linen and tolerable attendance, and all at a cost not altogether beyond the stretch of modest purses.

Of course, in such places, the intelligent traveller will bound his expectations and demands by the ways and means of the establishment. He will not ask for *entrées*, or cheap table-wine, or for a well-ordered dinner in any artistic sense of the word. He must take a rustic banquet, but how good are such, when they are good of their kind! In these lies the real strength of our country if she *did* but know it. Abroad in the humblest establishment, you find the man-cook installed, and an artistic conception of dinner, as consisting of the established elements—soup, *entrées*, fish, roast, vegetables, and dessert, in their local permutations and combinations. The dinner may be detestable and dirty, but it is regularly composed. The mischief is when the same sort of thing is attempted at home, without any true sense of its requirements, any aptitude, or needful appliances for it. And this mockery is growing in London, as one may see from the advertisements of such would-be French dinners, ushered in with a definite article, and setting out a bill of fare in which boiled leg of mutton and turnips figures as "*le gigot à l'eau, aux navets*," cod and oyster-sauce are paraded as "*la morue aux huîtres*;" and even boiled potatoes are refused admission except under the disguise of "*les pommes de terre au naturel*."

This sort of thing is as yet abominable masquerading and make-believe—an impudent aping of French dinners, which sits as ill upon the apes as Mossoo's funny little hats upon English heads, and sits worse still on the digestive organs of the deluded diner. Woe to those gulls and greenhorns who put faith in such advertisements, at least if they venture off English ground, in their *étouffe* of meats! Somebody has said that "*ici on parle Français*" is the inscription on the gates of the lower regions. "*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrare*" might be written over the door of these London dining establishments which publish French bills of fare. The old English Chop-house is a native institution, like nothing else, and having merits and meats of its own unattainable in foreign countries. We are getting too fine for this; and yet the popular

mind has not in fact advanced beyond it. When we leave this safe solid semi-savage region of plain joints, chops, and steaks, we middle-class English wander in a limbo of culinary shams, and what CARLYLE would call "wind-baggeries and wiggeries" of the kitchen; we have lost our hold of the "veracities," and come to grief, as may be expected.

Now in the English lakes, among the Welsh mountains, and in the Highland straths and glens, this aping of foreign ways is, still happily, almost unknown. If the traveller will content himself with the rustic fare of the region—the fish of the lake, the mutton of the hillside, the fowl of the barn-door,—he may eat wholesomely, nay, enjoyingly, and at moderate cost. But he must eschew made-dishes, and stick to home-brewed. Light cheap and wholesome wine, it is conceived, has not yet made its way to these places. Then the traveller must hardly yet, in any of these places, as far as I know them, expect a rationally furnished bed-room. The faith in the four-poster still lingers in even the best of these houses of entertainment. Indeed, the homelier and homester they are, as a rule, the more old-fashioned their furniture and fittings. The tub, I need hardly say, is just as unfamiliar in these hostleries as in the remotest regions of Calabria or Auvergne. Tub! Why even the opening of bed-room windows is a practice still frowned upon, and considered unwholesome in such houses. Ten to one, you will find the feather-bed uppermost, and the pillow as much too limp as the bed is too plump and puffy. These, however, are matters on which the missionary labours of intelligent travellers may be expected gradually to diffuse light. There are regions of the Highlands in which the tub has already been preached; and the light iron-bedstead and hard mattress has been successfully implanted, I believe, in more than one Lake hotel.

In these and other matters whereon light is needed, there is, at last, some hope for the country inn. MURRAY has begun to publish a series of Handbooks for England. It was only natural that he should have been long in coming to this. He has produced his invaluable series much in the order of travelling-resort, beginning with the Rhine, Switzerland, France, Germany, Italy, then going on to less trodden regions, as Spain and Russia and the Scandinavian kingdoms, next reaching father a-field to Syria and Albania, Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land. And now, having mapped out the travelling geography of these comparatively frequented routes, he has come to the *terra incognita* of England, in which the English traveller has yet to break ground.

MURRAY may do much to undo the work of the railway. As the latter has ruined the enjoyment and excitement of home-travelling, the former may gradually revive the fashion, and open up to his countrymen districts now as strange to all but the natives of them as Central Africa or the Australian middle country, as rich in glories of natural or cultivated beauty as Italy or Rhineland, as full of buried treasures of architecture and art as Nineveh or the two Sicilies.

But the railway has hitherto been the real blight of home-travelling. Can MURRAY resist the railway? That is a very doubtful question. The evil influences on travelling and its comforts, of the rail, that ruling power of our iron-age, are too serious to be dealt with at the fag-end of an article.

OUR ANCESTRY.

To MR. PUNCH.

"SIR," "I THINK we are at length getting rid of the great difficulty—What is man? for there seems good reason to believe that he is radically and really a fish.

"Read from MR. DARWIN on *The Origin of Species* the following extract, which does not seem to have attracted as yet that attention it deserves:—

"I can, indeed, hardly doubt that all vertebrate animals having true lungs have descended by ordinary generation from an ancient prototype, of which we know nothing, furnished with a float-apparatus or swim-bladder."

"This doctrine may, at first view, appear startling to some; but we should be cautious in refusing it our belief. Had MR. DARWIN, in addition to the facts he adduces in support of his views, wielded the philological argument touched upon by DEAN TRENCH, in his *Study of Words*, he might have made his case stronger, and to many more satisfactory. For if we can, from the careful study of a people's language, pretty correctly conclude what they were, or whence they sprang, I think we must admit that MR. DARWIN has the philological argument on his side in this matter. What is more common than to hear an individual characterised as 'a queer fish,' or, addressed, 'Give us your fin?' Then how easy it is, in the case of any two individuals apparently little dissimilar, to make 'fish of one and flesh of another.' Under certain circumstances and conditions of life, an individual is described as getting 'pale about the gills,' or being 'like a fish out of the water,' and that, according to MR. DARWIN'S theory, in a sense more appropriate and profound than may generally be attached to the

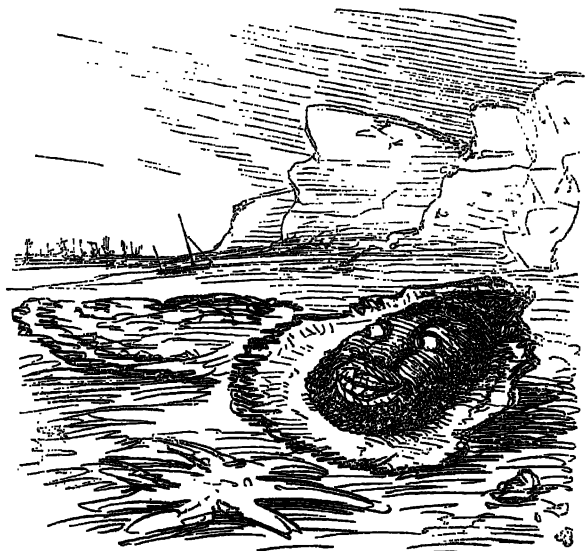
expression. To what source then are we to trace such usages of language, if we reject his theory? He must be a dull man indeed who does not perceive that they are strongly in favour of it. And, moreover, when we take these usages in connection with the fact that we lately had amongst us an actual live talking fish, it appears inconsistent with sound reasoning to doubt that that talking fish was the missing link, in this quarter, found; and that the question as to our ancestry is thus decided.

"You, yourself, Sir, did good service, the other week, to the cause of this scientific investigation in its more advanced stage, by pointing out that the missing link between man and the Gorilla is undeniably found in the Irish Yahoo. And it is to be hoped that, as ray after ray of light thus dawns upon us, we shall in due time be able to complete the family register.

"I am, Sir, your Obedient Servant,

"Struggle for Life Place,
"Nov. 15th, 1862."

"NATURAL SELECTION,"



A REAL NATIVE.

LIMERICK LITERATURE.

It may not seem to most persons very important what an Irishman says about anything. But when what an Irishman supposes to be his thoughts get into print the warning brogue is lost—one would not insult the rattlesnake by mentioning the warning rattle—and a hasty reader may feel annoyed at what he supposes to be an English or Scotch utterance. A newspaper published in Limerick has been sent to *Mr. Punch*, and this paper actually keeps a correspondent, who has ventured on some comments on one of *Mr. Punch's* immortal poems. The correspondent calls bad names, which he consistently spells badly, but one would not be hard upon such an animal. The only point to which *Mr. Punch* would advert is the evidence the correspondent affords of the standard of general and historical information in Papist literature. He quotes *Mr. Punch's* affectionate description of Queen Omphale, and after the lines

"And of all the kings of the southern land,
Her bear ideal was FERDINAND."

adds,—

"Just so—because FERDINAND was the victim of a vile conspiracy. His noble wife is now, and has been for some time, at Marseilles for the benefit of sea air; but the liars of the English press say she has gone into a nunnery in Germany."

The poor Papist is not even up in the history of his own saints and martyrs. He has never heard of the FERDINAND the petticoat embroiderer to whom *Mr. Punch* referred. The Limerick enlightener thinks that *Mr. Punch* meant the wretched BOMBALINO. Now, as any history would tell the cultivated gentleman, the FERDINAND who embroidered petticoats for the Virgin was FERDINAND VII. of Spain, and if his noble wife is now at Marseilles, it is very odd, as she was supposed to have been poisoned by her priests in 1806, on account of her enlightened opinions, and at all events was buried in that year. However, no great matter. But if the Limerick editor does not think his elegant correspondent quite good enough for those who read him, *Mr. Punch* may confer a service by mentioning that another Gorilla has landed, alive, at Liverpool (a place in England) and may be open to an engagement.



PET-LOVE.

Old—what shall we call her? "RUN, ROBERT! RUN! THERE'S THAT DARLING PLAYING WITH A STRANGE CHILD!"

ENGLAND, THE TIGRESS.

(From the New York Herald.)

ANOTHER insult to the citizens of this mighty and glorious republic, another outrage from perfidious Albion, as she is well called by noble and gallant France, the home of freedom and civilisation. Our blood would boil over if it were worth while, on perusing the despatches brought by the last mails, but we have concluded to treat the miserable islanders with the contempt they merit. Yet American citizens should comprehend the depth of brutality and cowardice to which England has descended, in her hatred for this great and mighty country, which she has plunged into war through her diabolical machinations, at the accursed bidding of her fiendlike aristocracy.

ENGLAND HAS REFUSED TO JOIN FRANCE IN ASKING US TO LEAVE OFF FIGHTING.

Do you hear that, men of America? Do you hear that, heroes of a hundred fights? Do you hear it too, you five acres of freemen who stood to listen to the spirit-stirring eloquence of the Irish warrior who dwells among you. England, appealed to by France to intercede between us and the rebels whom we are going to crush, and in ninety days to annihilate from off the face of the earth, refuses! And well she may refuse, the dastardly, bloodthirsty tigress. When the leopards in her foul shield became lions we know not, nor care by what solemn lie the fools called heralds juggled one beast into the other at the bidding of the knaves called kings, but it was not the lion but the savage yet crouching tiger that should have been the type of England. Yes, the Anglican tigress howls because France desires to spare us any more bloodshed, she howls her cry that we be left alone, and that the utmost amount of woe and misery may be inflicted upon those whom she hates because they love freedom. Had she her base will, we should go on fighting till doomsday. She will make any sacrifice rather than help on a pacification, and as ROBERT CORDELL, the member for Birmingham, recently told a vile mob at Rochford in Essex, the aristocracy are feeding the starving operatives

with venison and turtle rather than their sufferings should bring the war to an end. We know the tigress, and when the time shall serve, we may add a few new stripes to those upon her all-fired back. Meantime, we have to put down her emissaries the rebels, whom she pays with the gold wrung from the wretched Irish and Indians.

But she was right, in another respect, for concluding not to interfere. We wonder for our part that one of nature's noblemen, like LOUIS NAPOLEON, the descendant of CHARLEMAGNE, CHARLES THE TWELFTH, and other real kings (whatever their faults may have been), could have contaminated his hand by offering it to a female of the House of Gulph. However, he can afford to condescend. But it showed a becoming humility in the servile courtiers of St. James's, and specially in the feeble toady and sycophant PALMERSTON, not to pretend to share in the mission of the Emperor, but humbly to beg him to take his own course. It was a compliment, indeed, that the greatest sovereign in Europe should ask a miserable Government like that of England to join with him and the godlike ruler of Russia in any work, but PALMERSTON knew his place better than to accept such a compliment. That buffoon associated with LOUIS and ALEXANDER! Fie upon 't, give us a civet cat, and take away the apothecary, as SHAKESPEARE says. No, we are glad that PAM had that virtue of humility, though it is only a footman's virtue at the best.

Well is it for England that she spared us the crowning outrage of joining in this petition that we should not utterly crush the rebels. Well for her Indian fleet in the Pool, well for her proud docks at Manchester, for her steel manufactories in the Clyde, for the thousand furnaces that nightly illuminate Salisbury Plain. We are no boasters, and perhaps it is the fault of Americans that their exquisite sense of humour and their quiet gentlemanly habits prevent their giving due utterance to the praises deserved by themselves, or to the menaces which should curb the pride of other nations. But for once we will speak out, and in the name of America say that had the despicable old beast and tigress, England, dared to thrust her contaminating hand into this fray, her doom had come sooner than her rotten system will otherwise bring it. We have a score of armies in the field, and any one of them would have marched from Gravesend to Glasgow, or from Land's End to



ONE HEAD BETTER THAN TWO.

LOUIS NAPOLEON. "I SAY, HADN'T WE BETTER TELL OUR FRIEND THERE TO LEAVE OFF MAKING A FOOL OF HIMSELF?"

LORD PAM. "H'M, WELL, SUPPOSE YOU TALK TO HIM YOURSELF. HE'S A GREAT ADMIRER OF YOURS, YOU KNOW."

Lowestoft, more easily than it defeats the rebels, who, misguided as they are, have something American in them. Yes, it was well for the bloated old gaunt haggard tigress that she sneaked and skulked away from the Emperor's call.

But we will never forgive her, never. This last atrocity, this endeavour to prolong the war which she initiated by means of her aristocracy, and which she is feeding with her accursed gold, this wrong shall be written in letters of blood and fire upon the banners of the Union, and when that writing is wiped out, the rotten old wretched England shall be wiped out too. But let us first and finally exterminate the rebellion, and then the Eagle with one wild waving of her immortal wings, with one astounding cry from her resistless beak, will have leisure for a stoop upon the Tigress, England. We calculate that tigerskin will be at a discount that afternoon.

ACROBATIC APES WANTED.



W
 HAT a good thing it would be if Orang-outangs and Gorillas and the monkey-tribe in general could be civilised so far as to be trained to turn a somersault and dance upon the tight-rope and swing with the *trapeze*, and perform the other marvels of activity and strength which human acrobats so often break their legs or necks in trying! Here is one of the last accidents occurring through this cause, and the case deserves the notice of the charitable public:—

“THE FEMALE BLONDIN.—On Friday last the heroine of the Crystal Palace in 1858, and of the transit of the Thames on a tight rope 2,000 feet in

length in August, 1861, was removed on crutches from St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a cripple for the rest of her life, from the accidental fracturing of the neck of the thigh-bone, more than two months ago, at Highbury Barn, while obeying the morbid and romantic desire of the present age for perilous adventures. The fractured limb is three inches shorter than the other, and perfectly useless. The heroine, with a courage truly characteristic, wished the surgeons to amputate the limb, if it could not be rendered serviceable, rather, as she observed, than have it dangling uselessly by the side of the other, and requiring support which she might find very difficult to obtain for the maintenance of the sound one. What renders the case of this unfortunate artist the more distressing is, she was the only support of an aged and infirm father and an invalid sister.—*Express.*”

We trust that this last statement in the paragraph we quote will not long escape the eyes of the benevolent. It is a bad enough misfortune, we think, to break one's leg, and limp about a cripple the remainder of one's life. But the misery is worse when one's family is injured by it, and when not oneself alone, but others who are dear to one, are left without support. How far this thought may influence the persons who admired and went to see the “female BLONDIN,” we cannot undertake to volunteer a guess; but it is quite clear to our mind that they should be the first now to contribute to her maintenance, and in some measure relieve her from the misery she must feel. All who went to look at her encouraged by their presence her dangerous performance, and were in some degree the causes of the breaking of her leg. If they had stayed away and had not patronised the sight, the poor woman would have taken to another means of livelihood, and would not have been tempted to try the feats which crippled her.

The taste for seeing fellow creatures put their lives and limbs in danger we cannot call “romantic,” but view rather as disgusting. Persons who enjoy the sight of such “adventures” would most likely love to see the bloodshed of a bull-fight. It is not so much the skill of the performer that attracts them, as the peril he is placed in and the chance of seeing his neck broken. If monkeys could be trained to do the tight-rope and *trapeze* business, they would soon eclipse the feats of LÉONARD and BLONDIN. Monkeys are by nature better fit for such achievements; for they have more muscle than men, and having fewer brains, have not such fear of falling. Surely, we repeat, it were a good thing for humanity if acrobatic monkeys could be trained up and exhibited. The lives of human beings then need not be endangered, and the public might be weaned from its present brutal taste for seeing men and women imperil their existence by attempting feats which monkeys could achieve with perfect safety, and far more ease and skill.

PROOF-POSITIVE.—Greece *must* free herself by her last revolution. Do we not see her already getting rid of her bonds?

SOMETHING LIKE A NUISANCE.

“SIR, “Who I am is not your business, but I will tell you what your business is. Sir, it is to tell me how much per annum, in these days, when although certainly trifles are one franc seventy-five centimes a pound, the Income-Tax is—you know what, a man is expected to pay for not getting his boots mudded.”

“Wednesday.”

“That in common with yourself and all other decent housekeepers, I pay a tax-gatherer a vast sum for a Highway and Cleansing Rate, which seems to be always coming in, and to be charged in some mysterious way which makes seven quarters in every year, I need not say. If I didn't, I should be sold up.”

“London being therefore supposed to be cleaned properly, I have further to state that my place of business is about two miles from my genteel residence, N.W. That in walking from the latter to the former, as my intelligent medical man (with objectionable allusions to my pinguitude) desires me to do daily, I have to cross a good many streets. At every crossing I am assailed with a demand for a toll. The demand is urged in every variety of language and tone, from the respectful ‘Sweeper, Sir,’ to the clamorous and whining ‘O, your honour, do spare a penny for the poor sweep this morning, your honour; do your honour, nice clean crossing, and I have had nothing to eat for three weeks.’”

“Taking the shortest route, Sir, I go over thirty crossings. If I pay the toll of a penny at each, this is half-a-crown a day, or fifteen shillings a week, in addition to the tax which I pay in my own—well, passage. I was going to say hall, but as I never can pass my own housemaid in it, but have to wait on the threshold till she has taken her grinline out of the way, I will use the less pretentious word.

“There are two reasons, Sir, why these thirty demands of toll are obnoxious to me.

“First, Sir, although I am not going to tell you what I am, I may be one of several things. I ponder over my daily work as I walk to it, and the interruptions suddenly thrown in my way are most outrageous.

“I may be a Lawyer, and may just have worked out a lovely proof of the innocence of somebody whom I know to be guilty. I have just, shall I say, concocted a sweet bit for the intelligent jurymen. And now, gentlemen, in the interests of society, and in obedience to the purer and higher instincts of our imperfect nature, let me adjure you to cast aside all entangling prejudices, and to make a clean sweep of—”

“Spare us a halfpenny, Sir, please do, Sir, that 's a kind gentleman.”

“Or, Sir, I may be a popular Novelist, and I may be plotting out a deeply touching chapter, designed to lift the interest which has been flagging a little in consequence of my having been uncertain how to go on, and having filled up with a smart dialogue on things in general. At this instant the hideous form of the Dalmatian came in sight. The eyes, lurid with infernal fire, suddenly flashed upon her, and the snake-like fingers writhed in fiendish eagerness for a death-clutch upon the maiden's alabaster throat. With a piteous shriek Roncibella, shuddering, exclaimed,

“Give the poor sweep a brown this cold morning to get something to thaw him, your honour.”

“Or, Sir, I may be a Clergyman who has just taken a chapel, and is particularly anxious to make a hit, as the rent is rather high, and I am meditating a brilliant discourse to the fast young men of my congregation. How, my dear hearers, has the sweet Psalmist of Palestine indicated to a young man that he should cleanse—”

“Remember the sweeper, your honour: it's a long crossing and swep werry nice.”

“Or, Sir, I may be a Gentleman who has been invited to a Social Science meeting, and having got some inking as to what social science means, and having discovered the fact that the most prudent thing a speaker can do is to pay compliments to a previous speaker, in order that a subsequent speaker may compliment *you*, I have shaped out and am muttering an elegant sentence. I may be permitted, ladies and gentlemen, to express my feeling, in which I am sure you will concur, that we all owe a deep debt of gratitude to PROFESSOR VOLUBLE, who, in language worthy of the great statesman, philosopher, and orator in your chair, yes, ladies and gentlemen, in language which LORD—”

“Something for the Broom, your honour. Please to bestow something on the Broom.”

“There, *Mr. Punch*, that is the first part of my case. I do object to have my work, whatever it may be, hindered by thirty interruptions of that kind.

“Secondly, Sir, having paid my Cleansing rate, I object to be asked to pay it over again at the rate of fifteen shillings a week, and I contend that the authorities ought to sweep our streets for us, or not charge us for doing what they don't do.

“Now, Sir, what have you got to say to *that*?

“Yours obediently,

“Regent's Park.”

“NECESSITAS H. LUGES.”

THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL'S CLOCK.

AMONG the magnificent presents which the POPE made to the PRINCESS PIA, his godchild, now the young QUEEN OF PORTUGAL, is, says the report,—

"A timepiece of exquisite workmanship, the hours of which are each represented by a relic."

Mr. Punch was so fascinated by this conception, that he immediately wrote off to his friend CARDINAL WISEMAN to know whether the statement were true. His Eminence has in the most obliging manner furnished the following diagram, which, though it does not represent the elegant workmanship of the "Relic-Clock," shows the far more precious gems which give it true value in the eyes of the faithful.



EXPLANATIONS.

Hour Hand.—Tongue Scraper of St. Harris.
Minute Hand.—Toothpick of St. Walkerius.

- I. Glass eye of St. Hilarion.
- II. Crystallised bandoline of St. Bathilde.
- III. Hair from the wig of St. Ildefonse.
- IV. Eyelash of St. Pancrace.
- V. Piece of trousers of St. Pantaleon.
- VI. Little toe-nail of St. Euphrasia.
- VII. Gold tooth-stopping of St. Onisephorus.
- VIII. Finger-stall of St. Opportune.
- IX. Bit of spectacles of St. Fiacre.
- X. Little finger-nail of St. Honorine.
- XI. Eye-tooth of St. Theodule.
- XII. Corn plaster of St. Petronille.

* H. E. apologises (unnecessarily, we think) for the rudeness of the design, on the plea that he is an inexperienced draftsman, and has moreover mislaid his compasses.

MORE SPORTING NEWS.

(From Bell's Life.)

THE truly sportsmanlike way in which the Betting world ventured its money on the Commissioners of the International Exhibition has been vindicated by the result. It was thought that after the Show had closed, and what had always been more or less of a shop had been formally declared to be nothing else, it would be almost impossible for the Genius of Blunder (on a visit to England by the kind permission of Hibernia) to help his pet *protégés* to any new mistake. But sportsmen were bold, and betted, and fortune favoured them. They wagered that the Commissioners would once more put their foot in it. They did so. The shop was opened for a class of customers who can or will only come forth to buy late in the afternoon, say from two to five o'clock. So, the Commissioners seized on the brilliantly novel device of slamming the

door in the faces of such customers at three o'clock! We rejoice that the courage of the Betting world has thus been rewarded, and that they have made the pot of money which the Commissioners would not allow the Exhibitors to make. *Audaces fortuna juvat.*

NOVEL NOMENCLATURE.

THE literary world is at its last gasp for titles to bestow upon the thousand-and-one works of fact and fiction wherewith it annually chokes off the reading appetite of the British public. In years past our ancestors were content to label their productions with a few simple words expressive in plain language of their scope or design, but *nous avons changé tout cela*; such primitive notions would be entirely discreditable to the inventive genius of the nineteenth century. Something "sensational" must be hit off now-a-days, *coûte qui coûte*; something that sounds striking—startling; suggestive of excitements,—soul harrowings—unnatural homicides;—or at least hinting at six out of the seven deadly sins being to be found within its covers: but before all things it must be *new*. These mines of inspiration, however (rather above delicately sketched out, than described), are becoming decidedly exhausted. Romantic, spasmodic, alliterative, have all been pretty nearly worked to death; and the eccentricity of literary patronymics may be considered to have reached its climax in the recent work of a popular novelist which its author has actually christened by *No Name* at all! After that, well may poets exclaim "What's in a name?"

These nomenclative distresses are principally due to the pedantic idea, still lingering amongst a few of our writers and publishers, that some slight link of sympathy must exist—or be presumed to exist—between the subject of a book and its title. Such antiquated notions should henceforth be dismissed as unworthy of an enlightened age; and *Punch* suggests whether a new style might not in future be adopted, designatable as the "the funny-facetious" style, the component parts or epithets of which should be selected rather with regard to their intrinsic appositeness and appropriateness, and to the general fitness of things, than to any connection, real or imaginary, with the matter or authorship of the volume,—unless, indeed, in cases where the latter can be made to subserve to the common symmetry of the structure. Thus works of general interest, might perhaps be distinguished by a sort of philosophical haziness, or universal unmeaningness in their superscriptions: novels by smart flashy witticisms, and so forth. In fact, the art wants a little new life putting into it, and as it is *Punch's* mission to enliven everybody, he throws out a few suggestions, *par exemple*, to be scrambled for amongst the crowd of literary celebrities who are ever ready to pounce upon his lightest word.

Works of General Interest:—

- "PROFESSOR GORILLA, On the Jaw Bone of an Ass."
- "The Emperor of China's back teeth—or any other man. By Stump Orator."
- "Going! Going! Going!—CUMMING."
- "Confederate Destinies, or why Cotton can never be Worsted. By the same Author."
- "TENNET on the Law of Irish Landlords: a Fugitive piece."
- "British Fleas.—Norfolk Howard."

Travels, &c. —

- "Dry Platitudes."
- "A visit to Cadwallar's Skull; in 3 parts.—HEAD."
- "PYN amongst the Periwinkles."
- "Scenes from Soda-water.—PHIZ!"

Novels:—

- "Whites and Blacks: Coming out in Numbers."
- "Prometheus. (Half-bound)."
- "Take her.—By LEVER."
- "The water! The water! Hydrophobic."
- "CHALLU? Or shall you not?—An African Romance."
- "The 39 Articles; or the Unprotected at the Railway Station. A Story of the Great Plague."

Miscellaneous:—

- "Egge upon Bacon (Fryer)."
- "Song of a Skirt; composed expressly for CRINOLINA."
- "The Cure, as sung by DU BARRY, HOLLO-AWAY & Company."
- "Legges on Department: Illustrated by CRUCKSHANK."
- "Pike-fishing; by JACK-KETCH."
- "Bwother Tham, by L^d. Dundreary: or Northern and SOTHERN."

(The right of Translation is reserved.)

Turf and Thimbleric.

It does not appear to have occurred to any of the disputants in the late controversy about orthography and gambling, that whilst *Reindeer* is the name of an animal, *Raindeer* appears to be that of "a plant."

THE MEMBER FOR SOUTHAMPTON WATER.



RECENTLY the gentlemen desirous of the honour or advantage of representing Southampton have been haranguing the electors of that once worthily represented borough in the Carlton-hall there. Among others, according to the *Times*' report:—

“As announced by posting bills, Mr. GEORGE THOMPSON and Mr. HARPER TWELVE TREES addressed the electors last night in the above-named hall. The meeting was largely attended, but there was a strong and decided feeling against either gentleman. It is understood that they were brought down by the supporters of the United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic with a

view to Mr. THOMPSON coming out as a candidate in that interest.”

We should think that Mr. THOMPSON would stand a very good chance of being returned for Southampton in the interest of the United Kingdom Alliance for the suppression of the Liquor Traffic. Only, in order to obtain the honour of being associated with Mr. DREY SEYMOUR, it would be advisable for him to advertize copiously the principle on which he aspires to represent such constituents as those to whom he has offered his services. He should post up plenty of placards, and send men about carrying lots of banners, having inscribed upon them the popular party-cries of “No Beer!” “No more Wine!” “Down with Grog!” which last exclamation would be echoed with enthusiasm. It would be expedient for him to chalk about the walls “Destruction to the Publicans;” a body of men exercising small influence in Southampton. This kind of inscriptions might be accompanied with “THOMPSON and Toast-and-Water;” “THOMPSON and Tea,” and other similar combinations. At the dinner on the opening of the Hartley Institution the other day, Mr. GEORGE THOMPSON would have been in his element, namely, the water of which the assembled guests partook so freely in preference to the intoxicating fluids of the highest quality which they were liberally supplied with. Mr. THOMPSON might count on being warmly supported by the established parsons, who dislike port, and also by all of the dissenting clergy, who are at least equally remarkable for the same aversion.

ORTHOGRAPHY IN THE ARMY.

THE subjoined account, in a letter from the EARL OF PORTSMOUTH to ADMIRAL ROUS, of the origin of the Reindeer bet, about which so much fuss has been made even in society external to that of gambling circles, is worth preserving. It was obtained by LORD PORTSMOUTH, his Lordship informs the Admiral, from “those who were in the omnibus going from Mamhead to the race-course:”—

“COLONEL BURNABY and Mr. STEWART started the subject of the difficulties of spelling, and then COLONEL BURNABY said he was a very bad speller, and always took a JOHNSON'S *Dictionary* about with him to assist him in writing his letters. Then they started the spelling of the word Reindeer, Mr. STEWART thinking it was spelt with an e. COLONEL BURNABY bet that it was with an a, referable to JOHNSON'S *Dictionary*.”

The book which the gallant officer above-named may be presumed to be in the habit of composing is one chiefly of an arithmetical nature, and involving little scope for the exercise of orthography, so that its perusal would not be very likely to yield very much amusement such as is occasionally derived from the published correspondence of servant girls. Any letter, however, which that gallant officer might be obliged to write somewhere when he had happened to leave his *Johnson* behind him, would be not unlikely to contain numerous words which might afford the fortunate receiver considerable diversion of that nature. If the proprietor of Reindeer should ever take part in private theatricals, as officers occasionally do, the piece selected for him to appear in might be the *Fish out of Water*, in which he would doubtless be very successful in playing the *Cook*, who produces a highly comic situation by his reference to JOHNSON'S *Dictionary*. “It isn't the orthography, but it's that dashed spelling!” is an exclamation which the Colonel would doubtless deliver naturally and with feeling.

The circumstance that, in a society of presumably high caste, two officers of a crack regiment should have “started the subject of the difficulties of spelling,” may be thought little calculated to confirm the general idea that there is a great improvement in the education of gentlemen in the Army. The time was thought to have gone by when, if the naval service had peculiar occasion to complain:

“How hard it is to write,”

the military with equal cause, though for a different reason, might utter the lamentation:—

“How hard it is to spell.”

But now that “the subject of the difficulties of spelling” is found to have engaged the conversation of officers and gentlemen, one of whom acknowledges himself to be obliged to take “a JOHNSON'S *Dictionary* about with him to assist him in writing his letters,” it will perhaps be suspected that Captains and Colonels, in their knowledge of letters, and especially of those which are necessary to be employed in forming words, are nearly where they were in the days of SWIRT. This would be too hasty an inference. It is not as officers that certain guardsmen and their compeers find themselves perplexed with “the difficulties of spelling.” The same difficulties are likely to be experienced by the majority of those gentry and those blackguards who devote their lives to laying wagers. Orthographical difficulties probably beset alike the officers at the top of the class, betting men, and the cads at the bottom. Spelling is learned by reading, and only a very moderate proficiency in it is likely to be attained by any men whose acquaintance with books is equally confined to those books in which they enter their good things, which are no jokes, especially to those at whose expense they are contrived.

PUNCH'S PRISON DISCIPLINE.

CONFINEMENT and low diet are the punishment of paupers in the workhouse. The workhouse system is said to work well in the prevention, to some extent, of pauperism. What if paupers and convicts were made to change places? It is probable that pauperism would increase enormously, and that crime would greatly diminish.

The treatment of criminals in gaols appears to be based on the humane theory that crime is the result of moral disease. The heads of the patients, or prisoners, are closely cropped, they are kept upon a wholesome and nutritious, though not stimulating, diet, and made to perform an amount of labour not exceeding the bounds of healthy exercise.

All this would be very well, provided that it answered; that the effect of prison-discipline was in general the cure of criminals, and the prevention of crime. In that case the benevolent system of treating offenders might be carried further; the convalescent might be allowed light and savoury soups, broths, jellies, and made-dishes, with wine and beer in moderation. They might be encouraged to amuse themselves with music and dancing, to get up private theatricals, and practise sundry other elegant and innocent recreations. The only limit to improvement in this direction would be that of the expense which it might necessitate.

But the regimen to which convicts are now subjected, unfortunately does by no means operate in curing thieves of roguery and felony, thereby deterring their associates from following their example. Is it, then, advisable to punish them with the same severity as that which paupers are punished with? If they are to be reduced to workhouse-diet, their exercise must be discontinued, lest it should kill them. The cheaper and more merciful plan would be to hang them at once.

The present keep of convicts is so dear that the Government, for economy's sake, lets them out of gaol long before their sentences have expired. As soon as they have been turned loose with tickets of leave, they go about the streets knocking passengers down, garotting them, and rifling their pockets.

How to avoid the expense of keeping a felon comfortably, correct the offender himself, and constitute him a caution to other villains? That is the question. There seems at present to be only one answer to it. Imprison him on pauper's allowance, and whip him. Tie him up and flog him, as you flog a bad soldier. If it is right to flog a soldier it cannot be wrong to flog a ruffian. Does flogging in the Army answer its purpose? Is the power of inflicting it necessary to be retained at least in the face of an enemy? If the fear of flogging will control soldiers, it will restrain civilian scoundrels. The lash is not too bad for the back of the miscreant who cracks your skull. Robberies accompanied with violence, and all brutal assaults, at any rate, might deservedly be rendered punishable by whipping. That chastisement the convicted savage might undergo upon a public scaffold, or it might be inflicted on him in the prison-yard; and tickets of leave for admission to see it might be distributed by the police amongst the frequenters of thieves' lodging-houses and taverns. The spectacle of one sound flogging administered to a garotte-robber, would prevent many a ferocious outrage and cruel murder. Benevolence might accept the execution as an economy of pain. It would not, probably, have to be repeated very soon.



TWELVE MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"Bobby ought to love his Pet for taking such care of his beautiful Whiskers."



TWENTY YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"My dear Bobby, you must let me pull it off your Nose; it looks so ugly."

FAMINE, FEVER, AND FROST.

Who will open England's purses,
Till their golden stream
Flows where smokeless chimneys shadow
Engines lacking steam,
Where from million eyes is glaring
Hunger's wolfish gleam?

Who unto a head will gather
All these motions blind,
Stirring toward helpful action
England's heart and mind,
Bind them by united purpose,
Give them course defined?

"I," said Famine, and she set her
Sternly to the hest;
Sucked the strong man's life-blood from him,
Drained the mother's breast:
Stripped the room and cleared the cupboard—
"There—I've done my best!"

Still the purses would not open,
Nor the gold-streams flow;
Still blind motions, scrambling efforts,
Wavered to and fro;
Famine, with her forces baffled,
Must the task forego.

"I," said Fever, and she mustered
Grimly all her train,
Fiery tortures spreading madness
Through the blood and brain;
"Famine was a faintheart.—Fever
Will the victory gain!"

Still the purses would not open,
Nor the gold-streams flow;
Still blind motions, scrambling efforts
Wavered to and fro;
Fever, with her forces baffled,
Must the task forego.

"I," said Frost, and ere their season
For the work arrayed,
Chills that nip man's life and nature's
In the blood and blade.
"Famine, Fever, may be baffled;
Frost was ne'er gain-said."

Still the purses did not open,
Nor the gold-streams flow,
Still blind motions, scrambling efforts,
Wavered to and fro:
And now Famine, Frost, and Fever,
Rivalry forego.

Working hand in hand, if haply
They may open wide
England's purse, and send her riches
In a golden tide
O'er the wastes where toil sits pining
At a cold hearth's side.

REVISION OF VERDICTS.

A WOMAN condemned to be hanged for murder, contrives to get a respite by accusing an innocent old man of having committed the crime. Therefore her sentence has been commuted to penal servitude for life. But is this justice? Ay, marry, is it; Home-Secretary's justice. There ought to be a Court of Criminal Appeal (for culprits only) as many persons have said, besides *Punch*. *Mr. Punch* only adds the suggestion that the appellant to such a Court ought to be subjected to judicial examination. The old English course of criminal procedure would thus be combined with all that is advantageous, and nothing that is objectionable, in the French; the accused would get all the law that is now given them, and justice into the bargain.

APROPOS OF TURF SCANDALS.—New name for the Aristocracy—Our *bettors*.



LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

"Sir! Sir!! Do have the kindness to take off your hat, please; I assure you I can see nothing at all!!!"

GIVE.

Is Lancashire liberal? Outrace her,
Giving two crowns to her one.
Is Lancashire stingy? Out-face her,
Giving much to her none.

Be it little or much, let's be striving.
Give money, or blankets, or prayer—
All but reasons for not giving,
Though they be never so fair.

If the North pour her wealth without stint,
The want passes all her powers:
If the North's heart be hard as flint,
More need of softness in ours.

Then be there no cry but one
Heard through this struggle to live,
The cry of the horse-leech alone—
A sore cry of Give! Give! Give!

Rich men, give of your millions,
Poor men, let your mites be flung,—
Lords and labourers, soldiers, civilians,
Men, women, old and young.

Give for love of your sister and brother,
Give for your neighbour's shame:
Give in rivalry of each other—
'Twill be giving all the same.

Love's gifts bring a blessing confest,
And who knows but the baser giving,
May at such a time be blest,
And dead hearts touched to living!

What's in a Name?

THE fencing-master, who figured as the instructor of the luckless DILLON, before his fatal duel with the Duc DE GRAMMONT, bears the appropriate name of *Gâté-chair*, which, literally translated, means "spoil-flesh." It is hard to conceive flesh more sadly or silly spoiled than by pinking with the foils, which it is the business of this *M. Gâté-chair* to teach his pupils to handle!

PASSAGLIA AND THE POPE.

WHEN the POPE was pleased to decree the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, he employed Father PASSAGLIA to enunciate that bright idea as a theological fact. Adding to the articles of the Romish faith whilst his hand was in, his Holiness, had he possessed the gift of intuition as well as that of infallibility, would perhaps have made one more addition to papal Christianity. Knowing the man with whom he had to deal as well as he knew all about the Madonna, it is likely that PRUS would have coupled his declaration concerning her with one relative to himself, affirming the necessity of the temporal power. By that device he would have estopped PASSAGLIA from doing what he now does in beseeching the POPE to renounce his Kingship, and yet, at the same time, professing unimpeachable orthodoxy. Had the POPE but had the gumption officially to proclaim his twofold sovereignty indissoluble, Father PASSAGLIA would have been forced to hold his tongue, or else he would now be in the position of a heretic, and to the address which he has lately got up, and offered to his Holiness with the signatures of 10,000 priests, the Holy Father might have contented himself with replying *Anathema!* As it is, he can only return the old, old answer, which he gives LOUIS NAPOLEON. PASSAGLIA and his associates appeal to the successor of ST. PETER as follows:—

"Behold, most blessed Father, from one end to the other of this our Italy a unanimous voice resounds—a voice of religion, of Catholic piety.—'Long live the POPE!' but another voice is also heard, a voice of patriotism and of national independence.—'Long live Rome, the metropolis of the new Kingdom!'"

"*Non possumus!*" That is the sole reply which the POPE can make to the hint foregoing:—"We know what you want Us to do, but—*Non possumus.* We can't do it!" He may, however, still say so much as that, and that, probably, is all they will get out of him.

The petitioners go on to say:—

"If these two voices, instead of joining in unison, are jarring and conflicting, there is no spiritual or temporal evil that we may not fear; there is no national and religious blessing that we may reasonably hope for. Who, then, shall be the holy man destined to bring these voices to harmonise, to turn them into a beginning and source of so great a happiness for the nation and for the Papacy, for society and for the Church?"

"Not We," will doubtless be the papal response. "*Non possumus.*"

PASSAGLIA and the Passaglians continue:—

"You alone can be he, most blessed Father, as you alone can efficiently repeat that voice which you inherited from the Princes of Shepherds, and which, starting from the Vatican, would fill heaven and earth with exultation. Let, then, this voice be heard from your lips, O Prus! Let Italy, which looks upon you with filial love, and prays to you, hear this word—'Peace!' Yes, Father, do you announce peace, and we, in our own name and that of Italy, swear to you immortal gratitude."

"*Non possumus!*" There is no hope—or fear—that any other voice than that will be heard from the lips of the SOVEREIGN PONTIFF in acknowledgment of any such invitation. "*Non possumus!*" he will tell them, making, perhaps, the sign of the sight, after the popular manner. Or, getting into a rage, he will vehemently repeat—"Non possumus, non possumus, non possumus!" and, taking off one of his white satin slippers, shy it at the heads of the deputation kneeling before him, and tell them to go, with an unapostolical malediction.

It is of course earnestly hoped by all zealous Protestants that the Roman Pontiff, seeing Whose Vicar he affirms himself to be, will go on answering *Non possumus* to every request to resign an extremely ill-governed kingdom which is of this world. There is considerable likelihood that the result of perseverance in that course will be the creation of a Church of Italy distinct from that of Rome. To organise and govern such an Institution, it may not be difficult for VICTOR-EMMANUEL to find a CRANMER, possibly in the person of PASSAGLIA himself, who, even in the event of any revival of Popery that could occur in these days, would be incombustible.

The Wonder of Wonders.

WE rejoice in being able to record the fact of a Scotchman having made a joke. Some one was advocating the new theory that the best way to treat certain criminals would be to whip them, when our friend from the North exclaimed, "Right, mon, the best dessert would be Whipped Creaminals."

THE NAGGLETONS ON MOVING.

The SCENE represents the Distinguished Couple at Breakfast in their house at South Kensington.



R. N. (with the Times). The news from America is interesting, but chiefly in a political point of view. The Democrats, who, as I explained to you—

Mrs. N. I do not wish to hear anything about Democrats. My Papa always said that they were low people, who wished to subvert the Altar and the Throne.

Mr. N. But as there is no Throne in the United States—

Mrs. N. Ah! that is just your vulgar habit of word-catching, which, excuse me, HENRY, is quite apart from the manners of good society. I do wish you could take a little example from MR. SNOTCHLEY.

Mr. N. (going to be violent, but restraining himself into viciousness). I should like nothing better, for he is going to Brussels.

Mrs. N. Ah! MRS. SNOTCHLEY is to be envied. She enjoys life.

Mr. N. (maliciously). You can enjoy it precisely in the same way, my dear.

Mrs. N. I, HENRY. No. I am not complaining—

Mr. N. That's a comfort.

Mrs. N. But to compare the pleasurable excitement of MRS. SNOTCHLEY'S life with my monotonous existence is perfectly absurd.

Mr. N. Comparisons are odious, my dear, and so is bad temper. But I merely meant to say that on the present occasion MRS. SNOTCHLEY'S pleasurable excitement will be derived from reading the letters her husband may write her from abroad.

Mrs. N. He writes beautiful letters, for he is a man of polished education, and it is delightful to read them. And it is very considerate of him not to drag her abroad with him in this uncertain weather.

Mr. N. One man may steal a horse and another is hanged for looking over a hedge.

Mrs. N. I have heard, that wise men make proverbs, and—those who are not wise men—quote them. I do not affect to understand your meaning.

Mr. N. No, there is no affectation about you, everybody knows that. I mean that SNOTCHLEY is praised for leaving his wife at home, while I was abused for doing the same thing.

Mrs. N. That is what a man calls an argument! The weather during your Paris trip was lovely.

Mr. N. It rained four days out of six.

Mrs. N. The Paris letters in the *Times* did not say so, HENRY, but I have no wish to convict you of deceit. We have more important matters to speak of.

Mr. N. More important than my character for honesty and truth, Madam! What do you mean by that?

Mrs. N. Do not be so violent. Suppose the children heard you.

Mr. N. How can they hear me, when they are in their breakfast-room?—you talk nonsense.

Mrs. N. Wives always do, of course; do not the "Flips" hold that as an article of belief? But this wretchedly built house allows everything to be heard from one room to another, and that brings me again to what I wanted to say. Have you given notice to the landlord?

Mr. N. Notice of what, that we can hear through his walls?

Mrs. N. (firmly). Notice that we leave his house at Lady-day.

Mr. N. Certainly not, because we don't.

Mrs. N. HENRY!

Mr. N. That is my name, MARIA. It was given me by my godfathers and godmother at my baptism.

Mrs. N. I must leave the room, of course, if you indulge in such profane language.

Mr. N. Is that the way to speak of your catechism, MRS. NAGGLETON? I thought you knew better things.

Mrs. N. HENRY, be serious, if possible, not for my sake, I should not think of mentioning myself, but for that of the children for whom you profess some regard, and for whom, whether you care for them or not, the world expects you to show some consideration. It is unmanly to go off in jeers and jests when a wife is talking to you of their health and happiness.

Mr. N. You have said nothing about their health. As for their happiness, that shout of laughing—there it goes again—does not seem to say that they are particularly miserable.

Mrs. N. A child will sit up on a sick bed and laugh.

Mr. N. Yes, at a doctor like PETER GRAVOUS, and well he may. Now, are you going to quote PETER GRAVOUS to me.

Mrs. N. Without discussing the wit of calling a professional man like DR. PETER GRAVOUS by a vulgar nickname, I hope a mother may remind you of what he said.

Mr. M. He said that Brompton was a relaxing air.

Mrs. N. He said that the air of South Kensington was relaxing.

Mr. N. Well corrected, M'm, and thank you. We are in Brompton, but as I call the place South Kensington to oblige you, suppose you live in it to oblige me.

Mrs. N. (solemnly). I hope that I know a wife's duty. It is to accept the lot which her husband may force upon her, and to live, as long as she is spared, where his caprices dictates.

Mr. N. Caprice! Now that is—confound it, MARIA, you have no right to say that. Was it I who insisted on moving here from Bedford Square?

Mrs. N. Yes.

Mr. N. Well, I am—never mind.

Mrs. N. HENRY, it is well that you abstained from adjuration. Let your own conscience tell you whether it was not you who insisted on moving here, and whether I did not beseech for a house lower down.

Mr. N. Yes, at two hundred and ten guineas a year. To do you justice you did, but one of us was not insane.

Mrs. N. I am left utterly in the dark as to my husband's means, and it is manly in him to reproach me with having believed in his own accounts of his prosperity.

Mr. N. (sternly). None of that nonsense, MARIA, if you please. I put up with a good deal, but not with downright falsehood and injustice. We should have been simply mad to take that house. I took this to please you. Now, where do you want to go next?

Mrs. N. (pocket-handkerchief practice). I have no wish, HENRY. It matters little to me where I spend the remainder of my existence, and as I have said, it is my duty to remain with you. Let it be so, and do not give the notice. But I have also a duty as a mother, and I cannot see my children falling away under (tremendous shout from the children in the next room, and clatter).

Mr. N. Falling away under the table—go on. I hope BLINKITTY hasn't bumped her head, though. (Another shout). No, all right. Go on with your description of their misery, my dear.

Mrs. N. It is in vain pleading to hardened levity. I will merely say that if we remain here, I shall arrange to send the boys to Leominster, to their uncle, EMMELINE to my cousin at Mold, and I dare say that Mamma will receive CECILIA. You need not look so alarmed—whatever pecuniary compensation may be necessary I will retrench from my own comforts.

Mr. N. BLINKITTY shan't go to Mold, the boys shall remain at home till they are old enough for Harrow, and as for SYLLABUS, you ought to be ashamed of yourself for thinking of turning her out of the house.

Mrs. N. It is you who turn the poor child out, and cast her on the mercies of—

Mr. N. Of your Mamma, eh? You did not mean that, old girl, but you've just said it. No, we'll not have SYLLABUS brought up on ghosts and Calvinism.

Mrs. N. Mamma's persuasions—

Mr. N. Persuasions, no, by Jove. That's not the word. I don't think she wasted much time in persuading her children, especially if their ears were within reach. SYLLABUS don't go there, and that's Medo-Persic, MARIA.

Mrs. N. We will discontinue the conversation, if you please, until I have had time to consult with my brother CORNELIUS.

Mr. N. While you are about it, consult him about a cheque he borrowed of me on Tuesday, and was to have returned the day before yesterday. Consult your great-grandmother! Well, if you and PETER GRAVOUS say we must go, exeunt the NAGGLETONS. Now, then, where are we to go to?

Mrs. N. Where you please, but in the first place remember that our moving at all is all your own doing, not mine, and that I have offered to make every arrangement that would enable you to remain here.

Mr. N. I like that. And take away my children from me—what the lawyers call the rule in *SHELLEY'S* case.

Mrs. N. Really, if you will attempt what you think wit, it should be new. You tried that speech before *MR. WYNDHAM WAREHAM*, and he pointed out that you had made a ridiculous blunder.

Mr. N. You have a pleasant memory, dear. I ask you where you want to live.

Mrs. N. I answer that it is for you to decide.

Mr. N. I know what *that* means. Well, I saw a bill up in one of the smaller houses in Russell Square. I'll look in as I go into the city.

Mrs. N. (tearfully). The truth is breaking in upon me, *HENRY*. I will bear it as well as I can, but a woman's nature requires some allowance.

Mr. N. Certainly, and yours is twenty pounds a week, not a bad allowance for any woman's nature.

Mrs. N. Yes, yes, and your incessant harping on that income confirms all my forebodings. You are going down in the world! Confess it to your wife, *HENRY*. We women bear these things more bravely than you think, only tell me all.

Mr. N. (in an intense rage). By Jove, if I were to tell you all that is on my tongue, you would hear something. What do you mean?

Mrs. N. There! I am calm, you shall see no more tears. (*Pockets her handkerchief*). Now then. We must give up this house, you say, and retire into obscurity. And although you have not said so, you wish to save the expenses of a place of business. I see your meaning, dear. Yes, *HENRY*, perhaps that will be well, and as Russell Square is in the heart of the city, your stockbrokers and silk merchants and all that sort of people could come there after you. I would give up the lower part of the house, but perhaps you would not mind letting them ring the area bell. Never be afraid to trust a wife, *HENRY*. You shall see how I will help you in retrenchment. I will give my Canary birds to *HESTER DEEDLE* this very afternoon, and the children shall be gradually brought to agree to part with *Floppy*. Give the notice, dear, and look at the house.

Mr. N. (who has been turning several colours, but none of them pleasing to the eye, and who now speaks in a low, subdued voice, being afraid to trust his tongue lest it should bolt into the field of bad language). *MRS. NAGGLETON*, there is one house which would suit you uncommonly well, and you may behold it, *M'm*, on the left side of the Brighton railway, near Reigate. It is called, Madam, the Asylum for Idiots.

(He rushes out of the room, and bolts himself into what he calls his "study." *MRS. NAGGLETON, with a triumphant smile, takes out "Mogg" from the sideboard drawer, and placing the map before her, measures the distances between various places and one point to which she always recurs, a Terrace near Hyde Park Gardens. We wonder whether we shall meet her there.*

A ST. THOMAS'S PASTORAL.

Appropos of the Removal of an Hospital to the Suburbs, as proposed by the Grand Committee under the auspices of MESSRS. TITE and BAGGALLAY.

TITE.

SAY, oh my BAGGALLAY, how calm one's ire,
When troublous Governors the *Times* inspire,
When e'en the staff whereon one most relies,
Breaks in our hands and in our faces flies,
And saucy surgeons with physicians join,
To fling cold water on our great design,
Of clean transplanting out of London air,
The lucky hospital that boasts our care,
And, like Loretto's mansion, setting down
Amazed St. Thomas's well out of town.
Say, BAGGALLAY, how charm the angry mood,
Roused by these checks to plans so great and good?

BAGGALLAY.

What if, oh TITE, alternate voice we raise,
The Grand Committee's glorious thought to praise?
Singing the joys a site suburban yields,
To patients of St. Thomas in the fields,
Singing the sanitary slough that claims
The patients of St. Thomas by the Thames.
Defying bray of yonder rival ass,
Sing thou, while I attune the trump of brass.

TITE.

Happy the patient whom with broken bones
The ready cab hath rattled o'er the stones,
For many a mile beyond the lurid pall
Of London smoke to our salubrious hall!
What though the fracture comminuted grow,
And what was simple first now compound show?
Above the shattered frame, his glazing eye
Will drink the azure of unclouded sky:
And when he's lifted fainting from his seat,
He'll have the buttercups beneath his feet.
Should slight concussion to Death's coma pass,
He'll sleep beneath a sod of growing grass:
Should absorbed poison stomach-pumps defy,
What comfort in a purer air to die!

BAGGALLAY.

Can o'er-tasked surgeons on the journey dwell,
When with pure oxygen their bosoms swell?
Physicians count the minutes that they lose,
'Mongst hedgerows dressed in all their greenest hues?
Students complain the distance does them wrong,
When sky-larks hymn, and red-breasts pipe their song?

TITE.

What if the parents, children, husbands, wives,
Fond phalanx, that with Sunday now arrives
To greet the inmates of each crowded ward,
From ready access find themselves debarred?

Let them reflect the objects of their care,
Breathe less carbonic acid in their air.
Think, mother, from your child though barred you be,
There's hawthorn in the fields, if it could see—
Think, child, whose heart to greet thy sire has bled,
The lambs sport o'er the sward, beside his bed:
If thou his dying eyelids may'st not close,
Outside the wards the wild-flower freely grows.

BAGGALLAY.

Nor be the higher privilege forgot,
'Tis TITE shall build on this salubrious spot!
What if the patients find the transit slow,
And friends their weekly visitings forego?
Whatever is must, certainly, be right,
Beneath an elevation planned by TITE.
Who would not jolt six miles with broken limb,
To reach at length the building reared by him?
What visitor regrets the weekly call,
Whose friends repose in TITE's Palladian hall?
Enough to pass suburban site elect,
That it will give us TITE for architect.

TITE.

While BAGGALLAY for treasurer we boast,
Plant us on India's or Iceland's coast,
Chilled at the Poles or frying on the line,
As best of hospitals ours still must shine!

BAGGALLAY.

No more, my friend; this blushing forehead spare:
This pinch-hook trowel, as my tribute, wear—
Trowel wherewith to plaster thee with praise,
When England shall to thee a statue raise!

TITE.

I take thy gift, and in return bestow
This brazen trump which erst I learnt to blow.
Sound thy own praise thereon as I did mine,
Till BAGGALLAY and TITE twin names shall shine,
On a St. Thomas's new built by me,
And with the pearl of treasurers in thee!

Hand and Foot.

It is a pity that the great annual election of some popular candidate no longer exists, otherwise *SIR GEORGE GREY*, in consequence of the great encouragement that, by his passiveness and indifference, he has given to the nocturnal assaulting system, would to a dead certainty be at the present day elected *The Mayor of Garotte*.

MONSIEUR PROUDHON is about to rush to the rescue of the *POPE* with a large pamphlet in his hand. It will be something new to see Socialism patting Infallibility on the back. Prus should reward his new champion with some flattering gift. Why not appoint a spiritual Council for trying all offences of the Press, and appoint *MONS. PROUDHON* to the head of it. In imitation of the French tribunal, he might call it *Le Conseil des PROUDHONS*.



A MATTER OF OPINION.

Diana. "YES, DEAR—I MUST SAY THAT I THINK A GIRL NEVER LOOKS SO WELL AS SHE DOES IN HER RIDING HABIT!"

THE POSTMASTER'S REMONSTRANCE.

WE have been requested to publish the following correspondence between the Postmaster-General and the Home Secretary:—

"DEAR SIR GEORGE,

"40, *Dover Street, W.*,
"Wednesday."

"THAT you should neglect your duty to the public in reference to this Garotting business, and indeed most other business, may be all right enough. I trust that I could not be sufficiently unmindful of official etiquette and the good feeling that should subsist between fellow-officials to make any impertinent comment on what does not concern me. *Petimusque damusque vicissim*, as our friend HORACE says.

"But, if you please, you must really attend to matters which concern a *collaborateur*.

"The other night one of my Postmen was dodged by some of your garotters, knocked down, and robbed. Now this sort of thing will not do, and I must really trouble you to take some precautions in favour of those who like ourselves are public servants, though, unlike ourselves they zealously discharge, for very little money, all the duties they undertake.

"A Postman's hands are full, and his cape prevents his using his arms; he is therefore doubly helpless. And he is the bearer of valuable documents, therefore his safety is a question of general interest. We shall all get into a mess if he is not protected, and again I say that you really must see to it.

"You have had some good hauls of garotters lately, and they are under lock and key. Why don't you have them soundly flogged in public? The voice of the nation is loud for this kind of thing, and the experiment, if it did no good, could do no harm.

"However, I will not take the liberty of dictating details. You must be good enough to protect my Postmen, or I shall speak to PALMERSTON.

"Believe me, your affectionate friend,"

"*Sir Geo. Grey, Bart., M.P.,*
"Home Secretary."

"STANLEY OF ALDERLEY."

"DEAR LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, "14, *Eaton Place, S.W.*

"IN answer to your letter, I beg to say that I deeply sympathise with the poor Postmen whom you underpay so shamefully, and that I pledge myself immediately on the meeting of Parliament to introduce a Bill for enabling the Police Magistrate to flog the garotters in public, as everybody seems to think this a case of *fiat experimentum in corpore vili*.

"Meantime, I have ordered SIR RICHARD MAYNE to request a policeman to keep near every Postman while engaged in his laborious and ill-requited occupation.

"I have the honour to remain,

"Yours very faithfully,

"*The Lord Stanley of Alderley,*
"Postmaster-General."

"GEORGE GREY."

REAL DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.

THE subjoined advertisement, from the *Manchester Guardian*, represents one of a class of cases the most painful, perhaps, of any that are connected with the dearth of Cotton:—

TRAVEL.—A Gentleman, whose Son, aged 17, is thrown out of occupation by the Cotton famine, would be glad to meet with One or Two other Young Gentlemen to accompany his Son on a Tour, for five or six months, in the Mediterranean, or elsewhere.—Address, F. 127, at the printer's.

The poor gentleman whose boy, thrown out of occupation by the Cotton famine, has no resource but that of a trip up the Mediterranean, appears to be one of those distressed millionaires, who, because their mills have ceased working, declare themselves destitute mill-owners, and devolve on the squires and farmers, and the British Public, the duty of rescuing their unemployed workpeople from starvation.

"COULEUR DE ROSE."—The LORD MAYOR's complexion.



THE GAROTTER'S FRIEND.

"LET GO, BILL, CAN'T YER—IT'S OUR KIND NON-INTERFERING FRIEND, SIR GEORGE GREY!!!"

NEWS FROM AND FOR THE UNIVERSE.



VER; anxious to procure for Roman Catholic literature the widest publicity possible, *Mr. Punch*, who always goes in the most direct way to work, reproduces, in his world-read page, such Papist gems as are not unfitted (by the nature of the subjects discussed, or by the manner of discussing them) for presentation to the eyes of decent people. He is frequently prevented from such republication, because Protestant and other civilised readers have an objection to that *olla podrida* of profanity, malice, and vulgarity, which forms the staple of "popular" Roman Catholic journalism. When, however, *Mr. Punch* comes upon tolerably cleanly writing on the part of the ultramontanes, he takes it out of his *Indes Expuratorio*, and gladly lays it before his readers, in

the conviction that the more widely Papal literature is read, the more the interests of humanity will be served.

The London organ of the ultramontanists (*Mr. Punch* need not for the hundredth time assure the educated Catholic that nobody supposes him to regard such publications with other than *Mr. Punch's* own sentiments) is peculiarly rich just now, the writers being excited by the triumph of Irish patriots over English meetings, and by that of foreign priests over the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. *The Universe*, No. 102, Vol. II., now lies (in every sense of the word) before *Mr. Punch*, and lest English readers should imagine that the journal is merely a product of that gentleman's fertile but conscientious imagination, he begs to add, in the interest of the world, that the *Universe* is printed and published by D. LANE, 43, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, on the left hand side as you approach CAPTAIN CORAM. It is a folio of eight pages, and is devoted to the interests of Catholicism.

Mr. Punch has picked up a great deal of valuable information, besides deriving much harmless amusement from a perusal of the *Universe*. He strongly recommends the Catholic organ to Protestant readers, and by way of tempting them to patronise it, he offers them a few selections from the number before him. The first page is given to a Catholic calendar, on which *Mr. Punch* will only remark, that one of the days is set apart as for "Plenary Indulgence and Abstinence," and he would like to know how the two things can be accomplished at once. Perhaps the indulgence is to take place at a jolly good early dinner, and the abstinence afterwards, which is very rational, and beneficial as regards digestion. We then have requests for prayers for the souls of certain persons, whose advertising friends are, of course, the best judges of what the individuals may have deserved, and then we have a compendium of American news, fairly done, and probably cribbed from a Protestant journal. But then we come to the cream.

There is an article upon the close of the International Exhibition. The writer by no means confines himself to the building, but goes into politics and other matters. He says, *inter alia*—

"THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH possesses one quality which is not always to be found in a monarch, viz.—he is able to get his own living if he were kicked off the throne to-morrow, and TOM MORRIS often told me that if he took to shoemaking, or tailoring, he would be as accomplished a knight of the shears, and as useful a son of Crispin as ever took a closing awl, or a thimble in his hand. This is what the world calls cleverness, and few men possess more of it than LOUIS NAPOLEON. One of the wisest things he ever did was to take the stroke-oar in the bark of St. Peter, and make friends of 250,000,000 of men, the Catholics of the entire globe. His son will have no one to dispute his inheritance if this policy be continued."

We are sure that the EMPEROR will forgive the slight familiarity of this paragraph for the sake of the political advice, and of the information that he is now pulling stroke in the "bark" of Saint Peter.

"Wife at the prow, and Pontiff at the helm."

Next we come upon a piece of real news:—

"I suppose you are aware that Rome carried the day in the Great Exhibition. To Rome belonged the best painting and the finest sculpture there; in those mosaics which astonished and delighted the visitors from every land, she surpassed all rivals, and left little to hope to any competitor of ever acquiring her excellence in this department of 'art.' Thus you can see that Rome has her glories everywhere—with a little shifting of the scene, we behold her as triumphant on the banks of the Thames, as on those of the Tiber, and may she continue so, and flourish like the palm in perennial beauty."

That some good things come from Rome there is no doubt. The two statues in her court, the *Cleopatra* and the *Sibyl*, were meritorious, but we fear that MR. STORRY is a Protestant, and there was another Italian statue which we are almost afraid to mention, for the crowds who used to stand round it were actually doing silent homage to the daughter of —of—there is a policeman in our hall—of GARBALDI. The *Universe* critic does not mention this little fact, practising, of course, mental reservation.

Later, we come to a leading article, in the boldest letters, on the Birkenhead riots. These, we deluded Protestants had thought were caused by the ruffianly incursion of a large gang of brutal Irishry upon a peaceful discussion in a hall taken by Englishmen for the expression of their sentiments. It seems that we were wrong.

"The details of the unprovoked outrages lately offered to that portion of the population of Birkenhead (who, because they are Irish, are *aliens* in this country) reflect equal discredit on the authorities whose duty it was to protect and not maltreat them, and on the Orangeman, whose brutality on this occasion is to be paralleled only by former excesses. Every precept of religion and every sentiment of humanity is banished from his bosom to make way for this horrid hatred and burning vengeance which rages uncontrolled from infancy to manhood, and, like the thirst of the panther, can be slaked with nothing less than blood."

This is the Catholic way of describing a quiet inoffensive meeting of people who admire GARBALDI, and wish Rome left to choose her own ruler. And this is the way the Englishman treats the priest who happens to come in his way:—

"The minister of religion, with bowed head, and voice modulated to meekness, in the imitation of his Divine Master, crosses the path of these murderous wretches whilst engaged on their mission of violence and destruction, and he is respected no more than a rabid animal—the wretch even goes so far as to raise his baton to beat out the brains of the man of God, and scatter them on the pavement beneath his feet."

We had not heard that any thing of the kind was done, that any priest's brains were otherwise troubled at Birkenhead than by whiskey, or that the more difficult operation of discovering the brains of any of his dupes was performed, but the *Universe* knows best. But the climax represents in the most awful manner the conduct of the police in removing to prison the Irishmen who were smashing church windows and beating Protestants—

"But hold! Shall we talk of the constitution to the injured Irishman, whom the authorities (the police we mean) treated with brutality in his cell, and took advantage of the gyves that held his hands to subject him to the bruises of the bastinado? What to the Irishman is that constitution, under which he inherits the curse of SWIRE, together with that appanage of prejudice and intolerance of himself, his creed, and his country—the kicks and cuffs of the Orangeman—the binding blows of the bigot—the stripes of the authorities—and the grinding hoof of power, which crushes him to the earth and lays him in the dust."

That last outrage, that completion of the crime is fearful indeed, and is only paralleled by the case of the Irish gentleman, who was stated by the Dublin papers of other days to have "dropped down dead and instantly expired." The imaginary spectacle is too dreadful to dwell upon, and therefore *majora canamus*. Let us leave this world for another.

Mr. Punch is not joking. He never jokes upon sacred subjects. It is not his fault if the profanities of the Faithful read like jokes. He proceeds, scarcely expecting to be believed—but he has given the address of the journal—to record that the conductors of the *Universe* have a correspondent in Heaven. Yes, a correspondent who dates from the place of rest. He states himself to be out of the body, and—nay, he shall speak for himself:—

"Now to the fulfilment of my office, and I pass on to relate to you the judgments which are here given of the immortal PRUS THE NINTH. I am commanded to write to you, in the first place, what the angels think of him, then what the saints believe about him, and, finally, what the devils say concerning him; and I will endeavour to compress into one single letter these three parts, asking you pardon if I should be a little too long."

He is indeed too long, for his blasphemies occupy nearly two columns, but it is not for that, as it seems to us that he should ask pardon. But hear him. Hear what Catholic journalists say to the intelligent Faithful:—

"But now I can tell you that PRUS THE NINTH can well repeat that he has become a spectacle to the angels. THESE BOW THEMSELVES DOWN REVERENTLY WHENEVER THEY HEAR HIS VENERABLE NAME PRONOUNCED."

There! The angels in Heaven bow themselves down whenever they hear the name of PRUS THE NINTH, congratulator of the Perugia murderers. We scarcely like to quote more, yet here is another scrap of what is printed and published in London in 1862:—

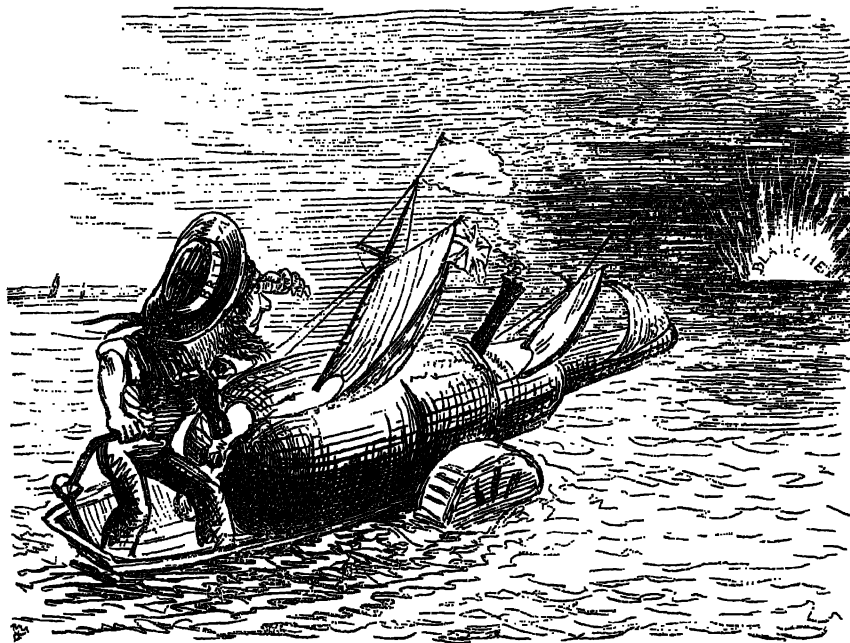
"I know also that there reigns in Heaven a noble emulation among the angels to protect this great Pope. The angel of most holy MARY wishes always to be at his side, because he proclaimed 'Immaculate Virgin' her whom he had announced so many centuries mother, &c. &c. The angel of St. Joseph, who admonished him in his sleep of the persecutions of Herod, watches most attentively to admonish PRUS THE NINTH of the dangers which might threaten him. And the angel of TOBIAS stands ready to guide him in the journeys which he might consider prudent to undertake; and that famous angel of Israel, who scourged so mightily the Egyptians, is preparing the scourges for the defence of the Pope; and St. Michael says that the surrender of Ancona took place on the day of his feast, and that sooner or later he wishes to take his revenge."

This is the sort of thing which is published for the use and edification of Papists. *Mr. Punch* feels strong objections to reprinting it, for the

reasons assigned at the beginning of these remarks. He has eliminated certain words which it would have been painful to read in connection with such abject trash. But it is well that the world should know what sort of teaching, what sort of writing, forms the minds of those who do the bidding of the priests of Rome, and then there can be no wonder that the wretched fools do it so faithfully.

CORNS AND BUNYANS.

FABIUS M'CLELLAN having been deposed from the command of the Potomac army, IGNOTUS BURNSIDE takes his place. BURNSIDE says that he enters on his duties "with diffidence." It is a bad omen for the North that he should associate diffidence with him in the command. They read the *Pilgrim's Progress* a good deal in America, "*Giant Despair* was tottering, and when *Mrs. Diffidence*, the giantess, came up to help him, old *Mr. Honest* cut her down at one blow." Now, MR. LINCOLN is *Giant Despair*, and *Diffidence* comes up with the new general. Look out for old *Mr. Honest*.



Only going to see what that light means.

BRIGANDAGE IN THE INTERESTS OF FRANCE.

M. DROUYN DE LÉHUY has been much gratified in reading his *Times*, to meet with the following statement in it, written from Turin, of a grand immolation which some brigands have lately celebrated in the interests of France:—

"A very painful sensation has been caused throughout the country by the tidings of a massacre of a detachment of forty infantry men of the Royal army by a band of two hundred brigands near St. Severo, in the province of Capitanata. The unlucky soldiers had been led into an ambush by a spy, who informed them that ten brigands were lurking in a wood called Il Bosco della Grotta, between Santa Croce di Magliano and Magliano. Surrounded by a force five times their own number, in the thick of the forest, the brave men endeavoured to cut their way through the midst of them. Twenty-one of them were shot or cut down on the spot, thirteen were taken prisoners and burnt alive at no great distance in a straw loft."

Thus it will be apparent to the Imperial Minister for Foreign Affairs, that the Power which the French troops are maintaining, and intended to maintain for ever, at Rome, in the interests of France, does not want avengers and executioners to put the excommunicated heretics, who constitute the Royal Army of Italy, to death in the good old way. The religious brigands who ravage Southern Italy in the interests of France and of FRANCIS late of Naples, the guest of the POPE, know how to punish the enemies of the Holy See. M. DROUYN DE LÉHUY cannot but rejoice in the reflection that the policy of which he is the instrument, and which prevents the suppression of the faithful bandits, has permitted the exemplary death, in lingering agony, of thirteen soldiers in the service of VICTOR-EMMANUEL. The act of faith by which they perished in the flames comprehended, it seems, an arch-heretic; for thus proceeds the narrative, with reference to those thirteen victims, roasted alive in the interests of France:—

"Among the latter was the officer in command of the detachment, CAPTAIN ROZA, a Garibaldian, who was one of the famous Thousand of Marsala."

A live Garibaldian leader burning—what a fragrant holocaust for the Holiness whose dominion is upheld by the agency of M. DROUYN DE LÉHUY in the interests of France! Thirteen sacrilegious champions

OUR INSULTED ARISTOCRACY.

Is good birth productive of a bad head of hair? Is there aught in noble blood that can be viewed as being the cause of an indifferent complexion, or as producing corns and chilblains, deafness and dim sight?

If we may judge by the advertisements which are put forth by the vendors of quack medicines and restoratives, our aristocracy must be in a most pitiable state, and can have but little hair or health on which to pride themselves. Nearly every specific for small bodily infirmities—from making weak hairs grow to curing corns and chilblains—is said to be "extensively in use with the nobility," or "greatly prized and patronised among the higher circles." What poor bald, blind, crippled creatures must our dukes and earls and marquises, and other noble swells, be thought by foreigners who form their judgment solely from the newspapers, and who never take the trouble to question if the statements in the newspapers be true! Were a French caricaturist to draw a British lord, as shadowed forth by the advertisements, what a lamentable picture he too surely would produce! How he would delight to draw the bodily infirmities which, if we believe the quacks who advertise, are so common in high life. *Milord Anglais*, so painted, would be a limping cripple, with scarce a hair upon his head or a tooth left in his mouth.

Of course LORD PUNCH, who mixes daily with his brother peers, is well aware that such a portrait would be quite untrue to life. But every one has not the wisdom of LORD PUNCH, and foreigners especially are noted for their ignorance in aught that appertains to England and the English. LORD PUNCH must therefore say that, for the credit of our peccage, the sooner these advertisements are made to cease, the better; for he cannot bear to think that his brother noble swells are pictured as a set of poor weak crippled creatures, with scarce a leg to stand on, or a single hair apparent, but what is due to the advertised rubbish of some quack-salver.

of Italian unity all suffering cremation at once in the interests of France and of the POPE—what a sweet savour from such a sacrifice must also have affected those nostrils in the breath of which M. DROUYN DE LÉHUY lives! Something like it is smelt when a fiery death occurs in consequence of enormous skirts catching fire. Really it might almost be called *Bouquet de Crinoline*. And, from the despatch of M. DROUYN DE LÉHUY in answer to GENERAL DURANDO'S circular, that ultramontane perfume appears destined to mingle for an indefinite period with the scent of *Fleurs d'Italie*.

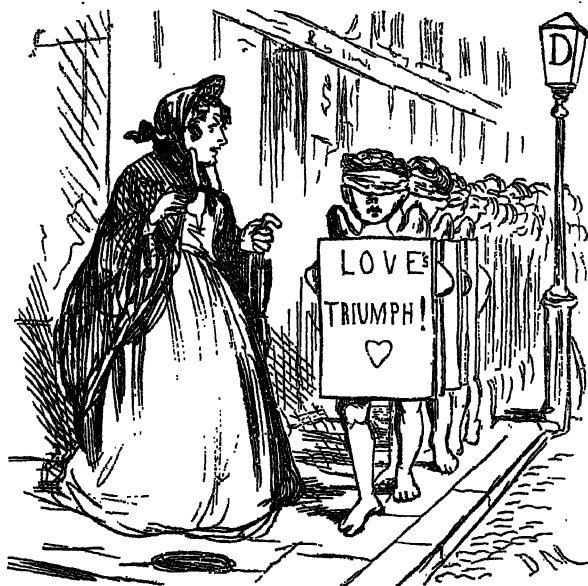
RATHER A TALL PARTY.

In the *Chemist and Druggist*, *Mr. Punch*, who sees everything, sees this advertisement on the part of a Chemist's Assistant:—

A YOUNG MAN, aged 22, height 25 feet 10 inches, accustomed to Dispensing and Family Trade. References unexceptionable. Address, stating full particulars, to R. S. T., High Street, L.—

Now we know that some of the chemists of these days go great lengths, but we own that we were unprepared to hear of a chemical gentleman twenty-five feet ten inches high. That his address should be High Street is natural, but it is odd that the place he dates from, whereof the initial is "L." is not Long Houghton, or Long Preston, or Long Stanton, or something equally appropriate. We hope he has got a good engagement, and have no doubt of his being much looked up to wherever he may settle. Should he deliver his own medicines he will have great advantages, in being able to put the Mixture as Before in at the attic window without troubling the servants, and this will help to make him popular. The awful thing will be to see him called out of church in a hurry, and we trust he will be careful not to rise suddenly, or he may carry away with him the tiles of the sacred edifice in addition to his own. We should like to see his diploma, for it is clear he never rose by degrees. Perhaps he will look down on us the first time he strides up to town. If disengaged he should try Wapping, as he would certainly make a wapping chemist.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



BAR PUNCH,—Pray what celebrated actor was it that you once belikened to a bad cigar, because, I think you said, 'the more he is puffed the worse he draws?' Well, there's no such thing known now-a-days as puffing a bad actor: a glance at any paper will convince you of that fact. But I wish that our good actors (and their name is not quite Legion) would not shrink from being praised when really they deserve to be. Here is Mr. PHELPS, for instance, retiring from Sadler's Wells in such a modest quiet way that people knew nothing about it until the thing was done. Oh, if it had been MR. ROABER, let us say, or MR. BOANERGES BUSKIN, the 'eminent tragedian!' What posters and advertisements and laudatory paragraphs would have prepared the universe to bid farewell to the great man!

But MR. PHELPS slips out of sight with neither flummery nor fuss, and so modestly takes leave of us that we have scarce the opportunity to say how much we liked him.

"From the few words which he said about himself the other night when he retired, we learned that in his managership, thirty-four of SHAKESPEARE'S plays had been produced at Sadler's Wells, and had been performed there pretty near four thousand nights. Pray, is not this alone sufficient ground for our esteem, and ought we not to thank him for the service he has done us? Do you suppose that SHAKESPEARE could publicly be played for some four thousand nights without some sensible advantage accruing to the public? When MR. PHELPS took Sadler's Wells, he found the audience as coarse in their dramatic likings as in their relish for the foul fried fish wherewith they were refreshed. The most murderous of melodramas formed their chief delight, with lots of broadsword combats and broad dialogue to match. *Dick Turpin* and *Jack Sheppard* were the heroes they applauded, and were sometimes led to copy, as the prison-sheets could prove. I recollect myself seeing *Bookwood* at this house, and the gallantry of *Turpin* so impressed my youthful mind that I felt immensely sorry when he came to grief. I had enjoyed good education and the best of moral training, yet to bring poor *Dick* to justice seemed a foul thing in my eyes. And what must the effect have been on minds around me, educated in the gutter and blest with no good moral healthy influence at home, to counteract the poison they were drinking from the stage?"

"Well, MR. PHELPS has changed all this. With the goodly aid of SHAKESPEARE he has purified The Wells, and cleansed the taste of those who wallowed in the filth. With straitened stage resources and small scope for scene 'effects,' he has produced the best of plays in a most creditable manner, and with far more taste and poetry than we have seen displayed at many a more pretentious house. Most zealous and painstaking in the drill of his subordinates, he has filled the lesser parts with evenly fair actors, and has not tampered with the text to make 'fat' for himself. Moreover—and the fact should surely cause the British playgoer to reverence his memory—MR. PHELPS in his long management has but produced one single piece 'translated from the French.' No 'interesting inces't' has been witnessed on his stage, nor smack of foreign monkey-morals been permitted to intrude. In short, whether as actor or as manager, he has fairly earned high praise: and I really can't help wishing he would give us one more chance of publicly applauding him. As a rule, I hate 'ovations,' as the penny-a-liners call them: but a man like MR. PHELPS it is not easy to replace, and he has done the state of the drama such good service that his merits should, I think, be acknowledged more substantially than by the recent leave-taking which almost passed unnoticed. One bumper more at parting he really ought to have: and however big the house may be, I'll bet it will be filled, whichever of his characters he choose to make his last appearance in, whether it be *Macbeth*, *Macduff*, or better still, *Macycophant*."

"Well, the Brompton shop is shut, thank mercy! and the theatres are once again becoming visitable to us Londoners, of course any old stock pieces sufficed to please the country folk, and we townspeople thereby have been dramatically houseless, for of all our score of theatres scarce one had any novelty. Italian opera in November were rather a new thing, and I really almost feared that TRIFENS and GRUGLINI would be garotted by the fog and frost, and robbed of their best notes. But I heard them on the last of their last final farewell nights, and both *Lucia* and *Edgar* sang without betraying the least symptom of sore throat. Our English *prime donne* of course are more acclimated to our Novembrian air: and I rejoice to find the early frosts we have been pinched by have in no way injured the sweetness of our PYNNE. Critics talk about her 'register' as though she were a stove, and tell me that her 'compass' is not quite what it used to be. But I am happily not one of those who can't enjoy a puppet-show, because they will look at the wires: and when a voice is so delicious as MISS LOUISA PYNNE'S, I never strain my ears to listen for defects. To hear her warble her duet with MR. PRATTEN'S flute is alone worth turning out for, even on the darkest night and from the cosiest of chimney corners: and the way in which she sings the pretty ballads she is given, must make the MRSSES BROWN and JONES all sigh with envy and despair. What would those young ladies give for her clear shake? and when they buy the ballads, as they are sure to do, how

their heart would be rejoiced if they could buy the skill to sing them as sweetly as MISS PYNNE does!

"The new opera, *Love's Triumph*, is really well worth hearing, not alone because she sings in it. The music is throughout light, pretty, bright and sparkling, and upon the whole it is extremely well performed. I think myself that spoken dialogue is somewhat a mistake, especially for a large theatre where half the words are lost. But then, somehow, English singers never will sing recitative, at least as they should sing it, and conversations that contain such words as "pocket-handkerchief" perhaps are hardly capable of being set to music without making people laugh. MR. PERRIN'S voice is weak, but he sings with much good taste, and many a better tenor would like to own his shake. MR. HARRISON acts well (which is more than MR. PERRIN does, 'or any other man' upon our operatic stage), and in the concerted pieces his voice proves of good use. The chorus would do better if it had more bass; and this phrase might be stereotyped, and used for every band of choristers that one has ever heard, except, say, the Cologne and MR. LESLIE'S choir. MR. MELLON, why not make yours an exception to the rule?"

"ONE WHO PAYS."

A BURGLAR SHOT BY A LADY.

A HEALTH to MRS. NORMAN

In a capacious measure,

Happier than any Mormon

He that owns that one treasure!

In bed her babe she tended,

When crash, lo, glass went breaking,

Down-stairs, and she descended,

A charged revolver taking.

There loomed a ruffian figure,

At whom the brave beholder

Snapped—drew again the trigger,

And shot him through the shoulder.

Oh! well her liege lord may be

Right proud of such a jewel,

Its milk who first gave baby,

And then the thief his gruel.

What burglar now dares wake her?

Heroic wife and mother!

Would every brute housebreaker

May meet with such another!

THE VIRTUE OF INTOXICATION.]

Is drunkenness a virtue? Are ruffians who get drunk and then commit most brutal outrages, entitled to plead drunkenness in palliation of their crimes, as they might put in a certificate of previous good character? Certain of our Magistrates appear just now to think so, and among them, we are quite surprised to see, is MR. TYRWHITT. In sentencing a brute the other day for an assault, this usually good judge forgot himself so far as to say the nonsense following:—

"He should send the prisoner to hard labour for six weeks, and, had it not been that the prisoner was drunk, he should have sent him for a longer period."

In future when a drunken brute is taken up for an assault, it would be as well to charge him not merely with the outrage but with the being drunk. There is by law at present a penalty for drunkenness; and a fine of five shillings, with the option of imprisonment, may be imposed on any one found tipsy in the streets. Had the prisoner in this case been charged with being drunk, MR. TYRWHITT would have been obliged to take judicial notice of that which, so far from excusing, aggravated the assault. Thus, being called upon to punish it, he could not have viewed the drunkenness as a palliation: and while he proceeded to committal of the prisoner, he would have spared his friends the pain of seeing him commit himself.



BURGLARS!!!

"Yes, there are two of 'em, if not three, by the Footsteps, and one of 'em is Blowing into the Keyhole now."

THE KING AND CONSTITUTION OF PRUSSIA.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S boots, beneath whose soles the Prussian charter has just been trodden in the mire, have, in recognition and honour of that glorious fact, lately received a loyal cleaning from the tongues of some of his Majesty's most humble subjects in divers districts of Prussian Saxony. The following is part of KING WILLIAM'S acknowledgment of that gratifying act of adulation:—

"I have sworn to uphold the constitution received from my brother, his late Majesty, and I shall conscientiously keep my oath in the sense expressed in my programme of November, 1858. But it is also requisite to govern constitutionally so as to promote the welfare of the country. The sovereign alone can do this in Prussia. The representatives of the people should assist him by constitutional co-operation in legislation, and not further obstruct his government."

The Sovereign alone can govern constitutionally so as to promote the welfare of the country in Prussia—can he? If he can, the Prussians are lucky—luckier than the Chinese. The EMPEROR OF CHINA may be said alone to govern constitutionally in that country, but can perhaps hardly be truly affirmed so to govern as to promote the welfare of his subjects. Besides the Chinese Autocrat, there is hardly any other monarch in the world, just now, who governs exactly like the KING OF PRUSSIA. The CZAR is effecting the liberation of the Russian serfs, whereas his Prussian Majesty is engaged in a political proceeding of quite an opposite character. To find a ruler with whom we can match WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA, we must go back to the Great MOGUL or to HAROUN-AL-RASCHID, the Commander of the Faithful. The representatives of that potentate's people, namely his courtiers, confined their patriotism to assisting him by constitutional co-operation in legislation; that is, by bowing to his decrees.

Only the Caliphate of Bagdad could boast, with truth, of the merit which is claimed for the present Prussian Monarchy. The CALIPH alone did really govern constitutionally so as to promote the welfare of the country. However, there is no denying that the CALIPH OF BAGDAD'S representative at Berlin is a thoroughly constitutional king, by his own account of himself. He is, according to that statement, the most constitutional king in Europe or the world; ay, every inch a constitutional king, for does he not say:—"The Sovereign alone governs constitutionally in Prussia. *La constitution c'est moi!*"

THE INTERESTS OF FRANCE.

AIR—"A Landlady in France."

THE interests of France won't let Italy obtain
The Capital she needs to crown her union, O!
Her troops at Rome the EMPEROR declares must still remain,
To preserve the Roman Catholic communion, O!

So when this pious EMPEROR—the people's own Elect—
The Romans ask for leave to choose their Ruler, O!
He says that conscience forces him their prayer to reject,
An assertion than which nothing can be cooler, O!

GARIBALDI'S march on Rome, though checked was his advance,
Supplies him with a fresh excuse for staying, O!
On the ground that, to a menace, right or wrong, the pride of France,
Can on no account attention demand of paying, O!

So the interests of France, and her honour, under foot,
Bid her tread the rights of every weaker nation, O!
And therefore, for the present, she determines not to put
Any limit to the Roman occupation, O!

"HAIL, COLUMBIA! HAPPY LAND!!"

COLUMBIA? No, blot out that word for aye,
Now dove-like Peace to vulture War gives way.
A name more fitting were VULTURIA.]

A Shakspearian Clown.

"TELLER what," said a literary humpkin in a Hampshire beer-shop, "these here 'counts in the peepers 'bout street robberies minds me of a spache as I recollects readun on in SHAKESPEARE'S play o' *Hamlet*. There's zammut too much garotten in the state of England."



FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

PAPA. "Well, Sissy, how do you like School?"

SISSY. "Oh! So nuts."

PAPA. "That's right. Now tell me all you have learnt to-day."

SISSY. "I've learnt the names of all the little boys!"

GABOTTING AND THE GALLOWS-CURE.

If *Mr. Punch* disapproves of the gallows, it is not because he does not see how strong are the arguments on behalf of that old English Institution. The strongest of these is the manifest truth that the cheapest thing you can do with a worthless rascal is to hang him. By hanging him you rid society of a nuisance altogether. Not only will he never commit another crime, but he will never cost another sixpence.

Then there is no doubt that capital punishment will suppress crime, as persecution will put down heresy, on the same terms. You must hang as you would burn if you were a Spanish Inquisitor. It is neither enough to roast a LATIMER and a RIDLEY or so alive, nor to hang two or three GREENACRES, RUSHES, or PALMERS. Week after week, year after year, reign after reign, you must go on consigning every heretic to the stake, and likewise persevere in sending every criminal to the gibbet:—

A little scragging is a useless thing;
Hang off, or use not the cannabian string.

Hang without mercy, hang like fun, and you will check Garotters as effectually as Sepoys.

The practice of hanging as at present pursued betrays a grievous contempt of logical dependence. You hang a ruffian for a murderous assault not unless it happens to cause death; and then you hang him not for a crime but an accident! What is the justice that hangs on such a principle as this, much more discerning than the justice of rogues and thieves? Suppose you can prevent one ruffian from knocking my teeth out by hanging another who has broken the jaw of somebody else, ought you not to hang that ruffian? Certainly you ought, unless you can as effectually preserve my grinders and incisors by some other means.

Are there any other? That is just the question on which the necessity or needlessness of hanging depends. Doubtless there are other means more terrible than hanging. You might break Garotters on the

BEATITUDE IN BAKER STREET.

"The Smithfield Cattle Show takes place this year at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, N."—*Advertisement.*

O BAKER Street, what's so genteel,
What news, what noble news for you!
The living beef and pork and veal
No more at your Bazaar we'll view.
The beasts are gone to Islington,
Where all their farmer-friends must go,
The world congratulates you on
Deliverance from the Cattle Show.

Too long the gentle Swell who dwells
In Alpha Road, or Regent's Park,
Has borne the nuisance that compels
His walking home in wet or dark.
Too long his gentle lips have curst
The Show that brings the clods to town,
And crams the busses till they burst
With burly farmers big and brown.

O placid street, that seems to sleep
In quiet pride that hates a row,
This year thy crinolines shall sweep
Uncrushed by hoof of HODER or COW:
Thy languid sweldom, yellow gloved,
Shall lounge as it was wont to do,
No longer from thy pavement shoved
By country brutes, fourlegged, or two.

No more Mossoo, who vant so mush
To see JOHN BULL how he amuse,
Into thy Chapel's aisle shall rush,
And look for oxen in the pews.
No more Mossoo shall fiercely pull
Its Beadle's coat, and ask the prig,
"Vere is your ugly big fat bull,
And vere your gross dear little pig?"

O laugh with joy, my Baker Street,
No, laughing's vulgar, do but smile,
That MANGLEWURSEL's monster meat
Is exiled to some suburb vile.
There let him shout, and bawl, and boast,
And punch big brutes as fat as he:
Cry "Speed the Plough," if that's his toast,
But speed the ploughboys far from thee.

wheel. You may, without killing them, punish them more severely than you could by hanging them. Truly penal servitude would be a punishment worse than death. Where is the murderer who was hanged the other day? Nowhere, thinks the unbelieving ticket-of-leave man. The religious malefactor thinks that perhaps he may be in Heaven. They both know that a prisoner in penal servitude is not in a very happy state, however. Only to be thoroughly effectual, penal servitude must be exemplary. The hardships inflicted on the convict should be very great, and his existence ought to be made extremely miserable; moreover, his misery should be notorious. This latter object might be effected by means of suitable lectures illustrated by dissolving views of scenes of prison-life rendered as unpleasant as need be, and prison discipline sufficiently stern. Many philanthropists, friends of the morally lower orders, would no doubt take a benevolent pleasure in delivering courses of such lectures in the slums.

At any rate, for the prevention of garotte robberies and all other crimes, one step might be taken somewhat analogous to the treatment proverbially recommended for that other complaint, the Influenza, which is just now likewise so prevalent. "Stuff a cold," says the popular adage, "and starve a cough." At present the moral reverse of this rule is observed in penal economy. You stuff a convict and starve a pauper. Wouldn't it probably answer better to allow paupers sufficient food and put criminals on low diet? Thus you may be enabled to get on without the gallows.

"Grosser and Grosser Still."

A BORDEAUX paper gives credit to a grocer in that delightful city for his ingenuity in letting the public know that he sells both Black and Green Tea. He has a large T on each shutter, one letter painted green, the other black. Pooh! This is nothing to the ingenuity of an English tea-dealer in the City, who, to let the world know that he sells the tea called Gunpowder, blows up his wife all day long.

THE SQUIRE AND THE COCKNEY.



"He did not mean to say with regard to the remarks of *Mr. Punch* on agricultural associations that they were deserving of very great notice, because they all knew *Punch* was a Cockney, and therefore, what could he know about agriculture?"

Time was when a Cockney was defined to be a person who was born within the sound of Bow-bells. That definition will now no more hold water than a light sandy soil with a substratum of limestone. Railways have made citizens of London citizens of the world. ALDERMAN MEOHI is not a Cockney, and if he lives, please the pigs, a Farmer will one day be the Lord Mayor of London.

No, MR. TALBOT; it is not because people are Cockneys that they know nothing about agriculture. Their ignorance of agriculture is what constitutes them Cockneys. When you represented *Punch* as knowing nothing about agriculture because of being a Cockney, whether you were right or wrong in your estimate of *Mr. Punch's* agricultural knowledge, anyhow you put the cart before the horse. Do you call that the act of a countryman, Sir? *Punch* may or may not be a Cockney; but if he is one, you are another.

A GROWL AT THE UNDERGROUND.

MR. PUNCH presents his respectful compliments to the Directors of the Underground Railway, or Metropolitan Railway, or Sewer Railway, or whatever they call the thing that has been making such a horrible mess in the New Road for the last few years, and strongly advises them either to open that line to the public, or to give the public, through some official or other, a decent reason why they keep on postponing the opening. If neither be done, the affair will get into as bad odour as its intrusive friend, Fleet Ditch. He informs them, in confidence, that along the district under which this railway is supposed to go, the following are among the reasons generally assigned for the delay:—

It is said that the entire tunnel has fallen in; that Fleet Ditch aforesaid has again poured in, and now permeates through the whole length; that two of the fattest Directors, trying to pass in the tunnel, have stuck, and are being reduced by starvation in order to their being got out; that the place is full of Garotters, who have established a robbers' cave, and will have to be drowned out; that indignant neighbours, enraged at their cellars being invaded, have bored holes through which they mean to shoot at the trains; that MR. THWAITES has bought the thing, and annexed it to the main drainage scheme; that the Pneumatic Company have taken it for experiments in transmitting parcels by air-pump; that the hideous erection opposite Trinity Church is so like the International Exhibition building that the Commissioners have fallen in love with it, and want it for the Exhibition of 1872; that the rats have rushed in by millions and eaten all the clerks, porters, and ticket-takers; that the General Omnibus Company, fearful of injury to their monopoly, have bribed the Great Western people to block the new line up; that DR. CUMMING has found out prophetically that the opening of

the line will bring on the end of the world; and that somebody or other is blundering, or squabbling, or jobbing, or going to law, and there's no knowing when the thing will be opened.

Now all these reasons may be right, or none of them may, but it would be a great comfort to the New Road to know the truth, and specially to the fast young gentlemen who propose to use the subterranean line, and who already playfully speak of their intention to take daily three pen'orth of sewer. *Mr. Punch* respectfully invites the Directors to open either the railway or their mouths.

A NICE STATE OF THINGS!

OR THE STREETS IN 1862.

Oh, I'm an Anti-Garotter so bold,
If I shiver and shake, 'tis but with cold,
I don't know such a feeling as fear,
But I warn Garotters not to come near!

I carry sword-blades in all my sticks;
I wear round my neck a steel collar with pricks;
Revolvers in both coat-pockets I bear,
And a bowie-knife that will split a hair.

I won't trust to laws or police, not I,
For their protection is all my eye;
In my own hands I take the law,
And use my own fists to guard my jaw.

Is that a footstep behind my back?
It must be one of the strangling pack;
Is that a lurking villain I view,
Crouched in the doorway of number two?

Here's somebody coming! He'd best beware,
I'll give him a warm reception I swear.
Where's my revolver? Good gracious! I see
He's bringing his pistol to bear on me!

Hold hard, put up your weapon, Sir, do—
I am an Anti-Garotter too!
We carry both sword-sticks and bowie-knives,
And we both of us go in fear of our lives!

A nice state of things, Sir, this I call;
Turning out like a walking arsenal,
With pistol and dagger and collar of steel—
It has a most un-English feel!

To SIR JOSHUA JEBB I wish no wrong,
But I must say he comes it rather strong,
When he tries to prove that the rogues and thieves,
Ain't a bit the worse for their ticket-of-leaves.

He may talk until he's black in the face,
The Garotters are there to upset his case,
And British householders forced to go
Armed, like *Hamlet's* ghost, from top to toe!

While such is the state of British law,
Let the British Lion hold his jaw,
On the safety to property life and limb
Enjoyed by those who live under him!

Here's Paterfamilias, poor old boy,
In self-defence must weapons employ,
More like, by the way in which he potters,
To damage himself than the Garotters.

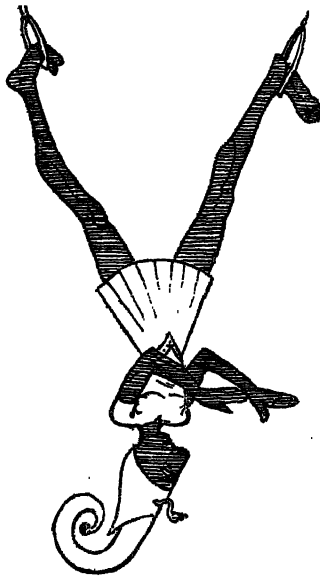
An Englishman's house used his castle to be;
Now that castle in state of siege we see.
There are burglars in the back-yard at work,
And on the front-door step Garotters lurk.

And Paterfamilias walks the streets
In dread of every soul that he meets;
In dread of each foot-fall he may hear,
Lest it herald a rush in on his rear—

A pair of hands flung round his throat,
A dig in his wind and a tug at his coat,
With, ten to one, a fractured jaw
From a Knuckle-duster or Indian Claw.

We're highly civilised people I know;
And the nineteenth century's trumpet we blow;
But while the Garotter performs his feats,
Let us silence our brag till we've purged our streets.

SENSATION SIGHT-SEEING.



OUTH must have its Swing. This is an old saying, and may or may not be the reason of the love which fast young men now have for seeing people risk their lives in the swing of the trapeze. "To see a man swing at the end of a string," holding on by his eyelids, "is quite a new thing," and imparts an extra relish to the dish of devilled kidneys and the glass or two of stout which, after a good dinner of (say) six courses at seven, is thought needful to sustain exhausted nature at eleven.

But after a while the trapeze palls upon the palate, and feats more highly spiced with danger are demanded. So LÉOTARD the Wondrous gives place to the Great OLMAR, who walks, head down, along the ceiling, by means of iron rings through which he puts his feet. What gives a greater zest to the sight of this performance is the fact that, if the acrobat by any chance should fall, he would tumble on the heads of the spectators underneath him, and probably kill some of them besides killing himself. This result of course may happen any evening; for however well controlled his nerves and limbs may be, no acrobat can guard himself against the freaks of nature, and a momentary spasm or a sudden fit of giddiness might make him miss his foothold, and kill him on the spot.

If the mania for seeing these Sensation feats continue, there really is no telling to what dangers it may lead, and what a taste for savage sports it may gradually induce. The bloody cruelties of bull-fights will be witnessed with delight, and here in Christian England will be revived the brutal circus-scenes of ancient pagan Rome. The trapeze and the tight-rope will be voted stale and slow, and tiger-fights and gladiators will be in request. In feats like those performed by our trapezists and rope-walkers it is not so much the wonder as the danger that attracts; and the morbid taste for seeing human life in peril is one of the most debasing of all depraved tastes. It blunts the sense of sympathy and deadens sensibility, and gradually paralyses all the finer feelings which it is the aim of education to evoke.

The craving for Sensation is a most unhealthy appetite, and public injury is done by all who pander to it. Might not acrobats be charged with attempting to commit suicide, and, in the case of their suspension over other people's heads, might not an attempt at manslaughter be added to the charge? Perhaps SIR GEORGE GREY at his leisure, having stamped out the Garotters, will consider this moot point. Brutalising pastimes demoralise a nation, and ought on public grounds to be discountenanced and stopped.

MY STARS AND GARTER!

MR. REUTER'S latest telegram from America informs us:—

"The journals represent Richmond to be in a very lawless condition, no persons venturing out after nightfall."

Our American cousins would seem to be no better off than we are. It appears to be equally dangerous to move out "after nightfall" in the New World as in the Old. In that respect we are as much prisoners in London as they are in Richmond. We dare not leave our houses for fear of being killed. Garotting inspires as much terror apparently as Civil War. The atrocities of the one are not less dreaded than those of the other. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves for attempting to kill one another with the same zest as Americans! Why don't the Garotters unite themselves into a corps, and emigrate to America? They would be a formidable body there, and the greater the number of lives they took the more highly would their services be appreciated, whereas it is just the reverse here. We can assure both North and South, that they are heartily welcome to such arms as these nocturnal marauders employ; in fact, we shall look upon it as the strongest proof of friendship that we have received for a long time from the other side of the water, if they will but relieve us of their disagreeable presence. We shall not mourn much over the loss, or expatriation, of gentlemen, whose hands are always professionally raised against every man's throat. In England, they are useless, and only in the way; in America, so long as the war lasts, they might be turned to valuable account.

AN 'OWL FROM THE ORGAN-HUNTED.

"The Prefect of Police at Paris has issued an order to all locksmiths, copper-smiths, tinplate workers, and all operatives using heavy hammers, and to all persons following trades or occupations which require the employment of machines capable of disturbing the repose of the neighbouring inhabitants. . . . The decree further forbids any person to play a noisy instrument during the same hours."

HAPPY land, happy land, whate'er the Emperor be,
Still my head, with organs racked, will in envy turn to thee,
Where the copper-smiths are silenced, and the tinplate-workers dumb,
From sunset till the milk and the morning sparrows come.

I think upon the orders of the Prefect of Police,
That bids the tired Parisian rest in stillness and in peace,
In my frequented thoroughfare's distraction, din, and woe,
From the moment that I ope my eyes to cries of "milk-below"!

Through the misery of my mornings from the clamour that ne'er ceases,
Of "Hearthstones," "Fine fresh Mackarel," "Old Clo'," and "Water-creases,"

The agony of afternoons by organ-grinders haunted,
And German-bands, and melodies by nigger minstrels chaunted.

And thus I sit, and curse my fate, and tear my hair and sigh,
For the Paternal despotism that rules in lands hard-by,
And could almost greet Imperialism, that brought me a police,
With power to silence organs and bid bag-pipes go in peace.

JUDICIAL COMEDY.

AMONGST the comic institutions of London, there is an entertainment which consists of the mimic proceedings of a British Court of Justice. A great improvement on this diverting representation would be effected by substituting, for the similitude of a British tribunal, that of a French Assize Court. The late trial of the Duc DE GRAMMONT-CADEROUSSE, and the other parties concerned in the fatal duel between that titled turfite and the sporting editor, DILLON, accurately reproduced, would afford an English auditory immense amusement and perhaps some instruction, for it might teach them duly to value the usages of their country. No burlesque or parody of it would be at all necessary; the simple repetition of the dialogue between the President and the accused would be quite sufficient for the purpose of raising laughter. For instance, take the subjoined questions and answers, translated by the *Times* from the *Constitutionnel*. The interlocutors are the principal prisoner at the bar, and the presiding Judge:—

"Q. But you admit your letter was too violent. Would it not have been advisable to publish the modified letter?"

"A. I was placed under the necessity of giving it as it was written. It was said that I refused to give satisfaction to MR. DILLON, because he was not of my position. All men of honour have a right to ask for reparation, and I never conceived the idea of shielding myself behind my name and position."

"Q. We admire this language, and accept it; it is that of an honourable man."

This outburst of sentiment on the President's part is surely much funnier than the solemn rebuke which the LORD CHIEF BARON would administer to a witness or a prisoner for asserting, in terms such as those above quoted, the duty of duelling.

Again, what absurdity that ever occurs even in a trial at any county Assizes, can equal that of the following quip and repartee?—

"Q. However it may be, you have handled a sword before, and your opponent was a man who had never held a sword in his hand."

"A. Mr. President, do you think it would have been more just to place me opposite to a man who was notoriously known as a crack-shot with the pistol?"

"I think I had him there," aside to the jury, for the foregoing lively conversation was carried on before a body of that name, is the only conceivable addition by which the prisoner under examination could have heightened the effect of his retort upon the examining Judge.

The preceding specimens of the last French *cause célèbre* will suffice to demonstrate the expediency of occasionally varying the buffooneries of the Judge and Jury Club with a faithful enactment of that scene of mutual rillery, altercation, and recrimination between the President and the culprit, which, diversified with the enunciation of moral sentiments by the one and the other and everybody else concerned, is exhibited in the administration of justice as practised in France.

Of course, the conclusion of M. DE CADEROUSSE'S trial was as absurd as any that could have been come to at the mock Assizes in the Dust-Bin, or wherever they are held. The accused were all acquitted. That result might be expected as the verdict of jurors who would probably find murder complicated with adultery to be homicide under extenuating circumstances.



AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.

TOMKINS (to Mrs. T., who is nervous about Robbers). "There, my dear, we'll stick that up in the Gar:en while I'm in the City, and I think you may make yourself easy about Robbers for the future."

BALLAD OF KING ALFRED AND THE GRECIAN CAKES.

HEAVEN prosper our right noble QUEEN,
Her sons and daughters all;
A fairer household never met
In Windsor's ancient Hall.

The Grecians of the modern type
Did kick KING OTHO out,
Because they saw the time was ripe
For making of a rout.

To QUEEN VICTORIA then they came,
"O Queen of much renown,
We hope you will not think it shame
Your son should wear our crown."

"I do not think it shame," quoth She,
"But for he lacks not self
Nor name nor place of high degree,
You'd better ask himself."

The sailor-prince they did invite
To take the tempting prize;
He did not hitch his trousers white,
Nor bless his princely eyes.

Nor of lee scuppers aught he said,
Like MR. T. P. COOKE,
But bending courteously his head,
Replied like any book:

"I thank you for your proffered wage,
And for your words polite,
But I have lately read a page
By my good friend CHARLES KNIGHT.

"There was an English ALFRED once
Who seldom made mistakes,
Yet got the character of dunce
For spoiling certain cakes.

"I know not if the tale be true,
But it is seen in print;
And ALFRED who addresses you
Intends to take the hint.

"Some cakes are made of Turkish flour,
With currants from the Isles:
To cook such things exceeds my power,
My Hellenistic files."

He smiled upon the crafty Greeks,
Who left, remarking free;
"Though there's scant down upon his cheeks,
A downy Prince is he."

Heaven prosper our right noble QUEEN,
Her sons and daughters all.
The chance of Selling them, I ween,
Is most uncommon small.

THE GAROTTE SENTENCES.

MR. PUNCH has not yet been informed that the counsel for the very few Garotters upon whom MR. JUSTICE BRAMWELL passed a sufficiently severe sentence have had interviews with SIR GEORGE GREY, in favour of their clients, and of course it logically follows that *Mr. Punch* is not aware that the Home Secretary has commuted the sentences. He may think that MR. JUSTICE BRAMWELL has been sufficiently lenient, and the public, for once, will concur with SIR GEORGE GREY. But perhaps MR. JUSTICE BRAMWELL, who is an acute gentleman and good at irony, drew his charming picture of the gaol life, the warm room, the comfort, and the light work, by way of promoting a change in our present system of prison discipline. If so, *Mr. Punch* is inclined

to accept this service to society, and to abstain from observing that most of the scoundrels sentenced last week got off in a way which must please their friends and imitators, as was proved by the number of garotte assaults which took place on the night after the sentences.

A Charge of Huggery.

ONE of the thieves' terms for Garotting is "putting the hug on." They would have been nearer the truth, if they had said "Thug" in this instance, considering the love of violence and murder that seem to be inherently connected with the pursuit.



ALFRED REFUSES TO BURN HIS FINGERS.

THE PENNY-A-LINER AT HOME.

An Imaginary Narrative Suggested by the reports of Recent Tremendous Conflagrations (Large Fires).

THE Penny-a-Liner had finished his labours for the night, and having provided sensation for the breakfast table of the public, calmly sat down to his own supper.

"I am anxious to express to the intelligent and affectionate partner of my existence," he remarked, "my conviction that the ordinary period of refreshment has been somewhat objectionably postponed."

"No such thing, JIM," replied his pretty wife, "and don't hurry me, there's a good boy, or I shall spoil the rabbit."

"Does your observation imply, my dear, that the banquet in course of preparation consists of the rabbit from the Cambrian Principality, or the four-footed quadruped from a seaport not a hundred miles from Ostend?"

"Welsh, JIM, dear."

"So far from giving utterance to any feelings of disappointment at the substitution of the less nutritious but more gustatory edible, my dear JANE, I am gratified that upon the present occasion you should have selected the former, and I will only remark that the least amount of procrastination the more satisfactory will be the result."

"Two minutes more, JIM," said his wife, "and calm your mind by pouring out the beer."

"Experience of the irregularities of feminine computation of time, my dear, induces me to defer that operation until your culinary duties shall have been completed, as any effervescence which may be generated by the transfer of the liquor from one vessel to the other will certainly have subsided before your preparations will have terminated."

"You're another," laughed his wife, setting the hissing cheese before him, and giving him a playful box on the ears by way of grace.

"I am disinclined to believe that the oldest *habitué* of the Cheshire Cheese ever addressed himself to a rabbit that better fulfilled the conditions prescribed by the sages of nutrimental lore," replied her husband, smiling. "Let me transfer a portion to your plate."

"A wee bit, dear. To tell truth, I had something with the kids."

"That is a violation of the engagement, both expressed and implied, JENNY, that our concluding meal should be taken simultaneously."

"Well, I'm here, am I not, grumble?"

"As the immortal bard of Avon has felicitously expressed it, you keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope. But the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, and let us drown all unkindness in the flowing bowl."

"Ah! mind my nice clean cloth!"

"As another poet less familiar to the general public than the sweet swan of Avon observes, 'A little water takes the sin away.'"

"Very fine, but you don't pay the washing bills."

"Base is the slave that pays, that is to say except when he remunerates the purveyor of information for the sensational literature which he furnishes, and makes the basis of such remuneration the original quantity of matter supplied, not that to which the fastidiousness of his vitiated taste or the urgencies of an advertising public induce him to condense the narrative of his contributor."

"Anything up to-night, JIM, dear? I hope so."

"I am gratified to be able to communicate the information that your anticipations are not doomed to disappointment. I was privately apprised by one of the guardians of the public peace, whose early intelligence I have frequently secured by a slight compensation, that much excitement prevailed in the immediate vicinity of Gray's Inn Lane in consequence of a report that an establishment for the retail sale of spirituous liquors was in a state of conflagration."

"Gin-shop caught fire, eh?"

"Hastening thither, I was fortunate enough to recognise in an intelligent official (who was bellowing, in a general manner, at the top of his voice, for any kind of assistance, but without specifying the particular character of the aid desired) the respected beadle of a distant parish, who by a concatenation of circumstances upon which it is not now necessary to dilate, happened to be in the proximity of the establishment. He obligingly favoured me with information which in addition to the results of my own observation, I combined in a statement which I have reason to believe will materially assist you in the purchase of that elegant novelty in the light of a bonnet that you have long been anxious to eliminate."

"You are a dear old long-winded duck, and that's what you are," said his pretty wife, kissing him. "And now come to the fire and have your pipe."

"I recommend you as a preliminary arrangement to concentrate the devouring element, my dear."

"Poke the fire together? Do it yourself, lazy bones."

And the meritorious couple sat down with their toes upon the fender for a conjugal gossip.

[The smartness of the above satire is no excuse for its injustice. In the first place, the honest fellows who cook up the sensation writing

for our breakfast-tables are just the very last persons to talk the bosh which they write: in the second, everybody ought to be very much obliged to them for running about half the nights to make articles for us: and lastly, we believe that the majority of the public love long words better than short ones, and on the whole consider the use of vestry-man's jargon a proper compliment to themselves. Now then, Mr. Contributor.]—PUNCH.

LINES TO A LEADEN BULLET.

"PISA, Nov. 26. At ten o'clock this morning DR. ZANETTI successfully extracted the bullet from GARIBALDI'S wound.—*Reuter's Telegram.*"

WHAT gold or gem, discoloured lump of lead,
Now in a hero's wound no more to rankle,
Outshines thee, drawn to light from that deep bed,
Where thou hast lain in GARIBALDI'S ankle?

Thy lustre is such glory as redounds
From hangmen's tools that wrought a Martyr's passion,
Clear of the doubt that commonly surrounds
Those trinkets of ecclesiastic fashion.

No fable 'tis that thou didst strike him down
Against oppression strong and shameless, leading
A hope forlorn; what Saint e'er won his crown
In juster cause more generously bleeding?

By thee he fell upon his march to Rome,
Where the Elect of France expounds her mission,
Trampling the right by which he reigns at home;
Propping by force the rule of superstition.

True Relic, how unlike that spurious Cross,
The Legionary badge false France wears on her!
That bauble's but the mock of Honour's loss,
Thou art the emblem of all lost but Honour.

REDRESS, NOT UNDRRESS.

THE Police of Newcastle-upon-Tyne have grievances, which they appear to have set before their superiors in a sensible and respectful manner, and which, generally speaking, *Mr. Punch* considers reasonable. The constables want a little more time for tea, and this is a proper request, as nothing is more disagreeable than to burn one's mouth, and a policeman rushing to administer the law with his mouth full of bread and butter is certainly deficient in the dignity which should appertain to the Executive. They also ask for a fair hearing, and a right of defence, when complained against, and on the whole *Mr. Punch* deems this not to be an outrageous demand on the part of an Englishman. They further beg to be treated civilly by their superiors, and not to be intimidated or sworn at, and there may be something to be said in favour of this petition, as also in favour of a prayer that when a night constable has to attend in court the first thing in the day, he may be allowed to go to bed at four o'clock in the previous morning. So far, *Mr. Punch* is all with the Newcastle police. But their concluding suggestion demands pause. It is this:—

"That the inspection of clothing be abolished, as a more disgraceful thing cannot be than a Police-constable carrying his clothes continually about the streets."

If this applies only to the night police we do not know that there is much to say against the proposed arrangement, except that the nights are very cold just now, and that an undraped policeman must, one would think, be rather uncomfortable. Still, if he likes to go about without clothes at a time when, except the police none but bad characters, who are not sensitive, are likely to be about, we do not object, the less that we don't live in Newcastle. But in the interest of that respectable city, *Mr. Punch* would protest against such an arrangement for the day time, and he puts it to the intelligent constables whether, disgraceful as they may think it to carry their clothes about the streets, it would not be almost as disgraceful to walk about without conventional integuments. The *statuesque* has its merits, but it is hardly suited to the police-force. This is the only serious objection which *Mr. Punch* can make to the memorial, and he hopes to hear that the authorities have attended to all the other complaints, which, if well grounded, do not speak well for the good sense and good feeling of the police chiefs of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

A Shakspearian Query.

In *Hamlet*, Act II, Scene 2, is this:—

"King. He tells me, my dear GERTRUDE, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.
"Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main."

Does her Majesty imply that *Hamlet* suffered from sea-sickness? This would be an interesting hint for the next revival.



A HINT

TO PARTIES WHO RESIDE IN A GAROTTING NEIGHBOURHOOD.

SENTIMENT'S PET.

COME let us be merry and drink while we may,
More punch, TOM, and see that it's hotter,
And hope going home we shan't meet on the way
Sweet Sentiment's pet, the Garotter.

At present proud London's a criminal's den,
We envy the home of the cotter,
His fare and his couch may be humble, but then
He don't apprehend the Garotter.

We once sent such rascals across the broad sea,
But prigs took to preaching and potter,
And now not a decentish thoroughfare's free
From the fruit of their bosh, the Garotter.

A gentleman's walking, perchance with a crutch,
He'll suddenly stagger and totter;
Don't think that the gentleman's taken too much,
He's unluckily met a Garotter.

A lady beside yonder crossing you note,
That rascal has chosen to "spot" her,
One scream, but the next is suppressed in the throat
Embraced by the brutal Garotter.

There are but three ways to get out of his beat,
Turn coachman, or tiler, or yachter,
For no one who walks on HER MAJESTY'S street
Is safe from the scoundrel Garotter.

Mrs. Gamp, though a wretch, was by no means a fool,
And "Live and let live was her motto;"
But "I'll live and you shan't" is the rascally rule
Of society's foe, the Garotter.

Many ways are proposed to extinguish the pest,
And punish the ruffianly plotter;
But this is the cheapest, and quickest, and best,
And will finish the dastard Garotter.

Just take a good cord, and divide her in nine,
Let a skilled boson's-mate rig and knot her;
Then lay the sound lesson of "line upon line"
Into Sentiment's Pet, the Garotter.

WANT OF HOLY WATER.

AN enormous concourse of Irish Yahoos assembled on Sunday last week at Blackheath, in order to make a demonstration against the demand of the Roman people that the French troops should go away and leave them to choose their own Government. This truly monster-meeting consisted of several thousands of those horrid creatures, who had congregated at Deptford from Dockhead, Bermondsey, Rotherhithe, and other places in the neighbourhood, at which they have established hordes. Having reached their destination, the bulk of the herd arranged itself about a mound, which was occupied by some twenty of the leading Yahoos. Their orgies commenced by the utterance of loud hurroos for the POPE OF ROME and hideous yells and groans for GARIBALDI.

Four chief Yahoos then harangued the herd in furious gibberish, accompanied by violent gesticulations. Their gabble, as far as it was intelligible, was understood to signify their determined sympathy with their Holy Father, as they did Pius the Ninth the honour of calling him, and their hatred to that GARIBALDI whom they honoured much more highly by calling him a buccaneer, and other abusive names. They boasted that they had come there quietly, without their shille-lags, to vindicate Popery and the temporal absolutism of the POPE by mere howling; for which they were prepared to shed the last drop of their blood, if the perpetual enslavement of the Romans should require that precious sacrifice.

A scarcely articulate resolution of sympathy with the POPE, in his antagonism to Italian unity, was then agreed upon, and carried with an unanimous whoop, and the herd of Yahoos, though they screech at the Reformation, then re-formed, and marched off the heath, amid the derision of the spectators, in a dirty procession consisting of tag, rag, and bobtail.

Whilst the Irish Yahoos were holding their congress, order was maintained by a large body of police, mounted and on foot, which had been got ready to protect them from any possible interference on the part of the British public. This was a highly proper precaution, and would have been a very just arrangement, if it had not been one-sided.

But the police have orders to disperse the crowds of people who sympathise with the Italians, whilst they are employed to guard the assembled Yahoos during the continuance of their hullabaloo for the papacy.

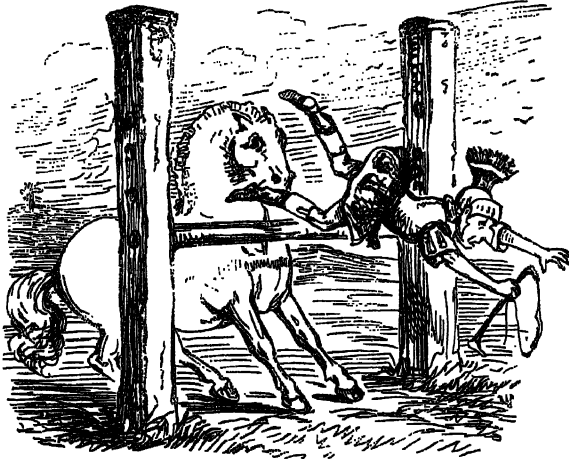
Perhaps the better plan would be impartially to disperse both parties. For this purpose it might be judicious to adopt MR. HANS BYSK's suggestion of a fire-engine to open water on either side. In the case of the Yahoos this proceeding would be peculiarly advantageous. Not only would they derive some bodily benefit from a sprinkling with clean water, but their spiritual interests might at the same time be promoted, at least to their own satisfaction. Their priests have recommended them not to hold these open-air meetings, and therefore should approve of the peaceable dispersion of such assemblies. To that end, if the authorities should resolve to employ a fire-pump, would the reverend gentlemen be so obliging as to consecrate its contents, and then work it?

THE TEXT FOR THE TIME.

DON'T rob poor PETER to help poor PAUL,
But find, as we can, our mite for all:
Nor pass hungry mouths and bare backs in the South,
To help in the North, cold, hunger, and drouth.
If there's new need far off, there's old need at the door:
Then let those give now who ne'er gave before;
And those who gave always now give more.
Each purse that the starving are free to use
Will prove, be sure, a widow's cruise,
Still filled from some mysterious hive,
As folks give more they'll find more to give.

ONE REASON WHY THE POPE SHOULD BE DIVESTED OF HIS TEMPORAL POWER.—Because it takes four crowns to make a sovereign, and he has only three.

A HERO ON FOUR LEGS.



How many people have short memories in these "Sensation" craving days. But we have probably some readers who recollect the Crimean War, and to them the paragraph which follows may be interesting:—

"DEATH OF A VETERAN.—Died, on the 9th instant, at the Cavalry Barracks, Cahir, 'Crimean Bob,' the oldest troop horse in the British cavalry. This veteran commenced his career in the 15th Hussars, and on their embarkation for India was transferred to the 14th Light Dragoons, and from that regiment to the 11th Hussars in like manner when the

14th were ordered on foreign service. He first joined the army on the 2nd of October, 1833, making a total of military service of nearly 30 years, during which period he was all through the Crimean campaign, and was ridden in the memorable charge of Balaklava, and at the battles of Alma and Inkermann by the present farrier-major of the regiment, and during the whole of the campaign was never once struck off duty through sickness. On the return of the regiment to England he was shown to his Royal Highness the General Commanding-in-Chief, who would not allow him to be cast, but ordered him to be retained in the regiment until his death, which occurred on Sunday morning from old age and general decay, to the sincere regret of all ranks of the regiment, from the colonel down to the youngest recruit, with whom the old horse was a universal favourite.—*United Service Gazette.*"

Army historians have chronicled the lives of many asses, but this is the first

time that we have ever known them to biographise a horse, and we rather wish that fuller details had been given anent the animal whose brief but touching memoir we transcribe. We should have liked to know Bob's parentage and early education; what sphere of life he filled ere he became a troop-horse, and how it happened that he entered upon military work. Bob must certainly have had the constitution of a horse, or he never would have gone through the campaign in the Crimea without even once being put on the sick list. When we recollect the hardships and the sickness that were suffered then, we can hardly comprehend how any animal escaped them; and we can hardly help suspecting that a telegraphic order was sent out from the Horse Guards, commanding the Crimean men to "take care of Bob." We can scarcely think it likely that Bob lived on board a yacht, as certain others who survived the Balaklava charge were said to do; but at any rate Bob must have been especially provided for, and must have somehow got full rations, while his comrades were engaged in eating one another's tails. Our military veterans are not always, it is whispered, well cared for in retirement, and we are glad to see that Bob was comfortably pensioned; for now that they have treated a quadruped so well, we may trust that the authorities will serve their bipeds better than they may as yet have done. Many a human veteran half starving on half-pay, must almost wish himself a horse to live in luxury like Bob; who, petted as he was, must have felt always pretty bobbish.

We repeat, we wish Bob's pedigree had been supplied by his biographer. Considering his long connection with the Army, it would be pleasantly appropriate to show he was in some way descended from Bucephalus, or some other fine old war-horse. As it is, we must content ourselves with thinking him related to the race of GENERAL HAXGNAW, or fancying him connected with the family of NEX.

WILD SPORT AT COMPIÈGNE.

The chords of that heart which has any love of noble sport in it will always vibrate in unison with the burden of the brave old song:—

"Hey ho, chevvy!
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy!
This day a stag must die."

A stag died the other day at the forest of Laigne near Compiègne after a chase which certainly ought to have made everybody concerned in it cry tantivy. The following description of this truly wild hunt is from the pen of an eye-witness:—

"Just when the deer started, His Majesty, who was in plain clothes, re-entered his carriage, while the EMPRESS, the PRINCESS ANNA MURAT, and PRINCE JOACHIM MURAT, who wore on horseback, followed the hounds. After a rapid chase the stag threw itself into the Aisne, but, being alarmed by the cries of the persons assembled on the opposite bank, returned to land, and again took to the forest. The dogs were for a time thrown off the scent, but afterwards recovered it, and the stag was at length come up with on the banks of the river. It again plunged, but, unfortunately, was killed by a shot from a rifle, and disappeared in the water."

And so the stag that was destined to die that day, died amid the cries of the spectators assembled on the other side of the river, by the rifle-shot of some forester amongst them, who, of course, was instantly decorated with ribbons as a successful marksman. In the meantime the EMPRESS, the PRINCESS ANNA MURAT, the PRINCE JOACHIM MURAT, and the other ladies and gentlemen whom we may suppose to have been in at the death, were no doubt also giving utterance to their emotions in shouts, than which none could have been more suitable than such approximations to our own inspiring halloos as *Hého chevvy! Aroq-foroad, aroq-foroad, tantivy!* As to the hounds, they must have been equally excited at beholding the stag shot, and it may well be imagined that every "little dog laughed to see such sport." It would no doubt have equally amused the EMPEROR, if he had witnessed it, but his Imperial Majesty, for whom such headlong-harum-scarum work was probably rather too much of a good thing (like the bull-fight) stayed behind in his carriage, attired in plain clothes, and not in the frogged hunting-jacket, the plumed cap, and the jack-boots, with the cutlass at his side, and the ophicleide on his arm, befitting a greater than *grand veneur* on such an occasion. He came in, however, for some of the fun, for we read in continuation that:—

"The body was not found until the next day, when the *curée* took place as usual by torchlight in the court-yard of the Palace. Their Majesties and most of the guests witnessed the scene from the balcony."

Here was more chevvy if not tantivy to divert his Imperial Majesty; here was Chevvy Chase, in so far as, according to our ancient ballad of that name:—

"To the querry then the Empré went
To se the brytlyngs off the deare."

Only instead of the case being that "a hondriith fat hartes ded ther lay," to be paunched and quartered, the fact was that there was only a single stag, though that one most likely looked plump enough, as it had been soaking twenty-four hours in water. The clown who likes to see a dead pig cut up, would prefer witnessing that spectacle by daylight, and immediately after the death of the animal; but pork is not venison; and the *curée* of the stag that had been fished out of the river was no doubt a rich treat to the beholders, if in a certain peculiarity they resemble those first Norman kings of ours of whom it was said that they "dearly loved the high deer." It is to be hoped that the hunters and huntresses of Compiègne enjoyed their hunch.

THE MILDNESS OF OUR MAGISTRATES.

We of course should never dream of recommending such an outrage, but really it would be a good thing for society if somebody or other would just garotte a Magistrate. From the mildness of the sentences inflicted for assaults and robberies with violence, one is almost led to fancy that the Magistrates imagine that garotting is a harmless and quite venial amusement, and they who practise such sky-larking ought but lightly to be punished for it. Knocking a man down and stamping on his stomach is a little ebullition of boisterous hilarity, to which robbers in rude health are naturally prone. The other day there was a case of robbery with violence, where the thief was sent to prison for six months for the robbery, and for only one month extra on account of the assault. This is quite the usual proportion now for punishments, and the most savage act of cruelty is dealt with far more leniently than the slightest act of theft. In the magisterial eye one's person is of much less value than one's purse; and to filch one's pocket-handkerchief is a crime worse than half-strangling one, or nearly bludgeoning one's brains out. Had Magistrates to use their brains more often than they seem to do, they possibly might place a higher value on the article.

A man who earns his livelihood by exercise of thought may be robbed of a year's income by a rap upon his head; and his bludgeoners not merely will rob him of the cash that he may chance to have about him, but may deprive him of the power to earn enough to pay the doctor's bill for healing him. By a blow upon the brain-pan, or a throttling of the throat, a clever money-earning man may be made a helpless cripple, and perhaps his wife and family be left without support. Surely if the Magistrates thought more about the misery a ruffian may cause, they would think less tenderly about the brute himself. Mercy to the miscreant may prove a savage cruelty to helpless you or me. What we want just now is justice, and not maudlin generosity. As it is, the law appears to be more careful of *Bill Sykes* and his comfort and well-being, than it is of SMITH or BROWN who are law-fearing honest men; and ruffians are petted, worked little, and well fed, while the men whom they half murder, for aught we know, may starve.



A LADY OF TON.

CABBY. "Wot's this 'ere? A tanner? Oh! this is run on the Stappenny Cheapviders, this is!"

STOUT FEMALE SWELL. "Mum! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

CABBY. "So I am, Mum; so I am. And so I'd ort to be. For carrying sitch like at Stappence a Ton."

SCANDAL OUT OF THE SERVANTS' HALL.

WE read in the *Morning Star* that MR. GEORGE THOMPSON was to lecture at Finsbury Chapel on last Thursday evening—the subject being "The American War"—after which we are told by the same paragraph that:—

WILLIAM ANDREW JACKSON, ex-coachman to JEFFERSON DAVIS, President of the rebel Confederacy, is also announced to address the meeting."

We think this practice of setting up servants to inveigh against their former masters is extremely undignified, if not snobbish. The fact of the servant in this instance being a black one, does not in the least lighten the offence, because he is evidently put forward by the anti-slavery party with no other object than to make out JEFFERSON DAVIS to be as black, morally, as WILLIAM ANDREW JACKSON is physically. How would MR. GEORGE THOMPSON like his own ex-coachman to tell the public everything he knew about him, mixed up with a great deal of what he did *not* know? It is true that coachmen, when they assume the elevated seat of their directorial functions, are allowed to turn their backs upon their masters, but that is no reason why a former funkney should be permitted to do the same before a crowded assembly, or encouraged by applause to lay the whip about the shoulders of his master's character as much as his servile imagination pleases. We doubt if MR. WASHINGTON WILKS himself would be an admirer of a similar system, supposing any discharged butler of his made a practice of informing his audience what quantity of wine, or grog, his master consumed every day, and how many servants he was in the habit of kicking down-stairs before sallying out of an evening to lecture on Civil and Religious Liberty.

Such a system of secret-telling, though probably very entertaining, would be condemned as most disgraceful, and those who listened would be blamed even more than those who talked. The sooner this tittle-battle of the Servants' Hall is put a stop to, the better. It is only what JENKINS does in private life, when surrounded by an admiring circle of

milliners' girls, or chamber-maids. It may be true that "no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre," but that is no justification why we should demean ourselves so low as to encourage the valet to throw out all his master's dirty linen in our presence merely to gratify our dirty curiosity. Listen to every valet, and you will soon be left without a single hero.

A WORKING MAN ON GAROTTING.

"SIR, "I WISH you to put it your own langage but I wish to say that am please and proud to read that the Rich do hall in power for Porr fok in the Noth and I think we workmen Might do some Thing to show Wee hall pull toger And are Reddy to help the Rich sir I think that wee might do some Thing with these garot scoundrels And if stout workmen Give an hour or 2 anight and smash up a few garot Rufins as you Might Say the Rich wold say We Did some Thing in return For them noble Helping of the pore foks in the Noth wich I am Reddy for one and Have a good cujel so is my mate hoping You will excuse horrors.

"Yours respny "A HAND."

Vulgarity at the Opera.

THE grateful and graceful Parisians have been hissing MARIO, just as the grateful and graceful Spaniards hissed GRIST. England, "to be valued only for her money," as WAGNER sweetly observed, is more mindful of what is due to glorious artists even though they may not be all that they were in their very best days. Perhaps both France and Spain are better judges of the bull-fight, so dear to their masters and mistresses, than the opera. Certainly in MARIO's case, we may say, *Laudatur ab hiss.*

THE HAUNT OF THE RAIN-DEAR.—The Lowther Arcade.

PROTECTION FOR PEDESTRIANS.

If, in spite of penal servitude, these street outrages continue, it is clear that we must arm ourselves against garrotting ruffians, and that our weapons for the warfare must consist of something more than a cane or an umbrella, a doorkey or a toothpick. In the savage days when London was infested by the Mohawks, gentlemen wore swords, and knew how to use them; and clearly some such fashion as this must be revived; if we would escape being either maimed or murdered. Metal collars with long spikes must be worn instead of paper ones, and great coats made à-la-porcupine must be likewise introduced, with spring daggers at the elbows and sharp spikes all up the back, ready to start out and stab the Thugs who may attack us. The Anti-Garotte suit will be advertised by tailors, and gentlemen when dressing for suburban evening parties will be advised to make a trial of SMITH AND Co.'s steel helmet, or recommended to provide themselves with SNOOKS'S coat of mail. Nobody will deem his costume as complete without having a life preserver or stout bludgeon to his wrist, and belting round his waist a cutlass or a broadsword. Tailors will turn armourers and swordmakers and gunsmiths; and to their question of "Any other article to-day Sir?" they will add the wish that you would try their razor bowie-knives, or will beg you just to look at their bayonet-revolvers, or will say they have invented a sweet thing in the bludgeon way and the neatest pair of knuckle-dusters that have yet come out.

Really from the outrages which have been lately perpetrated, one might think that one was living now in London as it used to be a hundred years ago: and one expects to see the managers of theatres and concert-rooms give notice as of old, that stout fellows armed with cudgels will be in waiting nightly, to escort such of the audience as wish it to their homes.



TO GAROTTERS.—"CAVE TOMKINS."
TOMKINS (log.). "Let 'em try it on again, that's all."

EGYPTIAN BONDAGE.

In a communication from Alexandria giving an account of the progress, if that is a proper expression, of M. LÉSSER'S Suez Canal, the number of labourers employed on that desperate undertaking is estimated at 40,000 fellahs; and, we are told:—

"These labourers are paid by piecwork under their respective sheikhs. Government collects and conveys the men to the spot, punishing all fugitives with hard labour in chains, which proves that the service is not voluntary."

Poor fellahs! Part of so little of the cutting as has been already made, extends through a tract of drift-sand, and amounts to a ditch, whereof the

dimensions, according to the authority above cited, are "from 14 to 15 metres wide on the water line, and two metres deep," at present; "but a casual simoon may at any time reclose the thoroughfare." The compulsory toils of the Danaïdes, and the penal servitude of the demon whom the magician set to work in making ropes of sand appear to have found their match in the unproductive labour of those pitiable fellahs who are so pitilessly fagged at the requisition of M. LÉSSER'S, for no good.

THE POOR GAROTTER.

THE poor Garotter, fierce, and rude,
How shall we soften that man's mind,
Reclaim him to a milder mood,
And teach him to be good and kind?
Oh! let us send him to a place,
Of refuge, not to call it gaol,
And treat with gentleness his case,
For fear severity might fail.

We'll clothe him warm, and feed him well,
If not on sausages and tripe,
Though against beer we close his cell,
And wean him from his nasty pipe:
Give him good books and tracts to read,
And teach him texts on texts to string,
Repeat his prayers, recite his creed,
And psalms and hymns with unction sing.

We'll practise him in heaving sighs
Remorseful, and compunctious groans,
We'll school him to upturn his eyes,
In going on his marrowbones,
To use the pocket-handkerchief,
Snuffle, and blow his nose, and weep,
And trust we've changed this blessed thief
Out of a wolf into a sheep.

In healthy, not excessive, toil,
His strength we'll use him to exert,
His easy labour shall not spoil
His hands; for he must not be hurt.
And oh! on no account the Cat
Across his shoulders would we lay.
Score naughty soldiers' backs with that;
The poor Garotter never flay.

Corrected, chastened, and subdued,
Converted, rendered meek and mild,
Repentant, humbled and renewed,
In brawny form a little child,
The period of his sentence o'er
Not half, we'll pity and forgive,
Bidding him go and rob no more,
But like a Saint in future live.

Ah! what if he resume the track
Of crime, which he before had trod,
And if again we have him back,
Within a month or so, in Quod?
Then, how are we, whose hearts have gushed
Towards this brute, with overflow,
To cure the throat his gripe has crushed,
Or cranium fractured with his blow?

INNOCENT OR GUILTY?

A Street Dialogue.

Brown. Ah, JONES, how de doo? So SIR GEORGE GREY wouldn't hang that sweep, eh?
Jones. No, certainly not. SIR GEORGE believed that he didn't kill his wife.
Brown. But he has given him penal servitude for life.
Jones. Well, what then?
Brown. Why—if you put it that way—to be sure I'm a bachelor and don't profess to be a judge of such matters,—but doesn't it seem to be a good deal to give a fellow for not killing his wife.
Jones. You must settle that with SIR GEORGE GREY. [Exit.]



Behold the haughty Sabretache, as he walks down the High Street—cold, sarcastic, unbending as ever, and with more than his usual stateliness, for he sees the lovely Violet and her lady-mother coming towards him.

[N.B. The optical illusion of the Pails, so detrimental to dignity, is caused by a Milkmaid walking behind him.

WELLY CLAMMING.

“Everywhere we hear this, the Lancashire Dork for ‘Nearly Starving.’—Correspondents.

HEAR the Plaint, 'tis not a cry,
Here's no whining, wailing, shamming,
Think what sorrows underlie
“Welly Clamming.”

In our prisons rascals sleep
Ample fed, well-nigh to cramming,
Honest hearts in silence weep,
“Welly Clamming.”

Shameless beggars bellow loud,
Thoughtless benefactors bawling;
These by fireless chimney bowed,
“Welly Clamming.”

Shameless paupers enter bold
Workhouse doors behind them slamming,
These sit shivering in the cold,
“Welly Clamming.”

Clothe them; blankets, jackets, hose,
In a kindly hurry ramming
Into bags sent off to those
“Welly Clamming.”

Feed them. Round no Union door
They stand jeering, jostling, jamming;
Send them food, and hear no more
“Welly Clamming.”

Were the stream of gold, I wis,
E'er so near to check and damming,
It must flow in flood at this—
“Welly Clamming.”

Help them. Spring will soon be here,
Smiling, greening, flowering, lambing,
You'll be paid, to miss that drear
“Welly Clamming.”

These are forced and feeble rhymes—
Let the faintest praise fall damning
On them, so their moral chimes
“Welly Clamming.”

THE NAGGLETONS ON EDUCATION.

SCENE—The Breakfast Table of combat.

Mr. Naggleton (reading a curious little note that he finds on his plate on coming down). “My dere pappa wil you Bee So werry kind to take Me and hedgar to The sologal Gardings today. do if you please dear pappo so no More at presnt From your afecinate Son WALTER NAGGLETON.” Upon my honour, MARIA, at nine years old a boy ought to spell better than that.

Mrs. N. Just like you. Finding fault with the poor child's spelling instead of being pleased with his letter.

Mr. N. I am not pleased with his letter.

Mrs. N. You don't deserve to be a father.

Mr. N. There are several things that I don't deserve. But never mind grievances now. I consider that spelling disgraceful to a boy of nine years old.

Mrs. N. He is not nine.

Mr. N. Good gracious, he will be nine on Saturday next.

Mrs. N. And you remember his birthday. Wonderful!

Mr. N. I should like to know which of his birthdays I have forgotten, or yours either, which make rather a longer list. But do you defend that spelling?

Mrs. N. We do not expect orthography in a child of eight years old, and I think if he shows intelligence enough to write at all, and affection enough to express himself so prettily, his father need not set himself to pick holes in the poor thing's note.

Mr. N. I'm a brute, of course. And you wish him to go through life putting one “f” into affectionate?

Mrs. N. If he grows up like some people it is not a word he will often want.

Mr. N. Not if he writes autobiography.

Mrs. N. That is wit, I suppose. I should think you might find some other subject for your facetiousness than your children's welfare.

Mr. N. It is about their welfare that I wish to speak seriously, if you would let me. WALTER's education ought to be taken in hand.

Mrs. N. I had always supposed that a boy's education was his father's business, not his mother's.

Mr. N. That is too good, when you have doggedly opposed every proposal I ever made for having the boys taught anything. You and EDGAR GREIVOUS together have made such a clamour whenever I suggested anything like teaching that I wonder the lad knows B from a bull's foot.

Mrs. N. (with a grimace). I hope, poor things, that somehow they will be taught enough to preserve them from vulgarity.

Mr. N. Well, I don't stand on the bull's foot, it was a phrase of the last generation. I retract the bull, and again I say that WALTER, if not EDGAR, ought to go to school.

Mrs. N. It was only the other day that you overwhelmed me with a storm of violence for hinting at such a thing, and you declared with the most shocking language that they should stay at home until they were fit for Harrow.

Mr. N. (remembering the speech, and meanly evading). MARIA, I insist upon your abstaining from untruth as regards me. I will not be accused of wilful and ungentlemanly violence.

Mrs. N. (sweetly). My dear HENRY, I do not say that it is wilful. It was always in your nature, and is so habitual that you do not know when you are making yourself ridiculous.

Mr. N. (with meaning). Yes I do, sometimes. (Glances at a bracelet). But in the interest of the children let us speak rationally, for once. I ask you to look at that note of WALTER's.

Mrs. N. I will take care that the poor-child never annoys you with another.

Mr. N. You should be a better judge what annoyance is.

Mrs. N. I am a wife, HENRY, not a slave, and I am in the habit of saying what I think.

Mr. N. What you think will vex, you mean.

Mrs. N. If you are vexed with good sense, it is your fault, not mine.

Mr. N. I am not, but with spiteful nonsense.

Mrs. N. That you never hear from me. I do not know, of course, what sort of company you keep elsewhere. The friends whom you made by your first marriage might, I should think, have hardened you for that sort of talk.

Mr. N. You know nothing of them.

Mrs. N. And have no desire to know anything.

Mr. N. Ah! One might think WALTER and EDGAR were children by my first marriage, to see the way in which they are neglected.

Mrs. N. A mother can despise such a wicked imputation. If you could be cool for a moment, and permit me to speak, I would tell you that I have been consulting MR. SNOTCHLEY about the children.

Mr. N. And why should you consult that prig?

Mrs. N. That prig, as you coarsely call him, has had the superintendence of the education of children of first-rate persons, and his advice must therefore be valuable.

Mr. N. I am not a first-rate person, and his advice may go—(rather ashamed of himself)—may go where it is wanted.

Mrs. N. (looks at him, but for once makes a golden bridge for a flying enemy). You cannot be so cruel, HENRY, as not to desire that your children should be brought up better than you have been.

Mr. N. (taking the bridge). Well, in some senses, I do desire it. But I should not like them to be SNOTCHLEYS.

Mrs. N. They might be worse.

Mr. N. Yes, they might be like his children, who are the most insufferable little puppets I ever wished at Jericho. Would you like to see EDGAR standing on the table after dinner, reciting *Paradise Lost*?

Mrs. N. Yes, if he would recite it like AUGUSTUS SNOTCHLEY.

Mr. N. Then I should not. I'd rather see him lie on the table on his stomach, like WALTER, reading *Chevy Chase* in that peculiarly comfortable attitude.

Mrs. N. Your prejudices against the man make you utterly unjust. He had no object in the advice he gave me.

Mr. N. I'll tell you about that when I hear what it was.

Mrs. N. He recommended that the boys should not be sent to school.

Mr. N. Well, he doesn't keep one, certainly.

Mrs. N. I should be ashamed of such paltriness, HENRY. He says that the schools about here are not the thing.

Mr. N. What thing? The thing his notion of a school would be, silver forks, and parsing out of the *Peagee*?

Mrs. N. Even if it were so, no child is the worse for knowing the names of the aristocracy.

Mr. N. No, for when he gets into business, he'll be better able to avoid discounting their bills.

Mrs. N. As I believe our boys are not going into business, that radical and unjust sneer is quite beside the question.

Mr. N. There are some very good schools round here. CHARLES HELSTON was saying so the other morning on the top of the buss.

Mrs. N. (almost sublimely). And you would send a child to a school recommended on the top of an omnibus!

Mr. N. Ha! ha! ha! I can't be angry with you, my dear, in the face of such a noble sentiment. Yes, HELSTON says that there's a capital school round here in Rockton Grove—ALLABY, I think, was the name, but you can send and ascertain particulars.

Mrs. N. (sarcastically). I need not send far. The younger children of RHATANY, the chemist, go there. I know that for a fact.

Mr. N. A very good recommendation. RHATANY is a very clever man, and would certainly not send his children where they would not be well taught and treated.

Mrs. N. Thank you, HENRY. I have no wish that my children should come home smelling of rhubarb and magnesia. If I can give them nothing else, I will give them the education of gentlemen. Perhaps you would like to ask MR. RHATANY to dinner?

Mr. N. I should, dev—I should like very much, only he'd be bored with such talk as is mostly heard here. RHATANY attends lectures by FARADAY and OWEN, and might not much care for Dundrearyism. But if ALLABY won't do for you and the DUKE OF SNOTCHLEY, there's another good school, not much farther—the REVEREND MR. PIPUS'S.

Mrs. N. The name would be enough, but are you aware that the Reverend MR. PIPUS, as you call him, is a Dissenter?

Mr. N. That's truly awful. But as Dissenters do not, for being so, as yet come under the actual operation of the criminal law, I think we might inquire whether the monster has any redeeming points.

Mrs. N. HENRY, I know well your levity on all serious matters, but here my duty compels me to speak. My children shall be gentlemen and Christians.

Mr. N. PIPUS took honours at Cambridge.

Mrs. N. The more shame for Cambridge, HENRY, to allow such things, but you know that it was always considered a low College.

Mr. N. Was it, dear? I didn't know. But if you say so, that settles PIPUS, though he wrote a crushing answer to *Essays and Reviews*.

Mrs. N. I may not approve of that work, but it is like MR. PIPUS'S impertinence, living in a back street at Brompton—

Mr. N. (maliciously). South Kensington, dear.

Mrs. N. To take upon himself to answer the clergy of the Establishment. I will not send the boys to be brought up as infidels and revolutionists.

Mr. N. (gravely). I don't know that I exactly wish it. What have you to propose, then?

Mrs. N. Any proposal of mine will of course be met with outcry and scoff.

Mr. N. Never mind, make one, and be a martyr.

Mrs. N. I think that a tutor might come in and instruct WALTER and EDGAR for a few hours in the day.

Mr. N. A private tutor. Hm. I hear the voice of SNOTCHLEY.

Mrs. N. Certainly it was his advice. I have no one else to ask counsel from.

Mr. N. You're very good. Suppose I give you a little without being asked.

Mrs. N. Pray do.

Mr. N. You are a very highly educated wo—no, lady—you can't deny that, for you have told me so a million times, and besides, there are your translations from CARR'S *Dante*—no, I really beg your pardon, from *Dante*—elegantly written out in the green and gold album to testify to your abilities.

Mrs. N. Pray go on. When a husband begins to praise, a wife should look out for an insult that is seldom far off.

Mr. N. LORD ROSSE'S telescope wouldn't show you one in this case, my dear. I was merely about to say that suppose you were to become the tutor, and take the boys in hand for a bit. You've handsome eyes, MARIA, but you need not open them so very wide.

[Mrs. N. is unable to speak, but rises from the table.

Mr. N. (taking base advantage of her helplessness.) You've nothing else to do, you know, at least in the mornings. Teach 'em from eleven to two. It would be a delightful recreation for you.

Mrs. N. (solemnly.) HENRY! Let this subject be dropped between us for ever. There are limits to the endurance of a wife. [Exit.]

Mr. N. (in dastardly exultation at her slip of the tongue.) Yes, she is sometimes unendurable. Ha! ha! [Exit the brute, actually chuckling.]

ALFRED THE LITTLE AND ALFRED THE GREAT.

PRINCE ALFRED, however from squalls or from shot

As a true British tar he may scorn to recoil,
Let us hope won't go meddling with Greece hissing hot,
When such meddling is certain to end in a broil.

Let him think of poor Puss, when by flattery moved,
Of an oily-tongued monkey, so cunning and 'cute,
To pluck from the bars the roast chestnuts he loved,
How Puss got a singing, while Pug pouched the fruit.

Or in case Æsop's fountain of wisdom be deemed
Not the source whence a prince his examples should draw,
KING ALFRED THE GREAT will by all be esteemed
A guide and example without fault or flaw.

We all know—or High Art has indeed wrought in vain—
How, when left, the old wife's barley-bannocks turn,
The King, in her hovel who shelter had ta'en,
Thought it better *her* cakes, than *his* fingers, should burn.

Then following this caution of ALFRED THE GREAT'S,
Let ALFRED the little, should Hellas combine
To ask our young tar to take charge of her cates,
To blister his fingers politely decline.

Philhellenes are we all: Greeks and Greece we admire;
But lending her sovereigns we've dabbled enough in;
Best leave her to pluck her own nuts from the fire,
And at cost of Greek fingers to toast the Greek muffin.

The Rope and the Ring.

WE are told that the mill between MACE and KING was a "demoralising exhibition." Then what is the performance of BLONDIN? The attraction of a prize-fight does not consist in the chance that it may terminate fatally; but how many people would go to see the acrobat if they felt quite certain that he could not possibly break his neck?

BEST MEMORIAL OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

A MEMORIAL to MR. COWPER, requesting him to keep the Park Road open.



RATHER SATIRICAL.

CAPTAIN SWELLINGTON. "What a beautiful Muff, Miss Merriton—Charming Muff—there's something very delightful in a Muff."
 MISS MERRITON. "Dear me, Captain Swellington, is your Trumpeter dead?"

SIR JOSHUA JEBB'S PEN OF PRIZE LAMBS.

(At the Metropolitan Fat-Cattle Show, Dec. 1862.)

WHAT ELLMAN of Glyde was as an improver of our short-woolled Southdowns, BAKEWELL of Ditchley as an improver of the old long-woolled Leicesters, and CULLEY of Fenton, or JONAS WEBB of Babraham, as crossers of the long and short-woolled strains, SIR JOSHUA JEBB may claim to be in the case of his favourites, known as the Dartmoor or Portland variety of the old black-legged, coarse-featured, bull-headed, thick-necked, Newgate breed.

A pen of SIR JOSHUA's lambs just now on exhibition in the Metropolis (and delineated on the opposite page by our Artist), are considered by all the judges as the most perfect examples yet seen of what may be done to develop the animal by careful selection of the stock in the first instance, and then by cultivating the natural qualities to the utmost by high feeding, the greatest attention to warm, dry, and well-aired housing, cleanliness, and every other condition of health and comfort. In order to be able perfectly to estimate what SIR JOSHUA JEBB has done for his favourite Portland and Dartmoor breed, we have only to contrast his pen, either with one of the old Newgate breed, scantily fed, miserably housed, and harshly used in every way, or with one of the native stock of the district about Portland and Dartmoor, unkempt, unwashed, faring hard, ill-lodged, and generally uncared for. SIR JOSHUA's lambs are the very perfection of development: the somewhat coarse and heavy face and bull-neck run in the blood, but the fine clear skins and short wool, the fat well laid on to the ribs, loins, and quarters, but not in excess of what is required for perfect health and symmetry, the sleek, round legs and forearms, and the general air of content and well-being, are entirely due to SIR JOSHUA's admirable system of diet and housing. SIR JOSHUA's lambs are very free feeders, and fatten very quickly, in spite of their heavy bone: they carry a short fleece, but the present pen being shearlings, must be judged rather by their symmetry than their wool.

They are however a very costly breed, and this, with their confirmed tendency to break bounds and run wild, at present militates much against

their popularity. SIR JOSHUA has completely dissipated the notion formerly prevalent that lambs of this class ought to be kept hard, and would improve most rapidly on coarse and scanty fare, rough lodging, and generally severe treatment. On this system we rarely saw the qualities of the animal developed to anything like the perfection to which SIR JOSHUA has succeeded in bringing them. The Portland or Dartmoor lamb remained a stunted, poor, meagre specimen of his race, ragged in coat, low in flesh, dull and spiritless in eye, carriage and demeanour. The best proof how highly SIR JOSHUA's improved breed is appreciated is the number he is annually enabled to let (loose), the figure they cut in the (police) reports, and before the most eminent judges, and the number that are annually sent abroad, which would be much greater if our colonies had not somehow contracted a prejudice against the breed, which has thrown a great deal too many on the home market of late. SIR G. W. BEAMWELL has lately borne striking testimony to the merits of a sample pen of SIR JOSHUA's lambs, which came under that excellent judge's eye, and stood A. 1 at the last show in Newgate market.

In a word, it may be said of SIR JOSHUA's lambs, that wherever they enter the field they floor everything that comes in their way. Nothing can stand against them. SIR JOSHUA's great secret after all is feeding and lodging. Instead of the coarse and carelessly prepared "skilly" which with bread and water constituted the food of the old Dartmoor and Portland breeds, SIR JOSHUA's improved lambs have a diet-table varying daily, which includes a great variety of carefully prepared mashes, and all the roots in season, to say nothing of other and more substantial aliments. Then for the dark, damp, cold, and gloomy quarters, once thought good enough for these animals, SIR JOSHUA has substituted clean, dry, spacious, airy and warm houses, in which his lambs are, as a rule, far better lodged than the labourers who are employed about them. It is no wonder, if under this costly and careful system SIR JOSHUA's lambs lay on meat freely, and exhibit the very perfection of highly developed animal condition.

At how many pounds every one of these lambs stands we should not like to guess, but it is certain they must come very heavy. The only danger is, that such very high feeding may develop inflammatory



Champagne on Dick
Sir

Give us some more
and slipping and
another sandwich will you

The finest turkey
as never I see, my
reveries

Oh's the quorum
folley good
call

SIR JOSHUA JEBB'S PEN OF PET LAMBS.

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tendencies. SIR JOSHUA declares, however, that this high feeding is necessary for the health of the animal when kept under cover, and fattened in the house. He would not advocate it for animals left to run at large. In short, if asked to point to the most consummate animals in this show we should turn to SIR JOSHUA'S pen of prize lambs, with the emphatic words—"That's the ticket!"

GENEROUS DIET IN GAOLS.



THE following observations were made by MR. JUSTICE BYLES, the other day, in his charge to the Grand Jury, delivered at the Maidstone Assizes:

"It is said, gentlemen, that the prisoners live too well and better than paupers; but I presume that your medical officers will inform you that with the infliction of the separate system, a diet, more or less generous, is to the bulk of the labouring classes, absolutely indispensable. If you deviate from it, it may be that you deprive the labouring man of his only wealth, his constitution, and, in comparison to such a sentence as that, to sentence him to be hanged would be a comparative mercy."

Just so, Brother BYLES, and that is precisely why we do not want a garrotte-robber sentenced to be hanged. It is worse to have your skull cracked, or a vessel in your brain burst, and to be rendered an idiot, or to have your jaw smashed and your teeth knocked out, and to be made miserable for life, than it would be to be killed outright. The punishment suitable for a savage miscreant, who commits robbery accompanied with atrocious outrages, is one to which that of hanging would, as regards this world, be comparative mercy. No doubt, as you say, you may deprive him of his constitution if you feed him upon a diet in some degree less than generous. Thereby we agree with you that, if he were a labouring man, you would deprive him of his only wealth. But he is not a labouring man; he is a thieving man, and if you weaken his muscles you will only diminish the force with which he will clutch the throat and batter the heads of people as soon as you have let him loose upon society. By all means, therefore, let him be fed on the less than generous diet and not on the more.

Again, Brother BYLES, we quite coincide with you in the proposition that:—

"The moment we begin to inflict cruel or unusual punishments we offend against humanity and the Bill of Rights. One of the provisions of the Bill of Rights is that no Englishman shall be subject to cruel or unusual punishments."

Therefore flogging in the Army, as it is certainly not an unusual punishment, so neither is it a cruel one. If there is anybody who deserves flogging, it is the worst of scoundrels. Until, therefore, the cat-o'-nine-tails shall have been formally voted to be an inconsistency with the Bill of Rights, let the back of the arch-scoundrel *Bill Sykes* be liable to its infliction. Let the punishment of a violent robber be fifty stripes, with penal servitude for life to follow. Don't hang the wretch—give him a chance of repentance, but no opportunity of testing its sincerity in this world at the peril of HER MAJESTY'S subjects. Hold him fast, and keep him fasting—upon a diet neither more nor less generous, but very spare. Seclusion, with low diet for internal remedy, and the lash by way of outward application, that, Brother BYLES, is the treatment for ferocious ruffians.

A labouring man betrayed by temptation into casual theft, or poaching, undoubtedly had better be kept on a more or less generous diet, in order that he may be enabled to work honestly for his living as soon as he is discharged from the House of Correction. But, Brother BYLES, perhaps you will, on consideration, be inclined to allow that the crime of theft, or even the offence of poaching is at the best more heinous than the fault of poverty, and that if ordinary convicts ought to be allowed a more or less generous diet, the generosity of their dietary allowance should be less, and not more than that of the proportion of nutriment allotted to paupers.

THE CONTAGION OF FEAR.—We know a poor timid old lady, who declares she wouldn't go into the Park for any consideration, she is so alarmed lest she might be stopped in Garotten Row!

Y^E RIGHT MERRIE JUDGEMENTS

OR

THE MOST WORSHIPFUL MR. BARON BRAMWELL UPON Y^E GAROTTERS.

In the Court of Old Bailey t'was BRAMWELL that spoke,
The Crown can't allow all these crowns to be broke,
So let each skulking thief who funks justice and me,
Just attend to the warning of brave BARON B.

Just hand me my notes, and some ink for my pen,
And gaoler look sharp and bring up all your men,
Under four years of servitude none shall go free,
For it's up with the dander of stout BARON B.

There are isles beyond Portland, more depôts than Cork,
Where such convicts shall go if there's more of this work,
There's a cat whose tails number three series of three,
You'll cry ho! when you feel it and bless BARON B.
Just hand, &c.

Be off to the quarries the forts and the docks,
Ere I spare a garotter, I'll sit in the stocks,
Ay tremble, you scoundrels, you thought it a spree;
But you didn't expect then to face BARON B.
Just hand, &c.

There were ticket-of-leavers, with crowbars who'd tried,
And brass knuckle-dusters to cause homicide,
But they shook in their shoes as was pleasant to see,
'Neath the soul-stirring accents of stout BARON B.
Just hand, &c.

He turned as he spoke to the hands of the clock,
And then, with a scowl on the thieves in the dock,
"The time's getting on but I've words two or three,
For your friends out of doors from your friend BARON B.
Just hand, &c.

"If one man dogs another as homeward he goes,
And masters his purse by the dint of some blows,
That man before long shall have audience of me,
And I'll do my best for him," quoth stout BARON B.
He's got at his notes and some ink in his pen,
MR. JONAS before him has ranged all his men,
"For life, ten years, four, none with less shall get free,"
More strength to your elbow say we, BARON B.

LEGAL LIBERALITY.

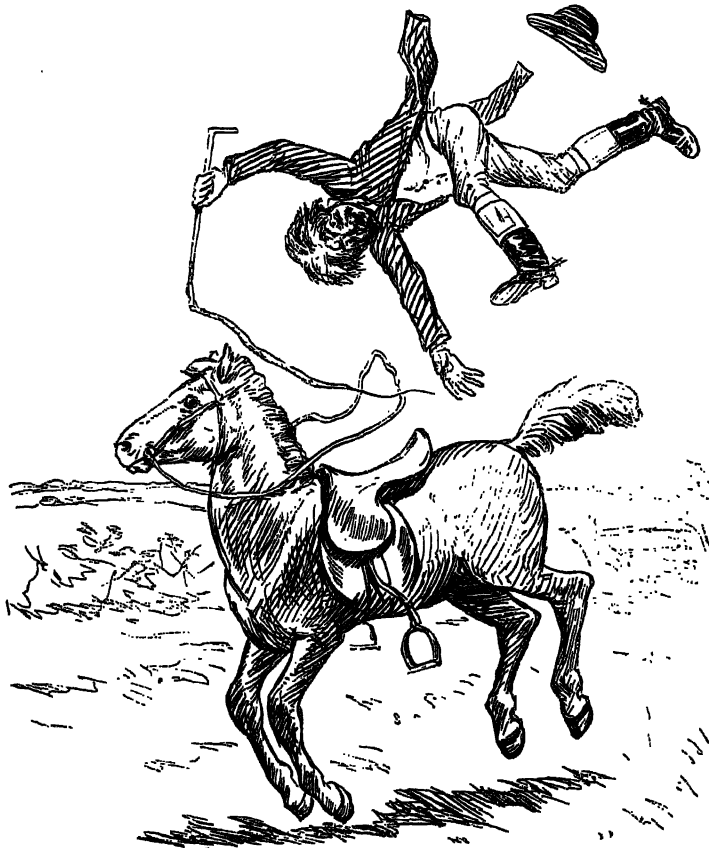
WE take the following advertisement from the *Law Times*:—

LAW.—WANTED a clerk who has a fair knowledge of abstracting, drawing deeds, and a fair accountant. Salary £1 per week. Office hours, 9 to 1 and 2 to 6. Address, A. Z., &c.

The law is said to be a "liberal" profession, but there are certainly exceptions to its rule of liberality, and one of these exceptions is the offer which we quote. A pound a week for working eight hours a-day is precisely at the rate of fivepence for an hour: and to earn this handsome salary, the clerk must have some brains and have the knowledge how to use them in doing something more than the mere drudgery of the desk. He must be a fair accountant and know how to draw a deed, and we presume that he will be required to come to office with a tolerably decent-looking coat upon his back. How he will support himself (and probably a family) upon his pound a week, is more than we at present feel competent to guess: but it would not much surprise us to hear that an accountant who was so badly paid tried to keep himself from starving by cooking his accounts. Low wages are a terrible temptation to dishonesty, and an accountant who possesses a knowledge of "abstracting" would be likely, if half-fed, to turn his thoughts some day to the abstraction of the cash-box, and, besides the other deeds with which he was entrusted, he might execute the deed of drawing a forged cheque.

Moderate Charges.

MR. PUNCH, who, after his labours in the sphere of absurdity, seeks recreation in serious reading, was much diverted with the BISHOP OF LONDON'S Charge. For tolerance, good sense, charity, and freedom from cant, it is quite a curiosity of its kind. *Mr. Punch* never before read any Episcopal Charge, not consisting of mere platitudes, so moderate. Indeed, BISHOP TAIT'S Charge is as moderate as the charge of *3d.*, or *4d.* stamped, which is the charge of this celebrated periodical, and is all that *Mr. Punch* will ask for his magnificent forthcoming *Almanack*.



A COLT'S REVOLVER.

THE WATERS OF COMFORT.

WHEN did ever land beside
Show the sight that England's showing—
All these streams of bounty flowing
Swift and steady, far and wide?

From cottagers' and children's hands
Many a tiny rillet springing,
Many a new Pactolus bringing,
From rich purses golden sands.

Silver streams and streams of gold,
Meagre rill and mighty river,
In their flow converging ever,
As one tide at length are rolled.

All the desert on its brink
Gathers green from those glad waters :
Far-off warfare's guiltless martyrs,
Fainting stoop them down to drink.

Of the myriads that throng
To those waters none shall perish :
England's charity will cherish
Needs not bred of England's wrong.

Infallibility of the Female Sex.

THE Ladies have a belief that Parisian corsets wear much longer than any other ones, and the dear creatures are right, as they always are, for we beg leave to point to the occupation of Rome by LOUIS NAPOLEON'S army as an incontestable proof of how exceedingly lasting French Stays are.

Two Great Hits of the Season.

(In one Family.)

THE Honourable MRS. NORTON (authoress) brings out the Lady of *La Garaye*.

THE Honourable MR. NORTON (beak) brings up the Gentleman of *La Garotte*.

A ROMAN CANDLE (TO LIGHT US TO A VIEW OF OURSELVES).

Additional papers respecting the Roman question (in continuation of Papers already submitted to Parliament).

MR. ODO RUSSELL to EARL RUSSELL. (Received Dec. 10).

"MY LORD, Rome, Dec. 6.
"I HAVE the honour to inclose for your Lordship's perusal, a letter from CARDINAL ANTONELLI, in reply to your Lordship's despatch of the 12th ult. (of which, in pursuance of your Lordship's direction, I left a copy with the Cardinal), in relation to the brigandage of which the Papal territories have lately been the head-quarters.

"I have, &c.,
(Signed) ODO RUSSELL."

(Inclosure.)

From CARDINAL ANTONELLI to MR. ODO RUSSELL (attached to the Legation of her B. M. in Turin.)

"SIR, The Vatican, Dec. 5.
"I HAVE to request that you will present my acknowledgments to EARL RUSSELL of the new proof which he has given in the despatch of the 12th ult., of which you were instructed to leave a copy with me, of his interest in the affairs of the Government of his Holiness, and that you will convey to him my grateful thanks for the admirable lecture on Constitutional Government contained in that despatch, and for the various outline or draft constitutions, which EARL RUSSELL has had the condescension to submit for the acceptance of his Holiness. Any further proof of interest in the affairs of his Holiness was unnecessary from the author of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, under which the Hierarchy of the Church one and indivisible, enjoy in safety their present dignities and emoluments in Great Britain. The Constitutional lecture, invaluable as it is, is superfluous, as I have already had the inestimable privilege of gleaning the substance of it from his Lordship's published works and Parliamentary speeches. The draft constitutions are unhappily inappropriate to the dominions of

his Holiness. I return them, as his Lordship may find use for them in his communications with other Continental governments, for which he may be anxious to frame constitutions. The suggestions for the suppression of brigandage here, I also return with a request that before they are put into force in the capital of his Holiness, they may be tried in London, where his Holiness has observed with pain, and something as near indignation as is compatible with Apostolic meekness, that armed brigandage reigns unchecked in the streets, defying the authority of the law, and daily assailing peaceful and orderly citizens, while engaged in their innocent avocations. I have to request that you will convey to EARL RUSSELL his Holiness's indignation at a state of things so incompatible with good government and so seriously compromising the cause of law and order. Whatever may be the condition of his Holiness's dominions or capital, he believes it will be admitted by all who know both Rome and London, that the latter city is just now the less free from the dangers of robbery and assassination, and that the number of persons compelled to carry arms for their protection is larger in London than in Rome. I have at the same time to request that you will convey to EARL RUSSELL his Holiness's profound and painful surprise at the system in force in the prisons under the British executive. His Lordship will remember the very energetic remonstrances and protests which he considered it within his duty to offer against the treatment of prisoners in the kingdom of Naples. I have to request that you will remind his Lordship that if humanity may be outraged by harsh usage of the inmates of a prison, common sense may be equally outraged by the pampering and over-indulgence of the same class. His Holiness has observed with deep pain, not unmingled with disapprobation, how entirely common sense has been disregarded in the prison-system of England, where the aged and infirm labourer, compelled to close a life of toil in the work-house, is treated in that asylum of destitution with less consideration and kindness than the sturdy and habitual breaker of the law in what should be his place of punishment.

"His Holiness, in his conviction that such a system must lead to demoralisation, and that it is likely to tempt his Holiness's Irish subjects, more especially, to purchase by crime those comforts which are denied to virtuous poverty, has charged me to convey through you to EARL RUSSELL, for transmission to Her Britannic Majesty's Government, this expression of his hope that energetic measures will forthwith be

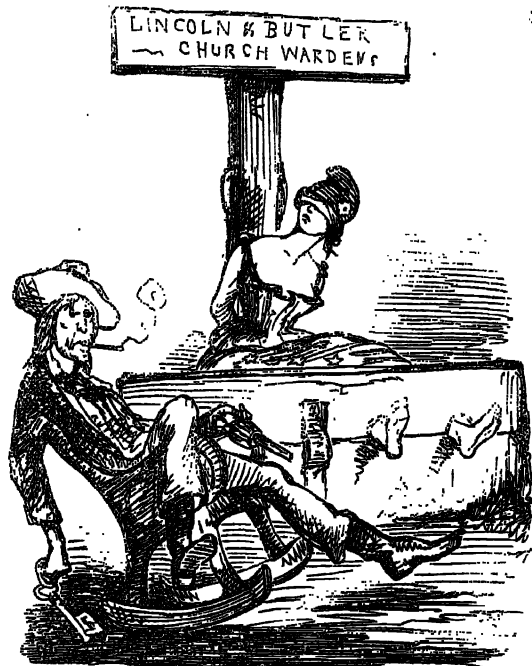
taken to put down the brigandage of London, and to reform that system of prison administration under which the ranks of that brigandage are recruited.

"If his Holiness be open to any reproach for not putting down the brigandage which devastates Naples, EARL RUSSELL must admit that the British Government can hardly hope to escape the censure of all governments claiming to speak in the cause of our common humanity, to say nothing of the interests of order, morality, and religion, when it deliberately lets loose a certain proportion of convicted criminals, every year, before the expiration of their sentences, to strike terror into the peaceable citizens of the capital.

"I have to request that you will transmit a copy of this despatch to EARL RUSSELL, and I have the honour to be, &c.

"ANTONELLI,
"Cardinal and Minister of Foreign Affairs."

THE YAHOO IN YANKEE LAND.



HIS is good—from the *New York Times* :—

"The time will come when America will enforce reparation from England for the *Alabama's* depredations. The most effective cure for sectional heart-burnings will be a foreign war for a year or two. England has done all she can to break down America in her day of agony, and America will hate England for it till the last American now living goes to his grave."

If the Yankees believe that England has done all she can to break down America in her day of agony, it is manifest that England has done all she can to offend the Yankees. It would be satisfactory to be assured that they really entertain that belief, for then we should have nothing further to apprehend from their hatred and malice in consequence of anything more that we could possibly do. We might just as well agree to join

the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH in a proffer of mediation between the hostile States, inasmuch as, by our co-operation in that friendly overture, we could not aggravate the determination to return us evil for good, which according to the *New York Times*, is already as strong as it can be. Indeed, we could not do worse than we are now doing if we recognised the Confederate Government at once, and

broke the blockade. On the contrary, we should do a great deal better; because the only consequence of those steps would, at the worst, be war with the Federal States, which would be much less inconvenient for us now, than it will be some time hence, when the Yankees will drag us into a war with them for a year or two, or three, or four, or more probably longer, with the view of finding an effective cure for their sectional heartburnings. For now we should get the South for an ally; whereas then we should have to fight the Yankees single-handed.

But mind, JONATHAN, the above logic is all conditional. It rests only on the supposition that the *New York Times* represents you. We believe no such thing. The idea that you would dream of enforcing reparation from England for the *Alabama's* depredations is as absurd as would be the notion that we meant to call upon the United States to indemnify us for the damage done through contraband of war supplied during the late Crimean struggle by American citizens to Russia. As if, too, you would be such a fool as to complain of the sale of the *Alabama* to the Confederates, when you know how much more of the means of warfare, in the shape of gunpowder and weapons, is sold, on precisely the same principle of neutrality, to you. No, JONATHAN: the malignant nonsense above quoted from the *New York Times* could only have been conceived and uttered by a particular species of mischievous, ill-conditioned unscrupulous blackguard.

It is the characteristic howl of the Yahoo, or Irishman of the baser sort, who, for the good of his own country, and for the bane of yours, has transported himself into your midst. He occupies many an Editor's writing desk, but would be much more suitably situated in your gallant army, where he would serve as food for Southern powder. The fittest position of all for him would be that of suspension at some altitude from the ground by a ligature embracing his neck with a running noose, and maintaining him in antagonism to the force of gravitation.

Tenterden Steeple and Goodwin Sands!

"MR. DIGBY SEYMOUR strongly recommended CAPTAIN MANGLES to the electors of Southampton. The Captain's political sentiments were the same as his, MR. SEYMOUR'S, own."—*Times, Monday.*

"CAPTAIN MANGLES has been rejected by the electors of Southampton."—*Times, Saturday.*

UPON DR. ELLIOTT BEING APPOINTED BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL, DR. ELLIOTT BEING THE DEAN.

BETWEEN the Bristol magnates
What difference may there be?
Why, ELLIOTT has the Deanery,
And ELLIOTT has the See.

GALLANT EQUESTRIAN FEAT.

THE electors of Southampton, never over particular about their political linen, have sold their Mangles, and taken to floriculture. This "dark saying on the harp" means that they have returned CAPTAIN MANGLES to his domestic enjoyments, and LORD MAYOR ROSE to the House of Commons. It is perfectly well understood that politics had not much to do with the election, but that it was a case of Peninsular and Oriental against South-Western, and Boat has beat Rail. The CAPTAIN described himself as a Liberal, and the MAYOR is a Liberal Conservative. *Mr. Punch*, who is in some sort a subject of the MAYOR, and "Viceroy over him," loyally takes it for granted that his Lordship's vote will be given on the side of common sense, and therefore *Mr. Punch* addresses his Civic Sovereign with a congratulation, but, simultaneously, requests an early explanation upon a much more important matter. The representation of Southampton is a trifle, but *Mr. Punch* begs to know whether there is to be any division of Mayoral hospitalities in consequence of the election. Are Southampton people to be brought to town to take the place of their betters at the Mansion House Feasts? If so; *Mr. Punch* will merely remind his Civic Sovereign that the precedent set in the case of KING OTHO has not been lost upon London patriots. Let the LORD MAYOR be governed by the Provisional Constitution, and all will be well; but if a Southampton element is to be introduced into the City, there will infallibly be a revolution, and there will be proclamation of PRESIDENT PUNCHADAMANTOPULOS *vice* REX ROSE. Meanwhile the patriotic yet courtly *Mr. Punch* is happy to felicitate a fast mayor on having beat the rail.

PUNCH TO PRINCE RUPERT.

"At the Manchester Distress Meeting the EARL OF DERBY headed the list with £5,000."—*Times.*

WELL done, LORD DERBY: Foremost in the ranks
Opposed to Famine; backing the Petition
Of sorrow; tendering kindness Votes of Thanks.
Well, DERBY, dost thou lead that Opposition.
Thou art no shedder of unhelpful tears,
But rightly scorn'st such sentimental slops,
And droppest gold instead; so, after years,
Shall speak with honour of our RUPERT'S Drops.

A Trial in Little.

SAYS the *Law Magazine* to the Patriot DIGBY,
"Where, but for your votes, would your Magistrate's wig be?"
Says S., "You shall pay for imputing a job."
"He shall," says the Jury; "and high. Forty bob."

THE EX-KING OF GREECE'S LITTLE GAME.

His little game must have been *le Jeu de l'Otho* (*Loto*), and a rare losing game it was for him, and all parties concerned. He lost everything by it. Not once, for the number of years that he has had his hand in, did he ever draw a winning number.



JEBB'S REFORMATORY.

"What! Eighteen Stone! Oh, you 'll do;—here's your Ticket-of-leave!"

SOME REALLY USEFUL WORSTED WORK.

MY DEAR MRS. SNOOKELEY,

THE other morning when I called on you I found you sitting in the breakfast room with your three charming daughters, who were all of them engaged in what I take to be their usual morning avocations. EVANGELINE MATILDA was embroidering a slipper, intended I believe for the curate of Saint Reredos, HONORIA MARIA was putting raven ringlets on a blue-eyed worsted bandit, whose handsome features I may some day have the happiness to sit upon, while AGNES ANGELINA was reading aloud a thrilling chapter from a fashionable novel, whereof a good deal of the melodrama (as well as of the morals) I have very little doubt was of Parisian extraction. Of course I would not mar the harmony of this domestic scene, but as I walked away I could not help reflecting that young ladies might perhaps find better things to do than reading French morality and working blue-eyed bandits. And with this thought, my dear Madam, just let me draw your notice to the following short statement, which a correspondent sends me from the *Liverpool Daily Post* :—

"Mr. J. has fabricated a novel and warm blanket for the distressed poor in the cotton districts. It has the advantage of being strong, warm, and—costs nothing. It is made solely out of woollen list, remnants that in tailors' shops are thrown away or given to rag collectors. The mode of construction is simple, and the result really pretty, not to say beautiful. The list is platted; and, by using divers colours, the blanket or quilt is made to look picturesque. A few stitches keep the whole strong and perfect.

"By preserving the list in the tailors' shops throughout the kingdom, half-a-million such blankets could be made in a week or a fortnight."

"List O List," young ladies! Surely here is a kind of worsted work quite as pleasant and more useful than making Berlin bandits and embroidering swell slippers for some clerical poor feet. Ask papa to tell his tailor to let you have some list, and then set to work at once and plat it into blankets for the poor folks in the North. Two pence a pound, my correspondent tells me, is the price now asked for list by tailors who want money for it; and as nine pounds he informs me, are enough to make a blanket, a pair of blankets of your making would cost papa as little as a pair of gloves. List blankets may doubtless not be

quite so warm as Witney ones: but they will serve at any rate to keep poor folks from freezing, and, to a grateful fancy, the warmth of your kind fingers will linger in the work.

Fondly trusting, my dear MRS. SNOOKELEY, that these few words of mine may 'list a host of girls besides your own in this good work, I remain with all devotion to you all,

Your faithful,

PUNCH.

EXCHANGE OF WIGS.

'TwiXt Judges and Bishops one cannot determine
Whose character stands most deservedly high,
And a test which is purer, the Lawn or the Ermine,
Even Faraday might not know how to apply.

But whereas our bold Bishops, if not very clever,
Are strictly attached to the moralist's creed,
Lay hold of a culprit and crush him for ever,
And deal to a Doubt what should punish a Deed.

And whereas our kind Judges, like brave *Cap'n Cuttle*,
"Make notes of" each villain's excuses and prayers,
Invent exculpation with intellect subtle,
Till rascals split heads while their judges split hairs.

Suppose for the nonce that our Judges, so polished,
Turned Prelates, while Bishops as Justices sat;
Then Sceptics would find all their Dogmas demolished,
And Scoundrels would find they were food for the Cat.

No Reasonable Offer Refused.

OTHO's late kingdom seems to hang quite heavy in the market. No one will make the least bid for it. We should recommend its being carried to some marine-store-dealer's, where they write up, "THE BEST PRICE GIVEN FOR GREASE."



LITTLE JONES (who of course is not a bit afraid of the Garotters), sotto voce. "I wonder what the dooce that low-looking fellow means by always trying to get behind me."

GAROTTER HUNTERS WANTED.

(A Confidential Letter to FRANK FALLOWFIELD, Esq., of Cyder Court, Devonshire.)

"DEAR FRANK,

"You recollect what fun we had with old SQUIRE DINGLE'S otter hounds that day by Brawley Bottom, and how, you blackguard, you kept chaffing me about my Cockney way of living, and wondered how a fellow ever could be fool enough to waste his life in London, where there was no chance of his enjoying any sport. Well now, if you'll just come and spend a week with me this Christmas, I think I can convince you to the contrary of that. I can't give you any other hunting, but if you want a new sensation, what d'ye say, my boy, to a night's Garotter hunting? We have got together a splendid pack this season, and the game is still so plentiful that I'll bet we'll show you some really first-rate sport.

"To tempt you up, old chap, I'll just describe the way in which we go to work. The meet takes place at some man's rooms at eight o'clock p.m. (on foggy evenings generally we meet at six o'clock) and when we've got our pack together, we throw off in the direction where we think it likeliest that we shall see some sport. To start the game, one of the hunters, who is armed with a spiked collar, and has a spine of little daggers bristling down his back, proceeds at a slow pace along some quiet square or street, assuming as he does so a rather tipsy gait. His corksorewy gyrations are sure to start the Garotter if there be one in sight, and when the vermin has once broken ground and fastened on his prey, the pack, who are provided with stout hunting-whips and cudgels, rush in and give the brute a thundering good thrashing, and then pass him over to the hands of the police.

"If Garotter-hunting clubs were established about town, I think that they would soon exterminate the animal; for judging by the way in which he shrieks and squeals, there is nothing he hates more than being soundly thrashed. This you know he never is when hunted down by the police, who have orders, I believe, to treat him with all tenderness, and not to hurt a hair of the precious creature's head. When run to earth in gaol he is well fed and never thrashed, and so of course the breed is largely on the increase, and there is little fear at present of

A NURSERY RHYME FOR THE CRAWLEY SPARROWCIDES.

"SPARROW MURDER.—A country paper of this week has the following announcement:—"Crawley Sparrow Club.—The annual dinner took place at the George Inn on Wednesday last. The first prize was awarded to MR. J. REDFORD, Worth, for having destroyed within the year 1,407. MR. HEATSMAN took the second, with 1,448 destroyed. MR. STONE third, with 982 affixed. Total destroyed, 11,944. Old birds, 8,668; young ditto, 722; eggs, 2,550."—*Times*.

Who killed Cock-sparrow?
"I," said three men of Crawley,
With my club in my mawley,
"I killed Cock-sparrow!"

Who saw him die?
"I," said Caterpillar,
"And I blessed sparrow-killer,
As I saw him die."

Who'll dance on his grave?
"I," said Mr. Slug,
"With Green-fly and Red-bug,
We'll dance on his grave."

Who'll weep for his loss?
"I," said young Wheat-shoot,
Fruit, and Flower-bud and root,
We'll weep for his loss."

The Liquidation that is Wanted.

MONS. DE LESSEPS is said to have expressed his great delight at seeing the waters of the Mediterranean flow into one of the tributary canals that are to cut through the Isthmus of Suez. We have no doubt that the great engineer overflowed with joy on the happy occasion, but we fancy what would give him greater pleasure than anything else would be to see the subscriptions flow in. But the question is, where is the Bank that they are to come from?

THOUGHT ON TRANSPORTATION.

As we don't hang our criminal rubbish at home, we had better shoot it abroad.

there being no Garotters found to hunt. If we wish to clear our streets of the vermin that infest them, we must get good beaters and set them well to work. So, as you have a good biceps, I hope that you'll come up and have a jolly run with our Garotter hunting pack; and meanwhile believe me, my dear boy,

"Yours in all sincerity,

"Bludgeon Buildings, Tuesday."

"EPAMINONDAS JONES."

SUBTERRANEAN NEWS.

MR. PUNCH invited the Underground Railway people to come forth with a statement of their reasons for delaying the opening of their line. With the usual deference which all well-regulated associations show to any suggestion by *Mr. Punch* (it is in fact so suicidal in any person to neglect *Mr. Punch's* slightest hint that the not answering him and the appearing in the *Gazette of Bankruptcy* is one and the same thing, to quote *Miss Miggs*) the railway people immediately issued an apology in the *Times*. They state that the Fleet Ditch irruption delayed the completion of the Farringdon Street terminus, but that all is now ready, from the lunch that is to welcome *Mr. Punch* on the opening day (he trusts that this remark does not apply to the oysters, as he has a predilection for fresh ones) to the velveten trousers of the porters. The directors hope to open on the 22nd. In his turn, *Mr. Punch* hopes that they will keep all their officials in a high state of temperance during the Christmas week, and even if extreme speed has to be sacrificed while experience is being learned in the Sewer, the motto had better be "slow and sewer," rather than swift and smash. Being deeply interested in this great bore, he makes no excuse for the hint, indeed catch him making excuses for anything. The notification that the rail is to be open has produced a most extraordinary phenomenon in the New Road, and he has heard, but of course allows for exaggeration, that seven omnibus cads have spoken civilly to passengers during the past week, and that one, to whom a threepenny piece was tendered by mistake for fourpence, requested the other penny without a single offensive expression. Competition is the true missionary of humanity.

A RUINOUS INQUIRY.



GREAT deal has been written of late in the *Lancet*, the *Cornhill*, and other publications, on *The Effect of Railways on the Health*. A poor disheartened shareholder wishes that some great analytical inquirer would start another scientific investigation, which is no less important than the above, and that is *The Effects of Railways on the Pocket*. He is convinced that the result would be to the full as disastrous, and even more ruinous, in the latter than in the former instance. He doubts, as far as he is concerned, whether his monetary system will ever be able to get over the shock it has received from having continued to trust itself so long to the mercies of railways. He wishes most heartily that his pocket had never had anything to do

with them. The constant collisions, the numerous accidents, the alarming ups and downs of the Stock Exchange, the incessant vibrations of the railway market, that no break, or number of breaks, could possibly control, have all conspired to shorten it to that extent that all its functions have become completely paralysed. Every symptom of circulation, he says, has long since ceased.

THE JOLLY CONVICTS.

A Cantata (after BURNS).

RECITATIVO.

WHEN working men, ill-fed, ill-clad,
From cold and clamouring brats are glad
Bedwards to make retreat,
When humble traders count the gains
Of long shop hours, or rack their brains
How to make both ends meet,
A troop of gaol-birds right and tight,
O'er best of drink and victual,
At The Thieves' Kitchen, made a night
To wet a pal's acquittal
With chaffing and laughing
They ranted and they sang,
With jumping and thumping
The boozing ken it rang.

First next the fire, all bounce and brag
Over the evening's feats and swag,
Sat a tip-top garrotter;
To squeeze a scrag he boasts the skill,
No sneaking prig to draw a till,
Or o'er a pocket potter.
His comforts near,—his fancy lass,
His bull-pup, black and tan,—
He sucked his pipe, and flowed his glass,
As late he floored his man.
Off rump-steak and oysters
He'd managed to sup,
Then boisterous he roysters
And tuneful strikes up.

AIR.—“*Soldier's Joy*.”

My name it is BILL SYKES, I've got the best of tykes,
And a gal who ha'n't her likes, wherever she comes.
This here tucker¹ was a bloke's,² that I sarved with hearty-chokes,
And this reader³ was a moke's,⁴ as got his windpipe 'twixt my thumbs.

When my 'prenticeship was past, folks had a different taste, 'i
And lagging⁵ used to last to the land o' kingdom come.
In the hulks a cove was laid, and the cat it freely played,
And skilly⁶ you was made to eat—oh warn't it glum!

I've had my⁷ seven long year, in a chain-gang so severe,
As snug as I sets here, with my pipe, and pup, and pal; 'T

But now I've JERR to pet me, and, if nabbed, my ticket got me,
And out agin to let me go garotting, with my gal.

Oh, it's rare times for us prigs; in quod we runs our rigs,
As merry as the grigs, on the best o' grub and snooze⁷;
They cockers up in prison him as bones what isn't his 'n,
To the chaplain if he'll listen and come the holy blues.⁸

What if there's bars and locks? there's no hard lines or hard knocks,
Like a sparkler in a box, you're laid up in cotton wool;
While poor hard-working cogers they lives as hard as sogers,
And to keep us artful dodgers out their rates is forced to pull!

RECITATIVO.

He ended, and the kitchen shook,
With such a mighty roar,
That down Fox Court⁹ the blues¹⁰ deigned look,
Then paced on as before.

A nobby cracksman, WILLIAM's pal,
Cried 'brayvo' and 'hencore,'
But up arose BILL SYKES's gal,
And laid the loud uproar.

AIR.—*Soldier Laddie*.

I once was a green 'un, I cannot tell when,
And still I can come the green game, now and then;
“A short life and a pleasant” was always my mother,
No wonder I'm fond of my gallant garrotter.
Sing, lal de lal, &c.

The first of my loves was an “area sneak,”
With a basket of tracts, and no end of a check;
But his four year he got, when, pulled up at a gate,
They twigged 'neath his tracts all the family plate.

So he being quodded¹¹, left me in the lurch,
And I took up with one as faked clys¹² out o' church;
Till being cotcht out with his hand in a fob,
He got a long turn at the Trench¹³ for the job.

And then I grew tired of the whole low-lived lot,
And an out-and-out nobby swell-mobman I got;
And I stalled¹⁴ as he faked, and I lived like a lady,
Till I left him, along of his growin' unsteady;.

And then I took up with my WILLIAM there,
And we lives well-beknown, quite a model young pair;
I hooks' on a covey, so smilin' and smug,
Vich BILL comes behind him and puts on the hug.¹⁵

I've tried on most lurks and most lays, broad and long,
But garottin's the game for the brave and the strong;
I'm von must look up to the man that I likes,
Which towards him I looks, with your health, my BILL SYKES!

RECITATIVO.

Then next outspoke an ancient beldam,
Sober *in* gaol but *out on't* seldom;
In quod her warmest welcome found,¹
Of England's jugs she'd run the round;
Her earliest love, in days long past,
For highway robbery had been cast,
Now, memory stirring, she began
To wail her old High-toby-man.¹⁶

AIR.—*John Highlandman*.

In better times my love was born,
Your flimping and faking¹⁷ he'd hold in scorn;
He did the trick on a different plan,
My gallant, gay High-toby-man.
Sing, hey, my bold High-toby-man,
Sing, ho, my bold High-toby-man,
Let your flimpers and fakers match if they can
The deeds of my bold High-toby-man!

With his brace of barkers and vizor black,
As he spurred along on his thorough-bred hack,
The bar-maid's hearts he did trepan,
My gallant, gay High-toby-man!
Sing, hey, &c.

His “stand and deliver,” was frank and fair,
And he took his swag with so high an air,
That the ladies to like being robbed began
By my gallant, gay High-toby-man!
Sing, hey, &c.

As a lifer, alas! beyond the sea
They banished my fancy-man from me;
But he gave 'em leg-bail, and home he ran,
My gallant, gay High-toby-man.
Sing, hey, &c.

But the runners they nabbed him at the last,
And in Newgate nobbled him hard and fast.
On judge and jury I lay my ban,
That tuck'd up my own High-toby-man.
Sing, hey, &c.

Since then a widdier I'm left to mourn
The High-toby times that will ne'er return;
And with flimperc and fakers put up as I can,
For there's never a bold High-toby-man!
Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

She ceased—loud rang the kitchen walls
With chaff and cries and feline calls,
And groans for bad old times,
When gaols were cold and dark within,
And fetters thick and gruel thin,
And hardships followed crimes.
Then loud and long the jovial throng
Did WILLIAM SYKES request
Out of his stock to choose a song,
A ballad of the best.
He uprearing, and clearing
His bellows sonorous,
Deep-chested requested
The help of a "Tchorus."

ATR.—"Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses."

See the heavy-wet before us,
Newgate nobs in jovial ring,
Gents, I'll thank you for a tchorus,
Here's the ditty we should sing.

Chorus.—A fig for quod! By JEBB protected,
Terrors of the jug have ceased:
Fit for gents we've gaols erected,
And on ticket we're released.

What is Dartmoor, if you're quiet?
What's Bermuda, when you're there?
Easy work and ample diet,
With the Chaplain if you're square.
A fig, &c.

Pitch in pious fudge and fable,
He will swallow all you say;
And it's hard if you ain't able
To knock half your term away.
A fig, &c.

Quod o'er flats hang in terrorem,
But don't talk to us as knows;
If they stops our pipe and jorum,
That's about the worst they does.
A fig, &c.

Here's to JEBB and his leave-tickets,
That when covers a rest has ta'en,
Opening their prison-wickets,
Sets 'em on the loose again.
A fig, &c.

- 1 Ticket, a watch.
- 2 Blot, a man in the sense of victim.
- 3 Reader, a pocket-book.
- 4 Moke, a donkey: here used metaphorically for a foolish fellow.
- 5 Lapping, transportation.
- 6 Skilly, gruel.
- 7 Crub and snooze, bed and board.
- 8 Come the holy blues, affect pious penitence.
- 9 Fox Court, the site of the Thieves' Kitchen.
- 10 Blues, Pollooman.
- 11 Quodded, imprisoned.
- 12 Paked oys out of church, picked pockets at a church door.
- 13 The Trench, the Penitentiary Millbank.
- 14 Stalled, I covered his operations as he picked pockets.
- 15 And puts on the hug, the technical phrase for the garrotter's choke.
- 16 High-toby-man, highway-man.
- 17 Flimperc and faking, garrotting and pocket-picking.

THE SONG OF THE ANTI-GAROTTER.



LL round my neck, I
wear a spiked steel
collar,
A revolver and a bowie-
knife I carry up my
sleeves,
And if any one should
ask of me the reason
why I wear them,
I'll tell him 'tis to guard
myself from these
garotting thieves.

Last night in walking
home a skulking
vagabond addressed
me,
Says he, "Pray, what's
o'clock?" and, not
intending any pun,
Full in his ugly face I
let out my left, and
floored him,
Observing as I did so,
"My dear friend, it's
just struck one!"

So, ruffians all, take warning now, and keep respectful distance,
Or a bullet or a bowie-knife clean through your ribs I'll send:
Well armed, we'll straightway shoot or stab the rascal who attacks us,
If SIR GEORGE GREY won't protect us, why, ourselves we must defend.

ROYAL SPANISH BRASS.

IRELAND has long, with some reason, enjoyed a peculiar celebrity.
The poet sings of

"Hibernia, famed, 'bove every other grace,
For matchless intrepidity of face."

The effrontery, regarded as rather a natural characteristic of the Irish,
is well understood to be entirely peculiar to the sons, and quite other-
wise than distinctive of the daughters, of Erin. This consideration

prevents us from asking whether the QUEEN OF SPAIN has any Irish
element in that azure fluid which circulates in her Royal system, since
it was possible for her Catholic Majesty to utter, before the Cortes the
other day, the following words, which were put into her Royal mouth
by her Ministers:—

"In continuing the system already commenced of liberty and toleration, and of
the sincere execution of the constitutional law; in accustoming the different classes
of society to the exercise of the rights which raise their dignity; and in inculcating
on all the principles of morality and of Christian religion, Heaven, witnessing our
conduct, will deign to bless the efforts made."

For example, Heaven will deign to bless the efforts made, on a system
of liberty and toleration, to convince MANUEL MATAMORAS and his
companions, by punishing them with penal servitude, of the error which
they have committed in reading the Bible. On this mode of inculcating
the principles of morality and the Christian religion, the constitutional
Queen of Spain has the face to say that she expects the blessing
of Heaven. What a face it must be! One for which the best pos-
sible cosmetic, if it wanted such a thing, would surely be vitriol—
the fluid commonly used to clean brazen utensils; a wash that, if strong
enough, might bring some little colour into the cheeks which it purified.

The Spanish Sovereign, on the part of her Government, also informed
her faithful Cortes, that she implored Divine goodness to hear their
prayers "to bring about a cessation of the tribulations of the Sovereign
Pontiff." This consummation which she so devoutly wishes, might
possibly be expedited if the Sovereign Pontiff would bestir himself
to put a stop to the tribulations of other people, such as MATAMORAS,
ALHAMA, and their partners in suffering for conscience' sake, who are per-
secuted in accordance with the system of liberty and toleration which
exists in Spain under the sanction of that priesthood of whom the POPE
is the head. As long as persecution exists in a popish country unre-
buked by the Pope, civilised Europe will be of opinion that the Holy
Father's tribulations ought to cease only in their accomplishment by
the exoneration of his Holiness from the cares of temporal power.
Whereas a restoration of the papal sovereignty over the whole of the
Roman states is probably that cessation of the tribulations of the
Sovereign Pontiff which is implored in the orisons of that unblushing
Queen of persecutors, the Catholic ISABELLA THE SECOND.

Died of Overwork—a Sewing Machine.

THIS Sewing Machine was alive, and died because it could not com-
pete with other sewing machines that didn't require feeding, nor
clothing, and could live rent free. In other words, this sewing machine
was a poor Shirt-maker.



DETERMINED ATTEMPT AT GAROTTING,

ON A PRIVATE GENTLEMAN, IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, ON HIS OWN GROUNDS. DESPERATE RESISTANCE OF THE VICTIM.

[N.B. The above is well authenticated, and *not* got up by penny-a-liners to alarm the public.

A COURT FOR FOOLS.

It appears to *Mr. Punch* that the Police Magistrates of the present day have, thanks to garotters and other missionaries and evidences of civilisation, almost enough to do, without being called upon to sit in judgment in cases where abject folly complains of tempted knavery. He scarcely ever takes up a newspaper without finding a report of a case in which some Downright Ass comes before a Magistrate to make a statement which, so far from entitling the complainant to pity, would really justify the worthy Beak in deciding that a Fool's Cap be placed upon the plaintiff's head, and that he be summarily kicked out of court. But, as mildness is the fashion of the day, and as Sir GEORGE GREY thinks that a remonstrance is the severest treatment which a ruffian should receive, it would not do to be dreadfully harsh with idiots. Therefore *Mr. Punch* proposes that a sort of Court of Ease be established, in relief of the Police Magistrates, and that the Judge of this Court be empowered to deal with cases which ought not to impede the legitimate business of the regular tribunals. To this Court of Fools *Mr. Punch* proposes that all complainants be sent whose allegations begin in this way, or at all like it:—

"I was looking over London Bridge, staring at the steamboats, and a decent young man next me made a remark as I answered. We then thought we would have a glass of ale together, and while we were taking it at a house he recommended, there came in another man, who had some ale top, and said he had got more sovereigns than anybody in the place. Now I had twenty-three pounds; so," &c.

"I was looking at some billiard playing at the Shark and Blubber tavern, and made an observation about the play, when a man near me said I was quite right, and he could see I was a judge of the game, and if I liked to see some really fine play, and not like that of these fools, he would show me some. We went, and he stood a glass of brandy and water. It tasted rather," &c.

"Seeing a crowd in the street round a horse that had fallen, I pushed in of course; not that I could be of any use, but I thought I had

as good a right to look as anybody. The fellows were clumsy at it, and I said so. A man said that he agreed, and that it was a shame to see a noble animal like a horse ill treated. We had a little talk, and he said he must go for *his* horse, and he should be proud to show it me, as I seemed to know how horses should be handled. We went a long way, and at last he took me into a dark stable, and then a man got up from the straw, and before I could speak I was knocked down," &c.

"Feeling hungry, I went into a coffee shop, and while I was having a bit a man asked me if I minded his sitting opposite. I said no, and he ordered something, and said he was waiting for a friend, who was the son of a clergyman, and in a bit of trouble, but they hoped to make all right, and his friend had gone to see a rich relation and ask for a loan. I said I hoped he would get it. Presently the clergyman's son came in, quite delighted like, and said that his uncle had been very kind, had reproved his follies, and had stood a twenty-pound note, which was more than he wanted. He was anxious about getting it changed, as a bill had to be taken up to save his honour, and as the landlord hadn't it, and time pressed, and he said he would give half a sovereign to save that day, I thought I would," &c.

Now that is the class of Idiot who, *Mr. Punch* thinks, ought not to be allowed to waste the time of MR. MANSFIELD, MR. ARNOLD, or MR. KNOX. But as justice ought to be done to everybody, there should be a special Court for such matters, and when a booby presents himself before a Police Magistrate, and begins in the above fashion, any of those gentlemen, or their colleagues, should be able to cut him short—"Go to the Court for Fools." Not that we would punish the knaves a bit the less (unless SIR GEORGE GREY particularly wished it) but that we consider a Court of Justice to be a tribunal for men, and not a refuge for Donkeys.

OUR COMPLIMENT FROM GREECE.

BRITANNIA presents her compliments to France and Russia, and begs them to observe that Honesty is the best Foreign Policy.



DIOGENES RESUMES HIS SEARCH FOR AN HONEST MAN—1862.

"REMEMBER THE G'ROTTER!"

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

REMEMBER, remember, the first of November,
Slippery, sludgy, and fog;—

For I sees good reason why this glummy season
Should keep us in pocket and "tog."

Hurrah!

Then a squeeze and a shake for SIR GEORGE'S sake!
A squeeze of the gorge for the friends of SIR GEORGE!
Hip, Hip, Hurrah!

Remember, remember, the last of November,—
Old Bailey and sentences long,—

If we drops upon BRAMWELL, it's queer but he'll clam well;
He gave it our pals hot and strong.

Then Hurrah!

For a twist and a wrench for the cock of the Bench!
A jolly good shake for Judge BRAMWELL'S sake!

Hurrah!

All hail to November!—But welcome December,
For we'll "put the lug on" yer yet;

So the shiners are swagg'd, we don't care if we're lagg'd,
A ticket-of-leave we shall get.

Hurrah!

Then a twist and a hug for the Londoner's lug!
A jolly good squeeze for the Cockney's wheeze!

Hurrah!

Chorus.]

A cord, a cord,
For Beggar and Lord,
A trusty steel to poke him;
An "Indian Claw"
To fracture his jaw,
And a jolly good squeeze to choke him!

PROTECTION FOR CABBY.

THE demands of the Cabmen for the redress of their grievances are now before us in the *Express*. So modest and moderate are they, that the subjoined quotations of them will doubtless be supposed to be the offspring of our jocular fancy. But, in sober seriousness, the Cabmen, represented by their delegates in a meeting at the Whittington Club, actually propose the introduction, into an amended Hackney Carriage Act, of a series of clauses, which we proceed to state, with the necessary explanations:—

"1. The present 6*d* hiring to be abolished, and no driver to be compelled to let his cab for less than 1*s.*, but to be bound to go two miles for that sum if required."

This stipulation may be admitted to be based upon a reasonable sense of the dignity of a Cabman's profession. To be sure, by the rule of vulgar arithmetic, as two miles are to one shilling, so is one mile to sixpence. But sixpence is certainly a small sum, and a Cabman has as much a right to decline such a fee, as a physician has to refuse half-a-guinea.

"2. The metal badge now worn by drivers to be abolished, it being no proof that the driver wearing it is the person duly licensed, and that in its place a certificate, containing a description of the person licensed, be given to every driver on receiving his licence which he shall produce when called upon to do so."

A most considerate proposal. The Cabmen find that the badge now worn by drivers does not prove in practice a sufficient means for the identification and citation before a Magistrate of any member of their body who now and then happens to disgrace it by extortion and insolence. The proposed Certificate will ensure that desirable object. Only, because the study of the Cabman's features, and the comparison of them with a written description, would take some time, that document had better be accompanied with a *carte de visite*.

"3. No driver to be deemed plying for hire unless standing upon some place authorised by the Police Commissioner."

This article, to be duly appreciated, must be considered in connection with the next:—

"4. That all special agreements between hirers and drivers be binding on both parties."

A Railway Station is private property, and Cabs are authorised to stand there by the Railway Company, and not by the Commissioner of Police. A driver not deemed plying for hire might pick and choose his fares. If any special agreement which he might make with a hirer were binding on both parties, he would have to be content with any

remuneration which a railway traveller had engaged to give him, however inadequate and calculated on a mistake as to distance.

"5. That the distance of four miles from Charing Cross be measured by the road instead of the radius."

In that case the Cabman would be enabled to display his honesty by always going the shortest way.

"6. 7. 8. That children be charged for as upon railways. That all packages be charged 2*d*. each. That all dogs carried in or outside a cab be charged at the rate of 6*d*. each."

At present an infant, a cigar-case, and a terrier, are so many objects which would afford a Cabman merely an arbitrary pretext for asking sixpence each; altogether eighteen-pence. The proposed enactment would legalise the charge and exempt it from the stigma of ridiculous extortion.

"9. That any driver proving his case before a Magistrate, shall receive compensation for himself and witnesses."

An admirable arrangement for proving the Cabman's case under any circumstances whatever.

"10. 11. 12. That every driver shall receive notice of the unfitness of his cab or horse for public work before becoming liable to prosecution. That none but hirers be empowered to prosecute in any dispute between themselves and owners. That a cheap power of appeal be granted from magisterial decisions."

The foregoing provisions are so many devices for facilitating the legal settlement of disputes between Cabmen and hirers. This, in particular, is much impeded by those lawyers whom prosecutors now generally employ instead of conducting their own cases against defendant Cabmen.

"13. That when any hirer refuses to pay his fare or to make compensation for any damage to a cab, the driver to have the power to compel him to go to the nearest station-house, where he shall deposit the amount of such fare, or give security, previous to going before a Magistrate."

The last regulation, if adopted, would have the happy effect of preventing the imposition which is too often practised on Cabmen by persons calling themselves gentlemen, who happen to be in haste to catch a train. Altogether, the proposed improvements of the Hackney Carriage Act, above-quoted, will, if effected, obviously tend to the comfort and accommodation of a class of men for whom the community ought to exist, and will, at least, set some limit to the insolence and imposition which Cabmen have too generally to put up with on the part of the Public.

REAL ROGUES AND SHAM REFORMERS.

WHAT is reformation? Can a thief when shut up in a prison, where he cannot steal, really give a proof that he is a reformed man, and is proof against temptation to go and pick a pocket? We see gaol-birds set at liberty before their sentences are out, and if we ask the reason we are told it's their "good conduct." But so far as thieving goes, how can any thief act wrong in a gaol, where he has no chance of thieving? To say he is reformed is to jump to a conclusion which cannot, it is clear, be logically reached. You might as well cage up a magpie and say he is reformed, because, being so confined, he has not stolen anything. How BILL SYKES must chuckle as he takes his ticket of leave to think that he is viewed as a really reformed character? What a pleasure it must be to a pickpocket in quod to think that by his abstinence from thieving while in prison he may beget the fond belief that he is to be trusted! To test whether a rogue be in reality reformed, he ought to be so placed that he may give vent to his roguery: and until there be steps taken somehow to provide such tests, we shall put very little faith in the so-called reformations, for which we have to thank our Ticket-of-leave system, and which increase our risk of being robbed and murdered in the streets.

DENOMINATIONAL DISTINCTIONS.

THE REV. JAMES CRONSHAW writes to SIR J. KAY SHUTTLEWORTH to ask whether it would be better to have "Denominational," or "Mixed" Sewing Schools in Manchester. What next in the way of Sectarian classification? Regiments, perhaps, formed each of a peculiar sect; denominational corps. There is a precedent for it in the Cameronians. We might have Muggletonians as well; Methodist Brigades, Baptist Battalions, General and Particular, Light and Heavy Independent Dragoons, Supra and Infra-Lapsarian Calvinist Lancers, Unitarian Hussars, Roman Catholic Artillery, Evangelical Engineers, and Puseyite Sappers and Miners. To these might be added an Ebenezer Squadron, and Little Bethel and Salem Divisions. There would be small difficulty in organising denominational troops of all kinds, except one, a force derived from the Society of Friends: no denomination but the Quakers objecting to destroy their fellow men. If there are to be Denominational Sewing Schools, there might also as well be Denominational Prisons, where convicts might pick oakum exclusively with brethren of their special denomination, instead of performing hard labour, as they do now, under the general denomination of rogue; for there are, unfortunately, too many rogues of all denominations.



A PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF AN OLD PANTOMIME JOKE.

"What's o'clock, you Scamp? Just struck One."

A NICE FOOTMAN FOR A SMALL PARTY!

How we wish that we had lots of money and were living in Bengal! Wouldn't we just rush to Raneemoody Lane and beg to see the gentleman who puts this notice in the *Hurkaroo* a short while since:

FOR SALE, at No. 8, Raneemoody Lane,

AN ENORMOUS ORANGOUTANG, (or commonly called a Man of the Woods,) brought from "Java." This animal is quite tame, and has been taught to dance, play on a Bamboo Flute many savage tunes, also many wonderful tricks with Bamboos, and plays games of all kinds to perfection, dressed in savage costume, and can wait at the Table, and is also able to dress gentlemen and attend to them at the Toilet.

What a charming creature! Oh, how we long to have him! What a nice surprise we should provide for our old uncle, when he next comes to dine with us, by dressing up this monkey in a footman's livery and getting him to come in with the soup and wait at table! How delightful it would be too, when dressing for a party, to have this hairy Valet to attend us at the toilet! Wouldn't he just curl our hair and brush our clothes for us—and then probably proceed to tear them all to bits and throw the brushes through the looking-glass, or perhaps into the street.

MAGNI EST VERITAS.

OUR fair friend the *Reading Girl* (it may not be generally known that what she is reading so intently is *Punch*, though perhaps it is obvious that anything less absorbing would have failed to fix even a statue's attention while a million of people were crowding round her) has actually got into Chancery. Somebody who calls himself a cousin of HER MAJESTY, but who has followed the modest occupation of assistant to photographers, has been surreptitiously translating her graces into piratical pictures. Wood, however, comes to the rescue of Marble, and VICE-CHANCELLOR Wood has stopped the unlawful process, at the suit of the young lady's "next friend and guardian," MR. NOTTAGE. As a girl of that age can't be too particular what Company she keeps, we are glad to see that she is to keep to the Stereoscopic Company. *Mr. Punch* takes so much interest in her as his most Constant Reader, that he rejoices at her now being a lesson not only to sculptors but to pirates.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH BUILDING.

ANOTHER street of palace-domes
Is added to the outward splendour
Of Paris, rivalling old Rome's
For which Rome freedom did surrender.
Alas, how London lags behind!
Cry some, our humble structures scorning;
But here a man may speak his mind,
And *Punch* tells truth without a warning.

True, Paris is the finest place
In Europe and the world, to look at;
At none folks play with truer grace,
None do they better dance and cook at.
In most fine arts they much excel;
No finer than theirs is finer:
But we in greater freedom dwell,
Though our magnificence is minor.

While France in building leads the way,
Behold, by general resolution,
What homage Greece unites to pay
The fabric of our Constitution.
That edifice, which praise has won
From such an unexpected quarter,
We Britons would exchange for none
The proudest pile of stone and mortar.

Great Theatrical Sensation.

(A Prophecy.)

THE French version of the *Battle of Waterloo* is produced at Drury Lane, and meets with the greatest success. We need not say it is brought out as a burlesque, and is received throughout with shouts of laughter. The *dénouement*, in which the French win the battle, is pronounced to be one of the greatest bits of fun since the days of *Mother Goose*.

REFUTATION OF AN OLD SAYING IN FAVOUR OF A COMMISSIONNAIRE WITH A WOODEN LEG.—"*Ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius.*"

ANOTHER OF OUR BULWARKS GOING.

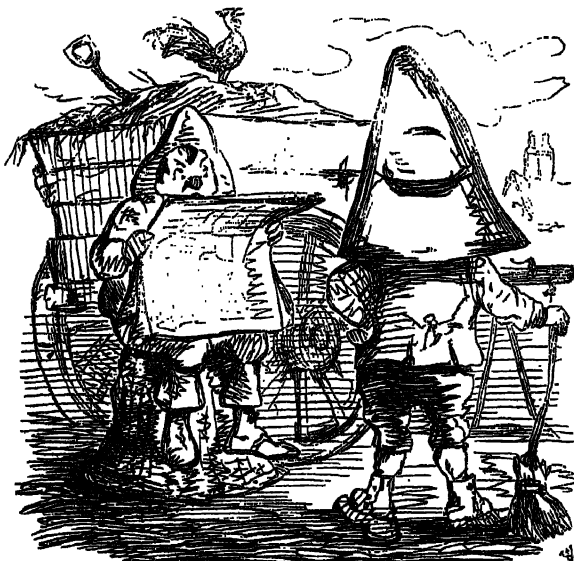
WHAT is the use of a jury? it may possibly be asked, when nearly every week one sees that the verdict of a jury, by appeal to the Home Secretary, has been set aside. We used to boast that trial by jury was one of the chief bulwarks of the British Constitution: but while Home Secretaries pooch-pooch our juries as they do, we think that such a bulwark is at best a rather shaky one. Serving on a jury is not a pleasant occupation, and is quite a waste of time when verdicts are ignored as they recently have been. If further evidence be furnished, to prove the innocence of a prisoner, the new trial should take place before the jury who found guilty: so that they, if they think proper, may themselves reverse their verdict. Trial by SIR GEORGE GREY is not trial by a jury: and it is by jury-trial that all persons who are charged with being felons should be tried. We Britons often boast about our "twelve men in a box": but while their decisions are pooch-pooched by higher powers, twelve men in an omnibus might talk about the case, and their verdict in the matter would do every whit as well.

EXTRAORDINARY EXHIBITION.

THE Dividend of three per cent. that has just been declared by the Crystal Palace Company, making not less than eight per cent. for the entire year, will shortly be exhibited at Sydenham. The court, selected to display it, will be the Alhambra, as being the best adapted to the marvellous nature of the exhibition. MR. BOWLEY, the sleepless secretary, says it will be the greatest novelty ever yet shown within the walls of Penge Palace. He doubts whether BLONDIS ever would be able to mount as high as this Dividend in safety, or without running imminent risk of falling half way in the perilous ascent. There will be an additional attraction about this extraordinary exhibition consisting in the fact that very few shareholders will believe it until they see it. The thousands that will be thus attracted by curiosity to the spot, it will be impossible to calculate. We only hope, for the benefit of an institution which is most admirably conducted, and which should be a source of honest pride to the country that has produced it, that a like Exhibition may be repeated for many lustres to come, and that the shareholders may take a deeper interest in it every year.

FLAGELLATION FOR FLAGRANT OFFENCES.

Epistle Extraordinary from an Ex-Boatswain to Governor Punch.



DMIRD GUVNOR,—2 year Ago
come next jennywery I were
going Down larkall Lane to
my house At batter Sea at 8
bells post Meridien when A
Misscreant attempts To garot
Me but Fails 'cause just As
he were about To put The hug
on, I sudenly Swings back my
rite Heel, and inflicts Such
a wound Upon the sharp Bone
of his shin, that he lets go
with A Howl that you might
Have heered at your shop
in fleet Street—and may Be
You did. just at that Junc-
tion, another Misscreant
comes forward, And aims A
hit at Me with A jimmy,
which Howsomever I wards
off with my Stick and makes
The willin bite The gravel at
my Feet. Leaving him To his
reflexions I lays Hold of the
1st Misscreant who hasn't
Done rubbing his shin, and
am Walking him off when
Unluckly to My great sur-
prise a policeman appears And

claims him As his parquisite. well! I gives him Up 'cause Obedience to the law Is my Motto; but I am Savagely roth to Do it And why? 'cause I had made up My mind to take The willin home, and 'minister to his callous Back 6 dozen Lashes with the Cat, which Hangs over the mantle piece in My back Kitchin, and which Has been there ever Since I retired

from Active Sarvice. well! this willin Is tryed at the old baily, and Gets what?—4 years Peenal Servitood, and wery pleased he and his Friends were, You may Be sure at his getting Off so cheep.

"last monday Night as I were going down lark all lane that Same highdential willin again Pounces on Me. agin I collars him Agin policeman X. I comes Up and demands his Parquisite—agin I Am disapinted, feeling assured That Williny at the old baily Will triumph and justice Be made A larfing stock off. I'll wager a lb. of bacco to a penny Segar, that if that big ruffyan hadn't Been taken Out of My hands on the fust occasion he Would never Have 'tempted to Garot me a 2nd Time.

"what I wants You to Do, Guvnor Punch—you can doo anything—is to arx sir george gray, if he's Afeard to give these Grotters a little Bitt of whipcord hisself to Let them do it as isn't. we've tryed The peting and codlin sistem long enuff. when I hears of A grotter I think Of them lines in Shakespear, what I heered wunce at Portsmouth the-atre where he'Says he'd Put in every honest hand A whip And lash The rascal naked through The world.

"I inklose my kard (the ace of spades with My name writ through The illustration) that You may have okular Demonstration of My Woracity:

"Yours, &c.,

"BEN. SCOREWELL,
"late of H. M. S. *Etna*."

"p. s. be so Good as too return my kard—otherways it will Spile the pack."

THE NAME OF THE BOULEVARD.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,

"CONSIDERABLE and lamentable misapprehension having been found to exist in reference to the name of the new and beautiful Boulevard, so touchingly inaugurated by his IMPERIAL MAJESTY, on Sunday week, I invite you to offer to the English people the following correct version of the EMPEROR'S speech on that occasion. I transmit this document to yourself, who are above all suspicion, as since that little affair of the *Morning Chronicle*, the British papers have become unfortunately sensitive.

"Receive the assurances of my most distinguished consideration,

"DROUYN DE LHUYS.

"Paris, Dec. 16th."

"Minister for Foreign Affairs."

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

In resolving to dedicate this new and noble Boulevard to the memory of PRINCE EUGÈNE, I have been actuated by considerations which will recommend themselves to the heart of every Frenchman.

It has been circulated that I had intended our new Boulevard should bear the name of a PRINCE EUGÈNE who was a member of my own family, and whose image for that reason, as well as for more obvious ones, must be dear to the people of France.

This is a total and complete error.

I inscribe upon this beautiful Boulevard the name of PRINCE EUGÈNE; but it is the name of one who has otherwise made his mark upon French history.

The PRINCE EUGÈNE of our new thoroughfare was born in the year 1663, and after a military apprenticeship passed in services against the Turks, was sent by the EMPEROR LEOPOLD THE FIRST with an army into Italy. A French army happened also to be in Italy, for such things will happen, and PRINCE EUGÈNE defeated our generals in July and September 1701, and in February 1702 took prisoner our celebrated VILLEROI. In 1704, PRINCE EUGÈNE gained the Battle of Blenheim (an English commander named MARLBOROUGH rendering him some slight co-operation); and subsequently the Prince won the Battle of Savoy, and compelled the French to evacuate Italy, a course, therefore, on their part, for which there is precedent. He obtained a variety of other successes over the flag of France, and was fighting us on the Rhine, another suggestive remembrance, so late as 1734, but died covered with glory two years later.

I have stated these facts because the history of PRINCE EUGÈNE has been, for reasons, more carefully preserved and studied by our affectionate neighbours across the Channel than by ourselves, and it may

not be so familiar to all of you as the deeds of commanders who have fled from before the French banners. For the same reason, and because I do not find that our own memoirs do sufficient justice to the personal appearance of the Prince (a statue by one of our noblest sculptors shall shortly redress that injury), I will translate to you a few lines from a classic work of extraordinary repute among our neighbours, and called the *Spectator*.

The editor of that work had beheld PRINCE EUGÈNE when on a visit to London, and a celebrated English statesman (and friend of the editor), SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY, had been enchanted with him, and declared him "a greater man than SCANDERBEG." The *Spectator* says, "The Prince is of that stature which makes a man most easily become all parts of exercise: has height to be graceful on occasions of state and ceremony, and no less adapted for agility and dispatch; his aspect is erect and composed, his eye lively and thoughtful, yet rather vigilant than sparkling."

The English, who have few heroes, make the most of those few, and are never tired of singing their praises and christening linendrapers' shops after (them). The distinguished BYRON must drag in the name of the Prince into a tale,

"COMOURE, he whose closing scene
Adorned the triumph of EUGÈNE,"

And the remarkable SOUTHEY, in a foolish poem tending to disgust mankind with the legitimate glories of war, says—

"Great praise the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH won,
And our good PRINCE EUGÈNE."

Now it will be asked why I have chosen to dwell upon the military exploits and fame of a Prince whose laurels were gained at the expense of our own.

I reply, because a Napoleonic Idea has been carried out.

Blenheim is avenged.

PRINCE EUGÈNE won Blenheim, but what follows?

PRINCE EUGÈNE was the PRINCE OF SAVOY.

Savoisy is a Province of France.

To the memory therefore of PRINCE EUGÈNE, of France and Savoy, I dedicate this beautiful Boulevard.

The EMPEROR then retired amid the cheers of the multitudes, the bands playing "*Malbrook*."

"SWEET SOUNDS."—MIDLE. PATTI is giving, with the greatest success, a series of performances at Paris. A celebrated Critic says, "Her singing is full of so much lightness and sweetness, that the series promises to be quite a vocal PATTI-série."



LESSONS IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.

DIVISION OF LABOUR.

"Billy, you go and beat away the naughty Wasps, while I eat the Sugar."

COPY OF CORRESPONDENCE.

Presented to both Houses of Congress by Command of Mr. Punch.

1.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to PROFESSOR OWEN, and requests the favour of his opinion on the accompanying specimen of an American Eagle which has been sent to Mr. P. from Washington by MR. SECRETARY CHASE. 85, Fleet Street, 30th October, 1862.

2.

PROFESSOR OWEN presents his compliments to Mr. Punch. He fears that Mr. Punch has been grossly deceived. The specimen sent by MR. CHASE is not an eagle at all, but a turkey-buzzard, as is conclusively proved by its green back. PROFESSOR OWEN will take it as a particular favour if Mr. Punch will be kind enough not to send any more of such specimens, or he will be under the necessity of returning them, as they are in too bad odour to be easily disposed of, and it is quite out of the question to keep them.

British Museum, 28th November, 1862.

3.

MR. PUNCH presents his kind compliments to PROFESSOR OWEN, and, in thanking him for the information he has been so good as to furnish, begs to assure him that he (Mr. P.) had not been deceived at all, or he would have had the creature stuffed for Mrs. P.'s collection, instead of sending it to the British Museum. Mr. P. begs to assure the Professor, that he is a great deal too wide awake to mistake such a "varmint," or indeed any other kite that MR. CHASE might fly, for the genuine Gold Eagle, which was once the pride of America.

85, Fleet Street, 29th November, 1862.

WHY 's a conjuring trick like the rejection of a suitor? Because it 's sleight of hand.

PRACTICAL FAITH OR FRENZY?

WE should like to have the opinion of the British Judges and the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons on the question of the sanity or insanity of a convict whose case is subjoined. The man's name is MIRAPAIN; a short time since he received sentence of death for two murders committed at Squalada in Spain. Against this judgment the prisoner's counsel appealed, on the ground that his client had acted under the influence of monomania. The case having been referred to the Academy of Sciences, the decision of the referees was that the prisoner had committed the crimes of which he had been found guilty while labouring under a religious homicidal monomania, and was not responsible for his actions. The newspaper paragraph whence the foregoing particulars are derived, thus relates the facts on which the conclusion of the man's insanity was founded:—

"From the statement of the public prosecutor, it appears that the prisoner had long been tormented with apprehensions that he should die in mortal sin, for want of the usual religious ceremonies before his death; but having reflected that condemned criminals were always prepared to die as Christians, he resolved to secure to himself the same advantage. He accordingly purchased a knife, and stabbed one of his friends at a coffee-house. He then took to flight, but fearing that the wound he had given might not prove fatal, he resolved to commit another murder; and after having realised his purpose on the person of a young man whom he met in the street, he delivered himself up to the police. The Court has now annulled the previous sentence, and ordered the prisoner to be confined to a lunatic asylum for life."

Where was the monomania? We think HER MAJESTY'S Judges would say that, in doing the above-mentioned murders, for the reasons above stated, MIRAPAIN knew very well what he was about. The Faculty, we suppose, would unanimously agree that, in committing those acts, he proceeded upon a perfectly logical deduction from his premises. If he was mad, then, his madness lurked in the belief of those premises. But the Spanish Academy of Sciences should not have called it a monomania. Is it not, if a mania, a mania in which some—how many?—170,000,000 human beings—is not that the number?—are supposed to believe? It would please us to ask CARDINAL WISEMAN and

WESTBURY, C.; FATHER NEWMAN and DR. FORBES WINSLOW; DR. MANNING and DR. TUKE, to dine with us at the Star and Garter at Richmond, and argue out this interesting case of orthodox Romanism or raving madness, over a sufficiency of claret after dinner.

OUR OFFENCE TO THE YANKEES.

WHILE wrath distorts thy visage lank and haggard,
Why grin at me, and glare with evil eye?
Why, in the strain of a malignant blackguard,
JONATHAN, threaten and revile me—why?
Why so vindictive is your roaring flood
Of foul abuse? What have I done, that makes
You keep declaring that you'll have my blood,
More venomous in spite than maddened snakes?

Not I your landmarks have removed, nor when
You were hard pressed in battle for the right,
A quarrel for a few enlisted men
Did I pick with you, and impede your fight.
Ah! those are wrongs by which one might be driven
To menace, rail, and vow revenge like you.
Such injuries are not to be forgiven
To those who suffer them by those who do.

The Right Man in the Right Place.

WE see that our old BARON MUNCHAUSEN, who has long been lying unknown, is about to be translated into French. We beg to recommend as the very best editor of the work, MONSIEUR THIERS. In fact, if it were published as a continuation of his *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, we are convinced that most of its subscribers would not be able to tell the difference.



AWKWARD LITTLE MISTAKE.

AUG. "I think I am yours for the next waltz, Di?"

DIANA. "O dear no, Augustus! I'm sure I've danced with all the bores of my acquaintance!" [Pleasant for Mr. Steadyman, who has just finished the "first set."

SIR GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

OUR Patron Saint in days of yore
Did maul a Monster grim,
For which his mem'ry we adore,
May'st thou resemble him.

Thou, who instead of spear dost wield
A pen with facile force,
With hanks of red tape for thy shield,
And such a hobby-horse!

Unflinching, clip his felon claws,
And resolutely bind
The wretch, that laughs at human laws,
And strikes at human kind.

Think not to melt by tender beef,
His heart of Portland stone,
Nor that regard as wholesome grief
Which weeps at sight of bone.

Vain will thy sweetest morsels be,
Thy anodynes and balms,
For one of his voracity
Whose conscience has no qualms.

If he for delicacies sigh,
When in thy stringent grip,
Stand not on trifles, but apply
With skilfulness the Whip.

Some deem that spices have a charm
To soothe the savage beast;
'Tis certain curries do no harm
When Tanners give the feast.

Consult his moral appetite,
Feed him on Thoughts like PASCAL'S;
But let none on thy scutcheon write
GREY—Fattener of Rascals!

The Philosopher and the Policeman.

AFTER all the talk about the increase of crime, how much less of that have we to trouble us than the ancient Greeks had! DIOGENES went about with a lantern to discover an honest man; whereas X employs his bull's-eye to detect a thief.

A SECURE ASYLUM AT STRATFORD.

If you want a safe retreat from thieves and garotters, seek it in Warwickshire. The neighbourhood of Stratford is an Arcadia in which the shepherds are innocent of sleep-stealing. So great an offence as that is impossible where a respectable labourer gets committed for trial as a criminal on a very doubtful charge of having stolen one quart of milk, value 4d. This assertion of the sacredness of property was proclaimed at the Stratford Petty Sessions, a few weeks since, when, according to a local paper, present SIR ROBERT N. C. HAMILTON, BART., K. C. B., and J. CAVE JONES, Esq., THOMAS BECK, albeit a swain of good repute in his native village, was accused of having perpetrated the crime above-named at the expense of MR. ROBERT RIGTON, farmer, of Eatonington. It appeared that the milk had been given to the man by MR. RIGTON'S maid-servant; but her master withdrew the charge against her, and "the lass was dismissed after having been duly lectured." As to the prisoner, BECK:—

"Defendant pleaded *not guilty*, so he was committed to take his trial at Warwick in January next, but MR. ABECK, farmer of Eatonington, kindly became bail for him."

It is much to be apprehended that the laxity of a British jury may possibly grant this culprit an acquittal, or that even if they find him guilty of stealing all that milk, his stipendiary judge will sentence him to some punishment short of penal servitude. A Court of Justice may decline to back the Warwickshire Justices in enforcing against the alleged purloiner of this jug of milk the principle of jug for jug. Those same worthy Magistrates will perhaps hear more about this jug of milk likely to gratify them. Five months hence, doubtless, all the nightingales in the surrounding groves will unite in serenading them with "jug, jug, jug." The Justices of Warwickshire seem not to have departed from the traditions of their predecessors, who sat to SHAKESPEARE for portraits which we need not name. Marry, masters, these be no milksops. Long life to them; and at its conclusion may they be translated to the skies and erected into a constellation, to be called Astrea in the Milky Way.

QUESTIONABLE CHARITY.

SOME people have singular ideas of what is charity. For instance, look at this advertisement:—

THE LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

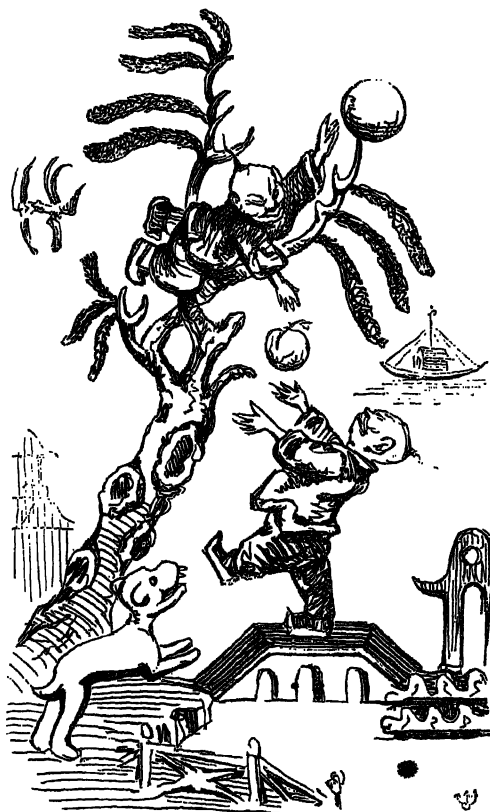
THE Undermentioned GROCERS, at Hartlepool, have agreed permanently to discontinue the practice of giving Christmas Boxes to their Customers, and, in lieu thereof, to contribute an equivalent in money to the Fund for the Relief of Distress in Lancashire. (Here follow the Signatures.)

Such charity as this is somewhat in the way of robbing PETER to pay PAUL. Christmas-boxes may or may not be objectionable, but the Lancashire distress is no excuse for getting rid of them. If the grocers of Hartlepool mean really what they say, and wish to give the full "equivalent" of their yearly Christmas presents, they ought to calculate the probable duration of their lives, and how much each of them would pay away in Christmas-boxes in all the years they have to live. The total thus summed up should of course be the amount of their subscription to the fund, else by ridding themselves "permanently" of an expensive custom they will actually profit by the Lancashire distress.

CONVICT CRANIOLOGY.

IN the description of penal servitude at Portland, given the other day in the *Times*, particular mention was made of the conformation of the convict's heads as conspicuously different from that of ordinary people's. The generality of the rogues were described as characterised by low retreating foreheads. Now, is it or is it not a fact, that persons whose brains are deficient in certain regions are practically found to be stupid, brutal, and vicious? Because if that is so, when once such persons have given you a justification for putting them under lock and key, and you have got them safe, you had better keep them there. Till when? Till reformation, attested by the expansion of their heads to normal proportions.

GROCERY AND GOSPEL.



Have been favoured, by a correspondent, with a work of art, consisting of a woodcut printed in colours, and placed at the head of a mercantile announcement. This picture is supposed to represent "Christ at the Well of Samaria," as we are informed by the title placed beneath it, and heading a quotation from the Fourth Gospel. To this portion of Scripture is subjoined the advertisement following, with an alteration only in the name of the firm, which we will call that of:—

"E. PUFFINS & SON,
"TEA DEALERS, CAMBRIDGE.
"BRITISH WINES, &c.,
"China, Glass, and Earthenware
of every description."

The REVEREND SYDNEY SMITH, of wise and witty memory, somewhere speaks of certain preachers combining the ministerial vocation with commercial pursuits, who, in exercising their spiritual functions, cannot abstain from gesticulations indicative of, and contracted habitually from, the practice of their worldly calling. Some of them, for instance, when addressing from the pulpit the flock who enjoy the privilege of sitting under them, are accustomed, according to the late Canon of St. Paul's, con-

tinually to use a species of action which resembles that of tying up parcels of grocery. Are the tea-dealers who have issued the above advertisement apostles of this sort; and has that two-fold notification a reference to both the secular establishment and devotional shop in which they carry on their double business?

An extraordinary demonstration of sanctity is not a judicious recommendation of groceries. Everybody knows what was the line of that shopkeeper who first ascertained that his apprentice had sanded the sugar, watered the rum, and otherwise adulterated the rest of his stock-in-trade, and then ordered the lad to come up to prayers.

LINES FOR MUSIC.

THE ducal tines of rosy light
Are clinging round the amber dawn,
And crimson isles of verdure bright
Lie bathed in odour freshly drawn.
The vesper fire of vernal touch
Ascends with star-like foot the snow,
While hearts of gold that love too much
Are cradled fair in sleep below.

Undying crimson swells and curls
O'er limpid wild and lustrous bay,
And shower on shower of crystal pearls
On music's pinions glide and stray.
From fairy harps the faintest string
Is left to deck thy golden hair,
And Beauty's own eternal spring
With sweeter pang is quivering there.

A New Easy Proverb.

Le Sport in France has had its duel, and the Turf in England has had recently several exposures of which it has no reason to be proud. We beg, therefore, for the benefit of this joint occasion, to translate a well-known French saying, "*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*," and to make an English proverb of it: "The game is not worth its scandal."

SAINTS AND SHILLELAGHS.

So the POPE's Irish insurgents at Birkenhead have received sentence. May the persecution of those saintly confessors have the effect of preserving to that place its proper name by deterring their brethren from so treading in their steps as to cause Birkenhead to be changed to Brokenhead.

THE MORAL OF THE WORKHOUSE.

If reason and justice presided over our penal arrangements, and if it is just to punish poverty as crime, still one would think that as compared with felony, destitution would be considered and treated as the minor offence. Accordingly, the transition from the workhouse to the gaol may be supposed to be of a nature similar to that which is described in the popular saying, "out of the frying-pan into the fire." How far this supposition is from being correct, will appear from numerous facts, amongst which may be mentioned the expressions of gratitude which were lately addressed to a learned Judge by certain wretches for pronouncing the doom which was to transfer them from the position of paupers to that of criminals. MR. JUSTICE KEOGH, the other day, passed sentence upon two women, inmates of the South Dublin Union Workhouse, ANNE DUFFY and ELLEN CARBY, who pleaded "Guilty" to the charge of setting fire to that benevolent institution. According to the *Times* correspondent:—

"The prisoners were delighted, and immediately said, 'Thank your Lordship, we have got out of hell, at all events.'

"Seventeen male paupers were then brought up for the same offence, and were sentenced to the same punishment. Several of them cried out, 'Thank you, my Lord and gentlemen of the jury, we have got out of a house of persecution.'

The thankfulness with which the paupers received a sentence of penal servitude may suggest the thought that the reverse of the saying above quoted would properly represent the exchange of quarters which awaited them. But the frying-pan as compared with the fire is much less comfortable than the Model Prison in proportion to the Union-Workhouse. The former of those two establishments relatively to the latter is considerably milder than Purgatory may be imagined to be, in contrast with the other place which the prisoners mentioned. Quod, in comparison with the Abode of Want, is quite a tolerable sort of Limbo. What is the moral of this arrangement, in the apprehension of the classes who have to live by their own exertions? Whatever you do, keep out of the Workhouse. Garotte anybody rather than apply to the Union.

PITY A POOR BRIDGE.

WE really wish that MR. BABBAGE would at his leisure calculate what wealth is yearly wasted by the London Bridge blockades, which in spite of the police are growing every day more frequent. Time, we know, is money; and the amount, which is thus spent would annually serve to pay the taxes of the nation, besides affording Mr. Punch a handsome pension for the services which he has done the state. Every block on London Bridge, and there are fifty every day, detains for several minutes several hundred waggons, omnibuses, drays, carts, carriages, and cabs. What amount per minute is consumed by keeping stationary this locomotive plant, we leave to MR. BABBAGE at his leisure to determine; and he is likewise free to calculate how many trains are missed by means of these blockades, and how many a good dinner is, by being thus kept waiting, annually spoiled. Moreover, besides the loss of time, there is the loss of temper which these stoppages occasion; and in considering the injury they cause to the community, the harm they do in this way must be kept in mind. On this account as well as for mere monetary reasons, the Bridge should be relieved as much as may be from the traffic which now greatly overburthens it.

We think its neighbour Southwark Bridge might assist towards its relief; but Southwark Bridge is stopped up by a penny toll, which virtually prevents its doing any good to anybody. It is clear that public sympathy should widely be awakened to pity the condition of poor ill-used London Bridge. It has long been the most pnt upon of all our public thoroughfares, and if we don't take better care of it, the poor bridge certainly will break down under the extraordinary pressure that is laid on it. The case is one of real distress, as any one who daily has to cross the bridge can testify; and if, despite its coal-tax and its hundred other means of revenue, the City be too poor to open Southwark Bridge, or find some other way to diminish the vast traffic which oppresses its poor neighbour, a London Bridge Relief Fund must in charity be opened, and steps be taken to excite for it the bumps of the benevolent.

THE SONG OF THE GAROTTER.



So meet me by moonlight alone,
Kind stranger, I beg and entreat,
And I'll make all your money my own,
And leave you half dead in the street.

H, meet me by moon-
light alone,
And then I will give
you the hug,
With my arm round
your neck tightly
thrown,
I'm as up to the work
as a Thug.
Behind you I softly
will creep,
And, taking you quite
unawares,
On my prey like a
tiger I'll leap;
If I happen to choke
you, who cares?

I'm out with a ticket
of leave,
Which by gulling the
chaplain I got,
And I'm free to
maim, murder and
thieve,
For a cove he must
live, must he
not?

THE BRAHMINY BULL AND HIS DRIVER.

A FABLE FOR JOHN BULL AND HIS DITTO.

*Founded on that Triumph of Military Tailoring, the cutting down of the
Indian war expenses by four millions.*

THERE once was a Brahminy Bull,
With a mighty big waggon to pull,
Wherein for a load,
Mother Company stowed,
Her *protégés*—such a coach-full?

The roads they were heavy as lead;
The sun it was hot over-head;
And poor Brahminy Bull
With his thund'ring coach-full,
Groaned "Another half-mile, and I'm dead!"

'Twere as well he had cried to the stones,
Lash and laughter replied to his moans,
Till he felt fit to pitch
The concern in the ditch,
Whatever the cost to his bones!

Mother Country who chanced to come by,
Overheard the poor Brahminy's cry;
In a rage up she ran
To the cruelty-van,
And first blew up its drivers sky-high.

Then she flew at them like a she-dragon,
And bundled them out of the waggon,
And quite red in the face,
Took the box in their place,
And bade the Bull merrily drag on!

"Now you've nothing at all of a load,
And I'm sure it's an excellent road;
So all you've to do,
Is to labour for two,
In return for the ease I've bestowed."

The Bull gave a tug and a strain,
But unmoved still the drag did remain:
"Marm," quoth Bull, looking blue,
"You've kicked *them* down, it's true,
But you've put on their luggage again."

"A like load, sure, was never laid tire on:—
Lead and powder, and heaps of old iron,
Swords and bayonets and guns,
By hundreds of tons—
Such rubbish were best flung the fire on!"

"Hold! hold!" Mother Country replied—
"Tis as your protector I ride;
All this cargo of arms
Is to guard you from harms
That surround you on every side."

Quoth the Bull, "Better danger to meet,
Than to 'scape it be worked off your feet;
So no longer I'll drag
All that soldierly swag,
'Till I fall in the collar, dead-beat."

Then he coaxed—"only lighten my load,
And see how I'll bowl o'er the road;
You'll say, never Bull
For a long and strong pull
Such bottom and stamina showed.

"You say you're my friend; act as such:
And if ever you get in a hitch,
Pra'ps poor Brahminy Bull
May be destined to pull
Old JOHN BULL's lusty self from the ditch."

The Bull paused: Mother Country reflected:
"With this load, progress can't be expected:
If we can't go a-head,
I shall soon be baked dead,
And Bull by the Vultures dissected.

So here goes."—Word and blow! On the road
Was flung over the terrible load,
And each thew of the Bull
Seemed to grow fresh and full,
As the war-rubbish round him was stowed.

And off like Express on the rail,
With a bellow and cock of his tail,
Did the Brahminy scour,
Twenty mile to the hour,
Till the pace made his driver turn pale!

MORAL.

Suppose, English Bull, some fine morning,
From Brahminy Bull you take warning,
Tell your Drivers you're blown,
If you'll still drag the load,
Which so long your broad back's been adorning.

On such hints they are certain to frown,
Talk of risk to your old coach—The Crown,
Never heed that reproach—
Say you'll look to the Coach,
Nor sue *them* in the case of break-down.

Too long and too hard you've been punished,
Till with dead-weight you're nearly finished,
Which dead-weight, without ceasing,
Has increased, is increasing,
And, decidedly, should be diminished.

MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN DOCTORS.

THE subjoined announcement has appeared in the daily papers:—

"THE SPIRITUAL PEERAGE.—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK will take their seats in the House of Lords at the commencement of the next Session of Parliament in virtue of their respective sees. DEAN ELLICOTT, the new Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, will remain without a seat, under the Manchester Bishops Act, until another see becomes vacant."

The Mediæval Church boasted of her Angelic and Seraphic Doctors. Her British substitute and successor has doubtless as much cause to glory in her doctors of divinity. DR. LONGLEY of Canterbury and DR. THOMSON of York are as good as THOMAS AQUINAS and DUNS SCOTUS. DR. ELLICOTT, the new Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, perhaps can hardly be properly called a Seraphic or Angelic Doctor just yet, because at present he remains without a seat, in which predicament he is manifestly rather qualified to be entitled the Cherubic Doctor.



REMARKABLY CLEVER IDEA

OF JONES WHEN HE HAD TO RUN FOR THE DOCTOR THE OTHER MORNING AT 2 A.M.

"SENSATION" SUICIDES.

"I SAY, *Punch*, old cock, what d'ye mean by pitching into the Sensation Sights and Supper-rooms, which have sprung up lately to delight the British public. It's all bosh, you know, your saying they degrade the national taste, and debase all those who go to them. Of course everybody twigs that you only write in fun, and nobody believes that you mean really to be serious. Your business is to crack us jokes and not to preach us sermons; and I'll tell you what, old boy, your sale will soon fall off if you turn moralist and tract-monger. When I ask for *Punch*, I want something smart and spicy, and if you go on preaching I shall give up buying you, and shall patronise the *Record*."

"Well now, just look here. I'm a young chap about town, and don't know where to spend my evenings. I don't care much for theatres, because I can't afford the stalls, and the pit is awful crampy. Besides, the pieces have such runs, that it's only once a year or so that one can see a new one. And then one ain't allowed to smoke, and that's an awful nuisance. So I just drop in at EASTON'S or the Gallopbury Hall, or have a quiet pipe and glass of grog at the Alarma. Here one hears a decent song,* and one sees some comic acting, and one can stretch one's legs and talk and socially enjoy oneself. Then later in the evening, when one's getting a bit sleepy, the acrobats come in and wake a fellow up with their sensation tricks and tumblings; for of course, you know, a fellow can't well keep his eyes shut when he has the chance of seeing a chap's neck broken."

"Now, old cock, you call this last a low and brutal pleasure, and you say that coves who like it would enjoy to see a bull-fight or a gladiator combat. Well, I dare say that they would; I know I should myself; but as these foreign pastimes ain't allowed in England, we must make the most of the sensation sights that are. Now I hear it said of certain of our acrobats, that their feats must most inevitably end some day in death, and as really it can't matter much whether a chap's spifficated one day or the next, I would suggest to the proprietors of our sensation

supper-rooms, that doubtless they might do a tidy stroke of business by engaging a performer to break his neck in public on such and such an evening, which should duly be announced. Such a notice would, I doubt not, prove enormously attractive; and if by any accident the acrobat escaped, and only smashed a leg or so, instead of breaking his backbone or dashing out his brains, as he had been announced to do, the spirited proprietor might return the entrance money, or issue tickets for the suicide which should take place some other night. As the feat would be announced for the *finale* of the evening, the proprietor of course would sack a handsome profit by the extra pints of beer and goes of grog he would have served, through his having a crammed room; and the spectators, I dare say, would not grumble very much, if they were to see a fellow crippled, say, for life, although he disappointed them by not breaking his neck."

"Trusting the Alarma coves will act on my suggestion, and promising my patronage the evening when they do so, believe me, my bo-o-o-oy,

"Yours, all serene,

"JACK RATTLER."

"P.S. The Alarma had best be quick about it, for I see our blessed Magistrates are talking about stopping all these dangerous performances, and shutting the sensation shops where they are allowed. Just as if a fellow hadn't a right to risk his life in the earning of his living! If he kills himself, it's his look out, and no affair of ours. And besides, you know, he's paid uncommon well to do it."

A Pardonable Mistake.

THE young "Swells" of the New Cut are delighted with Mr. BOUCICAULT'S announcement.

"DION'S one of the right sort," said CLYFAKER to the NOBLE. "Ashley's is to be open for nothin', for look here, he calls the front of his theater the order-torium."

* And sometimes the reverse.—*Punch*.



JOHN BULL PREPARES TO SPEND A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

MR. BULL. "THERE, MY FRIEND, I'VE DONE MY BEST TO MAKE YOU COMFORTABLE; SO NOW, I THINK, I MAY ENJOY MY CHRISTMAS."



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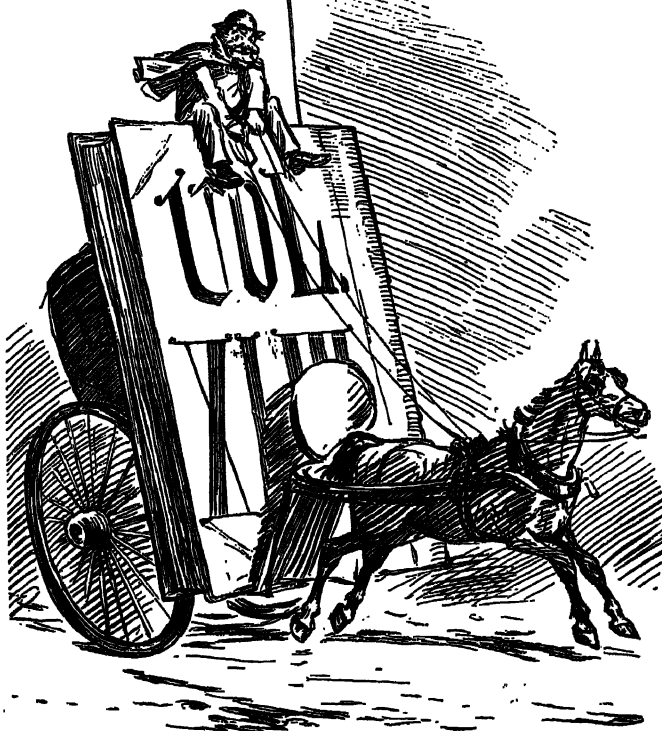
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