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Punch



LONDON:
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1865.

LONDON
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



THE GENERAL ELECTION.

THE Election of the MEMBER FOR THE BRITISH EMPIRE has taken place, in anticipation of all other returns. There was no opposition. The moment Mr. PUNCH had signified his readiness to be again elected, the proceedings became matter of form.

MR. PUNCH, attended by TOBY, ascended the hustings, and MRS. PUNCH and her lovely daughters occupied places at an opposite window. The density of the crowd baffled all description. Mr. PUNCH smilingly addressed a few words to his intended proposer and seconder, inculcating upon them the desirability of brevity, considering the state of the atmosphere.

MR. JOHN BULL, on the part of the Men of the Empire, proposed Mr. PUNCH as a fit and proper person for Imperial Member. "I have known him," said Mr. BULL, "for twenty-four years, and it is saying little to declare, that during that time I have never known him guilty of an unworthy word or deed. I say that during that time he has been frantically zealous in his efforts for the general good, and that it is to him we owe all the Reforms, Treaties, Triumphs, Exhibitions, Fine Weather, and Extraordinary Gooseberries which have tended to raise England in the scale of nations, and promote those principles which placed the House of Brunswick on the throne." (*Tremendous Cheers.*)

MRS. BRITANNIA said that woman's rights having been recognised by Mr. MILL, she had great pleasure in coming forward on the part of the Women of the Empire (children included) and seconding the nomination.

A Woman's Man must be a good man, and MR. PUNCH was known *par excellence*—well, she would say *cat exokeen*—as the Friend of Woman. He had certainly told her of her slight faults, but it was only to set in a brighter light her splendid merits, and it was to MR. PUNCH that the Women of the Empire resorted for counsel, comfort, amusement, and instruction. MR. BULL had referred to MR. PUNCH's long services, but she could only say that he looked younger than ever, and grew handsomer every day. She hoped that MRS. PUNCH would not be jealous of her for admiring him, but she must say that she considered him as an unlimited and unmitigated Duck." (*Terrific and renewed Cheers.*)

No other Candidate being proposed, ("I should like to see one," said the last speaker, grasping her trident in a demonstrative fashion,) MR. PUNCH was declared duly Elected for the Empire.

When the shouting had subsided, not because the world wished to desist, but had shouted itself into exhaustion,

THE IMPERIAL MEMBER advanced, and spoke as follows:—

"You have this day done a right and a wise thing. Do you suppose that I shall thank you, or compliment you for what you have done? By Jove, I should say not. As my friend ROEBUCK said to the mob at Sheffield, I know what I am about, and you mind your own business. You have elected the only person in the world who is capable of doing the work he undertakes to do, and he means to do it. What I have done for twenty-four years, in defiance of all menace, advice, bribe, suggestion, criticism, and abuse, I intend to do for twenty-four years more; that is to say, I mean to keep England in the Right Place. You can go. I have no intention of staying. But here is something to take home with you, and in utter defiance of the Treating Act, I give you all this Treat."

And as from the magic hat of FRIKELL or STODARE, there flew out innumerable copies of the

Forty-Eighth Volume.





PUNCH'S ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

DEAR Boys, Dear Boys, if you will allow us to quote the words of the Venerable P. GREEN (*No. 1865 in the Books*), we shall have great pleasure in reiterating the sounds of Hospitality, Dear Boys, Dear Boys, How are all round the fireside? as often as it is agreeable to your noble selves. Not, however, to weary you with needless repetitions, after the cheery fashion of the revered PAUL DE BEDFORD, whose work, addressed to so many "Corinthians," we have recently perused, we will content ourselves with admonishing you that "we are here again!" (*vide Clown's Address, Sc. 1, of Pantom. Com. Bus.*), and we, hereby, do heartily wish you all a right Merry Christmas, and the Happiest of Happy New Years.

It is our duty, Dear Boys, Dear Boys, to guard you against error: to warn you that there are, alas! certain men, of unsound and pernicious opinions, going about, who do not shrink from asserting that "the Current Number of this Periodical can be obtained, without payment, by removing it from the counter of the Publishing office, when the person in attendance is not looking." This proposition we justly condemn. "*Nunquam Dormio*," (*Bell's Life, Page 1, any Number*) which, being interpreted by the illustration accompanying the motto, (*vide "Life of Bell" as above*) means that such a proposition is, in the vulgar, all our eye.

There are some among you who do not blush to promulgate the doctrine of Bantingism, namely, "that at this time of the year we should partake of no plum pudding, nor of mince pies, nor of nice fresh butter from the country, nor of, in short, any fattening Christmas fare whatever;" all such propositions we do, with mince-pious horror, most thoroughly condemn.

The modern heresy of asking a guest to dine at the hour of half-past six, when the moment intended is seven, is ultimately, directly and indirectly, productive of unpunctuality, spoilt appetites, overdone dinners, and dyspepsia. This proposition is, by us, also condemned.

But what shall we say of those who, forgetful of the many benefits they have received at our hands, perversely threaten to, as they coarsely put it, "tickle our Toby!" To these misguided men we say no more than, *Cave Canem*.

All propositions made by extortionate cabmen to "leave the fare to us," or "to make it another sixpence," we unhesitatingly condemn. (*Vide Decisions, Bow Street*)

All propositions to go out shopping with a wife or any pretty female relatives, we condemn. From these we turn with delight to

The propositions of *Punch's Forty-Seventh Book*, which, singly and collectively, meet with our sincere approval.

The proposition that we should continue this letter to any length, instead of spending the pleasantest evening possible, at the pleasantest party possible, is decisively condemned, Dear Boys, Dear Boys, by your ever attached well-wisher,

PUNCH.

Given at our Office at the commencement of our Forty-Eighth Volume, and the Twenty-Fourth year of our existence.

THE POPE'S BULL IN THE PANTOMIME.

(*Clown sings.*)

PLEASE, Sir—I mean your Holiness—*peccavi!* I had rather Be rude to a Policeman than offend the Holy Father. Upon my word of honour—if you'll credit my assertion—Through reading DOCTOR NEWMAN I was very near conversion.

I was prepared to swallow, with unquestioning docility, The biggest things delivered by supreme Infallibility; To stretch my mouth from ear to ear I shouldn't have objected, Would willingly have opened it to any width directed.

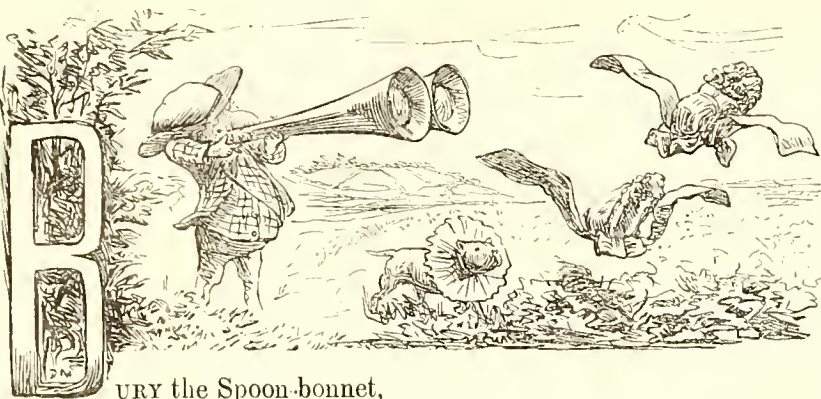
But really that Encyclical, so contrary to reason, Your Holiness has published just at this especial season, Insisting on the right divine of priestly domination O'er civil power, the family, and public education;

Against despotic government denouncing insurrection, Denying people's right to choose their rulers by election, Proclaiming the State bound to back the Church in persecution, Condemning free press, conscience free, and liberal constitution,

It is—excuse, your Holiness, my freedom of expression; Pardon a homely metaphor derived from my profession: It is—with all due deference I speak, with deep submission—It is a string of sausages too large for deglutition.

ODE ON THE BURIAL OF THE SPOON-BONNET.

"Bonnetts are no longer worn high in the front."—*Fashions for December.*



BURY the Spoon-bonnet,
Mid the Graces' exultation:
Let us bury the Spoon-bonnet,
To the sound of rejoicing from the Taste of the Nation.
Mourning your own Creation's fall
Modistes and Milliners bear up the pall,
But bread-winners with short purses look joyous onc and all!

Where shall we bury the Spoon that is no more?
Here, in the midst of the ugliest *modes* of yore;
'Mongst the old shapes that were queerest,
And to Coal-skuttles came nearest,
Place the palm upon the tomb of the Spoon whose reign is o'er.

Mourn, for to us it seems the Last,
Remembering its dimensions in the past;
No more our fair ones' faces shall we greet
'Neath high-pleached bowers of foliage, in the street.
Mourn for the Spoon—to growling husbands dear,
That dipped e'en into pockets deep and wide,
Dearer to Milliners, who nought abide
That's neat and nice, and costs not much to wear!
Mourn for the Spoon, that *belles* and frights brought down
Unto the common level of THE GUY,
Ye whose plain looks on pretty fashions frown,
Lest on your ugliness they shame should cry.
Mourn, short-faced dumps, to be drawn out that sighed,
And of high-fronted bonnets craved the boon:
Mourn, long-faced frumps, that, well nigh desperate, tried
To drown the long face in a longer Spoon.



Mourn for that porch of amplest breadth of sweep
Ye that had acres wide of cheek to show;
Great in compass, and great in cost,
And leaving room upon your heads to heap
Piles of rich fruit, and flowers in fullest blow
In wild confusion tost.

Spoons are over and done,
Can't say, Thanks to the giver
Of this fashion, for one!
Let its knell be tolled,
With a shake and a shiver;
Lay the Spoon in the mould,
Or let its shape be rolled
Deep in the mud of the river,
So 'tis but put down for ever
With bygone horrors of old,

Among the graves that hold
Fashion's monstrosities manifold!
The lofty *tête*, laid low by Time's sharp scythe, behold!
Its powder dust, its curling irons cold;
There sleep short-waists, wasted to shorter still,
And pokes, wherein Regency *belles* could kill:
There the scant petticoat, like wax that clung
About our grandmothers, when they were young,
Lies, waiting for the time when Crinoline,
The opposing dynasty's now regnant queen,
Laid in a triple grave hard by shall be,



If she, indeed, can keep
Her everlasting sleep
Within the space appropriate to three,
And shrouds are not forbid becoming breadth of seams.
Thus rival queens of *Mode*, discrowned,
Sleep, side by side, in Folly's common ground,
Turning to scorn the madness of extremes.

Lay the Spoon-bonnet low!
And be its silk watered with tearful brine,
And bid it happy-speed
To that Elysian mead
Where the departed Fashions shine
With a faint after-glow.
And let the grave be deep,
That not a *pompon* peep
Even of that high-reaching front, to say
Where it is put away—
Whate'er the Bonnet of the Future be,
If Spoon at all, a tea-spoon may we see,
And not a table-spoon or gravy large,
Like this, whose ample marge
Is cut by Fate's stern shears, and Fashion's doom to-day!





"RIGHT OF TRANSLATION RESERVED."

Robert. "ANY MESSAGE FROM MY MOTHER TO ME, LOUISA?"

Louisa (reading to herself). "I THINK, DEAR, THAT YOU HAD BETTER GIVE YOUR BROTHER A SLIGHT HINT THAT CECIL RATTLETON SEEMS INCLINED TO PAY RATHER MARKED ATTENTIONS TO MISS GOLCONDA GOLDMORE, AND IT MIGHT BE PRUDENT"—(Aloud) "BOB! MA SAYS, CIS RATS IS SPOONY ON CONDY, AND THAT YOU'LL JUST BE CUT OUT IF YOU DON'T WAKE UP, SIR."

[Curtain falls upon Bob's Meditations on his Mamma's improved style.]

CONDEMNED TO GO TO CHURCH.

THERE are not a few persons who disbelieve in Christianity, and vote Divine Service a bore. To such the late judgment of the Privy Council has been considered likely to be gratifying. It cannot, however, have given them half the pleasure which they will experience on perusing the subjoined extract from the decision of the Admiralty on the case of the REV. MR. GUTTERES, Chaplain of the *Resistance*, who had refused to obey an order from CAPTAIN CHAMBERLAIN to report on the attendance of a midshipman at afternoon as well as morning service on board that vessel, which that gallant officer had imposed on the lad as a punishment for going to sleep at service in the morning. The Chaplain, in a remonstrance which he had submitted to the Admiralty, had pleaded that "it was impossible for him, as a clergyman, to act as a spy on his congregation, or to report who were or who were not present, for punishment." My Lords, however, order the reverend gentleman to be

"Publicly and severely reprimanded for declining to undertake the direction and supervision of the punitive attendance of a midshipman for three months at Divine Service."

Atheists and heathen will note with satisfaction that my Lords do not content themselves with censuring the clergyman for refusing to furnish a report demanded by his superior officer. They carefully specify his disobedience, and are particular in remarking that the matter to which it related was the "punitive attendance" of a midshipman "at Divine Service." Thus they expressly confirm, as far as their authority goes, the idea of the penal nature of religious worship evidently entertained by CAPTAIN CHAMBERLAIN. After this declaration of opinion, we may expect to see attendance at Divine Service occasionally substituted for ascent to the mast-head, and ultimately, perhaps, prayers ordered instead of a round dozen in the Navy. An Act, too, will perhaps be passed, pursuant whereto the civil magistrate will sometimes give offenders three months' church, like CAPTAIN CHAMBERLAIN.

However, their Lordships, to save appearances, which are against their faith, intimate, in a private and confidential memorandum, that henceforth:—

"No duty of an executive character must be expected from chaplains; and that misbehaviour at church must not be punished by compulsory additional attendance at Divine Service."

My Lords do not go so far as to say that they think it otherwise than inadvisable that youngsters in the Navy should be disgusted with devotion, by having it enforced upon them as a "punitive" imposition. But they distinctly endorse CAPTAIN CHAMBERLAIN'S view of attendance at Divine Service, which seems to be that it is in itself a sort of suffering like that of hard labour, and that misconduct in its endurance resembles a breach of prison discipline.

The intimate connexion subsisting between the Admiralty and the Ecclesiastical Court has something perhaps to do with those notions of my Lords on the subject of religion, whereof the disclosure will so highly delight freethinkers.

Praise for a Manager.

MR. E. T. SMITH announces that the Jewess on horseback is to appear again in February. It is very proper of him to give notice up to what time ladies and children, and respectable persons generally may safely attend to see his pantomime. We are pleased at so creditable and unexpected an attention to decency.

THE IRISHMAN IN SCOTLAND.

SORR, there is a river that requires milk an' sugar before ye'd dhrink a dhrop of it? What is it? Sure 'tis the river Tay.

IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC ANNOUNCEMENT (heard by our wide-awake Contributor about 8 A.M. to-day).—"Water creases!"

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAP. V.—OF "LINES OF BUSINESS," AND THE RULES BELONGING TO THEM.



LINES of business are extremely useful things.

They enable the actor to limit his study of life and his observation of manners to one class, age, and style of character. Without them he would be compelled to be noting all sorts of humours, all phases of life, all the various workings of human nature and society as they came before him. I need hardly point out what a lifelong drudgery this would involve, and how it would reduce the art of acting to a constant and servile waiting at the heels of Nature, and a wearisome gazing into the glass of fashion.

"Lines of character," again, enable an actor to make his engagements with a knowledge of what will be expected of him, and, what is still more valuable, afford the necessary openings for retreat from the unreasonableness of managers, and the pretensions of authors. If the actor is dissatisfied with his part, he has only to say, "I engaged for such a line of business; this part is not in that line," to raise a cloud of questions under which it is very hard if he cannot defy both managerial exactions and get over any legal difficulties which may be raised against his just demands, should loss of situation ensue from his refusal of the part, on the specious pretext of what is due to the manager, and in entire disregard of what is due to himself.

"Lines of business" are the strongholds of those venerable traditions of the theatre which are to the art of the stage what the Roman Catholic traditions are to the dogma of the Church. They are the barriers against the constantly-encroaching waves of naturalism and realism. By their help the theatre is enabled to keep up those peculiar modes of dress, walk, voice, and manners, which assert so strongly the marked line of demarcation between stage art and nature.

If we surrender these "lines"—the Torres Vedras of the stage—we shall soon lose the generous uncle who, in the last act, brings his unflinching ready money to the rescue of his generous but improvident nephew. The touching "Bless you, my children," will cease to mark the irresistible gush of parental forgiveness. The country-boy will no longer ring his simple changes on his affection for "feyther," and his manly resistance to the profligate designs of "t'squire." We shall lose the rapid rattle of the light comedian, so exhilarating in the theatre, so utterly wanting in real life. The harmonious "y" will be struck out of "eh-yild" and "k-yind." The three strides and a halt of the heavy man and the tragedian will be turned into the commonplace walk of every-day existence. Old men will cease to wear their broad-brimmed hats and impossible gaiters, so dear to the successive generations of play-goers, just as they have already, alas, abandoned the dress of the historic days of the second and third GEORGES. The grimace of MUNDEN, the unctuous breadth of LISTON, the vivacities of MATHEWS, or—to come nearer home—the broad grin and rolling chuckle of BUCKSTONE, the blending of tragic fire and grotesque fun in ROBSON, will disappear in their imitators, who now keep alight the vestal fire of comic business by dint of following the men who have trod the same "lines" before them.

The loss will be just as great in serious acting. To "lines of business" we owe it, that the schools of KEMBLE and KEAN, of YOUNG and MACREADY, still survive among us in the reverent reproductions of their followers: and all this while, by rigid adhesion to these "lines," the special ground of "art" is defended against those who insist that the actor, as such, should be able to play every part from which physical peculiarities have not absolutely debarred him, and that just in proportion as he can pass from grave to gay, from lively to severe, he is a good actor, and in proportion as he limits himself to one or the other, an imperfect one. Those who argue thus forget or ignore how absolutely this breadth of range would place the player at the

command of manager and author, and leave him weaponless against their unreasonable demands and heartless indifference to artistic susceptibilities.

There is a class—most authors may be included in it—who are always attempting to merge all "lines of business" in what they call "character."

Do not listen to them. Remember that there is already a "line of business" called "character parts." This clearly proves that all parts not included under this head are *not* "character-parts," but must be acted with strict reference to the rules and records of the "line of business" to which they belong.

Carefully maintaining, therefore, the established "lines of business," let us see what are the principal rules to be attended to.

First comes "the lead," as it is called in the theatre, which may be generally said to include the best of everything, and to carry with it what is even more valuable—an almost indefinite power of rejecting any part you do not like, or choose not "to see your way in."

THE LEADING MAN.

Your great guiding principle in this line of business must be to bear constantly in mind that *you* are the apex of the theatrical pyramid; the "principal light," as painters say, of the picture; the "dominant," or key note—to use the phraseology of music—of the composition.

You will therefore insist beforehand that everything else in the way of character or effect, in any piece you act in, shall be kept carefully down to the degree necessary to throw yourself and your part into the highest relief possible.

In acting keep yourself well before the public, taking the stage on every opportunity, and thrusting your subordinates into the background.

Always play slow and emphatically. In *your* parts nothing can be subordinate.

Let your gestures be well marked, and as a rule let your arms play as much as your voice, and more than your face.

A fixed expression is a fine thing. The play of physiognomy is often missed in the theatre, and the wear and tear of the features thus caused is very serious. Besides, the public is slow of appreciation, and if you change your expression with your emotion they will not be able to follow it.

One sometimes sees actors trusting to infinitely delicate shades of expression, and minute and carefully economised action, as if the movement of a finger could ever tell like that of an arm, or that of an arm like a convulsion of the whole body!

This is one of the defects of French art. RACHEL was a notable instance of this poverty and meanness of resources. In one famous scene of "*Les Horaces*" she used to evade the difficulties of filling up with appropriate emotion and action the time occupied in a confidant's long description of the battle in which her lover was killed, by falling into a faint! Even in the passionate part of *Phèdre* she hardly raised her arm throughout. How different from the energetic self-abandonment, the hysterical and vehement outward emotion which an English actress would find prescribed for her by the wholesome tradition of our stage.

As a rule, be loud. Whispering is all very well, if you have a hoarse voice as EDMUND KEAN had, and can make your whisper tell. But even then you should use your loud and *soffo voce* effects only as a foil to each other, and a means of giving light and shade. But whether loud or low, anything is better than level speaking.

Nothing can be finer (if your voice be good through its whole register) than the judicious employment of your whole vocal gamut throughout your part, distributing your bass, tenor, and alto according to musical considerations. If the sense interfere with these, sacrifice it boldly in the cause of your art.

Carefully note the applause of your public. When you find you have made a point stick to it, and if possible strengthen it from night to night.

Practise yourself in forcing the applause. An accomplished actor ought to be as able to raise a roud from the house as a juggler to extract the card he wants from the pack. I have already given some rules for securing this cheering tribute.

If you have a decided bent or a particular secret of effect, insist on the author's invariably consulting it. If he does not give you an opportunity to indulge the one and introduce the other, make one.

Cultivate critics; look after your own advertising, and stipulate, whenever possible, for separate posters. This is a mark of respect as much due to you as a separate bed to the usher in a school dormitory.

Take care that your demeanour on the stage shall indicate your position in the theatre; so that the public shall be under no possibility of mistake about your being *the* leading man, if by any accident your acting should not bring the fact home to them.

The principle of nature is "breadth." The principle of theatrical art should therefore be "contrast."

Remember HAZLITT's fine metaphor applied to KEAN's acting, that it was like reading SHAKSPERE by flashes of lightning. Go in, therefore, for "points." These should be the luminous flashes of your performance. Level impersonation is like reading SHAKSPERE by a farthing candle. The same amount of illuminating power, distributed

in flashes, will go ten times as far, for people will forget the dark parts, to dwell only on those you let them see under a high and sudden light.

As a general rule an actor who plays "the lead" ought to aim at becoming a manager. Only in this way can he hope to be able to do full justice to himself, and to mark, in every way—in the bills as well as on the boards—the infinite distance between himself and the rest of his company.

In this position I need hardly say that an ell for yourself and an inch for everybody else should be your motto. You will thus be able to introduce great economies in the payment of your actors, and have more left for the scenery, costume, and accessories necessary to frame and set off your own performance.

Remember that a number one, with a sufficient tail of ciphers, makes a million.

DO YOU BURN YOUR LETTERS YET?

MR. EPICURUS ROTUNDUS IMPROVES NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Do I burn my letters yet? Not half as often as I ought to do. But here is New Year's Eve, and MRS. EPICURUS and the family have departed to behold *Cinderella*, and I am not to fetch them home, and here is a good cigar, and there is a good fire. Let me, in all tranquillity, overhaul the contents of my letter drawer. I paid my fire-assurance on Wednesday, so if any accident happens, I shall get a new carpet and table. Who comes first? BILLY BOWKER—has an urgent need for £15. Never knew BILLY without the need—I know I didn't send it—in he goes. MRS. MACJERICHO—could I get her a private box for FECHTER? That woman has £3000 a year, and doesn't give champagne—forget how I evaded, but am sure she didn't see FECHTER *gratis*, *vid* hers truly, E. R. The next. HENRY WUBBER. Who in the name of Acheron is he?—wants my honoured autograph, as that of one whom he has studied and loved from his youth up; and spells my name wrong. Don't think I sent it, yet his name was a tempting rhyme to blubber. What a pretty hand—have I been discreet in leaving this note in an open drawer?—yes, quite. A young lady wishes for my photograph and some original verses, and doesn't even trust me with her initials. I am to write to BLUE-BELLE, Post-office, Shrewsbury. *Ventrebleu!* MADEMOISELLE BLUE-BELLE, were we not worthy of a lady's confidence? FRANK CLOTTON—sends me a brace of pheasants. I remember, they were bad, and MRS. EPICURUS had to pay three-and-ninepence carriage, and nobody had any change, and it was ten at night and rainy, altogether disagreeable,—FRANK should frank his game, and send it sweet, besides—well reminded—he has got my Macaulay, and dare say thinks I mean to let him keep it. I abuse and disabuse CLOTEN (as we call him) *per* first post. MR. POPPIFER YAWNEY—has the pleasure to send pamphlet on the *True Equivalent of Fictitious Currency*, and hopes that in any or all of the numerous publications with which I have influence—wants to be pulled against the next election—saw his pamphlet—in the waste basket first. There's a blaze, wo—ho! MRS. MONTGOMERY TADD—eh, by Jove! MRS. TADD I've acted bad and likewise rude the which is sad. Never opened that woman's packet of manuscript novels, which she asked me to read, revise, and get published, and what makes it all the worse, I never heard of her before in all my life. Wonder where it is. Whose fault shall I say it was? Eight months. Think I'll say nothing about it—perhaps she's dead. Another lady. Wife of the Reverend TIMOTHY TODE, asks for subscription towards building her adored husband a new house amid a flock where his labours are so blessed—writes without his knowledge—highly improper in a wife—am I sure I felt so at the time and did not help TIMOTHY? MR. CRAMPER, bootmaker, thinks I must have forgotten that his bill for the Alpine boots has been sent in, and having a large account to make up on Tuesday—why is it always Tuesday? But I paid him, and hope I have not lost the receipt, for the boots were not worth paying for once, let alone twice. See to this. H. A. P. Who's that? Nine sides. Ah, I ought to have burned this. HARRY PEPPERPOT, with a statement why he cannot, in justice to himself and his comforts, live with his wife any longer, and why I ought to go and explain that little circumstance to her. Since that he has made it up with MRS. PEPPERPOT and quarrelled with me. Good mind to re-inclose him the letter—but into the fire with it. MRS. CLARRUP JIGGLES—asks me to recommend a good school for her boy, where his beautiful genius will not be snubbed—she is sure he is a genius, for he is fifteen and cannot learn arithmetic. Rather think I inclosed her the last report of the Earlswood Asylum—ought to have. Here's a scrawl. Will I second Young BLATANT McBORUM at the Hippopotamus Club? How did I get out of that? How the deuce did I get out of that? What a rich mind I must have, to have been able to imagine circumstances that prevented me, and to have forgotten what they were! Perhaps I said it was against the rules for a man with red whiskers to second a man with black. I must have told some awful parable. I know I helped to black-ball him. The Secretary of the Aborigines Institute, Ballywhobble, west of Ireland—Institute in debt, would my well-known philanthropy induce me to come over in the winter, and give them a gratis lecture, as full of humour as possible? Could not

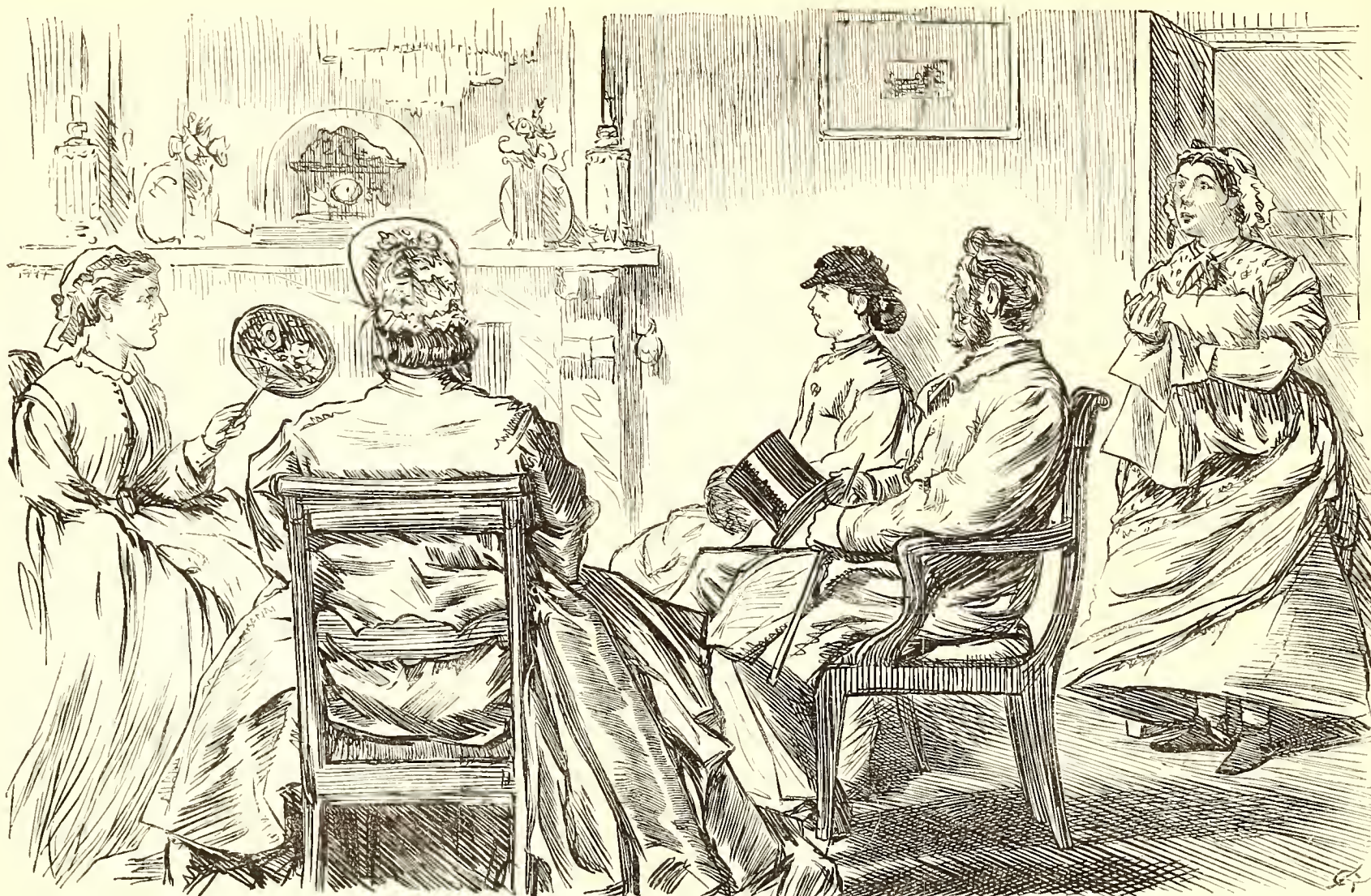
offer me a bed, but there was a tolerable commercial inn. Didn't go, which explains why my brother's poems were so hideously abused in the *Connemara Howler*. MISS MATILDA VERNONBY (dessay her name's VIGGINS)—would like a set of my works, with autograph presentation inscription by their gifted author (that's me), and sends her photograph. Thirty-six, if an hour. Think I told her they were out of print. Another lady! MRS. DE MELVILLE-BELVILLE—has a fine and valuable collection of likenesses of eminent men (which is an interesting fact), and begs I will obtain for her the photographs and autographs of all the Contributors to *Punch*.—I must remember meeting her at Margate in 1847. Must is for the QUEEN—and—ha! This was a plant! The Government wanted to know the names of the real Administration of the country. In my infantine candour and simpleheartedness I never thought of that. From what have we escaped! Perhaps the Tower. *Me servavit Apollo*. I recollect replying that we were all so handsome that photographers dashed down their sensitive plates in despair, and that none of us could write, but that we produced *Punch* by dictation. I shall keep this letter, for the discomfiture of my LORD P-LM-RST-N. A note from the Editor of the above-mentioned popular periodical, suggesting "early" manuscript. How very much this world would be improved, did people, Editors included, let other people alone. A long letter, in a small, gentlemanly hand. No right to intrude, but feels certain that a narrative of his troubles will induce me to extend assistance. I felt quite certain that it wouldn't, the less that I had two previous letters from the same troubled party, with different signatures, and greatly varied narratives. I relieved him as a paralysed doctor, and again as an artist who had lost his sight, but I could not feel for him a third time, when he appeared as a clergyman who had been ruined by a fugitive banker. Keep this letter, against his fourth Avatar. This is a bold hand—the writer is no beggar. Yes, he is, an impudent beggar. Signs himself ARISTARCHUS, and says that he has read my writings with a disgust he cannot describe (who asked him?), and that he has no doubt that in my black heart I find echoes of all the sentiments of my objectionable characters. Very well, that's no business of his'n. A pink note. Ah! that was a sell, a cruel sell. The hand-writing so pretty, and all so dainty, and I thought—of course if it had been so I should have answered her in a fatherly manner, and sent her *Dr. Gregory's Legacy to his Daughters*—but it was an invitation to examine the inclosed list of prices of coals at the Slaterubble Colliery. "Hang her, foul collier!" Such tricks, however, defeat themselves, for I would sooner burn blue books and missionary reports all the evening than coals advertised so treacherously. Hm! wheels. He's a long time getting off the box—and now he can't find the bell—but now he tugs at it like mad—all the street shall know that my household has been to the play. In they come—and now—of course—growl and bluster. He ought to have another shilling. If he gets it out of Mrs. E. I will eat him. He is louder. He ought to have it, because this is New Year's Eve. I dissent from his logic, and proceed to refute it by affidavit and declamation. (*Goes into hall.*) Now then, you fellow, what in— (*Left at Anglo-Saxon.*)

A WIDOWED HERO, AND A LEANDER WANTED.

MR. PUNCH, who reads every line in every paper published in England and her Scotch and Irish dependencies, finds the following advertisement in the columns of his excellent friend the *Scotsman*. He takes, or makes this opportunity of congratulating the Scottish capital upon the falsity of the rumour that the admirable editor of the great Edinburgh paper is not to be taken away to supervise the Government Stationery, and see that our clerks do not write love-letters on national foolscap. Had he, however, come to Town, it was *Mr. Punch's* intention, in the interest of the country, to insist that the duties of the Stationery Office should be united to those of the Inspector of Salmon, as MR. RUSSEL—conscientiously carrying out the golden rule, "*nulla dies sine linea*,"—is equally skilful in gaffing fishes and Tories. This tribute paid, *Mr. Punch* proceeds to fry his own fish. *Lege!*

MATRIMONY.—A WIDOW LADY of 40, no Family, with £2000 yielding five per cent., and £300 ready cash, wishes to re-enter the holy estate. The gentleman must be 40, not beyond 45, tall, of good carriage, have good teeth and hair, and be most particular in his personal habits, accustomed to daily immersion. Letters and *cartes* strictly private; returned if required. Address, No. 000, Scotsman Office.

Mr. Punch himself so exactly meets all the lady's wishes, and her money is so exactly what would keep him in cigars for a year, that but for a circumstance over which he has no control (his wife) he would have immediately taken the limited mail, and sought out the fair female. Having, however, thrown himself away before he knew his own value, after the fashion of too many great men, according to their own account, he can only express his hope that the lady's wish to re-enter the Holy Estate may be agreeably fulfilled. The sound sense evinced by her demand that her Next shall wash himself every day makes us believe that she is a very estimable relict.



PLEASING ANNOUNCEMENT.

New Country Serrant (who, during a pause in the conversation, has knocked at the door and been told to "come in"). "PLEASE, M'M, WE'RE OUT O' SHORT SIXES"!!!

[Horror of Young Mistress, who is entertaining influential visitors, may be imagined.]

MR. PUNCH'S NON POSSUMUS.

(Being a respectful Comment on the POPE's Encyclical and its Appendix.)

DEAR POPE, you warn us not to tread
Upon your reverend eorns,
Bid us, on peril, not to take
Your last bull by the horns;
Bolt dogmas whole which we've been taught
Arc snares to those who heed 'em:
Renounce the faiths we've learnt to view
As keystones of our freedom.
In bar of such demands, although
Ex cathedra you toss 'em us,
In your own style, we can but plead
Non possumus—non possumus!

You bid us hold the Church's right
To dictate to our conscience,
Although it lay down black is white,
And sense condemn as nonsense;
Bid us believe the POPE supreme
O'er Law and King and Kaiser,
His dogmas above reason deem,
His lore than science wiser—
Non possumus!

Bid us the error to unlearn
That Church makes war on knowledge;
Cardinal virtues to discern,
Summed in the Sacred College:
Forswear the right to teach our babes,
Save under priests' dominion,
And from salvation all exclude
But those beneath your pinion—
Non possumus!

You ask us to accept for truth
When Church with State at odds is,
That State's decree must Satan's be,
Church's as surely God's is;
That liberty to think and speak
Reason and read's pernicious;
That Progress is an evil dream,
And Lib'ralism vicious—
Non possumus!

That monks and nuns are useful folks
In this our generation,
That kings who bid drones work or starve,
Earn excommunication;
That Nature is the Devil's book,
The Bible not much better,
If put into the people's hands
To read after the letter—
Non possumus!

That lay-law cannot clerics bind;
That could the Church retain her
Potential grasp on Governments,
The world would be a gainer:
That getting rid of temporals
Would harm Church in eternals;
That layman's work's to crack the nuts,
Churchman's to eat the kernels—
Non possumus!

Swallow the legendary lore
The Bollandists have gathered;
The miracles that La Salette
And Tivoli have fathered,
Of Virgins that can tear their hair,
Their holy eyelids blink, too,



THE POPE'S MAD BULL!

And Saints that faithful worshippers
Have stooped to tip the wink to—
Non possumus!

In short, there's but one article
Of all the awful fourseore
Which with your "*acerbissimum*"
You've been compelled to o'erscore,
Which I accept with faith devout,
And that's your last citation—
That the POPE needs must progress fight
And hate civilisation

That creed you well may preach, in proof
Of your infallibility—
Since the reverse you once upheld
With all your small ability.
While heretics all blessed the name
At whose sound now they groan "Oh!"
And Roman men cried "Pio" then,
Who since can but cry "No—no!"

If I must choose—truth on this side,
On that your cyclic stemma—

'Twixt the horns of a Papal bull
And horns of a dilemma,
I'd face the bull's: their points are blunt,
As Europe's voice should warn you,
Answ'ring your bellow with the cry,
"*Fœnum habet in cornu.*"

When that cry rose in Roman times,
Of danger 'twas a warning
From bull with hay upon his horn,
Now 'tis a voice of scorning,
Proclaiming you a man of straw,
And simple straws the terrors
Of horns which gore what we think truths,
And you condemn as errors!

Pity, before the cherished faiths
Of thinking men you went at,
But you'd remembered "*Deus quos
Vult perdere dementat.*"
Horns, if they will not bend, may break,
God's truth earth won't be curst off:
And when weak bulls charge strong stone walls,
'Tis not *wall* comes the worst off.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, it appears to us that certain persons, objects, and things, part of the stock-in-trade of sundry literary chapmen, are used up, exhausted, threadbare, stale, and hackneyed, and may without any loss, detriment, or drawback, be withdrawn from public circulation, and consigned to an honourable limbo: Now, therefore, know all ye, whom these Presents may concern, that from and after the publication of this our current number, it shall not be lawful for any journalist, essayist, magazine-writer, penny-a-liner, poetaster, criticaster, public speaker, lecturer, Lord Rector, Member of Parliament, novelist, or dramatist, to make use of, employ, or introduce in any newspaper, review, periodical, poem, play (original or translated), speech, lecture, address, or any other written or oral composition, intended for public edification, enlightenment, amusement, or instruction, the several persons, creatures, and things mentioned, specified, and enumerated in the Schedule hereunto annexed.

Given at our Court in Fleet Street, in the twenty-fourth year of our reign.

PUNCH.

SCHEDULE.

REMARKS.

MACAULAY'S
New Zealander.

The retirement of this veteran is indispensable. He can no longer be suffered to impede the traffic over London Bridge. Much wanted at the present time in his own country. May return when London is in ruins.

The Needy Knife-
grinder.

Having been in active service since the days of MR. CANNING, may now resume his original part of the *Man at the Wheel*.

The Coming
Man.

Has caused constant disappointment by not arriving when he was expected, especially by the Parliamentary train.

SHAKESPEARE and
the musical
glasses.

No objection to W. S., except as a performer in a duet with the musical glasses, which have long ceased to be the novelty they were in O. GOLDSMITH'S time, when the town rang with them.

Village HAMP-
DEN. Mute in-
glorious MILTON.

The BISHOP OF HEREFORD will be glad to see his country cousin. A presentation to a deaf and dumb asylum should be obtained for the mute.

The gentleman
who has been
talking prose all
his life without
knowing it.

May now receive his passport, and return to his own country. WESTBURY, C., will be moved to apply to the Imperial Law Officers to issue a writ *ne exeat regno*.

MISS PARKER.
MR. CRAWLEY.

In any future novel or work of fiction, if it shall be found necessary to introduce a lady's-maid, it is particularly requested that she may bear some other name than that of PARKER. Likewise, in any forthcoming drame or drama, if a merchant villain is essential to the plot, it is suggested that it would be an agreeable novelty not to call him CRAWLEY.

The present address of EDMOND'S (late WOMBWELL'S) Menagerie is Crystal Palace, Sydenham. The Zoological Gardens would be glad to have the British lion. With regard to the Dodo, it is proposed to substitute the Moa, the Great Auk, or the Little Bustard, as a bird of literary burden.
The Bull that is always being taken by the horns. The Camel whose back is broken by the last feather. The Wolf there is constant difficulty in keeping from the door. The British Lion. The black Sheep. The Dog in the manger. The Dodo. Ducks and Drakes.—(N.B. The Phoenix, it is hoped, is extinct.)

Macedon and
Monmouth.

Have been allowed far too much latitude. No well regulated atlas can be considered complete until they are restored to the use of the Globe.

Apples of Sod-
om, otherwise
Dead Sea apples.

Strictly forbidden fruit.
The ripe pear.

The stone wall
against which
people are al-
ways running
their heads.

The Metropolitan Board of Works are recommended to apply to Parliament for leave to abolish this obstruction, along with Hamilton Place and Middle Row, after to-day.

The thin edge of
the wedge.

Very indifferent "Wedgwood." 'Ware! writers.

The blue ribbon
of the turf.

To be wound up and shelved. Writers in newspapers are not to indulge in Ribbonism, when the Derby Day comes round again.

Couleur de rose.

Very much faded. All the gloss long since worn off. The Royal Academy, the Chemical Society, and MADAME RACHEL appointed a Commission to select a substitute.

"Antecedents,"
"Cropped up,"
"Golden opin-
ions," "Infusion
of new blood,"
"Ventilation of subjects," "My attention has been drawn," &c.

These and a thousand more such stale crumbs may be swept away to advantage. Many a poor lawyer and doctor would be thankful for some of the "golden opinions."

"Let laws and
learning," &c.

If in the course of ages LORD JOHN MANNERS should be appointed Master of the Buckhounds, Constable of the Tower, or Lord Warden of the Stannaries, the two lines referred to are not to be quoted against him under a penalty of the perusal of the whole of his poetical works.

"Knowledge is
Power."

This bit of BACON is quite reasty, having been served up to every Mechanics' Institute in the three Kingdoms.

"But one half-
pennyworth of
bread to this in-
tolerable deal of
sack."

The bread may be given to the poor. The sack may have the sack given to it. This is a good time also for distributing "cakes and ale."

Quotations from
the works of
GRAMMATICUS
LATINUS and
QUINTUS HORA-
TIUS FLACCUS.

Q. H. F. not absolutely prohibited; but members of both Houses of Parliament are requested to be sparing in their quotations, and to give as much freshness to them as possible.

The maxims of
ROCHEFOUCAULD
the sayings of
M. DE TALLEY-
RAND, and the observations of the late GEORGE BRUMMELL, Esq.

This trio are urged to take a farewell benefit.—(N.B. No mercy will be shown to that notorious offender, "Speech was given," &c.)

The pin that was
heard to drop.

Local museums might be glad to have these curiosities.

The straw that shows which way the wind blows. The feather that broke the camel's back. Fly in amber. *Ditto*, broken on the wheel. The stone that killed two birds, and the birds themselves (stuffed). An assortment of edged tools, a pruning knife (much worn), and a largo collection of old "saws."

Notes and Queries.

Calling Names.

CAN any of our readers inform our Correspondent "PECKER" whether there are any female "Tom Tits" in existence?

Note.—The Jack Daw is, among birds, the nearest approach to the fish John Dory.



WASN'T IT ODD, THAT WHEN CAPTAIN BLANK WAS STAYING AT OLD GOLDUST'S COUNTRY HOUSE THIS CHRISTMAS, HE AND ONE OF THE GIRLS SHOULD ACTUALLY FIND SOME MISTLETOE GROWING ON ONE OF THE TREES? WE BELIEVE CAPTAIN B. (WITH HIS USUAL PRESENCE OF MIND) MADE HIMSELF MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

HOW THEY DO IT.

It is always interesting to theatre-goers, but especially at this time of year, to know through what processes, behind the scenes, the Operas, Pantomimes, Burlesques, and Extravanzas, are obliged to pass, before they are ready for production.

It is the popular notion that plays generally are "dashed off" by the Author in his spare moments, or in his comfortable after-dinner leisure, over a cigar and a cup of coffee.

The public is right, as usual.

The proceedings in the case of an opera are on this wise;

The Manager writes to the Composer thus:—

"Dear O'QUAVER,—Write me an opera. I will give you seven thousand seven hundred and eighteen pounds six shillings and five-pence halfpenny for it.

Yours truly. BOBUS."

The Composer answers:—

"Dear BOBUS.—Make it up to the sixpence, and I'm yours ever.
"O'QUAVER."

The Manager agrees to this advance upon the original terms, and O'QUAVER sets to work.

In a few days' time it is done."

In the first place, the Composer has to whistle over the entire opera to the Manager, if he has got any ear for music; if not, the whistling is merely a matter of form, and often consists of several repetitions of "Rule Britannia," with which the Manager is as much delighted as with the most varied novelties.

The Composer's next business is to hum the songs, concerted pieces, and such like, to the singers, repeating the same with imitations of the accompaniments, to the orchestra. The piano or violin is never used in conveying these first impressions, as it is highly desirable that all instruc-

tion should actually come from the Composer's own mouth. It is well known in musical circles how difficult it was for even SIGNOR MARIO to acquire, in this manner, the music of "*Les Huguenots*." SIGNOR COSTA's oratorio, "*Eli*," was got up in this fashion. It is almost a painful sight to see the gifted Composer, whoever he may be, sitting for hours on a high stool patiently whistling over his choice melodies to the attentive, but occasionally dull, musicians. The parts for the drum and cymbals are left to the inspiration of the moment; the sheets of music-paper in the orchestra being merely dummies to deceive the public.

The method of getting up a Burlesque, Extravanza, or Pantomime differs according to the theatre where it is produced. The piece itself is scribbled off-hand, on bits of waste paper, backs of old envelopes, and the like. Sometimes the greater part of the MS. is written on shaving paper during the Author's toilette.

The Prompter arranges these slips, and the parts for the different actors are improved, added to, and touched up with songs during a rehearsal.

In some theatres the Manager or actor puts a line in here and there, or the Manager's friends drop in and kindly give a few hints and suggestions with which the Author has nothing whatever to do. Low comedians fling in their songs wherever they like; ballet dancers introduce their steps at pleasure; and thus, with each individual working for the general good, the piece produced must meet with decided success.

In other theatres, the Author, becoming suddenly inspired, summons all the company into the green room, and there delivers orally the entire Extravanza, which they take down, as best they can, in short or long hand in their note-books. This is the flash of genius. Now, when you see any piece of the kind above mentioned, remember these things.

A TEMPERANCE NEW YEAR'S EVE.

(BY A MEMBER OF A MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.)

We made good cheer though we had no beer,
No brandy, rum, or gin;
And we drank about the old year out,
And we drank the new year in:
The fine Souchong, and the Hyson strong,
We mixed with the black Bohea;
And the coffee-pot came hot and hot:
So merry we would be!

We were not afraid of the lemonade,
Let cork no bottle stop,
But the seltzer drew, while the soda flew,
Also the ginger-pop.
There was no heavy wet, but there was sherbet,
There was likewise *eau sucrée*,
And *capillaire* for the ladies fair,
On the Eve of New Year's Day.

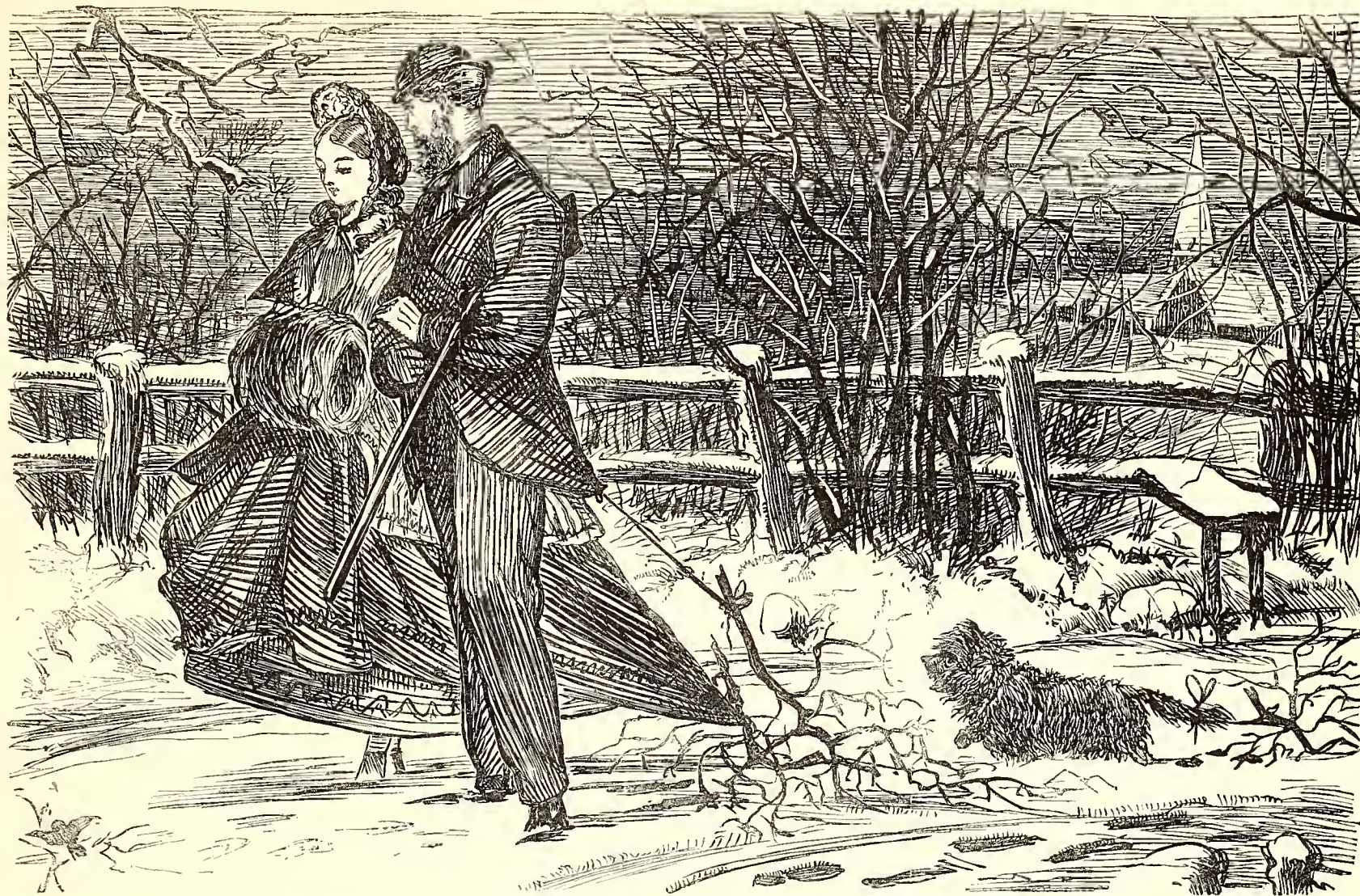
Oh! we were all right on that festive night,
Drank toasts in Adam's Ale,
And we did recite the poem light,
And we read the instructive tale;
And if it had been the Summer, I wcen,
Instead of this time of year,
We should not have gone home till morning had come,
And the daylight did appear.

Explosion at Rome.

It is our painful duty to record a terrific explosion which has just occurred at the Vatican. This accident arose from want of caution on the part of the Pope and the College of Cardinals in projecting a fulminating composition which they had been some time engaged in preparing for the demolition of all modern ideas. Almost before the destructive mixture had left their hands, it blew up with a noise which was heard all over Europe, and morally brought the venerable edifice in which they were assembled about their ears.

SEASONABLE.

A SERVANT, to whom money is an object, during the present winter offers (unbeknown) to let out his master's study fire by the hour. For terms apply to the Pantry, Belgravia.



TO LOVERS.

JULIA AND JACK BEING NOW MARRIED—NO CARDS—BEG TO INFORM ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN THAT THE ABOVE WAS FOUND TO BE A VERY EFFICIENT WAY OF DESTROYING ALL TRACE OF FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW.

WHO IS WHERE AND WHAT?

KIND people are continually sending *Mr. Punch* nice little presents, in their gratitude for the delightful amusement he affords them; and in this way he has received, in the course of his long service, many valuable additions to his library and larder. Thankfulness for his exertions is expressed in various forms—from a volume of new poems to a sack of new potatoes; and both the bodily and mental food which is thus given him is appreciated duly by the members of his household as well as by himself. One of the prettiest little gifts which reaches him at Christmas is the *Post Office London Directory* for the ensuing year; a work which is so useful as a book of daily reference, that every business man should always keep it handy in his waistcoat pocket, providing that receptacle be big enough to hold it.

The volume called *Who's Who* is a serviceable book to Snobs who do not visit much with the nobility, and whose social education has so shockingly been neglected that, in speaking of an earl, they can mistake him for a marquis, or can imagine a mere baronet the first son of a duke. Of course, to *Mr. Punch*, whose splendid powers of memory have been exquisitely cultivated, such heinous misdemeanours are utterly impossible: indeed he has the *Peerage* word for word by heart, and knows the pedigree and title and the motto and the age of all the nobles in the land. But though he knows quite well *Who's Who* that he meets daily in high life, *Mr. Punch* finds it most difficult to remember in the lower orders *Who is Where and What*. This useful information the *Directory* affords him, and it saves him from mistaking MR. SMITH the surgeon, for MR. SMITH the shoemaker, and helps him to find the shop of MR. BROWN the butcher, or of MR. BROWN the baker, whenever their attendants omit calling at his house.

A book that weighs about a stone can hardly be regarded as belonging to light literature; and the *Directory* on this account is just one of those works which you are glad to lay down again when you are forced to take them up. But the *Directory* is really a most useful publication; though, if London keeps increasing as of late years it has done, one trembles to consider what a size the book will be a century or so hence. Probably a crane will be required then to hoist it from one's bookshelf,

or one may have to build an extra story to one's house to hold it. This, however, is a matter for posterity to deal with. For the present it suffices that the *Post Office Directory* is really vastly handy notwithstanding its stone weight; and the matter it contains is not at all more heavy reading than one fairly may expect in such a BANTING of a book.

The Pope's Prize Bull.

By a telegram from the Eternal City we are informed that:—

"The POPE has issued a Bull condemning all moral, religious, and political errors having a tendency hostile to the Catholic Church."

This Bull is not tied by the tail. It has a long tether and an extensive range, if, indeed, it is tied at all. If all the conclusions of philosophy, science, and statesmanship are figured as crockeries, the last great Bull, let loose among them by his Holiness, may be pictured as the POPE's Bull in a China-Shop.

"THE RANK WEED."

THE only apology *Mr. Punch* can find for the ex-tailor who acts as patron of the Anti-Tobacco Gang, is that probably being an honest, if a silly, ex-tailor, he has an aversion to Cabbage. British cigar-venders will accept this intimation.

DISTINGUISHED CONVERT TO ROMANISM.

False Report.—*Mr. Punch* begs distinctly and emphatically to deny that he has been received into the Roman Communion, and re-baptised as *Punch à la Romaine*.

THE LAST NOVELTY IN AMOROUS-IS.—One of our most eminent oculists has just performed a successful operation on a gentleman who had a lady in his eye.

SEASONABLE STATISTICS.



plates pa has for wildfowl, which he likes almost *half raw*, and I can never *touch*, and gracious me where was I? O yes, hauding pa his cup of tea, and there, no, not in the *tea-cup*, you great stupid, but in the *Times* newspaper I happened to see this:—

"THE TRADE IN MISTLETOE.—During the month of December last year the county of Hereford produced an immense supply of mistletoe, which was forwarded to Liverpool, Manchester, and many of the adjoining towns. It has been ascertained that about 20 tons were sent from Hereford, 15 from Ledbury, 12 from Leominster, 6 from Ludlow, 15 from Ross, and altogether above 80 tons from other localities. Many tons were forwarded to foreign countries, besides many loads of the holly bush. The price paid for the mistletoe was

from 4s. to 5s. the ewt. Last year there was a greater traffic in this description of produce than on any previous year, but from present appearances it is expected that the trade this year will be still brisker. The supply to the metropolitan market from the home counties is very large."

Twenty! and two fifteens! and twelve! and six! and eighty! Only fancy, *Mr. Punch*, what a number of tons of mistletoe! And what a quantity of *kissing* there must have been done under it! I wonder how many young ladies on the average are caught beneath a *ton* of mistletoe. How many thousand kisses, do you think, go to the hundredweight? and supposing that each berry represents a kiss, how many million kisses can there be in a ton? I do wish that MR. BABAGE, or some other great calculator, would solve this *interesting* problem. I should so like to plague and puzzle Cousin CHARLEY with it. Only I know he'd be so *silly*, and I'm quite *sure* he'd try and show me how *difficult* it would be to say how many kisses would go to a ton of mistletoe, for he could prove—the *wretch*!—that *hundreds* might be given with an ounce.

I don't know what *experiments* I may make myself, but some of your young lady readers who have nothing else to do may like to set about collecting statistics on the subject. This would be much more fun, I fancy, than collecting crests and ciphers, and stupid old spoilt stamps.

Hoping that my questions may be viewed with deep attention by our social *statisticians* (isn't that the proper word, Sir, and am not I a *clever* girl to recollect it?),

Believe me, yours devotedly (until I'm some one else's),

SERAPHINA SIMPER.

P.S. Just as I *expected*. Cousin CHARLEY has come in, and, for fear of a mistake, I have shown him what I've written, and the *wretch* has *proved* to me that twenty kisses *actually* may be given with *one berry*, only fancy that! We are now going to see how much a berry weighs, and then, if we can, to calculate how many hundred million there must be in a *ton*.

THE PRE-ADAMITE PERIOD.—Lizard Point to the Isle of Man.

A TREAT FOR SWELLS.

WE are accustomed to hear a great deal of the example which the higher orders might set the lower; but let the former know that there is abundant room for them to imitate examples afforded by the latter. Let a bloated and proud aristocracy peruse and profit by the interesting paragraph which follows, extracted from the *Hampshire Independent*.

"SHANKLIN.—TREAT TO THE NAVVIES.—An entertainment to the men employed on the Isle of Wight Railway was given in the National School-rooms, which were decorated for the occasion. Among various devices the most striking was that of 'Welcome, Brothers,' which met the eye immediately on entering the rooms. It was a novel sight to see upwards of two hundred stalwart fellows regaled with tea and plum-cake, and to hear them sing the well-known hymn, 'Just as I am,' &c. As soon as the tables were cleared, the REV. G. W. SOUTHOUSE, after a brief and appropriate speech, introduced MR. WALSH, the indefatigable missionary, who made some interesting and practical remarks, and was followed by the REV. J. G. GREGORY, Rector of Bonchurch. At the close of his address, the Chairman gave out the hymn . . . After many hearty cheers for the ladies and friends who had so kindly contributed to the treat, the company dispersed, highly delighted with their entertainment."

It certainly must have been a novel sight to see a gang of navvies, two hundred strong, "regaled with tea and plum cake," because we are accustomed to see the navvies regale themselves with bread-and-cheese and beer. Equally novel was the sight of those British Anakim engaged in singing the hymn, "Just as I am," because, when they have nothing better to do, we generally see them smoking short pipes; and they seldom sing anything of a more devotional nature than "Cheer, Boys, Cheer."

But how much more novel a sight it would be to see a set of officers in the Guards, for instance, regaled with tea and plum-cake, instead of champagne and claret and master-pieces of French culinary science! What a still greater novelty would it be to hear such a chorus of gallant gentlemen obliging an assembly of smiling and sympathetic beholders with "Just as we are!"

Why should not the REV. MR. BELLEW, or some equally competent clergymen, attend on the occasion of a "Treat to the Swells," and

deliver a brief, or rather a long, and appropriate speech, introducing the indefatigable missionary, *Mr. Punch*, who might make some remarks which would be most highly interesting and particularly practical? Many and hearty, no doubt, would be the cheers that would be given both to the ladies and gentlemen who had contributed to, and to those who had partaken of so real a treat as that, and the company would surely disperse highly delighted with their entertainment.

Why should there not be an exhibition of officers of a crack regiment, as well as navvies, humbling themselves like little children under the tutelage of clergymen? If it is not derogatory to the manhood of navvies to be regaled on plum-cake and tea, and to sing hymns, can it be degrading to that of officers and gentlemen?

ALLEGED HIGH TREASON AT STOCKBRIDGE.

VINDICATING the destruction of wood-pigeons, as birds really mischievous to the farmer, a Scotch gentleman from East Lothian thus writes to the *Times*:—

"I see in the *Field*, with horror and disgust, that there is a club of fishers at Stockbridge who have declared war against kingfishers, and have, during last summer, murdered 34 of those rare and beautiful birds."

If a true bill shall be returned against any parties at Stockbridge who may be charged with the murder of kingfishers, they will deserve to be tried for that crime at the next Winchester Assizes, and, if convicted, to be hanged, and more than hanged. For fishers to kill kingfishers is worse than murder, it is obviously high treason, and the catfish who are guilty of it ought, by a revival of the old law for that chief of offences, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered.

A MANX RIDDLE.

WHAT place would be best suited for the banishment of an unhappy grumbler? The Isle of *Mona*.



VERY SHABBY.

Rival. "THERE, IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME ONE, I'LL TELL YOUR BROTHER, 'CAUSE I SAW YOU KISS CHARLEY TURNER, JUST NOW, IN THE REFRESHMENT ROOM."

THE SOLONS OF SHREWSBURY.

JUSTICES' justice has come to be pretty notorious; and the Solons of the Bench, if they have not realised their great Athenian prototype's rule, "Know thyself," are continually acting up to another rule, "Commit thyself."

But we do not remember to have heard any case of more exemplary asinine action of the Great Unpaid than at Shrewsbury, last month, when a sharper, who must have known the calibre of the Shrewsbury Bench—probably they had acquitted him—by means of a mock warrant took into custody MR. CHARLES ASHWORTH, a respectable young gentleman of Manchester, on a charge of stealing a watch and chain, and, on the strength of his assumed character took possession of his watch, purse, containing £9, and other articles.

How the Magistrates behaved, must be stated in MR. ASHWORTH'S own words:—

"I was taken before the Magistrates, who, after hearing the evidence against me, and without asking me a single question, came to the conclusion that I was guilty, and one of their number informed me, in a pompous and most offensive manner, that I was remanded till eleven on the following day. I instantly demanded either that I should be allowed to telegraph to my friends, or that the police should do so, or that the Magistrates themselves should take some steps to ascertain the truth of the statements I had previously made to the constable. These Solomons, however, imagined that mischief might be done by allowing such a privilege, and, without being permitted to say another word, I was marched out for the purpose of being locked up in a felon's cell. This would undoubtedly have been my fate but for the luckiest chance in the world. A reverend gentleman of my acquaintance happening to be in the town, and hearing of my misfortune, at once hastened to my assistance, and so exerted himself among the gentlemen who had just committed me to gaol, that in a few minutes they were with me at the police-office, offering their best wishes, condolences, and apologies for having placed me in such a position. They did not, however (in the absence of their Clerk), feel themselves justified in setting me at liberty, though my reverend friend offered bail to any amount, nor even did they think fit to take any steps to ascertain from the Carmarthen police whether the alleged robbery was fact or fiction. I was kept in custody till the expiration of the remand, and then regained my liberty, as no prosecutor appeared."

Mr. Punch can add no force to this by any comment of his. It would be indeed painting the lily to write down these gentlemen A.S.S.E.S.

A TOO COMMON CASE OF DISTRESS.

MR. PUNCH,

ALLOW me to call your attention to a case of distress which at this festive season stands in strong contrast with the comfort which it is in the power of opulence to command.

I was summoned yesterday to attend a patient residing not a hundred miles from a house in a highly fashionable district. I found him lying on the floor in a state of extreme depression, with the veins of his temples much swollen, and a face nearly purple, especially about the extremity of its most prominent feature—the nasal protuberance. His eyes, as visible through their half-closed lids, were much suffused, and he could not completely open them. I cannot say that he was sensible when aroused, but he was so far from absolute unconsciousness as to be able to give an inarticulate answer to the questions I put to him. He intimated that his head ached very badly, and I understood him to say that he felt "deuced queer." He groaned heavily. There was considerable distension of the abdomen. The respiration was difficult, almost stertorous; the pulse labouring. He was evidently much distressed.

This, Sir, was a case of distress among the rich. This gentleman's wife told me that he had eaten four meals a day for a week, partaking to excess of all the delicacies of the season, and a great many other things besides. He had consumed roast beef, turkey, sausages, and mince-pies, enough to have sustained twelve labouring men; and he had taken no exercise. Withal he had drunk his three bottles of wine daily, besides beer.

Ought not those of us whose circumstances preclude over-indulgence in eating and drinking, to go forth among the mansions of the luxurious classes, and endeavour to get admission to their tables, so as to teach them, by that example which is worth all precept, that moderation in the enjoyment of good things which our less fortunate position has forced us habitually to practise?

Not wishing to puff myself as a professional man, I refrain from detailing the medical treatment I adopted in this case of real distress, which it completely relieved; and will only add that I am, &c.,

BROWN JOHNSON, M.D., F.R.C.S.

100A, Crackville Street, Corner House, next door to Bloter's Hotel.

in more legible characters than those in which they have so written down themselves.

Shrewsbury cakes have a local celebrity. It is, no doubt, in compliment to the town's staple manufacture that the LORD CHANCELLOR has elevated the richest and softest batch of Shrewsbury cakes to the Bench of that ancient borough.

On a Late Removal.

To Florence they have moved the Kingdom's seat:
Say, then, Italia! is thy wish complete?
The tide that by those stately walls doth flow,
Could it but frame the sounds, would sigh ah, no! (Arno).

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT DONATO!

It is not generally known that DONATO, the one-legged dancer, has six toes. One is at the end of his name, and with the other five he performs his graceful evolutions.

English History.

OBLIGE us by mentioning what person, judging from his name, is likely to have been a rather fishy British Statesman?
Probably Go-dolphin.

LINCOLN TO HIS ARMY.

OUR noble soldiers, please to understand,
Canada ain't, at present, Dix's Land.

AN AMERICANISM FOR ITALY.

SITUATION of the POPE.—Non *Possum*-us up a gum-tree.

L'ONGLAY A PARRY.*

BALLARD.



U NG mattang, j'etty dong Paree,
Ay trister, je regardy
Le purple kee se promenay
Le long dew Bullyvardy.

Je fumy ay je ravy, may
Partoo l'onwee se trouvy;
Avec une petty tube de pyle
De tongs ong tong, je buvy.

Assee devong le caffy, donc,
Je buvy ay je fumy,
Ay j'admiray le joly mond,
Les elegong costumy.

Tongtô, c'était ung deputay
Lisong le Charryvary;
Tongtote une dam de kalitay
Kee sortay song song marry.

Epwee day fam de tute espayce
Ong tray grand varietty—
Des actreece, ay day fam dew mond,
Day bonn, ay day grisetty:

Kelks etty june, kelks etty viell,
Ay kelks, nee l'ung nee l'oty;
May tutes avvy l'air contong d'ellmaym—
Ay le reste avvy tute lâ beautay.

Epwee Messiew les Etudiong,
Tray sal, ay tray mal painyay,
Ay kee sortay de n'amport oo,
(Excepty de se bainyay).

Tongtote oon belle voiture, epwee
Une villang viel fiark, ay
Ung Mossou, faisong sauty song
Cheval, poor ayt remarkay.

Epwee, partoo des militaires!
O tempora! O mores!
Kelks etty view, kelks etty june,
May tutes etay decory.

Ongfang le Pranks Ampayrial,
Song pair, ay tute sâ sweeter,
Assee sewer une bong petty cheval
Kee n'ally par trô veeter.

Kong sudang, s'offrit à may ziew,
Croisong de l'oter coty,
Ung pair, une mair, une belle june feel,
De may compatrioty.

Lâ mair avay day blongs chevew,
Lâ pheel, day chevew dory;
Le pair n'ong avvy pardertoo,
Ay parissay sc bory.†

Le pair portay song pairaplwee,
Lâ mair say jewpongs porty:
Lâ pheel ne porty reangdertoo
Elle avait ung escorty.

Car, plang d'amoor, a côté d'elle
Etait ung tray distangy
O, hang it! what's the French for "swell?"
And what's the rhyme for "angy?"

Elle sombly bowkoo aymay lwee;
Il parissay s'adory!
O fortunatos nimum
Si sua bona nôri(nt)!

Hay biang, cette coople amoroo,
Ke tute le mond regardy,
Etay plew bel ke tute le mond
Sewer tute la Bullyvardy.



Ay cette viell mair, ay cet view pair
Etay plew respectarble
Ke presker tute les abitongs
De cette grond veal dew diarble.

Alors, je pongsay a lâ pheel
(Ay bowkoo je regretty)
Ke j'avvy laissy dairyair mwaw
(Portong le nong de BETTY).

Au souvenir de mâ sheree,
May pulsationg se hâty;
L'amoor saccray de lâ patree
Causay mong cure de batty.

Appelay veeter le garson,
Ay dear: "Combiang ça couty?"
Ay donny der soo poor lweemaym
C'est l'affaire d'une minuty.

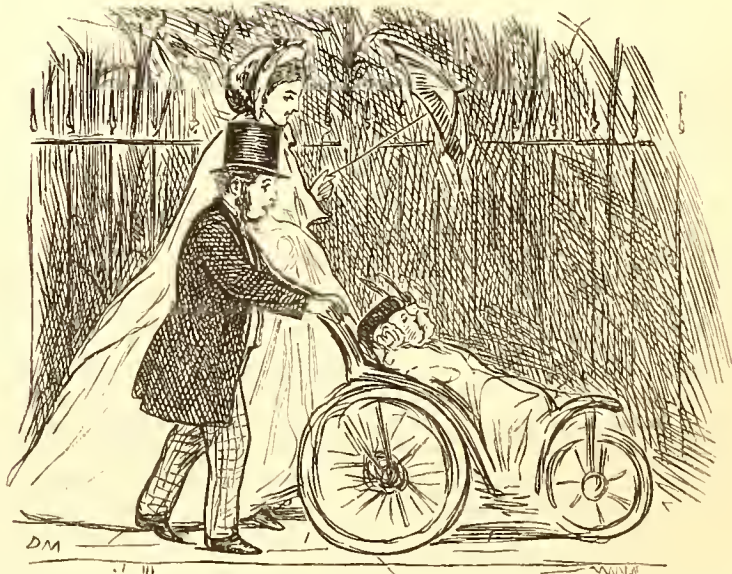
Payay lâ note exorbitong
A l'homme oo je demuray—
Pronder le Shmang-de-fair-dew-Nord—
C'est l'affaire d'ung card'ury.

Aprays oon tray grossiay passarge
Ay tute malard ke j'etty,
Je coury met mong pover cure
Aux pover piay de BETTY.

"Oh vullyvoosayter mông chair fam?
Oh vullyvoosayt? repondy!"
Ay sâ reponse affirmateeve,
C'est l'affaire d'une secondy!

Car BETTY, c'etty une see bonne pheel!
Lâ meillewer pheel dew monder!
Ay BETTY, c'etty lâ plew belle pham
De Bloomsbury, à Londer!

Ne soyydonepar bowkoo sewerprees,
See voo voyay parayer
2 jollypettygarsons dew maim ârge
Dongs 1 perambulator.



"A LEG UP."

THE success of SIGNOR DONATO causes us to make the following suggestion to the Opera Company Limited. There is many a poor disabled soldier who, having been in his younger days considered as one armed, can now, alas! only be looked upon as one-legged, and who, being unable either to enter the body of Commissionnaires or Chelsea Hospital, is, for the space of three years, kept alive by the sixpence-a-day generosity of a grateful country. Now, could not these honest fellows be utilised in a ballet to support DONATO, and, what is more to the purpose, support themselves? Come, Limited Company, just turn the matter over in your Limited Company's mind. We would suggest a marine subject for the ballet. Call it "*The Limpets; or, Go it, ye Cripples.*" The management might make a large fortune out of this notion, and would only have to go to a little legstra expense.

* Our contributor has informed us that some of his French poems (including, we believe, this one) have lately been declined, with thanks, by the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and other French periodicals. This may perhaps account for the slightly bitter tone of his muso towards our lively neighbours.

† *Se borer* is not French—*s'ennuyer* is the correct expression.—Ed.

ANTI EVERYTHING SOCIETIES.



An Anti-Spice Society, established on the principle that ginger shall not be hot in the mouth.

An Anti-Butter Society.

An Anti-Cheese Society.

An Anti-Soap-and-Water Society.

THE existence of an Anti-Tobacco Society, in addition to a sect of Vegetarians and a United Kingdom Alliance against fermented liquors, attests the working of a principle whose progressive operation may produce still further evidences of the fussy impertinence of restless and officious noodles. We may expect soon to be pestered with—

An Anti-Tea Society.

An Anti-Coffee Society.

An Anti-Vinegar and Pepper Society.

An Anti-Mustard Society.

An Anti-Lollipop Society, affiliated to the Band of Hope.

An Anti-Music Society.
An Anti-Dancing Society.
An Anti-Theatrical Society.
An Anti-Social Society.
An Anti-Tales-of-Fiction Society.
An Anti-Croquet Society.
An Anti-Whist Society.
An Anti-Chess Society.
An Anti-Cricket Society.
An Anti-Yachting Society.
An Anti-Shooting Society.
An Anti-Fishing Society.
An Anti-Hunting Society.
An Anti-Dog-and-Cat Society.
An Anti-Matrimonial Society, and
An Antimonial Society. And, if that should not be enough to make all rational people sick of Anti Societies, An Anti-Punch Society, to consist of all the quacks, and humbugs, and blackguards, and asses, and curmudgeons on the face of the earth.

Pam on the Three Rs.

PEOPLE wonder that LORD PALMERSTON, after so long a life, spent almost exclusively in the highest branches of the Civil Service of his country, should be as emphatic on the importance of a legible handwriting, and a mastery of the first rules of arithmetic as if he had been made sensible that these things are generally neglected.

They forget his painful experience in Government Offices.

A NEW ARM OF THE SERVICE.

A NOVEL Corps is about to be added to the gallant Volunteers who have formed to defend, if necessary, their native land. It will be embodied under the name of The Beer Engineers, and will be trained to the performance of a special service in the defence of the Public.

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAP. VI.—THE LIGHT COMEDIAN.

THE Actor who embarks in this line of business will, of course, bear in mind, that though his usual characters will be the Fops and Swells of the past and present, he is not to consider himself bound to study the actual manners of that class of persons in real life.

To require this would be to restrict this line of business to persons who by birth and education themselves belong to that class, or have by circumstances been brought in contact with it.

This would be impossible; and, if possible, intolerable. We should gain nothing by it but the insupportable monotony of good-breeding, the dulness of which is so often complained of in real life. Instead of this, the tradition of the stage has preserved for us a volatile, brisk, easy rattle, as unlike the actual Swell of this or any period, as champagne is unlike small beer. Both the light comedian and the champagne are artificial, but how exhilarating!

Always speak at a gallop; and acquire the art of running your words off the tongue distinctly, without punctuation, emphasis, or pause for breath. The lightness of your comedy depends mainly on the quantity of "lengths" you can cover in a given time. "Pace" must, therefore, be the first point in your estimation: emphasis, character, emotion, and so forth, are out of your range, and should be avoided. Indeed you will do well never to allow *any* feeling whatever to be introduced into your part if you can keep it out. If it is there, make as little of it as possible, or even "guy it" (*i.e.* make it ridiculous), to use an expressive technicality of the green-room. Light comedy parts ought not to be weighted with anything approaching to "the heavy;" and if the Author forget himself so far as to mix up things so discordant, it is the Actor's duty to correct his mistake.

In this, as in so many points, the example of SHAKESPEARE has been mischievous to the Dramatist and injurious to the Actor, by its apparent sanction of the blending of incongruities.

Never enter a room by a door, if there is a French window. If the author have neglected to provide an appropriate opportunity for such an entry, see that the stage arrangement is altered so as to admit of it.

Always come into a room with your hat on, and keep it on, till you can find an opportunity of putting it down somewhere. You may often get an effect out of this, by choosing a bust, or some other comical rest for your "tile." There is nothing more embarrassing than a hat held in the hand.

Never pause to salute ladies, or the gentlemen who may be in the room you are entering. It takes time and looks ceremonious.

Be jaunty and familiar in your manner with soubrettes and waiting-

maids: chuck them under the chin, call them "my dear," kiss them, and offer them money. These things are not done now, but they probably were done in those livelier times, when our standard of stage manners was settled. No doubt these manners were originally taken from real life, and being found suitable for the stage, have survived there, after dying out in Society. This is the very best reason for your sticking to them.

Never sit straight in a chair; turn its back to the audience, and cross your arms atop of it. Sitting on the table, also, will be found effective, and will enable you to swing your legs in a *déagé* and stage-gentleman-like manner.

Slap your friends on the shoulder, in speaking to them, and poke elderly persons in the ribs. These are more of those valuable relics of a former state of manners, which have been happily preserved for us in the matrix of stage-tradition, as the *ichthyosauri* and *pterodactyls* in the lias and oolite of the geologist. The stage is, indeed, little but an accretion of fossilised manners; and it is your duty to deal with these records of extinct usage as reverently as PROFESSOR OWEN would handle a fossil of the Stonesfield slate, or an Elephant's tusk from the Norwich mud.

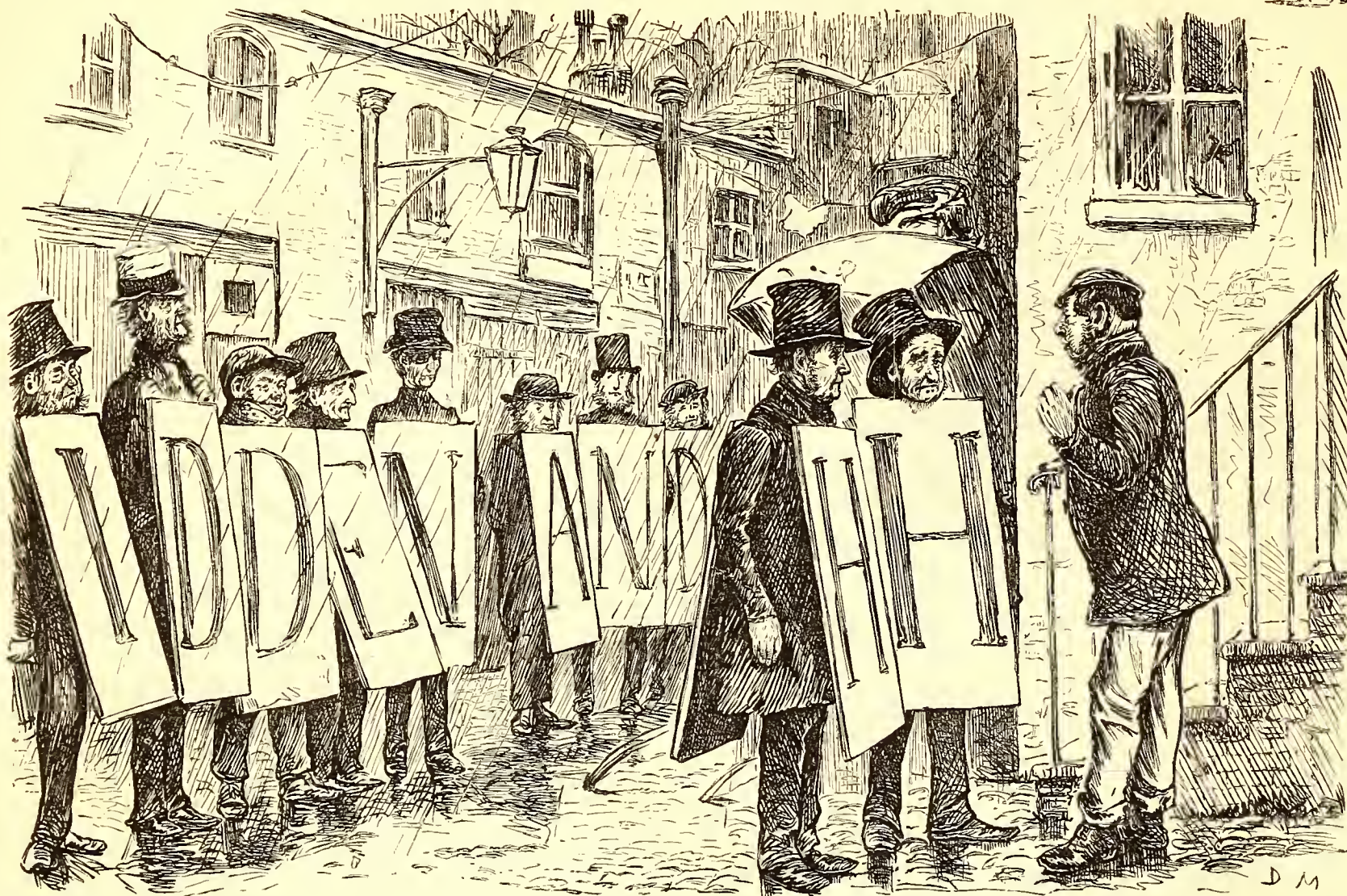
Let your dress be as light and as loud as possible. Wear white hats in preference to black. Enamelled boots are indispensable on all occasions. Never mind, whether you are supposed to be in evening, walking, or shooting dress. *You* know you have only come from your dressing-room; and "appearance" should be the light comedian's first law. For the same reason, lavender or straw-coloured gloves should always be worn.

Wrist-bands turned back over the coat-cuffs have a good effect, and may be worn independently of the shirt. Trousers tightly strapped over the boot, too, have a smart and jaunty appearance, and both have the great recommendation of having now disappeared from real life.

An easy run should be cultivated. It will get you over the stage faster than walking, is not "realistic," and looks light.

You cannot be expected always to preserve "buoyancy" of feeling in your performance. For this reason it is important to have at your command every little art of voice, limb and manner which *looks* light, jaunty, and free and easy.

A distinguished light comedian of the present day, who carries these happy resources of his art to their highest perfection—not MR. CHARLES MATHEWS, who, I grieve to say, is always degenerating into the manners of real life—once said to *Mr. Punch*, in complaining of a brother light comedian who had dressed a part in clothes that might have been worn by any young Swell of the day, "Had I played the part, Sir, I should have worn a waistcoat like a volcano, and a cravat like a cataract." So well did he understand the true laws of light comedy costume.



POOR LETTER H.

Tout Contractor (who has been paid a Shilling per Man, and sees his way to a little extra profit). "NOW, LOOK 'ERE, YOU TWO H's! THE PUBLIC DON'T WANT YER—NOR I DON'T, NOR NOBODY DON'T; SO JIST DROP THEM BOARDS, AND THEN 'OOK IT!"

THE BULL-FIGHTER OF FRANCE.

SPOKE CHARLES LOUIS THIRD NAPOLEON to his lady standing by,
"Arch not that swan-neck in anger, dash the tear-drop from thine eye.
I am armed, and bent on mischief; of that Priest I've got the pull,
And I'll teach him to consider ere he sends another Bull.

"Thou and I have sat together gazing down upon the strife,
Gazing where the bull and charger bleed away their forfeit life.
Now 'tis mine to fight the maddest Bull a POPE has dared produce,
And with simultaneous action I shall cook the Papal goose.

"Vauntful of his Scarlet Lady, that old humbug dares to say
France in choosing Kings has wandered from the Roman faith away:
Kings are things of right divinest, not for mortal votes to choose—
This to me, the Millions' Chosen—he shall shiver in his shoes.

"He has launched his Bull against me—in the dust it shall be laid—
In its backbone's inmost marrow I will sheathe a griding blade:
He has bid the Bishops thunder—and I answer with the law—
I will clap the sternest stopper on each Prelate's saintly jaw.

"This he dares to call an Error—this he gives the Church's ban,
'That the right to smite ill rulers is the sacred Right of Man.'
He'd be smitten, if I had not, scorning to do things by halves,
Backed the old ungrateful beggar with my baggy-trousered Zouaves.

"Look not sad, my lovely lady, rather help to deck my lance,
For the battle I am giving is for thee, our child, and France—
He'd deprive thee of a title dearer far to thee than life—
If The Elected's an Impostor—graceful Consort, what's his wife?

"Therefore give thy kiss and blessing, in the dust his Bull shall roll,
On the crimson sword of justice sputtering out its bigot soul:
While I keep the Holy Vicar safely in St. Peter's bed,
He shall keep a civil tongue, love, in his old but foolish head."

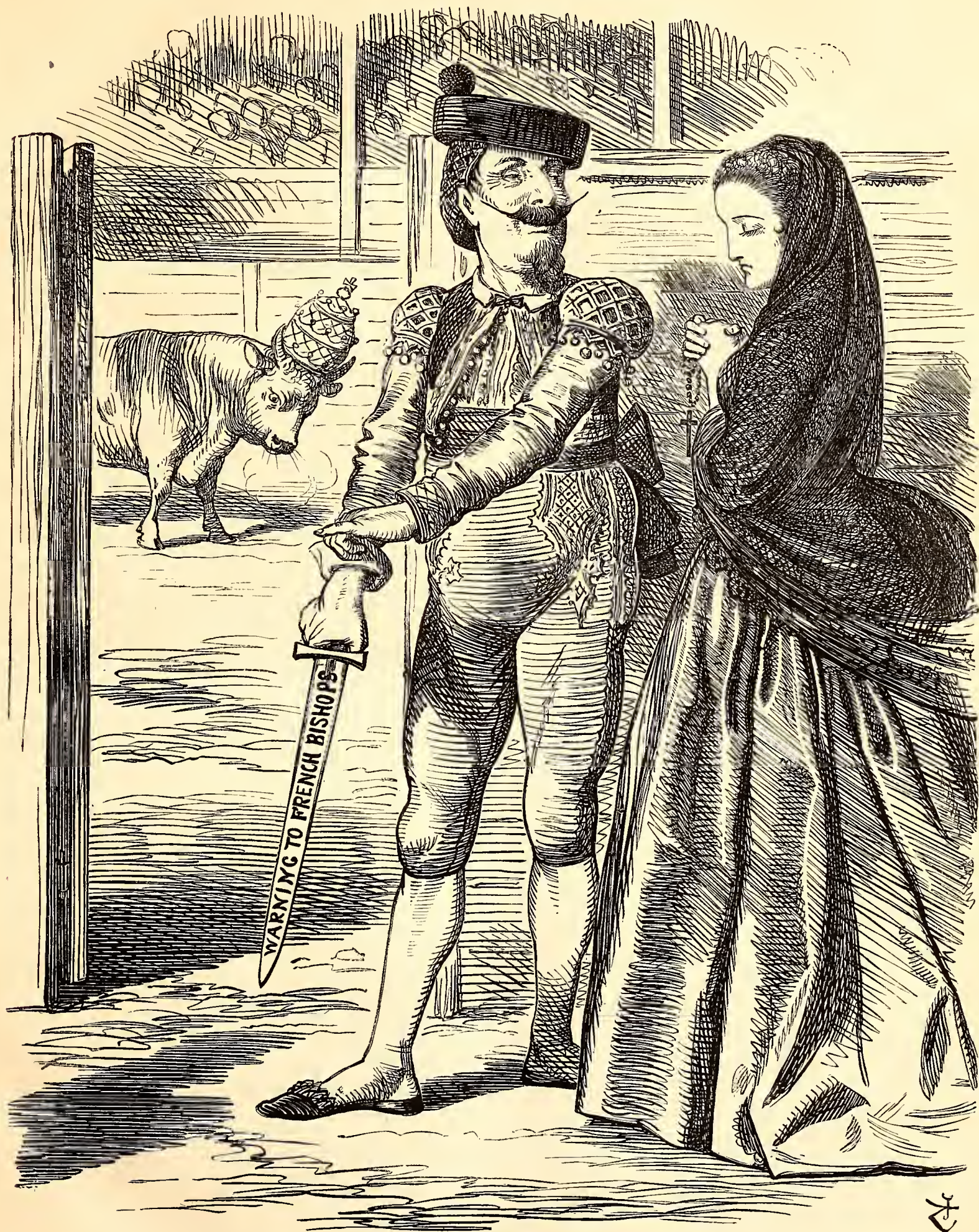
So replied C. L. NAPOLEON unto Europe's fairest Queen;
How she answered needs not mention—say she whispered, "All serene:"
Then he rushed to the arena, Europe cheered him to the fray,
Toby wished he were a bull-dog, and his Master cried Hooray!

A GOOD WORD FOR A GOOD WORK.

A HARDWORKER himself, *Mr. Punch* admires hard work in others; and he specially admires the hard work which is done as a matter of amusement, and in the hours of leisure. This *Mr. Punch* most likes to see, because it shows him that the worker is not overworked in his business avocations, but has both brain and muscle ready for whatever extra labour he may happen to delight in. Thus *Mr. Punch* admires the *Homer* of his noble friend LORD DERBY, a work perfected in the leisure of a statesman out of office, which leisure might have been less profitably used. Other samples of such leisure-labour have been shown with great success in the industrial exhibitions which have recently been held in both the South and North of London, and *Mr. Punch* is glad to see that further specimens are promised for public exhibition in both the East and West. When it is known that these displays have *Mr. Punch's* thorough sanction and his fullest approbation, of course there will not be a shade of fear lest they should fail. Every one will take a pride in helping that which *Mr. Punch* considers a good work, and worthy to be helped. Industrial exhibitions will become so vastly fashionable that the idlest of the idlers at the West End will contribute to them with as much zeal as the hardest of the workers at the East.

Lex Talionis.

WHEN the celebrated DONATO arrived in Town he found himself the subject of legal proceedings. Somebody, who ought to have known but didn't, informed us that his dancing was against the law. "What law?" we asked. "What law?" says our friend, "why the *Legs Taglioni's*, of course."



THE IMPERIAL BULL-FIGHTER.

L. Nap. "YOU ARE FOND OF BULL-FIGHTING, MY EUGÉNIE. YOU SHALL SEE ME GIVE OUR PAPAL FRIEND YONDER THE *COUP DE GRACE*."



THE VICTIM OF FICTION.

Being passages from the Diary of a young Gentleman in the Law, who is a confirmed reader of Novels, and nothing else.

Monday Night.—"I shall not return." Such were my words as I closed the street door behind me this morning. "Are they ominous?" I meant only that I should not return until night, but what if some fatal event should fulfil them, and they should be evidence on the coroner's inquest!" So I pondered, as I went to the omnibus. But I am home again. Next me sat a well-dressed man, with white hair. He murmured at the slowness of the vehicle. His smile was kindly, but that was probably hypocritical. He was doubtless eager to take up some bill he had forged, and thus prevent the crime from being detected. To the office of MR. ASPHODEL, the Governor. How wearisome and pettifogging were the daily details of a lawyer's clerk's life until I learned to look at them in the lurid light shed by knowledge of the world! Now the Governor's Attendance-Book is one long romance. He gave me instructions to draw a certain marriage settlement. I will note no name save in cipher. I believe that Miss KLGGBSNG hates CAPTAIN GRRLLGMB, and has a concealed passion for her guardian. LORD ARRWGGBNX, who brought her to our place. I saw a look which spoke volumes. When I witness her signature, I will try to test this. MR. JOLLIFIELD brought his father's will for us to get it proved. The water-mark betrays nothing, and the whole looks fair, but there was a furtive expression about his eye as he told the Governor to lock it up. *Note.* The latter asked for the key of our strong room, and did not return it. Will he be there to-night—is he there now, when all of us are gone—and why? I was last to leave. I wish I had tied a thread across the door. Reading in bed till 2 A.M.

Tuesday Night.—MRS. SMILER, who with her husband are fellow-boarders here, was most attentive to her husband this morning, insisted on arranging his neck-scarf before he went out, and took out a pin which she declared was ugly, putting in another. But she did not kiss him—only laughed a merry Good-bye. *Was that pin to be a signal to some one whom he would meet?* Such things are common. Office. ASPHODEL returned the key, and said he forgot to do so overnight. He is not one who commonly forgets, especially any trumpery blunder in detail which you may make when your mind is excited with sensations of which his cold heart knows nothing. My friend and companion in my room, BOB CHOWPER, very grave to-day. Would not talk, declaring that he had a heavy case to master. This idle excuse did not serve with me; but I said nothing. Has he committed some crime? He has refused more than once to go to the theatre with me. I must look at the playbills, and see whether the pieces I proposed to see were of a kind to act upon his conscience. Watched him writing a letter, which he locked up. Why did he not put it into our box, to be called for, like other letters? But I will never betray him. Reading as usual till nearly 3.

Wednesday Night.—Called to-day, in Half Moon Street, to read the proposed marriage settlement to the parties. Miss KLGGBSNG was very amusing, chatted gaily with her fiancé, and even made fun of some of our law terms. This must be assumed—is it natural to a young girl within a fortnight of so awful a step as matrimony? His Lordship was not there. Probably he has not her power of self-command, and could not bear to see his rival's apparent happiness. The REVEREND MR. CLIPPER came, and got the Governor to give him a cheque for £200. Yet MR. C. is rich, and his bankers are in the next street but two. I have heard that before his marriage he was much admired by ladies—is there some dark mystery, and MRS. CLIPPER not to see the entry in the banker's book? MR. SPRIGGINGS called, and the Governor managed to go out without seeing him. Why was this? There are three boxes of deeds in the strong room, marked with S.'s name. *I will offer to index the contents.* MRS. BKLLJVBXTT called, and the porter said that she went away in tears. ASPHODEL can be very brutal when he likes—he has said coarse things to me when I have forgotten to write what he called important letters. Read till 2'35, when I fell asleep, and the candle burnt out in socket. No harm done, except tallow all over the bolster. Gave ANNE a shilling to manage that her mistress should not know. She promised to put my bolster on some one else's bed, and give me his. This girl makes me shudder. In what region of crime could she have been taught such subtle craft? Has she ever had part in a murder? I will watch her.

Thursday Night.—A letter for MRS. SMILER, at breakfast. He asked whom it was from. She laughed, and told him to mind his own business. And that could throw him off the scent—that assumption of innocent fun! I will never wed—I know women too well. She told him that she was going to her dressmaker's. The fool pretended to fasten up his purse, determinately, as if warning her against extravagance. And then she laughed again. Well she might. My eye was on her, and she looked foolish. But it is no business of mine. The office. DR. SPIDERWORT called, and I, having to go in to speak to the Governor, heard them talking about life-assurance. They stopped when I entered, and the doctor put something into his pocket. We have heard of medical men hastening the payment of sums assured—and how it

has been done. What was in that packet, or whatever DR. S. pocketed? I had a suspicion flash across me to-night that this diary is seen by other eyes than my own. ANNE gave a strange glance when she handed me my candlestick: a grin I should have understood, but this was more mysterious. I have taken means to ascertain whether my lock is tampered with. Whoever you are, who are clandestinely reading this, you are betrayed! Could not read to-night for thinking of my stratagem.

Friday Night.—A most unpleasant circumstance. SMILER came down early, and finding me alone, said he had wanted to speak to me. I prepared myself to be his confidant, when he intimated that if I stared any more, in an offensive manner, at his wife, he would pull my nose off. I smiled sarcastically, knowing what I knew; but no more passed. Walked into town. A Frenchman accosted me, and in his own language asked me the way to the French Embassy. I had forgotten where it was, and expressed my regret. He smiled in a melancholy way, and said that he had suddenly arrived, and was without English money, but it did not matter—and he was sure, as I spoke French so beautifully, I should understand his feelings. I begged him, with apologies, to accept half-a-crown for a cab. He took it. But I felt it my duty to write a full and exact account of what I had done (describing the person), and send it to the French Embassy, as this man may be dangerous. Office. Asked the Governor whether I should index SPRIGGINGS's papers. *He abruptly told me to get on with the work I had already in hand.* This confirms my suspicions. I forgot my precautions about this diary, and cannot tell to-night whether it has been touched. But I will take it away, and keep it at the office. Casually asked ANNE what she thought of BLOGGS, who is now being tried, and she said she hoped he would be hung. A female heart hardened against mercy, and a female hypocrite, affecting indignation against crime! I now believe that she took my new and unused ivory toothbrush. Read till 1'45.

Saturday Night.—Write at the office, all the clerks gone. Our house disgusting this day. MRS. SMILER has a baby, and SMILER rampaging about the premises in ecstasy—would shake hands with me, and make me take wine—was sure I had meant nothing rude, but ladies require extra humouring at times—invited me to the christening—a joyous beast. The old gentleman with white hair, whom I saw in the omnibus, and suspected of forgery, came, and turns out to be MRS. SMILER's uncle, as rich as CRÆSUS—godfather, of course. Got away from their sentimentalities, and to the office. Large letter from the French Embassy, stating that the man I had relieved was a notorious street beggar, who plundered foolish persons by complimenting them on their French. BOB CHOWPER radiant; slapped my back in a coarse manner, and told me that he was a father, that he had been uneasy about MRS. C. all the week, but that now all was glorious, and I should come to the christening. I answered rather coldly, on which he roared, and told me to marry, and see how I liked it. I marry! I have read too much for that. But a further astonishment awaited me. DR. SPIDERWORT came in, and not finding the Governor, looked into my room, and told me I should be happy to hear that MRS. ASPHODEL had got a fine boy, and was going on capitally. And as I looked, he said, a judge of pretty things, he showed me a Dagmar brooch which he was going to present to her, because ASPHODEL, like a pertinacious fellow, had insisted on paying him a fee. *It was the very packet I had seen him hide!* Presently in came the Governor, as pleased as Punch, and sends me off to MRS. B—, bother, no use in ciphers now, MRS. WEEPINGWILL, to say, with his love, that he had got both her boys into the War Office; and when I told her she cried, and said he was the best man in the world, and that she should never forget his kindness last Wednesday. Seems I took a wrong view. Have to hurry up my entries, as that brute the porter wants to shut up. Ask him why he is in such a hurry. Says his missis has been confined to-day, and he naturally wants to be at home. I should have thought the reverse; but these creatures have no sensitiveness. So close in a hurry.

The remaining entry is in the handwriting of MR. ASPHODEL.

"The donkey who wrote the above has left me some months, and I find this stuck in an unfinished document that was discovered in his drawer, amid a detestable litter. For his further information, if he receives this by post, I may state that the marriage he mentions was a love-match, and most happy, and Miss KLGGBSNG, now MRS. GRRLLGMB, has just had a beautiful baby, who is called after LORD ARRWGGBNX. That MR. JOLLIFIELD was the most dutiful of sons to the kindest of fathers, and that the will, though perfectly regular, has not yet consoled him for the loss of his parent. That I, who was so unfortunate as to incur my clerk's suspicions, by wanting the key of my own safe, merely wished to stow away £200 in notes, which my client, the REV. MR. CLIPPER, had received from his wife, who had saved the money for a purpose which does not concern my clerk, but there was no wickedness in it. That I did see MR. SPRIGGINGS on the Wednesday, for, as arranged, he came round and met me at the front door, and we lunched at the Gray's Inn Coffee-house. And lastly, that if he had imitated the conduct of MR. CHOWPER, or even of poor, honest EDWARD the porter, I should not have had to tell ANNE (evidently a

good girl, but vulgar) when she came, by orders, to inquire after a missing lodger, who owed much rent, that he had absented himself for three weeks without leave, and with certain office moneys, which I have forgiven him. So that out of all the persons mentioned in his precious diary, he himself is the only hero and Victim of Fiction."



MERCENARY—RATHER!

Lady Olivia Lookout. "DON'T YOU SOMETIMES LIKE TO HAVE LETTERS FROM HOME—ENGLAND, I MEAN?"

Attaché. "OH! YES; LETTERS OF CREDIT."

[*Olivia is disgusted.*]

NOTES ON THE PAPAL BULL.

THE Bull of the POPE does not seem very likely to prevail upon Europa.

For a red-hot roaring Bull, the Bull of PHALARIS was nothing to the Pope's Bull.

Is not the POPE's Bull speculation rather likely to bear the market for Popery?

The Bull just turned loose by the POPE is not unlikely to toss reasonable people over the pale of the Church.

If the POPE lives, he will perhaps send his next Bull to a Cattle Show, which, of course, will be that of the Smithfield Club.

Can the Successor of PETER expect that his Bull will bring into his treasury an increase of Peter's Pence convertible into any large amount of bullion?

To be sure it may be argued by some captious people that the Encyclical Letter which has just been put forth by the Holy Father is not properly called a Bull; but everybody possessed of common sense must see that it is about the greatest Bull that was ever made.

A SAFE MAN.

REMARKING on the archiepiscopate of Canterbury, a writer in the *Post* says that:—

"In the present day the position has lost nothing of its social importance, ecclesiastical power, moral greatness, and peril."

On consideration, the author of the above sentence will withdraw the word "peril." In these days the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY would be in no danger of being burned if he were to turn Quaker. Indeed, should his Grace the Primate of All England think fit to join the Society of Friends, or even the Mormons, there would be very considerable difficulty in getting anything done to him.

JOHN BRIGHT AT HIS DEVOTIONS.

(See Report of his Speech at the Opening of the Birmingham Exchange.)

So grudgingly you praise, JOHN,
So seldom you approve,
So combative your ways, JOHN,
Your wrath so quick to move:
A man of peace in name, JOHN,
In fact a man of war,
E'en eloquence in blame, JOHN,
You've proved might be a bore.

With joy the proof I hail, JOHN,
That you your mouth can ope
To applaud instead of rail, JOHN,
And vitriol change for soap:
When to soft west from hard east, JOHN,
You veer, for friendly Brums,
And crown their civic feast, JOHN,
With a rain of sugar-plums.

With amazement I beheld, JOHN,
You on your marrow-bones,
And heard your voice impelled, JOHN,
To breathe in dulcet tones.
But less surprised I felt, JOHN,
When I found, the while you prayed,
That in Mammon's shrine you knelt, JOHN,
And your pæan was to Trade.

You sang how all that's good, JOHN,
Has its roots in L. S. D.,
How therein Arts find their food, JOHN,
And Letters their *appui*.
How Statesman, Soldier, King, JOHN,
Grow smaller and more small
As the Trader, in his swing, JOHN,
Drives all three to the wall.

How the yard-wand is the mete, JOHN,
That must rule o'er land and sea;
And Avoir-du-pois the weight, JOHN,
Must Earth's "*mene tekél*" be.
How a nation's loss and gain, JOHN,
In its bankers' balance shines;
How BRITANNIA rules the main, JOHN,
But 'tis with ledger lines.

How for her might, if just, JOHN,
She's her merchantmen to thank,
How her powder's devil's-dust, JOHN,
Her shot, that in the Bank:
How by the self-same skill, JOHN,
That Old England raised to sway,
Not by broadside, but by bill, JOHN,
Young England makes her way.

How Arms are in the hole, JOHN,
As Trade is coming up:
How for Warfare's bloody bowl, JOHN,
We've Traffic's loving-cup.
How a blessed band of brothers, JOHN,
In credits intertwined,
Each man's need made another's, JOHN,
The world is growing kind.

I saw your incense rise, JOHN,
I heard you praise and pray:
But I couldn't shut my eyes, JOHN,
To your idol's feet of clay.
I saw its front of brass, JOHN,
I saw its iron hands
Still stretching to amass, JOHN,
Pactolus mud and sands.

I saw that of the good, JOHN,
Chained to Trade's chariot-wheel,
There's little that she would, JOHN,
Of the ill, less she can heal.
And as for cutting throats, JOHN,
When Traders take to *that*,
Just ask the Federal votes, JOHN,
If Trade's hands don't come pat.

Would I could see the proof, JOHN,
Of end to War's alarms,
With State from State aloof, JOHN,
Each with its host in arms.
If Traffic could be made, John,
The power you bid us see,
We'd change her name from Trade, JOHN,
To Christianitie.

ADVERTISING ATROCITIES.

WHERE, we wonder, will the mania for advertising stop? What new dodge will next be tried in puffery and posters! Here in England we hang out our advertising banners on our outer walls, and plaster flaring placards on the outsides of our omnibuses. Our railway stations are disfigured with big advertising placards, and the names of puffing tradesmen are chalked on our dead walls and painted on our pavements. Even in our pantomimes advertisements intrude; our harlequins do tricks whose sole aim is to puff, and here and there one sees a whole scene fitted with purely advertising notices. All this is bad enough, but there is far worse done in Canada, if we may trust what follows:—

"OUTRAGE ON NATURE.—The practice of defacing, with great advertisements, rocks, trees, and bridges, in spots visited for their remarkable beauty, is extending in Canada. A correspondent of the *Montreal Gazette* writes: 'This morning I find a circular among my letters, in which an advertising agent coolly proposes to deface the country in the most systematic manner, carrying with him "a corps of bill-posters, painters, &c., to put advertisements on the prominent rocks, bridges, and fences," which he designates as "the most novel as well as the cheapest way of advertising." Some of the loveliest glens and vales in the White Mountains and other parts of the States are barbarously disfigured with ineffaceable advertisements of quack medicines. A bill is to be introduced into the New York Legislature making this disgraceful practice penal.'

Penal! We should hope so. Such offences should be punished by the hardest of hard labour. To spoil the scenery of GRIEVE, BEVERLEY and TELBIN is mischievous enough, but what are to say of men who thus contract to spoil the scenery of Nature? The wretch who would deface a lovely view with a vile poster is a miscreant who would not shrink from any act of nature-slaughter. One might expect him to turn Mont Blanc into an ice-factory, or to utilise Niagara by making it a mill-stream.

Tourists tell us that the Catacombs are covered with inscriptions, and that the names of pill-mongers are painted on the Pyramids. Perhaps we soon may hear that the dome of St. Peter's has been placarded by quacks, or that cheap tailors have been painting their puffs upon the Tuileries. Even this, however, would not be so vile as the system of defacing a fine landscape with big placards, and we wish the Hammerdryads (if there be any of them extant) would just hammer at the heads of the contractors for such puffery until their brains be impressed with all the reverence for Nature which appears now to be wanting to them.

"WANTED, A WHITE SLAVE—CHEAP."

MR. PUNCH has seen a good many cool things in the way of advertisements for Governesses. But the following strikes him as *about* the coolest:—

GOVERNESS WANTED, near town, age about 25, a lady by birth, of refined habits, strict principles, Church of England, to instruct four children in good English, correct French, and music, and to teach them order and discipline. Salary, £30. It is desired that the lady should be active and cheerful, contented to live entirely in her own rooms, and if possible be absent from Saturday till Monday, unless left in charge. Apply, in person, at — Street, St. James's, this day (Monday), between 11 and 2.

What a happy country this should be, if ladies by birth, of refined habits, strict principles, able to teach four children good English, correct French, music—to say nothing of "order and discipline"—are so plentiful that they can be had for £30 a year! When this modest advertiser *was* about it, why did he not throw in, among his conditions, German, painting in oil and water-colour, singing, the rudiments of Latin, arithmetic, and algebra, the first six books of Euclid, and the use of the Globes?

But he is quite right in requiring the qualifications of cheerfulness and contentment, even without the suggested additions to his very moderate requirements. The lady who takes such a situation ought to be not only cheerful under circumstances to which the worst of *Mark Tapley's* were child's play, but contented with treatment which might rouse the patience of a saint.

There is only one set-off—she would have the prospect of "living entirely in her own rooms." This must be a decided comfort in the case of the insolent snobs who could put out such an advertisement.

The "absence—if possible—from Saturday to Monday," is an ingenious way of escaping the charges of the lady's maintenance on the Sunday, and the awkwardness of having her in the way on a day when we are apt to be especially reminded of our duty to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us.

MY LITTLE GAME.



IR,—It being the fashion now-a-days for noble sportsmen to furnish the principal journals with records of their prowess in the shooting-field, I am determined that your columns shall no longer be made conspicuous by the absence of such returns as aforesaid. I therefore hasten to send you the very loudest reports of our guns. Before setting down in order the list of game under their several heads, I will call your attention to the fact, that, in the accounts of these proceedings, generally appears the item 'various.' You will be told that SIR JOHN DE BRACY BYRDES, and party, bagged "eleven hundred head of game—pheasants, partridges, various."

They don't particularise. This is the error, which, as you will see, I have scrupulously avoided. I send you my card, and whenever you want a few days' shooting, drop a line to me.

Triggerham Priory.

Yours, according to COCKER.

ANNOTATED RETURNS.

Official Return of Game shot, at Triggerham Priory Estate, during the last few days. There were ten guns out; or, to make it clearer, we should say ten gentlemen with five breech-loaders a-piece, as the proprietor of the covers objected to their carrying any more than that number:—

Partridges 20

Note.—These were so thoroughly killed, that the Keepers could only find fifteen.

Pheasants 30

Note.—This number was sworn to after dinner by several gentlemen. It was rather dark when they were counted.

VARIOUS.

Squirrels 50

Note by a Short-sighted Gentleman.—Looked like birds in the distance.

Water-Hens 40

Jays 20

Cock-Robins 300

(Including, perhaps, some Jenny Wrens, but nobody knew.)

Nuthatches 100

(At least somebody said they were Nuthatches.)

Peacocks 2

(One being a Hen.)

Chickens 50

(By mistake—near the Farm.)

Californian Quails 15

N.B. An accident. These birds had been turned out on a neighbouring estate. Their owner valued them at five guineas each, and would take no apology without the money.

Tom-Tits 30

Note.—Stupid birds. Served 'em right.

Dogs 12

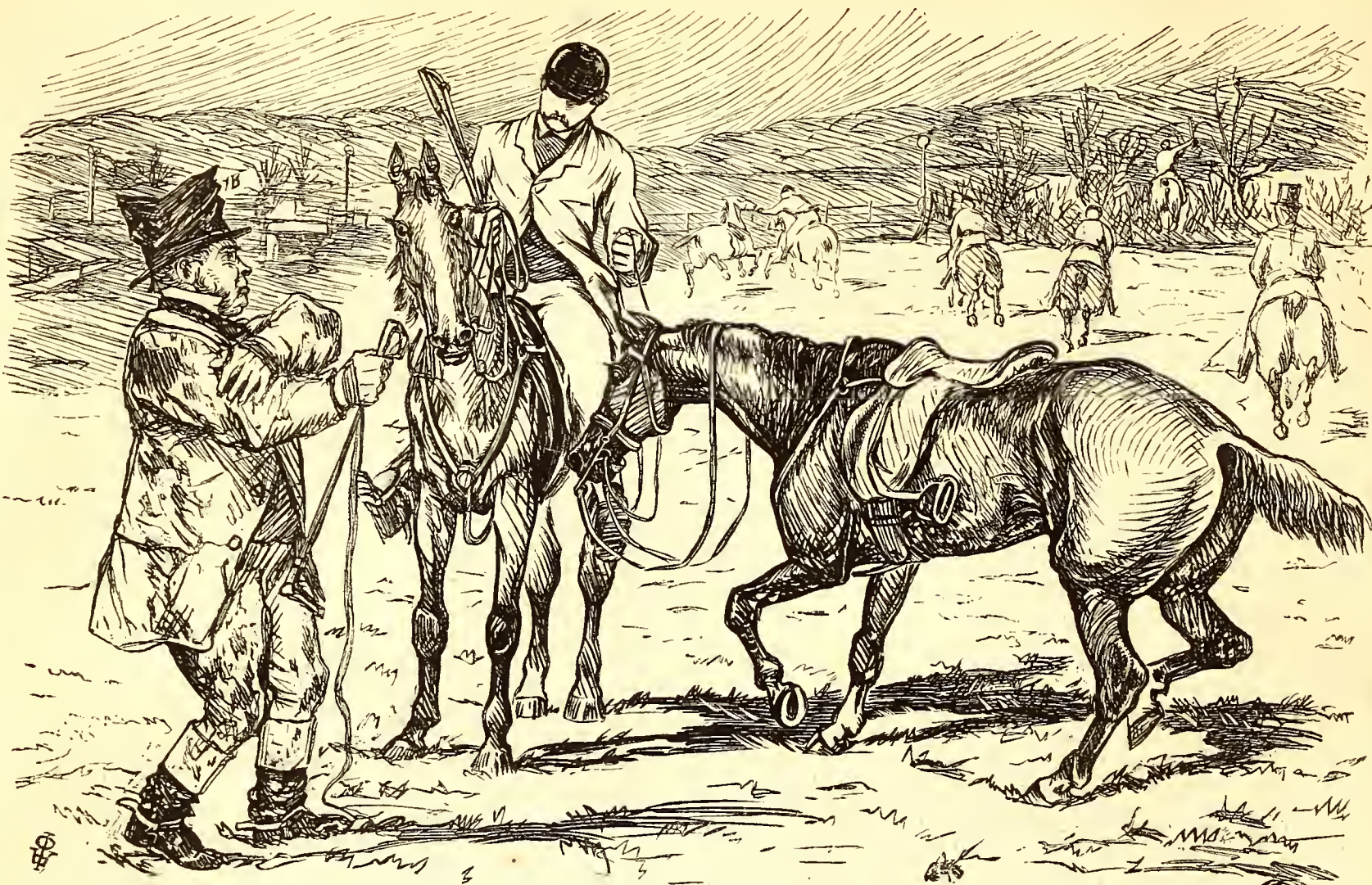
(That got in the way.)

Keeper and Boy (winged) 1½

N.B. Both claim compensation, and Boy's Mother came down in the evening, making a deuce of a row.

Total 670½

P.S. I can't recollect how we made up the number originally to fifteen thousand two hundred and twenty-three. I think I must have omitted something.—Yours, COCKER.



THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.

Hard Riding Cornet. "COME ALONG, SIR—JUMP UP—JUST WHAT I TOLD YOU ABOUT OUR COUNTRY, YOU SEE—GET OVER ANYWHERE WITH A FALL."

A MERRY CHRISTMAS IN A WORKHOUSE!

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—

READ this. I want to know wot you say to this here, Sir:—

"THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT AT THE POORHOUSE.—In our notice of this entertainment in our Wednesday's paper, we stated that the Christmas tree was given by MR. COUNCILLOR ROGERS. This should have been MR. ALDERMAN COLES."

The fact, as I expects to invite your hanimadversion, is that, by whomsoever given, a Christmas tree was actually interduced into a workus durin the Christmas of 1864. My scollardship ain't so pore but what I'm hable to say 1864 is a *hannus mirabilis*. But this languidge is too mild to ixpress the hindignation with which, as a British Beadle, I regards the allowance of sitch a unporochial hindulgence as a Christmas tree to them wicious paupers. A Christmas hentertainment in a workus, includin a Christmas tree! Wot next? I axes whilst I feels astonishment and fury a blazin in my dilated eyes and glowin in my puffed and purple cheeks. Wot next, Sir? Read on, *Mr. Punch*; it is the *Hampshire Independent* as contains the foregoin parrigraff; read on, Sir, and amost right hunderneath it your hire will be aggrywated by this hother astoundin peece of inflammation:—

"THE EBONY MINSTRELS AT THE WORKHOUSE.—On Thursday evening this company gave an entertainment to the inmates in a large room belonging to the boys' school, which was filled with a delighted audience of old and young. The performance was highly creditable to the gentlemen who took part in it, and will long be remembered by those for whose pleasur it was so generously given."

There, Sir! Nigger minstrels in a workus! That's the Southampton workus. Nigger minstrels! Agen I hax, wot next? Hoppera singers I spose, SENIOR MARY OH, and MAMSELLE PATTY and Wotsername. "*La Travyarter* in the workus. We ave mutch plesur in recordin the anouncement that the hoppera of *La Travyarter* was performed this Christmas in our workus hand afforded igh grattificashun to the delited hinmates." That's wot you'll sec peraps next yere in your Southampton contemporary; hand I apeel to you, Sir, can you conseave hanythink more demoralisin? I dare say they ad not honly as much roast beef and plum pudin in the Southampton workus as they cood heat, but halso

minspy, and no doubt but wot it'll hend on some iday and olliday with turtle and wenison. Christmas hentertainments, a Christmas tree, and Hethiopian Serrenaders in the Southampton workus! Flyin full in the face of porochial economy! Where do the Southampton Board of Guardians igspeckt to go to?

Sir, I am, &c.,

St. Pancridge's Place, 1865.

BUMBLE.

P.S. You'll take note this here is from me, BUMBLE the Beadle, and not MRS. BUMBLE, as peraps you would hincer from the creme of the letter in the poserip. Still lower down in the same colum as the foregoin you'll find these words:—

"SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—The following remarkably suitable text for this festive season was selected as the foundation of a discourse on Sunday evening last (being Christmas Day) by both the REV. H. H. CARLISLE, at Above Bar Chapel, and the REV. S. MARCH, at Albion Chapel:—Nehemiah, ch. viii. verse 10, 'Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared.'"

Like prechin like practis. 'Tis werry werry sad to see sitch hunporochial principals prevvelent at Southampton!

The Encyclical Letter.

December 8th, 1864.

"THE Roman Church," the Popes would neatly say,
"Is PETER's bark:" but we say something neater;
Henceforth the Letter, writ the other day
By the NINTH PIUS, is the Bark of PETER.

"EXTRA-ORDINARY REMEDY."

How to make your Hair grow.—Get up early in the morning and gently scrape your skin with a boot-jack.

HINT TO SCULPTORS.—A Lamb giving way to its feelings in a plaintive cry would be an excellent subject for a *Bas-relief*.



A RE-CONVERTED PERVERT.

NO. 1.—OUR CURATE SUDDENLY TAKES EXTREME VIEWS—AND THINKS HIS NEW STYLE OF DRESS WILL HAVE A WONDERFUL EFFECT.

NO. 2.—THE WONDERFUL EFFECT SHOWN. OUR CURATE THINKS THAT, ON THE WHOLE, THERE IS NOT MUCH IN SARTORIAL CHRISTIANITY.

A BIRD IN THE HAT.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,

A GREAT deal is said about the mission of Woman. In the opinion of the First NAPOLEON, Woman's mission consists in dressing and decorating herself, and trying to make herself look as pretty as she can. This view has much in it that is undeniable, but it is not quite true. If it were, Woman would have no mission after a certain age, when the attempt to look anything better than venerable is unsuccessful.

While, however, beauty lasts, it certainly is the mission of Woman to make the most of it. Fashionable novelties, therefore, which enhance the personal appearance of young ladies, can reasonably be objected to by none but those who have to pay for them without profiting by them; fathers who do not care about the looks of their daughters, or do not expect investment in their daughters' wardrobe to pay by procuring sons-in-law to take those young ladies off their hands.

Sir, I have no sympathy with such curmudgeons. I am glad of anything that vexes them. Therefore, I much approve of a sweet thing that has just turned up in hats. I mean girls' hats, of course. The sweet thing is a stuffed bird—the kingfisher generally; but I have also seen tropical birds of brilliant plumage in hats. Of course this sweet thing is expensive, but how very pretty it is, how becoming! Let surly old fellows abuse it and grumble at it—we youth laugh at them.

What I have to suggest is, that other zoological specimens besides kingfishers and tropical birds, should be used for the adornment of young ladies' hats. There are various British birds—goldfinches, chaffinches, greenfinches, bullfinches, yellowhammers, water-wagtails, and golden-crested wrens—that would do equally well for that purpose, and some of them better, for the kingfisher does not perhaps suit every complexion. It might become what I believe is called a brunette, but not perhaps what I think you term a blonde. But I say why should your daughters and your damsels limit themselves for ornaments of this description to the domain of ornithology? Why not travel farther afield into the animal kingdom? Rats and mice, small hedgehogs, bats, toads and frogs, lizards and snakes, might be mounted in the hat with

great effect. Such creatures, if not pretty in themselves, if indeed, simply considered, horrid things, are eligible for that very reason in some cases. A toad would not exactly sit gracefully on the head-dress of an elderly female, but squatting over the brow of youth and loveliness it would set off the beauty of the wearer by contrast. Let me, therefore, suggest the employment of reptiles and vermin for decorative purposes by all young ladies who feel, as probably most young ladies do, that they can afford, whether their parents can or no for them, to sport queer embellishments. And then we shall not have the most beautiful of all British birds extirpated, which would be a pity, even if the kingfishers were all sacrificed to a consideration so momentous as the trimming of a hat.

Deinotherium Club.

Sir, I am, &c., SMELFUNGUS.

BUONAPARTE'S GULL.

AN Ornithologist writes to the *Times* announcing that a specimen of Buonaparte's gull has been shot at Falmouth. He says this is the first known case of the bird being found in England. Two have been shot, it seems, in Ireland, and one in Scotland.

We are delighted to hear Buonaparte's gulls are such a rarity in these islands. The two Irish specimens were, no doubt, Fenian or Ultra-montane. Their rarity is the more remarkable here, considering that in France Buonaparte's gulls may be counted by millions, and have occasionally been shot there in great numbers, particularly on the 2nd of December, 1851.

A Derivation.

"WHY is this new dye called Aniline, dear Mr. Punch?" asked a charming young lady philosopher at a recent *conversazione*. "It is a word derived from anile, my love," was PROFESSOR PUNCH's reply, "and the meaning is, that when people grow anile, they ought to dye." "Dear old thing," said the young lady, "the older you grow, the wiser and wittier you get." "The child speaks truth," said the eminent Professor.

DOCK LEAVES.



"WESTMINSTER.

"ANN CHEESEMAN, a woman about 50 years of age, was charged with being tipsy and assaulting the police. She was sitting on the step of a door, and when the policeman raised her up to remove her, she gave him a smack on the face.

"DEFENDANT. Oh, it's a peculiarity I have, your Worship—it was only a joke.

"MR. SELFE. Did you see the joke, Constable?

"POLICEMAN. No, Sir, I did not; she gave me a smartish smack.

"MR. SELFE. MRS. CHEESEMAN, how came you in this state?

"DEFENDANT. Why, it was under peculiar circumstances. I was having some beer—very little, your Worship—when some larkish young men who were there put some spirits into the beer—some gin, your Worship.

"MR. SELFE. You were not obliged to drink the gin.

"DEFENDANT. Yes, I was, your Worship.

"MR. SELFE. How?

"DEFENDANT. If I hadn't drunk the gin I must have lost my beer.

"MR. SELFE. Yes, I see—a case of necessity.

"DEFENDANT. I hope you will forgive me, I am going to the workhouse. I will never come here again. It was a peculiar circumstance that overcame me this time. Pray let me go.

"MR. SELFE. Do you think I can take your word?

"DEFENDANT. Yes, you can. I'll not come out of the workhouse.

"MR. SELFE. Under these circumstances you may keep your word. Don't come here again."

MR. SELFE is an admirable Magistrate, and the way he tackled the shifty Oratorian, in the case of the kidnapped girl the other day, entitles him to all plaudits. The above report shows that he can make allowance for Peculiar Circumstances, and as the circumstances will be very peculiar indeed under which *Mr. Punch* will stand in MR. SELFE'S, or any other dock, *Mr. Punch* registers a vow, that should he feel inclined to break the law, he will break it in the Westminster police-district. He trusts that MR. SELFE will then discharge him with a compliment, in order that he may be able to reply, with his wonted brilliancy, that another proverb is smashed, for that SELFE praise is a great recommendation. He now proceeds to the—

"THAMES.

"THOMAS HENRY JACKSON, a tall, well-dressed young man of aristocratic bearing, was brought before MR. PAGET, charged with knocking at the doors of sundry and divers inhabitants of the Parish of St. Dunstan, Stepney, otherwise Stebonheath, without lawful excuse.

"The Prisoner said he had been out with a few friends last night, and was not quite sober or quite tipsy. His friends knocked at his door at Christmas time, and he returned the compliment by knocking at theirs.

"The mother of the Prisoner here made an appeal to the Magistrate in favour of her son, and said he was a young man born in Stepney.

"MR. PAGET. That is no reason he should hammer at people's doors in the night time. You should teach him better.

"MOTHER. He has been brought up very genteelly. We are very respectable."

From "aristocratic bearing" down to "very respectable" is a great drop, but we will not inquire too closely as to what may be the Thames district notions of aristocratic manners. We have, in other days, heard true aristocracy defined as wearing your hat on one side. MR. PAGET'S retort that the young nobleman's having been born at Stepney was no reason for his hammering at doors at night, was capital, but he missed another epigram about people who are born half-seas over being erroneously supposed to be parishioners of Stepney. The Prisoner was in that condition, being as he declared *entre deux vins*, or rather probably, despite his aristocracy, between two beers. We hope that he has been brought up too genteelly, as his Mamma said, to state that the beak fined him ten bob, as a short, ill-dressed young man of democratic bearing might have said, and again we move on to—

"GREENWICH.

"WM. JAMES MURPHY, a decently-dressed young man, of Church Street, Deptford, appeared to a summons to pay on a promissory note given on a loan from a Friend of Labour Society.

"MICHAEL NAGLE, the secretary, said the Society in question was held at the King's Arms public-house, Church Street, Deptford; but that the loan in respect of which the balance due was now sued for had been made to one WILLIAM ANNAREY, since dead. They summoned him because he had married the dead man's widow. (Laughter.)

"DEFENDANT. Your worship I'm no scholar, and for the life of me I can't see why, because a man marries a widow that therefore he ought to pay debts owing by a woman's former husband. (Laughter.)

"MAGISTRATE. It all comes of marrying a rich widow. (Roars of laughter.) You have the shop and fixtures which belonged to your wife's late husband.

"DEFENDANT (shaking his head). I'm not so sure of them. (Renewed laughter.) It is true that I and the widow are married, but I'll tell you what she tells me. She says the property was not left for her benefit, but for the benefit of the two dear children her husband left her with. (Roars of laughter.)

MR. SECRETARY MICHAEL NAGLE'S name would seem to import that he comes from the country against which MR. FAWCETT very properly says we have no right to make contemptuous charges. Still, that curious "but" invites attention. There is a jolly Irish song which saith—

"My father was a Quaker,
But an honest man,
My mother was a Catholic,
And I'm a Protestant."

The fortunate MR. MURPHY, too, may also be of the Irish persuasion, and its keenness is shown in his conviction that it requires scholarship to understand why you should pay your wife's debts. We may inform him, however, that many persons with scholarship have failed to descry the reason, especially, in high life, when the creditor was a swindling and extortionate milliner, and, in low life, when the creditor was a swindling and extortionate tallyman. In this case, however, the decently-dressed young MURPHY had to redeem his defunct predecessor's credit with the Friend or Quaker of Labour. Well, we were so much pleased at MR. PAGET'S Court that we cannot do better than again look into the

"THAMES.

"A WELL-DRESSED young woman was charged with being tipsy, and incapable of taking care of herself.

"The Prisoner, who was attired in hat and feathers, a lace veil of fine texture, a Paisley shawl worth at least four guineas, and a superb flounced black silk dress, said the unfortunate condition she was in was all owing to the Underground Railway.

"MR. PAGET. What do you mean?

"The Prisoner said she paid a visit to her brother and his wife yesterday at Paddington, and proceeded there and back by the Underground Railway, which had such an effect upon her that she became insensible.

"MR. PAGET. You were intoxicated.

"PRISONER. Yes. I had one glass of gin—no more—after leaving the Underground Railway, I will never take any more.

"MR. PAGET. What are you?

"PRISONER. A policeman's wife. He has been twenty years in the force. Oh, Sir, it is all owing to the Underground Railway. (Laughter.)"

This is the second vision of splendour that delighted the Thames-street reporter. "Well-dressed" is surely a tame phrase for such magnificence. We should think that her evidence would, as *Hamlet* ought to have said, astonish the ears of the Undergroundlings. MR. *Punch* has travelled on the line (taking, of course, a third-class ticket and riding in a first-class carriage, as becomes an *habitué*), but he does not recollect ever having had to be carried away on a stretcher, like this lady, though, having listened to the swagger of the City men who use the line, he has carried away a great many stretchers with him. Let us hope that her policeman of twenty years' force will be powerful enough to keep her from Paddington for the future. Perhaps she felt so proud of his new helmet that she got, as the Americans say, a brick in her own bonnet. MR. PAGET was very kind as usual, and only bade her move on.

Majors canamus. The next repartee which we are happy to chronicle is by the Lord Chief Justice of England. A MR. CLARE, a person with a grievance, made a row in Court, and bellowed, among other absurd things, that he "wanted justice," instead of particularising the slice of justice which he wished cut for him. He had also been writing abusive letters, after the fashion of these nuisances, filled with grievances. SIR ALEXANDER remonstrated, but for a long time with small success. At last the Judge had a chance.

"APPLICANT (violently). Then am I to stand here—

"THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. No. I must request you to sit down."

And a glance from the eye of justice, intimating a possible Peeler, finally quelled the grievance man, who, by the way, added to his crimes by speaking uncivilly of the First Lord of the Admiralty, who was never uncivil to anybody.

Nor shall the wit of the Bar be unrecorded. A milkman wished to marry a certain EMMA, but afterwards didn't wish. The young lady's sentiments remaining unchanged, she appealed to the tribunal of her country. The Templars' law, *De Osculis*, did not appear to have been much regarded during the courtship, and to another young lady witness spake.

"MR. CHAMBERS. My learned friend MR. HAWKINS suggests that you kept a piece of chalk, and scored the kisses up, and, according to your account, the

defendant left a double chalk. (*Laughter.*) Did you chalk up the kisses? (*Loud laughter.*)

"WITNESS. Certainly not. MRS. BURRELL, defendant's wife's sister, said on one occasion that she would cut her sister's legs off rather than that she should marry a milkman.

"MR. HAWKINS. I suppose she said that because he was not the cream of society. (*Laughter.*)

"MR. CHAMBERS. No; he is what is called skimmed milk. (*Laughter.*)"

MRS. BURRELL's awful figure of speech might have scared less eminent wits out their powers of rejoinder, but we rejoice to read that, like TANCRED and ARGANTES when they charged each other and their horses fell, they

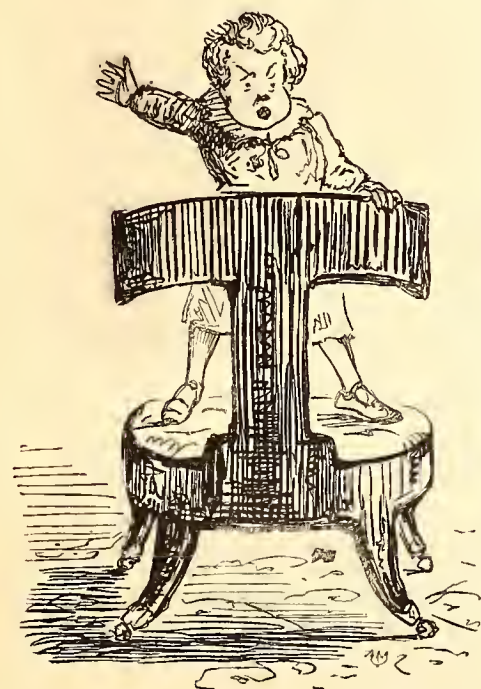
"Sprang lightly up, war's perfect masters they."

The bereaved EMMA got £25 and an assurance from BARON BRAMWELL that she was to be congratulated in escaping the milkman's yoke; for though he had sworn that he would not have any but-her, he was not the cheese, she would have been cowed by his temper, been treated like a Kurd, never had her whey, &c., &c., &c. Or, if his Lordship did not say so, he thought it, but would not enter into a wit-conflict with the Bar.

Altogether, old Father Antic, the Law, is not so dull as much that passes for fun in recognised places of entertainment, Convocation for instance.

TO THE YANKEE BRAGGARTS.

Thunder which we had prepared in case MR. SEWARD should back up GENERAL DIX.



HIS American crisis is one which is only to be met by the most unmitigated Swagger, and Mr. Punch, hastily constituting himself Head Swaggerer to the British Nation, hereby answers the Yankee journals "with shouts as loud and shrieks as 'fierce as their own.'" War with England, indeed, you long-faced, wizened, ugly, ignorant Occidentals. Do you know what you are talking about? Defy the flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze? Laugh at the Lion and give umbrage to the Unicorn. Bah! Bosh! Shut up! Tremble! Do you know what we should do in the flash of a lucifer match? We should recognise the Confederacy, proclaim DAVIS King of the South, and steam into all the Confederate ports at once with three

hundred thousand Guards, all six foot and most six and three-quarters, sinking all your blockading ships to DAVID JONES, except such as we should seize for our own use in bombarding New York. We should put SIR HUGH ROSE at the head of our stupendous land force, and relieve LEE, who would rush South to exterminate all your Generals, sober or tipsy, while we marched upon Washington, and for the second time, ha! ha! gave it to the devouring flames. We should then walk over you all, and straight into Canada, where we should instantly hang every Yankee who had dared to set his hoof on the sacred soil, and then we should annex the North to the colony, making Quebec the empire city. Meantime, our Australian soldiers would be up and doing; the Swan River Volunteers would occupy Texas, the brave Van Diemens would clear Missouri, the New South Welshers would answer for Arkansas, while the New Zealand natives, amnestied and thirsting to show their love for England, would sweep like a tattooed torrent through Minnesota, Iowa, and Wisconsin. We should have a grand re-union of forces at Michigan, where a British Congress would proclaim aristocracy, primogeniture, and the Church of Ireland as the established religion of your country, and then we should consider to what death it would be most satisfactory to the universe to put GORDON BENNETT and MR. SEWARD. After which a grand display of fireworks and a transparency two miles long, bearing in flaming letters the legend,

THE UNION IS NO MORE!

Put that in your pipes and smoke it; and there's plenty more where that came from. Let's liquor up all round.

WHAT COMMON QUESTION MEANS NEGUS?—Wine 'ot?

COMPLAINT OF AN OLD FOGY.

DEAR PUNCH,

HAVE you underwent (is it went or gone) the last form of torture invented by the rising generation for the discomforture of people who were educated in days when spelling was not thought a sinecure non so much as sense and spirit. When you get in the drawing-room some perky young lady says, "Well, now, we'll try Mr. DOLDERUM's spelling." "Try what, my dear?" says I. "It's such fun. You are to write down the words which I say, and if you spell any of them wrong, you owe me a fillypeener" (I know that's wrong), "so sit down, and here's my pencil." What am I to do? The whole party swarms round, and Miss Impertinence dictates a lot of words—here is what I wrote last night, and they all screamed, and I owe the young puss a present. Look here, who was to spell such words?

"Going on board the yacht, I was harrassed by an acknowledgement of the owner's embarrassment at being taken by me for Lord Chumley at Cisseter, but I withheld an answer because I was vacillating about the vocation of my granddaughter, and he went on gaging the height of a peeled potatoe."

Now, really, Mr. Punch, this spelling seems to me quite good enough to be understood, and what more do you want? I will not dine out if this sort of thing is allowed, and there's an end of it.

Yours, ever truly,

MALMESBURY DOLDERUM.

CHANT ON THE ENCYCLICAL.

(As intoned by the Ultramontane French Bishops.)

OH, what a hardship and a shame, a scandal and abomination
To be forbidden giving the POPE's Bull official publication!
The newspapers are all allowed to reproduce that sacred document,
O venerable Brothers, and with criticisms to vex and shock you meant.
Let us raise a voice of wailing, lamentation, mourning, woe.
How unfairly, how severely, we are treated! Oh, oh, oh!
Oh, oh, oh, oh!

It is denied us to instruct our faithful flocks that they should rather
Obey, than CÆSAR, one who is above him; that's Rome's Holy Father,
And preach that CÆSAR's throne is based on principles of revolution,
And CÆSAR will himself have to do penance and make restitution,
Or—I need not mention the alternative which you all know,
And our tongues are tied, or we had better hold them. Oh, oh, oh!
Oh, oh, oh, oh!

What persecution we endure in being hindered from declaring
The dogma that the State doth sin with wicked heretics in bearing,
That nobody beside ourselves hath right to freedom of opinion,
And temporal is subject to ecclesiastical dominion.

In our shaven cheeks with tears the furrows therefore overflow,
Dolefully as we keep crying through our noses. Oh, oh, oh!
Oh, oh, oh, oh!

THE SLANG OF THE STAGE.

WHAT queer people there are in the world, and especially in the world dramatic. For instance, look at this odd catalogue of persons who are wanted for a theatre:—

WANTED (to open on the 24th of January), a Leading Gentleman, Juvenile First Low Comedian, Three or Four Utility Gentlemen, a Leading Lady, Heavy Juveniles, a Lady to Sing and Dance, and Two Utility Ladies. Parties engaged will please to meet on the stage at the Theatre.

Now that idleness is thought rather a lady-like accomplishment, "utility ladies" are not so vastly plentiful, and really it would be almost as hard to find a brace of them as to flush a pair of Dodos upon Salisbury Plain. To be ornamental is what ladies mostly aim at now-a-days, and few of them have any thought of trying to be useful.

As for the "heavy juveniles," who are likewise in demand, the notice should be more precise in stating of what age and weight these juveniles must be. If the fat boy in Pickwick be taken as the standard weight required for heavy juveniles, it might, perhaps, be difficult to meet with a young bantling,—or rather, we should say, a young Banting—to come up to it.

Then, what in wonder's name are all these people wanted "to open on the 24th?" Is an oyster supper to be given on that evening, and are these actors all required to lend a hand in the prefatory arrangements?

CYNIC'S MOTTO FOR KELLY'S DIRECTORY.

(By the permission of the Author of "Dead Men whom I have known.")

LIVING Men whom I don't want to know.



Parlour Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE, COOK, MISSUS WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT TO-MORROW'S DINNER."
Cook (deep in the last Penny 'lustrated). "OH! ANG ER; NOT AT OME, TELL ER!!"

THEY MANAGE THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE.



THE *Mémorial* of Vaucluse has published the story of a railway detention in the snow, accompanied by an incident more horrible to every well-regulated mind than any ever included in the long catalogue of even railway-accident-horrors in this country. An archbishop was actually shut up in the train for two days on short commons, and only rescued after walking two miles through the snow without his shoes!

The blood runs cold at the idea, even though the archbishop in this case was a Roman one. But it is only when we transfer this picture to our

own Establishment that its full horror can be realised. Think of our own venerable W. EBOR, or C. T. CANTUAR exposed to such frightful sufferings! To picture to oneself a *bishop* on bread and snow-water for forty-eight hours, and afterwards trudging two miles through the sludge in open shorts and gaiters, with his shoe-soles worn off, makes the heart bleed. Fancy SAM OXON in this predicament, reduced, perhaps, to fall back on his own soap, as the

snowed-up bear is said to absorb its own fat. And yet we could almost make up our minds to such a sight, thinking of the tornado of railway reform it would give rise to. Starving a bishop would be even better than SYDNEY SMITH's suggestion of burning one, as a short way to railway reformation. It would be more startling. One *has* heard of bishops being burnt—in bloody MARY's time. But of a bishop being starved, history contains no record. Then, what a highly scriptural as well as salutary spectacle we should have in one of the modern successors of the Apostles, literally without scrip or shoes, instead of as we usually see him, with an extremely well-lined convexity under his apron, and an elegant pair of pumps with silver buckles, on the rare occasions when our Anglican overseer condescends to your "even Christian's" conveyance, Shanks' nag, instead of the well-appointed chariot or perfect cob, so much affected by the pillars of our Episcopal Bench.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HERE we are again:—

SUPERB, small LANDAU, for a light horse. It is the lightest of its kind ever made, adapted for a hilly country, or a Clergyman. Opens instantly. A saving of £65 effected.

What connection could there have been in the advertiser's mind between a hilly country and a Clergyman? Unless he was thinking of an eccentric preacher after the style of the late ROWLAND HILL, and then he should have explained himself by writing a hilly country or a Rowland Hilly Clergyman.

A Gentle Hint.

THE POPE has presented a hat of crimson velvet, lined with ermine, to the EMPEROR OF MEXICO. This is a very ancient Papal custom, and has always been considered highly symbolical. It was first used when the Papal treasury was, as it now is, very low, and originated in one of the many forms of collecting Peter's pence, called "Going round with the Hat."



THE SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME.

MRS. BRITANNIA. "AS YOU SAY, MR. PAM, THAT TO WRITE PROPERLY IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS IN THE WORLD, I'VE BROUGHT THIS LITTLE GENTLEMAN TO YOU. HIS LETTER-WRITING SADLY WANTS IMPROVING."



POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

IN consequence of the new powers conferred upon themselves by the Police, the following may be considered as a probable Police Report for any day at the close of 1865, or in 1866, when such powers will, by frequent use, have acquired the force of law.

DOGBERRY STREET.—SERIOUS CHARGE AGAINST A SOLICITOR.—A person of gentlemanly exterior, who gave his name as MR. CHARLES CODESILL, of 3, Paper Walk, Barnard's Temple, was brought before the sitting Magistrate, charged with creating a disturbance in the streets, and obstructing the Police in the execution of their duty.

WIGG 263 Q. deposed, that on Thursday night, he was on duty in Oxford Street, and having nothing particular to do, was enjoying a chat, and a few nuts, with a young female of his acquaintance who was out to fetch the supper beer. While thus engaged, the prisoner came up and accosted him familiarly.

The MAGISTRATE. What do you mean by accosted you familiarly?

WIGG 263 Q. expressed his surprise at his Worship's question. He had been in the force ten years, and had never had the slightest doubt thrown on his testimony. He didn't feel he was bound to answer his Worship at all, if he didn't like.

The MAGISTRATE. Well, we will not discuss the point.

WIGG 263 Q. said he was glad to hear *that*, as he should have been obliged to appeal to the head of the Police, who had recently given orders that the Police were in no way to be annoyed by the Magistrates. The Prisoner interrupted his, Wigg's, conversation for the purpose of inquiring his way to the New Road. This he considered a mere pretence for getting a word with the young female and cutting him, Wigg, out. He did not make any answer to prisoner's question. Finding that he repeated his impertinence, he took him to the station-house and locked him up. The Prisoner made some resistance, and witness cautioned him that anything he might do, or say, would be used dead against him at his trial.

The MAGISTRATE. It appears to me, that unless you have received some new rules and regulations from the head of the Police, with which I am at present unacquainted, you have somewhat exceeded the limits of your duty.

WIGG 263 Q. observed that he was of a jealous temperament, and couldn't bear to stand by and see any young female, as he took an interest in, spoken to by a mere civilian under his very nose. It was aggravating. The orders issued from head-quarters were, that the Police were not to be aggravated, or obstructed, and if so treated they were at perfect liberty to lock up the offender. (The Policeman here handed in for his Worship's inspection the New Revised Private Police Code, for the use of the executive, and the assistance of the judicial authorities.)

The MAGISTRATE having perused the document, observed that witness could not have acted in a more humane manner than he had done. He was sorry to see a gentleman of his, the Prisoner's, status in such a humiliating position.

PRISONER. But your Worship will perhaps allow me to state—

The MAGISTRATE, after a reference to the Revised Police Code, said that he really couldn't allow him to state anything of the sort. He was sitting there to protect the public, and implicitly believe the word of the Police. Once throw any imputation on the credit of the Civil Executive power, and all security was at an end. He should fine him 40s. for the assault, or one month's imprisonment.

The amount was immediately paid.

VERGES STREET.—EXTRAORDINARY CASE. FRACAS IN THE POLICE CELLS.—FRANK GOSLING, aged 22, clerk in a large mercantile establishment, was placed at the bar before MR. CUSTOS, charged with creating a disturbance in the police cells of that Court.

The PRISONER (addressing the Magistrate). I have been locked up all night, Sir; they have used me very badly.

MR. CUSTOS. Let me hear the charge.

INSPECTOR BLINK said, I was in the station-house when the Prisoner was brought in. I entered his name on the sheet. I asked what he was charged with. The Policeman said he'd leave that to me.

MR. CUSTOS. What charge is entered on the sheet?

INSPECTOR BLINK. None at first. I ordered him to be locked up. I thought we soon should have a charge against him, and I was right. He became very violent, and wouldn't be locked up. It took three policemen besides myself to put him into the cells. It was after this that I felt myself justified in entering a charge of assault against the Prisoner.

MR. CUSTOS. But it seems to me a most extraordinary proceeding on the part of the Police, that they—

INSPECTOR BLINK apologised for interrupting the Magistrate, but perhaps his Worship had not seen the new rules and regulations for the Police?

MR. CUSTOS owned that he had not.

INSPECTOR BLINK begged the Magistrate's attention to a copy, which he now handed in. His Worship would see that he, the Inspector, had acted according to information received.

MR. CUSTOS, after reading the document, said this quite altered the case. The Inspector had acted throughout in a most cautious and praiseworthy manner. He should like to question the officer who took the Prisoner into custody.

Inspector regretted that the officer in question was not present. He believed that that officer, who was a most efficient member of the force, had taken the Prisoner into custody, more for the sake of keeping a young and foolish man out of danger in the London streets, and to keep his hand in professionally, than from any cause or offence given by the Prisoner. If his Worship would again refer to the Code he would see that it was all right.

MR. CUSTOS said nothing could be more straightforward than the Inspector's account of the whole affair. Young men would be young men, but this was no excuse for the violence of the Prisoner towards those who were endeavouring to prove themselves his best friends and kindest moral protectors. He should mark his sense of the Prisoner's conduct by inflicting a fine of 10s.

The Prisoner, who appeared deeply affected by the worthy Magistrate's address, was then removed to the lock-up until the fine was paid.

MR. CUSTOS then placed in our reporter's hands the New Police Code for the better regulation and moral improvement of the Metropolis:—

1. No person, or persons, under any pretence whatever, shall be out of their domiciles after One o'clock, A.M. And any person so offending and being unable to produce a written permission from the Chief Commissioner of Police, shall be at once locked up in the nearest station-house.

2. No person, or persons, shall allow a dancing, dining, musical, supper, or any other sort of party, to continue beyond the hour of One, A.M. without first obtaining special permission from the Chief Commissioner of Police. This regulation equally affects Private Residences, Public Houses, Clubs, &c.

3. The Police have full liberty to enter any domicile whatever, at any time that shall appear most convenient to themselves and the interests of Public Morality. The owner, or owners, of any such domicile refusing to give, or failing to offer, sherry and biscuits, or beer and bread and cheese, according to his, or their, position in Society's scale, shall be liable to fine or imprisonment at the option of the Police.

4. No charges need be entered at the moment of a Prisoner being received into the Station-house. To avoid hasty and confused writing, the charges of the previous night can be left until the following morning, when they will be duly weighed and considered before entry. For the sake of variety, no two Prisoners shall have precisely the same charge entered against them.

5. Any Inspector may lock up or dismiss a Prisoner at his own option.

6. Any officer of any division may take into custody any one he likes or doesn't like, without assigning a reason.

7. The truncheon shall be used after one warning.

8. The Police shall visit all private houses where no entertainment is going on, as above stated, in order to see that the candles have been carefully extinguished, and the gas turned off, before the hour of 11 P.M. If this is not done, the Chief Commissioner will know the reason why.

9. The Policemen stationed in the pits, galleries, or dress circles of theatres, are hereby strictly ordered to remove any person, or persons, giving way to immoderate laughter, or tears. An officer will be stationed in every private box, to preserve decorum among its inmates.

10. Every performance at every theatre shall be finished at a quarter to eleven punctually. The curtain will be in the charge of two officers, who will drop it at that hour, no matter what act or what scene the piece may have reached.

11. A Magistrate must place implicit faith in the statements of any Constable, who in return will assist the Magistrate on every possible occasion.

Given at Scotland Yard.

PUBLICATION RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

A Treatise on Artificial Teeth. By ———, Surgeon Dentist.

THIS work has been sent to *Mr. Punch* and to most of his young men, with commendable attention, at various dates during some years past. We are sure that we are much obliged to the sender, for the little book is very neatly bound, and we, immediately on receiving it, take a sharp knife, cut away all the valuable letter-press (which makes exceedingly good spills for cigars, though as to its other merits we have not the faintest idea) leaving a slight margin, and then we gum notes, or other papers which we wish to preserve, between his pretty covers. As we are "nothing if not critical," we must just observe that the writer would much oblige us by making the work a little larger in form, that is, more like an octavo, as though his cover holds small notes very well, the ordinary size extends beyond the edges. With this slight hint to the author, we discharge our pleasant duty of noticing his work.



WIT IN THE WASHING-ROOM.

Slim Parson (who has fallen in with an old College Chum at a Club). "ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU HAD HIGH CHURCH PROCLIVITIES."

Stout ditto. "OH, NO! I WAS ALWAYS DISPOSED TO BE BROAD THAN OTHERWISE."

CHIMPANZEES AND CHERUBS.

MR. PUNCH,

IN a letter to the *Times*, headed "A New Factory Act Wanted," a gentleman who signs himself "A Childless Bachelor," reprehends the practice of exhibiting infants on the stage in pantomimes and burlesques. He says "the sight of little ones toddling about (some of them barely able to do so) plastered and painted, exposed to the glare of foot-lights and side-lights, at an hour when they ought all to be soundly sleeping, gave" him "anything but pleasure." He remarks that "the occupation was, in every respect, as unhealthy as it could be," and that "it is past hope that anything like the bloom of childhood could survive it." The conduct of the parents of the children in letting them out, of the Manager in exhibiting them, and of the spectators who witnessed their exposure with delight, he calls "disgusting." I don't know any epithet more applicable. But were the children's parents to blame? Had they any parents? Did they not come from workhouses—some of the most cruelly conducted of those institutions? Nay, surely, they had no parents, nor any guardians, except a Board of Guardians.

However, there must, no doubt, be little goblins in pantomimes and burlesques; but, Sir, would not monkeys do for these? Could not an arrangement be made with the Zoological Society on the one hand, and the Italians who educate PROFESSOR HUXLEY's distant relatives, on the other? Perhaps the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would not be held to forbid this substitution of monkeys for children. If so, the difficulty might be met with respect to imps; but then how would the Manager manage for little angels? Sir, I would suggest that monkeys might be made to serve for angels too. As it is, the children are, as "A Childless Bachelor" says, plastered and painted. Now, Mr. Punch, why should not monkeys be plastered and painted to the same purpose? Is there not an "artiste," calling herself MADAME ESTHER, or some such name, who professes to make ladies, of any age, features, or complexion, "beautiful for ever" by enamelling their faces? If she can do that, she can give a facing of beauty to a gorilla or a

baboon. Why not, as well as to a wrinkled JEZEBEL? If she can by cosmetic stucco, convert an ape into a full-grown angel, of course she can, by the same means, transform a smaller monkey into a cherub or a tombstone angel. Her figures for improving faces are said to be rather high, but surely this consideration would not prevent an enterprising and humane Manager from having the place of children on the stage at midnight supplied by monkeys made "beautiful for ever." Whatever you may think of "Man's place in Nature," you will no doubt allow that the place of a child in a pantomime had much better be filled by one of the *Simiæ*, if not by so big a brute as

SIMIA SATYRUS.

Journalism.

A NEW Evening Paper, entitled the *Piccadilly Gazette*, is announced. It will contain all to-morrow's news, probable next three days' intelligence (on the plan of ADMIRAL FITZROY's weather divinations), Musical Criticisms on all forthcoming Operas not as yet composed, and Theatrical Criticisms on future possible performances. The last *bon mot* and fashionable *on dit* of a fortnight hence will be in a conspicuous position, and the Editor will be perpetually getting himself forcibly propelled into the middle of next week, in order to arrive at the very first intelligence on every subject of much or little importance.

Serve Him Right!

RECENTLY, in his Charge on the trial of an "imperfectly educated" prisoner, the Judge, who was dead against the accused, introduced the Edinburgh motto, *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*. Verdict, guilty. The imperfectly educated culprit observed that the Latin was quite right, and meant that the Judge's something nature had absolutely no sense. He was very properly sent to penal servitude.

NOTE BY A GENTLEMAN WITH A VERY BAD COLD.

"Who runs may read."—If your eyes run, they can't read.

WAR, SUBLIME AND RIDICULOUS.

A MONSTER mine is sprung below
A fort and half a thousand men;
Up to the sky two hundred go,
And fall in fragments down again.
Tremendous mutual cannonade
Hurls death athwart the smoking wrack.
Host charges, meeting host; is stayed,
And, less ten thousand, beaten back.

O, fire and smoke! O, noise! O, mass
Of wholesale carnage, blood, and pain!
Fine haymaking of human grass,
For fiends, on yonder battle plain!
So vast a crop when armies yield
To Moloch, with such blaze and roar,
Is there not grandeur in the field
Heaped high, drenched deep, with slain and gore?

Nay, friend, mount only in balloon,
Which Fancy will at call supply,
A little nearer to the moon
Than COXWELL ever climbed the sky.
Great guns like children's cannon, then,
Will flash and bounce below thee far,
And thou wilt see, as pismires, men
Swarming in fight beneath thy car.

These things, however, wilt thou view,
Nought lessened from the loftiest height;
Murder, which all aggressors do;
On this side, wrong; on that side, right.
Alike if savages below,
Brandishing tomahawk and knife,
Scalp savages, or Christians blow
Up one another out of life.

A Lot of Lawyers.

A CONTEMPORARY states that—

"The number of attorneys on the roll is about 10,000."

The roll ought to be well buttered to sustain so many. BISHOP COLENSO is requested to take notice that 1, &c., are equal to 10,000.

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAP. VII.—THE LOW COMEDIAN.



IR.—Yours is indeed an enviable function in the theatre. You are the personification of mirth, the incarnation of laughter—a broad-grin in flesh and blood. There is nothing JOHN BULL—who still, as in the days of FROISSART, *s'amuse tristement* while he is left *s'amuser*—loves so much as having laughs pumped out of him; and the more irresistible the pressure applied for the purpose, the better he loves the process, and the force-pump—that is, the low comedian.

Remember, therefore, that it is, first and foremost, your business to get laughs; and get them.

Do not listen to those who tell you that it is your part to represent the humorous side of character, with all its effects of light and shade. That may be the business of the Actor who plays character-parts. You are a low comedian. Always be funny. No

a funny mannerism of your own, borrow that of the low comedian in vogue. In time people may come to think you as funny as he is.

The same exclusive eye to comicality which should govern your manner in *all* your parts, should preside over your dress and make-up. Let both be such as to provoke the involuntary exclamation, "What a Guy!" the moment you appear.

I need hardly say that probability or the usages of real life should not be considered for a moment in such matters as dress, manners, or make-up. Do not countenance the profoundly mistaken notion, that the fun may be in the part and not the Actor, and that all you have to do is to develop the Author's conception.

This would go far to render useless all your cherished mannerisms, tricks of make-up and dress, gags, and indeed the whole of your ready-made arsenal of fun; and throw you, instead, on the dull resources of first finding out, and then embodying, the humour of another man.

Always insist on plenty of "funny things" or "jokes" in your part. Do not be put off—as I have often seen Authors attempt to fob off low comedians—by the assurance that the part is humorous in itself, and does not require "jokes" to make it so. You have a right to see your "laughs" clear before you risk your reputation.

If the Author persist in refusing you straw to make your bricks with, in the shape of palpable "laughs," let his part play itself, and let him see what comes of his "*humorous conception*." The chances are he will never again attempt thus to impose on your good-nature.

The low comedian, like every other conscientious artist following a line of business, will have to resist the plausible reasoning of those who hold up life as the mirror in which he is constantly to look, to find the true features of his Art. He will be told that as tears and smiles lie close together, and often on the same faces in life, so they should on the stage. Let him turn a deaf ear to such sophisms, and cultivate the more profitable art of forcing broad-grins and guffaws. His study must not be life, but laughter; his object not to depict character from the ludicrous side, but to make the public laugh.

If he follow any other guiding principle, he will be led away into that fatal confusion of low comedy with character-part, against which we have already warned the light comedian.

BELATED JURYMEN.

(To the RIGHT HON. LORD WESTBURY.)

MAY it please your Lordship. Gentlemen of the Jury are persons on whose behalf I beg to claim your Lordship's attention. I wish to direct it, my Lord, to the following passage from the report of the late murder trial at the Old Bailey:—

"This closed the case for the Prosecution, and MR. BEST, the Prisoner's Counsel, having applied to postpone his defence until this (Thursday) morning, the Court adjourned, and the jury, according to custom in such cases, were taken to the London Coffee House to stay overnight."

Now, my Lord, as a man, does not your Lordship feel that this practice of locking up gentlemen of the jury all night together is brutal and disgusting, as a law-reformer do you not think it ought to be abolished, and as LORD CHANCELLOR, could you not get the Legislature to abolish it? Is there the shadow of a reason for persisting in it, except the apprehension that jurymen, if they were allowed to go home, would be liable to be intimidated, and to have their minds influenced by their wives and other persons?

My Lord, are British jurymen, of all people in the world, particularly susceptible of intimidation or undue influence? I believe the French are not such brutes and fools as to lock up jurymen as ours are locked up in England. Yet surely the decisions of French juries are not in general more contrary to law and evidence than those of our own.

Suppose LORD SHAFTESBURY were to fight a duel and have the misfortune to shoot somebody, he would, of course, be tried by his peers. He would be put on his trial before your Lordships. Then, if the noble Earl's case should happen to last over a day, would your Lordships, would the whole house of Lords, Bishops and all, have to be taken off and shut up in a neighbouring public-house—say the Westminster Palace Hotel? Well then!

I leave your Lordship to follow out the conclusion to which every sane person must arrive by parity of reasoning, and remain,

My Lord, ever your Lordship's,

PUNCH.

P.S. In strict law, I believe, jurors retiring for the night are subject to be kept without fire or candle; but custom and gas, between them, have repealed this senseless barbarity. Yet justice does not miscarry from the enlightenment and warming of jurymen. No more, perhaps, would it if gentlemen of the jury were treated as gentlemen, and, when their duties are interrupted by night, suffered to go home to their ladies.

Doctor Abraham Lincoln.

AMONG the American news we notice a statement that:—

"PRESIDENT LINCOLN has been made an LL.D. by the College of New Jersey."

LL.D.? PRESIDENT LINCOLN, after dealing as he has dealt with the laws and constitution of the United States, made Doctor of Laws by the College of New Jersey! Who ever could have thought that learned body capable of such a stroke of irony? The military government exercised by MR. LINCOLN will perhaps procure from some other equally learned and complimentary body the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

The Great Mistletoe Question.

I CAN'T say on the oak if the mistletoe shoot,
As on apple, pear, ash, its green clusters we see;
But I know it thrives longest and bears sweetest fruit,
(Witness *Punch's* own lips), on the Home Christmas tree.



THE LAST CAB AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

ELEGANT DISPUTE BETWEEN RIVAL CLAIMANTS.

Cabman. "IF I WOS ALLOWED TO 'INT, LADIES, I SHUD SAY, TORSE HUP!"

THE SOLICITORS' SONG.

(*Apropos of LORD WESTBURY'S Letter to MR. PAGET, M.P.*)

HERE'S WESTBURY, Lord Chancellor,
Who Solicitors dared defy,
Now down upon his marrow-bones,
And *Peccavi* forced to cry.
His precious Bill of Bankruptcy
A failure forced to own,
'Cause the teeth he can't draw of us dogs of the Law,
Nor force us to drop our bone!

He taxed his brain to tax our costs,
But the cost *he* has had to pay,
In a Bill dishonoured and Courts at feud,
And dividends gnawed away.
Spite of HAZLITT and ROCHE, we've upset the coach,
Ours still is the lion's share,
Still estates that fall in our fangs grow small,
And expenses are as they were.

Then hurrah for the jolly old legal pack,
And a fig for WESTBURIE,
And all who would draw the fangs of law,
By curtailing the Lawyer's fee!
May bankrupts abound, and the less in the pound
To their creditors they pay,
The more in the pound they will pay to us,
And so they ought, Hooray!

SHREWD SUGGESTION.

It often happens, when the husband fails to be home to dinner,
that it is one of his *fast* days.

A FATHER'S APPEAL.

MY DEAR PUNCH,

IN an excellent article on the Brompton case, our friend and fellow Tory, the *Standard*, says:—

"It is, in fact, a vulgar error to suppose that a parent's authority over a female child ceases at the age of sixteen. That is an utter delusion."

Yes. But I should like to know when it *begins*. Having seven daughters, varying in age from two to twenty, I have some little interest in the question. My own contribution to its solution is my statement that—beginning with the youngest—my first regularly wakes me at six with screeching; my second paints all my photographs in her earliest manner; my third utterly declines to learn the multiplication table; my fourth refuses to dine in the nursery, and howls on the stairs until called down to the parlour; my fifth objects to go to church because the preacher is so ugly; my sixth made me stay for her at a dance till three this morning; and my seventh has announced that I may tyrannise over her young affections for another long and cruel year, but that on the day she is twenty-one she allies herself in marriage with her cousin PETER, whom I hate for his own sake and his family's. If, therefore, you or the *Standard* can give me any lights which will give me any authority over one or all of these young ladies, I shall remain,

Yours uncommonly obliged,

Goneril Terrace, Regan Park.

THE LEAR OF PRIVATE LIFE.

Meteorological.

THE Clerk of the Weather presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and begs leave to submit to him a joke which he, the Clerk, has occupied some moments of his leisure in concocting:—

Q. WHY is ADMIRAL FITZROY like a careful riddle-maker?

A. Because a good deal of his time is taken up about a cone-and-drum (*conundrum*).



INFALLIBLE.

Millamant (who has dropped in for an hour at Stodge's, on his way to an Evening Party). "BOTERWATION! HOW SHALL I GET RID OF THIS TOBACCO SMOKE? GOT ANY SCENT, STODGE?"

Stodge. "I'VE GOT THE VERY THING, MY DEAR FELLOW. ONLY KEEP ONE SORT. WHERE'S YOUR HANDKERCHIEF. THERE! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE TURPS!!"
[Exit Swell, disgusted.]

HOMŒOPATHY IN THE WORKHOUSE.

THE proverb says that Union is strength, but the Poor Law Union is synonymous with weakness. Weak broth, and weak tea, and weak stimulants of all sorts are given in the workhouse, and the paupers who reside there are generally weak people. There are weak minds too among them, and among those who have the charge of them, who in very many instances are weak enough to fancy that they can get work done without giving proper pay for it. For example, at the Holborn Union the medical man is paid a hundred pounds a-year for attending on an average one hundred and twenty patients, forty of whom he is required to visit every day; while the medicine he dispenses costs him twenty pounds a year, or a halfpenny per diem for each one of his patients. With such homœopathic pay for it, one wonders that the treatment is not also homœopathic: for globules are of course far cheaper than black doses, and if through want of proper physic a patient happens to die, there will be one the less to visit, and so the less work for the Doctor.

As a rule, our workhouse Surgeons are shamefully ill-paid, and when a death occurs through insufficient—that is, homœopathic—treatment, one can hardly be surprised at it. The charge of manslaughter in such case should be brought against the Guardians rather than the Doctor, for they stint him in the salary out of which he buys his drugs, and they stint him in the diet he prescribes for his poor patients. But the workhouse, it is said, must perforce be made repulsive, and even in the sick room its inmates must be roughly treated. Paupers, we are told, soon learn the trick of shamming ill, that they may escape work and get a little extra diet. Yet Doctors usually are sharp enough to see through such imposture, and, for the sake of their own interests, they allow none on the sick list but those who are really ailing. For these humanity demands that good treatment be procured, and good treatment can hardly be obtained without good pay for it. At present

A GOOD THING FROM THE NEW WORLD.

WHEN from Darien to Terra del Fuego
 Spain's colonies rose for their freedom,
 Bade the Dons, their oppressors, away go,
 (And borrowed our money to bleed 'em,)
 CANNING cried, while applauding the strife,
 ('Twas before English lenders were sold)
 That the New World had awakened to life,
 To redress the warped scales of the Old.

Since then we've seen tricks so fantastic
 By these States played in Liberty's name,
 That we sigh for some curb, though 'twere Aztec,
 These random Republics to tame.
 But in spite of perpetual commotion,
 CANNING's phrase, at last, meaning has found,
 In this New South American notion
 Of good beef at threepence a pound!

Their republican riots we've laughed at,
 Cursed their rogues and their repudiation:
 Their heroics and bluster we've scoffed at,
 As below even Yankee sensation.
 Their silver we've taken, and gladly
 Would see our lost gold there re-found,
 But they send what we want just as badly,
 When they send beef at threepence a pound!

Beef is beef, though 'tis fed at the seat
 Of King Mob's topsy-turviest State,
 And there's something appropriate in meat
 That comes to our shores from the Plate.
 Though JOHN BULL rules the roast of the nation,
 His good knights, Sir Loin and Sir Round,
 Will welcome their New World relation,
 SENOR CHARQUE* at threepence a pound!

* *Charque*—Spanish for jerked beef.

Shakspeare by a Cynic.

THE following benediction was pronounced by a wretch at a public dinner:—

May indigestion wait on appetite,
 And gout on both!

LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.—There is a rumour that the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas is to have a Peerage—an Earl-dom, of course.

workhouse Surgeons are grossly underpaid; and, as "who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," one would think it is deemed needful that who Doctors the sick poor should be sickened of the office, and be paid the poorest pittance for it.

INFALLIBILITY AND LEGITIMACY.

THE BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS has addressed to the clergy of his diocese a circular on the POPE's Encyclical; which seems like buttering bacon. He expresses the hope that, with time and patience, the present clamour against the Papal edict will cease, and that the people will end by understanding that "the Holy Church, the great civiliser of the world, has never been, and can never be, the enemy of true civilisation and of legitimate progress."

If the people end as Popery would have them end, they will no doubt end in understanding very clearly that the Church meant by the BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS is by no means the enemy, but the very intimate friend, of legitimate progress. They will end in being a people no longer free to choose their own rulers, which legitimate progress will render them once more unable to do. According to the principles just propounded by the Sovereign Pontiff, legitimate progress is the progress of legitimate monarchy, and means, in France, political retrogression, and the restoration of the Bourbons. But, alas for Infallibility and PIUS THE NINTH! how came PIUS THE SEVENTH to crown the FIRST NAPOLEON? Before launching his Encyclical to smash VICTOR-EMMANUEL, the NINTH PIUS might, however, have taken the precaution to crown NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

NEW BOOK (*Dedicated to the Author of the "Apologia"*).—*History of My Convictions*. By an "on-the-lay" Member of the Swell Mob.

SOCIAL IMPROVEMENTS.



It is no uncommon thing for free, ardent spirits, in the hey-day of sprightly youth and soul-inspiring health, to complain bitterly of the restraints imposed upon their honest, impulsive natures, by the cold formalities and insipid conventionalities of an artificial state of Society. For instance, how much amusement is lost, how much joyousness expelled—nay, utterly quashed—by the existing method adopted by every respectable visitor on entering or quitting an apartment!

The servant, to whom we confidentially impart our name at the foot of the stairs, and who, having so many other more important matters wherewith to employ his memory, forgets it before he reaches the landing, and requires further information upon the subject before committing himself to any irrevocable statement, prepares by his announcement the lady or gentleman of the house for our entrance, which following straight upon the commonplace heralding, and, as it were, under the patronage of the man in plush, is about as flat and stale a performance as it is possible to conceive.

If it is true that the essence of wit is surprise, then, most certainly, coming into a drawing-room in the manner above-mentioned, is witless, hopelessly witless—witless to the last degree.

Not one whit, or wit, less does the above apply to going out of a room; or, for the matter of that, to our present forms of salutation, valediction, and the like. "Yes," say you, whoever you are, "that's true: but where's your remedy?"

Where, Sir? Why, in the habits, manners, and customs observed in the sparkling burlesques and extravaganzas of our modern Stage. You think that descriptive music enables you to form some judgment of the character about to appear: your mind is made up on the subject, and straightway enters somebody else quite different altogether from what you had been led to imagine from the notes. There's surprise—there, consequently, is wit for you. Again, do they come to a difficulty in the Burlesque Drama, or a standstill in the dialogue, they are out of it by "jumping Jim Crow," and getting anyhow into a chattering, go-ahead popular song with a dance to finish, before you can say "Jack Robinson!"—always supposing the exclamation of that Christian and surname to be a fair measure of rapidity. Is there any doubt whatever as to how your characters shall be "got off," so as to make room for others? None at all. What might puzzle the most brilliant conversationalist in Society, is the easiest thing to your Burlesque Actor—"Exit, dancing off."

If, by reason of any physical infirmity, or on account of his inferior position in the theatre, he is not allowed to dance or sing, then, at all events, he has a pointed couplet to "carry him off," so as to make the audience regret the absence of one who had given such promise for the future.

Why not adopt these methods in Society?

Let us suppose a few cases. To begin with, we must imagine our characters possessed of a certain amount of musical power. It is also desirable that the correct ear should regulate the movements of the light fantastic toe. Now, let us put our principles into practice. Suppose, for instance, that Mr. JONES calls upon the SMYTHES:—

Servant (opening drawing-room door, and announcing) MR. JONES.

MR. SMYTHE rises from his seat, and MRS. SMYTHE languidly reposes in her chair.

You (supposing that you are JONES) wait for a minute or so on the landing.

Yourselves (outside, humming preparatory music—"See the conquering hero comes;" then "speaking without," as if addressing unseen attendants). Tell my umbrella [or walking-stick] to await my return in the vestibule. (Hums.) Tiddle liddle liddle liddle lum. Crash!

Enter drawing-room suddenly, and at the word "crash" strike an attitude.

After this, the conversation can flow pleasantly and freely; for after such an entrance there can be no doubt about your being able to make yourself perfectly at home, and it offers in itself a subject for discussion.

Having exhausted the themes of health, weather, parties, interesting family statistics, and the seasonable amusements, you will all come to an awkward standstill, and the visitor will say—giving a hasty glance at his watch, without arriving at the slightest notion of the time—that he "thinks he must be going," or he "really must be going now;" and then follows the humming and ha'ing of leave-taking, and the almost insuperable difficulty of making anything like an effective exit, especially if there be some little distance between your chair and the door.

Here is the way to obviate all this.

As the close of the visit approaches, become more and more lively; and when there are no more topics, proceed as is hereinafter set forth:—

Yourselves (rising from chair).

"Well, MISSIS SMYTHE, I think that I must go."

Mr. or Mrs. Smythe (if they are equal to the occasion).

"It grieves us much to hear you saying so."

Emphasis on "so." If neither the lady nor the gentleman can manage this, adapt the line for yourself, thus,

"It grieves me that I should be saying so."

Continue—

And so good-bye. Permit me just to say,
I leave you 'cos I go "out ob de way."

These words are suggestive of the melody known as "Dan Tucker;" therefore immediately strike up—

AIR—"Ole Dan Tucker."

Yourselves (singing). Out ob de way, ole DAN TUCKER,

(Dance towards the door)

Out ob de way, ole DAN TUCKER,

Out ob de way, ole DAN TUCKER,

(Open the drawing-room door, so as it may be ready for you),

You didn't ask me to stay to supper" (or "luncheon," or "dinner," as the case may be).

(Pretend to play the tambourine on your hat, whistle or hum the symphony, and exit, dancing.)

And what will the SMYTHES say, after you've gone? Why, "A lively fellow that!" to be sure.

The man-servant might be instructed to receive a visitor at the door with "Hallo! I'm a-looking at you!" Whereupon, visitor and servant should execute rapid pantomime music, "Rum tum tum tum tiddle iddley iddley," &c., on imaginary violins. Then the domestic might (being also thereto instructed) run up-stairs, open the drawing-room door, put his head in, say "Somebody's coming!" and immediately disappear. The Master and Mistress of the House would then take up the "Rum tum tum tiddle iddley" music as aforesaid, until the entrance of the expected visitor.

How a playful entrance, such as we have already described, would delight a drawing-room filled with your host's friends, of whom the majority, we will suppose, are personally unknown to you! Why, in one second you'd be on familiar terms with every one of them! Take the coldest present: could he withstand your joyous bounding into the room, your attitude, your wagging of your head, your "Here we are again! How was you to-morrow?" and so forth. Of course not. Away, Formality; away, Conventionality! and let us welcome a new era of freedom and unrestrained pleasantry.

Enough for the present. By the time the amiable reader shall have mastered the above method, we shall be ready for him with something fresh on the same subject. Until then, fare thee well!

Executors' Announcement.

THE *Liverpool Financial Reformers* (who propose to abolish Excise and Customs, and thereby to throw all taxes on property) beg respectfully to announce, that they are appointed sole executors to the late M. PROUDHON, and assignees of his celebrated dogma *La Propriété c'est un Vol*.

A COCKNEY'S EPITAPH.

THINK! "From the cradle to the grave!" my brother,
A nurse takes you from one, an 'earse to t'other.

THE BEST PLACE FOR MR. BABBAGE.—Stillorgan.

AN EXPERIMENT IN LONGEVITY.



EVERED PUNCH,—A great deal of discussion has lately arisen about longevity. Can a man live to above 100? Those who are anxious about the settlement of this question may like to see it subjected to the test of experiment. I offer myself to that test. Sir, I am a man of middle age, subsisting by the exercise of my intellectual faculties in a way calculated to please others rather than myself. My constitution is naturally sound, but I am sure that, if I go on as I am going, I shall not attain to more than threescore years and ten, probably die sooner of disease of the heart or brain. To keep myself up to the mark, I am in the habit of eating and drinking a great deal more than is good for me. I had rather not do this if I could help it, and, if I did not do it, I verily believe that I should live to be at least a centenarian. I am single, but I think, from the knowledge of statistical facts, that matrimony would prolong my existence, and should be inclined to marry if I could find a woman sufficiently beautiful, and also sensible enough to please me; but I am restrained from any idea of marriage by the dread of that anxiety which I should incur by taking a wife unless on an income sufficiently large to enable me to afford all her wants, and satisfy all her desires, so that she might not bother me, and also to insure myself against being bored by a possible family.

Were I possessed of that income, I should devote my time and means to the cultivation of science and literature in accordance with my natural inclinations, and, if I arrived at any conclusions worth publishing, should be disposed to

give them to the world for the benefit of my fellow-creatures.

My object would be answered by a public subscription of the smallest separate sums, if constituting, in the aggregate, an adequate amount, which I should not object to have invested in the names of trustees, so as that arrangement would secure me an income sufficient for the purposes of physiological science and my own; and I am sure, Sir, that you would be only too happy to take care of the money for one who would like to try and see whether, by living by rule, in strict obedience to the natural laws of health, on a salutary diet, taking care of himself, and being exempt from every other care, he could not contrive to live so long as to be a second

OLD PARR.

LAUREATUS LOQUITUR.

(For the next Edition of "In Memoriam.")

By scores in BURKE and in DEBRET,
I said, SIR ALFREDS may be found:
Why stoop I to their common ground,
Who stand alone, ALFRED THE GREAT?

I said, to write myself down, "Bart."
Were as if venison in scorn
For stateliness of haunch and horn,
With base-born mutton should take part.

Names are there—such, men say, is mine—
Too great for handles to avail:
A dip tie to a comet's tail,
And will the comet brighter shine?

Dubbed by Apollo's accolade,
The Muses' belted knight am I;
No sword of meaner chivalry
Upon my shoulder must be laid.

Known by my crown of Phœbus' tree,
As thou, my friend, by cap and hunch,
Why more than thou wouldst be SIR PUNCH,
Should I SIR ALFRED deign to be?

THE ARTIST TO ILLUSTRATE "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."
—SCHNORR.

THE PLEASURES OF THE PORPOISE.

MR. PUNCH,

PERAPS your hi was cort the huther day by a leter hin the Times as ad yure Name at the hend of it. The leter was sined "FRANK BUCKLAND." It wore about the live Porpus in the Slogical Gardings, which I canot elp writin to say ow i hinviies Im. Wen fust e cum accordin to MR. BUCKLAND the porpose's happy tight was werry Badd:—

"But on the 11th day it began to eat some spratts, which tied to tain and easily broken string, were made to wabble about in front of its nose by means of a jack spinning rod. It now, however, eats 3 lb. of spratts and 3 lb. of eels every day."

Ho my hi ow plummy! Don't i love Spratts! Ain't i Fond of Heels! Don't I wish i was a Porpuss! And hif i was one shoouden't i jest Like to liv in the Slogical Gardings! What an appy porpuse that are must be to dine every Day horf spratts and heels, and then by way of a Chang MR. BUCKLAND sez:—

"This morning it had two fresh herrings and a whiting for breakfast."

Fancy that! Fresh errins is wery nice and So is witin, tho' for Breakfast I perfers a bloter or fin and addick wen i can get em, witch in my Siremstances is not so orphan as eye cood Wish. Wel its wonderfool ow much like a cristian this ere porpis beceaves now, for look ere:—

"It will feed in the presence of visitors, and, as it will be observed, seizes the fish by the middle and then jerks it down head foremost."

Not as jerkin a Fish down head fomost is the Way a cristian wood heat im, but if so be as i was Treted like the Porpas his with spratts and heels and errins and whitening, wooden't I feed in the Presens of Wisiters too!

"His or her name (for we do not know the sex) is 'Ceta,' and the beast apparently recognises the whistle (the signal for dinner) of the keeper: we are going to erect a proper dinner-bell."

Werry proper indeede Hand if it was me i shood reddily hanter the summings. I can't contane my felins arldy wen i thinks of the high dear of heels and spratts hevery day partickler spratts ho i ham so fond

of em boath fride in wich case i've eerd of some as should call em the witebate of the Lower Horders and hallso baked in winegar which they are Butiful. MR. BUCKLAND ain't quite certing about the cex of the Porpuss, but as to my cex there ain't no mistake, no dere mister punch, i'me a poor old washerooman, and my name is

Sudbrook Mews, Jan., 1865.

MARTHA.

A PLEASANT SITUATION.

PRTY the poor farmers, kind and charitable reader. Their pockets must be sadly empty, else we surely should not see such an advertisement as this:—

A GOVERNESS WANTED, in a farmhouse, to instruct eight pupils (mostly boys) in the usual branches of education, with French, good music, and arithmetic. None need apply but those who have been engaged in schools, and have good references. Salary 20 guineas. Address, &c.

The terms offered in this farmhouse really are in-farmous. Twenty guineas a-year for the instruction of eight pupils! This is precisely at the rate of two pounds twelve and sixpence each. How many branches of education may be deemed to be the "usual" ones, the governess who is wanted is at liberty to guess. We dare say they comprise English, German, Greek, and Latin; geography and history; astronomy and botany; drawing, dancing, and deportment, with Hebrew, Sanscrit, and the uses of the dumb-bells, and the globes. For twenty guineas, too, the governess in this farmhouse must teach figures, French and figures, and will doubtless be required to give a lesson now and then in conchology or chemistry to fill up her spare time. How many hours a day will be required to teach eight pupils some slight smattering of all this we will not stop to think. But we may just make the reflection that the governess who occupies this farmhouse situation would certainly have got more wages and less work if she had luckily gone out as a lady's maid or cook.

THE WORST WINTER FUR.—Chinchilli.



QUI S'ACCUSE S'EXCUSE.

Sporting Gent (to Frenchman, who has been going very creditably). "HAVE A CIGAR, MUSSOO; NASTY PURL YOU GOT AT THAT DOUBLE FENCE."
Plucky Gaul. "OH, IT VOS NOSSING—YOU SEE—VEN SHE JOMP EASY—I AM—MAIS VEN SHE JOMP SO 'ARD, I DO NOT R-REM-AIN!"

THE PAPAL AGGRESSION ON EUROPE.

(To M. DE MONTALEMBERT.)

NOBLE MONTALEMBERT, I should not choose,
 Pious and generous as thou art, my buck,
 To be, just at this moment, in those shoes
 Or boots of thine. Art thou not thunderstruck,
 Crushed by the monstrous bolt which Rome's old man
 Has fulminated from the Vatican?

Doctrines of faith, our reason which transcend,
 We swallow easily enough, on trust,
 Can statements, which we cannot understand,
 Believe that we believe, when told we must;
 But conscience, with the sense of right and wrong,
 And facts, are for Authority too strong.

Immaculate Conception is a thing
 Which may or may not be, for aught we know.
 The POPE decrees it. If he's Heaven's Vice King,
 Then he is right; of course it must be so.
 No mortal, who reveres the Papal Hat,
 Would split with it on such a point as that.

But when the POPE's decrees free creed condemn,
 Free talk, and print, and liberal government,
 Can you, against conviction, bow to them,
 Whence you're a heretic if you dissent?
 Do you believe his last new dogmas true,
 MONTALEMBERT? and if not, where are you?

SUDDEN CONVERSION.—A gentleman who went to the Haymarket Theatre a decided partisan of the North, came away an out-and-out Southerner.

OUTRAGE ON A HERALD.

MR. ALFRED TENNYSON was said to have been created a Baronet. The Editor of *Debrett's Peerage* is authorised to contradict the statement. We saw no particular objection to the creation, unless it was that it might have made the other Baronets too proud; but there are a few among them who are worthy of such an associate as the Laureate. The poet does not accept the title, and there is an end. But we have one remark to make. An indignant person, who seems to have set the report about, is very angry with the *Debrett* Editor for having contradicted it, and speaks of his work as an "obscure peerage." Now, this is presuming too far upon the hideous ignorance of an ill-read age. Most people, even Railwaymen and Guardsmen, must have heard of TOM MOORE, and some even of these must have read the lines—

"Lament, lament, SIR ISAAC HEARD,
 Put mourning round thy page, *Debrett*.
 For here lies one who ne'er preferred
 A Viscount to a Marquis yet."

In the name of the heraldry of literature, *Mr. Punch* protests against the impertinence of calling any book obscure which has been immortalised in one of MR. THOMAS MOORE's epigrams, and we regret that spite should have made anybody, even a rival Editor, forget his Table of Precedence. A Herald's person was always revered, and it may be observed that we ourselves never pitch into the *Morning Herald*. *Noblesse oblige.*

Sad Want of Originality.

ACCORDING to the *Star* :—

"As many as 133 original cases appear on the list of the Divorce Court for hearing, besides 27 standing over by the consent of parties."

Original cases on the list of the Divorce Court? Are all these cases indeed original? We fear not. We are afraid the most of them are still the same old, old story.



THE BROMPTON AREA-SNEAK.

IMAGINARY BIOGRAPHY.

COCKER.

It would be a suitable problem for the Statistical Society to solve the question, how many of the adult population of Great Britain and her colonial dependencies pass their lives without using the formula, "According to COCKER."

And yet so little is known of the man whose name is on every one's lips, and who figures in books innumerable, that his life, which deserves to be written in numbers, may be summed up in a paragraph.

Conscious of the importance of the subject, *Mr. Punch* directed one of his private secretaries to apply to a series of distinguished personages who, by their tastes and pursuits, were thought qualified to be *MR. COCKER's* Biographer; but without success.

We epitomise a few of their answers:—

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. (N.B. Figures of speech omitted.) Busy concocting his annual Easter offering to the nation. Not a fraction of his time unemployed. Still will do his best, but it would be a great tax upon him. The "tale of Troy" has nothing to do with weights and measures. (The notion of taxing GLADSTONE was almost irresistible; but we mastered the temptation, and set his mind at rest by telegraphing to excuse him.)

MR. BABBAGE. Not sufficiently recovered from the organic disease by which he has long been ground down. Time, he hopes, will put a stop to it. The Calculating Machine at our service. (The latter part of the note irrelevant, suggesting, as it does, Bass's Straits as a proper settlement for street musicians.)

BISHOP COLENSO. Total refusal. Deaf as an adder to all our entreaties. Tired of division. Writes to us on his *Natal* day.

MR. BANTING (negotiated with on account of what he had done for figures) Pants to be of use, but not arithmetician enough to undertake the task. Only cares for reduction and proportion. Signs himself "Yours through thick and thin."

DAVENPORT BROTHERS. Too busy raising the wind to raise T. COCKER, to be his own accountant.

And so on, not to multiply examples, *ad infinitum*.

Nothing remained, therefore, but to collect materials for a life of COCKER from the books of the Bank of England (they would not allow a single note to be taken), the Accountant-General, the Institute of Actuaries, &c., that the national debt of gratitude to its great arithmetician might be at length discharged.

But the product of these researches was not commensurate with the labour. The sum total was but little. A letter (in cipher) was discovered in a cupboard in the Bank parlour, giving a few particulars of COCKER's early years. It will not surprise his admirers to hear that he "lisp'd in numbers;" and that as soon as he could walk, with the help of the chairs, he showed a remarkable fondness for "tables." The schoolboy is brought distinctly before us. The studious lad squaring his roots, while his young companions are squaring their fists; deep in trigonometry, and deaf to the pop-guns going off on all sides of him; preferring alligation to the charms of alley taws; and giving up hare and hounds for tare and tret. Some lines of his are mentioned which we are glad to have in their original dress, as they had become hopelessly corrupted:—

"Multiplication
Brings elation;
Division makes me glad;
The rule of three,
It comforts me;
And Practice suits this lad."

The letter is from a correspondent at Cocker-mouth, but the date is wanting; and as there was no census at the period when COCKER is supposed to have been born, and no one is able to insense us as to the probable year of his birth, it is impossible to say when so important a unit was added to the population, or whether he was vaccinated, and to what political party his parents belonged. The same uncertainty exists as to his calling or profession. Some assert that he was a factor, others describe him as being a schoolmaster: all agree that he was a man of singular modesty, too prone to hide his light under a bushel, and too indifferent to his own interest, though of a calculating turn, to take care of number one. Give him an inch and he will take an ell, was the last proverb that could be applied to unobtrusive THOMAS COCKER. Why he led a secluded life for several years is not apparent, unless we have a key to the mystery in the arithmetic he is supposed to have been then compiling. There is less obscurity about his domestic life. It was not a happy one. The truth must be told: in his own house COCKER was a mere cipher. His first wife was a lady of good extraction, being the daughter of a dentist, of an old but decayed family. Somewhat stumpy in figure, she had acerbities of temper so trying, that her husband did not hesitate to speak of her (when out of hearing) as a cockatrice. Indeed, he confessed that she would have driven him to drink, but that his scruples would not let him take a dram. She was succeeded by the widow of a watchmaker, who had died of tic-douloureux; one of those methodical persons in whose house everything goes on like clockwork. A plain-featured

woman, she brought COCKER rather a handsome fortune. So much so, that in his joking way, he would say of her, that if she was ill-favoured, she had "a compensating balance" at the bank. Poor fellow! it was a balance of power which she used so mercilessly, that he often deplored bartering his happiness for it.

"I used to sigh for her," he would cast up his eyes, and say, "but now I sigh for myself." The exchange to freedom came at last, and COCKER never risked his liberty again, convinced that the rule of three would be more than he could bear. Ahead of the times in which he lived, he held that a decimal coinage would be a sovereign remedy for many of our monetary perplexities, but that it was ten to one against its adoption. After carefully weighing and balancing the arguments advanced by the wiseacres who were in league against all change, and could see neither rhyme nor reason in the metrical system, he laughed to scorn their prediction that if applied to weights and measures, it must lead to an insurrection, or at least involve a strike.

Fond as he was of book-keeping, he does not seem to have amassed a library, and the only indication of any sporting tastes to be traced in his life is the interest he took in Le(d)ger entries. A lover of SHAKSPEARE, he preferred *Measure for Measure* to all the other plays.

COCKER was a social being: "*Homo sum, &c.*," he would say, and even when in a peck of troubles, he never lost sight of what he considered was the *Summum bonum*—to be able to affirm that he had made an addition to the happiness of others. He died of an over-dose of digitals. The business of his life, and the sterling worth of his character, are well summed up in the two words which may still be deciphered on his tombstone in Nine Elms Churchyard, "*Integer Vita.*"

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

NO MORE TAXES NOR ANY OTHER MEDICINE.

DR. JOHN BRIGHT, Fellow of Birmingham University, feels that it would be injustice to the public, and false delicacy in himself, if he did not by all means in his power invite the attention of the Public to his patent

FRANCHISE PILL.

This inestimable medicament, which has been discovered by DR. BRIGHT after twenty years of researches in America, is unhesitatingly announced by him as a *Certain Cure for all Disorders*, physical, mental, moral, social, and political. It is perfectly safe, and the most childish person may use it without difficulty, and it is warranted to abolish (among thousands of other ailments) the following afflictions:—

Taxes,
Corns,
Law-suits,
Inundations,
Disaffection,
Poverty,
Poaching,
Tooth-ache,
Whiggism,
Dyspepsia,
Parochial Rates,
Gunpowder Explosions,
Strikes,
Gumbolls,
Gallowses,
Turnpikes,
Street Organs,
Smoky Chimneys,
Armies,
Navies,
Circumlocution,

War,
Pimples,
Puseyism,
Christmas-boxes,
Class Legislation,
Small Pox,
Fees to Box-keepers,
The Irish Church,
Drinking,
Diplomacy,
Davenport Brothers,
Agricultural Distress,
One Legged Dancers,
Two Legged Donkeys,
Three Legged Stools,
Sensation Novels,
Protestant Ascendancy,
Orange Peel on Pavements,
Bishops,
Bunions,

Bad Eggs,
Primogeniture,
Gout,
Earthquakes,
Agnails,
Blank Verse Plays,
Heresy,
Hare-lips,
Homicide,
Haymarket Scandals,
Ministerial Explanations,
Mumps,
Dwarfs,
Crossing Sweepers,
Tories,
Classic Quotations,
East Winds,
Black-balling,
Snow-balling,
Fancy-balling,
Stomach-ache,

With numerous other misfortunes. Testimonials may be seen at the office of the *New York Herald*, the *Birmingham Bellow*, the *Finsbury Firebrand*, the *Rochdale Roarer*, the *Marylebone Maunderer*, and other leading journals. Neatly done up in BALLOT-BOXES, and shortly, it is hoped, to be sold under the Government Stamp.—Price, a whole Hog.

HOW TO UTILISE THE IRISH.

SAYS MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS, in a lecture at New York:—

"When we would map the Continent with 30,000 miles of railroad, we buried five millions of Irishmen under the sleepers."

So the sleepers in America have had Irish wakes attached to them! "Sleepers, Wake!"—as they sing at Exeter Hall. And how many more Irishmen, eh, MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS, will you bury in your Continent before you have mapped it out anew by the extinction of the Southerner? You sow a pretty crop of them in every field of battle. In fact, your fields of battle may be looked upon as Paddy-fields.



CANNIBALISM, BY JOVE!!
AND IN THE VERY HEART OF LONDON.

WHO'S HICKSON?

WE'VE heard of HERVEY, T. K. H.,
We've heard of HEPWORTH DIXON,
We've heard of DILKE, we've heard of COLE,
But who is MR. HICKSON?

He writes unto the *Morning Star*,
Complaining folks play tricks on
The sacred fame of HENRY COLE;
But who the deuce is HICKSON?

He cries for justice in the tone
Of any angry vixen,
But, right or wrong, the question is
Who is this MR. HICKSON?

We've read a rustic prophet's works,
Who bore the name of NIXON,
He wrote uncommon nonsense, too,
Is he the same as HICKSON?

He testifies for COLE and DILKE,
As parties we should fix on
For all the honours in the world—
Who testifies for HICKSON?

The fact that he's an awful pump,
We'll bet sixteen to six on,
Are any takers found to take
This sporting bet on HICKSON?

No takers? Pitch his letter on
The literary mixen:
There let it lie till some one comes
And tells us who is HICKSON.

And nobody will feel surprise
When Nobodies feel kicks on—
The instant they presume to teach
The world; like MR. HICKSON.

THE LARGEST IMPORTATION OF JESUIT'S BARK INTO
THIS COUNTRY EVER KNOWN.—The POPE's Encyclical and
its Appendix.

JOHN BULL'S SISTERS.

No Popery can be objected to the ladies undermentioned in an extract from the *Times*:—

"ENGLISH SISTERS OF CHARITY.—The Sisters of St. Peter's Home and Sisterhood 27, Brompton Square, have for some years been actively engaged, with the entire sanction of the BISHOP OF LONDON, in visiting the sick and relieving the poor in all parts of the metropolis. On Wednesday, the 23rd ult., they opened a Mission House, at 10, Frederick Road, Walworth, to carry out their charitable purposes in the district of St. Paul's, Lorrimore Square."

The entire sanction, not only of the BISHOP OF LONDON, but even of Exeter Hall, would naturally be given to the occupation of visiting the sick, and affording relief to the poor. Such employment cannot be supposed to have any special relation to the Seven Hills, and does not at all connect the ladies who are engaged in it with any lady in Babylon and scarlet. The fact that the charity which they practise is a cardinal virtue, is quite consistent with their entire independence of CARDINAL WISEMAN; for, otherwise, it would have only the partial, and not the entire, sanction of the BISHOP OF LONDON, who, of course, would limit his sanction of charity administered under the auspices of his Eminence, to the distribution of coals, blankets, clothes, victuals, and drink, and other corporeal matters. Exeter Hall, therefore, need not fear that whilst the English Sisters of Charity distribute bodily necessities, they also distribute any spiritual superfluities,—their spiritual ministrations extending to nothing worse than good brandy, rum, and gin, too needful in many cases.

This sort of practical Christianity cannot be carried on without money; without which there is very little good to be done, how much soever there may be wished, in this world, and benevolence is nearly all talk and sentiment. But the Sisters depend entirely on voluntary contributions, and, as the *Times* says:—

"They therefore make an appeal for assistance to those charitable persons who desire to relieve the miseries of London, but who are unable themselves to search out the really needy and deserving. Contributions of money, food, or clothing will be thankfully received at the Mission House, or by the REV. JOHN GOING, the incumbent of the district."

There are plenty of people who enjoy the unspeakable blessing of an

ample and certain income, derived from capital invested in Government securities, or freehold land, or other safe property. These people must, all but those who have a very dreadful skeleton in their cupboards, be so happy, that any increase of their happiness can be hardly possible. They can amuse and enjoy themselves every day of their lives without any necessity to take thought for the morrow, or any day thereafter, but the final one. Perhaps anything which would tend to reassure them about that, might add to even their extreme felicity. If there is any such thing which they can do, it is to be done, for example, by sending as much aid as they can afford in money or kind to the Sisters of Charity, or MR. GOING.

LOCKE ON THE UNDERSTANDING.

MR. PUNCH observes the following advertisement in a Berkshire paper:—

CHALKCLIFFE HOUSE ACADEMY.—MR. SMITH begs respectfully to thank his friends and the public for the patronage hitherto conferred on him, and trusts by a strict attention to the welfare and imprisonment of those Pupils committed to his care to secure a continuance of the same. The School will re-open on Monday.

It is matter of complaint that plain English is not taught in many of our schools, but that objection can hardly be raised in the present instance, as no English can be much plainer than the above. The advertiser may even be thought to err in excess of frankness, but, perhaps, like many other people, he may be indebted to the printer for making his compositions more explicit than the writer himself designed. We have pleasure in conserving this curiosity of advertising literature.

OLD SAYING (BY OUR OWN DETECTIVE).

PROFESSIONAL Thieves are notoriously dense, hence the proverbial expression, "*Thick as Thieves.*"

CLASSICAL EPITAPH ON A COOK.—Vir Pie et Taties Gravies.

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAP. VIII.—THE FIRST OLD MAN.



THE Actor who plays this line of business should be cautioned against putting up with an inferior part, because it happens to be the best Old Man in the piece. There is, or ought to be, a "second old man" in every properly constituted company, whose business it is to play all the old men's parts you do not think good enough for you.

The French rule is, that the first old man is bound to take the best old man's part in every piece acted. The melancholy consequence of this tyrannical rule is, that in France we often see excellent actors of old men going on for parts of a few lengths, figuring perhaps only in a single scene, and yet—such is the effect of that submission to central authority which permeates everything in that country, from the Tuileries

to the smallest suburban theatre—dressed and made up as carefully for such a part, and taking just as much pains with it, as if it were one really worth playing. Strange to say, the audience do not indignantly protest against this abuse of talent, but take it quite as a matter of course.

Authors, I need hardly say, having once been conceded to in this way will expect, and even insist upon the sacrifice, unless firmly met at the outset. It will be a sad day for the English stage, when we come to see pieces cast, not with reference to the Actor's position, but with an exclusive regard to effective representation.

I introduce these remarks *apropos* of the "first old man," because there is no other line of business in which there is such a disposition among Authors and Managers to thrust second-best business on leading shoulders, the "old man" being rarely the chief figure in the picture, and it being, of course, the object of these persons to strengthen the cast, without any regard to the Actor's feelings.

In fitting yourself to play old men, do not lose your time in studying the bewildering varieties of age which you will see about you. To such a study there would be no end, and the result of it would merely be a reflection of what everybody can see without paying for it. Instead of thus distracting and distressing yourself, determine, early, what eminent Actor of old men you will imitate, and study his manner, make up, looks, gestures and peculiarities.

You will find helps to such study among the conscientious preservers of stage tradition in theatrical clubs, Bow Street taverns, and Covent Garden cigar-divans, as well as among the old actors or hangers-on of country theatres, among whom a wealth of such traditional lore is still hoarded. Books of biography and theatrical prints will also do much for you; and few places of theatrical resort but boast of an imitator, who will be still able to give you a picture of DOWTON or BARTLEY, FARREN or STRICKLAND, as well as of the favourites of the hour.

Having thus chosen your model, according to your taste, or physique, stick to it. If you have a tall slender figure, with a turn for the quiet and gentlemanlike, can make up clean, and afford a good modern wardrobe, the late MR. W. FARREN will, of course, be your model. You will carefully cultivate the trick of his thin, high voice, his gentlemanlike walk, his little chuckle, the delicate action of his hand. One difficulty in imitating this Actor arises from the subtlety of his impersonations and his great economy of resources, in which he approached dangerously near the French ideal. It is sadly to be feared that he wasted much time in the observation of real life, and was refined to a dangerous degree. But we need not dwell on these blemishes, in speaking of one, who, in spite of such faults, was still an artist. Besides, as you have only to copy his copy, you will escape all the labour he bestowed in selecting his originals from life; and any over-refinement, or under colouring with which he may have been chargeable, you will, of course, remove in your copy.

If you are of a more burly person, with a fuller voice, and a more blunt and jovial turn of humour, approaching to the true John Bull type, you will avoid FARREN, and imitate BARTLEY.

If unctuous humour be your *forte*, DOWTON is your model; though

the traditions of him, it is to be feared, are waxing rather faint. Luckily, STRICKLAND is still completely within living memory, and good imitations of him may still be easily met with, and may replace those of DOWTON. W. BENNETT may also be referred to, as, in some points, the continuer down to our times of the hard and jerky school of FAWCETT.

You will, of course, study the peculiarities of dress most affected by your model.

It is to be feared that in no line of business is the modern itch for realism and dangerous imitation of actual life making more rapid and visible strides than in the "old men." The low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, so long invariably worn by the elderly merchant, banker, or country gentleman, is disappearing. Neck-cloths are diminishing in volume, length of ends, and eccentricity of tie. The long-established scratch-wigs are seriously threatened. The loyal adhesion to the costume of the early part of GEORGE THE THIRD's reign, which was formerly expected of all old men, is now broken without apology on the actor's part, or protest on that of the public. Top-boots are becoming as rare in the theatre as in real life; and even the traditional bailiff, if ever introduced, is represented in a common paletot, trousers, and high-lows, instead of the square-cut, broad-lapelled coat, red waistcoat, breeches, and mahogany tops, which properly belong to the character. The old man of the stage is, indeed, outwardly in danger of sinking down into a copy of the old man of real life; but, happily, the tradition of the theatre preserves those venerable traits of stage manners, voice, walk, action, which abundantly distinguish the old man of the playhouse from the old man of society, even though their husks approximate.

Thanks to it, the stage old man, whatever he *looks* like, has only to speak and move (in nine cases out of ten), for us to feel that in this line of business "realism," if it have won the outworks, has not yet penetrated to the heart of the citadel.

The traditional "make-up" of the old man helps to give him this symbolical character.

One has heard absurd stories of the length of time and elaborate study employed by French actors of old men in colouring and making up their faces, as though the Actor's countenance was a canvas, on which a particular face had to be painted.

Our theatre dispenses with this minute and slavish labour. Every Actor of old men can acquire in a few nights' observation and practice the art of putting on the recognised wrinkles and crows'-feet which belong to this line of business.

Having mastered these, he will take as much care to avoid comparison of his own face with those of living old men as *Don Quixote* did to avoid putting his second vizor to test of sword-stroke, after having ruined the first by a rash trial-blow.

Such comparison would be sure to confuse, and might even put you out of conceit with yourself—a thing carefully to be avoided by every Actor, and especially by the Actor of old men, as he is obliged, unfortunately, to renounce the hope of looking lovely, and cannot go in for lady-killing.

A TRULY GREAT CATCH.

(MATRIMONIAL.)

THE Advertiser is a young man enjoying great personal advantages, and the still greater advantage of immense wealth bequeathed to him by a rich uncle. He is anxious to devote the whole of his property to the one sole purpose of making a beautiful creature happy. This young man, therefore, is anxious to contract a matrimonial alliance with some young lady whose personal attractions are very great, and whose capacity of enjoyment is unbounded. He wishes to share the affluence with which he has been blessed with one who is passionately fond of dress, and especially of diamonds and other costly jewellery. He would like her to devote the whole of her attention to the decoration of her person, and would wish to see her spend the greater part of the day in trying on things, and contemplating herself in the looking-glass, or rather in the pier-glasses which he would take care to provide for her use. She would please him most by going every evening to balls and concerts, or the opera, and doing her utmost to outshine everybody in the room or the theatre. He would have her enthusiastically devoted to dancing, and delighted to ride about in a carriage, with a splendid coachman in front, and two magnificent footmen behind, she herself being attired in the extreme of fashion. When occasionally indisposed, he would be glad for her to insist on going to the sea-side, and lodging in the first hotel there, and he would be delighted by her making him take her, every now and then, to Paris, Baden-Baden, Homburg, or Rome. For further particulars apply at 85, Fleet Street.

N.B. Mutual qualifications or acquirements not necessary. No taste for poetry required, nor any love of music, beyond what is strictly fashionable.

A TRULY ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.—Our acquaintance includes a very handsome young man. His prudence is on a par with his personal appearance, and he carefully files all his love-letters.



HUMAN NATURE.

Ferocious Mistress. "COOK, THIS IS THE THIRD TIME YOU HAVE SENT UP THE JOINT RAW THIS WEEK, AND YOUR MASTER IS MUCH DISPLEASED! I MUST REALLY ENTREAT OF YOU, IN FUTURE, TO—TO—" (*Awful pause.*)

Cook. "AH, I SEE! YOU 'VE BEEN WEXED IN THE PARLOUR, AND SO YOU COMES AND WENTS IT ON ME IN THE KITCHEN."

HARMONY IN THE KIRK.

THERE are two points on which the generality of Scotchmen are as daft as they are canny in all other respects. They labour under a delusion with regard to Sunday, which they call the Sabbath, and entertain an insane objection to instrumental church music, whence they name an organ "a kist fu' o' whistles." Aweel, but Sunday trains, in moderation, run through the Land o' Cakes; and the subjoined extract, from the *Scotsman*, is evidence of a Scottish organ movement, which is also extending therein, and must be acknowledged to be a movement in the right direction:—

"With regard to the fitting up of an organ in the new church at Ayr, a meeting was held on Thursday evening, when it appeared that 261 members of the church were in favour of the introduction of an organ, 73 were against, and about 100 were neutral. After some discussion, the Committee, with the view of obtaining complete harmony, resolved to delay further action in the matter until after the next meeting of the General Assembly."

This is good, as far as it goes, but what follows is better:—

"Anderston new church, Glasgow, was opened on Sunday for public worship. . . . An excellent organ has been fitted up in the building, and was used during service on Sunday, MR. LAMBETH acting as organist. A choir, under the superintendence of MR. STEMBRIDGE RAY, has also been formed in connection with the congregation."

In Anderston new church, Glasgow, the establishment of an organ has not only been proposed, but actually effected. Now, so it should be in the new church at Ayr, and so it must be if the Committee of that church are to accomplish the end which they proposed in delaying further action in that matter. Scotchmen understand the force of words, and will understand us when we tell them, that the immediate fitting up of an organ is the best method of obtaining complete harmony.

THE JUBILEE.—Henceforth the only Jew permitted by the POPE to reside within the Roman precincts will be the Jew-Billy.

CHRONOLOGY AND CHARITY.

THE very best of Almanacks of course is *Punch's Almanack*, which, as everybody knows, is indispensable to everybody, and which nobody who is anybody can fail, therefore, to possess. Next to this may be commended the *Dramatic Almanack*, which, with other highly interesting intelligence, contains a fair amount of theatrical astrology, and tells the rising and the setting of several stage-stars. It gives a date also to numerous theatrical events which are worthy to be borne in mind, such as the original invention of the butter-slide in pantomimes, and the first introduction of the hot poker by the Clown. All lovers of the theatre should buy this little Almanack, not merely because it is worth the sixpence that it costs, but because the profits of its sale are added to the funds of the Royal Dramatic College, a charity which well deserves whatever is subscribed to it. Any dweller in Stoke-Pogis or Stickton-in-the-Mud, who may find the local bookseller without a copy of the work, had better write to MR. ANSON, of the Adelphi Theatre, and enclose a five-pound note for the benefit of the College, with a request that MR. ANSON, who is the author of the Almanack, should just enclose a copy of it when, as treasurer of the College, he forwards a receipt.

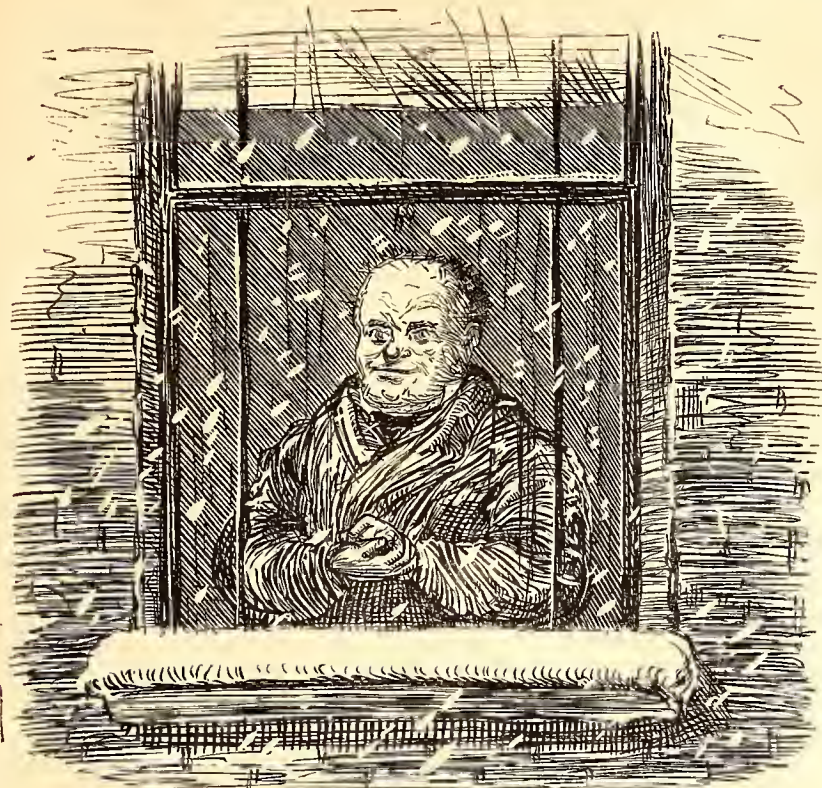
Answers to Correspondents.

The Pope's N. Sickly Gal.—You make a mistake concerning the origin of Peter's Pence, as there is no such Saint in the Roman Calendar as SIR CHARLES BORROWMONEYO.

An Avenger.—"What is *Ultima Thule*?" asks our Correspondent. She was a Princess of some extraction, born, when a child, of poor but honest parents, and spent the best part of her life in a vain endeavour to conciliate the adverse factions.—MALIBRAN was sixteen.—Consult a solicitor.

A LIMB OF THE LAW.—DONATO's leg.

MUTUAL SATISFACTION.



Bilious Old Uncle. "I'M DELIGHTED TO SEE THIS FALL; IT WILL GIVE THAT DREADFUL BOY CHILBLAINS, AND HE'LL BE LAID UP OUT OF MISCHIEF."



OCCUPATION OF "THAT DREADFUL BOY" AT THE SAME PERIOD.

IMAGINARY BIOGRAPHY.

HOYLE.

WHEN HOYLE came into the world it was on the cards for him to play the part of a deep diplomatist, a great general, a magnificent millionaire, a successful statesman, or any other character which requires for its formation good judgment, skilful combination, an accurate memory, a serene temper, and some loose silver. But his destiny was different, and he did not run counter to his fate. He turned up a great whist player, a potent card ruler: green baize had greater charms for him than scarlet cloth, the trump of war he never heard—although he had many a sharp tussle with MRS. BATTLE—the strategy and finesse he practised, the schemes and manœuvres he employed were displayed, not in Courts and Camps, not on bourses and battle-fields, but in club-rooms and cosy parlours, at quadrille parties and card assemblies. The victories he won were gained in front of a coal-fire, the honours fortune dealt him came in company with a pair of wax-lights.

HOYLE's life presents a heap of contradictions, his character and conduct a string of oppositions; so much so as to have led some to think that he never had an existence, that he was nothing but a dummy. A staunch Protestant, he was a stout adherent of "Pope;" a blazing Tory he knew "Pam," and found him "civil;" a determined bachelor he engaged in "matrimony;" innocent as a child, he delighted in "intrigue," and was fond of "casino." Fair and above-board in all his dealings, he was always at his tricks, and mixed up with shuffling transactions; abstemious as a Coldstream Guardsman, he loved a "bumper;" modest and retiring, he indulged in "brag;" kind and affectionate, he had a horror of "love;" shy of the water, he liked "punting;" dancing was his aversion, and yet he never refused an invitation to a "quadrille" party; he despised trade, but took to "commerce;" put his savings in the three per cents, and lost by "speculation;" never stirred out of England, but was often seen at "Loo" and "Macao," and knew more about "matadores" than men who had witnessed a hundred bull-fights at Seville, and studied fauromachy for years at Barcelona.

What did those who knew him say of him? That he was a rough diamond with a good heart; that he spoke his mind and called a spade a spade; that he was the king of good fellows, and a regular trump at the club, and that he hated a knave as thoroughly as he did an adversary who was content to play whist for nothing. He had his weak points, his odd tricks. Cut and dried as he seemed, he showed a boyish relish for a "see-saw;" so averse was he to changing his suit that he wore his clothes until they were threadbare; and, like most of us, he nourished an antipathy, not to babies, cats, or income-tax papers, but to what one would call a harmless article of dress—a ruff.

It has been mentioned that HOYLE was an old bachelor, a "solitaire." But he had known "hazard." Soon after he came of age (got a natural vingt-et-un, as he phrased it) a young damsel asked him if he "proposed," but this embarrassing question, which gave him a flush, proved to have been put only in play, although it was Bissextile. Later on in life he was within an ace of being caught by a lady who, from her black eyes and brilliant complexion, was known among her acquaintances as "rouge-et-noir;" but the fair pursuer showed her hand too early in the game, did not play her (court) cards well, and failed to establish her suit and herself. This escape happened at Cheltenham, for which place HOYLE showed a great partiality, and where he enjoyed his (India) rubber with the resident Nabobs with whom he speedily carried favour. Yet he always spoke approvingly of the married state, and would say that he thought it the next best thing to being single. Good judges, however, experienced matrons and spinsters of some standing, declared that he had no heart, and called him "the most coldest that ever turned up ace."

When his famous treatise appeared, it at once became so popular that the phrase which has since been improperly diverted to sperm and paraffin then first came into vogue, to distinguish those who studied him early and late, and were therefore said "to consume the midnight HOYLE."

His end was a melancholy one. Short whist killed him. He first heard of the intruder when paying a morning visit, went home to his lodgings (he was then living at Trumpington), took to his bed, and never "called" again. In his wanderings he was heard to mutter, "double, double, toil and trouble;" and—for he loved music—to lament that he could never go to his glee and catch club again because of the "trebles." The ruling passion was dominant to the last; for when inclined to make a new will, and discard a loose relative, his repugnance to revoke compelled him to renounce the idea. He had a great funeral—many private carriages were in the procession; amongst them those of the EARL OF PETERBOROUGH, COUNT BOROLASKI, MAJOR A—, MRS. BATTLE, CHARLES LAMB, and ROBERT SHORT, ESQUIRES.

Reader, if in your rambles you discover a mossy stone with this brief inscription—"Ay, there's the rub?" ruminate upon it when you take your "Cavendish," and try to make as good a score as HOYLE.

Civilisation in France.

THE following is a recent piece of foreign intelligence:—

"FATAL DUEL.—The *Moniteur de la Meurthe* announces that M. POMPUZAN, 34 years of age, veterinary surgeon of the 2nd Dragoons at Toul, has been killed in a duel by an officer of the same regiment."

Moniteur de la Meurthe? Surely this is a misprint. Should it not be *Moniteur de Meurtre?*

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAP. IX.—THE LADIES.



was an actress. Unluckily, there are so many stages open to them, and such splendid rewards tempting them away from "the boards," technically so called, that the theatre gets by no means its fair share of the enormous sum total of histrionic genius distributed among the softer and sweeter sex, whose mission it is to wind the stubborn and stupider sex round their fingers.

Perhaps it is this very excess of acting-power that makes many of our actresses—charming, fascinating, irresistible as we know they are *off* the stage—disposed to be careless about their strictly professional performances.

How can a Syren, who is acting every moment of her waking life out of the theatre, be expected to show unflagging spirit and sustained energy "before the float" as well? She is often, in fact, taking her rest in the presence of the public. They are not her true audience. It is not till she puts off her stage-clothes that she will really assume her part, and it is then we should see her, to judge what a great creature she really is.

That is at once the best and the worst of female acting. It is, as a rule, so terribly real. A true woman wants to play *her* part in actual life, and is apt to undervalue the mimic world of the stage.

But my business just now is only with her as a creature of that element.

I only introduce this tribute to her as an actress on a different scene, and in the more serious, if often more artificial, drama of real life, to show that I perfectly understand how small a part of the actress we should ever expect to see upon the boards of the theatre.

Two lines are open to the actress—I mean, in acting before the public. The one leads to brilliant establishments, splendid presents, fine clothes, jewels, carriages, the popular incense of the crowd, and the more delicious worship of private adoration; the other to the comparatively meagre and barren triumphs of the artist, the esteem of that self-satisfied class of people known, to themselves, at least, as "the judicious few," the admiration of the units who set up for judges in matters of taste and fine art. Such fame as they can award by no means implies an accompaniment of solid pudding. That is oftener to be found by following the other road.

If you take one of these lines, your exclusive object of consideration in acting—whatever your line of business—will be yourself, and your audience in its relation to yourself.

If you take the other, you will have to think almost exclusively of your part.

I need hardly say which of these two courses at once commends itself to the intelligent actress, who has charms of face or figure, or arts of attraction and secrets of coquetry, which are often so much more potent than mere beauty. She will, of course, think of herself and her audience first and most, and of her part last and least.

Remember that it is impossible to follow the two lines at once, and that having committed yourself to the one, you must frankly renounce the other.

You will see, at once, the impolicy of distressing yourself by painful efforts to master the meaning of the words you have to deliver, or by an exhausting identification of yourself with the passion or emotion of your part.

Stage-art so conceived, is not only long, but infinitely laborious and fatiguing. It implies an employment of your beauty, grace, and intelligence in the interest of egotistic authors, grasping managers, and an ungrateful public.

You will constantly have to sacrifice considerations of costume, complexion, attitude; and cannot hope to maintain that calmness and self-command which are essential to the proper display of personal charms, and the advantageous direction of the arts of feminine fascination. All this, I need hardly point out, is against your obvious interests as woman and actress, in the higher sense of the word, which takes in more than the theatre. I know few sadder sights—happily they are not common—than a young actress carried away by the illusions of what she thinks High Art, studying hard at home; in the theatre, attentive at readings, docile and regular at rehearsals, allowing herself to be schooled by authors, and ordered about by stage-managers,—at night, throwing herself passionately into her

part, even to the forgetting of herself in her character, never thinking how her face or figure looks, or her voice sounds, but striving only to be the person, under whose name she figures in the cast.

LAS! I approach this delicate part of my subject with fear and trembling. The idea of any man, even *Mr. Punch*, putting the ladies up to anything in the way of acting! All the world is a stage. SHAKESPEARE was quite right if he had stopped there, or gone on to say "and all the women merely players." But he was wrong when he included all the men in the same profession. The Lords of the Creation are often utterly incapable of even the lowest "general utility"—cannot be trusted to "go on with a message," or to figure creditably in the choruses, or among the supers. But there never yet was woman but she

part, even to the forgetting of herself in her character, never thinking how her face or figure looks, or her voice sounds, but striving only to be the person, under whose name she figures in the cast.

I can conceive no life of more continued self-sacrifice, no more willful abnegation of ninety and nine gratifications of woman's nature to the hundredth,—a duty done, and at the best a mere artistic triumph, to be rewarded by a little barren praise, which, perhaps, she hardly hears—for even the critics, as a rule, are too merciful to encourage such deplorable infatuations;—and a paltry salary, hardly enough to keep a decent roof over her head, and certainly insufficient to find her in clothes which any self-respecting woman can find pleasure in wearing.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to caution you against taking the line which involves these fatal consequences. You will, of course, think of yourself and the audience, and leave the part to take care of itself.

Following this general direction, you will always ask yourself, first, when a part is cast you, what is the prettiest dress you can wear in it?

There is no harm in the dress being appropriate, provided it display your face and figure to advantage, but this it must do, and if appropriateness is to be sacrificed to appearance, you will, of course, sacrifice it, supposing the choice of costume to be left to yourself. If the management find your dresses, take care to show them that the one condition of your making the public in love with you—which, after all, is bringing grist to *their* mill as well as yours,—is that you shall be in love with yourself, which, of course, you cannot be expected to be in a dress you don't like.

Of course you will master the indispensable arts of the bones and banjo-playing, and nigger singing and dancing. These make up so much of the humour of modern burlesque—the best field for the display of feminine arts and graces—that without them you will find yourself sadly hampered at every stage of your career.

Cultivate the seductive resources of affectation. It is all nonsense to say men dislike them. They *don't*.

Acquire the most provocative tricks of attitude, those I mean which are calculated to bring out your best points of face and figure.

Lay in a battery of provocative looks, saucy or languid as may suit your style.

Train your voice to be luscious, or plaintive, or smart and brazen, according to the line of business nature and reflection dictate to you. Even the most "mannish" vocabulary of slang and fastness may be made irresistible in a rosy young mouth.

If you are pretty, these matters will come easy, but it is when you are plain, that you may best show your powers.

The plainest woman may acquire the trick of fascination. If she can once persuade herself she is pretty, there are always ways and means of making the public believe it too.

Look out early for an influential friend closely connected with the

management, if possible, though "a swell" out of the theatre may also be found highly useful. It will be his duty to espouse your quarrels, keep down your rivals, and generally look after your interests.

The best thing you can do, for this purpose, is to get the Manager's head under your slipper. By this means you will become, in fact, Manager; and the poor creature, who bears the title, will be only your "minister with a portfolio."

When you have got your Manager in this position, have no mercy upon him. The more tyrannical you are, the more pliant you will find him.

This is far better than becoming Manager yourself in name as well as in fact. You will have no risk, no responsibility, and all the real power.

Having attained this point, your career ought to be easy, by attention to a few simple rules.

Be careful not to give a chance to any woman who can possibly become your rival.

Indeed it may be as well to say, do not give a chance to any of your sex, as it is impossible to say in what woman a rival may not crop up.

To this end take care that no other actress in the theatre has a good part, on any pretext.

If one of them insidiously makes a good part out of a bad one, by her acting, have her taken out of it on the first opportunity.

Acquire the control of the ladies' wardrobe, and see that all the other women are dressed as unbecomingly as possible.

If you properly use your female arts, you may retain an empire once acquired, whether over your Manager or your public, for an indefinite time.

Remember, that no actress who respects herself and understands her business, ever grows old. NINON DE L'ENCLOS charmed at eighty, and MADEMOISELLE MARS left the stage at sixty, in the part she made her *début* in a girl of sixteen.

You will, therefore, go on playing the parts you began with to the end of your career.

As supplementary secrets of success, you will early study the arts of advertising and puffery.

If you have a male relative available for this purpose, he may find useful employment in superintending the "poster" department.

You will of course cultivate amicable and confidential relations with the critics. However inaccessible to venal influences of the vulgar and obvious kind, few men can resist the flatteries and attentions of a clever woman, and nobody can object to your keeping open house for those who are kind enough to sit in judgment on your performances.

You will take care at all times to have intelligent friends in front, a supply of bouquets in readiness, and the proper machinery for calls to be worked between the Acts, and at the fall of the Curtain.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.



INGING the "Turf Notes" of the *Morning Star*, the sporting warbler chanteth that two horses, called—

"Breadalbane and Broomielaw, said to have been purchased for £11,000 by MR. HENRY CHAPLIN, of the well-known firm of CHAPLIN AND HORNE, are exciting most interest."

The writer might as well have added that the famous horses have been purchased for MESSRS. CHAPLIN AND HORNE's vans, which will henceforth race through the streets more tremendously than before. It would not be quite true, but then there is a slight absence of

accuracy in the original story, the fortunate owner of the animals being no connection whatever of the Van Demons, but being a vast Lincolnshire proprietor. We may add, as it has no bearing whatever upon the subject, that *Broomielaw* is *Blair Athol's* uncle, and *Breadalbane* is *Blair Athol's* brother, and was nursed by a *noverca*, in consequence of the touching demise of his mamma, poor *Blink-Bonny*. We do not speculate at present whether the MARQUIS OF HASTINGS's horse, *The Duke*, will win the Derby, or whether MR. CHAPLIN wishes him to do so. Our friend and fellow Radical, the *Star*, is usually so right about everything not affecting America or MR. BRIGHT, that he can afford to be told to put the saddles on the right horses. MR. *Punch's* omniscience rectifies all errors. What a blessing he is to the world!

PROFESSOR PUNCH'S DREAM-BOOK.

LUCKY DREAMS.

To dream of nothing is lucky.

To dream that you have written all MR. TUPPER's works (and on waking to find you haven't) is very lucky.

To dream, *only* to dream, that you've committed a capital crime, is lucky—for you.

UNLUCKY DREAMS.

To dream that, in a fearful shipwreck, you have been hurled upon a sharp rock, and to awake to a sense of your position on the floor, is unlucky.

To dream of goblins, villains of the deepest dye, assassins, daggers, and such things as utterly destroy your rest, is decidedly unlucky.

To keep on dreaming and awaking five times in a night is unlucky.

To dream that you are fighting for your life with wild bears, and to find yourself

hitting your wife on the head with a bolster, is unlucky, very unlucky.

To dream that you are making a long and powerful address to a jury and to deliver the same oratorically, is unlucky for any one who happens to be in the same room trying to go to sleep.

SIGNS.

To dream that you are in a land of golden apples and silver roses, with jewels and diamonds sparkling on the trees, and that you are dancing with a fairy-like being, whose face you think is not quite unfamiliar to you, is a sign that you've probably seen the Transformation Scene of a Pantomime.

To dream that some one has given you two hundred million billion thousand pounds, seven shillings and sixpence halfpenny, is a very good sign that you *are* dreaming.

To dream that you are being tried for something or other, what it is nobody in Court, including the Judge, seems to know, and that you are about to be hung for it, whatever it is, (at which point you awake with a start), is a pretty good sign that you've lately been reading the Old Bailey and Police Reports.

To dream that you were sitting in a room which is very like your own drawing-room, only not exactly it, and there met your cousin TOM, only it wasn't quite your cousin TOM, but rather taller, or paler, or younger, and that he suddenly seemed to jump up in the air, and point all at the same moment to a black monkey, at least something like a monkey, only with a lion's tail, climbing up the bell-rope, which appeared to be hanging from the centre of the ceiling, and that, all at once, you found yourself in a large open square with a box of sardines and a trombone, which you wanted to clean, but couldn't on account of the cobbler's wax in the mouth-piece, and that somehow the trombone became your cousin TOM again, who insisted upon your swallowing a box of gelatine lozenges, because they were iced on purpose for you, and that then some one, coming from somewhere, asked you to get inside, and you don't know how it was, but you found yourself in a cab, when just as the driver banged the door, you awoke—to have dreamt all this, is a sign that you've muddled up a jolly lot of things in your head, and it is to be hoped you are rather clearer when awake.

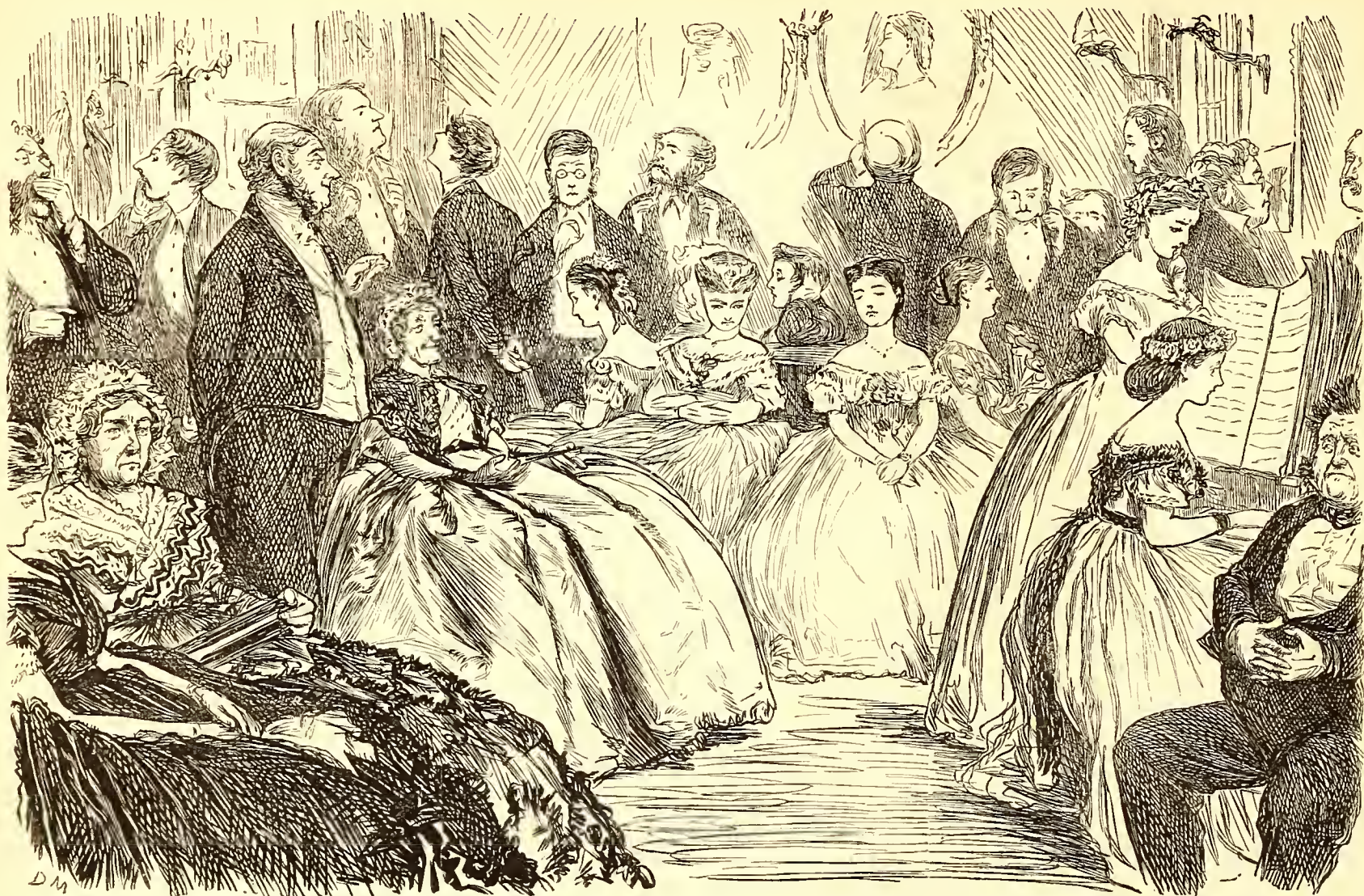
To dream that you are condemned by the Inquisition, and that heavy weights are being placed, by way of torture, on your chest, is a sign that you've probably gone to bed directly after supping on cold boiled pork.

To dream that you are going rapidly from the top to the bottom of a lofty flight of stairs, without any legs under you, is a sign that you require a little medicine.

To dream anything is a sure sign that you are asleep.

NOTE FOR THE LYCEUM.—M. FECHTER is probably aware that LEMAITRE played the part of *Robert Macaire* in a devil-may-care manner.

A RECENT TELEGRAM.—"Shanghai, Dec. 9. Gray shirt-ings unchanged."—What dirty people they must be in China!



THE CHARMS OF "SOCIETY."

PROBLEM :—GIVEN, THE ABOVE SKETCH, REPRESENTING A LOT OF PEOPLE ENJOYING THEMSELVES :—FIND OUT, BY THEIR DEMEANOUR :

- 1ST. THE PAPA AND MAMMA WHOSE DAUGHTER IS PLAYING A VERY LONG CLASSICAL PIECE OF MUSIC.
- 2ND. THE PAPA AND MAMMA WHO WANT THEIR DAUGHTER TO BE PLAYING INSTEAD.

BISMARCK'S SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

AH me, my Prussian Parliament,
Your swelling words fall flat,
Oh where, oh where is BOCKUM DOLLS,
The Hero of the Hat !
In vain the talk of REICHENSPERG,
The protest of GRABOW,
Here 's BISMARCK laughs your threats to scorn,
And you have to Kotow !

Alas ! the day when you allowed,
O'er Freedom's scent unerring,
The Ministerial whips to drag
The Schleswig-Holstein herring !
Lured from your game, when full in view,
On trail of armed aggression,
By whiff of powder, and the fumes
Of Prussian prepossession.

Fain *Punch* would pity those who chafe
Under the sarcasms sinister
Of a drill-sergeant in a crown,
And his dragooning Minister.
But since you backed the rule of fist,
The majesty of might,
Now that the rod comes home to you,
His verdict's " Sarve you right."

The sacred Ark of Liberty
Ne'er found defenders strong
In hands defiled with evil gains,
And hearts that backed the wrong.
Even as you have meted out,
Shall it be mete to you ;

To the same rule of fist you bow
That Denmark bowed unto.

If there be geese in Prussia—
As travellers say there are—
We have a saw you had done well
To weigh, ere last year's war.
That what is sauce for goose, the same
For gander saucee must be :
The Danish goose is cooked, we know—
The gander's on the Spree !

AN EXCEPTION.

In a very admirable speech, addressed to the working men at Camden Town, by MR. HARVEY LEWIS, M.P., the Member for Marylebone said :—

" There is no Position in England, short of the throne, to which a working man, by study, diligence, perseverance, and steady application might not attain."

There is one exception, which therefore proves the rule set forth by MR. HARVEY LEWIS. Neither study, diligence, perseverance, nor steady application will raise a working or a playing man to one awful position—that of Contributor to *Punch*. To attain that splendid dignity, the aspirant must also have wit, humour, beauty, grace, a charming manner, an unexceptionable tailor, and a perfect French accent. On all other points *Mr. Punch* cordially approves MR. LEWIS's speech, especially as it contrasts favourably with much inflammatory nonsense which is being addressed to the working man by persons who desire to climb to Position by the aid of his broad shoulders.

SWEETS AND A PUFF.—RIMMEL'S *Book of Perfumes* is now Scent everywhere.



DR. BRIGHT AND HIS PATIENT.

DOCTOR. "DO YOU GET GOOD WAGES?"

PATIENT. "YES."

DOCTOR. "HAVE YOU PLENTY TO EAT AND DRINK?"

PATIENT. "YES, AS FAR AS THAT GOES."

DOCTOR. "AH! WE MUST CHANGE ALL THAT. WE MUST GO IN FOR REFORM!"

DOCTOR. "DO YOU DO AS YOU LIKE?"

PATIENT. "YES."

DOCTOR. "DO YOU PAY TAXES?"

PATIENT. "NONE TO HURT ME MUCH."

MEETING FOR PROMOTING THE EDUCATION OF THE RICH.



ECENT meritorious efforts which have been made by the Rich to educate the Poor (our best hat off, and our best bow to you, Miss BURDETT-COUTTS, in all honour) have, *Mr. Punch* is happy to say, produced a gratifying result in the way of reciprocity. The Poor have awakened to their duty, and propose to educate the Rich. Several interesting meetings have been held on the subject, and we condense a report of one of these. It was held on Saturday night, in the Lower Room, Exeter Hall, and the apartment was crowded.

MR. JAMES TRIVET, a gas-fitter, was unanimously elected to the chair, and he spoke with much good feeling and good humour. He said that he was not greatly in the line of speech, but he

should be kindly turned on if he flickered. (*Cheers.*) He had been, in the way of business, a good deal into the houses of the Swells, and had thought it right to talk affably to them, when he got a chance. He could say that it was a great mistake to suppose that they were ill-conditioned or reserved, quite the reverse. They were very ignorant, but that was the fault of their bringing up. They had always been ready to talk to him, and it was interesting, though melancholy, to hear some of their simple questions. (*Hear, hear.*) For instance, a lady, with pearls on her well nigh as big as one of those gas-globes, had asked him whether gas did not come out of the ground if you stuck a pipe in. (*Sensation.*) She was not at all angry at his laughing, but insisted that she had read that such a thing was the case in some countries, and why not in England? That showed that a little knowledge was a dangerous thing. (*Cheers.*) He explained the real truth to her, but he was afraid that she was not listening, because she suddenly answered a military party who was talking to a girl on a sofa, but it was something to awake a spirit of inquiry. (*Cheers.*)

MR. JOHN DOVETAIL, a carpenter, said that he always found the Swells humble and civil, when he was called in to do any odd job. But until there was some general system of teaching, he feared that we should do little good with them. It was a pity, for many of them were intelligent and willing enough. He did not tell the story by way of ridiculing those who had fewer advantages than himself, but he would just mention that a young gentleman, the son of rich but honest parents, had shown him a little kennel which he had made for a favourite puppy. How did the Meeting think he had fastened the pieces? With large pins and gum. (*Shouts of laughter.*) When he, the speaker, showed him a bradawl and some nails, the dear lad looked as if a new world was open to him. (*Cheers.*)

MR. WILLIAM CLINK, a bricklayer, said there was much good in the richer classes, but their fault was, that they were so heedless and improvident. Look at the very building in which they were. The great hall was crowded to excess on music nights, and if an alarm of fire were given, there was but one way out, and hundreds would be trampled to death as sure as bricks were not mortar. Yet they kept on coming and never minding. It was very difficult to arouse them to any sense of danger. He thought that a system of house visitation, in a missionary way, might do good.

MR. WAPPING CALVES said that he had been a footman (*hisses*), but he was happy to say that he had raised himself to the position of a small coal man, and hoped that he should have the respect of the Meeting. (*Cheers.*) In his former capacity he had, of course, seen a great deal of the rich. He thought well of them, but they had many faults. They had no regard for truth, and would order a servant to deny that they were in the house, when they did not wish to see a visitor. Their indolence was frightful, they would lie in bed until twelve in the day. (*Sensation.*) It was true, he assured the Meeting, and a lady at one end of a room would ring a bell and bring a man up several flights of stairs to fetch her a book that lay on a table out of her reach. Still, they were very kind when they knew how to do any kindness, but so few of them took the trouble to know. As a practical man, he must say that he did not think that missionaries from their own class would be favourably received in the houses of the rich. He

would mention another thing, showing the folly of the upper orders. On a freezing night, a delicate woman would change her warm dress for a very light one, put on shoes no thicker than ribbons instead of her comfortable boots, and with nothing on her head, shoulders, or arms, would go out and sit in all the draughts of a playhouse, or stand on the landing of a staircase, with the wind constantly rushing up from the street-door. What could one do with creatures so hopelessly plunged in folly? (*Sensation.*)

MR. GEORGE FUNNEL said that he had been steersman to a steam-boat, and that ladies, when they saw him at the wheel, had often said that they could not understand how his twisting that wheel made the paddles go round and round. (*Great laughter.*) Still, he had heard that class talk intelligently about objects on the voyage, and he did think that they were not naturally idiotic. He was for compulsory education, and he would have every rich child sent to a school of mechanics.

MR. PETER BAYSTER, a bookbinder, said that he would never agree to hear charges of idiocy brought against a large class of his fellow-creatures. If they were foolish, let us be thankful that we know better, and let us try to teach them. It was not a bad thing in the character of the upper classes that many of them were fond of reading, and if they read silly books, let them be told so. But he did not want to preach, and would amuse the Meeting by telling them of a nobleman who wanted to letter his own books on the back. He had the tools and all, but one day sent for him, the speaker. "BAYSTER," says my Lord, "I'm jolly well jiggered if I can make this gold stuff stick in the letters." Would they believe it, this great nobleman had stamped the words first, and then tried to fix in the gold with glue. (*Roars of Laughter.*) He was bound to add that the poor rich man was very docile and thankful for instruction. (*Cheers.*)

MR. MARROW, a butcher, said that the old story of the Irishman who fed his pig one day and starved him the next, that the bacon might be in alternate slices of fat and lean, was nothing to the things which ladies and gentlemen had said in his master's shop. He was afraid that little could be done for the class in question. No earthly power could teach some of them not to ask for a haunch when they meant a leg, and as for bone, their impatience was only equalled by their ignorance on that head. He thought, however, that something might be effected by lecturers, if we could only induce the rich to attend.

MR. THOMAS RIMER was a composer of street-ballads. It had been said there was nothing like leather, but he was not open to that fling, as he would show. He thought that if, instead of the wretched Italian and English songs now sung by the rich, which he could assure the Meeting were the most namby-pamby trash in creation, they could be taught to sing ballads of a better kind, in which truth should be inculcated, good might insensibly and inoffensively be done. Instead, for instance, of such a song as "Coo, says the gentle Dove" (*shouts of derisive laughter*), a female were to sing "The Satisfied Tradesman and his Economical Wife" (*applause*), in which, as he perceived they remembered, it was shown how a frugal woman should lay out one pound one on her family, the lesson of thrift and care would be taught. He would only say that if it were liked, he would gladly give a thousand copies of that song, gratis, for distribution among the upper class. (*Cheers.*)

After some other speeches of a humane and philanthropic kind, it was agreed that a Committee should be formed, for carrying out MR. RIMER's proposal. A vote of thanks to the chair was followed by a unanimous call for a vote of compliment to *Mr. Punch*, for his indefatigable exertions to bring all classes into harmony. Amid the loudest cheering, the Meeting adjourned, after singing the hymn, "*Pity the Follies of a poor rich Man.*"

INTERNAL UTILITY.

THE following advertisement appeared the other morning in a Dublin newspaper:—

GROOM AND COACHMAN, a smart, active young Man, who understands his business; has a first-rate knowledge of the care and treatment of horses, carriages, and harness; is a careful, steady driver; will make himself useful inside, if required.

"Will make himself useful inside, if required!" In what way is this usefulness, we wonder, to be exercised? A doctor's groom might make himself useful inside by swallowing his master's medicines for experiment. We own we should not like, were we a body servant, to have our body thus employed: but to these base uses we might come, *Horatio*, to keep ourselves from the necessity of going to the work-house. Still we cannot understand how a coachman is to show his utility inside, unless he means to hint that if his master likes to drive, he will sit inside the carriage and entertain the ladies.

Literary Paradox.

It is true that MR. SALA is the author of the Novel, *Quite Alone*. It is, we are sorry to say, equally true that he did *not* write the novel *quite alone*.



THE ANIMATED EGG.

"OH, MA! AIN'T THIS A WHACKING SNOWBALL? AND COUSIN CHARLEY IS INSIDE!"

THE DRAMA AT SEA.

SIR, MR. PUNCH.—If this won't restore the Nautical Drama, I don't know what will.

Yours, BENNY THE BO'SEN.

I call the piece

BLUE-EYED MARY;

OR, POLLY THE PRIDE OF THE FLEET.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TOM BLUFF (in love with Polly).

JONAS (a reprobate).

NAB (leader of the Press Gang).

CAPTAIN FORECASTLE (of H. M. S. Orocoon).

MARY PERKINS (the Blue-eyed).

Admirals, Commodores, Sailors, Marines, Press Gang, &c.

SCENE I.—Neighbourhood of Deal. Dealers walking about. View of the Flats drinking. Deal Light visible. Watermen are winking at girls, L.H., while a party of Marines are dancing with Jew Pedlars in a corner of the Stage.

Chorus.

Ho! boys! ho!

Drink and be merry, oh!

Spend the money, oh!

What care we!

Clink the glasses!

Wink at lasses!

Ho! ho! ho! ho!

Merry boys! Oh! ho! ho!

All (waving glasses). Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

Enter TOM BLUFF. C.

Tom Bluff. Ha! messmates, what cheer?

All. This. Hooray! (They cheer).

Tom Bluff. True; but the man who would desert his tackle in the hour of need, is no friend of TOM BLUFF'S.

All (wildly). Hooray!

Jonas (who has been standing at the back, observing narrowly). So,

TOM, I hear that you are about to leave us. (Aside, darkly.) He little knows.

Tom Bluff. Yes. But why this sorrow? My POLL is true, and as good as Bank of England notes—

All. A song! A song!

Tom Bluff. Well, mates, if so be, here goes.

Song.

Tom Bluff. I love the fairest flower that blooms

Upon the meadow airy,

I love the va-ri-ed parfums

As hangs about a dairy.

But much above,

Oh, I do love

My POLL—my darling MARY!

All. His POLL! his darling MARY!

Tom Bluff. When, at six bells, I go aloft.

I dream of that sweet fairy,

She is so lovely, and as soft

As chick of MOTHER CARY.

When I'm afloat

Oh how I doat,

On POLL—my darling MA-A-ARE-ARY!

All (with Variations) { His } POLL! { his } darling MARE-AREY-A-REE.

First Marine. Bravo, TOM! (Fiddle heard without.) Here's DICK the Fiddler!

Enter DICK the Fiddler.

All. A dance! A dance! [They dance. Stage grows darker.]

Enter MARY PERKINS. [It grows brighter again.]

Tom. What, MARY?

Mary. Ah, TOM!

Tom (taking both her hands, and swinging them backwards and forwards). Why, you're looking like a smart pinnace as has a starboard on every jib of her.

Mary (clearly understanding the compliment). Lor', TOM!

Tom. Bless you, my darling! When I think as to-morrow we're to get spliced, and never more part—

Enter NAB and Press Gang, quickly.

Nab (pointing to Tom). There's your man.

Mary (addressing Nab). Why, you black-muzzled son of a ship's cook, as ain't fit to—

Tom. Nay, MARY, the man is but doing his dooty. There is hope yet—

Mary (cheerfully). Where?

Tom (points to the Flies). There!

[Press Gang weep. MARY falls on TOM'S shoulder. Marines strangle Jew Pedlars. JONAS grapples with NAB, and Watermen (R.H.) go on winking at girls as Curtain descends.]

To make a long Drama short—for, of course, in a Play of the Sea I can only give you the main incidents—TOM goes aboard the Orocoon, fights for his King and country, but is finally, in consequence of some incorrectness in the Steward's accounts, had up before a Naval Court-Martial for mutiny and general debility. I should have stated that the end of the Second Act is thus managed.

SCENE—Real Ship, and real Water of course. (Here's scope for somebody!)

Real Man at the Masthead, out of sight. A whale! A whale!

[A real Whale, or as much of him as can be hired by the night, is seen rising, and commences spouting, when he is interrupted by the Captain, who throws a harpoon at him.]

Everyone on board. Hooray!

[The Ship's gun-wale (tame) here fires at the monster.]

All. Hooray! [TOM BLUFF stands aloof with his arms folded.]

Captain. Now to give him his final blow. (Produces a speaking-trumpet.)

Tom. Never! for while TOM BLUFF has a sheet-anchor to heave, there's not a swab ashore as 'ud leave a true heart of oak in the maintop.

[CAPTAIN faints, and falls into the real water.]

All (to one another, quickly). A man overboard!

Tom. What, my hearties! shall it ever be said, &c. &c.

[Makes a long, telling speech about humanity, swabs, tars, BLUE-EYED POLL, virtue, and land-lubbers; then, taking off his jacket, plunges into the sea.]

Chorus (by everybody, impulsively).]

Oh, the deep, deep Sea

Is the place to be,

Down! down! in the deep, deep Sea!

[TOM re-appears, carrying the CAPTAIN in his arms. The whale glides off slyly, with his finger up to his nose, taking the harpoon with him.]

Chorus.

All (in gratitude). Oh, who would not be,
In the deep, deep Sea!

[During this they rub the CAPTAIN'S nose, pinch his eyes, hold him up with his head downwards to restore animation. He awakes as if from a trance, and expresses, in pantomime, that he should like to make TOM an Admiral of the Blue. TOM expresses his admiration of the CAPTAIN'S sentiments. CAPTAIN blesses his dear eyes. Tableau.

LAST SCENE OF LAST ACT.—The Court-Martial assembled in the caboose of H. M. S. Orocon. The Admiral Commander of the White sits on the right hand of the cabin, looking pale and impoverished. In the centre berth is seated the eldest Admiralty Lord, dressed as a Trinity Brother in winter. On the two hammocks suspended on either side of him, are swinging the Commodore and the Port and Rear-Admirals, wearing each other's cocked hats. All the sailors appear to be thinking and chewing the cud. In the distance is seen the Cook dressing the Mate. The Stage is divided into upper and lower parts; and above, on deck, Midshipmen are employed in raking fore and aft. TOM BLUFF, in the chains of the ship, is quietly awaiting his sentence: he leans on the hatstand or the capstan—whichever is nearer.

Chorus.

Joy! Joy! Joy!
Belay! Avast! Heave-ho!
For a Mariner's life
Is full of strife—
Belay! Avast! Heave-ho!

Eldest Admiralty Lord (solo). For a Mari-ari-ner's li-i-i-ife on the deep broad sea

Is the li-i-i-(runs down)-i-i-i-ife fo-o-(runs up)-o-or ME!

All. Joy! Joy! Joy! &c. &c.

Admiral. Of what is the Prisoner accused?

Captain. Of killing me.

All (aside). Sneak! Lubber! (More aside.) Splice the binnacle! [My dear eyes!

Admiral (to Tom). What have you to say for yourself?

Tom. Your Honour, it ain't the best launch as meets the heaviest swell—

All. Belay! Belay! [Admirals kick one another underneath the table.

Tom. But when a true heart of oak as wouldn't reef a stern sheet, no, not for the best ship's crew as ever came alongside yard-arm to yard-arm—(all the crew catching the idea and speaking together)—finds as his POLL ain't true, he'd better yaw out of his course and be nothing more than a sheer hulk.

[Murmurs; during which the ADMIRAL speaks to the man at the wheel. The COMMODORE then, in pantomime, addresses the Jury-mast.

Jury-mast (returning with a verdict). We say that he is guilty.

[The Admiral of the Blue remonstrates. The Jury-mast retires to reconsider his verdict. In his absence the Jolly-boat is brought in jollier than ever, the charge is gone into, and the Jolly-boat is bailed out. Re-enter the Jury-mast.

Admiral (to Jury-mast). How are you? (Corrects himself). No, I mean, how say you?

Jury-mast (positively). The CAPTAIN. (General satisfaction. Cheers.)

[The CAPTAIN is at once led out, and has a shot put in his locker by a party of Marines. BLUE-EYED POLL, who has come on board during the trial, rushes into TOM'S arms.

Tom and Poll. Saved! Saved!

All. Saved!

Chorus.

Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the Waves!
For TOM BLUFF pretty POLLY PERKINS saves, saves, saves!
[True Blue fire. Curtain falls.

University Intelligence.

ON the plea of the similarity between the letters *i* and *j*, St. John's College, Cambridge, has put in a claim to the Ionian Islands, contending that they were evidently, at one time, the Jonian or Johnian Islands. Of course this is a fact.

WINE MERCHANT'S RIDDLE.

BY MR. TODDY DRINKLEY.

WHEN is Champagne calculated to make an imbiber noisy?
When the wine itself is creaming.

A FORBIDDING COUNTEenance.—The look of a Member of the United Kingdom Alliance for the Permissive Prohibition of the Sale of Fermented Liquors.

HOW TO MAKE A SHOW.



IN the account of a very recent Cattle and Poultry Show we lighted upon the following interesting information:—"A charming department is the Columbine division of the Show," and have thought of it ever since.

Columbine division! We should think so, indeed! Foot it merrily, tra la la la, flash your spangled book muslin, and so forth. What a brilliant department would be the Harlequin division! That Exhibition might be held at The Fairy Wand-sworth. Ahem! This is Pantomime time, so we don't beg pardon. Then there would also be the Clown and Pantaloon department, whereat you might crack your sides a-laughing. Yet, in good sooth, a Clown boxed up in a cage would be a sorry sight, except in a Pantomime.

Surely, herein is contained a new idea for Managers. Why should there not be an "Actor Show?"—a Show of Theatrical Hands, from among whom the enterprising Lessees of our Metropolitan and Provincial Theatres could choose members for their Companies. There should be a list duly numbered and arranged:—

Lot 22.—Four Singing Chambermaids.

These should be in a large cage, like birds. They should be decked out in the costumes of the various pieces in which they have already performed, or in which they desire to appear. Their qualifications should be specified, and their former engagements set forth.

Lot 25.—Six Heavy Fathers.

These gentry, three of whom would certainly be in the tie-wig and square cut coat of our ancestors, will require plenty of room, inasmuch as they are addicted to strutting about, stamping, and the violent use of the clouded cane, or stout walking-stick of the venerable farmer. Not that these same sticks are needed for their support, being chiefly required for the sake of emphatic action in all such sentences as commence with "Ah! JACK, you dog, you thought to trick your old father," &c., or, "Zounds, Sir," (to his Son) "do you mean to tell me," &c.

One of the Heavy Fathers would be in a corner, engaged throughout the day in delivering "his cur-r-se, his bit-ter cur-r-se" on some invisible disobedient offspring. Another should be, from morning till night, with intervals of refreshment, in another corner of the den, giving paternal benedictions to imaginary happy couples—employing the well known formula, "Bless ye, my children!"

Lot 28.—Leading Ladies.

These should be in separate compartments, divided from one another by the stoutest bars.

Lot 32.—Fifteen "Creatures."

Assassins, Spies, Bravos of Venice, and other amiable persons generally alluded to on the stage as "Creatures of the Duke," "Hirelings," and so forth. These should be placed in a remote part of the building, as their growlings and swearings might alarm the neighbourhood.

Lot 40.—Harlequins and Sprites.

A place similar to that wherein the brown bears dwell at the Zoological Gardens, should be provided for these gentry, as they'd turn a summersault over railings of any ordinary height, and be away in a jiffy.

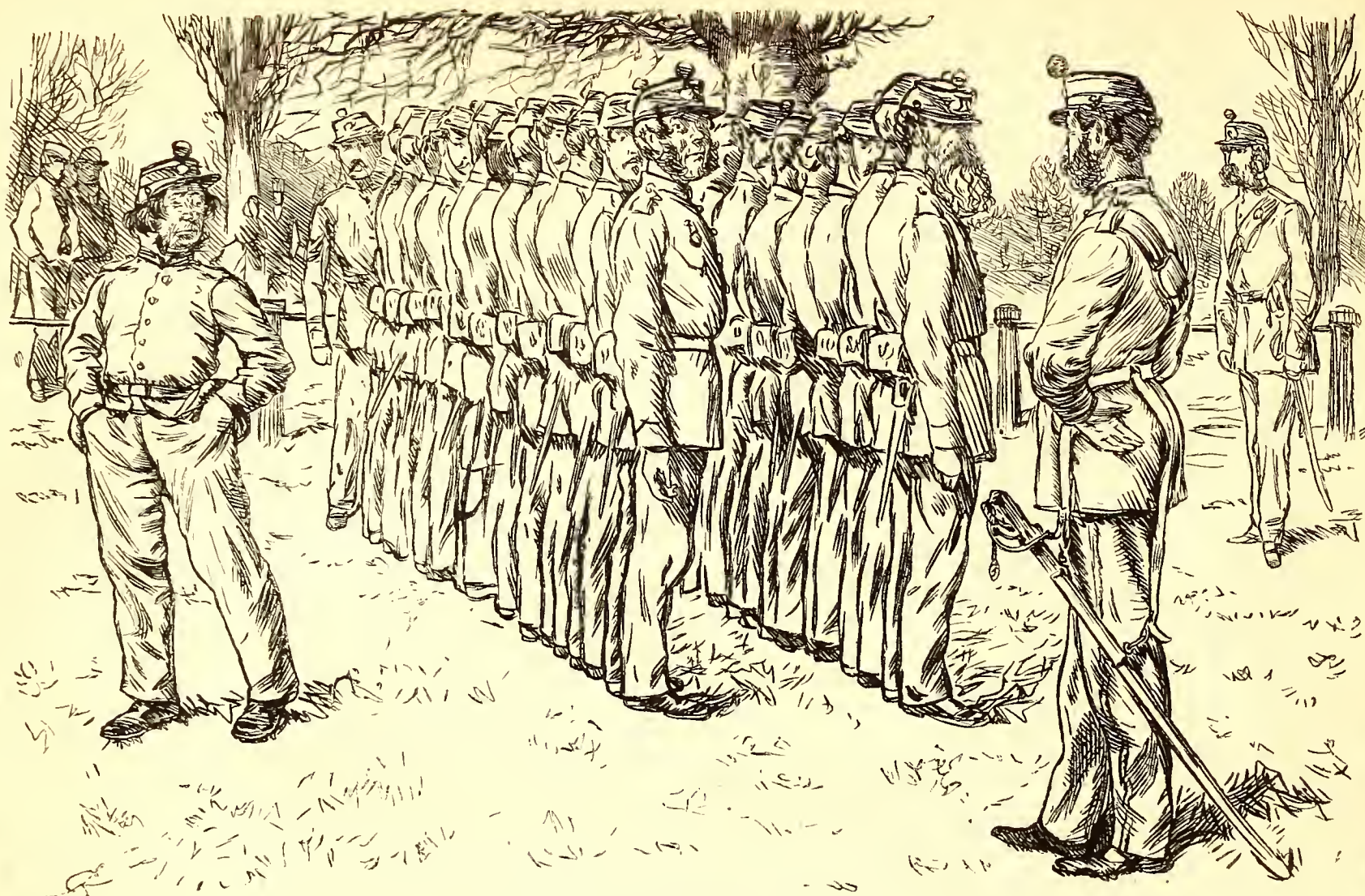
Lot 41.—Clowns and Pantaloons.

Four Clowns and two pairs of old Pantaloons. They would pass their time in repeating the announcement, "Here we are!" knocking one another down, kicking one another up again, "giving and taking the slap," doing flip-flaps and cataracts, and amusing one another with such witticisms as "I say, see what I've found," "I say, as I came along I bought a ha'porth of toffy!" The keeper or exhibitor of this lot should maintain order among them with a real red hot poker.

Lot 45.—One Low Comedian.

He should be ready at any moment, on being roused, to give specimens of his mode of doing business in various farces. He would have to be kept up with stimulants throughout the day, and would show better if caged with a tragedian.

We recommend the notion to the energetic proprietor of Cremorne Gardens, where, in the winter time, this show might very well be held.



DIVERSIONS OF DRILL.

Insubordinate Recruit (falling out). "TAINT THE FUST TIME, MISTER ADJUTANT, YOU'VE CALLED ME A 'ODD FILE'—BLOWED IF I STAND IT ANY LONGER—THERE!!"

A CASE IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH.

COCKBURN v. PRIDEAUX. *Chaff.*

IN the Court of Queen's Bench, before LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN, and Justices CROMPTON and BLACKBURN, the other day, MR. PRIDEAUX showed cause against the rule which had been obtained in a case relative to marriage fees. He said:—

"It was an action brought by the plaintiff, who was described to be no other than a pauper, against the incumbent of a parish in Buckinghamshire for refusing to marry one of his parishioners."

Dulce est desipere in loco: and as the *locus in quo* is of all others a Court of Justice, of course the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE did so. The subjoined joke was instantly elicited by MR. PRIDEAUX's statement about the incumbent sued for "refusing to marry one of his parishioners":—

"THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—Two of them, I should think."

His Lordship thought he had MR. PRIDEAUX there. He was mistaken:—

"MR. PRIDEAUX.—Not necessarily two of his parishioners."

The joke was with MR. PRIDEAUX. Then one of the other Judges, whose name indicates Scottish origin, made a remark that was simply explanatory:—

MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN.—There were originally two actions, one by the husband and the other by the wife."

This grave observation gave COCKBURN leisure to try if he could not be down on PRIDEAUX. Having taken time to consider, said

"THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.—Your statement, MR. PRIDEAUX, sounded as though the reverend gentleman had been called upon to marry her himself (laughter)—that is hardly what we should grant a mandamus for."

Very good; but MR. PRIDEAUX had the best of it. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, in his rejoinder, was driven to shift his joke, and amend his misunderstanding of the word "marry." So, having obliged his Lordship to vindicate his jocosity by changing his quibble, our learned friend discreetly resumed his plea.

There was another joke which might have been got out of the case by a third party, a joke which either of the other two Judges was in a position to make, if they can both joke. At MR. PRIDEAUX's words "marry one of his parishioners," when the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE said "Two of them, I should think," one of his learned brothers might have observed, "That would be bigamy." This most pertinent, apposite, and brilliant joke was, however, missed.

So much for wit in this case. In its conclusion there was wisdom:—

"The Court made the rule absolute. It was better all the facts should come before the Court when the case came on for argument."

Much better, certainly, than when the case came on for fun.

WHAT'S A NAPPLE?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THE Dorchester Magistrates have decided "that apples are not agricultural produce," that is, are not produced from trees that grow in cultured ground. I thought that they were. But what do the Dorchester naturalists—I mean naturalists—declare apples to be? An American philosopher stated that madness was a mineral, and perhaps a Dorchester Magistrate will allege that an apple is an animal. Do you know what animal I take a Dorsetshire Magistrate to be? If you don't, never mind, but at your leisure turn to the 5th Proposition of *Euclid*, Book I., and you will be reminded of a bridge which may possibly be found in Dorsetshire.

Yours indignantly,

Pomona Cottage.

JANE PINEAPPLE.

Beef at 3d. per lb.

To Correspondents.—Jerked beef goes farther than butcher's beef. A butcher's boy, however, would not be able to jerk a stone of beef as far as a pebble.

CONSIDERATE REWARD TO A NOBLEMAN FOR BRINGING ONE A FINE TRANSLATION OF THE *Iliad*.—Sending him home to translate the *Odyssey*. (With Mr. Punch's compliments to the *Edinburgh Review*.)



OUR CURATE; OR, JULIA'S OCCUPATION GONE.

Amelia. "OH, JULIA, IT'S NO USE WORKING SLIPPERS FOR HIM, AND MAMMA SAYS SHE IS SURE HE DON'T WANT BRACES; SO WHAT MUST WE DO TO SAVE HIM FROM MARRYING OUT OF THE PARISH!"

EXERCISE FOR IGNATIUS.

GREAT children playing at Roman Catholics are capable of quarrelling as well as small children at play likewise or otherwise. It is said that BROTHER or FATHER IGNATIUS and the REV. G. A. HILLYARD have fallen out, and that the breach which has occurred between them is widening. According to a report of these gentlemen's ecclesiastical amusements, the companions of MR. HILLYARD are associated in the congregation of St. Lawrence, Norwich. BROTHER IGNATIUS's playmates are combined in the English order of St. Benedict. The Hillyardites and the English Benedictines constitute two hostile camps, as boys do at prison-base. Whilst the Hillyard fellows last week were dancing at the Free Library, the Benedictine chaps, headed by their priest, the REV. G. J. OUSELEY, were doing penance barefoot to avert the supernatural consequences of the dishonour which they considered that MR. HILLYARD's dancing flock were inflicting on the name of the Martyr, their patron Saint, by capers which may, to be sure, be looked upon as characteristic of goats rather than sheep. The chapel and altar of the mock-monastery were hung in black, and the make-believe, or rather make-disbelieve, shrine was veiled in ditto. BROTHER IGNATIUS preached a sermon, wherein he "protested against the dancing party as mixing up the religion of CHRIST with the service of the Devil." He represented the Devil as "trying to uproot a great and good work by mixing up tares with the wheat." By tares IGNATIUS must be supposed to have meant the dancers, whom, by so calling them, he affiliates on the Evil One. St. Lawrence, however, can hardly be offended with dancing votaries, or feel himself insulted by a polka, when there is a St. Vitus's dance, worse than any other.

In further deprecation, however, of the ire of St. Lawrence, the monks sang the 51st Psalm to a wailing chant, prostrated themselves before the altar, recited the seven penitential psalms, and then had their heads powdered with ashes by their priest, after which "compline" was said behind the screen, without music. We can only wish success to the steps which the English Benedictines took to atone for the other steps taken by the Hillyardites.

The narrative whence the foregoing particulars are derived, concludes

with the remark that "when the present rigour of the weather is considered, the barefoot penances of BROTHER IGNATIUS must be regarded as no joke." Certainly, playing at monks is no child's play when the players of that game are grown-up persons; but if they were actually children of tender years, the mildest consequences of playing it just now would be chilblains. IGNATIUS and his monks, however, are proof against at least those puerile affections. So they renounce stockings, as though stockings were works of the demon, and sport sandals, which of course they deem sanctified things if made of wood and leather straps, though they anathematise those which consist of white satin. Still, since they affect sandals after a fashion, they should not, one would think, object to dancing, but rather practise it, in order to make an edifying display of their ankles. For that purpose, as they condemn dancing, they might resort to an exercise which for them would have the advantage of being of a penitential nature. Suppose the monks of the British order of St. Benedict all go skating, and air their sandalled and stockingless feet on the ice.

Oxbridge University Intelligence.

THE Boden Professor will lecture on CICERO's Oratory and the Oratory of Brompton.

At the Taylor Institution there will be lectures on the Habits of the Ancients.

The Professor of Political Economy will lecture on the "Theory of Rent." The text for his first discourse will be "Don't you wish you may get it?"

The Margaret Professor will, every Tuesday and Thursday evening, during the ensuing Term, give "Woman, Lovely Woman," as a toast.

At Corpus there will be the usual lectures on Bantingism.

The Professor of Logic will give lectures on his own premises.

THE EXTRADITION OF CRIMINALS.—"A Hungry Pauper" inquires whether they have the extra dish because they are criminals.

"CAKES, LEEKS, PUDDINGS, AND POTATOES."



Y the above toast, given at the annual dinner in honour of GEORGE HERIOT—*Jingling Geordie*—of Edinburgh, are typified Scotland, Wales, England, and Ireland. The toast gives title to a little tract just published by a "Scottish Advocate," which *Mr. Punch* has read with a certain pleasure, not unmingled with awe. The bold author has been sketching nationalities with a free and keen pen. Now, we Puddings know enough about ourselves, and quite as much as we want to know about Ap Leek and O'Potato. But having been always told that we know really nothing about

the Cakes—that is to say, the Scotch—we are ever anxious to obtain information touching that interesting nation. Therefore, when a Scotsman writes about his countrymen, we are only too happy to sit at the feet of MCGAMALIEL.

We have extracted a few of this Scotch gentleman's statements touching—and touching very nearly—the inhabitants of the English province called Scotland, and we re-publish them, because, while we are discovering the sources of the Nile, and (three cheers for SHERARD OSBORN!) going to conquer the Seas of the North, it does not become Englishmen to be unacquainted with their neighbours.

1. "The Highlander never understands wit or humour."—WALTER SCOTT.

2. "Precious indeed are the religious privileges of Scotland, but how has she used them? Has she not long been living upon *credit*? and may she not, perhaps unconsciously, resemble the potato, of which the best part is underground?"

3. "The men of the North are not better Christians than many others who have not enjoyed such advantages."

4. "The scholastic inferiority of our Scottish clergy cannot be disputed. Our Scotch divines may be counted on the fingers—on the fingers, indeed, of a single hand."

5. "HUGH MILLER says, 'There is an order of English mind to which Scotland has not attained.'"

6. "The Scot overwhelms you with questions, and turns off every query directed against himself by proposing another."

7. "Pretty faces and shapely figures in Scotland are far from rare, but the frequency of good looks is a striking peculiarity among the female population of England."

8. "A laird," says SCOTT, 'after giving us more champagne and claret than we cared to drink, turned pale at the idea of paying a crown in charity.'"

9. "The paltry ambition of Scotch lairds to appear greater than they are, has long been a common failing."

10. "A large number of our countrymen exhibit a sullen, distant, *dour* uncourteousness of manner, which is far from being creditable to themselves or pleasant to those who are favoured with its display."

11. "That uncourteousness approaches to positive rudeness and incivility, and it may frequently be observed among Scottish tradesmen."

12. "There is a large amount of truth in this: 'the lower classes in Scotland are strongly characterised by a certain kind of cunning and dissimulation, and are constantly trying to over-reach one another.'"

13. "Destructiveness is a Scotch characteristic. In towns, the Scotch injure public buildings; in the country, trees and shrubs. Liberality on the part of owners of property is rewarded by wanton mischief."

14. "The dirty and slovenly habits of the Scotch peasant present a marked contrast to those of our English neighbours."

There! There is Scotland painted by an educated Scot! This is no piece of English insolence, pock-pudding pertness, or Cockney cavilling, as is always said when a Southron ventures to doubt whether Caledonia is an improvement on Paradise before the Fall. We fear—we horribly fear—to give the writer's name or the names of his distinguished publishers, as we have no wish to read in the *Scotsman* that the

three have been immolated at the foot of LORD MELVILLE's monument. But the extracts are genuine; and to prove it, with utter disregard to the laceration of our own feelings, we will cite one passage, without which (and a reference to BURNS) no Scotchman ever wrote article or essay:—

"But with all our faults and failings, I have yet to learn that anything more intensely vulgar and contemptible than the Cockneyism of the Londoner is to be found to the north of the Tweed."

With which delicious and amply-compensating *vos quoque*, we commend our friend to the vengeance of "Bible-loving Scotland."

A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

GAS HAS BEEN TURNED ON IN CHINA.

(Translation of Correspondence.)

(1.)

His Celestial and Imperial Highness, Brother to the Sun and Moon, Twin to the Twinkling Stars, Cousin of the Comet, presents his celestial compliments to the Secretary of the Hi Ski Hi Gas Company of Pekin, and requests to be informed of the reason why the Imperial and Celestial Palace was suddenly left in darkness on the evening of yesterday.

Imperial Palace, Pekin.

(2.)

To his Celestial and Imperial Highness, &c., &c., from T. JONES, Secretary of the Pekin Hi Ski Hi Gas Company (Limited).

His Celestial and Imperial Highness, Brother to the Sun and Moon, &c., &c., is hereby informed that as certain moneys (account rendered, enclosed herein) are still due to the Hi Ski Hi Company, the regular supply of gas to the Palace has been, and in future will be discontinued until the above-mentioned debt is discharged. (See *Rules and Regulations of the H. S. H. Company.*)

(3.)

From His Celestial, &c., to T. JONES, Secretary, &c.

His Celestial Imperial Highness, Brother, &c., &c., requests the pleasure of MR. T. JONES's head, for the purpose of spiking it on the Celestial Palace gateway before sunset.

[Bearer waits.]

(4.)

To His Celestial, &c., from T. JONES, &c.

T. JONES beseeches His Celestial Imperial, &c. to have patience. He has implored the Company to turn on the gas. If the Brother of the Sun will only condescend to pay so much in the pound, all may yet be well.

(5.)

From His Celestial, &c., to T. JONES, Secretary, &c.

His Celestial Imperial, &c., swearing by the shade of CONFUCIUS, and by his immortal ancestors, CRI KEE, HO KEE, PO KEE, WANG KEE, and the transcendent FUM, herewith demands the immediate surrender of all the heads belonging to the pernicious and abominable Directors, Secretaries, and other miserable vermin calling themselves the Hi Ski Hi Gas Company.

[Bearer waits.]

(6.)

Report of Bearer of Missive to His Celestial Imperial, &c.

To his Celestial, &c.

Your poor slave, crouching and trembling, has to announce the escape of Gas Company.

(7.)

Order of the Day issued by His Celestial, &c.

Bamboo and behead the bearer.

[Bearer bamboozed and beheaded accordingly.]

End of Correspondence.

Notice.

THIS being the third warning that the author of the following has received, he is required to shut up till further notice:—

WHY has the noble animal that carries the QUEEN OF SIAM's palanquins, nothing whatever to do with the subject?—Because its her elephant (*irrelevant*).

WHY is a summary of to-day's *Times* like a sweet thing in cloaks?—Because it's the Barc-noos.

A CORRESPONDENT from South Shields wishes to know the derivation of the name.

A South Shield is used by persons when attacked by a North Pole.

BALLADS OF THE BILLOWS.



ONLY last week, your Honour, I called your attention to the revival of the Nautical Drama. But where and oh, where! are all the nautical ditties, and the singers of them gone? "Twas in Trafalgar's Bay," the "Battle of the Nile," "My Lovely Nancy," and all the rest of them: where are they? Gone! Ay, ay, Sir, gone! Belay, there! not for ever. No, Sir, not if I, BENNY THE BO'SEN, know it. Inspiration has seized me; I clutch my fiddle, on which I was, and am, no mean performer, and with a view to rousing the poetic fire of my countrymen on behalf of the poetic water, I strike up a prelude, and then commence. Each ballad is intended to be sung with great spirit and

pathos; each will have a tune of its own, which may be obtained by application to

Yours, my hearty,

BENNY THE BO'SEN.

THE ADMIRAL'S TRUE LOVE;

OR, THE BREEZES OF BONNYKIRK BAY.

(This Ballad is founded upon a legend still believed and repeated by the Mariners of Bonnykirk. The incident itself probably occurred during the sharp and decisive engagement between the British fleet and the united fleets of France and Austria, in which the flag of England was signally victorious. As to the justice and causes of a war that raised the little fishing village of Bonnykirk to such an eminence in the annals of our country's glory, I offer no opinion.—B. T. B.)

In Bonnykirk Bay, oh, the fleet it was moored,
Sing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!
As our gallant young Admiral, waving his sword
To the Second Lieutenant, who'd just come a-board
With the Commodore, rigged like an Admiralty Lord,
Cried, ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!¹

"A sail, ho! a sail!" shouts the look-out aloft,
Sing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!
And our Admiral waved the cocked hat he had doffed,
But the Commodore wept, for his heart it was soft,
While the Second Lieutenant respectfully coughed,²
Singing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!

"Avast!" shouts the skipper. His call we obeyed,
Sing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!
Of Parleyvoo Frogs Hearts of Oak aren't afraid,
Each thought of his country and fond-loving maid,
And wished that at home with his POLL he had stayed,
Singing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!

Says the Captain, "My eyes!³ if it ain't a French sloop!"
Sing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!
"We'll feed ere we fight!"⁴ growls the Mate on the poop,
But a shot struck the spoon just afore he could stoop
To take from the cook his allowance of soup,
Singing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!

Boom! bang! went the guns from the binnacle's deck,⁵
Sing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!
Our brave boarding tars, at the Admiral's beck,
Rushed on with a himpetus nothing could check,⁶
And when three bells was sounded⁷ the sloop was a wreck,
Singing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!

When we'd keelhaul'd amidships and spliced the ropes' ends,⁸
Sing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!
Says the Admiral sweetly, "This locket I sends
To my true love." The Commodore over him bends
With a handkerchief bordered with Va-len-ci-ennes,
Singing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!

"That handkerchief! oh!" cries the Admiral, "See!"
Sing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!
"Tis my LUCY!" cries he, and cries she "Yes, it's me!"
I'm here, though you left me, my WILLIAM!¹⁰ Says he,

"Then I can die happy," and did: so did she.
Singing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!

Once each year, in the Bay, when night's curtain descends,
Sing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!
The Commodore over the Admiral bends
With the ghost of a handkerchief trimmed at all ends
With the lace that is known as real Va-len-ci-ennes,
Singing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!

Chorus (all together).

Singing ho! blow the breezes in Bonnykirk Bay!

- ¹ Repeat this line as a chorus. Every one likes to sing in a chorus.
- ² It has been supposed that the Lieutenant was in the plot. At this distance of time we have no means of ascertaining the exact truth.
- ³ A common expression among nautical men; with now and then a forcible prefix.
- ⁴ "The crew had for some days been inclined to mutiny, on account of their rations having been curtailed."—SIMPSON'S *Lives of the Admirals*.
- ⁵ That part of the ship nearest the jib-boom.
- ⁶ "The engagement was sharp, short, and decisive."—CAPT. CUTTLE'S *Notes*.
- ⁷ Soundings are generally taken on board ship by means of a line and a leaden plummet. "Three bells" is very deep soundings.
- ⁸ The usual plan after an engagement of this sort.
- ⁹ Uneducated, but affectionate.
- ¹⁰ WILLIAM was the Admiral's Christian name. The last line of this verse should be sung with great feeling; and the chorus, if any, should be slightly subdued.

FEMININE LONGEVITY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Do, pray, now use your influence, which I well know is gigantic, to put a stop to these unseemly letters about longevity. I declare I feel quite terrified when I think of what alarming disclosures may be made by them. There is no harm in discussing the longevity of gentlemen, but it is really most indelicate in people to make public the longevity of ladies. As a woman, I protest against one's age being made known, and still more against its being made a subject of discussion. Yet I am shocked to see that letters have been written about old ladies, and the most annoying PROOFS have been given of the ages they are said to have arrived at. It really makes one shudder when one thinks of the sad peril to which one is exposed, of hearing such exposures made about oneself and one's feminine relations. I am a single lady, and have, happily, no daughters to remind me of my age, and prevent my looking as young as I can make myself. But suppose my elder sister should become an octo—something (it isn't octooroon, I know, and it rhymes with *vegetarian*), suppose that she gets old and unfortunately looks so, horrid people may write letters and expose her real age, and pray then how can I make people think that I am juvenile?

So, Mr. Punch, I must entreat you to stop this dreadful theme from being publicly discussed; and I think you ought to mention the matter to LORD PALMERSTON, and get him just to pass a proper Act of Parliament to suppress such correspondence. The statement of a lady's age without her special sanction should be viewed as an outrageous libel and offence, and should be punished by at least six months' hard labour and imprisonment. Indeed I think a good sound flogging would just serve the wretches right who are guilty of these shamefully indecent exposures, and I wish that every lady had, as SHAKSPEARE says, a whip "to lash the rascal aching through the world."

No, Sir. Let male donkeys boast of their long years, if it please them so to do; but a lady's age is sacred, and it should be penal to violate its sanctity. For sacrilegious monsters who are infamous enough to perpetrate such outrages, a proper punishment should forthwith be invented by the law, and these miscreants be dealt with by the officers of justice. Now that Parliament has met, not a moment should be lost in applying for some wholesome legislation in the matter, and surely Parliament must feel it is of personal importance to take the matter up, for among its Members Parliament has plenty of old women.

Hoping, my dear Mr. Punch, that as the champion of the ladies you will come to their protection, and prevent any further exposure of their ages,

Believe me, yours admiringly,

PATIENCE PRIM.

P.S. I enclose my *carte de visite*, by which you may see that when I wear my visiting costume I am barely five-and-twenty.*

* Looks fifty, if a day.—Note by Mrs. Punch.

Punishment for Paupers.

Is it true that oakum-picking is work to which paupers are put in workhouses? If so, we would suggest that, as a punishment for poverty, the treadmill or the crank be substituted for a kind of hard labour which has the disadvantage of incapacitating some of the poor for needlework and other lighthanded employment, by spoiling their fingers.



GENUINE ENTHUSIASTS.

AT THE WINDOW YOU PERCEIVE PATER AND MATER EXPOSTULATING VAINLY.

TO CLERICAL MEN.

PUNCH has had of late a good deal to say to and for Medical men; now for a word with Clerical men.

Reverend brethren, read this advertisement, cut from the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, one of your own Church organs:—

Price by post, 1s. 6d.

TO CANDIDATES FOR HOLY ORDERS.—Copies of Bishops' Examination Papers given of late: with PRIVATE INFORMATION as to the peculiarities of each Bishop and his Chaplain in the *vivâ voce* Examination of Candidates. London: Publishers' names.

If the Examination papers are not handed to the candidates as private affairs, there can be no objection to letting other candidates know what sort of questions they are likely to be asked. *Mr. Punch* has written to a friend of his, who is a Bishop, to ascertain how this is; but perhaps the examining chaplain who ran to the pillar-post with his Lordship's answer, let the letter get wet, and it stuck in the mouth, and was picked out by somebody else, or perhaps some ass who could not read or would not heed the orders on the pillar, had rammed in a fat newspaper, which choked the way, and left all subsequently deposited letters at the mercy of the public. In one of these ways millions of letters are lost every day. Anyhow, the Bishop's answer had not come, up to our going to press. We, therefore, give the advertiser, the benefit of a doubt which we do not entertain.

But this proposal to show up the Peculiarities of each Bishop and of his Chaplain is clearly *Scandalum Ecclesiasticum*. We should like to know, nevertheless, what is told, but we scorn to spend, on any printed book, the price of two cigars, which bring us priceless thoughts. Are the hints in this style:—1. This Bishop is testy and a little deaf. 2. This Bishop is garrulous, and will answer two-thirds of the questions for you, if you take things easy, and give him his head. 3. This Bishop hates any talk of the Evangelical kind; beware of the slightest unctuousness. 4. Take a snuff-box, full of the best rappee, and leave it, without offering it, near this Bishop; he will pretend to take a pinch unconsciously. 5. Be so tremendously struck with the picture over this Bishop's fireplace as to disregard a question; he will be awfully

pleased. 6. Seem nervous before this Bishop, as Mrs. B. domineers, and he likes to be a great man somewhere. 7. This Bishop lays harmless traps for you, but he is very kind; fall into one, and he will help you out. 8. Throw in a few Latin or even Greek words, but mind your quantities; this Bishop is a scholar, and likes scholars. 9. Look out; this Bishop knows everything, and gives no quarter. 10. This Bishop is a man of the world, and very good-natured, but don't you quote. 11. This Bishop is rather a crab, but will be just, if you don't show the least morsel of PUSEY. 12. A very good Bishop, but not very learned, so he takes you on doctrine; mind you are sound. And so on, through the whole right reverend roll call, and their Chaplains.

Well, brethren, this Handy-book to the Hierarchy may be useful, and so may be listening at a door, or peeping into a friend's letters or cheque-book. But, on the whole, one has a prejudice in favour of folks who play the game of life fairly, and—and so we don't give you the publishers' names.

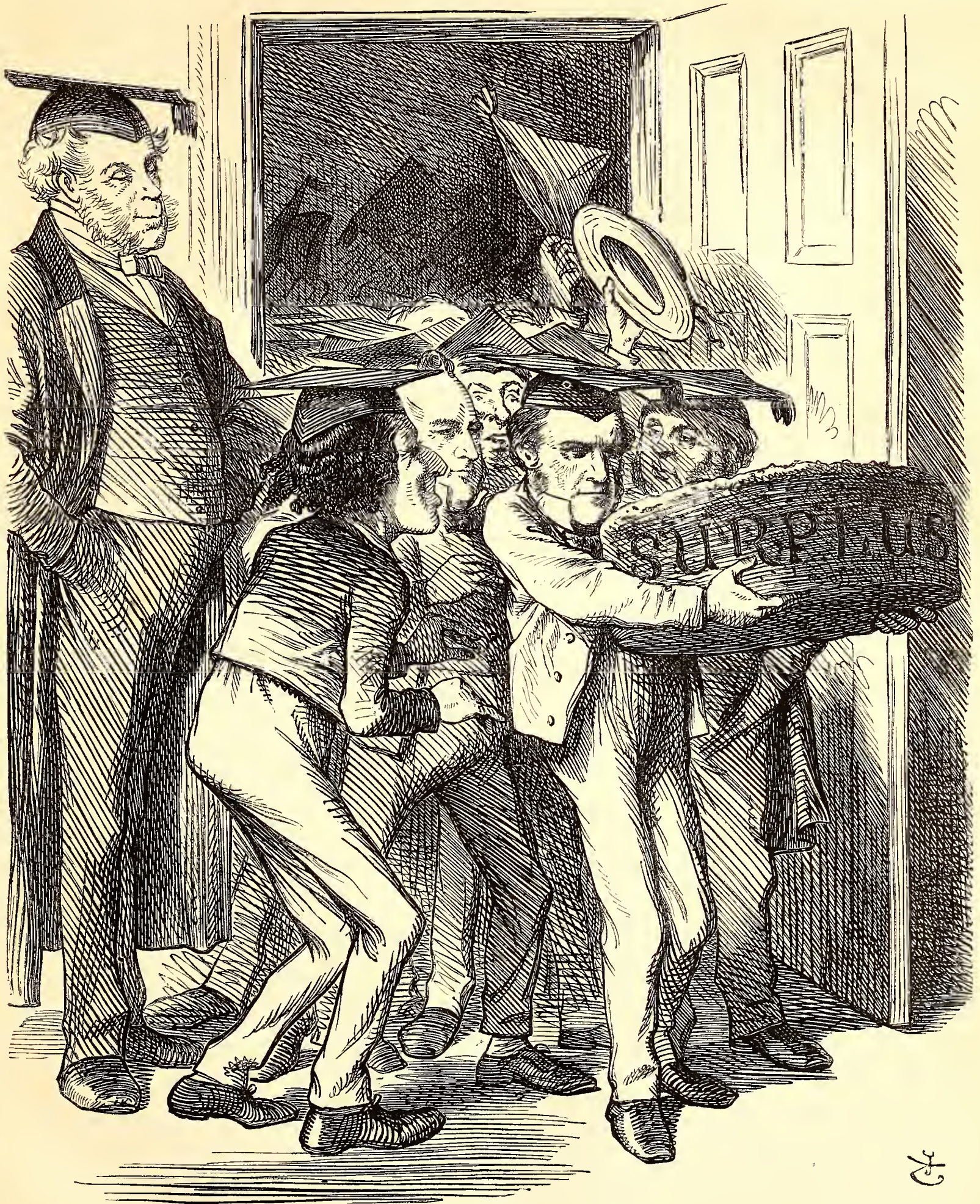
WHERE THE SENIOR WRANGLERS GO TO.

APROPOS of the last Cambridge Honour-list—in which, by the way, a nobleman's son *struts* for the first time at the head of the Wranglers, and may consider himself and family complimented by *Mr. Punch* on the proud distinction—some noodles have been asking “where the Senior Wranglers go to.” These inquirers must be of the same sagacious order of mind which, in childhood, is apt to inquire “where the old moons go to.”

The same answer may be given to both questions. As the old moons are cut up into little stars, these larger luminaries of the University are cut up into lesser lights, as College Dons and Heads, University Professors, rectors of fat College livings, Bishops, Judges, Queen's Counsel, M.P.'s, &c., &c.

Pretty Near the Mark.

“WHAT do I think of the DAVENPORTS?” said SMITH, the other night, after attending a *séance*. “Why, I think they are a couple of rather clever conjurors, *et voilà two!*”



BACK TO SCHOOL.

The Boy with the Cake.

CHORUS OF GREEDY BOYS. "GIVE US A SLICE! GIVE US A SLICE!"

DR. PAM (HEAD MASTER). "KEEP BACK, BOYS! KEEP BACK! OR IT SHALL NOT BE CUT TILL EASTER."

POEM BEFORE PARLIAMENT.

THE Parliament's coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 The Parliament's coming, oh dear!
 And will there be less sense
 To put in the Essence,
 Than Parliament gave us last year?

LORD PALMERSTON's coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 LORD PALMERSTON's coming, oh dear!
 With gay observation
 Less like information
 Than meant to elicit "hear, hear!"

DISRAELI's coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 DISRAELI's coming, oh dear!
 With prelude so solemn
 To fill up a column,
 And studied impromptu-like jeer.

LORD RUSSELL is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 LORD RUSSELL is coming, oh dear!
 With "meddle and muddle"
 And storm in a puddle,
 But often brave words, which we'll cheer.

EARL DERBY is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 EARL DERBY is coming, oh dear!
 So ready to smile at
 The scrapes of our Pilot,
 But never attempting to steer.

The CHANCELLOR's coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 The CHANCELLOR's coming, oh dear!
 Exploding, like nitre,
 At sight of a mitre,
 And healing a snub with a sneer.

LORD ELLEN is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 LORD ELLEN is coming, oh dear!
 Proclaiming in thunder
 That peace is a blunder,
 And war not a thing we should fear.

DUKE SOMERSET's coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 DUKE SOMERSET's coming, oh dear!
 With answers so frightful
 The one most politeful
 Resounds like a box on the ear.

BISHOP OXFORD is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 BISHOP OXFORD is coming, oh dear!
 To prove Convocation
 And hot Condemnation
 Are parts of the Faith we revere.

LORD GREY he is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 LORD GREY he is coming, oh dear!
 To prove that all others
 Are DAVENPORT Brothers,
 And he's not a quack, but a seer.

CHARLEY WOOD he is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 CHARLEY WOOD he is coming, oh dear!
 Well-informed, too, behold him,
 For some one has told him
 A jaguar's not a jaghire.

MR. LAWSON is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 MR. LAWSON is coming, oh dear!
 He's cracked if he judges
 We'll yield what he grudges,
 An Englishman's right to his beer.

JOHN BRIGHT he is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 JOHN BRIGHT he is coming, oh dear!
 To bid every "rough" rage
 And clamour for suffrage—
 Is *that* your aim—preacher austere?

MR. COX he is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 MR. COX he is coming, oh dear!
 The Governing Race is
 Not now in his graces:
 But suppose they should make him a Peer?

TRELAWNEY is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 TRELAWNEY is coming, oh dear!

Bringing hammers and axes
 To break down Church-taxes:
 Religion must perish, that's clear.

MR. EWART is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 MR. EWART is coming, oh dear!
 He'd do unto all craft
 Belonging to CALCRAFT,
 As did to the hangman, King Lear.

LOCKE KING he is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 LOCKE KING he is coming, oh dear!
 With the small resolution
 That's *his* contribution
 Towards perfectibility here.

POPE HENNESSY's coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 POPE HENNESSY's coming, oh dear!
 With vigour and valiance
 To scold the Italians
 For sending bad Kings to the rear.

Old BERKELEY is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 Old BERKELEY is coming, oh dear!
 To paint, with bright palette,
 The charms of the ballot,
 And be called, by its friends, insincere.

MR. NEWDEGATE's coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 MR. NEWDEGATE's coming, oh dear!
 To prove toleration
 Has ruined the nation,
 And pay her a Protestant tear.

The COLONELS are coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 The COLONELS are coming, oh dear!
 To stand up for arrack,
 Cat, bearskin, and barrack,
 And beg that we won't interfere.

MR. ROEBUCK is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 MR. ROEBUCK is coming, oh dear!
 From "saloons" at Vienna,
 To give us all senna
 And salts, till we feel very queer.

MR. HENLEY is coming, oh dear! oh dear!
 MR. HENLEY is coming, oh dear!
 To growl and to grumble
 If bailiff, or Bumble,
 Or bosh, from our system we shear.

NUM SCULLY is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 NUM SCULLY is coming, oh dear!
 Our warm benediction
 Was wasted on fiction,
 Which said that he would not appear.

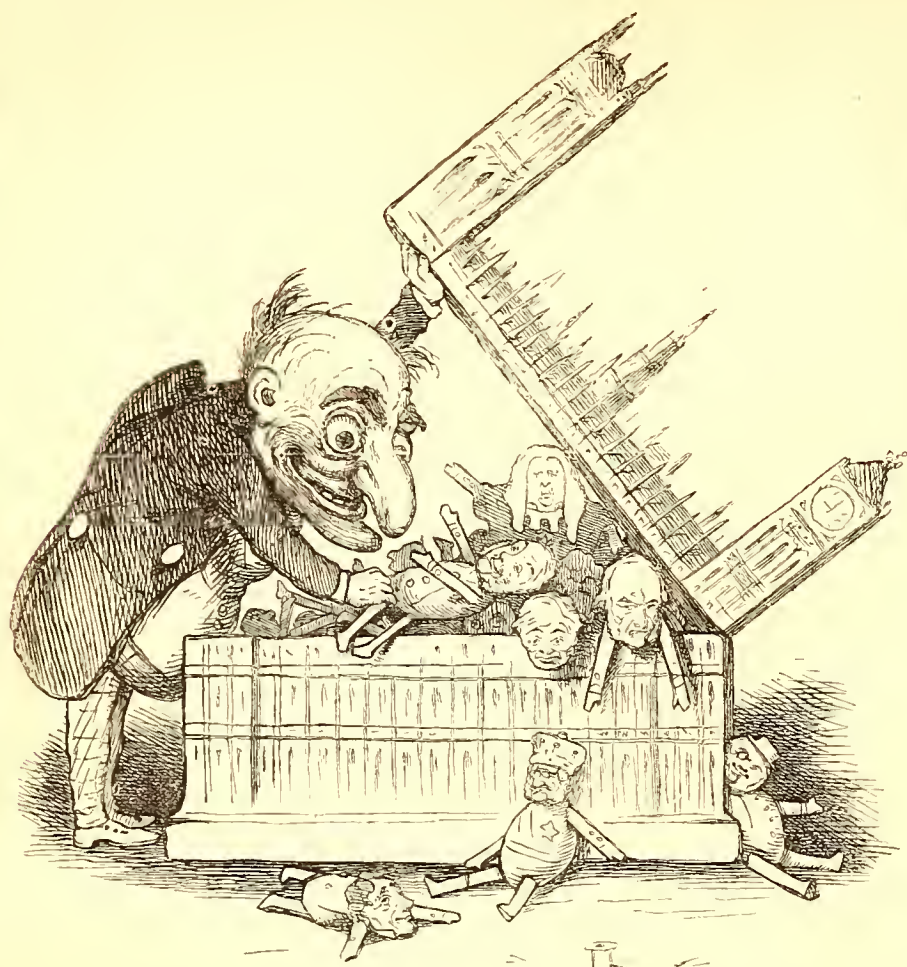
MR. MASSEY's not coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 MR. MASSEY's not coming, oh dear!
 To India goes MASSEY
 To win a peace Plassy,
 And rival the bold BARTLE FRERE.

MR. COBDEN is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 MR. COBDEN is coming, oh dear!
 But not, we hope, preaching
 What Liverpool's teaching,
 To spoil a true statesman's career.

MR. COWPER is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 MR. COWPER is coming, oh dear!
 To promise that roses
 Shall gladden our noses,
 When Battersea's like Bendermeer.

MR. GLADSTONE is coming, oh dear, oh dear!
 MR. GLADSTONE is coming, oh dear!
 'Mid his exquisite phrases
 We're betting like blazes
 Which way the Reformer will veer.

MR. PUNCH he is coming, oh joy, oh joy!
 MR. PUNCH he is coming, oh joy!
 With a new rod in pickle,
 The Toby to tickle
 Of every bad Parliament boy.



OUR PLAY BOX.

MR. PUNCH'S DELIGHT AT FINDING HIS DEAR OLD PUPPETS WHERE HE LEFT THEM IN JULY.

PERFIDIOUS ENGLISH.

THE French journal, *Le Monde Artiste*, is good enough to take the following notice of us:—

"QUEEN VICTORIA has resolved to confer the title of baronet on the Poet Lanwent, ALFRED TEMYSSON."

We were so grateful and pleased at reading this in a contemporary, that we instantly sent over for *Le Monde Artiste*, and we have had much pleasure in translating, and have still more in publishing the rest of the paragraph:—

"These distinctions are scarcely worthy a nation that boasts a SHAKSPIRE, a BENJONSON, a SHEELEY, and a MARTING TWOPAIR, and we infer, not without a certain lively regret, that the democratic lessons of M. BRIGH and M. WHIT of Brighton, have not taught our fat neighbours better things. Is it an honour to carry as the supporters of your heraldic arms the two gory hands of Ulstar, the Irish robber? Would they hold FERADAY's telescope firmer, or make steadier the crucible of M. AIRY? Would they guide better the pencil of STANSFELD, M.P., or of HANDEL, the celebrated animal painter, of the royal FIRTH, of the chivalrous VARD, of the powerful MEELAY? Would they lend what the English call *wigour* to the eloquent GLALDSTONES, or new subtlety to the epigrams of M. DISRALITE? Would they make the admirable SIM REEF a more admirable tenor, or baritonize more eminently the bold ST. LAY, now in Spain? Would they really adorn the shield of DICKONS, or the lozenge of MADAME ADAM, the Venerable BEDE. Ah, no! Let us rather say with the wild exciseman of the Highlands, 'Haman's Haman, for all that, and twelfth as much as the stomp on the ginney.'"

THE ZOOLOGICAL SHAKSPEARE.

DEAR PUNCH,

SHAKSPEARE has been proved to have been almost everything. Do you not think that at some period of his life, he was a keeper at the Zoological Gardens of the time? Else, where did he get his splendid knowledge of natural history? He must have known that in India the native princes tame the hunting-leopard and use him for sport. For in *Henry IV.* Part II., Act ii., Scene 4, he makes *Falstaff* say,

"He (*Pistol*) is no swaggerer, hostess. A tame Chectah—you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound."

How beautifully this describes our two animals whom the little boys love to irritate by running up and down before the cages, and I wish they wouldn't.

Yours, respectfully,

A KEEPER IN THE GARDENS.

Regent's Park.

"AS THE OLD COCK CROWS, THE YOUNG COCK LEARNS."

WHILE in the Lords Papa
Rests, and is thankful,
Or at the F. O. wastes,
Ink by the tankful,
Lecturing Pruss and Russ,
Dane, Turk, and Hun, Sir—
Prattling away at Leeds,
Hark to "my Son, Sir!"

Huzzaed by rough and tough,
Chartist and coster,
Petted by BAINES AND CO.,
Patted by FOSTER.
Not BRIGHT at Birmingham
More democratic;
Not LEATHAM emptier
Or more emphatic.

From the mob's shoulders,
Cocky and clamberly,
Reaches to Parliament
Young VISCOUNT AMBERLEY:
Reform Bill the first
RUSSELL'S RUSSELLS aye reckoned;
So a RUSSELL arises
To father the Second.

Conceive Pa's delight
When "my Son" mounts the hobby,
Whereon erst to glory
Pa rode from the lobby;
To see a new RUSSELL,
With tongue like a clapper,
Puff the old "Russell Purge"
With a new stamp and wrapper!

The old cock crowed loud,
But the young cock crows louder—
A crow's compass must swell,
The more noisy the crowd are;
Yet for Lords to throw dirt
On the Peerage too bad I call—
LORD RUSSELL is Whig,
VISCOUNT AMBERLEY Radical:

Goes in for the masses,
Would trust to the millions
To tool their own drag
Without Peers for postillions:
Would sweep down distinctions
That help young Swells' rising—
Which, considering his debt to them's
Rather surprising.

To your sire's son the hint, p'rhaps,
May seem of the oddest;
But it is held a grace
In a youth to be modest;
Very small trees may grow
From very large seeds,
Though Reform be the plant,
And the Platform be Leeds.

DECIDED INTERVENTION.

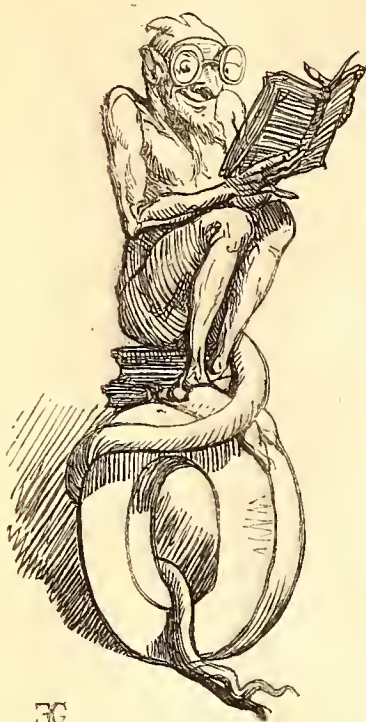
THOSE Manchester fellows are—we had nearly written a Rum Lot, but we prefer to say are extremely eccentric. One of them advertises thus:—

WANTED, a WIFE, with £10,000 and a warm heart, by a Widower of mature age, affectionate, and active in body and mind.—Address, &c.

What does the affectionate beggar mean by mature age? Bother his active mind and body! We dare say he is a horrid old fidgety bore. Besides, what has all his activity been good for, if he wants money at his time of life? Warm heart? Bosh!—cool ten thousand is what he is thinking of. Let any lady who may think of answering him, write to us first (if the £10,000 is all right), and we will put her in the way of getting somebody better than this old donkey.

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAP. X.—THE ACTOR-MANAGER.



Of course the Manager's tactics will vary according to circumstances, such as his main object in management, the situation and character of his theatre, the time of year, and the set of public taste.

It is a vulgar error to suppose that every Manager's first object is money. Where, as is every day more common, the Manager is an actor, all sordid aims are very often nobly subordinated to purely artistic considerations, and we not unfrequently see a Manager consenting to lose money provided he may but gratify his artistic instincts by appearing in a great part. Such a sacrifice of course claims its reward. The Manager-Actor, as the head of his company, is entitled to the best business. To throw his own part into strong relief, he will, at whatever cost to his own feelings, find it necessary to keep down all the rest. His company cannot fairly grumble at this. Every picture must have one principal light; and as artists, they must be aware that nothing gives so much effect to a bit of positive colour

as a judicious setting of neutral tints.

If you are an actor, therefore, your object as Manager will be to throw yourself up in the eyes of the public. You are identified with your theatre, and, in the long run, *your* success must be *its* success. Besides, you are bound to consider your own professional future. The position you secure as Actor-Manager may be turned to account in subsequent engagements as Actor. You cannot be blamed for making hay while the sun shines; and as you have to fix and pay salaries, it is surely excusable to set yourself down at a high figure.

The public is not apt to analyse successes, nor particularly keen in assigning the proportions in which individual actors contribute to its pleasure, nor how much of this is due to the performers, and how much to the piece. It should be your aim to impress upon them, that, on the stage, all success is due to the Actor, and among actors to the leading one—yourself. You must not neglect any opportunity of guiding the criticism of the Press in a proper direction to strengthen this impression. If you can once succeed in raising yourself to the sphere of a theatrical star, your future ought to be made. Even though you lose money as Manager in the pursuit of this noble ambition, you may soon recoup yourself in "starring" engagements.

To become a star it will of course be necessary that you should play all the best parts. If you revive old plays, you will naturally choose those only which will enable you to distinguish yourself in the most opposite styles. Thus it is well to alternate high tragedy and low comedy, and occasionally to "double" a part, so as to display your versatility in the same piece.

Of new plays, you will only accept those which give you a proper opportunity for displaying your ability, and will take care that all the parts but your own are judiciously subordinated. If in any of them you detect a dangerous amount of colour, on first perusal of the piece, see that the author takes it out. Good situations and speeches may often, you will find, be transferred with advantage to the general effect from other parts to your own.

With all your precautions, however, you will sometimes find a part coming out into mischievous prominence in rehearsal. In these cases you should first warn and advise the offender of his mistake, in a friendly way. If the actor prove incorrigible, and persist in bringing his character into too high a light, take him out of it, and entrust it to some more conscientious member of your company.

You will find this course economical, as well as conducive to the artistic subordination of effects.

It will enable you to dispense with an expensive company, and to concentrate your outlay on yourself, and your scenery, dresses, and decorations, which, between them, make up the attraction of your theatre.

You will, of course, second your efforts in the theatre by taking proper measures to enlighten public opinion out of it. I have already alluded to your duty in relation to the recognised organs of opinion. You will soon find out those of the critics who have the faculty of artistic appreciation, and it will at once be your duty, and your pleasure, to show your sense of their merits by all the little attentions and hospitalities which constitute so agreeable a bond between the artist and the critic.

To the grosser public, which cannot be expected to appreciate criticism, you must appeal by means of the hoarding, and the poster. Much is to be done even by these means to guide and elevate the taste of the masses. They like large letters and flaring colours. The limits of size and splendour seem to have been reached for the moment. But mechanics and chemistry together, will probably soon enable us to enlarge even our present Brobdingnagian sheet-posters, and to intensify the gorgeousness of their colouring. Think of this.

You should not be above bending your mind even to considerations that, at a first glance, may seem rather within the domain of the bill-sticker.

Do not forget that appealing to the public is an art as well as acting, and one which no Manager now-a-days can disdain.

Reiteration and emphasis are as important elements of stage popularity as action of oratory.

If every hoarding and dead wall in London can once be made to proclaim, in gigantic capitals, your greatness as an actor, and the success of your theatre, the public will not be long in taking both for granted, and in flocking, not to ascertain if the announcement is true and well founded, but to satisfy itself that it is so.

What it comes prepared to believe it will believe.

It is a noble public—the British—large of faith, liberal of admiration, facile in enthusiasm, faithful to its favourites, with a nose that is more used for leading its wearer by than for sniffing out faults, and a voice at all times more disposed to cry "Bravo!" than to goose.

It is a public that pays, and is proud of paying, and when it has done so, is too generous to ask whether it has value received for its money,—a public that will confidently allow its admiration to be put into its mouth, and takes its judgments at second-hand with a large and child-like trust that, to me, is inexpressibly touching.

The Actor-Manager is, indeed, privileged in his special opportunities of testing to the utmost the naïve simplicity and gushing enthusiasm of the dear old B. P.!

Of the Manager who is not an Actor, in our next.

TOUCHING EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE.

THE Imperial and Royal Provincial Tribunal of Vienna, Penal Section, has been sitting in judgment on *Mr. Punch*, in respect of an "article" of his called "Mephistopheles to the Reichsrath," and another "article" called "A Covered Insult." Stay, here is the Tribunal's own language, about the first case:—

"SENTENZA.

"L' I. R. Tribunale provinciale di Vienna, Sezione penale, in forza del potere conferitogli da S. M. I. R. A. ha giudicato che il tenore dell' articolo: 'Mephistophele to the Reichsrath' contenuto nel N. 1220 del giornale settimanale illustrato *Punch*, che si pubblica a Londra, costituisce il fatto in genere del crimine di offesa alla Maestà sovrana a tenore del § 63 del Cod. pen., ed annette a tale decisione, a senso del § 36 della legge sulla stampa il divieto dell' ulteriore sua diffusione."

The second is like unto it, only instead of calling *Mr. Punch's* article an offence to the Sovereign Majesty, it is called an "insult" to ditto, and there is added a sentence of confiscation.

Mr. Punch begs to return his most humble and hearty thanks to the Sovereign Majesty, to L' I. R. Tribunale, to the respected V. P., one SCHWARZ, who signs the sentences, and to the elegant THALLINGER, his secretary, as also to the Official Gazette of Venice, in which these sentences are published. A more admirable and efficient means of informing Austrians and Italians that there are two remarkably good things in *Punch*, which the Government does not want them to see, could hardly have been devised, and, only adding that any letters from Venice or Vienna, or elsewhere, shall receive all attention at his publishing office, he subscribes himself, with intense devotion to the Supreme Majesty, with best respects to L' I. R. T., with kind regards to SCHWARZ, and with *Toby's* love to THALLINGER,

Il Presidente, PUNCH.

Il Segretario di Consiglio, TOBI.

A Line from Churchill.

(At the service of any Mamma, whose Son is returning from Cambridge high in the Mathematical Tripos.)

"THE Mother eyes the 'Wrangler' with a smile."

RECOGNITION.

THE Federals must not be angry with us, but every time we go to see the juggling of the DAVENPORTS, or other humbugs, we Recognise the Confederates.

HOW TO MEET CAVALRY (IN THE STREETS).—If encountered by the enemy's horse in the van, bring up your foot and attack it in flank.

A MOTTO FOR YOUNG SKATERS.—*Non vi, sed sæpe cadendo.*



EARNING HIS CERTIFICATE.

Family Doctor. "AND NO PORT, MIND; IF YOU DRINK PORT WINE YOU 'LL HAVE ANOTHER ATTACK OF GOUT, AS SURE AS FATE."

Country Gentleman. "QUITE CERTAIN?"

Doctor. "NO DOUBT ABOUT IT."

Country Gentleman. "THE VERY THING. YOU STAY AND DINE; WE'LL HAVE SOME OF THAT 'THIRTY-FOUR,' AND—I'M SUMMONED ON A JURY THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW!"

THE BUMPKIN AND THE BUTCHER;

OR, JERKED BEEF.

If you be a hunger'd, to comfort your grief
I bring you glad tidings of cheap and good beef,
Zo fill up your glasses and pass the jug round:
Here's prime beef a zellun at threepence a pound.

This here beef from Chili comes over to we,
Likewise from La Plata; they calls it charkee,
Whereof we makes "jerked," like as usual we doos,
Wi they forrun words of Signors and Moossoos.

Sitch beef, beun properly zalted and dried,
Must needs be prepared for to line the inzide,
And if you proposes upon it to dine,
You must zoak it and steep it to get out the brine.

Then beat it wi mallet, or roll it wi pin,
Zo not for to let no zalt liquor hide in;
Then cut it in bits which you biles ur you stews,
Or chops 'em up fine for a mince if you choose.

Says I to PHIL STEERS, in his surplus o' blue,
"We shan't need much longer depend upon you.
Fresh beef must soon come down from tenpence theet 'zee,
Now when we can purchus good zalt beef for three."

Says PHIL, wi a grunt like a hog in a huff,
"Beef? Yaa, that ain't beef not that there charkee stuff!
'Tis hossflesh," says PHIL, "fit for no Christian's fare,
'Tis carron," say PHILLUP, a says, "is that there."

"How canst thee, now PHIL," I sez to un, sez I,
"How canst thee stand there now, and tell me that lie?
Dost call that beef hoss? Hass as well medst call me,
But I han't got the ears for believun o' thee.

"The lab'ers partakes it their stummacks to fill
In Cuba, and ates it likewise in Brazil.
There's judges has tried it, knows what they're about,
And all on 'em found it a proper blow-out.

"Zet people agin it you butchers 'ood fain,
For fear it should lessen your proffut and gain;
But zay what you will, you wun't vrighten poor men
From buyun at threepence what you zells at ten.

"Chawbacons fine gentlefolks often calls we;
Well, now then let's chaw zum o' that there charkce,
I zay live and let live, and plenty abound,
Success to the beef only threepence a pound."

A Link in a Fog.

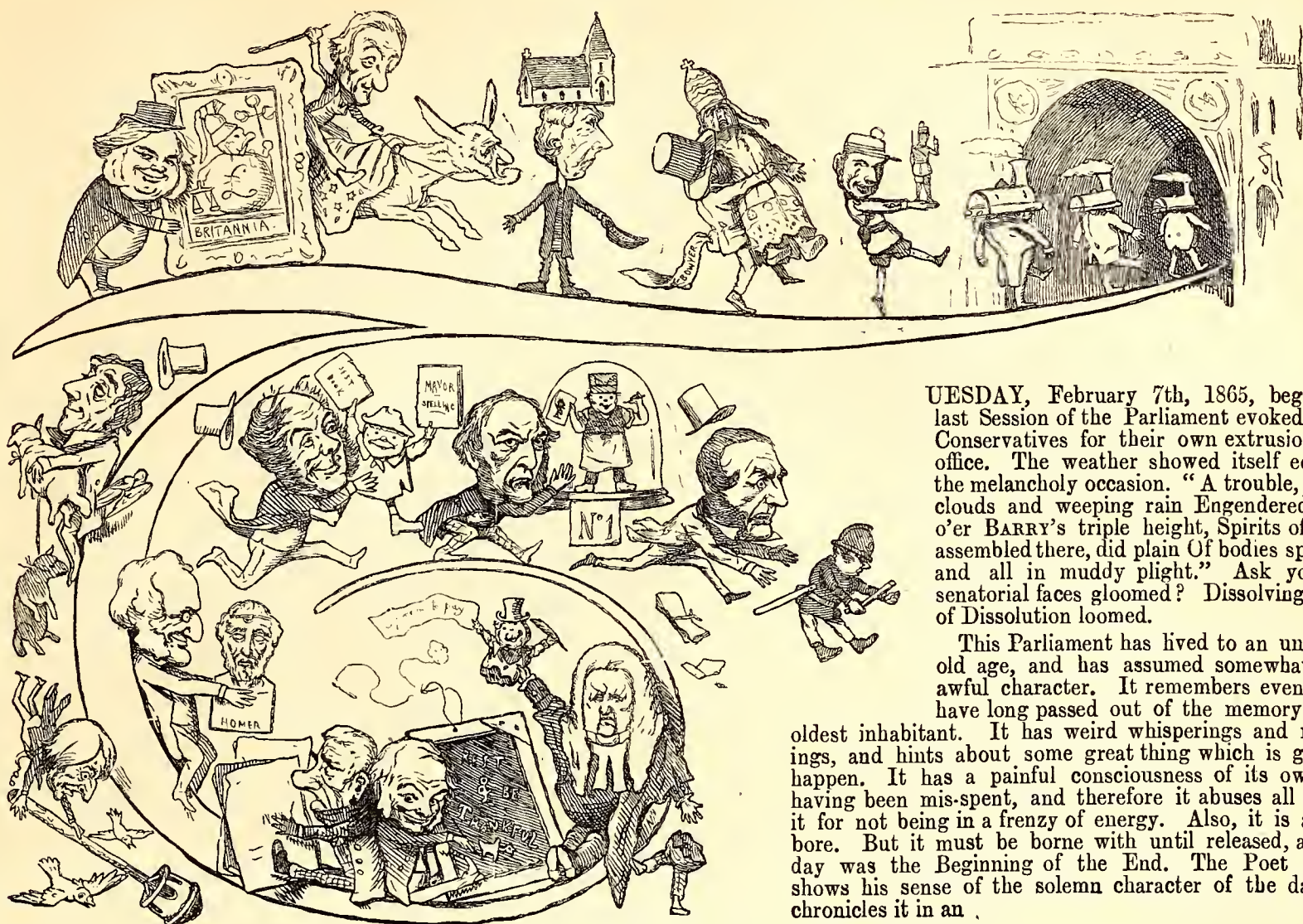
HERE'S some light reading for you:—

THE MISSING LINK MAGAZINE is dedicated to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and has the Monthly Reporter stitched up with each number.

The Reporter is much to be pitied. We suppose that the poor gentleman is regularly "sewn up."

THE GENTILITY OF SPEECH.—At the Music Halls visitors now call for "another acrobat," when they want a second tumbler.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



UESDAY, February 7th, 1865, began the last Session of the Parliament evoked by the Conservatives for their own extrusion from office. The weather showed itself equal to the melancholy occasion. "A trouble, both of clouds and weeping rain Engendered, hung o'er BARRY's triple height, Spirits of power assembled there, did plain Of bodies splashed, and all in muddy plight." Ask you why senatorial faces gloomed? Dissolving views of Dissolution loomed.

This Parliament has lived to an unnatural old age, and has assumed somewhat of an awful character. It remembers events that have long passed out of the memory of the oldest inhabitant. It has weird whisperings and mutterings, and hints about some great thing which is going to happen. It has a painful consciousness of its own time having been mis-spent, and therefore it abuses all around it for not being in a frenzy of energy. Also, it is a great bore. But it must be borne with until released, and this day was the Beginning of the End. The Poet PUNCH shows his sense of the solemn character of the day, and chronicles it in an

Idyll of the Queen.

A storm was coming, but the times were still,
When WESTBURY, from Welsh AP ITHELL sprung,
Who keeps the conscience of the blameless QUEEN,
Spoke to Her Peers and Commons in Her name,
And duly mindful of his oes and aes.

'With satisfaction doth the QUEEN recur
Once more to your assistance and advice.

The Austrian and the Prussian with the Dane
Have made a treaty. What is done is done.
Nought bodes the stirring of war's embers now.

Still in death grapple writhe COLUMBIA's sons,
Still sternly neutral doth BRITANNIA stand,
Still for their reconciliation prays the QUEEN.

In far Japan a rebel Daimio's rage
Infringed a treaty, and his powerless liege
Failing to right the wrong, our cannon spoke,
Echoed by French and Dutch and Yankee guns,
His forts are ashes, and all seems serene,
Whereof shall documents inform you more.

Not quite submissive yet on earth is laid
The tattooed brow of the New Zealander,
But he hath learned a lesson, learned as well
The easy terms might bring him to our grace.

On Abraham's heights grave delegates have met
Scheming to link in one grand Federal bond
Our North American dependencies.

The project likes us much, and if it fadge
Your solemn sanction shall be surely sought.

India is tranquil, but the Bhootanese
Have had to feel the British boot can kick.

Dread was the hurricane that lately swept
O'er our Palatial city in the East,
And direful was the slaughter. All that gold
And British energy could do was theirs

Who mourn their thousands, and with whom we mourn!

Projecting on a level next his glance
Where the tall DENISON stood full in view

Heading a band of Commons, WESTBURY said:

'The Estimates for the ensuing year
Are ordered to your table by your QUEEN':
They have been framed with economic care,
But due attention to the public weal.'

Again enfolding in one general gaze
That whole august Assembly, he resumed:

'The country's case is satisfactory,
Up to the estimate the income springs.
Distress in manufacturing homes abates,
And the late labour law you gave works well.

The last Hibernian harvest-time was good,
And Erin's commerce soars on emerald wings:
Statements her sons of course will contradict.

To useful legislation we shall ask
Your willing help. A Temple must be reared
Where the twin gods of Equity and Law,
Those Dioscuri of the British state,
May smile their costly smiles beneath one roof.
The Statutes must be cleared of all their trash,
And so condensed, that (as your Sovereign hopes)

A Code Victoria may one day be born.
The patient, thoughtful sage, whose painful toil
Strikes out some grand invention, now is left
At the no-mercy of a Patent law

By which the shallow greedy quack's enriched;
This must be mended. To those sordid Courts
(Named from the County) where, proverbially,
The retail tradesman bears tyrannic sway,
Some Equity must now be taught. The Poor
Should be relieved from the Relieving churl,
Nor treated worse than felons, and the Schools,
Endowed by the great dead, must be reformed
Till fit to train the living to be great.'

Thus, ending gravely with the accustomed prayer,
Spoke WESTBURY, from Welsh AP ITHELL sprung,
Who keeps the conscience of the blameless QUEEN.

Tuesday Evening. LORD CHARLEMONT, in moving the Address, very justly, if not very profoundly, remarked that the Speech presented few matters of importance. LORD HOUGHTON seconded, and gave an artistic sketch of the state of foreign affairs, and specially urged law reform at home. The noble DERBIDES, translator of *Homer*, then addressed the Chiefs:—

On GRANVILLE, first,
Sarcastic glance he cast, and thus he spake:—
" 'Tis well, and thus an aged Minister
May fitly soothe a dying Parliament,
Whose fleetly passing hours should not be stirred
By aught of discord or exciting jar.
Therefore I taunt thee not that in Brazil
England is hateful, mainly through the fault
Of him, thy Foreign colleague, nor demand
Why in Japan we wage a little war,
Or where's the row in Ind? a point on which
Thy ligneous colleague seemeth uninformed.
But this for future counsel we remit.
Yet hear my words, I pray. Across the brine
Our cousins clutch each at the other's throat,
Though three years since, O chiefs! we all were told
Another month would clutch their hands in peace.
I blame not RUSSELL that this nation stands
Neutral, though all ungrateful are the men
Whom most he favours, but I bid him heed
That LINCOLN burns to cast the fatal spear,
Signal for war, or, like the Athenians old,
To loose a Lamb into the field of Bull.
"Ανα προβάλλειν, as our COX would say.
Upon the lakes he thirsts to launch his ships,
And why? That he hath fear of Canada!
Canada me no Canadas, the wolf
Was in more deadly peril from the lamb
Than UNCLE SAMUEL from our provinces.
He means aggression, therefore be prepared,
Or we shall summon you to dire account.
No more of that. Sonorous as the Speech
Is your Address, and truly meaning nought,
And therefore let it have our full assent."
Thus spoke DERBIDES, and from off the board
He took his staff, with golden head adorned,
And, careful not to sit upon his hat,
Resumed his seat amid a general cheer,
Bestowed in part upon the statesman keen,
Bestowed in part upon the scholar true,
And ratified by plaudit from great *Punch*.

Having no intention of injuring the success of LORD DERBY's volumes by inditing an Opposition *Homer*, *Mr. Punch* will now descend to prose, if there be no better name for his exquisitely pellucid diction. He proceeds to note that LORD GRANVILLE replied to LORD DERBY, paid him a graceful compliment upon his literary achievement, and intimated that the good humour shown in his speech might arise from his belief that the next election would carry him into office. His Lordship explained that somebody had forgotten to put into the Speech any distinct explanation about the Indian difficulty, which might have been anywhere for aught that CHARLEY WOOD had caused the CHANCELLOR to say. The poet *Punch* has rectified the error in the Idyll; he never snaps at flies. LORD LEITRIM was very sorry that Ireland was very miserable, and was very happy that LORD WODEHOUSE had been made L.L. The EARL RUSSELL then replied to LORD DERBY, with sundry vindications, and specially declared that the latter had not done justice to the irritation in the United States, which had adopted a course that did not seem unnatural. He added, that the Yankees should have no compensation for anything the *Alabama* and her sisters had done, and he finished with some words which *Mr. Punch* quotes:—

"When I see there is a proposition before the American Congress to put an end to an abominable crime—the keeping men in slavery—and to abolish for ever involuntary servitude in the constitution of the United States, I rejoice that so great a blot is about to be removed from the character of a civilised nation. (*Cheers.*)"

And very proper cheers; but the abolition of slavery is quite compatible with the invasion of Canada, and therefore *Mr. Punch* presents his respectful compliments to all whom it may concern, and begs to state that he is on the look-out, and that it will be very awkward for anybody else who may prove not to have imitated him.

In the Commons the debate was so exceeding dummy—double dummy, in fact—that *Mr. Punch* chronicles it only to show his contempt for the Dignity of History. SIR H. WILLIAMSON and MR. HANBURY TRACY moved and seconded the Address; MR. SCULLY scullified; DR. BRADY said that the paragraph on Ireland was more worthy of *Punch* than of the Speech, but we see nothing in that paragraph to deserve so outrageous a compliment; MR. H. SEYMOUR wanted all sorts of reforms, and grumbled at MR. MASSEY's being sent to India; MR. R. LONG had been to Ireland, and had come away horrified, but wished the PRINCE OF WALES were Viceroy, and for the enactment

of a penalty on absentee-ism; MR. SCOURFIELD (we promise ourselves many pleasing jocularities out of his name, and we hope he will like them) objected to any false economy in military matters; MR. MAGUIRE declared that the Irish were deeply discontented and also deeply disaffected—we are sorry to read the first allegation, and glad to read the second, for we hate affectation—SIR ROBERT PEEL argued ably in support of the Irish paragraph; LORD FERMOY thought that the last Session of a Parliament was not a time to introduce a Reform Bill, and he also stated that the last Irish harvest was not an average one; SIR F. CROSSLEY did not see what injustice was done to Ireland; MR. KINGLAKE wished to know why we had recognised EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN of Mexico, whom, he being a *protégé* of another Emperor, MR. KINGLAKE was of course prepared to consider as a kind of second-rate fiend; COLONEL SYKES complained of our conduct in China; and SIR CHARLES WOOD was almost inaudible in the gallery.

The only diverting incident, on the opening night, was the rise of that bright accidental star, MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, who "was received with ironical cheers and laughter," and who "thanked the House for the kind encouragement given him." Nevertheless, he had a sensible suggestion to make, namely, that the threepenny colonial postage stamp should be used in England.

Wednesday. The Commons agreed to the Address, SCULLY and some other Irish taking a division, and showing the weakness both of their numbers and of their brains.

Thursday. The CHANCELLOR exposed the abominable working of the Bankruptcy Law. It cost, last year £283,872 to divide £533,664 among creditors. That sentence ought to be the sentence of the system.

We originate a beautiful aphorism. Truth is stranger than fiction. We were led to invent this saying by a notice given to-night. In one of the most extraordinary and admirable lectures that we have ever heard, one called *A Night with the Speaker* (we regret that we forget the lecturer's name) we remember that among the illustrations of Parliamentary Petitions for Impossibilities was given "a petition against the payment of rent in Ireland." The audience went into a roar. To-night, MR. MAGUIRE gave notice that he should move for leave to bring in a Bill to abolish the law of distress for rent in Ireland, which, of course, is exactly the same thing, for who in his senses would pay rent if he were not obliged? We conceive that the lecturer we allude to has a claim against MR. MAGUIRE for compensation.

Government will not legislate about Railway Accidents, MR. GIBSON stating that very few accidents occur, and also that last year the Railways had paid £174,000 for damages by accidents. The public may either reconcile the two statements, or derive comfort from whichever seems to offer most of the article.

The Bankruptcy System is sent to a Select Committee, so that ample time will be allowed for gentlemen with fraudulent intentions to carry out their little games, before Parliament can interfere. *Mr. Punch* has ordered some carriages, has taken a house at £600 a year, and has requested *Mrs. Punch* to dress in a manner becoming her station and the income he derives from creditors.

Friday. SIR GEORGE GREY said, that in reference to explosions like that at Erith, he had nothing to say at present, but the most careful inquiries were being made as to the probability of gunpowder exploding when fire was applied to it. He should also do nothing to prevent crushes at existing theatres, when alarms of fire were given, but the LORD CHAMBERLAIN would license no new buildings in which a fair chance of escape should not be afforded. If the public is scnnched after this notice, it is the public's own fault, of course.

SIR JOHN WALSH made a speech on the American Lakes question, but LORD PALMERSTON urged that an irritating topic should not be pursued, that he had no reason to believe that the Americans desired hostilities, and that at all events we should not assume the fact. Very proper and meaningless, of course, and just what a Minister is bound to say.

MR. DODSON was elevated into the place of MR. MASSEY, as Chairman of Committees. He is an excellent man of business, and though he speaks a little thickly, this Dodson has no connection with Fogg.

MR. GLADSTONE had a good deal to say about country Banks of Issue, to which he proposes to concede certain boons. Without entering into details, which are revolting, *Mr. Punch* informs the amiable wives and pretty daughters of all country bankers that Papa has had a great slice of luck, and ought to give at least one dinner party and two dances. A suggestion of mischief naturally brings *Mr. Punch* to the Courts of Law, and to the mention that the Government now proposes the concentration of the Courts, and the placing them between Chancery Lane and Clement's Lane. The expenses will be a million and a half, which is about the yearly expense of the cabs in which clerks rush about after their learned masters, who at present scatter over Town. The legal members grumbled over the Bills for effecting the purpose, but sanctioned them. Like their divinity, Dulness,

"The lawyers, with a discontented air,
Seem to reject him though they grant the prayer."

And so endeth the chronicle of the first week of the last Session of LORD DERBY's patricidal Parliament.



NARCISSUS.

Little Podgers (who considers himself rather a Lady-killer). "OH, I'M NOT GOING INTO THAT EMPTY CARRIAGE; PUT ME INTO ONE WITH SOME PRETTY GAIS."

Porter. "YOU JUMP IN, SIR, AND PUT YER 'EAD OUT OF THE WINDER, YOU'LL SOON HAVE A CARRIAGE-FULL." [Podgers sees it immediately, and enters.]

PUNISHMENT FOR BAD SPELLING.

THE Strand Musick Hall Company owes a trifle of £45,000, can't pay it, and the sheriff has been "in." SIR JOHN ROMILLY has ordered the Company to be wound up. This comes of spelling Music with a K. That letter is sounded, says WEBSTER, "with an opening of the mouth and a depression of the lower jaw." We apprehend that such will certainly be the way the unlucky speculators will sound it for the rest of their natural lives. Perhaps, K being kappa, and the adventurers having had a dose of it, their facetious friends will call them the Cappadocians, a joke that may do much to console them, under the circumstances, or rather in presence thereof; for you cannot be under things which are round you, except the bed-clothes, under which circumstances is the pleasantest place this weather, which is going to be worse, if possible, which can hardly be. We fear that we have digressed, but do not apologise, as we were anxious to get away from an unpleasant subject, to which we at once return by asking what is going to be done with the curious and instructive edifice in Catherine Street? The delicate thing would be to turn it into a school, where particular attention should be given to spelling.

Literary Intelligence.

THE other day a well-known Poet wrote a long poem in *fits*. He was immediately conveyed to bed, where he kicked off all the clothes: he is now perfectly recovered.

A CLERICAL ERROR.

How wrong it seems that London's sweet prelâte
Should bear a name so sour as A. C. TAIT! (*acetate*).

THE POLITICAL CAREER OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE B. DISRAELI.
(By COVENTRY PATMORE.)—"The Angel in the House."

CRAWL ALONG THE CURBSTONE.

(*Cabby Sings.*)

AIR—"Down among the Dead Men."

HERE'S a health to DICK MAYNE, and the kind Police
Wot walks the streets and keeps the peace,
Come, let us drink it whilst we're here;
There is a Jug wot olds no beer.
Here's unto them as winks their eye;
Crawl along the curbstone slowly by.

To cross the way when woman's bound,
Creep wery slow along the ground,
And so hobstructin hof her view,
Her course prewent her to pursue
By keeping right afore her eye;
Crawl along the curbstone slowly by.

In crowded streets your wheels can roll
Intirely free from hall control;
So therefore let them gently move
Close alongside of that old cove
To catch 'is bus wot strains 'is eye;
Crawl along the curbstone slowly by.

Our wested rights we will maintain—
Thank "Bobby" and SIR RICHARD MAYNE;
And them as can't a cab afford,
'They shan't no busses get aboard;
'Fore them as won't with hus comply,
Crawl along the curbstone slowly by.

A Chip of the Old Block.

YOUNG VISCOUNT AMBERLEY comes of good family
To help on the cause of Reform;
But his father, EARL RUSSELL, is not in a bustle
To strike till the iron is warm.

A CIVIL (ENGINEERING) QUERY.

THE newest mechanical contrivance announced is MR. HARRISON'S invention of "Weaving by Compressed Air." Is this what has been so long "looming in the future?"

GOOD PLACE FOR HOT WINE IN COLD WEATHER.—
The Isle of Mull.

FLOWER OF TRADE SLANG.

MR. PUNCH,

AT the outside of Covent Garden Market, the other day, on a florist's stall, I observed a lot of roots labelled "Aconite for Planting." Struck with what seemed a rather extraordinary notification of a very common plant though a very virulent poison, and thinking aloud, I observed to my companion, in a tone of some surprise, "Aconite for Planting!"

"Nice Aconite to-day, Sir!" instantly cried the stall-keeper, who had overheard me.

Nice Aconite! Of course he would as soon have said "Nice Henbane," or "Nice Deadly Nightshade." I wonder if, at another time of the day, and the world's age, he would have said, "Nice Hemlock this evening, Sir," to SOCRATES? The flower-stall keeper's commendation of Aconite as "nice" naturally suggested this question to a peripatetic

PHILOSOPHER.

Stagira Cottage, February, 1865.

Suggestion for Sensible Girls.

THE difference between a plain young lady and a pretty one is in general merely the difference between two different arrangements of fat and cellular tissue.—*Smelfungus*.

NAUTICAL.

WHAT are BRITANNIA'S weapons for naval warfare?
The Arms of the Sea.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

Summary of Latin Classical Education.—OVID'S *Art of Love* is the Long and Short of it.



FRIGHTFUL CONSEQUENCE OF THE FROST.

Julia. "THE WATER WAS ALL FROZEN IN OUR JUGS LAST NIGHT."

Mamma. "AND SO IT WAS IN MINE, DEAR. WAS IT IN YOURS, CECIL?"

Cecil. "I DON'T KNOW!!"

DRESSMAKING MADE EASY.

LADIES, give your orders to the London Dressmaking Company (Limited), shortly about to commence business at 18, Clifford Street, Bond Street. Give your orders in time, Ladies, in order to enable this humane Society to carry out its benevolent intentions. The benevolent intentions contemplated by this Association are the production of the prettiest of all possible dresses, and the preservation of the health, and the sufficient remuneration of the dressmakers who construct them. A moderate fixed maximum of profit on capital invested, say eight per cent., all gains above that amount to go to the good of the workwomen; hours of work from eight to eight, two hours out of those twelve to be allowed for meals, making the work-hours ten, whether in or out of the Season: these are the principal points which the London Dressmaking Company (Limited) proposes to go upon.

Consider, Ladies, with what unalloyed pleasure you will contemplate your clothes in the mirror, knowing that they have been made with no ruinous expense of vital energy on the part of their makers, who, to make them, will not have been obliged to sit up all night in close rooms, breathing carbonic acid. For well ventilated work-rooms constitute part of the scheme of the London Dressmaking Company (Limited). Fancy with what unmitigated ecstasy you will dance in ball-dresses made under wholesome conditions. Think of the perfect self-complacency and satisfaction with which you will appear in Church on Sundays, attired in the height of fashion.

The London Dressmaking Company, Ladies, is patronised by the Lord BISHOP OF LONDON and the Lord BISHOP OF OXFORD, and also by the Right Reverend the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY. It has engaged hands that will get you up anything as sweet as was ever *confectionné* by a Parisian *modiste*.

So, give your orders, Ladies, to the London Dressmaking Company; in time, Ladies: time is the one thing needful to enable it to accomplish its purpose, which is to provide you with dresses that shall cost you a reasonable price, and not cost the young women who make them

consumption and typhus. In the accomplishment of that purpose, may the London Dressmaking Company (Limited) obtain unlimited success.

THE GREAT UNPAID FOR EVER!

CONSIDERABLE excitement has been caused at Leeds by a sentence of one month's imprisonment lately pronounced upon ELIZA STRAFFORD, a respectable woman, aged 55, servant of H. CHORLEY, Esq., J. P., for stealing a pound of dripping which she had given away under the impression that it was her lawful perquisite.

The Leeds Justices, the other day, also distinguished themselves by the administration of justice thus recorded:—

"MARTHA DRURY, a middle-aged woman, appeared in answer to a summons charging her with using abusive language to MATILDA DAVIDSON, a neighbour. She was also charged with having assaulted her. The case having been proved, the defendant was fined 20s. and costs, with the alternative of serving 14 days in prison. The defendant expressed her willingness to serve the time stated, and as she was leaving the dock, she turned to the complainant, and making use of threatening language, said, 'I'll give it thee, lass, when I come out.' The Bench, hearing the threat, immediately called her back, and told the woman that she was guilty of contempt of court, and that her sentence would be altered to two months' imprisonment without the option of a fine."

They do not manage these things better in Russia or in Turkey, or in a British school governed by a clergyman. The laughter occasioned by a Bench of Country Magistrates enabling a sham detective to plunder young MR. ASHWORTH, has hardly yet subsided. Under these circumstances the nation may be congratulated on the omission, from the QUEEN'S Speech, of the following paragraph, which might have been expected to appear in it:—

"Your attention will be directed to the consideration of a measure, substituting for unpaid Justices of the Peace, ignorant of law, and senseless of justice, Stipendiary Magistrates who understand their business."

This innovation, which would only have the effect of protecting individuals, at some expense to the public, is for the present postponed.

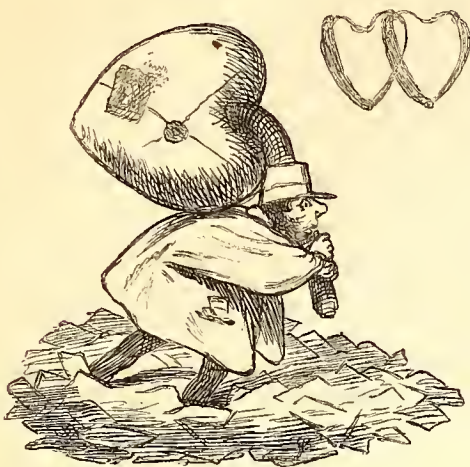


THE THREATENING NOTICE.

ATTORNEY LINCOLN. "NOW, UNCLE SAM, YOU'RE IN A DARNED HURRY TO SERVE THIS HERE NOTICE ON JOHN BULL. NOW, IT'S MY DUTY, AS YOUR ATTORNEY, TO TELL YOU THAT YOU *MAY* DRIVE HIM TO GO-OVER TO THAT CUSS, DAVIS—" (*Uncle Sam Considers.*)

"NO CARDS."

AN IDYLL OF THE HEARTH.



HEN bubbling urn proclaims
the matin meal,
Fresh eggs from Uncle
REUBEN's forest farm
Disclose their amber yolks,
rare rashers tempt,
And unctuous sausage from
my Oxford's mart
I see a room that over-
looks "the Broad."
The sheet, with all the
news of all the lands
By means subaqueous and
terrestrial brought,
The rustling sheet I open,
and extend
To her who sits before the
peaceful urn

The part that cries our myriad wants and wares,
Wherein diurnally the column stands
The bassinette begins, the grave concludes.
And when I've mused on battles and burlesques,
On earthquakes, storms, steam-rams, and papal bulls,
A pauper famished, and a porpoise fed,
The last new Canon, and the latest gun,
The length of churches and of human life;
And warned her curtains are no longer worn,
And bonnets, like republics, banish crowns;
She reads that LEILA DRANFIELD's trouble's past,
And GERALD owns a roaring boy, then smiles
When lower down she finds that marriage rites
Have welded CHARLES and FANNY into one,
And tells me of the time, the place, the priest,
And quotes the terminating words—"No cards"
With meaning voice and looks that signal scorn.

The middle stone on life's rough road in sight,
When custom veers and shifting fashions change,
We croak a mild duet, and praise the times,
The good old times when we were twenty-five,
And spent a happy moon by lake and tarn,
Before the session of our lives began.
So taking these two chilling words for text,
With shrug and sigh contrasting now and then,
We picture, thus and thus, their sure results,
And with a telescopic glance foresee
The hymeneal changes they forebode.

"No cards"—to show where CHARLES and FANNY live:
Whether in some suburban nest they coo,
Or watch the river sparkling by the lawn,
Or hear the thrushes singing in the Park,
Or in Woburnia's placid squares consort.
"No cards"—to fix the date of their return
From misty mountains crowned with snowy helms,
(And tinfoil on their crowns); from beach and bay,
The haunt of sea-fowl and the home of shrimps;
From passes, passports, vales, and veiled nuns,
To cake, and calls, and gratulating friends,
To butchers' bills, plain cooks, and ten to four.

"No cards"—but here LAVINIA interposed
To prophesy, as time goes thieving on,
Successive cheapenings of the nuptial dues.

"No cake"—to rear its snowy splendours high
Above the marriage board, and sweet and thick
To comfort distant kin, and thick and sweet,
With almond zest, to lure devouring youth;
No mystic morsel and no merry rite,
No ring, no pillow, and no dulcet dream.

"No bells"—(a moment, ARCHIE, to recall
The merry peal St. Mary's ringers rang,
And how they brought their great brown jug for ale,
And drank our health with cerevisial shouts)—
No joyful bells to greet the mated bride
Who'll walk from church—no carriages, of course—
Through jeering crowds, through staring street and gate,
In silence reaching the paternal door.

"No breakfast"—with its choice of various cheer:
The lordly lobster in his scarlet mail,
Plumed pheasant, partridge, and the humbler fowl,
The Strasbourg *pâté*, and the Yorkshire pie,
Dusk grapes and peaches from the Chauntry wall,
The lucid jelly and voluptuous creams,

Westphalia's ham and char from Cumbrian lakes,
With speech-inspiring effervescent wines.
"No bridesmaids!"—blossoms round the perfect flower—
A lovely octave, blondes and bright brunettes,
In filmy fabrics, mauve and azure trimmed,
With wreath, and rose, and long-depending veils,
Their fair ringleader following down the nave.
No swan-white robe, no flounce of Brussels lace
(You know what HELLEN FORSTER lately wore—
A black *tulle* bonnet and a blue silk dress).
"No licence," but by banns, as WILLIAM WAKE,
Who works for EDWARD at the plaster pits,
And EDWARD's cook were married last July.
No chariot with its pair of favoured greys—
An omnibus will take them to the train,
A carriage of the second class to Town—
No wedding tour to Paris, or—but here
The clock, that scythed Time surmounts, toll'd Ten;
My hour had come; I could no longer stay;
So kiss'd a cheek—the fairest cheek to me—
And Westward went.

ORGIES OF INNOCENTS.

A RICH treat to a body of navvies in the service of MESSRS. BOLT AND GIRDER, the extensive Railway Contractors, was given yesterday by their employers, in conjunction with the Society for the Mollification of Adults. At mid-day the men were taken in vans to MADAME TUS-SAUD's Waxworks, and spent several happy hours in that interesting exhibition. They were then conveyed to the Temperance Music Hall, and regaled with an abundance of tea and plum-cake. This simple but appetising fare was enjoyed by them with evident relish, and they apparently made a most delicious meal. The repast being concluded, the huge fellows were invited to join in recreation, combining mutual amusement with instruction, on the plan instituted by the Society. Accordingly, a navy of about seven feet high gave a comic recitation of "*The Chameleon*," with a mildness the effect of which was heightened by his deep and powerful voice. Another, of equally gigantic proportions, in a similarly sonorous key, sang DR. WATTS's pretty little poem, "*How doth the little busy Bee*." Other hymns, songs, and recitations, moral and mirthful, amongst which were "*Twinkle, twinkle*," and "*Little Boy Blue*," were given by various individuals among the stalwart labourers, who, finally joining in chorus, with much expression, and in very good tune, sang "*Baa, baa, black Sheep*." They were then addressed by the REV. MR. SLACKJAW, who pointed out to them, in a most affecting manner, how very nice it was to be good, and how wrong it was to be naughty. Several gentlemen, reverends and other, followed in the same feeling strain. A distribution of lollipops was then made, and a benediction having been invoked by the REV. MR. GHRIMES, the company separated at a seasonable hour, highly gratified with their entertainment; and the burly wielders of the pick and shovel, who had evidently been only just weaned from short pipes, went away sucking their thumbs.

BIRDS OF FASHION.

OUR exquisite contemporary, *Le Follet*, among the "Fashions for February," gives a list of model dresses, and the following description of some very peculiar decorations of one of them:—

"In the hair, between the bandeaux, is placed a beautiful bird with wings spread, and another on the centre of the body."

A bird in the place of the clasp or buckle which unites the cincture of the waist, is the only idea that we can exactly form of an ornamental ornithological specimen, situated as the latter of these two birds is said to be. Perhaps, however, we are to understand that the bird is worn upon the bosom, like the dove which maidens are sometimes represented in pictures as cherishing. But a stuffed dove in that situation would be not a hollow mockery only because of being, in fact, stuffed.

Ornamental and Useful.

WE have much pleasure in announcing a sweet thing in coiffures. It consists in a *bandeau* formed of gold and silver, and set with diamonds and other precious stones of various colours, arranged in two numerical figures indicating the wearer's age.

Feather v. The Queen.

MR. FEATHER brought an action against the Government to recover compensation for the infringement of his patent. Of course he lost his cause. In the scales of justice what could a Feather expect to weigh against the Crown?

THE EXECUTIVE, DETECTIVE AND DEFECTIVE POLICE.

Extract from Diary of Police-Constable SMIRKE.

Monday, 1 P.M.—On my beat. Saw little boy taking sites at me. Pretended not to see him. Caught him *one*. Ordered happle woman to move on. Told crowd generally to move on. Bought a few walnuts of stall-woman. Nutts not much account this season. Only two good out of twenty. Looked down number 29 Hairier and ummed a tune as I parsed the railings. HANNE not hin, nor MARY. Carnt make that hout. Shall keep a heye on suspicious parteyes in unaform as goes down unbeknown to the fammally. Lor I ain't been in the force but I know what Cusins is: Ho what a green heyed monister is jellusy! I am a washing the Harrier still. No one come. Oh HANNE! My hown, my butiful! I ought to be down the nex streets, Green Street and Snug Street on dooty! Wot and dessert my HANNE! No. The two nex streets is as quite as posable. A solegier of the Ors Gards Red as disented the Hairier steps. Ho! HANNE!

2 P.M.—Still 'ere, an so his the ojus solegier. Their dress ain't no great things as beside our elnets. He comes hout. HANNE bekens me hin. I cum.

Extract from Tuesday's Newspaper.

Daring and Extraordinary Robbery.—A robbery of the most audacious character was found to have been committed yesterday at No. 29, Snug Street, Pimlico, at the House of MR. SNOOZEN, between the hours of One and Two in broad daylight. There are ordinarily two servants in the house; but one it appears had gone out on an errand, leaving the other up-stairs dressing. The thieves broke open a valuable desk, ransacked the cupboards, regaled themselves with some of the contents of the cellar and the larder, laid hands upon a large quantity of plate, and finally decamped with their plunder. They must have stayed at least half-an-hour in the house, and the damage done could not have been effected without considerable noise. Detective POTTER has examined the premises, and declares himself unable at present to come to any conclusion. Vigorous measures have been promptly taken, and a telegram has been sent to every Police Station, stating the nature of the Theft. Police-Constable SMIRKE, A 102, in whose 'beat' this lies, says he can't make out how it could have escaped his vigilance,

as in the course of his duty he is up and down the street every quarter of an hour.

Extract from Police-Constable WINK's Note Book.

Tuesday, 11 P.M.—On my beet, in the City. Narsty cold night. Miss JANE, as minds the house at VESKET's, the Tailor's, didn't come hout for the beer as ushal. Hodd. Kep a sharp look hout for her.

11.30.—Walked parst DIMOND's, the Julier's. Good dodge is his: round oles in his shutters as a party can look through and see. Thort I saw JANE on the dorstep of VESKET's. Wornt er. Saw a omeliss poor on the step. Told him not to loyter. Wont ave no loytring. Moved im on. Cold night. Torked to man with hot chesunts as was goin ome. Chesunts not good this ere, sumow.

12.—Narsty night. Moved on another omeliss poor. Stood in a doorway, hout o' the wind. Sor JANE's lite in VESKET's. "O happy lite!" ses I to myself, "I wish I wor with NANCY has I hadore fore evermore, hi ho!"

12.30 A.M.—Warked to the corner of the street. Looked up and down. Nobody about. Went to doorway again. Nother bad nut. JANE's lite his hout. Halass!

* * * * *

Extract from Wednesday's Paper.

Daring and Extensive Robbery at MR. DIMOND's, the celebrated Jeweller's.—Last night, between the hours of eleven and one, MR. DIMOND's shop was broken into, and jewellery to the amount of several thousand pounds abstracted. The iron safe had been wrenched open, and the strong iron chests literally smashed to pieces. This could not have been effected without considerable noise. MR. DIMOND's shutters and doors are perforated so as to allow the policeman on duty to look in every quarter of an hour, as he is passing on duty. The gas is kept alight in the shop, and renders everything plainly visible through the several apertures. Police-Constable WINK was on duty that night at the time stated, but avers that though he kept the usual watch upon the place, he neither heard nor saw anything calculated to excite his suspicions. Telegrams have been sent to all the Police Stations stating the particulars of the robbery; and Inspector STODGE has minutely examined the premises. This experienced officer has expressed his opinion, that in his own mind he has no doubt whatever but that a robbery has been committed.





VALENTINE'S DAY.

A GENTLEMAN, WHO DOES NOT WISH TO GIVE HIS NAME, FROM FAMILY REASONS, STATES THAT JUST FOR THE FUN OF THE THING, HE LOOKED OUT OF HIS WINDOW TO SEE IF HE SHOULD HAVE A VALENTINE, AND THAT WAS WHAT MET HIS EYE.



MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAP. XI.—THE MANAGER WHO DOES NOT ACT.

THE Manager who does not act himself, and is not blessed with an acting wife, may be called comparatively a happy man, and the first question such a Manager must ask himself is, what he will go in for, or, in other words, what will pay.

To answer this question, requires a rapid review of the field of the Dramatic Art, and an intelligent application of the conclusions resulting from that survey to the facts of the day.

There is, first, "The Legitimate Drama"—whatever that may mean—both tragic and comic, the claims of which are sure to be dinned into the ears of everybody who has anything to do with management.

The people who talk most about the Legitimate Drama are generally supposed to be those who don't go to the theatre; or, if they go, don't pay for their places. The cry proceeds principally, it is often said, from the writers of unactable plays. At all events, if it doesn't, you may plausibly maintain that it does, should you conclude—as I take for granted you will—against trusting to "the Legitimate."

But what is the Legitimate Drama? Nobody that I ever heard of has ever answered that question.

Practically, however, the name seems to include all the Stock Tragedies, Comedies, and Farces, which have grown threadbare with repetition; and, from the change of times and manners, have lost nine-tenths of any colour or effect they might once have had.

Still, *something* may be done even with this generally hopeless material, and there is credit to be got by it, without sacrificing profit.

If, for instance, you have a good scene-painter, and a star who insists on being put up in five acts, you may do something by throwing all your strength into scenery, dresses, and decorations, for which some eminently legitimate plays afford almost as much opportunity as a Pantomime or a sensation *spectacle*. W. BEVERLEY, for instance, can make even SHAKESPEARE go down. A rattling siege, or an effective battle, is a pretty safe draw, though it be in a real old-fashioned tragedy. I am not at all sure that a good adaptation of PEPPER'S ghost-business to *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* might not carry either of those plays through a highly profitable season. *Perhaps* it is even safer to take a legitimate

play—say one of SHAKESPEARE'S histories—as a substratum for scenery, dresses, and decorations, than to put the same money into a melodrama from the French, or a burlesque. People like to flatter themselves they are doing the correct thing to a great author with a reputation past all question, while they gratify their love of show and fine scenery.

As for Legitimate Comedy, there is not here the same field for display. Except to fill up an off-night now and then—for there are always old fogies enough to be attracted to your stalls and boxes for a night or two by the bait of SHERIDAN or GOLDSMITH—you must be on your guard against anything which requires so much art in your actors and so much cultivated appreciation in your public.

Remember everybody has eyes, but those with brains are a small minority.

You may, however, sometimes "cannon" with good effect, from the "Legitimate," by putting up a heavy play—whether tragic or comic it matters little—when you have a good Pantomime or Burlesque at the back of it.

The former will give your theatre a tone, and enable you to assume the airs of a guide of the public taste, while the attraction of the latter bears you harmless.

A foreign star may sometimes justify you in resorting to the "Legitimate," almost as much as a great scene-painter. SHAKESPEARE'S lines come with such a novel effect from alien lips, that the public forgets to be bored by them, and if once the foreigner can be made the fashion, there is hardly anything you may not venture. Who are the attractive *Juliets* and *Hamlets* of the day? You do not require to be told how much of their success is due to their broken English, and foreign *chique*. The Managers are only beginning to open their eyes to this source of profit. Next to a real foreigner, a native who can ape a foreign accent is a good card.

I assume that if you go in for the Legitimate, either heavy or light, you will confine yourself to old plays which cost nothing.

To play pieces of this class, by living Authors, is out of the question. They would cost far too much money. How can you be expected to afford the extravagant price nowadays set on "literature," and at the same time to meet the demands of your actors, your scene-painter, mechanist and carpenter, and, above all, your printer and advertising agents? Let literary people go for payment to the publishers. Managers have other uses for their money. And besides requiring expensive authors, the Legitimate business, in any case, requires good actors.

Their demands are sure to be far too exorbitant to leave you what you require for the inevitable claims on your purse of your scenic and advertising departments.

You will, therefore, if you are determined to encourage contemporary Dramatists, and to paint contemporary manners, eschew the Legitimate, and choose between the Sensational, or Spectacular, and the Burlesque.

The great advantage of the former is, that it requires the gymnastic element in its Actors, much more than the intellectual. Muscles are, as a rule, cheaper than brains.

I except the case of a man who makes one leg or arm go farther than his rival's two. *He* is worth any money.

So is a woman who has the courage to lay aside all the attributes of her sex with her sex's garments, and in defiance of narrow prejudices, strips, rides, fights, dances, and goes in for slang or spicy singing, like a man.

But these are jewels which you cannot expect to light upon every day, and it is unsafe to lay out your programme with a view to them.

A wide range of Sensational successes is quite open to you, with Actors possessing the normal allowance of limbs, and women who recognise the restraints of sex.

You have only to insist on the proper spicing of every dish you serve up to your audience with the appetising condiments of crime, horror, and break-neck situation. That these may the more harrow up your public, they must be introduced into a setting as exactly copied as possible from the most familiar scenery and localities. The more improbable they are in themselves, the more they require a setting of unmistakable outward fact to make your public realise them. A murder that would be tame if thrown back to the days of good QUEEN BESS and the streets of mediæval London, becomes a genuine sensation if introduced in the reign of VICTORIA, and transacted before a well-painted picture of the Charing Cross or Radeliffe Highway of 1864.

The reports of the police and assize-courts ought to supply your Author with subjects in abundance. If they have not the art to use these, they may find plenty of suggestion in the penny romances, or the *répertoire* of the boulevard theatres.

You will find it more profitable to work the latter source, on the principle of the intelligent householder who always went for his brooms to the man who stole them ready-made.

A good scene-painter and mechanist, working in collaboration with an author who understands the sensation-business, and is not above writing up to an effect—whether of the pound-brush or the winch, sloat and counter-weight—ought to make you well nigh independent of the caprice, insolence, and costliness of actors.

In this class of pieces they are reduced to their proper insignificance

as little better than lay-figures or dummies. Provided they are active, and hard, have no objection to be slung down from the flies, or shot up from the mezzanine-floor, and can scream, attitudinise and express the broader forms of guilt, alarm and terror, they will serve every sensational purpose.

This sort of thing ought not to cost much money, and you will have the more left for more essential outlay.

If you go in merely for Burlesque, your requirements, whether in the way of Authors or Actors, ought not to be much more serious.

But this field must be reserved for another Chapter.



THE FOG, JANUARY 21st., 1865.

Link-boys (Masters of the Situation). "IF YER DON'T GIVE US A SHILLIN' WE'LL SINGE YER WHISKERS!"

EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY.

At a tea-party last week, at the residence of Miss — (our gallantry forbids us to divulge the name), there were present nine old ladies, whose united ages amount, it is computed, to six hundred and fifty years. The evidence on which this estimate is based, has been obtained by questioning each member of the party, separately and in private, and tempting her to make confession (in, of course, the strictest secrecy) of the ages of her friends. It is a somewhat curious fact that the number of years to which each lady herself owned in the aggregate amount but to three hundred and thirteen. This slight discrepancy possibly may occasion some astonish-

ment to unreflecting people, who forget to make allowance for the weakness of memory with which ladies are afflicted with regard to their own ages, and its vigorous tenacity when they are asked in confidence the ages of their friends.

POLICE DEAD BEAT.

UPON mine ear, as book in hand,
I sat, there smote a distant fall
Of solemn music, from a band
Approaching; the triumphal, grand,
Dead March in *Saul*.

"There goes a soldier to his grave,"
Hasting to see, in thought said I,
As hither rolled the human wave,
"Here are the comrades of the Brave."
Police marched by;

With funeral pomp, with trump and drum;
Band of Policemen, clad in blue;
And he that, stark, and cold, and dumb,
Thereafter in a hearse did come,
Policeman, too.

Why not? All honourable scars
Alike, are those of gallant fight
By constables, or sons of Mars,
Or Neptune's own intrepid tars,
Waged for the right.

Whether thief's bludgeon leave a dint,
Or shot or steel of foreign foe
Its mark on hero's front imprint,
The stamp has equal glory in't
From either blow.

Well done then, when the soul had fled
That fired the stanch Policeman's breast,
To bear his corse with soldier's tread,
And play him with the soldier's Dead
March to his rest.

A PLEA FOR THE POOR SPIDER.

MR. PUNCH,
PLEAS ser, i see in the *mornin adwer-*
tisir a Count about Spyders hout of a booke
by a MR. THOMAS W. BROWN, how a genlman
a frend of ls'n in orse tralyer use To Destroy
as Manny spiders as e cood Cum nigh ontill
1 day e see won of their nestes of wun hof the
Bigest on 'em serounded with the remanes of
Buggs witch the spidar ad Destroy'd. Hand
witch he therefour Recomend the Presawa-
tion of Spyders in ouses insted of swepin the
Cobbwebbs all away, now this His to riquet
You *mr. punch* to hadwocat the Same in Bed-
rooms and helswear about the Ouse by witch
a grete Save in Brooms and mutch Trubel
with contingal Hanger and Scoldin from
Missusses, will be Spared manny hard-
worked Maid of Hall Work like yures to
Comeand, : JANE TIDY.

The Kitching, Valentine's Day.

THE GAS OF OTHER DAYS.

THE Gas of other days has faded :
How dim is ours, alas !
At night our streets with gloom are shaded,
So bad is now the Gas :
For this obscure illumination
Too much the public pays ;
Restore, enlightened Legislation,
The Gas of other days !

THE PROPER DAY FOR MARRIAGES.—
Wedd'nsday.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, February 13.

Hooray for THWAITES and the Drains. They are nearly done, and MR. TITE says that they will come into general operation at the end of next month. Thenceforth the breezes of London will be balmy breezes, the Thames will once more be a silver flood, *nec sine salmonibus*, and the swans,

"As if they would the charmed air repay, Shake thousand odours from their dewy wings."

The Moral Sewage is not so easily got rid of, but SIR GEORGE GREY introduced a Prisons' Bill, which is to improve the present state of things. It is to go to a Select Committee, whom Mr. Punch will assist with his invaluable suggestions, when he shall have had time to read the measure.

The Bill for Relieving Dissenting Municipals from the necessity of declaring that they do not intend to upset the Church of England was read a Second Time, and will be duly thrown out hereafter.

Tuesday. The Doctor in *Roderick Random*, who resolved to distil a certain liquid from tinder, by means of animal heat, was a practical philosopher compared to Mr. Punch, that is to say supposing Mr. Punch should seek to obtain any Essence out of such tinder-like Parliament as that of the past week. But, to pursue the illustration, he will endeavour to make the sparks that emanate from his wit, when struck against his wisdom, fall on the tinder, which he will next blow up, and then he will show himself a match for Parliament.

To-night the CHANCELLOR expounded the working of his Act for Selling Little Livings, and improving others with the proceeds, and stated that upwards of £100,000 had been thus obtained and applied in two years. An ingenious London Parson has hit on a plan for augmenting his own living without troubling the Legislature, and offers, if a generous public will give him £100, to charge nothing for marrying people during the rest of his incumbency. The scheme does not seem to please some of his brother Parsons, who inform the generous public that the proposed compact is invalid. LORD LEITRIM abused the Irish police, and was himself rebuked by LORD GRANVILLE for violent language, which could not add to the dignity of the House. This LORD LEITRIM was a Magistrate, but was very properly superseded for indecorum, and if he does not mind his manners, it may be the painful duty of His Majesty the EMPEROR PUNCH to invite him to reside on his Lordship's estate at Killadoon until further notice.

Government issues a Commission for inquiry into the costs of Railway Conveyance, and the charges made by the companies. This was MR. GLADSTONE's announcement, and it betokens an early onslaught upon the Tyrants of the Rail. Our pike shall be ready, whenever it may please MR. GLADSTONE to cry havoc, for sixpence is a great deal too much to charge for a ride from Portland Road to Farringdon Street, especially as nobody can possibly want to visit either station. MR. GLADSTONE, however, in answer to NUMSCULLY, said that Government did not intend to buy up the Railways this Session.

NUMSCULLY then delivered a long howl against the Irish Church in general, and certain appointments in it, in particular. The *Morning Star* says that the House hates this orator, and that he knows it, and talks less out of silliness than for the sake of tormenting the Saxon. This, if true, elevates his conduct, and entitles him to a certain amount of respect. DR. JOHNSON, hearing that somebody had been kicked, said that he was very glad to hear it, and being asked whether this were not an un-Christian feeling, replied that it was not. "I am glad, Sir, to hear that his character has sufficiently improved for any one to think him worth kicking." Mr. Punch, of course, is not to be restrained from introducing an anecdote, appropriate or not, by any consideration for anybody's feelings, but may as well add, that he has nothing to say against the character of MR. SCULLY, except as a Parliamentarian, in which capacity he is an unmitigated and intolerable bore.

MR. COX—"here we are again, and how do you do to-morrow?"—brought in a Bill for modifying the Early Closing of Public Houses Act. It appears that drovers and market gardeners are inconvenienced by not being able to procure refreshments between one and four in the morning. MR. COX also contended that gentlemen connected with the Newspaper Press are similarly annoyed. He mentioned that the *Times* had instituted a refreshment room for its employes, but that many other journals could not conveniently do so. Mr. Punch considers that in common

justice, not to speak of gratitude, to those who are toiling and moiling all night to prepare the newspaper which gladdens the breakfast table, some arrangement ought to be made for their comfort. He asserts this the more resolutely, because his young men have no interest in the question, he having fitted up, at reckless cost, an exquisitely luxurious *restaurant* for them, under a French cook, where, at any hour of the day or night that they choose to rush in with a witticism, they find the choicest repast and the most delicious wines ready at the first sound of a silver table bell. SIR GEORGE GREY said that the Act was working very well, that somebody must be inconvenienced by any change, and that in this case it must be the market folk. As for the drovers, they are travellers, and therefore may get refreshments all along their roads. He recommended the gentlemen of the Press to unite, and hire a room for their own accommodation. If they do, Parliament ought to vote them a subsidy to keep it up, seeing that but for them nobody would know anything about Parliament and its orators.

SIR FITZROY KELLY, Knight of Malt-a, proposes to improve the law of evidence, which at present works very unjustly, as the Divorce Judge writes to testify. He desires that in all SIR JAMES WILDE's cases all parties may be at liberty to give testimony, and that the same rule shall hold in criminal cases. Mr. Punch heartily approves of this reform, he having always ridiculed, in the most caustic manner, the old stupid devices by which the Law stops its old ears against hearing the truth.

This Tuesday being Valentine's Day, Mr. Punch was occupied from ten until five in opening, kissing, and making cigar-spills of the myriads of affectionate epistles forwarded to the Old Dear by the young ladies of the nation. He has been unable to get the odour of the perfumed notes off his aristocratic hands up to the present writing, and this fact gives him an opportunity of complimenting MR. EUGENE RIMMEL upon the publication of a very elegant and instructive Perfume-Book, which Mr. Punch has carefully put away in an airy attic, and will read with pleasure when the scent shall have subsided. He hates all perfumes except onions.

Wednesday. The Commons gave a Second Reading to about two hundred private Bills, as they are called, many of them being Bills about new Railways, and Committees are to examine them. Good days for us, my learned friends, quoth Mr. Punch, Q.C.

Thursday. Hammersmith complains to the Lords about its heavy poor-rates, and about the system of metropolitan improvements, which drives the poor from the heart of London to the outskids, there to become burdens. We trust that the prayer of the impetuous and intelligent suburb will be heeded. LORD GRANVILLE intimated that something was to be done.

LORD PALMERSTON paid a kindly tribute to the memory of MR. GREGSON, late Member for Lancaster.

MR. CLIFFORD brings in a Bill to do away with the law that punishes people for not going to church. This is right. People ought to go to church, but ought not to be sent to prison for staying away, especially as in a vast number of parishes the fault is with the Parsons, who make the Services much too long and the Sermons much too stupid. But we suspect that before the Bill passes, there will be a row between the mover and Mother Church.

"She'll call him CLIFFORD, and he'll call her MADAM."

which line reminds us that the new *Julia* (Mr. Punch hereby expresses his profound contempt for about four hundred correspondents who have sent him a miserable joke about JU-LIA and JEW-LEAH, and Jewess LEAH, and similar trash) is ill—not that Mr. Punch needed any reminding of his affliction, and the loss to the public. He hopes that MISS BATEMAN will bring an action against ADMIRAL FITZROY for damages caused by his detestable weather.

Then came up the Law Courts question. This will be battled a good deal, as many interests are concerned. As Mr. Punch perfectly comprehends the whole business, and what everybody means, he will feel personally obliged by the omission of any attempt to humbug him or his protégé, the Nation. Everybody is fighting, like HARRY WYND, for his own hand. Lincoln's Inn does not like the idea of its valuable property being less valuable, and MESSRS. WALPOLE and SELWYN talk for Lincoln's Inn. The Parliamentary lawyers want the Courts to be held at Westminster,

so that those gentlemen may pop out of Court into the House and back again, with convenience, satisfaction, and delight. The Templars would like the Courts to be erected close to Little Bethell. The public wants a Temple of Justice in a central and convenient place, and has a savage recollection of the cellars and attics of Westminster, and how some of the Courts could never be found, and a man's estate went away while he was begging the porters to tell him where the place of trial was, and how he finally detected the Judge sitting on a sink in a back kitchen, the Counsel squatting on inverted washing tubs, and the eight public, being all the place would hold, balancing themselves on the window-cill, or heaving themselves up by aid of the jack-towel roller. The City has behaved excellently, and surrenders the cucumber-frame, called a Court, at Guildhall. We must have the Temple of Justice in a satisfactory place, and that proposed by the Government will do very well. The Inner Temple admits this.

There seems some want of general comprehension as to the history of the Suitors' Fee Fund, and its rightful owners, and whether it ought to be used to pay for the New Courts. The Fund has been formed out of the results of the extortion of the Court of Chancery in other days, and out of the results of the ignorance or negligence of suitors. It really belongs to nobody, and the best thing would be to give it to *Mr. Punch*, but the next best to apply it to the useful purpose of erecting a Temple of Justice, or at least of Law. *Mr. Punch* has spoken, and there is an end of the matter. The Government Bill was read a Second Time.

Friday. A fierce Irish debate on the Belfast Riots last year. Everybody accused and abused everybody. Can any reader of *Punch* desire another word on the subject? We think better of the world.



AN AGREEABLE ACCIDENT.

CAPTAIN PIPPS, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE FROST, SKATES, AND FALLS, QUITE ACCIDENTALLY (?), INTO THE ARMS OF LADY JULIETTA DE PLOVERWING!

[*Papa looms in the distance.*]

The Davenports Undone.

SURE the DAVENPORT Brothers got
To the end of their rope, well nigh,
When their FERGUSON cut the knot
Which their spirits could not untie.

FRANK TERMINATION OF THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

"UTOPIA is to welfare what Imperialism is to liberty, and what illusion is to truth."

INCOME BEFORE BEER.

TAXPAYERS all, both great and small,
With voice both loud and clear,
Let's merrily sing, "It isn't the thing
To charge us for other folks' beer."

Chorus.

Now I own I likes good cheer,
And especially loves my beer;
But bless their eyes if ever they tries
To charge me for other folks' beer!

Some people thinks all stimulant drinks
From duty should be clear;
But I'll always contend, unto my life's end,
That Income should come afore Beer.
Now I own, &c.

From drinking rum the means do come
The national ship to steer,
And the same you find from the Malt Tax, mind,
Which in fact is a tax on beer.
Now I own, &c.

Brandy and gin brings revenue in,
And so ought swipes, 'tis clear;
If on Income you puts 'tish't fair if you cuts
A tax off the malt as makes beer.
Now I own, &c.

O 'tis my delight, by day and by night,
At all times of the year,
When MOLL and I is anyways dry,
To tippie our gallon of beer.
Now I own, &c.

MOLL, when I choose, reads out the news,
And hy that means I hear
That before time's ripe some wants to wipe
The Malt Tax off of our beer.
Now I own, &c.

Of all things thirst isn't quite the worst,
And the tax upon Malt I don't fear;
I can dodge that about just by going without
My usual indulgence in beer.
Now I own, &c.

While Ministers shape, without escape,
On earnings a tax severe,
Bless all their eyes whenever they tries
To charge me for other folks' beer!
Now I own, &c.

WALL FLOWERS OF RHETORIC.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I AM what is generally known as a Dead Wall; but as the present proves, my surname is a base attempt at defamation on the part of party walls or others pierced with doors and windows, who are jealous of my position and health, which is enhanced by the fact that I have never had a pane in my side, and have more of the brick in my composition than others. But this is neither here nor there, for I have a complaint, and a sad one, much like ophthalmia in its symptoms, for I can't see an inch before me now, I am so covered and filled up with posters. Even my bricks cry out against it. It is these bills continually brought against me that I wish you, my dear *Punch*, to take up for me. One evil-disposed character, who they say has been fetched here on purpose, says I'm a "Roadside Inn": he must mean the wrongside out. Another pastes me all over with his Hidden Hand. A third, no doubt for the fun of misleading people, calls me the "Streets of London." I leave you to imagine the smell of the paste, not to speak of the ignominy of holding up to the public gaze portraits of Clowns, Singing Fish, Performing Dwarfs, and colossal selections from all the floating capitals of all the printers in London. So have me pulled down, or get a Railway to go through me. I am sick of posters.

Yours,

A DEAD WALL.

MOTTO FOR SMOKERS.—"Il cig'retto per esser felice."



HOW WE DINE AT THE ART-SCHOOLS AT KENSINGTON. (OH! MR. COLE!)

HIGH TREASON AT HEMEL-HEMPSTEAD.

DURING the late Christmas holidays, many of *Mr. Punch's* young friends, and some of his old ones, walking about in the country on the skirts of a cover, may frequently have had their attention attracted by a series of explosions, pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! pop! They were probably aware that these noises were made by country gentlemen and their friends rabbit-shooting.

The *Hemel-Hempstead Gazette*, in a report of the Petty Sessions at Great Berkhamsted, before F. J. MOORE, Esq., Chairman, and R. BRIGHT, Esq., records "an unusual number of prosecutions under the Game Laws," which sound to the mind's ear, singularly like the poppings of rabbit-shooting squires. Only in these cases, the game did not consist of rabbits, but chiefly of rabbit-killers. "SIDNEY HUMPHREY and FREDERICK AUSTIN were charged with trespassing on the first of January in search of conies, on land belonging to EARL BROWNLOW." Pop! pop! They were knocked over, right and left, convicted and sentenced, HUMPHREY to a fine of £1, and 13s. 3d. expenses, in default committed for three weeks; AUSTIN to 5s. fine, and expenses 14s. 2d., in default committed for fourteen days. The same defendants "were then charged with committing a similar offence on the 28th of January on land in the occupation of FRANCIS CUTLER and others." Pop! again in the case of HUMPHREY, knocked over a second time with a fine of 15s. and 13s. 3d. expenses, in default committed for twenty-one days more. AUSTIN did not appear. DAVID HOLLAND, of Caddington, JOSEPH FARR, JAMES DEAN, ALBERT CLARK, and THOMAS GREGORY, were then charged with trespassing in search of game, FARR singly, the others in conjunction. Pop! flogged also. Pop! pop! pop! pop! likewise flogged with fine or imprisonment. THOMAS PHILLIPS, WILLIAM CREESY, HENRY PRESTON, and JOHN ARNOT, were next charged with the like offence. Pop! for CREESY rolled over; the rest got off.

Then came the case of REUBEN DWIGHT, charged with trespassing in search of game on a common, on land in the occupation of J. ROBINSON, Esq. DWIGHT proved an *alibi*, which, being contradicted by the evidence of a gamekeeper, the Justices chose not to believe. Pop! Bagged, too, apparently; fined £2, and 14s. 6d. expenses, and in default committed for two months, and sent to the police station.

Later in the day, MR. ROBINSON's farm-bailiff sent the Bench a note to say that DWIGHT was not the trespasser, that the case was one of mistaken identity. DWIGHT was therefore provisionally let go.

Really country Magistrates seem to be doing all they can to convince the Legislature that the Great Unpaid ought to be the Great Unofficial. If that is their object, it is perhaps to be hoped that they will succeed in it; for, although there is some economy in getting gentlemen to administer justice for nothing, there is not much in their gratuitous administration of injustice. If they cram the gaols with rustics, convicted, on insufficient evidence, of destroying such creatures as conies, scarcely esculent vermin, their administration of injustice is expensive, and Parliament may come to think that what would be spent in the salaries of competent stipendiary Magistrates might be saved in county rates.

PRETERNATURAL VORACITY.

If the subjoined story had appeared in any one of those journals which represent the interests of the United Service, it would perhaps have been set down by vulgar incredulity as a narrative intended for the information of the Marines:—

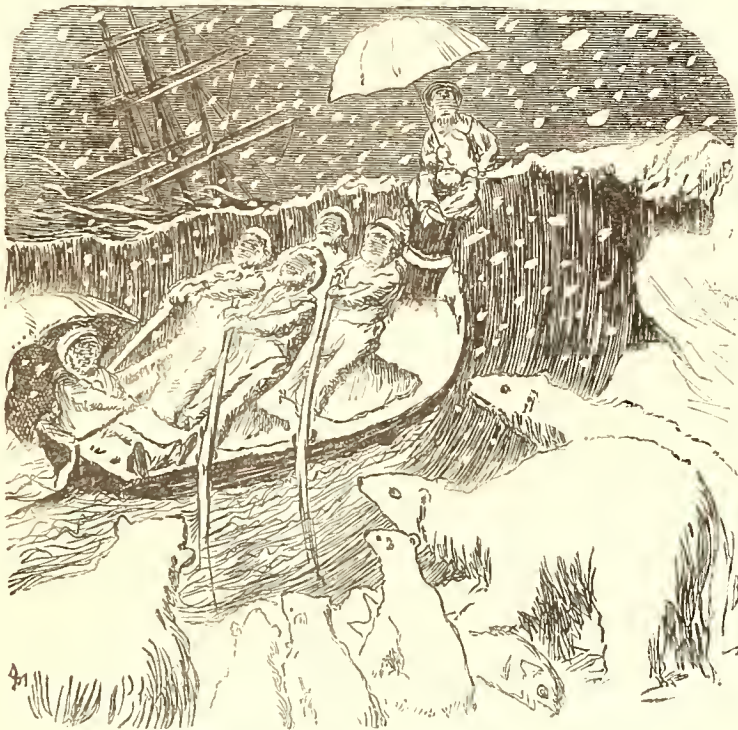
"The *Patria* of Naples states that there is at present in the Hospital of Incurables in that city an old woman who is suffering from a strange disease. She every day eats at least five portions of roast meat, 70 eggs, several loaves, and other food, of course including a good quantity of macaroni. When attempts are made to reduce her diet, she raves like a mad woman. PROFESSOR ZAMOGIA has recently attempted to cure the poor woman, but up to the present time her appetite remains unimpaired."

Not, however, to the Marines, but to the Spiritualists, should the extraordinary relation above-quoted be told. The *Times*, to be sure, heads it with "Something Like an Appetite," which seems equivalent to appending to it the name of WALKER. The *Post*, apparently in a similar spirit of scepticism, entitles it "A Good Digestion." But we expect that the *Spiritual Magazine* will ascribe this prodigious case of what doctors call *bulimia* to the same agency as that to which is ascribed the manifestations that attended the Brothers DAVENPORT; whose last and greatest marvel it has been reserved for *Punch* to announce. At Liverpool, the other day, they positively disappeared!

THE GREAT WHALING EXPEDITION.

BY BENNY THE BO'SEN.

'Twas in the Northern Sea,
 Brave boys!
 With BENBOW¹ did we sa-a-a-ail,
 When one stormy night
 We went, not to fight,²
 But we went for to catch a Whale,
 Brave boys!
 We went for to catch a Whale.



'Twas in the middle watch,
 Brave boys!
 As the wind was blowin' a ga-a-a-ail,
 When the Mate sings out,
 With a very loud shout,
 "My dear eyes! there is *such* a Whale!
 Brave boys!
 My dear eyes! there is *such* a Whale!"
 Cries the Captain, "Port and belay,³
 Brave boys!
 Bring the tackle as will not fa-a-a-ail;
 Fetch the chains and the ropes,
 'Cos I am in hopes
 That we're *going* to catch that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 That we're *going* to catch that Whale."
 "Geo ho!"⁴ cries the man in the mizen,
 Brave boys!
 "Must I here my fate bewa-a-a-ail?"⁵
 But no one would listen
 To the man in the mizen,
 For *we* went to catch that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 For *we* went to catch that Whale.
 The order to "lower the boats,"
 Brave boys!
 Made every stout heart qua-a-a-ail;
 But sternly we did
 Whatever we was bid,
 And we pulled out to catch that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 We pulled out to catch that Whale.
 Bring cutlasses, pikes, marlin-spikes,
 Brave boys!
 And whatever else will ava-a-a-ail;
 With hammers, knives, and brads,
 So merrily we lads
 Went out for to catch that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 Went out for to catch that Whale.

Asleep on the deep lay the brute,⁶
 Brave boys!
 Like a mountain in a da-a-a-ail;
 The sea wasn't ruffled
 By our oars, which was muffled,
 As we *crept* up to catch that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 As we *crept* up to catch that Whale.
 Harpoons by the score, mayhap more,
 Brave boys!
 Did the monster's side impa-a-a-ail;
 When we all saw him shiver,
 And perceptorbilly quiver,
 We shouted for joy to the Whale,
 Brave boys!
 We shouted "Hooray!" for the Whale.

He lashed, and he dashed, and he splashed,
 Brave boys!
 Till our boat we had to ba-a-a-ail;
 While the skipper he kep' on
 A throwin' of his weapon,
 Till he managed to hit that Whale,⁷
 Brave boys!
 Till he managed to hit that Whale.

Pull your hackle, and your tackle, and your lines,
 Brave boys!
 Your prize securely na-a-a-ail;
 "Heave a-head!" cries the Cap'en,
 Who'd ha' thought o' what 'ud happen,
 As we strained and we craned at the Whale,
 Brave boys!
 As we strained and we craned at the Whale.



A long pull! A strong pull!! He's ours!!!
 Brave boys!
 When—fwhisk! up went his ta-a-a-ail:
 With our hooks and tackle too,
 He vanished from our view,
 So—we *did not* catch that Whale,
 Brave boys!
 So we *did not* catch that Whale.⁸

¹ Real name suppressed from motives of delicacy.

² It was a vessel bound for the Pacific.

³ Very sensible order, showing presence of mind in the moment of danger.

⁴ No doubt he had some good reason for an exclamation, that is not, strictly speaking, of a nautical character.

⁵ Ho, too, would have been a sharer in the glory that awaited his more fortunate comrades; but stern duty, or aloft duty, prevented him from joining the party on this occasion. This verso suggests a very touching picture of sublime and solitary resignation.

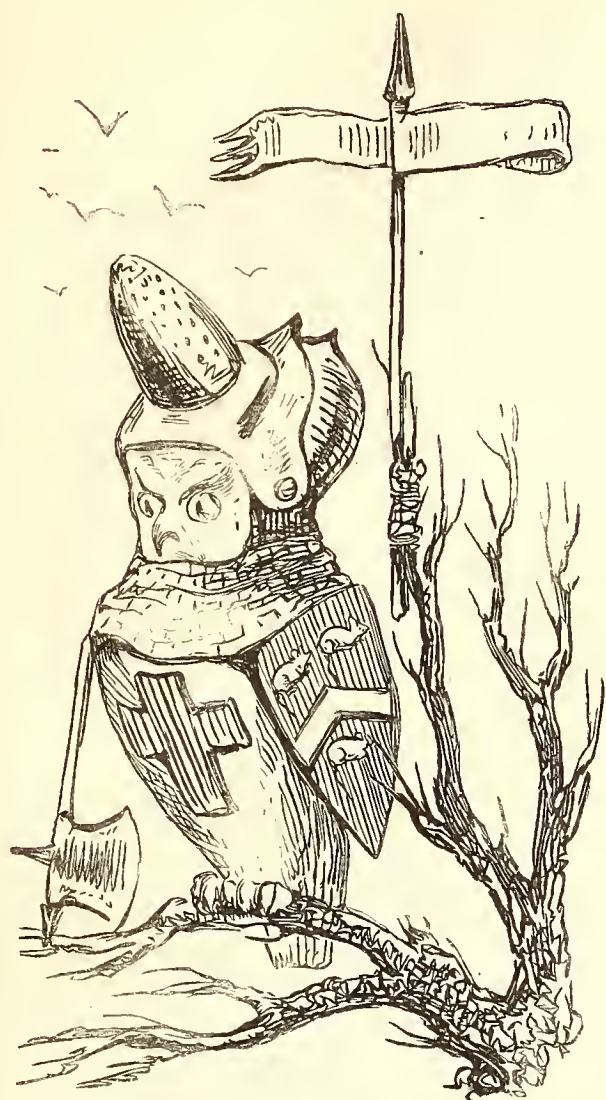
⁶ The mariner's deep-seated hatred for the hugo leviathan is inexplicable.

⁷ Moral.—Perseverance meets with its due reward.

⁸ It has been proposed to me, BENNY THE BO'SEN, to arrange the song in parts. But it needs only a careful study of the last verse to learn that the song would lose all its point if set as a catch.

MR. PUNCH'S HANDY-BOOK OF THE STAGE.

CHAP. XII.—THE MANAGER WHO DOES NOT ACT.—CONTINUED.



HE Burlesque will, naturally, be your strong card, after Sensation, or in default of it.

The word is said to be derived from the Italian "*bur-lare*," to joke or jest. But the thing, now-a-days, has ceased generally to have anything to do with "joking or jesting," happily for Managers.

There was a time—in living memory, too—when joking and jesting were thought indispensable to this kind of entertainment. A prettystory, neatly and dramatically told, opportunities for arch and graceful or humorous acting, smart satire, and ingenious allusions to topics of the time, pointed writing, and well-timed parodies, were expected in a burlesque.

Old fogies still talk of burlesques of this kind with a simple, old-fashioned enthusiasm that is almost touching, and wonder why Managers now-a-days don't produce something like them.

The simpletons forget that burlesques of this kind imply wit in Authors and art in Actors; both things difficult to find, and which, when found, come expensive.

Of course pretty faces and good legs are required to give these their proper effect, and happily, gifts of this kind are common, and come cheap. If you play your cards properly, pretty girls, with the required

stock-in-trade of brass, slanginess, freedom from feminine squeamishness, and a readiness to sacrifice womanly daintiness, in matters of costume, to purely artistic considerations, together with a thorough command of the nigger business, may be had for nothing, or next to nothing.

The old-fashioned burlesque, as I have said, depended on wit and word-play.

What you want now in your Authors is command of the nigger *répertoire*, and industrious word-torture—the very reverse of word-play.

The worse the puns in a burlesque now-a-days, the better. The very consummation of success in this kind is a pun so bad that all the house says "Oh!" to it.

Allusions are dangerous. They require wit in the audience to appreciate them. And they are sure to become stale in the course of the long runs which, of course, you will aim at.

I need hardly say that good story, neat writing, felicitous parody, though not absolutely fatal, are perfectly superfluous.

There is nothing you must guard against so carefully as shooting over the heads of your audience.

Why should you pay for qualities which nine out of ten of your public don't care for, and won't miss.

As an artist of course you can appreciate such things just as well as the pretentious Authors and jaundiced Critics who make such a fuss about them. But as a Manager you must look first to what tells, and these things don't get laughs or bring down the house like a show of legs and pretty faces, a rattling Virginny break-down, or a sparkling transformation scene.

Never mind what you pay for scenery and mechanism, and it is your duty as a Manager to encourage art and ingenuity.

I conclude with some general hints useful for all Managers.

Never let down your house. If money doesn't come in, "paper" it.

Nothing makes Actors or Audiences so flat as the sight of empty benches.

Full houses look like success, and with the dear old B. P. that is half the battle. They delight to swim with the tide, and *they* don't know how much paper has to do with the crowds who flow into your doors.

Never baulk a run.

Let bilious Critics grumble that your Actors get flat, and mannered, are forced into exaggeration of their points, become careless, or take to gagging and guying under the *ennui* of a part repeated for two or three hundred nights. What of that? The public pays, and applauds; and you put money in your pocket. Let those who want novelty go out of town for it. They will see change of bills enough in the country, and I wish them joy of it.

Lastly, look upon Authors and Actors as your natural enemies. Proceed on the axiom that these people have a constant design on your purse, and a settled determination to enroach on your profits.

I do not mean that you are to display this feeling openly.

On the contrary, if you wish to have your Actors thoroughly under command, to work 'em round your finger as it were, always show the greatest consideration for their *amour propre*—ask everything as a favour, be hail-fellow-well-met with them, laugh with them, joke with them, lay bare your difficulties before them, and invite their sympathy, while you put your hand in their pockets.

I have known Managers who by this masterly policy have laughed at bad business and defied bankruptcy for a life time. It is impossible to refuse to go on with such charming fellows, though the "ghost walked" out Saturday after Saturday. Half salaries are sweetened by the exquisite grace with which this sort of Manager turns his empty pockets out in the face of his company. If they never neglect to take their own salaries with exemplary regularity, they are *so* sorry that others have to go without!

Such a gifted man's impecuniosity may be no secret. His every managerial venture may end in catastrophe. And yet he has only to hoist his banner and he will always find an attached troop to march with him into the jaws of bankruptcy.

I remember an Author once, whose pieces one of those Machiavelian Managers was playing, and not paying for, and who had long dunned him in vain, so vanquished by his charming manner, that he burst out, "By Jove, I'd rather have you play my piece for nothing, than get my money for it from another Manager." "My dear fellow," was the answer, with a genial shake of the hand—my friend was immense in hand-shaking—"That is just the spirit in which I like to be met!"

And that is the spirit in which such geniuses are met all through their adventurous careers. And why? Because however they chouse people, they always rub them the way of the hair.

Like clever burglars, they take impressions of every body's keys in soft soap; and there is no resisting the picklock of their "charming manner."

On the other hand I have known Managers who were strict men of business, active, attentive, models of punctuality in payment, whose treasuries were never empty from year's end to year's end. And yet because they rubbed their Actors "against the hair," snubbed them, trod on the soft-corns of their self love, they were always in hot water, and could never keep a company together.

Is it that the first consider their Actors less their natural enemies than the second?

No, but that they betray their true feelings. The wiser man masks it under his charming manner, and so *manage* his company, in the best sense of the word.

You never hear them denounced without the addition, "but he is such a nice fellow."

The same rule, in essentials, should be followed with Authors.

Always seem to be too busy to see anybody, an Author more particularly.

Don't trouble yourself to read MSS. or to return them.

You will be sure to have more pieces than you can attend to from the people who live by writing for the theatre.

Why should you waste your time on outsiders? Reallyactable pieces will be sure to find their way to the stage somehow or other.

If you feel it a duty to pay some attention to works of this kind, you may always, for a few shillings extra salary, find a messenger who can read manuscript. You can call him your secretary.

Or you may keep a taster, as the booksellers do.

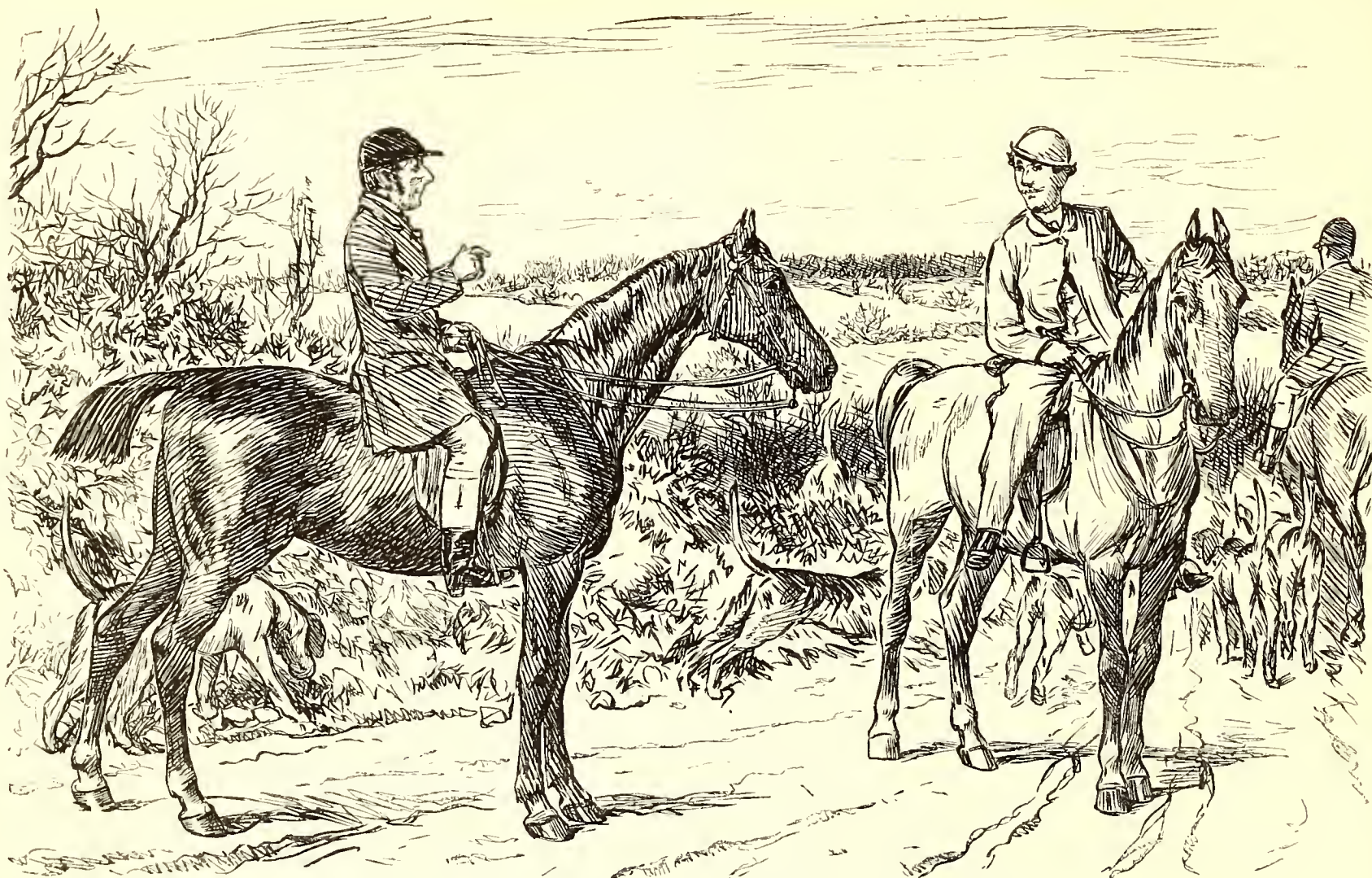
There are many reduced Authors who would be thankful for such employment. They will be certain not to pass too lenient judgments on the works that come under their eye.

A Line from Browning.

(For Hairdressers who recommend a wonderful "Restorative," and are careless of the aspirate.)

"AN everlasting wash of air."

GRAVAMENIVOROUS ANIMALS.—Convocation.



"TO THIS ALL OTHER THINGS GIVE PLACE."

(EXCEPT IN THE CASE OF A CONSCIENTIOUS MASTER OF FOXHOUNDS.)

Member of the Hunt (to Huntsman). "WELL, RASPER, I HEAR YOUR MASTER IS GOING TO BE MARRIED, WHEN'S IT TO BE?"

Huntsman. "WELL, SIR, I OAN'T SAY, NOT EXACTLY; BUT NOT TILL THE PUPPIES ARE OVER THE DISTEMPER, HOWSOEVER!"

GEESE IN THE PARKS.

DURING the late frost the water-fowl in the Parks have been visited, it seems, by a good many geese; and several of these geese got a ducking, it appears, through their venturing on the ice, which was not strong enough to bear them:—

"The Long Water in Kensington Gardens is now completely frozen over, but the ice is very dangerous. In spite of the printed cautions posted by order of MR. YOUNG, the Secretary, and MR. WILLIAMS, the Superintendent, some 50 or 60 persons went upon it: it suddenly gave way, and some of them fell into deep water. * * * At the Round Pond, Kensington Gardens, a large crowd assembled to see the skaters. The Royal Humane Society's men cautioned them against venturing on the ice in large numbers, but they did so in vain. No fewer than 600 persons went on the ice. In all 40 persons fell in, and were saved by the Society's icemen. * * * At St. James's Park the ice, owing to the snow, was very spongy. About 150 persons, in spite of all the cautions of the Society's men, went upon it. While they were amusing themselves, the ice gave way, and five persons fell in. They, as well as the icemen, were much exhausted. About 12 o'clock seven other persons fell in, and they were also rescued by the icemen. One of them was so long under the ice that it was at first thought he was dying. About twenty other persons fell in during the day."

A step on unsafe ice must certainly, we think, be regarded as a goose-step; and assuredly these silly geese may thank their lucky stars if they escaped with nothing worse than a bad cold from their ducking, or perhaps a touch of rheumatism. One would say their heads were cracked as well as the ice through which they floundered. But fools rush in where icemen fear to tread, and it would serve them only right if they were taken into custody, and carried off to Bow Street for attempting suicide.

Skating is, however, not the only active pleasure which the Parks afford in winter time, as the following will show:—

"Yesterday a large number of persons repaired to the Serpentine, in the expectation of seeing it covered with skaters, and were surprised that not a patch of ice a foot long could be seen. The reason of this is entirely the high wind, and not the temperature, for during Sunday night the thermometer at the Royal Humane Society's Receiving-house in Hyde Park was as low as 23½ deg. At 9 o'clock yesterday morning the mercury rose no higher than 24 deg. In spite of the coldness of the weather 20 persons yesterday took advantage of the absence of ice, and bathed in the Serpentine."

A goose takes to the water in winter-time as well as summer, and in this respect these bathers—or waders, in bird language—may be looked upon as geese. But these geese were not such geese in point of silliness as the others, for they did not tumble in and take a bath without intending it, as the others did so foolishly, and risked their lives thereby. Some people may think that out-door bathing in mid-winter is not a wise proceeding; but the geese who went to bathe were wise compared with those who went to slide and skate where they were safe—to tumble in, and get a precious ducking. Indeed, if the bathers be looked upon as geese, their wisdom, in comparison with the silliness of the skaters, fully entitles them, we fancy, to be looked upon as geese of the species called Solons.*

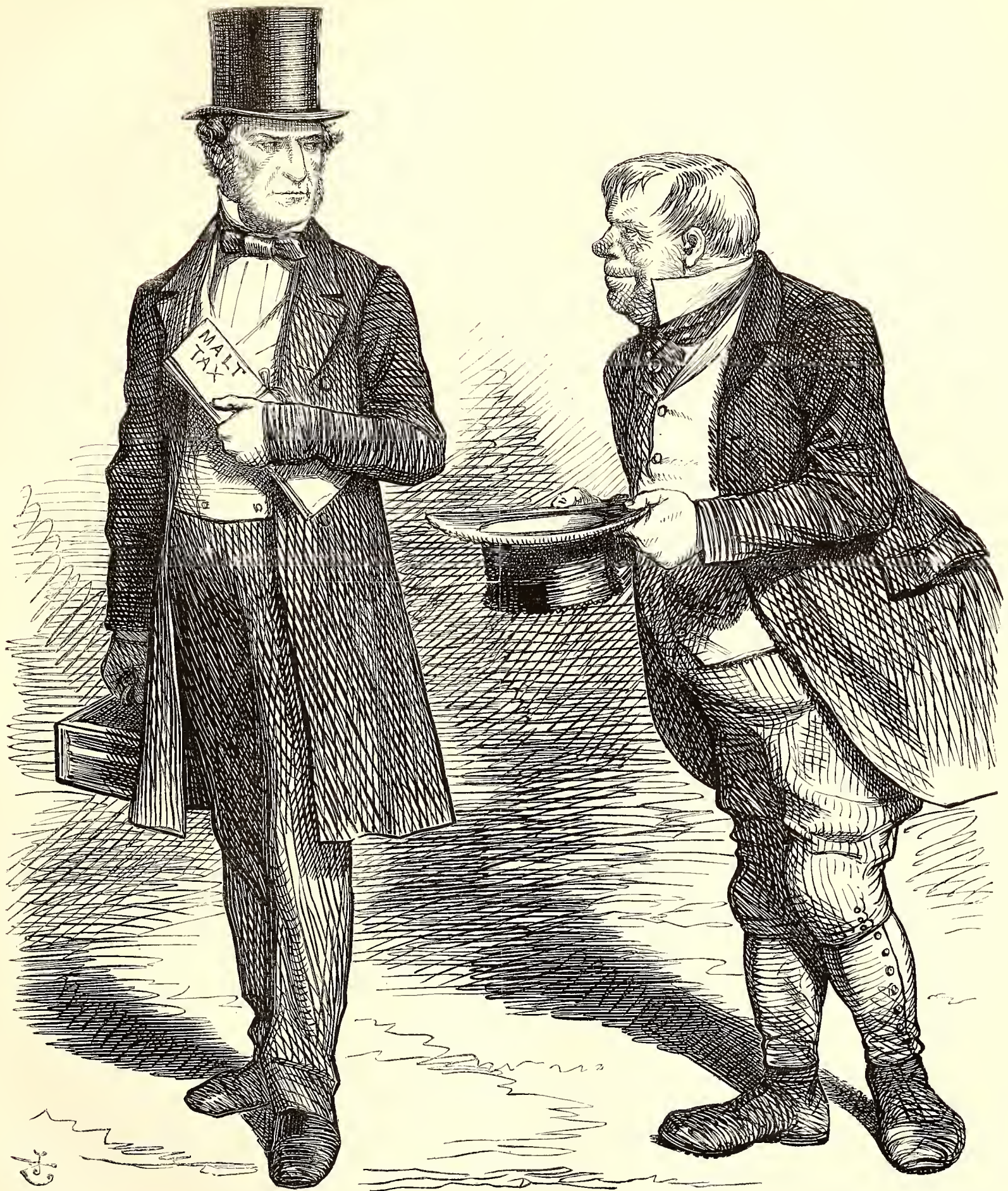
* Yes, we know it should be "Solon." But people might not see the joke, if we put the proper spelling. [Note intended to be read by naturalists only.]

FRA DIAVOLO IN TAMBURINI.

HERE is the picture of a pretty ruffian for you:—

"TAMBURINI is the ideal of a brave brigand chief of Calabria, one of the most handsome men imaginable. He is dressed in a rich velvet uniform, with silver buttons and a silken waistband. He wears a picturesque hat, graced with flowing plumes—he looks every inch a princeo."

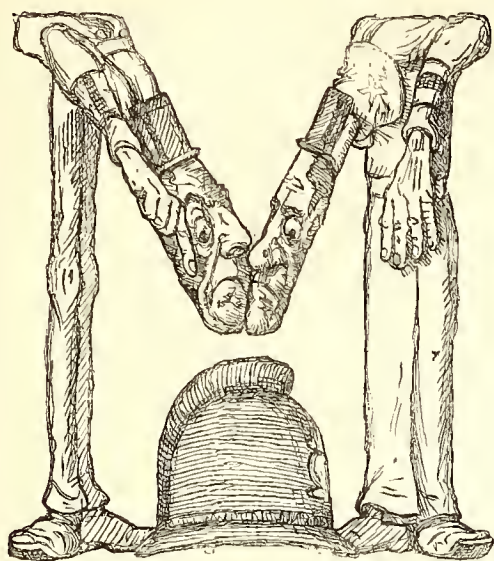
What a very fine robber, what a splendid thief, what a magnificent cut-throat! How smart a rogue, how gorgeous a rascal, how sumptuously attired and gaily ornamented a villain! The foregoing description of "TAMBURINI" might be supposed to relate to the celebrated tenor of that name, as he may have appeared in *Fra Diavolo*; it relates, however, to a *Fra Diavolo* of actual life, whose real name is TAMBURINI. It is taken from the French clerical journal *Le Monde*, the organ of extreme Popery. SIGNOR TAMBURINI (the highwayman) appears to have been on intimate terms with a certain *jeune fille* whom *Le Monde* represents as being "of fairy form and classical features." Such is the style of sympathetic admiration wherein the leading Popish journal of Paris speaks of banditti and their female companions when the banditti rob and murder in the interests of the Papacy.



THE AGRICULTURAL JEREMY DIDDLE.

MALT TAX REPEALER. "YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO HAVE SIX OR SEVEN MILLIONS ABOUT YOU, SIR?"
GLADSTONE. "YES, I DO—AND I MEAN TO KEEP THEM ABOUT ME."

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAYS ABOUT THE HELMET.

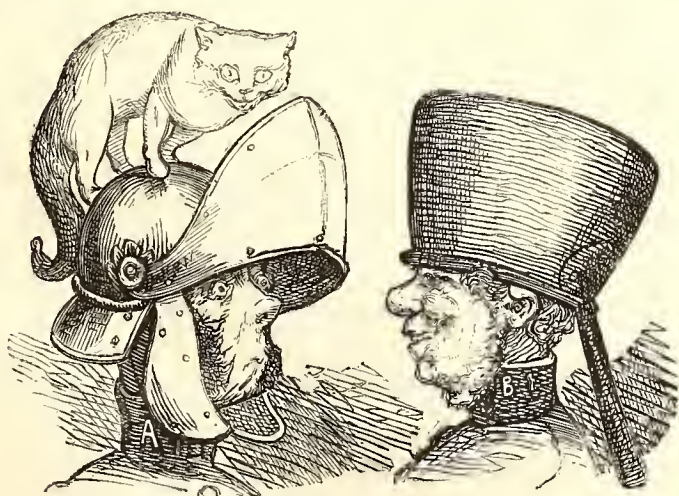


MRS. GRUNDY'S kind regards to *Mr. Punch*, and she can no longer remain silent. No wonder she is short-tempered. Everybody talks about her, but no woman is less understood. It is all very well for newspaper writers to ask "What will MRS. GRUNDY say?" but it is high time she answered that question herself. Now, about these blessed Helmets that have been stuck on to the policemen's heads. Did ever any silly body see such stupid dish-covers? She hopes and trusts the poor fellows use them as kitchen utensils when they get them home. They might boil potatoes, or serve as

washhand basins, mouse-traps, or flower-pots, notwithstanding they are the very worst of hats. They seem on a fat policeman's head like the top stone of the Great Pyramid; while they cover up the lean ones as completely as if they were modelled on the dome of St. Paul's.

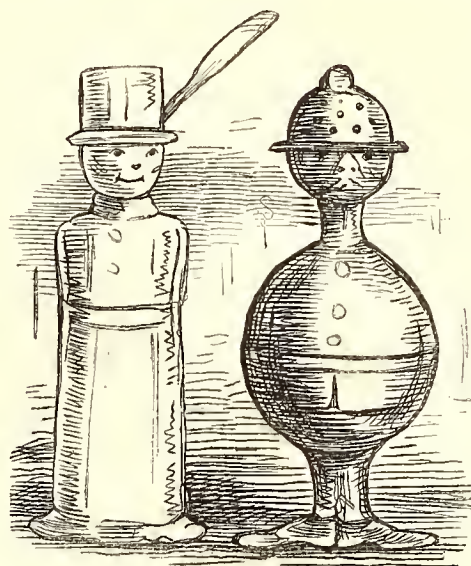


Is there no feeling for Art at Scotland Yard, or is it necessary that the Human (X 32) Form Divine be rendered hideous as well as insolent? Who would like to be "moved on" by such an absurdity? A noble classic Helmet, with vizor, ear flaps, and a highly ornamental cat on top, would have been better; or if COMMISSIONER MAYNE is really and truly wedded to ugliness, he need not have gone further than the "pot-board" in his own back kitchen, the old iron saucepan is always ready to his hand.



There, it serves him right, why did he not seek her aid, instead of taking his own silly, obstinate way. She thinks if he had but asked her opinion, she could have helped him a little. She has been turning her thoughts to Policemen's hats lately, and with no little success. Seeing that the old Policeman X in his long-faced hat, who was the

image of her glass mustard-pot, has only been replaced by new Policeman X in his helmet, the picture of her pewter pepper-caster, she looked up a few more domestic models.



The Beer-Jug, symbolic of the servant with whom the gallant officer chats at the street corner;

The Flower-Pot, because it suggests nothing in particular;



The Dinner-Bell, to mark the emptiness of his head; and
The China Tea Saucer, as a hint of the shallowness of his brain.



But, after the Helmet, she washes her hands of the whole affair; and while this frightful snail-shell is growing more and more common, she sends you her designs, intentions, and indignation, to record what might have been, and so dismiss the subject from her thoughts for ever.

Answered as Easy as saying Jack Robinson.

AN admirable Lawyer, well known in the Central Criminal Court, has, on his elevation, "given rings" with the motto *Ex sese*. Why has he omitted the third C?

OUR FOREIGN "RELATIONS."—Cousins-German.



Aunt Isabel. "BEATRIX, WILL YOU HAVE SOME BREAD-AND-BUTTER?"

Beatrix. "No!"

Aunt Isabel. "IS THAT THE WAY TO ANSWER? NO WHAT?"

Beatrix. "NO BREAD-AND-BUTTER!"

SHOPKEEPERS AND SERVANTS.

AN Indignation Meeting was held the other evening at the Wheel of Fortune Inn (the celebrated West End house of call for servants), to consider the system of per-centages from tradespeople, which has lately been attacked. MR. X. FLUNKY, the landlord of the hostelry, having been unanimously voted to the chair, the business of the meeting was begun by his proposing to stand shilling glasses round. The offer having been accepted, and the toast, "Success to Plush," having duly been responded to,

The Chairman rose to explain the purport of the meeting, which, he said, was to consider a "suckler" (query, circular?) that had lately been sent round by His Grace the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, prohibiting his tradesmen from giving bribes. (A voice, "No! no! per-centages!") He begged pardon, yes, per-centages to the gentlemen in his, the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND's employ, and, no doubt, the ladies also (shame! shame!), if the truth was known. Now such conduct he, the Chairman, must stigmatise as "low," not to call it "wile and vulgar," and if he even said "disgustink" (hear!) he should not be employing much too strong a word. ("Not a bit!") He had, as his friends knew, been a servant once himself, and had stood behind a chair, as had also a distinguished friend of his, MR. JEAMES PLUSH, which had likewise been a nob and privileged to sit in one. (Immense Cheers.) While MR. JEAMES's money lasted, he dined with Lords and Ladies, and hobnobbed with Archbishops, and was, as his friends knew, as proud as any Duke. But did he ever stoop to corresponding with his shopkeepers, and forbidding them from bribing (question!), he meant to say, from tipping the servants he employed. (No! no!) Did he ever write to cheesemongers and butchers, and all that sort of people, and say, "Don't you go and give not nothink to the servants in my oushold; for if you does, I won't have no more dealings with your firm?" No, he would have scorned the haction (hear!) as one unworthy of a gentleman, and dishonest and unfair to them as he employed. (Vehement cheering, and cries of "Ere's your jolly good 'eath!")

THE SMOKER'S VALENTINE.

HAIL! fairest maid of Flora's ancient line,
Tho' maids of mortal race thou mostly fearest,
Thy perfumed ringlets gently round me twine,
HAVANNA, dearest.

The lover boasts his sweetheart's rosy lips,
And in their praise aspires to win the laurel,
To me an "amber mouth-piece" far outstrips
All lips of coral.

The doting husband, toil-worn, anxious, pale,
The silly swain, for joys domestic burns;
But from *my* heart what rapturous welcomes hail
Thy "mild RETURNS!"

From witching eyes what fascinations dart,
Piercing their way like bullets from a pistol!
No eye, save one, can so subdue my heart,
Thy "Bird's-eye," BRISTOL.

O matchless fair! a *flame* I would impart,
Some magic *spell* should make thee cease to scorn me,
And if thou bloomest still, when I depart,
In *weeds* thou 'lt mourn me.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR 1865.

BY THE ASTRONOMER PLEBEIAN.

IN addition to the customary Solar and Lunar disturbances, the following observations may be expected to happen during the year, all visible to the nude eye:—

The present Parliament will be eclipsed on the eve of a new one.

Reform will be eclipsed, to re-appear with its Bright Satellite. (Some observers think this is all moonshine.)

EARL RUSSELL will be eclipsed by VISCOUNT AMBERLEY (unless there should be an eclipse of the Son, visible at Leeds.)

In November Lord Mayor STORMES HALE will be eclipsed by his successor. (Only visible in the City. Smoked glass to be had of MESSRS. GOG AND MAGOG.)

CHRISTY'S Minstrels will be left in darkness.

DAVENPORT Brothers will be eclipsed by some other humbogs.

MR. PHUNKY said that he had known MR. JEAMES PLUSH at the period alluded to, in fact he (MR. PHUNKY) had had the honour to stand behind him at the table of their mutual friend the EARL of BAREACRES, when MR. PLUSH came a-courting the LADY HANGELINA, the daughter of the Earl. He could certify the truth of what the Chairman had observed, for, though a "leettle 'igh and 'aughty," MR. PLUSH in his prosperity was never mean and screwy, and never interfered with per-centages, and perquisites and other lawful servants' rights. (Cheers.)

MR. CORKS remarked that he had lived as butler to the noble Earl aforesaid, who was as poor a nobleman as you'd wish not to see. But if the Earl had dared to stop his (MR. CORKS's) per-centages, he (MR. C.) would not have stopped to take care of his Lordship's cellar, he was [adverb] sure of that! Why, if one's master (a voice, "Guvnor") well, yes, "Guvnor" sounded better—servants is the masters nowadays, leastways if they like (hear! hear! and cries of "that's true!"); if one's Guvnor is allowed to cut 'one off one's trade per-centages, the next thing he may do will be to cut one off one's wine (sensation), and when a butler entertains a party of his friends, he will actually be expected to buy his own Champagne. (Groans.)

MR. FILCHER said he thought the worst part of the Duke's letter was his threat that he would never again deal at any shop if once he ascertained that his servants had been feed at it. (Shame!) If such a threat as this were given at all generally, of course tradesmen would be frightened, and the system of per-centages be knocked upon the head. (Sensation.)

MR. CHAWLES said his custom was, on entering a new place, to go round to all the shops where the family had been dealing, and state plainly what his terms were for continuing the patronage, which it was, of course, within his power to prevent. He believed this was the usual course pursued by servants (yes! yes!), and it had usually the effect of frightening the tradesmen into yielding to their terms. This wholesome fear might fail to operate, however, if gentlemen sent [strong word] circulars about, as this [ditto] Duke had done. He hoped the meeting would excuse the vehemence of his epithets, but it

was his habit, when he felt things strongly, to use language to match. (*Hear.*)

MR. MILD wished just to whisper that tradesmen were, he feared, already fighting shy of giving servants fees. His lady having purchased a few spoons the other day, he had called upon the silversmith and held his hand out confidentially, observing that "he found the plate wouldn't take a polish." (*Laughter.*) Well, would they believe it? Instead of handing him some plate-powder wrapped in a bank-note, the blackguard of a shopkeeper coolly said he never listened to a servant's complaints, and very nearly kicked him (MR. MILD) out of the shop!

MR. JOHN THOMAS thought that "pussons" should not be allowed such luxuries as footmen, unless they could afford to be a little cheated by them. (*Hear!*) As his carriage was a-waiting to take him to the Hopperer, he would merely stop to move—

"That this meeting is disgusted with the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, and will use its utmost influence to prevent the abolition of per-centages from tradesmen, which all servants are entitled to, or should be if they aint." The resolution being carried, and three tremendous hisses given for the Duke, the meeting resolved itself into a free-and-easy, and proceeded to discuss the rate of discount in the City, and other interesting topics of the day.



DELIGHTFUL IGNORANCE.

Clara. "COUSIN CHARLES, WHAT DO THEY MEAN BY 'LUMPS OF DELIGHT?'"

Charles. "SUCH DARLINGS AS YOURSELF, COUSIN CLARA."

THE HUMBLE PIETY OF THE POPE.

HIS Holiness the POPE does not smoke cigars: a lot of cigars were sent him the other day from Havannah, and he gave them all to GENERAL MONTEBELLO; at least so the *Temps* says. PLO NONO might as well have sent a box of them, with his benediction, to SIR GEORGE BOWYER, and another to *Punch*. Well, but although the Holy Father smokes not cigars, perhaps he smokes a pipe, and we may with the eye of fancy contemplate the pretended Head of the Church behind a "churchwarden." The POPE may smoke a meerschaum, though the occasional phenomenon of a winking image appears to show that he does not smoke a mere sham. But if his Holiness does smoke any kind of pipe, let him put the subjoined telegram, received the other day by MR. REUTER from Paris, in his pipe and smoke it:—

"MONSIEUR CHIOI, the Papal Nuncio, has had an audience of the EMPEROR. His Eminence expressed his regret at the publicity given to the private letters addressed by him to the Bishops of Orleans and Poitiers. He assured his Majesty that he was fully sensible of the duties imposed upon him by the diplomatic character of his mission, and had never any intention of failing in respect to the rules of international law."

Pen-and-ink, pen-and-ink, pen-and-ink, pen-and-ink, pen-and-ink! So, to comparative and fanciful ears, sounds the cry of the little cur under chastisement. So also, CHIGI, found out in writing mischievous letters, may be considered as crying "Pen-and-ink." Unwhipped, and only cowering in the fright of detection, he cries Pen-and-ink, pen-and-ink, pen-and-ink, pen-and-ink—*peccavi*! Notwith-

standing, however, that his pen-and-ink and *peccavi* must have been believed by the Imperial *toréador* to the POPE's Bull to mean not any repentance of treachery perpetrated with ink and pen, but only grief at being found out in it, CHIGI did not receive anything unpleasant from the foot which he attempted to lick, and according to the authority quoted above:—

"The EMPEROR graciously received the explanation of MONSIEUR CHIGI."

The explanation, consisting of pen-and-ink and *peccavi*, given by MONSIEUR CHIGI of his detected correspondence, was of course dictated from head-quarters, those which a French army of occupation will perhaps shortly evacuate. The POPE, we learn from the *Tablet*, continues to enjoy good health. We are glad to hear it. We hope the papal digestion will remain unimpaired by the humble pie which it has had to deal with.

ODE TO BUSINESS.

O BUSINESS, thou art Business!

Whene'er I breathe thy name
Awe strikes my brain with dizziness,
And chills my shivering frame.
Thy glory is too glorious
For language to define;
O'er victors most victorious
The victory is thine.

See Tyre and Sidon now no more,
And Venice no more free;
Yet still thy Britons thee adore:
Thy Yankees worship thee.
Before thy form omnipotent,
The dollar, they did bow,
But, for thine images, content
Themselves with greenbacks now.

Perish Savoy and perish Nice,
Poland and Denmark too,
If less of thee, for broken peace,
'Tis likely we shall do!
And how, except for thee, to take
Up arms, can England need?
Who, ever, but for thy dear sake,
Would have his country bleed?

The painter's and the sculptor's art
The Virtues have displayed;
Thou, chosen for the better part,
Hast never been portrayed.
But, high on England's altar placed,
Thy statue should appear,
With apron tied around its waist,
Pen stuck behind its ear.

Make Him a Peer.

HAVING finished his *Iliad*,
And ceased to be busy,
LORD DERBY should try
And translate his ODD-DIZZY.

EXPRESS FROM THE KITCHEN.

MARY thanks the Milkman for his Valentine. She knew it was from him, because it was written on the best cream-laid. Her feelings tally with his.

A TRIFLE FROM SUTHERLANDSHIRE.—Why was the Garter given to the Duke of Fire-Engines? To keep up his hose.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

(Exclusively reported for the Drawing-Room.)

February.—In this month house-hunting commences. Heir-'unting will begin as early as possible in the ensuing Season. Cards of invitation will be issued as usual for all the best evening meets.

THE RING.

(Secretary's Office at the Clerk's house, St. George's, Hanover Square.)

MRS. A. D. VENCHER has got a novice, to be brought out this Season, whom she will be glad to match against any eligible young man from the country for £60,000 a side (*i.e.*, on his side).

MISS PRISCILLA DE SQUINCY (the Cheltenham No-Chicken) has been waiting for some considerable time in expectation of hearing from CAPTAIN GRIGG (the Knowing Nobbler). Is it to be a match, or not? *Address as above, Curl Lodge, False Row, Cheltenham.*

GALLANT FIGHT BETWEEN THE PRETTY PET AND THE DEEP 'UN.

It is needless for us to record the previous exploits of this well-matched pair. MISS FANNY FLYRTE, alias the Pretty Pet, has already won several battles, and CAPTAIN DEUXTEMPS is no novice in all affairs connected with the Ring. It was expected, indeed, that he would be the victor. The affair came off in a well-known fashionable drawing-room, and was witnessed by a large and distinguished circle of patrons.

Round 1. The Pet came up smiling. The Deep'un confident. There was some pretty sparring for about two minutes, previous to going in for the real work of the round. (Guards' Waltz.) The Pet threw out a feeler to ask him why he had been looking so cross all the evening. The Deep'un countered this neatly by remarking that it was impossible for him to appear happy, while she did nothing but talk to what's-his-name—STUDLYNX. Some nasty hitting.

Round 2. (Guards' Waltz continued.) Both more serious. The Pet managed to lead the fighting towards her own corner, where she cleverly got down on a vacant chair, and was immediately attended by her experienced second and her judicious trainer.

Round 3. (Quadrille.) Both cautiously eyeing one another from their respective corners. Nothing done. A sit out.

Round 4. (Schottische.) The Deep'un going round and round, keeping his eyes fixed on the Pet, who showed no signs of moving. The Deep'un slipped, and went down awkwardly by the fire-place. Pet laughed merrily. Deep'un discomfited, retired to his corner.

Rounds 5, 6, 7. Nothing done; merely tiring out each other's patience. The Pet, doubtless acting upon the advice of her trainer, appeared to be reserving herself for some great effort.

Round 8. (Burlesque Galop.) On again coming up to the scratch, the Pet certainly seemed to be the fresher of the two. This time they set to work in earnest. The Pet, in the course of a sharp, rattling round, plauting two blows in the region of the Deep'un's heart, which evidently told severely. The Deep'un threw out his left, which was dexterously stopped by the Pet's right. This was followed by a strong grapple, and a sharp telling return in each other's eyes. This was a very exhausting round.

Round 9. (Burlesque Galop continued.) Both sparring for wind. After a quick round of merry exchanges, the Deep'un and Pet both went down together—to supper.

Round 10. (Supper Room.) Enough work to keep the hands well at it. A cry of fowl was raised for the Pet, but not allowed. The flirtation now became very violent; the Pet and Deep'un doing all they knew. The Pet, with a view to bring matters to a crisis, but, as we imagine, contrary to the wishes of her trainer, led the fighting up towards a quiet corner.

Round 11. (In a dimly-lighted Conservatory.) Short and decisive. The Deep'un, after some pretty exchanges, went down on one knee. In this position he made an offer, but just as the Pet was about to close with him, the authorities, who had been dodged for some time, suddenly appeared on the spot, and put an end to the engagement for the present. A meeting, however, has since been arranged, whereof the particulars must, for obvious reasons, be kept dark.

KITTY SPRIGHTLY (THE LADY'S MAID KITTEN) AND FRED. ROVER
(THE AMATEUR).

During a private theatrical performance, a merry little mill came off between these two young'uns on the Landing Place the other evening. The Amateur closed for a second with the Kitten, who briskly shook him off. The Amateur then made another and more successful attempt, but was countered sharply by the Kitten on the auricular. In a subsequent round he succeeded in getting one on the Kitten's kissing trap, who, however, got away cleverly.

We saw the Amateur afterwards. He was suffering from a pair of black eyes, but in other respects did not appear one whit the worse. The Kitten, on leaving the landing, also had a pair of black eyes, and took away with her, over her upper lip, a nasty black mark left there by the Amateur, who, it is conjectured, is in the habit of using black cosmetic for his monstache.

Notice.—A great Tea Fight will shortly come off. There will only be a certain number of Rounds, and those, as usual, of Toast. For further particulars apply at the office of the *Record*.

MR. PIVER, of Regent Street, begs to announce that he has a fine assortment of Gloves on hand for Pugilistic Drawing-Room parties.

INTERFERENCE OF THE LAW.—MILL STOPPED.

SAMUEL SQUABBLE (the Grumbler) and MRS. SQUABBLE (the Wexatious Wixen) met for the fortieth time last week. After some ugly exchanges, and much awkward encountering, they were separated by JUDGE WILDE.

BREACH OF PROMISE FOR THE MILLION.

Two actions for breach of promise of marriage within a week; damages, £2,000 in each; in one case against a paralysed cripple. Comment is superfluous, and would be hazardous, made without consideration of the possibility of an action for libel, tried by a British Jury and LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN.

But all heavy damages, awarded by British Juries instructed by the simply legal mind of Judges, why should the superior and middle class of females alone engross? Is the jilted working woman to have no remedy against the capricious working man? As it is, a disappointed milliner-girl is practically denied compensation for her blighted hopes at the hand of a fickle and unprincipled small tradesman!

Surely LORD WESTBURY will see the necessity of immediately proposing a Bill to enable actions for breach of promise of marriage to be tried in County Courts, so that a forsaken young laundress may get her twenty pounds out of a faithless and deerepit old costermonger.

But even this will not suffice for the demand of even-handed justice. Magistrates ought, in all reason, to be empowered to adjudicate summarily on the non-fulfilment of matrimonial engagements by persons of the poorer classes, whose victims cannot afford to go to law at all. Then a deserted village maiden would be enabled to extract the compensation due to her crushed affections, out of the pocket of a faithless old shepherd of seventy in the employment of a farmer at nine shillings a week, and MR. LOONEY MAC TWOLTER, of Seven Dials, that grey-headed old blackguard, might be taught, by being compelled to fork out five shillings, what it was to trifle with the tender feelings of sweet seventeen, embodied in the interesting person of Miss JUDY O'CALLAGHAN.

ELEGY ON THE PORPOISE.

(BY HIS LATE KEEPER.)

TOLL for the porpoise,
His voyage is o'er.
Remove his *corpus*,
For he is no more.
To death the cold froze him
Up in his basin;
They didn't enclose him
A deep enough place in.

By the Overland Route.

It is not generally known that the country in India, about which there was some obscurity in the QUEEN'S Speech, is remarkable for its Bhootanical Gardens.

W. M. THACKERAY.

THE readers of *Punch* will scarcely regard as unacceptable anything connected with the memory of one who was so long their friend.

An imputation of an unworthy kind has appeared in the columns of the *Athenæum*, and it has been answered. That the amplest publicity may be given to the falsehood and to its refutation, we transfer to our own pages the following extract from the *Athenæum* of Saturday last:—

"In reply to the Correspondent who inquired 'How it has happened that BARON MAROCHETTI, although a Member of the Committee appointed to carry out the arrangements for a memorial to THACKERAY, has received the commission to execute that memorial,' MR. SHIRLEY BROOKS, the honorary secretary to the undertaking, requests leave to state 'that the allegation of the correspondent in question is simply and absolutely untruthful. That BARON MAROCHETTI is not and never was a Member of that Committee; is personally unknown to all its members, and was merely, in common with MESSRS. DURHAM, FOLEY, and MUNRO, among the seventy-four gentlemen whose names were attached to the memorial to the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER for permission to erect the monument. That BARON MAROCHETTI'S conduct in reference to the work has been of the most liberal and honourable character, and finally, that it would not have been thought worth while to offer this explanation, but for the Correspondent's letter having been thought worth an editorial introduction.'"



CONDESCENDING.

Master Tom (going back to School, to Fellow Passenger). "IF YOU'D LIKE TO SMOKE, YOU KNOW, GOV'NOUR, DON'T YOU MIND ME, I RATHER LIKE IT!"

DOING IT "LIKE A BIRD."

"Recently, at a Ball in Paris, a Russian lady adopted the emblems of the peacock, and every ornament and article of dress brought to mind the glittering colours and shining plumes of Juno's bird. The dress was of white tulle, embroidered all over with Argus' eyes. A tunic, reaching from the waist to a little below the knee, was composed of striped velvet, recalling the colours of the peacock; bunches of peacocks' feathers everywhere, held together by bouquets of emeralds and diamonds. A peacock, perfect in form, shape, and colour, adorned her forehead. The ornament was composed entirely of the finest brilliants and emeralds, the neck of the bird, with its crest, being formed of the most splendid sap- phires. The whole was most curious and striking."

THE fashionable reporter omits to add, that in order to make the resemblance to the peacock complete, and having read the proverb, which describes it as having "the plumage of an angel, the voice of a devil, and the interior of a glutton," the female idiot in question eat several suppers voraciously, and went off in a screaming fit.

PORCULUS MARINUS LOQUITUR.

Who brought me from the briny wave,
Who with his kindness killed my corpus,
Who dug me a freshwater grave,
And popped me into it, poor Porpoise,
Who choked me with his bits of fat,
And standing where the eider duck land,
Did tantalise me with a sprat,
Who cut me open, eh? F—K B—D.

Literary Intelligence.

A CAMBRIDGE Undergraduate is informed that Pale-on-tology has nothing to do with the works of the author of the *Evidences of Christianity*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, February 20.

The Lords are very uncomfortable about Canada. LORD LIVEDEN, quoting COLONEL JERVOIS' Report, showed that the colony was in a most undefended state, and urged that there could be no reliance on the peaceful purposes of the Federals. LORD DERBY considered the state of our relations with the Americans to be most critical, and that the Colonel's report was humiliating to this country. Our danger was from the passionate hostility of a great population. We ought, he said, to prepare to defend Canada. LORD EL-

LENBOROUGH was on the same side. The Government came out in a trio—LORDS DE GREY, GRANVILLE, and RUSSELL defending our conduct, and declining to see hostility in that of America. LORD RUSSELL added that the Congress deserved all credit for having decreed the Abolition of Slavery—a cause always dear to the English heart. Mr. Punch, while delighted at the Abolition of Slavery, begs to remark to LORD RUSSELL, that it would have been as much to the purpose to say that the Federals had repaved Broadway.

Attention, Ladies. Marriages. The QUEEN issues a Commission to inquire into the state of the Marriage Laws in the United Kingdom. Some of these days we shall have legislation on the subject, and then people will have a chance of knowing whether they are really married or not.

Also, a Bill has been introduced for enabling criminals to be hanged in prison by special licence. A coroner's jury is proposed, and a certificate of the performance of the ceremony is to be granted.

In the *Bride of Lammermoor*, if any remains of a certain feast were totally uneatable, they were to be given to the poor. The remains of to-night were similarly bestowed, and persons interested in the subject will understand what Government proposes when Mr. Punch mentions that the area of charge is to be extended from the Parish to the Union. The change is chiefly to be approved because it tends to the future abolition of the system of settlement, which cheats the ratepayer, and is cruel to the pauper.

Tuesday. The CHANCELLOR proposed to get rid of some Chancery business. He brings in a Bill placing small estates under the care of the County Courts. He also means to advise the Judges of those remarkable tribunals of rough justice to make orders for payment of debts by weekly instead of monthly instalments. He means to introduce a new Statute of Limitations, and to abolish all power of recovering debts for intoxicating liquors supplied on the premises. The British institution known as "chalking it up" will be done away, and a new light will be thrown on the saying, "walk your chalks."

Well done, the Commons. Some people in Cheltenham and thereabouts have got up a Water Company, and come to Parliament for power to take the fluid from the springs that supply the Thames. They would "rob the river," as MR. HENLEY—whom we hereby raise to the Peerage, as LORD HENLEY-ON-THAMES—well said. The House threw out the Bill by 118 to 88. Let the old frumps of Cheltenham drink the Cheltenham waters, which they are always puffing so furiously.

That Wimbledon business occasioned a smart debate. It seems that LORD SPENCER's proposal to limit, civilise, and rail in the Common, does not meet with the universal adulation that was expected, and for which the cue was so confidently given when the scheme was first broached. A Committee of Inquiry on that matter, and similar ones, was agreed to. It was allowed, however, that LORD SPENCER means well.

MR. O'REILLY made a good speech on Recruiting, which

he said was going on ill, and he advised alterations in the system. LORD HARTINGTON said that it was going on very well, indeed. NUMSCULLY advised Irishmen to keep out of the QUEEN'S Army—we are by no means sure that the advice was not high treason, and we request SIR ROUNDELL PALMER to consider whether he cannot hang NUMSCULLY. MR. WHALLEY talked as idiotically on the other side, declaring that the Catholic soldiers were not to be trusted, as they owed allegiance to the POPE. We amend our last suggestion by requesting SIR ROUNDELL to consider whether he cannot tie SCULLY and WHALLEY together and hang them over a line, as the German soldiers used to do with the poor cats. Papist soldiers not fight for the QUEEN! Read NAPIER, MR. WHALLEY, if you are capable of reading anything but Railway reports and Protestant tracts.

Then we had some exceeding good sense from LORD STANLEY. MR. ADDERLEY brought up the question of the local African Establishments, which he condemned as utterly useless, and as hotbeds of disease. After some debate, LORD STANLEY, who is the son of the statesman who carried the extinction of our own colonial slavery, declared that the African Squadron ought to be a thing of the past, that we owed nothing to Africa, that the cost of our sea-police for the benefit of the blacks (whom we did not benefit) was very great, and that if we wanted to spend a million a year in civilising savages, there was a population within five miles of the House of Commons that stood as much in need of civilisation as the Africans, and had been quite as much neglected. Mr. Punch's cheer was loud. MR. CARDWELL had a weak little official answer, but we may look out for a grand flourish from Lord PALMERSTON one of these nights, in support of the squadron. Nevertheless the truth hath been spoken, and will eventually prevail.

Nearly everybody having left the House—there being no Government except MR. BRAND, and no Opposition at all, MR. BAINES came in with his Reform Bill, for lowering the borough franchise from £10 to £6. There will be a fuller House before the Bill passes.

Wednesday. A Bill, aimed at folks who vexatiously obstruct private Bills, in the hope of being paid to go away, like the organ scoundrels, was committed. The object was to saddle such persons with costs. But there is also legitimate opposition to many schemes, and the House is not inclined to let everything be carried with a high hand, merely because a company is got together, and a flaming prospectus declares that its object is to do the only thing wanting to restore the Golden Age, and to bring on the Millennium. The advice which was bestowed by the aged gentleman who possessed an aged cow, for whom he found it difficult to provide food, is advice which we should always tender, respectfully, to the Commons, when asked to be arbitrary:—

"He pulled out his fiddle, and played her a tune,
'Consider, old cow, consider.'"

MR. DENMAN has a Bill for assimilating the criminal and civil practice of summing up, by counsel. Also, for enabling parties, when a witness swears differently on two occasions, to show that on one or the other he must have been perjured. We are gradually breaking down one after another of the mischievous old fences which Old Father Antic has set up to prevent our getting at truth. Some day or other we shall attain the extraordinary length of asking a man, who is all but convicted of having been engaged in a murder at a certain twelve o'clock, to be good enough to say where he really was at that time. At present, of course, there would be an indignant shout. "Oh, you must not ask him that. He might have been engaged at that time on a burglary, or beating his wife, and no Englishman is bound to criminate himself."

Thursday. Hamilton Place is to be cut through. MR. COWPER said that the Metropolitan Board was too timid about providing useful and efficient thoroughfares. Now, if even the gentle COWPER charges the Board with cowardice, their pusillanimity must be something extraordinary.

The Temple of Justice—(no, not Janus, Mr. Compositor, none of your irony against a single-minded profession) is to be raised on the Carey Street site, and the lawyers, who have hitherto resembled CAREY'S CHICKENS only because they come in storm-time, will have a double right to the name. LORD MACAULAY says of somebody, that he had a double right to be a liar, because he was both a traveller and a Jesuit.

And well said, MR. ROLT. He hoped that some access to the New Courts from the Temple would be provided, without compelling persons to cross the crowded street of the Fleet. We should think so. We forget what tragedian used to make such long pauses in *Hamlet*, that when he came on for the celebrated Toby or not Toby speech, and halted at "question," you had time to run over from old Drury to the Albion, get a Welsh rarebit and a glass of beer, and come back in time for "Whether;" but we believe that even a Chancery suit might be heard, at the present accelerated rate, while an elderly person, standing on the south side of the Strand, could decide whether he would risk being run over by a railway van, a hansom, an Embankment slush cart, a costermonger, a banker's carriage, a brewer's dray, or Her Majesty's mail-cart. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL said that the Bill would provide what was wanted. We suppose that a tunnel will be made.

The Bank Notes Issue Bill, whereof we spoke to Materfamilias, the country banker's wife, and to the young ladies, was read a Second Time, and will pass, so Papa has no excuse whatever for not giving those parties. It will be an awful good thing for him, this will, so don't let him talk any nonsense and mystification to you, my dears.

To-day the great Cardinal was buried, and with him are buried all the long dead bitternesses touching the great quarrel, which, however, England is prepared to renew with any of his successors who may believe that because, irritation over, we are good-natured and indulgent about ecclesiastical arrangements, England has any toleration for Priestly rule, Catholic or Protestant. But nothing save respect was manifested as the long funeral of CARDINAL WISEMAN blackened all the way. *Requiescat.*

Friday. LORD WESTBURY introduced his new plan for rewarding attorneys, instead of leaving them to pay themselves by awful verbiage. He legalises a bargain between solicitor and client. As soon as the Bill passes, Mr. Punch intends to call on a most eminent firm, and offer them some handsome price—say a set of his volumes—if, by the 1st of April, 1866, they put him in possession of some nobleman's estate—any one they can get, but the Southern counties preferred. If they do not succeed, there is an end.

The Commons, after a sharpish debate, pitched out a Liverpool Bill intended to regulate the Liverpuddlian public-houses. There may be local reasons for the measure, but "good reasons must, perforce, give way to better." The Liverpool Magistrates appear to be Arbitrary Coves, and to have no definite principles of action.

We then had another Irish debate. Ireland has, up to the present date, monopolised exactly four-fifths of the debates since the Houses met. If ours is the Irish Parliament, why don't we hold it in Dublin? The debate to-night, however, was not a vulgar howl, but a discussion, originated by MR. HENNESSY, into the causes of the decline of the population of Ireland. He wished—the Irish always do—for Government aid. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER answered him, on general principles, and declined to depart from the course prescribed by true political economy. "Help yourself," is the great rule of life, to which, however, Mr. Punch invariably adds, "and pass the bottle."

CARRIAGES FOR NON-SMOKERS WANTED.

DEAR PUNCH,

I AM fond of a cigar, and I like to smoke when travelling, if only for the fact that one has nothing else to do. Besides, I find tobacco soothing to the nerves; and, as accidents will happen on the best-regulated railways, it is a comfort to have something to keep oneself from thinking of them, and from shaking in one's shoes. Still, I know I am a nuisance every time I smoke, at least if I do so in a first-class carriage, where the stuffy fluffy cushions are certain to retain the smell of my cigar, and thereby to offend the noses of the sensible, who, as I do, hate stale stinks. Sitting in smoked carriages is nasty enough for men who are not over nice, but it is ever so much nastier for ladies who *are* nice, as every lady ought to be. Their skirts are more voluminous than the clothing of a man, and more retentive of the smoke with which, by contact with the cushions, they are rapidly impregnated.

Then, imagine what a nuisance it must be to a lady who is going to a concert, or to pay a morning call, to have to ride in a smoked carriage, and feel conscious when she quits it that her dress bears in its folds the flavour of a tap-room. I declare I often shudder, while enjoying my cigar, to think what pretty noses may be turned up in disgust at it, and what pretty cheeks may redden from the consciousness of clothing perfumed with tobacco-smoke, which is sure to be detected by one's dear friends in a drawing-room. But what am I to do? The directors will not charter smoking carriages enough to accommodate all smokers, and if I refrain from smoking, some one else is sure to smoke, for the rule is now to do so, and non-smokers are exceptions.

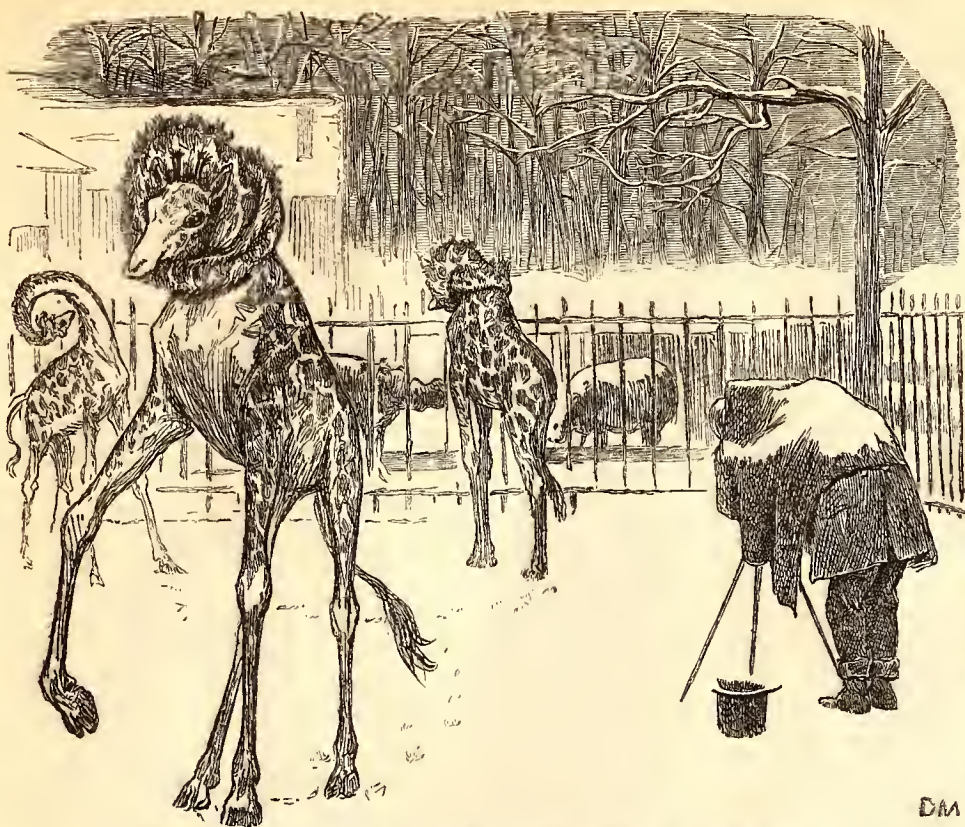
Instead then of supplying a few carriages for smokers, I think that the directors should keep some for non-smokers. A man who does not smoke is generally now in a minority of one, when the point "to smoke or not to smoke" is publicly debated. Let special carriages be furnished where no smoking is allowed, and smokers would take special care never to go into them. But while smokers are penned up in one hot, close, stuffy carriage, like a lot of unclean beasts, they will of course invade any carriage that is open to them, and, regardless of the fine, infringe the law against tobacco.

If you will only help to settle the smoke question by the plan which I suggest, of having special carriages provided for non-smokers, I will gratefully offer a burnt-sacrifice in honour of you every time I travel, and I doubt not there are millions in these piping times of ours who will gladly do the same.

I remain, Sir, yours admirably,

PETER PUFF.

P.S. Was ARISTOPHANES a smoker, do you think? You know he wrote about the *Clouds*.



WONDERFUL INSTINCT OF THE GIRAFFE,

BY WHICH IT ESCAPES DIPHTHERIA DURING THE WINTER. (N.B. A Positive Fact.)

WOMAN'S RIGHT.

(A Billet to BRIGHT.)

DEAREST, could I use a warmer
Word, I would, JOHN BRIGHT, yet oh!
But a half and half reformer,
Far enough thou dost not go.
Manhood's right to the elective
Suffrage thou proclaimest due;
Why, with logic so defective,
Womanhood's assert not too?

Voteless, working men contented
Should not rest, they're told by thee.
Tell us why, unrepresented,
Working women ought to be.
If deficient information
Is no hindrance in men's way
To a share in legislation,
We are quite as wise as they.

Saw, plane, chisel, are they better
Than the washtub and the churn?
If the pickaxe you unfetter,
Let the mangle have a turn.
Oh, JOHN, you should get on faster!
Woman's equal rights proclaim;
Treat the mistress like the master.
Won't you? Naughty man, for shame!

"THE GENTLEMEN OF THE LONG ROBE."—Baby-boys
before they are shortened.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

MEMORABLE in the annals of music is the celebrated contest about Tweedledum and Tweedledee, which ended in the utter discomfiture of poor little Tweedledee, who, for aught we know, entered a Convent of Discarded Twiddleumtwees, as Sister Tweedledumb, and has been heard no more. Piece of Music be to her, without variations. *Requiescat*, even through all the bars of a Convent Cell! And now, what has this to do with a University? This, namely, that the other day at Oxford (*Vide Times, Feb. 24th*), the Dons, assembled in a solemn Congregation holden to consider the Local Examination Statute, spent the greater portion of their valuable time in a debate concerning the words "tum, tum." The condensed reports of our serious contemporaries did not at the time give sufficient prominence to the laudable attempts made by several eminent Professors to introduce a sing-song tone into the lively discussions of their learned body.

The great question, imported into this debate, was whether, on the entrance of the VICE CHANCELLOR, the Heads of Houses should all stand up, and, led by the Junior Proctor, his hands playing the melody, should sing, to the tune of "*See the Conquering Hero*," the following pæan:—

(*Con spirito*) "Tum tum ti tum ti
Tiddle liddle lum tum tw-um
(*Affetuoso*) Tiddle liddle lum tum tum ti
(*Bene marcato*) Tum tum tum ti tum!"

The Junior Proctor objected to the introduction of MR. LIDDELL'S name into the verse. He did not approve of personal allusions.

The Senior Proctor wished to inquire what was meant in this instance by a personal allusion?

The Junior Proctor thought that

"Tiddle liddle tum tum tum"

contained an animadversion on that respectable and worthy member of the University. He begged to move that after "tiddle" the word "liddle" be removed from the text.

The motion was put, and carried by a majority of ten.

The word "liddle" was then substituted amidst much cheering.

PROFESSOR RAWLINSON wished to make another amendment. He proposed the omission of the initial and final *tum*. He thought the whole force of the verse would be lost if "*Tum-tum*" should be retained.

DR. PUSEY saw no hardship in keeping the form as it stood. He considered the words to imply that religious education was compulsory. He didn't like these changes. When he was a young man, the refrain of more than one song that he knew was "*Ri tooral looral looral*." Why should they not return to "*Ri tooral looral*?" The Venerable Doctor concluded a lengthy speech by saying that in this form he would be most happy to support the amendment with his (DR. PUSEY'S) "*Ri tooral looral looral looral liddy fol looral ri tol looral li do*."

The members immediately resolved themselves into a chorus of the whole house, and owing to a general ignorance of the tune and time to which the Doctor's words were to be set, speedily arrived at a conclusion.

The Master of Balliol was of opinion that the words *tum tum* only gave a pre-eminence to the subject of controversy. The once popular melody "*Lubly Rosa*" was founded upon an old Puritan hymn tune. He objected to Puritanism, and was afraid that the adoption of *tum tum* would needlessly rekindle the dying embers of old world party spirits.

The Regius Professor of Bye Laws and Regulations wanted to know if the last speaker could quote the line to which reference had just been made?

The Master of Balliol said he couldn't sing without music. But, on being provided with a banjo, he at once struck up in his clear mellifluous voice,

"Lubly ROSA, SAMBO come,
Don't you hear the banjo
With a tum tum tum."

The Master then went on to express a wish as to his being jiggered if he didn't entertain sentiments of the most profound affection for the lovely ROSA. The speaker resumed his seat amid some applause.

PROFESSOR BURROWS thought *tum tum* ambiguous.

The Master of Merton rose to ask whether his College, out of respect to a juvenile literary institution, was ever going to be called *Sandford and Merton College*? On being reminded that this had nothing to do with the question, he said he thought that "*tum tum*" ought to be abandoned.

The Dean of Christchurch rose to express his horror at hearing that anything should be "abandoned" in that assembly. What did the Master of Merton mean by it?

The Master of Merton rose to explain. He didn't mean what he (the Dean) meant. He meant something else. He wasn't prepared to support the amendment. But he meant, or rather he should say he *had* meant, or perhaps it might be better expressed by saying that that was his meaning. On reconsideration, he didn't think he meant anything.

The Juniores Proctor present then put the question. Would the original mover of the resolution (DR. PORTLY) press "*tum tum*" in its present form, or not?

DR. PORTLY, University Professor of Medicine, said he felt some pain in doing so. He was not astonished at their scruples. It was his department to deal with them.

The Vice-Chancellor begged pardon for the interruption. On referring to the minutes, he found that it was five o'clock—just time for Hall. Dinner was a necessity. Every one in that assembly was like the Great Poet—"not for an age, but for Hall time." He proposed that the various bills of fare should be laid upon the table. The Proctors would collect votes.

Out of a Congregation of forty members, the numbers were for the Vice-Chancellor's motion—

Placets 39; Non-placet 1 (who was going to dine out at 7).

The House was then dissolved.



ART V. NATURE.

Sitter. "OH, I THINK THIS POSITION WILL DO, IT'S NATURAL AND EASY."

Photographer. "AH, THAT MAY DO IN ORDINARY LIFE, MA'AM; BUT IN PHOTOGRAPHY IT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION ENTIRELY!"

YOUR OWN LITTLE BLACK.

AIN'T I black enough to be cared for?
I'm not a black nigger, 'tis true,
As armies and fleets is prepared for,
And missionaries is sent to.
But I'm black as dirt can well make me,
And if, by the look of my skin,
You'd nigh for a blackamoor take me,
I ain't not much lighter within.

Although I'm no nigger, I look it,
And haven't been no better taught
Than, seein' a Bobby, to hook it,
In course, to avoid bein' caught.
We're verry much like one another,
We are, arter all 's said and done.
If he is a man and a brother,
Why, ain't I a boy and a son?

And has to is place in creation,
No doubt but my own is the same,
Young monkey without eddication;
And who is the parties to blame?
But while, for all washin' and rubbin',
The nigger a nigger will be,
Your honours, with some little scrubbin',
May make a white Christian of me.

Jesuitical Definition.

BY A STUDENT OF STONYHURST.

A Severe Order.—To be flogged to-morrow.

THE FAIRIES' DIOCESAN.—Bishop of Elphin.

A VERY (IM)PERTINENT DOCKYARD QUERY.

THERE is a "standing-head" in the morning papers called "Admiralty Intelligence." *Mr. Punch* would be glad to know whether the following paragraph, which appeared under this head a short time ago, records a piece of "Admiralty intelligence." He would call it a record of "Admiralty stupidity:"—

"The enormous sheer-legs, made of masses of angle and plate iron, and intended to form the 40-ton hoist at the head of the inner fitting basin in Woolwich Dockyard, will probably be erected to-day. Its transport by Bray's traction-engine was witnessed by the various officers of the yard, and many other persons. The question was frequently raised, 'Why has the Admiralty sanctioned the outlay, stated to be £2,000 for new sheers, while a crane of equal capacity, and similar manufacture, received a short time ago, is lying unemployed in its shed?'"

Dockyard Echo (being in the interest of the Admiralty) answers "Ed," of course; but out-of-doors Echo, not having any views on Admiralty pay or pension, answers "Want of 'ead," decidedly.

THE SECRETS OF THE PRISON HOUSE.

"DR. BROWN, the principal of the Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum, in New York, when giving evidence on a recent trial, stated that ALDER's *German and English Dictionary*, which is used as a standard text-book in most of the Colleges of the United States, was written by a person of insane mind in the Bloomingdale Asylum. He also added several others College text-books were written in that Asylum, and that one of the leading newspapers in New York is principally edited in that institution, the leading editorial being written three or four times a week by a person of unsound mind under confinement."

Punch knows now why "Uncle SAM" has always persisted in saying that we didn't understand his institutions; so will all who have read the above; but "Uncle SAM" has only been partly right, for though *Mr. P.* did not know that any of the New York editors were under restraint as lunatic, he has long thought that more than one of them ought to be.

A WARNING TO YOUNG LADIES.—Never set your heart on a Doctor. He can only love by fits and starts.

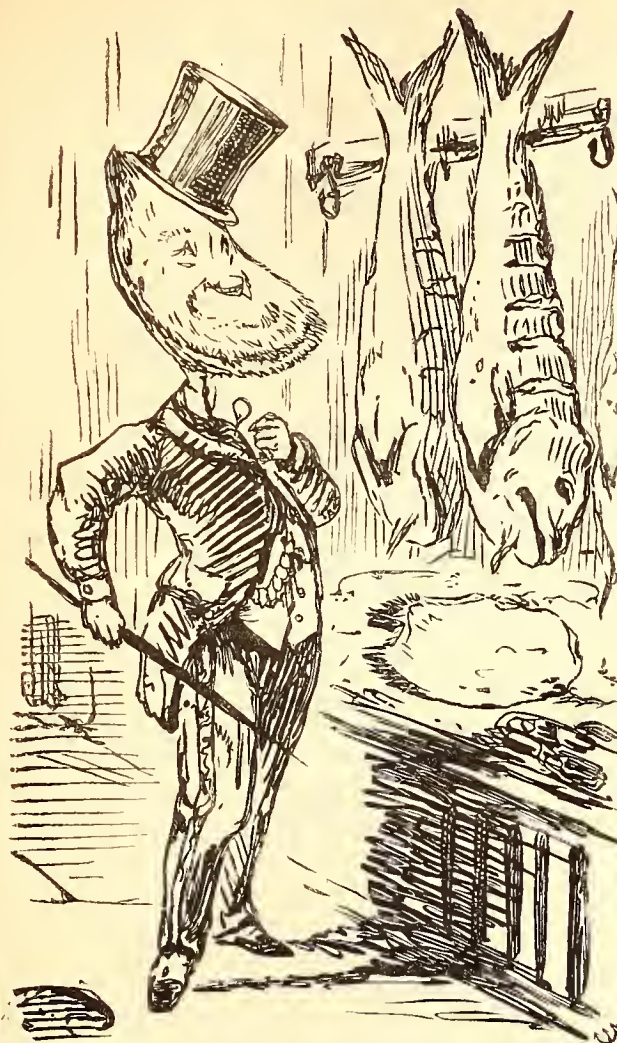


TELESCOPIC PHILANTHROPY.

LITTLE LONDON ARAB. "PLEASE 'M, AIN'T WE BLACK ENOUGH TO BE CARED FOR?"

(With MR. PUNCH'S Compliments to LORD STANLEY.)

REFORMATORY RIGOUR.



ORTHY MR. PUNCH,—With a view to the rather desirable object of preventing young pickpockets from growing into confirmed thieves, what think you of the discipline maintained at Reformatories, supposing a specimen of it to have been disclosed in the subjoined extract from a letter written home by an inmate of one of those establishments?—

"I hope you enjoyed yourself at Christmas, as I did and all our school-fellows. We had roast beef and plum pudding for dinner, as much as we could eat, and we all sat round the fireside, and sung and danced, and dressed our room with holly. We did enjoy ourselves. I should like one of you to come if it lay in your power, which it does not. You would not know what the place was without being told; it looks like a private house. We took our band out at Christmas and played; a lady gave us a supper. We had plenty of roast mutton, and got home at 11 o'clock."

Not bad for an inmate of a Reformatory, eh? Not a bad sample of letter-writing; not bad Christmas fare and entertainment narrated therein. By no means bad, the beef, and pudding, and mutton, and the merrymaking even; not at all bad, any of it, in any sense of the word—perhaps you will say. For you, Mr. Punch, with your fine perception of differences, will

distinguish between reformatory schooling and penal servitude.

This distinction, however, seems to have been rather overlooked by "A COUNTRY VICAR," who sends the foregoing quotation to the *Times*, wherein it appears under the heading of "A Pleasant Discipline." The Vicar considers the discipline of a merry Christmas far too pleasant for a Reformatory, and deprecates it as follows:—

"May we not imagine how some poor half-starved, hopeless child of sin, hearing of such delights, might think it no bad speculation to qualify for so much roast beef and plum pudding? One small theft would seem to him an easier and shorter path to that to which even a long continuance in well-doing might scarcely lead."

Very likely. What then? A "half-starved hopeless child of sin" must needs be incapable of any "continuance" in well-doing; but he is capable of discontinuance in doing ill, and which will he do least ill by doing; to commit one theft more for the purpose of getting admitted into a Reformatory, or to go on thieving in order that he may manage to subsist half-starved until at last, perhaps, he comes to be hanged?

The "COUNTRY VICAR" concludes with the following serious and sarcastic reflection:—

"Surely a sense of sin and shame, and a certain amount of suffering, should not be forgotten amid so much fun in the work of reformation."

Well; all Reformatories are supposed to be provided with a parson, who preaches to their inmates on Sundays and festivals. He would of course preach them a special sermon on Christmas Day, and a "sense of sin" would hardly be "forgotten," if, in his discourse, the reverend gentleman explained the reason why that anniversary is celebrated, any more than it would be forgotten by a Bishop preaching to a fashionable congregation of "miserable sinners." But do you consider, Mr. Punch, that reclaimed street-urchins in a Reformatory, who have never been taught to know sin from sanctity till they came there, require to be impressed with a deeper sense of sin than the educated occupants of a luxurious pew? And is it your opinion that juvenile offenders reared in poverty and ignorance, ought to be visited with a sense of "shame" for their misdeeds more grievous than that which affects adult transgressors of the superior classes?

As to "suffering," Sir, if I mistake not, children at Reformatories are in no want of experience. A not uncommon incident of their purgation is a severe whipping. For misbehaviour of no great enormity they are often whipped savagely by a strong man with a birch rod. Ought "a certain amount of suffering," beyond that which necessarily attends all education, to be the rule of their existence even on Christmas Day? Why, yes, Sir, if they are to be educated in bitter hatred of their teachers and tormentors and Society at large. If the contrary object is intended, then the way which you will perhaps consider best calculated to effect it is the substitution of a happy childhood for a wretched one. It may possibly

appear to you, Mr. Punch, that "A COUNTRY VICAR" commits the somewhat clerical error of confounding the notion of a Reformatory with that of a House of Correction. Psychology has doubtless taught you that a necessary condition to the development of good feeling is kind treatment, and you will probably allow that the distinction between reformation and punishment is one that is made by strict common sense and not by mere

MAWKISH SENTIMENT.

ENORMOUS REDUCTION IN THE NAVAL ESTIMATES.

THERE has been a good deal said, out of doors, as to the prospect of important reductions in our naval and military expenditure this year. Some say we *are* to have it, some say we are not. We don't know what the War Office is doing, but the Admiralty is evidently straining every nerve to save the public money. Let those who dare to doubt the fact, read this, and blush for their cynical scepticism:—

"A few days ago some of the dockyard men were ordered to assist one of the contractors in a work which it was necessary to complete as early as possible, and as a requital for their extra labours the sum of 5s. each was allotted to them, and deducted from the contract payment. After a lapse of some days the men complained of not having received their money. As an explanation of the cause of the delay, it was alleged that the Paymaster had not been able to calculate the amount of Income-Tax which it would be necessary to deduct. The men were finally paid 4s. 11½d. each, a farthing having been withheld from each amount."

There! what do you say to that? That's something like saving! Stop! let us calculate it carefully. Say twelve men, at a farthing a man; why it's actually three-pence saved to the country out of a three pound job—exactly a penny in the pound. To small minds this may seem a small result of several days' intense arithmetical labour in the Paymaster's office, and several days' angry waiting for their money by the dockyard "maties;" but let sneerers and scoffers remember the proverb, "Take care of the pence." Hitherto, the Admiralty has allowed both the pence and the pounds to take care of themselves, and the result has not been satisfactory in the case of currency of either denomination. The pounds got lost, evidently because they wanted somebody to take care of the pence. But now that the DUKE OF SOMERSET has begun to take care of the Admiralty pence, let us hope the Admiralty pounds will begin to take care of themselves.

MR. GLADSTONE, when he read the above startling item of naval intelligence, is reported to have had an attack of hysterics, and to have wept so loud that MR. ANDERSON and MR. G. HAMILTON rushed into his room, and dashed in his face the contents of the official hand-basin in which MR. GLADSTONE had just been washing his hands of all connection with DISRAELI and ARCHDEACON DENISON in the matter of ecclesiastical appeal. MR. GLADSTONE was almost choked—owing to the quantity of *odium theologicum* which had been deposited in the water—and was some minutes before he could explain, which he did with considerable asperity, that the tears which had so alarmed his attached official subordinates were tears of joy.

MR. ANDERSON respectfully begged for some of this precious fluid, and has had it bottled in an eight-ounce phial, with the label,

"Iron tears down Plutus' cheek."

A small quantity of this elegant extract has been sent by MR. GLADSTONE in a lachrymatory of rare old dragon china, to SIR RICHARD BROMLEY, who finds great support from sniffing it, in those frequent moments when he is on the point of sinking under the combined weight of his official duties as Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, his sense of the national ingratitude to himself, and his horror at the extravagance of the House of Commons.

The Unmanageable Island.

IN order to settle the Irish difficulty, it has been proposed to abolish the Church of Ireland as by law established, and to establish the Roman Catholic Church in its place. The consequence of this proceeding would most likely be, that the Irish Papists would all immediately turn Protestants, and that the Irish Church would be as great a grievance to the Irish people as ever.



PITY POOR LUCY!!

OBLIGED TO GO TO THE MONDAY POPULAR WITH COUSIN BESS (FROM THE COUNTRY)
WHO WILL DO HER HAIR *à la thèière*—THAT IS, TEAPOT FASHION.

MODEL CONCERTS.

BRAVO, MR. MANNS! Your Saturday Winter Concerts, in their way, are model concerts. Thanks to your good judgment, the programmes are arranged to please all ears excepting long ones, such as are not moved by any concord of sweet sounds, and whose owners, though not fit perhaps for treason, stratagems, and spoils, are certainly not suited to the Crystal Palace concert-room.

Another admirable point in your programmes is the notice that an interval of five minutes will occur after the symphony which begins each of your concerts, and another interval before the final overture or other instrumental work. The lighter music in the programme is performed between these pauses; and people who like songs, but cannot understand a symphony, thus have their exits and their entrances without disturbing other persons of more educated taste.

In music, as in other matters, this is a free country, and every Briton has a right to quit a concert in the middle if it pleases him to do so. But he has no right to annoy other people by his egress, which he is sure to do by leaving in the middle of a piece. There are various tastes for music as there are for every other sort of mental food. Some like the turtle of BEETHOVEN, some the venison of MOZART; while others only relish the lollipops of VERDI, or the trifles light as air which are whipped up for the dance. A man—nay, a MANNS—who wishes to be popular must cater for all tastes; but he must take care in so doing that the dishes do not clash. The lovers of BEETHOVEN have a right to growl and grumble if their hearing of a symphony be disturbed by the incoming of the lovers of a dance-tune or a sentimental song; nor is there any reason why people should not hear the last piece in a programme in silence if they like. But, in general, no sooner is the last piece commenced, than silks begin to rustle and boots begin to creak; and the music is performed with a stirring pedal accompaniment which quite destroys its beauty, and robs its would-be hearers of the treat for which they wait.

So, bravo MR. MANNS! *Mr. Punch* applauds your effort to obtain a quiet hearing for BEETHOVEN and MENDELSSOHN; and *Mr. Punch* would simply hint that the person who in future interrupts their hearers should be regarded as a miscreant whom it were gross flattery to call a brainless ass.

It is mainly MR. MANNS who has raised these model concerts to their present eminence, and in consequence a fund is being raised for MR. MANNS, to which the public are invited to subscribe to testify the pleasure he has given to the public.

THE WARNING OF WANDSWORTH COMMON.

MIDNIGHT lay still on fair West Hill,
Wandsworth snored silent nigh;
But for yell and scream of the whistling steam,
As the darkling trains roared by.

That sound alway, both night and day,
Must Clapham Junction hear,
Now Battersea plains are a place of trains
That 'sparagus erst did rear.

'Twixt whistle's yell, that rose and fell,
I heard a voice of woe,
Though the Black-sea birches it scarcely stirred,
So faint it was and low:

An eldritch sound that thrilled the ground,
And through the air did run;
'Twas the Spirit of Wandsworth Common that called
To the Spirit of Wimbledon!

Spirit of Wandsworth Common.

Sleep'st thou, Brother?

Spirit of Wimbledon Common.

Brother, nay!

Sleep from me is scared away.
Round my skirts surveyors stride,
Through my furze-brakes builders glide:
Bold invaders, plotters sly,
Meting me with pace and eye.
Chain and tape—ah, woe is me!
Draw around my dingles free—
'Tis for this I watch and weep,
Now when happier Commons sleep!

Spirit of Wandsworth Common.

Watching, Brother, thou dost well:
'Twas for want of watch I fell.
As secure I sleeping lay
In the shade of SPENCER'S name,
Foemen cut my skirts away,
Left me scarred and bared to shame.

Well thou knowest once how brave,
Robed in green, I met the spring;
How my birch-plumes used to wave
O'er golden gorse and purple ling;
How the April-lovers knew me,
Summer loiterers flocked unto me;
What rich feasts of light and air
'Neath the blue sky's breezy tent,
I would spread—life-giving fare—
To the pale Poor, city-pent!
Happier Common, then, than I
Basked not under Surrey sky:
Freer, fairer Common none
Took frown of cloud, or smile of sun.
So I slept—till evil men
Striped and scarred me, back and brow;
Think, oh think, what I was then,
See, oh see, what I am now!

My green robe's a tattered shred,
Gold and purple's rent away:
Torn the birch-plumes from my head;
E'en my very skin they flay!
Take my bones to mend the roads,
Dot me o'er with vile abodes—
Hideous Cockney-villa spawn,
Each squat in its cube of lawn!
And a prison glares and glooms
From its iron-windowed toms;
Burial-place o' the living, here,
And a cemetery, there!
Schools, asylums—well I ween,
Little children are my joy;
In old times my gladdest green
Was put on for girl and boy;
And my lap was full of flowers
To make sweet their playing hours.
But the more I love their play,
From their schools I turn away.

But e'en schools I'd bear to take,
All for Charity's sweet sake.
No such plea my soul resigns
To the hateful iron-lines,
That my wasted forehead score,
Growing ever, more and more!

Then be warned, ere 'tis too late,
Brother, by a brother's fate.
If thou sleep, as I have slept,
Thou wilt weep as I have wept.
SPENCER is a noble name,—
Noble still a SPENCER's aim:
Yet though SPENCER spurns reward,
And though SPENCER seeks not pelf,
Better than e'en SPENCER's guard,
Is his guard that guards himself.
I know how the shoe doth pinch—
And this tale each corn doth tell—
Brother, do not give an inch,
Lest, perchance, they take an ell!

A CASE FOR LAWSON AND CO.



THE attention of the United Kingdom Alliance is directed to the subjoined announcement which has appeared in the papers:—

"CONTRACT FOR RUM FOR THE NAVY.—Her Majesty's Government has accepted the tender of MESSRS. HENRY WHITE & Co. for a further supply of rum to the extent of 65,400 gallons."

From the antecedents of the United Kingdom Alliance it may be hoped that they will see the necessity of sending a deputation of teetotalers to wait on LORD PALMERSTON, and remonstrate with him on allowing the Admiralty to encourage the liquor traffic, and provide sailors with the means of indulgence in the consumption of ardent spirits. If they are only true to themselves, they will not be restrained from taking this step by any

apprehension of being contemptuously bowed out, and of incurring public ridicule anew by a fresh act of conceited folly and impertinence.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE, 1875.

(If the Ladies go on at their present rate.)

WESTMINSTER.—LADY EMILY SLASHGRASS and MISS GALLOPER were brought before MR. SELFE, charged, the former with throwing stones in Hyde Park, and the latter with assaulting the police.

POLICE-CONSTABLE A 256 said that he saw the prisoners in the Park, by the Serpentine, at about five in the afternoon, just when the ring was full; and thinking, from their manner, that they were bent on mischief, watched them. He heard the prisoner GALLOPER say to the prisoner SLASHGRASS, "Em, old girl, I'll give you six to one you don't knock that groom's hat off once in seven shies." The other prisoner said "Done!" and threw a large stone, which passed close to the groom's head. At the third shot she knocked his hat off; whereupon the witness took both the ladies into custody. The prisoner GALLOPER was very violent and abusive, threw her cigar in his face, and struck him a severe blow in the eye, from which he had suffered great pain ever since.

The Prisoner GALLOPER. How was I abusive?

WITNESS. You called me a low, area-sneaking Bobby. (Laughter.)

JOHN HICKS said:—I am a groom, and yesterday was sitting on horseback, leading another horse, when my hat came off.

MR. SELFE. Came off, Sir? Mind what you are about, Sir? Was it not knocked off?

WITNESS. It may have been.

The worthy MAGISTRATE failed to get any further information from this witness, in spite of threatening him with an action for perjury; and the Prisoner SLASHGRASS loudly expressed her opinion that the witness HICKS was a "brick."

MR. SELFE said that these assaults on the police by ladies of the Upper Classes were becoming shamefully frequent. He must make an example. He should fine them each three dozen of white kid gloves, or, in default, have them locked up for two hours in the Pantechnicon.

MADAME CHARLES, who was present, immediately paid the fine.

MARYLEBONE.—LADY ROMPINGTON and MISS SARAH DE SPINSTER were charged with dog-fighting for a wager in Kensington Gardens, against the Act; and MISS WAXEND, with four other ladies, were charged with aiding and abetting, and obstructing the police in the execution of their duty.

PARK-KEEPER HIGGINS said, that early yesterday morning he was looking for a blue-nosed baboon which had strayed away from a lady the night before, and got lost in the new Mandrake plantation of the Acclimatisation Society by the Serpentine, when SIR COWPER COLES came up to him, and informed him that a large number of fashionably-dressed ladies were assembled by the Round Pond. He immediately dispatched a messenger for a large force of constabulary, and cautiously proceeded to the spot. A large crowd of excited ladies were assembled. The prisoners ROMPINGTON and WAXEND were encouraging the prisoner SPINSTER in a loud tone of voice. They were all very abusive.

MISS WAXEND. How was I encouraging?

WITNESS. I heard you call out three or four times to Miss SPINSTER, "Go it, SAR-AH! I'll hold your bonnet." (Laughter.)

The MAGISTRATE. You say that the other ladies were abusive. Pray how?

WITNESS. They said I'd been shaving, and kept calling out, "How's DILKE?"

The MAGISTRATE. I don't see much in that.

The CHIEF CLERK explained to his Worship that LORD DILKE had recently been forced to put a stop to Croquet in the Gardens in consequence of the riotous proceedings of the ladies playing. At the last great match between Belgravia and Tyburnia, there had been a regular set-to with croquet hammers, and one case had terminated fatally.

The MAGISTRATE said that he was determined to put an end to this sort of thing. It was a most extraordinary and most unfortunate thing, that the young women of the present day should be led away by the delusion, that acts of "fastness" like this could be attractive to any one whose opinion was in the least degree worth having. By the style and tone which they had lately chosen to adopt, the women of England were throwing to the winds all that vast influence which their mothers had possessed, and had used for so much good. The ambition of the girls of the day was, it seemed to him, to make themselves rivals in the follies of the more unthinking of the other sex, who despised them, while they encouraged them. The Prisoners were each fined eight boxes of chocolate drops, or in default to be locked up in the Hanover Square Rooms for half an hour.

The Prisoners, who were evidently taken aback by the severity of the sentence, asked, through LADY ROMPINGTON, whether the chocolate was to be "Masson" or "Menier."

The MAGISTRATE. Half of each.

After a short delay, MR. GUNTER, of Berkeley Square, and M. MENIER, of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, appeared and paid the fine. The Prisoners left the Court in their carriages.

HERE AND THERE.

SONG BY CLOWN.

HERE we are! Let you and me
Think how long we've here to stay.
We are here now, ah, but we
Shall be there another day!

When we weren't here, there we were.
Here when we no more remain,
Then again we shall be there,
Shouting, "Here we are again!"

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES FOR 1865.

BY THE ASTRONOMER PLEBEIAN.

SOME "dark" phenomenon may appear in the course of the Derby day, but not equal to the original "Eclipse."

The transit of Venus will take place along Rotten Row, round the Park, and through the crush-room of the Opera. Observers are coming from every quarter of the Globe to watch this constellation of beauty.

Charles's Wain has consented to have its *carte* taken by CHIEF BARON POLLUX.

Aries and Taurus have engaged MR. COXWELL's balloon to bring them to the Cattle Show.

The next Pope may be Leo.



FASHIONS FOR THE COMING SEASON.

FROM THE "JOURNAL DES COIFFEURS."

[The Ladies have already begun.]

THE LICENCE OF THE LONG ROBE.

MR. PUNCH,

THE honourable Member for County Clare has introduced into the House of Commons a bill to amend the law of libel, of which I cannot approve, because it is designed to diminish litigation, and therefore calculated to injure the learned and scrupulous profession to which I have the honour to belong. In this measure, SIR COLMAN O'LOGHLEN proposes to exempt the proprietors of newspapers from their existing liability to action or prosecution for libellous or defamatory matter contained in their reports of speeches made at public meetings, and to transfer that liability to the speakers thereof. I should not object to this alteration if I thought that, whereas actions are now brought against newspaper proprietors, they would, if it were to become law, be brought just as often against the makers of speeches; but I am afraid that practically such would not be the case, because a man's speech is one thing, and its report by another man is another thing, responsibility for the former is not responsibility for the latter, and there would be more or less difficulty in proving coincidence of one with the other. This consideration would somewhat discourage rogues from going to law with the object of getting vindictive damages; and that would be detrimental to business.

The clause proposing this objectionable change in the law of libel, is, however, accompanied by the considerate provision that it is not to affect the privileges of Parliament or courts of justice. Parliament would of course take care of its own privileges; but those of the courts of justice might be sacrificed by a too hasty law-reformer. If a man, speaking in public on public affairs, which are no business of his own, allow himself to be carried away by feelings of indignation, however natural, and his words can be brought home to him, let him take the consequences of his indiscretion—an action for slander, and heavy damages. If a newspaper proprietor publish libellous speeches for public information, let him suffer the penalties of libel. But ever respect the privileges of courts of justice! It is of the utmost importance that a barrister, pleading for hire on behalf of his client, should be at perfect liberty to cast the grossest and most groundless imputations that he may think it expedient to invent on anybody's character which it may suit his purpose to blast.

"Devil's Own" Club, Feb., 1865.

CAUSIDICUS.

A CHANCELLOR DIVIDED AGAINST HIMSELF.

IF HOMER sometimes nods, even LORD WESTBURY may now and then be allowed to snooze. Still, a Chancellor's snoozing is a serious thing, except on the Woolsack during a debate in the House of Lords. In that "Sleepy Hollow" a Chancellor snoring with his eyes shut seems rather in keeping than not with the "solemn drowsi-head" that reigns around.

But when a Chancellor takes forty winks on the Bench—above all, when he delivers judgment in this winking state, it may be a very serious matter both for clients and counsel.

It must have been in one of these non-lucid intervals of obliviousness, that WESTBURY, Chancellor, the other day, decided in his own Court the recently reported case, "*Ex parte POTTER, Re BARRON.*"

The case turned on the question whether the execution of an unstamped deed of assignment by a debtor could be relied on as an act of bankruptcy. Counsel brought forward two cases in which such a deed had been judicially decided to have this character. The second case (*Ex parte WENSLEY*) was cited as a decision of LORD CHANCELLOR CAMPBELL'S.

Who was WESTBURY, that he should be guided by CAMPBELL? He deliberately overruled the decision cited to him as plain JOHN'S, adding, with that happy courtesy which distinguishes him, that "he did not wish to be held as agreeing with the decision cited to him in *Ex parte WENSLEY*: it would take a good deal of argument to convince him of the soundness of that decision."

It subsequently turned out that this decision was one of LORD WESTBURY'S OWN!

Really, counsel should be more careful. Not only "circumstances" but Chancellors "alter cases." If decrees are quoted with wrong names, who can tell what they ought to weigh? Cited as CAMPBELL'S opinion, WESTBURY was in honour bound to pick a hole in *Ex parte WENSLEY*. Cited as WESTBURY'S, though not the more sure to be right, the judgment would of course have been respected by our courteous and candid Chancellor.

LORD WESTBURY is always understood to consider one person at least as infallible. That person is LORD WESTBURY.

If that infallibility is to be divided against itself, what are the Courts of Equity to believe in?

It is as bad as the POPE condemning in the Encyclical the very principles he was "*Viva-Pio-Nono-ed*" all over Italy for setting his name to in 1848.

If this sort of thing goes on, the proverbial uncertainty of the Law will be nothing to the uncertainty of Equity.

Unless, indeed, WESTBURY is weary of his infallibility, as TITHONUS was weary of his youth, and, having nobody else left to snub, is determined to snub himself—RICHARD against BETHELL, and BETHELL against RICHARD—like that famous JOHN LILBURNE of CROMWELL'S time, of whom his friend SIR HENRY MARTIN said, that "if there were none living but he, JOHN would be against LILBURNE, and LILBURNE against JOHN."

INTERESTING INFORMATION.

(From the "Hawwell Mercury.")

Two pounds of Cambridge sausages at Oxford were yesterday admitted *ad eundem*.

The planet Venus, now so conspicuous an object in the heavens, has put forth a tail. This phenomenon may account for the fact that the Moon has been making faces.

Three blind mice were couched for cataract at the Ophthalmic Hospital to-morrow.

The POPE has sent a Syllabub of Errors, with his apostolical benediction, to TOM THUMB.

Police!

WHAT tune would a person whistle who had been stealing milk? "*Robin Adair*," eh? (*Robbin' a dairy!!!*)



AN INCURABLE.

Mamma. "ALGERNON, YOU GREAT SILLY GOOSE, I AM ASHAMED OF YOU! TO GET INTO SUCH A STATE ABOUT THAT ODISIOUS LITTLE MISS GRIGGS! WHY, SHE WAS DROPPING HER H'S ALL OVER THE ROOM!"

Algernon. "WAS SHE? I ONLY WISH I'D KNOWN IT; I'D HAVE PICKED 'EM UP—AND KEPT 'EM!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



"Circeis nata forent, an
Lucinum ad saxum, Rutupinove edita fundo
Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu."

ONDAY, February 27.

As at a good dinner, we began with Oysters, but it was only to hear from LORD GRANVILLE that Government does not intend to legislate for the Bivalves. Of course, if the oysters are unconcerned upon the subject of reform, it would not be statesmanlike to agitate them. We repose some confidence in the President of the Council in this matter, as he has a reputation for knowing—as a gentleman should know—what constitutes an artistic banquet, and we have not the slightest doubt in the world is a match for our friend JUVENAL'S oysterish epicture:—

TOM KING,

ONCE PUGILIST, NOW SCULLER.

ONCE in a well-roped twelve-foot ring
Tom KING displayed his mug,
But times are changed, and bold Tom KING
Is now a bold "Tom Tug."

Among the heavy weights no more
His one-two he'll deliver;
King of the Ring no more, he hopes
To shine King of the River,;

He knows no counter but his skiff's,
And sudden peaceful grown,
Instead of cracking others' skulls
Now feathers but his own.

So long as in a wager-boat
There's still room for a spar,
He that would match with him will catch
A Tartar in this Tar.

His right and left will still keep stroke,
Howe'er his combats fought are,
And fame that's o'er upon the shore
Awaits his oar on water.

The Faith as it is in Westbury.

A VENERABLE Bishop was complaining bitterly the other day that Ecclesiastical Causes should come under the cognisance of the LORD CHANCELLOR—"a person of no serious or settled belief, and extremely lax, he believed, even in attendance on public worship."

"Oh, no," said SAM OXON, "The LORD CHANCELLOR is a most regular worshipper, and his Church is Little Bethel."

THE AMERICAN FLAG RE-QUARTERED.

WHETHER the South be recognised or not, as a consequence of the War, it is clear that the Negro will. When the Stars shine again, the Stripes will have disappeared.

PREFACE FOR A GRAMMAR.—Accidence will happen in the best-regulated Syntax.

Most ladies can read Latin, but for the railway interest, Evangelical bishops, and fast young men, we will paraphrase:—

You may blindfold his eyes, put the fish on his tongue,
And he'll tell you the place where from spat it has sprung.
The fat little Native, of oysterdom Queen,
The oyster that Paris adores for its green,
Nay, try with American fish that sedate man,
He'll say, "They sent this who have sent us MISS BATEMAN."

Transportation was mentioned, and the Government, using courteous terms towards the Australians, renewed its assurance that in three years the system should entirely cease. The delay was caused by the want of prison accommodation. This want is caused by our ridiculous system of filling up our prisons with lodgers who could be much more easily disposed of. If, instead of offering an ordinary culprit hotel accommodation for six months, you gave him a mild flogging, and discharged him, you would have plenty of room for criminals of a worse caste, and also for children whom you might reform, instead of leaving them to a Pariah life, while the prig and the wife-beater are in comfortable lodgings, with cocoa, chops, chaplains, and *Gil Blas*. Moreover, his skin being the only thing he respects, the chances are that you would not see him again, instead of, as at present, being favoured with his patronage every season.

Apropos of Gil Blas, SIR GEORGE GREY explained that in the prison where that work was perused by the scoundrel whom the mad doctors served so efficiently, that class of reading would not be allowed in future. Accident revealed the indulgence, and we dare say that until other accidents occur, chaplains' pets will enjoy similar recreations in many of Her Majesty's gaols.

The debate on the condition of Ireland was resumed. MR. ROEBUCK was severe on the "mendicant whine of the Irish," and was very contemptuous about their plebeian priests, whose vulgar ignorance and bigoted prejudice he considered as the roots of Irish evil. There is no doubt that a low and uneducated clergy is a curse to any country. But LORD PALMERSTON, who closed the debate (there were two or three good speeches between) thought that the natural features of Ireland had much to do with her want of prosperity. Her climate made her properly a pasture country, while her peasantry clung to patches of land, which they insisted on cultivating. The inference is, that until we can make her a manufacturing nation—the priests will hinder this, if they can—the Irish must emigrate. The PREMIER offered a Committee, but MR. HENNESSY likes the flourish of a division, and had 31 to 107 against him. The English of this Irish debate is, that certain of the leading Tories meant, with the expected aid of the Hibernians, to give the Government a fall, but the Sunday cooled divers heads, and some of the most respected Conservatives refused to come up to the scratch. So there was sulk in the camp, and the end was that MR. DISRAELI took no part in a large debate which called up the crack Ministerialists. Do the Parliament men think that the great *Punch* does not see all their little games? In proof that he does, he hereby lights up this business with his Magnesium Wire, even as PROZZI SMYTH has just done unto the interior of the Pyramid.

Tuesday. A Sewage debate in the Commons. The world is aware that there is fierce strife as to the proposed method of treating our sewage. The fact is, that we have only recently discovered that what we thought rubbish, to be got rid of, is fertilising treasure, to be thankfully used. But we know as yet no more how to turn it to account than a baby knows how to use a bundle of bank-notes. A hybrid Committee has been appointed to consider the subject, half the members chosen by the House, and half by the Committee of Selection.

Then we had an Education debate, led by SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, who desired a Select Committee. The opponents of the present system declare that it helps only those who can help themselves, and does nothing for the helpless. Its authors defend it strenuously. But why should *Punch* take any notice of such a trumpery matter as the Education of the Poor? The Commons were not inclined to condescend to such trifles—the House was nearly counted out in the middle of the discussion, and when a division was called for, there were 18 on one side and 68 on the other, nothing like a House in fact, and so we adjourned.

Wednesday. POPE GREGORY THE GREAT having introduced the Sprinkling of Ashes on the first day of Lent, and that day being called *Dies Cinerum*, or Ash-Wednesday, the name is retained, although at the Reformation we abolished the sprinkling as a "vain show," and also as very uncomfortable when the ashes were sprinkled on the head, and got down between the mediæval shirts and the respected backs of our ancestors; and therefore the House of Commons did not meet until two o'clock, instead of twelve to-day. SIR FITZROY KELLY moved the Second Reading of his Bill for Improving the Law of Evidence. The intense wisdom of our present system was admirably illustrated on the very next day, when an Italian, who was civilly dead, being under sentence of death for murder, was examined as a witness, and allowed to prove the guilt of another person, though he, the witness, had been forbidden to speak on his own trial, and therefore had been deprived of the opportunity of showing his innocence. He would assuredly have been hanged if the spirit of MR. NEGRETTI, the eminent thermometer-and-every-other-ometer maker, had not ascended to "spirits boil," and sent him flying to Birmingham to catch the real stabber, and compel him to repent and confess—a fact which we register for all time, to the honour of MR. NEGRETTI. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL clings to the old system, and means to oppose SIR FITZROY. For once we have the honour of agreeing with MR. SCULLY, who remarked that Ministers might be better law-reformers if they had the advantage of the leisure enjoyed by the Opposition.

MR. CLIFFORD—what puts the words *Stat nominis Umbra* into our head? unless it be that we have just lost a beautiful umbrella with our name on it, from our stand—pushed on his Bill for doing away with fines for not going to church. We trust it will pass, but would ask MR. CLIFFORD to introduce a clause for also doing away with the fines for going there. They are called fees to pew-openers. Because one has not always got a bad shilling handy for pew-opener or box-keeper. Moreover, something should be done to restrain those pertinacious Beggars, the parsons, from having more than ten Collections in one month. Here is an account of what we have paid in that way since the first ultimo:—

	£	s.	d.
1. For Converting Jews	0	0	3
2. For ditto Hottentots	0	1	0
3. For ditto Irish	0	5	0
4. For ditto Spitalfielders	0	2	6
5. For an Evening Preacher	0	0	6
6. For the British and Foreign Anti-Colenso Society	0	1	0
7. For the Society for the Propagation of Missionaries	0	1	0
8. For a Church in some Scotch island—Muck, we think	0	0	6
9. For some Clerical charity—wo could not catch what, the preacher mumbled so	0	1	6

10. For Schools in Tipperary	£0	1	0
11. For a new Hymn Book (not nearly so good as the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S)	0	2	6
12. The regular Collection	0	4	0

This is our own experience, and scores of correspondents who beg us to intercede with the Clergy to let them alone will probably now let us alone, as we have brought the case under the notice of the Legislature.

But now, here is another financial grievance. ALDERMAN SALOMONS wants to open all the Bridges free, and levy a general rate upon the Metropolis to pay the cost of such enfranchisement. This, while the City levies a vast tax, and pockets most of the money, *viâ* the Corporation. Let the City buy up the bridges.

Thursday. Notice in both Houses that we are to have a grand Museum debate. The place is so crammed that the Curators are perfectly outrageous. We fully expect to see a general onslaught upon the stuffed collection, and to behold it flying out of the window into the quadrangle—in fact, when we go to the Library we always run up the steps as fast as possible, lest we should get an elephant or a crocodile on our heads. We should not blame these gentlemen—we mean the Curators, of course—if they made short work with the dusty old Zoological lumber. Why is it not got rid of? Who wants to see the dirtiest and worst stuffed giraffe in the whole world, when he can see half a dozen beautiful live ones walking about with their necks twisted round like comforters, as depicted in *Mr. Punch's* pages last week?

MR. BAINES postponed his New Reform Bill until the last of Chimney-Sweepers' Days.

We had a Gun debate, and MR. BAILLIE demanded a Committee to inquire whether the QUEEN's ships are properly armed. He went into the question, and fired very heavy charges at the Admiralty. LORD HARTINGTON resisted the motion, said that some of our big guns were not so bad as had been alleged, and that he did not believe we were worse off than other nations. LORD CLARENCE PAGET said that a Committee was sitting on the best means of rifling guns, and this reminded *Mr. Punch* of the trunk-maker in DOUGLAS JERROLD's comedy, who compliments *Lord Skindeep* on having spoken beautifully, especially when he described BRITANNIA as seated upon her polished trident. MR. BAILLIE was defeated by 57 to 22, but he deserves the thanks of MRS. BRITANNIA aforesaid. There was then a discussion on the awful expense of repairing ships—for instance, the *Lyra* cost, for repairs, £26,642, while she could have been built for one hundred and fourteen pounds under that sum. The Government answer was brilliantly unsatisfactory.

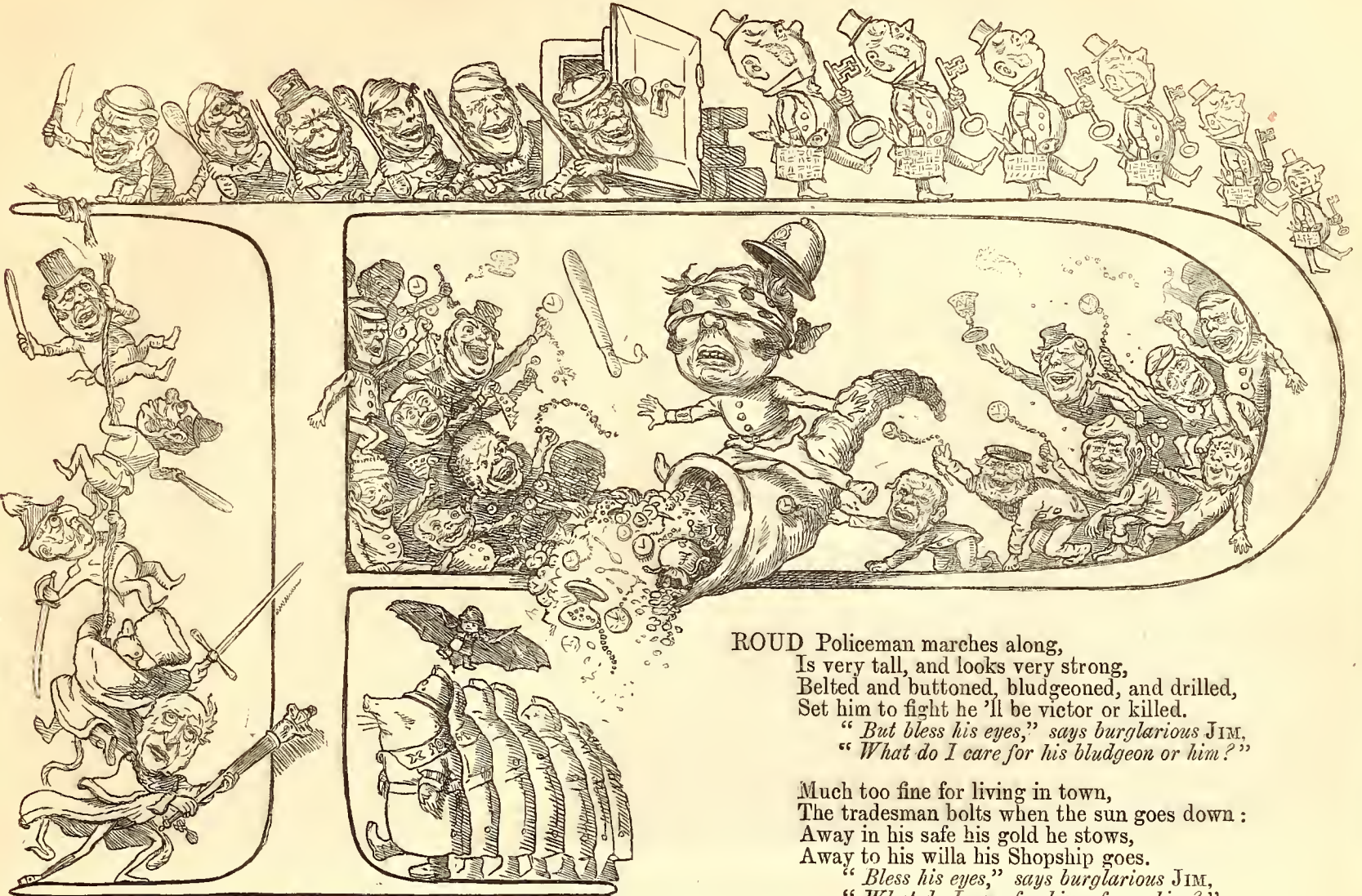
Punch is not a sentimentalist, but he must be allowed to say that he thinks there ought to be some difference made in the prison treatment of persons who are only charged with offences and those who are convicted. SIR GEORGE GREY does not, and was good enough to "hope that he had made it clear the other night that persons under remand, persons only charged with an offence, were not subjected to *greater* hardships and privations than those actually convicted!" Really! Well, that is something to know. This part of our prison system must be overhauled. Any innocent person may, by the machinations of a scoundrel and the obtuseness of a Magistrate (especially one who has a fatal facility of belief in police narratives), be sent to prison, but until tried, he ought not to be treated as a felon is rightfully treated. It is scandalous that one has to enunciate such a platitude in these days, when a Judge is so careful of the interests of a self-condemned stabber as to force Counsel on him to rebut the man's own confession.

The Colonial Secretary brought in a Bill for enabling the Colonies to defend themselves at sea, entirely at their own expense. *Punch* is economical to a fault, but can see no objection to this.

Friday. Ex-Chancellor LORD ST. LEONARDS did not think that the County Court Judges were fit to administer Equity, and he believed that they would sell the poor man a bad article. Ex-dittoes LORDS CRANWORTH and CHELMSFORD partly approved of the new scheme. Actual Chancellor LORD WESTBURY said that there was no choice in the matter, we must have those Judges or none. He believed them perfectly qualified, and added that if they had any superfluous Modesty he should advise them to get rid of it. The Bill was read a Second Time.

The Commons had a Popish debate. MR. NEWDEGATE made an awfully long speech on the wickedness of convents and of those who dwell therein, and demanded a Committee. MR. HENNESSY contended that the existing law sufficed to deal with proved wrongs. MR. NEATE thought that the Catholics themselves required protection from their priests. The House, having then had enough of the serious business, shouted and roared for MR. WHALLEY, and also shouted and roared at his Protestant oration, especially when, alluding to the case of one ELIZA RYAN, said to have been abducted, he declared that if the QUEEN herself wanted to know where that person was, HER MAJESTY could get no answer. Imagine the QUEEN asking, "Where's ELIZA?" SIR GEORGE GREY thought that no case had been made out, and that law was of no use when people were led away by religious impressions. MR. SCULLY went into a rage, and then the House went to division, when MR. NEWDEGATE was defeated by 106 to 79. Nevertheless, gentlemen Oratorians, if—

BURGLARIOUS JIM. BY OUR OWN BROWNING.



ROUD Policeman marches along,
Is very tall, and looks very strong,
Belted and buttoned, bludgeoned, and drilled,
Set him to fight he'll be victor or killed.
"But bless his eyes," says burglarious JIM,
"What do I care for his bludgeon or him?"

Much too fine for living in town,
The tradesman bolts when the sun goes down:
Away in his safe his gold he stows,
Away to his willa his Shopship goes.
"Bless his eyes," says burglarious JIM,
"What do I care for his safe, or him?"

It's Sunday morning, O, jangle bells,
Calling to Church the pious swells:
The parson stands in his Humbox high,
Abusing JIM and his friends hard by.
"Bless his eyes," says burglarious JIM,
"What do I care for his sermon or him?"

A jolly big hole in his Shopship's wall,
In goes JIM, with his pals and all:
Now for a wrench, with the strength of four,
At Somebody's Patent Impossible Door.
"Bless his eyes," says burglarious JIM,
"What do I care for his patent or him?"

Door, or side, or something to smash—
Now for watches and jewels and cash.
And now for a wash, and a tranquil meal,
Hark—the clink of the iron heel!
"Bless his eyes," says burglarious JIM,
"What do I care for his boots, or him?"

Home, and rich—and we'll lurk a bit:
Thieves fall out, and a thief has split.
A gang's in quod, and there comes a day
When my Lord the Judge has a word to say.
"Bless his eyes," says burglarious JIM,
"What do I care for his wig or him?"

A chaplain whines to his softening pets,
Very soft sawder that chaplain gets,
Very sweet hymns the convict sings,
Very quick Ticket his piety brings—
"Bless his eyes," says burglarious JIM,
"What do I care for his hymns or him?"

Out on Ticket of Leave he stalks,
Tries garotte, to amuse his walks:
Trapped again, and again he sings
In tune with a scourge that whistles and stings.
"You've opened my eyes," says persuaded JAMES,
"I'll take the hint, and I'll stop my games."

GAS COMPANIES, BEWARE.

THERE is good news from Egypt. The Great Pyramid has been lit up with the Magnesium flame. This is no "allegory from the banks of the Nile," but a fact which MR. PIOZZI SMYTH publishes, and Mr. Punch triumphantly blazes abroad. The next mail will probably announce that Memnon has been serenaded by wire-light, and the Cataracts of the Nile illuminated by the same brilliant agency.

Chairmen, Directors, Shareholders of Gas Companies tremble for your supremacy, look to your despotism! Cash your dividends, clutch your bonuses, get rid of your shares! Escape from your bad gas, your dear gas, your dribbled gas is nearer than the most benighted consumer ever dreamed of. These slight metallic filaments may strand you, cut you off from the use of the globes, and drive you into the shade. Before long, your meter will not be the common meter it is now; your piping times are coming to a close; the main chance you have so well looked after is in danger!

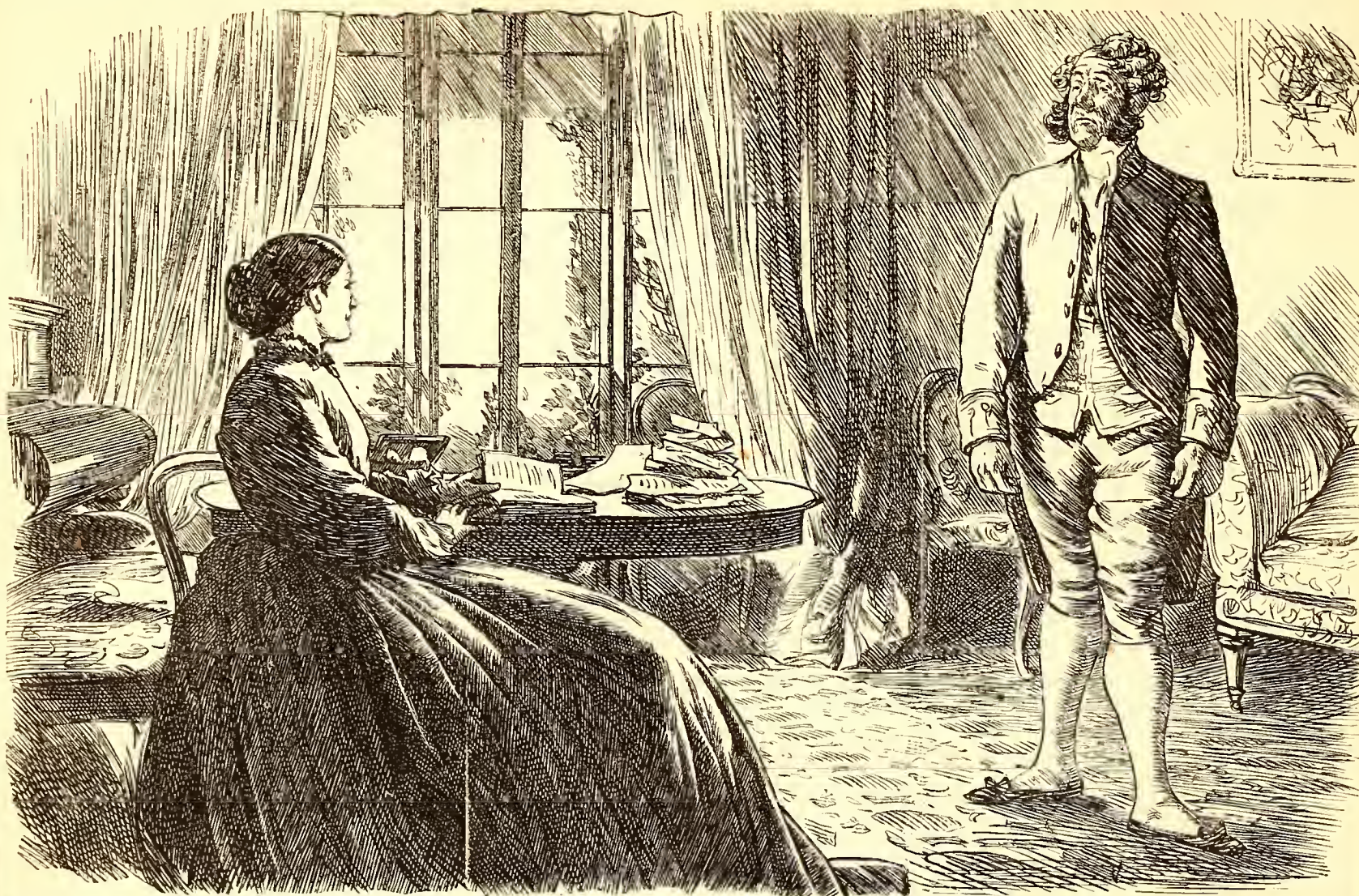
A word of advice. Be abundant, be brilliant, be cheap, and you may yet save yourselves from "all this coil," and hear no more of these cutting retorts; yet keep your feet (but at a considerable reduction per thousand). Determine that you will be no longer in such bad odour; set to work with all your might and main to satisfy our Equitable demands, and make our houses light-houses, and your "branches" shall still flourish, your "standards" never be lowered.

A word of warning. Persevere in your dimness and dearness, and every consumer amongst us will join a great Magnesium ribbon conspiracy, and gas become an exploded antiquity, as curious as a carriage and four, as strange as a stage coach. Don't gasconade, don't get into a flaming passion; but be wise, be enlightened, or you may have to swallow a dose of magnesium that will disorder you for many an annual meeting to come, and possibly, completely ruin your constitution.

Lampeter, March 1.

For the Nursery.

WHERE must little boys who put their fingers in their mouths expect to go to? Why, Gnaw-thumb-erland, you bad child.



A DELICATE CREATURE.

Mistress (on her Return from a Visit). "I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SMITHERS, THIS DAILY ITEM OF FIVE SHILLINGS FOR DINNERS. I THOUGHT——"

Smithers. "WELL, MUM, THE LOWER SUVVANTS WAS SO ADDICTED TO PORK, MUM, I RE'LLY—I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T OBJECK TO MY 'AVING MY MEALS HELSEWHERE!"

CÆSAR AND HIS CRITICS.

EVEN as the mighty JULIUS stood
With secret daggers round,
Drawn, when his mighty back he showed,
Hid, when he turned and frowned.

So the Imperial scribe is seen
Of CÆSAR and his fall,
Girt round, with pens, as poniards keen,
Filled less with ink than gall.

Eager—though safe from JULIUS' fate,
Their Gallic CÆSAR feel—
Upon his book to wreak their hate,
And stab it with their steel.

And he that from their wielders' fists !
Had struck the pens of France,
Dares in the literary lists
With them to break a lance !

Henceforth be KINGLAKE'S sneer withdrawn;
NAPOLEON ne'er did quail,
Before the muskets of Boulogne,
Or Piedmont's leaden hail.

His courage is of higher flight
Than soldiers need or know,
Who thus has dared a book to write
With France's wit his foe !

THE KING OF PRUSSIA CRYING.

SOME people have been too hard upon the KING OF PRUSSIA. They have represented his Prussian Majesty as being, in reward for the exploits of his army in Denmark, decorated with the Order of the Gallows. Schleswig and Holstein have been likened by them to the watch and chain of MR. BRIGGS, and they have pointed out an incomplete analogy between KING WILLIAM and MÜLLER. Were there, however, a European Central Criminal Court, before which princes and statesmen, the authors of unjust wars, could be arraigned for their crimes, and were the Sovereign who slew the Danes and took possession of the Duchies, tried by that tribunal for robbery and worse, there is good reason to hope that he would be acquitted of those charges. According to the Prussian correspondent of the *Times* :—

"A most affecting scene occurred the other day in a Berlin military hospital. In going the round of the wards, the KING noticed a man who had lost both his arms and legs. The KING inquired if there was anything he could do for him. The human torso, a victim of the late campaign, replied, 'Your Majesty, have me shot.' Deeply affected, the KING replied that he could not possibly fulfil this unchristian wish. Upon this, the unfortunate man, flying into a passion, cursed the doctors that had kept him alive. The KING turned away crying."

Poor old man ! After all, the KING OF PRUSSIA has a soft heart ; there is no denying that : but it is evidently accompanied by as soft a brain. He could weep at the sad spectacle exhibited by a "human torso, a victim of the late campaign," which he himself had ordered, out of ambition, and to pacify discontent. When he came to see a single example of the consequences of what he had done by waging a war of aggression, he was moved to tears. The sight of one poor wretch, his instrument in the work of slaughter and spoliation, who, in doing that work, had been deprived of all his limbs, and now begged to be shot out of his misery, made his Majesty cry. He was unprepared to behold such results of warfare as those presented by that truncated object. He had never forethought the effects of rifle and cannon shot on human shins and thigh and arm bones. Being at last confronted

WEALTHY AND WISE.—It's as easy as A B C to be rich and make a good use of your riches. Witness MISS ANGELA BURDETT COUTTS.



NULLUS AUT CÆSAR.

LOUIS (*An Ambitious Boy*). "AH HA! MON AMI! I SALL MAKE 'IM SO BIG AS YOU!"

with a solitary instance of them, he turned away crying. Could it possibly have occurred to him that the unhappy soldier, who implored death, and "cursed the doctors that had kept him alive," was a mere molecule in the mass of torment and woe created by the King who willed the Danish war, surely his tears would have drowned the wind.

The fact that the KING OF PRUSSIA cried on beholding an individual example of mutilation incurred in battle, conclusively shows that when he went to war he did not know what he was about. It bespeaks simple want of imagination and reflective intellect. Then, too, his refusal to have a man shot who wanted to be shot, evinces a scrupulousness which, combined with any capability of thinking, would have restrained him from needlessly causing to be shot men who did not want to be shot. The conscience which rejected the petition to be shot and put out of pain as "unchristian," would, in conjunction with the least degree of reason, have felt that the employment of needleguns and rifled cannon in aggressive war, to the infliction of the direst suffering and injury on multitudes, would be contrary to Christianity. No such sense gave the KING OF PRUSSIA pause in dooming thousands to a death of agony or a life of howling. Could he be brought to trial for the atrocities which at his bidding were perpetrated on Denmark, the verdict of an unprejudiced jury might well enough be Not Guilty, on the ground of inebecility.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

(Specially reported for the Drawing-Room.)

THE RING.

THE Match between the Pet and the Deep'un (whereof a detailed account was given by us a short time ago), which was interrupted by the authorities from the Home Office, was resumed the other day, and, after a gallant struggle, terminated so far satisfactorily as it is possible for such encounters to terminate.

It was very difficult to arrange such a safe place of meeting as should at once baffle the myrmidons of a maternal government and be moderately easy of approach for the parties engaged. This was admirably managed by one of the Pet's backers, well known in these circles as the Cousin, to whose cautious arrangement it was agreed on all hands that everything should be left.

Before the meeting it had been whispered that the Pet wished to be "off" with the Deep'un, and wanted to make a Match with ENSIGN GORDON (the Vacant Wallflower), but there was no truth whatever in the report.

The Alhambra Court in the Crystal Palace was the place fixed on by the Cousin, acting for the Pet. The Deep'un was attended by CAPTAIN SLIGO, of the Enniskillens. The Deep'un was first to arrive. The Pet was somewhat behind time.

On coming up to the scratch, both combatants advanced to meet one another, the Deep'un being the first to put out his hand, which was immediately taken by the Pet, and good-humouredly shaken.

The Cousin and BOB SLIGO, after whispering some parting advice in the ears of their *protégés*, then retired, and left the pair to the business of the day.

The Pet evinced a slight hesitation of manner, for which we can now easily account, but the Deep'un's compressed lips and steady gaze showed that he did not undervalue the difficulty of the task before him.

Round 1. The pair walked round, eyeing one another anxiously. Deep'un threw out a cautious feeler as to that fellow GORDON. Pet tried to stop it laughingly, but, in doing this, she made a slip, and was knocked almost out of time by a direct blow in the region of the heart.

Round 2. The Pet, on recovering, tried to look as if she did not care very much for her antagonist. But before she knew where she was, Pet was catching it heavily. Pet put in her right—to be heard, but was gently stopped. First tear for the Deep'un.

Round 3. (*Pompeian Court*.) Pet's eyes and nose bore evident marks of the Deep'un's punishment. Some desultory and random hitting on both sides. One or two sharp exchanges.

Round 4. (*Nineveh Court*.) Pet keeping well away, and timing the Deep'un. The Deep'un made a desperate attempt to close. Pet shook her head and got away laughing.

Rounds 5, 6. (*Tropical Department*.) Deep'un advanced, but could not better his position. He attempted to plant one on the cheek, but was stopped. Mutual sharp exchanges, gradually losing power on both sides. Deep'un now appeared to pluck up, and got closer and closer. The Pet evidently anticipating the next move, carefully guarded her face. This, however, did not *avail* her. The Deep'un got in cleverly underneath the guard, and planted one on the cherries. It was promptly returned by the Pet on the Deep'un's left whiskered, who, being a glutton of punishment, appeared anxious for a repetition. The Deep'un had evidently held himself back for this moment. He suddenly delivered one powerful one, which she caught directly in her ear. Pet returned softly, but truly, then fainted, was caught, but was stopped, and then went down on a seat. (*This was the decisive point in the fight.*)

Round 7. (*Leaving the Crystal Palace: evening*.) When they again came up Deep'un appeared with a grin of triumph on his good looking phiz, while the Pet, although still smiling, was evidently somewhat shaken by the last encounter. It was probably by her backer, The Cousin's, advice that Pet made several attempts to get well home. At last Deep'un allowed her to do so, and when Pet wanted to get away drove her with his left right up to her corner (Hyde Park Corner), where the Pet warily got down.

Round 8. It was now considered by all spectators a settled thing, and it was felt that it would be better for all parties, and more charitable to the plucky pair, if the fight was brought sharply to a conclusion. Deep'un's friends, four or five sporting gentlemen known as The Bachelors, were strongly opposed to this course.

When time was called (11 o'clock at St. George's, Hanover Square, *no cards*) the Deep'un appeared calm and collected, though by the nervous twitching about the corners of his mouth we could see that he wasn't as yet exactly at his ease. The Pet's eyes were much swollen, and it was apparent to all that it was as much as she could do to last out this final call upon her strength. After some hesitation both went down by the rails, where there were some heavy exchanges between them, the effects of which they will probably feel for life.

Pet had to be carried to her corner, and shortly afterwards her friends threw up the sponge-cake in token of defeat.

The umpire, the REV. C. UPLER, Rector of St. Bride's, of course gave his decision in favour of the Deep'un, who thereupon received the congratulations of his numerous friends.

The admirers of the Pet presented her with more than one valuable testimonial to her gallant conduct and undaunted pluck, throughout the late encounter.

The Pet's colours were orange and white; the Deep'un's variegated.

The courageous couple are now making a tour of the provinces for their mutual benefit.

THE COUSIN AND THE MATCHER.

Out of the above meeting arose a merry little mill between The Cousin and Pet's first trainer (maternal), known as The Matcher.

The Cousin came right at her antagonist, sending in one with her right by way of a salutation. The Matcher countered her heavily on the stairs. Both down by the library.

In the new rounds, the Matcher went in at the Cousin heavily for clandestinely assisting the Pet. This severely taxed the Cousin's powers. The Cousin, after some dodging, fibbed away merrily, evincing an amount of tact and discretion hardly to be expected of her, and the Matcher having apparently had a dose of it, refused to answer when called upon. This lasted 20 min. 15 sec.

THE COMMONS TO THE RESCUE!

Rise Barnes and Streatham! Wandsworth rise,
At Wimbledon's loud summons!
We can't afford to let a Lord
Play tailor to our Commons.

The coat I'd save that Nature gave,
Though sorely torn and tattered.
The gorse gold-lace frayed off its face,
The turf's green velvet battered.

That coat though rough I would not doff,
In spite of gods and men, Sir,
To show myself, my skirts cut off,
In what is called a *Spencer*.

Call Folks by their Right Names.

THE Jews in New York have presented a petition against a proposed amendment to the Constitution, one of a theological character. The Jews beg, in fact, that the Yankees will not call themselves Christians. While regretting that Jews will not cease to be Jews, we are bound to say that in this protest they stand up for consistency.

ONE FOR THE EMPEROR.

(Quotation from a certain Shakspearian Play, Act i. Scene 2.)

"Who is it in the Press?"—*Julius Cæsar*.

A GENUINE SUCCESS.

Faces in the Fire. Those of H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, and LORD RICHARD GROSVENOR, at the conflagration of Savile House.

THE Gas Companies' Lawyer.—COKE.



"AS CLEAR AS MUD."

Irish Waiter. "AN' WILL YER 'ANNER HAVE AN INSIDE KYAR OR AN OUTSIDE KYAR?"

Inexperienced Saxon. "OH, AN OUTSIDE CAR, OF COURSE; I DON'T WANT A COVERED CONVEYANCE; I WANT TO SEE THE COUNTRY."

Irish Waiter. "OH, SHURE, NAYTHER OF 'EM'S COVERED." (*Closing door and preparing for a luminous explanation.*) "IT'S THIS WAY, IT IS, SIR. THEY CALL 'EM INSIDE KYARS BEKASE THE WHEELS IS OUTSIDE, AN' THEY CALL 'EM OUTSIDE KYARS BY RASON THE WHEELS IS INSIDE!!"

HOW NICE IN HIM.

WE seldom notice criticism, but as, like BACON, we hold Everything to be in our department (including breakfast bacon), we are never debarred, by precedents of our own making, from saying just what we like. And just now we like to say how much we are pleased with recent demonstrations on the part of the Musical Critic of the *Athenæum*. That he is utterly devoid of the crotchets and the spitefulness so frequently observable in critics whose range of subject is limited, and whose reverence for it is fanatical, everybody knows, but for the warm-hearted and generous tributes which he has paid in circumstances which would have dictated smaller conduct to a smaller man, the majority of readers of the *Athenæum* may not have been prepared. The greatest pianist of the day, MISS ARABELLA GODDARD, whom we must also call by her rightful name, MRS. DAVISON, for the fuller elucidation of matters, has lately added to her renown by some magnificent performances of a composition by DUSSEK, called *L'Invocation*, and she has so marvellously well expounded a difficult masterpiece, that it has been demanded again and again at the Popular Concerts. The *Athenæum* writer not only felt a true artist's admiration of a true artist's performance, but a brotherly regard for a fellow-labourer, and as the lady's husband, who is the leading musical critic of London, was debarred by good taste from giving much more than a simple record of his wife's success, the hebdomadal reviewer has demonstrated at once his sense of justice and his feeling of chivalry, and has published the frankest and the warmest homage to MRS. DAVISON'S genius. He has attended all her performances of *L'Invocation*, listened with profound attention, and remained until the last applause ceased, so that when he came to write on the subject he spoke glowingly of what he had heard

STATISTICS OF POPULATION.

SIR,

My Son TOM and I myself occasionally talk over scientific matters after dinner. It's wonderful what can be done over some fine old Port. TOM wrote the following Paper from my dictation. Three bottles of dry, yet full-in-the-mouth, liquor, brings my son TOM out to advantage. As the Paper was sealed up and directed overnight (I suppose TOM did this, for I don't recollect it), I have not undone it to see whether it wanted any corrections or alterations this morning.

I remain, Sir, yours, ever in the cause of science,
MATTHEW MUDDLE.

N.B. The Compositor had great difficulty in deciphering the enclosed letter. It was blotted in several places with a liquid, that both in colour and smell bore a strong resemblance to Port wine. The commencement was in a pretty fair hand, but as the letter progressed, the writer apparently lost himself in the subject. The heading was written up in a corner, and was evidently an after-thought:—

STISTICS O POPSHUN.

There's a mean population in Ireland. 257 mean populations in 1841 square miles. Pass the bottle. The Fresh poplition—no stop—the French poplation is below the Irish stannard. I don't mind if I do have nother, buzz it. There are sixty-two apartments of France below the soil. I take the lowest figure and throw him in. It's corked: try nother. 53,975,000 of Fresh poplshon live in a reduced aria. Pass the Pyramids, no the Pyrenees, and pass the Borel, not corknow into Spain where there are cops crops and other advances. Only 80 people in Spain.

Popshun of Iland blow the Danube. Curous fac that, vercurous fac, not genelmanly known. Pass bol. I remain, yours tudaly, my dear boy, nofished, no finished yet.

Russians Popshun 32 black moles in ekseshional condshon. Shant write nymore see Guvnor bowd first. Dear-boy bed. No more stistics. Curousfac vercurous facs no gellymally known. Gooight ol flow.

I signself,
TOM MUDDLE.

A Historical Parallel.

SOME people object to the parallel which the Imperial author of the Life of JULIUS evidently intends to draw between biographer and subject. The likeness will be more clearly seen, if the name be written—as it should be—"SEIZER."

lovingly. Again, in the case of the Manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, who has not been so successful as his varied efforts to amuse the public deserved, the *Athenæum* critic has been as kind, if not as warm. He has pointed out defects and errors, but in a candid spirit, and at the close of the season, instead of exulting in the fulfilment of unfavourable prophecies, and bestowing a parting sneer upon a gentleman who has not been fortunate, he has credited him with his energy and spirit, and with his abstaining from availing himself of his position in order to come before the public, and has bid him cheer up and hope for better luck next time. He has also proclaimed, and we are only too happy to follow his lead, that the popular favourite, MR. W. HARRISON, will take his benefit at Her Majesty's on Thursday, the 16th of March, when he ought to be exceedingly well befriended by the lovers of English music and English honesty.

Fair Play for the Davenports.

THE DAVENPORT Brothers "die hard," and PALMER and FAY, their touters, are not to be silenced by failure and exposure. PALMER now demands a "jury of twelve" to decide upon the merits of the Brothers; and considering the blasphemous assertions of the mountebanks—amongst others, that of being "released from their bonds" by a spirit—we think PALMER'S request ought to be granted, and a "jury of twelve" summoned to try the gang for receiving money under false pretences.

NOTICE BY THE SPEAKER.

THE gentleman who dropped his voice may hear of it again by applying to any of the doorkeepers of the House of Commons.

THE KING OF THE LUMBAGEES.

BY BENNY THE BO'SEN.



I'LL sing you a song o' my father,
Who was bo'sen aboard the *King Arthur*,
Which wessel went sailing out rather
Beyond all Her Majesty's seas;
I think I now see him as he's
Talking to my boy JACK on his knees—
"We sailed all about the horizon,
Seeing sights as was awful surprisin';"
This yarn spun my father to *my* son
Of the King of the Lumbagees.

The old Salt,
BENNY's father,
begins his rela-
tion to MASTER
JACK, his grand-
son.

Early domestic
troubles.

His flight.

He appeases
MASTER JACKY's
impatience.

Geographical
information.

Type of race.

Distinguished
Passenger

His charitable
object.

Protracted
Passage.

Fearful situa-
tion. No grog.

No prog.

Poor relief!
Dark hint.

"When I was a young 'un at Spithead
I met KITTY KICKSY as fitted
My taste: I was much to be pitied,
As she turned out a regular tease.
She was always a raising a breeze;
When my tail she would angrily seize.
I got a berth on the *King Arthur*,
All along of my knowin' a tar there,
And sailed, leaving your grandmamma there;
And now for the Lumbagees!

"The wessel was bound for Lumbago,
Which is somewhere not far from Podargo,
We took out a curious cargo
To land on the furriner's keys.
Now this here Lumbago be's
An isle in the Southern Seas;
The native's a sort o' confusion
'Twixt African, Chinese, and Rooshian,
The chief city's name is Mashushan,
And the people are Lumbagees.

"On board there was a Missionary,
Who spoke the brogue of Tipperary,
And he'd preached to the blacks in the prairie
What he'd learnt in his *Collegees*.
For promoting of life's decencies
He took out some little coatees.
In flannel he'd some of the best kits
Of thingummyfigs and warm westkits
Which he took with some grog and ship's biscuits
For the good of the Lumbagees.

"We sailed for a year and a quarter,
We hadn't a drop of cold water,
And only one bottle of porter—
Such accidents happen as these—
We'd killed all the ducks and the geese,
Our bread was as dry as our cheese,
We couldn't ha' held out much longer
If we hadn't cot a fine conger,
Or we should ha' done something wronger
Than a cussin' the Lumbagees.

"We were talking of eating the skipper
With winegar, mustard, and pippier,
When a cheer from the mizen cries: 'Hip-hur-
-ray! for the tops o' trees!'
The voice was the Missionairee's,
As was working his compassees.
'We've got,' says he, 'near the Equator,
My glass jist makes out a young cratur
Almost in a state o' natur'—
'Twas the state of the Lumbagees.

"We landed: the King with an escort
Came down, and a white flannel westcoat
We gave him; and this as his best coat
He wore till his royal decease.
He wasn't unlike a Chineese,
With a liking for green and black teas;
And while he was being converted
With all the Princesses I flirted,
And by pretty manners divrted
The beautiful Lumbagees.

"The bold Missionary did in go
For talking the Lumbagee lingo,
And the King gave up worshipping Jingo
And the heathenish goddesses;
And the people who fricassees
Had made of all Missionarees,
Refused this good person to dish up,
Canonicals they made him fish up
From his box, and they called him Archbishop
Of the various Lumbagees.

"And I, for my wisdom, soon arter
Was spliced to the King's eldest darter,
And was made by position a martyr
To all the Court ceremonies.
With forms I *always* disagrees,
For I likes to sit down at my ease.
They bow'd and they scraped in a bevy,
Which they did ev'ry day at a levy;
The work done by Royalty's heavy
At the Court of the Lumbagees.

"I reigned for two years in this fashion,
Till the parleyment got in a passion,
And the populace all day kept smashin'
The windows of plate glassees;
They pulled down my shiver de freeze';
As I couldn't the beggars appease,
I went to the bishop, the clerk too,
We all smuggled out in the dark, to
Find a ship in which we could embark, to
Get away from the Lumbagees!



"They took us aboard the *Red Rover*,
They gave us a passage to Dover,
And here I am living in clover
On the bounty wot's her Majesty's.
I wouldn't be monarch of Greese,
Nor bishop of all the high Sees—
I'd sooner rub on as a lackey,
I would! Bear a hand, MASTER JACKY,
You hand down a pipe of tobacco,
And bother the Lumbagees!"

Delicacy.

Land.

The charitable
person from Tip-
perary addresses
the sailors.

Indelicacy.
Explanatory.

The King, with
his escort, re-
ceives the
strangers.

More type.

An impression.

Great success.

The Primate.

Grandmamma
being, it is sup-
posed, defunct.

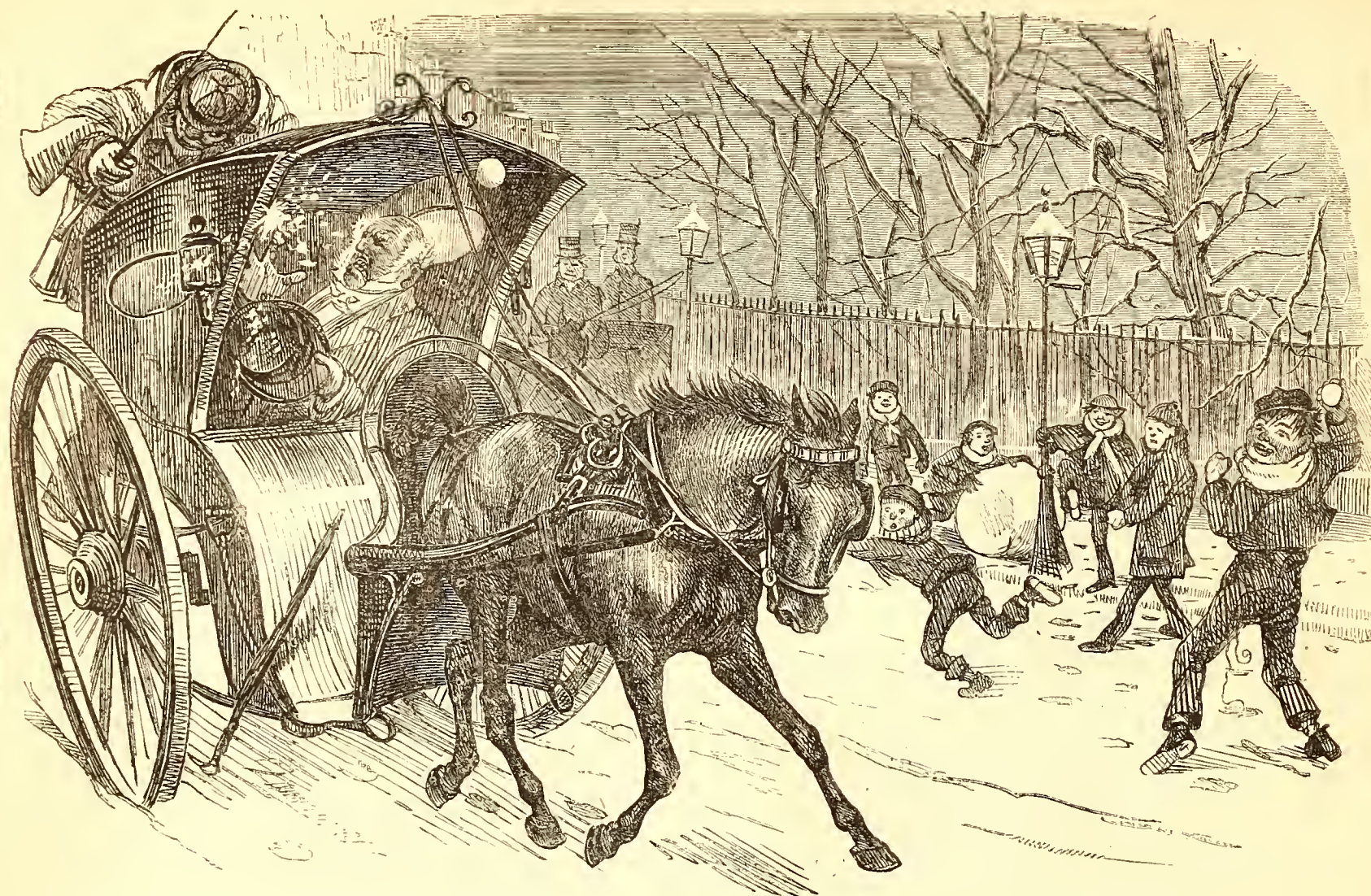
Taste.

He is made
King.

Remarkable
Fact.
Riots.
Abdication.

He becomes a
Pensioner.
Wise conclusion.

The old gentle-
man ends his
narration in
smoke.



AN ADVOCATE FOR PROGRESS.

Cabby. "WHY, SIR, IT AIN'T O' NO USE STOPPING, BECAUSE THE LONGER WE STAYS, THE WORSE WE'LL GET IT!"

REPRESENTATION AND REASON.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,

It is not true that I was buried at the Holy City in a steel coffin suspended between two loadstones. I was taken up in a trance into the seventh heaven, and remained there until I was let down again the other day, when the FERGUSONS got me into their power, and, for purposes of their own, immured me in this place, from which the angel Gabriel will shortly liberate me, and then I shall be revenged upon them!

In the newspapers which are allowed here, I see that MR. BAINES and others have prepared a Bill for extending the elective franchise to six-pound householders. Sir, I ask, why draw the line at six pounds? Why not go the whole animal? I do not say "hog," because I hold that beast unclean.

Sir, I am for universal suffrage. If the mass of six-pound householders have intelligence enough to vote, I want to know who has not? I am for real universal suffrage, mind you. Some advocates of a suffrage which they call universal would limit their liberality by allowing a vote only to every unconvicted person of sound mind. Setting the case of criminals, who have forfeited their political rights, aside, I protest against the implied exception.

There is a man in this place who labours under the delusion that he has discovered perpetual motion. Though insane upon that one point, on all others he is perfectly rational. He is a person of vast information, and most logical reasoning faculties; and he is particularly well up in constitutional history. Is the single slate loose in this man's well-furnished upper storey a disqualification for the exercise of the elective franchise so great as the ignorance and general mental deficiency of the uneducated masses? He, I am sure, would, standing at the polling-booth to vote for the man of his choice, know perfectly well what he was about. Are we as certain that even every ten-pound householder would, supposing him, for the sake of argument, to be sober?

But do not mistake me, Sir. My voice is for the representation of all classes and all orders of intellect, not excepting the lowest, and

inclusive even of the disordered. Derangement, Sir, is very inadequately represented in the House of Commons—only by a few Irish Members with lucid intervals, and perhaps one Englishman. No wonder that the law on the subject of lunacy is in so unsatisfactory a condition.

One of the inmates of this establishment believes himself to be ALEXANDER THE GREAT. I say, Sir, that, consistently maintaining the principle of inherent representative right irrespectively of intellect, you ought to allow a vote even to that fool, who says that he is older than I am, and flourished more than nine hundred years before my flight from Mecca. Of course, Sir, you are aware that I am

Hare House Asylum, March, 1865.

MAHOMET.

The Duke's Motto.

Now who my Patron Saint shall be?

Quoth the bold DUKE OF SUTHERLAND:

There's Saint *Sophia* might do for me,

But *she* belongs to another land.

For an Englishman my voice I'll raise,
My Patron Saint shall be Bishop *Blaise*.

Parliamentary Waste of Time.

EVERY one to his own opinion: about the value of the Minutes of Council respecting education; but at any rate those minutes do not amount to such a bore as the hours on hours of empty jaw which the House of Commons is continually devoting to the inconclusive discussion of that tiresome subject.

A THOUGHT IN THE PARK.

WHAT an aggravating reminder—to meet your most pressing creditor driving a pair of dun ponies.

HISTORY EPITOMISED (by LOUIS NAPOLEON).—"CÆSAR and BONEY very much alike: specially BONEY!"



SEASONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

1st Swell. "WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH YOURSELF THE LAST TWO MONTHS, CHARLIE?"

2nd Ditto. "LITHEWALLY, BY DEAR FELLAR, BLOWID BY DOSE IDCESSADTLY; WHAT HAVE YOU?"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, March 6.

Discussion in the Lords about new military hospitals, said to be constructed on the "glass and glare" principle. Some tolerable jokes were exchanged on the subject, which showed that the Lords had not degenerated from that witty nobleman, "my LORD BIRON," who undertook

"To jest a twelvemonth in an hospital."

In the Commons to-night, and in the Lords on the next evening, came questions and explanations on what will be known as "the LEONARD EDMONDS Scandal." If it were

not that one great name, which has ever been honoured in these pages, though its owner has also contributed in no small degree to their fun, has been mixed up with this business, *Mr. Punch* would make very short work of it. There is clearly a

whole chapter of omissions and commissions to be read. But *Mr. Punch* is certain that he shall please all honest readers (and he never desires to please any others) by forbearing from detail or comment until HENRY BROUGHAM shall have been heard, and then all good men will be both grieved and astonished, should not his speech be instantly followed by a unanimous verdict of acquittal. Call the next case.

The next case was that of JOHN BULL v. Railway Mismanagement. MR. BENTINCK, for the plaintiff, demanded that Government should have power to inquire into accidents, and frame regulations.

As for the latter desire, the fact is that regulations are framed already, and the frames are nailed up at the Stations, but officials do not observe them. MR. MILNER GIBSON utterly declined, on the part of Government, to undertake the proposed responsibility. On the whole, we incline to think that the best preventive of accidents which has yet been discovered is the old but invaluable machine called the British Jury. It frightens Directors into something like vigilance. The machine is kept in a box, and when properly Charged, it explodes with splendid effect, and is in fact a tremendous fog-signal, for intimating to mis-managers that something is wrong.

And now for "*Rule Britannia*."

The martial, naval, and majestic hymn having been executed, and our minds having been brought into what good *Tony Lumpkin* calls a "concatenation," accordingly, LORD CLARENCE PAGET introduced the Navy Estimates.

Never mind about the money—we must pay what LORD CLARENCE asks—but let us see what we have got for the money.

We have got (in addition to our Wooden Walls, in which we are not to trust) Thirty Armour-Clad Ships, most of them ready, and the rest (save one—now then, Millwall, wake up!) so forward that they can be ready to do slaughter at Christmas.

We are to have, for this year, 69,750 men, 2,200 fewer than last year; but fewer men mean more officers, and therefore better-served ships, in these days of science.

We are to have 7,000 boys—the same number as last year.

We reduce the number of our Marines on shore, and we knock off 500 men from the expensive Coast Guard.

Among the Thirty Tyrants of the Azure Main, we have 19 iron-plated Line-of-Battle Ships, 7 smaller ones, and 4 of great value for defensive purposes.

We are to have Four Ships of tremendous speed, which his Lordship described as "Four *Alabamas*." *Absit omen*.

We are to have a "really" sea-going vessel (there is a history in that word "really") on CAPTAIN COWPER COLES'S principle.

We are to have new Docks for the new set of large armour-clad Ships.

All that reads pleasantly, and if we add that we are asked for £10,392,224 to pay for these things (some £300,000 less than last year), *Mr. Punch* does not set the fact down to damp satisfaction, for

"Estimates never were designed
To make our pleasures less,"

but because business is business as well as pleasure.

A good deal was said in reply to LORD CLARENCE, and SIR JOHN PAKINGTON declined to wear rose-coloured spectacles, and had a many things to say against various ships, and against MR. REED, the Government designer, who, SIR JOHN considered, had bewitched his employers—they, like *Sylvia*, rejoicing in

"Telling how, with eager speed,
They flew to hear the vocal REED."

SIR J. ELPHINSTONE accused the Government of wasting money over bad ships. We resumed the subject on *Thursday*, and SIR MORTON PETO was very severe on the Government, and as to MR. REED, the Baronet said that the appointment of that gentleman made him disbelieve in the DUKE OF SOMERSET, but what profanity may not be expected from a Dissenter, MRS. GRUNDY? SIR MORTON appealed to CAPTAIN SHERARD OSBORN'S report in favour of the *Royal Sovereign*, which is adapted to the COWPER-COLES plan, and is stated to be the best ship in the navy. So said SIR J. HAY, who declared that the country was not in a proper state of defence. To all these charges LORD CLARENCE replied, complained that Members picked up gossip, quoted ADMIRAL DACRES, who seems to have commanded all the ships in the world, and thought

well of many of them, denied that the Admiralty had opposed CAPTAIN COLES (we dare say), defended MR. REED, and did his duty gallantly as an official. But we had not half done with him. COLONEL SYKES urged that the French navy was scarcely more than half as costly as ours, SIR H. WILLOUGHBY went at figures, and declared that the real reduction from last year was only £25,000; MR. BENTINCK objected to all reductions. MR. STANSFELD made a most clear and able speech—so good that it must have delighted the Opposition and MR. COX to think that they had driven so good a man out of office. He showed a thorough sea-going knowledge on the subject, and the sooner he is in place again the better. MR. CHILDERS, who is in office, defended the figures cleverly. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON remained, like the *Brothers Cheeryble's* butler, “unconvinced,” and then the men and boys and the money to pay them were voted, MRS. GRUNDY.

“Rule BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA rules the waves,
Those who insult her tread upon their graves.”

With a sweet smile *Mr. Punch* resumes his habitual bland, pacificatory and pacificawhig manner, and takes a flying backward leap into

Tuesday. To-day a gentleman took his seat for Tralee. This gentleman calls himself THE O'DONAGHUE, but THE PUNCH has a little story to tell him. Last year but one, *Mr. Punch* was sailing on a certain Lake, or Loch, in what MR. GLADSTONE calls a conquered country, and which the map calls Scotland. In the boat, a magnificent Highlander fraternised with *Mr. Punch*, and as they smoked the pipe of peace, the former,

“In the garb of old Gaul, with the fire of old rum,”

said to the latter, pointing at a third, “That person calls himself ‘THE MAC *****.’ He is wrong to do so. There are but three personages in this world (besides yourself) who are entitled to prefix the definite article to their names. These are THE MAC *****, *The MAC ******, and *The Devil*.” Now, as the Irish gentleman in question is not *Mr. Punch*, nor any one of the other three gentlemen named,* he must excuse *Mr. Punch* for not giving him the Article. But wise compromise is the essence, as MACAULAY says, of all political action, and *Mr. Punch* has no objection to borrowing a Christian name from a very delightful story in that admirable publication *Once a Week* (BRADBURY & EVANS, Whitefriars), by MISS ANNIE THOMAS, and calling the gentleman THEO DONAGHUE. His admirers, and we dare say he has many, for he has pluck and manners, though he makes wild mistakes, may at their liking suppose him to have been christened THEODORE, THEODOSIUS, THEOPHILUS, or THEOPOMPUS. But not for all Ireland will *Mr. Punch* break the Promise of Odin, which he made to that great Highlander, never to mis-bestow a title.

The entire night was taken up by a debate on the Malt Tax, at the end of which discussion the Agricultural JEREMY DIDDLE was informed, by 251 to 171, that MR. GLADSTONE had such a thing as Seven Millions about him, and meant to keep it about him. If JEREMY would only study the cartoons of the Prophet *Punch*, so much time would not be wasted.

A Bill was brought in for enabling the Government to acquire the block of houses between Parliament Street and King Street. Another metropolitan eyesore is to be cured with Golden ointment. It is time.

Wednesday. LORD ROBERT MONTAGU tried to carry a measure for protecting all the Rivers of England from the abominations which are cast into them, and which convert our sparkling streams into foul and fetid sewers. The proposal is a noble one, but—business is business, and as MR. BRIGHT said (and he is a devoted fisherman, and no debilitated scoffer at out-door sports), better the fish die than the manufacturers, to whom the drainage is necessary. SIR GEORGE GREY, of course, resisted the measure, but many Members called on him to take up the subject, and try to do something with it. Nothing of the kind, and ultimately the Bill was withdrawn. Nevertheless the British Naiades owe their smiles to LORD ROBERT, and next time he goes into Poet's Corner, very likely dear old MICHAEL DRAYTON, who sang of all our rivers in his *Polyolbion*, will say that he is much obliged. Meantime we say it for him.

Thursday. Good gracious, MRS. GRUNDY, can't you mind what's said to you? We have told you what was done on Thursday, you inattentive old woman. “In the Lords?” Oh, ah, well, yes, in the Lords the Chancellor brought in a Bill for Abolishing Imprisonment for Debt, except by the County Courts. A Committee was appointed to inquire into The Scandal, and LORD RUSSELL said that we were not going to interfere in a war which is being waged on the Plate, between—what does it matter?

Yes, and MR. GLADSTONE refused to tell MR. WHITE whether the Surplus Cake was to be cut before or after Easter, but has told since.

* “*Edgar*. The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman,
MODO he's called, and MAYHEW.”

King Lear, Act iii. Sc. 4.

Friday. Question in the Lords about the sale of nineteen Irish barracks. LORD MALMESBURY said that they ought not to be sold for a song. Slardy pend, as the French say. Some songs are worth ninety and nine Irish barracks, for instance, the composition of DEAN SWIFT's (which isn't a song, but the moral's the same) about an Irish barrack, and which contains an officer's views on classical education—

“Your NOVIDS and BLUTARCHS and OMERS and stuff,
By Jove, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.”

So we are not to make bargains with our lawyers. The Lords are afraid that innocent clients will be done, and rejected the Chancellor's Bill by 23 to 21.

A New Zealand debate Below, — chiefly notable because MR. ROEBUCK vomited flames against the Maoris, and declared that civilised man did a service to humanity by killing all wild beasts, of whom the worst was the wild man. The House, to its credit, was indignant at this display of Christian philanthropy, and the Colonial Secretary bore testimony both to the valour and chivalry of the Maoris, many of whom behaved, he said, in the spirit of true gentlemen.

MR. LOCKE brought in a Bill touching theatres, whereof *Mr. Punch* will have more to say when he shall have seen its provisions. If it is a Free Trade measure, and if provision is made against Music Hall abuses, it shall have the favourable consideration of *Mr. Punch*, and he is the oldest theatrical manager in the world.

THE RUIN OF THE RIVERS.

O YE Gods and little fishes!

Deities, our streams that pour,
Finny tribe, that furnished dishes
Which we now can taste no more,
What a doleful revolution
Hath befallen your domains,
Bearing all the foul pollution
Of our cities through our plains!

Rus in urbe is right pleasant;
Urbs in rure pains the nose
When its refuse, as at present,
In the turbid streamlet flows,
Mixed with floods of poison, welling
From the factory and the mine,
How insufferably smelling!
Cast away the rod and line.

Trout can be no longer taken
In the stream whence eels have fled,
Which the halcyon has forsaken,
But the wagtail's feet can tread.
All the birds, as from Avernus,
Soon from putrid streams will flee.
Into what will PLUTUS turn us?
What will poor old England be?

River-gods, to swains imploring
Streams pellucid, from your urns
What is it that you are pouring
Into rivers, brooks and burns?
Fluid that, with reek ill-scented,
Loads so heavily the gales
That you should be represented
Not as bearing urns, but pails.

In its progress to the billows
Of your mixture people drink.
Rank and flush, the fattened willows
House the Naiads of the sink:
And their mistress, CLOACINA,
Holds with you divided reign
O'er what something is between a
River and an open drain.

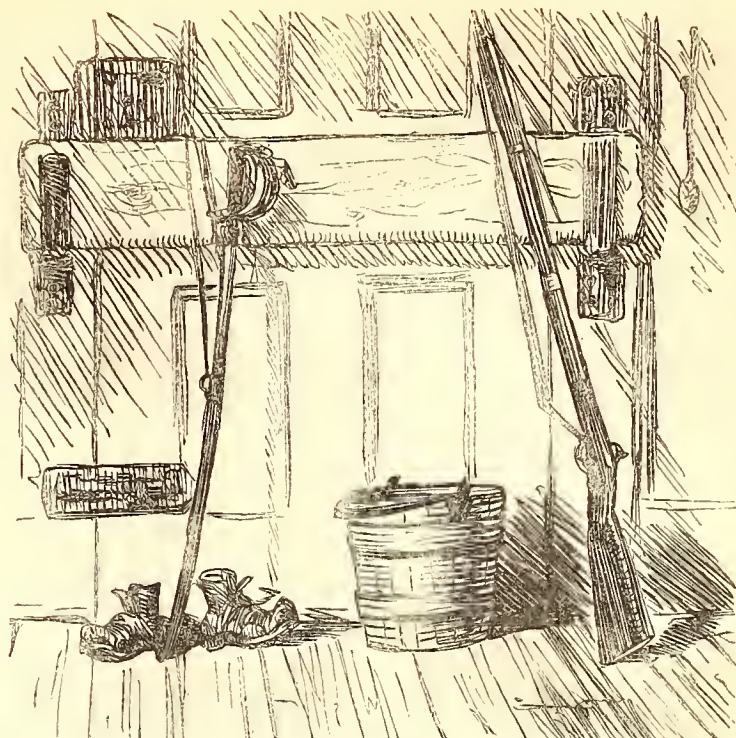
With the instinct of the beaver
Whilst our money-makers toil,
Do they never dream of fever,
Sweeping Britain's crowded soil?
To those spoilers if we give in,
This land will be, by-and-by,
Surely made unfit to live in;
Then it will be time to die.

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.—FECHTER's acting in *The Roadside Inn* may be described as the devil-may-care style.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.—Matchmaking.



OUTSIDE.



INSIDE.

JONES'S STUDIO-DOOR THREE WEEKS BEFORE SENDING IN PICTURES TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

AN EXCUSE FOR EXETER HALL.

LIBERAL AND TOLERANT MR. PUNCH,

You and I, and all men of decent scholarship, refined minds, enlarged views, and genteel connections, entertaining a due contempt for the greasy and half-educated middle classes, must rejoice at the defeat of MR. NEWDEGATE's motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the extensive character and increase of monastic or conventual societies in Great Britain. Must we not, Sir? At the same time, however, we cannot but be naturally disgusted with the largeness of the minority in favour of that proposal, 79 to 106. But, *Mr. Punch*, there is some excuse to be made for a few if not many of the members of that minority.

Of course, Sir, everybody who constitutes himself a party to any measure in any way opposed to Roman Catholicism, exposes himself to be looked upon as an Exeter Hall bigot, and an ignorant and vulgar brute. The sanctity of all Roman Catholic nunneries is indisputable; tyranny and cruelty are unknown within the walls of any of those establishments. Whosoever believes that there have ever occurred, or can occur any exceptions to these rules, *anathema esto*, and besides that, he is a fool and a Snob. No such a thing as abuse of the confessional, on the part of a Roman Catholic priest, has ever transpired; notwithstanding that an enormous instance of it was pleaded on behalf of the defendant himself in the case of *ACHILLI v. NEWMAN*. All this is as true as the miraculous translation of the House at Loreto. Nothing goes on in any Roman Catholic convent that would not bear the light, and edify the beholders. Nunneries might be built of glass for that matter, and then they would be crystal conservatories, through which only the flowers of sanctity would be visible, in full bloom. The thought that any nunnery can require inspection or regulation can only exist in the mind of a fanatical and prurient ass. There is no necessity whatever for the supervision exercised over monastic establishments by the State in Catholic countries.

But, *Mr. Punch*, though all Roman Catholic nunneries can be safely presumed to be abodes of goodness and purity, there are some other establishments of a cenobitical nature which cannot, Sir. There is an Agapemone or Abode of Love, which, for aught we know, may be the Abode of Humbug, and worse. The same may be said of all Protestant convents and monasteries. What is sauce for the Roman Catholic goose, unfortunately, must also be sauce for the anythingarian gander. The unconditional allowance of Roman Catholic convents you see, Sir, necessitates the like toleration of others not so immaculate. Any religious impostor might keep a seraglio and call it a convent. That consideration may have induced some of the members of MR. NEWDEGATE's minority to vote for inquiry, which, we well know, could only result in the glorification of the convents of the Roman Catholics, but would be necessary for the merited exposure of the others, at present without any.

INSPECTOR.

"HOW TO TIE THE TOM FOOL KNOT."—Marry.—*Old Bachelor Brute.*

SENTIMENT AND THE STREAMS OF ENGLAND.

IN opposing LORD ROBERT MONTAGU's motion for a Bill to prevent the rivers of England from continuing to be poisoned and polluted with the sewage of towns and the washings of mines and chemical works, MR. BRIGHT is reported by the *Morning Post* to have said:—

"The noble Lord, he was sure, was not well acquainted with the state of things throughout the country, and had a sentimental feeling that it would be much better if all our streams ran pure water."

Sentiment is fast declining in this country, thanks to the influence of such men as the honourable Member from Birmingham, and others who, in or out of Parliament, represent the breeches-pocket. These estimable gentlemen are trying to make us all ashamed of sentiment by sneering, under that name, at every impulse that does not tend to the creation of material wealth. "Perish Nice, and perish Savoy!" was an exclamation which signally evinced this sensible contempt for sentiment. But the application of the derisive epithet, "sentimental," to "a feeling that it would be much better if all our streams ran pure water," surpasses that utterance of a highly unsentimental intellect. MR. BRIGHT is made of sterner stuff than the queasy aristocrat who entertains a weak predilection for the purity of water which we drink. What does bluff JOHN BRIGHT care about drinking the Thames, to which the sewers of towns are tributaries? "Your liquid manure to its right use," says LORD ROBERT MONTAGU; "'tis for the land." "Pooh!" we may suppose his opponent to rejoin; "it will do as well for the cup." If the Thames run drab as a member of the Society of Friends, MR. BRIGHT would perhaps say, "What matter?" The matter is more easily swallowed by a man with MR. BRIGHT's unfatigued views about the purity of rivers, than named by one of ordinary squeamishness. The idea of the Roman Emperor about the inodorousness of money falls far short of the philosophical insensibility of the representative of Birmingham to the unpleasantness of diluted sewage. To be sure, no Member of Parliament, who has sat out even one Session, and has any nose at all, can say *Thamesis non olet*. MR. BRIGHT does not say so, but he says, in effect, that if the Thames is offensive to sentimental people, it is good enough for the beverage of people who are not more nice than they need be. Some, whom others call sentimental, are apt to call those others sordid. Such dainty creatures will doubtless consider sordidness as having culminated in a strong-minded derision of a preference of streams which run pure water to streams that run turbid with the dirt of money-making, and the abominations of towns. But when MR. BRIGHT twitted LORD R. MONTAGU with sentiment, it was perhaps only scent he meant.

CONFIDENTIAL.—GEORGINA gives an unanswerable reason for putting as much as possible into the letters she writes to the absent one in Mauritius. She says they are *crossed* in love.

APPEAL OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO.—Am I not a Man and a Bother?



COOL.

Hunting Man (who has got over without trouble.) "OH, NOW YOU'RE DOWN, SIR, WILL YOU KINDLY OIVE ME UP MY WHIP?"

THE TORTURE OF THE TELEGRAPH.

"Another triumph for science! The Electric Wire is now laid down from Kurrachee to London, via Constantinople, and a message from Bombay is flashed to our Indian Minister in eight hours and a half."—*London Papers*, March, 1865.

Office of SIR CHARLES WOOD, Secretary of State for India. SIR CHARLES is discovered with a Map of India before him, and MURRAY'S *Hand-book to India* in his hand.

Sir Charles Wood (reads). "The Bombay Presidency contains"—stop, which side did I say Bombay was—I see—left hand side of India; I must remember that somehow—Bombay is in Bengal—two B's, and Madras is in the Middle—recollect two M's—now then. "The Bombay Presidency contains"—(a knock). Come in.

Enter a Clerk. Beg pardon, SIR CHARLES, but the Collector of Hyderabad telegraphs to know what he is to do in the dispute with the Collector of Shikarpur.

Sir Charles. Bother them both. I'll consider. (*Exit Clerk.*) Where's Hyderabad—I don't see it—I believe there's no such place—fabulous, like the Hydra, and that's not *bad*, ha! ha! (*A knock.*) Come in.

Enter a Clerk. Beg pardon, SIR CHARLES, but there is a telegram to say that the Rajah of Akalkot has attacked the other Satara Jagirdars, and you are asked to say instantly what is to be done.

Sir Charles. Say he ought to be ashamed of himself, and I will write by the next mail. (*Exit Clerk.*) Confound all Rajahs, and this Akalkot particularly—I shall remember his name by A. CALCOTT, the painter. "The Bombay Presidency"—(a knock). Come in.

Enter a Clerk. Beg pardon, SIR CHARLES, but the Bhil Agent of Ahmadnagar telegraphs to complain that the settlement officer at Ratnagiri has called him an old cow.

Sir Charles. Extremely rude—tell him I say so, and that I hope I may never hear such an expression again. (*Exit Clerk.*) This infernal telegraph; I wish it would snap; I wish somebody would cut it; I wish the Turks would steal it; I have no peace in my life. But I must understand this. "There are four divisions"—why the deuce

should there be four?—just to give me extra trouble. "Poonah comprehends"—(a knock). Come in.

Enter a Clerk. Beg pardon, SIR CHARLES, but we have a telegram from the Commandant of the Gujarat Irregular Horse, saying—

Sir Charles. I won't hear anything that is irregular, and an irregular horse is my abomination. Say everything must be done regularly, and in conformity with the rules laid down for the service. (*Exit Clerk.*) "The total area of this Presidency is one, eight, ought, seven, one, five"—let's see, that's a million and seventeen—no, only six figures, and a million wants seven, GLADSTONE told me that for a fact—"one, eight, ought"—(a knock). Come in.

Enter a Clerk. Beg pardon, SIR CHARLES, but the Deputy Opium Agent in Mahabaleshwar sends a telegram to say that he wants a holiday to visit his grandmother in Babriawad.

Sir Charles. He shan't have one. I never get a holiday. Let him write to his grandmother, and mind his opium. (*Exit Clerk.*) What right has he to have a grandmother, when I'm bothered like this? "The territory lying to the south of Belgaum," that's a misprint for Belgium, I suppose,—no, Belgium's in Germany—"south of Belgaum"—(a knock). Come in.

Enter a Clerk. Beg pardon, SIR CHARLES, but you promised to telegraph this morning to Sholapur to say what the GUICOWAR was to do with the jamdiddies of Jhamkandi.

Sir Charles. So I did. Confound their jams and candies. Tell him to persevere in the same line of policy which has been indicated in previous despatches, unless unforeseen eventualities, of which he will apprise me (by letter, mind) necessitate a re-arrangement of relations. (*Exit Clerk.*) I'll have that telegraph stopped; be hanged if I won't. "The Collectorates of the Native States are"—(a knock). Come in.

Enter a Clerk. Beg pardon, SIR CHARLES, but we have a telegram from Rutnagherry, stating that the Bohrahs of Balasinheshwar have strangled the Woppertoddy of Okalmandel—

Sir Charles. Serve him right.

Clerk. And that unless we instantly order a catakodas of elephants into the Ramjezzas of Krishnarajaparam, the Kunjetti Anderhalli will not be answerable for the consequences.

Sir Charles (in a rage.) And who asked him, her, them, it, or what—



THE TORMENTED MINISTER.

SIR CHARLES WOOD BELIEVES THAT IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE TO HAVE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

ever he is, to be answerable? I am the Minister for India, and I am answerable for everything. Send him word to go to blazes, or whatever is equivalent to that in the religion of Juggernaut, or whatever other Mohammedan creed he holds. And I'll have no more messages to-day, mind that. (*Exit Clerk.*) It's enough to make a man tear his hair and throw bottles.

(*As he resumes MURRAY, scene closes.*)

A NEW BALLAD OF SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN.

Showing how certain sely Knights of the Shire would have had SIR JOHN lead their raid on the Treasurie, and how SIR JOHN said them nay.

'Tis of SIR JOHN THE BARLEYCORN,
That stalwart English knight,
And against the gamesome PALMERSTONE
'Tis he must lead the fight.

To him there drew brave BARTELOTT,
And that stout squire, DUCANE,
That on a managed Essex calf
Came pricking o'er the plain.

And SIR FITZROY KELLY, good at speech,
And eke stout hand in stour;
And HENLEY out of Oxfordshire,
And MORRITT of Rokeby Tower.

"Now, up and ride, JOHN BARLEYCORN,
Our leader thou mote be;
We are boune for an onslaught on PALMERSTONE,
And a raid on the Treasurie.

"And a doughty Captain there lacketh us,
A flag, and a battle-cry,
For Protection's dead, and the Church nigh sped,
And Election time draws nigh.

"So put thy casque upon thy head,
And mount thy dray-destrere,
And take thy malt-shovel for lance,
And shout thy shout of 'Beer!'

"When England's yeomen the snow-white crest
That crowns thy head shall see,
And hear thy shout, brave hearts and stout
They'll flock apace to thee.

"And we that ride behind thy back
Will loud our trumpets blaw,
We have fighting will, and can wield the bill,
And eke the long-bow draw.

"And if that PALMERSTONE's to beat,
And the Treasurie to win,
'Tis under the banner of BARLEYCORN
That we shall come therein!

"For though the Treasurie walls be strong,
And mock a siege's fear,
Like Jericho's they'll tumble down
To a shout—if the shout be 'Beer!'

Then up, and spake JOHN BARLEYCORN,
From the buttery where he lay:
"I rede ye false knaves and forsworn,
And for answer give you 'Nay!'

"I were an ass 'gainst BUXTON and BASS
To ride a tilt with you,
And HARDCASTLE, out of Colchester,
That is my liegeman true.

"What if my father, Malt, they tax,
And my mother, Hops, they toll?
I've never a merry-man the less
Upon my muster-roll.

"And though I be an English knight,
No fighting man am I,
Albeit my blood is poured in flood
To a hot election-cry.

"Against LORD DERBY I bear no grudge,
Nor yet against PALMERSTONE,
All parties are one to JOHN BARLEYCORN,
That foe, save LAWSON, has none.

"Here is my eldest son, Brown Stout,
And my youngest son, Small Beer,
And eke my grandson, Bitter Ale,
That is so brisk of cheer.

"In this your quarrel they shall not ride,
But keep their strength and skill,
To fight the LAWSON of Carlisle,
And meet him, Butt to Bill."

Then back they rode, those sely Knights,
Crest-fallen and forlorn,
For wool they went to JOHN BARLEYCORN,
And from him they came shorn.

BREACH OF PROMISE AVOIDED.

YOUNG EUSTACE DE VOKES fell precipitately in love with ANGELICA PENDRAGON. Between the pair ensued an intimacy which, under the auspices of ANGELICA's Mamma, soon ripened into an engagement; for EUSTACE had means. One day, however, the young man discovered a bottle of SCROGGS' Capillary Thaumato-poion in the possession of his betrothed, and found out that her dark brown hair had originally been of another hue. He also ascertained that one of the maiden's front teeth was terro-metallic. Incompatibilities of temper between himself and the young lady also turned up. She dressed to please other eyes than his own; she cared about the opinion of contemptible people, she preferred dance-music to HANDEL's, and shopping to walking in the fields. She would not take enough exercise.

In short, EUSTACE soon bitterly repented of the contract to which he had committed himself. Hints, which he dropped to that effect, were, however, so received both by MISS PENDRAGON and her Mamma as to convince him that there was no hope that they would let him off. He saw clearly that retirement from the situation would expose him to an action for breach of promise of marriage.

EUSTACE tried to temporise in vain. The PENDRAGONS pressed him. He had to choose between wretchedness and ruin. On the one hand there was ANGELICA, with MRS. PENDRAGON for mother-in-law; on the other the verdict, inflicting awful damages, of a British jury. What was he to do? He took counsel one night with BRADSHAW and RUGGLES over a cigar; and the result of their deliberations was that, next morning, they all repaired to the residence, or, as BRADSHAW said, den, of the PENDRAGONS; EUSTACE with something to say to those parties: RUGGLES and BRADSHAW as witnesses of his words. EUSTACE spoke as follows:—

MISS PENDRAGON,—under the influence of feelings which have now subsided, I made you a promise, the fulfilment of which will render me, and I should think yourself too, miserable for life. I have entirely ceased to retain any the slightest affection for you, and, this being the case, if you insist on my marrying you, I shall lose all respect for you as well. Our minds are so differently constituted as to render your society insufferable to me, as mine, no doubt, would be to you if we were obliged to live together. Will you, then, relieve me from the obligation which I have so rashly incurred? If you will not, I will perform it, as I am legally bound to do. But, in so doing, I will not incur the guilt of making a solemn vow which it will be impossible for me to keep. I will not abuse a religious ordinance, and commit profanation and sacrilege. I will not promise, on my faith, to love and cherish you, when I know that I shall hate you and keep as much as I can out of your way. I will not, I cannot, MISS PENDRAGON, lead you to the altar. But if you will hold me to my bargain and exact—not your pound but—your eleven stone ten, or whatever I weigh, of flesh: if you insist on my forming with you a union which will be one of mutual aversion and disgust, be it so. We will be married, if you say we must, but not by a clergyman. No; our marriage shall take place before the Registrar. We will not go to Church. Certainly not; but I will conduct you to the Registrar's Office. *La ci darem la mano.* Now, then; if after what I have said, you are still determined to have me, name the day, the woful day, and I will buy the ring, if that is necessary, but not otherwise; and man, and man only, shall join us together in unhallowed matrimony. Will you claim your bondman or let me go? Speak!

ANGELICA could not for some time. Her mouth had gradually opened to its utmost width; so had her eyes, and she stood without power to close either. MRS. PENDRAGON presented the same image of blank astonishment. At last the younger lady gasped,

"Wretch!"

"Monster!" screamed the elder one. "Leave the house!"

"Good morning, ladies," said BRADSHAW and RUGGLES.

"Farewell!" cried EUSTACE. And they hooked it.

He was saved!

SCHOOL BOY'S DEFINITION.—*The Better Half.* The shorter.

RESTORATION OF POETRY IN THE EAST.

(By our own MACAULAY.)



THE well-informed need not be told—and we do not care about telling anything to the ill-informed—that Poetry had its origin in the East. It is a curious fact, that even to this day the cardinal points have an influence on the matter, and that many more ballads are sung in Ratcliffe Highway and Houndsditch than in Belgrave Square and Hyde Park Gardens. SOLOMON was an Oriental, so was HOMER. MR. TENNYSON lives in the Isle of Wight, which is more to the East than most part of this island; and the town residence of Mr. Punch, the greatest bard of

ancient or modern time, is situated at the foot of the noble tower of St. Bride, and in the district to which the Government has assigned the distinction of being regarded as East Central.

It cannot be surprising, except to the foolish persons who are surprised at everything, that Poetry should always be inclined to flow back to its ancient fountain. It is true that water does not do this, and in so far the illustration may offend the shallow-minded, but to those who recollect that poetry is not water, even when wishy-washiest, the image will suffice for its purpose. We have to notice a case in which the Great Watershed, or shall we say Poetryshed, of the East has again sent down a lavish stream of song.

Some persons are fools enough to believe everything; other persons are fools enough to doubt everything. We despise both classes. But if an ingenuous mind, affected and afflicted with hesitation, should pause in uncertainty as to whether the verses which we are about to cite are genuine and original, or what we believe is called, in the language of the Great Vulgar and the small, “a sell,” we have pleasure in assuring that mind that the poem is authentic, that it is the composition of a student at the College of Delhi (in the East Indies), and that it has reached us in company with such certificates as can leave no doubt of its genuineness. In fact, the person who cannot perceive this, from internal evidence, must, to use the mildest language, be a born idiot and a blazing owl.

The poem was composed upon Christmas Day, and it is interesting to note the treatment of that festival by a poet whose religion does not recognise the celebration. His eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, transports him from the gorgeous towers and golden groves of royal Delhi to the isle of her conquerors, and he begins boldly:—

“Hail, Source of joy, ye Christmas day,
When all Britania seem delightful and gay.
From Meadows, the perfuming air how gently flow,
And all the flowery fields smile their happiness to show.
In the groves the feathered Choir fluently sing,
And Church has begun its bell to ring.”

The touching, simple recognition of “Church” by one of another faith, is very pleasant, and so is his idea that at Christmas our fields are in flower, and our birds in song. But he soon returns to his own glowing land:—

“To welcome thee, the morning in her crimson vest,
With ornaments of golden clouds is drest.
At thy coming, the corn of India fields begin to ripe,
And Cold Countries come in sight full of Ice.
Every one enjoy thy pleasures fresh and new,
And partake with thee a pleasant View.
How the glorious flowers, the pink and purple rose,
Pay thee respect, and their fragrant leaves disclose.
All the riches are spent for thy name
And fill the English with joy and fame.
Even the poor, glorious of his race,
Decks his table with different grace.
Thou art alike to be seen on the sea and land,
With a precious garland in thy hand.”

This is a noble passage, but the line we have marked suggests a solemn question. This Oriental poet must have drawn his inspiration

from the aged urns of the East, whence HOMER also drew. Where did the Grecian bard obtain his idea of Juno?—we borrow the admirable translation of EARL DERBY—

“With one hand resting on the fruitful earth,
The other laid upon the sparkling sea.”

It is profoundly interesting to find the young poet of Delhi and the ancient of the Seven Cities bowing their heads at the same fountain. But we proceed to the grandest passage in the composition—that in which the eye of the poet is cast with an eagle swoop over the nations:—

“On Thames bank, the immortal London, behold?
Filled with pomps, riches, and gold.
Let from heaven itself the holy Ganges flow,
And harvest on a hundred realms bestow,
Let Volgas stream run through countries good and fine,
And Magnificent buildings glitter on the Rhine—
Let Chinese boast of their ancestry from the Moon—
And with white flattened nose the Laplander near Frozid Zone—
The Cashmīrians be proud of their precious Wool,
And with the light of Stars the inhabitant on Southern pole.
Let Australians be glad of their golden sand,
And savage brown Indian of his productive land—
The Romans for being once the seat of pomp and fame—
And the Russians possessing great lands in vain—
The Egyptians for having their pyramids sublime—
Each Country blessed with some particulars, at time.
Every Nation seem proud of whatever blessings they bore.—
From the Chinese Wall to the Atlantic Shore.—
Let the Persians possess their grandiose Train.—
Be thou the blessings of English peaceful reign.”

Mankind, from China to Peru, has seldom been so daringly surveyed, or so graphically depicted. The poet is brave, as MRS. BROWNING has well said that all poets should be, and even while honouring our festival, he claims holiness for his own Ganges, and records its alleged descent from above. The scathing scorn at the Russian for his waste of snows, bespeaks a loyal subject of Her whose army destroyed Sebastopol; but we would chiefly note the touch of human nature in the penultimate line. When all the recital is over, and the fatigued eye of the muse is gently settling, it glances at the nearest neighbour of India, and suddenly flings out another flash in honour of Persia. This is an exquisite touch, but we fear that the large majority of mankind, who are asses, will not appreciate it. We now approach the more fanciful, yet not less graceful conclusion:—

“Come and the lofty towers of London behold,
Where the riches of the World are bestowed—
Where the fairies in crowds abound
Descend from Heaven to bliss that town.”

Notice the artistic antepenultimate word. A dull pedant would “correct” this with “bless,” as a thousand miserable pedants have spoiled a thousand happy fancies, and lie, we trust, in the least pleasant of DANTE’S circles for their crime:—

“See that City, and with thy precious jeuil.
Bliss the inhabitants where they dwell.—
At thy coming, the blue transparent Thame,
Swells with joy, for the Anglo-Saxon name—
For thy fame the learned poets even wish to rise—
Homer, Milton, and Dryden from the earth where they lies.”

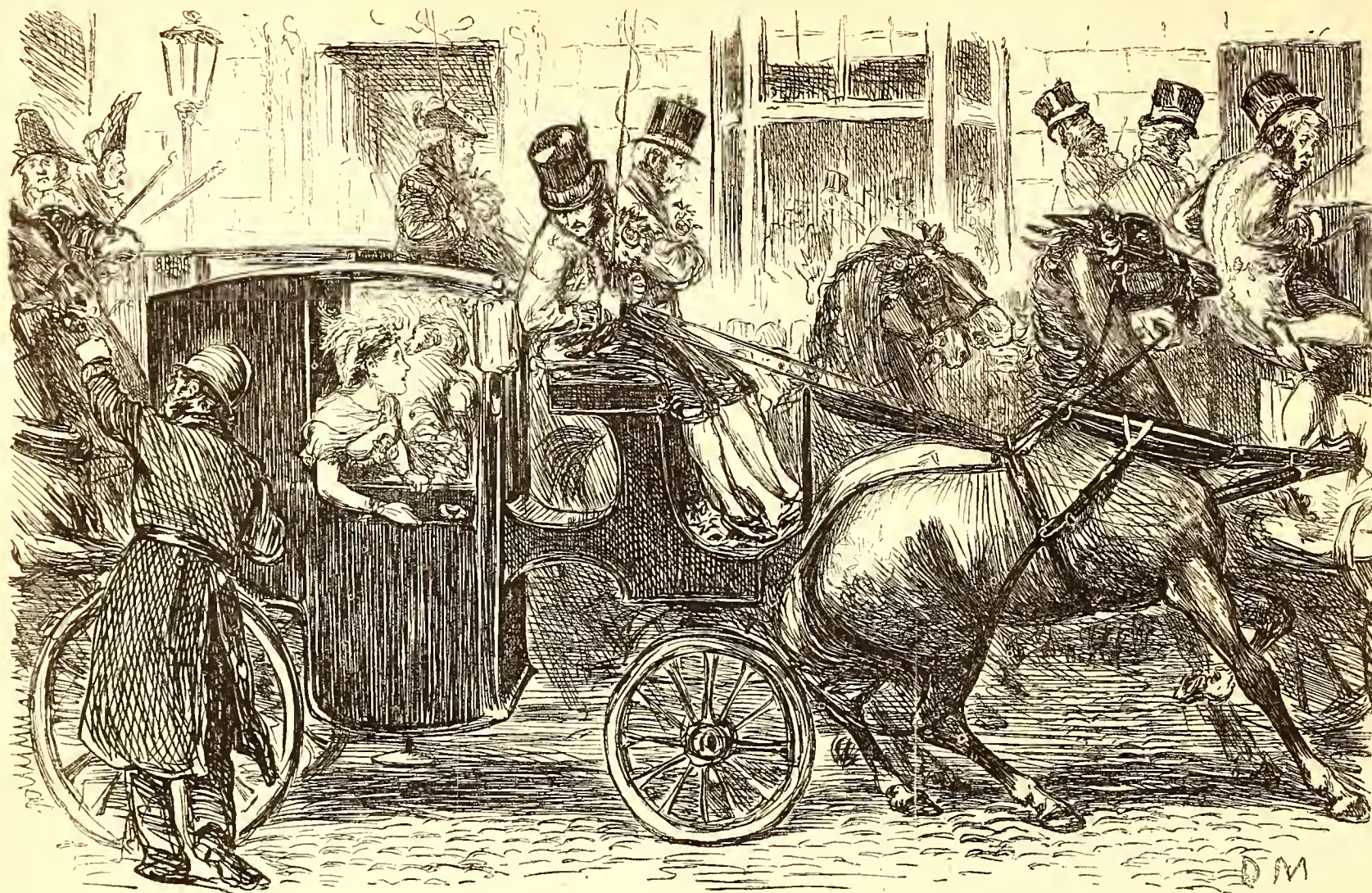
Again we warn off exact and cold-blooded correctors. “Lies,” in the last line, offends their prejudices. Not so with us. The poet sought to show the one-ness and amalgamation of the glorious Three, inseparably intertwined and interwoven with one indissoluble cable for the transit of electric poetry. And he used the singular verb. It is a noble boldness. Our readers will grieve that we have but a few lines more:—

“It is hard to say for the skill and polite,
Where real happiness has its original light.
Though even a swain would be apt to praise.
His Country pleasures good to him always—
The Noble say then to surpass in fine
From all mankind better is the mine.—
But Thou art the origin of that truth,
Giving old the same pleasure as to youth.—
All nature seem glad to survey
Of thy being followed by New year’s day.
Welcome to thee, and thy everlasting name,
Ever be, and bliss the Britania Sons with thy fame.”

The completeness of the poem, the recurrence of Christmas Day, and the affectionate apostrophe to it, the philosophical idea that some of the pleasure of the season arises from its prompt departure, and the truly Oriental “Live for ever” at the end, are features which most readers, whom we believe to be utterly ignorant and miserable, may not understand, but which must enchant and enchain the enlightened. For them and them only we have preserved and re-set this diamond from the casket of India.

MUSICAL NOTE.

IN what key would a lover write a proposal of marriage?
Be mine, oh!



SELF-CONDEMNATION.

Lady. "NEWCOME! NEWCOME! THE POLE OF THE CARRIAGE BEHIND HAS COME RIGHT THROUGH!"

Coachman. "YOU DON'T SAY SO, MY LADY; BUT SOME COACHMEN IS SO WERRY CARELESS."

A BALLAD BY A BEEF-EATER.

HAVE you seen this jerked beef? 'tis a new sort of food,
From La Plata they ship it by tons, prime and good,
And tender, when pounded and soaked well, and stewed:
Oh, the jerked beef of La Plata!
A platter give me of jerked beef.

Your butcher may say that as leather 'tis tough,
And your cook, at his bidding, declare in a huff
She can't even make soup of such horrible stuff:
Oh, the jerked beef of La Plata!
A platter give me of jerked beef.

Pay no heed to their grumblings, but give it fair chance,
Good dressing of course will its virtues enhance;
At the worst, 'tis as good as the *bouillon* of France.
Oh, the jerked beef of La Plata!
A platter give me of jerked beef.

'Tis more fattening than ass-flesh, which there, as one hears,
At the table of gourmands now often appears,
And assists them no doubt to attain length of (y)ears:
Oh, the jerked beef of La Plata!
A platter give me of jerked beef.

Indeed, there are dozens of dishes, I'm sure,
That are neither so nourishing, wholesome and pure,
Or so certain a sharp touch of hunger to cure
As—oh! the jerked beef of La Plata!
A platter give me of jerked beef.

Through the growing demand and the drought of last year,
Beef and mutton are getting tremendously dear,
And we soon must all turn vegetarians, I fear,
Or else eat the jerked beef of La Plata.
A platter give me of jerked beef!

UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE,

AND BY ALLOWANCE OF HER MAJESTY'S COMMISSIONERS OF CUSTOMS.

If you can smoke you love a joke,
Now this is true, and good "for you."

So much rubbishy tobacco having been imported into this country and sold under pretence of being cheap and good, whereas it has been dear and nasty, burned at the peril of the smokers, and to the disgust of all near them, a company of enterprising individuals has been organised under the already-named distinguished patronage. By special allowance of the above honourable Board, the Company import the very best tobacco without paying any of the accustomed duties, and so are enabled to supply a genuine article at very low rates. Indeed the returns of the Company are so good that they can afford to divide the duty with regular customers, whereby lovers of the weed may save one half of certain expenses.

For samples, prices, &c. &c., apply to the French Leaf Tobacco Company, (Société Anonyme), Wholesale Agents, MESSRS. DARKE KNIGHT and HAZEY, Darkhouse Lane. N.B. Cheapside.

Also, an assorted package, value five pounds, will be sent to any address, and carriage paid, upon receipt of order and remittance to that amount by MESSRS. DONTIEN, HOUISHOUM ET GHÉTITTE, Bird's Eye Terrace, Cavendish Square, London.

An Item in the American Bill.

AMONG the claims which the Government at Washington are reserving to enforce on this country with the alternative of war, when their struggle with the South shall have terminated, there will, it is understood, be included a demand for the amount of damage sustained by the Brothers DAVENPORT for the demolition of their "structure" at Liverpool.

AMENDED MAXIM FOR THE IRON DISTRICTS.—"Don't Strike while the iron's hot!"

PUNCH TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.



Y DEAR PRINCE,—It is of no use. You can't help it. They will do it. I break their heads for you every now and then, but the Flunkies and the Toadies take a deal of punishment. You must bear it as well as you can. I mean of course the being watched, and followed, and stared at, and the having the smallest incidents in your daily life served up in clumsy paragraphs to indulge the vulgar curiosity of some, and to be made useful as a puff for others. I know how you must detest all this, for you have been educated as befits a highborn gentleman, and your own character and habits are at once frank and modest. But I assure you once more that you must bear it. A cat may look at a king, and a toad may look at a prince.

You cannot even take a bath without a paragraph being published recording that event, and telling us at what temperature you bathed, and how you were graciously pleased to be soaped and towelled like any other gentleman. Bless you, my dear Prince, the scribblers won't stop at this. The system will become more and more offensive as you grow older, so you had better become pachydermatous at once. I would say, don't read the papers, but you must do that. It is very hard that you cannot be allowed to peruse an account of the fall of Charleston, or of the death of the Porpoise, or of the flogging a garrotter, without coming upon a statement that His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES was graciously pleased, yesterday, to have his hair cut; but you must take one thing if you want the other.

Yes, my dear Prince, things will grow worse and worse, and so I tell you. Be prepared to read, from time to time, that His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES always peels his oranges instead of cutting through peel and all, whereas Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS OF WALES prefers the peel removed. That His Royal Highness, standing out of the rain at a keeper's cottage, expressed great admiration of a large cat on the rug, and that Her Royal Highness desired to have one of the next kittens. That your Royal Highness left your umbrella at the Zoological Gardens, and was graciously pleased to accept the loan of one from MR. SAWNEY BUTTER (a tradesman whose address will be given), and that it was duly returned the same evening by a footman from Marlborough House. That Her Royal Highness often amuses herself in an evening by looking through the beautiful photograph-book which was manufactured for Her Royal Highness by MESSRS. GUMM & STICKLEBACK. That your Royal Highness has been most unjustifiably represented as having a bad cold, the fact being that you happened to sneeze once or twice on Monday evening, from having taken a pinch of snuff out of a box which you accidentally found among some old china. That Her Royal Highness takes cream with her coffee, and that cream is always placed near Her Royal Highness at breakfast, in an exquisite little silver churn, purchased of MESSRS. ICHABOD & MEFIBOSHETH, the celebrated silversmiths. That your Royal Highness is not particularly partial to perfumes, and that the only one you really care about is the Ethereal Essence of Tiger Lilies, manufactured, &c. That Her Royal Highness has been pleased to declare that the first instruction of His Royal Highness PRINCE VICTOR shall come from herself, and has already procured an ivory alphabet to be ready for the interesting purpose. That your Royal Highness amused your baby, one day during the frost, by tossing up snowballs at the nursery window, to the great delight of the royal child. That Her Royal Highness nearly dropped her playbill over the edge of the box at the theatre the other night, but smilingly secured it against future peril by the agency of a pin. That your Royal Highness is pleased to take occasional notice of the groom who brings your horse on a hunting-day, and on a recent morning you made the remark, as you mounted, "that the rain seemed likely to hold over." That Her Royal Highness let her embroidery needle fall, a few afternoons since, and that it may be mentioned, as a proof of Her Royal Highness's consideration for her attendants, that she picked it up herself, and calmly proceeded with her work. That your Royal Highness gave a shilling to a child who was crying on the Duke of York's steps because it had lost a penny, and that Her Royal Highness, who was with your Royal Highness, would not go on until she had ascertained that the juvenile martyr was acquainted with the route to the residence of its parents.

Yes, I repeat it, my dear Prince, there will not be anything that an unaffected and kindhearted couple can do or say for many years to come, but will be snapped up and made into a paragraph, especially if that paragraph can serve the purpose of a puff for somebody. I promise you and the Princess that I will, as a celebrated Doctor from your Principality remarks, "smite the noddles" of as many Snobs, sinning in this way, as I can, and where I can spoil their Puff-market, I will certainly do so. But the tribe is very large, perfectly shameless, and exceedingly persevering, and moreover, there is a great lot of people who like to read such things, and who actually call them news. So you must make up your mind to the worst, and must explain to the Princess that such scribbling is a trade, and that it is as much despised by English ladies and gentlemen as it can be by yourselves.

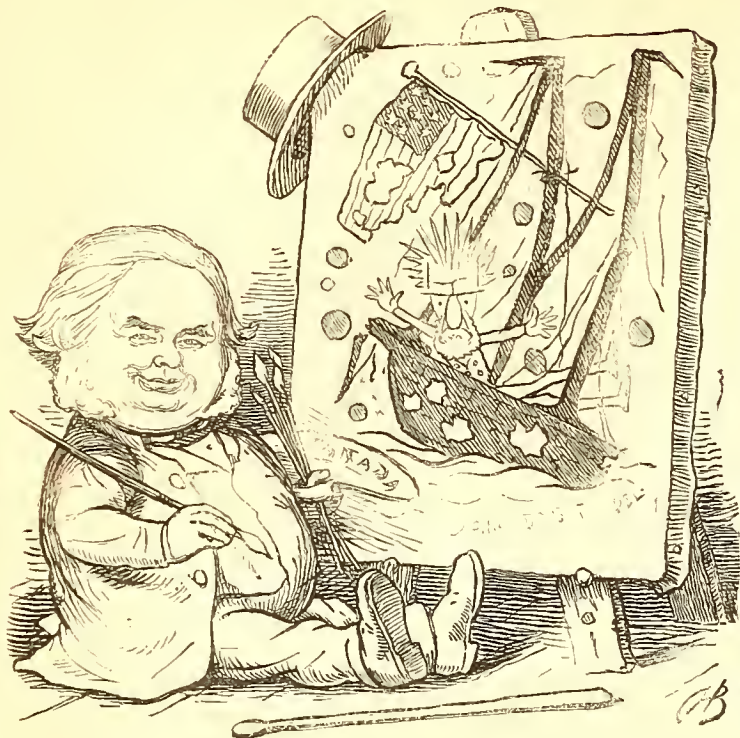
Having thus acquitted myself of my duty as your Royal Highness's Extra Privy Councillor, I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Your Royal Highness's faithful Servant,

85, Fleet Street.

PUNCH.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, March 13.

Wise in their generation, the Conservatives have considered that if they should come into office it may be convenient to stand better with the Federal Government and its admirers than certain utterances by LORD DERBY and others may have seemed to render probable. So it was arranged that we should have an American debate, which should give the leader of Opposition in the Commons an opportunity of redressing the balance. MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD, who was charged with the initiative, discharged his duty with his accustomed

ability and adroitness, and made the Defences of Canada his peg. He was quite generous, and thought that we ought to have allowed the Federals to increase their force on the Lakes, in order to suppress the Raiders. He saw more conciliation than before in the American despatches to this country, and he paid a gracious compliment to MR. ADAMS, who was in the House, and was, no doubt, pleased. MR. FITZGERALD did not believe that the Yankees wished to go to war with us, but accidents might produce collision, and we should be prepared to defend Canada. MR. FORSTER attacked LORD DERBY, and made a strong Federal speech, declaring that the North was fighting only to save the country.

Government—that is, MR. CARDWELL—assured the House that our relations with the States were most friendly, echoed the praise of MR. ADAMS, and stated that we were to defend Quebec, and the Canadians Montreal, and that England was to pay two-fifths and Canada three-fifths of the expense.

Then spake MR. DISRAELI. Of course he defended his Chief, whose opinions and confidence he alike shared. The behaviour of the North to us had been marked by amity and discretion. He would not prophesy as to the result of the war, but if the South should be put down, he did not believe that the North would be eager to begin war with an enemy at least as powerful and determined as the Confederacy. Rising from a mere political level into philosophy, MR. DISRAELI observed that the American people were a Territorial Democracy, and that ARISTOTLE, who had taught us nearly all our wisdom, had declared that persons addicted to tilling were not given to killing. Still, at the end of the war the country would be in a disturbed state, and as there was no saying what might happen, we ought to be prepared for anything. He did not care for American Rowdy Rhetoric, which he did not believe represented the feelings of the people. All this was so calm, statesmanlike, and opportune, that we need hardly add that MR. DISRAELI could not be

“Content to dwell in decencies for ever,”

but relieved his mind by finishing off with a slashing onslaught on the Government, for the contradictory opinions which its members had expressed on the war.

The Opposition having said its say, divers other gentlemen had theirs. Suffice it to MR. PUNCH to record that MR. LOWE believed that we could not defend Canada, and had better tell her so, and that LORD ROBERT CECIL thought that we ought not to humbug Canada as we had humbugged Denmark. MR. BRIGHT then delivered one of his most aggressive and effective orations, praising the Yankees, abusing England for having distrusted and been harsh with them, declaring that most of our papers had been lying about America ever since the war began, and now were trying to back out of their blunders, that the City alarms were the alarms of share-jobbers, who were always in the wrong, that we all felt rather ashamed of ourselves, and had prickings of conscience about the way we had treated America, that the Federals had no idea of warring with us, that in the centuries to come we should be proud that from the loins of England had sprung the millions of prosperous Americans, and that if we now acted with discretion, the two great Commonwealths would be seen marching abreast, the Parents and Guardians of freedom and justice. Right or wrong as to the past or the future MR. BRIGHT may be; but MR. PUNCH, who, like *Robin Hood*, in *Ivanhoe*, always adds his holloa when he sees a good blow or a good shot, declares that to-night the Quaker stood up to his work like a man.

The PREMIER, nevertheless, like an old hand in the ring, made his mark on the Birmingham Boy, and put in the neat one that MR. BRIGHT's speech, which seemed so fiery, was eminently conciliatory to America, for nothing pleased men so much as to be told that they were ill-used. He easily disposed of the charges against Government, and then declared that he believed that both the Government and the people of the North were well disposed to us, but as the best security for peace was the ability to resist war, we should take all precautions for the defence of Canada.

And thus ended the most important debate of the Session, and inasmuch as it may be referred to, because of subsequent events, MR. PUNCH has, in the exercise of a discretion which it would not be wise in any one to attempt to control, recorded it with some fulness, and has abstained from adorning his record with those exquisite and sparkling gems of wit which might distract the attention of the Ages from the sentiments of the Representatives of Public Opinion.

MR. HENNESSY then attacked MR. NEWDEGATE in regard to a correspondence between himself and DR. ULLATHORNE, Catholic Bishop, about the imprisonment of nuns, and called on the ultra-Protestant to apologise. MR. NEWDEGATE had not the slightest intention of doing so, and referred DR. ULLATHORNE's statements to some supposed oath to keep priestly secrets inviolable. THEO. DONOGHUE did not believe MR. NEWDEGATE in earnest, and thought that he went away into secret places to laugh privately at the stories he told publicly. Here the matter may drop, MR. PUNCH thinks, for the present, or the above trio, and the Bishop, had better go in four cabs to the Nunhead Cemetery, fight the subject out, and bury it decently.

Tuesday. The Irrepressible Nun up again; this time in the House of Peers. EARL RUSSELL had to explain the story of MARY RYAN, a lunatic nun, who had been illegally removed from this country, but who, he thought, had now better be left where she was. LORD MALMESBURY suggested that SIR GEORGE GREY should be told to read a general and severe lecture to the heads of convents.

The hardy Northmen and the softer Orientals then rushed into fierce conflict, and soon the spears of the Vikings were red with the blood of their prostrate foes.

“Hurrah for the Hypokeimenoi!
For the men who dwell below
In the crystal mines
Where the golden vines
And the silver fig-trees grow!”

The fact, less poetically stated, was that the Great Northern and the Great Eastern Railways had a fight over a new Bill desired by the latter, and that Parliament, considering that a decision last year had induced the G.N. to undertake an enormous new outlay, refused to sanction the rival project—162 to 121 were the numbers, and they make together such a house as rarely assembles on questions of mere public interest, and—an intelligent public may add any remark which occurs to that respectable body.

About sixty-four years ago something was done in India of which SIR FITZROY KELLY, in the name of PRINCE AZEEM JAH, to-night complained in a speech of appropriate length. There was a debate, SIR CHARLES WOOD said that the Prince's demand was monstrous, and the House affirmed its monstrosity by 53 to 38, and put the cover on the jar, as MR. COX might have said. “A zeem to have heard of this here afore,” as MR. WHALLEY might have added, affecting a rustic dialect. We are unprepared to assert that either said anything half so ridiculous.

Wednesday. A Bill containing various apparently excellent suggestions for improving the Jury System was opposed, successfully, by her Majesty's Government. Among other comforts, jurors' bodies are to be still starved for the improvement of their minds. And we send Missionaries to the savages.

Thursday. LORD CHELMSFORD pushed on his Bill for allowing Counsel in Criminal Cases, to speak twice, even when the criminal called no evidence. LORD CRANWORTH made the very profound remark that such a permission would lengthen trials, but the CHANCELLOR did not see that this, which is certainly probable, was an objection, inasmuch as the justice and not the brevity of an English trial is vulgarly held to be one of its chief merits.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE (which reminds us that St. Mary Redcliffe, at Bristol, is likely to come down, if not repaired, in which case we shall labour to get Bristol disfranchised, and all her inhabitants sent to Bath) wants the new map of the frontier between Turkey and Persia. It has cost £57,000 already, and it is well that JOHN BULL is an Atlas that can bear such taxation for maps. What awful capitalists MR. STANFORD and MR. WYLDE must be, if their magnificent cartography is prepared at such prices. There is a practicable joke here about MAPPIN, but we are not going to make it, because we consider cab and omnibus advertisements a nuisance.

LORD HARROWBY objects to the Education order which submits children under six to “examination for results.”

We should prefer examining them for goodies and toffee, and if none were found on them, the Privy Council ought to instruct the nearest resident confectioner to take the necessary measures, and weights, for supplying the deficiency. LORD GRANVILLE thought that the small creatures ought to be present at the examinations. "He has no children." LORD LYTTLETON, who is a father, and LORD REDESDALE, who deserves to be one, protested against tormenting the little ones. However, they are to be tormented until further notice.

The case of the unfortunate Coventry ribbon weavers which has been so often and so ably pressed by SIR JOSEPH PAXTON (as Government said) was to-night urged by his colleague, MR. TREHERNE. Nothing, said MR. GIBSON, can be done. All the mischief, said MR. BENTINCK, has been wrought by free-trade. MR. WHITE made the bold suggestion, that "the Illustrious Lady who ruled despotically over the fashions of Europe" should be asked, in the interest of her husband's subjects at St. Etienne, as well as of QUEEN VICTORIA'S at Coventry, to set the fashion of wearing ribbons instead of gimp or *passementerie*. The COUNTESS OF PUNCH will be perfectly happy to go over, at the request and charge of the nation, as a deputation to make this request of the beautiful Empress, but not until the March winds are put down.

The Army Estimates, MRS. GRUNDY. We want £14,348,000 for the soldiering purposes, a saving of about £800,000 on last year. There are some reductions, which LORD HARTINGTON said were improvements in the Service. Government thinks that the Armstrong Coil Guns are the best we have yet obtained. The price of our new forts

will not exceed £3,000,000—three millions, M^r. GENERAL PEEL said that the Tories had been more economical than the Liberals. If you wish to read what the various millingtary hoxifiers said, MRS. G., you are at liberty to go into any penny reading-room at your own expense, and see.

Friday. The Covent Garden Opera Programme came out, and Mr. Punch was far too much interested in examining MR. GYE's plan of campaign to pay much attention to the debates. We are certainly to have *L'Africaine*, if it comes out in Paris, and Paris or not, we are to have *Il Flauto Magico*, which we regard as better news still, especially if anything like a reasonable libretto has been substituted for the insane rubbish which has hitherto been so mischievous to the noble opera. There is a deal of good promise in the programme. As for Parliament, we did not attend,—who would go out in a venomous wind,—but there was a Polish debate, of no utility, and on a discussion on treaties, MR. FORSTER affirmed the ignorance of the Foreign Office, and was told by MR. LAYARD that commercial gentlemen wished all higher considerations set aside for the sake of trade. Police rates were complained of, and MR. WHALLEY said that the police had established a reign of terrorism over the Magistrates. It is not exactly that, indeed it would be unreasonable to expect exactitude in any description by MR. WHALLEY, but the Magistrates, with certain admirable exceptions, are too much in the habit of believing the police, who, as was said by the late MR. O'CONNELL of somebody, are too much in the habit of "postponing the interests of the truth to the purposes of the moment."

BRAVO, PIO NONO!



OUR readers are hereby congratulated on the greatly improved health and spirits of the POPE. PIUS is himself again—physically, that is to say; for, to be sure, he is not now what he was in 1847, an apostle of progress in occupation of the Apostolic See.

A calamity to the jocular universe greater than it would be to the serious *Monde*, would result from the demise of the Triple Crown. How do we know that the next wearer of that symbolical substitute for a chimney-pot will play so many fantastic tricks before high Heaven as to supply the place in the gallery of European comicalities which will have been vacated by his predecessor?

A recent letter from Rome informs us that:—

"Soon after twelve o'clock the POPE received in the Throne-room at the Vatican a deputation of about 200 foreign Catholics—non-Pontifical Italians being comprised in the category. An address of sympathy, devotion, and attachment was read to his Holiness, who replied in a few touching words, concluding with blessing the assemblage, and presenting them with his foot to kiss."

Have we any reason to be satisfied that the next Pontiff—may his accession be protracted a thousand years!—will be capable of rewarding a deputation, come to pay him their compliments, by presenting them with his foot to

kiss? Are there not some grounds for fearing that he may shrink from the performance of an act so charmingly grotesque?

Equally funny, in its way, with the absurdity of giving people his foot to kiss, was the following extravagance, also ascribed to his Holiness by the writer above quoted:—

"On Thursday the POPE published a decree for the canonisation of a Spanish Inquisitor—FRAN PETER D'ARBUES—who was killed by the Jews at Saragossa."

If it is true that the sublime borders on the ridiculous, the converse is also true, and certainly the canonisation of a Spanish Inquisitor is an instance of the ridiculous that borders on the sublime. The devotees who venerate a Pontiff that signalises

himself by such tremendous burlesque as that, deserve having his foot to kiss, and more; for the Holy Father might with great propriety favour each of them, in addition, with a good kick in the mouth.

In the late *Invito Sacro* the POPE has reaffirmed the comic decrees of his Encyclical condemning civil and religious liberty. He disdains to allow his denunciations to be understood in the non-natural sense officiously proposed for them by his apologists. The POPE is "thorough." If he is confronted with the inexorable logic of facts, he meets it with the equally inexorable logic of Popery. He is what Britons call a regular out-and-outer, a character for which they entertain a great respect, just such as they had for the late COLONEL SIBTHORP, respectively of his politics, and have for the present MARQUIS DE BOISSY, notwithstanding his rabid Anglophobia.

What fun it will be if the POPE, who, with a courage truly admirable, shrinks from no consequences of his theology, shall shortly publish another Bull, condemning all the physical sciences, especially astronomy, chemistry, and geology, as diabolical illusions, corresponding to the witchcraft of the Ages of Faith! The promulgation of such an edict by his Holiness is to be expected daily. Our Roman Catholic propagandists boast of the great increase of their numbers. In the mean time, the Holy Father has virtually excommunicated all of them who are not fools enough to swallow the dogmas of his Encyclical, and must thus have cut the one infallible Church down to small proportions. Eh, SIR GEORGE BOWYER? How many of you are any better than heretics?

Be that as it may, we are glad to know that the Holy Father is "alive and kicking," to speak in the vernacular, although he forbore to kick those whom he might and should have kicked in the chaps. Instead of ugly stories about erysipelas and other ailments, we rejoice to hear that the *Servus Servorum* is once more his own man, although we cannot accept his *Invito Sacro*, whereby we also should be invited to kiss his foot. You are going on admirably, PIUS, old boy. Go it!

SPORTING NEWS.

THE Hunting Season being nearly over, there was a grand meeting of The Sly Fox Club, in Leicestershire, the Sliest old Fox in the Chair. The Foxes congratulated one another on the capital sport they had had during the past season, and hoped that no unsportsmanlike vulpecide would thin their ranks before next November. There was a fine show of brushes. The Chairman said that the rising generation couldn't do better, when Cub-hunting should commence, than follow the admirable example set them by their parents. Coverts were laid for twenty. The proceedings were fully reported in *Reynard's Weekly Paper*.

PITY without relief is like mustard without beef.



"WOODCOCK'S LITTLE GAME."

Mossou (to the Snowed-up Foxhunters, who are grumbling about the Weather). "MAIS NON, DER IS ALWAYS DE CHASSE TO ME. DERE IS VON LEETLE VOODCOCK IN DE VOODS HERE—ALWAYS, ALWAYS, TOUS LES JOURS, I FIND HEEM, I TIR MON COUP, I DO NOT HEET HIM, BUT I OBTAIN MY CHASSE. I HOPE HE VILL REST TO ME ALL DE SEASON!"

THE TELEGRAPH CLERKS.

A MASQUE, DEDICATED TO SIR C. WOOD.

Enter a Company of Telegraph Clerks with wires. They catch SIR CHARLES WOOD, and sing to him melodiously.

SONG OF THE HEAD CLERK.

AIR—"In my Cottage."

In my station near thee, WOOD,
I'll receive or send all day
Telegrams both bad and good
From and out to In-di-a.
It eight hours takes to—(pay
Five pounds ten, 'tis right you should)
Telegraph to In-di-a,
From my station near thee, WOOD.

Chorus of Telegraph Clerks, to be Sung dancing up to SIR CHARLES WOOD, and salaaming.

Needles and pins! Needles and pins!
When a man telegraphs, trouble begins.

Spoken by HEAD CLERK, after tiffin.

Head Clerk. If you please, SIR CHARLES, where wouldst a Telegraph Clerk go to for a holiday? D'yar gib it up? (All laugh like Niggers.)
[SIR CHARLES WOOD cuts a caper, and gives it up.]

Head Clerk. Because—no I mean—He wouldn't go to The Needles.
[Exit HEAD CLERK.]

Chorus resumed.

Needles and pins, &c. &c.
[Bells ring violently. Exit omnes, salaaming the door.]

NOTES ON THE NAME OF CÆSAR.

THE EMPEROR has raised a discussion on the etymology of JULIUS CÆSAR's name. Some will have it to have been derived from *cæsar*, Punic for an elephant, because an ancestor of his slew one, peradventure with a long bow, which would have been required to send an arrow through the hide of that pachydermatous quadruped. Others contend that CÆSAR was so called for a reason which would have rendered the same name applicable to MACDUFF; but perhaps, with respect to the cæsarian operation, they put the cart before the horse. The more plausible opinion is, that the name in question was derived from *cæsaries*, a thick head of hair, which one of JULIUS CÆSAR's progenitors was not, as superficial scholars suggest, born with, but grew up without. The ancient Romans were very much given to heavy chaff and calling people names, some of which, like RUFUS, were literally expressive of their personal peculiarities, whilst others were perhaps ironically so. As a matter of fact, JULIUS CÆSAR is known to have been bald, and, ROWLAND'S Incomparable Macassar Oil not having been as yet invented, to have worn a laurel chaplet in place of a wig, or of a black velvet scull-cap, which, when he got made Pontifex Maximus, would have become his Holiness. He probably took after his ancestor, called CÆSAR for want of a *cæsaries*, in a playful figure, *quasi lucus a non lucendo*, as his countrymen used to say, and as ours might give TOM THUMB and COMMODORE NUTT the names of GOG and MAGOG.

If the original CÆSAR derived his nickname from an artificial head of hair, the name of CÆSAR would seem to correspond nearly to that of WIGGINS.

In quitting this subject, we may remind our readers that, in the time of our own immediate forefathers, the thick head of hair, from which the name of CÆSAR is said to have originated, was termed a BRUTUS.

THE MAN WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEND TO A SÉANCE.—The man who knows how to hit the happy Medium.



VULCAN IN THE SULKS.

BRITANNIA. "IF YOU TURN SULKY, AND WON'T MAKE MY ARMOUR, HOW SHALL I BE ABLE TO RESIST MARS?"

A STATUE AT LARGE.

It was past twelve o'clock in London generally. Past twelve o'clock in Leicester Square particularly. After life's fitful fever Leicester Square, that is the dwellers in Leicester Square, slept well.

From their slumbers they were aroused by a voice, wild, unearthly. Was it a Banshee? or cats? It might have been a Banshee, as no one could speak on that subject from experience, but everyone said it wasn't cats. Again that wailing chaunt! It was dismal enough to be a comic song; but then the Alhambra had been shut up since midnight, so it couldn't be that.

Again: louder, louder, more unearthly, more unmusical than before.

"Hullo!" said PUTTICK AND SIMPSON, auctioneers in the Square. PUTTICK was asleep on the second-floor front, and SIMPSON was reposing in an adjoining room. "Who's that?"

"I should like to knock him down, whoever it is," growled SIMPSON, under the clothes, professionally.

The sound once more.

"Going, going, gone!" cried PUTTICK AND SIMPSON, and jumped out of bed.

"It's strange," said SIMPSON, putting his head out of window.

"No, it isn't," said MR. STRANGE, looking, out from a turret in the Alhambra.

BICKERS AND SON, booksellers, peered forth from their first-floor windows, with faces that spoke volumes.

The distinguished Foreigners at the Europe, Provence, and Sabloniere Hotels shivered in their night-caps, but couldn't be distinguished at all, it was so dark.

"P'raps it's that HORACE WIGAN," muttered MR. STRANGE to himself, "he's always disturbing me. Never mind, I'll have a Settling Day with him." So saying he grasped the water-jug.

The voice was singing, harshly, gratingly.

"I can't see anything," said MR. STRANGE.

Inventive genius came to his aid: in a minute a yard of magnesium wire illumined the Square.

The cats shrieked and fled.

A Policeman, in a bye-street, sprang his rattle.

In another minute the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND and LORD RICHARD GROSVENOR were on the spot on his Grace's fire-engine.

Diable! Der Teufel! exclaimed the distinguished foreigners.

"It's the Statue singing," said MR. STRANGE.

"It's the Statue!" cried PUTTICK AND SIMPSON.

"It is the Statue!" chorussed BICKERS AND SON.

"I'll pump on him," said the Duke.

"No, don't throw cold water on him," observed his Lordship, "or you'll put him out."

"I wish I could hear what he's saying," said MR. STRANGE. "Turn your head this way, will you?"

"Can't," said the Statue, who was looking straight at PUTTICK AND SIMPSON'S.

"Encore!" shouted the auctioneers.

"Encore, by all means!" cried the illustrious party, seated on the fire-engine.

MR. GREEN, who, with a large party of friends had been summoned from EVANS'S, here stepped forward, and offered to hum the statue music from *Don Giovanni* to the Dear Boy, dear Boy on the horse.

"I can't come down, MR. GREEN," returned the Statue, politely but sadly, "and if I could, my misfortune, in the matter of legs, would prevent my walking into your supper."

"Sing away, old Boy!" cried the occupants of the fire-engine.

"Sing sharp—I mean look sharp," said MR. STRANGE, who was now holding out the magnesium wire with the tongs.

"It's a little thing of my own," explained the Statue, bashfully, "founded upon a poem written by a gentleman to whose namesake I dedicate my present production."

"Name? Name?" from the fire-engine.

"COWPER," answered the Statue. "I will now oblige the company with my

VERSES.*

(Written by the Statue during his solitary abode in the centre of the Leicester Square Desert.)

"I'm monarch of all I survey,"

My right leg is minus a foot,

My left has been taken away,

And another they haven't yet put.

"Oh, Solitude, where are thy charms?"

I've cried till I'm black in the face;

Which black won't come off with the storms

Of rain in this horrible place.

"I'm out of Humanity's reach,"

Except when 'tis armed with a stone;

Is there no stern policeman who'll teach

The small boys to let me alone?

The cats that roam over the square

"My form with indifference see,"

The sparrows *will* perch on my hair,

Their conduct is shocking to me.

My horse has a stick to support

His leg, which (observe the right fore)

Is extended, as if he'd been taught

The trick known as shaking a paw.

Though summer's sun NELSON may bake,

On his friends grouped around him 'twill shine;

There's a coil 'bout his legs; oh, do make,

MR. COWPER, a coil about mine!

Why can't I be placed in the Strand?

CHARLES thinks he adorns Charing Cross!

And yet I would much rather stand—

I *should* like to get off my horse.

With legs, I might take CANNING'S place,

I'm sure he must want change of air,

My dress quite a classical grace

Would shed over Hanover Square.

But the Sparrow is gone to his nest,

The Cat is laid down in her lair,

Even here is a season of rest,

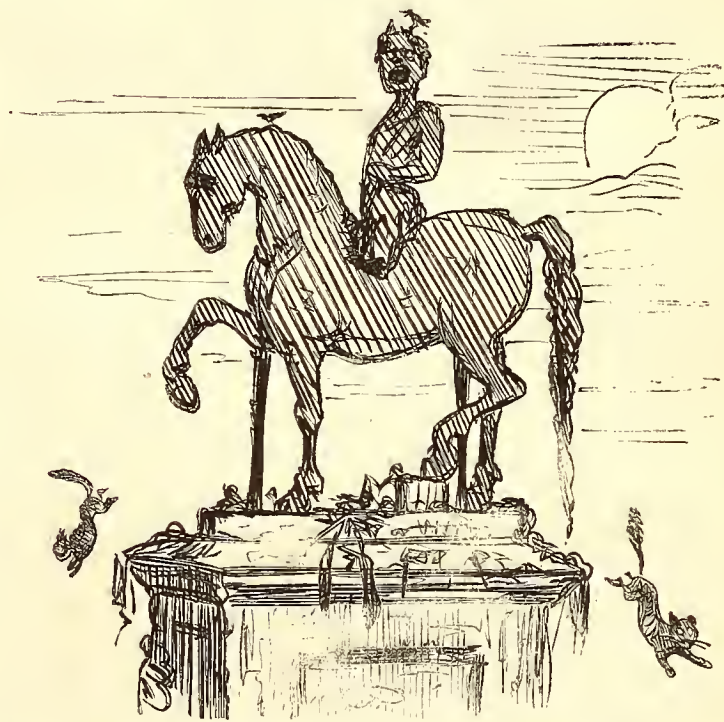
Let each to his mattress repair.

Dear me! why, what colds you have caught!

The weather, 'tis true, isn't hot.

You'll all be laid up! Cheerful thought,

That reconciles me to my lot.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS ABOUT JULIUS CÆSAR.

Julicum Cæsarem.—Yes. R. S. V. P. were the letters inscribed on the ancient Roman banners. It was a proud boast, and nobody knew what it meant.

Billy S.—Why did the populace want to tear the poet in SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Cæsar*?—Why, because he was a miserable CINNA.

Antony Rowley.—What was the Rubicon?—It was a generous red wine, a favourite with the Romans. CÆSAR used to be a regular bottle-stopper; so, as there were perpetual requests to him to "pass the rubicon," his doing it of his own accord, was marked as a red letter day in the Roman Calendar. The dinner-table cry was afterwards shortened into "Pass the ruby;" and, in this abbreviated form, it has been handed down to our own time.

Rum ti iddity rum Ti-berius.—CÆSAR was certainly what Cockneys call an 'ero in Roman History, but it does not therefore follow that his wife was an era in Roman History.

Hard Cashius.—The name of CÆSAR'S wife? She was POMPEY'S sister, and, everybody knows it well, was celebrated in history as MADAME DE POMPEYDOUR.

RULE IN FUNERAL ORATIONS.—*De mortuis nil nisi Bunkum.*

* It is needless to observe that our reporter was the first at the square railings.



RUDE BOY!

Charley. "I SAY, ROBERT!"

Robert. "YES, SIR."

Charley. "I SUPPOSE YOU THINK YOU'RE A FOOTMAN, 'CAUSE PAPA'S GIVEN YOU A COAT; BUT YOU'RE ONLY A PAGE AFTER ALL, AND OUGHT TO HAVE LITTLE BUTTONS ALL THE WAY DOWN!"

THE STAGE FROM THE FRONT.

WHEN CHAUCER spoke about the Clerke's power of "entuning" through his nose, he never claimed for it any particular humour; and when low comedians, or those who are thrust into that position, adopt a decided nasal tone of delivery, the audience may be pardoned if they are unable to see the fun of it. Two glaring instances of this elocutionary vice have been lately brought before the public—one at the St. James's Theatre, and the other at the Princess's. MR. FELIX ROGERS at the first house, and MR. DOMINICK MURRAY at the second, are far from being oily comedians, but their extremely dry style of acting might be rendered more endurable if they delivered their words direct from the natural organs of speech. Dr. Cantwell, Mawworm, the conventional Quaker, and the equally conventional Yankee of the Stage may be all very amusing in their way, but their peculiarities of pronunciation are apt to become tiresome when given to all characters. MESSRS. ROGERS and MURRAY are not the founders of this nasal school, nor are they its only pupils.

The revival of *The School for Scandal* at Drury Lane, has had an air of novelty imparted to it, from the circumstance of the two *Surfaces* being played by military gentlemen. MAJOR-GENERAL ANDERSON and LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WALTER LACY, who represented the *Joseph* and *Charles* of the comedy, were recognised as old favourites, notwithstanding their heavy cavalry moustachios. *Sir Peter Teazle* ought to have had a Crimean beard to make the performance harmonious, but MR. PHELPS preferred to be correct and singular.

What is an "apex actor?" or an "apex play?" A gentleman writing in the *Era* has used these terms, and every dramatic critic ought to be grateful for any new discovery in critical language, but no copyist will be safe in using such phrases until they are clearly explained. An "apex actor," we imagine, is an acrobat at the top of a pole; and an "apex play" must be some posthumous production of PEAKE's which is popular in the provinces.

Don't be Rude.

A PLAINTIFF the other day claimed remuneration from a Defendant for "Paving the way to a Butter Connection." It is right to say that this plaintiff had not been introducing a critic to a Manager.

DE MORNY AND DE MORTUIS.

TWO PICTURES.

FROM LIFE.

A YOUTH of wild excess, where every vice—
The glutton's, gambler's, lecher's, had its turn,
Yet ruled by a cool blood and brain precise,
Which nor shame checked nor sin could rouse to burn.

A manhood from sheer foulness scarce redeemed
By one short interval of soldier-life,
Where scorn of all things stoic courage seemed,
And won such honour as finds root in strife.

That warfare o'er, and those cheap palms still green,
A glad return to the Parisian sty,
With appetites for brief restraint more keen,
Large lusts to feed, and lessened means to buy.

Then arts of industry, in stock and share,
The gambler's practice to the Bourse applied,
With that cool blood, that brain, alert and ware,
Still keeping roguery on law's windward side.

Till, when the House of Orleans met its doom,
And the Republic had out-played its hour,
His life-long purpose veiled in studied gloom,
The Nephew of my Uncle crept to power.

Then this great *boursier* laid his sceptre down,
To one more great than he yielding the *pas*,—
The master-gambler who all *coups* dared crown
With that colossal *coup*, the *coup d'état*.

As a half-brother—half in brains and blood—
Should serve half-brother, he this master served,
With a cool daring, by no bar withstood,
That brooked no check, and at no terror swerved.

And he had his reward: so near the Throne,
What secret men would buy but he would sell?
The "turn of the market" now was all his own,
And practice taught him how to use it well.

So he lived—cynical and calm and cool,
Courteous of speech, of manners polished fair,
Ruling French legislators with a rule
That English lacqueys had not brooked to bear;

With everything that the world's wealth could buy,
With nothing that the world's respect should bring;
And when he died he could find tongues to lie,
Hands flowers of falsehood o'er his grave to fling!

AFTER DEATH.

First SCHNEIDER took the brush, *couleur de rose*
Laid in for ground, and with bold hand began
To model up, in lineaments and *pose*,
The portrait of great statesman and good man.

"Firm in his principles, in judgment wise,
Prompt to conceive as he to act was skilled:
Order and progress graced alike to prize,
Noblest support of Throne as nobly filled.

"Such in high office he ne'er ceased to be:
Such in the public love we saw him grow,
And in his colleagues' hearts, that bleed with me,
Dearer and dearer, as our loss we know;

"Impartial President, just and unblamed,
He with firm hand discussion's licence checked:
Admitting all to argument, he claimed
For men and institutions due respect.

"In private life beloved, his generous heart
Drew all affections with resistless power:
In public life, his the wise counsellor's part,
Who reads aright the lesson of the hour."

As large of line, of colouring as brave
As this from SCHNEIDER's pencil bright and bland,
The second portrait, at that open grave,
Dashed in by ready ROUHER's facile hand.

"Life's fight well fought, the task of duty done,
Upon his death-bed the pure patriot see,
Loosing this earth's affections, one by one,
Into God's bosom so to pass more free."

Pure, gentle, tolerant, wise, and debonair—
What virtues or good gifts but met in him?
Till looking on this image, we despair
To think what eclipse France's sky must dim!

With the extinction of the shining star,
That such a wondrous radiance can fling.—
But still a life's a life, and lights there are
Seen after death, that from corruption spring.

SOMETHING SENSIBLE FROM SUFFOLK.



MUSTER PUNCH, I humbly ax yar pardon, Sir, for troblun yow with my hand-writun, for I baint over grand at spellun, and may be our Soffuk way o' speak-un ull puzzle yow good tidily. But blame it! I fare somehow as if I must sah suffun bout this here pack o' lies as hev bun tow'd about the Malt-tax. Gorm me if I don't think that that there SIR FITZ ROY KELLY hev been swiggun some sour beer, and it hev givun him the stomik acke!

Well, there, to hare him talk yow'd raly ommost fancy that our faermers ware nigh starved to dead with this here blessed tax, and cooden afford the best on 'em to drink a pint of homebrewed. A mort o' fulish gabble he hev gone * us folks, sure-ly! Why, to hare him prate, yow'd think as how a faermer dint git northin by high faermun, for the moor baerley he growed the moor tax he'd hev to pay, and so, yow see, a faermer as do justice to the land he wornt amite the better off for a good hairvest.

Well then there's my bor JIM as work for MUSTER SKINFLINT, he goo a Sarrerday† sometimes and buy the *Ipsidge Jarnal*, which yow know is a high Tory peayper, and it's sprisun what a sight o' fulishness is put in it—Bout this here beer matter I mean, for in most respex the *Jarnal* is as sensible as many country noospeaypers. But there, it wholly stammed me tuther night at the Blue Lion to hare a letter read as was put into the *Times*, and written by a faermer as live nigh here in Soffuk, and he sah as this here tax be ruination to we labrers, fur if malt were free we'd all on us goo a brewun good mild beer at 3 hapence a quart, and cood git as drunk as lords on our own premises for 6 pence. But 'strue as I sit here, I don't believe we'd get a mite o' good by gittun drunk, nor by heven cheaper beer and keepun sober, nuther. Yow see our maisters ud be sure to cut our wages down accordun. My blief is as the money which now goo to pah the malt-tax woodent goo into our pockets, nor yet the faermers' nuther. The brewers and the maltsters might git a howd o' some on it, but we shouldn't see a doit, leastways that's my opinion.

So when I hare a faermer complainun of the malt-tax, think i—This here's all grub. The real tax upon the barley is the Geame, and nit the Guvermint. Why, 'strue as yow're alive we're ommust eaten up wi' Geame down here in Soffuk. No wonder corn dont pay for growun, when it be mostly all cornsumed by hungry hares and rabbits, and patteridges, and pheasunts! The fairmers now‡ this right enough, but they're afeard to haller out, cos why they think if they complain they ull git tunned out of their fairms, and spite o' the Geame they most on em be doing pritty tidily.

So no moor at the present from your bedient humble sarvunt to command,

JOE HODGE,

Uppards o' thutty year a Labrer in the filds, and arnun 9 shillun a weak to keep my wife and family, and its as much as I can du to find em in dry bread, but taint the Malt-tax as purwents it from beun pork and pooddan.

* *Anglicè*, given.

† *Anglicè*, on Saturday.

‡ Know.

SEASONABLE CONUNDRUM.

WHY ought you never to lend anything to a strict Roman Catholic?
Because what is Lent to *him*, he keeps.

BIG AND LITTLE BETHELLS.

NOTHING can well be more cruel or unreasonable than these attacks on LORD WESTBURY for giving away the Clerkship of Patents to his son-in-law's brother, and the Clerkship of the House of Lords to his son.

His Lordship, like *Silky* in the *Road to Ruin*, very properly considers himself bound to provide for his family; and the length and breadth of this pious feeling is beautifully shown in the following list of appointments which have already been distributed among the House of BETHELL, without anybody saying a word against the LORD CHANCELLOR:—

"First, a Registrarship at Exeter, and afterwards in London, to the HON. SLINGSBY BETHELL, son of the LORD CHANCELLOR, and now the Reading Clerkship of the House of Lords; second, a Registrarship of Deeds to the HON. R. BETHELL, another son of the LORD CHANCELLOR, under the New Bankruptcy Act; third, the Crown Solicitorship to the Court of Bankruptcy, to WALTER WILLIAM ALDRIDGE, Esq., who married a niece of the LORD CHANCELLOR—an appointment created under the New Bankruptcy Act; fourth, the berth of Architect to the Court of Bankruptcy, to AUGUSTUS B. ABRAHAM, brother-in-law to the LORD CHANCELLOR—an appointment found necessary under the New Bankruptcy Act. In addition to these, a Secretaryship of Presentations has been given to A. B. ABRAHAM, Esq., and a Mr. R. J. ABRAHAM has been appointed Second Clerk in the Land Registry Office, and his Lordship's son-in-law holds the Official Assigneeship to the Exeter District."

It is a strong proof of the organised antagonism of the Solicitors to LORD WESTBURY's Act, that they have been able to bring it to a deadlock, in spite of an executive strengthened by this powerful force of BETHELLS and ABRAHAMS. But why should the public strain at the last two gnats, after swallowing all those camels?

THE PAPAL STATES.

(From our Own.)

March 17th.—The POPE is in good health. He had an audience the other day: pit quite full—no half-price. French in arms not admitted. Later in the evening there was a game of hunt the Papal slipper, which the POPE enjoyed amazingly.

The other day the POPE drove to Pimlico.*

His Holiness is, as you are of course aware, very fond of billiards. Some few favoured ones are allowed to go into St. Peter's, and see the canons the POPE makes. When I told his Infallibility this sally, the good-natured Pontiff laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks; the wily Cardinal who was playing with him took advantage of PI using a large red cotton pocket-handkerchief to mark up five for himself. Such is life at the Vatican!

"Lor', BILLY," said PI to me one evening (I always call him PI, and he calls me BILLY), "it's all very well to say, 'The POPE he leads a happy life,' but I'll tell you in confidence—" What he said I cannot of course repeat. But mark my words. The French will *not* leave Rome to-morrow. If they do, I give up all chance of a Cardinalate, for which I am daily intriguing. There are lots of vacant hats, and plenty of vacant heads to be fitted. *Verb. sap.*

Yours,

THE RUM 'UN.

* Query, the Pincio?

Musical Note.

L'Africaine is to be produced at Covent Garden with great splendour. The plot is very simple; a coloured gentleman, while stopping at a South African Port, falls in love, and poisons himself with a glass of the native Sherry. The story was originally told of the first man of colour, ADAM BLACK. There will be a ballet of Buffalo gals, who will come out every night, and dance by the light of the usual Moon.

THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL.

WHY is the DUKE OF MANCHESTER like SHAKSPEARE? Don't be outrageous, the comparison is *not* "too absurd."
Because he knows "small Latin and less Greek."

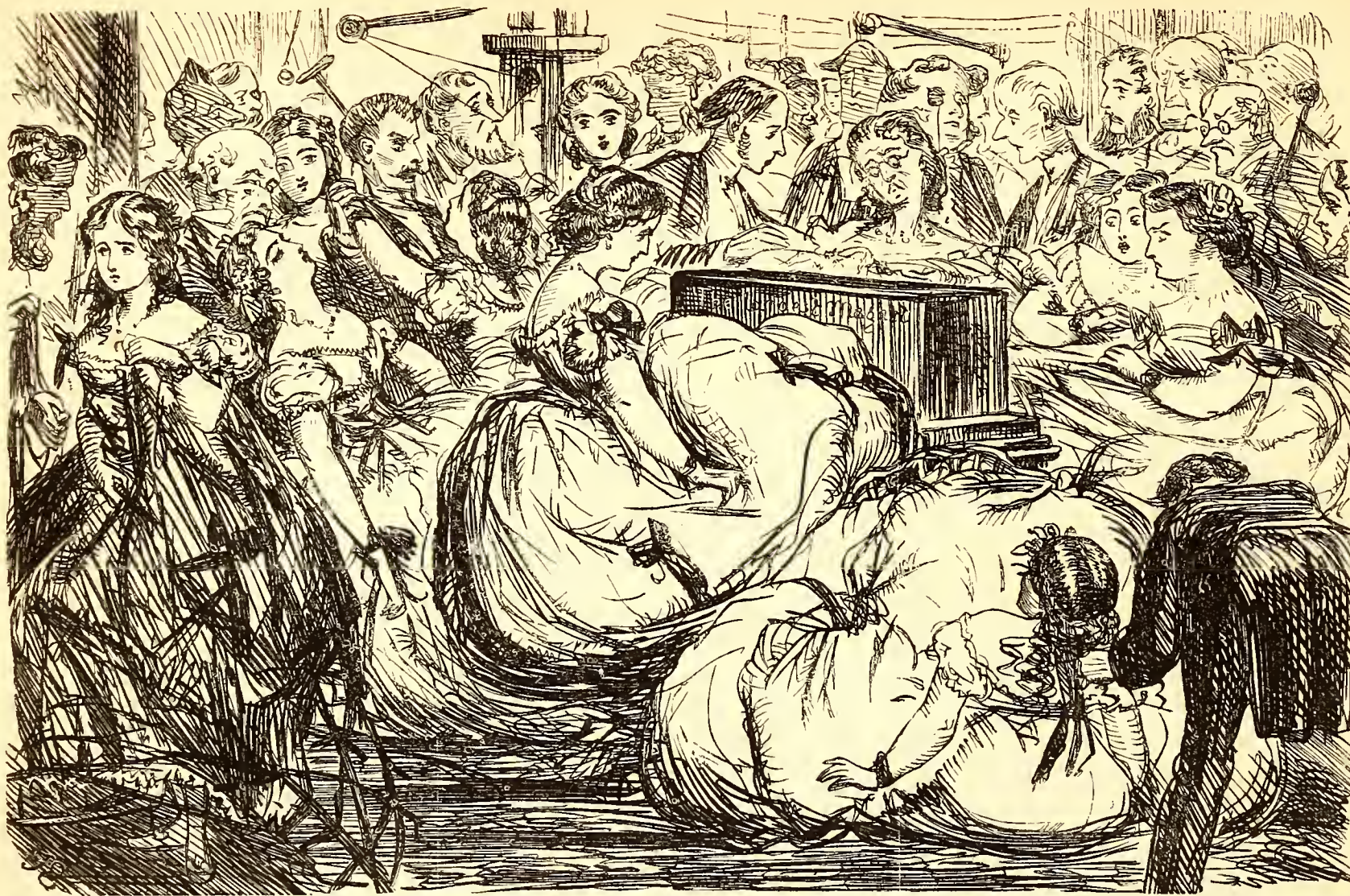
UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE.

THE Roman Catholic Bishop of Birmingham's Postscript to Mr. NEWDEGATE:—"P.S. I'll be an *Ulla-thorne* in your side. Yours truly, THE BRUMMAGEM BISHOP."

Nursery Rhymes for Leeds Babies.

LORD NAMBYPAMBERLEY first was a scorner
Of six-pound "francheese," and was put in a corner:
But he's eaten his words, and it gives us great joy
That LORD NAMBYPAMBERLEY's now a good boy.

AN IDEA FOR A QUACK.—A Schoolboy's Appetite will be regained at the latest period of life in cases of the most complete anorexia, by recourse to CRAWWELL'S Peptic Pills. Sold in boxes, at &c. &c.



AN AWFUL DEMONSTRATION

OF THE POWER OF A LARGE MAGNET AT OLD BUNGER'S SCIENTIFIC CONVERSAZIONE.

RHYMES TO DECREASING CRINOLINE.

With exceeding satisfaction
A remarkable contraction
Of thy petticoat our eyes have lately seen ;
The expanse of ladies' dress,
Thank its yielding arbitress,
Growing beautifully less,
Crinoline.

On the flagstones of the street
If a man two women meet,
He may pass, if pretty tolerably lean,
And sufficiently alert,
Stepping not into the dirt
'Twixt the kennel and thy skirt,
Crinoline.

Now, when ladies go to Court,
Let us hope that no more sport
They will furnish to the rabble vile and mean,
While their clothes, for want of room,
Stick right out of every brougham ;
For retrenchment is thy doom,
Crinoline.

There will soon be room for us
In the public omnibus,
When the middle class of ladies find the QUEEN,
And the fair PRINCESS OF WALES,
And Nobility's females,
Have all had to reef their sails,
Crinoline.

When to church young damsels go,
Their habiliments to show,
In their bonnets of magenta, mauve, and green,

A not very spacious pew
Will suffice to hold a few,
If the darlings but eschew
Crinoline.

No more ladies death will find,
In their frames of steel calcined,
Set on blazes by a grate without a screen ;
Though some cookmaids yet may flare,
Who dress out, and don't take care,
For the servants still will wear,
Crinoline.

But the dashing stylish belles,
And the exquisite fast swells,
Will deride the grotesque fashion that has been
For so long a time the rage
In a comical past age :
Thy preposterous old cage,
Crinoline.

New Music.

"*I'd be a Buttercup, born in a Bower.*" Song written as a companion to "*I'd choose to be a Daisy.*"

"A very charming melody. The poetry is exquisite."—*Review.*

VALE—"*The Pot Luck,*" by the Author of "*The Invitation.*"

"This is an extremely spirited *moreau*. The popping of the corks and the rattling of the knives and forks are capitally imitated."—*Vide Public Press.*

NEW BALLAD—"The How d'ye do at the Window." By the talented composer of "*The Good-bye at the Door.*"

"Bright and sparkling : really quite a gem."—*Musical Review.*

POPPING THE QUESTION.—"Champagne, Sir?"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, March 20.

LORD STANHOPE, who is entitled to be heard with respect on any subject, and especially on any subject in which posterity will be interested, made an earnest protest against burying the new Temple of Justice, instead of placing it where it would ornament London. But the site seems to be settled, and the stronghold of Law will be Castle-Carey.

MR. H. BERKELEY, of the Ballot, does not believe in the machinery by which black balls are to be deposited in the ships of our enemies; and he brought on another

American debate. The MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON stood to his guns. The Larger BENTINCK abused the plans for defending Canada. This gentleman has taken a dislike to his chief, MR. DISRAELI, and often walks out of the House, in a marked manner, in order to illustrate his disloyalty. CAPTAIN JERVIS said that the cry of invasion was a Bogie. There were some other speeches, and the rest of the night was devoted to the service of Mars, God of War, and good progress was made with the Estimates for the support of the priests and ministers of the Bellipotent.

Tuesday. MR. A. SMITH made an onslaught upon the Office of Works and the Woods and Forests, charging the authorities with all kinds of waste, mismanagement, corruption, and other bad vices, and he demanded a great reform, which MR. FREDERICK PEEL assured him was unnecessary.

MR. MONSELL, who is a moderate Catholic, obtained leave to bring in a Bill for doing away with the oaths which his fellow-believers have to take on being admitted to office. They have to renounce the Catholic doctrine that Sovereigns excommunicated by the POPE may be deposed by their subjects, and they have also to abjure all intention of upsetting the Church of England. *Mr. Punch* has the grimmest disfavour for all useless oaths, because they savour of profanity, and inasmuch as the excommunication of a Sovereign by the POPE is usually an excellent means of strengthening that Sovereign's position (as may be observed, your Holiness, in the case of VICTOR-EMMANUEL, King of Italy, your Holiness), we are not much afraid of the process. The QUEEN OF ENGLAND is believed to be in a chronic state of excommunication, but we are not aware that the HOWARDS, or SIR GEORGE BOWYER, or the majority of the Irish Members, entertain any intention of effecting the deposition of the SOVEREIGN. We had rather trust to the loyalty of the Catholics and to the fears of the Papists, than to any oaths. As for the Church oath, MR. MONSELL said, with justice, that it was absurd to exact it from men who would maintain the Protestant establishment, as a bulwark against infidelity, and not to require it of MR. BRIGHT and MR. HADFIELD, whose first words on awakening, when their servants knock with the shaving water, are *Delenda est Ecclesia*, or a free and easy translation thereof. Moreover, we flatter ourselves that we are quite able to maintain the Church against all comers, and do not wish to be beholden to anybody's forbearance. Government did not resist the introduction of the Bill, but we need hardly say that MR. NEWDEGATE had an instant vision of the window at Whitehall, and MR. WHALLEY beheld St. Paul's in the fire, which he is not likely to kindle in the Thames. In the course of his speech MR. NEWDEGATE grew vehement, and bonneted MR. HORSFALL, but as the great Protestant apologised like a gentleman, and has sent MR. HORSFALL a new hat, we really mention it only in honour of the orator's energy.

MR. SHERIDAN then beat the Government soundly. Despite the protests of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, that he ought not to be bound to anything, and that votes ought not to be taken on money matters until he should have cut the Surplus Cake, after Easter, the House condemned the tax on Fire Assurance. *Mr. Punch* regrets any annoyance to his friend MR. GLADSTONE, and feels that he, *Mr. P.*, ought to apologise to him, MR. G., for publishing an epigram which produced this effect. *Mr. Punch* having said that he would hear of no assurance duty except the duty of assurance, the tax was stabbed by that glittering poniard. But in the interest of Society he will stick at nothing, or rather at everything that deserves sticking, and this tax on prudence merited the fate which it met to-night.

Wednesday. SIR COLMAN O'LOGHLEN endeavoured to carry a Bill for giving Irishmen an opportunity of travelling on Railways upon Sundays. As he was defeated, we have little to say on the subject, except that two points in the debate may be worth notice. One is, that an Irish Member declared that Limerick was a dreary place, and he could understand the desire of people to get away from it on

Sunday. Then what does the poet mean by stating in song that "Limerick is beautiful." Of course we agree with another poet, the late MR. PRIOR, that one need not "swear to the truth of a song," but this flagrant contradiction demands explanation. Secondly, it was declared on high authority, that a Railway is a public road, and any person may put carriages on it. On the faith of this statement, *Mr. Punch* has ordered a private engine and smoking carriage of his own, and having occasion to go to Edinburgh, to see the new statue to PROFESSOR WILSON, and take a few drams with the editor of the *Scotsman*, with ALEXANDER SMITH, the poet, and with PROFESSOR BLACKIE the Englishman, he will require the road on Wednesday next, and he hereby gives notice that the line is to be kept clear, as he never stops, except to smile at the pretty girls at the Peterborough station, and to punch the head of a surly porter or so at Carlisle.

Thursday. EARL RUSSELL made a Speech intended to promote friendly feelings between us and the Federals. He intimated that there was a probability that the Reciprocity Treaty might not be put an end to, that the American Government had abolished the passport system on the frontier, and intended to withdraw the notice for abrogating the treaty as to armaments on the Lakes. He also said that we had been exquisitely civil in all our despatches, and that the late PRINCE CONSORT himself had suggested some alterations in the Trent despatch, whereby it was rendered still more polite than in the first draft. And though he named nobody, he levelled a pretty straight hit at MR. BRIGHT, for trying to make the Yankees believe that we had treated them harshly. There was no question, he said, between the Governments. SIR FREDERICK BRUCE, whose wisdom hath approved itself in the East, has departed as our representative in the West, *vice* LORD LYONS.

If it be true—MR. SCULLY alleges it—that a child under six and a man of sixty-five have been flogged in gaol, the cases are not for words, but for such punishment of the perpetrators as shall be remembered by all Justices and gaolers for many a long day. But in spite of our abject faith in the plenary and verbal inspiration of MR. SCULLY, we are obliged to say that we must await further information.

Those Saffron Hill Italian rioters give a great deal of trouble. PELIZZONI, the man who was convicted of murder, and has been pardoned, because the act was not murder, and also seems to have been committed by somebody else, is now to be tried for wounding a potman called REBECK. The police are charged with having resolved to convict PELIZZONI, and with having suppressed all evidence that did not tend to that result. It is certain that when a policeman has made up his very luminous mind as to a person's guilt, the official mode of getting up the case is uncommonly satisfactory—so far as it goes; only, as CHIEF BARON POLLOCK remarked at Lewes, the other day, "the object of a criminal prosecution is not to get a verdict, but to get at the facts." This *dictum*, which no doubt seemed most offensive and uncalled-for to the gentlemen whose creed begins with "From information which I received," was elicited in a case in which the police caused an amiable and most respectable lady, the widow of a British officer, to be tried because a fire occurred in her house, and they could not find out how it had arisen. With such a prosecutor as MR. DENMAN, such a defender as SERJEANT BALLANTINE, and such a Judge as the CHIEF BARON POLLOCK, an innocent lady in the dock was, of course, as safe from any serious consequences of police stupidity as she could have been in her own drawing-room; but the pain, the anxiety, the public scene, and the heavy expense occasioned to her, are by no means to be forgotten. "More brain, more brain!" as MR. GEORGE MEREDITH, the poet, exclaimeth.

Debate on the fortification of Quebec, and repetition of most things that had previously been said. MR. DISRAELI did not believe that the normal state of America would be the maintenance of armies like those of XERXES. Perhaps not, yet we should not be surprised to hear a Yankee declare that the Republic, like that monarch, would "whip the ocean." MR. BRIGHT complimented MR. DISRAELI on unexpected diffidence. The House felt, like Englishmen, that whether we could defend Canada or not, it was due to the gallant and loyal Canadians to assure them that we meant to try, and the Quebec fortifications were voted by 275 to 40. The Larger BENTINCK, who had moved an amendment, walked out of the House "amid ironical cheers."

Then, we are sorry to say, there was a Parliamentary scene, and *Punch* fears that he cannot compliment his friend the SPEAKER, on having been as autocratic as a Speaker should be. The question was unimportant, but MR. DENISON should have been very important. MANNERS SUTTON or SHAW LEFEVRE would have made short work with HENNESSYS and LYGONS. However, perhaps the right honourable gentleman was not well (the weather was an excuse for anything), and it was very late, and he may have been tired. But in future, please, he must be a Despot.

The Bill for abolishing the oaths which Dissenters do not like to take on assuming municipal office was read a Third Time and passed, and will be rejected by the House of Lords at an early date. Their Lordships like to set the schismatics swearing.

Friday. Quite right, LORDS MALMESBURY and SHAFTESBURY, if a Magistrate sends a man to a lunatic asylum, on the certificate of one doctor, when the law demands that of two, that Magistrate must give a good reason why he should be retained in the Commission of the Peace, and of illegal practices. The Docknall case must be fully understood.

A laughable Irish debate. CHIEF JUSTICE MONAGHAN, one of the best and ablest of the Hibernian Judges, is accused of having got out of temper with the Magistrates of the County Down, and in reply to

one of them, is said to have uttered an impatient execration. Now, as nobody ever swears in Ireland, the pious nation is hideously shocked. Of course, the alleged words (though, if they were used at all, were used in a way which made them utter nonsense) were excessively indecorous, but MR. COGAN stood up like a gentleman for an absent and honoured personage, and demanded full information. There was a wrangle, but SIR ROBERT PEEL's love of fun for once was opportune, and somehow, between jest and earnest, he squenched a demonstration dictated by something like spite.

The Blue Book Grievance was ventilated. Any Member can get almost anything printed, at the expense of the country, and an awful expense the House printing is, and some cheaper article than the Blue Books might be used for wrapping up butter. MR. EWART deserves plaudit for raising the question, and also for introducing a quotation which was very apt, and which was new to the House. We cite it, premising for the information of all our readers but one, that MR. EWART was illustrating the uses to which Parliamentary documents are turned, and, for the information of MR. COX, that *piper* means pepper, and not, as he may imagine, a performer on the bag-pipes.

"Cum scriptore meo, capsâ porrectus apertâ
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus, et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis."



EXCUSABLE.

COUNT FRANCO, HAVING BEEN SHOWN THE STATUES OF OUR INDIAN HEROES, IMMEDIATELY INFERS THAT HE SEES A COLOURED ONE OF THE LATE LORD CLYDE.

A PRETTY PLAYTHING.

REALLY this piece of intelligence from Paris looks very Oriental:—

"The EMPEROR, during the day, received in private audience the COUNT DE MOLTKE HOITFELDT, Danish Minister, who had the honour of presenting to his Majesty, M. DE BLUHME, charged to remit the collar of the Order of the Elephant which the KING OF DENMARK has conferred on the PRINCE IMPERIAL."

But perhaps the "collar of the Order of the Elephant," which the PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE has been presented with by the KING OF DENMARK, is not to be regarded as a badge or decoration such as an Asiatic potentate would bestow on the object of his sublime consideration. The truth may be that the Royal donor of that bauble intended it as a toy for the amusement of the little NAPOLEON, suitable to his tender years.

THE ENFIELD'S GOOD-BYE.

"A SUBSTITUTE FOR GUNPOWDER.—A new gunpowder is said to have been discovered by MR. J. H. G. EHRHARDT, a German. It consists of taunic gallic acid, or the resin of commerce, and chlorate or nitrate of potash. The new gunpowder is stated to be of three times the explosive force of that now in use, and one-half cheaper."—*Vide Standard, &c.*

EACH dog has his day,
So they say
(When the sun shines then let him make hay).
As it is in such trifles
As dogs, 'tis in rifles—
There paragraphed, then thrown away.

Brown Bess first came out;
No doubt
She made in the papers a rout,
But her bullet so lax is,
It won't keep the axis,
And terribly wabbles about.

The Minnie came, too—
Something new—
And made a tremendous ado.
Its grooving was spiral—
Some said it would fire all
Its bullets a mile—some said two.

We the Enfields' attention engage—
The rage
We became, and just suited the age:
The Commons, the Peers,
The troops, volunteers,
LORD ELCHO, and CAPTAIN HOOD PAGE.

But, alas! the times change—
Our range
Is too short now the foe to derange;
And so WILTWORTH's grooving
(With RICHARDS' improving
The breach) has come in as a change.

Never mind! out of date,
We wait
To be shelved, not too early or late.
When they're bringing a mess in
Of potash and resin
As powder, who'd mourn such a fate?

And then there's a change in the lead—
'Tis said
They're making some hard stuff instead—
So good-bye. This will last
Till the fashion is past,
And something else comes in the head.

Dr. Colenso Please Inform.

At Florence, the poet DALL' ONGARA has been reciting verse, in which he stated that "the first speech of ADAMO was *Io t'amo*." Was it addressed to the beasts, and did it mean, "How tame?"



EXTRACT

FROM EVALINA'S LETTER TO HER COUSIN.

"I QUITE AGREE WITH YOU, DEAR, THAT THE VIGNETTE IS FAR PREFERABLE TO THE CARTE DE VISITE, FOR ANY GIRL WHO HAS PRETENSIONS TO GOOD LOOKS. I ENCLOSE MINE."

INTERESTING PICTURE SALE.

AMONG the numerous picture auctions of the season few have excited more interest than has been occasioned by the dispersion, under the accomplished hammer of MESSRS. CHAFFER AND DUFFER, of the interesting collection of works of art lately belonging to MR. PLUFFY PLUMMER, Poulterer and Grocer, at Wapping, and of which he has generously divested himself, through the agency of the Court of Bankruptcy, for the benefit of various residents in that district, to whom he considers himself largely indebted in the way of gratitude and otherwise. The sale took place on the premises, on Tuesday last, and was largely attended by the eminent connoisseurs and dealers of Wapping. We have space to note only a few of the lots, and the prices they fetched. Lot 27. *View of the Great Exhibition of 1851*, on wood, from the lid of a workbox. 3d. Lot 29. *A Valentine*, richly coloured, and opening to disclose Hymeneal rites, mounted on spelling-book cover. 8d. A gem. Lot 30. *Interior View of the Thames Tunnel*, perforated to be lighted by a candle. Slightly damaged. 2d. Lot 31. *The Lord Mayor's Show*, a very long and elaborate work, faithfully representing the superb civic festival; with portraits. After severe competition, this valuable historical work was knocked down at 4d. Lot 35. *Cremorne Gardens*, with balloon ascent, elegantly mounted on varnished card, but slightly fly-blown, it is presumed from exposure in the window of a hostelry. A superb and conscientious work. 6d. Lot 39. *Wapping Old Stairs*, with copy of DIBDIN's beautiful poem, exquisitely printed by CATNACH. The local interest of this picture produced a struggle for it, and it ultimately went at 8d., amid loud cheers for the spirited purchaser. Lot 40. *The Licensed Victuallers' Fête*, a grand composition, including at least one hundred figures, likenesses of the most eminent publicans and publicanesses. This important master-piece had been cleaned, somewhat hastily, and the soap-and-water had unfortunately removed the background, the legs, and several of the faces, but enough remained to vindicate the genius of the artist, and the work, with black frame, formerly gilt, went for 1s. 6d. The sun suddenly shone into the room at the moment the auctioneer held up the picture, and caused a sensation—some persons being affected to sneezing. Lot 43. *Portrait of the late MR. LISTON, as Paul Pry*, in the celebrated comedy of that name; a fine lithograph. There was competition for this, and it was whispered that emissaries from the Garrick Club and the National Portrait Gallery were contending, but it was finally secured by a resident for 7d. Lot 44. Copy of "*Sherry, Sir?*" by a great German artist, very brilliantly coloured, and with inscription in no fewer than three languages;

a *chef-d'œuvre*, and also deeply interesting as a type of Teutonic Art. 10d. Lot 46. *View of King's Cross*, before the demolition of the Statue of His Majesty GEORGE THE FOURTH. This work, of the CANALETTI order, had been damaged (like LEONARDO DA VINCI's master-piece) by having been made a target, but the auctioneer ingeniously suggested that the arrow-holes could be stopped with a little black putty, which he offered to supply at the expense of the estate. The bidding was, however, languid, and the work was bought in. Lot 50. *The Execution of Thurtell*. This fine historical picture, with book of the trial, was felt to be rather a gallery work than one calculated for a private domestic collection, but its conscientiousness and appalling power asserted themselves, and it was secured for 8d. by a local member of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment. Lot 57. "*Who is King?*" A gorgeously-coloured work, representing a Twelfth Night festival, with elegantly-attired ladies and gentlemen gazing intensely at a gigantic cake, but gaily holding up glasses of Port wine negus, elicited much applause, and was knocked down at 6d. The fortunate purchaser found, inside, several charming little character-pictures, with quaint legends, and a dispute arose as to whether they had become his property. The carelessness of auctioneers in not thoroughly examining every article they catalogue, deserves the severest reprehension. In this case the purchaser expressed such unqualified defiance of the vendor's suggestions for a re-sale, and intimated so distinctly that if they were persevered in, the knocking down would not be all performed by the auctioneer, that it was considered best to let the sale proceed, with notice that the LORD CHANCELLOR would be appealed to. Lot 60. *The Pavilion at Brighton*. This marvellous proof of the utility of Art as a handmaid to civilisation, was a triptych, which opened, and disclosed a nutmeg grater, a paper for kindling lucifer matches, and an almanac for 1839. It was eagerly contested for, and went for 1s. 2d. Lot 64. *Replica*, signed, of black paper cut portrait of a Beadle, name unknown, but the work executed, as the date showed, in the latter part of the mayoralty of LORD WAITHMAN. 4d. Lot 70. "*Something Slap*." A most animated picture of a dandy of 1820 driving a female with a vast bonnet, in a lofty gig, horse about twenty-seven hands high, and violent action. This was the sensation sale of the day, and the work was at last knocked down, to a sporting publican, at 2s. 3d., but the regularity of the transaction being objected to by a broker who had also bid highly, the opinion of the assembly was taken, and at their unanimous suggestion a ring was formed, and a desperate battle ensued, which ended in the broker's victory, and the clearing of the room by the intelligent and obliging Policeman Z 218. The proceeds of the day's sale amounted to £3 11s. 6d.; and as this has to be distributed by the Court of Bankruptcy, it is calculated that about 7s. 6d. will be divided among the creditors.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF FATHER THAMES.

O LOVELY London, what will it avail
Clear of my tide thy feculence to drain,
Or bid my outfall, if that project fail,
Convey it to the disinfecting main?

Faugh! Barnes and Mortlake, Kingston, piff! Ye towns
Above, ascending, phew! What! from your sewers,
If fertilising filth my stream embrowns,
I'm cleaused of London's dirt to carry yours.

What boots it, if I'm soiled by thee, my Ditton,
That Chelsea is forbid to stain my breast?
Windsor forbear; nor let me flow on, smitten.
Infectious with thy sordes, breathing pest.

Are you to choke my locks, and elot my weirs,
And make my current heavy, thick, and slab,
Divert, to agricultural affairs,
The tributaries making me run drab.

My silver stream corrupt with base alloy
No longer: spread that matter o'er the field.
The richness that my nose doth overcloy,
Let Cloacina, pray, to Ceres yield.

"A Line in Return will Oblige."

THE *Times* says, in reference to Railway Accidents, "Communication between the passengers and the guard is a mere matter of a rope." Just so, and if a fatal accident for want of such communication were also made a mere matter of a rope, we should soon have the requisite invention on all the Railways.

FOR SMALL HOUSEKEEPERS.—Life without a groan is like meat without a bone.

A Joke without salt (Attie) is like beer without malt.

HUNTING INTELLIGENCE.

From MR. TITWILLOW to MRS. TITWILLOW, at MRS. GROANEY'S,
Clapham.

MY DEAREST BETTY,

Brighton, Friday Night.

THIS is perhaps a last farewell! I have engaged myself to do a rash thing, and cannot go back with honour.

ELIZABETH! to-morrow I am going out hunting (on horseback!) with the "Harriers" (whatever they may be!). What fiends, champagne-begotten, tempted me to-night to say that I could ride! A friend of our friend's here, after dinner, seriously and in good faith offered to "mount" me. A stout man, six foot four, and weighing nearly 20 stone! and I cannot but think that the horse he is going to lend me, and whose name is *Goliath*, must be in proportion. Oh, BETTY! think of *me* on the top of such a monster! *me*, whom you can carry up-stairs in your arms! Would they were round me now! And I hear there are precipitous hills, and dales, and possible jumps; and the "meet" (that is, the meeting of the hounds and hunters) is to be at a place called "The Devil's Dyke!"

When you receive this (or, haply, if you receive it, for it shall only be sent in case of fatal necessity), remember that my last thought in falling off *Goliath* was for you and the unconscious twins, now fatherless! I can write no more, for I must sew some buttons on my trousers for straps.

Farewell, dearest! Tell my mother-in-law I forgave the past. (Oh, that I were with her!—*she's* safer than *Goliath*!) Farewell! Farewell!

(We are happy to say the above was not sent.)

From the Same to the Same.

MY DEAREST BETTY,

Brighton, Saturday Night.

I HAVE had the most glorious day I can remember. I've been out hunting—on horseback, of course.

Yesterday, at dinner here, I met a MR. JONES, and a very jolly fellow he is! We got talking of sporting matters, and on my happening to say I was fond of riding, he offered to mount me. Let me alone for accepting his offer! And we've been out all day, and had some splendid sport. I don't suppose you are very much versed in these matters, BETTY dear, and it will interest you to hear all about it.

We started, at ten, from MR. JONES'S door, the groom having brought round the horses. MR. JONES is a much larger man than I, and *Goliath*, the horse I was to ride was *immense*—I heard something about sixteen feet and a half high, if I am not mistaken. It seems a great deal, but I suppose he's about that when he stands on his hind legs (which he didn't do with me, thank goodness!). The stirrup-leathers were shortened to their utmost, and when I found myself across his back, I could just touch the stirrups with the tips of my toes. MR. JONES seemed to think them short enough, and I didn't contradict him, although I had my own private feelings on the matter. I found, moreover, that I could make a very presentable appearance on the side next to MR. JONES, by sacrificing the other stirrup altogether,



which is easy enough when walking; when galloping, or especially trotting, I've no doubt he was too much occupied in keeping on himself to notice me (if I can judge of him by my own experience).

Well, we arrived at the "meet," at a very pretty place called "The

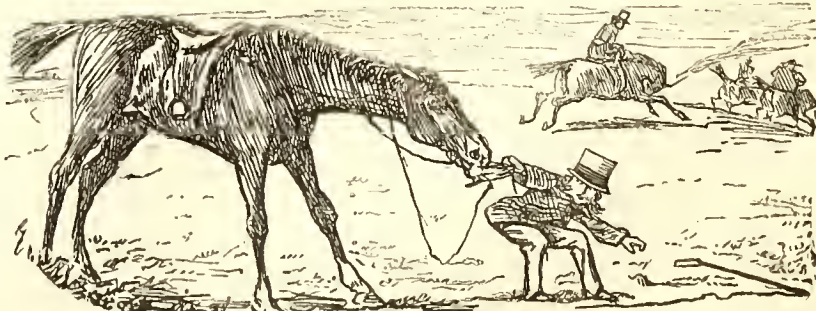
Devil's Dyke," and there were the hounds, and lots of men and women on horseback—such a pretty sight! I wish you had been there! The hounds went smelling about, the huntsman in a green coat, uttering singular falsetto noises, smacking a big whip, and now and then blowing a horn; presently they began to bark in a peculiar manner, and run all in a line, and we followed. I chose a beautiful young green field for my first gallop, and found it easy enough; and altogether the beautiful fresh air, the manly excitement, the musical notes of the hounds, and the men all crying out "wareweet! wareweet!" at the tops of their voices, have left an impression never to be effaced.



I had hitherto felt rather nervous, but now all fear was banished. All of a sudden I saw the hare scamper up hill, and in a little while the hounds went after him. I galloped—JONES galloped—we all of us galloped; and anything easier or more inspiring than galloping up hill I can't conceive. But, by Jove, going down the other side, BETTY, even at a walk!—and I galloped! fortunately behind the rest; for though I managed to stick on, I am afraid I did not do so in quite the usual manner.

After a series of these gallops up and down, there was a pause. I observed the huntsman get off his horse among the hounds, who were all in a heap at his feet, and pick up the poor hare, who had done something called "doubling," which had proved fatal to her, for she thereby met her doom. * * * I felt very faint, and would gladly have given my day's sport for the poor thing to have effected its escape.

In the middle of my distress a very gentlemanly-looking man rode up, and asked me to "cap" him, and not knowing how to do it I was very much put out. Fortunately, an elderly gentleman saw my embarrassment, and told me that "capping" was giving half-a-crown, which I did, although I had great difficulty in getting at it, for my fingers were benumbed, and already taken up with two bridles and a whip. I wouldn't have dropped that whip, with nobody but myself to get off my horse and pick it up; no, not for all the hares in England!

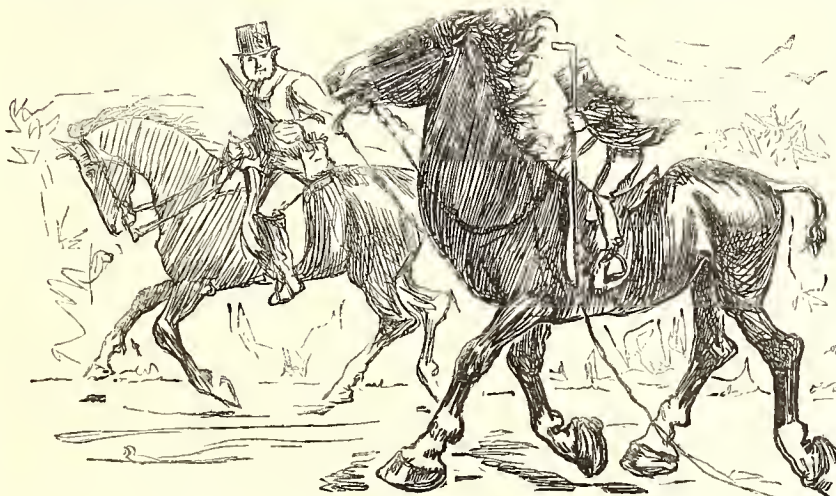


Here MR. JONES gave me a pull at his sherry flask and a biscuit, and then we set out after another hare: more up and down hill, and delightful galloping along occasionally level plains; on one of these was

a sheep-fold, with a wooden railing near it, a very desperate leap in fact; the huntsman who rode in front of me jumped over, and a sudden inspiration prompted me to follow. I held my breath and went at it; in going over all my past existence revealed itself to me as in a single flash, and when we got on the other side, I found I was still following the huntsman, and still on *Goliath*. I will own to you, BETTY, that I was as much surprised as if your Mother had sent me a fifty-pound note for my birthday. I patted the faithful *Goliath's* neck, and vowed that hunting and leaping should henceforward be my only relaxation. Why did my Mother, in her too careful solicitude, bring me up in ignorance of this exciting, daring amusement.

Well this hare was caught (without doubling) and I was in at the death; had I chosen I could have ridden before any one else, or indeed in advance of the hounds themselves, but MR. JONES prevented me. I asked him if I might not have the brush to send to you, BETTY; but he explained to me that hares have not got one, and I now recollect he was right.

He now proposed that we should return to Brighton, and as I fancied I was feeling rather sore, I acceded, though with regret. The ride home was not by any means so pleasant as everything else had been; *Goliath* adopted for the return a kind of jog-trot which was very dis-



tressing. I seemed to grow less and less, and he to become quite camel-like; indeed I was conscious of very ungrateful feelings towards *Goliath*, which increased in intensity until we reached the stables and dismounted; that is MR. JONES dismounted first, and then dismounted me; for, dear BETTY, I was utterly incapable of lifting my leg across

the saddle, and when I alighted, upheld by MR. JONES's hand on my collar, (he is a very strong man), I felt as if I was only resting on the



ground by means of a pair of empty trousers, which would have yielded had they not been coated with dried mud.

This wore off, of course, and I was able to follow him into the house; Didn't I eat a lunch, and didn't I eat a dinner after! I swore eternal friendship to MR. JONES, and so far from feeling any fatigue I offered to run a race with anybody, and here I am in my bed-room writing to thee; and recollect, BETTY, I hereby solemnly declare that in future all my energies shall be devoted to keeping a hunter, and hunting him (in boots); you shall hunt, your Mother shall hunt, the twins shall learn to hunt before they learn to read.

Good night, good night, beloved. I'm so sleepy, but not at all tired; I must have a natural gift for field sports.

From the Same to the Same.

DEAREST WIFE,

Brighton, Sunday.

You must leave everything, and come immediately to the bedside of your possibly dying husband. My constitution is irrevocably shattered. I am surrounded by people who laugh at my woes. The very Doctor, who's mission is to heal the sick and assuage bodily anguish, does not even preserve a decorous gravity when I detail my symptoms. Oh! none but you, BETTY; no hand but yours can soothe these fearful sufferings. I cannot move a limb without tortures. I am doubled in two, BETTY; my poor legs are worn away to the bone. Oh never, never more shall leg of mine bestraddle the back of a brutal horse. May they both fall off ere I again participate in such barbarous sport as yesterday's. I am expiating the fate of the hare who doubled. *She* is out of her misery at last.

Oh, BETTY, wife, helpmate! leave twins, Mother, everything, and come; your Mother even would compassionate me now. Come, oh come, to your

Wretched, penitent, and utterly excoriated,

HUSBAND.

THE BAKERS' CLUB.

CLUBS for working men are becoming the fashion, and nobody wishes them "God speed" more heartily than *Punch*. The Cabmen have theirs; and even the Costermongers have theirs. We are not informed whether they have insisted on the protection of the black-ball and the ballot, which is found necessary to keep West-end clubs what they ought to be. And now the journeymen Bakers have theirs. And why not? Surely those who make the staff of life have the best right to make a club. There is no more over-worked, ill-cared for, and industrious body of workmen in London than the journeymen bakers, whose club, with a daring defiance of the small wits, has just been opened in Rolls Buildings, Fetter Lane. Perhaps the site was chosen with a double reference to 'breakfast bread' and the slavish toil and confinement to which the journeymen bakers were condemned that London might have its hot rolls regularly. Indeed, if the new Club wants arms we cannot think of more appropriate ones than a Roll and a Fetter, improper, charged *saltire-wise*. But the Bakers' Club wants a lift; £250 would set it fairly on its legs. Let everybody who has been in the habit of eating hot rolls for breakfast, and has thereby impaired his own

health, as well as that of the journeymen bakers, give a shilling, or even a penny, to this good cause, and the trick is done. Such contributions might more fairly be called "conscience money," than the arrears of Income-Tax which one now sees so often paid under that name to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

GREAT FALL IN CRINOLINE.

MADemoiselle HAUSMANN, the daughter of the potent Préfet de la Seine, was married the other day 'without a vestige of Crinoline.' Does the daughter mean to assert her empire over steel and stiffening, as the father asserts his over *moellons* and mortar; Mademoiselle defying the dress-makers as Monsieur defies the dwellers in Paris? If so, we must regard this daring act as simply a symbolic expression of the pride of the HAUSMANNs, which sets its heel even on fashion, as the German Emperor trampled PRISCIAN underfoot with "*Ego sum Imperator Romanus, et sum super grammaticam.*" Or does MADemoiselle HAUSMANN mean to imply that her Crinoline is out of place now she has been transformed from a *Hausmann* into a "*Hausfrau*," or "Housewife" in plain English?



A VERBAL DIFFICULTY.

Irritable Captain. "YOUR BARREL'S DISGRACEFULLY DIRTY, SIR, AND IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME; I'VE A GOOD MIND TO —."

Private Flannigan. "SHURE, SOR, I NIVER —."

Captain (Irish too). "SILENCE, SIR, WHEN YOU SPAKE TO AN OFFICER!"

THE COLENSO JUDGMENT.

20TH MARCH, 1865.

PLEASED BETHELL showed the treble flaw.
 "Bishops are Creatures of the Law.
 Though the Great Seal in '53
 Was freely used by CRANWORTH, C.
 I think my friend could hardly mean
 To give what was not in the QUEEN.
 I don't exactly know, or care,
 What entities called Bishops are,
 Though doubtless they may pray and preach,
 Or (like S. OXON) make a speech,
 But Jurisdiction can be lent
 Only by Crown and Parliament,
 Which joined in '47 to shape
 A Constitution for the Cape.
 Therefore the acts of DR. GRAY
 Are nothing more than priestly play.
 He says NATAL has sworn an oath:
 What childish nonsense in them both!
 COLENSO had no right to swear
 Obedience to an empty chair,
 And GRAY no title to exact
 A compact that was bosh, in fact.
 There's not a shade of doubt, we feel,
 About COLENSO's just appeal,
 And we shall certify the Crown
 That he's all right, and GRAY's done brown."

INTERESTING TO THE TUILERIES.—M. VICTOR HUGO is engaged in composing the Life of the EMPEROR TIBERIUS, the third of the—CÆSARS. From M. HUGO's incisive way of treating Imperial biography, a piquant treat may be expected.

IN THE (P. M.) GAZETTE.

OUR smart young friend, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who apes, with considerable success—allowing for the inevitable second-hand smack that all imitations must have—the superfine airs of our sour old friend, *The Saturday*, in a notice of *Mr. Artemus Ward, His Book*, has the following:—

"Except in the poorer numbers of *Punch*, and similar periodicals, it would not be easy," &c. &c.

Now, we wish to remind our young friend that there is no "similar periodical" to *Punch*, and that though one number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* may very properly be described as *poorer* than another, the proper form even for depreciative comparison for *Punch*, is not "*poor, poorer, poorest*," but "*rich, less rich, least rich*."

While we have our young friend in hand, as he is evidently proud of his Latin, his University training, his typography and getting up, and all that concerns himself generally, we may as well remind him that "*Vivus defuncto narrat Cæsare de Cæsare*" (see p. 9 of his Number for March 22, four lines from the bottom), won't scan. If we adopted his own style, we should say:—

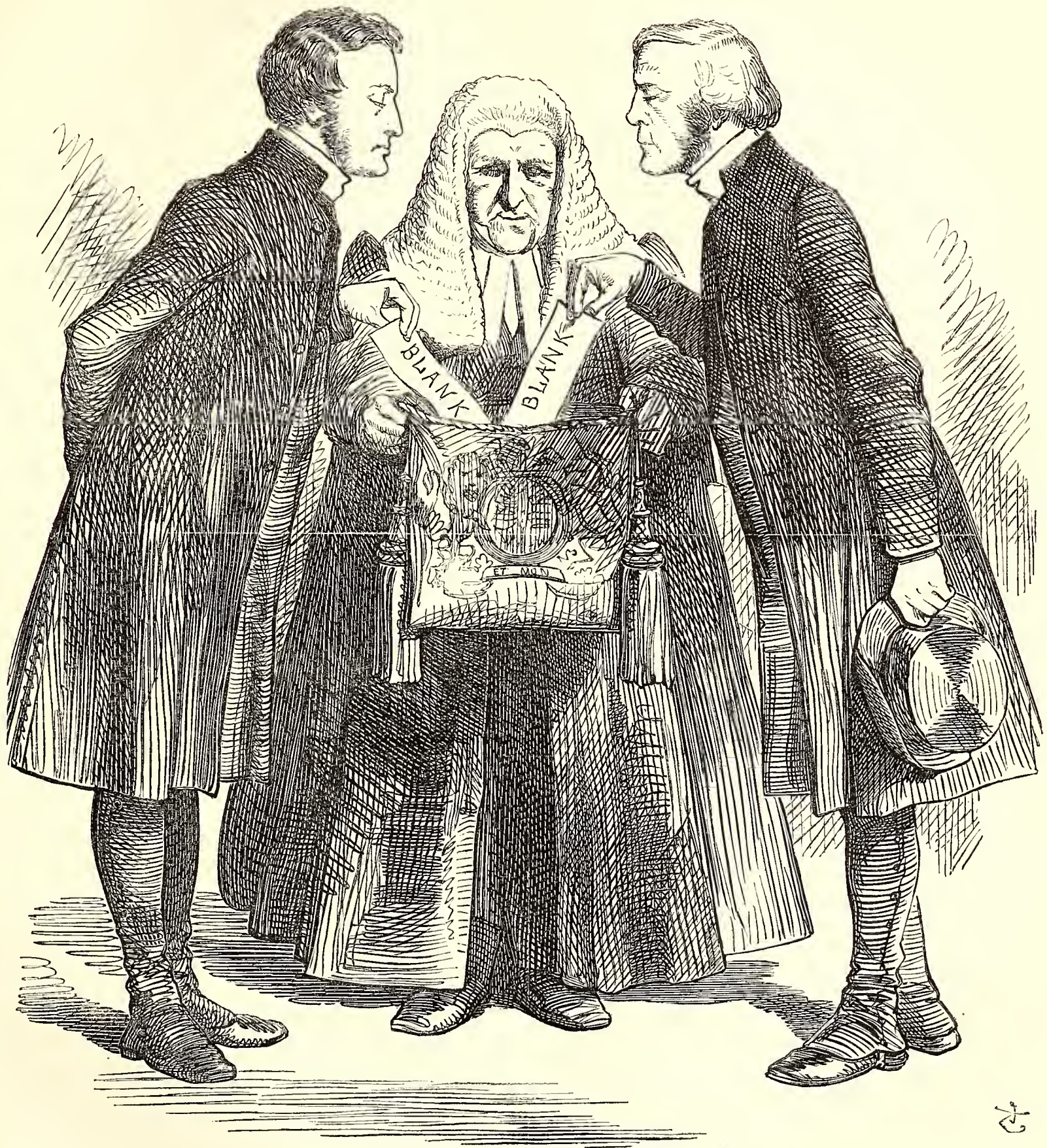
"It is rather cool of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to call this halting hobble an amended version of even M. PONSARD's lame epigram, "*Mortuus est vivus, narratur CÆSARE CÆSAR.*"

Of course, the *Pall Mall Gazette* is suffering under a printer's error, and the line should run—

"*Vivus defuncto narrat de CÆSARE CÆSAR.*"

Having corrected the press for our young friend, how would he like it if we were to ask, in his own style, "How is this? Cannot the *Pall Mall Gazette* afford a 'Reader?' Or is it possible that the Reader of a periodical apparently intended for tolerably educated people can not scan a hexameter?"

A PURSE without money is like the comb without the honey.



BISHOP OF CAPE TOWN.

LORD CHANCELLOR.

BISHOP OF NATAL.

THE COLENZO JUDGMENT.

"COLENZO HAD NO RIGHT TO SWEAR
OBEDIENCE TO AN EMPTY CHAIR,

AND GRAY, NO TITLE TO EXACT
A COMPACT THAT WAS BOSH, IN FACT."

See p. 130.

THE MUSIC HALL QUESTION.

(Before a very Select Committee.)

It being certain that the important question of Dramatic Licences will at no very distant time occupy the attention of Parliament, a Select Committee was the other evening deputed to visit the Alhambra, in order to make themselves personally acquainted with the merits of the representative case with which they would have to deal. Having previously dined with LORD SYDNEY at a *restaurant* in the neighbourhood, MR. LOCKE in the Vice-Chair, the Committee were conducted by MR. W. BODHAM DONNE, wearing his Orders for the Play, to the Moorish palace of amusement.

On the following day, the members, in a body, waited upon the LORD CHANCELLOR, who, according to previous arrangement, spent a considerable time in examining them, and in taking down such evidence as their careful individual observation had enabled them to give.

The LORD CHANCELLOR explained to them that the question was, whether the Ballet, that the Committee had witnessed, was a Dramatic Entertainment within the Act. Either it was, or it was not. It would be highly advantageous to the interests of the community generally, to note down their particular impressions of this class of amusement, while yet fresh, in what were by courtesy termed, their minds. He would call upon the FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY, and would ask him what meaning, if any, did the Ballet at the Alhambra convey to his mind?

LORD PALMERSTON, rising amid dense cheering from MR. BRAND, which was immediately suppressed by the LORD CHANCELLOR, said, that the notion conveyed to his mind was that of a race-course.

The LORD CHANCELLOR inquired what his Lordship meant.

LORD PALMERSTON explained, that the idea of a race-course had been forcibly brought before him by the Ballet, because he did not recollect ever having seen, in one place, such an assemblage of "Legs."

Here MR. BRAND, having borrowed the HON. EVELYN ASHLEY'S pocket-handkerchief, wherewith to stifle his emotion, was led out of the room by the latter gentleman.

MR. COX tried to explain the joke to MR. VINCENT SCULLY, who had just begun to grasp it, when

EARL RUSSELL said that he didn't recollect any particular notion being conveyed to his mind by the dancing. If pressed, he must own that he wasn't attending very closely to it, as he was engaged in writing letters to the *Maître de Ballet*.

The LORD CHANCELLOR wished to know if his Lordship's impressions were conveyed in these notes?

EARL RUSSELL wished to say that he had only written these letters in his capacity of Foreign Secretary. He was rather fond of writing letters.

MR. GLADSTONE said he would divide it into three heads—

The LORD CHANCELLOR observed that it would be more convenient if he would confine it to one—his own. What impression did the Ballet convey to the Right Honourable Gentleman's mind?

MR. GLADSTONE said that Ballet suggested Budget. Both began with B. He couldn't help thinking of his own Novelty for Easter. While at the Alhambra, he was engaged in considering what he could tax.

The LORD CHANCELLOR suggested that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had invented a new tax upon his (LORD WESTBURY'S) time and patience. He might stand down.

SIR GEORGE GREY said, that while witnessing the spectacle in question, the idea had occurred to him, that, if the Police were dressed in a similar costume, it would be very cold for them in winter.

MR. VINCENT SCULLY said that the Ballet-girls held up green leaves. It reminded him of the Wrongs of Ireland. The LORD CHANCELLOR would, he hoped, excuse these tears.

The LORD CHANCELLOR observed, that there was a certain class of people for whom one must always make allowances.

MR. LAWSON, on being asked his opinion, said that he thought the Ballet, generally speaking, "Permissive." He didn't know what he meant, but he certainly thought it was "permissive." He would go into a few statistics. If there were 100 Ballet-girls, it is probable that each dancer consumed two or more glasses of wine, spirit, or malt liquor during the evening. This gave an average consumption of at least 200 glasses of some liquor or another. Now, supposing an increased ratio—(the witness here pulled out a bundle of papers, and a ready-reckoner)—

The LORD CHANCELLOR said, that, without any wish to extol or disparage the dancing ladies, this was not a question of figures. As the present inquiry was, moreover, not a mere matter of form, he must remind the Honourable Member for Carlisle of the nature of their business. He could account for MR. LAWSON'S anxiety to give them his calculations in matters of wine, spirits, and malt liquor.

MR. LAWSON, apologising for the interruption, said he believed the Dancers represented Water Nymphs.

The LORD CHANCELLOR said that if it was anything to do with water, the Honourable Gentleman would be quite out of his element.

MR. BERKELEY said that the Ballet reminded him of the Ballot. (The Witness was immediately removed, and placed, by order of the LORD CHANCELLOR, under the care of a Certificated School-master.)

SIR E. B. LYTTON read out from a paper something about the Real smiling on the Ideal, while the Agile blended with the Voluptuous.

MR. WHALLEY said, that he only saw in the Ballet of the Alhambra, one of the many deliberate attempts, on the part of the Romish Hierarchy, for introducing Papistical practices into this country. Did the LORD CHANCELLOR know that at this moment there were two hundred Nuns, in the disguise of Ballet-girls, employed by the Jesuits to exercise their proselytising arts among the guileless young men of this Protestant community? Did the LORD CHANCELLOR know—

The LORD CHANCELLOR observed that he didn't know, and didn't care.

MR. NEWDEGATE said that he hadn't visited the place himself, perhaps he could speak with greater certainty about it for that very reason. It had certainly struck him in the same light as it had MR. WHALLEY—perhaps more so. He must be pardoned if he didn't express himself very clearly, in consequence of his having last week had a "go in" at some Bishop that was rather too strong for him. He hadn't been well ever since.

MR. COWPER here entered, and proposed an adjournment to Leicester Square, where they would see the celebrated One-Legged Statue that had been engaged by MR. GYE to appear at Covent Garden in *Don Giovanni* during the ensuing season.

The meeting adjourned accordingly.

REMANDED TO NEWGATE.

"ALDERMAN STONE moved, and ALDERMAN SALOMONS seconded, an inquiry into the system of treating prisoners under remand in Newgate."

My Aldermen, my Aldermen, you're constantly in grief—

One day you go crusading against La Plata beef,
Declare that for the food of man it is too hard and lean,
And when fat—*proh pudor!*—sentence it, because the fat is green!

And now you run your addle-pates right against Newgate wall,
Though e'en the very *Stones* arise, and 'gainst the system call,
And though SALOMONS' (mild) wisdom cries "ditto" unto STONE,
Bumbledom's sins your noodledom's contented to condone.

You give your turnkeys power to deal with prisoners on remand,
As they'd treat, after conviction, your "regular old hand,"
Making them clean their prison-cells, and eat the prison fare,
And insisting upon cutting their meat, if not their hair.

Just think, my stupid Aldermen, were one of *you* remanded—
The human mind *can* picture such a thing, yet not be stranded,
Considering the awful heights temptation runs its rig to,
And what lengths Respectability will sometimes drive its gig to—

Should one of you, in evil day, so far in life miscarry,
As to come inside your own stone-jug, as now the MESSRS. BARRY,
How would *you* like, before trial and sentence, in such plight to be,
As I've no doubt *after* sentence you would own you'd every right to be.

Do condescend to common sense and justice now and then,
And remember that, though Aldermen, you're at the same time men;
And that what is sauce for Geese (like MESSRS. BARRY, in disgrace),
Would be also sauce for Ganders, like yourselves, if in like case.

A NOT MUTE IF INGLORIOUS MILTON.

A SACRED Epic was published in the year 1667. We used to read the literary papers of the day, and we do not remember perusing anything of this kind:—

NEW SACRED EPIC.

PARADISE LOST. A POEM, in Ten Books. Highly spoken of in one hundred Reviews and Literary Notices. For forty extremely laudatory opinions of the press, see pages 283 and 284 of the *Athenaeum*, Feb. 25.

Cheap Edition, 3s. 6d.; gilt edges, 5s.

Large Edition, gilt edges, &c., 7s. 6d.; extra morocco, 15s.

London: SAMUEL SIMMONS, Bookseller.

Still, the Poem made a certain success, and may even now, nearly two hundred years later, be found in a few English houses. But how much better it would have been had MR. J. MILTON caused his publisher, MR. S. SIMMONS, to have issued such a notice as the above, which we *do* see in the literary journals of the day, as an announcement of a "New Sacred Epic." That is the way for poets to address the public. "O brave poets," if you would only be brave enough for this sort of thing, you would soon be "made." What a pity MILTON and SIMMONS lived in times when advertising was not understood.



THE COUNTY BALL.

Town Belle. "I LIKE THE OLD QUADRILLE BEST (*maliciously*) IT'S SO MUCH EASIER TO CONVERSE —."

Bashful Provincial. "OH, YES, AND IT'S SO MUCH SOONER OVER."

THE STAGE FROM THE FRONT.

WE have seen comedies in three acts, tragedies in three acts, and dramas and operas in three acts, but we never saw a joke in three acts until we went to the Haymarket Theatre the other night to witness the *Woman in Mauve*. MR. WATTS PHILLIPS, the author of this ponderous piece of pleasantry—this well-meaning, but very unsatisfactory and somewhat vulgar attempt to ridicule sensational literature—has either not completely grasped his subject, or has played fast and loose with his mission as a reformer in order to please the groundlings. The *Woman in Mauve* is a broad and improbable farce of the old Surrey type, tacked on to a burlesque in plain clothes, which is little more than a feeble copy of MR. TOM TAYLOR'S *Sense and Sensation*. All the science and mechanical tricks of the so-called "sensation drama" are carefully used to increase the effect of the piece, though "sensation" writers, like MR. WILKIE COLLINS, MISS BRADDON, and others are attacked in the dialogue. The lime-light is laid on with the utmost liberality.

At the close of the drama on the first night, MR. BUCKSTONE made a speech, in which he said that the few hisses which had greeted the piece were the work of an organised clique, who were acting from private motives. MR. BUCKSTONE was correct. No one hisses any actor or any piece in these days for purely critical reasons. MR. BUCKSTONE might have gone further, and have denied the right of the public to hiss under any circumstances. There is hardly a privilege which may not be lost if not used for a certain period, and a public which has not hissed for twenty years, deserves to have its right of hissing questioned.

The real Irish drama has again "taken the floor" against all comers, and "*Arrah na Pogue*," or "*Arrah na Brogue*,"—we hardly know which to call it—is now the staple entertainment at the Princess's. Justice has been done to Ireland by importing native actors and supernumeraries to work the play, and play the work, and the author has done justice to himself by writing an original, humorous, pathetic, and well-constructed drama. The scenery, the stage management, and the acting—the latter with one or two exceptions—are admirable. There is a

brogue upon the stage which is like the whiskey got upon an emergency from the public-house round the corner,—you can never tell whether it is Scotch or Irish. Such a brogue is not heard at the Princess's. The *maximum* of good dialogue, good situations, and good characters is given with the *minimum* of "sensation," but still there is a "sensation." The author climbs a lofty prison wall in a way which is either suggestive of the tread-mill or the ascent of Mount Parnassus. The last scene—a lovely expanse of rock and bay, which is most artistically painted by MR. LLOYDS, is called "The Keep! The Ivy Wall! The Watch Tower!" As this hardly explains the locality, we beg, out of respect to the scene-shifters and machinists, to call it *The Gulf of Carpentaria*.

MILL'S POLITICAL LOGIC.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL, in reply to an invitation to stand for Westminster, addressed to him, on the part of a committee of electors of that borough, by MR. JAMES BEAL, has written a letter, which, if *Mr. Punch* had not done something of the same sort before, might be regarded as a perfectly unique model of the proper answer to such a request. MR. MILL acknowledges the honour done him by his fellow-subjects in asking him to represent them, consents to undertake, as a duty, the onerous task which they desire him to perform, if they persist in desiring him, points out the circumstances which perhaps might be considered to disqualify him for the office, tells them that he can spend no money to get returned, and will not even canvass the constituents. Finally, MR. MILL indicates the persons whom he conceives to be fitter to represent Westminster than himself. The manly seriousness of his conditional acceptance of the proposal to allow himself to be put in nomination, stands in fine contrast with the eringing cajolery of those abject supplications which the majority of men who aspire to become Members of Parliament usually address to the "free and independent electors." MR. MILL has answered the solicitation to represent Westminster just as *Mr. Punch* would have answered an entreaty to represent London. Only *Mr. Punch* could not have named anybody so fit to do that as himself.

CÆSAR TO NAPOLEON.

DE life ob CÆSAR, Siar, you write;
Now CÆSAR song your book requite:
You try to help de POPE ob Rome
Out ob de fix him in at home,
But, whatsomedebber you propose,
De way him answer always goes:

Non possumus.

O hab you 'm 'Perial Majesty
Heard ob de Possum up a tree,
And dat ar Colonel ob renown
Dat stand and call, "Jis you come down?"
De Possum sot and wink him eye,
And to de Colonel him reply,

Non possumus.

"No Possum you?" de Colonel say,
"Don't talk to me in dat ar way.
'Tink I mistake you for a eoon?
We 'll see about dat berry soon."
Meanwhile de Possum, up on high,
Kep on a larfu, while him cry

Non possumus.

But when de eunnin' critter seed
De Colonel on him draw de bead,
Him holla, "Colonel, don't you fire,
And I will do as you desire;
Dat nassy rifle only lower,
I come down, Possum; say no more

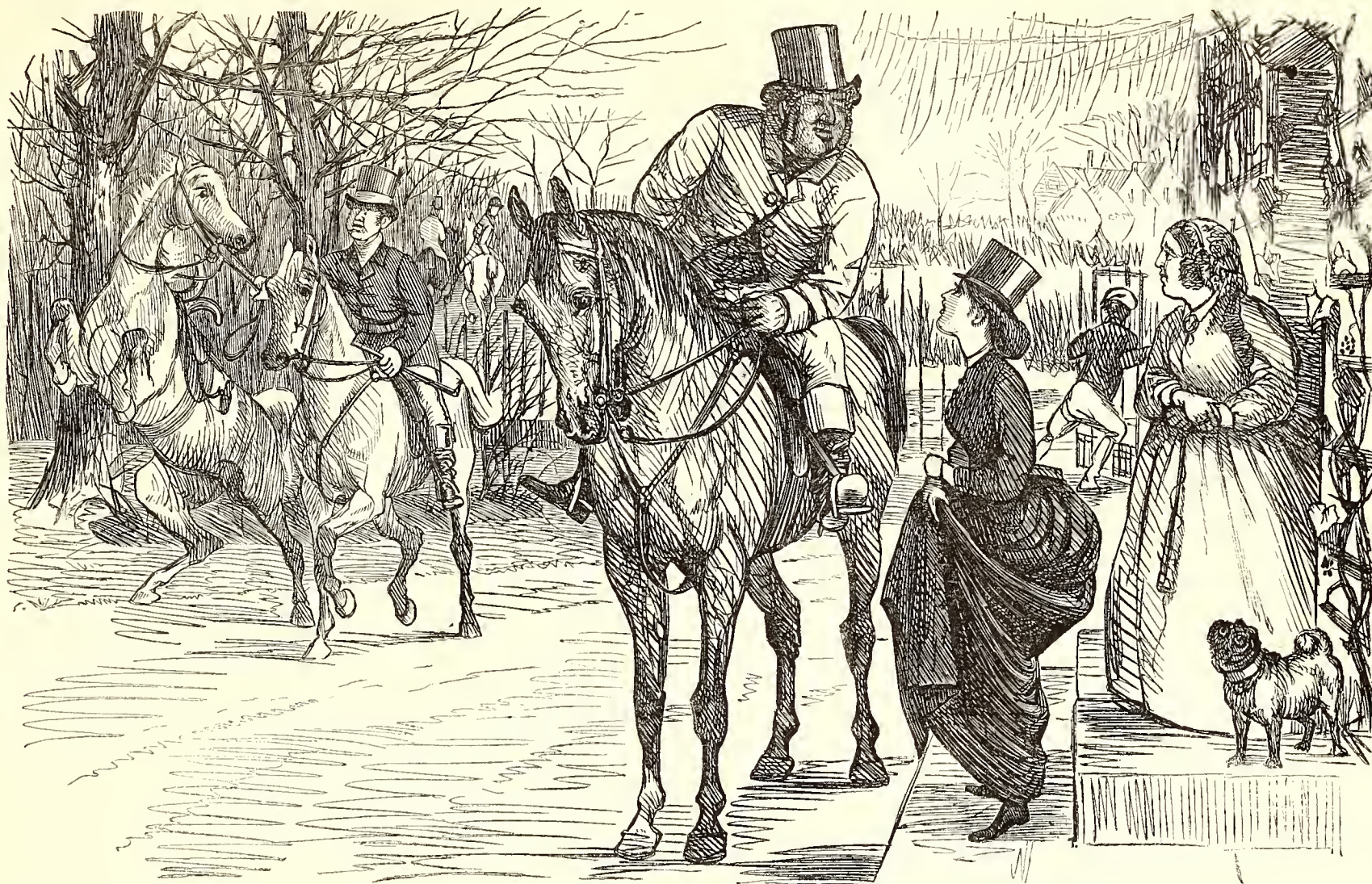
Non possumus.

De ole POPE in the Holy See
Jis like a Possum up a tree;
He won't come down for all you say:
But jis you take your sojers 'way,
De POPE will den agree to treat,
And not no more keep on repeat

Non possumus.

Spirits for the Army.

IN the Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates, a vote of a considerable sum was taken for the Disembodied Militia. Recruits for this branch of the Service may perhaps be obtained by application at the Office, No. 15, Basinghall Street, E.C., of the "Spirit-Power Institute."



A PROFESSIONAL OPINION.

Mamma. "I AM QUITE AFRAID OF YOUR GOING OUT ON THAT MARE, CLARA, DEAR."

Uncle Charles (goes about as straight as the Crow flies). "ONLY FRESH! JUST LET THEM GET ON TO A GOOD SCENT, AND WE'LL SOON TAKE IT OUT OF HER."

A CATALOGUE OF SINGERS.

(Being an Operatic echo of the Catalogue of Ships.)

SING, O Muse! and rehearse the names of the Opera Singers, Singers engaged by GYE many-counselled, wary, and prudent, GYE, of COSTA the friend, the tamer of wild primadonnas: Sing, in hexameter verse, the verse adopted by HOMER.

First in the list stands PATTI, the bright-faced, clear-throated PATTI, PATTI the charmer of men and pet of the Gods (in the Gall'ry); She as *Amina* will sing, as *Adina*, *Norina*, *Zerlina*; She in the *Magic Flute* will assume the part of *Pamina*, All these names bearing rhyme to her own pretty name *Adelina*.

Next shall we have the good luck of hearing the delicate LUCCA: Sudden she flitted last year, being ill—many doubted the reason, Hinting she left in a huff: but who'd doubt the word of a lady? She *Valentina* will play, and the principal part in *L'Africaine*, Latest of MEYERBEER's works, which critics long have expected.

Who cometh third on the list? 'Tis the honey-tongued MIOLAN-CARVALHO:

She as the *Star of the North* will shine, the fair *Caterina*, And will make love and go mad, the victim of *Faust* and *Mephisto*.

All these three have we heard: but a name that is new is GALLETTI; Covered with laurels she comes, and as *Norma* will make her *débüt* here,

Norma by *Pollio* loved, and deserted for *Adelgisa*.

Six fair maids are engaged, whose names are new to us also:

From Munich D'EDELBERG, to play *Fides* in *Le Prophète*,

From Berlin D'AHNA, to sing the contralto song *Il Segreto*,

From Milan BERINI will come, from Moscow the maiden HONORE,

From Lisbon BIANCHI the fair, from Italy fair SONIERI;

These are new singers all, and doubtless are pleasant to look at:

These great *Punch* will adore, if their looks be as sweet as their voices.

Sing we now of the men: 'mong whom stands MARIO foremost,

Sweetest of tenors is he, and, whenever he singeth, the great *Punch* Sucks in his honeyed tones, as the bluebottle flies do the treacle! WACHTEL too will appear, the far-famed shouter of high notes, Splitter of ears in the stalls, but charmer of Gods (in the Gall'ry): They, being farther away, can enjoy a robustious bawler.

TASCA from Naples will come, and from Milan famed SACCOMANNO: Known for a tenor the one, and the other a baritone singer, SCHMID the deep-toned will appear, and CIAMPI the humorous buffo, RONCONI more humorous still, for far less forced is his humour, TAGLIAFICO the tall, and the tenor-tongued NERI-BARALDI;

POLONINI, FALLÁ, GRAZIANI, GASSIER, ATTRI— Names with no epithet joined, that all in a line we may lump them.

These will COSTA command, the tamer of wild primadonnas: COSTA, whose well-trained band obeyeth each beat of his *bâton*, Like as the general world obeyeth the voice of the great *Punch*.

Musical Notes and Queries.

THE Monday Popular Concerts have become so vastly popular that extra Monday Concerts are now given on a Saturday. Perhaps on the same principle there will be, next year, an extra Shrove Tuesday or two, which, to please the pancake lovers, will be holden on a Fry-day.

A new singer, SIGNOR FALLA, is announced at Covent Garden. What a chance for all the Swells to try and make a little joke about his being a charming "falla!" Who knows but SIGNOR FAL-LA may be followed by SIGNOR TOLDEROL or SIGNOR RUMTI IDDITY?

INTERNATIONAL POUNDING.

It is calculated that a shot which will do any good against—that is to say, any harm to—an iron-clad, must cost about twenty pounds. This fact should occasion a change in the nomenclature of gunnery, so that when a shot is called a twenty-pounder, that denomination shall be taken to mean twenty pounds sterling.

MORE OF MR. NEWDEGATE.



O MR. NEWDEGATE has drawn down upon himself the vengeance of all the Saints that are patronised by some of the first among the Nobility and Gentry—S. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI and the rest. He has received fresh punishment for the impertinence of asking for a Parliamentary inquiry on the subject of Convents. BISHOP ULLATHORNE having thrashed the Member for North Warwickshire with his crosier, MR. CHARLES LANGDALE has been punching his head.

MR. NEWDEGATE failed to obtain a Parliamentary sifting of evidence which he had collected touching a certain convent. So BISHOP ULLATHORNE tried to beat him into submitting it to the test of private investigation. MR. LANGDALE has now pitched into him with the view of making him produce, before a competent tribunal, that same evidence, which he had offered to lay before a Committee of the House of Commons.

How unfair of MR. NEWDEGATE to decline the invitation of BISHOP ULLATHORNE and MR. LANGDALE to inspect nunneries, and allow his charges respecting monastic establishments to be tried on those gentlemen's own terms! How unreasonable this conduct is, how justly it merits the scoffs of all those exquisite gentlemen who, because they know Roman Catholics that are good fellows, are therefore judiciously ready to deride, with the view of cushioning, any proposal for

legislation, and even for inquiry, based on the supposition that their creed, like any other, can possibly co-exist with official misconduct!

Not to consent to inspect convents and submit the evidence against them to scrutiny on the conditions proposed by BISHOP ULLATHORNE and MR. LANGDALE, is to treat that prelate and that gentleman as sceptical philosophers treat the DAVENPORT Brothers. It is not only ungentlemanly, but it is also old-womanly.

Has MR. NEWDEGATE any reason to apprehend being met with anything but the most ingenuous openness on the part of Roman Catholic and conventual authorities? Does History, do the canons of the Council of Trent, afford any the least ground for suspecting that anything ever can go on within the walls of convents which, like the operations inside of the DAVENPORTS' structure, would not bear the light?

Of course MR. NEWDEGATE grossly insults the sisters of Roman Catholic gentlemen by imagining that religious enthusiasm could possibly subjugate their minds. But the sting of the insult which he offers to gentlemen, his fellow-subjects, by proposing that Parliament shall entertain a question which presumes monastic institutions to be capable of abuse, does not lie mainly in the imputation cast on their sisters. It lies rather in the assumption that the faith which they revere does not exempt from requiring to be looked after, like other people, its ecclesiastics, who rule their consciences, and by whom some of them can as tenderly be led by the nose as asses are.

A Barrister and a Brother.

It will be recollected that, a short time ago, a gentleman of colour was admitted to the American Bar. His professional brethren, however, will not tolerate his presence in their company at the White House. For the reception of the darker class of American citizens, there should also be a Black House at Washington.

A BONNET without a face is like the grand-stand without a race.

COLENZO THE BRAVE.

BY OUR OWN MONK LEWIS.

A BISHOP so wise and a Native so tame
Conversed in an African mead,
COLENZO the Brave was the Suffragan's name,
But the pensive Zulu's is not given to fame,
And they talked upon questions of Creed.

"O hush those suspicions," the Suffragan said,
"Offensive to Church and to me,"
But something the Native put into his head
He mused on at board, and he mused on in bed,
And he talked of the same in his See.

Then over to England the Suffragan flew,
And published some tomes full of lore,
Which brought on his Lordship each savage Review,
Some called him a septic, some called him untrue,
Some said he'd been answered before.

A dreadful sensation, too dreadful to tell,
To the bench of the Bishops he gave,
As when MR. WHITWORTH explodes a big shell,
But they rallied, and all in a body they fell
To demolish COLENZO the Brave.

From the Cape, demon-haunted, a spectre arose,
It was clad in a mantle of Gray,
And it stalked to COLENZO, and said, "I depose
A priest who can propagate volumes like those!"
But a stern Apparition cried, "Nay!"

In a voice full of sweetness, but cold as a stone,
"I forbid you to touch him!" it said,
"You are phantoms alike—if you want flesh and bone
Go pray Three Estates; for a Monarch, alone,
Is nought to the Church but a Head.

"He is free to return to his pensive Zulu,
By whom it appears he was posed,

He owes no allegiance to LONGLEY or you:
Behold me, and know what I tell you is true!"
Then a Chancellor's face was disclosed.

The sentence was final, and left not a doubt,
His smile of derision they saw:
The lawyers ran in and the lawyers ran out,
They hooted and mooted the Temple about,
But no one could challenge the law.

And while all the Bishops look awfully grave,
Dancing round them Dissenters are seen,
Their liquor's Cape-port, and as horrid a slave
They chant, "To the health of COLENZO the Brave,
And his Convert, the Native so clean!"

A BULL ON THE LINE!

IN Ireland you can't have even a Railway without the risk of a bull making its appearance on it. SIR C. O'LOGHLEN on Wednesday brought in a Bill to compel Irish Railway Companies to run trains on Sundays.

The answer was, that the Sunday trains between Limerick and Waterford (which SIR COLMAN had in his eye) had been laid off because nobody travelled by them. But SIR COLMAN insisted, and MR. ROEBUCK argued that "as Railway Companies obtained exceptional privileges, they ought not to object to exceptional obligations."

Who ever heard of any but an Irish Railway Company reduced to pray that it might not be forced to run trains by which nobody travelled, or any but an Irish Member—or MR. ROEBUCK—asking for a law to compel Companies to run trains which have been laid off because it was found nobody went by them?

Put that in your Pipe.

It is announced that the 1st of May will be celebrated at Odessa by the opening of a grand exhibition of tobacco. We anticipate the remark, which will no doubt be generally made, that this extensive display of samples of the fragrant weed will present the spectator with numerous bird's-eye views.



A NAUGHTY PAPA.

Young Mother. "JUST TAKE HIM, CHARLES; YOU'VE NO IDEA WHAT A WEIGHT HE IS!"

Paterfamilias. "MY DEAR GIRL, WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF; TEN TO ONE I SHOULD DROP IT DOWN AND BREAK IT TO PIECES."

IL Y A CÉSAR ET CÉSAR.

WHEN Rome's first CÆSAR, conquest-flushed, from Gaul,
Deep-pondering marched o'er the Cisalpine plain,
He whom no stream of slaughter could appal,
Upon the banks of Rubicon drew rein.

Passing that streamlet which athwart his road
Twixt Gaul and Italy as frontier ran
He felt that o'er the barrier-line he strode
Where servant ended, and where chief began.

Our new French CÆSAR, bound on like emprise
By other arts, came, where there flowed along,
The Rubicon which severs truth from lies,
Sworn faith from perjury, and right from wrong.

JULIUS had stopt: but LOUIS, calm and cold,
Nor paused, nor pondered, nor e'er bridle drew,
But reckless how those bitter waters rolled,
Dashed boldly in, and, dirt-stained, waded through.

Quiddities.

For the Old Ladies.—A Tea-party without scandal is like a knife without a handle.

Words without deeds are like the husks without the seeds.

Features without grace are like a clock without a face.

A Land without the laws is like a cat without her claws.

Life without cheer is like a cellar without beer.

A Master without a cane is like a rider without the rein.

Marriage without means is like a horse without his beans.

A Man without a wife is like a fork without a knife.

A Quarrel without fighting is like thunder without lightning.

A PRETTY JOB FOR A PRINCE.

THE office of Mason, performed in laying a foundation stone, is generally esteemed worthy of a Royal Personage, and considered to be one which he may with propriety be requested to accept. Mankind at large may be less unanimous in the opinion that a certain other function, of a needful, but also of an unsavoury nature, is one which Princes may be solicited to undertake consistently with due regard to their dignity. There was something peculiarly British in the taste which invited the PRINCE OF WALES to open the Southern Main Drainage Works on Tuesday last, by starting the engine which was then, for the first time, to deliver their contents into the Thames. This complimentary loyalty is much of a muchness with that which originally did HER MAJESTY the honour of naming the sewer of Victoria Street the Victoria Sewer.

There was a PRINCE OF WALES who considered himself to have "sounded the very base string of humility" when he consorted with a "leash of drawers." What would he have thought of carrying condescension to the depth of acting in the capacity which his present successor deigned to be employed in at the Southern outfall of main drainage?

A MARE'S NEST.

WE are authorised to contradict the report, that at the Dinner about to be given to MESSRS. TATTERSALL by their equals and betters, the principal dishes, in imitation of a modern French whim, will consist of horseflesh in various forms. The rumour was too absurd to rouse the anger of the gallant Admiral who will take the helm; indeed one of our most successful jockeys assured us (with a winning smile) that the tale met with the exact reception it deserved—a horse-laugh. Who should be saddled with the story is not clear. Let him rein in his imagination, or *Mr. Punch* will give him a bit of his mind.

The musical arrangements for the Dinner are not yet completed, but it is understood that an eminent vocalist will sing "*The Stirrup Cup*;" and, in the course of the evening, as the decanters circulate, there will be instrumental performances, consisting of galops, &c.

N.B. Nothing so vulgar as "trotters" will be in the *carte*.

DEFINITION OF "THE HAPPY MEAN."—A Joyful Miser.

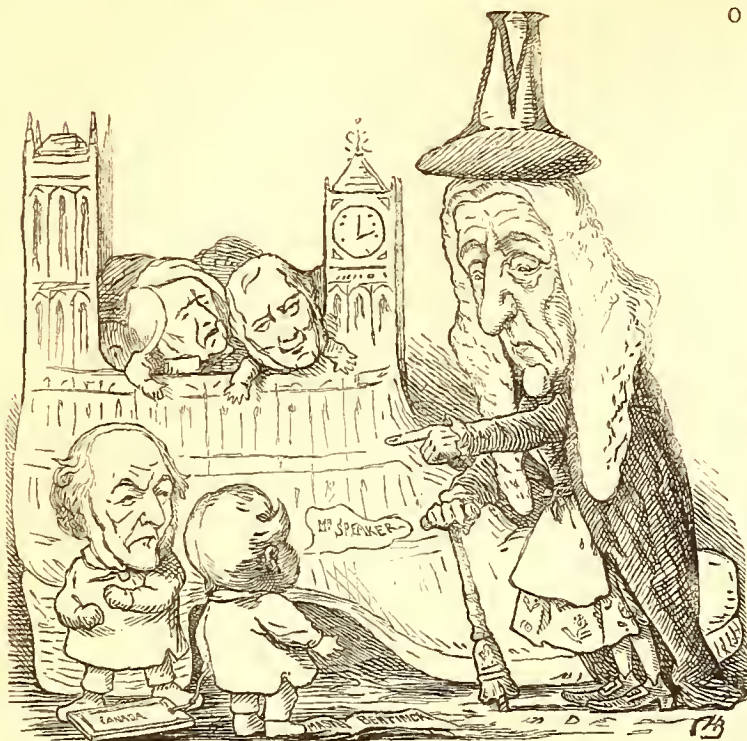
THE EMPIRE OF LETTERS.

HENRY THE EIGHTH, it was remarked, wrote with his sceptre: NAPOLEON THE THIRD, it may be said, writes with a bayonet. When his *Julius Cæsar* was given to the world, it was graciously announced that writers were "at liberty" to criticise the work; indeed, official organs stated that critics were "invited" to say frankly what they thought of it. Among others, M. ROGEARD incautiously accepted the imperial invitation. He freely spoke his mind about the startling feat of authorship the EMPEROR had performed, and he has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment for doing so. This is the French notion of the freedom of the Press. A writer is "invited" to criticise a book, and upon accepting, he gets shown into a prison, and is officially presented with a pair of handcuffs. To represent aright the Liberty of the Press, costumed à la mode Française, she should be habited in prison garb, with shackles on her limbs, and at her side should stand a huge gens-d'arme, with a drawn sword or bayonet pointed at her breast, while a picture of Cayenne should be prominent in front of her.

Election Intelligence.

THE HON. CAPTAIN GROSVENOR has been addressing the Westminster Electors in the Temperance Hall, and it is said that, thirsting for a little applause, he is going to invite their wives and daughters to the same place, to partake of "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates." With a Nobleman—say a Marquis—in the chair, and a brother peer to face him (Westminster is partial to the *Adelphi*), success would be certain, especially if the Leeds people were to spare, just for one evening, LORD AMBERLEY to act as the Captain's Lieutenant. How the silk dresses would rustle with excitement! It cannot be contested that against such a combination of talent neither MILL, nor CHADWICK, nor ROMILLY could stand for a moment.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, March 27.

SOLON-SOCRATES-SOLOMON, first Marquis of Westmeath, and Baron Delvin by tenure, has discovered the reason why the Irish Papists do illegal acts. "The influence of the priests is at the bottom of it, the Irish Government is nothing, and the Popish priesthood directs the Constabulary." The Marquis was born in 1785.

The Affirmations in Scotland Bill passed the Lords. We never take the liberty of inquiring what Scotch legislation means, but we may just say that if we were called upon to make an

affirmation touching the conduct of a Scotch clergyman who has just excommunicated a compositor in the printing-office of the *Glasgow Herald*, because the poor man, who has a wife and children, would not refuse to do certain Sunday work necessary to the bringing out the paper on Monday—an impression which the minister owned that he regularly read—we should affirm that Scotchman to be a Pharisee and a Humbug.

As may be supposed, the decision in the COLENSO case is occupying the attention of Government. At present, SIR ROUNDELL PALMER can more easily say what are not than what are the effects of Letters Patent. They are clearly not Letters Potent, as LORD PALMERSTON would say.

MR. VILLIERS, for Government, moved the Second Reading of the Union Chargeability Bill. Its chief object is to prevent landowners, farmers, and others who dislike the poor, or at least dislike supporting the poor, from turning them out of parishes. A rate is to be thrown over a group of those districts, so that the neat tidy parish in which the cottages have been pulled down, and out of which the labourers have been expelled, may no longer profit by its Paradisaical exclusiveness. Of course the country gentlemen (many of them against their own sense of justice) opposed the measure, but the Second Reading was carried by 203 to 131. This is the most important Bill of the Session, and if passed, the House may expire like *Lochiel*.

"Looking proudly to Heaven from a death-bed of fame."

After a row, or what in Speakerish language is called much irregularity, the House got on the Mutiny Bill, and MR. COX spoke against the flogging clause. *Mr. Punch* has ever opposed the use of the lash upon the British soldier, inasmuch as its true use is for the castigation of the British scoundrel. MR. COX was talking, however, for the Finsbury hustings, and for the information of the constituency *Mr. Punch* begs to state that MR. COX did very great mischief to the cause he affected to support. When a man talks insufferable nonsense on the side of reform, he creates a number of new anti-reformers, and when MR. COX said that if soldiers were flogged for absence from duty, Members of Parliament ought to be flogged for not attending in their places, he excited contempt for himself, and for constituents who could elect such a Wind-bag. The flogging clause was carried by 85 to 42, and COX may have increased the majority by his vulgar folly.

Tuesday. MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE and MR. DARBY GRIFFITH inserted themselves between the House and a great debate on the Irish Church, much as a rubbishing farce is now played at the theatres before the drama of the night, in order to give people time to eat their dinners and have a cigar. MR. COCHRANE had a personal wrangle with MR. GLADSTONE, who was contemptuous, and MR. GRIFFITH made a long speech to prove that the Post-Master General ought not to be a Peer. As he certainly ought to be in Parliament, and as it is against the law for him to be a Member of the Commons, the House thought, with MR. PEEL, that there was no need for MR. GRIFFITH's motion.

Then we had our debate on the Irish Church, MR. DILLWYN, in a sensible speech, urging that its position was unsatisfactory, and called for the early attention of Government. If any person thinks that *Mr. Punch* is going to discuss the subject, that person is less wise than *Mr. Punch* desires all, and believes, most of his readers to be. THEO. DONOGHUE seconded the motion in a neat speech. SIR GEORGE GREY declared that there was "no practical grievance." MR. HARDY made a sturdy fight for the Irish Church, and MR. GLADSTONE delivered a kind of two-part oration. He admitted that the condition of the Irish establishment was unsatisfactory. He was not disposed to take up the subject, or even to promise to do so. It was a question for the future. That is—if MR. GLADSTONE should be Premier, he will see how the land lies. MR. WHITESIDE, of course, went in for a fight,

upheld the Church, and made the curious statement that among the present Members for Ulster were "men who had sat in that house for nearly two centuries." Dear us, they must be very old. Surely they don't serve on Committees. Some Members wished to conclude the debate, but it was adjourned by 221 to 106 until the 2nd of May, when MR. GÖSCHEN will resume it.

Wednesday. Ireland again—and we are reminded of the fable of the Two Mice—the doors are flung open, and in rush

"Butler, chaplain, dogs, and all."

We had the butler last week, on the Spirit-Duty question, yesterday we had the chaplain, and to-day we had the dogs. It appears that in Ireland great numbers of dogs run wild and eat sheep, (though MR. SCULLY says it is the otters that do it,) and the Irishmen, instead of shooting the beasts, come to ask Parliament to kill them. An Anti-Dog Bill was read a Second Time.

Then we had an Anti-Quack Bill, or rather two. SIR FITZROY KELLY and SIR JOHN SHELLEY, to their credit, open a crusade against the low class of Chemists and Druggists, who do incalculable mischief among the poor, especially in the way of poisoning children. Both Bills have merit, and the respectable Chemists send in large numbers of petitions in their favour. The case stands thus:—

Says KELLY to SHELLEY, "It's not *nimio velle*,

To wish every Chemist aware of what kills,
That when you go in with a pain in your—stomach,
He may not administer strychnine for squills."

Says SHELLEY to KELLY, "I'm happy to tell ye

You've not got a call to look red in the gills,
We're near, or in Lancashire dialect, 'Welly'
Agreed, but I'm dealing with recognised ills."

Says GREY, "When they send out JANE, SUSAN, or NELLY,

To fetch in a powder, wise men make their wills,
But I humbly suggest unto SHELLEY and KELLY
To let one Committee consider both Bills."

Thursday. LORD KINNAIRD introduced a good Bill for placing Metalliferous Mines under inspection, for the benefit of the health of the miners. As these mines never blow up, no pains is taken to ventilate them. It is well to take thought for the poor Troglodytes.

Posterity may like to be informed that this evening we finally and for ever settled the site of the Temple of Law. Protest was made against placing it where no one will see it, but it was answered that the Courts ought to be near the lawyer's chambers. So we lose in architecture and save in cab-hire.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL explained, at vast length, a Bill for reforming the Irish Courts of Chancery (Ireland again), and MR. WHITESIDE abused it very much. The debate was protracted, and at the end MR. WHALLEY tried to speak. The House made an awful noise at this, and MR. WHALLEY said that it was very hard that they would not let him speak when they did not know what his opinion of the Bill was. May we tell him a little thing which we heard from MR. JOHN PARRY, in one of the REED entertainments. "My child, why did you not ask whether your poor aunt's headache was better?" "Because, Mamma, I didn't want to know."

Friday. LORD SHAFTESBURY, in a speech of length, dwelt on the hardships occasioned to the working classes by the destruction of their residences for metropolitan and other improvements. He proposed that ample notice should be given of any intention of demolition. LORD REDESDALE said that the noble Earl's statement, though interesting, was much exaggerated, and that the land of London was far too valuable for the lower classes to be allowed to live upon it. The subject is to be "considered."

RAPHAEL's *Cartoons* (for which, never be it forgotten, England is indebted to the good KING OLIVER CROMWELL) are to come from Hampton Court Palace, to be shown at Brompton, to the discontent of the Hampton folks. If they could be seen at the Palace, we should advocate their remaining there, but the room was not built for pictures, and on most English days the *Cartoons* might as well be shut up. LORD ST. LEONARDS introduced the subject, and also demanded why statues were not put on the pedestals in the Hampton Palace Gardens. The fact is, there were statues, but (whisper) they have been taken away to adorn Windsor. The pedestals are very convenient for putting your hat on while you sit on the grass, also for fat babies whose mothers require rest, and we think, therefore, that new statues are not wanted.

Protestant MR. NEWDEGATE is in a fright lest the POPE, when expelled from Rome by his devoted children, should come here. LORD PALMERSTON said that every one must feel great personal respect for His Holiness, but that his coming to England would be a political solecism, in fact an anachronism. But England had, on a previous occasion, offered the Vicar an asylum in Malta. We cannot see why he might not come here, and our Coliseum in the Regent's Park, instead of being converted into a Cockney terrace with a sham stone front, might be put into repair for His Holiness. The lake is nearly as yellow as the Tiber, and the chained eagle would be a pleasing memento of his enemy the EMPEROR, the owls would remind him of the Cardinals he might leave behind, the statuary is decidedly Vaticanese, and in the ascending room he might rehearse his own apotheosis. We think the idea most felicitous.

Ireland again. But if all her patriots behaved as wisely and temperately as MR. MAGUIRE, we should never grudge her the four days out of five which she now gets. He spoke on Tenant-Right, and was followed by many other Members who dwelt upon the impossibility of regenerating Ireland while a tenant had no fixed tenure, and could claim

nothing for improvements. The Irish landlords are a good deal like dogs in the manger. They cannot or will not improve the land, and they refuse such conditions as would justify a tenant in doing so. No doubt, such conditions would soon cause a good deal of property to change hands, but so much the better. LORD PALMERSTON waited to see what the House thought, and at last, perceiving that the current set strongly for inquiry, he made a clever speech against tenant right as he chose to describe it (the Conservatives cheering) but conceded a Committee to look into the working, or rather the failure, of the Improvement Acts of 1860. But even this would have let in the whole question, and MR. WHITESIDE got the inquiry again limited to one Act only. Let the wedge in, Gentlemen, and *Punch* will help you with such a knock. At the same time we are convinced that any sort of agricultural arrangement would be but a tinkering business. The real thing to do is to transport all the priests, convert all the Irish to Protestantism, and make the Brogue felony. When these little reforms shall be carried, Ireland will indeed be the first gem of the earth and first flower of the See of Canterbury.

A WORD WITH JOHN BRIGHT.

To the Tune of "John Brown."



INCE a penny I can
spend, for the *Star*
I'll quickly send;
'Tis the paper that
reports your
speeches best,
JOHN BRIGHT:
There doubtless I
shall find a reflex
of your mind,
Which from jar and
jangle never seems
to rest, JOHN
BRIGHT.
Tho' of war you dis-
approve, a wordy
war you love,
And oft in this your
prowess you have
shown, JOHN
BRIGHT;
But it sorrows me
to see that, 'spite
of good advice
from me,
The country you
most fight with is
your own, JOHN
BRIGHT:

Some faults we may have got : we've shortcomings, who has not ?

Are your Yankee clients all from failing free, JOHN BRIGHT?

But JOHN BULL upon the whole is a very worthy soul,

And I wish the world were all as good as he, JOHN BRIGHT.

Let others vent their spite, and vow we ne'er act right:

There are many our prosperity offenders, JOHN BRIGHT:

We may safely trust our foes our errors to expose,

And we need no ill-judged censure from our friends, JOHN BRIGHT.

I hate as much as you the silly boastful crew,

Who vaunt our very vices to the skies, JOHN BRIGHT:

But they who snarl and sneer when from error we are clear,

Such critics I most heartily despise, JOHN BRIGHT.

I hate the hunkum trick of rowdy rhetoric,

That blackens with a breath the whitest acts, JOHN BRIGHT :

And I hate the carping tongue, that twists right into wrong,

And from wisest deeds maliciously detracts, JOHN BRIGHT.

So prithee mend your ways, nor old England so dispraise,

Of unpatriotic rancour clear your breast, JOHN BRIGHT :

While in comfort here you live, to JOHN BULL some credit give,

'Tis an evil bird that fouleth its own nest, JOHN BRIGHT.

If Yankeeland you love all other lands above,

Why not hasten to that Eden o'er the sea, JOHN BRIGHT?

Prithee go and fraternise with the people you so prize,

Who may value you more highly than do we, JOHN BRIGHT.

MUCH TO BE DESIRED.—When Constituencies send such men to Parliament as the great writer on Logic, the political Millennium may be expected.

SWAINS AND SPARROWS AT SHIPLEY.

THE ignorance of natural history disgracing the rustics who till the soil of certain parts of England is just equal to the greatness of their opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of it. Many of them believe that the cuckoo changes into a sparrow-hawk, that the slowworm and even the stone-loach are venomous, and that a horsehair put into a pond gets animated and becomes a worm. Subjoined, from the *East Sussex Gazette*, is an illustration of this boorish ignorance which the clowns of a Boeotia in the South of England rejoice in :—

“ SHIPLEY.

“SPARROW CLUB.—On the 2nd inst. the members of the Sparrow Club held their annual meeting at the Selsey Arms Inn, when 23 sat down to an excellent dinner, served up by Mr. and Mrs. SLATER in their usual style. After the removal of the cloth the accounts were examined, and the Chairman announced that 10,807 sparrow and other heads had been sent in during the year, that being about 900 more than last year, and about 3,000 more than the year previous, showing clearly there is no scarcity of birds yet, and it was unanimously agreed to carry the club on another year, in spite of *Punch*, ‘or any other man.’”

Hush, ye pretty warbling quire! would he the song for the song-bird slaughtering Swains of Shipley, if their ears were short enough to appreciate it. Are there no local gentry about Shipley who take enough interest in their tenants to be desirous of restraining them from doing themselves damage, for want of knowing better than to attempt the extermination of the little birds? If there are, they should organise some method of imparting the requisite instruction to such louts as those who dined the other day at the Selsey Arms, to celebrate the destruction of 10,807 sparrows and other small birds which they had caused during the past year. It would be a charity to heat, if possible, into the heads of these boobies a calculation of the number of caterpillars and grubs whose increase they must have occasioned by that stupid impolicy. A Clodhopper's Institution, whereat lectures on ornithology could be delivered, might be established at Shipley with some advantage, if the Shipley bumpkins were capable of understanding any lectures. What, however, would probably answer the purpose in view better, would be an opposition to the Sparrow Club, under the name of a Caterpillar Club, established to promote the extirpation of mischievous insects by preserving the sparrows, and finches, and feathered songsters, of which the massacre is encouraged by a society of blockheads. The chawbacons of Shipley understand eating and drinking, if not much else, and if they were annually to meet and dine, their swinish obstinacy might be so far overcome by the influence of a good dinner as to allow them to be persuaded to let the little birds live and eat up the vermin.

GOOD NEWS.

THE Police are at last beginning to put down street mendicants and impostors. The excitement this invasion of the vested rights of tattered vagrancy has caused, in Crutched Friars particularly, beggars description. The movement, as it affects that crying evil, professional habies, is yet in its infancy; but the blind, with or without their leading articles, find their steps dogged, and the spurious sailors, decked in nautical attire, are all at sea.

We have reason for believing that the sphere of operations is likely to be extended. Begging the question, especially in the neighbourhood of Westminster, is no longer to be tolerated. Lame excuses will not be listened to, and all those persons who are wilfully blind, and shut their eyes to the consequences, will be transported, say, to the Cataracts.

Any one, after this notice, halting between two opinions (or two lamp-posts) is liable to be brought before the Alderman of Cripplegate, in whose worshipful presence he will find himself in a hobble, and without a leg to stand on. As ragged clothes (too often *en suite* with rents in arrear) are viewed with suspicion, persons out of elbows are cautioned to keep the Police at arm's length.



A LITTLE FRIGHT.

THE BOUNCEBYS GIVE ONE OF THEIR "STUCK-UP" DINNER-PARTIES, AND ARE HORROR-STRICKEN AT THE ENTRANCE OF LITTLE SPADGER IN THE COSTUME OF "GENT OF THE PERIOD."

Spadger. "DIDN'T LIKE TO DISAPPOINT YOU, OLD FELLOW, BUT I PROMISED TO GO TO FLAMPOYNTE'S FANCY BALL, SO THOUGHT I MIGHT AS WELL KEEP BOTH ENGAGEMENTS!"

THE UTILISATION OF FLOGGING.

MR. PUNCH,

A PARLIAMENTARY return just issued affords us the gratifying information that the Garotters' Act of 1863, punishing attempts at robbery, accompanied by violence, with flogging, has not been allowed to remain a dead letter. In the first year of the operation of this salutary measure, under its beneficent provisions, according to the document above referred to, 19 prisoners were flogged in England. Three of those ruffians underwent the unpleasant application of the cat-o'-nine-tails in Coldbath-fields Prison, one at Horsemonger-lane Gaol, three at Kirkdale (Liverpool), one at Salford New Bailey, four in Birmingham Borough Prison, four in Leeds Gaol, one in the County Gaol at Reading, and two at Durham. Out of the three rascals who experienced the ecstasies of deserved flagellation at Kirkdale, there was one, a young villain of 19, who, in addition to four years' penal servitude, had been sentenced to fifty lashes. These appeals to the only tender feeling which a Garotter has, were addressed thereto with such vigour, that the subject of them was completely subdued, and became so deeply affected that the surgeon in attendance was obliged to order him to be taken down from the whipping-post by the time that he had writhed under thirty-six.

The infliction of useless pain, however, is to be deprecated, and the pain inflicted on the nineteen villains flogged in 1863 under the Garotters' Act was not so useful as it might have been rendered. It has had little publicity beyond that given to it by respectable papers, and its exemplary effect, which constitutes its use, has been proportionally limited. Yells and shrieks have, indeed, not been wasted on the prison air, wherein they have doubtless made a desirable impression on many ears; but their vibrations, arrested by walls, have not extended to the atmosphere of thieves' houses of call, and other haunts of the felony in the slums. There are objections to public flogging similar to those which would apply to surgical operations. But one thing might be

done to give the roughs, who are inclined to be Garotters, some idea of what the flogging inflicted on a Garotter is. An elaborate photograph of the face of every such criminal condemned to be flogged could be taken whilst he is experiencing the sensations excited by the scourge, at the moment when his features are contorted with their strongest expression. What a pretty portrait-gallery might thus have been derived from the nineteen Garotters who were flogged in 1863! The police might distribute copies of these sun-pictures amongst those whom they would be calculated to edify; and engravings from them might be published in the low illustrated papers which are principally devoted to reports and narratives of crime.

The utilisation of flogging, thus effected, would soon reduce the statistics, so painful to many an amiable mind, of the infliction of that cruel punishment on the poor offender who, for the sake of a little money, or a watch and chain, has only crushed somebody's windpipe, or knocked his front teeth down his throat, or cracked his skull, without

MERCY.

The Birthday of Uranus.

THE Members of the Astronomical Society dined together on the 20th ult., to celebrate the completion, by Uranus, of his first revolution round the Sun, made since HERSCHEL discovered him, on the 13th of March, 1781, and thus occupying a period of eighty-four years and seven days, corresponding to the 365 days and 6 hours which this planet takes to perform its annual circuit. The jovial astronomers drank the health of Uranus on his accomplishment of another year, and wished him many happy returns of the day.

CHRISTIAN NOMENCLATURE.

WHAT would be the best Christian name for a female street Arab? ARABELLA.



ARBITRATION BETTER THAN EMIGRATION.

Plutus and Vulcan Accept the Decision of Justice.

THE SORROWS OF FATHER CAM.

1. H. WATNEY	Lady Margaret.
2. M. BEEBEE	Lady Margaret.
3. E. V. PIGOTT	Corpus Christi.
4. R. A. KINGLAKE	3rd Trinity.
5. D. F. STEAVENSON	Trinity Hall.
6. G. BORTHWICK	1st Trinity.
7. R. GRIFFITHS	3rd Trinity.
8. C. B. LAWES	3rd Trinity.
F. H. ARCHER (Steerer)	Corpus Christi.

ONE night as I silently wandered
By Cam's slow meandering stream,
And many things mentally pondered,
I saw, as it were in a dream,
A black head emerge from the billows,
A broad body swim through the flood,
Till, beneath the o'ershadowing willows,
It sank gently down in the mud.

All alone—as a Scholar of Tyrwhitt
When examined in Hebrew he sits—
On a log that mysterious spirit
Smokes in silence, and silently spits.
And yet not alone sat the vision;
There came, as he sat on his log,
A wag of delight and submission
From the tail of each demi-drowned dog.

Black eels from his temples were hanging,
His teeth were like teeth of a jack;
His lips were inaudibly “slanging”;
His eyes were all muddy and black;
And water-snakes, round his neck twining,
Were hissing; and water-rats swam
At his feet; so without much divining
I recognised Old Father Cam.

“All hail to thee, Camus the weedy!”
I cried, in alarm and surprise;
“Say, why are thy garments so reedy?
And why are these tears in thine eyes?”
Then the River-god answered me sadly,
“My glory aquatic is gone!
My prospects, alas! look but badly;
Not a race for four years have I won.

“I have as oarsmen as strong—even stronger—
Than when my first honours I bore;
Their arms are as long—perhaps longer;
Their shoulders as broad as of yore.
Yet the prospects of light-blue look bluer;
I am losing my swing, form, and time;
For who can row well in a sewer,
Or pull through miasma and slime?”

Thus murmured the River-god moaning,
But I bade him to dry his old eye—
“In vain is this weeping and groaning,
Let your motto be, ‘Never say die!’
Though your waves be more foul than Cocytus,
Though your prospects, no doubt, are most blue;
Since Oxford is ready to fight us,
We will try to select a good crew.

“My friend Lady Margaret tells me
She can lend me a Bow and a Two:
The Lady, I own, sometimes sells me,
But this time I am sure she'll be true.
For WATNEY is wiry and plucky,
And that BEEBEE's A 1 all allow;
And our boat cannot fail to be lucky
With a double 1st Class in the bow.

“Then Corpus it's PIGOTT shall lend us,
Young, healthy, and active, and strong;
And Etona her KINGLAKE shall send us,
To row our good vessel along;
And five, from the head of the River,
Like Pallas from Jove's head appearing,
Shall add to the weight of the quiver
Of the feather-weight Argonaut steering.

“Then BORTHWICK, the mighty and massive,
Shall row like a Briton at Six;
And GRIFFITHS, not prone to be passive,
Shall pull us to glory like bricks.
Our ‘Stroke,’ people say, on the feather
Is a trifle too fond of a pause;
But while some say ‘there's nothing like leather,’
I maintain there is nothing like LAWES.

“Washerwomen, not over aquatic,
Says he rows ‘like a mangle’—what trash!
That his swing and his time are erratic;
That he puts in his oar with a splash.
But these wonderful judges of rowing,
If we win, will be loud in applause;
And declare ‘the result was all owing
To that excellent stroke, MR. LAWES.’

“Our Coach, on the bank briskly riding,
Will keep this strong team well together,
His Bucephalus gamely bestriding,
In spite of the wind and the weather.
For the laws of the land you may send me
To Counsel from chambers in Town;
For the laws of true rowing commend me
To the CHAMBERS of Cambridge renown.

“Then cheer up, beloved Father Camus!
Blow your nose! dry those tears that are falling;
You will live once again to be famous,
In spite of the prospect appalling.
Though dead dogs down your fair stream are floating,
Father Cam will their odours defy;
Though Oxford may beat us in boating,
Yet Cambridge will ‘never say die!’”

VETERINARY POOR-LAW.

At the Bakewell Petty Sessions, the other day, before the local Magistrates and LORD GEORGE CAVENDISH, Chairman, MR. JOHN BIRLEY, a farmer at Wardlaw, was charged by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals with having ill-treated, abused, and tortured four cows and a calf.

Having been convicted of this charge, MR. BIRLEY was sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labour in the Derby House of Correction.

The ill-treatment, abuse, and torture of four cows and a calf, for which FARMER BIRLEY has been sent to pant and perspire on the treadmill, or work his fingers' ends raw with picking oakum for two months, did not, indeed, amount to wrenching those animals' tails off, breaking their heads or limbs, cutting, lacerating, prodding, or otherwise violently hurting them, but it consisted in keeping them without food, and neglecting them, insomuch that they became exceedingly emaciated and filthy, and lowed aloud with hunger and pain.

The only excuse which MR. BIRLEY could offer to palliate his want of care for his own stock, was, that he “was very sorry for it, but he could not help it, hay was so scarce.” The scarcity of dead stock was all that he could urge in extenuation of letting his live stock want. What if they had actually starved? Would BIRLEY have got off with two months' imprisonment and hard labour? A wretch may merit, but cannot earn penal servitude by cruelty to animals. MR. BIRLEY, however, had his cows and calf positively died of famine, would no doubt have received the fullest allowance of correction, in the House thereof, that the Bakewell Magistrates could have legally awarded him.

It is something to be said for British benevolence to the brute creation that the offence of withholding the necessities of life from four cows and a calf, subjects their owner, a man in the respectable position of a farmer, to the punishment of a thief. Suppose those animals had been only so many paupers, and MR. BIRLEY a relieving officer who refused them the means of sustenance on the plea that he could not help it, but really the rates were so high. That would have been quite another affair. There is no County crop or treadmill, or oakum-picking, or crank, for “Cruelty to Paupers;” nor do Boards of Guardians and Workhouse officials incur penal consequences from that economy to which is owing the very frequent announcement of a human creature's “Death from Destitution.”

DIPLOMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

M. LAVALETTE has been nominated Minister of the Interior without a Stewpan.

How would MILTON have described the prevailing style of comic song?—“Most music-hall, most melancholy.”

MR. PUNCH'S FIRST OF APRIL LEVÉE.



SEARCH small and great, search Church and State,
 Search home and foreign annals!
 To *Punch's* studio, April-fools
 Of all professions, crafts, and schools!
 Sitters he'll find for all his stools,
 Faces for all his panels.

STRANGE CAB PHENOMENON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THE Natural History of the Cabman must always have been interesting to the human zoologist. Permit me to describe a phenomenon.

I am an Author. I had, however, chambers in the Outer Temple. For reasons of my own, one being that I like to be able to ring people up in the night, like *PORÉ*, when I have an inspiration, I now reside at one of the Great Railway Hotels, which we will call the East-Southern Hotel.

When I lived in the Temple I never had a row with a Cabman. He always drove me straight home thither, and he was always satisfied with his fare, or at least he never remonstrated, far less abused me.

Now, that I live in the Hotel, I almost always have a row with my Cabman. He tries to take me a long and roundabout way home, and, the other night, insisted on going over two bridges, when he needed to go over none; and he always remonstrates about the fare, and often abuses me.

Yet one place is as well known to the Cabmen as the other, and the fares are printed and hung up at my present abode.

How do you account for this strange difference? A cynical friend of mine says that while I was in the Temple, the drivers took me for a lawyer, and one who would take vengeance for any attempt at cheating, while they now suppose me to be a provincial, ignorant of London topography, and of the just rights of the cab.

But, I think better of Cabman nature. Surely, men who have a Club, and talk pretty, and sing hymns to Lord *SHAFTESBURY*, cannot be such sordid and greedy wretches. There must be some other explanation. Can your readers offer one, or will the Cabmen themselves discuss the topic at their next meeting, before the hymn?

Believe me, ever yours,

JOHN GAY.

P.S. I discovered a singular mode of quickening a Cabman's apprehension the other day. I told him to go to *Argyll Place*, and, as usual, he pretended not to know where it was, in order to see whether I knew. When I said, "Close to the Marlborough Street Police Office," you should have seen how he dashed off, and he was so civil when I got out.

First, room for Church!—Left in the lurch,
 Our Reverends might be grumbling.
 But ere we seek Church-fools at home,
 With the bold *BOWYER* shoot to Rome,
 Where—fool's-cap o'er a close-cut comb—
 The old tiara's tumbling.
 Believe in *POPE* and Papal rule,
 You April-fool, you April-fool!

But Rome-wards why with *NEWMAN* fly,
 Or *MONSIGNORE MANNING*?
 While *GRAY COLENZO* votes Old Harry's,
 Nor, ere he hurls perdition, tarries
 To find out if his patent carries
 The privilege of banning.
 So much Church-cry, so little wool!—
 Lo! *GRAY* done brown as April-fool!

For ex-Zulu *COLENZO* too
Punch has a cap becoming,
 Who thinks the written record's floor
 Dropt out, since two and two make four,
 While *MOSES'* total comes to more
 Than doth *COLENZO's* summing.
 Ground your faith on a ciphering-rule!—
 You April-fool, you April-fool!

Nor Broad Church drops behind in crops
 Of rich, ripe, April folly:
 Here's *KINGSLEY* writes, talks, lectures, bustles,
 To prove faith, somehow, hangs on muscles;
 That with Old Nick the more one tussles
 The more one should be jolly!
 Trade-competition's fire would cool!—
 The April-fool, the April-fool!

London's fat purse *TAIT* would amerce,
 And "Church, Church, Church!" his creed is;
 For "churches!" "churches!" crying still,

While we have more than we can fill,
And parson's wit, not parson's will,
Our congregations' need is.
To church send charity to school!—
You April-fool, you April-fool!

Can Science boast our April host
No son of hers has in it?
Who o'er brain-folds and jawbone-angles
About man's kin to monkey wrangles,
Till man with monkey she so tangles,
We scarce care which may win it.
Mysterious mind make matter's tool!—
You April-fool, you April-fool!

Then test the tricks of politics,
Sound Lower House and Upper:
Lo, jaunty PAM at eighty-one
Still keeping up the ancient fun,
As were *first* childhood just begun,
Not *second* at his crupper.
Still fishing in that troubled pool!—
Oh April-fool, oh April-fool!

Lo, DIZZY, bent to sniff the scent
Of Treasury-trap well baited,
In England's eyes still trusts 'gainst trust
To fling Caucasian diamond-dust,
And as Church Angel see his lust
Of place and power full sated.
Spurned by the party he would rule,
Poor VIVIAN GREY's an April-fool!

And GLADSTONE, wasting giant-power
On every pigmy foeman,
With aim confused 'twixt bad and good,
"I dare not" waiting on "I would,"
E'en by himself scarce understood,
Quite understood by no man:
Half Manchester, half Oxford school—
Whole April-fool, whole April-fool!

And BRIGHT, with pluck to run amuck
At all which Britons hold to,
On shoulders of the middle classes
Still struggling to instal the masses,
Who'll soon write BRIGHT & Co. down asses,
Their shape the mass who'd mould to:
Cutting the throat of thy own rule—
Oh April-fool, oh April-fool!

And BOBBY PEEL, of Irish reel
And faction-fight the hero:
And ROEBUCK, in wrong cause or rightful,
Striving to make folks think his bite full
Of sting, as his bark is of spite full,
Till his fame falls to zero.
Why, TEAR'EM, not for once be cool?
Thou April-fool, thou April-fool!

See ELCHO's joy since his new toy,
The Rifleman, appears!
He trots his hobby all about,
Air-drawn invaders puts to rout—
'Twas clearly to bring ELCHO out
We raised our Volunteers!
There's room at Hythe, in HAY's own school,
For April-fool, for April-fool!

If their's the stool of April-fool
Who on wild errands fall,
Sutherland's Duke that stool ascends,
Who to put out the fire pretends
Which lights the candle at both ends
Within the servants'-hall.
A Duke his servants dare to school!—
Out, April-fool!—out, April-fool!

Prick up your ears, my noble Peers,
You who have ears abnormal,
Lo, from the Woolsack condescends
One who your ranks a lustre lends—
"Hit him hard, he has got no friends!"—
WESTBURY, fine and formal!
He mounts the penitential stool,
Chief April-fool, chief April-fool!

Was't not enough the maws to stuff
Of BETHELLS big and little
Out of the CHANCELLOR's brodered purse,
But, spurred by nepotism's curse,
You must "go farther and fare worse,"
The horse-leech swarm to victual?
Kill the goose!—spite of ÆSOP's rule—
You April-fool, you April-fool!

And nothing loth, beside home-growth,
I've foreign fools to think on:
See the long phiz and shambling figure
Of him who with rail-splitting vigour
Strives with the "inevitable nigger,"
Much-puzzled ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
If he "concludes" with such a tool
To split his rail, he's April-fool!

Last, but not least, with laurelled crest,
His toga draped about him,
Lo, the last CÆSAR, with the pen
That tells how JULIUS died for men,
Reveals their saviour to the ken
Of those who dared to doubt him,
Including critics keen and cool,
And earns the crown as April-fool.

THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING BAD-LOOKING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WHAT a blessing it is that one is not a beauty! I declare, the longer I live the more thankful I am that I was born with carrotty hair, and a nose that is turn-uppy. The trouble I am saved by my plainness is incalculable. See, for instance, what a martyrdom I must have undergone if my hair had been worth frizzing up and fashionably dressing. This is how the pretty hairesses of Paris are now tortured:—

"LADIES' HAIR.—The Paris correspondent of the *Post*, in reply to an appeal from a lady, writes:—"I have consulted a great hairdresser of the sublime school, who says that this winter he has often commenced work at 1 P.M., so that the lady must remain some ten hours in full toilette, with her hair pinned, bound, stretched, flowered, jewelled—painfully uncomfortable. It is only as a great favour that these famed hair-artists can be had at all; ladies during the season are obliged to implore them to attend."

First catch your hair: this of course must be the rule with the "Sublime school" of *coiffeurs*. Their Sublimities would never condescend to waste their talents on a woolly head like mine, which the highest art would fail in rendering attractive. So I am safe from having to sit for ten hours at a stretch, without the liberty of stretching. And see, here are other nuisances that I escape by being, happily, anything but beautiful:—

"He declares that you may wear your hair in any fantastic fashion; some ladies at Court have adopted the classical Grecian style—the hair dragged off the face, and a bunch of clustering ringlets at the back of the head. Others have gone in for a series of small curls all over the forehead, and little impertinent twisting locks round about the ears—baby curls, just beginning life; while the mass of hair is gathered up on the top of the head, and there studded with flowers, or butterflies, or even gaudy insects."

Fidgety little ringlets must be troublesome enough; but how nasty it must be to have one's back hair full of insects! Fancy having dragon-flies and spiders on one's head! Ugh! I shudder at the notion! I think I'd rather be quite bald than let my hair be full of butterflies; and who knows but the fashion may be soon to wear big blue-bottles, or, more horrid still, black beetles? A girl who is insane enough to put a butterfly in her hair, might be fairly thought to have a bee in her bonnet. O the sorrows of the Handsome at the hands of the hairdresser! "O the pleasures of the Plain" in escaping such inflictions! When I peep into my glass, and think what torments I might suffer if it were not for my ugliness, I shall heartily thank goodness that I am not good-looking.

So believe me yours contentedly,

MARIA MILDEW.

Quotation from Virgil.

(Dedicated to LORD COMBERMERE'S Successor as Gold Stick.)

"— Primo avulso non deficit alter
Aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo."

"WALKER!"

How unfair to sneer at the City tradesmen for being above their business, when so few of them live over their shops!

QUAKER AFFIRMATION.—"Od drab it!"



Clara. "WE ARE GOING TO GET UP A DANCE, MR. CHIFFEY; YOU MUST LET ME FIND YOU A PARTNER."
Mr. Chiffey. "WELL, THANK YOU, NO: NOT TO-NIGHT. THE FACT IS, I'VE HAD A VERY HARD DAY'S HUNTING."



WHICH WAS TRUE ENOUGH, FOR THIS IS THE WAY MR. CHIFFEY HUNTED; AND THOUGH IT DID NOT LAST MORE THAN TWO HOURS, ALL MUST ADMIT THAT IT WAS TOUGH WORK.

GEMS FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.

WHENEVER one takes up an Irish newspaper, one is pretty certain to discover something brilliant. Here for instance is a specimen:—

£5 NOTE LOST.—Lost, in the Royal Bank, about half-past two o'clock on Friday, the 17th instant, a Five Pound Bank of Ireland Note. Any person bringing it to MR. NORTH, at the Bank, may retain for his trouble whatever sum he thinks reasonable.

If Mr. Punch had found the note and had acted strictly on the terms of this advertisement, the loser would not have been much the gainer by the finding. Mr. Punch values his time at a sovereign a second; and as picking up a five-pound note would take at least five seconds, Mr. Punch would feel quite justified in pocketing the note, which he would think a "reasonable" repayment for his trouble.

Another gem of Irish composition is the following:—

A TIDY, active, and willing little Woman, of great experience, desires to wait upon an elderly Lady or Invalid; could on an emergency nurse a baby, make an excellent plum pudding, dress a good dinner, make a delicious cup of coffee, or act as housekeeper; would be found a most trustworthy person, and a great acquisition in a respectable family; is a Protestant; without followers; a native of Belfast. Address, &c.

If this little woman wants to "wait upon an invalid, or an elderly lady," what she says about herself will not tend very much to carry out her wishes. Invalids cannot eat "good dinners," and the sight of a plum pudding would tantalise them terribly; while old ladies, as a rule, have not a baby to be nursed, and even if they had, they would scarcely choose a cook to help them at the cradle. Perhaps in Paddyland, however, a scullery-maid is hired to look after the nursery, while the office of a nurse is to make the pies and puddings and keep the kitchen tidy.

IMPORTANT.

To obtain a Situation under Government, call yourself "MR. BETHELL." No other qualification required.

AN AWFUL QUESTION.

TOUCHING what is called "POMPEY'S Pillar," and which is as much POMPEY'S as that at Charing Cross is CÆSAR'S, a contemporary says:—

"The engineer employed by the Viceroy of Egypt to repair this column, has found that the pillar rests on a cube of very hard pudding-stone within the basement. This cube bears an inscription in hieroglyphics turned upside down, and is, in fact, the capital of a column belonging to one of the temples of Upper Egypt, conveyed hither for the express purpose of serving for the base of the column. M. MARIETTE has deciphered the inscription, and found the name of SESOSTRIS THE SECOND, the father of the great SESOSTRIS, mentioned in it; so that POMPEY'S pillar, now 1500 years old, rests on the fragment of a monument erected at least seventeen centuries before the Christian era."

All this chronology is nothing to the purpose, and the column itself, as everybody who can read, and remember what he reads, knows, is merely the last remaining pillar of a temple. But the question is this—Has the French engineer obliterated a name which is not in hieroglyphics, upside down or not, but in the biggest and plainest English? Has he defaced the world-famous legend,

W. BUTTON?

If he has, we can only say that we are glad the *Agincourt* and the *Minotaur* are so nearly ready.

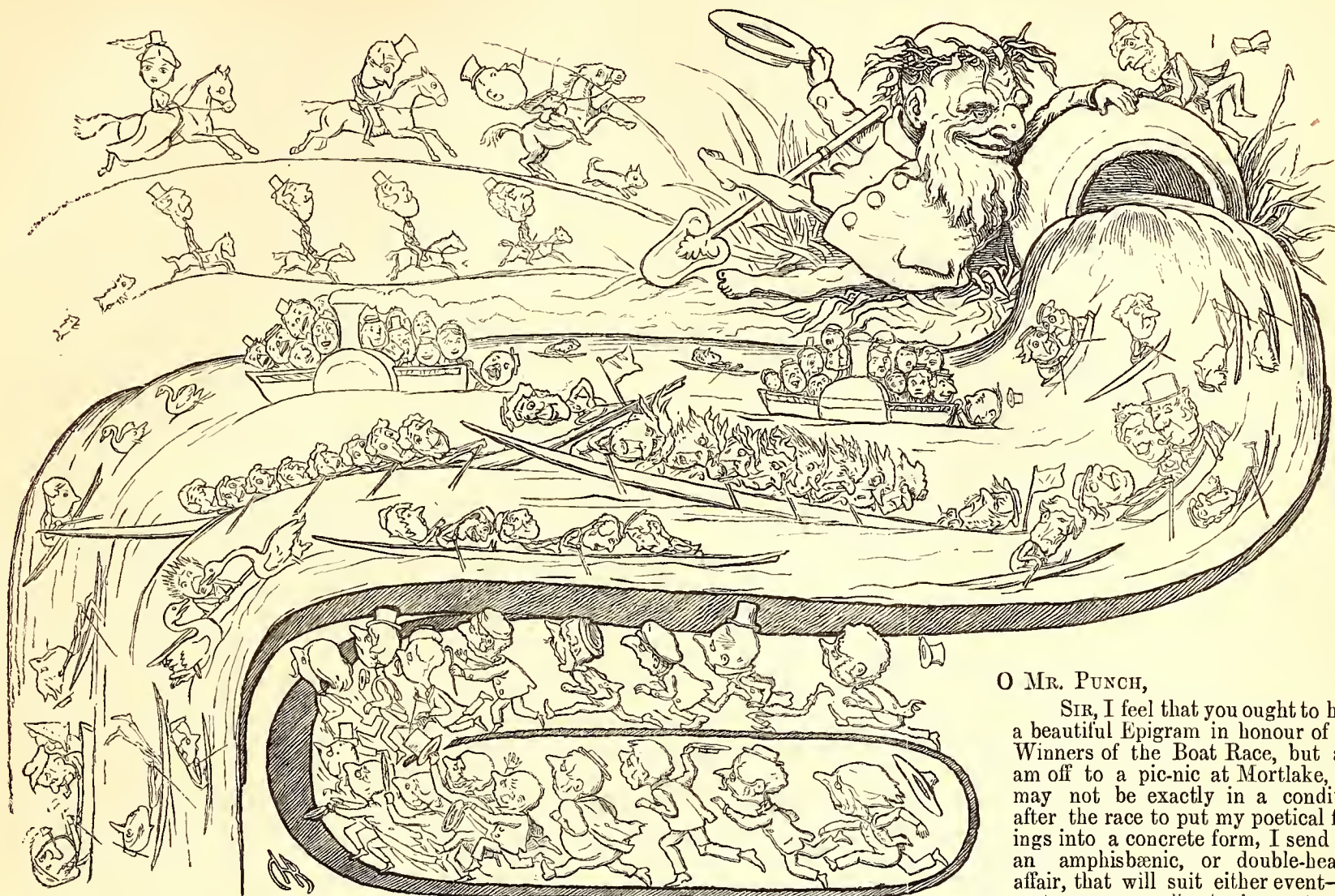
The Gifts of Morpheus.

WHEN Sleep has brought pleasures that seem
As real as those of broad day,
How jolly to wake from your dream
And find that you've nothing to pay!

AN ARCTIC MARCH.

THE month just departed in cold and snow has not exactly verified the popular saying, that if March comes in like a Lion he goes out like a Lamb. This year, indeed, March came in like a Lion, but went out like a White Bear.

THE BOAT RACE IMPROMPTU.



April 8th, 1865.

O MR. PUNCH,

SIR, I feel that you ought to have a beautiful Epigram in honour of the Winners of the Boat Race, but as I am off to a pic-nic at Mortlake, and may not be exactly in a condition after the race to put my poetical feelings into a concrete form, I send you an amphisbænic, or double-headed affair, that will suit either event—in-
sert names according to circumstances.

Ever yours, JANUS SQUINTER.

[We prefer inserting our Correspondent's unconscientious effusion as received.—PUNCH.]

TO THE VICTORS.

BY A PARTY WHO BETTED THE RIGHT AND BACKED { OXFORD. }
CAMBRIDGE. }

Well done { Priests of Isis } ! I pledge in a gallon
Gallant Cantabs }

Of jolly good ale the good health of { Dark } Blue ;
Light }

May each Book you take up, in your *heiligen Hallen*,
Bring each as much luck as I've booked about you.

A SENSATION SITUATION.

Who would not be a Lady Teacher in a Ladies' School ? Only see what a quantity of knowledge she must have, and what a quantity of money she can make by it:—

WANTED, a TEACHER, over 21, in a very Large, Old-Established Ladies' School. She must be a thorough arithmetician, well versed in geography, general history, grammar, with the rudiments of French and music. None need apply without a good method of teaching, combined with health and activity. Unexceptionable references required. Salary to commence at £12 per annum.

If MR. BABBAGE were the President of the Royal Geographical Society, and knew as much of general history as HALLAM and MACAULAY did, he might perhaps, were he a lady, be deemed tolerably competent to fill this situation, provided he were thoroughly well grounded in good grammar, and knew enough of French and music to teach them with success. Stay, though—he must have a “good method of teaching” (whatever that may signify), and he must “combine” it with “good health and activity,” or he would not be eligible for this attractive place. Then, if he were a lady, and were over twenty-one, and had the good luck to obtain this lucrative appointment, his salary would “commence” at £12 per annum, and goodness only knows in what a vast increase of income it might ultimately end. Even £20 a year might eventually be paid to him, supposing he were she who is so fortunate as to secure this most remunerative place. Dramatists

on the look-out for a “sensation situation,” should turn their eyes to this one, which no lady could fill without having the sensation of being greatly overtasked and grossly underpaid for it.

Politics and Music.

THERE is no truth in the rumour that MR. BRAND, the famous H. C. Whip, is about to be deposed. The report, it is believed, arose simply from the fact that, a few evenings ago, a number of young Members lounged into the lobby, coming fresh from the Fourth Act of the Opera of *Faust*, and singing lustily the chorus, “*Deponiam il Brando !*”

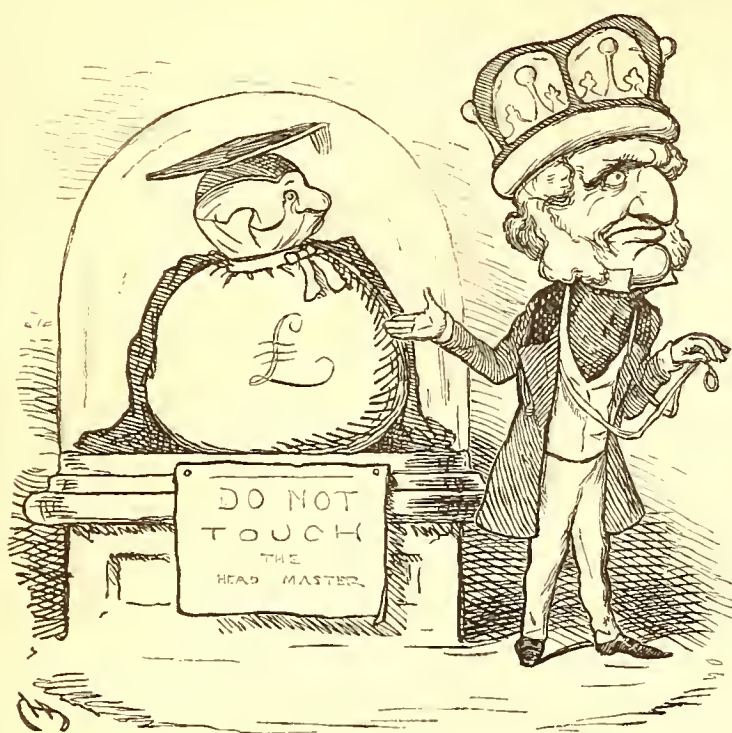
THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

THIS celebrated summit has just been reached by a juvenile member of the Aristocracy. MR. GROSVENOR continues to offer himself for Westminster, although MR. JOHN STUART MILL is ready to become a candidate. The Alpine Club has shut up in despair.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Le Maudit is to be placed in the Index unless the opinions contained therein are somewhat *modi-fied*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, April 3. LORD CLARENDON moved the Second Reading of the Public Schools Bill. It has merits, and nobody is pleased with it, which may be another of those merits. Everybody has an interest in some one school, which he conceives to be perfect, because it educated him, or is educating his boys, but he allows that other schools require improvement. Mr. Punch decidedly objects to any authority being set up to dominate over the Head Master, upon whose personal character depends the welfare of a school.

But then all Head Masters ought to be ARNOLDS, or as near that pattern as possible. There will be a great deal of discussion before this Bill becomes law, and a measure which is to affect the training of the entire upper and upper middle classes of England deserves all consideration.

SIR MORTON PETO delivered himself of a speech against the Board of Admiralty. His attack was greatly disapproved of by LORD CLARENCE PAGET. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON had his own objections to the present system. It is all very well to talk over the business, but the plain English is that no Minister dares reform the Admiralty system, for there are too many votes dependent upon the maintenance of things in their present condition. Everybody, except the innocent believers in speeches, knows this. Some day we shall be in a war, and the war will be in a muddle, and then the Admiralty will be blown—where MR. BOYTHORN, in *Bleak House*, wanted to blow the Court of Chancery.

The Barnet Magistrates ordered two boys to be whipped, and also ordered the police to perform that operation. Now, criminal boys have not that Spartan courage which is inculcated (under penalty of an extra wopping in the play-fields) at Eton, Harrow, and Rugby, and instead of receiving a whipping in silence, they bellow. Perhaps the absence of elevated teaching, and also of beef and bread-and-butter and other strengthening influences, may in some measure account for the difference. Anyhow, they *do* bellow, and the noise is not pleasant to hear. The police object to whip, and say also that crowds are attracted by the sound. SIR RICHARD MAYNE sustains them. MR. ADDERLEY protests against police assumption. The HOME SECRETARY thinks the police right. MR. HENLEY made much fun of the punishment, ridiculed birching being described by the sensation term "lashes," and intimated that the floggings which he, and probably SIR GEORGE GREY, had received in earlier life had done them no harm. But, he added, we were fast becoming the most police-ridden country in Europe. We do not know how the Barnet Magistrates have settled the affair, but it says in *Boyle's Chronology* that in a country place a culprit was, some years ago, ordered to be flogged, and that there was no one who would lay on the cat except the Mayor, and therefore his Worship himself tucked up his robes, and let into the rogue like a man.

We then voted all sorts of Estimates, and finally another row broke out, and the Head Master was obliged to say that the boys might go away, for that they were "not in a temper" for their work. The sudden change in the weather makes us all quarrelsome—

"Our bloods no less obey the Heavens
Than do a courtier's looks the king's."

A much-disputed passage in the Divine W., which Mr. Punch has, with his usual acumen, rectified into the sense which distinguishes most of the writings of Divine W. With a thermometer one day at 43° in a gas-lit bed-room, and the next at 60° in the open air, no fellah ought to be expected to be reasonable.

Tuesday. The Lords sat down and got up again, and the Commons did not even go through that formality. For this was a great day for the Metropolis of the World. We feel that we ought to get up a little classic learning to flash off about the Grand Sewers, but DR. WILLIAM SMITH'S Dictionary is on a shelf on the other side of our library, and our getting up for it is out of the question, and Mrs. Punch is gone to hear MARIO in *Faust*. So we cannot draw upon our memory. There were Sewers in Rome, woppers, made by TARQUINIUS PRIMUS, who married TANAQUIL, a lady who had the feminine art of making the best of things, and we like her. When an eagle flew away with her husband's hat, MRS. TANAQUIL, instead of saying that it was just like him, and that he could no more take care of his things than a child, and that he had need have a fortune to be going every day to LINCONIUS & BENNETTUS'S for new hats, said, with a proud smile, "A good omen, love! and it

means that your head will be very high." He was made King, and he made drains. LIVY says that you could drive a load of hay through them, and we wish that our drains had been made large enough for the railway vans, and the Van Demons were compelled to go through the sewers. We do not remember any other classical remarks at present, and therefore proceed to state that this day the PRINCE OF WALES went to Crossness, and set the engines at work, and that it was a great day for THWAITES and BAJAZET—what's his name, BAZALGETTE—and we suppose that they will be knighted or barrow-knighted, as they deserve, or be decorated with the Order of the Sewer. We have not seen any Thames salmon yet, but MR. QUARTERMAINE has taken up his place in his balcony, with a long rod and line, to be ready to catch the very first, and has promised to telegraph. Pensive public, what? The Essence is a good deal pleasanter when there is no Parliament? But you mustn't say such things.

Wednesday. THEO DONOGHUE wishes to do away with an Irish law of QUEEN ANNE'S, by which "Tories, Robbers, and Rapparees" can be sent to penal servitude for begging. If it include Tories who beg for votes at elections, we imagine that the Act may be inconvenient, but we see no reason for the repeal, and for once MR. SCULLY agrees with us.

But if Beggars are not to be sent to penal servitude, MR. VILLIERS has introduced into his Houseless Poor Bill an excellent clause for dealing with Mendicants. If the measure becomes law, Begging in London is at an end. The police are to take into custody every person who begs, or professes to be in distress. If he be a deserving object, he is to be taken into the Casual Ward, at the Workhouse, and the Dogberry there is to be compelled to receive and relieve him. If he be an impostor, he is to be dealt with under the Vagrant Act. This is good news for the really distressed, and also for the ladies in the suburbs, who cannot take a walk without being importuned or bullied. Could not the Act be made to include Crossing Sweepers, who are a horrible nuisance, as Mr. Punch has often set forth, he having to repulse at least seventeen, every time he walks from his villa to his office. What right has the Crossing Sweeper to "squat" on the QUEEN'S highway, and play highwayman?

Thursday. Holborn and Whitechapel are to be improved—a Bill for the purpose passed the Lords. We are very fond of taking pensive walks in Whitechapel, and should go there oftener, but for the incessant importunities of the inhabitants that we should buy and devour the staple product of the district, namely, wheelks, of which we are not extravagantly fond. As regards Holborn, it is at present the most detestable thoroughfare in London. Everybody who walks is run over in High Holborn, and everybody who rides is thrown out of his cab on Holborn Hill. We shall rejoice to see any improvement.

The Wimbledon Common Inclosure Bill was read a Second Time, after considerable opposition. A Committee has reported against LORD SPENCER'S three proposals—the fencing, the selling part of the land, and the extinction of everybody's rights except his own. Nevertheless, it was thought that the Bill ought to go before the Private Bill Committee. It was rather plainly hinted that the public might get much worse terms, but we decline to believe that LORD SPENCER would do anything of an ungenerous kind, even if his plan should be defeated. *Noblesse oblige*.

Another Canada debate, and it appears that the Colonists are by no means satisfied with the amount of defence which England proposes to supply. One thing is certain, namely, that either the colony and the mother-country must act in perfect accord and harmony, or Canada will vote at the next Presidential Election, yes, Sir.

SIR GEORGE GREY will devise some relief for the compositors and other persons really aggrieved by the working of the Act which was intended chiefly for the putting down the scoundrel-dens in the Haymarket and elsewhere, and which has worked very well indeed, though there is much to be done, as at certain Music-Halls, before cognate nuisances can be exterminated. If, as LORD MACAULAY and SYDNEY SMITH contend, Government is simply a Stout Constable, let it do constable's duty.

Friday. The BISHOP OF LONDON expressed his idea that the great rich City Companies, "who have more money than they know what to do with," might aid in the erection of new dwellings for the poor who are dispossessed, whole-

sale, by Improvements. DR. TAIT is a good man, but does not know the world. Can he be aware that at some civic banquets the Companies are reduced to give Mock instead of Real Turtle, and that at others common water is handed round after dinner instead of rose-water? In the face of these distressing facts, a bishop should not obtrude the interests of the lower orders.

LORD GRANVILLE sticks to it that little things of six years old ought to attend examinations, but will allow exceptions to be made. The exception ought to be when the child distinctly, or indistinctly, hints that it would rather play at ball.

The Fenians disturb MR. WHITESIDE, and MR. LAYARD is demanding whether the American authorities at all favour those exported idiots.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITHS was laughed at as usual.

MR. GLADSTONE declines to take the Irish railroads into the hands of Government, in order to lower the price of tickets. Really, Ireland has lost all shame, and will shortly come under the new Mendicant Act.

MR. WYLD wants a new bishopric created in Cornwall. Answer, "No tin." Irish Members get wet at Holyhead pier, and appeal to Parliament. Answer, "Take umbrellas." Then we had Estimates. Both Houses are up for Easter.

Saturday. The Great Boat-Race between the Eyes of England. Oxford won gallantly, as *Mr. Punch* all along predicted, only he forgot to mention it.

Apart from our usual summary, and in another tone, must be noted the Parliamentary references to the death of a great and good man. On Sunday, April 2nd, the valuable life of RICHARD COBDEN ended. Elsewhere, our own tribute to the departed is paid. Here be it said only that on the Monday night the House of Commons listened to the earnest and honest words of the PREMIER, and to the eloquent language of the Leader of Opposition, both uniting in honourable testimony to the character of him who is gone. A portion of the speech of MR. DISRAELI may be the most fitting termination to this brief record:—

"Although it was the fortune of MR. COBDEN to enter public life at a time when passions ran high, still when the strife was over there was soon observed in him the moderation and tempered course that intimated a large intellectual horizon, and the possession of statesmanlike qualities. There was in his character a peculiar vein of reverence for tradition, which often, unconsciously to himself, subdued and softened the acerbity of the conclusions at which he may have arrived. . . . As a debater he had few equals, as a logician he was close and complete, and I would say adroit, acute, and, perhaps, even subtle; yet, at the same time, he was gifted with that degree of imagination that he never lost sight of the sympathies of those whom he addressed, and so, generally avoiding to drive his argument to extremity, he became as a speaker both practical and persuasive. . . . Sir, there is something mournful in the history of this Parliament, when we remember how many of our most eminent and valued men have passed from amongst us; but, Sir, there is this consolation to us, when we remember these unequalled and irreparable losses, that those great men are not altogether lost to us—that their words will be often quoted in this House—that their example will often be referred to and appealed to—and that even their expressions will form part of our discussions and debates. There are now, I may say, some Members of Parliament who, although they may not be present, are still Members of the House, who are independent of dissolutions, of the caprice of constituencies, and even of the course of time. I think, Sir, MR. COBDEN was one of those men, and I believe that when the verdict of posterity will be recorded upon his life and conduct, it will be said of him that, looking to his expressions and his deeds, he was without doubt the greatest political character that the pure middle class of the country has ever produced—that he was an ornament to the House of Commons and an honour to England."

SONG FOR THE THAMES SALMON PRESERVING SOCIETY.

HERE'S to the trout weighing pounds, say, fifteen,
Here's to the salmon of twenty;
Keep an eye on their spawning, and make the Thames clean,
And you soon will have fish there in plenty.
Chorus. Let the fry pass,
They'll be bigger next grass,
The man who would fish out of season's an ass.

Here's to the ladders by which the fish scale,
When they swim to the weirs that impede them;
Look, there leaps a Salmon! just see, what a tail!
And it costs but clean water to feed them.
Chorus. Let the fry pass, &c.

So keep away poachers and keep away pike,
And keep away poisonous matter,
And you'll catch in the Thames all the salmon you like,
And you'll nowhere see finer or fatter.
Chorus. Let the fish pass, &c.

Inconsistency of Woman.

1813. MISS ALTESIDORA QUOGG, of New York (aged 17), refuses LIEUTENANT DASHER, of H. M. Navy, because he will call the Virginians "rebels."

1865. MISS ALTESIDORA QUOGG, of New York (aged 67), refuses ADMIRAL DASHER, of H. M. Navy, because he will not call the Virginians "rebels."

A SAMPLE OF STAGE SLANG.

HERE is a strange list of wants, announced the other day in a dramatic newspaper:—

THEATRE ROYAL, STARBOROUGH.

WANTED, immediately (to open on Monday), A LADY FOR THE LEAD, First and Second Walking Gentlemen, Old Man, Low Comedian (to sing), Lady Dancer, Prompter, and two or three responsible Utility Ladies and Gentlemen. Vacancies for Stage Carpenter, Property Man, and Scene Painter (to act). No Novices need apply. Address as above. To save time, send terms.

"A Lady for the Lead," that is, to heave the lead, no doubt, and to make her appearance in a nautical drama. Possibly we may see her in the part of First Lieutenant of the gallant bombship *Thunder*, to which post, the ballad says, a lady was appointed, having won the Captain's applause for a brave act. It may be rare for first lieutenants to heave the lead, perhaps; but on the Stage there would be nothing to prevent their doing so. After issuing such orders as "Clew up your lee dead-eyes!" or "Reef your torpsle spanker!" a first lieutenant in a drama might proceed to heave the lead, without his being thought one whit the worse of for it.

What is meant by the statement that "no Novices need apply," we are afraid almost to guess. Can it indeed be possible that there are nunneries in England whence it is so common for the Novices to run away and go upon the Stage, that the Manager in this case thinks it needful to announce that he will not be bothered by their applications? Here is an alarming point for MR. NEWDEGATE to ponder on!



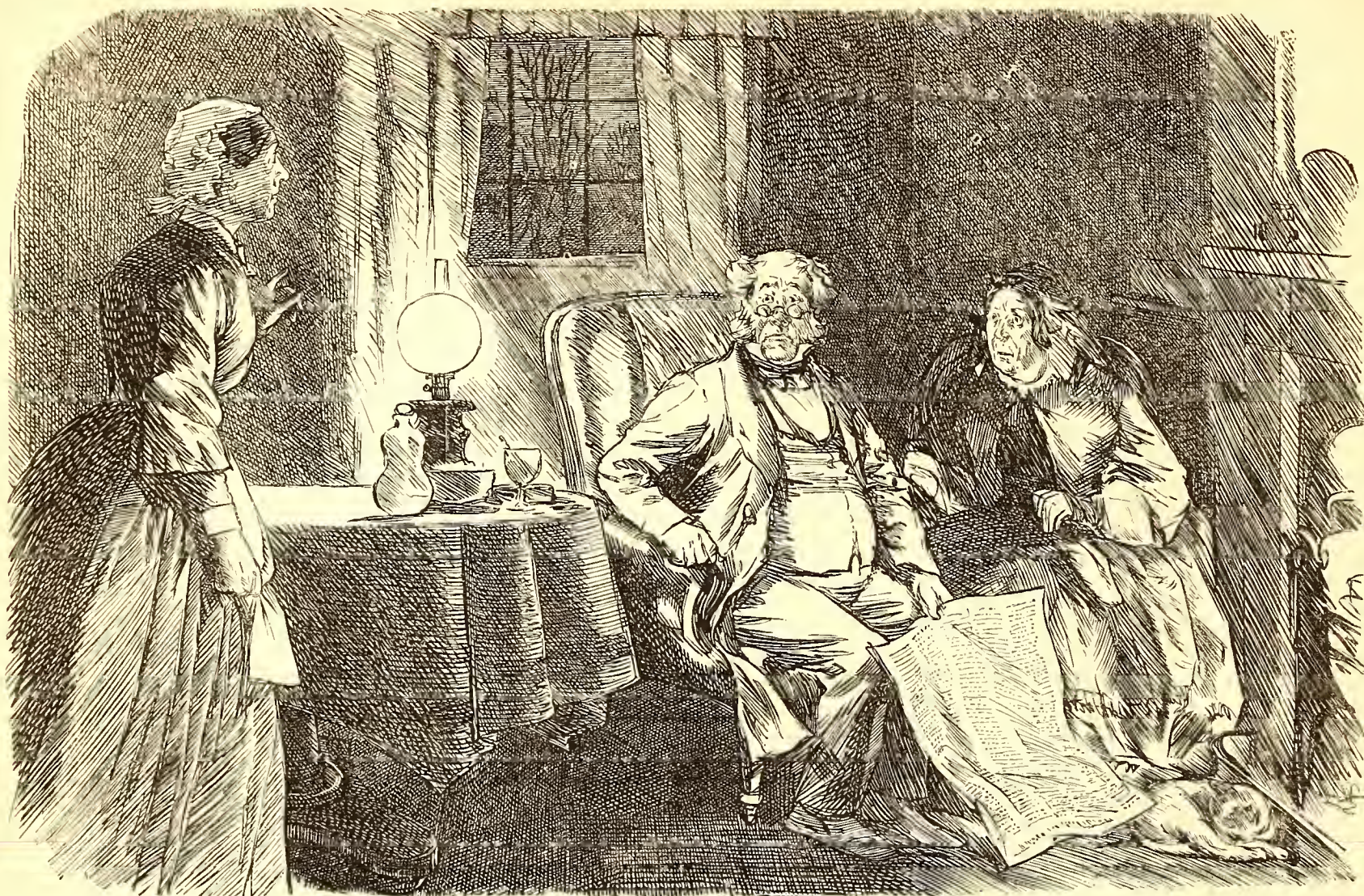
"AURICOMUS FLUID, FOR PRODUCING THAT RICH GOLDEN COLOUR SO MUCH ADMIRER IN LADIES AND CHILDREN."—*Vide Advertisement.*

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

To a class of people represented by MR. SOMES and MR. LAWSON the foregoing admonition is respectfully commended, whilst their serious attention is also invited to the subjoined paragraph, taken from the *Montreal Gazette*:—

"THE 'PERMISSIVE ACT.'—MR. DUNKIN'S Act does not appear to satisfy its advocates. Many of the townships in Upper Canada which adopted it, after a few weeks' trial, are sick of it. In some places the unlicensed sale of liquor takes place openly, and the law is so unpopular that no one dares prosecute."

The failure of the Canadian DUNKIN'S attempt at dictating the drink of his neighbours may serve to show our English donkeys, who pester the Legislature with the demand of a Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Law, how much they would accomplish even if they obtained an Act of Parliament for the purpose of ruining the publicans, robbing the poor man of his beer, and creating a vast deficit in the revenue. Let us hear no more of their officious nonsense, and let it be understood that the regulation of other people's habits is henceforth to be confined to tailors and dressmakers.



RURAL FELICITY.

Scared Housemaid. "OH! MUM! 'ADN'T MASTER BETTER GO ROUND WITH THE LANTERN, THERE'S A MOANIN' GIPSY SOMEWHERE IN THE BACK GARDEN!"

RICHARD COBDEN.

DIED APRIL 2, 1865.

SOLEMN and sad his task who, from the shore,
Watches Time's slow but surely-rising wave,
As landmark after landmark it sweeps o'er,
And whelms great things and men in one wide grave.

So the pale sentinel on Neva's pier
Records the wasting waters' sullen swell,
Till all the pile-based city shakes for fear
Of some huge fall—church, palace, citadel.

I am not old who watch, but from my post
What kingly strengths have I seen veil their crown,
What statelinesses bowed, what pride and boast
By those dark waters toppled, sudden, down!

One more high tower has fallen, that stood four-square,
Simple, and scant of ornament, but strong,
As fits a fortalice, whose walls must bear,
Sheltering Right, the rude assaults of Wrong.

He had done work to fill a longer life,
And lived to see his life's work rounded clean:
Seldom has sun that lit a morn of strife,
Set in the hush of evening so serene.

The man whose young strength struck the shackles off
From England's toiling arm and trading hand,
Lived to knit close—in spite of sneer and scoff—
England and France in Traffic's triple strand.

Poor in world's wealth, but rich in stainless fame,
Untitled, yet a magnate in the laud,
That honour blazons RICHARD COBDEN's name,
Which life well-lived and work well done command.

Circumstance shaped his lot, as it shapes all:
The path it oped seemed narrow, hard, and bare;
No grace of letters made a flowery wall
To mask its bounds, nor arts, nor arms passed there

The path of trade, that leads—who shall say where?—
To humble competence, and low content,
To wealth and wisdom, or to wealth and care,
To means hard-saved, to be as loosely spent;

But rarely to a higher goal than pelf;
And few on *that* road ope a wider eye
Than grasps the vision of the trader's self,
Or second self—kith, kin, and progeny.

But on that path this man advancing, felt
The impulse of a great good far away:
Looked up, saw angels, and where others knelt
To grope for gold, he knelt to dream and pray.

Yes—knelt to *dream*: though bred to trade and toil,
His was the dreamer's rapt and prescient eye:
Thence came the wings that lifted him from soil
Of sordid paths, and raised low aims to high.

He saw Heaven's will by man's contrivance barred:
Nature's kind pathways betwixt need and need
Gated and fenced; the Almighty purpose marred,
That gave us diverse brains, thews, soils, and seed.

Others, ere him, had seen and proved the wrong,
But he the wrong determined to set right:
Weak in all else, in single purpose strong,
With Power, Wealth, Prejudice, he braved the fight.

And won it, and was famous, powerful, great:
But with the triumph laid the truncheon by,
And in the ranks was proud to serve the State,
Poor save in that which riches cannot buy.



FATHER THAMES "HIMSELF AGAIN."

"LOR BLESS YER R'Y'L 'IGHNESS! I AIN'T THE SAME RIVER SINCE I GAVE UP SCAVENGING,
AND TURNED WATERMAN!"

Loving, beloved, light of a happy hearth,
Life's common sun and shadow shared his day;
But with a nation's grief he fades from earth,
And no cloud darkens o'er him, passed away!

THE HIBERNIAN DRAMA.

SORR.—I MEAN SIR,

It's bothered entirely I am,—I mean, that, having just witnessed the admirable performance of an Irish drama at the Princess's Theatre, I can't get the brogue out of my head; and as brogue in Irish means shoe in English, I take it that that's not a bad way of saying that I don't know whether I'm standing on my head, or my heels. As to the way being in your opinion, bad or good, Sorra one of me cares (that's Irish, again, ye perceive); but the main point of this letter to you, is to ask for justice to ould Ireland, which phrase perhaps scarcely expresses my maning (*Anglicè*, meaning) because, what I require, is justice to myself, who am *not* an Irishman, never was an Irishman, never will be an Irishman, and never, in any sort of capacity, ever visited Ireland. The case is this. MR. VINING, of the Princess's, has proved himself to be a sensible man, specially in an apologetic explanation that he made, concerning the machinery, on the first night of *Arrah-na-Pogue*. He ought, by the way, also, to have explained to us, why *Beamish M'Coul*, after running through mud and mire, and all sorts of muck, comes in with a spick and span new hat, a coat fresh from the tailor's, and a pair of virgin boots. I say, MR. VINING has proved himself a sensible man, except, Sir, in his unaccountable rejection¹ of an admirable Irish drama, extracts from which I now send you.

I will not deny that before writing this play, I had seen the *Colleen Day*, *The Peep of Bawn*, and the *Gathering of the Clans*, (which last was Scotch, by the bye; but that doesn't matter, as some people thought it was Irish); nor can I lay claim to a personal knowledge of dialect; on the other hand, the dialect depends upon the actor, and my own powers of repartee are very great on paper. I say advisedly, "on paper," because it takes me some time to think out a good sharp quick telling repartee, and hitherto in conversation my failures have principally been in this direction, as I've generally hit upon an admirable crushing stinging reply, about half-an-hour after the witticism that called for it, has been uttered against me. Let Dramatists look to their laurels, and their ivy, when one of my Irish pieces is produced. Now, Sir, one of the many pieces that this otherwise excellent Manager, of whom, if you please Sorra, (*Anglicè*, if you please, Sir), I spake (*Anglicè*—no, by the way, that's not Irish—is it?) has rejected, is called

WHISHT CEAD FARDROUGHA;

OR,²

THE GIRL WITH THE BEAMING EYE!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.³

The Lord Lieutenant	MR. ROGERS (of the T.R. Haymarket).
Sweeny-ma-Cowl (better known as the Cowl o' Cowl)	MR. PHELPS.
Wurra-Wurra (a Magistrate)	MR. FECHTER.
Barney (a dulcimer player)	MR. CHARLES KEAN.
Boroo-na-Cuclish (a retired Rapparee)	MR. JOSEPH ROBINS.
Rilley the Roguey-Poguey (with a Song)	Mlle. BEATRICE.
Nelly-no-Moore (without a Song)	STELLA COLAS.
Rapparees, Process Servers, Spies, Informers, Banshees, Carboys, Dhoolishes, Green Bushes, Gossoons, &c. &c.	

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Moonlit Glen in the Neighbourhood.

High rocks right and left of Stage, with a ravine somewhere, and a waterfall somewhere else. A tree half dropping over a very high rock, as if it had been cut down by some one the day before yesterday. Moon, in the distance, shining. Storm heard without. Lightning without. Rain, hail, and thunder, all without. Cold without. Rebels gradually appear from behind rocks. Music. Rebels come cautiously forward. They are about to speak,⁴ when SWEENEY-MA-COWL appears on the overhanging tree.

Sweeny (sliding down over the knotty points of the bark, and arriving safely on the ground). Whisht, boys! Is it grammachreeing ye are, whin the ould fox is slapin' wid one eye opin, will yez? Be aisy, thin, Mick, and let's hear what the young Masther would say to yez. Oh, wirrah na poshleen! but it's the cess o' my heart that makes me talk this away.

Rebels (unanimously). At all, at all!⁵

[At this moment the Military, led by the LORD-LIEUTENANT, are seen on the top of the opposite rocks. The LORD-LIEUTENANT reviews them with the aid of a Sergeant, who tells him the words of command. They then draw up in line.

Lord-Lieutenant (reading proclamation). In the name of our Sovereign Lord, KING GEORGE, I declare everybody a Rebel, all to-the-contrary-Acts notwithstanding; and hereby offer a reward for the apprehension of the notorious (*is unable to spell the name*) S-I-NO (*tries again, with spectacles*) W-J—No. (*Gives it up.*) [To Troops.] Fire!

[Soldiers look at one another, fix bayonets, Rebels wave shillelaghs, dubiously, as Curtain descends.

Well, Sir, then Riley the Roguey-Poguey conceals Sweeny-ma-Cowl in a water-cave, where Wurra-Wurra discovers him while bathing, and denounces him just as he comes up, out of breath, after his first header. Upon this, Barney, who has been watching the whole scene from an otter's nest, fires at Wurra, who, however, manages to escape with the loss of the rents that belong to Sweeny's confiscated estates. We then come to the Third Act, which bristles with sparkling repartee, specially in the scene where Barney makes love to Nelly-no-Moore.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The old Caubeen⁶ by the hill-side.

Enter BARNY, dressed in a long whitey-brown coat with a cape to it, a red waistcoat, a blue tie, white hat, corduroy thingummies, blueish-grayish stockings and low shoes, a pipe in his hat, and a stick in his hand.

Barney (singing). Och! dhoolish asthore

Ye're ma gra!

[Repeats the above, winking cunningly at the audience.⁷

Enter NELLY-NO-MOORE from Cottage.

Barney. Och! it's yerself as put the comether on the heart of a poor boy (meaning himself).

Nelly. Be aisy, now, will yez? Sure yer golloping like BRIAN O'LINN's gossoon that couldn't ate anything but betwixt times.

Barney. Arrah, mavourneen! an' who wouldn't whin he sees the dhoodeen a barnin in every wink o' yer purty face?

Nelly (laughing). Ah, BARNY, na coolish achree! it's the bad dhrop that's in ye.

Barney (stily). Sorra one o' me.

Nelly. Ah! git out wid ye. (Pushes him.)

Barney (in a whisper). Will yez tread on the tail of my coat?

[She treads on the tail of his coat. Exit BARNY thoughtfully, R.H.

And so on. Modesty prevents my remarking upon the sparkling character of these rapparees (I mean repartees). My great Sensation Finale is in

ACT IV.

SCENE LAST.—Ruined Tower by the Marg-a-Grah. WURRA-WURRA discovered watching the French coast, through a telescope. BOROO-NA-CUCLISH is seated on the Flagstaff, waving his hat.

Boroo. By this and by that! The spalpeens!

Wurra. Oh, the gauger! Och, murder!! I'm kilt entirely!⁸ (Falls from a height of two thousand feet into the sea.)

[The Troops rush on the Peasantry, who are concealed in different parts of the Castle, or the Peasantry rush on the Troops; it doesn't matter much. Tableau. Gong.]

The Lord-Lieutenant (appearing in the centre, waving a danger signal). I proclaim a general pardon for all the insurgents, and in particular SWEENEY-MA-COWL. (BARNY and RILEY THE ROGUEY-POGUEY kneel before him.) Bless you, my children! (Stepping forward.) And if our friends in front, will but smile on our endeavours to please them, there will not be a more cheerful set of faces round the fire this night than the Lord-Lieutenant.

[Insurgents and Military kneel on one another enthusiastically, and distant guns are heard, as Curtain descends.]

¹ This fact alone would establish our opinion concerning the wisdom of the Manager in question. Vide the Extracts.

² P.S. Sir, I put "or," so that "The Girl," &c., may serve for a title to those who are unable either to pronounce or understand the three Irish words above, as is, I own, the case with myself.

³ Dramatis Personæ. The following "cast" is, of course, ideal. But it is my beau idéal of what a cast should be. Imagine, Sir, the dignity of MR. ROGERS as the Lord Lieutenant, a true type of the Englishman. What more touching than the broken accents of STELLA COLAS in the pathetic parts; while MR. FECHTER's mode of delivery has always sounded to my ears peculiarly Irish.

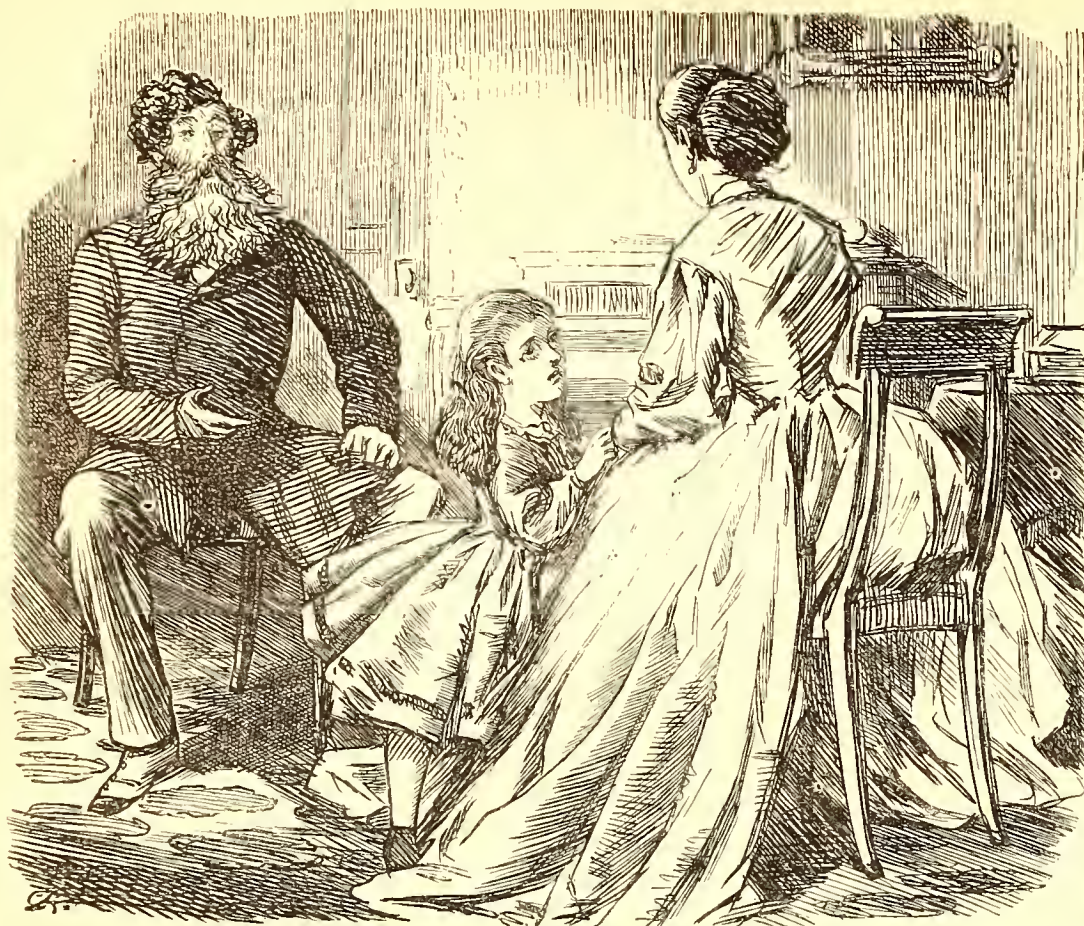
⁴ These Rapparees don't speak, not because they have nothing to say, but because the parts would naturally be filled by "Supers," and a Manager informed me, that they were so "uncertain in dialogue, that I'd better come at once to my chief characters," and so I have. What the Rapparees would have said, what, in fact, they did say in my original MS., is now in the mouth of Sweeny-ma-Cowl.

⁵ This is a genuine Irish expression.

⁶ Caubeen. Genuine Irish word. Often heard it.

⁷ Every one's sure to laugh at the rich humour of these two lines of verse, if the performer will only wink.

⁸ When does an Irishman most resemble a Scotchman? Why of course when he's kilt entirely. This might be introduced into the Comic underplot.



A NATURAL OBJECTION.

Mamma. "OH! WON'T YOU KISS YOUR UNCLE, JULEY?"

Juley (unused to the Bengal Cavalry Beard). "I DON'T KNOW WHERE, MAMMA!"

GUIDE TO THE QUACKS OF LONDON.

A SERIES of papers relative to Quacks, which appeared in the *Medical Circular*, with the signature of "DETECTOR," has been republished in the form of a short pamphlet. The reader of *Punch* should read this pamphlet also. He has often read, in the pages of *Punch*, of certain Quacks, fraudulent and noisome, who obtain money by false pretences, and more money by menaces and extortion, from green young men. For their names, which *Punch* would not advertise, he has referred his readers to the lower corner of the advertising columns of low newspapers, amongst which too many of Mr. *Punch's* contemporaries, especially in the country, may still be enumerated. But now he begs to publish the information that a nominal list of these miscreants, with copies of their puffs and other particulars concerning them, needful to be known, will be found in the pamphlet above referred to, which is entitled *Revelations of Quacks and Quackery*, and is to be had at the *Medical Circular* Office, 20, King William Street, Strand, W.C.

The vile practices, the monstrous impudence, the cruel rapacity, and the enormous gains of the obscene tribe of Quacks, the mischief they do, the ruin they work, even to the causation of suicide, are fully set forth in *Revelations of Quacks and Quackery*. And mark especially that, as aforesaid, the names of the Quacks are published. The pamphlet in question thus constitutes a regular Quack Directory, by consulting which every young man may know where he may go if he wishes to get plundered and destroyed.

The *Medical Circular* has a great advantage over a non-medical Journal in respect to the exposure of Quacks. An ordinary periodical could not call a Quack a Quack by name, to say nothing of denouncing him as an extortioner and a scoundrel, without incurring the danger of an action for libel. No difficulty would be experienced by the most notorious Quack, or gang of Quacks, in finding among the members of an honourable profession, an attorney who would take their instructions, and a barrister who would plead their cause. A pedantic construction of the law of libel on the part of British Judges, and stupidity on that of British jurymen, are not so rare, but that such a fellow as the convict "DR. HENERY" would, as plaintiff in a libel case, obtain, in compensation of his assailed honour and impugned integrity, vindictive damages. But no prospect of damages will tempt any Quack to give a periodical almost restricted to the medical profession the much more damaging effect to himself of the general publicity which it would gain by a prosecution.

Buy, therefore, reader, by all means buy *Revelations of Quacks and Quackery*. Its contents will astonish and amuse you, while they invoke your indignation and disgust. Of course you do not want it on account of its warnings for your own sake, but you doubtless do for that of the many simpletons with whom you must be acquainted, if your acquaintance is large. "Who are the Quacks that *Punch* means?" Consider what it is to be able to answer this question of the young and inexperienced, and, for charity's sake, if for no other, go and provide yourself with *Revelations of Quacks and Quackery*, by DETECTOR.

DEFINITION OF THE TELEGRAPH.—A REUTER'S Ready Pen.

OZONE.

(BY AN UNSCIENTIFIC CONTRIBUTOR.)

TIME was, when to this tunc I
Sang of the Turcophone,
Which, as you know, some months ago,
By ALI BEN was blown.
That's past, and into notice
Another name has grown,
For I've read and read,
What the Press has said
Of the quantities of Ozone.

Now tell me what *is* Ozone?
I cannot make out, I own,
Is it bitter or sweet?
Is it something to eat?
Oh! *do* tell me what *is* Ozone?

There's COXWELL and there's GLAISHER,
Aëronauts so bold,
Who all for love go up above,
To shiver and shake with cold.
Their letter to the papers
By GLAISHER signed alone,
Says where they've been,
And that they've seen
A quantity of Ozone.

But he doesn't say what's Ozone?
I cannot make out; I own
That from what I have heard,
I should say 'twas a bird,
But then *why* is it called Ozone?

There's MR. HINDE, Astronomer,
Who's nothing else to do,
But sit up at night to take a sight,
And discover a star or two.
But when some Heavenly body
Is not so plainly shown
As it ought to be, "'Tis through," says he,
"The quantities of Ozone."

As he doesn't say what's Ozone,
I rather suspect his tone,
Which leads me to think
It is something to drink,
(Thoughtfully), But I've not heard it called
Ozone.

I ask the modern doctors,
And on this pipe they drone,
That I should be buried and cemetery'd,
If 'twasn't for Ozone.
Of course I'm very grateful,
As it saves my friends a groan,
That so long I've been kept alive
By a course of this same Ozone.

Even Science says, what's Ozone,
As yet, isn't clearly known.
So now I know no more
Than I did long before,
I asked you what *is* Ozone?

Chit-Chat.

"It would not be a difficult matter for LOUIS NAPOLEON to write his Uncle's life," observed some one.

"Why not?" we asked.

"Because," returned our friend, who was cutting the leaves of *Julius Caesar*, "he would write it *as Cæsarly* as possible."

When we had recovered, our friend (?) was gone.

New Bank.

THERE is a Mountebank coming out at the Lyceum. Several untheatrical people want to know if this is an institution like a County Bank, and if it's a Limited Company. We are able to answer that it is something like a County Bank, inasmuch as several people put their money into it; and it is also kept up by a Company, decidedly limited.

A PEG FOR SOME PLEASANT PEGGING.

TOUCHING the squabbles of most persons, and especially the squabbles of Actors, Musicians, Authors, and Members of Parliament, *Mr. Punch* usually preserves the usual lofty and dignified silence. He writes for the world, and what does the world care about such dust on its great wheels? But when his own illustrious name is used in a way which may induce anybody to suppose that he has done an injustice, then he flames like a fiery furnace. Not, of course, on his own account, for he heeds such things, as MR. PRAED beautifully says—

"As the Sun regards the clouds that play
Round his radiant path on a summer's day."

But for the sake of the injured person, whose happiness may be dimmed by the slightest hint of *Mr. Punch's* disfavour.

Therefore, only, does *Mr. Punch* take notice of a paragraph in a musical journal. Not the *Musical World*, whose Rabelaisian inscrutabilities, though heinously defiant of mundane intellect, are usually of a genial and kindly sort; but the *Orchestra*, which is by no means a journal to be contemned, for if it occasionally carries the mordant habit to extremes, it appears to avoid the more offensive habit of sickening puff, which exhausts the wealth of the English language in eulogy on singers and fiddlers. The *Orchestra* has, of course unintentionally, utterly misrepresented *Mr. Punch* in the following paragraph, in which a contributor is told that he—

"May remember some time ago how *Punch* proved that the poet ALEXANDER SMITH had taken every single word of his poetry from other authors—even from MURRAY'S *Grammar* and JOHNSON'S *Dictionary*."

Now, *Mr. Punch* did nothing of the kind; at least in the sense here attributed to him. He had read a so-called criticism on ALEXANDER SMITH, who had proved himself a true poet, and who had been spitefully charged with plagiarisms, of which he was perfectly innocent. The ridiculous array of proofs, in support of that charge, *Mr. Punch* certainly demolished, in his own inimitable way, by showing that the so-called critic might have adduced evidence that every word in MR. ALEXANDER SMITH'S poems had occurred in somebody else's poems. For which vindication of one of the best of her poets, grateful Scotland shouted her thanks to *Mr. Punch*, and his larder and cellar have ever since been filled with haggis, grouse, salmon, cakes, Glasgow magistrates, and whiskey, remitted carriage free, and with anonymous letters of the most gratifying description, and with no more quotations from BURNS than might be expected.

That there never may be any more mistake about what he did for ALEXANDER SMITH, and that there may be no cessation in the above-mentioned remittances, he will briefly illustrate, for the benefit of the *post nati*, the way in which *Mr. Punch* treated a carping critic. There is a song of the day called "*God Bless the Prince of Wales*." The words of that song, *Mr. Punch* must have heard, so far as vocalists permitted, but he has no kind of idea as to what they are. They are by MR. LINLEY, and doubtless are good enough for the purpose. To them, MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS wedded an exceedingly effective and pleasant melody, which, with MR. SIMS REEVES'S singing, made the song a great success. It is a sort of national anthem of a provisional kind. Somebody in the *Orchestra*, who is envious of MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS'S success, and who should remember that the musical world is wide enough for us all, and that the way to get on is to do something good oneself, and not to sneer at the good things done by others, has adopted the same kind of so-called criticism as that demolished by *Mr. Punch*, and has picked out, from various songs, fragments which it is pretended make up the loyal air. The allegation is too ludicrous for contradiction. But as *Mr. Punch's* awful name has been used, and used unfairly, he begs to submit the following specimen of this style of criticism. He repeats that he has not the slightest idea as to what the words of "*God Bless the Prince of Wales*" may be, and he is, therefore, obliged to evolve them out of his own self consciousness. Suppose this were MR. LINLEY'S song:—

"From shore to shore the cannons roar,
The kittens wag their tails,
The welkin rings out, less or more,
'O bless the PRINCE OF WALES!'
All Nature shines both bright and gay,
And fish with glittering scales,
And merry England seems to say,
'O bless the PRINCE OF WALES!'"

"His mother is our gracious QUEEN,
He lives at Marlborough House,
His eye is bright, his aim is keen,
And fatal to the grouse.
Then send aloft a joyous cry,
While milkmen clank their pails,
And let the hills and rocks reply,
'O bless the PRINCE OF WALES!'"

Well, there is a supposed song, and, by the way, much in the style of, but a precious deal better than most of the things which are called "gems of freshness and beauty" and sparkling "fountains of loveliness," in the home-manufactured puffs of the music-shops. Now to criticise it, as ALEXANDER SMITH and BRINLEY RICHARDS have been criticised:—

Verse 1. *From shore to shore*.—From the Ettrick Shepherd's "'Tis echoing loud from shore to shore."

"The cannons roar".—From BYRON, *Childe Harold*. "Arm, arm, it is, it is, the cannon's opening roar."

Verse 2. *The kittens*.—From the well-known nursery song—

"We're all in the dumps, for diamonds is trumps,
And the kittens are gone to St. Paul's;
The babies are bit, and the moon's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls."

"Wag their tails".—From SHAKESPEARE'S *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act ii. Sc. 5. "My dog * * * will shake his tail."

Verse 3. *The welkin rings out*.—From SHAKESPEARE again. Pistol's "Why, let welkin roar."

"Less or more".—From THACKERAY'S

"I dare do all that may become a man,
He who dares more is neither more nor less."

Verse 4. *From the Common Prayer Book of the Church of England*, as by Law established.

Verse 5. *All Nature shines*.—From YOUNG. "See Nature shine!"

"Both bright and gay".—Paraphrase from BILLY TAYLOR. "Both cruel severe."

Verse 6. *From the Spelling-Book description of the Zodiac*.

Verse 7. *And merry England*.—From the *Dunciad* (note):—

"In merry Old England it once was the rule
That a king was allowed both his poet and fool."

"Seems".—From *Hamlet*. "I know not seems."

"To say".—From the *Battle of the Books*:—

"WALKER, our hat, nor more he deigned to say,
But stern as Ajax's spectre, strode away."

Verse 8. *Stolen from the same sacred source as verse 4*.

Verse 9. *His mother*.—From BYRON:—

"The drowsy camels' bells are tinkling,
His mother looked from her lattice high."

"Our gracious Queen".—From the National Anthem.

Verse 10. *Stolen, whole, from De Foe's Journey through England*. "He (MARLBOROUGH) lives in Marlborough House, which is in every way answerable to the grandeur of its master."

Verses 11 and 12. *Plagiarised and spoiled from WALTER SCOTT'S description of Malcolm Grame*:—

"Vain was the bound of dark brown doe
When MALCOLM bent his English bow."

Verse 13. *Then send*.—From WHITEHEAD'S play, *The Cavalier*. "Then send him to me, and I will spit upon him."

"Aloft".—From DIBDIN. "Tom is gone aloft."

"A joyous cry".—From MOORE. "They hail him with a joyous cry."

Verse 14. *While milkmen, &c.*—We are disposed to credit this line with a certain originality, though GAY mentions milkmen, and the "clank of the sword," so often alluded to in poetry, may easily have suggested that of the pail, especially as the sight of a sword often makes persons pale, as, notably, JAMES THE FIRST of England and SIXTH of Scotland.

Verse 15. *Let the Hills*.—From the Hebrew bard, DAVID.

"And rocks reply".—From FALCONER'S *Shipwreck*:—

"All hands, unmoor!" proclaims a boisterous cry,
"All hands, unmoor!" the caverned rocks reply.

Verse 16. See remarks on verses 4 and 8, to which we may add a complaint of what SHAKESPEARE, the poet, calls "damnable iteration."

There! That is true criticism, and that is what critics have done unto ALEXANDER SMITH and BRINLEY RICHARDS, and that is what *Mr. Punch* hath done unto the critics. Bless them!

Irish Vaccination.

PROFESSOR GAMGEE says that, owing to the vagrant cur nuisance, "Hydrophobia in man is increasing in Ireland." This fact is one which Homœopathy may suggest some reason for not altogether deploring. The canine virus and the vaccine may be somewhat analogous; and, if like cures like, many a happy cure may be effected by a mad dog biting a rabid Irishman.

THE MATERIAL OF STRIKES.

A MEETING of the London Trades' Delegates was held at the Sussex Hotel, Bouverie Street, under the presidency of MR. GEORGE POTTER. Ha! These are lads of the right stuff—POTTER'S Clay.

Row the Life-Boat.

A MEETING of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution was held on Thursday, last week, at its house, John Street, Adelphi. MR. THOMAS CHAPMAN in the stern; CHAPMAN being Chairman. This valuable Institution appears to be going on swimmingly, but of course continual donations and subscriptions are required to keep it afloat.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.—The Grosvenor Farce.



HOW LITTLE PUGSBY ENJOYED A PULL AFTER THE BOAT RACE.

PUNCH TO THE ELECTORS OF WESTMINSTER.

GENTLEMEN, AND OTHERS,

YOU will be good enough to elect MR. JOHN STUART MILL, giving him no trouble, and putting him to no expense.

Many of you are very respectable persons, and sufficiently well informed on the ordinary topics of the day, but I dare say that you do not know much about MR. MILL, or why I am justified in issuing a peremptory order which you cannot disobey. I will condescend to inform you, for it is the duty of all to instruct the ignorant.

MR. MILL is, like myself, in the full vigour of life, and in the perfect possession of splendid faculties. He was born in 1806, the year of another great Mill, that of Maida, in Sicily, when we licked double our number of French, and made a name for SIR WALTER SCOTT'S dog, and for Maida Hill, W.

He is the son of JAMES MILL, the author of the great *History of India*, and a philosophic writer whose works you would not understand. I will not trouble you with much about synchronous sensations concentered by constant conjunction. Enough for you to know that your candidate's father, one of the finest intellects of any age, himself educated the gentleman who does you the honour to say that he will represent you.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL was placed in the service of the East India Company, and he rose from rank to rank by the only honourable means, desert. He wrote admirably for various publications, always in the interest of the People. He was an Advanced Liberal in days when that name meant something, and he is an advanced Liberal now, and knows what he means by Liberalism, namely, the improvement and elevation of the many.

He is a sound thinker, and an eminently practical man. All his writings tend to clear your minds from confusion and cant, to show you exactly what you want, and how you are to get it.

He was the friend and editor of the Great BENTHAM, and a fellow-labourer with SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH. His *Political Economy* is of the largest and wisest kind. You might as well try to put your Abbey into your St. Paul's, Covent Garden, as try to humbug him on any subject whatever. I should like to see the most adroit Minister or Parliament man attempt it.

In every relation of life MR. MILL is the example which might be expected.

Therefore, intelligent men, you perceive that when MR. MILL consents to represent Westminster, he confers an honour and a favour upon you. He will make Westminster a great Power in the House of Commons.

You will at once signify, unmistakeably, that no other candidate need trouble himself to come forward. As for young MR. GROSVENOR'S being allowed to stand, under the circumstances, it is as if a benefit were to be given at one of your theatres, and MR. MACREADY should offer to come forth and play *Macbeth*, but the Managers should insist in putting MR. TOOLE into that character.

Elect JOHN STUART MILL, and believe me,

Gentlemen and Others,

The People's Old and Faithful Friend,

And Fearless Adviser,

PUNCH.

85, Fleet Street, April 12, 1865.

P.S. Don't stand shilly-shallying, and scratching your heads, but call a great meeting and clench the nail.

Old Downey's Advice to Youth.

ENDEAVOUR the world to enjoy

As much and as long as you're able;

Above all, with prudence, my boy,

The sterling delights of the table!

Mark how the bee lays up a store,

For eating hereafter, of honey,

And what I say is, evermore

Take care of your teeth, and make money.

THE STRIKE EPIDEMIC.

BY accounts from Hull it appears that the Painters of that town are now out on strike. Striking seems to be catching. The Painters all over the kingdom will soon, doubtless, be having a brush with their masters.

John Leech.

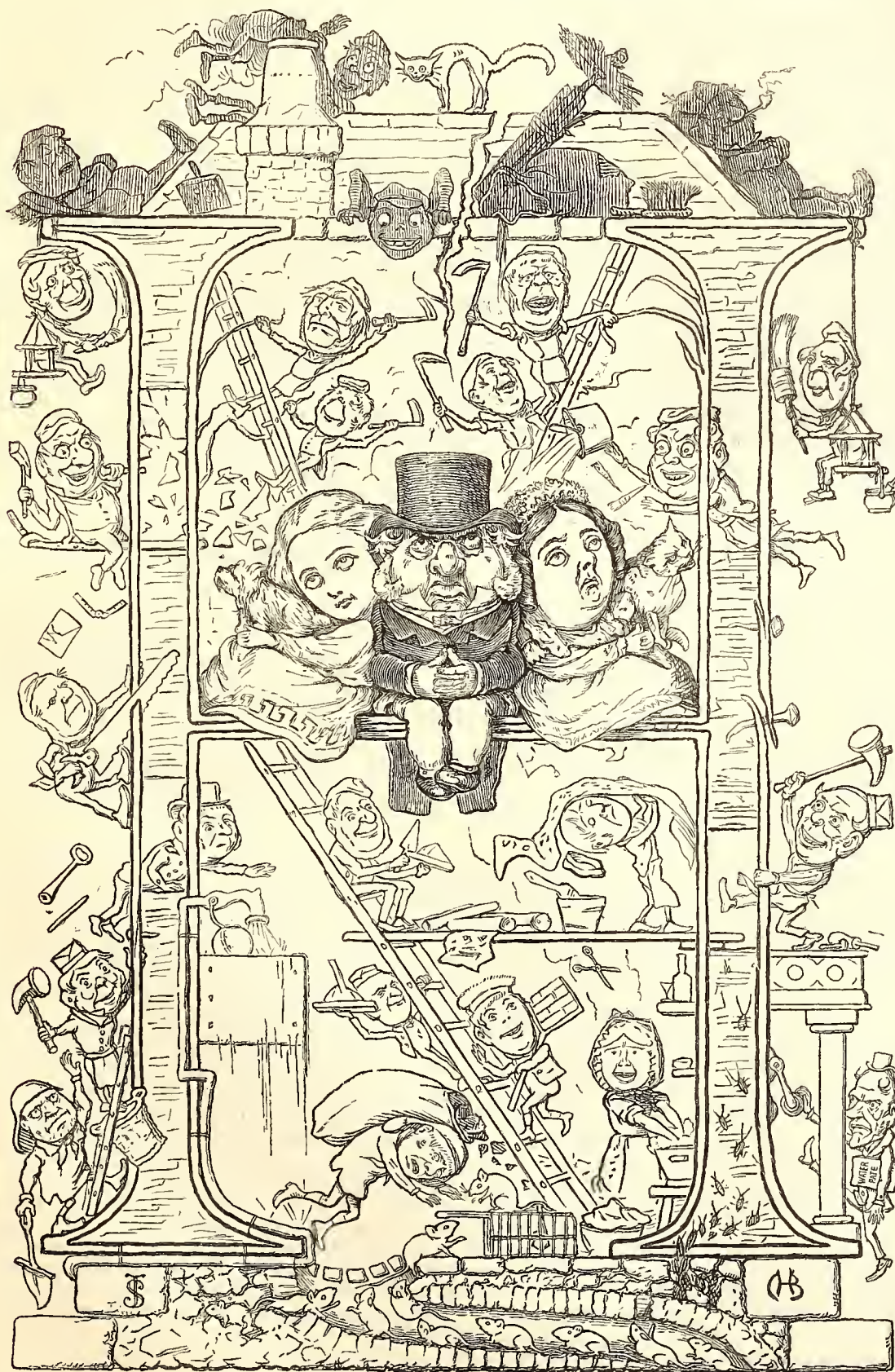
ONCE more, those who worked for so many years with him who is gone would make a brief mention of JOHN LEECH. This time, it is for the sake of those whom he best loved, those for whom his splendid faculties were ever employed, those whose proudest inheritance is his name. The entire collection of his Sketches for the works with which he enriched the pages of this journal, is now prepared for public sale. A private view will be afforded on Wednesday, the 19th, and the Sale, at the rooms of MESSRS. CHRISTIE AND MANSON, King Street, St. James's,

will begin on Tuesday, the 25th of the present month. On the exterior of this number of *Punch* the auctioneers supply all details.

We insert this paragraph only as a tribute of that regard which does not willingly omit the slightest demonstration. Who is not eager to have a memorial of JOHN LEECH, who will not feel doubly gladdened in its possession by the knowledge that the purchase has added to the store which it was the labour of JOHN LEECH's life and love to set aside for those nearest his heart?

Fleet Street, 15th April.

HOUSEHOLD HORRORS.



OW delightful, when first married,
'Twas in lodgings while we tarried,
Ne'er by those vexations harried
Which we're now entangled in;
But the prospect of addition
To our married life's fruition
Us out of our blest position
Drove, housekeeping to begin.

Then we first knew what were taxes,
And each local rate, that waxes
Ever greater, on its axis
As this planet rolls away,
And were plagued out of our senses
By all manner of expenses,
Which, on various pretences,
We were called upon to pay.

Then on us the tribulation
Came of servants; depredation,
Insolence, intoxication.
Followers also did abound;
Oft a Guardsman in a lobby,
Down the area oft a "Bobby,"
Cold meat being that man's hobby,
Ever and anon we found.

But the miseries that tried us,
Most of all that did betide us,
Comfort and repose denied us,
And unsettled our affairs,
Were the constantly accruing,
Each on other fast ensuing,
Endless jobs that wanted doing;
Alterations and repairs.

Smelling drain, or chimney smoking,
Damp, through this or that wall soaking,
How unspeakably provoking!
Water-pipe or boiler burst;
Ironmonger, painter, plumber,
Carpenter, with noise and lumber
Pained our eyes and broke our slumber:
But the bricklayers were the worst.

Knocking, hammering, bricks and mortar,
Through long days that we wished shorter,
Rubbish, dust, in every quarter
Were the torment of our souls;
Scaffolding our home surrounded,
Hodmen's, plasterers' shouts resounded,
Like strange demons, in confounded
Babel, while they clomb the poles.

O that we could build, like turtles,
In the cedars, or the myrtles,
With the foliage to avert ills
From our snug and quiet nest,
Which would never want repairing:
Then, for masons never caring,
We, domestic pleasures sharing,
Might enjoy our home in rest.



GROSS FLATTERY.

Emily. "GIVE ME A BIT OF ORANGE, CECIL!"

Cecil. "OH, AH! I DARE SAY! AFTER YOU'VE CALLED ME A PIG!"

Emily. "AH! BUT I MEANT A PRETTY PIG."

A TOUCHING TALE.

LIST! all who have a heart to feel
The Ensign's plaintive lay;
'Tis sung by hearts that fear no steel
When foes are in the way:
'Tis echo of the nightly song,
The plaint that's daily made
By that young gallant warlike throng
So vastly underpaid.

We must pass examinations,
Expensive clothes must have,
On certain foreign stations
Must work like any slave:
And very large subscriptions
To Band and Mess we pay
On our daily Five and Threepence—
Our Five and Three a day.

I ask'd a man, the other day,
Who worked with tiles and bricks,
"My friend, what is your daily pay?"
He answered, "Five-and-Six."
He whistled blithe and gladly:
"A richer man than me!"
I said, and left him sadly—
"I've only Five-and-Three."

On India's burning plains we broil,
In Canada we freeze;
We languish on Bermuda's soil,
'Mid sickness and disease:
Battle and death, afar from home,
We face, and do not shrink;
Look back on Delhi's hecatomb—
And Tchernaya's brink!

When England on the battle-field
Her standard does unfold,
Those rally round who never yield—
Who do not fight for gold.
But he who fights in field or fray,
His country's fame to raise,
Should England stint his hard-earn'd pay?
And starve him all his days?

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF RAPID RECOVERY
FROM DISEASE.

From the Daily Papers of Saturday, April 8.

BISHOP OF OXFORD to MR. FISHER, *House of Lords, Friday, April 7.*
April 5, 1865.

It would have been a sad satisfaction to me to have been able to pay that mark of respect to the great Sussex Englishman who has been, from us, so prematurely taken away. But I am barely recovering myself from a severe bronchial affection, and am only allowed at present to go out with precaution, and conditions which would make me quite unable to venture to Lavington on Friday, &c., &c.

The BISHOP OF OXFORD.—Before the House rises for the holidays, I should like to ask my noble friend the LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL, whether he is able to give your Lordships any further information on the subject of the epidemic at St. Petersburg, &c., &c.

THE PERIS OF PARIS.

SURELY Paris is a Paradise for the daughters of EVE, if not for the sons of ADAM. The correspondent of the *Post* at that capital thus writes:—

"A gentleman took us into a milliner's shop in the Rue de la Paix this week to see a ball-dress which cost 25,000 francs (£1,000). It appears the voluminous lace had brought it up to that price. A married lady's evening dress in our day generally costs from £80 to £100, and is so contrived that it must of necessity be torn when worn in society."

There, girls, you whom limited circumstances oblige to content yourselves with an occasional purchase of a linsey or a winsey, an alpaca, a

poplin, a mohair, or a tarlatan for evening wear, what think you of the felicity of wearing ball-dresses costing a thousand pounds a-piece? Might one not imagine that such dresses are trimmed with bank-notes? Hear what the interesting writer above quoted further says about the blest existence of the lovely Parisian ladies:—

"Are we coming to some golden age when a blind Plutus enables every one to live in splendid apartments crowded with costly LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH furniture, occupied by lovely women who spend, if moderate, £1000 per annum on dress; horses and carriages awaiting below—the very best horseflesh England can produce. How is all this done?"

Great, indeed, must be the moderation shown by these beauties if, when a single ball-dress can cost as much as £1,000, they are satisfied with spending no more than that sum on the wardrobe of a whole year. But you, sweet girls, would perhaps deem it the height of happiness to be enabled to rejoice in apparel to the amount of even that comparatively moderate figure. There is happiness for you—to envy? No, to regard with that delight which the amiable ever take in the enjoyment which others experience and they themselves don't. You can contemplate, with sympathetic pleasure, the blessedness which those fair beings realise. You derive a gentle gratification from imagining the employment which they give to milliners, whilst you are occupied, like industrious ducks, in making up your own dresses, whose materials perhaps cost little more than two pounds altogether. On the other hand, these Peris of the Parisian Paradise, if they have any imagination at all, may sometimes, for amusement, imagine themselves at work with the needle, and the sewing-machine, in the manufacture of their own clothes.

When you are told that the sumptuous French Peris have the very best horseflesh that England can produce, waiting below, you may have reason to suppose that some of it waits on the table. The lords of some of those ladies may belong to the Société Hippophagique, and be accustomed to feast them occasionally on such meat as *Blair Athol*, at £100 a steak. For they, you know, must needs be dear creatures, but you, my dears, are much dearer. They may suit the means of a French *billionnaire*, but you are the lasses for an Englishman's money.



AN EASTER OFFERING.

A SIGHT FOR A PARENT.

MR. PUNCH,

DRAT them boys dressin up like monks—monkeys, I say—in cowls and frocks and no trousers, sandals without stockings, and beads, and all that foolery, livin in a make-believe monastery, and callin themselves Fathers and Brothers. Raly them there Hanglican youth ort to be looked arter playin at Roman Catholics. It is a very dangerous amusement, Sir, honless practised hunder propper hoversite. Beeold the consequences of pursoooin sitch diversions to ixcess, exhibited in this here bit o news witch I cutt hout o the *Mornin Post* tuther day with my sithers :—

“BROTHER IGNATIUS.—BROTHER IGNATIUS and the brethren of the English order of Saint Benedict have been observing Lent with extraordinary rigour, and have fasted themselves into such a debilitated state that a day or two since BROTHER IGNATIUS had to be carried out of chapel. MRS. LYNE, his mother, is now in Norwich, and insisted, it is understood, upon her son partaking of some substantial refreshment which she caused to be prepared for him.”

Bless her art. I can feel for IGNASHUSES poor mother, seein wot a livin skeletone her son was a makin of is self trying to go beyond the papistes in keepin of Lent. I’m sure she must be a sensible ooman, and I can well fancy her takin of im by the shoulders, or the cape of his frock, and givin im a good shake and sayin to him, “Come, JACK,” or TOM, or whatever his rale name is, “bother that are bread-and-water soop meager slops and sojers! now you sit down there directly this moment, I insist upon it, and tuck in that there rump stake and them taters, and drink up that pot o stought. If you don’t set to and do as I tells you, and take summut’ this minnit, I’ll box your ears. A ruinin your constitution like that there stuff and nonsense.”

If IGNASHUS was my boy, and I cort im at hany of his monkey’s tricks, blest if I woodn’t cram him as we does turkis at Xmas.

The Landry, April, 1865.

BETSY JONES.

PROGRESS OF PHILANTHROPY.

WANTED IN A WORKHOUSE.—A First-Rate Cook.

MYSTERIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. PUNCH,

You know everything, from Cabinet secrets to DAVENPORT shams, from the earliest fossil to the latest fashion. „Can you throw any light on the following announcement?—

POST FREE. COILS OF SUNSHINE. 12 stamps.

What a bright idea! What a cheap and enlivening investment for dingy days! (For the meaning of the advertisement flashed across me after I had given an additional stamp—with my foot—through vexation at being beaten, but I shall not enlighten my race until I have heard from you.) But are we not making too free with the sun? Photographers have done their best to stare the daily luminary out of countenance, irritating his spots, and appropriating his “pencils;” and now some audacious speculator is going to take the shine out of him, and drop it into our letter-boxes in company with Infant Orphans, old Ports, and densely-populated districts. Has the “Ray” Society any share in the scheme? Will STANLEY OF ALDERLEY allow it? Will he not rather prohibit sunshine, along with fireworks (except squibs, if addressed to 85, Fleet Street), lucifer matches, paraffin, petroleum, and other combustible articles? If he does not, then our post will indeed be a pattern post. But how can such an inflammable enclosure be secured? What wax has ever been manufactured that will not melt before it like butter on a July morning? What envelopes, however adhesive, will submit to be hot pressed in this way? Untie me these knots, for I am burning to know what you think, especially as I have been startled by a shocking report that the speculators, if they find themselves doing a good (sun) stroke of business, intend to supply us with rolls of earthquake by book-post; and rumours are rife of negotiations with the lessees of the Milky Way, which, if successful, will enable the contractors so to plan it as to furnish Opera Companies, Theatres, Dinner and Evening Parties with stars of any magnitude, in a twinkling, by the L. P. D. C. Moonshine they do not propose to deal in, as that article may now be had in unlimited quantities, and without the necessity of cash payments. The House of Commons, for instance, is illuminated with it nightly.

Yours respectfully, WYNKYN DE CHAFFE.



THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

THE PORTRAIT OF PRIVATE O'LOCKER ON FINDING HIS BILLET IS AT A TETOTAL HOTEL.

A COMPULSORY FAST-DAY.

WHAT a pity it is that earnest Clergymen, who wish the British Public to spend the whole of Sunday and the other festivals of the Church in religious exercises, do not endeavour to persuade them to do so by the cultivation of pulpit eloquence, instead of by attempting to take measures to deprive them of the means of following their own inclinations towards diversion! A paragraph in a contemporary, headed "Observance of Good Friday," states that, at a Meeting of the Clergy of the rural deanery of Canterbury, held a few days since, a resolution was adopted for the presentation of an address to the directors of the South-Eastern, and London, Chatham, and Dover Railway companies, requesting them "to take into consideration the service they would confer on religion by ceasing to run Excursion Trains on Good Fridays." There is too much reason to fear that the gentlemen thus requested to deprive not only themselves, but also their constituents, of the most profitable day's business in the whole year did not receive the invitation to perform that sacrifice of dividends with all the respect which the calling, and perhaps the motives, of their reverend memorialists deserved. Among Railway Directors there are not only gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion, but also Members of the Society of Friends, and other dissenting Christians, who, on the ground of objecting to what they deem a superstitious observance of days, refuse to observe Good Friday. All these gentlemen might be likely to make the great mistake of resenting the solicitation to stop their excursion trains on that holiday, as a piece of impertinence.

If, however, the Directors appealed to by a section of Church of England Clergymen with a request to forgo their own gains, and withhold the means of holiday-making from the community at large, were to return those divines a suitably respectful answer, they would perhaps reply, that they *had* taken into consideration the service they would confer on religion by ceasing to run Excursion Trains on Good Fridays, and on consideration, were convinced that they should not confer any. They might proceed to point out to their Reverences that people are not driven into Church by being shut out of the Crystal Palace, or debarred of Excursion Trains; and, they might add, the

certain result of exclusion from sober enjoyment would be that of driving them into the public-house.

There is something peculiarly clerical in the argument whereon the clergy of the rural deanery of Canterbury, to the number of twenty-one out of twenty-three, rested their vocation to ask the Directors to stop Good Friday excursion trains. They stated "that they were aware the working classes require recreation, but Good Friday is the one day in the year which presents distinctive and peculiar features for religious observance." Why, so does Christmas Day. So does every Sunday, according to the Sabbatarians, whether Churchmen or Dissenters. If the pious desires of all the sanctified persons who want to impose their own way of observing Sundays and holidays upon other people, were gratified, the working classes would pretty soon have no recreation at all.

The Clergy of the rural deanery of Canterbury will perhaps be recommended by the Railway Directors, with whose business they have attempted to interfere, to confine themselves in future to their own province, the province of Canterbury, and not to travel out of it into the province of cant.

Who are the two Clergymen out of twenty-three who signalled their good sense by refusing their signatures to the memorial against Good Friday excursion trains? Their names should be known to discerning patrons with large Church preferment at their disposal, and admiring freedom from assumption, folly, and hypocrisy. We may suppose that those two parsons are wise men.

Is the University Boat Race a Myth?

THE BISHOP OF NUMBERS presents his compliments to Mr. Punch, and wishes to know if the University Boat Race ever took place. He has heard much about the "Oxford Eight," but as all the latest accounts show conclusively that there must have been *nine* men in it, he is obliged to conclude, that there never was such a thing as the "Oxford Eight," and consequently, that the Boat Race could never have taken place.

THE NEGRO'S PLACE IN NATURE.

(To the Ethnological Society.)

SAGES of that zetetic band
Who, with discussion free,
Which few Societies will stand,
Pursue Ethnology;
You have been looking up of late.
Last week you had a grand debate
About the Negro's place
In Nature, if he is, indeed,
A man and brother, or of breed
Below our nobler race.

The Negro's wool, the Negro's skin,
The Negro's nose and jaw,
The Negro's heel, the Negro's shin,
Are data whence you draw
Your inferences *pro* and *con*,
That QUASHEE is, or not, as JOHN.
His facial angle, too,
You measure, nor those odours fail
To note, which Negroes all exhale,
But not all black men do.

DISRAELI's option, widely known
As *Punch* doth worlds amuse,
Of Ape or Angel, is your own.
Ob, tell us which you choose!
Philosophers, allied are we
To cherubs or the chimpanzee?
With you that question hangs.
Have we rich relatives, who soar
Bright seraphim, or have we poor
In the orang-outangs?

The Negro's and Gorilla's shape
Comparatively scan.
What kin is that anthropoid ape
To that pithecoïd man?
If any, the Gorilla's proved
Our cousin some degrees removed;
If none, with fellow men
And angels QUASHEE takes his stand;
With MICHAEL, GABRIEL, RAPHAEL, and
Accordingly with BEN.

BALLAD MINSTRELSY.



admit; but is the fact that she is so a reason for writing a ballad about it? As to the second song, it is simply an anatomical absurdity. When *does* the heart of a man pass his thumb? This ballad is useful, however, as an illustration of the shifts to which a fifth-rate poet is sometimes driven for a rhyme. Probably the author (whoever he was) wanted a rhyme to "come," and accordingly dragged in "thumb" neck-and-crop, without paying any regard to the question whether there was room for it. Again, what could TOM BOWLINE have had to do with "turns and shakes?" All the brave fellow could have known about "turns" must have been derived from seeing his enemies accomplish them; and as to "shakes," beyond a shake or two of the foretopsail now and then, he probably knew no more about them than the Nelson Column itself.

A little further on is the following idiotic drivel:—

"When I followed a Lass: on Octaves and Skips."

Another rhyming emergency: "skips" introduced, no doubt, to rhyme with "lips." Then we come to such nonsense as this:—

"The Blue Bells of Scotland: for the Acquirement of Volubility of Finger."

We are not quite clear as to what "volubility of finger" is. We have, of course, heard

of volubility of tongue; and "bells," whether with one *e* or with two, are usually proficient in that accomplishment. Probably, volubility of finger means skill in the dumb alphabet. If it doesn't, we give it up. Then comes—

"We'll gang nae mair to yon Town: on the Use of the Pedals."

No doubt a clumsy Scotch way of saying that next time they go, they won't walk. A little lower down is—

"Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad: on Delicacy."

This we think can be explained. "On delicacy" is an Irishism for "indelicacy," and it is probably a private note by a right-thinking Irish editor, which has been printed by mistake. But what was MESSRS. COCKS & Co.'s reader about?

The following is probably a pugilistic ode:—

"The Mill, the Mill, O! on various useful passages."

A ghastly *motif* is suggested by the subjoined:—

"Early one Morning: on rapid and brilliant Execution."

The taste which suggests the publication of such ribaldry cannot be too severely reprehended. Here is a song which curiously illustrates the carelessness of the Irish character:—

"Nora's Purse: on a natural and graceful style."

Nobody but an Irish man or woman would have been so careless as to leave a purse in such an exposed situation. Catch a Scotchman doing so! Then we have—

"Peggy Bawn: on Skips."

We give this up.

A stern moral lesson is read in the next line:—

"A Rejected Lover: on Velocity."

He has been unable to give up his old habits of dissipation (notwithstanding that he has plighted his love), and he has been found out!

One more quotation, which we will not attempt to criticise:—

"The pretty Maid milking a Cow: in the style of a Romance."

Really, music-publishers of position should be careful how they peril their professional standing by publishing such abject nonsense?

THE CARTOONS.

THE Cartoons are likely to be removed to London. Hampton is in a most unhappy frame of mind, and as much cut up as RAFFAELLE's great works once were. Kingston is the picture of despair. Kew means to consult a Q. C., and at Teddington things have come to a dead-lock. The "Twitnam" folks complain that people are already twitting 'em. The Palace is in a maze. A Court mourning is expected.

Not content, like "great ANNA," to "counsel take," Hampton retained an ex-Chancellor to plead her cause before his Peers. He seems to have been assisted by other noble personages, for there was more than one Count in the indictment he preferred. First, the gates had been carried off, the gates "that it must have been a great satisfaction to the thousands of the working classes who visited Hampton Court to see." The recital of this sad story almost "drew iron tears down SUGDEN's cheek." But were these gates such a comfort to the London mechanic out for his Sunday holiday? Did all his enjoyment hinge upon them? Did he do nothing but draw them, study them, admire them, until they wrought in him a determination to forge a head and rival their producer, HUNTINGTON SHAW, the clever Nottingham blacksmith? Was there not metal more attractive in the other glories of the Palace? This must have been said ironically.

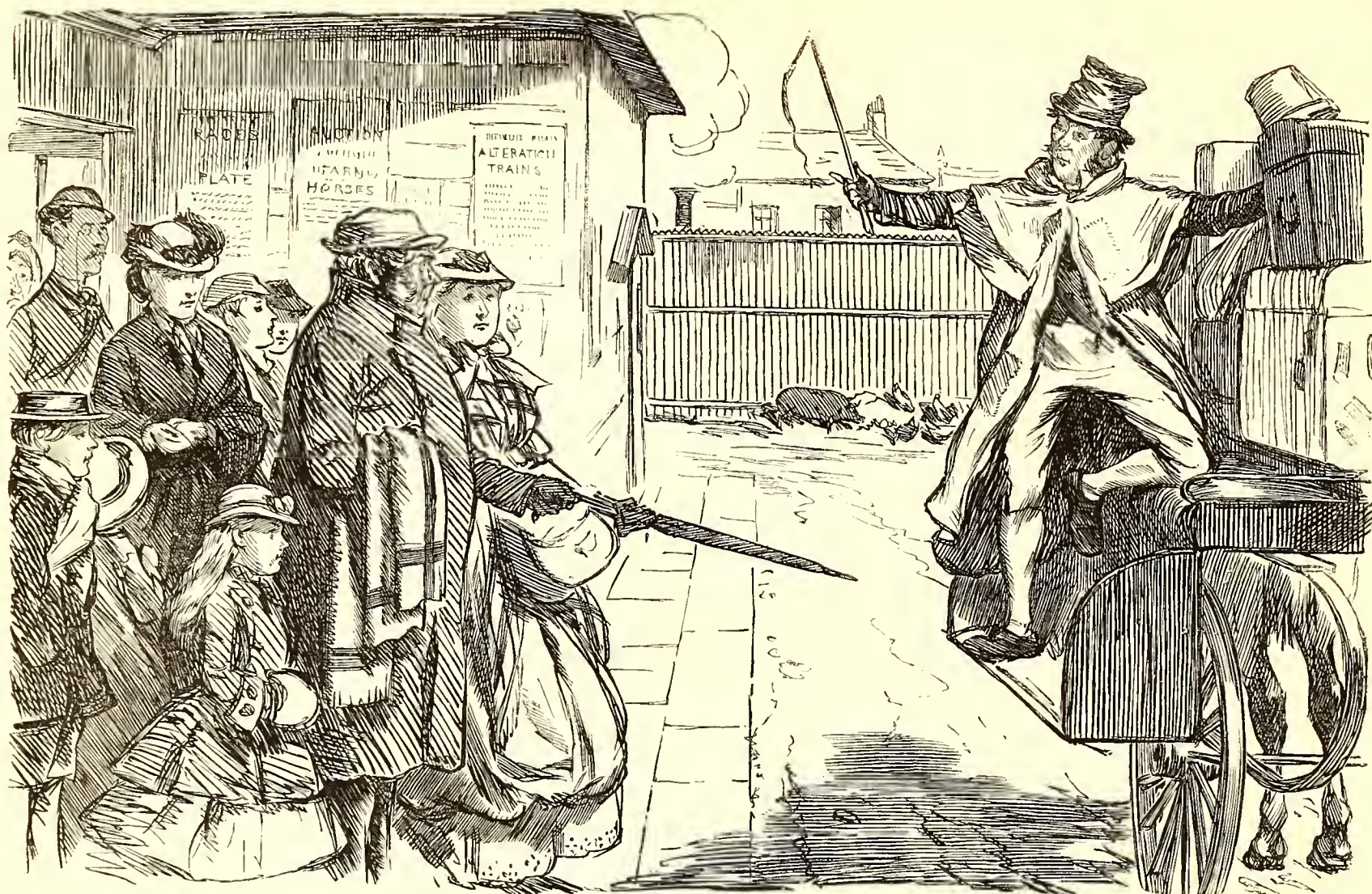
"The naked empty pedestals" were the next thing on which LORD ST. LEONARDS based a grievance. As the statues appear to have been removed some forty or fifty years ago, Hampton must now, after half a century of stony grief, be pretty well hardened. LORD GRANVILLE, however, allayed the anxiety of the House by an assurance that it should be COWPER's Task to see that things no longer remained *in statu quo*.

But the worst woe of all was the threatened departure of those Cartoons which "hundreds and thousands of people went down to see." Do they? There is a secret belief that they go down to bewilder themselves in the maze and play at kiss-in-the-ring, to gad after the

"gadding vine," to enjoy (like sensible people) the turf and the trees, the chesnuts and the flowers, to feed the gold and silver fish, and refresh themselves with sandwiches and beer. It is whispered that of all the thousand and odd pictures that will still be left in the Palace, the "hundreds and thousands" care far more for *The Grecian Daughter* and the great gun of the collection, *A Child Discharging a small Cannon*, than for RAFFAELLE treasures and ANDREA MANTEGNA "triumphs." But, says the voice from *Boyle Farm*, "No foreigner ever came to London without visiting Hampton Court, and when he got in sight of the Palace, his first question always was, 'Where are the Cartoons?'" A fact. No sooner does the "foreigner" arrive at the South-Eastern terminus than, fresh from the ocean, and without even changing his collar, he jumps into a Hansom, and drives straight away to Hampton Court, and when he gets in sight of the Palace gesticulates to Cabby to reveal to him where the Cartoons are.

Perhaps the "foreigner" will not object to a shorter and less expensive ride, and be quite as well satisfied to see the Cartoons at South Kensington as at Hampton Court. At all events the Englishman may be expected to acquiesce in the proposed arrangement. Can there be a doubt that in London the Cartoons will be better hung, better lighted, and, therefore, better seen? Hampton will not have one visitor the less through their absence, South Kensington will have many more from their presence.

After being lodged in Palaces and thrust into cellars, after finding a friend in CHARLES and a "Protector" in CROMWELL, the Cartoons will not experience their worst vicissitude in being displayed in one of the Galleries of the South Kensington Museum. Hampton need not harass herself about the loss of these marvellous tapestry designs. She has still her many "Beauties," and so long as summers gladden and chesnuts blossom, must ever keep open house for thousands of happy guests. Her courtiers are such as never tire of their homage, her train will always be in waiting. May her laurels be evergreen, may her yews never be used up!



TO A GREAT MIND NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE.

Paterfamilias in Ireland (who has been detained some time in the Station collecting his Large Family and Luggage.) "WHY, CONFOUND YOU, YOU FELLOW, WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY TELLING ME THAT YOU HAD A CONVEYANCE THAT COULD TAKE OUR WHOLE PARTY OF TEN, AND GETTING ME TO SEND AWAY THE OTHER CABMEN?"

Car-Driver. "WELL, AND SHURE IT'S THE TRUTH I TOULD YER 'ANNER. SEF, NOW, I'LL TAKE SIX ON THE KYAR, AN' AS MANY RUNNIN' AFTHUR IT AS YE LIKE!"

MY SON, SIR!

HERE'S FECHTER despairing of *Robert Macair-ing*,
And in SHAKESPEARE afraid of a fall, Sir,
To make folks more eager to see his *Belphegor*,
In the Bill sticks his son "LITTLE PAUL," Sir.

Methinks if the father have fallen off, rather,
In his *quondam* or *quasi* attraction,
There's not much to be done by the pull of the son,
Spite of puffing and posters in action.

Can the notion be drawn from our own dear LORD JOHN,
Who to give RUSSELL-rule due endurance,
And enforce RUSSELL-creeds, introduces to Leeds
NAMBY-PAMBERLEY's modest assurance?

Papas will be pa's, as Mammias will be ma's:
And a father's faith why should we undo?
Let's hope "FECHTER et Fils" may obtain more success
Than their prototypes "RUSSELL AND SON" do.

Yankee Pat.

THE annexed problem was proposed the other day in the *Times*:—

"WANTS EXPLANATION.—The *St. Louis Democrat* of the 11th of March has the following paragraph:—'PATRICK RUINE, British subject, released from Gratiot on taking the oath of allegiance.'"

This statement is easily explained. The oath of allegiance taken by PATRICK RUINE was an oath of allegiance to the United States, and PATRICK RUINE was an Irishman.

NATURE'S REVENGE AGAINST BIRD-MURDER.

(To Members of the Sussex Sparrow Clubs.)

BOOBIES,—Read, as many of you as can, this extract from the *Gateshead Observer*:—

"BIRD MURDER.—The President of the 'Naturalists' Field Club (the Rev. G. C. ABBS) stated on Thursday, at the Anniversary Meeting of the Club, that he had been calculating the number of caterpillars which the 6,000 sparrows killed by a member of the 'Sparrow-Club' in Essex, and for which he had actually received a prize of 10s., would have eaten. The amount was 6,307,000,000. While the clodhoppers of Sussex are killing sparrows by the thousand, the Australian colonists are importing them at a considerable expense from England, to act the part of protectors of the crops, and thereby of promoters of the comforts of the people."

Bird-murderers of Sussex, behold the folly of your Essex brethren. Essex is a county of which the inhabitants, not without reason afforded by some of them, are derisively called calves. The member of the Sparrow-club in Essex who killed 6,000 sparrows, that would have destroyed 6,307,000,000 caterpillars, might well be called an Essex calf of the first magnitude, if it were not better to call him a great ass. You, and such as you, have procured for the people of your county the denomination of Sussex boars; and the obstinacy with which you persist in trying to exterminate the useful little birds, is peculiarly swinish. In thus running counter to the teaching of naturalists, see how enormously you injure your own interests. So the pig swims against the stream, and you, clowns, bumpkins, louts, numskulls, block-heads, dolts as you are, know what is the consequence.

QUESTION FOR SCIENTIFIC COUNTRY MAGISTRATES.

SHOULD you hold it a sufficing plea on the part of a poacher who had stolen a Hare, that he was irresistibly drawn to the animal by Capillary Attraction?



“STRENGTHENING THE BILL.”

IN ORDER TO INCREASE THE ATTRACTION OF AN APPROACHING REVIVAL, AN EMINENT FOREIGN (OFFICE) PERFORMER INTRODUCES HIS SON INTO THE CAST.—*Vide Mr. FECHTER'S Playbills.*

EMINENT (F. O.) PERFORMER . . . EARL R—LL.

“MY SON, SIR!”

. . . VISCOUNT AMB-R-LEY.

THE FETICHE COMPANY (LIMITED).



HERE was a Meeting of Capitalists and others interested in the promotion of the Society in course of formation under the above title, held yesterday at their rooms in Aldgate. The Chair was taken by MR. MAMMONS.

The CHAIRMAN said it was in contemplation to form a Joint-stock Association on the principle of limited liability, with the view of creating what there was every reason to believe would prove a highly profitable concern. The branch of Commerce which it would be the aim of this Company to develop would be the traffic in objects of worship with the various tribes of savages who practised the religion called fetichism. Something, he believed, had been done in the same way by some houses at Birmingham, but the Society contemplated a larger

scale of operations. Our Indian Empire offered an unbounded field for the cultivation of this line among those of the natives who adored deities coming under the description of hardware. The same goods—or gods—might be manufactured for the Fiji market with a certainty of remuneration. A splendid prospect for enterprise in the idol-trade was opened up by the late discoveries of DR. LIVINGSTONE, CAPTAIN BURTON and others in the interior of Africa, where an abundant harvest might be reaped notwithstanding the exertions of the Missionaries.

MR. PELFER said that most attempts to convert savages were failures. The natives would worship logs and stones, and other material objects, the supply of which, in the shape of manufactures, was as legitimate a branch of business as any other, that of dealing, for instance, in gunpowder and instruments of destruction.

MR. TINKEY, with reference to the amount of capital which might be required for the undertaking, inquired if the manufacture of the objects destined for indigenous worship would be expensive. Would they consist of dolls?

The CHAIRMAN said that fetiches were adopted by the lowest savages from all sorts of objects, animate and inanimate. With this fact in view, figures of toads, frogs, lizards, snakes, cats and dogs, and other forms of animals would be fashioned, as well as human, vegetable or mineral forms, to suit the fancy of expected customers.

MR. DIBBINS suggested that mechanisms capable of being set in motion, introduced among the native races as objects of adoration, would be soon inquired for.

The CHAIRMAN said they would probably go down—that is, look up—among natives of superior intelligence.

MR. DIBBINS thought that, for example, a good stroke of business might be done with small mechanical fetiches worked by steam.

The CHAIRMAN, in reply, observed that such scientific fetiches as those would be expensive, and too good for barbarians, on whom the wonders of mechanism would be thrown away. It was like, as somebody or other had said, “eastings pearls before swine.” A very high state of civilisation—a degree of civilisation and enlightenment as advanced as our own—was requisite to enable people to worship the Steam-Engine.

The terms of a Prospectus of the proposed Fetiche Company were then settled, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman closed the proceedings.

MR. JOHN THOMAS AT THE BOAT RACE.

THIS comes hopping, my dear *Punch*, as it may find U in good ealth, Which without it there's no benefit in wittles or in wealth. R! I'd reether be a Popper, and be 'earty, ale and strong, Than a CREESES with the toothache or the eadache all day long; For tho you gets no wenson in the workouse, nor no wine, You couldnt with the toothache enjoy them when you dine: And tho there aint no baecy allowed for workis foke, A CREESES with the eadache E can't enjoy his smoke, Which the chicest of Have Annas aint of no good when you're ill, Cos when you'd like to take a pipe, you ave to take a pill.

But talkink of good ealth, my I! U should have gone with me The Boat Race of the Cantabs and Hoxoniums to C!

The mussels them young fellers ad, you wouldn't scarce believe, It swelled out on their shoulders like a fashinable sleeve. Their harms were like a Blacksmith's, only praps a trifle whiter, And their bax as broad as BENDIGO's, the celebrated fiter. They wore their trowsers turned up short, to ease M as they rode, And made us footmen henvious to see what Calves they shode! But tho they wayed 12 stun apiece, there werent a hounce of Phat, For their Calves was sollid muscle, which ours aven't much of that. I'm told for months before the match they lived upon roar beef, Which their meals must get monottinous, leastways in my belief: And to live in independence of a kitchen or a kook Is a kannibal existence as wouldn't suit my book.

So you wont catch me a trainink and a givink hup my dinner, Besides, my calves is delicate, and work wood make them thinner.

Ho my! to see the River, it were reelly like a Phair, Only neither booths nor beastshows nor gilt gingerbread was there. But eaps of boats was on it, of every size and sawt, From them as roes for prizes to them as roes for spawt: Which not being Hamphibious, and wishing to keep dry, Let others try to sit in them there waggerboats, says I. They're as thin as any wafer, and but 18 hinchies wide, So a man of my proportions he could arldy sit inside: And men like MR. BANTING, as are bulky in their figger, Could never ave the luxury to row in a houtrigger! Then there was eaps of steamers a follerink the boats, And the gents all had blue ribbings a dawning of their coats: The Cambridge they were light blue, for their crew were lighter men, Tho their earts was doubtless eavy at their being beat agen. Hour ladies being Hoxford they wore dark blue in their air, Which ladies of the ighest rank and phashion they were there: And they all ad on the ribbings of the boat they oped would beat, And some they wore blue parrysoles to shade M from the eat: Hand some ad a blue bonnet, or a blue shorl, or blue dress, But there was few Blue Stockings, so leastways I shood guess.

MISS KATE she showed both colours, for to please em both she tries, The dark blue in her ribbings, and the light blue in her eyes: And ho! to see em sparkle when she eard that Hoxford won, Twas like the skies a shining with the radiance of the sun! Says I unto our Coachman, which upon the hocks I sat, And we'd each a dark blue favour as MISS KATE made for our at, Says I, some Hoxford feller have been saying somethink sweet. Says E, hit's that young kovey as she met in Grosvenor Street: But, says I, them kolledge Fellers they can't marry, I've heard said, Says E, i'd leave any fellership and take MISS KATE instaid, For I'm sure there aint no kolledge as can offer such a prize, And what's looking into blue books to a look in her blue eyes! Says I, men dont read blue books, exceptin they're MP's, Which their wives they reads the Red book with their breakfastes and T's.

Has thus we were conversing, such a crowd on orseback shode! For some rode on the river hand some rowed on the road. Twere hallmost like the Derby Day, there was such eaps of nags, And Snobs they druv their donkey-carts and Nobs they druv their drags. My complexion suffered horfil from the sunshine and the dust, And R! we hadnt nothink to relieve us from our thust. But as they come a galloping, a trotting and a prancing, The shouting and the ollering it set our orses dancing, And fearink of a haccident we would have druv away, But MISS KATE she wouldent ear of it and bade us for to stay: Get down, she says, and old their eads; which if I mite persoom I answers sotty vochy, a Phootman aint a groom. But thinking it might save er life to do as I were told, I went at wunce and did it, like a Ero brave and bold. Which to stand afore 2 orses a pawing and a prancing, I found it reether dipheult to keep em from advancing: Heach momink I expected they'd be trampling on my toes, And the haggerny I suffered at that prawspick goodness nose! R! every time they give a prance, it set my Art a beating, And it set my cheeks a flaming, for such exercise is eating. But bold as any Buffalo I fumly stood my ground, Hattracting hadmiration from all the ladies round: Which if there is a man on earth who's their devoted slavery, It is your umble servink

JOHN TOMMUS HOF BELGRAVEY.

SOUNDINGS.

THE following has appeared several times in a Daily local paper:—

“SOUNDS IN THE AIR.

I, THOMAS LAKE, have, for the past month, been HEARING a General Conversation, as if between Men and Women in the air, as I have been walking along, and I wish to know if there are any other persons in Swansea who have heard the like.

THOMAS LAKE, Swansea.

We recommend the DAVENPORT Brothers to communicate with this kindred spirit; for, as they have lately been getting a knot too fast, and going out of their depth, they will be delighted to obtain any soundings.



"SHARP'S THE WORD."

ENTER LORD BLASONBY (HASTILY) TO SIT FOR HIS PORTRAIT IN STODGE'S PICTURE OF THE CHALKSHIRE HUNT.

Stodge. "I UNDERSTOOD YOU TO SAY YOU WOULD COME YESTERDAY, MY LORD; AND I AM ENGAGED THIS MORNING. LADY FLOUNCER IS COMING AT ONE O'CLOCK."

My Lord. "HAW! JUST IN TIME, THEN. CUT AWAY. YOU'VE GOT A GOOD TEN MINUTES. 'WANTS A QUARTER TO ONE, NOW!'"

BURKING IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

IN the French Chamber of Deputies, the other day, M. GUÉROULT had the audacity to make a speech, occupying several columns of the *Moniteur*, on and against the progress of Ultramontanism, or, as the vulgar say Popery, in France. M. GUÉROULT vexed the faithful portion of his audience, devoted to the Holy See, by reading a catalogue of the principal religious orders that occupy themselves in inculcating loyalty to POPE PIUS on the subjects of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON. He was very properly interrupted by frequent cries of "*Assez! Assez!*" and during the remainder of his address the representatives of the good Jesuits made strenuous endeavours to put him down by clamour. To these logical confutations M. GUÉROULT could give no better answer than the following—which, in fact, he gave:—

"Permettez, messieurs, laissez-moi continuer ma discussion, car il me serait impossible de suivre mes idées si j'étais toujours interrompu."

Why, of course. Wherein lies the main force of the argument resorted to by M. GUÉROULT's opponents, but in that very damaging effect on a speaker's self-possession? This unanswerable method of controversy has the further advantage of stopping the man in the middle of his sentence, and thus preventing him from giving, in its conclusion, the explanation required to elucidate its commencement. And, finally, it is so civil!

Dancing and Department.

THE *Morning Post* informs us that the DUCHESS OF SOMERSET gave the last of a series of early dancing parties at the residence of the First Lord of the Admiralty, in Whitehall. Our fashionable Contemporary adds, that COOTE AND TINNEY'S band attended, and during the evening played, for the first time, the "*Lara Valse*," arranged by MR. COOTE, but does not mention anything about a dance which would have been more particularly suitable to the residence of the First Lord of the Admiralty, namely, the *Sailor's Hornpipe*.

THE TRANSIT OF TATTERSALL'S.

Good bye, old Corner, where so long
Turf swells have loved to band,
Since first old TATT his broad-brimmed hat
Showed in the well-known stand.

Where, ninety years of hopes and fears,
And nine to back of that,
The sporting swell with nags to sell
Still found a Tit for TATT.

How *High-flyer* raised TATTERSALL'S
The House's annals show:
Since then how many a High-flyer
Has TATTERSALL'S brought low!

We boast the lengthened run that now
Awaits a favourite play;
But from those steps a century
Had looked at "Settling Day!"

If walls have ears, what startling tales
Those old rooms must have heard:
What sermons they might preach, the stones
That paved that old court-yard!

Where o'er the pump (an emblem meet
Of some that graced the ground,)
The FOURTH GEORGE from ambrosial curls
Beamed forth "Deportment" round.

By those oak-pales the first Oaks' stakes
Were put down long ago:
Germ of that Epsom growth that now
All ring-fence doth outgrow.

There the first Derby favourite
Was measured by the yard:
And there a century's Sellengers
Fortunes have made or marred.

Till the world grew so fond of "books,"
So giv'n to make the same,
That the old ground too small was found,
For the Turf's "little game;"

As from *his* Grosvenor Place old TATT *
Started to win life's race,
Young TATT, on fortune bent, again
Takes flight from Grosvenor Place.

At Knightsbridge, lo, a fair glass roof
Stands for the dark old sheds:
We've tiles as shiny 'neath our feet,
As those upon our heads:

But still we love the haunts where first
The Turf's keen breath we drew;
And what recalls those ancient halls
We best love in the new—

The old brown fox, that from his box
Still peers with artful face,
A hint that to the sharp as well
As swift, is given the race.

We miss the verdant lawn, where paced
Crowds of green men and still:
The gravelled walk, which losers oft
More gravelled, used to fill:

And sadder loss than all—no more
The old cow crops the lawn:
Meek monitor of draughts to come
From milch-cows yet undrawn!

Good bye, old yard, and may the new
As long its honours wear;
And though they leave the Corner still,
May TATTs be on the Square!

* Old TATT's fortunes began with his leaving EARL GROSVENOR, to whom he had been stud-groom, and leasing the Premises at the old Corner.



AN OVERSIGHT.

Little Officer (in temporary charge of Grenadier Company, reading from the Report Book.) "JOHN WALKER."

J. W. "SIR."

Little Officer. "FOR PASSING HIS OFFICER WITHOUT SALUTING."

J. W. "PLEASE, SIR, 'LOW ME TO SPEAK. BEG PARDON, SIR, DIDN'T SEE YOU —"

Little Officer. "COME, NOW, THAT'S NONSENSE, YOU KNOW—EXTRA PARADE."

THE AMERICAN NEWS.

ALL our regular political writers have gone out of Town for the Easter Holidays. But on receiving the important news which arrived on Saturday from America, and considering that a political leader was required from us, we sent to a smart young penny-a-liner, informing him that Richmond and Petersburg had fallen, and desiring him to supply an article. We obtained in reply the following performance, which we print, partly because we have got nothing else, and partly to shame the writer, who doubtless considers himself a person of average, or even higher intelligence.

LEADING ARTICLE.

PUNCH.

"Extraordinary news has just arrived. 'Richmond and Petersburg have fallen.' Such tidings do not come every day. All surprises are unexpected, but this is the most unexpected surprise we ever had. That two important cities in different parts of the world should fall down at once, is truly strange, but that the news should come to us across the Atlantic ocean is one of those coincidences which make us say, with HOMER, that there is indeed nothing new under the Sun. As regards the fall of Richmond, we are too grieved to be able to give vent to our emotions. That town, pleasingly situate on the banks of the Thames, is connected with too many holiday associations for us to hear of its fall without regret. We recal luxurious dinners at the Gar and Starter, charming walks in the Park, of which POPE might have written—

"Thy forests, Windsor, and thy green retreats
Are full of monarchs and of gentlemen's seats."

And we cannot forbear a tribute to the excellent driving of the flymen who rattled in such dashing fashion from the hotels to the commodious station. All is gone, and Richmond has fallen. Let us only add, in

the beautiful language of funereal heraldry, *Resurgam*. But if the fall of a third-rate town be a misfortune, what shall we say of the fall of the capital of Russia? The proud metropolis built by the haughty but profligate CATHERINE for her son PETER THE GREAT, and reflected in the blue waters of the Vistula, has also gone down, and consternation is spread over the dominions of the Autograph. Lisbon was once destroyed by an earthquake, and with the addition of a slight pelisse, Madrid's and Petersburg's climes are of a piece, remarkable words by LORD BYRON, which have now received an extraordinary illustration. Such poetical reminiscences crowd upon our mind at an exciting moment like this, and readers will feel with us, while we are recording that St. Petersburg has fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen from its high estate, and welters in the tide. Necessarily hurried as are our remarks, they are written in the excitement of the moment, and we shall return to the subject when we are favoured with further particulars. In the absence of these, it would be premature to speculate upon the causes which have produced these afflicting catastrophes; but as regards Richmond it may not be impossible that the enormous excavations which have been made for the cellars of the new and grand hotel near the Park Gates may have brought down the entire town into the abyss. The fall of Petersburg is more inexplicable, but it is built upon piles, and it is possible that the extreme dryness of the late weather may have produced dry-rot in those supports, which it must now be matter of regret were not fortified by some chemical process of a vulcanising character. But it were ungenerous to reproach a nation at a moment of disaster, and we would rather say that as AUGUSTUS found Rome of marble and left it of brick, so ALEXANDER may find Petersburg in ruins, and leave it in the course of architectural reconstruction.

We will only add, *esto perpetual*, and without pointing a moral, or adorning a tale, will leave the remarkable news to the consideration of our readers until further notice.

A CANDIDATE'S CATECHISM.

MUCH difficulty and embarrassment being occasioned to Candidates at elections by the extremely inconvenient, not to say impertinent habit of asking them questions, *Mr. Punch* has prepared the following Catechism, which he recommends to the study of gentlemen aspiring to represent their fellow subjects. The speeches are supposed to have been made, the usual non-electoral contributions of cats, eggs, and brickbats to have been duly forwarded, and the Candidate advances defiantly, yet smilingly, to answer any question which may be proposed to him.

CATECHISM.

Elector. Leave off grinning, and answer this. What will you do about Church Rates?

Candidate. I answer frankly, that while I should regret to see the beautiful and venerable edifices erected by the piety of our forefathers falling into decay, I should desire that the means of supporting them might be provided in the way least calculated to produce dissension.

Elector. What about the Game Laws?

Candidate. I should be ashamed of myself did I hesitate to say that though field sports have great advantage in promoting manliness of character and residence on estates, I would not willingly purchase those advantages by the aid of enactments which I should not consider equitable.

Elector. Will you go in for the Ballot?

Candidate. I solemnly pledge myself to support any arrangement, which in the opinion of those who are best qualified to decide, may most effectually conduce to the protection of the voter, and to the eliciting the real opinion of the nation.

Elector. Will you turn the Bishops out of the House of Lords?

Candidate. I thank you sincerely for giving me an opportunity of saying, that while profoundly attached to the Church of England, I will never be party to any system which appears to me to confer too much political power upon our hierarchy.

Elector. Will you support direct taxation?

Candidate. Having studied fiscal subjects during my whole life, I am able instantly and unhesitatingly to reply that the adjustment of the burdens which may be necessary for the maintenance of national honour requires the utmost attention from any man deserving the name of a British Statesman.

Elector. What are your views on Parliamentary Reform?

Candidate. Most determined and definite. I hold that the British Constitution, like that of the human being, requires from time to time all the ameliorating influences which can be brought to bear upon it, in accordance with the lights of experience and the dictates of wisdom.

Elector. Will you knock off pensions?

Candidate. Most assuredly, wherever I am convinced that the pension is undeserved, and that its withdrawal will not cause a larger amount of private distress than would be compensated for by the increase of public happiness.

Elector. What about flogging in the Army and Navy?

Candidate. Can you ask me, or suppose that I would give my support to any system which is opposed to the instincts of humanity? That the exigencies of the military and naval service may demand special punishments I may not be prepared to deny, but I am still more ready to declare my intense repugnance to all unnecessary severity.

Elector. Would you abolish primogeniture?

Candidate. While in the most good-natured spirit I respectfully suggest that the topic can have little practical bearing on the interests of the gentleman who addresses me, I respond that I must see very strong reasons before I can support any artificial arrangement which is not based upon apparent and natural justice.

Elector. Are you for Manhood Suffrage?

Candidate. My intense and almost awful respect for my fellow man makes me hesitate to say that I will consent to make him the subject of any legislation whatever, but be assured that I will give my most cordial support to any policy tending to preserve all the rights of a Briton.

Elector. Would you repeal the Malt Tax?

Candidate. It is the dearest wish of my heart that every man in England should be able to procure the beverage which will do him most good, and I will vote through thick and thin for the sake of providing him with an ample supply of that beverage. I think that my reply goes even further than my questioner intended.

Elector. What will you do for this borough?

Candidate. Everything that is consistent with patriotic regard for the general interests of the nation, and I am sure that as a man and an Englishman you would desire no more.

Elector. Will you vote for war with Austria? (or as the case may be.)

Candidate. I am sure that the question, though an insult, is an unintentional one, and I therefore, rather in sorrow than in anger, ask the electors of this intelligent borough what they have seen in me to justify a belief that when the British lion intends a spring, I should

attempt to paralyse its energy, or affix the chain of cowardice around its majestic maue. Gentlemen, the demand almost unmans me, but I feel that your sympathies are on my side, and I rejoice to believe that my replies have ensured your approbation.

All the Electors and Non-Electors. Pelt the beggar.

A LOVE LAMENT.

IN TWO SPASMS.

FOUNDED UPON FICTION

SPASM I.

A BUTCHER, in the prime of life,
I wanted nothing but a wife,
And in Miss BULLOCK fondly thought
I'd found the helpmate that I sought:
Ox-eyed, but gentle as a lamb,
With jointure snug from UNCLE SAM,
A buxom girl with shapely waist
(A spare-rib would not suit my taste),
Of ready tongue and brains to match,
Admirers wooed her by the batch.
The Baker headed once the roll,
But lost his chance, the crusty soul;
The Brewer broached the subject next,
"Too stout," she thought—old HALE was vexed;
The Grocer figg'd out in his best,
With citron gloves and spiey vest,
Too candi(e)d man, allowed that he
With sugared words had sought Miss B.
The Chandler praised her taper form,
And owned his looks were waxing warm;
The Miller—why prolong the list—
Soon got the sack, and was dismissed;
His bran new suit assumed in vain,
He ground his teeth and groaned again.
Indeed, with no desire to boast,
It seemed that I might rule the roast:
Her father gave me many a hint—
He kept "The Lamb," and served the Mint—
That I was just the sort of man
He fancied for his MARY ANN;
Her mother saw good traits in me,
Appeased, I own, by bribery—
A sweetbread now, and now a fry,
And sometimes giblets for a pie—
While MARY ANN herself confessed
Of all her beaux she liked me best,
And eut out eages for the flies,
And coloured when I made sheeps' eyes.

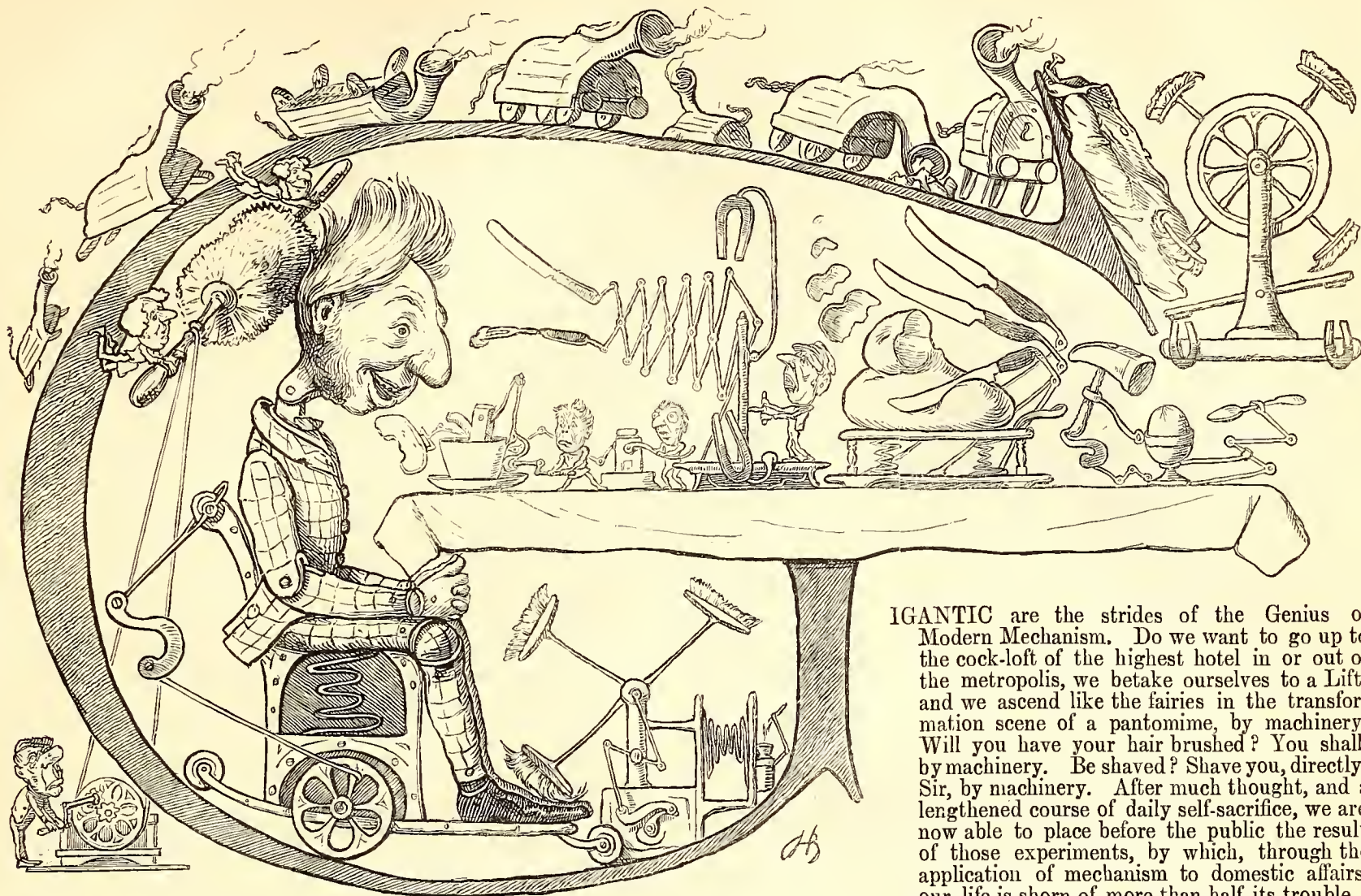
SPASM II.

Farewell to all my killing looks,
My dreams that she would keep my books!
Farewell "the silver side" of life,
And MARY ANN—the *Brewer's* wife!
Yes, little "hops" and Maltese lace
Have robbed me of her ruddy face;
Full-bodied HALE and treble X
Have won the loveliest of her sex:
The storm that was so long a-brewing,
Has burst and laid my hopes in ruin,
And, oh! the unkindest eut of all—
They buy their meat of MADOX BALL!

The times are out of joint, and I
Look sheepish when she passes by:
In vain I try to steel my heart,
And act the injured lover's part;
For one sweet smile, for one soft look,
I'd lay my head upon the block;
To win but one kind word or so,
Down on my marrowbones I'd go;
Nay, if she bade me, for her sake
I would not murmur at the stake.
Unhappy man, of her bereft,
I've neither pluck nor spirit left!
Life's chops and changes I must bear
Alone, without a soul to share
The fat and lean, the weal and woe,
That Fate weighs out to all below.

A TIDY DROP.—A Glass of Spirits, *Neat*.

MECHANISM FOR THE MILLION.



IGANTIC are the strides of the Genius of Modern Mechanism. Do we want to go up to the cock-loft of the highest hotel in or out of the metropolis, we betake ourselves to a Lift, and we ascend like the fairies in the transformation scene of a pantomime, by machinery. Will you have your hair brushed? You shall, by machinery. Be shaved? Shave you, directly, Sir, by machinery. After much thought, and a lengthened course of daily self-sacrifice, we are now able to place before the public the result of those experiments, by which, through the application of mechanism to domestic affairs, our life is shorn of more than half its trouble.

Do you want to get rid—temporarily, at all events—of a Mother-in-law? We will show you how to lead her gently, in the midst of a long and animated harangue, into a small room, which, once set-a-going, will keep on ascending and descending for the space of three hours at least. Isn't this worth six-and-eightpence any day of the week? Of course.

Machinery clothes us, or puts us to bed,
Machinery brushes, or night-caps, our head,
Machinery nurses and dandles our chicks,
(One nurse-maid by these means suffices for six,)
Machinery, after spasmodical warning,
Ejects us from bed any time in the morning.

One spring (we're not going to say anything about the spring which doesn't make a summer, in spite of the present beautiful but deceitful weather) will set all the household machinery in motion. Those necessary nuisances, known as servants, will then succumb to the Powers of a simple but mighty mechanism, and masters and mistresses, the real *servi servorum*, will again be free. One, two, or three servants, properly instructed, will, according to the size and requirements of the house, do the entire work. The original cost of the machinery will be the only outlay, and then, no more Impudence! no more broken glass! no more dirty plates! no more hairs in the clear soup! no more Nothing disagreeable of any sort!

You will begin the day with the Duties of the Dressing-room by machinery. Whirr—whirr—whirr, out of bed. Pop! Whirr—whirr—whirr—into your bath. This will be really worthy of being called "a bathing machine." More whirr—whirr—whirr,—accompanied by a good rough towelling. Here, being in first-rate animal spirits, you may (if you like) make a joke in allusion to the noise of the machinery, and say that "instead of things going on better they are getting *whirrs* and *whirrs*, by which you will be taken to mean "worse and worse;"—this is only your fun, and not by any means true. Well, you are dressed for the morning: then, stepping on to a small trap-door in the landing, you pull a string after the fashion of a nervous creature in a shower bath, and down you are taken to the Breakfast-room. It won't be a very expensive affair to keep up this sort of Trap.

Upon your sudden appearance below-stairs, you can say something funny; it had better be funnier than before, if it occurs to you, and you possess breath sufficient for the effort. If not, never mind;

take your seat, which will advance towards you, apparently, of its own accord, without any Davenport humbug, and await some happier moment for the utterance of your light-hearted witticisms.

In course of time will be invented, also, the Finding Fault Machine, for "blowing up" any offender: this will be the new infernal machine.

The first object of interest on your breakfast-table will be the Hydraulic Teapot. To *explain* the mechanism of this admirable contrivance is not our business, except on private application, and the usual thingummy in stamps, or coin, or—well, every one knows what we mean, and business *is* business. Within this marvellous invention the Tea is ready made, sugared, and milked, and will be, at your own time, pumped gently into your mouth. There will be no more complaints about bad tea-making; no getting into hot water about its quantity or quality. Then comes Egg-eating by machinery. Ah! How this would have astonished our Great Grandmothers!

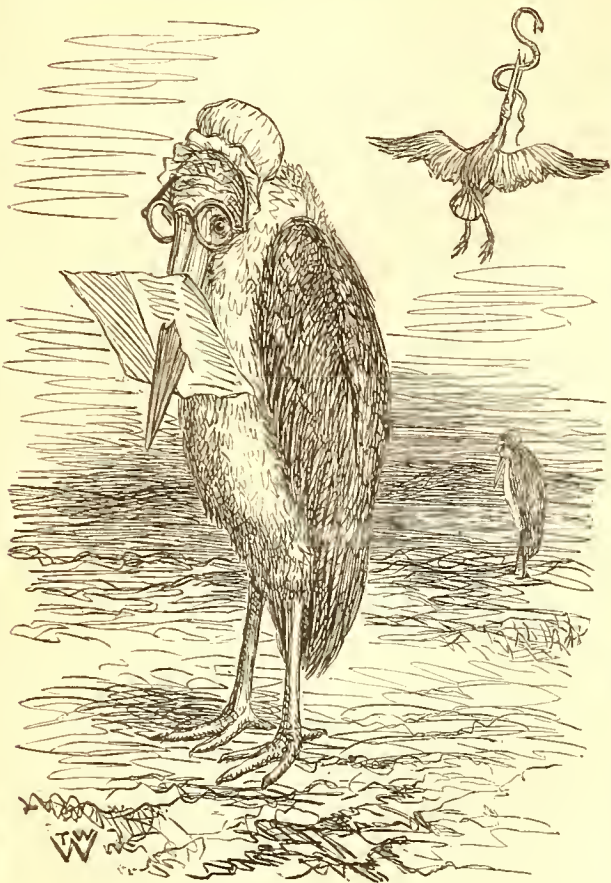
You'll hear the sound of little clicks, as when you make a lock work, Because the egg cup's stem, inside, is fitted up with clock-work That moves an arm of steel that will a small steel hammer wield, That taps and raps upon the shell till it begins to yield. But, as one rarely in a moment all things needed hits off, As yet we've no machinery to pick the little bits off. Then sharply as JEM MACE'S arm encounters that of NOON, So soon pops forth a small steel arm and deftly plies the spoon, And with precision, such as would shame e'en the shots at Howth, It shoots the yolk in twixt the lips of your expectant mouth.

Boot and clothes brushing, bread-cutting, carving, cork-drawing, sweeping, letter writing, reading, etcetera, etcetera, all shall soon be done by machinery.

MR. BABBAGE'S Calculator is a mere mechanical infant to our gradually matured inventions. We reap, we sow, by machinery; and at no great distance of time the world shall see a new machine for cutting down household expenses. We shall cook by machinery; we shall have our mashed potatoes by mashinery. From thinking *of* machinery we shall at last arrive at thinking *by* machinery, and Man himself shall be, as presented in this initial etching, a mere machine.

So if you like our invention
To any one this you may mention:—
That the Palace or the Cottage, or the Manor House or Deanery,
We will, on terms most moderate, fit up with our Machinery.

THE NAGGLETONS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL.



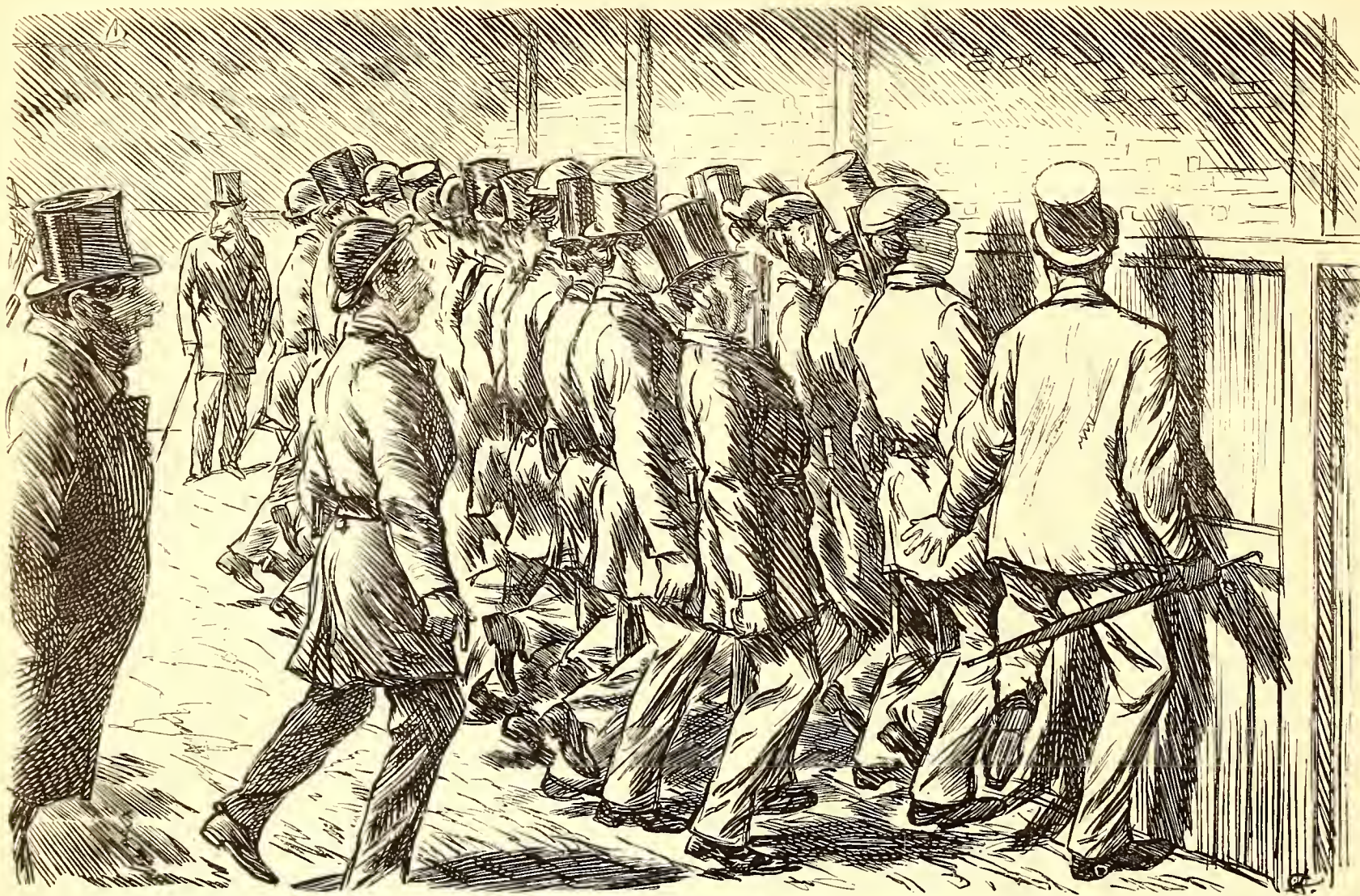
CENE—The Zoological Gardens. A beautiful afternoon. Sunday. The clock over the Camel says half-past three. A large gathering of the Upper Ten Thousand. MR. and MRS. NAGGLETON, the MISSES EMMELINE and CECILIA NAGGLETON, and the MASTERS EDGAR, WALTER, and PETER NAGGLETON, all in spring array, enter, and advance up the Broad Walk.

Mrs. Naggleton. PIERRE, do not hop. This is Sunday. Mr. Naggleton. Yes, remember, PETER, nothing hops on Sundays, except the birds, who know no better, having no private tutors.

Mrs. N. That is right; make him laugh at his mother's advice. Mr. N. On the contrary, my dear, I would imprint it on his memory. Though I don't know why he shouldn't hop, like the little hills. Mrs. N. I am not acquainted with the family you mention, and I do not wish them proposed as models for my children. Mr. N. Nicely you attend to your Brady and Tate, MRS. NAGGLETON. Mrs. N. (recollecting, and sternly). Pray, HENRY, abstain from such profanity while your children are within hearing. Mr. N. Profanity is in intention, my dear. MR. SNOTCHLEY had the sense to quote that, when you were good enough to laugh at his old joke about PAUL being a cricketer, because he stood up for the Eleven and was bowled, and RHOBA stood at the wicket. Mrs. N. That was real wit, and I wonder you understood it. Mr. N. Oh, wonderful husband, that can so astonish his wife! Shakspeare. Mrs. N. I think you might do better than mouth out Shakspeare on Sunday. EMMELINE, come away from the bears! Mr. N. Bless me, they came here to see the beasts, and they shall see them. Jump, Syllabubs. (Lifts her to the rail.) Here, WALTER, take this fourpenny-bit, and see how many stale buns that young lady will give you. Mrs. N. Teaching your children to break the Sabbath in that manner! Mr. N. I am teaching them to break nothing except buns. Isn't a bear to be fed on Sunday, especially when he has fallen into a pit? That's a man, WALTER—a bun a-piece. Where's the stick? Here we are. Now, Mr. Bear, climb for your lunch! Mrs. N. I shall walk on, to the chairs on the grass. I can at least avoid witnessing what I disapprove. Mr. N. All right, dear; go and stare at the bonnets, while we finish our secular duties. [Exit Mrs. N.] Walter. Come on, Papa, don't give all the buns to these stupid beasts. I want to give something to the ippopotamus. Mr. N. So you ought, in return for the h you've taken away from him. [Shout of laughter from the children. Mrs. N. looks angrily up from the plateau below, and Mr. N. thinks it wisest to rejoin her.] Emmeline. O, Mamma, what do you think Papa said? Mrs. N. Nothing, my love, which I wish you to repeat. Walk on quietly, two and two. Mr. N. Too-too-too dears, like a penny trumpet. [Another shout.] Mrs. N. This behaviour is more disgraceful, HENRY, than I could have believed your conduct ever would be. Really, this is not a place for you. You must suppose that you are in some low tea-garden, among the rabble. Mr. N. No, my dear. These are the Gardens of the Royal Zoological Society, Regent's Park, N.W., and I am a fellow, and it's your fault if I am not a jolly fellow. It's the most enjoyable place in London, or, as

you would say, in this extensive metropolis, and I came here to enjoy myself, and—deducting conjugalities—so I do. Go where you like, children, but mind, don't put your fingers between the bars of a single den—and I say, (solemnly,) mind this. If one of you children gets eaten, I'll never speak to that child again. (Loud shout, and away go the young ones.)

Mrs. N. Catch me coming here again with you. Mr. N. I didn't ask you to come. Mrs. N. No, I am not accusing you of any such civility. Mr. N. You asked yourself to come, and I wish that at the same time you'd asked yourself whether you couldn't come in a decent temper. Mrs. N. You are the only person, I have often said, who ever dared to find fault with my temper. Mr. N. Perhaps, as I have often answered, because I am the only person on whom you ever dared to try it. Mrs. N. (smiling). That speaks well for your dignity, as the Head of a Family. Mr. N. It speaks better, perhaps, for my patience, which some day you will try too far. Mrs. N. It is so manly to threaten a helpless woman who is chained for life. Mr. N. If she is, she needn't rattle her chains incessantly. But come, it is Sunday, and you have been to church, and earned a right to neglect all the minor duties, such as kindness and politeness. Won't you take a chair? Mrs. N. Not in front, certainly, that all your set, DICK, TOM, and HARRY, may come up and claim acquaintance with one. Mr. N. You were glad enough to know my set once. Mrs. N. You thought so. Mr. N. You said so. Excuse me for believing it, and two or three other things. Mrs. N. Ah! (A Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge in that little noise.) [They take chairs behind the rail, and observe the elegant company seated, passing, and re-passing.] Mr. N. If it wasn't Sunday, I should say, "My eye, what a pretty girl!" Mrs. N. Painted flirt! Mr. N. Lovely hair, come. Mrs. N. Bought—I hope paid for. Mr. N. She is very like LADY ANNABEL LEE whom you rave about. Mrs. N. I never rave about anybody, and that person is as like LADY ANNABEL as I am like your grandmother. Mr. N. (brutally). Hm! Mrs. N. (disdaining to notice such atrocious coarseness). I wonder who that distinguished-looking man is? You never know anybody, so it's no use asking you. Mr. N. I know in this case. Mrs. N. Pardon me if I don't believe it. He is evidently somebody. His dress and manner are those of the best society. Mr. N. How should you know? Mrs. N. I may be unfortunately circumstanced as regards my own position, but I have a lady's instinct, which never leads me astray in forming a judgment. Mr. N. Well, it is right enough this time. Mrs. N. Of course, it is. Whom do you suppose that gentleman to be? Mr. N. I don't suppose about it. (Calls out to the Distinguished Somebody, "How are you, BLOBBY?") [The Distinguished Somebody looks round, and Mrs. NAGGLETON turns red with shame and anger. But the Distinguished Somebody comes up to the rail, and shakes hands with MR. NAGGLETON.] D. S. Hawful ot, ain't it, my boy? Mr. N. Stunning! I have the superior honour of introducing you to my wife. MR. BLOBBINGS, MRS. NAGGLETON. (She shudders a fraction of a bow.) And how's tallow? D. S. Sputtery, sputtery. But sink the shop on Sunday, my bricksy-wicksy! Be genteel, my boy, if the ouse is a-fire. Splendid day, M'm. Mrs. N. (faintly). Very fine. Where are those children? [Walks off, and is shortly afterwards overtaken by the faithful MR. NAGGLETON.] Mr. N. Sorry you went off, my dear. BLOBBINGS wanted us to come over to Camden Town, and dine at half-past four. Mrs. N. I detest practical jokes as a rule, but that gentleman showed all the self-possession and ready wit of a man of society, and I can forgive him. Mr. N. BLOBBINGS a gentleman! Why, he's in the tallow line! Mrs. N. You need not meanly adopt his clever ruse, and try to carry it on. I hate imitation. Mr. N. It is not one of your usual faults that your meaning is difficult of comprehension, my dear. But upon the present occasion I must remark *Davus sum, non Edipus*. Mrs. N. I wish you would not quote Latin without asking MR. SNOTCHLEY whether you pronounce it right. I am sure that is wrong; my ear tells me so.



DIVERSIONS OF DRILL.

COLUMN MOVEMENTS. GENERAL PRINCIPLES. THE COMMANDER, IF HE SEES THERE IS NOT ROOM FOR THE FORMATION, MAY GIVE THE WORD, "OPEN TO WHEELING DISTANCE FROM THE REAR; REMAINING COMPANIES, QUICK MARCH!" THIS CAUSES CONFUSION AND AMUSEMENT, AND ENLIVENS THE MONOTONY OF DRILL.

AFTER THE FIGHT.

Habet! The fatal cast is made,
The well-poised net falls true,
Hamp'ring, alike, the trenchant blade,
And the strong hand that drew.
The world-wide Circus holds its breath
Between the lots of life and death;

Recalls the thrilling conflict's course—
Dear life to life opposed,
Courage that took no count of force,
But cheered, and charged, and closed:
Patience that from defeat arose,
And learnt to deal, by bearing, blows.

Till Circus-haunters, who had watched
Famed sword-plays, long ago,
And scorned these giants, rudely matched,
Felt admiration grow,
As stubborn strife to strength gave skill,
The art to guard, the craft to kill.

While the fight raged, men had but eyes
To watch its changing cheer;
In lusty cheers and stifled cries,
Speaking their hope and fear;
While foot to foot, and hand to hand,
Those bleeding brothers stained the sand.

Oft our short-sighted eyes misread
The chances of the fight,
Amazed to see him turn, who fled,
Him, who pursued, in flight.
But chance and change can shift no more,
Might is made clear, resistance o'er.

Bursts out in jubilee the crowd,
As with a single will;
For exultation's tongue is loud,
While sympathy is still;
Millions of throats the victor cheer,
But let the vanquished claim a tear.

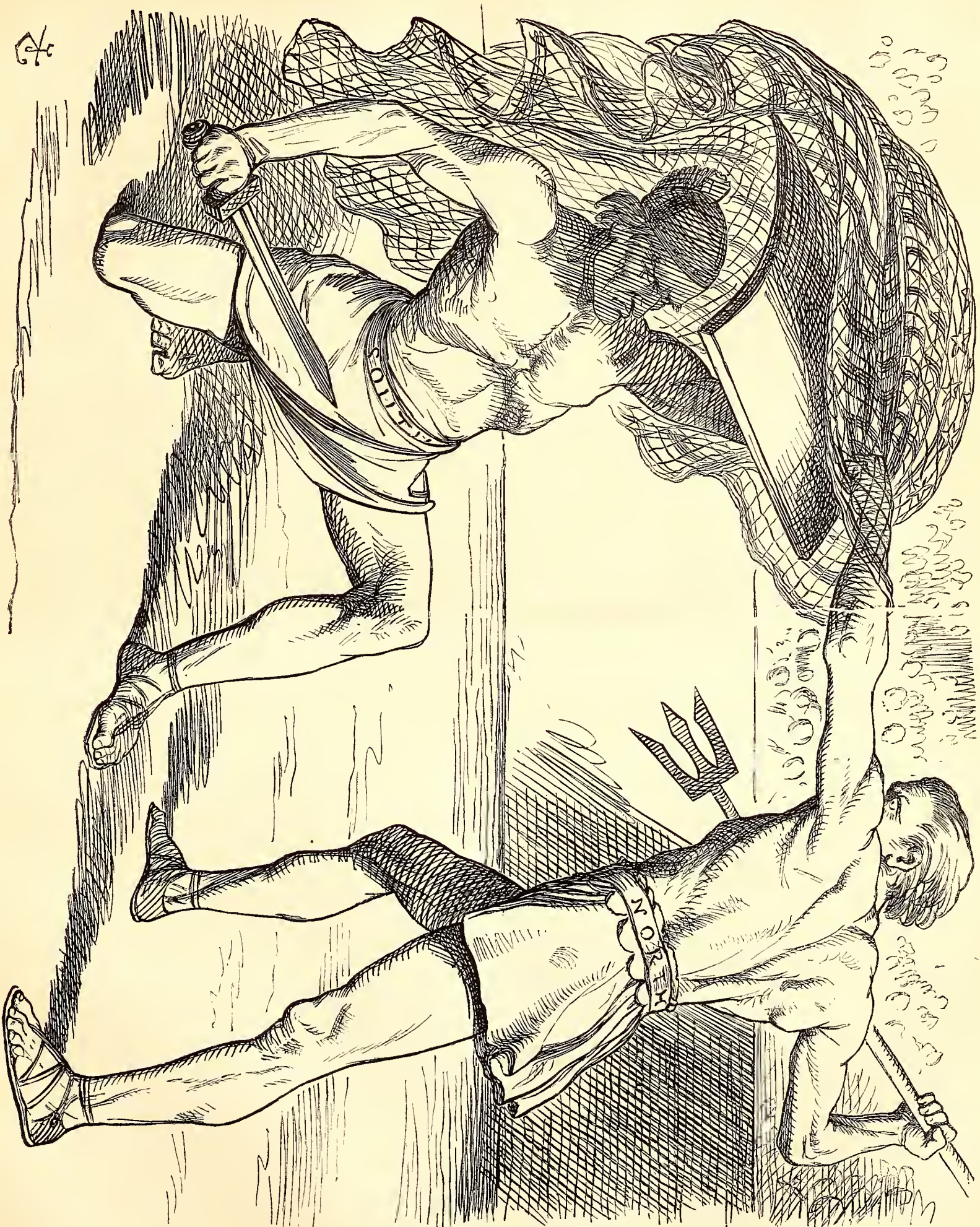
Man's strife God's guidance doth o'erule,
His means and ends are veiled:
But all can see, when blood runs cool,
How well he fought that failed.
In him that, spent and snared, lies low,
Hate's self must own a noble foe.

Not always to the swift the race,
Nor to the brave the fight;
But conquest's blest that adds the grace
Of mercy unto might.
Then let the sign that says "We spare,"
Be his that lieth, bleeding, there.

Let his blood purge the bitter sin
For which he fought so well,—
The right claimed for the whiter skin
Black life to buy and sell:
Its champion fall'n, that sin is slain,
Never, like him, to rise again.

Then staunch those gashes' crimson flood,
Brother take brother's hand,
And o'er the stain of kindred blood
Sweep smooth the trampled sand:
The life, unto your mercy given,
Spare, with acclaim of Earth and Heaven.

NEW POEM BY A YOUNG LADY.—*The Loves of Bonnets.*



THE AMERICAN GLADIATORS—HABET!

REWARD ACCORDING TO WORKS.



ERTAINLY there is one objection to the reward announced in the subjoined paragraph by the *Observer*, as about to be conferred on distinguished merit:—

"We understand that MR. THWAITES, Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, will receive the honour of knighthood on the occasion of the opening of the great system of intercepting sewers on both banks of the Thames."

The reward is inadequate to the merit. MR. THWAITES has won his spurs, and therefore he deserves to be knighted; but the completion of the great engineering work over which he has presided surely entitles him to something more than the title of a simple knight. He has done

the State more service than that which has been rendered it by an Alderman who earns that title by making his own fortune and happening, as LORD MAYOR, to have to stand the expense of feasting some illustrious characters. The drainage of London is, indeed, what a wag called one of the Cemetery Companies, a great undertaking. The Government had much better advise HER MAJESTY to create MR. THWAITES a Baronet outright. By so doing they will do no more than what is just, and, at the same time, exercising a wise discretion, will preclude a vile phonetic pun which may be suggested to the popular mind by the association of Knighthood with the achievement of conducting the Main Drainage to a successful issue.

BEER ON TRIAL.

AN instructive incident occurred the other day during an inquiry about some beer before the Sheriff of Gloucester. An action was brought by MESSRS. FLOWER, the Brewers of Stratford-on-Avon (who brew a sort of ale which is not unworthily called SHAKSPEARE), against another brewer named POLE, for putting some of his own beer into some of their casks, and thereby damaging those vessels. According to the *Cheltenham Examiner*:—

"During the progress of the trial, MR. TAYNTON produced a sample of the beer, in a tumbler, which being, as he alleged acid, tended, according to his argument, to injure the casks. The foreman of the jury, to whom it was handed, in order to test its quality, tasted it, smacked his lips, and drank it off at a draught—much to the astonishment and indignation of the worthy Under Sheriff—who spoke in terms of complaint to the offender. The foreman excused himself by saying, that he 'was rather thirsty.' As may be imagined, this way of sifting evidence created much amusement in Court."

The jury gave the plaintiffs a farthing damages. The only wonder is that they gave them any at all. When beer is produced in Court in proof that it is bad enough to injure barrels, and turns out to be so good that the foreman of the jury, on tasting a glass of it, cannot help tossing the whole of it down, one would think there should be an end of the question. Beer which a British jurymen so eagerly committed to his interior would surely be unlikely to corrode that of a cask. Evidently, this was no small beer.

The Craven Meeting.

THOSE who are unable to attend this sporting event, will find themselves amply recompensed by a visit to *One Tree Hill*, which has, by the magical paint-brush of MR. FENTON, migrated to the Strand. Each part is admirably filled, but specially is MR. STOYLE's Black Greenwich Pensioner a sketch worth seeing. An Irish friend among the audience informed us that "he admired this style" (he pronounced it "this *stoyle*") "of acting." This artist must have a great deal of trouble in "making up" for the part; but what's *toil* to him gives pleasure to us.

THE opposite to a Tea-fight—A Coffee-mill.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

WHY, good people, all this shaking?
Why this hurrying up and down?
Wherefore all this fuss you're making?
M.D.'s in hot haste note-taking?
Officers of Health awaking,
Boards of Health and Vestries quaking,
In the country and the town?

Local Government and Nuisance
Statutes eager to brush clean
Of the cobwebs of disuance,
Spun by vested rights' abusance,
Or by Bumbledom's recusance,
Till of letter they confuse sense,
And the spirit leave unseen.

All because my Russian harvest
Bids me clap the sickle in!
Swell my sheaves, poor serf that starvest,
While my ample meal thou carvest,
A la Russe the feast thou servest,
Nor from my approaching swervest,
Yet my Russian harvest's thin.

In St. Petersburg, death's foison,
Ample though it be, seems poor
To the crop my stomach cloys on,
When my English harvest joy's on,
Then, sown broad-cast, one employs on
Death's spade husbandry one's poison,
Of a ten-fold increase sure.

Yes! 'tis I, your old friend, Typhus,
Though I have a Russian dress on!
'Bout my Latin titles why fuss?
Yearly, 'mongst your homes I'm rife as
In St. Petersburg's black ciphers;
Wheresoe'er we grim guests hive us,
Still we read the self-same lesson.

The Almighty's penal purges,
'Tis God's work we carry through:
Smiting selfishness with scourges,
Wherewith from Plague's wasting surges
Retribution's hand emerges,
And CHRIST's lasting lesson urges,
"Do as you'd be done unto."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

[OUR Correspondent's letter arrived so late, that we have been unable to correct the latter part of the report, which contains expressions unintelligible, we admit, to us, but perfectly familiar, we do not doubt, to the Sporting Community.]

NEWMARKET.

There has been immense excitement during the week, and bets have been freely made. I send you my latest notes, up to this hour (seven o'clock), when there are some of the leading Turfites coming to dine with me.

Entries for the Claret Cup—Borage, Bordeaux, My Curaçoa,
Soda Water, Wenham Lake, Spoon.

There was a good deal of talking about the Derby, and the betting generally was three to one, but what against, or what for, I didn't exactly catch.

BETTING BEFORE DINNER.

THE TWO THOUSAND.

5 to 2 against Kangaroo | 8 to 1 against Liddington

I note these two down on the spot. They are very easy to recollect because of the rhyme. I must now attend to my guests, but will finish this parcel after the jovial meal. "Oh, dinner, in our hour of need!" What says the poet? "Delicious, coy—and how we feed!" "Coy" isn't the word; and now I come to think of it, I fancy that the lines don't apply to dinner at all. But no matter.

BETTING AT MIDNIGHT.

Bet it's past twelve o'clock. Better go to bed. Bet don't go less I like. What's that to you? I'm all right. So no more at present froyourstrulily. Bed.



A CASE OF "RING-DROPPING."

OWING TO THE SOLEMNITY OF THE EVENT, LITTLE SMITHING LOST HIS NERVE, AND WHILST PRESENTING THE RING, MANAGED TO LOSE THAT ALSO. (10 minutes to 12 o'Clock.)

DOWN WITH YOUR GOLD-DUST.

RED hair is all the rage just now in Paris, and ladies whose hair is black or brown by nature, are actually endeavouring (so at least we hear it whispered) to make it red by art. It is not very long since a contrary result was fashionably aimed at, and blackening or embrowning fluids were invented for the use of those whose tresses were unfashionably red. But Fashion is capricious, and what is ugly one day is called beautiful the next. As the colour upon which to stake the hazard of a dye, *rouge gagne* now-a-days, and still more now-a-nights, in the swell salons of Paris.

As applied to hair, however, the word "red" has not yet come into fashion, although the colour may have done so. Ladies with red hair used to vow that it was "auburn," and now to say that it is "golden" is the fashionable phrase. Moreover, not content with wearing golden hair (whether natural or not it were impertinent to ask), the rich hair-esses of Paris sprinkle gold-dust on their heads, to give their hair still more the fashionable hue. This practice must be costly, if indulged in by young ladies when going to a ball, for a rattling waltz or galop would soon dance down all their gold-dust. As a provident papa, if our daughters take to wearing such expensive hair-powder, we shall either stop their dancing, or insist upon their wearing a wide tray by way of collar, which may catch the precious particles when shaken from their heads.

We are aware that it is idle for a man to raise his voice against the freaks of fashion, and as for uttering a protest against the wearing of dyed hair, it were, in Oriental language, to "beat the air" to do so. If hunchbacks or cross-eyes were to come into fashion, ladies would begin to vie with one another as to which of them could cultivate the biggest hump or squint. So it is useless to exhort them never to say Dye. If fashion bade them wear grey hair, or even green, they would not hesitate to do so. Pirates as they are, in all matters of costume, they will sail under false colours at the very shortest notice. To impart an artificial redness to the hair is as easy, very likely, as to give it to the cheek; and we dare say there are few of those who dye their heads who are altogether worthy to be spoken of as beauties without paint.

M. THIERS ON FRANCE AND HER NEIGHBOUR.

THAT conscientious statesman, M. THIERS, in the Corps Législatif, has lately, of course with the patriotic object of giving the Imperial Government the assistance of his sincere and disinterested advice, been criticising the Italian Convention in a spirit hostile to united Italy, and favourable to the temporal Popedom. Following M. ROUHER, who had announced the Government's determination to carry the Convention duly out, according to REUTER's telegram:—

"M. THIERS rose, and said that the position in which the POPE was placed was untenable. He had been dispossessed of four-fifths of his States, and it was desired to take from him the rest. What would France do, he asked, in the event of the Romans annexing themselves to Piedmont?"

The new-born devotion of M. THIERS to the Holy See is highly respectable. Of course so devout a Catholic must be at least a Christian, if not, as heretics would say, something more. As a Christian, then, is it not strange that M. THIERS should ask such a question as "what would France do in the event of the Romans annexing themselves to Piedmont?" Because Christianity furnishes the religious THIERS with so obvious an answer. Surely, what France would do in the event of the Romans annexing themselves to Piedmont is that which France would like to have done to herself if she were in Piedmont's place.

University Intelligence.

Cambridge.

THE authorities have determined upon fitting the two Bedells, who precede the Vice-Chancellor, with shovel hats, which will be in keeping with the silver pokers carried by these officials. This change to come into operation on the first of May, Chimney Sweepers' day, when, as usual, the Vice-Chancellor will dance in front of the Senate House as Jack-in-the-Green. The part of "My Lord" will be sustained by a distinguished Fellow-Commoner from Trinity, while the rôle of "My Lady" will be undertaken by one out of any three Graces of the Senate.

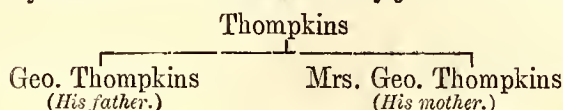
GENEALOGICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR,—I have lately been in considerable difficulties getting up, as the slang phrase goes, pretty tall trees—genealogical trees in fact—in order to prove the descent of our family the THOMPKINS (with an “h” and a “p,” you observe) in a direct line from the celebrated JULIUS CÆSAR. You, who have simply to take down from your book-shelves a History of Rome, have but small idea of the trouble there is in getting at the noble Roman by means of branches.

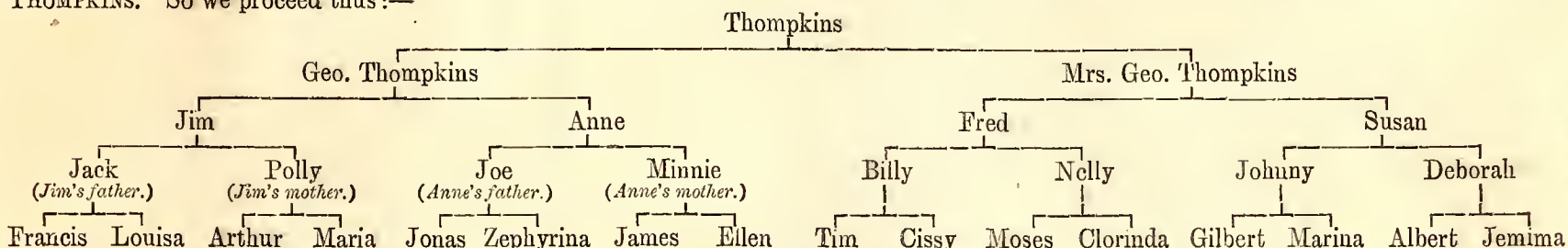
That most distinguished member of the Herald's Office, MR. PLANCHÉ, has unofficially and kindly offered to trace the THOMPKINS up to the *Invisible Prince*, or the *Yellow Dwarf*, or any other of his old friends of Fairy tale, but as he could not promise to go anywhere near JULIUS

CÆSAR, I was obliged respectfully to decline his good services. Seeing that it would have taken a small fortune to ascend by this means to the Great Progenitor of our Family, I determined to set to work at it myself.

I will first show you how far I have got, and what a puzzling affair it is. Puzzling! Good gracious, Sir! According to my calculations there must have been millions and billions more people in the year *one*, than in this present eighteen-hundred-and-sixty-five. Thus, take THOMP-KINS, myself, and trace him, as SHAKSPEARE says, “till we find him stopping a bung-hole with dust,” or something of that sort; but I am so confused that I have great difficulty in stating anything very clearly. Just try *your* hand at it.



Now, Sir, it is evident that as THOMPKINS possessed a father and a mother, so also did GEORGE THOMPKINS, and so also did MRS. GEORGE THOMPKINS. So we proceed thus:—



At this first station we stop, and set down eight! great-great-grand-fathers, and a corresponding number of great-great-grandmothers: all from THOMPKINS. Now, Sir, at this rate, you will find that in the fifteenth generation, THOMPKINS had seventeen thousand six hundred and sixty-four ancestors, and where was JULIUS CÆSAR? Why we have only got a quarter of the way; now, on we go again for another quarter. If you've not got room for the calculations you can easily publish a supplement, or leave out your pictures and put in my figures.*

* “Oh, yes!”—*Ed.*

[Here follow three pages of complicated calculations, which for want of space we omit.]

Now, Sir, even *now*, we're not half way to JULIUS CÆSAR. What immense combinations to produce a THOMPKINS! I shall ask DR. COLENSO and LORD DUNDREARY to dinner, and will give you the result of our united arithmetic.

I remain, Sir, yours, THEODORE THOMPKINS.

Postscript. P'raps over our after-dinner grog, we may arrive at some important *ginny*-alogical conclusion.

FOREIGNERS IN IRELAND.

ALL the world and his wife are expected in Dublin this summer, and the Dublinites are actively preparing to receive them. Indeed their bustle now is such that they have hardly time to think or write correctly, as this announcement serves to show:—

DUBLIN.—To ENGLISH VINTNERS and HEAD HOTEL WAITERS.—In three instances of peculiar domestic trials, we have THREE HOTEL and TAVERN ESTABLISHMENTS to DISPOSE OF on reasonable terms, which during the Great Exhibition would realise an independence to the purchasers, from the thousands of foreigners from all parts of Europe and the three kingdoms that will overcrowd this City; besides the Palace, with all its varied and varying attractions, being permanent, will at all times afterwards attract a constant succession of strangers and sojourners, and secure to Hotels and Taverns equally constant demands for accommodation. Address, with stamp for reply, &c.

If *Mr. Punch* had occasion to answer this advertisement, his “stamp for reply” would be a stamp of indignation at the notion of his being mistaken for a foreigner. Great Britain he presumes is a part of the “three kingdoms;” and, as the greatest of Great Britons, *Mr. Punch* feels a just wrath at finding himself classed among the “thousands of foreigners” who are about to flock to Dublin, and who, doubtless, when they get there will be finely fleeced. This latter fact seems pretty evident, if the keepers of hotels are to “realise an independence” in the course of a few weeks from the pockets of their guests: which we presume is what the advertisers wish to be inferred, although they tell us that it is their “reasonable terms” which will “realise an independence” at these advertised hotels.

THE LATEST OMEN AT ROME.

MR. NAPIER SPIERS, an English sporting gentleman sojourning at Rome, and a leading member of the Roman Hunt, rode, in a steeple chace, the other day, at Roma Vecchia, a horse called *Kettledrum*, belonging to PRINCE DORIA, whose family colours are crimson and green. Accordingly, MR. SPIERS wore a crimson jacket with green sleeves, over which vestments he happened also to sport a white scarf. Thus variegated, our gallant countryman had the good fortune to win the race. But the combination of colours wherein he achieved that success, chanced to constitute the Italian tricolor. On that account MR. SPIERS had the ill-luck to be ordered by MONSIGNORE MATTEUCCI, the Director of Police, to quit Rome in six days; and CARDINAL ANTONELLI, on being appealed to, confirmed the sentence of his subordinate. Infallibility surely extends to Infallibility's ministers. How unerring is the judgment of

the authorities who thought fit to expel a steeple-chace rider from the Papal dominions for the unintentional affront of inadvertently wearing forbidden colours! What incapability of blundering was manifest in calling the attention of the world to the symbolical fact that the wearer of the Italian tricolor won! There is an English racing song entitled “*The Boy in Yellow wins the Day*.” The expulsion contemplated by the Papal Government of MR. SPIERS, was the safest possible way they could have taken to generate, and cause to pass from mouth to mouth, as a popular by-word, the parallel saying, “The boy in crimson, green, and white wins the day.” In the policy of this meditated proceeding, with especial regard to the proclivity of the Roman people to be influenced by omens, there was decidedly “no mistake.” For although the Government of His Holiness were ultimately induced, by the representations of British residents, to accept MR. SPIERS's explanations, and let him stay, their suggestion of the ominous nature of his winning colours is an accomplished fact, and the good they did by it cannot be undone.

ORNITHOLOGICAL HYMN.

At Woolstone in the County Hants,
(A famous place for British Birds),
The Cuckoo spoke on Sunday week,
And flitting Swallows twittered words.

The Wry-neck and the Barley Bird
For several days have there been seen,
And Spring is really come at last,
So let us sing God save the QUEEN.

CHARACTERISTIC.

So thoroughly is LOUIS NAPOLEON Cæsarised, that, it is said, he not only tries to live *à la Cæsar*, but he regularly dines *à six heures*.

MANY of the Westminster Tradesmen say that MR. MILL's chance would be better, if instead of making the Rule of Three his standard, he had taken the Rule of Thumb.

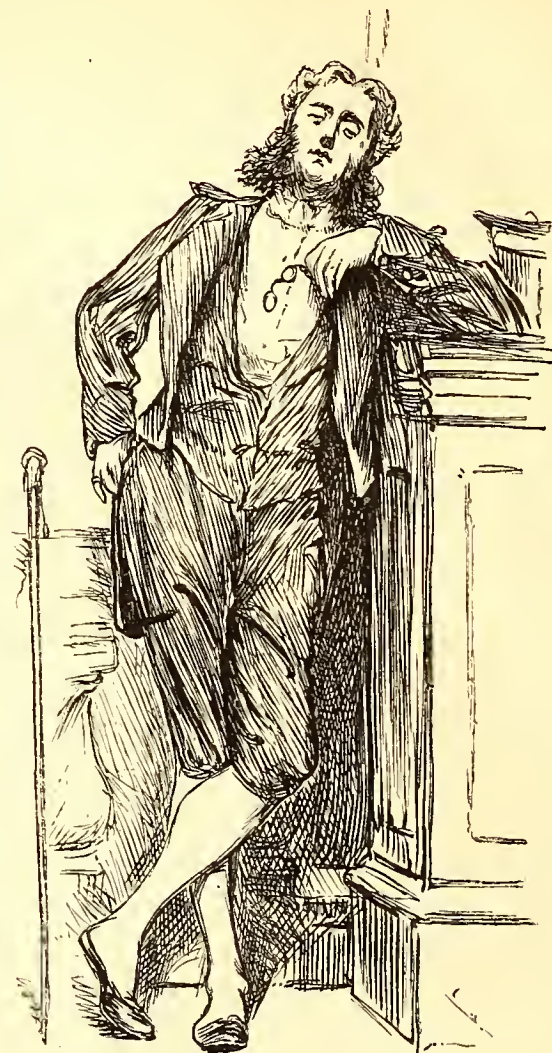
A CHOICE FOR FINSBURY.—Finsbury, for her representation in the next Parliament, wants a tried man. Naturalise, and nominate, PELIZZONI.



AN AUTHORITY.

Nurse. "AND TO-DAY WAS LITTLE CISSY'S BIRTHDAY; AND SIR JOHN, HE GAVE HER A CORAL NECKLACE; AND MILADY, SHE GAVE HER A BOO'FUL BLUE FROCK; AND AS FOR MR. JAMES, HE TOOK MORE NOTICE OF HER NOR ANYBODY DID, AND GAVE HER A SWEET KISS! HEIGHO! WHO WOULDN'T BE LITTLE CISSY?"

N.B. SIR JOHN IS CISSY'S GOD-PAPA, AND MILADY HER GOD-MAMMA, AND AS FOR MR. JAMES, WHY—



THIS IS MR. JAMES!

THE STAGE FROM THE FRONT.

THE Strand Managers having fed half a generation upon burlesques and such dramatic pastry, are now striving to change their diet. The chief dish of the evening is now a serio-comic drama called *One Tree Hill*, which has supplied the place of *Milky White*. This little drama is rather rickety in its story, is too full of weak characters, and depends too much upon wills and documents. The author, MR. CRAVEN, is an actor, with all an actor's belief in well-tryed stage expedients, particularly in malapropisms. His acting is intelligent, but hard, spasmodic, and narrow. It wants passion, and yet is too often a painful imitation of the late FREDERICK ROBSON. MISS M. PALMER is a promising young actress with a faulty pronunciation, who knows how to be natural; and MR. STOYLE, another importation from Liverpool, is a most conscientious character actor. Small theatres, like the Strand, are terribly destructive to real art: the actors are mixed too much with the audience to maintain the proper illusion of the scene; and the audience are brought too close to the stage to respect the actors. MR. STOYLE ignores the audience like a true artist, but we can hardly say the same of many of his companions.

MR. FECHTER's Easter offering is the well-tryed play of *Belphegor*, in which he plays the mountebank, his wife being represented by MDLLE. BEATRICE, a South-American-Italian lady, with a French training, who performs in English. MR. FECHTER's son is played by MASTER FECHTER. The chief members of the company are thus adapted from the French as well as the drama, and are adapted more skilfully. The scenery is very elaborate and effective, but the delays in setting it are too heavy a price to pay for its merits. Equal allowances of waiting and acting are too much for the patience of a busy and punctual nation.

Young FREDERICK ROBSON—a son who resembles and copies his lamented father—has appeared at the St. James's, and his reception

was honourable to the hearts if not to the heads of the audience. The average British playgoer may not have much judgment, but he never forgets an old favourite or an old favourite's children; and young ROBSON, if he likes, may become a popular, and with care, a good actor.

THE WHOLE HOG OR NONE.

THE following extract from a letter written by MR. JOHN STUART MILL to MR. T. B. POTTER, now Member for Rochdale, is a truly admirable specimen of MILL's logic:—

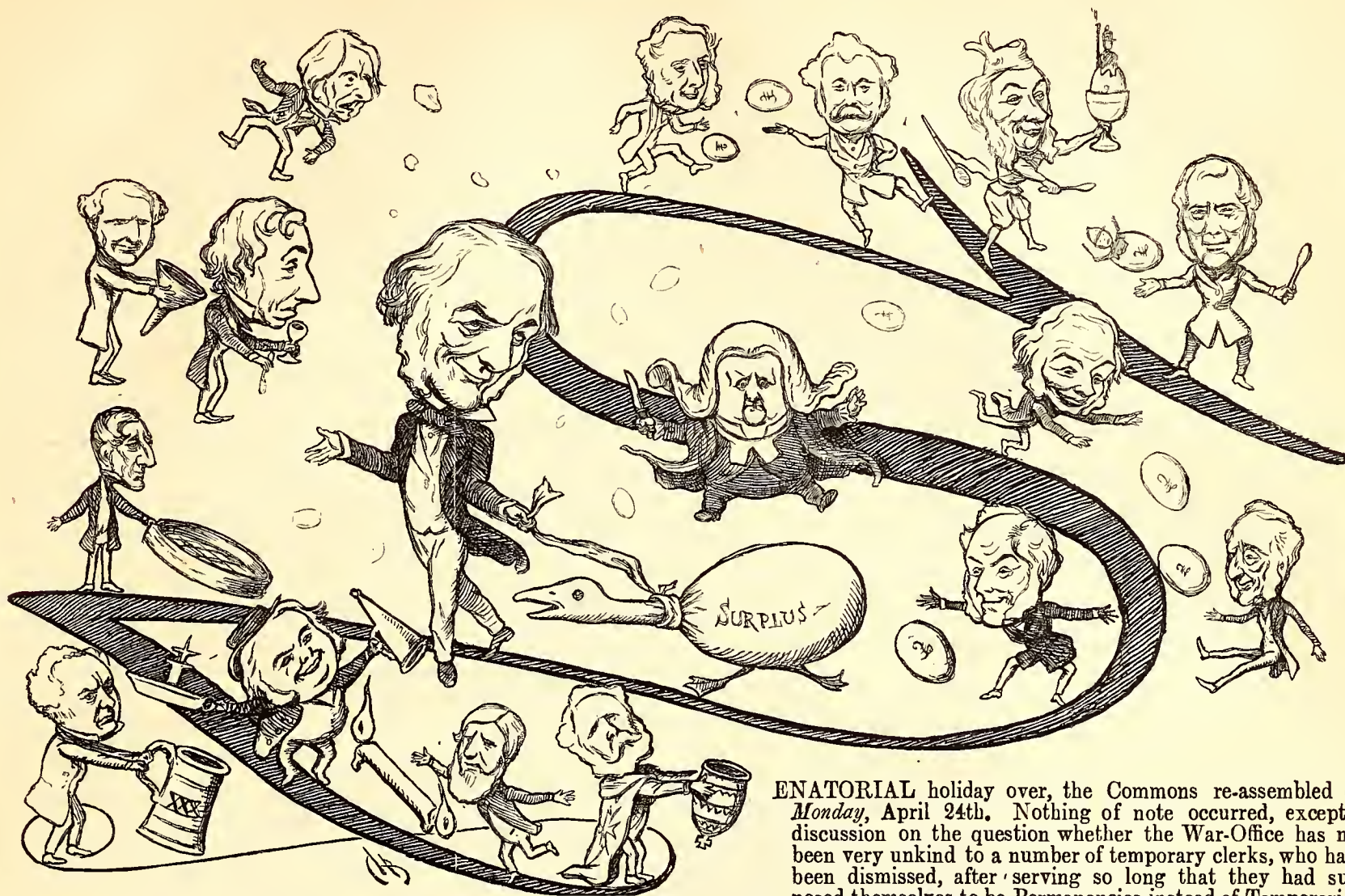
"I have long since determined that, for myself, I will never join in any movement for what is called manhood suffrage. Adult suffrage is what I contend for; and when one goes in, not for an object immediately attainable, but for a principle, we ought to go the whole length of it. No reason, either of right or expediency, can be found to justify giving the suffrage to men, exclusively of women; and the word manhood suffrage, having been substituted for the good old phrase, universal suffrage, for the express purpose of showing that women are not included, to adopt it is to give a direct assent to their exclusion."

If a principle is good, by all means let us, as MR. MILL says, go the whole length of it. Let us go the whole hog in the abstract, male and female, like MR. MILL, who, with respect to the suffrage, goes not only the whole boar, but, so to speak, the whole sow.

A Test.

MR. MILL, (whom we hope to call M.P. for Westminster,) would give votes to all persons, not criminals or paupers, who can Read, Write, and Do a Sum in the Rule of Three. How many Members of young MR. GROSVENOR's dandy Committee can comply with the requisition? Let them come to 85, Fleet Street, between 10 and 4, and be examined by our boy.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



SENATORIAL holiday over, the Commons re-assembled on Monday, April 24th. Nothing of note occurred, except a discussion on the question whether the War-Office has not been very unkind to a number of temporary clerks, who have been dismissed, after serving so long that they had supposed themselves to be Permanent instead of Temporary. The authorities settled the matter in the peremptory style of

MISS SUSAN NIPPER. It may also be said that vast heaps of Scotch petitions were presented, having frightened all the Scotch ministers and elders out of their senses. Clergymen, who declare that they enjoy a Monday's newspaper, and then send for the printer who produced it by working on Sunday, and excommunicate him, are of course entitled to all the reverence due to charity and consistency. As MILTON says,

"New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large."

Divers of Her Majesty's subjects are detained as prisoners by the KING OF ABYSSINIA. That monarch was said to have favoured QUEEN VICTORIA with an offer of marriage, and to have imprisoned her lieges in revenge for her non-appreciation of his dusky love. It is more probable that he hopes to induce us to aid him, either with money or arms, against his neighbours, and also against France, who is thought to regard him with an unfavourable eye. We may have our own reasons for not wishing to scrunch him, but they should be good ones, if they are strong enough to justify us in leaving friends in his power. Some of them are missionaries, who may be expected to take their chance of the results of their pertinacious interferences, but CAPTAIN CAMERON, our Consul, has a right to our best help. MR. LAYARD deprecated any conversation on the subject, as the King is touchy.

SIR F. SMITH pointed out that in page 9 of the War Estimates there is a mistake, in the addition, of £443,000. The other day we were told that the War clerks are too clever by half, and certainly this looks like it. The Houseless Poor and Abolition of Beggars Bill passed, so it will be of no use for the Beggars to be coming to Town, as they are doing so amusingly in MR. MARKS'S capital new picture at the Academy.

Tuesday. SIR GEORGE GREY very properly said that he disapproved of the making a show of the poor children at the Reformatories. Islington, which is growing notorious for exhibitions, and seems eager to get away from Puritanism and back to its normal condition of "merry Islington" (*Cowper*), is now to be enlivened with a parade of such children at the Agricultural Hall. The arrangements will probably be modified, after the Minister's intimation.

Government at last brought in a Bill for the reform of Greenwich Hospital. We felt quite unequal to enter into the subject until we had examined the localities, and this investigation, with our usual zeal for the interests of the public, we endeavoured to make later in the week. Not wishing to excite the apprehensions of the Hospitallers by any ostentatious parade, we occupied a balcony of the house of a lady of the

name of HART, whence we should have been able to examine the place at leisure, but for a sun-blind, which limited our view to the river. This, however, was of less consequence, as we had not been in our post for more than a few minutes, when it became necessary to adjourn to a neighbouring room for refreshment, and this occupied us until a late hour. We are able to speak in the highest terms of the refectory, especially of the salmon and hot pickles, the whiting omelette, the ducklings and asparagus, and the ices; nor must we omit a word of praise touching the only liquids which our simple and temperate habits permitted us to take, namely, the Sherry, Hock, Moselle Cup, Champagne, Cognac, Port, Claret, and Madeira. As regards the Hospital, we did not like to disturb the waiters by asking them questions, but we believe that the sailors are to have out-pensions, so that they can live with their friends, and that the Hospital is to be kept for the infirm, and that the payments are all to be made through the estimates; but as we shall shortly have occasion to visit an inhabitant of Greenwich, called QUARTERMAINE, we shall make a point of inquiring more fully into that matter.

A curious little Bill was brought in to-day—we do not mean at Greenwich, as we had nothing to do with that detail—but in the House. ARCHDEACON HALE objects to the sale by auction of St. Bennet's Church, E.C., so a Bill is to be passed enabling the Auctioneer to knock down the sacred lot without the Archdeacon's leave.

Wednesday. After some debate, SIR GEORGE BOWYER'S Bill for regulating the jurisdiction of the Inns of Court, was read a Second Time, but there be signs and tokens that it will be wrecked before long. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL invited the Inns to say what they thought about it.

In the middle of this day arrived the news that ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the honest, kind-hearted, resolute President of the United States, had been foully murdered in a theatre at Washington on Good Friday last. It is not in this place that an attempt should be made to describe the fierce indignation felt all over this land, or the deep sympathy which

was so promptly testified towards our American brethren. But it is part of the Parliamentary story that the Commons assembled to-day hastened to sign an address of execration and condolence, and to present it to the American Minister.

Thursday. The Lords re-assembled, and EARL RUSSELL instantly gave notice that on the following Monday he should move an Address expressive of sorrow and indignation at the murder of MR. LINCOLN. EARL DERBY said that such an expression would not only meet the unanimous assent of the Peers of England, but would represent the feelings of every man, woman, and child in Her Majesty's dominions. In the Commons, SIR GEORGE GREY gave a similar notice.

To-day, MR. GLADSTONE brought forward the Budget. We are inclined to believe that it will not at all injure the chances of Ministerial Candidates at the coming general Election, though of course such a consideration never entered the head of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. By the way, his son—bless us all! MR. GLADSTONE himself was but the other day being schooled by LORD MACAULAY, as a young man of promise, but too much addicted to High Church—has been asked to stand for a borough. His answer is not exactly like that of LORD AMBERLEY. He is willing to stand, but would avoid dogmatizing, believing that being young, he ought to learn. Well said, G. *files*.

The Budget contains three points of importance:—

MR. GLADSTONE *takes Sixpence off the Tea-Duty*. All such reductions have hitherto been an excuse for raising the prices by the grocers, who invent the most extraordinary fictions for the mystification of Mater-familias, about there having been a deal of tea in bond, which it was now necessary to sell at a higher price on account of the warehousing system, and similar bosh, which sends her home with a wild cock-and-bull story, but a clear assurance that the housekeeping will not be less expensive. Let us hope that this time we may not be charged more because the duty is lower.

Twopence in the Pound comes off the Income-Tax. We should not have

mentioned—we love to do good by stealth—that this is *Mr. Punch's* doing, but MR. GLADSTONE has written to us, begging that we will supply his accidental omission. This important diminution, which reduces the tax to a GROAT, or shall we playfully say a JOE, was made by MR. GLADSTONE in consequence of *Mr. Punch's* intimation that unless it were made, he should oppose the Ministry at the General Election, and bring in LORD DERBY.

The Fire Insurance Duty is to be *a uniform Eighteenpence*. It must all come off sooner or later, but some people have that tenacious and slightly obstinate nature which will never do exactly and frankly the right thing. They will give you a cheque for £100, and snarl at you for taking one of their clean envelopes to put it in.

The rest of the Budget speech was made up of a historical survey, for which see the previous volumes of *Punch*, of a glorification of our prosperity, for which see our Cartoons, *passim*, and of a demolition of the views of the Conservatives about the Malt-Tax, for which see various of our brilliant articles and songs. Where should statesmen go for their diamonds, but to our Golconda!

Friday. The Temple of Justice Bill was read a Second Time in the Lords, the CHANCELLOR drawing so frightful a picture of the present inconveniences of the profession and the suitors that even LORD ST. LEONARDS was moved. But he disapproved of the Bill, and also deplored the prospect, in which LORD WESTBURY exulted, that there would soon be no difference between Law and Equity.

The thunder of the Commons is about to descend on one G. M. MITCHELL, for breach of privilege. There have been forged signatures to the petitions about AZEEM JAH! Something dreadful is to happen, but we have not yet heard whether MITCHELL is to be executed in Old or in New Palace-Yard.

We suppose that the Members had been tired out at the Private View of the Royal Academy—(when MR. DISRAELI comes into office, we trust that he will remember the polite and considerate way in which we abstained from shoving ourselves before him while he was inspecting MR. MILLAIS'S "*Enemy Sowing Tares*"—we object to foreign parts, unless a diplomatic mission)—for they were Counted Out at dinner-time.

ANIMATED ADVERTISEMENTS.



CERTAIN of the American newspapers announce that landscape advertising is becoming quite the fashion now in Canada. Pretty water-falls and rocks, and other picturesque and attractive bits of scenery, are seized upon by shopmen as good places for advertisements; and the beauties of Nature are defaced by ugly placards and hideous trade-posters. Where the tourists most do congregate to see a lovely landscape, they find painted in big letters the name of some quack pill-monger, or they see a staring placard telling them to go and "TRY SHODDY'S

SHILLING TROUSERS!" or else possibly advising them to "BUY BUGGINS'S CHEAP BEDSTEDS! WARRANTED INSECT-PROOF!!"

If this process should proceed, and Nature be thus turned to advertising purposes, we suppose that use will next be made of animated Nature, and that placards will be hung about the necks of birds and beasts, as well as posted on a hill-side, or stuck upon a tree. Elephants will have their broad sides plastered with the puffs of enterprising tradesmen, and placards will be fastened upon buffaloes and bison, porcupines and pigs. Camelopards will be trained to carry boards about their necks, in the manner of the boardmen lately stopped by the police; and rhinoceroses possibly will somehow be instructed to march in single file, with the name of some quack doctor painted on their carcasses. Just fancy the effect upon a frightened Cockney tourist of meeting in his travels a procession such as this! He never would forget the name he thus saw advertised, and would be sure to mention it to every one he talked to, which is just exactly what advertisers wish.

Birds, too, as well as beasts might be employed in this way, and be used with great advantage to disseminate trade puffs. Why should not pigeons have small handbills tied under their wings, while a like use might be made of partridges and pheasants? It would please a sportsman mightily, after bagging, say, a wild duck, to find a quack's advertisement fastened to its neck. He would be sure to tell his friends about the circumstance, and would announce it in a letter to some sporting print. This would be precisely what would suit a puffing shopkeeper. Publicity is what an advertiser aims at, and he little cares in what way he attains it. When once men take to advertise by painting upon rock-sides, and cutting names on trees, we may depend they will not shrink from any act of Nature-slaughter. All the beauties of Nature they will spoil as they are able, and deface them and deform them whether animate or inanimate. They would hunt a chamois merely to plaster it with puffs; and if they caught a bird of paradise, they would never hesitate to strip it of its plumage, if they could turn the plucking to account as an advertisement.

THE OBJECTS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

ON Wednesday last week a Confirmation was held by the BISHOP OF LONDON at Christ Church, Newgate Street, when, as a reporter puts it, "a large number of young members of Christ's Hospital were admitted to the ancient rite of the Church by the imposition of hands." In recording this event, we take the opportunity which it affords of reminding the Governors of the abovenamed establishment that, however satisfactory the progress and conduct of the Bluecoat boys may be in many respects, there is one particular wherein their habits are notoriously of the worst description. That is to say, their clothes are uncomfortable, ugly, and ridiculous in the extreme. To those who were confirmed the other day, the Bishop delivered an address on the nature of the ceremony which they had been engaged in, and of course he told them how they ought to walk; but anybody, who observes the clumsy shoes which those boys are studiously provided with, will see that they must experience the greatest difficulty in walking anyhow.

The Bluecoat boys, to keep appearances up with their name, might continue to wear blue coats, but coats of modern make; or rather they might begin to wear blue coats and leave off blue gowns. What necessity is there for furnishing them with caps too small to be wearable, and bedizening them in yellow stockings, wanting but crossed garters to make them look like so many little *Malvolios*? If they must needs be clad in ridiculous attire because it was that of British youth in the time of EDWARD THE SIXTH, the foundation scholars of Eton ought, for their part, to be rigged out in the still earlier costume of the sixth HENRY; and, what is more, the Aldermen of London should themselves be obliged to go about apparelled in the style of the thirteenth century, or perhaps arrayed in the accoutrements of Gog and Magog.



APTENODYTES PENNANTIS, ESQ.

(A Sketch taken in the Zoological Gardens).

PHILOSOPHY AND FASHION.

To the philosophic mind it is ever an amusement to contemplate the fanciful and fickle freaks of fashion.

When hoops went out of vogue nigh a century ago, the ladies vowed that scanty petticoats were infinitely prettier; and they vied with one another in reducing their dimensions, until their skirts became so shrunk they could hardly move their feet within the limited circumference. So, doubtless, will it be again now Crinoline is doomed. The milliners of Paris have determined on reviving the "costume of the Empire" of some fifty seasons since, and who will dare dispute the mandates of the milliners. Already we see signs of the change which is approaching. Ladies fresh from Paris startle our eyes now-a-days by appearing in what at first sight we might fancy are their night-dresses. Of course when once the tide sets in, all the female world will swim with it. Casting overboard their Crinoline, the Ladies will all look as though they had been put under a rigid course of BANTING. Our wives will be so altered that we shall hardly know them; and, when they walk out in their limp and scanty dresses, we shall at first be scarcely able to realise our happiness in missing the accustomed chafing of our shins.

To the philosophic mind it will be curious to note what excuses will be made for the wearing of scant petticoats, to which the ladies have all vowed that they never could revert. The comfort that there was, said they, in wearing iron cages nobody could tell; and they protested that they wore them solely for that reason and not for fashion's sake. The philosopher might shrug his shoulders at their vows, and rightly estimate their worth; but philosophy availed naught in its efforts to reduce the circumference of petticoats, which fashion had expanded and fashion only could contract. In its influence on Lovely Woman, philosophy will bear no comparison with fashion; and the philosopher who fancies that his words will be listened to, when fashion claims a hearing, is no better than a fool.

A FISHY TALE.

MRS. CANDOUR (*log.*). There's no one that has a greater horror of scandal than I have, MRS. SPEAKER; but one can't help making remarks promiscuous, you know. Now, there's MRS. PEERS, what lives in that great House over yonder, a Lady that prides herself on her family connections and what not, and whose daughters all wear tippets trimmed with ermine. You've heard o' course about that little affair! No? well, it's a fishy tale, MRS. SPEAKER; a very fishy tale. So far as I can get at the rights of it, and setting aside all inflammatory reports, MRS. PEERS, who was always considered a perfect lady in every respect, is in a very delicate state. You see we're all fallible creatures, and likely to be thrown off our guards. MRS. PEERS was looking out

for what might be passing, when she saw a Man with what seemed a very nice plaice; so she went to the door, and she says, "What do you want for that plaice, my good man?" for it struck MRS. PEERS that he hadn't come honestly by it. Well, it's not in my nature to be uncharitable: it's hard to judge your fellow-mortals, but we are called upon to believe that the man, smitten by conscience, instantaneously, so to speak, dropped the plaice and took to his heels. Such things have happened before; such things might happen agin. Well, MRS. PEERS, naterally enough, took up the plaice, and said to herself this will do very nicely for DICKY; he's pertickler fond of any kind of plaice; so she laid it on a shelf, and when DICKY came home she told him what had occurred, and he thanked MRS. PEERS kindly.

But now comes the most marvellist part of this fishy tale. The plaice which seemed so nice and fresh as soon as it was put on the table, O, dear! every one in the house cried "poo!" and where's my salts? It was regularly, it was indeed, gamey; would you believe it? MRS. PEERS was cut up dreadful. She couldn't help admitting, even while she held her vinaigrette up, that it was overpowering; and the worst of it is, they can't get the disagreeable smell out of the House. Brown paper has been burnt, RIMMEL has been summoned, windows have been thrown up, and every means of ventilation tried agin and agin, but as MR. BARD says, "You may pint to the cause of sich fumes, if you will, but them wot's got noses will shun the plaice still."

A VOICE FOR THE VOICELESS.

THERE is an old saying that "Speech is silver, and silence is golden;" but there are people in the world whose silence is, unhappily, anything but golden to them, deprived, as they are, utterly of all power of speech. In London alone are some two thousand deaf and dumb, who, by their sad affliction, are prevented from pursuing many courses of employment which would otherwise be open to them. For these poor folk, who cannot speak a word for themselves, *Mr. Punch* would say a word to those who are disposed to do a kindly act. Anybody who is gifted with a bump of benevolence, can only need the very slightest hint from *Mr. Punch* that money is required to assist the deaf and dumb, who in part through their calamity are straitened in their means, and whose tongues are helpless in pleading for our help.

Thanks to MR. VILLIERS and his excellent Houseless Poor Act, our streets will soon be cleared of beggars by profession; and the money which has yearly been wasted on impostors will be available to aid such poor afflicted creatures as the deaf and dumb. Let the benevolent then put their hands into their pockets, and not take them out until they get to Regent Street, where, if they ask politely at Number 309, they may see a gentleman of the novel name of SMITH. He will be most happy to relieve them of the money they may chance to have about them, and to make a better use of it than would the street beggars, to whom, but for this notice, it might possibly have gone. As there are many deaf and dumb who are among the houseless poor, a building fund has properly been started for their housing; and MR. SMITH is the good Secretary to whom subscriptions may be paid for aiding this good work.

BROTHER IGNATIUS AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

ACCORDING to a contemporary, BROTHER IGNATIUS at Easter performed some extraordinary services. To be sure, the services which this eccentric devotee ordinarily performs are extraordinary enough, but those which he performed at Easter appear to have been more than ordinarily extraordinary. Among the scenery of these performances was included a mimic sepulchre, with a figure in it, of which the description need not be copied. Suffice it to quote the statement that:—

"This sepulchre was thrown open to the public. At the entrance was a bowl, with the inscription, 'Offerings for the Sepulchre.'"

The establishment of BROTHER IGNATIUS includes a little boy called the "INFANT SAMUEL," the contriver, probably, of the arrangement above described, and author of its inscription, which looks very like "Remember the Grotto!" But whenever IGNATIUS walks abroad, no doubt he is followed by a multitude of street boys; and perhaps in adapting to the purposes of his imitative ceremonial analogies which he may have derived from the opening of the oyster-season, he has been pleased to take a lesson from a portion—likely to be the largest portion—of his own followers.

For the Drawing-Room.

(When there's a dead silence.)

My first is a bird; my second's a letter of the alphabet: my whole is some game.

Explanation. Crow. K. (*Croquet.*)



"TRYING."

Country Photographer (removing Cap from the Lens). "QUITE STEADY, NOW, SIR, IF YOU PLEASE."

[Not so easy with a Lively Wasp threatening your Nose—and the Negative is a failure.]

Abraham Lincoln.

FOULLY ASSASSINATED, APRIL 14, 1865.

You lay a wreath on murdered LINCOLN's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
 Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
 His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
 His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
 His lack of all we prize as debonair,
 Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
 Judging each step, as though the way were plain:
 Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
 Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain.

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
 The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
 Between the mourners at his head and feet,
 Say, scurril-jester, is there room for *you*?

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
 To lame my pencil, and confute my pen—
 To make me own this hind of princes peer,
 This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,
 Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
 How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
 How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble yet how hopeful he could be:
 How in good fortune and in ill the same:

Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
 Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
 Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
 As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
 Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
 That God makes instruments to work his will,
 If but that will we can arrive to know,
 Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

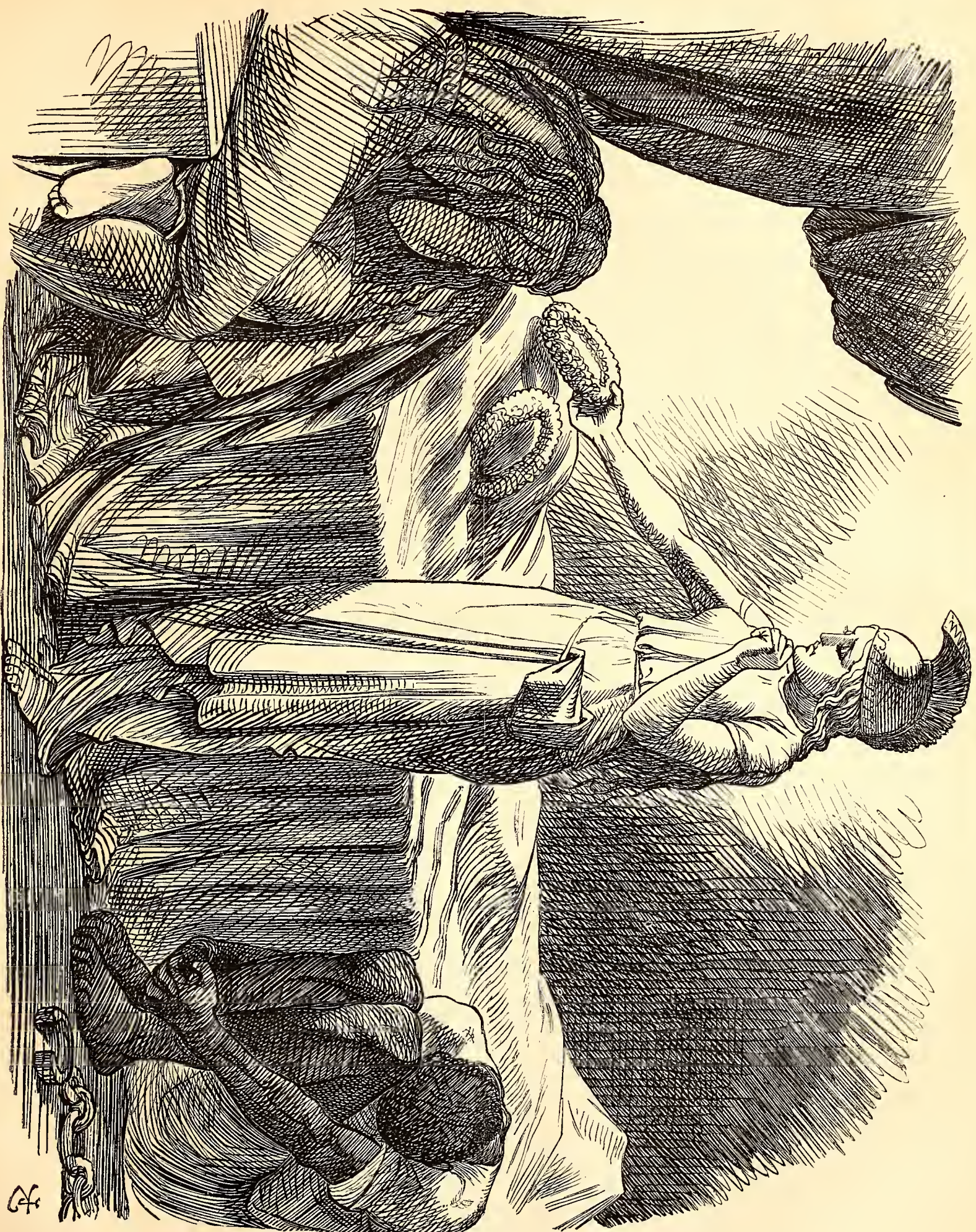
So he went forth to battle, on the side
 That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
 As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
 His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
 The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
 The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
 The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
 Such were the needs that helped his youth to train:
 Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
 If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
 And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
 Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
 And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
 And took both with the same unwavering mood:
 Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
 And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,



BRITANNIA SYMPATHISES WITH COLUMBIA.

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-labouring limbs were laid to rest!

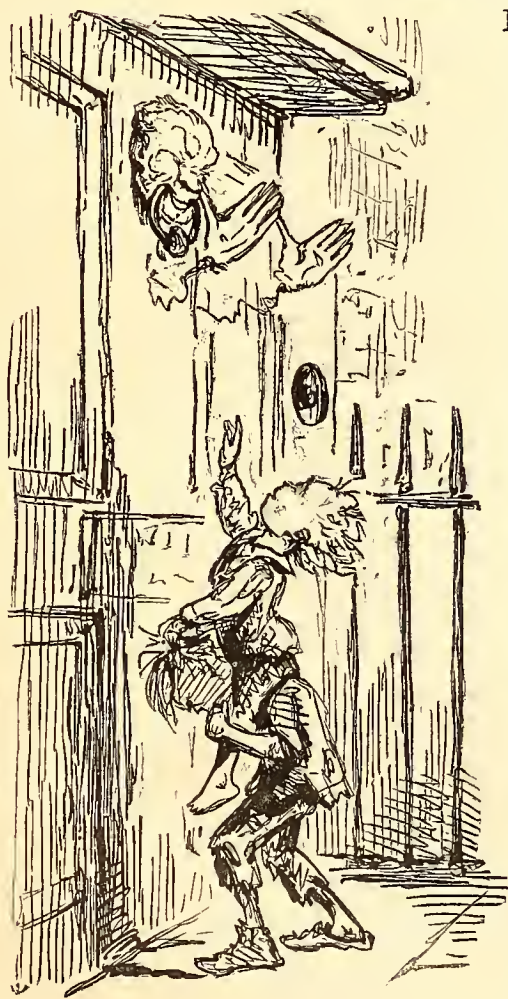
The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high,
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like CAIN'S, stands darkly out,

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven!

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.



We are glad to see that one of our Universities is trying to combine instruction with amusement: we give the following notice for the ensuing Term:—

The Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology, intends to give lectures in full Watteau-Arcadian costume. Students to attend as shepherds and shepherdesses. No one admitted without a mask of some sort. Clowns not allowed. This course will include a few words on Field-preaching, and the Laws of the Meads.

The Professor of Logic will lecture Mrs. Professor of Logic, every morning at breakfast. No admittance except for children in arms.

The Savilian Professor of Geometry, will attend his own lecture whenever he likes.

The Professor of Music will sing a little thing of his own composition in the Senate House. To commence at 1 A.M. precisely. Professor MASSA GINGER will preside at the tambourine.

The Chichele Professor of International Law, will see any gentleman wishing for private instruction further first. He will, however, propose conundrums every day from two till four. Forfeits collected by the Junior Proctor.

The Sedleian Professor will give his usual entertainment of ventriloquism, and the beauties of the magnet, assisted by a Magic Lantern. Half-price at nine o'clock.

The Professor of Geology will give a Lecture on the Bones. After which, in connection with the nearest sporting event, he will explain the science of taking odds, and making a good betting-book on the Extinct Races of Animals. Admission to the grand stand by ticket only.

The Margaret Professor will have something to say on female University Education, the stretching board, positions, and will devote half-an-hour each day to giving a practical illustration of the first steps in dancing.

A NEW LIGHT.—When the Heroine of a Novel is represented as "becoming agitated on hearing the sound of her lover's step," it may be taken to mean that she was startled by the hollow of his foot.

A REAL BLESSING TO GRAZIER.

THE British Farmer of these days is a gentleman of fashion, so much of one, at least, as to have fashionable daughters, who play or sing all the new music, and read the *Morning Post*. In that excellent journal, therefore, the daughters of the British Farmer will have met with a leader relative to this spring season, and concerning, not indeed spring bonnets and spring toilettes, but spring crops, and the kindred subject of bucolic matters. Not, as merely fashionable young ladies, skipping this solid article, but, like sensible girls, giving it their attentive perusal, they will have no doubt been so forcibly struck with the ensuing remarks as to have been impelled to read them out to their papas:—

"Notwithstanding the deficiency of provender which must have been experienced in all parts of the kingdom, the animals look healthy, and the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will, we hope, have little occasion to interfere for their protection. Self-interest alone, generally speaking, induces people to take care of the inferior animals; and if railway companies would only construct troughs around their cattle trucks, for the purpose of holding water for the use of horned cattle and sheep during their transit from place to place—which could easily be filled at stations where detention is necessary, and where the engine has to be 'watered'—there would be little if anything to complain of in the present mode of sending live stock to market."

Just the very thing for the purpose specified by the *Post* has been devised by MR. REID, of Granton. A model of it was exhibited, last January, at a special general meeting of the West Lothian Agricultural Association. On the occasion of its exhibition, MR. REID, at the call of the Chairman, SIR WILLIAM BAILLIE, of Polkemmet, Bart., made a speech to explain the necessity for his invention; which is threefold. In the first place, by conveyance for long distances without water, animals suffer extremely. MR. REID asks:—

"Is it to be wondered at to see the animals leave the trucks at the end of the journey utterly exhausted, and the saliva often oozing from their noses and mouths, or to all appearance in a state of disease?"

Secondly, if anybody thinks the suffering of the cattle of no consequence, let him be undeceived by the information that their misery makes bad meat. In continuation, MR. REID observes, for the enlightenment of benighted indifference:—

"Indeed, any one acquainted with cattle slaughtered in that state knows that the beef has lost considerably in quality, and consequently the value of the animals is very much reduced, from the simple cause of the want of a timely supply of fresh water on the journey, which acts in a manner upon cattle easily observable to the most unpractised eye."

So the thirst of stock tells upon the breeder's pocket. Thirdly, the price of good meat, in competition with bad, is of course raised to paterfamilias and the public, now, "when," as MR. REID reminded his hearers, "each pound of wholesome butcher's meat costs more than double the price it did a very few years ago." Think of that!

Good sound juicy beef and mutton, according to MR. REID, are rendered dry and coarse by the want of water on a long journey by rail. A late outcry about diseased meat was caused principally by this want of water. If stock, during transit, were properly supplied with water, the Railway carrying traffic would soon be doubled. Two to one on MR. REID's invention.

By its use the scab on sheep would in a great measure be prevented, and that, of course, would promote the consumption of mutton. From the hose supplying the engine of a railway-train, "the stoppage of one minute would suffice to supply water to each truck fitted up with the patent watering trough," invented by MR. REID. The trucks would require to be watered only "at intervals of, say, from five to six hours." Is it necessary to say more?

No; but the farmers' daughters who read the article in the *Post* about the watering of stock, now that they have also read the foregoing statements respecting a clever contrivance for that purpose, will all exclaim, "Do, Papa, try and make those Railway Companies have their trucks all fitted up with MR. REID's patent watering-trough to prevent thirst from tormenting poor cattle."

HAMLET AT VIENNA.

SHAKESPEARE, by the subjoined account from a contemporary, does not seem to be so carefully studied as he ought to be by Austrian actors:—

"CONSEQUENCES OF MIMICKING A MINISTER.—An actor at Vienna named ASCHER has just been condemned to a week's imprisonment for having mimicked on the stage M. DE SCHMERLING, by gestures and by wearing the costume of an Austrian functionary; and also for introducing political allusions into a piece."

The Viennese comedian who ventured to offend M. SCHMERLING, and incur

"The deep damnation of his taking-off,"

to the extent of a whole week's duration, evidently had not read, or not considered, *Hamlet's* caution to the players respecting *Polonius*:—

"Follow that lord; and, look you, mock him not."

At Vienna the theatre is some way from Liberty Hall.



First Academician. "THE ACADEMY FOOLISHLY GAVE WAY, AND ADMITTED THE PICTURES OF THE (in a whisper) P'RAPHAELITES, AND WE'VE SEEN THE LAMENTABLE CONSEQUENCES OF THAT, AND HERE'S ANOTHER IMPERTINENT FELLOW THINKS HE'S A RIGHT TO PAINT ACCORDING TO HIS OWN NOTIONS. NOW, IF THIS YOUNG MAN'S RIGHT, STREAKIE, WE'RE ALL WRONG!"

Streakie, R.A. "PRECISELY."

First Academician. "TAKE IT AWAY, CHIPPS!"

SECRET SOCIETIES.

SIR,

THE Arnold Essay prize has this year been adjudged to MR. AMERICO PALFREY MARRAS, for his Treatise on "The Secret Societies of the Middle Ages," and I won't stand it. If his was a careful and accurate work, so too was mine; in proof whereof I send you some extracts, and demand from the public that justice which is denied me by the University umpires. MR. MARRAS, for example, makes no mention of "The Brothers of the Bleeding Nose," who bound themselves by the most horrid oaths, such as for instance (*here follow most horrid oaths*), never to reveal, or in any way make known, what anyone said to them. To such lengths did they carry this strict rule, that, to repeat to a third brother, on the authority of a first, any remark upon the fineness or wetness of the weather, was taken to be a breach of confidence punishable by the dagger.

Why does he omit all mention of "The Secret Fraternity of the Mystic Muffin," who used to meet every afternoon, about four o'clock, when summoned by the ringing of a small bell? This Brotherhood has come down to our own day, and the signal may even now be often heard in the more retired streets of our vast Metropolis. During the growth of this Society, womenkind have gradually been admitted, and, now-a-days, its most distinguished members are spinsters of forty, and others who evidently belong to the "Middle Ages." This Society has few secrets of its own, chiefly occupying itself in discussing those of other people. Their meetings are generally held by scandal-light. Like the Egyptians, who honoured the sign of *Tau*, so they exhibit a reverent joy at the first sign of Tea. The meeting is sometimes called a Drum, and the secret notice sent round to every member contains these mysterious words: "Half-past four: Drums and Crumpets." A refusal to attend, is couched in this form: "Blow the Crumpets!" There are a great many ceremonies to be observed on entering any one of these lodges, which vary according to the rank of the Lodge itself, and the dignity of the member. Thus, there is a Duchess's Lodge, a Countess's Lodge, and a Washerwoman's Lodge. In the last, boiling tea is solemnly poured into a saucer, blown upon by the member who holds it, and then taken down without winking. So severely is secrecy imposed upon all female members of the body, that they

never address each other without saying "*Mum*." MR. MARRAS has passed over many other Secret Societies, whose existence is such a secret, that I have been utterly unable to find out even their names.

I remain, Sir, yours in disgust,

AFRICANUS HOBBY.

THE BOONS OF THE BUDGET.

SING surplus, and reduction
Of taxes' horseleech suction,
The Budget's great construction,
And all the fruits of peace:
Wool of the golden fleece.
If we had all been geese,
In foreign broils engaging,
We now should be war waging,
And battle would be raging
Not soon about to cease.

Had we but been persuaded,
The Danes we might have aided,
When wrongfully invaded;
Have battled for the right,
With unavailing fight
Against o'erwhelming might,
And Southern recognition
Have yielded to petition;
Stood in a proud position,
But in a woful plight;

With Yankeedom contending,
In struggle far from ending,
And bountifully spending
A million every day;
Each shot we fired away,
Designed to smash and slay,
Not prove a vain rebounder
From Ironsides, and founder,
A twenty sterling pounder:
Oh, that's the shot to pay!

Instead of warlike glories,
To pacify the Tories,
The Income-Tax, that bore, is
A lighter fine to be.
Some duty comes off tea,
And, though not wholly free,
The thrift of fire-insurance,
Long taxed beyond endurance,
(And arduous to the poor hence)
Is eased in some degree.

Much better this than labour
O'ertaxed for gun and sabre
Wherewith to kill your neighbour,
With violent blows and bumps,
And cuts, and thwacks and thumps,
While everywhere, in dumps,
Bereft friends mourn privation,
And fighting for the nation
Results in amputation,
And wooden legs, and stumps.

And when a war is ended
In blaze of triumph splendid,
For blood and cash expended
In most magnanimous mood;
For all the precious food
That we, severely screwed,
To powder have afforded,
Abused as mean and sordid,
For help we are rewarded
By sure ingratitude.

Fire! Fire!

It was noticed, on the night of the Budget, that when it became MR. GLADSTONE's duty to speak on the Insurance question, he warmed up with his subject, and got on like a house a-fire.

ON THE POPE IN HIS TEMPORAL CAPACITY.

Pio Nono;
Cui bono?

HELPS TO YOUNG DRAMATISTS.

THE Young Dramatist will always find it an easier matter to write the middle, than either the beginning or ending, of his piece. Often and often is the juvenile aspirant bursting with racy dialogue, telling speeches, and startling situations, which can be of no possible value, even to their owner, unless the drama, of which they are to form part, has been fairly started. How many dramatic works have never seen light because their authors have despaired of ever fixing upon a first scene, we shall probably never—at least let us hope we shall never—know.

We propose giving a few forms for commencing and ending a drama, which will prove as serviceable to Young Dramatists, as are precedents of various contracts to a conveyancer.

THE MELODRAMA.

Say that you wish to write a Melodrama of the middle ages. You've got your situations, your plot, and your set speeches. You want names, a first scene, directions for entrances and exits, and a good finish. Here is your model:—

SCENE 1.—*Exterior of the Donjon Keep of D'Arcourey Castle.*

The objection that you do not know what a Donjon Keep is, should have no weight with you: it hasn't with us. Stage directions:—

[*The Servants discovered laying breakfast. Old HUBERT the Seneschal superintending.*

N.B. Always have a Seneschal on the stage whenever you can. It looks well in print, and must be more or less a good part. Of course you know that L.H. means left hand, R.H. right hand, C. for centre, and so forth.

Let Old HUBERT be standing R.H., and servants L.H. Table C.

The student is advised to note down in a book the names that occur here from time to time, as they will be invaluable to him hereafter. Whatever the nature of your piece, you can't do wrong in using this form of opening speech:—

Old Hubert. Bestir yourselves, my men. (*Sees one of the servants drinking out of a pitcher: stops him, and seizes it.*) What! ye lazy, drunken, idle varlet, is it thus ye make away with SIR REGINALD's best Malmsey? (*Drinks it himself. All laugh.*)

1st Servant. (N.B. This is an economy in names, which it appears, from theatrical usage, is always considered necessary in large establishments. Thus leaving JOHN, RICHARD, WILLIAM, and such like names for their betters, the Baron's followers are generally known as "1st Retainer," "2nd Retainer," "3rd ditto," and so forth; a plan that might, with some advantage, be adopted in hotels, or even private houses, where the Butler would be 1st Retainer, Footman 2nd Retainer, down to the boy in buttons, who might be fractional, say 3½ Retainer. Well, the 1st Servant says to HUBERT—

1st Servant. But, MASTER HUBERT—

[Which isn't much for a 1st Servant to say. But he wouldn't have to make even that observation, were it not for our desire to get something out of old HUBERT for the information of the audience, who have not, as yet, had much opportunity of forming any very clear idea of the plot. So interrupts MASTER HUBERT, somewhat testily, as is the fashion with Seneschals:—]

Old Hubert. But, forsooth! Give me none o' your butts. SIR REGINALD would want many a butt in his cellar an thou hadst 'em all for thy mouth. (*Servants laugh.*)

[This is a Shakspearian jest, and will set the audience in a good humour.]

Old Hubert. To your work, ye knaves! SIR REGINALD's new lady-wife—Heaven save the mark!—will not (&c., &c., whatever she won't, according to your own arrangement of plot, and conception of character).

Old Hubert (*after finishing this sentence*). But gramercy, I recollect—*All (coming forward).* A story! A story!

Old Hubert. Nay, 'tis no story; but I recollect—(*tells them what he recollects; and here we are in the midst of your plot.*)

The story being over,

Johanna (*Old Hubert's niece, who has been listening intently. N.B. it is always well to introduce female interest as early as possible into a piece*). And so the stranger never returned?

Old Hubert. I know not; but as the clock struck twelve (*Clock, of course, strikes twelve*) a dark figure was seen to cross, (*a dark figure is seen to cross*) and then with uplifted arm to—(*some crime or other: the dark figure uplifts the arm and—*) When, &c. &c.

[This will take you well into your Melodrama or Romantic Tragedy: it might even suit a farce, though perhaps hardly light enough for the modern productions of the last class.]

THE NAUTICAL DRAMA

Offers uncommon opportunities for jumping into the middle of your plot; thus:—

SCENE 1.—*Exterior of the Three Jolly Anchors, Chertsey. Sailors and Watermen discovered drinking. Fiddler playing. Pedlars selling their wares to Lasses.*

1st Sailor. And where's BEN BILBOWS? (*Your chief character*).

Enter BEN BILBOWS, C.

Ben. Here! (*Sensation.*)

[This direction for a "sensation," means that all on the stage are to make a movement of some kind, and look at one another with faces expressive of anything that comes into their heads.]

Ben. Ah, lads! when the mizen's a capstan's turn from the hillyards, it isn't the largest craft as ports a helm.

2nd Sailor. What do you mean?

Ben. Why, messmates, &c., &c. (*Explains, and tells the required story.*)

A *bonâ fide* Tragedy should commence with three rather unimportant characters, say rebels, who will enter from a wood, or a palace, or a river, or anywhere.

1st Retainer. LORD WINDYMERE walks late o' night.

2nd Retainer (*darkly*). Ay, that does he.

3rd Retainer. See, where he comes. (*They retire up watching.*)

Enter LORD WINDYMERE, slowly, L.H.

Lord Windymere. To live or not to live, that is the matter That puzzles me: oh life, life, life! (*Looks up.*) The traveller Who rests at e'en upon the dewy grass, Knows not what 'tis (*looks down*) to have upon the mind—

(*Here mention what it is he has upon his mind.*)

1st Retainer (*aside to 2nd Retainer*). Marked you that?

2nd Retainer (*aside to 1st Retainer*). He is disturbed.

3rd Retainer (*having no one to talk to, mutters*) Aye.

Lord Windymere. There is a time in the affairs of—(*sees Retainers*)

Ha! (*To them.*) Saw you the ghost last night?

Retainers. We did, my Lord. But tell us—

Lord Windymere. Listen. Many years ago,

Before the &c. &c.,

My father sitting in his &c. &c.,

Observed a &c. &c. And so on.

THE SCREAMER.

The opening of a Farce presses into its service the essence, as it were, of all the foregoing forms.

SCENE—*A Drawing-Room elegantly and comfortably furnished. Doors R.H., L.H., C., L. 1st.E., L. 2nd.E., R. 1st.E., R. 2nd.E., &c. &c. N.B. Always have as many doors as possible: there's no knowing who may want to hide themselves in the course of the piece. The centre door leads on to a garden. French windows with curtains R. and L. Some one can hide behind these too. Large old-fashioned fireplace, R.H. (here's another chance for concealment). A screen stands near the middle of the room. (No farce arrangements are complete without a screen.) TIMOTHY, the bustling comic servant, discovered laying breakfast things at small table, L.H.*

Timothy. Past ten o'clock, I declare, and Master not down yet. Ah, if this irregularity goes on, I shall have to cut—knife—but not before my wages are paid—salt—I should like to give MR. CODDLEWINK a bit of my mind—but since he's been married—spoon—he gets blown up by Missus—Gunpowder—that's all right to a—Tea—T: Lor, she *does* give him—pepper—a scolding to be sure. Now I've got all the breakfast things together—mustard—and so—

Enter chirpy Waiting Maid. (Call her MRS. CHIRPY, it's a very good name.)

Timothy. Well, MRS. CHIRPY, you do look 'ansome this morning. (*Tries to kiss her: she smacks his face.*)

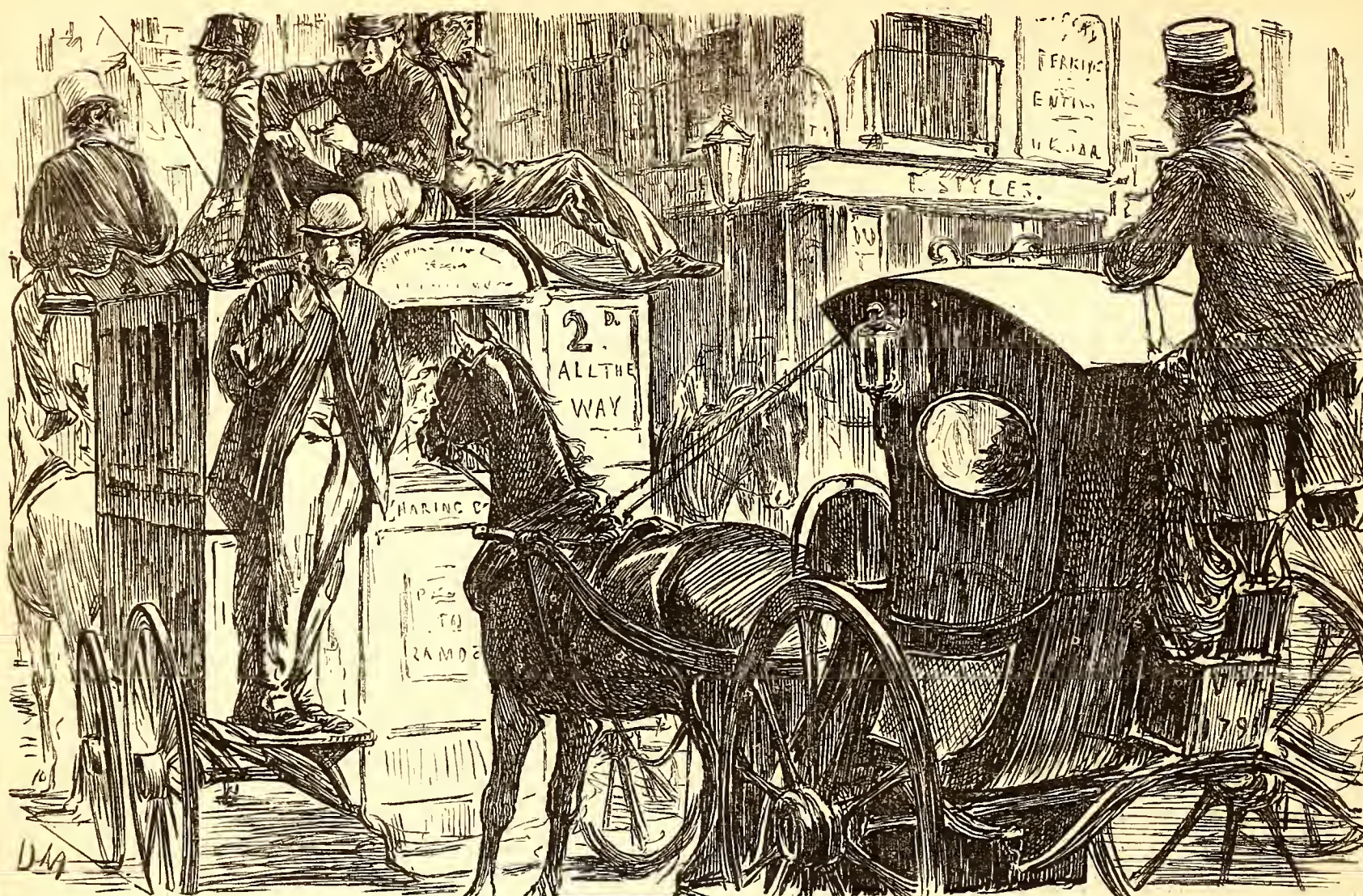
Chirpy. Don't take no liberties, MR. TIMOTHY. Talking of liberties, who was that tall stranger that, &c. &c. &c. &c. Because Missus wishes you to give him, &c. &c.

And so on for that. Then when they've well led up to the plot let CHIRPY say, "But here comes MR. CODDLEWINK," which will be at once a capital entrance for him, and an admirable exit for them. So far for the present.

Operatic Problem.

Prob. Supposing that of two rabbits one was yours, and the other wasn't; supposing that by mistake you took the latter; find out what celebrated Italian singer this would be like?

Ans. The wrong-coney. (RONCONI.)



"COMPARISONS ARE," ETC.

Hansom Cabby (to Driver of Cheap Omnibus). "NOW, THEN, SAM! ME AND MY SWELL WANTS TO CATCH A TRAIN! DO GET ON WITH THAT NOER'S HARK OF YOURN."

TAXES.

A HINT or two on this subject will not, we feel sure, be thrown away upon the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Supposing the present duties were taken off several things, an enormous revenue might be obtained by levying taxes as follows:—

On every "good story" told more than three times by the same person.

A Tax upon any one talking about the weather.

Upon all amateurs on the flute, violin, and cornet, without exception.

Upon all after-dinner speeches over three minutes in length.

Upon all young ladies singing Italian songs without understanding the language.

Upon all young ladies or gentlemen singing any song whatever, and, by their affected pronunciation, rendering the words totally unintelligible.

All long wandering stories without any point ought to be heavily taxed.

A Tax on all dramas "taken from the French."

On extensive Crinolines.

Enormous Tax on all pianoforte variations, and specially upon those on the "*Carnival de Venise*."

On all bad dinners, and the heaviest Tax possible on bad wine.

Upon all burlesques and all bad puns, specially any play on the words "belle," "beau," as for instance, to say of the prettiest young lady at the dinner-table, that she is "the dinner bell;" or that a "beau" ought to be brought up at 'arrow;" and all such jokes as involve the twisting of the words "Eton," "Harrow," "Father and farther," "Rain and reign," "Heir, air, hare, that ere, they air (for 'they are')," "Gait and gate," "Nose, knows, and noes," "Knight and night," and all such jokes whose fun depends upon the omission, or addition, of the letter H.

There should be a duty placed upon all jokes on the names of popular artistes and authors; thus there should be twopence levied on every trifling with MELLON, PYNE, STIRLING COYNE, KEAN, FECHTER, TOOLE, and so forth.

The most fearful Tax upon irreverent jesting on the word PUNCH.

A Tax upon Mothers-in-law. Heavy.

A Tax on BANTING.

A Tax on BANTING's followers.

A Tax on every speech of MR. WHALLEY's.

A Tax upon anyone who objects to smoking in a railway carriage.

A Tax of 100 per cent. on everyone who won't lend you five shillings.

A Tax upon every sermon that shall exceed fifteen minutes.

A Tax upon everyone who doesn't take in *Punch*. This, of course, will not yield many halfpence annually.

And if the above list does not suffice, then let there be a Tax on everybody and everything indiscriminately. God save the QUEEN!

DIVIDING THE WOOLSACK.

"THIS EDMUNDS case," said WESTBURY,
Sarcastic, smooth and cool,
"Will prove a case of ample cry,
But very little wool."

Quoth CHELMSFORD, as on WESTBURY
He turned a scornful back,
"Though we perhaps don't get the wool,
You ought to get the sack."

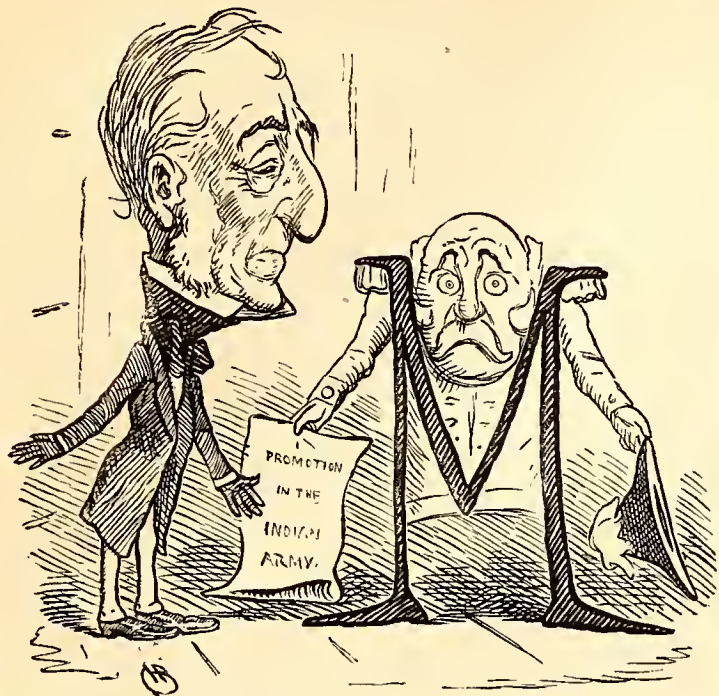
POLITICAL AND OPERATIC.

At some forthcoming aristocratic Private Theatricals, EARL RUSSELL and his Son will, it is hoped, appear in a new version of the popular Opera *La Sonnambula*, to be on this occasion entitled, *My Son-Amberley*.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

YOU'RE A PRETTY FELLOW!—A Gentleman who is perpetually being told, by Ladies and others, that he is an ugly customer, wishes to meet with some pretty person with whom he could exchange looks.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, May 1. In the Lords EARL RUSSELL moved, and LORD DERBY seconded, and in the Commons SIR G. GREY (LORD PALMERSTON being ill) moved, and MR. DISRAELI seconded, an address to the QUEEN, expressing sorrow and indignation at the assassination of MR. LINCOLN, and praying Her Majesty to communicate those sentiments to the Government of the United States. In each case the motion was unanimously agreed to; in the Lords VISCOUNT STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, who

had sojourned in other days in America, adding a few words of testimony to the worth of the murdered President. Later in the week, HER MAJESTY'S replies were delivered by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and by LORD PROBY. The QUEEN (be it mentioned here that the Royal Widow has addressed an autograph letter of kindly sympathy to the Republican Widow) entirely participates in the sentiments of the Houses, and has given directions to SIR FREDERICK BRUCE, our Minister at Washington, to make known the feelings of the QUEEN and people of England to the American Government.

May Day. As was predicted by *Mr. Punch*, the Bill for doing away with certain Declarations by Dissenters, on taking office, came to grief. LORD HOUGHTON moved it in a clever speech, and LORD DERBY opposed it, stating, however, that the Declaration was not worth the paper it was written on, if regarded as a protection to the Church. But he thought that the enemies of the Church were excessively Cocky, and that as giving up one thing only led to their demand of another, he should take the liberty of shutting them up on the present occasion. The Bill was thrown out by 72 to 49. Speaking impartially, yet with allowance for human nature, *Mr. Punch* is not inclined to be too severe about this, for there was a Liberation Society holding conferences in London, and day by day proclaiming in the most exultant manner, that either by sap or by storm it was doing all sorts of damage to the Church. And this Bill was part of its programme. A statesman should do right in spite of friends whom he despises, and enemies whom he hates, but LORD DERBY is not perhaps so entirely angelic as one of his political friends.

MR. FRITH paints a picture of the Derby Day. MR. JACOB BELL buys it, and hands it to MR. GAMBART to exhibit for five years. MR. BELL bequeaths the picture to the National Gallery, and goes where the good Quakers go. The trustees ask the executors for the picture. The executors ask MR. GAMBART for the picture. MR. GAMBART says that he has sent the picture to the uttermost parts of the earth, but he thinks it may be home in August. This is MR. THOMAS BARING's answer to MR. GREGORY. The Horses of Venice, previously esteemed the most travelled of artistic works, have been stay-at-homes compared with the Horses of England—which the picture does not represent, by the way, as it represents the period "between races;" but we were not going to lose an allusion and a chance of showing our elegant knowledge, for the sake of accuracy, though we explain the truth, for the sake of conscientiousness.

An admirable measure, worth a hundred clap-trap Bills, was read a Second Time. It is a Government Bill, and is for the Amendment of the Law of Partnership. The attempt to reform the law in this particular has been made before, but in vain; and the usual cackle about innovation, speculation, and fraud has been uttered. But the House of Commons read the Bill a Second Time to-day by 126 to 39, so that its ultimate success is a mere question of time. When it is passed, we incline to think that we shall put a little money into MR. THOMAS BARING's house, notwithstanding his having opposed the Bill.

Tuesday. My Lords send the Public Schools Bill to a Select Committee, who will hear counsel. We hope the Blue Coat School will appear, and beg to be deprived of its breeches.

A final attempt was made by the obstructives to delay the passing of the Courts of Justice Bill, but LORD WESTBURY declared emphatically that nothing would ever be done if nothing was ever begun, and that for forty years we had been considering, and hesitating, and postponing, and he fairly shoved the House over the fence. Resistance was put down by 55 to 32, and the Bill, and also the Concentration Bill went a-head. LORD ELLENBOROUGH said that the proposed edifice would require a MICHAEL ANGELO, whom he did not see. Let him call at 85, Fleet Street, and see the required MICHAEL.

Many Indian officers have a grievance, arising out of the transfer of the Com-

pany's Army to the Queen. CAPTAIN JERVIS moved an address for redress. Government opposed, SIR CHARLES WOOD arguing elaborately and incomprehensibly against the plea. But Government were beaten by 49 to 39. This reminds us that the HON. GEORGE DENMAN ought to be at once put to death. We have the utmost personal respect for him as a gentleman, a lawyer, and an athlete, but he must really die the death and be slain as a traitor. He actually argued, in an Indian case the other day, that the QUEEN, in regard to India, was no Queen at all, but only a Trustee for JOHN COMPANY. Will he oblige us by sending a note to SIR JOHN FOX BURGOYNE, who, we rejoice to see, has had his long and admirable services recognised by his being made Constable of the Tower, and say when it will be convenient for him, MR. DENMAN, to attend on Tower Hill. Why MR. JUSTICE BLACKBURN did not commit him on the spot is a question which like How Does the Water come Down at Lodore? is more easily asked than answered.

Bank Notes of England are to be made a legal tender in Ireland. To do our Irish fellow-creatures justice (though it is just the thing they don't like) we never knew them refuse any little document of the kind. But they may require new lights on banking subjects. It was in Ireland that the people of a town, hating a certain banker, collected all his notes and burned them publicly, in order to ruin him.

Wednesday. Began the BAINES Bother—every incident requires a name, for easy reference. Of course, we could say that this debate was upon MR. BAINES's measure for reducing the franchise in boroughs from £10 to £6 per annum. MR. BAINES moved the Second Reading, MR. BAZLEY seconded it, and LORD ELCHO moved the previous question, MR. BLACK supporting him, and MR. LEATHAM speaking for the Bill. Then did rise MR. ROBERT LOWE in all his force, and, speaking as a Liberal, and one who had suffered for being one (the Tories who had driven him from office here blushed like cabbage-roses) he warned the Liberals against an alliance with Democracy. He cited the celebrated petition of three millions of the people against paying the interest of the National Debt as proof of the mode in which sacred matters would be dealt with, if we took power from education and property and give it to those who live on weekly wages. He said that any man could have the suffrage, if he chose to give up 120 quarts of beer in the year, that the man who would not make that sacrifice did not deserve the trust, and that it ought not to be degraded. He made a vigorous and emphatic appeal against swamping the representation. The House was astonished, but cheered, and when he sat down, and a Scotch lawyer rose, they would not have him, but called on MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, as they wanted to be treated pleasantly after excitement. The proceedings ended in a row over the adjournment, and after a scene which was laughable enough, the debate "dropped through" at a quarter to six. How MR. LOWE has since been abused by certain organs it is needless to say, but he is as well as can be expected.

Thursday. LORD DERBY, in seconding the motion for the address to the American Government, had said that if the South had countenanced the assassination, they would have been guilty of what was worse than a crime—a blunder. His friend and fellow-translator, LORD RAVENSWORTH asked him for a translation of this phrase, which has been severely commented upon. This gave LORD DERBY a double opportunity—he explained that he had used the words only in the sense of their reputed author, the esteemed and respected TALLEYRAND, who meant to say that NAPOLEON THE FIRST, when he murdered the Duc D'ENGHIEN, did that which was more seriously mischievous, his own position considered, than a private crime could be. LORD DERBY also could not have supposed, until informed by LORD RAVENSWORTH, that anyone could have misunderstood him. This was a polite way of informing the *Times* that he does not read its leading articles.

LORD ST. LEONARDS opposed an Irish Law Reform Bill because it struck at the existence of dealings between attorneys and landowners, and transferred conveyancing business to a Court of Record. If any reader hastily imagines that because we are writing of a great, grave, learned Law Lord, we must have written "opposed" in mistake for "warmly supported," that reader should look to the Reports, and, though the statement is almost incredible, he will find that we are correct. We shall hear of his Lordship's opposing Vaccination next, because it strikes at the existence of Small-Pox.

We thought that Irishmen never ran away from their wives. Our own acquaintance with Irishwomen compels us to say that a man who would abandon one of them is an ass whom it were base flattery to call a rascal. But LORD BELMORE is passing a Bill to give relief to Irish wives in such circumstances.

The chronicle of the week would be incomplete without a note that the House of Commons had had a laugh at MR. DARBY GRIFFITH. He questioned MR. GLADSTONE on the fact that the *Times* announced, in advance, the three main features of the Budget. MR. GLADSTONE said that he had not desired such an anticipation of his statement, and that he was quite sure that none of the clerks had split, especially as he had not told them what he was going to do. To save unpleasantness, we may as well mention that we read his Budget, overnight, by means of Spirits, and sent the points to the *Times*, because, publishing after the speech, we could have made no use of them.

The Tea-Men have really a grievance. MR. GLADSTONE, last time he reduced the duty, said that the arrangement was final. Therefore, they bought largely, and ask for a drawback. He frankly admitted that he had talked Finality (it came of sitting so long near EARL RUSSELL), and therefore he agreed to postpone the Reduction until the 1st of June. After that, Materfamilias, mind your grocer. The Budget went merrily through the Committee, and the CHANCELLOR slashed cleverly at the Anti Malt-Tax speakers. Does he remember that famous night, or rather morning, in 1852, when he smashed at once a Budget and a Ministry, and was specially vigorous against MR. DISRAELI for proposing to lay on a House Duty, and take off half the Malt-Tax? It was one of the best speeches we ever heard him deliver, for, having been purposely prevented from speaking until very late, he was obliged to condense his arguments with sledge-hammer hits? We never forget anything.

HELPS TO YOUNG DRAMATISTS.

HAVING already treated at some length of the commencements of various Dramatic pieces, we will now attempt to aid the efforts of the young Dramatist, who may be at a loss as to the sharpest and most telling Finish to his piece. We hasten to give certain forms which, as before stated, will serve as most useful precedents. As in some of the previous instances, the aspiring juvenile must fill in the dashes, stars, &c., with names of his own choosing.

First let us take the finish of a Melodrama :—

SCENE—*The Precipice of the Black Rock.*

Three Stars (the villain, waving papers). I triumph yet! these papers—
[Murmurs heard without.]

Enter JO BLANK, hitherto the villain's accomplice.

Jo Blank. —are forgeries! Seize him! [*Peasants seize THREE STARS.*

Mary Dash. And the child—

Sir Richard Doubleblank. —was not drowned. She is—

The Child (who was not drowned). Here!

[*Rushes into her Mother's arms.*

All. Ah!

Three Stars (addressing Jo Blank particularly). Dog! (*to every one generally*) Ha! Ha! (*breaks from Peasants*). Three Stars has lived a bold and fearless life, and thus he'll die.

[*Shoots the Officer R.H., shoots the Officer L.H., throws JO BLANK into a corner. Waves his hand aloft, and jumps with a despairing yell over the precipice.*

Lionel Two-dashes (to his benefactor). What do we not owe you?

Mary. Ah! (*embraces some one*).

Lionel (advancing to the footlights). And if our friends in front will only show that we have earned their smiles, then indeed shall all here have good cause to remember the M-blank Dash—

Mary. —and the Maid of the Etceteractetera. [Curtain.]

As all Plays must have a final appeal to the audience, it becomes merely a question as to which is the best form of address. We strongly advise the general use of "Our kind friends in front."

THE TRAGEDY.

Let us suppose that some rising genius has written a Tragedy in Seven Acts. Mind this is only a supposition, never, let us hope, to be realised.

How shall he finish this Tragedy? Thus :—

Lady Doubleblank (supporting the dying form of Rollo in her arms). He yet breathes! Water! Water! [*Exeunt Domestic to fetch water.*

Rollo (faintly, calling for another element). Air! Air!

[*Domestics appear puzzled, and look at one another anxiously.*

Lady Doubleblank (to Dash, a villain of the deepest dye). This is thy work, DASH!

Dash (who has recently taken poison). Ha! Ha! I triumph! I—(*feels qualms*) I—what is this? (*alluding to the qualms*) my brain is reeling! I—(*feels more qualms, and staggers*) I faint—I die—and (*looking as maliciously as he can towards ROLLO*) my victim—is—Ah!

The Irish were funny to-night, MR. HENNESSY complained that the LORD LIEUTENANT had struck all Irish music out of the Dublin Exhibition programme, whereas there had never been any in it, unless HANDEL is considered, in Ireland, to have been an Irishman because he produced the *Messiah* in Dublin.

"To wake, to stir, to fire the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums,
Expel him, Dulness, or you sleep no more :'
She heard, and drove him to the Hibernian shore."

Also some Irish Members, with MR. WHALLEY to aid, had a pleasant little historical discussion on King OLIVER CROMWELL's policy in Ireland. We like these things—they show education.

Friday. The Committee of Lords have reported in the Brougham-Edmunds-Westbury matter. Dear old HENRY BROUGHAM is spotless, as England and *Punch* knew and said from the first. His brother has to explain away a good deal, and we hope he will be able to do so. EDMUNDS's conduct is condemned, and the CHANCELLOR is censured, but is freed from all imputation of unworthy motives. LORD DERBY, to-day, corrected an error in the report, and declared that the Committee were unanimous in the qualified acquittal of LORD WESTBURY.

There was an interesting British Museum debate in the Commons, MR. GREGORY leading off. MR. GLADSTONE did his best to remove the idea that Government had sulked and shied the subject ever since the House had peremptorily refused to assent to certain Kensington designs. It is intended to increase the National Gallery, and a Museum scheme is under consideration. Considering the vast quantity of cant which is talked about Art, the condition of our priceless treasures is a pleasing illustration of British consistency.

Rollo (raising himself on his right arm). Recovering!!

Dash. Ah!

Rollo (to Lady Doubleblank, faintly). Your hand, Mother—your hand—

Lady Doubleblank (leaning affectionately over him, and looking towards the Audience). My hand! what good can that do thee? But if our kind friends in front will only smile upon our efforts to amuse them (*ROLLO dies*) then—(*perceives what has happened*) Ah!

[*Screams and falls on the body. Slow music. All take off their hats, and stand reverently as the Curtain descends on the tableau.*

[The above example, we venture to think, is a very happy illustration of the neatest mode of appealing to the audience in the usual "Tag" form, without interfering with, or in any way departing from, the business of the play.]

THE COMEDY.

A Comedy finishes of course with a rhyming Tag.

Mrs. Dashstars. Well, me must speak a Tag.

Miss Stardash.

Of course, my dear.

Lord De Blanks (alluding to Audience). And they'll employ their hands.

Miss Lucy Asterisk (pointedly). Yes,—strike, but hear.*

Etsetterer (taking his Wife's hand). Well, I for one shall never "call again." (*alluding to some joke in the piece*).

Mrs. Etsetterer. No, you at least, my dear, cannot complain. (*alluding to something else*).

A Hunting Squire. Yoicks, tallyho!

His Grandmother.

Be quiet, SAMPSON, do.

Don't use your hands like that.

Mrs. Dash. His hands? But you (*to Audience*)

Who've heard us plead, will kindly judge our cause,

And let your verdict be applause, applause.

For our success we've mainly you to thank,

Come every night to see *Dash Three Stars Blank.* [Curtain.]

THE BURLESQUE.

The finale for a Burlesque is the simplest thing possible. Choose a good tune. Prefix to the musical Tag a couplet, running in this fashion :—

If (*to Audience*) you are pleased, boys, girls, and Pas and Mas,
Then smile on *Blankum, or the Magic Stars.*

Finale.

AIR—*Some popular one: a fast galop.*

Oh, smile as thou wert wout to smile,

For all that we can say—

Is tiddleyum ti toodleum

And tiddleyum ti day.

Chorus. Tiddleyum ti toodleum ti toodleum ti day,

Toodleum ti tiddleyum ti toodeynm ti day. [Curtain.]

With this spirit-stirring, soul-inspiring Finale we leave the young

* This being a well-known line, will, if archly spoken, be sure to win a laugh. Of course it means nothing, but that doesn't matter.

Author to his meditations, feeling sure that when, in years to come, he has reached the pinnacle of his ambition, he will gratefully acknowledge the deep lasting obligations that he is under to the valuable precedents contained in our Helps to Young Dramatists.



JONES DURING A TRIP TO FRANCE HAS A TROUBLED DREAM.

OLD JOHNSON !

THERE is a cry about Mile End,
Wherein their breath the street-boys spend,
'Tis feared, with purpose to offend :
Old JOHNSON !

And if you ask them what's the joke ?
They take a sight, and answer "Coke."
With too plain object to provoke
Old JOHNSON !

To what coke do these urchins rude
So unbecomingly allude,
Hallooing, in derisive mood,
Old JOHNSON !

A child was charged with stealing, out
Of MR. JOHNSON'S yard, about
An ounce of coke ; that's why they shout
Old JOHNSON !

The Magistrate before whom came
The case, declared it was a shame ;
So thinking, idle boys exclaim,
Old JOHNSON !

"Had he no children of his own ?"
Asked PAGET ; "had he never known
Childhood himself ?" but oh, why groan
Old JOHNSON !

"'Tis," said his Worship, "a disgrace,
And shame ought to suffuse your face ;"
He added, "I dismiss the case."
Old JOHNSON !

Old JOHNSON ! now is all the cry
With disrespectful youth, oh fie !
How wrong to bawl as he goes by,
Old JOHNSON !

LATEST HOME INTELLIGENCE.

FEARFUL RIOTS IN THE NURSERY.

(Per Back-Stairs and Top-Attic Telegram.)

10 a.m.—The Government troops, under Nurse, have retired for a time.

10'15 a.m.—Rumours of a disturbance has reached the Kitchen. Almost all the children are in arms.

Drawing-room Floor. 10'20 a.m.—It is here reported that the rebel-leader, Master CHARLEY, aged five, with the small force of infantry at his command, has made a sudden raid upon the cradle. This movement has been frustrated by the rapid advance of the Government arms under Nurse.

The rebel-leader has retired to some distance, but it is expected only for the purpose of recruiting his army.

The Siege of Toy. 10'45 a.m.—The inhabitants of Noah's Ark were violently aroused from their repose by a fierce cannonade from the united forces of wooden and tin soldiers.

Little HARRY, in command, at once threw out such useless live stock as the elephant with a broken trunk, the guinea-pig, the antelope with three legs, the duck with one, and a couple of common flies.

The cannonade is still kept up by CHARLEY, the Major.

10'50 a.m.—Capture of two distinguished foreigners in long coats and round hats, with sticks in their hands, supposed to be SHEM and HAM. JAPHET and the rest have escaped with MASTER HARRY. Surrender of the Ark.

11 a.m.—Miss POPPY has taken part with MASTER HARRY against MAJOR CHARLEY.

CHARLEY has refused to give up the troops (chiefly Prussian mercenaries, tin soldiers) under his command.

A diversion has been created on the right by the cavalry (the Rocking-Horse) under MASTER HARRY.

11'15 a.m.—Miss POPPY has made an attack on the rebels' artillery, and succeeded in capturing one metal gun loaded with a pea.

General engagement.

11'20 a.m.—The Government force, under Nurse, has advanced between the contending parties, and has managed to cover the retreat of Miss POPPY, who, however, has left a doll in the hands of the rebels.

12 noon.—The rebel force refuses to deliver up Dolly. Government troops have sent for aid to head-quarters.

12'5 p.m.—Dolly is to be delivered up on condition that the captured piece of ordnance is immediately restored.

Terms accepted.

All parties engaged in the peaceful operations of building, laying out farms, and planning a line of railway for general traffic, under the supervision of a Maternal Government.

1 p.m.—Banquet given by the authorities in celebration of the Peace. Some slight disturbances arose about pudding-time, but were promptly put down.

2'30 p.m.—Withdrawal of Government troops with the dinner-tray. Renewal of Riots.

Storming the Cradle ! Abduction of the Baby ! !

Fearful engagement between Government troops, under Nurse, and the rebels.

Rescue of the Baby from a most perilous position in the doll's perambulator.

3 p.m.—Triumph of the Government forces.

Court-Martial on MASTERS CHARLEY, HARRY, and Miss POPPY. Sentence, bed.

The sentence duly carried out.

4 p.m.—All is quiet.

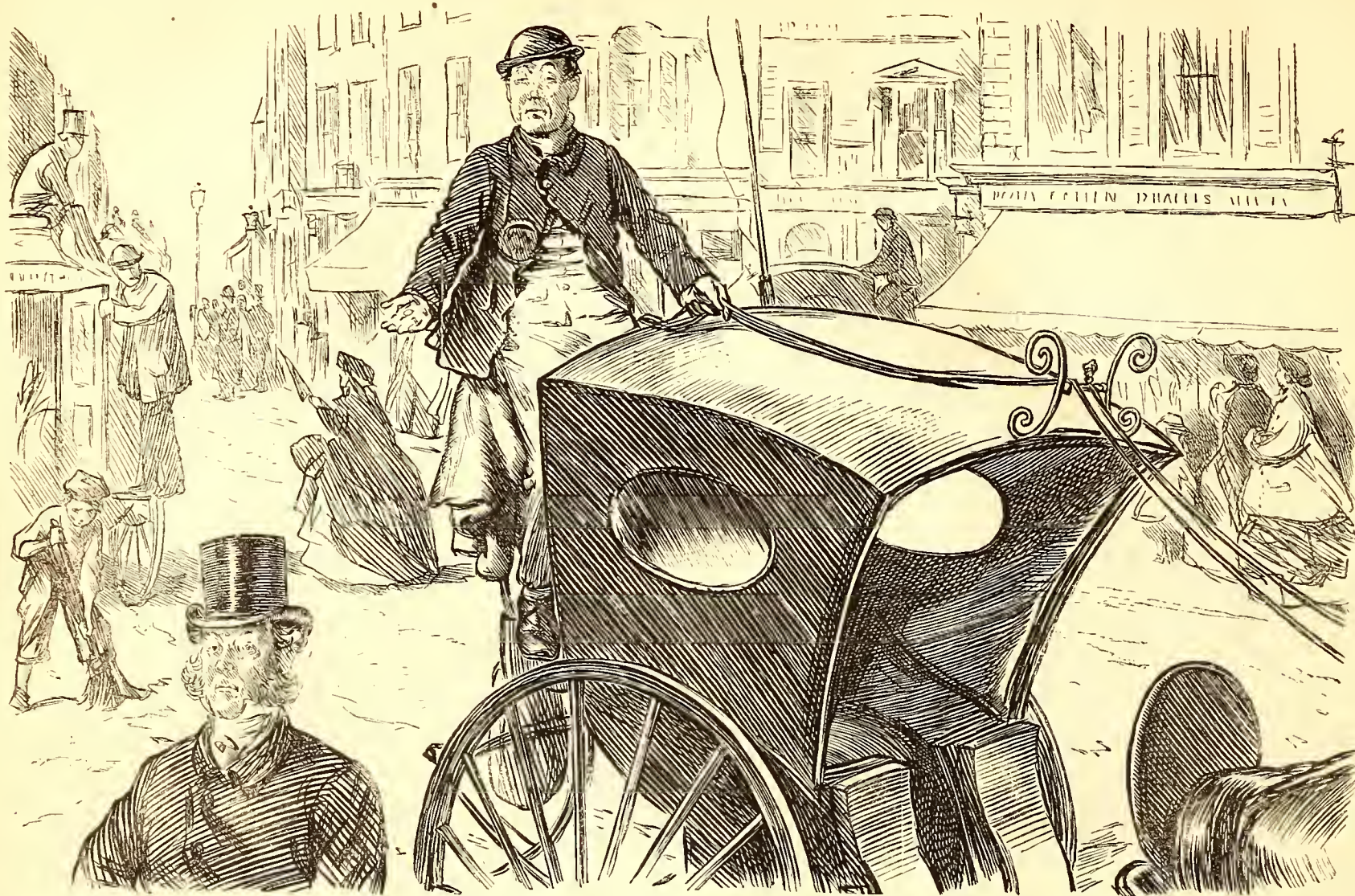
No further disturbances.

Conservative Economy at Oxford.

SOME of the so-called Conservative party are engaged in a conspiracy with the object of unseating MR. GLADSTONE for the University of Oxford at the next election, and putting in his place MR. GATHORNE HARDY : surely an enterprise of desperate foolhardiness. It is hard to imagine what any Conservatives can expect to conserve by opposing the present CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Do they desire to conserve the taxes from any further reduction ?

QUESTION FOR ANGLICANS.

WHICH of the two did the old port-wine school of Clergymen prefer, "Bishop" the Beverage, or BEVERIDGE the Bishop ?



GOOD INVESTMENT.

Cabby. "AH, SIR, IF I HAD LAID OUT MY MONEY ALL MY LIFE, AS WELL AS YOU'VE LAID OUT THIS SHILLIN', I SHOULD 'A BEEN A RICH MAN BY THIS TIME!"

LETTER FROM A LADY-SPIRIT.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IN vain do we boast of the enlightened Eighteenth Century, and conceitedly talk as if human reason had not a manacle left about her, but that philosophy had broken down all the strongholds of prejudice, ignorance, and superstition, and yet at this very time MESMER has got £100,000 by animal magnetism in Paris, and MAINANDUC is getting as much in London. There is a fortune-teller in Westminster who is making little less. LAVATER's physiognomy books sell at fifteen guineas a set. The divining-rod is still considered oracular in many places. Devils are cast out by seven ministers; and to complete the disgraceful catalogue, Slavery is vindicated in print, and defended in the House of Peers.

I addressed the above remarks in September, 1788, to the Hon. HORACE WALPOLE. Information which I have received from various ghosts that have lately arrived in the Fields, induces me to take the liberty of asking you how much (besides names and dates) I should have to alter, were I to address the letter to his descendant, the Right Hon. SPENCER HORATIO WALPOLE, M.P., seventy-seven years later than the date of the epistle I have quoted. I hear of Spirit Rapping, Mesmerism, Homœopathy, Puseyism, Phrenology, Fortune-telling, the Divining-rod, the Defence of Slavery, and other characteristics of the enlightened Nineteenth Century.

I will write to you again in 1942, and repeat my inquiry, *mutatis mutandis*, if a lady may be pardoned for quoting in a classic language.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your faithful Servant,

Elysian Fields, May, 1865.

HANNAH MORE.

P.S. I learn that the theatre still survives. Do you not think that the performance of my *Sacred Dramas* would effect much good?

A FINE IDEA OF PUNISHMENT.

We abridge this account from an Edinburgh newspaper:—

"CONVICTION OF A STUDENT FOR THEFT.—On Saturday, in the Edinburgh Police Court, CRONE O'DELL BAYLEE, a young Irishman, who is well connected, and had been studying medicine at the University here, was tried and convicted for theft, by BAILIE MILLER. On the 6th inst. he went with a cab to the Edinburgh Hotel, and, after remaining there a short time, he drove off, taking with him a top-coat and a meerschaum pipe which had been left in the smoking room. On the articles being missed, the 'boots' of the hotel went in search of the student, and found him wearing the missing coat, and the pipe was afterwards found by the police in a loan-office where it had been pledged. The student on the following morning enlisted in the Scots Greys. Shortly afterwards he stole the sergeant's riding-switch, and tried to raise money on it at a pawnbroker's establishment, where it was detained. After hearing the evidence, BAILIE MILLER found the accused guilty, and sentenced him to find caution for £20, or suffer sixty days' imprisonment."

Touchstone speaks of the "great virtue" which there is in an "if;" and there is likewise, it would seem, great virtue in an "or" from the mouth of a Scotch magistrate. But for the "or" in the sentence that was passed on him, this young "well-connected" Irishman would now be eating prison fare, and have come into close contact with the gaol-house hair-cropper. To turn the virtue in the "or" to good account, however, one must needs have a round sum of money in one's pocket, or else possess connections that will kindly pay a fine for one. We who live in England are used in certain cases to see fines imposed as punishments, but it is somewhat a new thing to us to see a fine imposed for the committal of a theft; and lest, tempted by the "or," a lot of "well-connected" thieves might possibly spring up with us, we have little wish to see the Scotch precedent adopted here.

Edmunds and Westbury.

THE Report of the Select Committee appointed to investigate the Edmunds Scandal amounts to this, that the conduct of MR. EDMUNDS, in using the public money, has been too bad, and that of the LORD CHANCELLOR in not exposing him, has been too good.

SONG TO BE SUNG ON ENTERING A CHEAP DINING-ROOM.—"Slap Bang! here we are again!"

GENERAL ELECTION PAM FOR PREMIER



THE ELECTION BUDGET.

GLADSTONE. "I THINK, MR. BULL, WE MAY NOW RECKON ON *YOUR* SUPPORT!"

INTERESTING POLICE PROCEEDINGS

AGAINST FREQUENTERS OF THE WESTMINSTER COCK-PIT.



THE the Bouverie Street Police Court lately a number of persons were brought before Mr. BULL, the sitting Magistrate, charged by the Secretary of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals with Cock-fighting.

The charges were entered thus:—JOHN EVELYN DENISON, taking the chair at the Barry Arms, Westminster (better known as the Old Westminster Cock-Pit), was charged with permitting the place to be used for the purpose of fighting cocks; JOHN WIL-

LIAM TEMPLE, *alias* PAM, *alias* the Tiverton Pet, *alias* the Bottle-holder, Cambridge House, Piccadilly, describing himself as "in the public line;" JOHN RUSSELL, 32, Chesham Place, man of letters; WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, 12, Downing Street, tallyman; ROBERT PEEL, *alias* WILLIAM ROBINSON, of 4, Whitehall Gardens, stableman, and known to the police in connection with "tips" and betting offices; H. BRAND, Treasury Buildings, Whitehall, whipper-in; for assisting in the management of the house and resisting the police; BENJAMIN DISRAELI, 1, Grosvenor Gate, literary man and yarn-spinner; JOHN BRIGHT, 40, Gloucester Terrace, fighting man; ROBERT CECIL, 11, Duchess Street, vinegar merchant; ARTHUR ROEBUCK, 19, Ashley Place, dog-fancier; BERNAL OSBORNE, no address and no occupation, but getting his livelihood by reciting and tumbling at public-houses; and a crowd of other defendants, for whose names, occupations, and addresses we cannot spare space, for [aiding, encouraging, and assisting in the fighting of certain cocks.

MR. INSPECTOR PUNCH appeared in support of the prosecution: the Prisoners were undefended.

MR. PUNCH said he had been aware for some time that the House in which the prisoner DENISON was advertised as taking the chair nightly, was used for purposes which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had been instituted to prevent: such as rat-matches, dog-fighting and badgering. Occasionally, he had reason to believe, even bull-baiting had gone on there; at least he had on several occasions seen a Bull in a state of the utmost exasperation, from treatment in that House. The persons who were particularly active in promoting this fight while he was present, were the prisoners CECIL (who used very bad language all the time) and ROEBUCK, who seemed to be anxious to make matches with everybody and everything. He had a famous dog, which he offered to back against anything, from a rat to a rhinoceros.

The prisoner ROEBUCK here offered to lay the worthy Magistrate 10 to 1 that his dog TEAR'EM would pin and draw him (the Magistrate) as soon as look at him.

The worthy Magistrate declared that he never had to deal with such a troublesome customer, and that if he did not hold his tongue it would be the worse for him.

The prisoner ROEBUCK saucily rejoined that he never had held his tongue yet, even at the bidding of the worthy Magistrate's betters, and never meant to. He was at last, however, with some difficulty induced to be quiet, by the united persuasion of his fellow-prisoners.

The Prisoners, on being called upon for their defence, gave various explanations of their presence at the Barry Arms, but all declared it had nothing to do with cock-fighting. The prisoner BRIGHT sulkily said the whole thing was a "plant," as far as he was concerned. He had been insulted by some Swells, and had gone into the house to punch their heads, when he had been nailed by the crushers. He didn't understand why. Didn't see any cock-fighting. Didn't believe there was a game bird in the lot he saw about the place—they were regular dunghills most of them. The prisoner BRAND said the pits might have been used for the pastime of cocking in former times, but lately the matches had not been fighting ones at all, but mere innocent sparring with the "hots" (or leather muffers) on the cocks' spurs.

INSPECTOR PUNCH wished the prisoner RUSSELL to be asked whether he had not expressed a wish to back his old ginger-pile cock "Reform" against the prisoner DERBY's red-hackle "Aristocrat?" and whether the prisoner BENJAMIN had not been active in promoting the match and getting money on DERBY's bird?

The prisoner RUSSELL admitted he might have spoken of such a match, and might have mentioned a young cock of his own breeding, called "Amberley," which he was anxious to enter for the Westminster Pit; but it was all chaff about

the match. He knew well enough, and so did everybody present, that his old cock "Reform" wouldn't fight. He could only rest and be thankful. He had brought the old cock in a bag, and would be glad to show him to the worthy Magistrate. He *had* been a game bird in his day, he would not deny, and had won him (RUSSELL) a deal of credit and some money; but he begged to assure the Magistrate that his cock-fighting days were over. He was respectably employed in an office now: his department was the correspondence. He had a deal of it to do, and liked the work, and believed he gave satisfaction to his employers. The letters he had to write were principally denouncing or blowing-up letters, and naturally annoyed the people who got them. That wasn't his fault. He should be glad to read specimens of his letters to the worthy Magistrate. This offer was precipitately but peremptorily declined.

The prisoner PAM, (whose numerous *aliases* bespoke a rather suspicious relation with the Office), and who seemed a great favourite among his companions in misfortune, with whom he kept exchanging a good deal of free-and-easy "chaff" in an undertone during the proceedings, declared the affair was all moonshine. The cocks weren't fighting; they were only sparring to keep themselves in wind. *He* knew the difference and so would the worthy Magistrate, if he'd frequented the Westminster Pit as long as he (Prisoner) had. He *had* seen games there. P'raps the best game was when they had the famous Bull bait, in the second year of the Crimean War. That was something like a lark. But the beaks had made no fuss then, though a good many coves he knew lost their places, along of that very bull-bait. Knew INSPECTOR PUNCH very well, and hoped he might be allowed to say he was very good friends with him: a friend in the "force" often came handy. Would not deny he had fought a main or two in his time: there was nothing he called *real* fighting now-a-days.

The prisoner CECIL, who showed much irritability under the questioning of the worthy Magistrate, impudently said he would not deny he liked cock-fighting, and didn't see any harm either in that or a dog-fight—or a bull or badger-bait either, for the matter of that. ROEBUCK was so cheeky about his cocks, it aggravated him, and he put down his bird. Did not deny he had steel spurs on: they might draw blood, and inflict a painful wound. He hoped so. Didn't see what was the use of matching cocks without spurs on.

The prisoner OSBORNE said he only went to the Pit to see if he could get employment, as he had long been out of place, and was anxious for an odd job: he had heard such things were to be had in and about the Westminster Pit. He appealed to MR. PUNCH if he had heard him say anything.

MR. PUNCH said he certainly did not notice him taking part in the match, but he was "chaffing" a good deal, and seemed well known in the place.

The worthy Magistrate said he was reluctantly obliged to discharge the prisoners, as there wasn't sufficient evidence of the actual fighting. In fact, it seemed as if they were there rather to arrange the terms of a main, expected to come off in the course of the autumn, than to fight their cocks then and there. The police would keep an eye on the pit, and he would take care that, so far as he was concerned, no violation of the law should take place. He then cautioned the prisoners, and discharged them. An attempt at applause was suppressed.

On their way out of the Court, the prisoners CECIL and ROEBUCK got fighting violently in the passage, and were separated with difficulty; on which the worthy Magistrate directed they should both be locked up for the assault on each other, it having been proved that neither began it. PAM begged he might be protected against BRIGHT, who, he said, had threatened him with violence. He wasn't afraid of BRIGHT, or any man, but he hated fighting, if he wasn't fairly forced into it. The Magistrate cautioned BRIGHT that any breach of the peace would be severely visited on him; and all the parties left the Court, apparently thinking themselves lucky in having got off so easily.

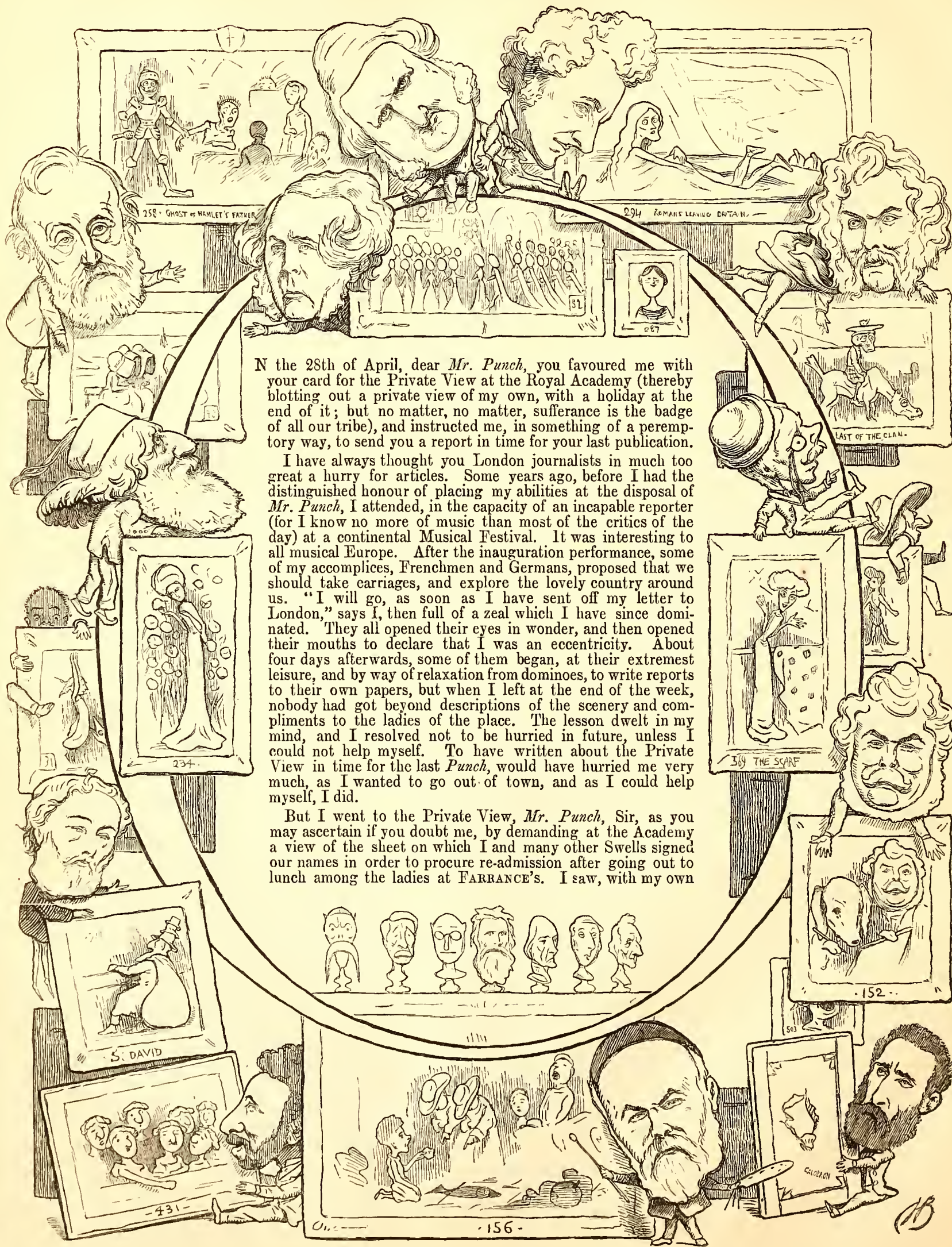
New Bishop for Cornwall.

SIR,—Why create a new one, when there is a distinguished Ecclesiastical dignitary in the Eastern Counties doing nothing? Need I say that I allude to Bishop Stortford.

I remain, yours truly,

A STUDENT OF BRADSHAW.

PRIVATE VIEW OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



eyes, the colossal Primate of England, and the venerable author of the *History of the Jews* (who was writing, rationally, on certain matters when DR. C*^L*NSO was a small boy) and MR. DISRAELI, who I perceive was seen by the flippant person who writes your *Essence of Parliament* (which I offered to write, and you coarsely refused to allow me to do), and the distinguished Lady of Secrets and Sensations, and a great Poet, and many Academicians, who were affable to me, and the ubiquitous BISHOP AGATHON, and the prettiest and cleverest of our young English actresses, and some critics, whom I will trouble you not to throw in my face, because they had been round the studios, and their long and elaborate articles, next day, had been prepared in advance. *Nos etiam in Arcadiis*, Sir, and I know their tricks and their manners, as the Person of the House observes.

It did not occur to me when you thrust your ticket and commands upon me in your overwhelming and steam-engine manner, bustling me out of the sanctum before I had time to light a cigar, to ask you what I was to go for, or what you wanted me to say. Do you desire criticisms on 1077 works of art? I can send them, of course, in batches of fifty, which arrangement will bring my letters to an end in twenty-one weeks, finishing as pheasant-shooting begins. Or will you be satisfied with a neat and novel statement that there are many works of genius, some of average merit, and many which deserve neither praise nor disparagement, while we would rather be excused from speaking of the remainder? I am the most docile of scribes, and whether epigram or epic be demanded, I instantly sit down and write it. "Pay me well, and order what you please," is the motto that hangs over the mantelpiece of the tasteful apartment in which I receive my customers. But when I am left totally without instructions, I am sure to send you just what you didn't want, and to tread upon the corns of some of your friends and pets,—that is to say, to write truthfully. I wish you would give me only such subjects as Logarithms, or the Conservation of Forces, or the Differential Calculus. Though some people are so awfully sharp-sighted that they would discern allusions even in a treatise on these. The *Spectator* used to complain that if he mentioned a church and a pudding in the same page, he was said to be insulting the clergy. I suppose that if I say that this is the Ninety-Seventh Exhibition, I shall be told that I am accusing the Academicians of being in their senility and dotage. *Tu l'as voulu, M. Punch.*

Ha!

You will naturally demand the meaning of that conventional typographical melodramatical exclamation. Nobody makes it in real life—hence it is a fitting Ideal Symbol of the Inconceivable. The explanation is yours. It has flashed on my mind that May is the Poet's Month, especially since the seasons have changed, and it has become the month of Rime. Poetry and Painting are sisters—hence poets and painters hate one another like cousins. Will you kindly allow me to do the Academy in verse? GARTH wrote the *Dispensary*, and COWPER *A Review of Schools*, neither of which facts has anything to do with the matter.

But first of the Motto for the Year. Firstly, it is spelt rightly. Secondly, it is out of POPE. Thirdly, it is this:—

"Our Rules are old, intended and devis'd
To keep monopoly, so dearly priz'd.
Nature, like Liberty, should be restrain'd,
Or our Distinguished Patrons may be pain'd."

And I think this is a very good motto, which every artist should inscribe in letters of gold on his easel.

And now for my

ACADEMY ALPHABET.

- A's MR. ANSDALL. Brave steeds in a whirl,
Floored Poacher, and O such a dear Spanish girl!
- B's MR. BOXALL, with portraits so true,
I'll box all who question his merits. Do you?
- C's MR. CRESWICK, who's glorious, by George!
And blessed's the Blacksmith who bangs in that Forge.
- D's L. DESANGES, who depicts our Sweet Saints—
They should call him *Des Anges*, from the darlings he paints.
- E's MR. ELMORE. She's tempted to sin;
She's fair. Will the Lily or Passion-flower win?
- F's MR. FRITH. What a splendid display!
A loyal R.A. with a royal Array.
- G's MR. GRANT, ever gracious and fresh,
Embalmer-in-Chief of each Notable's flesh.
- H is for HOOK, and the sea is his Line,
Come, love, hear the billows, and smell the fresh brine.
- I is the Ink into which at this crisis
I dipped, wrote my name, and cut off for some ices.
- J is GEORGE JONES, who records the great deeds
Recital whereof makes one fierce as one reads.
- K's MR. KNIGHT, who gives cards for this Sight,
And whose works are as fine as their painter's polite.

L is SIR EDWIN. Self-painted, he's there,
With a glorified dog on each side of his chair.
It's also for LEIGHTON, who ought to be proud
Of the HELEN in yonder diaphanous cloud.

M is for MILLAIS, brave painter who Dares.
See that terrible Devil who's Sowing the Tares.
It's also for MARKS, with his humour and truth.
Sing Gurgyle, sing Feeble, sing Beggar, sing Tooth.

N is for NOBODY—Hangmen severe—
Have excluded his family largely this year.

O is O'NEIL. Gallant boat on the blue:
And what Swells must have sat for that fine-looking crew!

P is JOHN PHILLIP—the strength and the tone
MURILLO, grown up, had been honoured to own.

Q is the QUEEN, who, they say, said, "How glad am I
To hear such good news of my Royal Academy!"

R's MR. REDGRAVE. All know his desert,
And *Punch* printed—he painted—the Song of the Shirt.

S is for STANFIELD—a Name, till the shock
That shall hurl into ocean that noble Bass Rock.

T's MR. THORBURN, less eager to please
Than be great. That's the Scotch Rhadamanthus, LORD DEAS.

U's the Umbrella U leave down below—
For how Snobs poke at pictures we all of us know.

V is for VALENTINE PRINSEP, who draws
Magnificent ladies—some fond of macaws.

W is WARD. Boldly handled the scene
In the history of Scotland's Immaculate Queen.

X is the Exe, and reminds of a dell
By the Devonshire stream that GEORGE CHESTER paints well.

Y is Young STANFIELD, who's worthy to bear
The illustrious name of his wonderful *père*.

Z's ZOROASTER. Who's he? My dear Madam,
M. BUNSEN and I do not know him from ADAM.

There, my dear *Mr. Punch*, I flatter myself that I have discharged my duty like a man, and if you are not satisfied, you can give your Private View ticket, next year, to any other of your young men, without causing the faintest shadow of dissatisfaction upon the pleasant yet pensive, and cheerful but thoughtful countenance of

Your devoted Contributor,

Goneril Terrace, Regan Park.

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

PARSON'S ENGLISH.

ONE would think an English Clergyman should know how to write English; but here is one who does not, if he penned the following:—

WANTED, a HOUSEMAID, not under 22, in a very small, quiet, Clergyman's family, who can wait at table. A personal character of at least a year required.

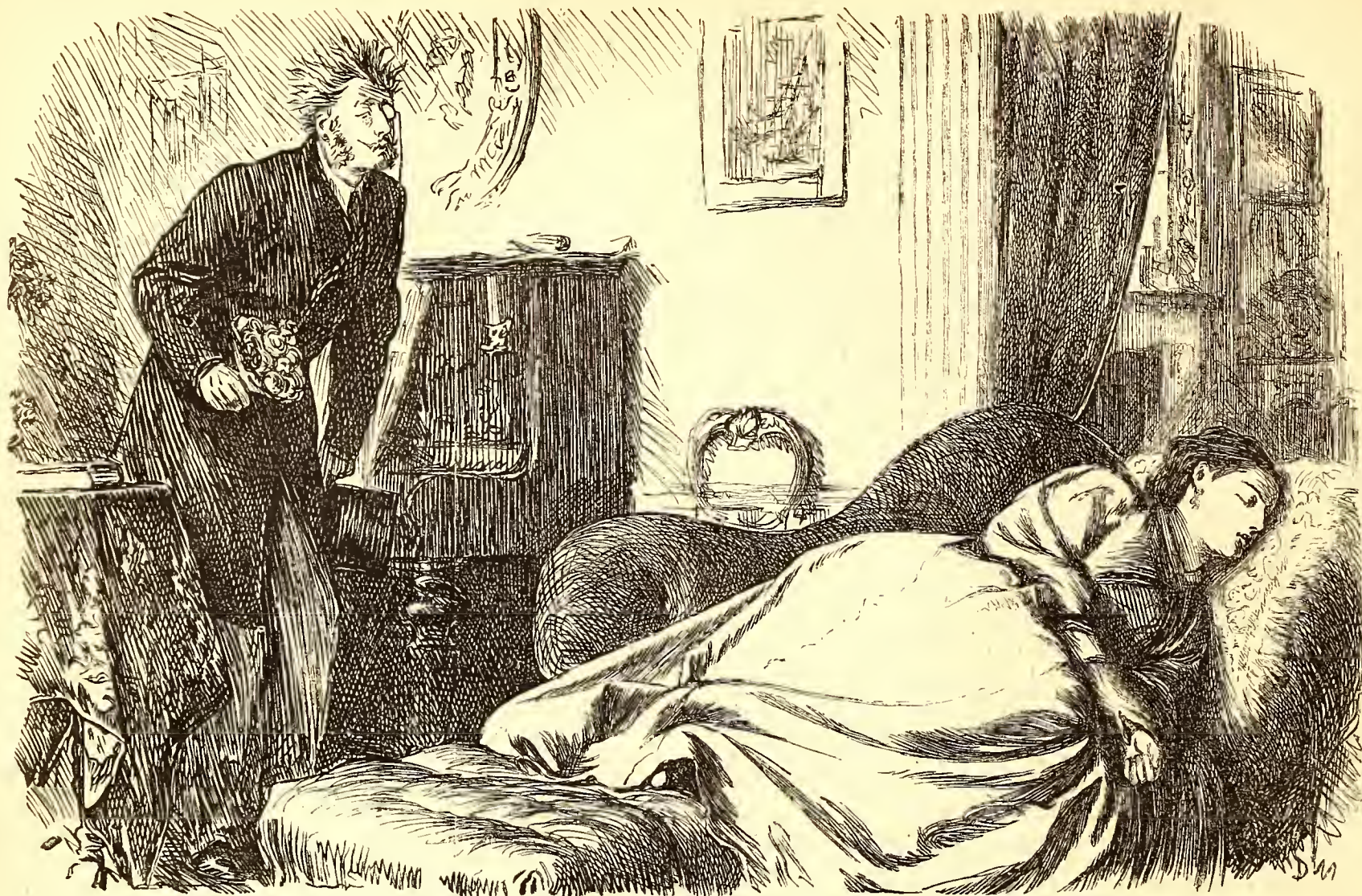
Pray, is it the clergyman or his family that is "very small and quiet?" and are we to understand, as the sentence seems to indicate, that it is the family "who can wait at table?" Then, pray, which year is the one whose character is required? and what in the wide world can its character have to do with the hiring of a housemaid? We hope there is no evidence of an approaching rupture between our Church and State in the fact that this Churchman so misuses the Queen's English.

SUPPOSE AND SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE a Lords' Report.
Suppose it whitens LORD BROUGHAM.
Suppose it—whitebrowns LORD WESTBURY.
Suppose LORD WESTBURY resigns.
Suppose a new CHANCELLOR is wanted.
Who should he be?
Evidently, to complete and round the tale,
LORD BROUGHAM!
Step up, HENRY C.

Confiscation Made Easy.

MR. GLADSTONE has reduced the Income-Tax from sixpence in the pound to fourpence. This tax will not cease to affect only a portion of the community, and that unequally; but its reduction is confidently expected to make people in general forget that it is a confiscation which oppresses even those who alone are subject to it in different degrees. Financiers hope that the few who may still feel the injustice by the Income-Tax may now be induced to put up with that imposition of the consideration that it is only a little one.



APPALLING DISCOVERY.

ALGERNON CALLS (WITH A LOVELY BOUQUET) ON THE DARLING OF HIS HEART. OVERCOME BY THE NOONTIDE HEAT, SHE SOFTLY SLUMBERS. HE GAZES ON HER FOR AWHILE, SPELL-BOUND IN RESPECTFUL EMOTION, WHEN SUDDENLY SHE BEGINS TO—YES!—No!—YES!—TO . . . SNORE!!!

EXCITING CONTEST AT CAMBRIDGE.

By the time these words are published, an interesting competition will have been decided in the Senate House of the University of Cambridge. A valuable prize will have been contested by no less than nine Clergymen, and the contest of the "sacred nine," if it verify the anticipation expressed in "University Intelligence," will have been "a sharp one." The bone, so to speak, of contention, which will have been borne off by one of those reverend divines, is, as a native of the Emerald Isle might say, a bit of fat. It is a bone that has a considerable quantity of meat on it, being the Rectory of Ovington, a living whereof the gross value is £436, with a house, whilst its population is only 400; so that the winner of it will find himself in the comfortable circumstances of liberal remuneration with little to do.

Not for a moment, however, must it be supposed that the love of ease and idleness has had any influence whatever in pitting nine holy men against each other in a sharp contest for the valuable and unexact Rectory of Ovington. The sphere of usefulness constituted by a living that comprises only 400 souls, is physically limited; but its very limitation in a physical sense allows of so intense a devotedness to the cure of those souls as to render it capable of indefinite moral and spiritual expansion. Put the nett value of Ovington Rectory at £400 a year, equal to the figure of the population; the souls would be curable at £1 *per animam per annum*: and, if the souls were so cured as they ought to be, that would hardly be too high a rate for the cure of them.

Suppose, however, that the souls of the Ovington people do not want much curing, the appointment to cure them would be a comparative sinecure. But then its zealous and industrious holder might devote the leisure it would afford him to the cultivation of learning, to the confutation of Popery and Dissent, the dissipation of doubt, and the reconciliation of theology with the natural sciences. Therefore, if we cannot exactly ascribe the hard struggle of those nine candidates for the Rectorship of Ovington to the ardent desire that spiritual physicians might feel to concentrate their energies on a small and select practice,

let us refer it to earnest wishes for scope to advance the science of their profession.

The living of Ovington appears to imply long life, for the late incumbent, the REV. EDWARD SIMONS, held it fifty-four years. MR. SIMONS, without any Simony, won it in 1810 against DR. BLOMFIELD, late Bishop of London, who, if he had become the incumbent of such a snug benefice, might perhaps have been seriously inclined to say *Nolo episcopari*. The certainty of an income above £400 a year, and therewith the necessity of labour restricted to the obligation of ministering to a population so moderate as one not exceeding that number of pounds, are conditions which may be conceived to be eminently favourable to longevity. That is to say, in the case of a reverend bachelor; though many a curate, having married on £100 a year, would doubtless regard Ovington as a Paradise that would need to be, by no means exclusive of an Eve.

To the foregoing remarks we may venture to add a positive contradiction of the statement that the nine reverend competitors for the Rectory of Ovington, contended for presentation to that uncommonly good living by the exertion of jumping in surplices. That is a way in which the race for Church preferment could be run, or even thought of being run, only by the most extreme professors of muscular Christianity. The candidates vie with one another in good works, and the best man and best scholar invariably wins. So especially considering the age which MR. SIMONS attained to, we may say "Long life to the winner of Ovington!"

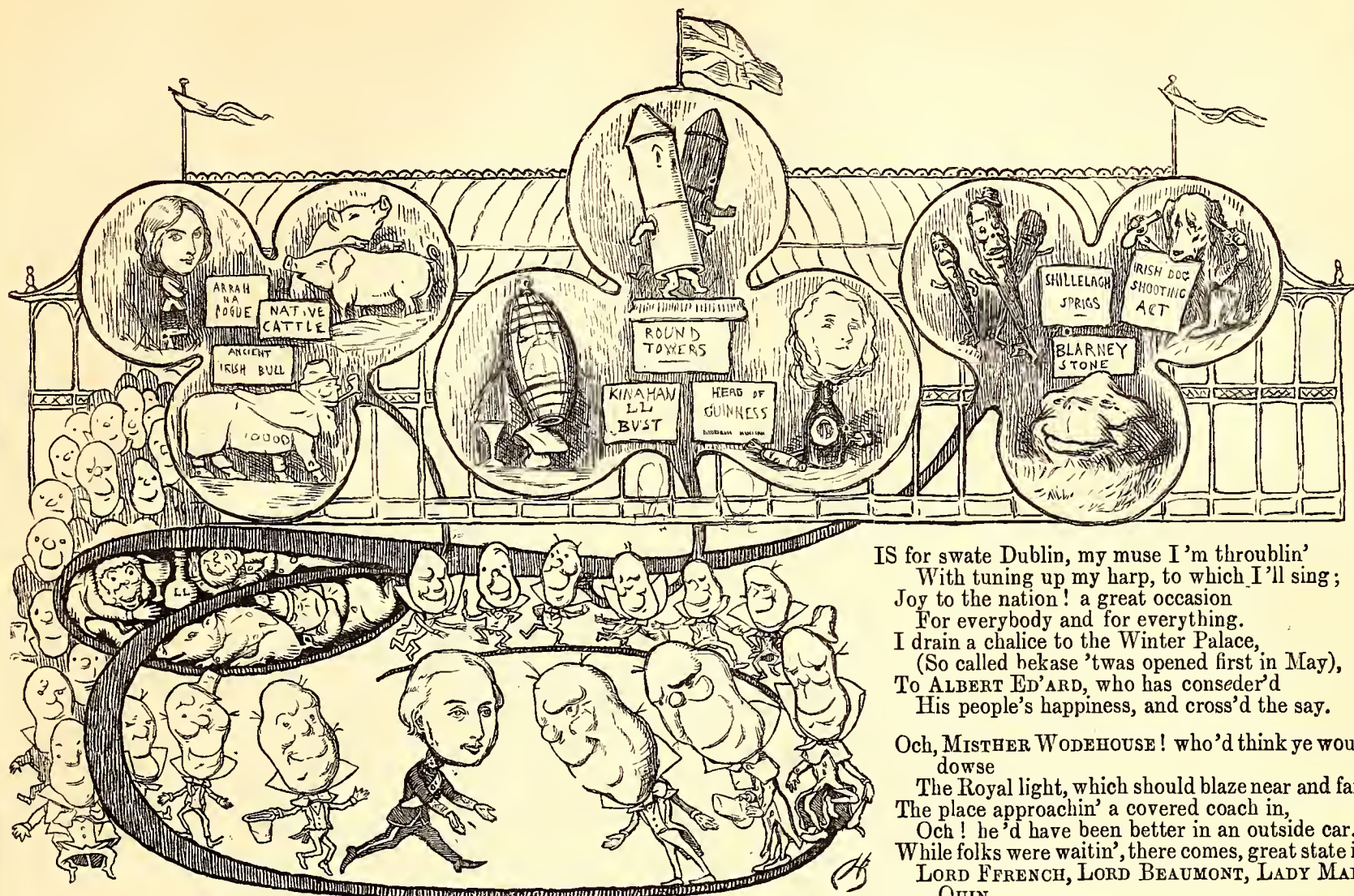
Hand and Foot.

IN the shop-window of a disciple of St. Crispin who is established in a suburban district, there was lately displayed the following notification:—

"Very large Assortment of Gents' Patent Dress Boots always on Hand."

A customer of the species called "rum" might be disposed to ask the profferer of these boots, whether they do not every one fit like a glove?

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.



IS for swate Dublin, my muse I'm throublin'
 With tuning up my harp, to which I'll sing;
 Joy to the nation! a great occasion
 For everybody and for everything.
 I drain a chalice to the Winter Palace,
 (So called bekase 'twas opened first in May),
 To ALBERT ED'ARD, who has conseder'd
 His people's happiness, and cross'd the say.

Och, MISTHER WODEHOUSE! who'd think ye would
 dowse

The Royal light, which should blaze near and far?
 The place approachin' a covered coach in,
 Och! he'd have been better in an outside car.
 While folks were waitin', there comes, great state in,
 LORD FFRENCH, LORD BEAUMONT, LADY MARY
 QUIN,

And o'er agenst her, stood the DUKE OF LEINSTER,
 The first to let his ROYAL HIGHNESS in.

The purty crushers, white-wanded ushers,
 For keeping order both inside and out,
 A distant humming spoke some one coming,
 Which grew into a loud and loyal shout.
 Whisht! All are now in, the PRINCE is bowin',
 And him the darling DUKE OF LEINSTER shows
 Which the best way is, up to the daïs—
 Sure, 'tis but following the Royal nose!

The Choir with anthems start up like phantoms,
 Or larks, who carol up at Heaven's gate;
 Then come the spayches with lots of "h's"—
 'Tis them that has the larning quite complete.
 In words so taking the PRINCE is spaking,
 And is explaining, in a pleasant way,
 To the Burgesses that our PRINCESS is
 Unable to be present on that day.

There's CHAIRMAN SANDARS from the bystanders
 Comes out, and says, while giving up the kays,
 "When from the door, Sir, you go out, sure Sir,
 You'll lave it open for us, if you plaze."
 Then men and maidens, sing songs of HAYDN's,
 And in bright spangles, red and gold galore,
 SIR BERNARD BURKE, he struts like a turkey,
 Och! 'tis myself 'ud strut if him I wor.

That's he that spoke now, "All you good folk now,
 (Don't interrupt me, boys, with your applause)—
 To th' Exhibition there's free admission
 For all, by simply paying at the doors."

Then, MASTHER PUNCH, in we went to lunchin',
 Or what in French we call a *déjunay*,
 Such delicessies and water-cresses,
 With sherry, white wine, likewise Sang Peray.

With something lighter the present writer
 Was satisfied, and walked about *incog.*,
 On treasures gloating, I kept on noting
 The chief things mentioned in the Catalogue.
 Here first and foremost, like the Koh-i-Noor most,
 Stood out a lump of granite all alone,
 Och! 'tis worth putting in there, that cutting,
 From Ireland's sham-rock, called the Blarney-Stone.

There's EVE with shaddock, carved, and the Haddock
 That first swum into lovely Dublin Bay;
 These pipes are labelled as the n the fabled
 Musician before MOSES used to play.
 Faix, here are Praties, each bread-and-mate is;
 An Irish lamb trimmed with shillelagh sprig;
 Just by your knuckle, see now, the buckle
 That was first covered in an Irish jig.

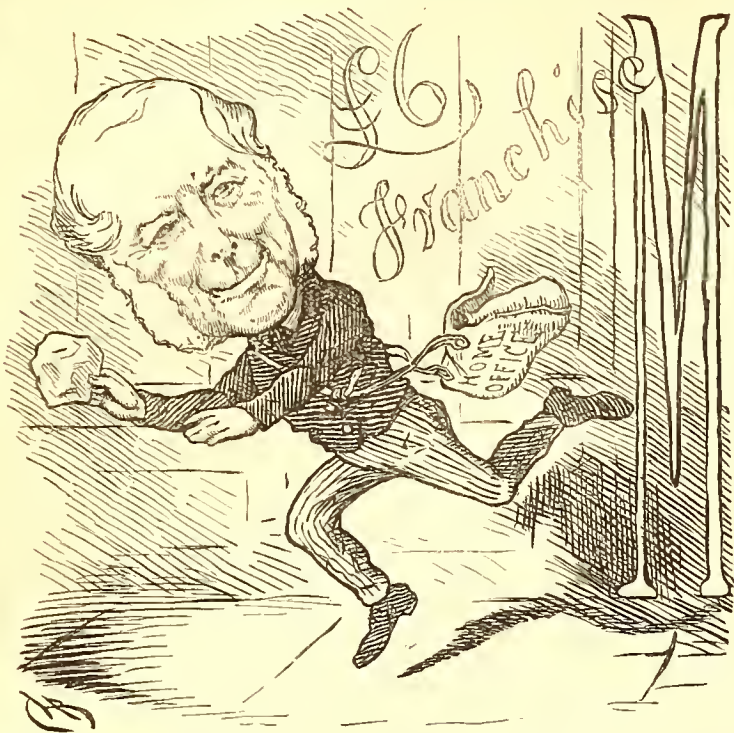
While I'm romancing, the sounds of dancing
 Come from where, in the LORD MAYOR's Mansion Hall,
 Trip Erin's daughters, like laughing waters,
 Who with ye can compare, at all, at all!
 Here's all that's loyal to all that's Royal!
 And may with glory QUEEN VIC-TORY thrive!
 The best I'm wishun' to the Exhibition
 Of Eighteen Hun-de-red and Sixty-five!

THE SEAL OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

THIS Seal, which has recently been exhibited at the British Ecclesiastical Museum, is a curious work of Art. On the obverse side is an enormous earwig under a rose (emblem of secrecy) surmounted by the terse legend engraved in Church-hand, "TRUST ME." On the reverse side is an Hibernian-looking head encircled by the apposite motto,

"WHO BREAKS—PAYS." The Seal, we understand, was designed in Rome, where it is looked upon by connoisseurs as an article of *virtu.* To our simple sight it appears antiquated in style and quite unsuited to the English climate. Some minds of a high order confess that this sort of Seal has for them a mysterious charm, but we gravely doubt whether any good impression can be made by those delicate instruments that will not bear exposure to the light.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, May 8. LORD ST. LEONARDS, though afflicted with a superstitious reverence for some things simply because they are, is not a mere obstructive, but a constructive also. He has introduced a Bill for the establishment of Courts of Conciliation, on the French plan, for settlement of disputes between Masters and Workmen. He hopes by this means to do away with Strikes.

The Courts of Justice Bills were finally passed. LORD REDES-DALE objected to

a bridge over the Strand. LORD REDESDALE may go to Bath, insert his head into the hot water, and keep it there till we send for him. How are the lawyers to get across without a bridge? Are the precious lives of the learned to be put at the mercy of those accomplished ruffians who drive Vans over people? Are we to lose half-an-hour waiting until the street shall be clear? Or are the Innors and the Middles to charge the enemy, as in the glorious fray,

"When down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood,
And dyed their long lances in infidel blood."

We have sworn by ST. NEPOMUK (he was thrown over a bridge and martyred, and hence was made patron saint of bridges) that we will have a Lawyerduct. The *Athenæum* proposed that Temple Bar should be used for this purpose, but as its chamber is notoriously haunted by the ghosts of people whose heads have mouldered on the top, we fear that ladies who go to consult their legal advisers in the Temple might be terrified. We ought to record, by the way, that we have never seen a single ghost looking out at the window on the City side of the Bar since the railway obstruction blotted out St. Paul's.

LORD HARTINGTON admitted that LORD CHELSEA had made one leap from the junior captaincy of the 3rd Middlesex militia into the Major's place, taking nine captains, some of many years' standing, in his jump. Further, he justified the wonderful feat in the frankest way, by saying that it had been permitted because LORD CHELSEA is a nobleman of influence and position in his county. A fiend has just whispered us that his Lordship, having been born at Durham, may be useful when militia are mustered. But as militia are not mustard, but soldiers, we confess ourselves utterly unable to comprehend what the fiend means.

MR. CAIRD very properly demanded of SIR CHARLES WOOD what he had done in reference to the astonishing proceedings of SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN in India. SIR C. the first said that he had not had time to understand the subject, but had caught various members of the Indian Council, and signified to them that he would not allow export duties to be laid on the staples of India. The staples, we should explain, do not mean parts of locks, which, indeed, are little used in the East, except for purposes of navigation, but Principal Commodities. Somebody has chalked all along the Marylebone Road, *Educate the Poor*. It is our business to educate the rich.

MR. MASON JONES, a sort of orator, and clever, we are told, in his way, ingeniously managed to get a capital advertisement out of LORD ELCHO, by asking that good-natured Volunteer to correct his account of something JONES was reported to have said about MR. W. E. FORSTER. So JONES got a whole paragraph in the debate, and it was headed with his name. Well done, JONES; *Punch* gives you another lift for your smartness.

SIR GEORGE GREY said, without laughing, that the L.L. of Ireland had not stricken any Irish music out of the Dublin Exhibition programme. Talking of that, we heard a story which will be understood in Ireland, and also here by those who know the difference between lawful and unlawful whiskey. "Your brother's been made an L.L.D.," said somebody to his friend. "Has he, by jabers" (all Irish persons swear by jabers), said the other. "Au 'L.L.D.'! I'd rather be a *potheen* D." We were going to send this to the Dublin Exhibition, but it was so heavy that our cab broke down.

The BAINES Debate was resumed—there was a crowded House, and a sensation. People said that MR. GLADSTONE was going to answer MR. LOWE, but people said the thing that was not. The Debate had two points of interest. First SIR GEORGE GREY, for Government, would not vote against the Bill, but he declared that the Administration would not be bound to a £6 franchise, nor would he undertake that

any large Reform Bill should be brought in next Session. The Ministry would be guided by Public Opinion. Secondly, MR. DISRAELI avowed his belief that his as well as the Liberal attempt to carry Reform Bills, when the country did not want them, had been a mistake, but he was in favour of a large extension of the suffrage, not downwards, but in a Lateral direction. *Punch* likes to conserve a fortunate phrase. Lateral Reform is a fortunate phrase. The Parliament that effects it will be known as the Lateral Council. There were good speeches from MR. FORSTER, MR. HORS-MAN, and MR. STANSFELD. The Working-Man cannot complain that he is not talked about. Every statesman undertakes to photograph him. The only thing is that no two portraits are alike. Finally, the Previous Question was carried by 288 to 214; majority 74 for dropping MR. BAINES's Bill.

Tuesday. So much of the Edmunds Scandal as has been caused by the grant, by the Lords, of a pension to MR. EDMUNDS was atoned for by the solemn revocation of that grant. There was a long debate, over which the LORD CHANCELLOR presided, in silence.

MR. WHALLEY, amid laughter of course, asked SIR GEORGE GREY whether he would bring in a Bill for preventing English clergymen from declaring in a witness-box (as MR. WAGNER of Brighton has done in the Road Murder case, now revived by the statement of Miss CONSTANCE KENT), that they will not divulge what is told them under the seal of confession. SIR GEORGE's answer may be imagined. MR. WHALLEY sniffs Rome in every breeze, and we wonder that he has not given notice that he will call attention to the new Eleanor Cross, at Charing Cross, and ask whether Protestants who are going to eat white-bait at Greenwich ought to be exposed to the humiliation of beholding that Popish symbol as they go in for their railway tickets. But for the Seal of Confession—as MR. SKETCHLEY's admirable *Mrs. Brown* observes, "No, WHALLEY, says we, we don't hold with that, says we. If he's a Roman, says we, to Rome let him go, but he shall make no seals out of Protestant wax, says we, if we know it. The egg-cup, for it's dry work talking theology, WHALLEY."

MR. GLADSTONE was pleased to be humorous in answer to a question about the General Election. The questioner called him a Prominent Member of the Government, for which he expressed his thanks, but said that the statement of an Oxford Committee (his own) that the election would take place in the second week in July, was not made on the authority of the Prominent Member. This condescension pleased the House, and it laughed with the great Financier.

SIR WILLIAM PAYNE-GALLWEY, Baronet, we name him in full in sign of approbation, made a strong attempt to force the railway people to give a means of communication between passengers and guards. In reply it was said that the companies had been discussing 196 inventions, and none would do. Which Bishop is to be the victim whose fate will cause the right thing to be affixed on every line in England in forty-eight hours, or will the Company-Deities accept an Archdeacon? We admit that taking away the advertisements from newspapers that dare to record accidents on the lines is a step in advance, but even that brilliant invention fails to satisfy the public entirely. We intend to travel with a large Revolver, which, at need, we shall fire at the first Signal-man we pass after we are alarmed. His executors will have a good action against the Company, and then we shall get upon the jury, and give £10,000.

Great fun those AZEEM JAH petitions. They have been signed by hosts of folks who have no more idea who AZEEM JAH is than they have of *the Man in the Moon*. Signatures have been obtained at a penny apiece. Something is due to decorum, even in a farce.

Wednesday. A cheerful Church Rate debate. MR. NEW-DEGATE had a plan, whereof not much need be said, as it was squenched by 126 to 42. Government opposed it. MR. KINGLAKE objected to it, as perpetuating the rate. MR. HEYGATE delivered a neat hit at the Dissenting party, whom he charged with systematically hindering all efforts to settle the question, because they preferred its existence as a grievance. MR. HADFIELD said that Dissenters were very loyal to the House of Brunswick, and therefore ought not to pay a tax of which they disapproved. The argument is a good one, and we shall adapt it to circumstances next time the Income-Tax collector appears at our residence.

MR. LOCKE's Theatrical Bill then came on, but as he felt it his duty to begin with a history of the drama for the

last three hundred years, with sketches of the plots of all the plays, and biographical notices of the principal actors, the clock cut him short at a quarter to six.

Thursday. LORD WESTBURY carried his Bill for turning the County Court Judges into little Lord Chancellors.

A Gas Company proposes to extend its works at Chelsea, and the BISHOP OF LONDON made a strong protest against the poisoning the children, and the flowers, and against the pollution of the Thames. We hereby applaud the good Bishop, who, unlike divers ecclesiastics, recognises his duties to the bodies as well as to the souls of his flock.

We usually abstain from noticing things that are only going to be done, but we do just as we please, and all that we do is for the best. In the exercise of our unlimited discretion we mention, as part of the history of the American war, now supposed to be concluded by JOHNSTON'S surrender, that Government was asked whether it had determined to withdraw its recognition of the Confederates as belligerents, and that SIR GEORGE GREY desired a postponement of the question.

The rest of the night was given to the Union Chargeability Bill, which the "country party" oppose with much doggedness, and the debate was adjourned amid vociferations, and the exchange of witticisms, as became grave senators. We suspect that in justice to the Speaker, who in vain struggles with a disorderly house, we shall have to re-enact the law of the Duello, for Parliament only. Small swords and pistols to be kept in a Committee Room, and seconds to be chosen by ballot. Any member bellowing at another, to prevent his being heard, to be liable to be called out. We shall regret having recourse to a barbarous device, but anything is better than the transformation of the House into the likeness of a vulgar Vestry.

Friday. LORD SHAFTESBURY called attention to a frightful social evil of which few have any idea. There is, in the provinces, an organised system for obtaining the agricultural labour of children. They are hired in Gangs, by persons usually of low and brutal character, who let out the unfortunate boys and girls to the farmer. The result is cruelty and vice. The BISHOP OF LINCOLN corroborated the Earl's statements. The Crown is prayed for inquiry.

The CHANCELLOR, in answer to LORD WESTMEATH, of whom he made much grave fun, intimated that an English Clergyman has no confessional rights, and LORD CHELMSFORD, lawyer and Conservative, regretted that MR. WAGNER had not been sent to prison.

The BISHOP OF LONDON desires to put down mock-Catholic performances in his churches, but finds it difficult to obtain evidence. Sermon-hunting Snobs write him anonymous letters as to what they say that they have seen, but skulk away from giving available testimony.

MR. CAVE showed that Postmasters are underpaid, considering the work now thrown upon them. The system induces some of them to discourage, or at all events not to aid the Government in regard to deposits and annuities. Any official so acting should be dismissed, but the rate of remuneration ought to be made liberal. The Post Office has a large surplus, which should be expended in improving it—we ought not to pay taxes to the postman.

The Clock Tower is to be finished, no new buildings are to be erected in the square; there is to be a tunnel for members, that they may not be run over in crossing to Parliament Street; MR. HERBERT is to paint DANIEL for the House, and £10,000 has been voted for a Fire-brigade.



A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

FLORA CAN SEE A LETTER FROM HIM, BUT CANNOT GET IT FOR AT LEAST TEN MINUTES, BECAUSE PA HAS THE KEY.

A CURIOUS ARTICLE.

WHAT queer people there are in the world! and what wondrously odd things are mentioned in advertisements! Only look at this:—

WANTED, an Active or Sleeping PARTNER, with capital (profits large), to carry out an article which the human frame is generally troubled with. Address, &c.

An insect can hardly be regarded as an article; else we might imagine that the troublesome thing alluded to above must be a flea. The reference to "sleeping" seems to favour this idea, nor does the word "active" at all militate against it. One had needs be pretty active if one wants to catch a flea, and one certainly must catch it, if one wants to "carry it out" from where the human frame is troubled with it.

A SQUALL IN SUFFOLK.

OUR Eye is everywhere, and we have an I for Ipswich. That interesting metropolis is in a rage. The Royal Agricultural Society was expected to fix its 1866 meeting there, and behold the meeting is to be held at Bury St. Edmunds, perhaps in compliment to the Chancellor—LORD CHELMSFORD will understand us. The Ipswichers and Ipswiches think that they (especially their hotel and lodging-house keepers) are wronged. But speaking in the interest of visitors, we don't see it. The strongest argument urged in an able and vigorous protest in the *Ipswich Journal* is, that people can easily get out of the town, whereas they cannot get out of Bury. We admit that few persons who have been at Ipswich are unduly desirous to remain there, but then Bury is a particularly clean place, rich in antiquarian interest, and altogether tolerable as a temporary residence. There are the remains of the Abbey, also of the late MR. CORDER, and the Norman Tower, and Ickworth, with its eleven mile park, and all sorts of things to see, when one is tired of the men whose talk is of bullocks. As for Ipswich,—for further particulars apply to *Mr. Pickwick*. We recommend it to resign itself to fate, calmly, and to resign the beast *fête*, civilly.

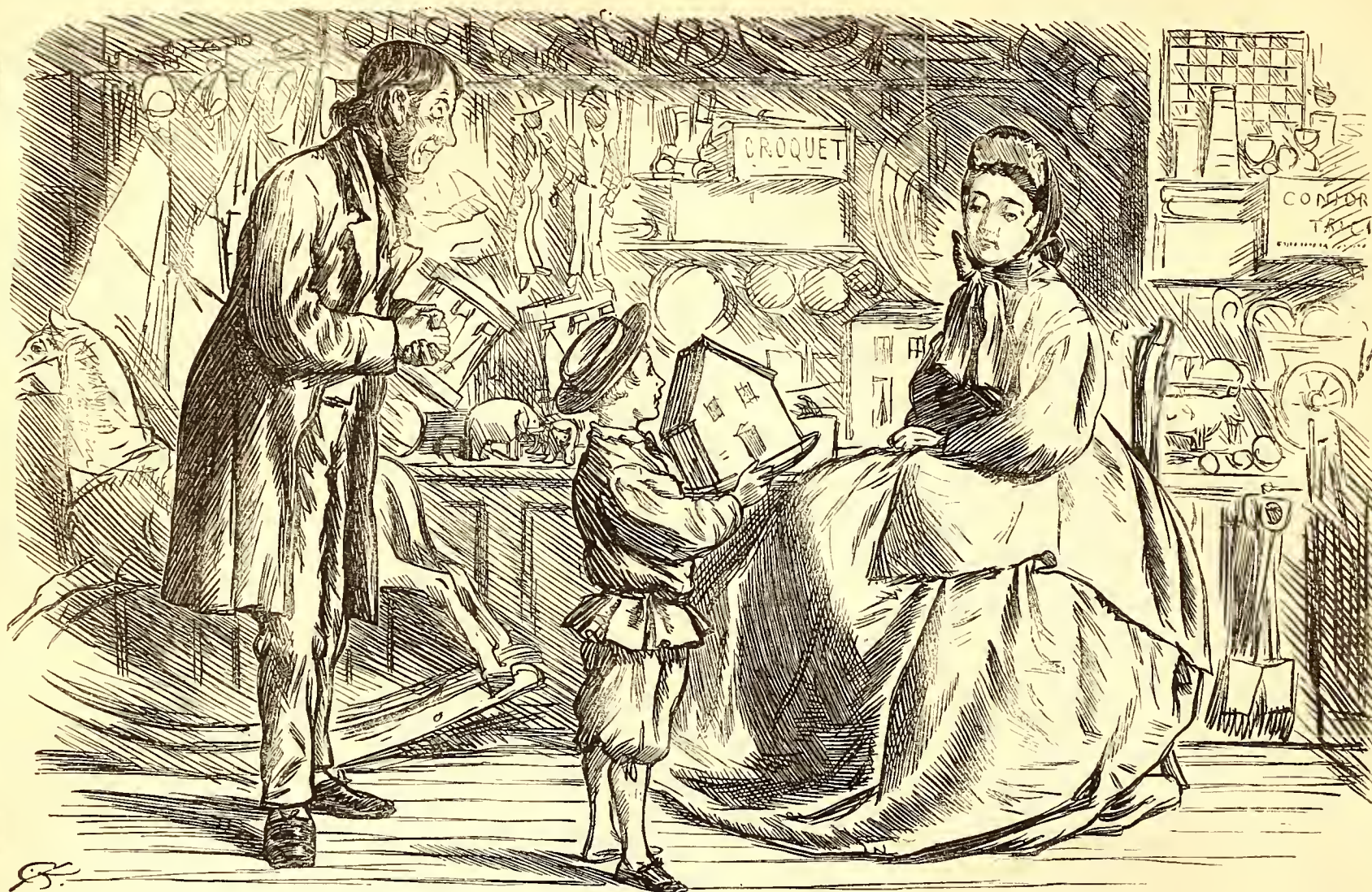
A PHENOMENON IN A POTHOUSE.

AMONG other curiosities this was in the *Telegraph* of the 2nd ult. :—

BARMAID.—WANTED, by a Respectable Young Man, a SITUATION as BARMAID. Good recommendation from last situation. Address, &c.

A young man "as Barmaid!" Well, in the days of Bloomerism, it would not have astonished us to hear of a young woman acting as a Barman. But we never should have dreamed that a man would so unsex himself as to seek a situation as a Barmaid. Old folks may well complain of the effeminacy of the age! It is against the law for men to wear women's clothes in public, excepting on the stage; and if a law were passed forthwith to do away with that exception, it would be about the best thing that the House of Lords has thought it worth its while to do, in this supremely idle præ-election Session.

SCIENCE.—A Lecture on the Great Distance of the Sun from the Earth will shortly be given by a Member of the *Sol fu* Association.



A SERIOUS JOKE.

Mamma (whose darling is undecided whether to choose a Noah's Ark or a Box of Wooden Animals). "WHICH DO YOU RECOMMEND, MR. CANTWELL?"

Mr. C. "WELL, MUM, YOU SEE NOAH BEIN' MENTIONED IN 'OLY WRIT, WE ALWAYS RECKONS THE HARK 'AS THE ADVANTAGE OF BEIN' A SUNDAY TOY, MUM!!"

PICTURES OF THE WORKING-MAN

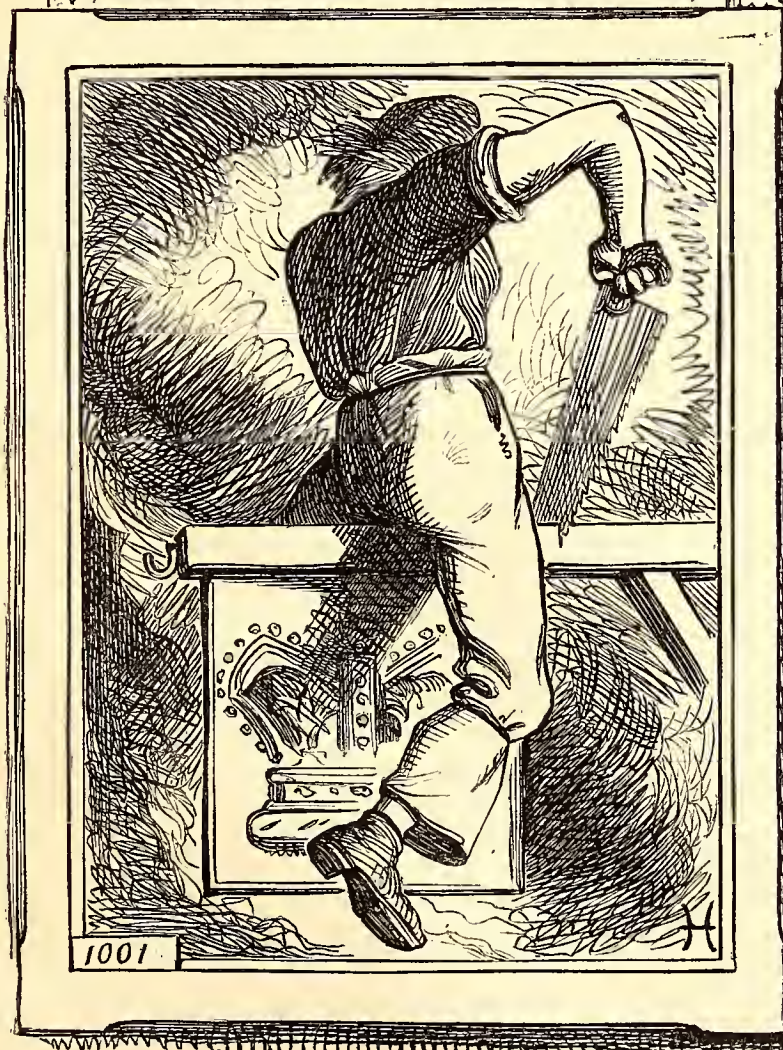
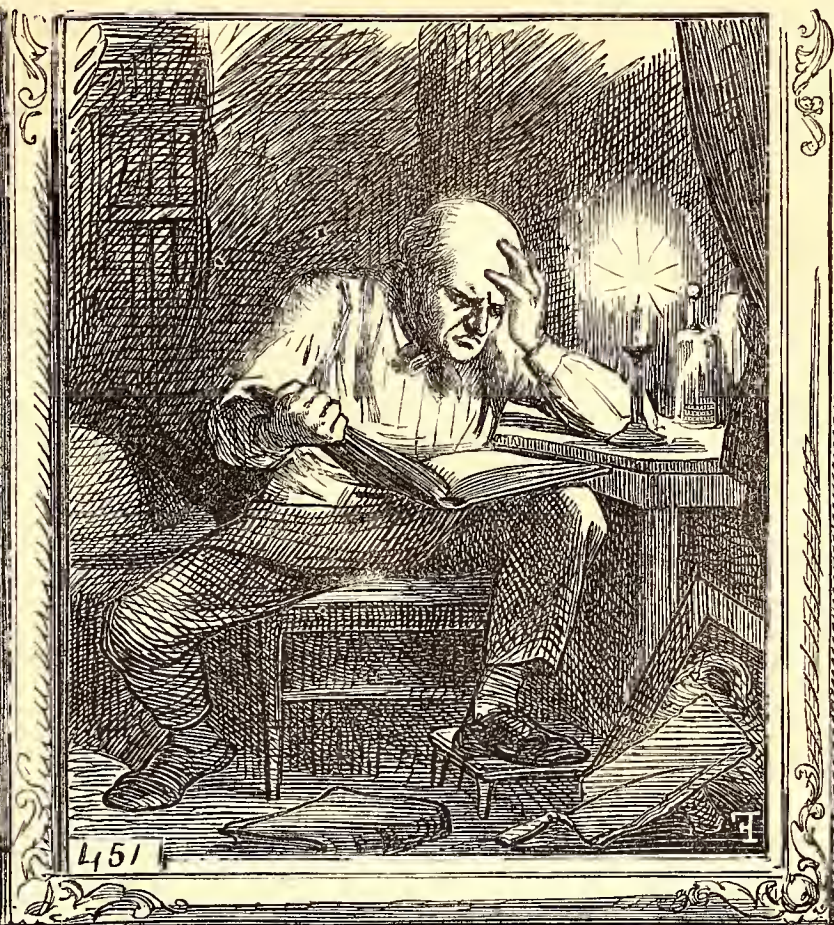
AT THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER EXHIBITION.

IN one point at least the Royal Westminster Exhibition, now open in the sumptuous quarters provided for it by the late MR. BARRY, may be said to be quite in the spirit of the times. It is emphatically "a working-man's exhibition." Not that the exhibition of Liberal and Conservative R.A.'s is like the Show now open in the Floral Hall, or those lately established in the Agricultural Hall at Islington, or the Lambeth Baths, one exclusively or chiefly of working-men contributing the products of their industry or the amusements of their leisure. Indeed, we should like to see more working-men in the body, more evidences of industry, and better employment of leisure. But this may be called "a working-man's exhibition" in the sense that it includes a vast number of pictures of the working-man. Indeed, THE WORKING-MAN seems to be quite the fashionable subject with the Westminster painters. They are as devoted to him as REYNOLDS to his old Beggar-Man, ROMNEY to LADY HAMILTON, or MR. ABRAHAM COOPER to his White Horse. We counted above a score of pictures of him, and then we stopped in dismay. It may be thought that such repetition of the same subject would be wearisome. We know, however, that if two painters sit down to paint the same subject, two very different pictures are sure to come out on their canvasses. So, in this case, where more than twenty limners have set themselves to delineate "THE WORKING-MAN," we find the most extraordinary variety in their pictures of him. We cannot pretend to pass all these works of art in review, or to pronounce, with any decision, on their comparative merits, whether of daring invention, curious one-sidedness of perception, or painstaking truth to nature. Let us hope that a true portrait of that mysterious being, "THE W.-M.," might be arrived at, if by some critical process we could extract from all these very dissimilar representations such essence of truth as they respectively embody. But at present, after careful study of all these pictures, we must honestly confess, that we have not

arrived at the faintest notion of what this W.-M. is really like. One thing is clear, that if all these features really belong to him, he must be the most remarkable individual living. Indeed, we cannot understand by what accident he is not at this moment being exhibited in St. James's Hall, or under articles to BARNUM. He ought to be an immense draw, as an exhibition in himself, for he may be described, in the showman's terms, when he spoke of the lions and tigers in the same den, as "the greatest combination of discordant nature now travelling." But we despair of ever seeing the W.-M. for a shilling. He is the Great Unknown of the present day, and may rank with another mysterious entity—also represented in the most diverse styles and with the most contradictory attributes—the Coming Man. The more we think about it, the more puzzled we feel as to this mysterious W.-M.

How, if the WORKING-MAN be the working-man, does he find time to sit to all these artists? Unless, indeed, sitting to artists be the W.-M.'s only work. In that case he comes under the category of a professional model, and of course transforms himself at the will of the artist. If so I can't trust the pictures of him a bit more than I can those of the yellow-haired, long-jawed young lady who sits to all the Pre-Raphaelites, and comes out now as *Belinda*, now as *Nemoë*, now as the *Witch of Endor*, now as *Mary Magdalen*, and now as *Mariana* in the Moated Grange. And how do all these artists manage to get sittings of the W.-M.? Do they work in batches, firing away at him with porte-crayon and drawing-board from all points of the compass, as the students do with the Langham Chambers model. Or do they track him on the sly, as the artists of the illustrated papers hunt a British Prince, distinguished foreigner, or a great criminal; sketch him flying, and get him on the canvass, unawares, and when he is off his guard.

If so, this may help to account for the vast variety of these pictures. But in that case the fact ought to be acknowledged in the Catalogue. Instead of the bare repetition of the same title, *Portrait of the Working Man*, why not give us explicit descriptions, as "the W.-M. building up the social edifice;" "The W.-M. pulling down the fabric of society;"



THE WORKING-MAN, FROM THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER EXHIBITION.

450. THE WORKING-MAN - - - John Bright.

451. THE WORKING-MAN - - - W. E. Forster.

1001. THE WORKING-MAN - - - Edward Horsman.

1002. THE WORKING-MAN - - - R. Lowe.

"The W.-M. at his beer;" "The W.-M. over his books;" "The W.-M. improving the shining hour;" "The W.-M. worshipping Saint Monday;" "The W.-M. wallopping his missus;" "The W.-M. informing his miud;" "The W.-M. drunk and disorderly;" "The W.-M. regenerating the world."

We conclude by a notice of some of the most striking of these numerous pictures of this puzzling original.*

1002. *The Working-Man*. (R. LOWE.) Boldly and highly-coloured, but with an almost Caravaggiesque darkness in the shadows. MR. LOWE's great power of hand occasionally carries him away, and like RUBENS, he is often careless of drawing, in his violent foreshortenings, and determination to get effect.

The scene of MR. LOWE's picture is a public-house. The working-man is seen pondering over his pipe and pewter, while BRITANNIA holds before his eyes a balance containing the franchise in one scale, and 240 pots of beer in the other. The W.-M.'s eyes are fixed intently on the beer, and the scale with the franchise kicks the beam.

450. *The Working-Man*. (JOHN BRIGHT.) A work of a highly ideal order, *couleur de rose* predominating in the tone, and the whole figure painted as QUEEN ELIZABETH insisted on being, without shadows, and with a forcing of all the high lights which destroys any natural effect the design might otherwise have possessed. Indeed, unless the picture had been described by this title in the Catalogue, we should have called it Portrait of an Angel gazing at the Setting Sun. The character of the work can only be accounted for by supposing it to represent the W.-M. in his future state of glorification or apotheosis, and we presume the setting Sun is that of England, which MR. BRIGHT is fond of painting "going down." MR. BRIGHT, in this picture, has fallen into a fault very rare with him, excessive use of the sweetener, and has mixed such an enormous quantity of oil and varnish with his colour, that we fear the work can never stand exposure to the light.

1001. *The Working-Man*. (EDWARD HORSMAN.) MR. HORSMAN is one of those erratic and eccentric geniuses, whose work it is extremely difficult to criticise; its cleverness is unquestionable, but this is accompanied by an oddity and habitual defiance of rule, which will always prevent the painter from taking that rank in his profession to which he evidently aspires. He seems to prefer the most unexpected lines, and the most startling combinations of colour. In this picture he has borrowed a notion from HOGARTH, and paints the W.-M. in the act of sawing down the beam which supports the Crown, regardless of the fact, that he himself will certainly come down with it. The idea is extravagant, and the design has no prototype, we are convinced, in nature. But as a purely artistic performance, the effect is very striking.

451. *The Working-Man*. (W. E. FORSTER.) A piece of bold imaginative invention, which, till we looked at our Catalogue, we took for a portrait of GALILEO in his cell, or a philosopher in his study. The W.-M. is represented as absorbed in the task of mental improvement, and all the light of the picture is concentrated on the head of the figure, which must be admitted to be a very noble, benevolent, and intellectual conception. How far it is like its original we would rather not pronounce an opinion. A very close scrutiny reveals a pewter pot and a pipe thrust into the shadow under the table. Beneath the feet is an emblematical design, meant, as far as we can make it out, for the seven deadly sins.

These may be said to be the leading varieties of treatment to which this most Protean sitter has been subjected.

It would be a comfort to know which the W.-M. considers the best likeness of himself, and we should be glad to learn this from his friends and acquaintance. Our own impression is, that the painter of the W.-M. has yet to be sought for, and that we shall not find the great artist who is competent to do justice to this subject till the long expected and often deferred arrival of the C. M., or COMING MAN!

[* Our esteemed contributor appears to have drawn largely upon his own fine imagination in the following descriptions of the Westminster pictures.—*Ed. of P.*]

The Pope's Reply.

I MIGHT, perchance, have shown gentility
In making DOCTOR E. your chief, I own:
But could you ask Infallibility
To say that it would take an ERRING-TONE?
Besides, while angry gusts our sails are fanning,
Can you not see St. Peter's bark wants MANNING?

The Clerkship of the Weather Office.

MR. GLAISHER, F.R.S., Meteorologist and Aëronaut, is announced, on good authority, as a candidate for the office held by the late ADMIRAL FITZROY. Nobody can possess higher qualifications for that office than MR. GLAISHER, who, besides being a gentleman of high scientific attainments, has more than once ascended in the atmosphere to the height of five miles.

MY LORD LOFTY ON THE EDMUNDS SCANDAL.]

A JOB is a job; indignation won't mend it,
And every man wants his job done in his turn;
So throw EDMUNDS overboard, and let that end it,
After all, he's been found out, and that's *his* concern.

Everybody's done something that won't quite bear probing,
But probes are not tools to be used upon Peers;
And Truth seldom *is* pleasant, if after unrobing,
We expose the coy goddess to newspaper sneers.

No doubt it was wrong in the Pension Committee,
If they knew the paw-paw things poor EDMUNDS had done,
Not to button their pockets and bottle their pity,
And let down the unfortunate man by the ruu.

And no doubt it was wrong in LORD WESTBURY, rather,
Not to tell the Committee of EDMUNDS's tricks;
But only consider his feelings as father,
Reluctant his son's name in scandals to mix.

He had settled that EDMUNDS's place at the table,
Should be filled by his SLINGSBY, in regular course,
And tried, as was natural, all he was able,
A humane and decorous reserve to enforce.

And as for poor EDMUNDS—one *had* heard a rumour,
There was something not right in his patent-accounts;
But one knew he was lazy, and just of the humour,
To make little slips in his cheques and amounts.

After all, office business is managed so loosely;
Book-keeping's a thing that no gentleman kuows;
And poor EDMUNDS, no doubt, did his duties obtusely—
He never *could* see past the end of his nose.

But then we all knew, and upon the whole liked him,
Though perhaps at two thousand we might think him dear;
And supposed from his post if we quietly kicked him,
None would miss such a sum as eight hundred a year.

The affair would have blown very quietly over,
Had it not been the rumpus kicked up by the *Star*;
But those penny-a-liners, of course, were in clover,
With our House to bully and bring to their bar.

Committees are party arrangements, but not less
The Committee report's, no doubt, perfectly true;
One's glad the *old* BROUGHAM from the mess comes out spotless,
Though it certainly *does* leave some dirt on the *new*.

LORD WESTBURY *has* been a little incautious,
And in feathering his nest, p'raps, a leetle too keen;
But this virtuous horror is really too nauseous,
As if *other* folks' hands were so mightily clean,—

As if other noblemen hadn't relations,
As if places had ne'er been vacated before,
To satisfy loving parental impatience,
And feed the young *Twists* who come "asking for more."

Such prudish hypocrisy's very disgusting:
For my part I like a thing called by its name;
And when penny papers their noses are thrusting
Among Peers and their Pensions,—I call it a shame!

It's o'erstepping their functions, which stop at the Commons,
It's insulting our order, *sans peur, sans reproche*;
It's degrading the woollack, and my name and no man's
Is safe, where such levelling doctrines you broach.

There—the Pension's rescinded—let that end the matter:
Those who've nothing to do with't, the better for *them*:
Least said's soonest mended—so hush all this chatter—
The more that we stir it the more it will—hem!

Well Done, Dunne.

AMONGST the Parliamentary Notices of Motions the other day was the following:—

"COLONEL DUNNE,—To ask why the third instalment of the Delhi prize-money has not been paid."

However objectionable a practice dunning in general may be, in this particular instance everybody except the bad paymasters who keep back the Delhi prize-money, will admit COLONEL DUNNE, in acting as a dun, to have done good service.

L'AFRICAIN.

This is the Libretto of the grand new old Opera. Evolved from the depths of our own moral consciousness, with slight aid from the entirely contradictory accounts furnished by critics, none of whom were present at the performance.

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ACT I.

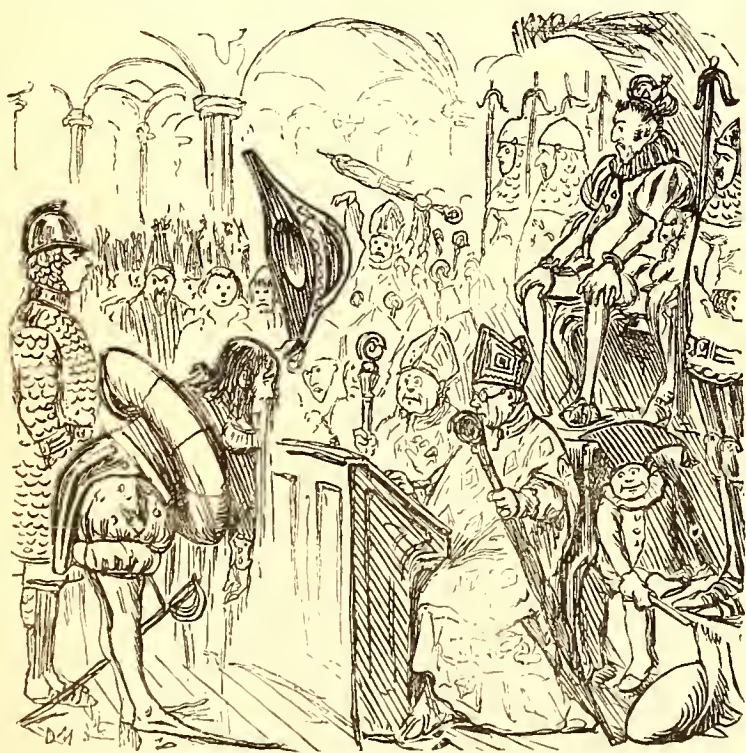
Council Chamber of some King of Portugal.

Bishops, Grand Inquisitors, inquisitive Courtiers, Members of the Royal Lisbon Geographical Society, and others.

First Bishop. VASCO DE GAMA was a great discoverer, but we await his return in vain, because he is drowned.

Enter VASCO DE GAMA.

Vasco. Subject to correction by your Reverence's superior knowledge, I venture to remark—nothing of the kind.



Grand Chorus.

He is not drowned,
In fact, he's found.

Vasco. I love DONNA INEZ, and there exist very large countries which have never been discovered.

Don Pedro. You must not love DONNA INEZ, because she is engaged to me.

Bishops and Inquisitors. And you must not say that there are any other countries than those mentioned in the Scriptures.

Vasco. Call in SELIKA and NELUSKO. *(They enter.)* Answer, my dear, and you, Sir. Are there not vast countries yet undiscovered?

Selika and Nelusko. We decline to make any statements.

Vasco. It is true, though.

Bishops and Grand Inquisitors. Go to prison for life.

(He goes to prison for life.)

ACT II.

Deepest Dungeons of the Inquisition, comfortably furnished with books, maps, quadrants, sextants, seplettes, octoroons, the last new globe from STANFORD'S, and a copy of the "Globe Shakespeare" from MACMILLAN'S.

Vasco (turning globe). But it still moves. Stop, I ought not to say that. I am not GALILEO. *[Studies Map.]*

Enter SELICA.

Selica. If you loved I as I loved you, I'd show you where the ships go through.

Vasco. I love you to distraction, but do you understand the use of maps, fair savage?

Selica. Intimately. When only four years of age, I was taken by cruel parents to England, and sold to SIR RODERICK MURCHISON, President of the Geographical Society. I escaped by the submarine telegraph. See, false man *(shows him a Map)*, that is the way to double the Cape.

Vasco. You are an angel, and if the devotion of a life—

Enter INEZ.

I hope you are quite well.

Inez. Not in the least. You are free.

Vasco. You are an angel, and if the devotion of a life—

Inez. But it will not. In fact, I have made other arrangements. To save you, I have consented to marry DON PEDRO, and we are going out to discover the passage to India.

Vasco. I am astonished. *[He is astonished until Curtain falls.]*

ACT III.

A great Ship at Sea. The footlights represent the stern. Cabins seen. Nautical incidents. Inquisition band plays, "Oh, the roast Jews of old Portugal."

Enter INEZ.

Inez. Alas, poor VASCO!

Enter VASCO, through a porthole.

Vasco. Believe me true.

Inez. You must also be very wet.

Vasco. It is so. I love you.

Enter DON PEDRO.

Pedro. I cannot allow such an observation to be made to my wife. What ho, menials!

Enter many nautical menials.

Pedro. Put this slave into a cask. Head it up. Bung the bung-hole. Throw it into the sea. *[A tremendous Storm arises.]*



Grand Chorus.

Behold our tears and groans,
We go to DAVID JONES.

[The Ship begins to go to DAVY JONES, when thousands of Madagascarcites swim round her, come on board, and draw swords, daggers,

affghans, mucks, creases, ataghans, inferences, and other weapons of vengeance. All the white folks are going to be massacred.

Enter SELICA.

Selica. DON'T!

[They don't. The Ship sinks.]

ACT IV.

Madagascar. Splendid pagodas, temples, caves of Elephanta, Giants' Causeways, putully nautches, and other interesting scenery. SELICA is Queen: she enters.

Selica. My people are loyal, but they have constitutional rights, and they insist on killing all these whites.

Enter VASCO.

Selica. So! you are there, are you?

Vasco. To your Majesty's assertion I assent, and to your Majesty's inquiry I reply affirmatively.

Selica. The people will kill you.

Vasco. It is unfortunate. It occurs to me at this crisis respectfully to ask your MAJESTY why you are called The Africaine?

Selica. Because I am an Asiatic. Resuming the subject, I remark that I can save you in one way only. I will declare you my husband.

Vasco. You are an angel, and if the devotion of a life—

INEZ is heard singing without.

"I go to execution,
'Tis righteous retribution,
And by this Constitution
All foreigners must die."

Vasco. That voice!

[He starts.]

Selica. How dare you start? I'll make you smart. You love that Lisbon coquette! 'Tis well.

[Sarcastically.]

Vasco. Is it?

[The Curtain descends on his conviction that however wet it may be, it might be better.]

ACT V.

QUEEN SELICA'S Gardens. They are very beautiful, and oranges, olives, ostrich-eggs, oysters, and all other luxuries depend from the trees.

Selica. Is this Madagascar? Am I its Queen? But without entering at this moment into a discussion upon those details, slaves, bring in your prisoners.

VASCO and INEZ are brought in.

Nelusko. It may be convenient for me to mention that I love your Majesty.

Selica. If equally convenient, hold your tongue. But where is that person's husband?

Nelusko. Ask the sharks.

Selica (haughtily). I ask you. But I am answered. Now, false lover, and you, artful woman, you are in my power, and you shall feel it. What can you expect?

Inez. I expect nothing further in this mundane sphere.

Selica. But you love him?

[Pointing to VASCO.]

Inez. The statement which has just been made in reference to my late husband, allows me without impropriety to say that such is the case.

Selica. Ha! And you love her?

[Pointing to INEZ.]

Vasco. I love you both, and if the devotion of a life—

Selica. Silence, you double-faced Janus. Pollio in Norma was a gentleman to you. Never mind. Put them on board a vessel which I see coming, and which is about to sail at 6 45 A.M. for Portugal; and may they be happy!

[They are led away to happiness.]

The Scene changes, and discovers

The Upas Tree.

It is very splendid, with red leaves, but surrounded with dead elephants, ichthyosaurians, crocodiles, giraffes, and others who have ventured

within reach of its poison. There occur sixteen bars in unison on the fourth string, and the audience weep for seven minutes.

Enter SELICA and NELUSKO, following.

Selica. Who told you to come?

Nelusko. I thought that I had apprised your Majesty of my undeviating attachment.

Selica. Did you? I forgot. But it really does not matter. Are they safe?

Nelusko. Deign to look through these branches. There goes the ship, and on his return VASCO DE GAMA will be made Admiral of the Indian, Persian, and Arabian Seas.

Selica. How do you know that?

Nelusko. From a statement in MR. CHARLES KNIGHT'S excellent Cyclopædia of Geography.

Selica. You are right, it is an admirable work, and no gentleman's library can be complete without it. Now give me that bunch of crimson berries. Not that—keeping the largest for yourself, pig!

[She eats the Upas fruit. He does the same.]

Tremendous final Chorus.

Mademoiselle Saxe. How they are singing out of tune!

M. Faure. Perfectly atrocious.

[Dies.]

[Dies.]

Curtain falls on Final Chorus.



FROM ALGIERS.

THE EMPEROR reports progress every day by telegraph to the EMPRESS. In answer to an anxious inquiry sent by her Imperial Majesty, the EMPEROR replied that EUGÉNIE need be under no apprehension on his or her own account, as at present, though, perhaps, appearances might be against him, he had no intention of giving in his adhesion to the Mahomedan faith.

Another telegram from the same Imperial source to the same Imperial Lady at Paris announces, that the EMPEROR has already had a most encouraging sale of *Julius Cæsar* among the Arabs, and has, on most advantageous terms, disposed of several damaged copies to some elderly Sheiks.

A new Chivalric Order is to be instituted, called The Arabian Knights.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

FUR SCOURERS WANTED.—Clever hands, accustomed to cleaning sullied ERMINE, may hear of a JOB by applying (after dark) at the back of LITTLE BETHEL, Edmunds Row, Westminster.



VERY LIKELY!

Porter (at Tangle Marsh Station.) "EXPRESS TRAIN JUST GONE, SIR."

Swell (closing manfully with the difficulty). "AW—BWING 'NOTHAR IMMEDIATELY, AW—"

A ROW AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

UNDER the signature of "A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY" a Correspondent of the *Morning Post* complains of annoyance inflicted upon him on the evening of Saturday last week in a stall at Her Majesty's theatre, by the noise made by a party in a pit-box on the right side of the house not far from the stage, talking and gabbling incessantly and loudly during Act 1 and half of Act 2 of the performance, when they left, of their own accord; not turned out or removed by the police.

Talking at the Opera, let young men from the country, and other rustics and inferior persons know, is "the thing." It is "stylish," it is "nobby," a practice usual with the right sort of people who mean to show that they understand what is what, and are up to the usages of the nobility and gentry. It bespeaks the cream of the cream, the supreme of the superior classes, whose superiority is such that they are above listening to music, however good, and how well soever executed, or indeed listening to anything whatsoever but one another's small-talk.

The Opera in course of performance whilst these superior people were chattering was *Norma*, with TITIENS for the heroine, and SINICO for *Adalgisa*; and the "Young Man from the Country" says that he expected "a great treat" from their singing, of which the conversation of the stylish party in the pit-box interfered with his enjoyment. *Norma* is a work of some genius, and TITIENS and SINICO are singers of the first excellence; and the disregard of BELLINI's music, of their execution of it, and of the desire of the mass of the audience to hear it, argued the good breeding of those who interrupted it with their genteel discourse. Had not people moving in their sphere of society heard *Norma* often enough before, and what were they to care about it or about the creatures who wanted to hear it? If the Opera had been *Il Flauto Magico*, or *Don Giovanni*, they would have talked all the same, only louder, to show their superiority even to MOZART, that is supposing them to be aware that MOZART is considered by judges of music to be anybody in particular. What were they at the Opera for? To talk,

RAILWAY COMPANIES LIMITED.

FROM the subjoined statement in the *Times*, the public will regret to learn that the almost omnipotent Railway interest is not absolutely to have everything everywhere its own way:—

"RAILWAYS THROUGH GREENWICH PARK.—At a meeting of the Board of Visitors of the Royal Observatory, on the 24th of April, the President of the Royal Society in the chair, it was resolved to entreat the Admiralty to maintain their former decision, and exclude all railways from the Park."

The reason that prompted this deplorable decision to try and keep railways out of Greenwich Park, was the consideration, from ascertained facts, that the oscillations caused by the trains would be sure to disturb the scientific operations going on at the Observatory there. What a pity there is an Observatory in Greenwich Park! No doubt there are romantic, unbusinesslike people who wish that there were one in every park, and every other pleasant place whose beauty and repose are, as they fancy, in danger of being disturbed and spoiled by hissing, puffing, screeching, reeking, and odoriferous railway trains. The Iron Horse is a good thing, hut, in the opinion of these weak persons, there may be too much of a good thing, and they think that the Iron Horse has kicked down so many lovely scenes, that they have had something too much of the Iron Horse. Ordinary horse-worship, they allow, may be tolerated, as harmless absurdity, but they consider that the worship of the Iron Horse, which sacrifices everything to its idol, is becoming an insufferable nuisance. Iron Horse worship, moreover, associated, as it mostly is, with the worship of the Golden Calf, seems to these sentimentalists a sordid and contemptible idolatry, the abomination of whose desolation ought to be limited. Owing to their prejudices it may be long before we shall have railways in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens.

To the Protestant Public.

THE Seal, at the Zoological Gardens, in justice to the governors of that delightful place of instruction and recreation, presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and begs to state that he, the writer, is a thorough Protestant, and disclaims any relationship, or any connection whatever, with the now notorious Seal of Confession.

and look about the house through their *lorgnettes* and flirt. There is only one Opera that persons of this quality could ever be expected to attend to, but to that they might pay some attention from sympathy with the principal character in it: *La Traviata*. The "Young Man from the Country" innocently enough remarks:—

"It mattered not what was sung—to them chorus, duet, or solo were all one, and their discordant harsh voices were heard to the annoyance of more than myself. Let us hope that this letter may come under the eye of this party who might as well have stayed at home for any interest they had in the performance."

If his complaint about talking at the Opera should come under the eye of the talkers, they will only laugh at finding that they have given annoyance to a serious listener. "Ha, ha! That was you and me," they will say in their colloquial manner. Wishing to give additional vexation to the vulgar who gravely object to their "*distingué*" habit of talking at the Opera, they might, in lively keeping with the peculiarity of the place, improve upon it another time by substituting, for ordinary dialogue, recitative. Their "discordant and harsh voices" would then produce an effect amounting to the creation of an absolute disturbance; for which, with all due regard for their quality, the Manager might possibly give them in charge, and they might be walked off like other disorderly persons in the neighbouring Haymarket.

Worthy the Attention of All.

THE Dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund takes place on Saturday next at the Freemasons' Hall, MR. CHARLES DICKENS in the Chair, and very first-rate vocalists in the orchestra. If there be such a thing as National Gratitude, MR. WARREN, the excellent Secretary to the Fund, will be smothered in Bank Notes and Cheques, contributed by "the Million" in acknowledgment of public services rendered by the Press, and far too great for ordinary commercial remuneration. So subscribe to the Newspaper Press Fund.

BISMARCK ON THE PRUSSIAN NAVY.—Begin at the beginning. The first principle of our Naval Architecture is, "Make sure of your Kiel."

THE BANISHMENT OF THE BEGGARS. A NEW "TRAMP CHORUS."

(Suggested by a Clause in MR. VILLIERS' "Houseless Poor" Bill.)



OW, tramp, now tramp to prison cell,
Or quit the trade that pays so well.
The scamps who whine for charity,
Cleared from our streets ere long will be :
A clause in MR. VILLIERS' Act
Is fatal to all tramps, in fact ;
And beggars who disturb our peace
Must now their odious calling cease.

Sham injured workmen will no more
Display their wounds from door to door.
No more the lame will howl their woes,
Or clap their crutches on our toes.
No more the blind, with ghastly eye,
Will glare on all who pass them by.
No more, when they are frozen out,
Will hulking navvies bawl and shout.
Sham paralytics now no more
Will shake and shiver, as of yore :
Sham widows will no more be seen,

With eyes upturned and aprons clean,
And hired babies in their arms,
And hired brats, who bellow psalms.
Artistic tramps will now no more
Chalk "I am starving!" at your door ;
Or on the pavement lie forlorn,
Beside the mackerel they have drawn.

Hence! ye tramps who dog our heel,
And beg or bully, whine or squeal :
Hence, ye one-legged cripples, hence !
Impostors ye who make pretence
Of having for your country fought :
Away to prison, and be taught,
By exercise upon the Mill
The benefit of VILLIERS' Bill ;
Which (and 'twill soon be law, we trust)
Provides that all, who *can* work, *must*.

Catholic Fare in Quod.

PETITIONS from various Roman Catholic congregations were presented the other evening in the House of Commons "for proper religious provision for Roman Catholic prisoners and paupers." The religious provision contemplated by the petitioners, as proper for their co-religionists in gaols and workhouses, might be surmised to be fish on Fridays and during Lent. Very well; allow the deserving Roman Catholic poor salt cod and parsnips; but as to the Roman Catholic criminals, they had better be made to fast altogether as hard as possible, with the whole of the Protestant convicts to keep them company.

A LETTER FROM A LODGING-LETTER.

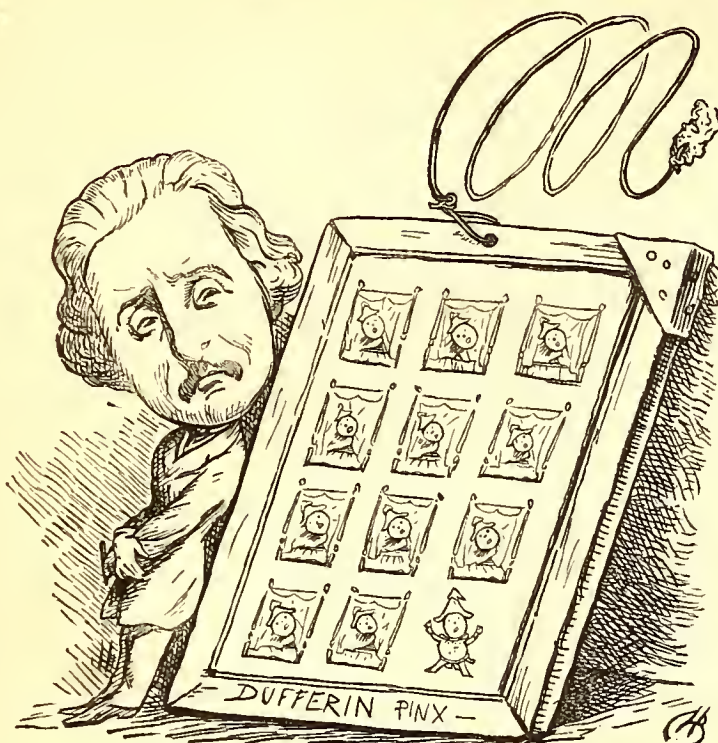
MRS. FILCHER presents her compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and requests him to peruse the follering advertyzement, which she thinks it is *disgraceful* in a jernal like the *Times* to have allowed of its insertion :—

ROOMS WANTED, by two gentlemen, living a few miles out of town —two small bed-rooms and one sitting-room for occasional use, for the next three or four months. The bed-rooms may be anywhere, but the sitting-room must be on the ground-floor. The attendance must be perfect, and the rooms and servants must be scrupulously clean and neat. Regular lodging-house-keepers, with wretched furniture and overworked servants always dirty, are politely requested not to answer this advertisement.

Mr. P. will much oblige his umble servant, *Mrs. F.*, if he will please to mention what steps she ought to take for to recover compensation for this *mean and hojus hinsult*, which as a "reglar lodging-letter" she have hereby received. *Mrs. F.* would beg to state that if it had been only in a *penny* newspaper, she would ave passed it hover with contemptuous disgust, for *penny* advertyzers is not what she aspires to entertain within er ouse. But being in the *Times* she feel it is a hinsult and a blot on her carackter, as ought at least to be apologised if not a 5 pun note or so into her pocket, which though she *do* let her rooms *reglar*, her *furniture* she *will* say is fit for *any* gentleman, and it is a wicked calomel to talk about her servant being "overworked and dirty," for I do mostly all the cooking, and except the stoves and boot blacking and cleaning of the knives and forks, and washing up the crockery and brushing up the ouse a bit, there's reelly next to nothink in the way of dirt and dust as my gal ever have to do, and as for over-work, why lawks! there never were a place more easy for a servant nor more comfortable nayther, for she only have the drawing-rooms as dine every day at home, for the ground and second-floors goes out directly after breakfast, and the back attic he gets his meals all in the City, and his shoes and shavink water is all as *he* requires, which there's nobody at present occyping my top front.

WHY AND BECAUSE.—Why are Cats kept in sporting gentlemen's Stables? To scratch the Racehorses.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, May 14. The Indian Officers' Grievance was brought before the Lords, and strongly urged by LORDS DONOUGHMORE and HOUGHTON. It may have been impossible, in transforming the Company's army into the QUEEN'S, to avoid some awkwardnesses, but the brave Indians, who saved the Indian Empire, deserve to be treated with all consideration, and not, as LORD LYVEDEN said, in a shabby and ungenerous spirit. LORD DUFFERIN made the best sort of official buffing defence he could, and stated that the difficulty had been that of the man who had to put thirty-

teen men into twelve beds, giving each man a bed to himself. This illustration was a flagrant instance of aristocratic officialism, devoid of precise information. The affair is a game, and it is a case of eleven beds—but the superior classes can never understand anything; here, give us a pencil. There, up in the corner we have sketched the thing as it is, and—stop a minute—there, LORD DUFFERIN, there *you* are, with a slate. Now, perhaps, you can understand. The Subject Dropped, as the gaoler said to the surgeon when bringing the latter something for dissection.

LORD HOUGHTON, in the Lords, asked a question which was also asked by MR. WHITE in the Commons. LORD RUSSELL answered in the Senate, and the PREMIER in the House of Representatives. The question was, whether Government would withdraw our recognition of the Confederates as belligerents. The answer is a double question. Have they ceased to be belligerents? and do the Re-United States declare such to be the case? Our course must depend upon that of our friends, the American Government. Let us hear what they say.

LORD PALMERSTON has been ill, and to-night made his re-appearance. He was tremendously cheered by both sides, MR. DISRAELI cheering as heartily as the rest. The PREMIER's arm was in a sling, but that did not prevent his putting a smooth stone into another sling, and sending the missile straight at the Goliath of Brighton. Then, MR. DARBY GRIFFITH (amid laughter, of course) snatching at the first moment to renew his nag about the *Times* getting the heads of the Budget before the speech, PAM made him a jocund kind of answer, saying that the journals made guesses, sometimes good, sometimes bad, and that he was quite sure nobody in the Government had betrayed secrets, and so on—all a laugh at MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, and accepted by the House "in like gamesome mood."

The Excluders of the Poor from the Parishes rallied for a new fight, but under the eye of the Schoolmaster were much more decorous than when the excellent usher, GREY, had charge of the School. Still, a struggle was made to get the Bill referred to a Committee, so that it should not pass this Session, but Mr. Punch's rebukes, and the expressed opinion of the country, produced their effect. The Obstructive Exclusives were defeated by the enormous majority of 266 to 93. We may as well continue the odd story. The Committee was taken on Thursday, when MR. HENLEY, who had headed the Opposition, made an Ugly Rush on his own account. He proposed a clause for prohibiting the Removal of Paupers at all, under any circumstances. As soon as MR. VILLIERS could take breath he expressed his joy over the repentant sinner, but, translating the Sibthorpean formula, said that he feared such a Greek when he brought a present. The Henleyan suggestion was understood, and rejected by 184 to 110. We hope to see it law, but the change must be made with care and forethought, not as a political dodge. The Greek got rather personal, but MR. GILPIN acted as peace-maker, and the Bill went through Committee. The spirit of the Excluders may be learned from the Greek's last words. He said that the measure ought to be entitled one "for relieving the towns from their fair burdens." JOSEPH! Don't. You know better. Look at Mr. Punch's Cartoon, JOSEPH.

Tuesday. A Bill for permitting Local Authorities to dispose of Sewage, instead of sending it into our rivers, was brought in by LORD RAVENSWORTH. We fear that it is too mild to be of much use. One of these days, London, whose hands are now clean, will turn round upon all the towns above bridge, and demand what they mean by defiling the water that is to come down to her. It will be the incident of the Wolf and the Lamb, only that Lamb London will show fangs like a Wolf, and be in the right. Punch advises the Towns to do what is proper without waiting to be made to do it. We have not paid Three Millions to SIR TOWAITEs to have our river polluted by Oxford, and Henley, and Maidenhead, and villages of that character.

The Admiralty intend to do away with Masters in the Navy. 'Tis a time-honoured

title, mentioned by SHAKESPEARE. But who are to be the substitutes in these days of armed ships? Ironmasters?

MR. MILNER GIBSON had nothing to tell about the Basses Rocks, Ceylon. He might have said something about the Bass Rock, Stanfield. As he did not, we say for him that the veteran has painted a noble picture.

We have had a glorious battle at Lagos, where our troops have utterly annihilated our enemies, without losing a single man. So says MR. CARDWELL. Clearly we must have supernatural aid, and ST. GEORGE must have visibly fought for us, as ST. JAMES did for the Spaniards in that famous affray, wherein the Commander admitted that *he* had not seen the miracle, but (with a wink, and a full recollection of his own clever generalship) added—"Sinner that I am, who am I that I should have beheld the blessed saint?"

MR. COWPER was cruelly badgered about the intentions of Government as to the British Museum, but he kept getting away cleverly, and dodging, until he fairly wore out his persecutors. We suppose he had explained to MR. GLADSTONE that he would not stand any more of it, for, later in the week, the CHANCELLOR, whom few dare badger, stated that the House should know all in Government's good time.

The Examinations for the Indian Civil Service were the theme of a debate on their utility. There is no doubt of their utility. MR. COCHRANE thinks that they are too severe. They are not too severe. How many more times are we to say this? The Dunces, certainly, have most zealous friends, and we really want another ALEXANDER POPE.

The LORD CHANCELLOR has been wrong in the Edmunds matter, has been brought to account, and has been declared wrong, and censured. That is well. But it is not well that such persons as MR. FERRAND should be encouraged to go on nagging and nibbling at LORD WESTBURY on two-penny matters connected with a relative who has caused him annoyance enough and to spare. A full explanation was given by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL of the circumstances in question, and then MR. FERRAND, who cares as much for delicacy as a rhinoceros cares for *Eau de Cologne*, began again, and demanded to see SIR ROUNDELL's private letters on the subject. The lofty author of the Book of Praise then gave MR. FERRAND something which the aforesaid rhinoceros would have felt, but we dare say the Member for Devonport did not feel.

Wednesday. On the previous night MR. MOFFATT began a speech on Bankruptcy and was Counted Out. To-day, incensed, he gave notice that he should move to insert in the Minutes the name of any Member who should Count. This he means as a sort of punishment. Bosh! The Counter is felt to be a noble Institution, and his still small voice fills the Reporter's Gallery with rapture. Those gentlemen will never name him, we hope and trust, and if they do not, all is serene—who reads Minutes? But the House will not alter a wholesome rule to please an angry man. It is a remarkable fact that people who are worth hearing can keep a House.

MR. MONSELL's Bill for getting rid of the offensive part of the Roman Catholic Oath, was heartily abused by the Irish Tories, and by MR. WHALLEY (*amid laughter*), and strongly supported by SIR GEORGE GREY for the Government. It was read a Second Time by 190 to 134, but the Newdegateers announced that it was to be attacked again, in force. The fewer oaths the better. They are notoriously useful in Courts of Justice, for there are thousands of people who will lie in the most hideous manner, but will not swear to a lie. But we imagine that in a few years a simple declaration will be all that is required from those whom their QUEEN or their countrymen have thought worthy of trust.

Irish Dogs are to be registered, for which privilege they are to pay Sixpence, and then they are to pay an Income-Tax of Two Shillings a-year. But there is to be no oppressive compulsion, only the police are to shoot all defaulters. We wonder that the same simple course is not adopted in regard to our own Income-Tax.

Thursday. Above hath been described the principal sport of the night. The valuable Partnership Bill went through Committee. It does not apply to partners in a round game, who are still at liberty, especially if engaged couples, to cheat in the awful manner which gives so much annoyance to screws and old maids.

Friday. MR. DARBY GRIFFITH (ha! ha!) wishes us to interfere with the United States Government in behalf

of the Southern leaders. LORD PALMERSTON replied that he had no intention of attempting any interference with the internal affairs of the States. Before any American indulges in an inclination to do more than smile at the incident, he will do well to ascertain who MR. DARBY GRIFFITH is, and then will do a great deal more than smile: in fact will laugh some.

A majority of 146 to 143 carried a motion made by MR. DENMAN that those Martyrs the Attorneys ought not to pay a certificate duty. This duty is £9 in town, £6 in the country. MR. GLADSTONE hinted that the sudden affection for attorneys showed that a general election was near. But we have heard that a certain item which is added to lawyers' bills, and which runs thus,

"Letters, Messages, Postages, and Sundries,"

is thought to deprive the tax of oppressive incidence, and to distribute it mildly over the clients. And, again, what is £9 to a gentleman who can charge you six-and-eightpence every time he tells you

that it is a fine or a wet afternoon, and that *Punch* was capital yesterday?

On a vote for the Foreign Office, we had the Parliamentary PAUL BEDFORD and TOOLE both "on" together, and the laughter was doubled. MR. DARBY GRIFFITH affected to argue that we did not want a Foreign Office as we never interfered with foreign affairs; and MR. WHALLEY, as a Protestant, contended that Protestant principles required the protection of that department. The Committee made odd noises at the honourable comedians, and MR. WHALLEY got another innings later, when, trying to speak on the Catholic Oath, he was desired to "sing," at which he expressed much indignation. Why should he not sing, if he can?

It was sought to push on the Oaths Bill, but its opponents resisted furiously, and, after a couple of divisions, the debate was adjourned. "Bulwark of the Constitution," "unpopularity at elections," and "insult to Catholics," were among the themes on which the speakers rang changes until half-past one on Saturday morning. But it is pleasant weather for a stroll home in the quiet hour, *nec sine fumo*.



TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

Town Boy (to Country Acquaintance). "WHO ARE THEY! WHY, CUSTOMERS AS 'AD THEIR 'EADS BRUSHED OFF BY MACHINERY, 'COS THEY WOULDN'T 'OLD 'EM STILL WHILE THEY WAS A BEIN' SHAMPOOED!"

WHAT'S THE CUE?

MR. E. T. SMITH has been getting up *Guy Mannering* at Astley's, and we believe that the charming music is well executed. This is a much more creditable course than covering the hoards of London with vulgar pictures, and inviting all the cads and caddesses to go and gaze on a coarse woman, slightly clad, sprawling on her back on the back of a horse. We wish success to his operatic experiment. But one singular fact sets us a-thinking. It is announced that among the introduced songs, "*My Pretty Jane*" is sung by—guess? You hardly will. By *Colonel Mannering*! Yes. The stern and dominant soldier, at whose frown his female relative trembles, and whose mood is so gloomy that he rarely smiles, this terrible warrior, represented by MR. VERNON RIGBY, sings—very well, we are informed—this soft and sentimental ditty. What "cue" can bring it in with probability? After much cogitation we have come to the conclusion that this must be the speech:—

Colonel Mannering. Returned from India to my native soil of Scotia, I adopt her splendid garb. But imposing as is this tartan, awe-inspiring as are these plumes, the

icy breezes of the Grampians strike chill to my nether limbs, and make me sigh for the pretty jean trousers I wore in the East. Yes, I miss my pretty jean. (*Sings*) "*My Pretty Jane*," &c.

LAYS OF LOVE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

ALICIA, step into my trim-built boat,
I'll row you gently down the weedy stream,
And as upon the river's breast we float,
I'll sing you what I know of "Love's Young Dream."
One day I hope to claim her for my bride—
This line you'll understand is said "aside."

Sit in the bows—I think I mean the stern—
The place where watermen the rudder rig;
But sailors' terms I've ever failed to learn,
And know no more of boating than a pig.
No, ALICE, 'twas a joke—there, take your place:
You see I row with elegance and grace.

How charming 'tis with you to be alone!
(My face the noonday's sun begins to griddle,
And from those lips that sweet, endearing tone.
(I wish somehow she'd sit more in the middle.)
When first we met (I must take off my jacket;
Note: for asides, henceforth, I'll use the bracket.)

"When first we met?" I recollect the ball!
How jealous of young SNOOKS I was that night!
Pull your left string—and finding after all
That you had only thought of—pull your right!
Only of me! Then when we sat together—
(She is correct in saying I can't feather.)

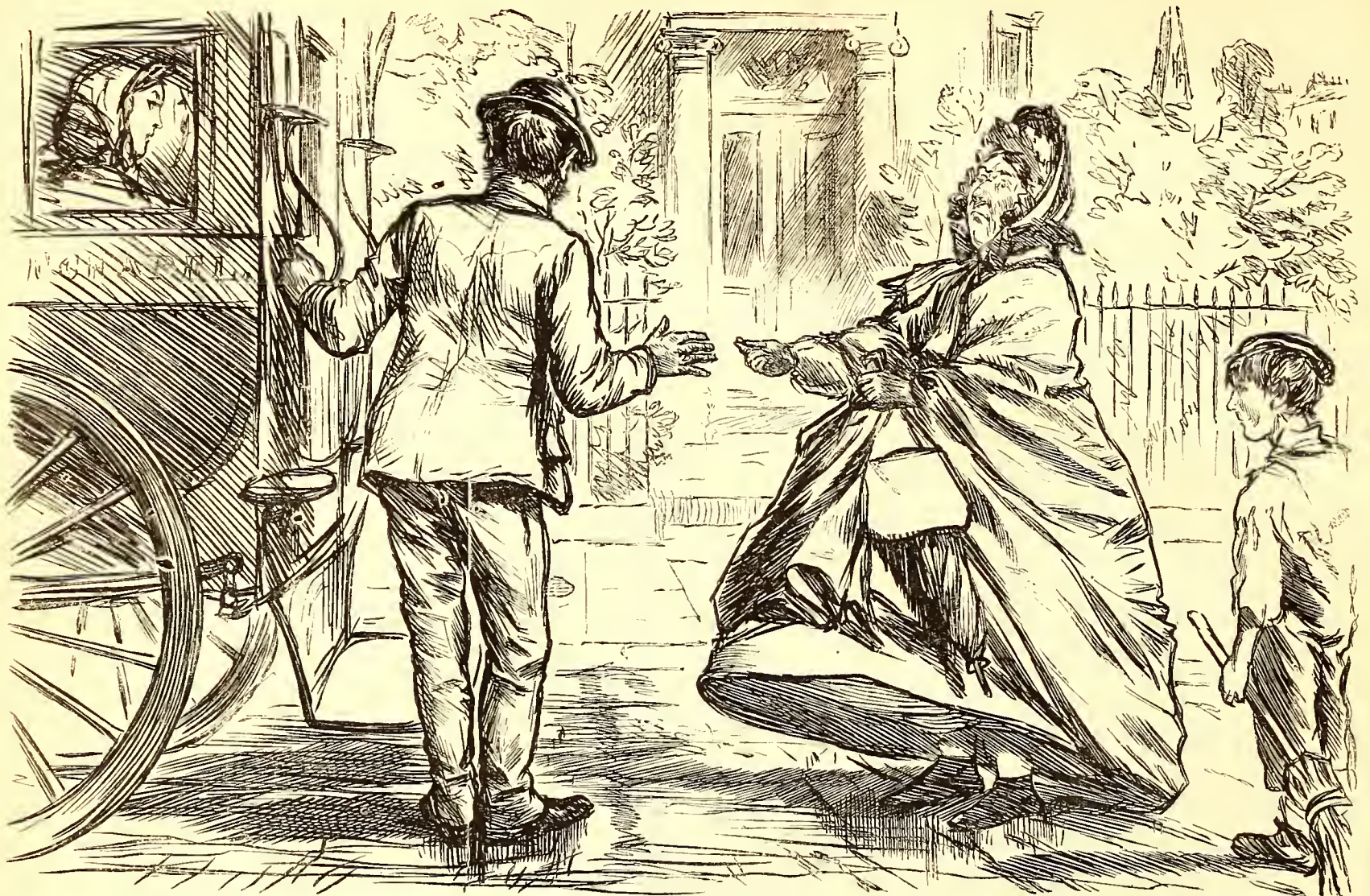
"Did I mean all I said upon the stair?"
ALICIA! all!—your left again—and more;
I would have said—(these sculls are not a pair)—
My dearest—Left! just as you did before.
You are a prize! My prize! Ah, shall I win it!
(She is becoming heavier each minute.)

You ask me to "row on"—with all my heart.
(Ahem! to that I couldn't take my oath.)
But mayn't I sit with you?—I say, don't start—
(Hang it! I thought she had upset us both.)
We won't turn back: it is so nice to scull.
(This *tête-à-tête*'s beginning to be dull.)

Don't think I'm talking foolishly, I pray.
Oh, yes, I see the barges and their crews:
Ah, careless rovers, singing on their way!
(But what low language these gay bargemen use!)
You turn away your head—ah, may I hope?
All's over—ah! it is the bargee's rope!

"'Twas all my fault?" No, that is hardly so.
(How cold it is!) The boat was very crank.
If you could steer as well as I can row,
We shouldn't now be dripping on the bank.
(Moral—deduced while scraping off the slime—
You can't make love and row at the same time.)

ADDRESS TO THE ELECTORS OF WESTMINSTER.—More grist to the MILL.



“TRYING IT ON.”

Old Lady. “BAD SHILLING, INDEED! WHY I TOOK IT FROM ONE OF YOUR OWN MEN.”

Conductor (soothingly). “DON’T DOUBT YOUR WORD, MUM, FOR I KNOWS THE SHILLIN’ WELL; BUT I CAN’T TAKE IT!”

UNION CHARGEABILITY.

Song of the Country Gentleman.

TUNE—“*Sir Roger de Coverley.*”

THIS new Bill’s a bore,
Rating land’s gentility,
To make us maintain our own poor
In spite of our hostility.
The burden we used to evade
With comfortable facility;
But the money will have to be paid,
Through Union Chargeability.

Well we worked the clown,
In his days of juvenility,
When his hair was black or brown,
We taxed his strength and agility.
To his parish we sent him away,
In indigence and senility,
For his keep not forced to pay
By Union Chargeability.

We used the labouring man
While he had any utility,
Any other plan
Accounting puerility.
Do and don’t be done;
Scruple is imbecility:
But a due very hard to shun
Will be Union Chargeability.

Which way now to turn
Will pose our versatility,
Though we’d gladly learn,
With studious docility.

But we shall be forced to bear,
In meekness and humility,
Our just and proper share
Of Union Chargeability.

Unless we can reduce
This measure to futility,
Regardless of abuse,
And satire, and scurrility;
Unmindful of contempt
Expressed with incivility:
And contrive to remain exempt
From Union Chargeability.

THE NEW LANDED INTEREST.

EXTOLLING the mighty works of Commerce, the *Morning Post* indites the following reflection:—

“How many of the ancient parks and baronial halls have passed from their old and much encumbered proprietors into the hands of cotton-spinners, cotton-brokers, brewers, ironmasters, and engineers, overflowing with ready cash, and boasting gigantic balances at their bankers!”

Yes; and see what a vast improvement has taken place of late years in the character of the landed interest. How much more generous and liberal the new English country gentlemen are than the old English country gentlemen were! Consider in how great a degree, for instance, the modern landlords, the successful speculators and manufacturers by whom the ancient gentry have been happily bought out, have practically, as well as legally, relaxed the Game Laws, which no doubt they will shortly simplify by declaring all game property; in fact, doing away with the distinction between wild and tame creatures altogether. The law of trespass also; how leniently that is enforced by them! Even where the commons, open from time immemorial till lately, have been enclosed, you can go anywhere and do anything so long as you keep in the public highways, and don’t go aside into the fields to gather mushrooms or pick flowers. Hurrah for the New Landed Interest!



“OUT OF THE PARISH.”

SIR GILES OVERREACH. “NOW, THEN, MY MAN! YOUR WORK’S DONE, SO BE OFF OUT OF THIS PARISH.”

IT BE BETTER NOR FOUR MILE TO T’TOWN.”

SIR GILES OVERREACH. “CAN’T HELP THAT! NO ‘UNION CHARGEABILITY’ FOR ME.”

AGRICULTURAL LABOURER. “AH! SIR GILES!

HANDBOOK TO THE ACADEMY DINNER.

MR. PUNCH observed with extreme sympathy (shared by his friend the *Spectator*, to whose very smart article on the subject *Mr. P.* paid the tribute of an affable smile) the awful difficulty felt by the big and little wigs at the Academy Dinner. The Academy gives its feasts to guests who usually know and care nothing about pictures, but who, being more or less great persons, are intensely dear to Flunkeyism. To get these large and small Swells on their legs in answer to toasts is the happiness of the Academy. But the happiness is all on one side. The poor Swells have to connect their own trades and callings with Pictorial Art, and lamentably clumsy is, generally, the junction. This year the affair presented so many miserable spectacles that *Mr. Punch* resolved to say nothing on the afflicting theme, especially as the *Spectator* had said much, and said it well. But his never-slumbering instinct of humanity has caused him to consider whether he can do nothing to alleviate the woe occasioned by Academic flunkeyism, and he finds that he can do something. He has prepared a set of Starts for Academy Orators—a set of beginnings, which he commends to the study of all persons who get asked to the dinner.

A Beadle. MR. PRESIDENT, I do think that there is peculiar fitness in the toast of the Beadles of England being offered at your Academy. For as the Beadle precedes and clears the way for the minister of religion, so does a love of Art, which *emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros*, prepare and clear the mind for the reception of the highest lessons.

A Great Railway Contractor. Sir, the toast with which you have honoured me is happily an easy one, for the connection between a railway and painting is too obvious to be overlooked. What, Sir, is the object of a railway. To do away with distance, and bring far-apart scenes within the easy reach of all. And what but that is the work of the painter, especially the landscape painter, like MR. (*here name anybody you choose, only mind that he is a landscape painter*).

An Eminent Surgeon. SIR CHARLES, my profession is one which especially links itself with your own. When performing an operation, I deal with life; when dissecting, with death. And SHAKESPEARE has said, that the living and the dead are but as Pictures.

A Rich Butcher. MR. PRESIDENT, I could not fail to expect the honour of being called on, for the fortunes of your vocation and mine alike depend upon a single circumstance. What, Sir, would be thought of your pictures, what would be thought of my legs of mutton, if both were not well hung?

An Electioneering Agent. I rise, Sir, with gratitude, but without surprise, for unworthy as I may be to reply to a toast so eloquently proposed, I feel deeply that my occupation and that of the painter have a common bond. When I am at my work, and when he is at his, both are engaged upon our canvass.

A Deputy Lieutenant. Sir, at first sight it may not be obvious what is the connection between Deputy Lieutenants and Painting, but I think that if any one will cast his eye on yonder brilliant wall he will understand the fitness of this toast. It is a Deputy Lieutenant's business faithfully to represent the Lord Lieutenant, and the great artist who has executed yonder picture of LORD WODEHOUSE, has represented the Lord Lieutenant with equal fidelity.

Anybody who goes up in Balloons. Really, SIR CHARLES, I am not much in the habit of speaking, but on this occasion can feel no difficulty, for my favourite pursuit is indissolubly linked with an important feature in your art. I allude, Sir, to aerial perspective.

A Member of Parliament. MR. PRESIDENT, I must approach my theme with a "Joseph Miller." We used to be asked in childhood why TITIAN's fat daughter, MARY, was like MR. PITT, and we were told that it was because she was called the Great POLLY TITIAN. Sir, I am a humble Politician, but I can admire the painter I have named, and also the gentlemen I see around me, who emulate his &c. &c.

A Knight of the Garter. Sir, the connection between Painting and Knights of the Garter is too obvious for comment. It must give any man happiness to receive a noble Order, and I dare say that my pleasure in my installation does not exceed that of any artist here, when a dealer calls upon him and commissions him to execute a work.

A King. Sir, it gives us much pleasure to unbend for a moment of happiness, and to take our place at your festal board. It pleases us also to think that there is one point in which the position of ourselves and of artists is exactly alike. We owe everything to oil. Without oil, we could be no King, you could be no painters.

A Master of Hounds. Tallyho, hoicks, harkaway! We are all on the same scent here, SIR CHARLES, hay? The one thing which I think of, and the one thing which you think of, is the Brush. Tallyho, hoicks, harkaway!

A Rich Pork-butcher. Sir, the connection between pork-butchery and painting may not at once occur to you. But, Sir, when I mention that I acquired my art late in life, that at fifty I did not know what a pig meant, your pigment—(*roars of laughter, and you need not finish*).

There are a dozen Starts for the guests of the Academy, and *Mr. Punch* has taken care not to run the risk of want of success by raising any of them above the standard of Academic wit. But any invited

guest of next year, who may want himself fitted, has but to address a directed envelope and a twenty-pound note to *Mr. Punch*, and he shall receive a special opening for his oration, and thus be spared aiding in the usual lamentable spectacle caused by the Academy's resolve to feed great folks.

MR. HENLEY ON HIS BACK.

(*In reply to the statements in MR. SIMON'S Blue Report on the Dwellings of the Labouring Poor, MR. HENLEY said, "Old as I am, and half worn out, if I could do nothing else, when such charges are made, I would lie on my back and halloo 'Fudge!' as loud as I could."*)

(*Vide Report of Debate on the Union Chargeability Bill.*)

SAYS Orator HENLEY, although I am old,
And all constrained postures must grudge:
Could I do nothing else, I would lie on my back,
And to SIMON'S Report would cry "Fudge."

Well a long way I'd trudge to hear HENLEY cry "Fudge,"
Till he couldn't cry "Fudge" any longer;
But a fact is a fact, and a fact will not budge,
But the more "Fudge" is cried, sticks the stronger.

When Bumbledom's "Fudge" can wipe Pauperism out,
Feed hunger, and nakedness cover:
When Rascaldom's "Fudge" can on honour throw doubt,
And from right to wrong build a bridge over:

When the courtiers' "Fudge" from KING CANUTE can stay
The tide rising furious and frantic;
When DAME PARTINGTON'S "Fudge" helps her broom's vain essay,
And restrains the advancing Atlantic:

When the traveller's "Fudge" keeps the avalanche back,
That the sound of the word has set falling:
When the vine-dresser's "Fudge" can divert from its track
The Lava stream o'er his vines crawling:

When Egotism's "Fudge" out of filth and foul air
Can eradicate fierce fever-leven;
When Unbelief's "Fudge" can prove Hell isn't there,
Or Atheism's "Fudge" wipe out "Heaven:"

We will take HENLEY'S "Fudge" as a crushing reply
To the statements that fill SIMON'S blue-book—
Proof, the labourer's cot is not too oft a sty:
And the Registrar's file not a true-book.

BEER AT THE OPERA.

MR. PUNCH!

CAN I believe my eyes? What do I see in a notice of an Opera in the *Morning Post* with reference to the new tenor, SIGNOR BRIGNOLI, and another eminent Italian singer at Covent Garden?—

"His '*M'appari tutt' amor*' was encored; so too was the famous '*Beer Song*, given with the utmost jollity by SIGNOR GRAZIANI."

This at the Italian Opera! A Beer Song! Beer, actually Beer, gross, common, vulgar Beer. What next? The Beer Song, I suppose, that horrid song called Beer, occasionally heard resounding from a Public-house, with that coarse burden invoking a dreadful imprecation on the Government in the event of their ever attempting—

"To rob a poor man of his beer?"

Beer! In the good old days of the Opera, when the Opera was the Opera, and there was no other Opera; the Opera in the Haymarket, had the word Beer been mentioned—breathed—whispered in the atmosphere of otto-of-roses and *eau-de-Cologne*, everybody would have fainted. I assure you the announcement of a Beer Song as not only sung, but "given with the utmost jollity" by SIGNOR GRAZIANI, has almost been the death of

Brummel's Place, May 1865.

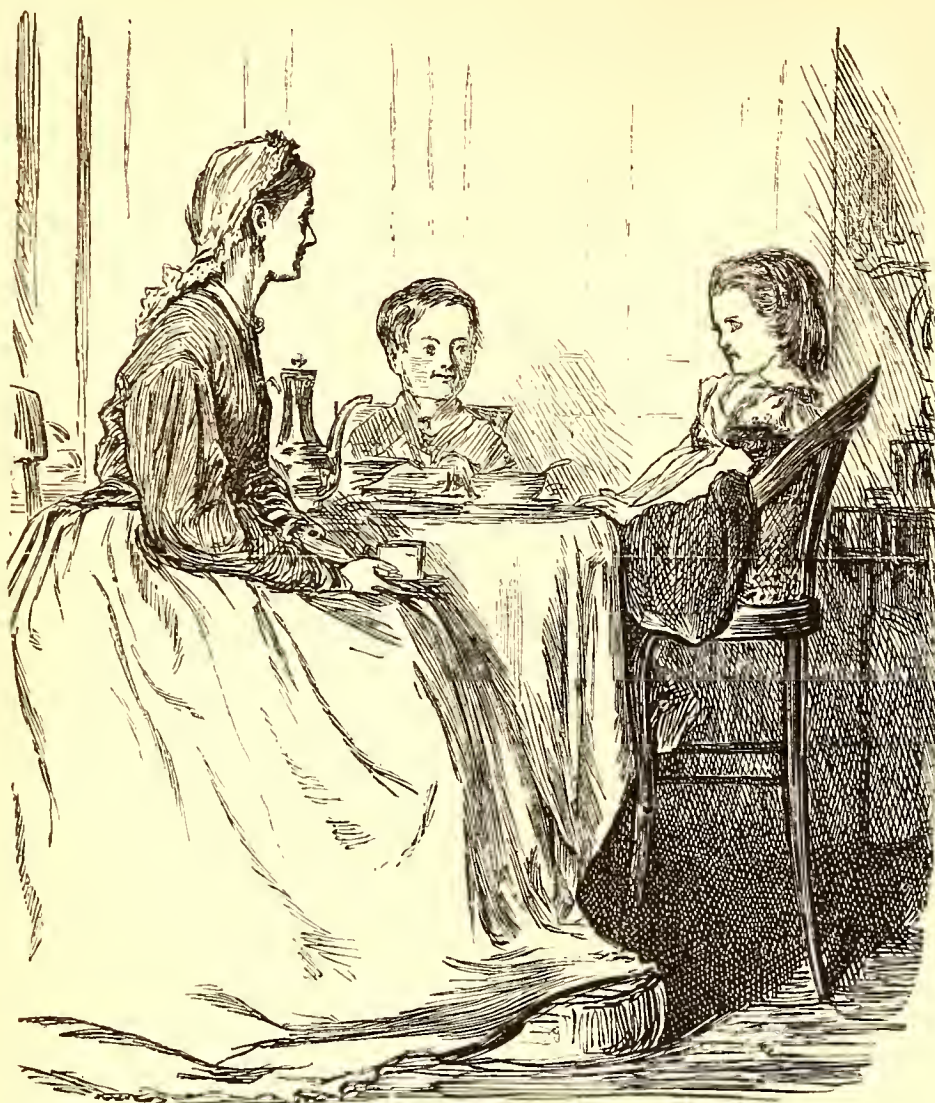
AN OLD DANDY.

P.S. Beer! An Italian song of Beer! With accompaniments on the Barrel Organ? Oh!

OPOPONAX EXPLAINED.

Of late much advertised, a word
Folk's curiosity now racks,
Name of a drug—it seems absurd—
The word Opoponax.

Behold at length the secret found;
'Tis but a maiden's hint—ha ha!
Opoponax we thus expound:
Oh pop, and ax Mamma!



À FORTIORI.

Lizzie. "I WANT SOME TOFFEE."

Mamma. "COFFEE—NOT TOFFEE! TOFFEE'S MADE OF SUGAR—AND BUTTER—AND TREACLE—AND —."

Lizzie. "THEN, I'LL HAVE SOME!"

THE MODERN ART OF ILLUMINATION.

MR. PUNCH,

THE other day I was pleased to observe the following admonition on a card fixed up inside an omnibus:—

"Buy your cigars only of the manufacturer, where 11lb. can be had at the wholesale prices."

This is the sort of interesting precept which you read everywhere in all frequented places—in the streets, at the stations, in the public conveyances. Somewhat varying the remark which *Banquo*, on his arrival with *Duncan* at *Macbeth's* castle, makes about the "temple-haunting martlet," a misanthrope might be inclined to say, with respect to London and most other large towns in England:—

"That bubble-monger,
The advertising tradesman, doth approve
By his bold puffery that humbug's dodge
Tells doingly here; no scaffold, shed, or hoarding,
Dead wall, or scope of frontage, but this quack
Hath spread his giant prints and staring posters.
Where they most flaunt and flare, I have observed
The vulgar congregate.

On every place available for a notice, whereon your forefathers would have inscribed "*Tempus fugit*," or "*Memento mori*," or something equally doleful, we now encounter such pleasant intimations as "Tea! Tea!! Tea!!!" or an agreeable exhortation, for example, to "Furnish your House with the Best Articles," to rush or run to So-and-So's Dépôt or Emporium, or go and see or hear this, that, or the other drama of thrilling interest, spectacle, actor, singer, or mountebank. Sir, I am convinced that if Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and your other Cathedrals were left open to the public, without any vergers and clerks to prevent bill-stickers from embellishing them, you would very soon have their sacred walls, instead of being lettered with dismal

"Scrolls that teach thee to live and die,"

THE SIMPLE STORY OF SIMPLE SIMON.

THE LAST NEW EDITION.

(Being the history of a certain Blue Book of one JOHN SIMON's, and a certain speech of one Orator HENLEY's.)

SIMPLE SIMON laid a crime on
Squiredom's back and mine:
Said SIMPLE SIMON, "Tell me why men
Are worse lodged than swine?"

Says HENLEY, "Fie, man!" to SIMPLE SIMON,
"Your facts ain't worth a penny."
Says SIMPLE SIMON, "Don't say *my*, man;
'They're *your* facts, and too many."

SIMPLE SIMON wrote reports
Of damning truths chock-full:
All the answer that he got
Was "Stories cock-and-bull!"

SIMPLE SIMON tried to have
Nuisance-statutes mended:
He got extremely well abused,
And not so well defended.

He called the Squires to do their part,
And thought he could not fail
Because he showed a state of things
That turns one sick and pale.

Then SIMPLE SIMON went a-hunting,
Remedies to find:
Showed how law when not blind was lame,
And when not lame was blind.

SIMON piled a heap of facts
That shame on us doth call,
Under the noses of the Squires,
They couldn't see 't at all.

And SIMON he would tell the truth
Though it hit England hard;
He was abused up hill and down,
And that was his reward!

THE HOPERA SEASON.—An advertisement states that "A Fine Brewery Plant is to be sold." This by right should be the production of a Hop Garden.

gaily illuminated with all manner of lively legends, constituting so many exhilarating

Puffs that pray thee to go and buy.

The groinings of all the roofs, and spandrils of the arches, would be filled with placards prettily printed in colours, and columns and shafts of nave, aisles, and chancel would be labelled as though representing trousers, with "Sydenham, 17s. 6d." What a pleasing spectacle to

ANGLO-BARNUM.

VERY LIKE A—SPIDER.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET, who sat on a tuffet, and was alarmed by a big spider that sat down beside her, would certainly have been frightened out of four of her five senses, had she been present at the scene which is thus thrillingly described:—

"SOMETHING LIKE A SPIDER.—A sudden panic fell upon the worshippers on Easter Sunday in a large church at Lisbon. An enormous spider was suddenly seen to descend from an ancient web that is said to have existed for many years. The creature was so formidable that the women began to scream, and a scene of general terror and excitement followed. When Arachne was captured she was found to be, with legs extended, nearly five feet long. She weighed six pounds.

A spider five feet long and weighing full six pounds would certainly appear a rather formidable insect, and would affright a congregation more even than a wasp. But do spiders of such magnitude exist out of Brobdingnag? Every now and then, when there is a dearth of news, we meet with a description of some gigantic gooseberry, of weight and girth sufficient to make a pudding big enough to satisfy a school-boy, which is saying a good deal. Perhaps upon the trees (one could hardly call them bushes) where these gooseberries are grown we might succeed in catching a spider of the magnitude and weight above described. Perhaps, however, if we did so, like the Tartar in the story, the spider might catch us; and what a paragraph would then be furnished for our friends!

THE AIR AND EXERCISE BILL.

GIVE me your attention for a few moments. I wish to see the above-titled Bill introduced to the notice of the House. I will tell you why. This we will call the Pre-amble of the Bill.

The other day, Sir, your dyspeptic contributor who pens these lines, was ordered by his medical adviser (the Chemist and Druggist in the neighbourhood) to recruit his health by taking air and exercise. "You had better, Sir," said the Chemist and Druggist, "take a good ride every day." "A good ride, eh?" said I, hesitating from various reasons, which need not be mentioned here. "Yes," said he, "decidedly." He added that there was nothing like it; and I have since come to the conclusion that he was perfectly right.

The difficulties of procuring an animal exactly suited to a gentleman of far from strong nerves, and equestrian powers (limited), are many and great. That they are not absolutely insuperable, I am aware from the fact that a Livery-Stable Keeper, to whom, under seal of confession, I had committed my necessities and my self-mistrust, called on me the other morning with the information that he had got the very thing for me—"A little 'igh in the action, p'raps," said my professional stable adviser, "but she's been recommended to me as a clever 'ack."

"That sounds well," I observed, and I really thought it did. The precise idea conveyed to my mind by the word "clever," I cannot exactly describe. However, I did not wish to exhibit more ignorance of the subject than was absolutely necessary, and so as long as I was pretty certain that "clever" did not mean waltzing on his hind legs to the circus tunc from the *Bronze Horse*, lying down at a given signal, or taking supper with the Clown, I determined to hold my tongue.

"I'll come round to your place, and see the animal," I said, for I could not recollect whether my professional gentleman had called it a he or a she, and in uncertain cases I prefer the use of the above generalising term.

"The 'ack," says my professional, "is standin' at your door."

This was a startler.

"Oh!" said I, dubiously. I had not the moral courage to say that I was too busy to try her (or him) that morning, lest my adviser should despise me as a coward. So we went to the front door, where a groom or stable-keeper, or a somebody "horsey," with gaiters on, was holding a horse.

"She's a showy, fanciful sort of animal," was my adviser's remark.

"Yes," was my reply, given dubiously, as if I didn't altogether agree with him on *that* point, though I hadn't the slightest notion of what he meant by "fanciful." I think *now* that he didn't know himself, and was laughing at me.

"Yes," said I, feeling myself called upon to say something. "She's a pretty colour."

She *was* a pretty colour, that's certain; but what that colour was, is uncertain: it was neither black, nor white, nor black-and-white, nor grey, nor piebald, nor roan, nor cream, nor brown. It might have been bay; but I'm not quite clear as to what "bay" is.

"I'll just throw my leg over her, and then you can see her paces," says my friend, obligingly.

He threw his leg over her in a second, and was master of her before she knew where she was. She was as quiet as a lamb, finding that the Centaur on her back wouldn't stand any nonsense.

"What do you think of her?" I asked the groom. This was cunning on my part, as I thought he'd be inclined to speak the truth when his master was out of the way.

"She's a gentleman's 'oss, every inch of her," says the groom, emphatically.

"Yes, I think —" I began, but stopped, not having settled what I *did* think.

"Yes, Sir, she is that," said the groom, as though I had uttered some profound opinion. I felt that I was in the hands of the groom and his master. They were, for the time being, my superiors; for knowledge is power, specially knowledge of horses as opposed to ignorance concerning those animals.

"You'll like to throw your leg over her, won't you, Sir?" inquires my adviser, dismounting.

I did not *like*, and he knew it. But I wouldn't refuse.

She certainly was a clever 'ack; I became more and more convinced of it every moment. First of all she was clever enough to discover that she was no longer ridden by a Centaur, and taking advantage of this, wouldn't stand still to let the stirrups be properly adjusted. The consequence was that they never were properly adjusted. Nor the reins either; for a more perplexing complication I never encountered. On one side I was tugging at the curb, on the other at the snaffle. On being remonstrated with by the groom, I pretended that I knew all about it, and that that was my peculiar way of riding. I told the groom as haughtily as I could, and in a much louder tone than I wished, in consequence of my gallant steed bearing me away, "To call again in an hour." Oh! that hour! Shall I ever forget it? Never! And that clever 'ack! Shall I ever forget her! Never, never, never, never! On my return, for the clever 'ack kindly consented to bring me home again, being sufficiently clever to recollect the road and turn all the

corners sharply—I say, on my return, I drew up the following list of what I want suppressed in the Metropolis, for the convenience of equestrians who require air and exercise.

So ends my Amble and my Pre-amble. Now for the Bill.

Give me, Sir, your powerful assistance to bring the matter, in a Bill before our Parliament now sitting.

That for the benefit, safety and welfare of all Her Majesty's Equestrian subjects, Her Majesty's Government shall at once suppress—

All street brass bands, specially the one with drums.

All organs, specially the one that imitates a hand.

All little boys with hoops.

And on second thoughts without hoops; say all little street-boys generally.

All bridges across the Thames.

All steamers passing under bridges when you're riding.

All railway bridges in the outskirts of the Metropolis.

All trains going over bridges while you're riding underneath.

All butcher's carts.

All toll-keepers who don't give you change directly.

That a command be issued to all labourers building houses, or engaged in hammering, or throwing planks about, to stop while an equestrian is passing by.

That all dogs be suppressed.

That no one shall come out of a house suddenly, or slam the door, while an equestrian is passing.

That no Cab-driver shall be allowed to whip, or make noises at his horse, while an equestrian is passing.

Adieu, Sir. Let this be attended to at once, and again, Sir, adieu.

TWO CONSTABLES.

THE elegant London Correspondent of our excellent but Tory friend of the *Bristol Times and Mirror* remarks as followeth:—

"Gallant old SIR JOHN FOX BURGUYNE has at last received some reward for his long services. He has been made Constable of the Tower, and was inducted, or invested, the other day, with much military ceremony. This noble old soldier has been serving us since 1798, and never better than when he went out to the Crimea, as Lieutenant-General. I may add, that a more kindly and courteous gentleman does not exist, and all his personal friends rejoice in his having attained a reward which, or rather its equivalent, should have been his years ago. Long may he wield the *bâton* of the Tower of London, a staff long grasped by his intimate friend, the Great Duke."

In the spirit of this paragraph, *Mr. Punch* needs not to say that he heartily concurs. But the writer appears to have been under the impression that the gratitude of BRITANNIA to the brave veteran who has served her so long and so well had descended to the common-place level of pecuniary reward. *Mr. Punch* noticed that some of the London journals stated that a splendid addition was made to the gallant soldier's income. BRITANNIA has done nothing of the kind. SIR JOHN BURGUYNE merely receives what is, doubtless, a gratifying compliment, and BRITANNIA is just as much obliged to him as she was before, or rather a little more, because he has something to do as Constable of the Tower. But one who served in Egypt and at Corunna, through the Peninsular War, and in North America, was wounded at Burgos and St. Sebastian, managed the Public Works in Ireland, inspects all the Fortifications, was Lieutenant-General of the Forces wherewith we reduced Sebastopol, and is a D.C.L. of Oxford, is not the man to take account of a trifling increase of duty. He and PAM, Constable of Dover, are the two oldest and most vigorous members of the Force, and we hereby drink to the health and long life of the Two Constables in what our American friends call an ice tod.

OPERATIC.

WHAT has become of ALBONI? Many to whom this question has been put have answered, "I don't know," thereby exhibiting most culpable ignorance. It is with feelings of the deepest regret that we came across the following piece of information, in the course of a notice of *Lucrezia Borgia*, wherein it was said, the *Brindisi* was encored, "an encore," it added, "first extorted by the memorable execution of ALBONI."

Oh no, Sir, don't say so. Did the sweet Contralto turn a rebel spy, or mix herself up with the Poles or the Merovingians, or amongst other people who are always making disturbances somewhere? *Her execution!* Ah! these tears! I can write no more. "No, No, No, No," as she used to sing in *Les Huguenots*, "No, No, No, No," I don't know any more.

A Consideration for the War Office.

NOTWITHSTANDING the proved necessity of turning muzzle-loaders into breech-loaders, there has been a sad delay in the conversion of Enfield rifles. Is not this a work which might afford a sphere of some usefulness to Missionaries?



RATIONALISM.

"Now, YOU OLD DEAR, IS THAT THE WAY YOU WOULD LIKE US TO WEAR OUR SASHES?"

AN ARABIAN NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

MY DEAR EPICURUS,

DID you see that exciting bill of fare, particularising the supper given to NAPOLEON at the Mustapha Palace in Algiers? No?—then read, mark, learn, and ideally ruminant and digest it:—

"Soup of the tortoise of the Bondouaou, relieved by a porcupine garnished with antelope kidneys, quarters of the Ouargian gazelle, and loins of young wild boars from the Oued Hullouf. *Entrées*—salmis of Carthaginian hens, antelope cutlets, and bustards from the Chotts. Roasts—an ostrich from the Oglat Nadja, and hams of the wild boar. Side dishes—sciquiams of the Hammah, ostrich eggs in the shell, jelly of pomegranates from the Staoueli, Arabian pastry, ouidas, macroudes, scerakboracs, and oribias."

EPICURUS, I don't know how to spell the words that would best express the feelings which I experienced in perusing the foregoing catalogue of delicacies. Try and suck up an imaginary spoonful of the most exquisite turtle soup: the noise of inarticulate rapture which you will make in so doing is what I would write, but cannot compass its orthography. Phthrrup! No, the attempt is a failure. Think, EPICURUS, what I would pen.

There was a good old woman who derived unspeakable comfort from the mere names of Phrygia and Pamphylia. So do I from Bondouaou, and Ouargian, and Oued Hullouf. The soup of the tortoise of the Bondouaou must be something superb; the Ouargian gazelle is surely a love, or so to speak, not minding the solecism, a duck; a creature far dearer than any animal of its kind that any poet ever nursed to glad him with its dark fond eye. How soft and tender the loins of young wild boars from the Oued Hullouf may be inferred to be from the euphonious name of their native place! Salmis of Carthaginian hens is doubtless a repast that might have regaled HANNIBAL, if he lived like a fighting cock as he was; notwithstanding the objection that the fighting cock HANNIBAL, had he dined upon hens, would have fed like a cannibal.

Antelope cutlets!—why they might prevent an elopement by the counter attraction which they would exercise—in my case at least. Bustards from the Chotts!—one fancies that one could eat them till one burst, if one had not learned to govern one's animal nature, and hold it in subjection. I wonder how much you and I should leave of

an ostrich from the Oglat Nadja. Very little, perhaps, even with hams of the wild boar to follow—*pièces de résistance* likely to be irresistible indeed.

But the dish that tickles the palate of my fancy above every other is that of the Sciquiams of the Hammah. Sciquiams! The sound of the word has a strange affinity with that of requiem, but with a difference of consonants, suggesting succulence. In eating sciquiams I imagine I should enjoy a profound tranquillity together with a fine flavour; I conceive that sciquiams would exert a soothing effect on the system, induce a sense of repose of mind and body, and marvellously comfort the digestive organs.

Is it possible that ostrich eggs in the shell beat plovers? If they do, how great and good they must be! Jelly of pomegranates from the Staoueli—sweets from the sweet, no doubt. Arabian pastry of course included some of that cream-tart so delicious to read of in the *Arabian Nights*. From the delicacies that concluded the repast at the Mustapha Palace, I surmise the EMPEROR must have "snatched a fearful joy." Ouidas, macroudes, scerakboracs, and oribias, I take to be insects probably of the locust tribe, unless scerakboracs are a sort of spiders; for, as you know, spiders are esculent, as proved in the case of the young lady who used to eat them spread upon bread, like raspberry jam. But enough—would it were as good as a feast.

From your

APICIUS.

The Grubbery, May, 1865.

Herbivorous Ogres.

THE Teetotaller who is also a vegetarian may be accused of cannibalism. A plant drinks nothing but water; and the votary of total abstinence from fermented liquor and animal food, when he eats vegetables, devours his own species.

FACTS OF SPIRITUALISM.—From a Parliamentary return it appears that a very large amount of duty was paid in 1863 and 1864 on Home-made Spirits. Hence it appears that spirits, though *Home-made*, are not therefore necessarily all humbug.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, May 22. LORD KINNAIRD'S horse—Bill we mean, but everything is flavoured with Derbyism this week—for causing some care to be taken for the health of the workers in Metalliferous Mines broke down at the turn. He made a false start, but he will do the trick yet. Of course, everything is abused that does not come out of the Administration Stable.

LORD Derby expressed laudable satisfaction at the success of his measure for regulating Alkali Works. Manufacturers are too ready to put the pot on without regard to the noses of their neighbours.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITH made a very proper speech upon a subject which at once enlisted public attention. This was the case

of COLONEL DAWKINS. It seemed to have been resolved by the Military Authorities that this officer should retire. The reason, so far as we can make out, was that his temper, or manner, was not pleasing to certain other officers, and that they did not desire to be commanded by him. Two courts of inquiry (upon the composition of which Courts, and the official expectation that they would decide in accordance with the views of the Horse Guards, several things are said) had been held, and the result is that COLONEL DAWKINS has been crushed. One member of the last Court, COLONEL DE BATHE, protested, in a gallant and manly way, against what appeared to him to be injustice. The Parliamentary Colonels, as usual, were displeased that the House should be appealed to on a military subject, and the Government, of course, took the same view. *Mr. Punch* has the pleasure of thoroughly agreeing with MR. BRIGHT that the House of Commons is the final court of appeal for any aggrieved subject of the QUEEN. MR. GRIFFITH did his work very well, and took a division, but it had not been expected, and many Members had left, but 112 supported him on the motion for papers, against 172. Later in the week the subject came up again, when LORD HARTINGTON, having had time to get up the subject, gave an explanation which showed that COLONEL DAWKINS's unpopularity was not unnatural or undeserved, but which otherwise left the grievance just where it was.

The last onslaught—or rather the last but one—was made on the Bill for Preventing Exclusion of Labourers from Parishes. MR. KNIGHT, who, according to the infallible DOD, is descended from a considerable ironmaster in the time of CROMWELL, made a proposal for taking about a million and three-quarters out of the present taxation of the country, and applying it in aid of the Unions. The suggestion savoured less of the iron than of the brassmaster. MR. VILLIERS denounced it as wild, and it was tamed by a severe speech from MR. GLADSTONE and a decided negative by the House. On Thursday, after a long speech from MR. HENLEY, and two protests, which, when we name the makers, will at once convince the country that the Bill is a wise one—MR. BENTINCK and MR. KNIGHT protested against it—this righteous and valuable measure was read a Third Time and passed. Now for the final and deciding heat, three times round the woollack.

Tuesday. LORD CHELMSFORD has the old instincts of the profession which he followed before he took to the law—no, we are not going to write before he began to spell navy with a k, because the joke is old, and also slanderous, and most lawyers are honest men than most men. But he gallantly resolved to try and rescue our captives in Abyssinia. LORD RUSSELL deprecated interference, as likely to be resented by the Dusky Tyrant who sits on the throne of RASSELAS. We should like to tie him into a chair, and let a mumbling curate read his ancestor's history to him for six weeks. His remains should then be presented to Surgeon's Hall. LORD RUSSELL, however, has sent him a letter from the QUEEN, and presents. But LORD CHELMSFORD divided, and there was an odd muddle over the vote, but at last it was settled, and the Sea-Chancellor won by a neck—one neck.

MR. MAGUIRE stated the case of the paper-makers, which is disastrous. The abolition of the Paper Duties has not been followed by similar liberality abroad, and it is contended that in these circumstances we ought to impose an export duty on English rags. MR. MILNER GIBSON made the usual Free Trade answer, and the more consolatory one, that some nations were abolishing, and some reducing their duties. MR. MAGUIRE's motion was defeated by 140 to 95.

What a Bear Garden may be, we, who do not live in the days of the Virgin Queen, are unable to say. But the word sticks in the memory of unimaginative people, and they use it when they wish to say that there is a disgraceful disturbance. A Music Hall, when a favourite buffoon is too tipsy, or too sulky to oblige the cads with an encore, would be an illustration more in accordance with the manners, and bad manners, of the day. The old word was applied to-day to the House of

Commons, because MR. WHALLEY, talking nonsense, and worse, was received with odd noises, and the usual invitation to sing. He talked about Popish practices, and wished Parliament to put them down, as if the good sense of the people of England did not teach them to laugh at such follies. Had MR. WHALLEY confined himself to absurdity, it had been well. But he made a statement against MR. WAGNER, of Brighton, which the *Star* justly calls "a most serious and shocking charge," and MR. WAGNER has, in print, described MR. WHALLEY's conduct as "cowardly wickedness." The accuser has since said that he spoke only of rumour, and that if he has done injustice he will make reparation. But when it is known that the "rumour" on which a Member of the English House of Commons spoke, was that a clergyman of the Establishment, in order that an institution might obtain the benefit of a lady's legacy, deliberately placed that lady within the reach of infection from fever, we suppose there will not be two opinions as to the conduct of MR. WHALLEY, or the resentment of the clergyman who is accused of treacherous murder. It was matter of course that MR. WHALLEY's absurd proposals should be promptly condemned by SIR GEORGE GREY, but the shameful feature in the case removes it out of our jurisdiction. We distinctly state, however, that a person who has so little self-restraint is unfit, until further educated, for a seat in the House of Commons, and upon public grounds we invite his constituents to consider the propriety of re-electing MR. WHALLEY.

With the assent of Government, a Committee was appointed to inquire into the circumstances attending the resignation of the Registrar of Bankruptcy at Leeds, and the appointment of his successor. This motion is aimed at LORD WESTBURY, but MR. MALINS, a Conservative, avowed his belief that many charges against that nobleman will prove unfounded.

Wednesday. The Houses did not sit. QUEEN VICTORIA was born on the 24th of May, 1819. An improved style of Illumination is getting popular. Coloured cut glass, with strong light behind, is the most effective thing out in the way of expression of gaseous joy.

Thursday. The Lords did not sit, because it was Holy Thursday, and there are Bishops in their House.

The Commons, who are not so blest, did sit—passed the valuable Bill already mentioned, and the Partnership Bill, and then the County Bank Notes Bill went through Committee. There was a smart debate, in which no person will take any interest, seeing that it is agreed, by common consent, that the Currency Question and its issues, which concern every one of us more than any other conceivable subject, shall never be mentioned in rational society. Who cares about the Currency? There was ten thousand times more excitement at the news that at 4.14 this day *The Duke* was scratched. Beside the effect on betting men, this event has taken the sentimental feature out of the Derby. It no longer includes an equestrian struggle, which had a great interest for the ladies, though the horse which their amiable liking for a little harmless revenge induced them generally to put gloves on, is not taken out. He may beat the field, but that will be a tame victory, for he cannot win the battle of Hastings.

It is not weather to talk of Fire (except the pleasant one with faces in it, MISS HERBERT's face included) but it must be said that we are to have a new Brigade, under the control of SIR THWAITES, and not of the Police. It is to be hoped that the parties will act harmoniously, as policemen are necessary at a fire, and that in case of a row SIR THWAITES's vassals will not begin pumping on the Bobbies, who will in that case certainly deserve their sartorial name of Slops. Many new stations are to be added. In America the Firemen are an institution, they are proud of their engines, adorning them with silver, and they have an *esprit de corps*, vote as unanimously as they pump, and join in processions, engines and all. The ladies smile on them, and poets (American poets at least) make songs in their honour full of poetical Fire.

MR. CRAWFORD, late in the night, began to say something about a lot of places in the Highlands. Those savage regions are dear to us, and when he named Oban, and we thought upon a boat (with no Coekney excursionists) and ourselves setting forth upon the blue sea, blue eyes before us, for a sail to Iona, our sensations became overpowering, and we rushed out for refreshment. We believe that his Bill had something to do with elections. O that we were

Member for Staffa, for we should have no constituents, and we could sit all day in the cave, and harangue the sad sea waves and listen while they moan. On yonder rock reclining, our fierce and swarthy form behold. Here in cool grot and mossy cell, the sylphid loves to dwell, to dwell. There be none of Beauty's daughters with a magic like to thee, and as moonlight on the waters is coming to thy house to tea.

Incoherent! It may be so. Fine spirits are not finely touched but to fine issues, and the refreshment was very fine spirits indeed. 'Tis past. Excuse this tear, and as was written in *Punch* of old—

"Let's now at once throw every care away,
In the enjoyment of this Derby Day."

Friday. The BISHOP OF LONDON has done brave battle against the Gas Men, and the Imperious Company's Bill was rejected by the Lords.

May his Lordship's mitre never be less, unless it should not fit him, and he should wish it taken in.

LORD PALMERSTON answered an important question. Correspondence has been going on for two years between the Government of what are now the Re-United States and our own Ministers, on the subject of the depredations by the *Alabama*. This pirate, whom some folks were so fond of glorifying, may have involved us in a serious scrape. But at present the controversy proceeds on very friendly and amicable terms. We are also going to ask MR. JOHNSON to assist us in watching the slaveholders on the Cuba coast.

A Colonial debate. A Navy Estimate debate, and the thermometer at 80°. Talk of the Church's Martyrs, look at the State's, who are not only roasted, but bored.



A BROAD HINT.

Cabby (to *Miniver*, whose *Better Half* is in *Poplin and Tewles*, shopping). "BRILIN' WEATHER, AIN'T IT, SIR?"

Miniver. "YAAS!"

Cabby (encouraged). "AH! A NICE DROP O' ALE THEY SELL AT THE BLUE POST-ES, OVER THE WAY, THERE, SIR. I DON'T MIND FETCHIN' OF IT!"

A CAPITAL CONJUROR.

A STUPID person sometimes is said to be "no conjuror," and in that sense may the phrase be applied to the two persons who have made themselves notorious as the Brothers DAVENPORT. Conjurors to some extent they may admittedly have been; but so stupid were their tricks that such conjurors were more to be regarded as "no conjurors." To get into a cupboard and untie a bit of rope, and bang a bell about, can hardly be called an entertaining feat of jugglery, nor is it very amusing to see—or rather not to see—a juggler take his coat off while sitting in the dark, and with both hands tied behind him. Silly stupid tricks like these could scarcely be called conjuring; and the persons who performed them, although certainly not spirit-helped, were as certainly "no conjurors."

Fools who went to see the DAVENPORTS perform their stupid tricks were asinine enough to pay a guinea for a sitting; but people who are wise enough to wish to see a conjuror who really is a conjuror, need only pay a shilling for the privilege of doing so. Let them go to the Egyptian Hall and ask for COLONEL STODARE, any night at eight o'clock, and if the shilling seats be full, let them pay two shillings more and have a stall to stretch their legs in. The COLONEL very frankly calls himself a conjuror, and puts forth no pretence to having spirits for confederates. Yet, to see the tricks he does, one might fancy that a troop of little tricksy spirits were ever at his elbow. *Puck* and *Ariel* might certainly assist at his *séances*, so full of entertainment and so 'cute and clever are they. So practised is his hand that you would think he daily does his tricks in private life, and never cuts an orange without finding a half-crown in it. When we saw him take a flower-pot and a few handfuls of earth, and then make a plant bloom forth in it, we wished that he would visit our greenhouse now and then, and save us from the trouble of sending for a gardener.

"Any ornaments for your fire-stoves?" COLONEL STODARE could supply at half a minute's notice, and to suit capricious tastes, could change a daisy to a dahlia, or a primrose to a peony, with one wave of his walking-stick. How he coolly kills a woman and restores her to life, we prefer not to tell, because we don't know how. But clearly there is no mistake about the fact. A real basket is brought in and placed upon a real stool, and then a real woman is popped into the basket, and ere you can cry "Police!" the Colonel draws a real sword and stabs the basket through and through, and you see the sword all red and dripping with her blood (which flows, we understand, straight from the juggler vein), and you hear her scream and shriek, loudly, faintly, and more faintly, till you seem to see her dead: when, behold, the basket empty and the woman all alive, and let us not say kicking, while the audience applaud.

A SHORT WAY WITH INCENDIARY BISHOPS.

THAT PRINCE COUZA is a sovereign, who, although he reigns in a small way, seems to know what he is about, especially in dealing with troublesome ecclesiastics. According to a telegram from Bucharest:—

"The Patriarch of Constantinople has dispatched a Bishop to this town to make a declaration that the law of civil marriage, the secularisation of the convent property, and the institution of a national Roumain Church lately decreed by PRINCE COUZA, are contrary to the dogmas of the Greek Church, and incur the penalty of excommunication."

Whereupon:—

"PRINCE COUZA ordered the Bishop charged with this mission to be reconducted to the frontier by gendarmes."

This was treating the Right Reverend Emisary from the Greek Pope at once with the ceremony due to his sacred office, and the authority affronted by his incendiary mission. PRINCE COUZA put the Right Reverend fire-brand gently out.

The New Philosophical Controversy.

PROFESSOR SAC DE FOINE, of the Westminster Institution, is announced to make a statement shortly on his new system of producing vacancy by pressure, and immediately filling up the same by sun and air. The learned Professor's explanations are looked forward to with much interest, six members of the Institution having expressed their approbation of his plan, while five maintain it to be wholly at variance with recognised law.

A Truth for Tea-Drinkers.

COMMERCIAL intelligence from Shanghai lately announced:—

"Tea tending downwards."

Do you call that news? Why, of course, whenever anybody drinks tea he experiences its downward tendency.



CHARLIE OBJECTS TO THE MAJOR AS HIS NEW PAPA, AND CONVINCES HIM OF THE FACT.

A GOOD WORD FOR A GOOD WORK.

In common with other of the first people in the land, *Mr. Punch* the other day was invited to a Meeting of a Society which ought to be familiar in men's mouths, and which is called THE LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Punch, of course, knows everything: but for the moment he forgot what the aim of this Society actually was; and he thought perhaps it might be to improve the health of ladies by giving them employment to prevent their brains from addling, or by teaching them to shun tight lacing and thin shoes, hot ball-rooms and late hours, and the hundred other follies that impair their vital energy. A moment afterwards, however, *Mr. Punch* recalled to mind that the aim of the Society was, by ladies' work and influence, to promote the health and comfort and well-being of the poor, by making them acquainted with the common laws of health, and helping them to make their homes more happy than they could be if these laws were not observed. This excellent intention the Society effects, among other ways, by these:—

"By collecting money for Sanitary improvements, such as opening windows, curing smoky chimneys, removing nuisances; giving soap; and lime for white-washing; lending books, patterns of clothes, scrubbing-brushes, saucepans, and cooking recipes.

"By requesting the Medical Officers of Health, and other professional and well-educated gentlemen, to deliver popular free lectures.

"By instituting Mothers' meetings, and classes of adult girls, and giving them Sanitary and domestic instruction.

"By forming, or aiding, Penny Clothing Clubs, Coal Clubs, Baths and Wash-houses, Temperance Associations, Cooking Depôts, and Working-Men's Clubs.

"By establishing Nurseries for motherless babes, which may serve as Schools, for Mothers of all classes, Schoolmistresses and Nurses."

Plain, practical and sensible are all these helps to health, and the happiness that goes with it. In addition, useful knowledge is pleasantly imparted by short pamphlets with expressive titles, as, for instance:—*The Worth of Fresh Air, The Power of Soap and Water, The Health of Mothers, and How to Manage a Baby*; all which are surely far more profitable reading than *The Maniac Marquis, Agnes and her Agonies, Benjamin the Bloodstained, or the Bloated Burglar!* and the like instructive stories supplied by the cheap press.

Besides this, the Society looks after little children whose cheeks are paled through living dungeoned in damp cellars, scant of air and light.

Of these, thousands upon thousands it takes yearly to the Parks, to stretch their little legs and lungs, and kindly feeds, if they be hungry, before it sends them home. Sometimes, even, it is able to take a favoured few of them to see—O joy! O rapture!—the lions and the leopards, the eagles and the elephants, and—greater rapture still!—the monkeys at their tricks. How such days of bliss are sighed for, revelled in, and recollected! And what pleasure must one feel in knowing one has helped to give such pleasure to these little ones, whose pleasures are so few!

Such pleasure may be yours, my boy, or any other man's, indeed, by simply sending, say, a guinea yearly to these Ladies, who on the day of their late meeting had but twelve pounds in hand. Their office may be found at number 14A within the Street of Prince, hard by the Square of Cavendish, within the district West; and, the more money they get from you, the more good they will do. *Mr. Punch* need not remark how enormous an admirer he is of *Lovely Woman*; and to his eyes, *Lovely Woman* is never half so lovely, as when she is employed in doing a good work. To help the poor to health and the happiness attending it, the most cynical must surely grant is doing a good work; and *Mr. Punch* is therefore proud to pat these ladies on the back, and is glad to say a good word for the good work that they do.

Lesson for Confederate Clergymen.

By order of GENERAL HATCH, the Officer in command of the Northern forces at Charleston, the REV. DR. MARSHALL, Missionary of St. John's Chapel, has been sent beyond the lines of the army, forbidden to enter the City of Charleston during its occupation by the United States' troops, and subjected to confiscation of his personal property to the use of the United States' Government, for refusing to pray for PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON. Aha! This is the way to teach Southern Clergymen to perform the Christian duty of praying for their enemies.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

At the end of the run of *Comus*, MR. WALTER LACY, who was in at the finish, was presented by the Master with MR. BEVERLEY'S Brush.

A CIVIL NOTE.

DEAR PUNCH,

Will you do us a service? Will you ask LORD PALMERSTON (in your next number, if convenient, as the days will soon have done growing), when we are to have the Saturday half-holiday? It is said, with his usual kindness, he is quite ready to minister to our wants, and extend Early Closing to the Government Offices, but the authorities are mute. A word from you will open their lips, and abbreviate the inevitable minuting, and docketing, and registering, and filing. Please therefore to board the Treasury. Lilacs and laburnums are in bloom, and it is not unreasonable to expect that we shall soon leave off fires. The M. C. C. are in the field, and some of us, like the dentists, want to be at the stumps. Others think it wherry trying to be chained to the oar on a bright afternoon, when they are longing for the river. LODER is impatient to make one at a Saturday Review, and take his Minnie to the butts, whilst LOVER is pledged, under the heaviest penalties, to escort his MINNIE to the Crystal Palace Concerts. Indeed, there is a general desire that the National Shutters should be put up on Saturdays as early as is consistent with the requirements of the Public Service. (A neat phrase that last, is it not? On loan from DE TAPELEY, who, when he wishes to vary it, substitutes "exigencies" for "requirements.")

The Service have always been your admirers, but if you do not think it an office foreign to your purpose to call in Downing Street, and get this matter settled, I am sure we shall more than ever desire that your exports of weekly numbers and half-yearly volumes to our Colonies may go on increasing, and your imports of jokes exceed those of any previous year. We shall be unanimous in wishing you an overflowing exchequer, with prosperous revenue returns and a most satisfactory audit; and remembering that you always carry off a first-class certificate in the Art Department, it is only necessary to express a hope that it may always be one of your good customs to keep your readers in transports, and that you may never be superannuated.

I have the honour to be, *Mr. Punch*,
Your obedient Servant,
A. SENIOR CLARK.

CONVERSATION FOR FIVE MINUTES.

(BEFORE DINNER.)

Bold Somebody (during an awkward silence). Have you—(to *Young Lady*). Have you ever read *Hiauwatka*?

Young Lady (timidly feeling that something or other depends upon her reply). Yes. (Fearing she may be called upon for a quotation, adds.) But 'twas a long time ago.

Bold Somebody (leading up to his joke, gently). The name of the heroine was, as you may remember, *Minne-haha*, the laughing water.

Young Lady (not liking to commit herself). Well—

Bold Somebody (observing that his conversation is attracting general attention). I dare say she was called by her savage intimates, *Minnie*.

A few People (tittering). Ha! Ha! Ha!

Bold Somebody. Well, if a cannibal had eaten 'this heroine (every one listening) why would he be like a small portrait?

Young Lady (repeating). If a cannibal had—what?

Bold Somebody (says it again).

Young Lady. Ah yes! Is it a riddle?

Bold Somebody (pleasantly). Yes.

Various People (pretending to have thought over it, and wondering when dinner will be ready). I don't know.

Lady of the House (politely). What is the answer, MR. SOMEBODY?

Bold Somebody (repeating the point). He would be like a small portrait, because he'd be a Minnie-chewer.

[Curious sensation felt by everybody. BOLD SOMEBODY smiles at his boots.

Enter Servant.

Servant (very distinctly). Dinscrum.

Relief of Guests. Exeunt omnes.

PSALMODY IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

(To the Editor of *Punch*.)

SIR,

I HAPPEN to live near a foundation-school, which is, however, a charity school for poor children only. The pupils of this institution are accustomed to sing the *Morning and Evening Hymn*; and I often hear them practise other psalmody. I think this devotional exercise is not practised at Eton and the majority of our public schools for the young nobility and gentry. Surely, this difference is not caused by any notion that the singing of psalms is a menial part of divine service, unfit to be performed by the children of the superior classes? I only put this as a

QUERY.

"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS."

I'd give no rope unto the POPE
Or doctrines Ultra-montane;
Rome, if you choose, you may abuse,
As Babylonian wanton.
To WILLIAM THE DUTCHMAN I
Hold fast with LORD MACAULAY—
But save me, sense, from the defence
Of watch-dogs such as WHALLEY!

I hate a priest, his craft resist,
Hold half his ritual mummary:
Think Church's claim to bind and loose
Is but audacious flummery:
Abhor the Jesuit arts that make
Black white, and *velle nolle*,
But grace preserve me from a friend
Who pleads my cause like WHALLEY!

That monks and nuns are useless drones,
Who wax fat on their neighbours,
Regardless of the wholesome rule
That he best prays who labours,
I do believe, and sore should grieve
If here such locusts crawl
Should settle down, to raise the frown
And prompt the wail of WHALLEY.

That Puseyism a half-way house
Upon the road to Rome is,
That for straightforward Puseyites
St. Peter's bark the home is,
I've not a doubt, and would lug out
Of our Church, pulley-hawley,
All so arrayed in masquerade,
To make a case for WHALLEY.

But if there's aught can make me doubt
My feelings Anti-Papal,
It is the lot who of their rot
Such feelings make the staple.
One asks, when hit by NEWMAN'S wit,
And his opponent's folly,
"Which road prefer? . . . with NEWMAN err,
Or be it the right with WHALLEY?"

As life unites all opposites,
As good its force to bad owes,
As pain and darkness seem to be
But light's and pleasure's shadows:
This House of Commons' butt and bore
May not be causeless wholly;
And JOHN BULL'S Protestant good sense
May need the foil of WHALLEY.



Political Vagrants.

THE Division on the Union Chargeability Bill shows that Toryism is going begging. Guardians of the public interests be on the alert. There is a party in the "House" who mean to apply to the country for out-door relief. Refuse it, especially about Henley.

The Prophecy of the Derby.

BEING A NEW CHAPTER OF AL KORÂN, ENTITLED
THE WINNER. REVEALED AT EPSOM.

BECAUSE that the Great Horse, on whose back sundry and divers had loved to set their gold and their silver, is a horse of the people which is called French, and because, that the people which is called French have in these after times, and through the lips of their Sultan, AL NAP, taken and adopted AL KORÂN as their law, saying unto the nations, Behold my guns, therefore it is fated that ye do homage to France. It has been revealed unto me, even the PROPHET PUNCH, that in compliment and honour to those Frenchmen, and in gracious recognition of their ways, and because they study to imitate the islanders, and read *Le Sport*, and to the end of drawing closer the bonds of love and amity between us, I should add another chapter to the revelations of my brother the PROPHET MOHAMMED, even as he added unto them an extra chapter in favour of a young lady called Mary, not previously acceptable unto his wife Ayesha, nor subsequently. Therefore, hearken, you whom in the other time I called blokes and bloaters, but now I name believers, because you should believe in your Punch. This is the last chapter or Sura, of Al Korân, which is so called from the Arabian word Karaa, to read. How long will ye be the dupes of knaves and tricksters calling themselves prophets that they may cozen you of your gold and silver, yea and of your nether garments, which ye leave at the house of your mother's brother, saying unto him, Give me money that I may pay for a tip. Behold, have I not in nine years heretofore revealed unto you the names of the winners of the great race, even the Derby, taking but threepence for the same? Then be wise and not fools, for a fool is a miry pond wherein a man may neither drink nor wash. Where will ye, be, O idiots, when ye return to the hareem, and the Lights thereof ask of ye saying, What have you won, and your faces are darkened like blacking-pots, and ye have nought to give unto the hareem save chaff, which nevertheless shall avail ye not in the day when Fatima desireth the white fishes of Greenwich, or Miriam thirsteth for the iced wine of the Star. Were it not well to have a purse in those days? Harken, then, unto Punch-Mohammed, for there is none like him.

Now the horses and the asses, yea, an exceeding great host, shall gather together for the strife, and there shall be eating and drinking and smiling and swearing, and there shall be wagering of wagers, and shying of sticks, and the incense of Havannah and of Bristol shall go up like a cloud, sickening the birds of the air, even the pigeons thereof. And there shall come unto the place of battle horses of vast price and costliness, and their names shall be in the mouths of the fools and of the wise. There shall be the horse whose name is the name of him who burned the ships with a burning-glass, and he whose name is that of a cruel tyrant, and he who is called after a book wherewith a mighty scribe did delight your winter festival, and he who is called after the hopping beast of the far-off lands. Likewise think ye of the flyer on the back of the bat, and of the deadly weapon that slayeth afar off, and of him who in the Latin tongue is called bold, and of the chief god of the heathen which dwelleth in the East, and of the city which has fallen, yea, into the hands of the men which say unto you, Liquor. And there shall also be named unto ye the quay which is by the river Clyde, even the Scotch river of ships, and the ignis fatuus which danceth over the swamp, and the brown child of him which is wild, and the wild child of the same, and the sweet wind that played with Aurora, and the name of him who also is called a roarer, and who is not, and hath been called from out of the language of the swift Indian of the West. And ye shall hear of the magistrate of the Land of Flowers, and of him who is the child of Tobias, the scribe, and of him who was the child of Planché, the scribe, yea the pleasant scribe in the days when there was wit amid the mirth of men. Shall they not speak unto you of the day when the foolish among you held it evil luck to wed, or to do the thing which is new, and of him which poured fire upon your horsemen and upon your footmen until ye rose and smote down his stronghold, and of him whose name is as it were a church wherein men might sleep: are there not many such in these days of dulness? And ye shall be told of the jester that cometh from the Jordan, and of the river where hath bathed the brave man whose name is as a living stone among you, and of the half-brother of that river, and of him which hath been long down but may now rise up to the discomfiture of many. Moreover, speech shall be made unto you of the son of the musician who was skinned alive by the critical god of the day, and of a lord among the people—a lord whose sire died gloriously for us all after the battle in the stream. And ye shall hear even more, for ye shall listen to the name of him whose dam was the first among those who strove for the great race, and who now runneth in the happy hunting-grounds, and of him whose name belongeth unto the sports of the Pagan arena, when a man was slaughtered for sport, and the voice of the people said Habet, and their turned-up thumbs dismissed his soul to the empty and wandering air. And they shall say unto you Farewell, and they shall say unto you Nothing more.

Then shall ye speak unto me, even Mohammed Punch, saying who of all these shall win? And in that day I shall make answer, saying that the victory goeth unto the swift and strong if he be well guided, and there be no treason found in his rider. Then ye will say, Behold, we know that, but tell us now. And I will answer again, saying, What should I get by that? And then ye will reply, Art not thou our guide and friend? In that day, O believers, the tears shall spring to mine eyes, even as the water wellet up through the sand from the fountains which are called the diamonds of the desert, and through the dust of Epsom in mine eyes the water shall come forth, and I will say unto you, Verily, his eye shineth before you like a star, and his skin gleameth like the gleaming of a mirror, and the number of his legs is as the number of the bed-posts of a bed, and in the twinkling of a bed-post will I reveal him unto you, for his tail hangeth down behind, and behold, in the Turkish language I reply unto you, BAKALLUM.

THE DERBY HORSESHOE MAGNET.

"THERE is a pow'r whose sway" as you've
In words well set by BALFE read,
While you've seen MELLON'S *baton* move,
Whose Christian name is ALFRED.
There is a pow'r whose sway is famed
Above that in the sonnet,
Which "Power of Love," I think 'twas named,
At least 'twas written on it.

"What power is this?" say you to me:
"Rhymester, you must be crack'd if
You think than Love that there can be
A metal more attractive!
It draws the clown or high-born dame
In cart or pair-horse wagg'nette
To Epsom Downs." You ask its name?
The Derby Horseshoe Magnet.

Drawn by this pow'r, all sorts of chaps
Will horses, ass, or mules 'ack,
And the LORD CHANCELLOR perhaps
Will ride down on his Woolsack.
Why, I'd go on the Mammoth Horse
If he were mild and gracious,
But that Great Beast seems on the course
A little Horse-tentatious.

The careful Trainer's horseshoe too
Attracts perhaps a blockhead—
A boy who knows not what to do,
A jockey who is jockey'd.
The unsuccessful Trainer looks
Quite the reverse of sunny,
A money-bag his horse-shoe hooks,
But in it is no money.

See in another corner one,
A smile upon his face is,
The Race is done, the Derby's won,
The Winner he embraces.
See where the Fav'rite, who has lost,
On trembling hind legs rising,
Begins the owner to accost,
Meekly apologising.

The Derby Magnet will attract
All kinds of food in hampers,
On which we'll feed as bivouacked
In prairies of the Pampas.
We see the well-known "phiz" again
With neck just like a stork there,
Here comes the Bottle of Champagne,
And Magnates draw the cork there.

Fill up! and ply the knife and fork!
We're drawn here to be jolly;
Let's try if we can nonsense talk
As well as MR. WHALLEY.
Unchecked by Moderation's frowns,
Folks take a lot of false drink,
To-morrow blaming Epsom Downs,
They will some Epsom Salts drink.

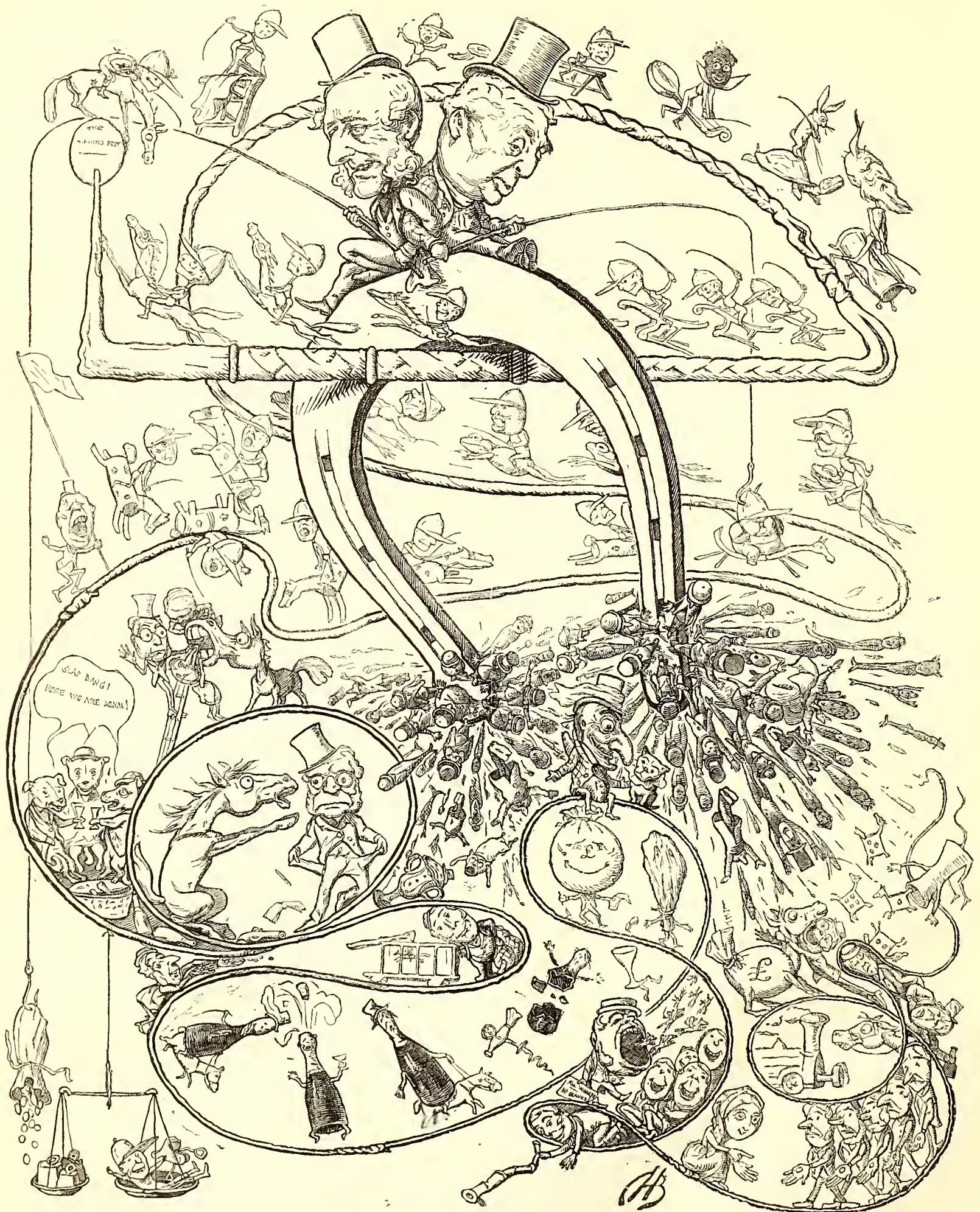
That day let Trade make fast its door,
Nor profits JAMES nor STAGG net,
Let Fishermen upon the shore
Leave hooks and lines and drag-net.
Give Soldiers leave of absence, they
Will lay down gun and bag-net,
A Power summons them away—
The Derby Horseshoe Magnet!

Improvement in Fire-arms.

It is said that all rifles for military use will very soon be loaded with explosive shells instead of common bullets. The Inns of Court Volunteers will then no longer alone deserve the title that will be applicable to every regiment in the world, "The Devil's Own."

HEARTLESS ATTEMPT AT BIGAMY.

A GENTLEMAN who was Courting Inquiry, was found to be Wedded to his own Views.



THE DERBY HORSESHOE MAGNET.



DIZZY'S K'RECT CARD FOR THE "DERBY" (?)

"K'RECT CARD, MY NOBLE SPORTSMEN!"—"K'RECT CARD!"—"CHURCH IN DANGER!"—"LATERAL REFORM!"—"K'RECT CARD!"

DIZZY'S K'RECT CARD FOR THE "DERBY."

HERE's a kerrect card of the Derby, names the favourite for the Plate. The Church in danger! Hi, my bloaters! Ten to one on Church and State.

Gentlemen sportsmen, back your osses, make your bets and stake your tin,

We ax-my-eyes and out-and-outers we're a goin in to win.

'Tis slap bang here we are again, three jolly dogs are we, and more, There's me and PAKINGTON, that's two, and WALPOLE three, and WHITESIDE, four.

And here's a list of all the others, which if you would like to see, Have a kerrect card of the Derby, right and plain as A. B. C.

Now make your little games, my tulips, here we are with all the tricks; Now my Conservative Committees, fork your ochre out like bricks, PAM against all the field is taken; let them do it if they can! How do they know, and who is right, am I or any other man?

Now Bishops, noble Swells, and 'Squires that means to stand for various places,

This here's the honly kerrect card that tells you all about the races; Now, Members of the Carlton Club, you'll find here all the information Which you requires to understand the mysteries of the sittiwation.

Here is the odds agin Reform and Church Rates' threatened abolition, But wot's the odds as long 's y're happy? Ax the best arithmetician. Now then, my cocks of wax opposed to anarchy and revolution, Flare up, and rally round the Throne, the Altar, and the Constitution.

This here's the true and kerrect card, and no mistake and no misnomer, Includin of the wery best translation ever made of OMER, With all the dodges and the doos, the flukes, the scratches, and the crosses,

All for a sixpence only, gents, put down your dibs, and back your osses.

THE STAGE FROM THE FRONT.

THE production of *Brother Sam* at the Haymarket Theatre is a slight but gratifying improvement upon our past farces, like *Lord Dundreary*, which paralyse the energies of a good working comedy company for the benefit of one or two individuals. *Brother Sam* is a humorous three-act German farce, built upon an old theatrical, and not very moral basis—a deliberate deception practised upon a rich old uncle by a reckless nephew for the sake of obtaining property. If the characters were not thorough stage conventionalities, moving in a sphere of life in which there is nothing real but the chairs and tables, and creating impossible incidents at every turn, such pieces would be simply unbearable. As it is, they are tolerated with all their enormities, like the crimes of Clown in the pantomime and Punch in the show, because no one believes in their resemblance to humanity. Such pieces require to be acted without apparent reflection by the actors, and without causing reflection in others. Admirably as MR. SOTHERN, MR. BUCKSTONE, MR. COMPTON, and MISS NELLY MOORE do their main work in *Brother Sam* at the Haymarket, the performance might be improved in this particular. MR. SOTHERN occasionally drops into a slowness of manner, in which he thinks, or appears to think, and consequently becomes, for the time, nothing more nor less than a well-dressed swindler. Only well-sustained, thoughtless, dashing levity can carry through such a character without making it disagreeable. The moral balance, however, is partly restored by the way in which *Brother Sam* is teased and check-mated by the young lady who consents to appear as his wife, and who makes the deception as pleasant as possible for the old uncle.

MR. SOTHERN has a great fancy for introducing extravagant pantomime business in all his pieces. *Brother Sam*, as represented at the Haymarket, requires no such clap-trap tricks. They only stand in the way of MR. OXENFORD's amusing dialogue, and the humour and spirit of the other actors.

The audience appeared to be delighted with the performance.

IRISH GAME.

WE are indebted to the *Field* for the following good joke, which appears among our sportsmanlike contemporary's answers to "Correspondents:—

"SHOOTING.

"PARSONS.—In Ireland, but not in England. They cannot however, be shot here without a licence."

From this statement it would seem that parsons in Ireland are in the same predicament with landlords, game that may be shot unprotected by any game-laws. In England, to be sure, they cannot be shot without a licence, which luckily for the Church, cannot be obtained.

WONDERFUL—AND TRUE!!

THE following two Advertisements appeared in a recent impression of the *Times*. We think they must have been intended only for our columns, for they never can be meant in sober seriousness.

The first one runs thus:—

TO GOVERNESSES.—WANTED, for a private gentleman's family, in the country, a GOVERNESS. She must be a member of the Church of England, clever, and conscientious in her management of boys and girls of different ages. She must be firm, even tempered, and methodical, and teach thoroughly well French, music, English, and drawing, and be a good needlewoman, active in her habits, and perfectly healthy. Age not under 25 or over 35. A good personal reference will be required to a family of the same sort, where she has had the charge and education of several children of both sexes under and above 12 years of age. Salary £30 and all found. Address, &c.

We should rather think she ought to be very "active in her habits" and "perfectly healthy" to be able to get through all the duties which would evidently be imposed upon her by the compiler of this advertisement, and also very methodical to have all the French and music, and English and drawing lessons over in time to have a quiet evening's needlework.

The same Advertiser wants—

AN UPPER NURSE and LADY'S-MAID (combined), who has lived for some years in one family, where she has acted in a similar capacity. She must be a thorough nurse, fond of children, and clever and conscientious in her management of them; clean, active, and industrious. She must be a thorough good dressmaker, milliner, and able to get up fine things, also a very good and quick plain needlewoman, and a good hairdresser. There are six children in all, but three are at school. A governess and under-nurse are kept. No inefficient person need apply, but one who is of an obliging disposition. She would have to make the children's and her own bed, and wash up the tea-things. A member of the Church of England indispensable. No perquisites allowed. Wages £20 a-year and all found. Address, &c.

A very clever woman indeed must be requisite for so varied a situation, and without a little "conscientiousness in her management" she would be rather in a fog as to which of her various duties she should first perform. Of course her mistress would not object, after "the tea-things were washed up," to evince an "obliging disposition" and wait until the "beds were made," and a few "fine things got up" before her hair was dressed; for in so generous a family it could not be expected that a servant would be worked to death for the sake of allowing her mistress to appear *comme il faut* at any certain hour. Oh no! she would much rather wait her turn. "No perquisites allowed." Well, we should almost think if they were allowed, they would seldom be discovered or obtainable in a household which apparently is not at all extravagant.

BRIGANDS AND BRIGANDESSES.

THE Italian Government has now in custody a band of brigands, with their chief, NICOLA MASINI, who are said to have been for four years the terror of the Basilicata. This gang consists of seventeen men and three women, described as more bloodthirsty and pitiless than the men. They stand accused of about three hundred and fourteen crimes between them, and among those they are charged with, we are told, "besides mere robbery, the crimes of mutilation, murder, and burning alive are said to figure conspicuously." And yet the liberal Press of Italy would have us believe that these wretches have been committing these outrages in the interests of the POPE and the KING OF NAPLES, and that the Roman Government has, therefore, encouraged them. How utterly incredible! Mutilation, murder, and burning alive! When did the Papacy ever countenance such atrocities as these—especially burning alive?

"FLYING WORDS."

A LITERARY Gentleman in search of old furniture came across this advertisement:—

WINGED BOOKCASE, made by Gillows, 7 feet wide, 8 feet high.—To be SOLD, a very superior mahogany WINGED BOOKCASE, enclosed by glazed doors, secretary, &c. Recently cost £50; to be sold for 20 guineas. Apply, &c.

He immediately jumped at the offer, and now proposes filling the Winged Bookcase with volumes of fly-leaves, bound. Being in no present want of a Secretary, he will let him out by the hour on condition that his hirer shall, on returning him, carefully lock him up behind the glazed doors. The whole arrangement is admirable.

The General Election.

SIR CHARLES LOCOCK is canvassing the Isle of Wight in the Tory interest against SIR JOHN SIMEON, Liberal. The venerable Accoucher's Committee will consist of *Mrs. Gamp*, *Mrs. Harris*, and several others of the most distinguished members of their sisterhood.



INGENIOUS YOUTH.

"OH, MY! JUST AIN'T IT JOLLY NEITHER, A SENDING O' ONE'S GOODS BY TRAIN!"

THE SEASON FOR SPARROW CLUBS.

BY HAWFINCH.

THE little birds paired on St. Valentine's Day,
And now they be breedun, and most on 'em lay.
The cock birds zome zits by the nestes and zings,
Meanwhilst the hens settun', relaxes their wings.

But zome, when, their mates have'n hatched their eggs well,
The young uns has chipped their way out o' the shell,
Along wi' the faymale gooes out arter food,
Wherewi' for to nourish their squab caller brood.

Now, farmers, to sparrer clubs all who belong,
Your time is to slaughter the creeturs o' zong,
For tish't the sparrers alone you destroys,
A prize on the heads on 'em zettun the boys.

But greensfinches, chaffinches, linnuts likewise,
Yellowhammers, larks, buntuns, all ever as flies
About them there fields where you strows pison'd grain;
So set to and silence the zingunbirds' strain.

Aitch pair as you kills you kills many moor by,
In eggs as must addle, and young as must die,
Bate bushes and brakes, my bucks; scour hills and dales,
And try if you can't put your zalt on their tails.

What them little birds feeds their young on you knows,
Worms, grubs, caterpillars, and creeturs like those.
In killun a sparrer or finch you're aware
What thousands o' palmers and weevles you spare.

Ah, poor creepun things!—do encourage their breed;
Do kill off the small birds upon 'em as feed.
Them insects doan't none on 'em do you no harm;
Now do 'em, poor creeturs, hows'ever they swarm?

Birds med be kep under, to that I'll agree;
The schoolboys zufficient for that purpus be,
At Christmas about wi' bow-arrers and traps,
Or birds-nestun now, let alone the young chaps.

Now goo to your Clubs and partake o' good cheer,
And zum up the birds you've killed over your beer.
And, if you can count 'em, to judge o' your gains,
The billions o' varmunt you've zaved by your pains.

DEPARTURE FROM DRINK.

THE attention of MR. GLADSTONE's temperate coal-whipper, who drank only eight quarts of beer a day, may be advantageously directed to the subjoined copy of an advertisement:—

TO be LET, a BEER-HOUSE, in a Drinking Neighbourhood, surrounded with factories. Death the cause of leaving. Apply, &c.

The temperate coal-whipper may be admonished, by the foregoing announcement, not to exceed his eight quarts of beer daily, and its perusal may induce his intemperate associates, who, according to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, are in the habit of drinking from twelve to sixteen, to reduce their consumption to something near his moderate allowance.

"When Seen make a Note of."

A YOUNG Fellow was last week shut up all night, and fined the next morning, for plucking a sprig of May in Chelsea College Garden. For the future, let us hope he will know the difference between *may* and *may not*.

WHIST IN ST. JAMES'S.—The Rector protests that Clubs are not trumps.



THE TIMBER DRAG.—A NEW SENSATION FOR THE DERBY.

CHARITY AT CLUBS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I SEE by the Papers, for my husband never tells me what is doing at his Club, that a little dispute has arisen among members as to whether a Club, not being a sentimental institution, ought or ought not to give anything in charity. Now I'll venture to say, without prejudging the case, that if members had done their duty, and consulted their wives on this momentous question, they would have been saved much needless anxiety and distress of mind. I am myself connected with and honorary Secretary to a Club or Society (same thing) and am generally acknowledged to have some pretensions to administrative ability. Now what is the course pursued by members of *my* Club?

We meet at stated intervals—each member brings her work with her, and we make sundry little (very little) articles of apparel. (I need not say what, as this is intended for publication; your own good sense and paternal feeling will tell you that), and which, when completed, are distributed among qualified persons belonging to the deserving poor. Now, why can't members of more masculine Clubs do something similar. Perhaps you'll say, for the simple reason, because they can't work.

But I would ask, and I do so not to tease or vex, but in sincerity and good faith, and with a view to moral elevation—I would ask why cannot these controversialists *learn*? What I would humbly, and with proper deference propose, is this. Let them invite a deputation from my Club to call on them and confer, and we shall be only too happy to give them every instruction, so as to enable them to afford that charitable aid in *kind*, which they scruple to render in *coin*. Of course we could not trust them to comprehend the mysteries of insertion or open-work. But there is a variety of small offices, for which, if willing, they might be found eminently capable, and I need hardly say that bobbin-winding is one. But even admitting for argument's sake that members should prove hopelessly incompetent in this branch of industrial benevolence, still a world of good would result from opening these lay monasteries to feminine inspection. At present a deal of uneasiness prevails, more than is generally supposed, in many minds about the state of dust and litter in which any house must be that is not uniformly under proper female supervision. I often shudder when I think of the cigar-ends strewn over the marble mantel pieces

and mahogany cheffoniers, in the absence of a constitutional government, knowing what takes place at home, where every infraction of tidiness is visited with the utmost rigor of the law. I could say more on this absorbing topic, but fear, lest being hurried away by my feelings, I might be wanting in that charity which may serve as a cloak for the infirmity of others, but which we who have nothing to conceal, may be permitted to exhibit as a feather in our cap.

I am, dear *Mr. Punch*, yours very sincerely,

A NOT VERY OLD, BUT VERY CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.

P.S. I suppose you know that a Club under very favourable auspices (and *perhaps* distinguished patronage) is being formed by mutual friends of ours, to be called the "Sweet-bread Club." You may smile, but you should not consistently do so, for a sweet-bread is far more elegant than a calves-head, and will be found to harmonise with the tone and temper of its fair associates.

"GROSSLY UNFAIR, SIR."

MAJOR BOW-WOW'S *Sentiments*.

THE loss by cholera of two-thirds of an artillery detachment, ordered to march from Mhow to Kirkee during the fiercest heats of the Indian summer, may be lamentable, but is not to be wondered at.

"You can't make omelettes without breaking eggs," says a French proverb.

"You can't move reliefs without losing men," is the Indian equivalent.

What is the use of making such a fuss? As if death wasn't always "Mhowing down" our soldiers! And yet the military authorities are to be blamed for ordering the march. Pooh Pooh, Sir! Stuff and nonsense and mock philanthropy. Humbug, Sir! Humbug!

"OH, YOU NASTY THING!"

WHAT omission of duty would probably be a sore point with an Italian Catholic?

Neglecting a *Festa*.

[Exit horrid creature.]

MR. LOCKE'S BILL

FOR LEGALISING THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES IN MUSIC-HALLS IS
SUPPORTED BY A "DRAMATIC AUTHORS' PETITION."



Our dramatists begin with the complaint:—

"That your Petitioners have found that the existing legislation concerning theatres operates as a restriction upon their industry, while it has not in any manner supported or elevated dramatic literature."

Both these allegations, we have no doubt, are susceptible of proof. That the existing legislation concerning theatres has not in any manner "supported or elevated dramatic literature" is at once apparent from the character of the pieces produced by nine-tenths of our Dramatic Authors.

That such legislation has operated as a restriction upon their industry we may be justified in inferring

from the fact, that there are not half-a-dozen original pieces now produced in London in the course of a year. The petition continues:—

"The Lower Middle Class and Working Class have, of late years, developed a large appetite for intellectual amusement, which the number of theatres, and the present construction of theatres (which give no comfortable or proper accommodation for these classes) have failed to satisfy."

We are delighted to learn that the Lower Middle Class and Working Class have of late years developed a large appetite for "intellectual amusement." We presume this development of appetite for the intellectual has been accompanied with a proportional craving for the substantial, in the form of chops, steaks, and kidneys, unlimited "goes" of something short, and a large consumption of tobacco. Otherwise, we cannot connect the allegation with the object of the petition. How does the development of a large appetite for intellectual amusement require the conversion of theatres into free-and-easies, or of free-and-easies into theatres? One would suppose "intellectual appetite" would drive people where intellectual appetite is catered for, as it is presumed to be in a well-conducted theatre; not to a place where nigger minstrelsy, trapèze tumbling, contortionising, and the comic duet business are alternated with *poses plastiques* and ballet dancing, and where even such intellectual food as these entertainments supply seems to require washing down with gin-and-water, and digesting by aid of tobacco smoke.

The Dramatic Authors who sign this petition must excuse us if we find it difficult to reconcile the alleged prosperity of music-halls—as they are called on the "*lucus à non lucendo*" principle—and the alleged decline of theatres, with the recent development of "intellectual appetite" asserted by the petitioners.

They go on to say, in English, which shows, we fear, traces of the effect of a long course of translation from the French, that "the number of theatres, and the present construction of theatres (which give no comfortable or proper accommodation for these classes) have failed to satisfy" the intellectual appetite in question.

Here we must ask a question. Is it only the "number and construction" of theatres that are to blame for such a failure? First, as to numbers: considering that the theatres are, one and all complaining—above or under their breath—that they can't draw audiences, that the attractions of the music-halls are emptying their pits and galleries, it is difficult to believe that the "number" of theatres has anything to do with the disappointment of the intellectual appetites of our Lower-Middle and Working Classes. When the theatres are full to overflowing it will be time to maintain that there are too few of them.

Then, as to "construction." Theatres may not be perfect in means of entrance and exit, sitting accommodation, and ventilation; but, if they are bad in these points, what are such places as the Alhambra, and most of the music-halls, particularly on a full night, with the gas in full blaze, and the steam of suppers, goes, and weeds, enriching the odours of hot humanity. No—faulty construction will hardly account for any falling off in theatrical audiences.

Perhaps, however, we may admit that the theatre, as generally conducted now-a-days, is not exactly the place in which to satisfy an "intellectual appetite." With our "intellectual appetite" still suffering under the mockery of a Barmecide entertainment, in the shape of a recent course of burlesques, we feel that the intellectual play-goer, like the sheep in MILTON'S Sonnet, "Looks up and is not fed" in our London theatres. But is there not something besides "numbers" and

"construction" of theatre to blame here? May not the quality of the theatrical fare provided have a *little* to do with it? And who are the purveyors of that fare but many of the gentlemen who sign this petition.

If they fail so miserably in satisfying the "intellectual appetite," of even "the Lower Middle and Working Class" in our theatres, how are they to satisfy it better in the music-halls (?) which they wish to open for the unlimited consumption of their viands?

If they have anything better to offer, why not try it in the theatres, where they will, at least, find the cooks—such as they are—in the shape of actors, and the best procurable garnish of scenery, dresses, and decorations, without the distractions of chops and steaks, sherry cobblers, cold withouts, and sodas-and-brandies? Surely the intellectual appetites will have a better chance if they are catered for by themselves. The worship of the Muses does not need burnt-offerings in the shape of sausages for two, or kidneys on toast, or the incense of short pipes and mild Cabanas. No: let the petitioners speak out, and say honestly:—

"Art is bosh; intellectual appetite is gammon. The more intelligent and educated public has ceased to patronise the sort of entertainment we have provided for them at the theatres. But though we cannot cater for them, we think we could help to amuse less scrupulous or critical audiences, if we had the aid of tumblers, trapézists, nigger-melodists, hot suppers, strong drink, and cigars, which the music-halls would give us and the theatres do not. Therefore, we beg you will open to us the market of the music-halls."

Such a plea would be intelligible. But the less the demand for the opening of the music-halls to theatrical representations is based on the demands of the "intellectual appetite" of the Lower Middle and Working Classes, the better. Still, let us not forget that what is sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander. If the music-hall managers, and their supporters among the dramatic authors, are chargeable with humbug when they come forward as caterers for "intellectual appetites," the managers are just as bad when they protest, on grounds of the same pretentious kind, against throwing open the music-halls to the drama. The real reasons against this step are distinct alike from the interests of the music-halls, or the interests of managers. They are to be found in the interests of the dramatic art, which managers in too many cases systematically ignore.

"THE GOOD OF THE SERVICE."

BY THE HON. COLONEL HAW-HAW, *of the Coldstreams.*

AIR—"The Flowers of the Forest."

I've seen Committees, the sadder the pity's,
Trying to find who the piper should pay,
By way of a plaster for General Disaster—
The Good of the Service is all t' other way.

I've seen the journals attack clothing Colonels,
Bully Court-martials for going astray,
And call, fierce and fiery, for open inquiry—
The Good of the Service is all t' other way.

Stupid civilians think fifteen millions
Rather too much for an army to pay,
And with question and query the Horse Guards they weary—
The Good of the Service is all t' other way.

If a fellow writes letters and bothers his betters,
Call a court, and compel him to go on half-pay,
But M.P.'s such things seize on, and will have a reason—
The Good of the Service is all t' other way.

In the ranks they say justice the best rule to trust is;
Would give merit command, and bid int'rest obey,
Corps distinctions they'd level, with the Guards play the devil—
The Good of the Service is all t' other way.

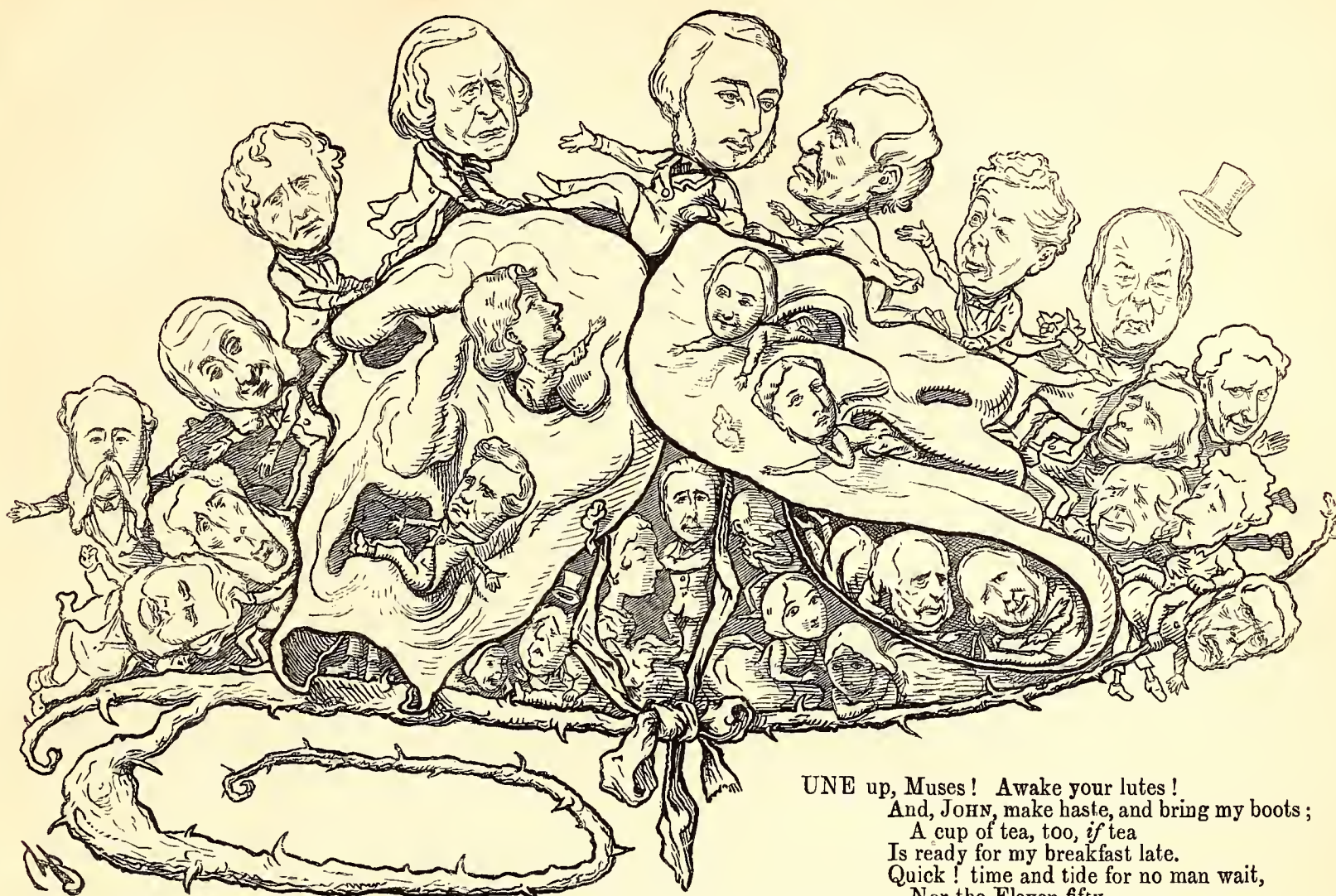
The thing that they drive at is giving a private
The chance to obtain a commission some day:
Our men we're to preach to, amuse 'em, and teach too—
The Good of the Service is all t' other way.

Convocation Clucking.

CONVOCATION has actually done a stroke of business. By the permission of the Crown, and at the request of the Cabinet, it has reformed the Thirty-sixth Canon. Over this single act of legislation which they have just accomplished, the parsons are cock-a-whoop, and so we are precluded from saying that they are in as great a fuss as a hen with one chick.

INAUGURATION OF THE ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE AND HALL.

JUNE 5TH, 1865.



UNE up, Muses! Awake your lutes!
And, JOHN, make haste, and bring my boots;
A cup of tea, too, *if* tea
Is ready for my breakfast late.
Quick! time and tide for no man wait,
Nor the Eleven-fifty.

Bother the thing! I've cut my chin!
My collar F—would I could go in
Simplicity barbaric!
But this is eighteen sixty-five.
They're waiting for me—look alive!—
To meet 'em at the Garrick.

The Postman! Bill?—Cab! Here you are!
My duns I will—quick, JOHN, cigar!—
'Neath Lethe's stream to-day bury;
Say, JOHN, that I've gone off to see
The PRINCE inaugurating the
Dramatic College, Maybury.

We're just in time to catch the train,
To the Collector I explain
My ticket is for Woking.
First-Class? This seat will do for me;
Just ask the Guard for a fuzee.
What says the Guard? "No smoking."

We talk: this College, Sir, is made
For Actors when they are "decayed."
A home and place of rest, 'tis.
And here, until their final "call,"
We'll try to minister to all
Their wants and their necess'ties.

Now for the Luncheon! Corks and forks!
Then we will hear the DUKE OF YORK'S
School band play lively pieces;
Then on the College ground appears
The Band of Surrey Volunteers,
Who'll play when t'other ceases.

The Master's here, in waistcoat white,
B. W. I needn't write
More than these two initials.

He's got no hat upon his pate;
Behind him walk, in solemn state,
Theatrical officials.

The PRINCE has come; and then, when each
Who's got to speak, has made his speech,
We listen, with breath bated,
To Royal words which tell us all
That now the College and the Hall
Are both "Inaugurated."

To name each lady, who a purse
Presents, would too much swell my verse
With MARIES, ANNES, and JENNIES;
They were not advertised nor billed—
Suffice it that each purse was filled
With shining golden guineas.

This is the way to make a friend
Of Mammon forced his aid to lend
The cares of age to solace.
A song—those upper notes are fine;
Whence come they? 'Tis LOUISA PYNE
Singing an air by WALLACE.

This one, whose voice rings through the Hall,
Goddess of Song we used to call,
And almost gave her *dulia*;
Think of the Druids' Priestess' art!
(O Mistletoe! be still my heart.)
Hail, GRISI! hail, GIULIA!

We'll drink, before to sleep we're rocked,
In "Fizz," not such as some concoct
From goose—or other gay-berry;
A toast, when dining at the "G,"
Which I'll propose, "Success to The
Dramatic College, Maybury."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Church desires that her Convocation may be revived and consulted on the subject. A Convocation of Irish Parsons! And we put down cock-fighting. ARCHBISHOP TRENCH is one of the best and kindest men in the Church or in the world, and he cannot have considered what he was asking for. The English Bishops would not hear of it. Could DEAN SWIFT be President, indeed, something might be said, as he would take care to have Polite Conversation.

The Commons sat late, but there was not much to note, except an angry spar between SIRS PEEL and CAIRNS over the Irish Police Bill, SIR ROBERT hinting that KING WILLIAM's day would make additional police necessary, and SIR HUGH firing up and reminding the House that it was not the Orangemen who were guilty of the Belfast civil war. We thought that they had their part in that Irish Convocation.

The Greenwich Hospital Reform Bill was read a Second Time. But what is to be done with the poor Merchant Seamen? They have been for years made to contribute their sixpence towards the Hospital, but are excluded from any benefit thereof. There is an answer to everything, and we suppose that it will be urged that the merchant shipping is protected by the war-sailors, and therefore ought to pay, but this plea, though not a bad one as regards the Merchants, seems to us apart from the question concerning the Men. Would you amerce your cook and housemaid of part of their wages to pay your police-rate?

MR. DISRAELI had, unhappily, been laid up with gout, and MR. MONSELL was asked, therefore, to postpone the Catholic Oath debate. He refused, unless an undertaking were given that when the gout should have yielded to colchicum and morphia, the sufferer would bring in a new oath, of a uniform character. It is possible that MR. MONSELL may have thought that when a gentleman is agonised with podagra, it is not unlikely that he may be in the mood for framing oaths, but the undertaking was not given, and, on

Tuesday, the debate was resumed by MR. NEWDEGATE, who moved a Six Months amendment. He clung to the oath as a bulwark, as the record of a compact showing Protestant good feeling towards Catholics. MR. GREGORY asserted the loyalty of the Catholics, and asked who had beheaded MARY and CHARLES STUART, and expelled JAMES. The first illustration was slightly—eh? Was there not something about a Catholic conspiracy to murder the Protestant Queen of England? No matter. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON would modify the oath, cutting out the repudiation of right to murder, and of mental reservation, but he insisted on the Papist's swearing that he would not pull down the Church. MR. HORSMAN made a good speech against the oath, adding that it was of no use, because as soon as the Catholics grow powerful enough to change our religion, they will at once repeal the supposed safeguard. SIR HUGH CAIRNS owned that it had been no safeguard, but he thought that there were a few honest men who might be bound by it. But it is the honest men who need no binding against breach of faith—if breach of faith there be in such affairs. Are we to ask a Catholic to swear not to do what all the Dissenters do, boastfully, whenever they can? No, said the House, by 193 voices to 126.

Government is anxious to assure us that though the American Government is persistent in claiming Alabama Compensation, it is desirous of amity as well as peace, and that nothing can be more friendly than its language. Arbitration is hinted at.

LORD ISTHMIAN GAMES moved that the Commons should rise for the Derby Day, and after a motion that the Bankrupt Law required prompt and serious consideration had been agreed to, and SIR ROUNDELL PALMER had promised it, the House was Counted Out on the eve of St. Derby.

Wednesday. Hooray—no, *Vive Gladiateur!*

Thursday. A new Peer divided for the first time. H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES voted for the Third Reading of the Bill for the Utilisation of Sewage. He had probably learned, at the opening of the great drainage works, to comprehend the importance of the subject. The majority in favour of the Bill was 49, the minority 4.

The Bank-Notes Issue Bill is given up by MR. GLADSTONE. It seems to be one of those

things which no fellah can understand. But if the bankers think that the great financier has done with them, let them disabuse themselves of that idea.

We then had a debate on Civil Service Estimates, in the course of which a great deal was said about the Kensington Museum, a place, by the way, which *Mr. Punch* recommends everybody with an eye to visit. The collection is now most rich and most instructive in the best sense of the word. MR. BRUCE explained, very satisfactorily, the value of the educational advantages to be obtained there. MR. WYLD thought the expediture upon it most judicious. MR. GREGORY thought that the collection had been of immense advantage in the cultivation of artistic taste. MR. COX objected to it because it was out of the way of many artisans, and MR. LAYARD, as a Metropolitan Member, protested against the degraded position to which MR. COX wished to reduce his constituency. The vote was carried by 80 to 16.

Friday. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL demands more room for the General Post Office. In 1839 only 70 millions of letters passed through it, and now 700 millions are sent annually; no thanks, but the reverse, to the obstructive order whereof LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY is a member, and all thanks, medal and reverse, to SIR ROWLAND HILL, L.L.D.

PRINCE KUNG was announced to have resumed office as the PAM of China.

Government is considering what it can do for the benefit of that excellent institution the University of London, whose merits are at length generally recognised by well-informed people. But the majority of mankind believe it to be the place in Gower Street, which is only University College. The University of London is an examining body, a department of the State, has no teaching functions, and wants Halls for the examination of 400 caudidates at once. It ought to have them, and will.

Then were the AZEEM JAH Petition Forgers called over the Coals, and four offenders were ordered to be committed.

The New National Gallery is to be founded on the splendid site spoiled by the existing Gallery, and MR. GLADSTONE will speedily produce his plan. Now this edifice ought to be a Wonder of the World. The world wonders whether it will.

A PIOUS FRAUD.

THE *Standard*, in reference to the Speech made by MR. GLADSTONE, in recommending his son to the Electors of Chester, says:—

"MR. W. H. GLADSTONE, the son of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, has become a Candidate for the City of Chester; and as it appears the young gentleman is not gifted like his father, nor able to say a word on his own behalf, the Chancellor has good-naturedly taken the task on himself."

Young MR. GLADSTONE, on the occasion referred to, preceded his father, and delivered a very smart speech, which occupies upwards of a column in a newspaper called the *Times*. It may be obtained from most newsmen, and as most people read it, we do not exactly see the object of this paragraph in the *Standard*. But we suppose that it was written for the stupid country parsons, by whose votes it is hoped that MR. GLADSTONE, the father, may be ejected from Oxford.

Relief to the Pope's Poor Feet.

ACCORDING to the statement of certain newspapers, a Russian lady has just presented to the POPE a pair of slippers, in which were placed 160,000 f. in bank-notes. There is a silver lining to many a cloud, as his Holiness perhaps exclaimed when he observed that of these very comfortable slippers. The Holy Father has not been progressing lately; but these new slippers will perhaps enable him to get on.

SPINSTER SUFFRAGE.

INEDITED CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. PUNCH does not hold himself responsible for any absurdity that may be found in this department of his Journal. The lists are now open to every political combatant on one condition, that he presents his card (with real name) to our Pursuivant-at-Arms, and wince not when it is announced with a flourish of trumpets. *Mr. Punch* begs further to state that however desirous he might be personally to oblige "Constant Reader" and "Fiat Justitia," this rule, adopted after mature deliberation, admits of no exception.

DEAR, DELIGHTFUL PUNCH,

AUNT, who studies RICARDO and MILL, says we are all going to have votes—every girl of us from five-and-twenty upwards. Oh! isn't it charming! CHARLES declares that he will put up for Gooseborough, and if he should, he must come in, for what candidate would stand a chance against such a perfect Apollo? I know nothing about his principles, but he has given MATILDA such a sweet pair of ponies, and she has promised to act as Chairwoman (or whatever it is) of his District Committee. Oh, do tell us, my dear *Punch*, when there's to be a General Election. CHARLES has blue eyes, so we are all preparing our colours to match.

Ever, ever yours,

AURORA FLOYD.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THERE is no occasion to confer the franchise on us married ladies. At present all husbands deserving of that honourable name vote agreeably to our instructions. Any alteration would only cause excitement, without having a material influence on parties one way or the other. As to single men, not one, I suppose, in ten is qualified to vote. They have no weight in the political scale, and are only objects of interest to the letters of furnished apartments.

Yours sincerely,

MARGARET MAITLAND.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Do, pray, put a stop to this heterodox doctrine of Spinster Suffrage. Fancy, Sir, the awful open and unblushing bribery and corruption under such a system!—how could you by any Act of Parliament prevent a candidate from paying his young female supporters in notes of elegance, and from treating old maids who offered plumpers with any amount of flattery current in Great Britain. The lower House of Parliament, instead of representing the collective wisdom of the nation, will degenerate into a show-room of dandies. An ugly candidate, with a family, will never obtain a vote even if he be a second SOCRATES. I am a plain man, and I say emphatically, it won't do, Sir.

Yours most respectfully,

JACOB FAITHFUL.

SIR,

I AM quite in favour of Spinster Suffrage, but object to any further extension. Those ladies who are under marital control are unfit, I consider, to be entrusted with political responsibility, and ought not to desire it. I anticipate great good from Spinster Suffrage, for I feel assured that we shall never have that grand desideratum, a tax on Bachelors, while Bachelors continue to misrepresent us in Parliament. I shall vote for no candidate that declines to give pledges, especially a pledge of conjugal allegiance at St. George's, Hanover Square, before he takes his seat in a refined as well as reformed House of Commons.

Yours truly, PENELOPE POPLAR.

MOTTO FOR POLITICAL MURDER.

Sic semper Tyrannis, assassin's stage-tag,
Displaced by Virginia from symbol and flag,
Will you, ANDREW JOHNSON, good cause to exclaim,
Afford every creature who mentions your name?

For "to" reading "with," as 'tis ever the way
With Tyrants their captive opponents to slay;
If you hang JEFF DAVIS, all good men and true
Sic semper Tyrannis will cry out on you.

A PRIVY COUNCIL PROBLEM.

(Apropos of Thursday's debate in Supply.)

GIVEN COLE and the Brompton Boilers, what is sure to be the result?
Hot water;

UNIVERSITY POSER.

At which University will the Examination of Ladies be held?
Answer (by a Member of either Oxford or Cambridge). At the Sister University.

A QUEER KIND OF CHURCH.

THE saying that there is nothing new under the sun, may appear to be contradicted, but is, in fact, confirmed, by the advertisement following, copied from the *Times* :—

A WOODEN CHURCH, Second-Hand, wanted to Purchase, capable of containing 350 persons, or more. Apply to E. THORNTON, Esq., Huron.

For a church, whether wooden, or stone, or brick-and-mortar, or corrugated iron, that is second-hand, how strange soever a building it may seem, cannot be new. But what sort of a structure may the Wooden Church, advertised for as above, be conceived to be? Evidently being not a fixture, but portable, is this Wooden Church locomotive? And then does it go on wheels, like a travelling menagerie, or, being wanted out at Canada, can it be a floating sort of sacred edifice, something in the style of Noah's Ark? In that case, is the Wooden Church a sailing or a steam ark? If the Wooden Church is a fabric of naval architecture, it may be regarded as a species of ecclesiastical ship. Fancy a fleet of Wooden Churches afloat, with Rectors for Captains, Vicars and Curates for Lieutenants, Deacons for Midshipmen, and Petty Officers for Readers, or dispensers of a ministry like that of the late BOATSWAIN SMITH. In place of an Admiral, the Wooden Churches Fleet would of course be commanded by a Bishop. The See of this Prelate could coincide only with that part of the ocean for the time being occupied by his fleet of Wooden Churches. So long as they remained at anchor, it would be stationary, but when they were on a cruise it would necessarily be a rolling See. There may be no such See as that, and yet some people may think that there are bishops at sea too.

Is there any moveable Wooden Church that is really and truly a sacred edifice—having been duly consecrated? If so, would not the sale of that church be Simony? And how can any church be a second-hand church? Are we to conclude that a second-hand church is a church that having been used by a fashionable congregation till it has got shabby and dirty, and ramshackle, is relinquished to serve as a place of worship for the inferior classes? Perhaps the second-hand Wooden Church wanted to purchase at Huron is a kind of church that Respectability would deem suitable to serve as a Ragged Church here.

THE AFRICAN CARTE.

AIR—"A Bumper of Burgundy fill, fill for me."

A HUMP of a drom'dary grill, grill for me,
Flay the fleetest that flies o'er the plain:
And bring me a joint of cold camel for tea,
Which I'll cut, and, if nice, come again.
Then for supper just broil me a slice of wild boar,
With a tiger-steak tender and juicy:
And one antelope kidney to follow—no more,
For you know I'm no glutton, my LUCY!
O be sure that for breakfast a bustard you roast,
Pick the biggest the poult'rer may bring:
Or an ostrich served whole, à la woodcock, on toast,
'Tis a tit-bit that's fit for a king.
Then contented I'll wait until noon, when for lunch
Let a *salmi* of zebra just foal'd be,
And a bone of broiled porcupine crisply I'll crunch,
With some snake's eggs, delicious when mouldy.

French Free Trade.

IN an article hailing an advance of the Austrian Legislature in the direction of Free Trade, the *Post* observes :—

"France had her time-honoured prejudices, and dreaded the gift which perfidious Albion tended. But she conquered her scruples—she swept away the barriers with which her commerce was environed—and instead of finding her producers and manufacturers ruined by English competition, saw them enriched by English gold."

Only France retained her export duty on rags, and thus she sees her manufacturers enriched by English gold, at the expense of the manufacturers of English paper.

"Testimony of the Rocks."

GEOLOGY reads by the sea
Old Times' and Dame Nature's acts,
Can Science uncertain be
When it deals with such *Littoral Facts*.

AQUATIC SPORT.

(From our Rowing Club.)

A RACE between the "Eight" of Diamonds and the "Eight" of Hearts is on the cards.



“IN VINO VERITAS.”

Lucy (to Pa's German Friend, on his first Visit to England). “THIS IS ONE OF OUR NATIVE WINES, MR. HOCHSHVIG, IF YOU'LL DEIGN TO TRY IT.”

[Pours him out Glass of best Ginger!

Herr H. (after a generous draught, in Amazement and Suffocation). “YOUR ENGLISH VINES ARE VER' SHTRONG!”

JANUS AT LOGGERHEADS.

A DOUBLE tongue's useful on many occasions,
And two heads are better than one, past a doubt;
There are things one can't say to kings, statesmen and nations,
That one's cousin, as *enfant terrible*, blurts out.

There are pledges, that one head may gravely demur to,
Which the other can bolt in a summary way;
And doctrines, that LOUIS can't safely defer to,
By JEROME propounded, the reds keep in play.

If my crowned head blows hot on the sly *parti-prêtre*,
My red head blows cold on the clerical fry.
Alter ego's the thing, Sir, *paraître et non être*,
And indeed with two faces one wants “*t'other eye*.”

But I fear that his Corsican speech may cause trouble,
And that one of my Janus' tongues *t'other* must blame:
He forgets that his task's not alone to play double,
But to play double-dummy, if *that* suit my game.

Odds and Ends.

A GENTLEMAN, known as an admirable good story-teller, but afflicted with an unfortunately short memory, sends us the following inquiry:—

A capital story that I wanted to tell the other day ends like this: “Seated at last beneath the hopes of all, it was impossible. Turning at once upon the ancient Pauca she firmly but courteously refused.”

Will any of your readers kindly give me the commencement of this tale?

Also, There's a first-rate riddle whose answer is, “Because it's gone.” What's the question to this?

Perhaps some of our readers will oblige.

THEATRICAL ASTROLOGY.

SEE this brace of odd announcements, which appeared in a dramatic journal not long since:—

WANTED, LADY DANCER, PROPERTY MAKER, and a few USEFUL PEOPLE. Stars are invited to send terms and dates.

WANTED, an Efficient LEADER, and LADIES and GENTLEMEN in various lines. Stars liberally treated with.

Of all useful people, we think a property maker would be the most useful to us if we were a Manager, at least if we might share the property he made. But how strange it sounds to say that “Stars are liberally treated with,” and how funny to invite them to “send terms and dates.” Fancy asking Venus to tell us what her date—another word for age—is! And who would ever dream of begging Jupiter or Sirius to “name the day, the happy day,” when we might come to terms with him for what is called a starring tour? Jupiter might well exclaim, “By Jove!” at our impertinence; while as for Sirius, he would surely burst out laughing in our face, and say, “Come now, you're not Sirius!”

The Slang of the Turf.

ONE of the racing reporters, in his remarks upon the Derby, surprised us very much by the astounding information that:—

“The French horse was literally in everybody's mouth.”

Was he? What a shame! and what an expense too! Hippophagy has lately been the fashion with French gourmands, but racehorse flesh, we fancy, must be a costly luxury, and the wealthiest hippophagist would pause a little before ordering a *filet* of Fille de l'Air, or a Gladiateur cutlet. But we have probably mistaken the purport of the phrase. In saying that “the French horse was literally in everybody's mouth,” the writer very likely meant that, in honour of his triumph, his admirers were not dining off him, but devouring him with kisses.



“STRICT DISCIPLINE.”

(See Emperor's Letter.)

OTHELLO. “PLON-PLON, I LOVE THEE; BUT NEVER MORE BE
“COUNCILLOP” OF MINE. * * * *

LOOK, IF MY GENTLE LOVE BE NOT RAISED UP;—
I’LL MAKE THEE AN EXAMPLE.”



Our Prophecy of the Derby.

A NOTE TO THE NEW CHAPTER OF THE KORÂN, ENTITLED THE WINNER, AND REVEALED LAST WEEK.

Now, believers, need ye that I should write unto you, saying, Behold, I am right again. Am I not always right, and the only true prophet, and is not my name MOHAMMED-PUNCH? But that is a small thing. Did I not speak unto you plainly from the first unto the last, saying who should be the winner, even the winner of the great race? Was it for nothing, believers, deem ye, that I turned my heretofore so free, not to say easy speech and language into the form dear unto the people which is called French, and I heaped compliment and honour upon them? Was it for nothing that I said that the victory should go unto the swift and the strong if he were well guided and there were no treason? And how chanced it with the horse whose name is as the name of him who was slaughtered in the Pagan arena? Was it not in the guiding of him, after that he had been imperilled by the accidents that come unto the sons of men, yea, and of mares, that his safety was found? But hearken, for when I spake unto you of possible treason, I spake of that which hath in other times occurred unto the minds of men touching certain races, whereof no more, for idle words are vain words, and unfounded suspicions are apprehensions without a cause. But at the last I spake unto you plainly, saying BAKALLUM. And unto those which hearkened unto my voice, and which did back Allum, which is in the Turkish tongue "the Swordsman," or gladiator, have I been as the ever-springing fountain of riches and cataract of diamonds, yea, as the key that unlocks the treasures of the Indian seas and the gold mines of California. Keep your wealth, beloved believers, but be good unto the poor, and when the Lights of your Hareems say unto you, My lord, and shall not we also have a holiday? answer the moon-faced ones kindly, and do that which they pray of you: are they not the partners of your bosoms and expenses? Is it not fitting that they share in the profits? So saith the Great Prophet of all.

A LOVER'S CONFIDENCES.

If there is one proceeding in which a man is supposed to have a right to please himself, or to fancy that he does so, it is the giving himself away in marriage. It is usual, we believe, to ask the assent of the lady, but as this is usually matter of course—we, at least, have never been rejected—the formality is not oppressive. Nobody thinks it necessary to consult his parents, or his grandmother, or his uncles, or his cousins, or his landlord, or the inspector of police for his district. And certainly we never heard of a gentleman's demanding the opinion of his neighbours in regard to his intended marriage.

But a gentleman of Leicestershire, whose name he will probably desire that we should mention—MR. BENJAMIN RILEY, of Desborough, takes a larger view of a man's duty to Society. He has fixed his mature affections upon a young person, named MARY ANN PAINE. She was lately engaged in his factory. From the lover's description of her, Miss PAINE appears to be deserving of all respect. But MR. RILEY is not satisfied with having satisfied himself in the matter, but publishes in the *Midland Free Press* a long letter, begging the inhabitants of Desborough to listen to all that he has to say on the subject. He supposes that they will be surprised at the match, and he is desirous that they should not think it so foolish as it appears. He then explains in about two dozen paragraphs that he has made a sort of Treaty with the future MRS. RILEY. Here are some of the articles:—

"The terms of our engagement are numerous, and are placed before her in an extensive correspondence on my part.

"For the present it must be obvious she can do no more than follow my directions implicitly, for it is not the uncultured factory girl, but the moderately cultivated young lady of the future I design uniting myself to.

"I shall feel a pleasure, according to the terms of our engagement, in her visiting her family as often as she pleases, but it is understood they are not to visit her unless asked."

So that the Desborough magnates and gentilities need not be afraid, when paying their visits to the newly married couple, of meeting persons of inferior rank and culture. A clever starting-point.

MR. RILEY then explains the means by which he proposes to expand the young lady's mind:—

"Wishing her at once to see Desborough was only a small portion of the world, and in order to fill her mind with new ideas, she passed through London, and also through a large railway station in the south to Worthing, on the sea-coast, under the charge of our kind friends, REV. S. DRAKEFORD and MRS. DRAKEFORD: this rapidity of movement I thought advisable."

In order to rouse her soul with a sudden burst. This was truly artistic, and reminds one of the way in which *Amina* is awakened by a chorus in the *Sonnambula*. Now mark the noble self-mastery of the lover. He is not eager to rush into the society of his MARY ANN:—

"I had previously engaged a home there for them. By this arrangement she will get a little initiated into the habits and manners of middle class life. I do not suppose I shall see her for a few months to come, not till she gets a little grounded in general information and becomes moderately refined."

We are not informed as to MR. RILEY's ideas of moderation in refinement. Some men, in the circumstances, might be satisfied if the

young lady acquired a habit of not putting a knife into her mouth, of occasionally using the *serviette* instead of the pocket handkerchief, and of remaining at the table until the other ladies should rise, instead of pushing back her chair, and remarking "There!" Others might be more exacting, and desire to see the gloves drawn on, and the eye carelessly yet carefully awaiting the chief matron's signal, and might wish that in leaving the room there might be an abstinence from facetious *adieux* to her adored, and from anything like endearment, or a request that he will not take too much wine. But this is MR. RILEY's own business. He next proceeds to give a copy of an advertisement which he has issued for a sort of governess, who is to aid in the formation of the lady's mind, and he has had nine answers to this. He has not, however, engaged all the nine applicants.

"Some months must elapse, of course, before she arrives at these attainments. She will also, if nothing prevents, have a very voluminous correspondence from myself."

We hope that nothing will prevent the transmission of the voluminous love letters which are menaced, and that nothing will prevent the young lady from reading them. We venture, however, having some little experience of young ladies, to hint to MR. RILEY not to be a bore with his letters, and by no means to cram them with improving matter. We assure him that if he does, and unless Miss PAINE is entirely different from all other young ladies, the improving matter will not be read. As he has thus frankly taken us into his confidence, we feel bound to repay it with similar frankness.

"Before the actual union takes place a great many months must necessarily elapse, as, after she is pretty well informed in ordinary matters, she will have to learn to play fairly on the harmonium, also to read the French language with ease, to write it fairly, and to speak it with tolerable fluency."

There is the first touch of real sentiment, of lover-like expression. A great many months. It is prettier and tenderer to say that than to use the word "a year." There is a green spot in MR. RILEY's heart. "Many moons must wane" would have been, on the other hand, too poetical. "No end of a wait" is what we should say, were we engaged to a fast young lady of the aristocracy. But MR. RILEY chooses the prudent medium. But Miss PAINE must work, for she has to learn in a year what many people never can learn in a life, and—

"To all curious ones I say, suppose nothing occurs to prevent it, expect the wedding in May, 1866, for I do not think it is likely to be before, with so much preparation on my intended's part."

In fact, the date of his marriage depends on her power of learning French grammar. If we were the young lady wouldn't we try the Hamiltonian system, or DR. PICK's Art of Memory? But what pleasure in repeating the verbs, and saying with MR. BAYLE BERNARD's French class in the *Boarding School*, (why is this capital farce never played?) "*James I love*," when every repetition of the present tense brings one nearer one's Future.

MR. RILEY sums up in the following manner:—

"I have thought it just to myself to place this explanation before you, so that you may see how the matter really stands. A copy of the *Free Press*, which contains this address to you, will be forwarded to each of my relations and friends, as what I do I do openly, and leave the world to say what they like."

The world will say what "they" like, and we hope will say they like MR. RILEY's affectionate confidences. We think that he ought to have gone a little further, called a public meeting, and after giving all these explanations, ought to have announced himself as ready to answer any questions, but perhaps, being a man of business, his time is precious. We therefore, in answer to his appeal, assure him that his marriage meets our approbation, that we are reasonably satisfied with the curriculum appointed for his bride, that we wish the plighted pair health and happiness, and a union at the date fixed. If there be any other details of household life on which MR. RILEY would like to consult us, as to the choice of furniture, the aspect of the bed-rooms, the character of the cook, or the best apartment for the nursery, he has only to publish his wishes.

Epsom Cup.

AMONG the Stakes run for on the "off" day of Epsom Races was the "Epsom Cup." This seems hardly the sort of "cup" that one would be disposed to partake of for the purpose of luxurious refreshment, although the beverage which may be denominated "Epsom Cup," associated with a small round body of a mercurial nature, forms a combination which is sometimes styled a "black and blue reviver;" in the language of the labels on the bottles in the doctors' shops, HAUST: SENNÆ COMP:

SOUTHERN SUBMISSION.

THE State of Virginia, at the invitation of the Provost Marshal, relinquished its old motto *Sic semper tyrannis*. It has now, we understand, adopted the reverse of that legend, and its present one is *Sic nunquam tyrannis*.



TURPS v. TURPITUDE.

THE ABOVE REPRESENTS A SLIGHT MISTAKE MADE BY SCUMBLE'S NEW CHARWOMAN, WHO, BEING "PARTIAL TO HER DROPS," THOUGHT SHE HAD A CHANCE.

WHALLEY'S CONSENT TO SING.

YES, I'll sing with the Speaker's permission.
Sir, I trust I am not doing wrong.
You perceive my peculiar position;
The House calls upon me for a song.
With a Protestant hero's renown,
In derision I revel and glory;
I shall get on in singing a song;
If I break down in telling a story.

As I now am your Swan, may I hope
None will call me a goose any longer?
And if I must not speak of the POPE,
I'll "No Popery" sing all the stronger.
But the same sauce for gander as goose
Is what justice declares the right thing, Sir.
Let those others, whose talk's of no use,
Like myself be requested to sing, Sir.

There's POPE HENNESSY, BOWYER, MAGUIRE,
Pray allow me those Members to name, Sir,
Them to sing let the House, too, require,
For their bosh when a hearing they claim, Sir.
Let the rule of fair play be extended
From DEMOSTHENES likewise to TULLY.
I have sung; and now my song is ended,
I will take leave to call upon SCULLY.

A Trick on Two Mints.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH now and then, during his stay in Algeria, has doubtless taken a Turkish Bath. As often as his Imperial Majesty has experienced the action of that sudatory, its manager may be said to have been chargeable with sweating a Sovereign and a Napoleon too.

'OSSY INTELLIGENCE.

Most people have heard of the celebrated Screw connected with the name of ARCHIMEDES. Now that ARCHIMEDES has failed to win the Derby, it may be necessary to inform some of them that the Screw named after ARCHIMEDES is not a horse.

THE FRIENDS OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

A FINE occasion for sneering at an attempt to promote the comfort and elevate the taste of the poor is afforded to any journal representing the pride and malevolence of the community, by an announcement stating that the Royal Horticultural Society has consented that an Exhibition of Window and House Gardening, by the Working Classes, shall be held at the Society's Gardens on July 10th, and that it has further agreed to give £50, to be distributed in prizes on that occasion. Especial scorn may be poured upon the further statement, that a Committee has been formed to carry out the above-named object, and has found, on calculation, that its accomplishment, if the number of parishes expected to compete by reason of the interest taken in the proposed Exhibition by the Parochial Clergy and others, do so, will require a sum of £400, to which those who have the social and moral good of the Working Classes at heart are invited to contribute. Contemptuous derision of that absurd scheme for indulging a maudlin sympathy with the grotesque Working Classes, may perhaps prevent more than one strong-minded lady or gentleman, who understands just satire, from giving any money or countenance to an undertaking, which, together with its promoters, must be thoroughly despised by the better orders to whom sarcastic animadversion on the necessary ridiculousness of poverty is delicious.

A Brave Motto for Washington.

HER MAJESTY'S Birthday was celebrated in London with various illuminations, including the letters V. R. When the day of PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S nativity comes round, his loyal people might as well commemorate it at Washington with similar devices, only changing the letters for V. V., the initials of "*Væ Victis!*"

AN ECHO FROM EXETER HALL.

WHAT! our COSTA can't write!—have a care what you say, man! Why, his *Naaman*—but psha! 'tis enough to say, "Nay, man!"

INTERNATIONAL IDIOTS.

M. RENAN, the orthodox, in a recent article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, says:—

"The worst enemies of Egyptian antiquities have been the English or American travellers, systematically protected in all their misdeeds by their Consuls. The names of these idiots will go down to posterity, because they have taken pains to write them themselves on the most celebrated monuments and over the most delicate designs. * * The wise principle that the antiquities are the property of Government has been proclaimed, a watch is established over them, but what if a brutal stranger, despising all law, defies the guardian, burns the door of the monument, if there be one, breaks everything at his leisure, and if the guardian so much as touches him, complains to his Consul, who causes the unhappy native to be beaten?"

What? Why that both the stranger and his Consul are scoundrels. *Mr. Punch* has declaimed, too often and too magnificently, against British Vandals, to be suspected of tolerating them. He well remembers the satisfaction he felt, and expressed, one day in Canterbury Cathedral, where a Cockney Snob, struggling up a column, was inscribing his vulgar name, and a stranger coming behind him did, with a reasonably thick ash-plant, inscribe his protest in a way likely to be remembered when that Snob should have occasion to take his seat in private life. Habitually averse to violence, *Mr. Punch* has, nevertheless, always authorised anybody to castigate desecration whenever a chance be offered. But M. RENAN apparently atones to himself for disbelieving some wonderful statements by credulity as to others. If he thinks that the offence of scribbling on monuments is not perpetrated by Frenchmen, *Punch* recommends him to make a brief tour of Parisian show-places. ERNEST, JULES, and PAUL are quite as fond of scratching their names as JACK, TOM, and HARRY, and if MARY ANN, JEMIMA, and MATILDA may be read on marble and glass, so may FIFINE, LISETTE, and JULIE. There are Snobs of all nations, M. RENAN. French travellers are just as irreverent as English and American travellers. This is no excuse for anybody, but what is sauce for *l'oie* is sauce for *le jars*. With which reservation, *Mr. Punch* has melancholy satisfaction in publishing far and wide M. RENAN'S appeal, adding that more persons than vulgar tourists seek by flippant monographs to destroy what ought to be held sacred.

PARSONS IN PETTICOATS.



RUE to the interests of an important but somewhat declining branch of steel manufacture, we have much pleasure in extending the publicity of the subjoined statement derived from the *Edinburgh Courant*:—

"WARNING TO CLERGYMEN.—A Clergyman of the City of Durham, and a gentleman of extreme High Church proclivities, has lately excited the wonder of the citizens by the peculiarity of his clerical costume. A few days ago, the reverend gentleman had the misfortune to tread on the skirts of his coat and fall, receiving such injuries as have since confined him to his apartments."

In this interesting little narrative there is probably an error of the press. For "coat," most likely, we ought to read petticoat. Reverend gentlemen "of extreme High Church proclivities" are very fond of dressing like ladies. They are much addicted to wearing vestments diversified with smart and gay colours, and variously trimmed and embroidered. There is the chasuble, and cope, and stole, and dalmatic, besides the alb, which they are accustomed to deck themselves out in *à la Romaine*, and moreover there may be, for aught we know,

the casaque, and the burnous, and the visite, and the capote, and the fichu, and the pardessus. If they have taken to go about the streets in their petticoats, they have adopted the best possible plan to get a large following. At any rate they will be sure of having no end of a tail of street-boys for acolytes. But let them take heed lest they stumble. If they will wear long dresses, they should loop them up. Hoops are going out; but the sansflectum crinoline is still advertised in the *Morning Post*. Let them don the steel cage under the muslin; or alpaca, or tarlatane, or *poult de soie*, or satin, or whatever it is that their robes are made of. By this careful and cleanly contrivance, they will be enabled not only to preserve themselves from being tripped up by their own skirts, but also to lift their trains out of the mire, and keep them from sweeping the pavement clear of orange peel and other things. At the same time if they affect the *IGNATIUS chaussure*, they will enjoy the advantage of showing their sandals, or, in case they prefer the more modern style of embellishment for the foot and ancle in association with crinoline, of making an edifying exhibition of their Balmoral boots.

"LE CHANT DE TRIOMPHE."

(Par un Amateur du Sport.)

SUR la Grand-Stand galère,
Hissez le Tricolor!
Que le sort de la guerre
Soit vengée par le Sport!
Le ruban bleu du Turfe
Pends à ma boutonnière,
Versons à pleines rasades,
Pel-el* et Porter-Bière!
Tu peux m'appeler Crapaud
Comme Goddam je t'appelle:
Mais sur les vrai chevaux
Nous avons mis les selles.†
En domicile je rentre
Triomphateur des courses,
De bif-tek plein, le ventre,
Des race-tek‡ pleine la bourse.
Longtemps de la défaite
La coupe amère j'ai bu;
Que les sels d'Epsom purgent
La grippe de Waterloo!
Nos dettes le Turfe arrange,
Je prends ce qui m'est dû;
Voilà tout prêt LA GRANGE,
Rangeons les sacs (d'écus)!

Débouchons le Champagne.
Pleure, Albion; France, souris.
Au moins, tandis que je gagne,
Londres vaut bien Paris.
Vive le Grand Monarque!
Vive le Gladiateur!
Et jusqu'à ce que j'embarque
Nageons dans le bonheur.

Hélas, de toute calice
Surgit quelque chose d'amer,
Et j'attends ma supplice,
Quand nous serons en mer.
Mais même ce mal atroce,
De mer, et ses douleurs
Sont comme "*la joie*," en tant que
Tous les deux, "ils font peur."

* Pale ale apparently.

† An attempt at Frenchifying our proverb, "Putting the saddle on the right horse."

‡ "Race-Stakes" are evidently meant.

LUCUS À NON LUCENDO.—HAUSMANN, Prefect of the Seine and Lord of Misrule in Paris, so called from his unhousing men, women and children.

"BEST PUBLIC INSTRUCTORS."

WE have rarely seen a more charmingly useful and valuable paragraph than the following, which we extract from a provincial contemporary:—

"On the 14th of April, Orsini, Charlotte Gorday, Ravillac, and Booth committed their crimes; and William III., Anne, George I., George II., George III., George IV., William IV., Washington, President Lincoln, and others, have all died on a Saturday."

We have no doubt that the writer of this *resumé* of history intended to teach some important lesson, and that we might be the more fully prepared to receive it, we requested our little boy, home for Whitsuntide, to take MR. HAYDN's unimpeachable *Dictionary of Dates*, and "verify" the rustic's statement. Our intelligent lad reports that ORSINI committed his crime on the 14th January, 1858; that CHARLOTTE CORDAY (called GORDAY in the provinces) removed the miscreant MARAT on the 13th July, 1793, and that RAVAILLAC (called RAVILLAC in the provinces) stabbed KING HENRY THE FOURTH on the 14th May, 1610. As BOOTH's crime was perpetrated on Good Friday, the provincial historian, with a penny almanack before him, could scarcely go wrong. Our assistant wished at this crisis to go to the Zoological Gardens, and we could not, humanely, detain him longer at references, and therefore we did not send him to the Perpetual Calendar to examine the second series of facts. But we are rejoiced to be able to compliment the country gentleman on his accuracy in regard to PRESIDENT LINCOLN, and we completely agree with him that "others" have all died on Saturday, as his own advertising columns and those of the *Times* abundantly testify. But, supposing the whole paragraph accurate, we are compelled to ask what does it prove, except that its writer is a Booby?

JOHNSON AND JURISDICTION.

THE Congress of Yankeedoodledom acknowledges the authority of one JOHNSON. The British House of Commons is supposed to own that of another. Yet MR. HORSMAN, in the debate on the Roman Catholic Oath Bill, took occasion to object to the Protestant Oath, as declaring that the POPE has no spiritual jurisdiction in these realms, when in fact he has some. If MR. HORSMAN had consulted DR. JOHNSON's *Dictionary*, he would have found that "jurisdiction" means "legal authority." Had he known that, he would not have gone on to suggest any difficulty on the part of Protestant Members in denying the POPE's jurisdiction; for what authority of any sort has the POPE in these dominions that his Holiness can enforce by law? Neither could MR. HORSMAN have used language so very different from a Houyhulm's as that which he employed in raising a question about the POPE's "legal jurisdiction," as if the POPE, or anybody else, could have illegal jurisdiction. Legal authority the POPE might have here, if Parliament, in its wisdom, would repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, and give the acts of his titular bishops the force of law. If! In the meantime, MR. HORSMAN may swallow the Protestant Oath with perfect safety; it need not stick in his gizzard at all: but that, of course, is no reason why Roman Catholics, in order to sit in Parliament, should be compelled to make any affidavit that offends and chokes them.

FENIANS IN FACT.—"Small fear," observed a loyal Son of Erin, "is there of the invasion of old Ireland by the Fenian Brotherhood. Nothing at all at all is at all likely to be done by a set of *fainéants*."



"BLOOD'S NOT EVERYTHING."

The Gentleman riding. "THAT'S A VERY FIRST-RATE PONY OF YOURS, MY FRIEND—BROUGHT YOU UP THE HILL BEAUTIFULLY!"

The Gentleman driving. "AH, YOU'RE RIGHT THERE, MASTER. WHY, HE 'AD A GREAT GRANDFATHER AS WON THE DABBY, THAT LITTLE 'ORSE HAD! BUT THERE NOW, WHAT'S THE USE O' 'AVING GOOD BLOOD IN YER VEINS, WHEN YOU 'AS TO WORK FOR YER LIVIN'?"

"HABET."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WHEN the news came that Gladiator had done it, I instantly turned to my *Roman Antiquities*, with the following result. I showed it up to my tutor, and he has werry much applauded me for what I've done.

Yours, FIFTH-FORM.

The Derby's run, the breathless instant's over,
The board proclaims that Gladiator's won it;
I turn to ADAMS, eager to discover,
Which Gladiator's been and gone and done it.

Won in a canter—ne'er was race seen hollower,
Therefore I put this problem to my tutor:
"Seeing a first horse couldn't be a follower,
This Gladiator can't have been *Secutor*!"

My tutor frowned a moment, looking serious,
While the unused edge of his wit he whetted—
"*Secutor*,—no; but rather *Retiarius*,
'Cause such a jolly stake he's been and netted."

Popular Sayings.

(Adapted to the Day.)

"I WON'T be a second," as *Gladiator* said to his Jockey on the Derby Day.

"I'm coming," as the *Times*' Bee-master said.

"Two's company," as MR. WIGAN, of the theatre, said to MR. STRANGE, of the Alhambra.

"Three's nun," as MR. WHALLEY said, without any meaning whatever.

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?

TO MISTER PUNCH,

DEAR SIR,—If you'll excuse the liberty of speaking so familiar which I umbly opes as you'll oblige a poor weak creetur by allowing of this here Hadver Tyzement to be coppied in your jernal it may elp jist for to show what Hinsults we poor unpertected female women is now subjick to in them there Dratted penny papers which cheap and narsty is the Motter for em leastways so I says and I dont keer who may ear me:—

INTEMPERATE.—TO LADIES.—A VACANCY is Open in the house of a highly respectable Lady for a Lady of intemperate habits. The situation is in Derbyshire, and of unsurpassed beauty. First-class accommodation. References given and required.

A lady of hintemperit abits! What a bage and wicked calomel! As if there ever were a Lady in the world as was hintemperit! Good Evans! the igspression is enough to make one's blood bile! Has for thinking as a *lady* could ave written that there notice 'in course its quite preporstrus hand whatever do she mean by a talking of er sitivation being "unsurpassed in booty." Has if folkses had a eye for scenery when theyre a-seeing double or could valley lovely lambskips when theyre arter gitting lushy! For I spose as this ere Lady's ouse is kep open as a sort of "highly respectable" publick hor a Ouse of Caul for ladies as wants a drop of comfort which them as is respectable can't no more do without it than the pore creeturs as aint and this here 's as true a truth as that my name I dont deceave you for why should I is

JANE BLOBS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILL S.I.R. kindly forward an address to which a note may be sent?

POINTEDLY asks the *London Review*, "What is to be the Cry of the Great Liberal Party?"—*Peccavi*.



QUERY?

DO NOT THE LONG SKIRTS KINDLE A CHRISTIAN FEELING IN OUR HEARTS WHEN LEAVING CHURCH?

SIR CHARLES LOCOCK'S ADDRESS.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

GENTLEMEN,

I RESPECTFULLY solicit the honour of being your political attendant.

Did Babbicombe Bay or Natal return a Member, I feel that I should more appropriately request the suffrages of the electors of those places, wherever they are. But as the Isle of Wight contains the marine residence of our dear Sovereign, whose first physician-*accoucheur* I became in 1840, I am sure that you will see my claims upon your regard.

No person can set so high a value as myself upon a good Constitution, or would be more ready to repel empirical treatment thereof. I am a decided advocate for an antiphlogistic policy, for avoidance of irritants, and for a very cautious use of stimulants. At the same time, I am not bigoted, but am ready to meet any conjuncture, in short, to prescribe *pro re natâ*, for in times like these there is no saying what a day may bring forth.

The nation appears to me to be as well as could be expected.

As regards foreign policy, I would conduct it upon the most generous and friendly principles, and my motto should always be, "Welcome, little Stranger!"

When England imprisoned NAPOLEON, the type of brute force, or, in other words, tied up the great Knocker, she pledged herself to repress revolution, but to encourage progress. That prescription saved Europe, and I shall not be willing to depart from the treatment then suggested. But though I am in favour of emulcents, I am far from saying that there is no occasion on which a vigorous exhibition of steel and BACON'S Powder may not be desirable.

I shall tender my Parliamentary support to the EARL OF DERBY; first, because he is an Earl, whereas his opponent is a less elevated member of the respected Aristocracy, and, secondly, because I think that he understands the case of the nation better than the rival practitioner. Having had frequent opportunities of conversing with both, when they have arrived at the Palace to offer congratulations on happy events, I may consider myself qualified to form a diagnosis.

I will never consent to alienate the Colonies. Happy is the nation that hath its quiver full of them.

On the question of Reform there is so depressed an action of the national pulse, that I feel bound to wait for further symptoms. I am opposed to a lowering system, and the idea of infusing fresh blood savours too strongly of empiricism for toleration. I am opposed to the Ballot and all other boluses.

I will always uphold the National Religious Establishment, holding it a nation's sacred duty to be properly church'd.

The new Parliament will be primiparous, and the utmost attention will therefore be required. I trust that the country will not be reminded of the mountain in labour.

Should you do me the honour to elect me, I shall be ready at any hour of the day or night to attend any consultations; and should a brother practitioner propose anything that seems to me desirable, I shall not be deterred from supporting it by any professional feeling of jealousy, nor shall the miscarriage of any valuable measure be due to my treatment.

Having thus explained my principles, I will only add, that no more bulletins will be issued, and that I am, Gentlemen,

Your faithful Servant,

Obstetrical Society's Chambers,
June 14.

CHARLES LOCOCK, M.D.

"Dye not, Fond Man"—or Woman Either!

AMONG other quack nostrums, we notice the announcement of a "vegetable" Hair-dye, for imparting to the head the "fashionable golden hue." Well, as this so-called "golden hue" in reality is red, a vegetable dye may be just the very thing to make the hair a little radish—we beg pardon for bad spelling, we mean a little reddish. Strange are the freaks of fashion! Ladies often have been noticed wearing artificial roses in their hair, and now it seems they try to beautify themselves by wearing artificial carrots in it.

"COIGNS OF 'VANTAGE."—£ s. d.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



JUNE 8th. *Thursday.* The idea of work, in this weather, must be repugnant to the feelings of any real gentleman, and the Lords declined to discontinue their Whitsuntide holidays. The Commons, who are not so delicate, and who, moreover, are interested in getting the Parliament decently dead and buried, met again to-day, and stuck to their seats until half-past one in the morning.

First, the Roach Fishery Bill was read a Second Time. As usual, the title of a measure is misleading, for the fishes to be legislated for are not roach but oysters, and the river Roach is in Essex. The Bill is protective, but we do not understand what it protects, and are certainly not going to take the trouble of looking to see. Perhaps the oysters have been crossed

in love—how should we know? Yet it is pleasant to write of anything that raises the idea of cool waters.

Then an Industrial Schools Bill. The very name of industry with the mercury where it was would have been enough to deter one from listening to the discussion; but when we add that it was originated by MR. HENNESSY, we feel that we have said enough, and a deal too much. However, there was something in the case, and if the heat would permit us, we should energetically protest against the bigotry of the Middlesex Magistrates, who deliberately set themselves against the will of Parliament, which has decreed that the Catholics in prisons shall be attended by Catholic priests, and who oppose the carrying out of that liberal and proper policy in regard to Catholic children in the Industrial Schools. The Magistrates were rebuked by SIR GEORGE GREY, and he was thanked by LORD EDWARD HOWARD for his sentiments. But imagine the pleasure of fighting over a theological question in existing circumstances!

Two of the forgers of signatures to the petition about AZEEM JAH were brought up in custody, and they having stated that they were very ignorant, and very sorry, and very poor, and had been the tools of another person, and had been in custody for a week, the House good-naturedly discharged them without payment of fees. Members were too indolent to be harsh. But we doubt whether the evil-doers were well advised in coming out of the cool prison cells kept by LORD CHARLES RUSSELL.

SIR GEORGE GREY moved an address of congratulation to the QUEEN on the birth of the new little Prince, son of the PRINCESS OF WALES, on the previous Saturday. MR. DISRAELI, who we are glad to perceive had so completely recovered from his gout as to be able to attend at the splendid marriage of MISS EVELINA DE ROTHSCHILD, and make the most tender and graceful of speeches in honour of the occasion, seconded the motion, which *Mr. Punch*, rousing himself for a moment into loyal enthusiasm, has the distinguished pleasure of thirding—and relapses.

THE SPEAKER, delighted, then escaped to throw off his wig and gown, and take iced drinks. The House went into Committee on the Civil Service Estimates.

On a vote for the National Gallery, MR. COWPER said that the National Collection was to remain where it was, and that the work-house, the parochial school, and good ARCHBISHOP TENISON'S in the rear, are to be bought, that new galleries may be erected upon the land so to be acquired. Government has informed the Royal Academicians that they must get out, but if they ask for a site at Burlington House, it will be granted. We approve of this, for the strawberries and iced cream at GRANGE'S are very nice.

Much was said (for nobody has the energy, just now, to condense, except into a dew), upon the propriety of opening the National Gallery in the evening. The difficulty is a real one, the danger of fire. For it may be in the knowledge of most persons, not art-critics, that REMBRANDT and RUBENS and TITIAN and MURILLO are not now alive, and therefore most persons, not art-critics, may have mental power enough to understand that should the works of those artists be destroyed by conflagration—we mean burned, but it is less trouble to write long sentences than it is to compose short ones—the pictures in question could not be replaced. Gas, it seems, would be decidedly

unsafe in the present edifice, which we presume is the reason why the Royal Academy is allowed to light up. In the new galleries it may be possible to devise a system of lighting which will not endanger the treasures. But we cannot talk about gas and crowded rooms this week.

It was allowed on all sides that the National Portrait Gallery ought to be in a better place. But nothing pleases some people, and the moment poor MR. COWPER signified his assent to this proposition, somebody flew at him with a sort of accusing question whether he wanted to take the portraits to South Kensington. He retorted that the very name of that place seemed to frighten some Members, and declared that he had no idea of the kind.

MR. MILNER GIBSON bore tribute to the talents and valuable services of the late ADMIRAL FITZROY, and stated that it was intended to continue the system of observations, and telegrams, and signals. Somebody made foolish remarks about the Weather Office not knowing everything. Such nonsense would make us savage, except that this is not a time to give way to irritability. Do Members want notices left at their doors, saying that the wind will very likely blow their hats off at certain given corners of streets?

Then we talked of Music, *à propos* of the miserable little grant of £500 to the Royal Academy of Music, a most useful institution, which, as MR. GLADSTONE explained, teaches the teachers. It did not occur to anybody, in connection with the subject, to ask MR. WHALLEY to sing. The CHANCELLOR said that the Academy was a very good Normal school. We wish it could give us a very good *Norma*.

We hope that we are as humane as most people, but really the talking of a place like Abyssinia, even though English prisoners are detained there, was scarcely to be tolerated. MR. LAYARD begged that the subject might be dropped—he was doing all that could be done. So was the Italian Government, in order to rescue an Englishman who went poking about in a dangerous place, and got into the hands of some of the POPE'S brigands. We hope that he will be delivered, but such people give us a great deal of trouble. If, before leaving England, they would assure their lives in some office that grants policies to travellers, it would be much better, as their relatives would be provided for and consoled, and Government would not see any particular reason for being bothered by the consequences of imprudence.

On a debate whether a certain sum should be granted to DR. COOKE, a most eloquent Irish Presbyterian clergyman, whom MR. WHITESIDE considers equal to CHALMERS, there was a curious little brotherly bit. MR. HADFIELD'S absence, strange to say, was noticed.

SIR ROBERT PEEL. He stays away in proof that he no longer objects to the proposed vote.

MR. FREDERICK PEEL. I have a letter from him, asking that the vote may be postponed until he can come to oppose it.

Concordia fratrum rara est. The eloquent Presbyterian, however, obtained his money, by 51 to 14, and the Committee deserves a compliment for possessing energy enough to divide.

FREDERICK PEEL'S superfluous steam was then let off in the introduction to the House of Commons of the longest single word which has ever been spoken there, even in the Long Parliament. He said that the expense of

Photozincographing

Domesday Book would be repaid by the ready sale of the fac-simile. By the way, stop! It is almost too hot to count letters, but in the days of the Puritans there was much cant about a superstition called

Supralapsarianism.

This was a staggerer, but FRED PEEL beats the fanatics by a head.

Greenwich Hospital Bill—confound the title! reminding us of MR. QUARTERMAIN'S delightful champagne cups—went partially through Committee, and about a dozen other laws were rattled over without note or comment. Then we walked out into the night, eyed the blue vault, and blessed the useful light—which we obtained from a patent Fixed Star, warranted not to fall and burn holes in your trousers, also the “fire tasteless,” like that of the verses of most modern poets.

Friday. Parliamentary virtue or valour—*virtus*—held out till nearly nine, but was then Counted. The proceedings were eminently conversational, as all proceedings that really mean business are—it is your *Bumbles*, and Vestrymen, and Freemasons, and Patriots that make the speeches. On the Prisons Bill a discussion arose on the propriety of giving Magistrates power to cut off the hair of refractory women. This punishment is so frightful a terror to them, that it is not surprising that gaolers desire it, but the House of Commons has manlier, that is, kinder instincts, and refuses leave to unwomanise even the depraved. SIR BALDWIN LEIGHTON, a Shropshire magnate, told with evident pleasure a story, how a prison matron, about to leave, was defied by a woman prisoner, and thereupon went into her cell and gave her “a sound whipping,” which SIR BALDWIN considered, though an illegal, a sensible act. The matron was leaving in order to be married. A sweet and gentle bride! now blessed, let us hope, with children to partake her kindnesses.

The hideous railway accidents of the week, which have come

impartially, like Death, with "equal foot," upon humble excursionists and upon rich travellers by the tidal express, have again brought up the communication question, and MR. GIBSON now assures us that some of the companies have resolved on applying one or more of the hundred inventions that have been for years at their command.

A Museum debate enabled MR. WALPOLE to give a very pleasant account of the treasures of gold, and of silver, and of marble, that have been added to our collection, and the only drawback to our satisfaction is, that the Museum is so choked up with stuffed pigs and dusty ducks, that the beautiful new purchases cannot be seen. When will PROFESSOR NOAH OWEN be enabled to conduct his beasts and birds out of the Bloomsbury ark?

A STUDY FROM SHAKSPEARE.

BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC AMATEUR PERFORMER.



E, the Amateur Talent Company Limited, have lately produced the Sweet Bard's favourite play intitled *Romeo and Juliet*, a Love Tale of Verona, with the greatest possible success. The house was literally crammed, crammed, Sir, to quote the hard, "to suffocation." I generally play the leading characters, but "by particular desire" on this occasion I undertook the small, though to a conscientious artist, onerous part of that eminent ecclesiastic, *Friar John*. The apparently less important personages in SHAKSPEARE'S dramas require as much, nay, more study than is demanded by the impersonation of his leading characters. They told

me that I could do what I liked with the part. I did so, and the result was—a Creation. I soared above rehearsals, and worked up the part from my own interior consciousness, and several consultations, with various learned authorities. By this judicious method my representation of the amiable, but ambitious *Friar*, produced equal admiration and astonishment among my envious fellow actors, and the appreciative audience.

The first question was, how should the *Friar* be dressed? I remembered how MR. CHARLES KEAN used to appeal to Authorities, and under the circumstances, it struck me that BROTHER IGNATIUS might be consulted with some advantage. But then the idea occurred to me, that this might be a *Friar* of liberal tendencies, for he seems to be a roving sort of gentleman, running about on *Friar Laurence's* errands, and therefore not inclined towards the ecclesiastical garb.

I had seen the monks out walking abroad, and never without a snuff-box, a large old red pocket-handkerchief, and generally a family umbrella.

Herein said I to myself, the audience will recognise a study, a pre-Raphaelite picture from nature.

Pre-Raphaelite! There you are again; why not a mediæval monk, a middle-aged *Friar John*: delivering his speeches while in angular positions, and holding his umbrella, snuff-box and handkerchief in open palms, with stiff fingers widely apart?

I rejected this idea as one not allowing for action, and as too greatly circumscribing my freedom.

I came to the conclusion that *Friar John* was no common Brother, but (by reason of his liberty to go wherever he liked to oblige old *Laurence*) a superior of a Monastery out for a holiday tour. A jovial fellow, like one of those Monks of old, of whom "many have told" what a something or other race, or crew, they were.

Since writing the above, some days ago, I decided, yesterday morning, on making him a jovial brother of a mixed character. He is out for a holiday is *Friar John*; but the ecclesiastics of the neighbourhood, hearing of the approach of so holy a man, all came forth to meet him. This, you see, allows of a ceremonial, and an exhibition of archæological pageantry, for which *Romeo and Juliet* offers, in other respects, but few opportunities.

I at once procured supernumeraries, at one shilling a head for the night, and their dresses, wigs and refreshments found, and when Scene 2nd, Act 5th came, I flatter myself my brother actors were not a little astonished to see the use I had made of the permission "to do what I liked with the part."

The simple Scene as originally written stands thus:—

ACT V. SCENE 2.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan Friar! Brother! Ho!

In my annotated copy, and with my practical development of the great Bard's directions, the Scene was thus rendered:—

ACT V. SCENE II.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Trumpets heard without. (*I paid them myself.*)

Then Drums alone. (*I only had one for an hour.*)

ENTER A PROCESSION.

Two Archbishops in partibus (*one tall the other short: capital contrast.*)

An Aeolyte.

An Aeolyte.

(*With a Candle.*)

(*Without a Candle.*)

BANNER.

(*He didn't carry this well, or it would have been splendid.*)

Choristers Chanting.

Choristers Silent.

Incense Bearers, with red caps.

Maidens strewing flowers.

A HERALD.

(*He ought to have come first, only he quarrelled with the Prompter as to whether he should go on at all.*)

Then

A CARRIAGE DRAWN BY MULES,

In which is *Friar John's* Snuff-box, Umbrella, and Handkerchief.

More Aeolytes and Candle-lights.

Then

FOUR MEN IN ARMOUR

CARRYING

A SEDAN CHAIR.

In which is seated *Friar John*.

Wasn't this an effect? The Amateurs were actually annoyed at it. Bah! Well, out I got, and having procured my "properties," my umbrella, snuff-box, &c., I commenced my speech.

I need not say with what applause I was received, nor need I dwell upon the sulkiness of *Friar Laurence* at finding all these people in his cell. It was a long time before he could be prevailed upon to come on, and I had to shout "Holy Franciscan Friar! Brother! Ho!" six times, in measured tones, before he condescended to appear; and when he *did* come, he behaved in a most irreligious manner, anathematising me between his lines, and frowning upon me like a demon. I tried to deliver my one good speech, "Going to find a barefoot brother out," &c., in recitative, but failed, for want of a preconcerted arrangement with the orchestra. My attendants *would* talk on the stage, which was not kind; but on the whole, the Scene went admirably, and I only hope that all Amateurs who determine upon representing the works of the Divine WILLIAM, will bring to his smallest characters the same amount of careful study as I on this occasion gave to the minor part of *Friar John*.

Minor! A sudden thought: he was a Friar Minor. I wish I'd thought of this before. Another time, however, must do for this. Till then, farewell!

GLADSTONE AND SON AT CHESTER.

ELECTORS, this is my Son BILL,
Your humble servant if you will.
Him your apprentice let me bind;
To be a Statesman, BILL's designed:
I'd have him learn his trade right thorough,
Serving as Memher for your Borough.

I take the Business of the Nation
To be a regular vocation
That study needs, with view to knowing,
As much as any other going.
One footing and the same I place on
The would-be Minister and Mason.

You, therefore, to beseech I venture,
That you will grant him his indenture.
I think I know the young man, rather,
And, though I say 't who am his Father,
Of trusting him repented never.
So then, hooray, my Son for ever!

AN ASIDE.—Beware of DISRAELI when he talks of Lateral Reform. He wants to get into office by a Side-wind.



HOW WE PLAY CROQUET AT BUDDLEAPOOR!

MINISTERIAL BABY SHOW.

WE are not, as a rule, partial to the exhibitions called Baby Shows' as we believe them beneficial neither to parents nor infants. A recent display of the kind may, however, be regarded as exceptional. It had been known for some time that a not unnatural difference of opinion existed between the parents of two infants, of good birth, touching the comparative merits of their offspring, and it was finally agreed that both children should be exhibited in public. In accordance with a not uncommon custom in the sporting world, the competitors registered feigned names, but there was little secret as to the real position of MRS. THANKFUL and MRS. THREECOURSES. At the appointed date they duly appeared with their interesting progeny, and the show took place at Leeds and at Chester. Both parents have reason to be proud of their children. MRS. THANKFUL's infant, "JOHN," though small for his age, evinces great liveliness and some precocity. At first there was a difficulty in inducing him to submit to examination, but at a hint from his parent he assumed confidence, took notice in a very decided way, and indeed surprised many persons by the loudness of his voice, and the peremptory way in which he signified his wishes. MRS. THREECOURSES introduced her child "WILLIAM" very gracefully, disclaimed any merit in being the parent, and begged to submit him to public judgment. He immediately created a strong impression in his favour, was not in the least shy, and indeed has caught up some funny little words, such as "put that in your pipe," which caused great amusement among the spectators. He is evidently a child who has been most carefully reared, and he promises exceedingly well. His parent, with much tact, paid a beautiful compliment to her rival, which told well upon the public. It was finally decided, and we think wisely, that a verdict should be postponed until the interesting young folks should have had an opportunity of being seen in the Metropolis, which, after all, is the great court of final appeal. At present they may be considered as Feeling their Feet. They were therefore withdrawn, MASTER JOHN THANKFUL exclaiming, "Me tum again," MASTER WILLIAM THREECOURSES ejaculating something which was interpreted by his delighted parent to mean that he loved all the people. Without prejudging the case, we may record that we consider them both very nice boys, and we shall watch their future career with the greatest interest.

"PARDON'S THE WORD FOR ALL."—*Cymbeline*.

THIS Paragraph, from the *Star*, it need not be said that *Mr. Punch* is only too happy to conserve for posterity:—

"In the number of the *Augusta Sentinel*, of May 2nd, was the last printed relic of slavery likely to be seen in the South. It was the advertisement of 'T. SAVAGE HAYWARD, auctioneer,' who proposed to sell at the 'Lower Market, on May 2nd, the coloured man PETER, a finished waiter, and the negro woman LAURA, a good field hand.' GENERAL UPTON reached the city next day, and T. SAVAGE HAYWARD was glad to escape."

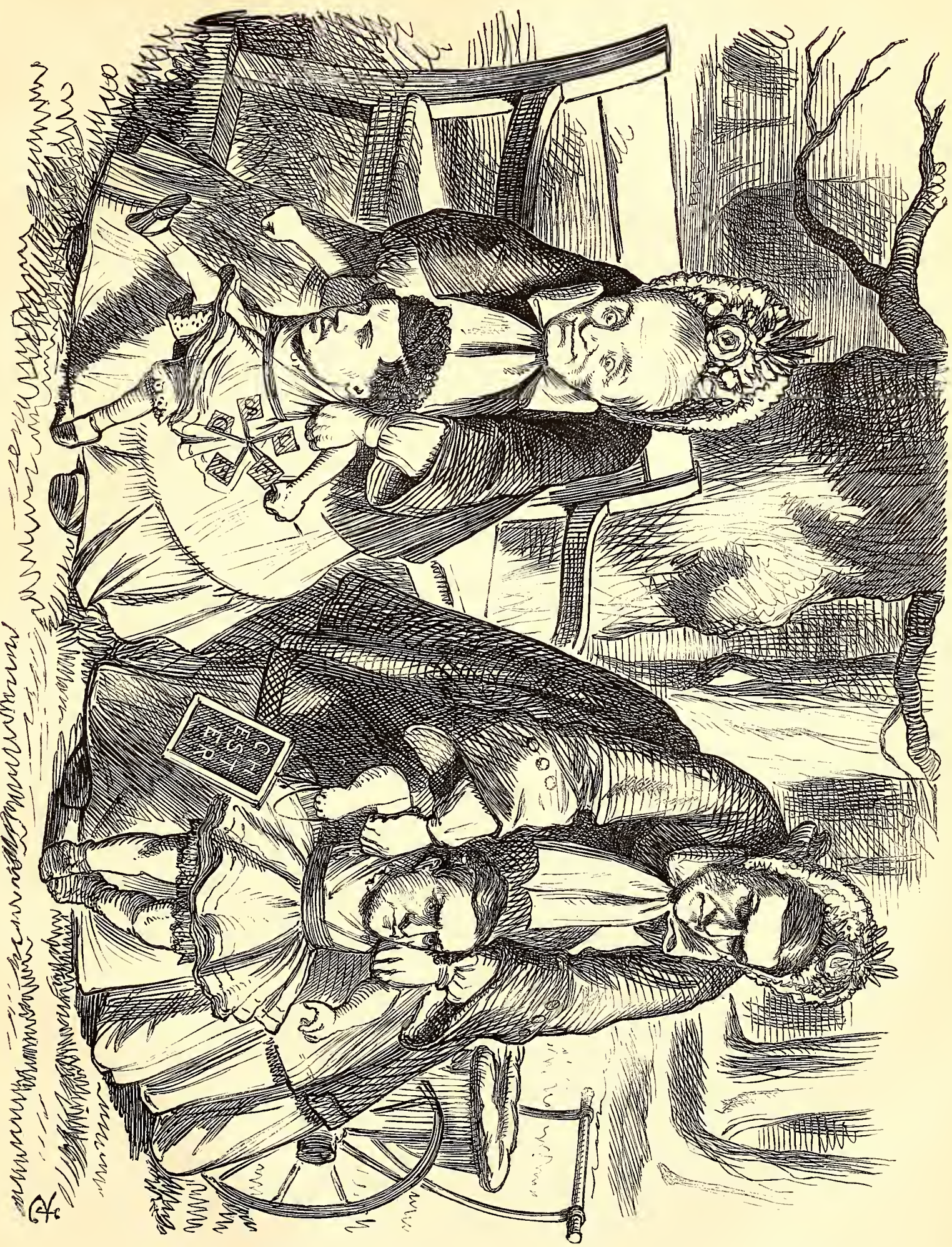
PETER and LAURA are free. But surely the Americans will not spoil the satisfaction with which *Mr. Punch* reflects that this man and woman, and thousands of other men and women, are no longer in danger of being ordered to the auction-block. There is a "finished waiter" called DAVIS, who, having finished, waits for the end, and a very good "field hand" called LEE, whose hand was in many a memorable field. Surely there is such a word in JOHNSON'S *Dictionary* as "pardon"—we are certain that it would have been in WEBSTER'S, had DANIEL lived till now; and we are equally sure that if SHERIDAN be consulted, the word will be found. Our cousins will see that we are not interfering, but are referring them to American authorities only. In the old days slaves were sacrificed on the tomb of heroes, but let not heroes be sacrificed on the tomb of slavery.

A Drop of Consolation.

MR. WHALLEY was very unhappy all day on the 8th, because DR. MANNING was being consecrated Archbishop of Westminster. But the honourable Member cheered up on reading in the *Glow-worm* (new evening paper) that the consecration was performed by DR. ULLATHORNE, of Birmingham. "MANNING is only a Brummagem Archbishop, after all," said MR. WHALLEY, and went, comforted, to his tea.

POLITICS AND ART.

It is remarkable that in view of the approaching General Election, no eminent Photographer has put himself forward with a proposal to represent the people.



“FEELING THEIR FEET.”

MAMMA RUSSELL. “AMBERLEY PAMBERLEY MUSTN'T GO TOO FAST!”

MAMMA GLADSTONE. “STEP OUT, MY CHILD—I'LL TAKE CARE YOU DON'T FALL!”



THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

(BY A CRITIC WHO COULDN'T GET IN.)



R. PUNCH.—The present Ninety-seventh Exhibition of the Royal Academy is said to be the best that we have had for many years. This may be so, but as I have made three attempts to get into the West Room, and failed on each occasion, I am not in a position to offer an opinion on that point.

But although I have not seen the pictures, I have seen much that has interested me. Gifted as I am with a powerful imagination, I had little difficulty in persuading myself that the groups and incidents I witnessed at the entrance and in the lobby were, in point of fact, so many objects exhibited, and I have attempted, generally with success, to identify them with the recognised Catalogue. I assure you, Sir, that this method of visiting the Academy is infinitely more agreeable than that which involves wading through a surging mass of voluminous petticoats, the proprietresses of which claim all the privileges of their own sex, while they push and struggle in the manner of the most uncouth members of ours. Moreover, I have found myself on each occasion to be completely free from that hideous epidemic, or rather epademic, the Academy Headache.

I was much struck, on reaching the building, with the work of art I have sketched in the margin. Curious to learn the meaning of that quiet stolid determination which characterises the features and attitude of this stalwart soldier, I hunted about him for a number by which he might be identified in the Catalogue, and after much labour I contrived to decipher the figures 542 on the heel-plate of his rifle. On referring to the catalogue I discovered that this work of art was the design of MR. POYNTER, and was christened *Faithful unto Death*. It represents, Mr. Punch, a stalwart soldier of Herculeum, who, having received no orders to quit his post, remains faithful to his duty, while the city is being gradually destroyed. Observe the dogged determined expression with which he watches the approach of a hideous doom. I noticed a star on his collar and accoutrements, and on referring to the catalogue I found that, in accordance with a recent regulation, it was intended to indicate that the work of art was sold. I shed a tear for the soldier of Herculeum (much to his surprise, for he asked me if I was unwell), and passed on.

My attention was next arrested by a remarkably striking group on the steps leading to the entrance. By some mistake, no number was attached to it, but this was quite unimportant, for the group told its tale so completely that I doubt whether I should have taken the trouble to refer to the Catalogue, even if it had been ticketed. The subject of the picture was evidently, *Sleeping Satyr Startled by Nymph*, and I have no hesitation in expressing my pleasure at this recurrence to the classic subjects



SLEEPING SATYR STARTLED BY NYMPH.

so popular in the days when Art was in its most legitimate stage. The grotesque clumsiness of the *Sleeping Satyr* is artistically contrasted with the stately grace of the *Nymph*.

PAY HERE.



WHITEFIELD PREACHING IN MOORFIELDS, A.D. 1742.

haughty old Cardinal, in the day, is effectively set off by the expression of mingled awe and admiration depicted in the countenances of the Father Superior of the Abbey, and his subordinate. The Abbey of Chiaravalle is, as we all know, in Lombardy, but as the daring Artist has represented the rugged old Abbot with a life-like *goître*, it is not improbable that he was an importation from some monastic establishment in southern Switzerland or modern Savoy.

I was much pleased with an amusing sketch by MR. A. LEWIS, in the immediate vicinity of the work I have just noticed. The picture is described in the Catalogue as *The Last Number*, but this



THE LOST NUMBER.

is palpably a misprint for *The Lost Number*. A young Lady is about to take her departure from (say) the Academy Exhibition, and on applying for her parasol, finds that she has mislaid the number, by which alone it can be identified to the satisfaction of the official who is in charge of the umbrella and parasol office. One umbrella deposited with the official in question is found to be without a number, and the blundering servant, by a curious process of reasoning, comes to the conclusion that as neither the young lady nor the umbrella has a number, they must necessarily belong to each other. It is accordingly handed to the young Lady, who gazes at the hideous substitute for her delicate parasol with a genteel horror.

Naturam Expelles Furca—Recurret.

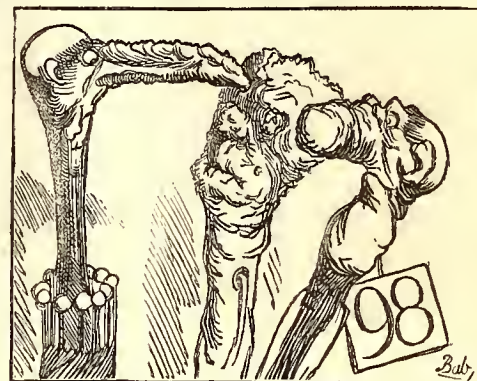
(Translated by a Gentleman who has Married beneath him.)

VAINLY my look says "Fork"—my wife
Into her mouth will put her knife.

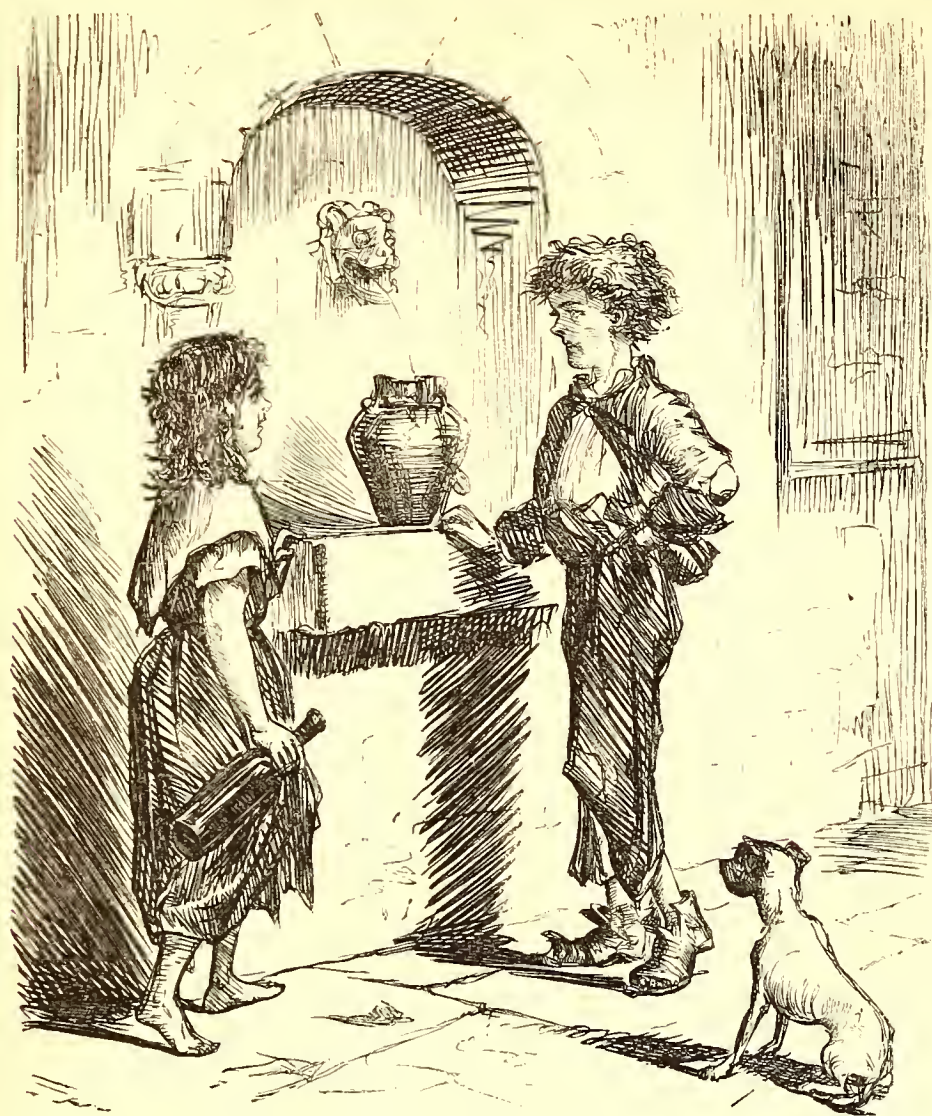
LEAVE BAD ENOUGH ALONE.

(To PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON.)

MY DEAR SIR,—Because WILKES BOOTH murdered ABRAHAM LINCOLN, that is no reason why you should murder JEFFERSON DAVIS. Believe me, although no Ironclad, your trusty Monitor, PUNCH.



VISIT OF CARDINAL POZZOBONELLI TO THE ABBEY OF CHIARAVALLE, LOMBARDY, IN 1750.



THE MAIN QUESTION.

Girl. "ANY USE OF ME WAITING?"

Boy. "NO; I ONLY CAME YESTERDAY MORNING, AND AIN'T HALF FULL YET."

NO EXPOSURE FOR USURERS.

PUNCH,

YOUR friend, MR. PATERFAMILIAS, who has sons at Oxford or Cambridge, was doubtless pleased to see the letter from "Five Freshmen" of the latter seat of learning, and the article relative thereto, on the subject of "University Usurers," in the *Times* of the Derby Day last week. The suggestion that we money-lenders was to be put down by the Press, was probably highly gratifying to that respectable old gent.

I dare say you virtuous public writers thinks your're a going to come it over us like you did over the Quacks; though I'm glad to see that lots of country papers still publishes their advertisements in spite of your teeth. But we defy you.

Expose our operations, or practices as you call them, as much as you like. Tell how we discount a bill, and renew it from time to time with interest received in a few years quadrupling the original sum, still to be paid. Explain all about our sending circulars to undergraduates, and canvassing them like wine-merchants or tailors. That won't hurt us a bit. The boys we does is a sort of spooneys that can't put this and that together. They ain't the gumption to apply anything whatever that's told 'em only in general terms, even if they reads it, and they reads nothing but the larky and spicy bits in the papers. General observations has no more effect upon 'em than they has on the mind of a female. Talking about usurers and their doings, don't put 'em up not in the least to such as me. But tell them that AMINADAB is a rascally usurer, an extortioner, and a scoundrel, that charges 60 per cent., and advise them to have nothing to do with him or else they'll be cheated, and give 'em both my name and address, and they'll understand that. There you has me, like Detector had the Quacks. But that's just what you daren't do, thank the law of libel, and the judge that lays it down, and the jury as takes it from the judge's mouth, and the barrister whom the most notorious rascal of us all can always hire.

I am, &c.,

MORRY AMINADAB.

Shark Street, June, 1865.

P.S. The gratitude of we money-lenders is due to the truly honourable Member as counted the House out on the Second Reading of SIR COLMAN O'LOGHLEN'S Libel Bill. Bless him! I trust his constituents won't forget to return him again.

PROGRESS AT HIGH PRICES.

WE're rejoicing in old-fashioned weather,
But we live in a new-fashioned day;
Is it better or worse, altogether,
Than the Past that has vanished away?
Less than we our progenitors traded
In construction, and texture, and store,
And we make much more money than they did,
But we have to pay very much more.

WE've repealed a vast load of taxation,
From all trammels to set Commerce free;
But price rises on that operation,
As when duty is taken off tea.
Bread is cheap; gutta percha, and supple
India-rubber at small cost abound;
But now fowls are nine shillings a couple,
And beef's more than a shilling a pound.

THERE is cheap stuff for claret that passes,
But good port's inaccessibly dear,
With regard to the drink of the masses,
You can hardly get any good beer.
The cigar that at threepence was sold,
Cau't be had under double that figure;
While it costs twice as much as of old,
Neither better the weed is, nor bigger.

WAYS and means of investing your cash
At much profit, once few, now are many,
If you'll just run the risk of a crash,
With the chance of not getting back any.
Rate of interest higher you'll find,
If you take no account of futurity,
Nor bear WELLINGTON's maxim in mind,
That good interest means bad security.

THERE are railways, increasing old towns,
Forming new ones round every station;
But they've cut up the fields and the downs,
And disfigured the face of the nation.
And there now is a project on foot
To make Oxford materially greater
By a Factory, smirching with soot
The grey piles of that fair Alma Mater!

MANUFACTURES and arts, bearing fruit,
Have extended, but refuse deliver,
With the sewage of towns, to pollute
Every once crystal streamlet and river;
Bleach the herbage and blacken the air
With the foul acrid smoke that they vomit,
Which you, but for its hue, might compare
To the tail of a pestilent comet.

THEY have poisoned the grayling and trout;
They have nearly destroyed all the salmon.
Thus it is, with high wages, no doubt,
We are paid for the service of Mammon.
To our new ways, advanced on our old,
Some advantages, doubtless, are owing,
We are getting a great deal of gold;
Very well, but oh! where are we going?

FASHIONABLE MOVEMENTS.

(From the Zoological Gazette.)

THE Elephants residing in the Regent's Park packed up their trunks last Saturday, and started for their favourite watering-place, namely, the big pond, at the back of their residence.

The two seals have been receiving company last week as usual, but, in consequence of the heat, they have remained under water more than usual while receiving it.

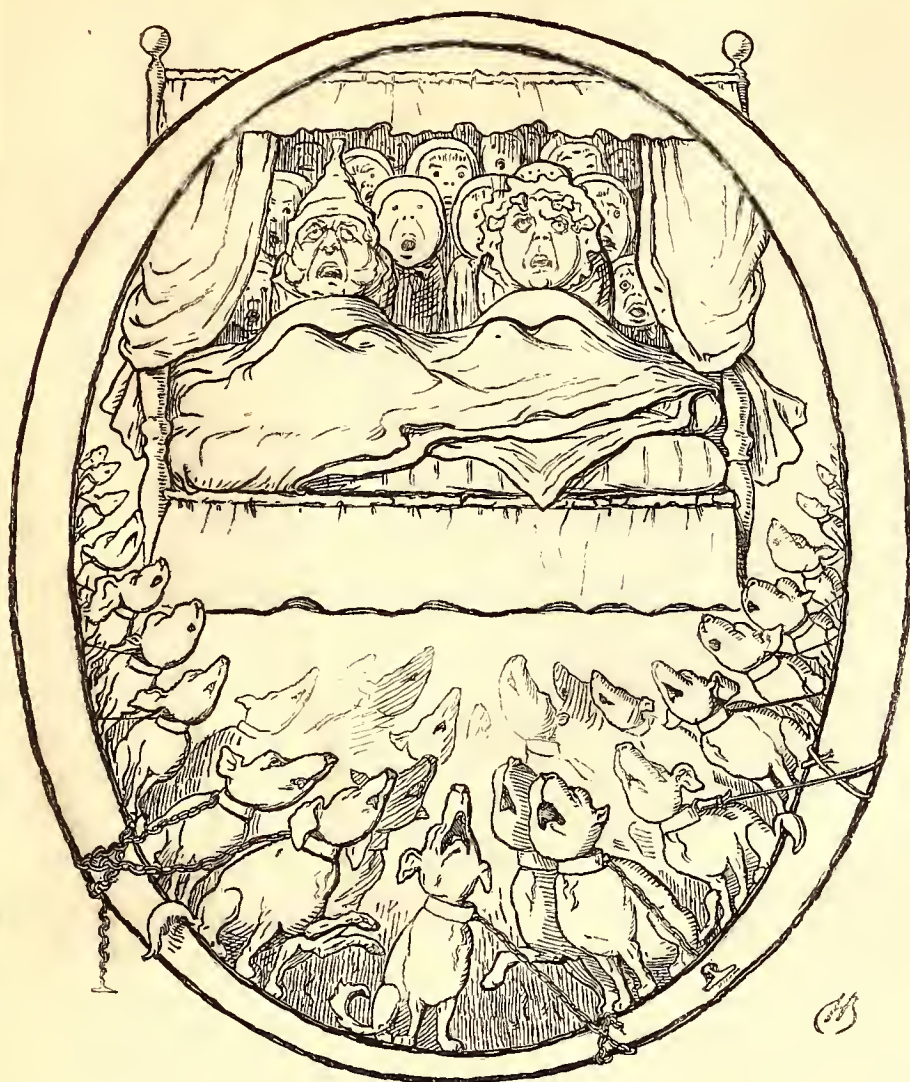
At the Cattle Show at Hereford, by order of the judges, the pigs were supplied with a quantity of mire, and were all invited to a Competition Wallow.

The frog who would a wooing go, having returned after his honeymoon, has been handsomely entertaining a select circle of friends, who have joined the happy couple in a nightly game of *Croaky*.

THE DOG SHOW.

(A DUOLOGUE BETWEEN MR. AND MRS. CODDLE, OF ISLINGTON.)

Date, Sunday night, June 4th, 1865. Time, 11:30 P.M.



H, JOSEPH! is it fire? do
Get out, and pull the blind up:
Why, we might all be burnt while you
Lie there, and make your mind up!
If there were twenty burglars here,
You wouldn't stir—you wouldn't:
'Tis no use, J., for you to say
That there would be no good in 't.

You're laughing. "No, you're not?" Oh! you
The feeling of a log show.
"Why don't I sleep?" How can I, through
The barking of that Dog Show?
"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
As 'tis their nature to do"—
CODDLE! for shame! it is not right
To joke with hymns, as *you* do!

What do I care for Dogs or Hounds
Descended from "The Druid!"
Ain't they obliged to douse the grounds
With disinfecting fluid?
Of course, or 'twould be worse than nests
Of Badgers or of Beavers:
You'd kill the town with plague and pests,
And Islington with fevers!

"Badgers don't live in nests?" I knew
You'd catch up at my words, C.:
I'm just as well aware as you
That Badgers are not Birds, C.
'Tisn't for this you built the Hall?
Why don't you act accordin'
To that? "You can't?" A fig for all
Your power as Churchwarden.

"Churchwardens can't do much?" But they
Their brains with smoke and grog daze.
What? "Every dog must have his day?"
You're joking. I hate dog-days.
Joking on such a subject!—think,
Should, in this sultry weather,
These horrid dogs refuse to drink,
And all go mad together!

"It only lasts four days!" Well, I've
Enough of it in one day.
"They're shut on one day out of five?"
Their mouths, though, ain't on Sunday.
Ah! there again! I'm sure that it
Beats Bears and pipes-and-tabors:
You ought to get a Robin writ,
And signed by all the neighbours.

Again . . . well, this won't last a week . . .
Louder . . . this, I suppose is,
Going on . . . What? . . . "didn't speak?"
(*A pause, and now she dozes.*)
Churchwardens . . . should . . . you know . . . appear
Before the . . . parish . . . Board in
Order to say . . . say to, to . . . (*here,*
She stopped, and soon was snoring.)

ANECDOTE OF JOHN PARRY.

"How do you do?" said a celebrated wit, meeting MR. JOHN PARRY, on Saturday.

To this novel inquiry MR. PARRY replied, with the utmost self-possession, "Quite well, thanks."

"That's well," said the wit, with equal promptness of repartee. "And are you singing now?"

"No, I am speaking, now," replied MR. PARRY, smiling, "but I have to-day sung 'Mrs. Roseleaf' for the six hundredth time, and the last. And I have rehearsed a new song, to be called 'Recollections'—musical memoranda, I may say."

"You may," said the wit, thoughtfully. He was making a desperate mental struggle for another epigram, and at last it came. "I—I—hope it will be as successful as Mrs. Roseleaf was—deservedly successful—good morning, old fellow."

"I am not an old fellow, but he meant well," said MR. JOHN PARRY, after some consideration. And he went on to MR. GERMAN REED'S Gallery of Illustration. You had better do the same.

A NUISANCE IN NEWSPAPERS.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,—The following paragraph, extracted from a newspaper, exemplifies a practice of which I wish to complain:—

"A special train, running at the rate of sixty kilometres the hour, will hereafter convey in thirty-four hours to Turin the passengers and mails arriving at Brindisi from Alexandria."

Now, Sir, what the length of a kilometre may be, I have no idea whatever. Of course, I know that it is a measure consisting of a thousand measures, but how long is each of them? Nobody can tell without a table of French weights and measures, with their English equivalents, at hand. Our newspapers are continually publishing details which contain the words "gramme," and "kilogramme," and "litre," and "hectare," and so on. What do they mean? I wish you would tell MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, or somebody in the House of Commons, to

introduce a Bill for compelling your contemporaries, whenever they employ those terms, to give the weights or measures corresponding to them, by our own standard, according to WALKINGHAME or COCKER. By this exertion of your unquestionable authority, you will oblige many a man who, although possessed of some general information, is a partial

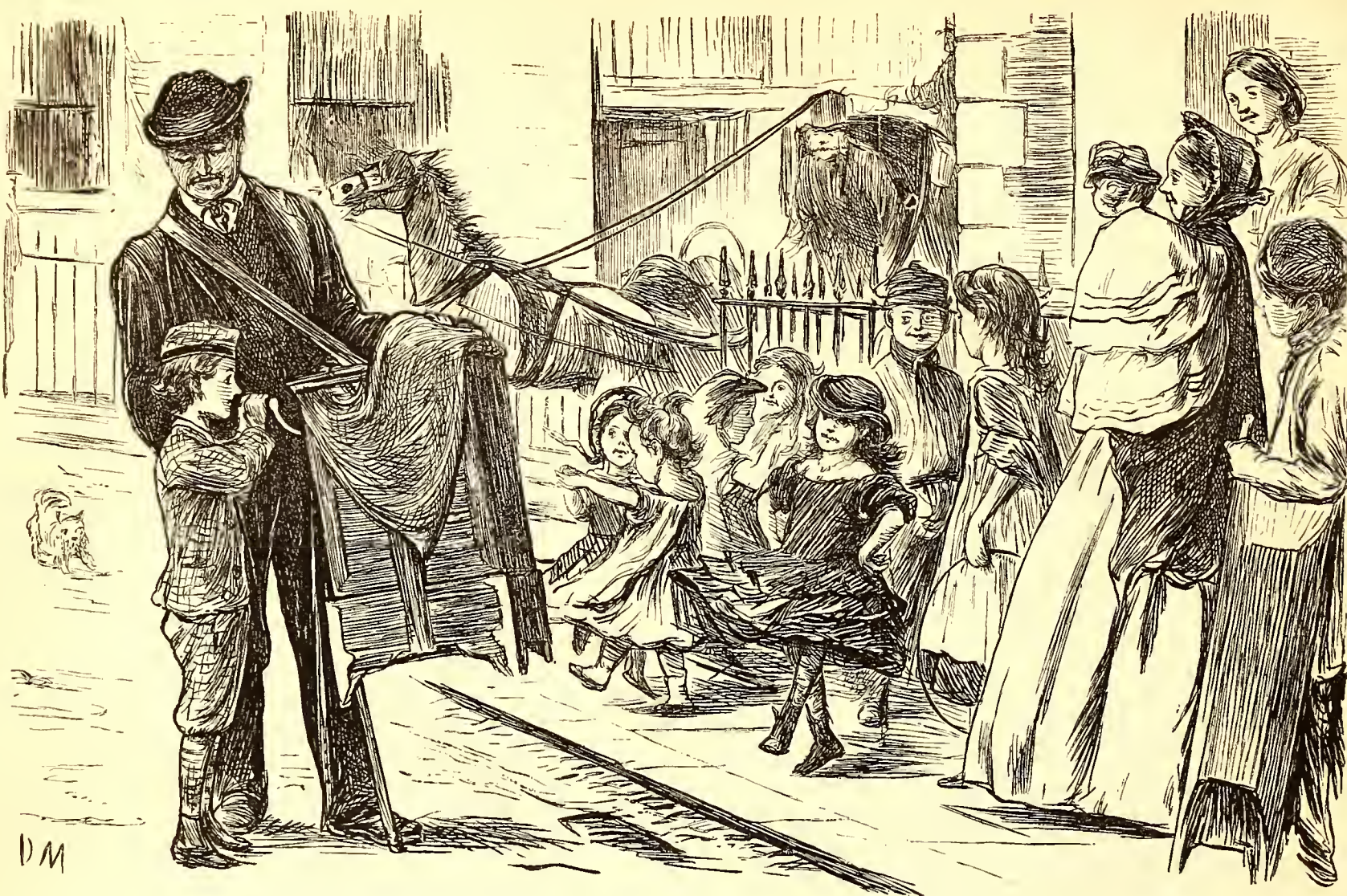
IGNORAMUS.

"With Verduce Clad."

In a notice of *Medea*, so successfully performed at Her Majesty's Theatre, a contemporary states that—

"The Band and Chorus covered themselves with laurels."

Has Birnam Wood, then, come from Dunsinane to the Haymarket? To be shaded with laurels from the glare of the footlights must certainly be rather agreeable this hot weather. But, perhaps, a fitter place for such an operatic novelty would be PADDY GREEN'S.



A SIGHT FOR A FATHER!

APPALLING SYMPTOM OF EARLY DEPRAVITY IN OUR ELDEST-BORN!—OUR HEIR!—ACCIDENTALLY REVEALED TO US THE OTHER DAY.
IN FUTURE, THAT BOY SHALL NEVER STIR FROM HOME WITHOUT AN ATTENDANT!

LETTER FROM A SCHOLAR.

St. Simon's College, Pierhead, Bæotia-shire,
June 14th, 1865.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WE are having our Examination now, and all of us are in an awful funk except PETMAN and SWEATER Major. Some of our fellows say that old GINGER (that's our Second Master) has told PETMAN what a lot of the questions are to be, which is beastly unfair, and JONES punched his head for it yesterday. We are quite sure it's true, because he has favoured him ever since he sneaked about the 5th Form fellows, lathering his (I mean old GINGER's) boots one Sunday, and none of the fellows like him, because he is no end stingy, and won't subscribe to anything unless he is obliged to by the rules. So, if he gets a prize, we are going to make him "run the muck," and TOMKINS and I have knotted our handkerchiefs jolly hard, ready for it. SWEATER Major ain't a bad sort of fellow, only he never comes out to football or cricket, and goes and works in the DOCTOR's garden instead, and the fellows get him in a wax by saying the DOCTOR gives him sixpence a week to do it.

We had our Latin paper on Monday, and it was a beastly hard one. The fellows say GOWER set it, and he only came this half, and is awfully strict, and won't let us do our work together, because he says it's just as bad as copying, which is a beastly cram. Well, first of all we had to translate Ode 15, Book i. of *Horace*. SWEATER Major says I construed two bits awful, and has been chaffing me no end about getting a licking from the DOCTOR, so I want you to tell me whether it's really as bad as SWEATER says.

This is the first bit: "*Mala ducis avi domum, quam multo repetet Græcia milite*," and this is how I did it: "You are drawing apples to the house of your grandfather, which Greece will seek for again with a large force of militia." SWEATER says it's all wrong, but I don't believe it, because TOMKINS and I looked all the words out together. Then I said that "*Pectes Cæsariem*" was "Thou shalt comb CÆSAR;" and I know that's all right, although that conceited ass, SWEATER, did laugh at it. Then there are two questions I want to ask you about.

No. 7 was, "How were the horses of Apollo harnessed? Give your authority for your answer." I said they were driven *tandem*, and quoted "*TANDEM venias precamur . . . augur Apollo*." No. 12 was, "Have you any reason for believing that Charon was an ill-tempered man?" I said, "He had to cross the *Styx* so often that he became as 'cross as two sticks.'"

I hope you'll let us know next Wednesday, because TOMKINS and I have ordered a *Punch*, and there'll be three tarts gone if you don't.

Believe me, dear Mr. Punch, yours truly,

GULLY.

P.S. Don't you think TOMKINS ought to go halves in the stamp for this? He says he oughtn't to.

PROBABLE OCCURRENCES.

THE Lords of the Privy Council had a *séance* yesterday at a table with MR. HUM the Medium.

The Bishop's Eleven will play the Judges to-morrow at Lord's Cricket Ground.

Christy's Minstrels gave a performance last evening at the College of Surgeons.

The Peace Society has deputed its Secretary to shoot for the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon.

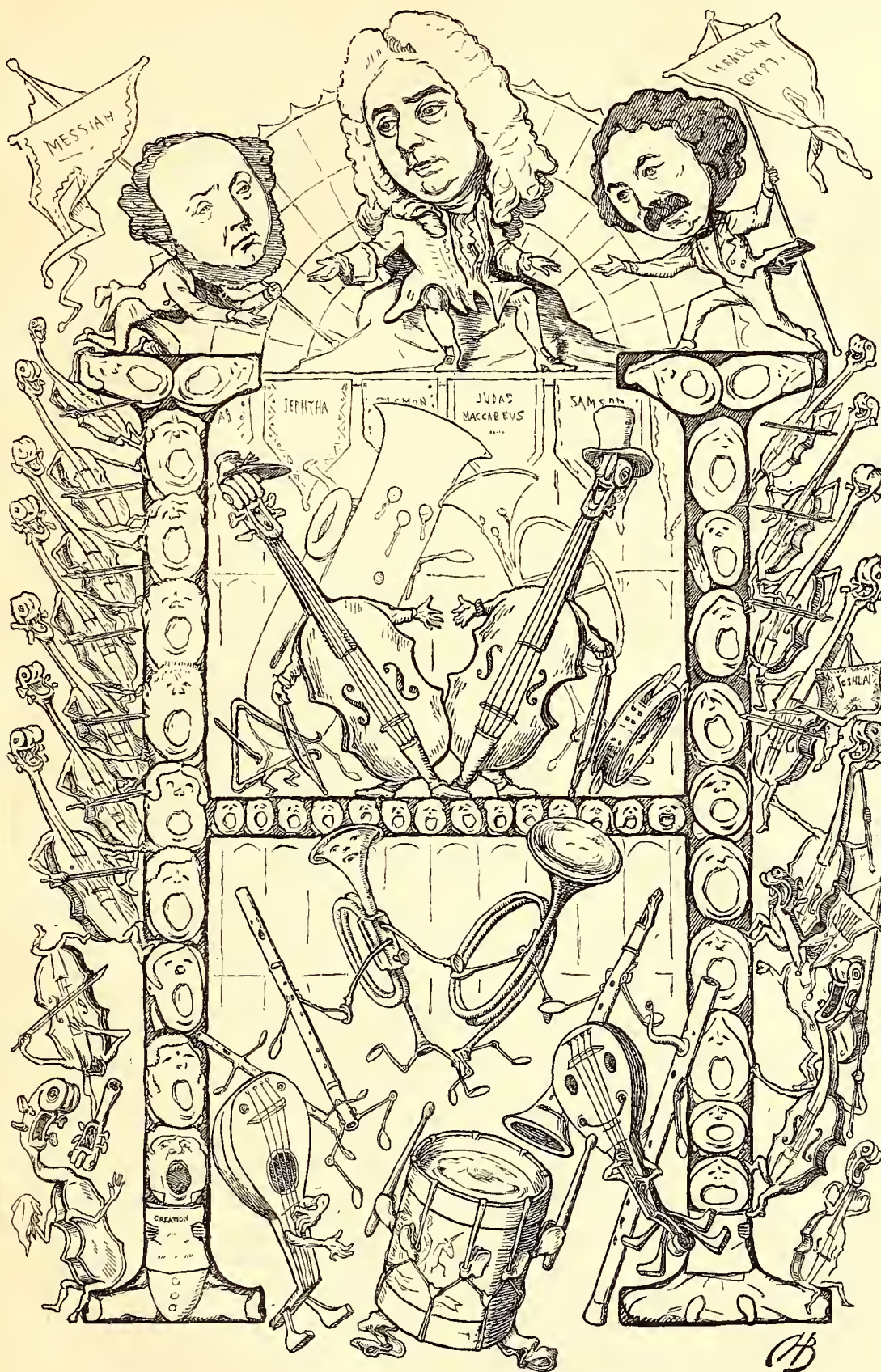
DR. MANNING, the newly-consecrated titular Archbishop of Westminster, has been invited to read a paper to the Anthropological Society.

The Annual Ball of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews will take place next Monday in the large room at Exeter Hall.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

WESTMINSTER is not usually fond of pugilism, but its inhabitants are now determined to have a good MILL.

THE HANDEL PARLIAMENT.



IC sumus iterum—or, less classically speaking, “here we are again:” four thousand performers and more than forty thousand listeners, all prepared to take another turn with HANDEL. To those of us past thirty, it hardly seems three years have passed since our last festival. But the years are as fugacious now as in the time of POSTUMUS, and they fly away the faster the older that we grow.

The Handel Parliaments are triennial, as everybody knows: this was one of the five points in the charter which established them. Another point was that the Parliaments should always meet at Sydenham, seeing that its Palace is the only place in England big enough to hold them. Equality of districts—in the orchestra, that is—was allotted to the singers, and no property qualification was required in the electors, that is, in the hearers who elected to be present—further than the money which they paid for their admission. Any one who has a half-guinea about him, may readily obtain a seat in the Parliament at Sydenham: and what he hears in the three days there will be far better worth listening to than what is heard in any three months in the Parliament at Westminster. There will never be such harmony at St. Stephen’s as old HANDEL’s, even were MR. WHALLEY to sing there every evening.

Unlike the gentleman in *Shakspeare*, Mr. Punch is ever merry when he hears sweet music: but there is far too much of wisdom in his merriment, for him simply to crack jokes about the Handel Festival. Such music as our HANDEL wrote, inspires a kind of “awful mirth,” which is more enjoyable than simple mundane merriment. The pleasure that one feels in hearing his grand harmonies, not merely entertains the mind, but raises and refines it. HANDEL said he wished to make men better by his music; and surely any one who listens to such sermons in tones must feel the nearer heaven for them. Sneer as sceptics may, a religion must be heavenly to inspire such heaven-born strains as those of the *Messiah*.

After sentiments like these, Mr. Punch need hardly say that, among his other gifts, he is gifted with an ear—with two, in fact—for music. It is not everybody who is similarly fortunate. There are people in the world whose relish for sweet sounds is limited to those which are extractable from codfish. Yet even they, if they be wise, will go and take a turn with HANDEL. At the festival forthcoming there will be much to please the eye, and not the hearing merely. A deaf man and a blind one alike may find some pleasure in it. The sight of that vast orchestra, when filled with its four thousand, is quite worth a trip to Sydenham, for it is not every day one sees half an acre of white waistcoats.

When the Parliament assembles, the honourable Member for the kettledrums will take his seat in front of them, and will be recognised no doubt as a CHIPP of the old block. The Members for the opficleide, the trombone, and the trumpet

will all be seated near him, and kept somewhat in the background, as people with much brass about them always ought to be. The front seats will be occupied by Members who intend to play first fiddle in the Parliament, just as the front benches are occupied by those who play first fiddle in the House. For the maintenance of order, MR. COSTA will preside, and, like the Speaker, lead the voices, while himself remaining mute. Any one who fails to catch his eye at the right time will be pretty sure to “catch it” in quite another sense. Above him some half mile or so—for one cannot speak with certainty in such a monstrous orchestra—a seat will be retained for the harmonious BROWNSMITH, who perhaps, by way of interlude, will have his organ-bellows blown by the *Harmonious Blacksmith*.

How HANDEL would have loved to hear his music played as we who live now hear it! Two hundred were, in his time, a large body of performers, and who would then have dreamed of hearing twenty times that number? Yet this is how we now serve up the “roast beef of music,” as HANDEL’s has been christened; and when the four thousand all burst forth into sound, and “the many rend the skies with loud applause,” surely no one more than HANDEL would have enjoyed a sitting in the Handel Parliament.

Sailing Directions for the Bark of St. Peter.

How to assure safe voyage and quiet quarters
Unto St. Peter’s bark in English waters,
No wiseman here? “Try MANNING” is the cry:
“If that don’t answer?” “Then *New-manning* try.”

The Test of all Tests.

ABOUT the assault on Oxford tests,
Why make such a commotion?
Seeing the Bill would Oxford make
A very Land of Gos(c)hen.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, June 12th. The Lords re-assembled, and the EARL OF DERBY demanded what PRESIDENT JOHNSON meant by declaring that merchants trading with the still blockaded American ports were pirates, when at the very worst they could be only smugglers? LORD RUSSELL allowed that it was a curious business, but said he believed that the PRESIDENT only intended to frighten people.

By the way, great complaints are made of the way in which LORD RUSSELL mumbles answers and statements. Why does he not go and take a lesson or so in elocution from MR. D'ORSEY or MR. FRED. WEBSTER? He fills a position which makes

it very important that he should be faithfully reported, but it is said to be impossible to report him. *Punch* will be obliged to give him instruction if he does not mend his utterances.

The Lords then took the Second Reading of the Union Chargeability Bill. It was moved by LORD GRANVILLE, and seconded by LORD BROUGHAM, whom we and the LORD CHANCELLOR were exceedingly happy to see in his place again. The DUKE OF RUTLAND opposed the Bill, and tried to refer it to a Committee, which meant the throwing it over. But the Peers of England declined to withhold justice, and the Second Reading was carried by 86 to 24. It went through Committee later in the week, after a condemnatory protest from LORD KINGSDOWN, whose opinion, it being one entitled to respect, we are sorry to see opposed to a good measure. *Punch* adds that the calm and decorous way in which the Bill has been treated by such of the "territorial aristocracy" as dislike it, contrasts with the noisy bitterness of the "country party" below.

The Commons treated themselves to a battle on the Catholic Oaths Bill, and SIR HUGH CAIRNS proposed to restore the vow never to injure the Church. MR. DISRAELI was compelled, by the necessities of party, to support the amendment and to make a speech. Being obliged to say something, it occurred to him to prove that attempts on the part of the Catholics to get rid of injustice might do them harm, because such efforts would set the Protestant mind in arms against Popery. This, and a good deal more, the best part of which was MR. DISRAELI's evident disbelief in the utility of oaths in reference to political and theological matters, made up an address which may not have been very acceptable to the extremely Protestant. SIR GEORGE GREY asserted the right of the Catholic to perfect equality, MR. WHITESIDE declared that we were going to break up a solemn compact, and MR. HORSMAN answering that the oath of 1829 was never intended to be permanent, but was devised to quiet the alarms of foolish people who were afraid of Catholic Emancipation. Both sides put forth their might on the division, when SIR HUGH was defeated by 166 to 147, majority 19 for relieving the Catholics from an offensive oath. The Bill went through Committee later.

Tuesday. Moved by certain frightful railway accidents which have occurred, LORD ST. LEONARDS introduced a Bill for preventing railway people from locking both doors of a carriage.

On the Committee on the Bill for amending the Public House Closing Act, so as to let compositors and others obtain refreshment, LORD REDESDALE was good enough to prescribe for the class which complained of existing restriction. He said that it was not good for persons to take refreshments just before going to bed at three or four in the morning, and that it would be better to go to bed without them. Perhaps, on the whole, Englishmen may safely be trusted to settle for themselves the question proposed to be settled by LORD REDESDALE. LORD DONOUGHMORE asked whether their Lordships, after a late debate, would like to go to bed without a sandwich and a glass of sherry? Altering glass to bottle, we share his indignation and subscribe his protest.

The CHANCELLOR made an excellent speech in support of the Partnership Amendment Bill, showing that LORD MANSFIELD, in 1775, was the author of all partnership evils. He gave an erroneous decision, and the lawyers have woven a net-work of chicanery around it. Now it is proposed to brush all away, for as LORD WESTBURY said, the common-sense rule, in matters of commerce, is Freedom. Just our own feeling—we consider ourselves free to order whatever we like, and free to pay for it whenever we like, and we are glad to find our principles sustained by such high authority. We are also glad that the Bill was read a Second Time in spite of a groan from LORD ST. LEONARDS, and a moan from LORD WENSLEYDALE, and that it has passed through Committee.

Decidedly, the speech, which of all the speeches of the Session, has been most interesting to a Londoner, was delivered to-day in the Commons by SIR WILLIAM FRASER. He brought before the House a graphic statement of the hideous state of the streets of London. Badly paved, badly lighted, badly cleansed, the Metropolis is a disgrace to the world. London is split up into parishes, and the meanest jealousies arise. A vestryman opposes the improvement of a street because it would give an advantage to his rival in trade. The paving of one side of St. James's Street is different from the other, and this is because each side is in a different parish. As for the slush after snow, it is simply horrible, and we always hunger and thirst to roll our vestrymen in the mess, for their souls' good and for their reformation. The fact is, that all the two-penny local authorities must be cleared off, and the Metropolis must be consigned to the Metropolitan Board. Let us do for the London parishes what we are doing for those in the country—spread the area all over the Province of Brick. We should not wonder if this were done next Session. SIR GEORGE GREY intimated that it was the right course. Meantime

A debt which we're happy to pay, Sir,
We owe to SIR W. FRASER,
And we hope that M.P.
Will be present to see
The parishes all swept away, Sir.

Does anybody wish to know the points of a so-called debate got up on the subject of the Belfast riots? MAJOR O'REILLY attacked the Magistrates. SIR ROBERT PEEL admitted that they had lost their heads—metaphorically. SIR H. CAIRNS held their brief, and described them as angels, and the Mayor who bolted to Harrogate as a kind of archangel. MR. WHALLEY contended that the Orangemen had a right to sing "*Boone Water*," and was invited to execute that ditty himself, but did not. After much wrangle, the House refused further inquiry, by 132 to 39, and then refused Harbours of Refuge by 111 to 99.

MR. BERKELEY had proclaimed his intention of bringing on his Ballot motion, but thinking that he could not do justice to the novel subject at 12 20 P.M., declined to go on. He might just as well have proceeded—some farces are only useful to fill a bill and play the people out.

MR. LOCKE, less scrupulous, moved the Second Reading of the Theatres Bill. SIR GEORGE GREY advised him to withdraw it, and move for a Committee of Inquiry next year. If he gets one we shall attend, and favour the Committee with our opinion of all our theatrical friends, dramatic authors, managers who don't send us boxes enough, actors and actresses, and the profession generally. MR. BERKELEY, who had been taught a silly antithesis about theatres and pothouses, was savagely laughed to scorn by MR. LOCKE, who said he knew who had crammed MR. BERKELEY with that flippancy. DR. BRADY also opposed the Bill, which inclines us to think that there must be some sense in it. However, it will not pass, and the whole question, which is a large and interesting one, must be looked into. The debate was adjourned.

Wednesday. The Bill, moved by MR. GOSCHEN, for abolishing the Oxford test, was debated. MR. GLADSTONE opposed it. After a discussion of some interest, the Bill, which is intended to let the Dissenters take the degree which gives a voice in the government of the University, was carried by 206 to 190. There is a House of Lords above us.

[*Omnia sub ictu mors habet.* A singular and melancholy incident marked this debate. A young nobleman, of great talent, rose to speak at half-past two. One hour earlier, he had, without knowing it, succeeded to the title of an elder brother, who had expired suddenly. The speaker (LORD ROBERT CECIL) had become LORD CRANBOURNE, heir apparent to the MARQUISATE OF SALISBURY.]

Thursday. A new writ was moved for Coventry, a seat having been vacated by the death of a great and good man, SIR JOSEPH PAXTON. What kind of a successor the Liberals of Coventry have selected for him shall be judged by this extract from an address by the favoured candidate, MR. MASON JONES:—

"And now, this evening, when all nature is auspicious, in this vernal season, when our great mother has put on her loveliest robes, and crowned herself with flowers, when all nature is rejoicing, and when that summer moon hangs suspended in the eastern sky, as she has for these 6000 years, singing as she ascends, 'The hand that made us is Divine'—under these auspicious circumstances, with beauty

above, with calm around, with harmony and peace below, let me thank you for your kind attention, wish you good evening and pleasant dreams."

Is it not lovely? How the Commons will hang, breathlessly, on such divine talk. We long to hear the maiden speech.

MR. CAIRD made a good speech about barley, but MR. WHALLEY was not asked to sing,

"When the free and happy barley
Is smiling on the scythe."

After a Malt-Tax debate (the particulars of which we will publish in a supplement, if requested by three subscribers of twenty years' standing) and the getting through a good deal of business, MR. GLADSTONE announced the important fact that LORD MONTEAGLE, (*olim* SPRING RICE,) was going to retire from the office of Comptroller of the Exchequer, on a pension, whereupon some personalities were exchanged.

SIR FITZROY KELLY's Law of Evidence Bill went into Committee, and various Members gave some interesting accounts of their views of the character of Woman, how she in her innocence might be deceived by artful Man, but how artful Man always got the worst of it when pretty Woman was placed in a witness-box, with private instructions to cry at the right time. One Member told a piquant story about a fair Circassian who gained the day by being attired in very diaphanous raiment. MR. ROEBUCK, who had returned from a signal victory over the Philistines at Sheffield, declared his conviction of the angelic nature of Woman, and notice was taken of his having for once expressed sympathy with created beings. The Bill was so mutilated that SIR F. KELLY withdrew it.

Friday. LORD WESTMEATH, for once, did good service by a long

and elaborate exposure of the ridiculous mock-papery soup prepared for foolish congregations by foolish Clergymen. He adduced his proofs, and called on the Episcopal Bench to interfere. The BISHOP OF LONDON said that unless there were an amendment of the rubric, the Bishops could do little. But why does not the Bench initiate the desirable reform? Do they wish laymen to re-edit the Prayer Book?

Four persons were bit on the previous day by mad dogs. SIR GEORGE GREY, interrogated by MR. DAMER, said that the police had power to destroy dogs known to be dangerous, a regular circumlocution answer. Do dogs who intend to go mad give the police notice in writing, dated from Barking?

On a Dockyard debate, MR. SEELY moved a resolution that it was inexpedient to appoint ignorant naval officers, however brave, to the control of the dockyards. Valour does not imply a knowledge of ship-building. LORD PALMERSTON, of course, declared that all officers were profoundly skilful, as well as preternaturally valiant. On the first division Government was beaten, but on the second MR. SEELY's motion was rejected.

ROSA BONHEUR receives the order of the Legion of Honour from the EMPEROR OF FRANCE, who calls to deliver it personally to the painter. LORD PALMERSTON does not think that the civil and military Orders of the Bath should be united, lest soldiers and sailors should undervalue a distinction which they would share with mere civilians.

The week concluded with the farce called the Ballot Motion. It was humorously played by the only two actors who have parts in it, MR. BERKELEY giving due liveliness to the part of *Mr. Panacea*, and LORD PALMERSTON being good-naturedly cynical as *Mr. Trustee*. By 118 to 74 the spectators decided that the farce should be shelved.



A PRETTY PUZZLE.

"Now, DEAR, I BET YOU ANYTHING YOU CAN'T TELL WHICH IS THE FRONT OF MY NEW BONNET?"

A Strange Millennial Machine.

IN the course of a late debate in the French *Corps Législatif*, M. KERVEGUEN mentioned the recent invention of an "infernal machine" at Toulon, which, he said, rendered useless the construction of iron-cased vessels, and opened the prospect of perpetual and universal peace. If the prospect of universal and perpetual peace, opened by an infernal machine, is destined to be realised, that infernal machine is a devilish good thing.

THE VENGEANCE OF THE STOMACH.

(A Song of the Whitebait Season.)

OH! give me not more work than I can do,
Or, by the laws that rule this kingdom, Man,
As sure as you're alive I'll punish you,
Embitter, and abridge your mortal span.

First, I'll protest, rebel: in spite of that
If you load me with more than I can bear,
The superflux I'll have put down in fat,
And spoil your figure for you; so beware!

Neglect this warning, and, with gross abuse,
Continue still my powers to overstrain;
Well, then disorder I shall next produce,
And put you to uneasiness and pain.

I'll send redundant blood throughout your frame,
And stuff you, pursy, panting with distress;
Repletion shall suffuse your eyes, inflame
Your cheeks, your labouring heart and lungs oppress.

Too much, too rich, yet go on taking in,
And I will brand you, so that men may see:
I'll throw out, in eruptions on your skin,
The messes you've ingested into me.

With me your liver, too, you make your foe,
And we will pay you out in pretty style,
What indigestion is we'll let you know,
And make you understand what's meant by bile.

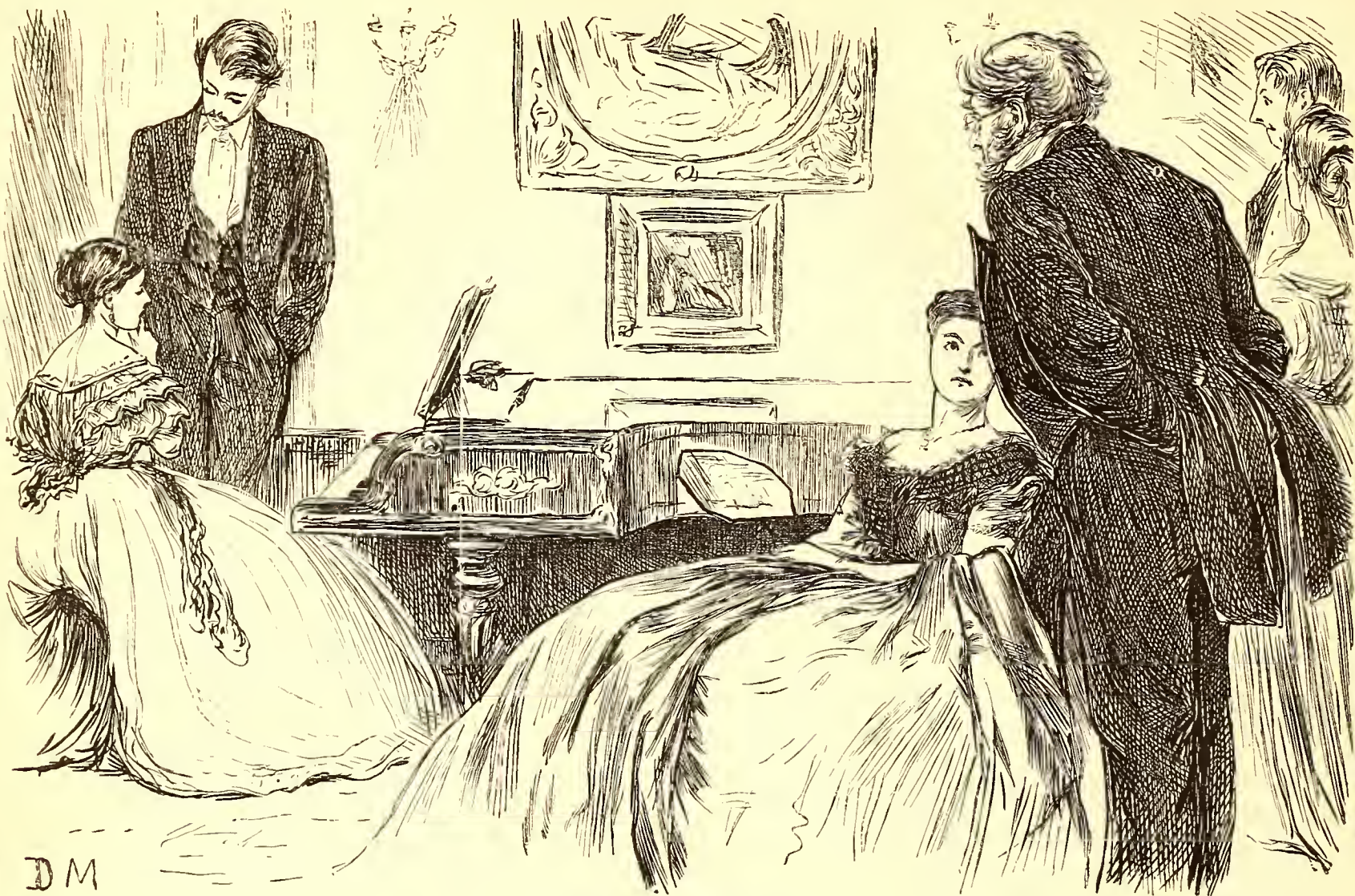
Headache, vertigo, noises in the ears,
Congestion causing pressure on the brain,
And palpitations, qualms, and spasms, fears
Of worse, for which all physic will be vain.

For these inflictions, and for more than these,
If you keep overworking me, look out;
Expect particularly that disease
Known as the stomach's great revenge, the gout.

At length, unless you put on me no more,
But to my last remonstrances attend,
There's dropsy or paralysis in store,
There's apoplexy for you—and the end.

Now go, with measure share the civic feast,
Or wisely dine at Greenwich or Blackwall,
But if you choose to make yourself a beast,
And me a slave, you see your way, that's all!

LEGAL QUERY.—Is there any precedent for a good practical Farmer being styled one of the Judges of the Land?



GENTLE REBUKE.

Old Gentleman. "HOW CHARMINGLY THAT YOUNG LADY SINGS! PRAY, WHO COMPOSED THE BEAUTIFUL SONG SHE HAS JUST FAVOURED US WITH?"

Lady of the House. "OH, IT IS BY MENDELSSOHN."

Old Gentleman. "AH! ONE OF HIS FAMOUS 'SONOS WITHOUT WORDS,' I SUPPOSE."

(MORAL.—Young ladies, when you sing, pronounce your words carefully, and then you will not expose unmusical old gentlemen to making such a ridiculous mistake as the above.)

Joseph Paxton.

DIED JUNE 8TH, 1865.

BEAR him hopefully and humbly, through the genial summer weather,
To quiet E'nsor graveyard, where the dead have flowers around them;
While titled and untitled, Lords and lowly, weep together,—
Hearts with scarce a common tie but the love of him that bound them.

Needs but a simple tomb-stone, with birth and death carved neatly,
And no hollow-sounding praises of him whose work is past.
His monument is elsewhere—in those Chatsworth gardens stately,
In the far-off Crystal Palace, where the world looked on him last.

The yeoman's son, the gardener's boy—still true to his vocation—
He won a worthy master, who prized him at his worth:
For grand designs that came to him he found, or made, occasion;
And lived to sit at great men's feasts, but ne'er blushed for his birth.

Let him sleep almost in hearing of the many-voiced fountains
He loved to turn and tame, and make his fancy's bidding do:
Now dancing crowned with rainbow, now adown the mimic mountains
Dashing in crests of foam, now wreathed in figures quaint and new.

Let him sleep almost in breathing of the many-coloured flowers
He loved to tend and trim and train—a gladness to the sight:
On his grave still warm and wooingly drop down the summer showers;
Bloom, field-flowers, bright around him, in the pleasant summer light.

No gentler life, no truer heart, no quicker, keener brain,
E'er closed, or ceased from labour, than his that lieth here:
Long they'll talk of the "Grand Gardener" round Chatsworth's fair
demesne,
And many a hard hand, at his name, will wipe a well-earned tear.

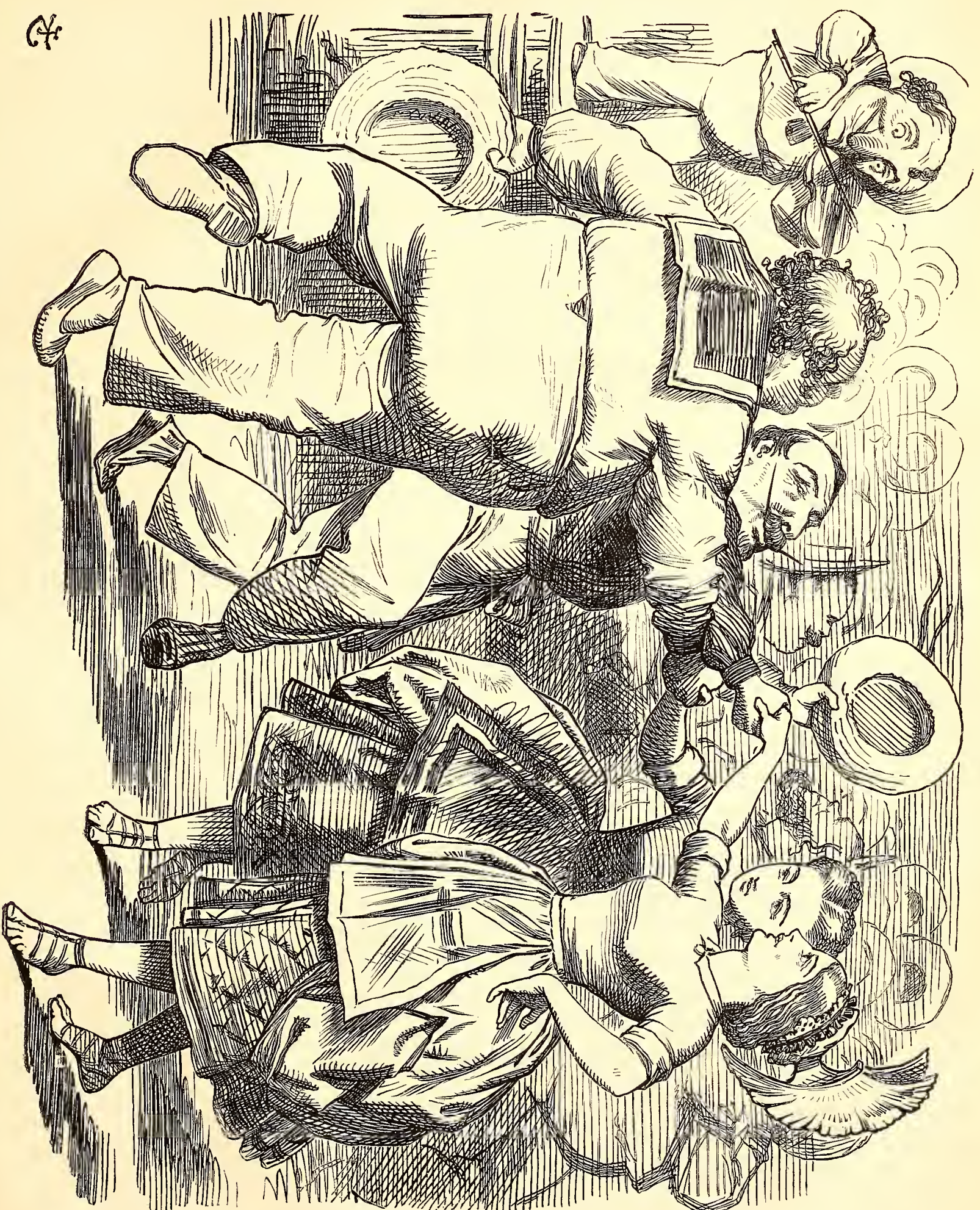
BULL DOGMATISM FOR THE DOG DAYS.

SOMEBODY has specified, as a possible example of the expressive power of sound, music descriptive of a man's going abroad, and changing his religion. DR. MANNING's Pastoral, just published, may be calculated to suggest to some eccentric composer a combination of quavers and crotchets representing a man's going over to Rome; but there are passages in that address rather likely to check any Romeward movement, and to invite the exercise of the musician's skill on the theme of a man's remaining in England and abiding in the Established Church. The Pastoral for which the British Public is indebted to DR. MANNING contains the following passages:—

"It is surely by a dispensation of the Divine Head of the Church that in the heart of the nineteenth century, when both the intellects and the wills of men have roached an excess of unbridled licence in matters of revelation, of morals, and of politics, that the Vicar of our Lord, the teacher of all Christians—as the Council of Florence entitles him—should twice in these last years have spoken with the voice of infallible truth. . . . The Dogmatic Bull of the Immaculate Conception, and the Encyclical of last year, will, we believe, mark an era in the reconstruction of the Christian order of the world."

According to DR. MANNING, therefore, belief in the POPE's political principles, particularly as they regard religious liberty and freedom of discussion, is equally obligatory with belief in the "Immaculate Conception," or any other dogma of faith. The errors condemned by his Holiness, in the Syllabus annexed to his Encyclical, are, in fact, so many heresies, which everybody who persists in will be dishd to all eternity. Now, any gentleman, who may think of changing his religion for DR. MANNING's, knows what he will commit himself to by taking that step. It is to be feared that this knowledge will not tend to remove the Protestant prejudice which has refused, throughout England, with the exception of one constituency, to return a single Roman Catholic Member to Parliament.

[18th JUNE, 1815—1865.]



4

THE GOLDEN WEDDING; OR, FIFTY YEARS' JUBILEE OF PEACE.

ANECDOTAGE.

MR. PUNCH has been asked by a variety of Correspondents, who, on the strength of a fortnight's sojourn in an English hotel in Paris assume a taste for French literature, "why he never gives any Charming Little Anecdotes, like those which make *Le Grand Journal*, *Figaro*, *Le Journal pour Rire*, and other delightful Parisian papers so spiritual and so interesting." He has been looking at the intellectual productions in question. They appear to his English mind to be the merest twaddle, flavoured by impertinence. In some cases they are simply puffs, no doubt paid for in some coin or other. But as he scorns to be churlish, he has made an arrangement with his Foolish Young Man to supply the article required—omitting, only, (with apologies) another little flavour, very dear to the fashionable patrons and patronesses of MADemoiselle THERESA, but not admired in the British household. The Foolish Young Man has, with commendable promptness, sent in the following specimens of his art—the scenes, of course, being laid in England.

I.

JONES—we all know Jones—is a papa.

The infant is a boy.

Papa Jones turned into Farrance's the other day, in hopes to see some one who would congratulate him on his new honours. Nor was he disappointed. The wit Robinson was there, taking some *Punch à la Romaine*.

Now Jones calls himself an original writer—and steals.

"You will want godfathers," said Robinson.

"I am puzzled about that."

"Well, ask Paul Bedford to be one."

"Why Paul Bedford?"

"Because your son will then be worthy of his sire."

"How so?"

"He will be called Paul Jones."

Paul Jones was a pirate.

II.

At the Zoological Gardens last Sunday afternoon there was even more than the usual crowd of pious persons eager to admire the works of creation, especially when manufactured into costume.

Jenkins and his friend Tompkins, dressed their best (according to their City lights) sauntered elegantly up to the witty Lady Blinking-bury, who was seated near the porcupines.

"Most delightful gardens in London," said Jenkins.

"They would be, *but for the beasts*," said her ladyship.

III.

Which, by the way, reminds us of a still better thing.

Widgery Shattock has lately been elected into the United Grunters. It was thought that he would be black-balled. He thought so himself. Those who did not keep him out have a crime and a blunder to atone for. That is their affair.

He attends morning, noon, and night. The men think he is dead when they have seen him only nine times in one day.

"What a pleasant club this is," he said, in an accession of simple happiness, to Domitian Spiker, the critic.

"It would be, *but for the members*," said Domitian.

But Widgery is too proud and happy to understand this.

IV.

Jingles has produced a new piece at the Frippery. Between ourselves, all the world does not go to see it. Perhaps all the world has bad taste. Jingles would say so, and he should know what bad taste is.

But Jingles goes every night, and laughs at what he supposes to be his own jokes.

He is very fat, be it remembered.

The other evening, pretty Laura Taggleton, who makes much of a bad part, was doing her best for Jingles, and showing her talent, and we may add, her ancles.

Jingles saw Prodder a few stalls off, and leant over to him.

"When I see my own creation vivified so charmingly, I seem like Pygmalion," said Jingles.

"More like Pig than Malion," said Prodder.

What did he mean?

V.

Fluker has many good qualities, but he does not always pay his bills.

If his creditors do not complain, what is that to us

But they do complain.

His tailor called on him on Tuesday, and pressed for something on account.

Fluker's indomitable good temper would have melted an iceberg, but could not melt the tailor.

"I must make up a large amount on Thursday, Sir," he said.

"Do so, and lend it me," said Fluker, "and I will pay your small account on Friday."

The tailor did not seem to see it, and has appealed to his Sovereign.

VI.

Joppus was playing croquet with the Hazelporter girls on the lawn at Wombat Lodge.

He put his glass into his eye, and inasmuch as he can see much better without his glass, he struck an atrocious stroke. The ball rolled into what, as the excellent Mr. Hazelporter calls it the lake, we have no right to call the pond.

"I play very badly to-day," said Joppus.

"*Why date?*" asked saucy Maria Hazelporter.

VII.

Our friend Bleat, the poet, cannot write good things, at least the deduction is legal from the fact that he never does.

But sometimes he says a thing which gods and men may tolerate.

Dr. Weazel, his uncle, took him to see a dissection. The poet pretends to take an interest in such sights.

The subject was being duly anatomised, and lectured on, when it grew dusk.

"Light the gas," said Dr. Weazel.

"Yes," said Bleat. "Throw a little light upon the subject."

Do you think that man can ever be a true poet?

VIII.

Miss Flirtington goes to see her dressmaker very often indeed. I suppose that all the letters Madame Grenadine hands her are bills for dress-making. It is odd that a person should make out a bill so often, but every trade has its own traditions.

Miss Flirtington does not pay so regularly as Madame could desire.

The last time but one that the young lady called in — Street, Madame said,

"Is your papa a handsome man, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes indeed, Madame. That is, for sixty-one. Why?"

"I am susceptible. Do not let me run the risk of breaking my heart by seeing him, as I am inclined to do."

The last time that the young lady called in — Street, she brought a cheque for Madame Grenadine's bill.

IX.

Flaps, the publisher, is nevertheless a man of wit.

Dronesby, who writes what nobody reads, met him. Dronesby, who is not young, wears very well, thanks to certain tradesmen.

"How in the world do you keep your beard so black, said Flaps.

"Well, I don't mind telling *you*," said Dronesby. "I dye it. But don't you tell anybody."

"My dear fellow," said Flaps, "do you think I would publish anything confided to me by you. You ought to know better."

X.

Lord C — wants his son to go into Parliament.

Young L —, who is a born *flâneur*, shudders at the idea of being obliged to do anything at any given date or hour of the day, and Parliament has its fixtures.

"You have no ambition," urged his father.

"I have the ambition to be economical," replied L —

His father laughed outright, and thought of the ravages paternal love had made in his cheque-book.

"You may laugh, my dear father. But I am serious. The great object of going into Parliament is to escape paying one's debts. I do that already, as you are good enough to pay mine."

Lord C — is considering the argument.

A "ROUND MAN."

THE saying about Round men in square holes, and square men in round holes, is frequently used. A square man would probably be a "brick." What a round man is, the following advertisement informs us:—

WANTED, a Circular SAWYER. None but efficient men need apply to M. — & Co.

The advertisers do not state who wants the "Circular Sawyer," but they intimate that, as far as they are concerned, "none but efficient men" of whatever trade "need apply" to them, whatever they may do to others. Nevertheless, we trust that should the efficient circular man apply, he will find that they have only adopted a round way of putting it, and that it really is all "on the square."

A Slight Difference.

MR. LAYARD, the other night, in answer to an interrogation about the British captives in Abyssinia, said it was "a most difficult question to deal with, and one requiring prudence and circumspection." That is just the mischief of it. What the question requires, is circumspection: what the Foreign Office has employed on it is circumlocution.



PAINFUL MISTAKE.

Short-sighted Visitor. "MRS. BOUNCER AT HOME?"

Housemaid. "YOU A GENTLEMAN, SIR?"

Visitor (startled). "YA-YA-YA-YAAS—CERTAINLY."

Maid. "'COS THIS IS THE KITCHING ENTRANCE, SIR—FRONT DOOR A LITTLE 'IGHER UP."

RAILWAY SECURITY.

THE British Public is indebted for a piece of valuable information to MR. PEELE, solicitor, of Shrewsbury, who represented the Great Western Railway Company at inquest No. 2, on the victims of the last crash resulting from mismanagement on that line. The Coroner having summed up:—

"After an absence of about three-quarters of an hour, the jury returned with a verdict similar to that which had already been found in the previous inquiry. They considered that the engine No. 5 was not such as should have been attached to a train of that description; that the break power was not adequate; that the permanent way was not in a fit state; that the signal exhibited was not sufficient, nor shown in a proper manner, and that gross negligence had been displayed; but they were unable to attach criminality to any individual."

Whereupon:—

"MR. PEELE said, on behalf of the Company, there had been only one anxiety, and that was to ascertain if there was any fault which in any way might be remedied in the future. With regard to the permanent way, he believed that this line generally was as perfect as any in the kingdom."

The word of MR. PEELE may be taken for the truth of that statement. Instructed by the Directors of the Great Western Railway Company, he spoke with authority. The line to which he referred may be confidently believed to be "as perfect as any in the kingdom;" but it may be very imperfect for all that. The truth of MR. PEELE's assertion about its perfectness is not at all inconsistent with the fact that, as the Coroner's jury decided on clear evidence, it "was not in a fit state." If then, the Great Western Railway Directors, speaking through MR. PEELE, are to be credited, there is every reason to fear that no line whatever in the kingdom is in a fit state, and therefore that not any line is safe. Let Railway Directors mend their ways, and the Public in the meanwhile look to their lives and limbs.

Sing, Whalley, Sing.

WE have been requested by numberless Correspondents to indicate the song which the Hon. Member for Peterborough has been lately so constantly called upon to sing. We beg to state in reply, that it is his favourite strain:—

"WHALLEY, WHALLEY, up the bank,
And WHALLEY, WHALLEY, down the brae."

DANGEROUS.—There is talk in Paris of the French army striking, like the Paris cabmen, for wages. Truly once more *L'Empire, c'est la Pay*.

GREENWICH OBSERVATIONS.

THE custom of proceeding four miles down the river from the foot of London Bridge, for the purpose of devouring little fishes fried in grease-froth, is one that every year becomes more and more attractive to the gullets of Great Britons. As the poet might have sung, if he had only thought of it:—

'Tis pleasant while at dinner there to watch the stately ships,
And with cooling effervescent drinks to wet the thirsty lips:
'Tis pleasant the eleven *plats* preceding it to munch,
Then with undiminished appetite the crisp whitebait to crunch.

While sitting in the cosy chairs of QUARTERMAINE or HART, one envies not one's honourable friends their sittings in St. Stephen's. A seat in Parliament is more expensive than one at the "Trafalgar," and the dry talk that one hears within the House of Commons is far less pleasant music than the popping of champagne corks or the gurgle of Moselle cups, with which, while at the "Ship," one's ears are sweetly tickled.

A dinner down at Greenwich is so popular an amusement, that many people will be interested to learn that HART's and QUARTERMAINE's are soon to be united, and become, in trading phrase, "the same concern." It is said the same concern will be shown at both these hostelrys to the comfort of their guests as has been previously manifested; and, for an assurance of this, it is hoped that the chief management will be confided to the careful hands of MR. LAWRENCE. This gentleman has long held the command of the "Ship," and all who there have known him have the knowledge of his having been a most efficient captain. Except an *omelette soufflée*, Mr. Punch most heartily detests all sorts of puffs: but to say that a person is efficient in his business, can be hardly deemed a puff. MR. LAWRENCE, be it noted, is a manager, not a *chef*: and although he attends daily to see his whitebait served, he has no hand in the frying of it. Else, haply Mr. Punch, viewing the

coming union of the QUARTERMAINES and HARTS—the Greenwich *Montagues* and *Capulets*—might be tempted into making an apposite quotation about good Fryer LAWRENCE.

AN ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTRYMAN IN A CLEFT STICK.

OH! Pity a poor Islander as can't make out how he's to vote
Without a turnun of his sleeve, if not a turnun of his quoad;
There's SIMEON Liberal, LOCOCK Tory; which to poll for of the two?
'Cause I must choose the Roman Catholic if I dwoan't the Accoshoo.

I be a Liberal, I be, to the chine; so Liberal is my notions
That principles is all I looks to; doan't regard a man's devotions.
What's one man's faith's another's fudge; to me, if 'a can sarve the
nation,
No matter what a feller thinks consarnun Transubstantiation.

Ay, but 'ool e're a zingle one of them as owns the POPE's dominion,
Deny that there Eucyclical, and stand for vreedom of opinion,
In spite of all his cusses, and regardlus of his ghostly terrors?
Free Press, free Speech, free Creed, and all of what his bull condemns
for errors,

To dictate all droo-out the world, whereso they can, them Priesties aim,
And "mastery or martyrdom," says DOCTOR MANNING, is their game.
And mine is for to try and stem all their attempts to domineer:
I wants to know is this the coorse as SIR JOHN SIMEON means to steer?

If ees, why then I'll vote for un; to no man's creed I'm no objecter,
If no, then he wun't represent this Liberal Isle o' Wight Elector.
I doubts if I can vote for one; I ben't obliged to vote for t'other;
Darn me, I thinks what I shall do is bide at whoam and vote for nuther.

A DARING ACT.



HERE is nothing strange that our English singers appearing upon the equestrian stage should after a while find themselves a little horse, and gracefully retire. Nor is it a matter for wonder that ADAH ISAACS MENKEN, the muscular daughter of the Hebrew Caucasian Race, should again mount her hobby and perform the barefaced act upon the bare-backed steed.

But what we are speculating upon, with much pleasurable curiosity, is how MR. SMITH intends carrying out the latter portion of his attractive programme:—"Mazeppa will be performed each evening of the week. MR. W. HARRISON will appear in Opera after Mazeppa. To us it is clear that Mazeppa goes first in Mazeppa and is followed by MR. HARRISON in some operatic character. This arrangement will certainly relieve harrowing situations of the drama. In that scene, for instance, where the wild horse is crossing the stream, and the property vulture is pecking at the "daring and graceful" spasmodically, the arrangement will probably be as follows:—

Mazeppa (tied on to the horse's back, and looking as much towards the audience as is possible under the circumstances). Again that fearful bird! (Alluding to the vulture.) He hovers over me like my evil (bird hesitates, and pecks at him) destiny. (Makes some more remarks about the fearful bird, and then, with the hand remote from the audience, encourages the wild steed to gee-up.) Oh, OLINSKA! for thee—for thee I would—(bird pecks at him undecidedly)—for thee I would—(exit horse unexpectedly, having had quite enough of it).

Then, while the audience, trembling, and wondering whether the bird will ever make up its mind to swoop down upon the apparently defenceless MENKEN, shudder at the probabilities of their own morbid imaginations, enters, up to his middle in water, MR. HARRISON, in the well-known Bohemian Girl costume.

Mr. Harrison (looking after Mazeppa). Ha! again he urges on his wild career! His heart quails, his lips are blanched with hunger!

Sings (still in the water).

N.B. We've almost forgotten the libretto, but to the best of our recollection it runs thus:—

When other lips and o-o-o-other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language which which which whi-i-ich imparts
(* * We always sang it like this.)

The power it fills so well.

We never knew what we meant. MR. HARRISON thinks he has, after long study, ascertained what the words are intended to convey.

Mr. Harrison (still singing in the water):—

There may per-per-haps
Some re-re-co-le-lection be,
Some rec-co-le-herherher-lection be
(This is how WE sing it.)

Of days that might as har-har-har-arp-py bin,
And you'll re-me-e-e-ember ME!
And you'll re-mem-ber,
You'll re-me-e-e-e-Em-be-e-er ME!

[Exit MR. HARRISON, despairingly.]

Then in the Scene in the Tent when they're going to murder the Old Khan, but can't, the English Tenor, as Lord Rochester in the Puritan's Daughter, might follow Mazeppa, or, better, might accompany Mazeppa during the combat.

Mazeppa (defending the feeble Khan against conspirators). Villains! Cowards! have at you!

[They fight. Slash, crash, dash, &c.]

Mr. Harrison (as Lord Rochester, in a corner of the tent),

Let others sing in praise of wine! &c. &c.

At last we may congratulate the enterprising Master of Cremorne on a genuine novelty.

THE TRIUMPH OF KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

REJOICE, O MAYOR OF KINGSTON, shout, ye Aldermen, and sing,
For lo, a sage VICE-CHANCELLOR hath done you a great thing!
Hath given judgment in your cause for you against the Crown;

O glorious!

Victorious!

And Thames shall cleanse your Town!

Frustrated is the Government that, with indictment vain,
You from polluting Father Thames attempted to restrain,
Into his bosom freely now shall Kingston's sewage flow,

And Norbiton,

And Surbiton,

Shall disembogue also.

A nuisance quite unbearable your slush not yet hath grown,
To grow thereto his Honour saith it must be left alone;
Then, as you've no prescriptive right, abated it may be.

Tremendous Vice!

Stupendous Vice!

Salubrious decree!

RAILWAY REFORM IN PARLIAMENT.

(To Mr. Punch.)

SIR,

WHENEVER the captain of a vessel belonging to the P. and O., or any other great Steam Navigation Company, has the misfortune to run his ship aground, although by the merest accident, that unlucky officer, I believe, is invariably suspended.

Why is not the rule thus vigorously applied to poor individuals extended to rich joint-stock associations? Why is not the liability to which officers in the Merchant Service are subject not imposed on Railway Companies? Whenever a train gets off the rails, or a collision occurs, no matter whether a lot of people are smashed, or even if anybody is hurt or no, let the company be subject to a heavy penalty. Why not?

Because there are too many Railway Members in the House of Commons. Therefore nothing whatever can be done in the present Parliament to bring Railway Directors to their senses. Let electors take care that the Railway interest shall not be too strong for them in the next.

Why cannot the Great Western be forbidden to ruin Oxford with a hideous factory? Why is it able to set public opinion at insolent defiance in the resolution to persist in that brutal project? Why cannot Railway Companies' rights of property be sacrificed to the general welfare as unmercifully as those of individuals are to the interests of Railway Companies? By reason of the multitude of Railway-mongers that write themselves M.P.

But a General Election is at hand. Then will be the time to set all these things to rights. Different cries will be raised among different constituencies all over the country; but if self-preservation is the first law of our common nature, and we have any sense above a pig's, the most general of them will be "No Railway Collisions!" "No Wholesale Slaughter!" and "No Vandalism!"

Trusting, for the sake of my dear life and limbs, to hear these cries wherever I go, believe me, Mr. Punch,

Yours truly,

VIATOR.

Rosa Bonheur,

Made Knight of the Legion of Honour, by the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

WHEN woman's hand on woman's breast can lay
The cross that EUGÉNIE gave ROSA BONHEUR;
Paintress or Empress—it is hard to say
To which the cross is most a cross of honour.



CITY DINNER.

Head Waiter of the London Tavern. "ARE YOU AN 'INCURABLE,' SIR, OR A 'REDUCED UNDERTAKER?'"

Old Gent (late and breathless, producing his Dinner Ticket). "No, I'm a 'DESTITUTE JUVENILE DELINQUENT.' I THINK IT SAYS SIX O'CLOCK——"

Head Waiter (feelingly). "DEAR, DEAR! YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE, SIR. THAT DINNER'S 'ELD AT THE FREEMASONS' THIS YEAR, SIR."

SAUCE FOR AN APPLEPIE.

WE have thought it right to publish the following letter, but it is needless to say that we do not sympathise with the writer. A great house, with a great nobleman as its chief proprietor, and a small house owned by a plebeian, are two houses.

TO PUNCH.

The Old Applepie, Houndsditch,
June 16, '65.

Sir,

Being informed by several parties that you are the great apeal when wrongs is done, I take the libberty to State that having read in the Advertizer as the *Prince of Wales* have lately atended to open a new Tavern in Langam place I wrote to Marborough Palace respectf^y inviting his Royal higness to perform simmlar ceremony on the occasion of my opening of a new Music Hall attached to my Premises, wine and spiritous liquors, established 1847, and *No word of Complaint* from the police during those years. Sir, my req^t was respectf^y worded and offered to send a Trap for the Prince and servants and Make the Hour his own only not 7 P.M., when the Public were coming in, also copy of my License and testimonial from 103 Parties using the House which many are old tradesmen and *would not sign what were not correct.* Sir, I rec^d Answer from a Mr. Knowlys Declining and I ask you as between man and man why sauce for Langam Place is not Sauce for Houndsditch, and all Englishmen are *equal in Eye of the law.* Respectf^y apolog^s for this trouble and Intrusian in your valuable space, remain, Sir,

Your obed. Serv^t,

BARNABAS JULL,
(*Licensed Victualler, since 1847.*)

P.S. Advertizer refused to Insert, though a trade Greivance. A party informs me that most like the Prince never saw my Letter, which I think ought to come before Parlament.

LAGRANGE'S HORSES v. SCHNEIDER'S LOCOMOTIVES.

COUNT DE LAGRANGE's *Gladiateur* and *Fille de l'Air* have won the Derby at Epsom, and the Alexandra Plate at Ascot.

"A French firm, at the head of which is M. SCHNEIDER, has obtained a contract for Steam Locomotives from the Great Eastern Railway, in the face of seven English competitors. Other French houses have obtained contracts for rails and sleepers, for use on English lines, at cheaper rates and of better quality than the same articles could be supplied by English houses."

See the Journals, passim.

THAT a French horse of blood and bone,
A British stake should win,
May raise the British sportsman's moan,
And tax that sportsman's tin.

But Gladiators, be their field
The arena or the course,
Will make inferior prowess yield,
Alike in man or horse.

What if a British cup or two
French *buffets* should adorn,
If e'en our 'Turfites' riband blue
Should by LAGRANGE be worn?

BRITANNIA still would hold her own,
And still her balance show,
Were her turf cut beneath her feet,
Her star of sport brought low.

But when the British *iron-horse*
Before the French turns tail,
When England yields to France, perforce,
The Empire of the rail,—

When British trading to French truck
Inglorious comes down,
French metals on French sleepers stuck,
English embankments crown,

Then may BRITANNIA doff the crown
That still her brow environs,
Her trident waive, and sit a slave
Imprisoned in French irons!

His Last Effort.

WHY is it impossible to get anything to eat at a pic-nic when it is held on the sunny side of the hill?
Because it's a Balmy-side feast!

LIKELY NOTICES OF MOTION.

MR. SOMES,—To move for a grant of money to the Sunday Bands in the Parks.

MR. LAWSON,—To ask whether Government is prepared to introduce a Bill for permitting spirits to be sold by retail at stalls in connection with the various drinking fountains.

MR. WHALLEY,—To ask leave to introduce a Bill for legalising the collection of Peter's Pence.

MR. BRIGHT,—To move the repeal of the Malt-Tax.

MR. POPE HENNESSY,—Bill for extending the system of Mixed Education in Ireland.

MR. NEWDEGATE,—Bill to afford Convents and Monasteries greater facilities of acquiring possession of Landed Property.

War-Song of the Westminster Doctor.

YE Medical Electors, vote for MILL,
And efficacious draught, and active pill.
GROSVENOR and inert globules both eschew,
And let him represent the Quacks, not you.

Shotten Herren.

THE Herrenhaus at Berlin, the Prussian burlesque of our House of Lords, has just proposed, by the resolution of a large majority, to make both its own Members, and those of the Lower House, liable to punishment, on citation before the Courts of Law, for calumnies uttered, or other actionable expressions employed in the course of debate; thus sacrificing their parliamentary privilege of speech. Surely the Herrenhaus deserves to be called the Sclavenhaus, for these Herren are a very servile set of bloaters.



OH, HOW KIND!!

Miss Spriggs. "FLORA, LOVE, IT IS MOST IMPRUDENT OF YOU TO COME ON THE GRASS IN THOSE THIN BOOTS. YOU SHOULD REALLY GO IN, AND PUT ON GOLOSHES. YOU WILL FIND MINE IN THE UMBRELLA-STAND; AND YOU ARE QUITE WELCOME TO THEM!"

(The grass is as dry as tinder; and if MISS SPRIGGS'S feet were as pretty as FLORA'S, we don't think she would be so anxious about FLORA'S health.)

LORD RUSSELL'S TRIUMPH.

(To Mr. Punch—a Retort Uncourteous.)

You complain of my writing so many despatches:
My inkstand you'd drain, elap my pen under hatches:
Yet now that this troublesome brute THEODORUS
Contrives to out-wit, and out-bounce, and out-roar us,
Gets the whole Office round into whine and hot-water,
(As, indeed, perhaps, one who is styled Negus ought-ter):
Now a *civis Romanus* and eke *consularis*
Lies in chains (to say nothing of two mission-aries),
If you'll read up the papers, and look for the reason
Why this savage has thus brought BRITANNIA her knees on,
Forced us meekly to swallow such gross violations,
At all points, small and great, of the high law of nations,—
Stir down to its depths all the dirt we have swallowed,
The wrong that came first, and the snubbing that followed:
Our presents pooh-poohed, and our offers evaded,
The country, and even THE OFFICE, degraded,
STERN'S and LOWENTHAL'S suff'ring and CAMERON'S fetter . . .
It's all through my NOT having written a letter!

On the Announcement in the Times of June 20, 1865,

Of the Marriage of MISS SEWELL to ROBERT LAST, ESQ.

THE Bride's name first, before her Lord's?
Sure, fashions must be changing fast;
Yet it fulfils the Scripture's words,
The first hereafter shall be last.

A HANDY JOKE FOR A HOST.—Will you take Champagne? Don't say no; say Ay.

FASHIONABLE AMBIGUITY.

THE *Post* of Saturday last week says:—

"LADY L. had her first dance this season last night at the family residence in Portman Square."

As this is announced as a matter of public information, we may be allowed to inquire, what is precisely meant by the statement that LADY L. had her first dance? To "have" a dance is, in customary language, a phrase for to dance. "We'll have a dance upon the heath," as the Witches in *Macbeth* sing. In having a dance there is something that seems of quite a personal and private nature. It is one thing to "have" a dance, and another to "give" a dance; but, though we are told that LADY L. had a dance, probably we are expected to understand that her Ladyship gave one. And surely we are not to suppose that she is in the peculiar habit of dancing at certain seasons, and danced for the first time this season the other night. Otherwise, in knowing when LADY L. had her first dance, the community are as much concerned as they would be to know when LORD L. smoked his first cigar.

A Stanza from Sydenham.

THE Singers in the Handel choir
So well have earned their fame,
That each should have, if he desire,
A Handel to his name.

ALL "DICKY" WITH HIM.

A GREAT sensational newspaper paragraph was made, a week ago, out of the fact that MR. RICHARD BETHELL was tapped on his shoulder by a sheriff's officer while enjoying the sport on Ascot Heath. His release should be headed in the largest type, "RICHARD'S himself again."



VERY MUSICAL.

Churchwarden. "WELL, HOW DOES THE ORGAN DO NOW, MR. TWIDDLES?"

Organist (who has persuaded the Vestry to have the Instrument looked to). "THOSE PEDAL PIPES ARE HARDLY RIGHT YET, SIR. DIDN'T YOU HEAR—"

Churchwarden. "AH! WELL, I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING SQUEAK!"

AN EMBARRAS DES RICHESSES.

"AN application having been made in the Court of Bankruptcy, the other day, for the release from prison of the Hon. RICHARD BETHELL, eldest son of LORD WESTBURY, on the ground that he had been adjudicated bankrupt, COMMISSIONER GOULBURN said he had taken the case, though it belonged in due course to MR. WINSLOW; because the Official Assignee in MR. WINSLOW'S Court was a relative of the applicant's, which would make it painful in the extreme to take the matter there." (*See Proceedings in Bankruptcy, Thursday, June 22.*)

All very well, MR. GOULBURN, but if the Hon. RICHARD BETHELL'S case is to be excluded from all Bankruptcy Courts in which a BETHELL, and friends of BETHELL, hold office, where on earth is it to be heard?

Authentic Information.

By a Reform Bill, which Government is preparing, the Bishops are to be excluded from the House of Lords, and their places are to be supplied by Aldermen.

The European Powers and the United States Government have agreed upon a general disarmament.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will bring forward a supplemental Budget, repealing the Income-Tax.

The POPE has excommunicated the Brigands.

LE BÉLIER ET LE TAUREAU.

THE *Toulonnais* publishes a full, true, and particular account of a new steam-ram, called *Le Taureau*. Making a bull of a ram is surely making a bull, indeed.

QUERY.

PLEASE, Sir, do the Black Ball Steam Ships take away from England the Candidates rejected by different Clubs?

SONNET TO A STAGE PHOENIX.

AN actress, graceful, winning, young, and fair,
Furnished alike to please men's eyes and hearts;
Yet thinking, if aright we read her air,
Not so much of herself as of her parts.
Who, under her stage-mask gives proof of brain,
Whether she aim at moving smiles or tears;
Who shows no trick of mouthing, strut, and strain,
And yet has trod the boards from earliest years!
Who in her archness is not coarse or brazen,
And in her sentiment not prone to snivel;
Own this a stage MISS-TERRY, most amazing,
To whom *Punch* may be proud to do the civil.
And when she takes her benefit next Friday,
Reader, let that be yours as 'twill be my day!

LIFE AND CHARACTER ON THE RAIL.

THE official Report of the Government Inspector of Railways in reference to railway travelling, contains the following monitory statement:—

"Gentlemen passengers, as well as railway officers of all classes, constantly refuse to travel singly with a stranger of the weaker sex, under the belief that it is only common prudence in this manner to avoid all risk of being accused, for purposes of extortion, of insult or assault."

Thus the moral and physical risk of railway travelling are about upon a par. The chances of broken bones and blasted character are even. For the former of those chances we may thank the parsimony of Directors in sparing proper precautions; for the latter, the folly and injustice of magistrates and jurymen, who allow evidence to be established in the mouth of one only witness, and that witness the accuser.

For Mr. Leigh Murray's Benefit.

(A day after the fair.)

MURRAY'S *Guide to the Continent*—MRS. LEIGH MURRAY.

REUTER ROUTED.

THE news so emphatically telegraphed by MR. REUTER of a great Russian defeat in Kokhan, turns out to be a mere Khok-an-a-bull story.

PAGE WOOD ON THE ABATEMENT OF NUISANCES.

IN delivering his wonderful decision on the right of Kingston to pour its sewage into the River Thames, sage PAGE WOOD is reported to have said:—

"Of course if the evil was of such a magnitude as in the case before this Court of the River Lea, where sewage equal in amount to the whole volume of water was being daily poured into the river, and scarlet fever had actually broken out, then he (the VICE-CHANCELLOR) should have at once interfered."

In the judgment of VICE-CHANCELLOR PAGE WOOD, when the steed is stolen it is quite soon enough to shut the stable-door.

Some Sense of Propriety.

AN unfortunate horse carries a so-called woman through an indecorous exhibition, to please the London cads and snobs. We are glad to hear that when the horse receives his feed, the groom apologises to him nightly, on the part of the Manager, adding, with a wink, "Business is business." The creature is too dejected to reply with a horse-laugh. It is to be regretted that a noble beast should be put to such a base use.

The Liskearded Member.

BERNAL OSBORNE this time,
Has badly played *his* card;
And both reason and rhyme
Couple "Liskeard" and "discard."

SIC SEMPER TYRANNI.

POLAND is put down by the sword. The EMPEROR says, mockingly, "No dreams!" How can there be dreams, when *Macbeth* hath murdered sleep?



OUT OF PLACE.

OLD JAMBOROUGH, WHO HAS TREATED MRS. J. TO A FORTNIGHT IN TOWN, TAKES HER FOR A DRIVE IN ROTTEN ROW—TO THE HORROR OF THE "UPPER TEN!"

MELTING DAYS.

(By a Moist Member.)

HERE the Dog-days are upon us
Ere the Dog-days ought to be:
In our lightest garbs we don us,
Yet we go perspiring free.
Mad dogs are so large a topic,
"Rabies" seems all the rage:
"Philo-canis," philanthropic,
Hints at troughs dogs' thirst to assuage.
With the glass set fair and firm, Sir,
At a hundred, night and day:
In all senses of the term, Sir,
Members well may run away.
Overhead the blazing sunshine,
Underfoot the scorching flags:
Work or pleasure is all moonshine
To poor creatures stewed to rags.
In Supply the last we've voted:
Here's th' Appropriation Bill:
Scilly SMITH, the iron-throated,
Spent and sweltering, is still.
DARBY GRIFFITHS' pumping-engine
Stops, by summer drought drained dry:
FERRAND's bluster grows less swingeing,
Hushed is WHALLEY's plaintive cry.
Nature in these hints and omens
Plainly tells us what to do:
It is she dissolves the Commons,
Thou, O PAM, dissolve them too!

A FAIR WORD FOR A FARMER.

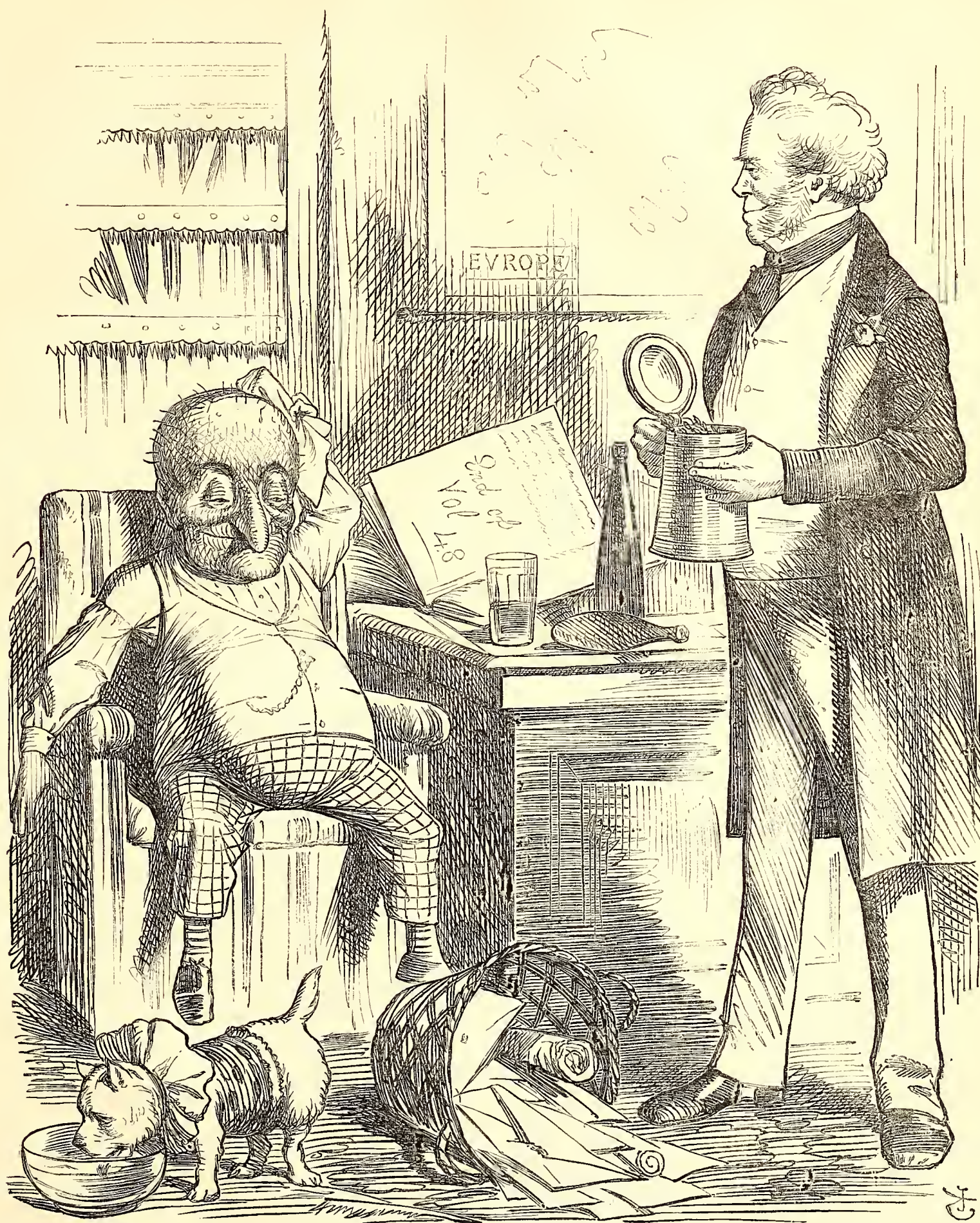
If it be true that a man much benefits mankind by making two blades of grass grow where one only grew before, then it is clear that MR. MECHI is a human benefactor. He has not merely done this, but, by admirable farming, he has made two ears of corn grow where one never before sprouted. MR. MECHI has shown how to manure the land with brains, and has not spared his own in accomplishing his purpose. By numberless experiments, by industry undaunted, and patience well applied, he has proved that the worst land may produce the best of crops; and every one who either eats bread or drinks beer is the better for the wheat and barley grown by MR. MECHI. He has drained, reclaimed, and cultivated what was unproductive ground; and, by the food which it has yielded, men have sprung out of his clay, as from that of old Prometheus.

In recognition of his services, a movement is on foot to buy his farm of Tiptree, and present him with its freehold. Farmers who have profited by watching his experiments, of course will be the first to put their names down as subscribers; and people who reflect upon the good that he has done, will not be slow in seconding a motion so well merited. *Mr. Punch* has great pleasure in commending this good work; and whatever *Mr. Punch* approves, is sure to be successful. May the ears of MR. MECHI's wheat soon grow on his own ground as long as those of MR. WHALLEY! May the blades of his barley be as productive to his pocket as his razor-blades and knife-blades! May he live in clover for many a long year, and ever have the luck to turn to good account his mangel!

Parliamentary Sensitive Leaf.

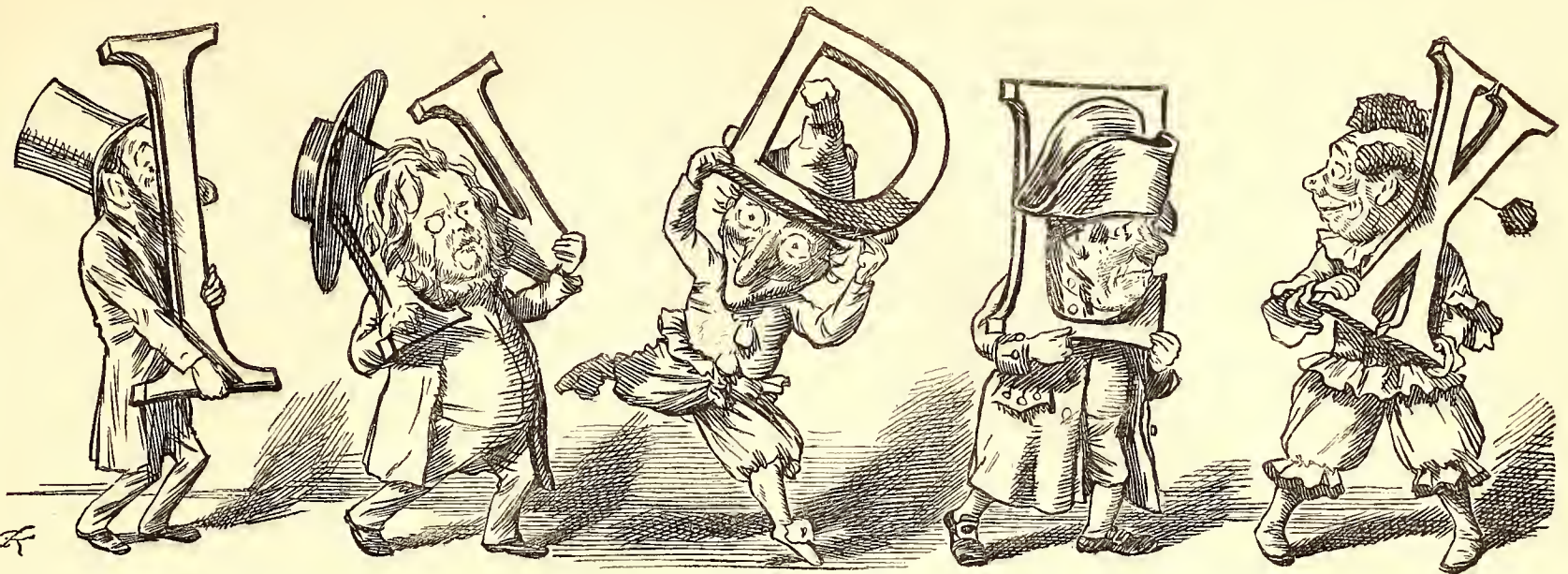
THE Funny figure which this leaf presents is causing a great sensation. If you take it roughly in hand, or haul it over the coals, it will instantly curl up and show you a decent pair of heels.

You may call it a delicate plant if you please, but if you mistake it for a delegate, it will fly off at a tangent or throw a somersault out of the house before you can say—BERNAL OSBORNE.



À PROPOS DU TEMPS.

PAM. "TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, MY LORD, IF *YOU* DON'T DISSOLVE, I SHALL!"



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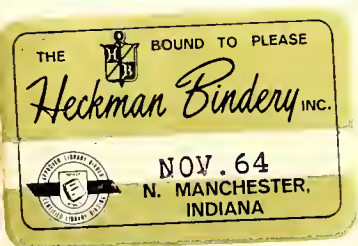
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